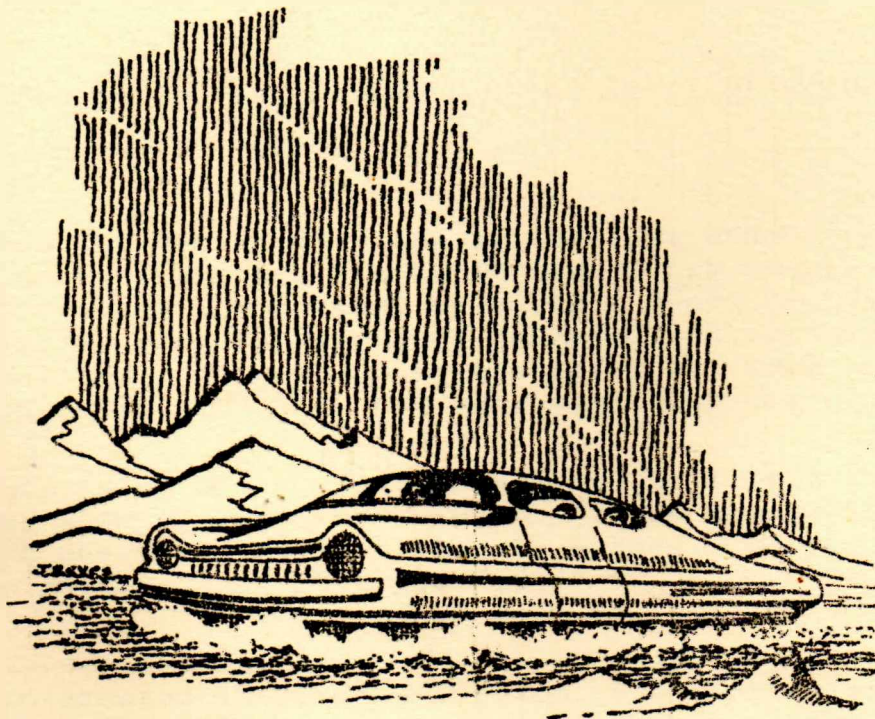


T H E M E N T O R

Number 23



THE NEWTON

NUMBER 21



T H E M E N T O R

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Cover illo by Jeeves, design editor. Illos p5 by Bill Wright; pg: 15 by Jeeves.

This has been The Mentor 23 - and is the last scheduled issue. Next zine out from Ronl and Sue Clarke should be Ark number one. Because of the cash problem and because we haven't heard from some fans for some time we are dropping some readers from our mailing lists. Check the mailing page for a mark against you. From now, all subs to TM are cancelled and will run out with issue one of Ark.

This issue of The Mentor is dated as I type this, the 25th of September, 1973. At the moment there are power and mail strikes in Sydney - so you will be getting this when you do.

Interested in science fiction, and meeting others interested in talking about it? Then contact the President of the Sydney Science Fiction Foundation, Sue Clarke, at the address below.

The Clarke's address: Flat 2/159 Herring Rd., North Ryde 2113, NSW Australia. And a happy Summer to you all!

OF OLDEN DREAMS, AND MAD-MINDED KINGS...

of olden dreams, and mad-minded kings...
of wayward winds, and moon-touched seas...
the silent song the universe sings...

of wistful things, and high-spirited queens...
of worlds of yore, lost in eternities...
and illusive love of yesterday's dreams...

this ballad of mine lingers through
and by fate bursts into desire...
by chance I've found a love in you---
but the stars burned with fire...

for an instant he was a king-thinker---
and then the stars burned bright
for he was not a queen-seeker---
and left me by star light...

He was a man with a dream...
A man--- with the visions of a king...

of endless realms and gold-carved rings...
and wandering winds that blow...
...my lover's promised dreams---
with passions of my life didst flow...
a man out of time and place...
for the knowledge that he wrought---
was in his heart to know.
He left to seek his destiny in the star-touched space...

the lonesome years have passed
and still the stars burn blue...
for he was my first love---
and my last---
though gone--- his love was true...

of olden dreams, and mad-minded kings...
of wayward winds, and moon-touched seas...
the silent song the universe sings...

...and again there are dreams...
of what life isn't--- it seems...

by Laura T. Basta

XX

B U N Y I P P E E

By Jack Wodhams

XX

Some people scoff, and actually even laugh in my face and call me a liar. This is most grievous and hurtful, because always I do try so hard to avoid exaggerating what I have witnessed. Indeed, in reality it would be more accurate to accuse me of the gross understatement that so typifies we modest British.

Now, I am a reasonably level-headed fellow, not given to hallucinations and suchlike fanciful bunk, or to imagining things that are not there. Mine is a credo of pragmatism, and I only believe a thing when I can see it, and where the bulk of the evidence of Bunyips is an awful lot of bulk to try and deny.

There was a paper put out by one John J. Pierce a little while ago, claiming for Canada the existence of a creature he named a Sasquatch, a Yeti-like animal of very dubious authenticity. I mention this in passing, because this inferior so-called monster is, or would seem to be, of a character similar to the one at Loch Ness, or of the Abominable Snowman - exceedingly shy and bashful, to the point of permanent invisibility. For monsters, they're a mighty timid lot, if you ask me.

As monsters go, the Australian Government and myself realise that the Bunyip is truly unique, is a real monster which has virtually none of the inhibitions that are attributed to its would-be imitators. Bunyips are shameless exhibitionists, in fact, and are a thousand times more importunate than the bears of Jellystone Park. It is the Bunyip predilection for foreground, indeed, that has long caused our Australian authorities a very major headache.

Very early in Aussie history it was realised what damaging effect the publicised behavior of Bunyips would have upon immigration. This is an acute sensitivity that has since become very markedly honed by the growth of the tourist industry. Thus, in the interest of encouraging foreign visitors and capital, and to avoid dismaying would-be settlers to suffer such trepidations that they might even rather prefer the horrors of Canada, the Australian Government has for very many years now been conducting a 'Hide The Bunyips' campaign.

Dear reader, if you have seen a Bunyip and are aware of its very formidable proportions, then you will know that trying to hide even a small one would require a very big cupboard under a very capacious set of stairs. Thus superficially it would seem to be

an impossible task to undertake, but the Aussie authorities have considerable experience by now, and their techniques have become very refined and sophisticated.

We can go right back to Captain Cook, to when he, over 200 years ago, set foot upon The Grate Southe Lands and saw a Bunyip for the first time. It is said that he remarked, "I don't believe it." And he didn't. And if Cook, this fine leader-navigator-brains of the outfit pronounced that he did not believe it, then what right had lesser beings to acknowledge the Bunyips existence? In a way it was something like an inversion of the tale of The King's Invisible Suit, which, as it happened, Cookie had chanced to read not long before.

That this automatic rejection, fortuitous and virtually inadvertent as it was, was an instinctively correct retaliation, very soon became proved, to very shortly form the sound basis and pattern of official policy. The size of a Bunyip, you see, the absorbent thickness of its hide, and but above all, the very high cost of disposing of the hulk of a dead one, these have all helped persuade Australians to leave Bunyips alone, that these impervious creatures might eventually carry themselves off to die in the Bunyips graveyard beneath the Nullarbor Plain.

It is indeed most fortunate that the prime weakness of these huge, gregarious beasts is their love of attention, their desire to be noticed. And it is true that a person has only to ignore them, for them to become dispirited and go away.

Thus the worst thing to do, upon encountering a Bunyip, is to make any sort of fuss or pother. Shouting, beating at some part of its tail with a stick, having hysterics, throwing rocks, all these things are bad, and only invite the animal to show off its antics even more. But pretend that it is not there, pay it no mind whatsoever, and soon it will start to sulk, to shortly flatten a last acre or two in desperation hopeful final demonstrately, to then depart, much hurt in its feelings, and unlikely to revisit the scene of such disappointment again.

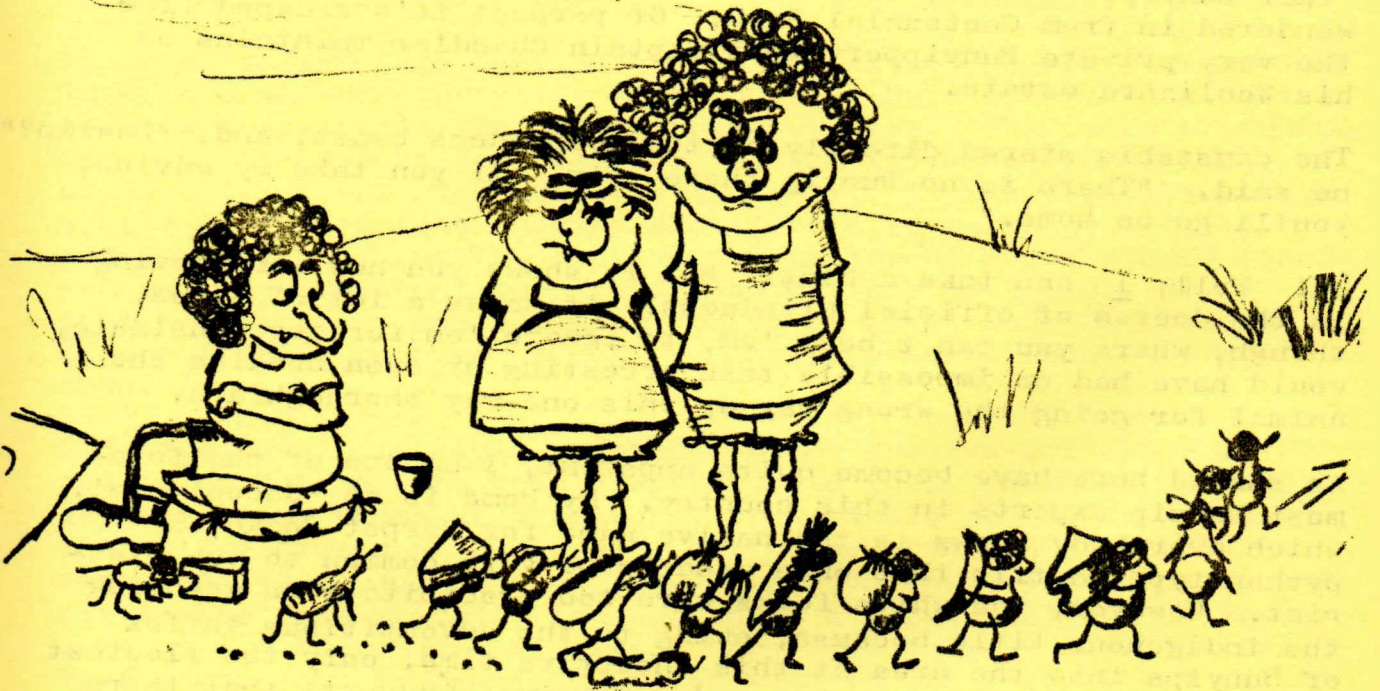
Outsiders may disparage and loudly sneer that if Bunyips are so common, then newcomers to the country, unindoctrinated, would surely tell the world, write home about it, screaming. But this is not so, and it is with surprising rapidity that local conditions are traumatically assumed. 'When in Rome,' and all that.

"Goodness gracious" Aunt Agatha cries, clutching her heart, "whatever is that enormous creature chewing up that great tree out there?" And Sheila says, "Creature, Auntie? What creature? I can't see any creature. George, can you see anything out there?" And George, giving Aunt Agatha a very funny look, says, "Of course not. Maybe she's tired from so much travelling."

"But look!" Aunt Agatha points, shrieks, "Look! There! You must be able to see it!"

But the conditioned Aussies deny her, for so accustomed do they get to tuning out Bunyips that they really do not see them for most of the time. It is with vision what it is like sometimes with hearing - the Bunyip is eliminated from visual impressions as might be trains, traffic, radios or other familiar noise eliminated from the data received by the eardrum.

Despite its vast size, or because of it, the Bunyip is not at all vicious, and has no inclination towards aggressive behavior. Thank goodness. Thus it does actively threaten people not at all, and Aunt Agatha and newcomers of her kind can very quickly find themselves looking very foolish indeed. It becomes quite absurd to



see prodigious animals which no-one else can see, and they soon shut up about it, I can tell you. Certainly it takes not long before they themselves are replying to the aghast enquiries of a just-in greenie, "A what? A colossal beast? Where? I can't see any colossal beast...."

All photographs of Bunyips are deemed fakes, of course, are decried as double-exposures, or blow-ups of unusual lizards taken through a trick lense. The result is that such pictures can gain no credence whatsoever, and are considered too improbable even to be amusing. From time to time uninitiated observers excitedly report sightings,

but these are officially treated much as are those of sightings of flying saucers. Such witnesses find themselves become open to ridicule, to be the recipients of much jesting comment, and it is significant that in general such claimants soon disist in their assertions, and quietly, even diligently, labour to erase all reference to the matter from their minds.

I think I may best exemplify the attitude of the police by recounting a singular personal experience. I was leaving a Cahill's hostelry, in Pitt Street, I think it was, and there, lolloping mightily up the road, was a stray Bunyip. "Well, that's something that you don't see very often in the city these days," I commented to a constable, who happened to be standing nearby. "It must be lost, eh?"

"Oh yes?" this officer said. "What must be lost?"

"That Bunyip," I said, jerking a thumb at it. "It must have wandered in from Centennial Park. Or perhaps it's escaped from the very private Bunyippery that Captain Chandler maintains on his Woollahra estate."

The constable stared directly at the tremendous beast, and, "Bunyip?" he said. "There is no Bunyip there, sir. If you take my advice, you'll go on home."

Ha! Well, I can take a hint. But it shows you how unrelenting is the decree of official blindness. It makes a lot of sense, though, where you can't beat 'em, to ignore 'em for the constable, would have had an impossible task arresting or even booking the animal for going the wrong way up this one-way thoroughfare.

As should here have become quite apparent, I am one of the foremost Bunyip experts in this country. My home is at 'Caboolture', which everybody knows is the native name for Carpet Snake, a python-type reptile that once used to be very common to the district. However, the white folks were too precipitate in assuming the indigenous title because, owing to the adventitious influx of Bunyips into the area at this inceptive time, only the fleetest of scale eveded being crushed under massive hindparts that there began to bound about. The natives changed their map-reference to redesignate the place Imbludiwallappa, but it was too late for the early settlers to alter their postal address and, anyway, they were then practising very hard to look straight through Bunyips as though they were not there.

Well, it so happens that a samll colony of them visit my bush back yard from time to time. I have learned that one has to carefully balance one's approach to them. By the employment of judiciously restrained applause, I insprired them to return periodically, while at the same time I have to endeavor not to appear so enthused that they might get carried so away in performance as to end up wrecking the joint.

Until now I have cooperated with the Aussie bureaucracy, which so routinely expunges mention of Bunyips from its cognizances. With Whitlam's support, however, the time has come, I think, what with conservationism being such a big issue these days, when the Bunyip Question should be boldly brought out and openly recognised. Once on a time a Bunyip could always raise a cheer or two from a cornered Aborigine, but now Aborigines are fewer and less prone to solitary walkabout. And with more disbelieving Europeans arriving every day, there is becoming apparent a cumulative detrimental effect, caused through the fact that our Bunyips are being ignored by ever more and more people.

It is very sad, in many ways, to see these naturally exuberant monsters becoming more and more dejected and subdued. They are quite intelligent creatures, the average Bunyip being at least half as smart again as Pete Gill, and while this comparison with Toronto's principal nong is not a boast to flatter Bunyips, it does set the Bunyip one step above the Chimpanzee.

It is my belief that Bunyips should at last be accorded their due. They have not been properly studied, have been spurned and deliberately thrust from the public consciousness. The times are changing, and the moment has come for the Bunyip to be appreciated, cautiously appreciated, for its own self. It would be absolutely tragic if this unique species should be allowed to go into irreversible decline, for the continued totality of rebuff to so finally demoralize them, that they retire to not one handclap. So to truly disappear, and for long custom of cruel indifference to assert itself, to have us not even to seem aware that they are gone!

Old-time squatters could pointedly blame the weather after a crunch of Bunyips had been disporting in their paddocks - (just as there is a thump of Kangaroos, or a cackle of Kookaburras, so there is a crunch of Bunyips) - but we moderns can surely be more realistic, and face our problems squarely? This Jupiterupial (it is too fantastically immense to be a Marsupial) can be trained, I am sure. The couple of little baby ones that my noted colleague, Professor John Bangsund, tried to wean in his flat proved that progress can be made.

Oh my, memories - what elephantine young rascals they were. They used to do incredibly intriguing things with bananas. I shouldn't break this confidence, I know, but with his frightful dairy bill, the professor's funds gave out yet again, this time accompanied by the entire floor of his home. It was with tearful reluctance that he was obliged to call in a crane and a couple Euclid trucks to have his baby pets taken away and released in the mulga. We may never know the full story, for the normally loquacious John is reticent upon the subject. It was not only the broken leg, but all the full bottles just arrived and hardly touched and, undoubtedly, it was all a very painful experience for this keenly emotional fellow.

However, but why some attempt has never been made before to harness Bunyip capability it is difficult to say. True, they are hippo-headed and have a dragons ridge from neck to tail-tip, but biddily, largely, very largely, they are unexceptionally kangaroo-shaped. With their weight and stupendous rear legs, their natural aptitude for crushing is phenomenal and could well long ago have been adapted to road-making, piledriving, and suchlike pounding pastimes.

It may yet perhaps be not too late. Only yesterday one made a rare accidental hop to squash two people while turning their Ford Cortina into a pancake. It was only a Ford, but an immediate use for Bunyips presents itself - to school them to thud derelict vehicles into compact sheets. Harmless hams, if they could be taught, handled by understanding Bunyip specialists, the Bunyip could be of more than ordinary service around a used-car dump, to so at last be able to take a proud and honourable place in our society.

Believe me, for I prevaricate not. We need your help. Give us not your scepticism, but the warmth of your faith in our integrity, so to lend your aid to us here at The Bunyip Research & Training Centre. Send your Donations, now, urgently, to :-

The Save Our Bunyips Society, c/o The Editor, this magazine.

Thank you. Thank you, animal lovers everywhere.

- Jack Wodhams.

-----oooOooo-----

WHO KNOWS?

It may be human sacrifice
Began in Atlantis,
When they burned their nuclear physicists,
And Plunged
All their chemists in the sea.
Perhaps their bonfires
Made with scientists,
And their fish-feeding stations,
Where they shovelled politicians
Into the ocean, were remembered,
And the knowledge spread to other folk.

by Raymond L. Clancy.

THE COAL THAT WOULDN'T BURN

By Van Ikin

This night, old McPherson would die.

He sat serenely by the fire, his feet, corned and gnarled, protruding from ragged slippers in a faded check. His dressing gown, the only material remnant of his days as an astronaut, was threadbare, the jaded purple souvenir of an adventurous past. Veins wormed the back of his hand. Once they had pounded with blood as the strong young muscles sought to draw back a jammed lever. Now they quailed at the weight of a teacup.

Old McPherson was dying.

Heart strain had grounded him five years ago, heart failure reduced him to the lowliest of careers two years back. Now, this night, heart collapse was to claim him.

The ancient eyes, once young, gazed blankly at the flames in the grate. The firelight danced over his old, dried features as if trying to coax back the life that was fading, the vigour that had gone. Coaxing, cajoling. Young orange flames, spritefully darting, willing the blood back into a lump of dry meat.

The flames pleaded. The spirit was willing, the flesh too weak. Yet death was close. Spirit and flesh were no longer united; the one could, and soon would, soar, the other could only sink. The old dry body, mummified in wrinkles and swathed in a purple keepsake, remained motionless, slumped in the chair by the fire as the spirit made its second last journey.

Somewhere out in the midst of the blaze an antiquated exploration rocket landed in a mushroom of billowing fire and smoke. The debarkation gantry slid into place, fused briefly with the tiny orifice in the rocket's side and drew back. Four men stepped onto the ground, each going in a different direction, one marching forward, forward, forward - until he merged with the flames and the grate.

In the chair by the fire the dry face formed a smile

He had been young and strong; that was why Julia had loved him. The young vibrant figure in the gleaming silver spacesuit drifted back into the flames, and from somewhere in the heart of the blaze Julia appeared, rushing forward full of

loving, seizing his arm and brushing her cheek against his silver shoulder, gazing in girlish wonder at the face of the hero who had come down from the stars just for her.

Young McPherson, his lover at his side, went over to the landing office, filled in the forms and collected his pay. A small sum for the jobs he had done and the risks he had taken, but the petite blond by his side was compensation enough. Julia laughed at something - he could not remember the joke now - and her short blond hair brushed his shoulder.

They had married a year later, some months after his return from the second exploration mission to Mars. Memories glowed in the old mind and he remembered the night he had proposed. There had been time for dreams in those days. That night, as they had talked, his dream had been to touch her cheek and kiss her hair. They had chatted on until the moon was bright, blotting out the stars, and suddenly he had looked at her. Brown eyes were always lovely, but here reflected the beauty of the heavens.

Voice delicate with emotion, he had proposed.

A spark cracked and the old heart leaped, the spirit rushing back from the flamelight, fearing the last departure had come. But old McPherson still lived, though he was dying.

Atop the blaze sat a big lump of coal, a brooding black monster the size of a football. The flames leaped around it, orange on black, mythical fires and a petrified phoenix-egg.

Tottering, unsteady, the old hand reached for the poker and tried to move the lump of coal. It proved too heavy.

He wondered if marrying Julia had been a mistake. It had been no life for someone beloved. When he was on Earth he saw her for four days in seven; the rest of the time he was on base duty. A mission would keep him away for months, and on average he was with her only two days per week. Thus by marriage he had given her the right to pay homage to a photo on the dresser, bound her to the memory of two nights in seven. It would have been kinder if he had been killed that time his re-entry craft had gone haywire.

Julia had weathered it all. For a moment the flames flared, burning a corona around the picture of a young wife, alone, forsaken, crying on her pillow for someone millions of miles away. But the picture of suffering was too poignant, his feeling of guilt too strong. The tongues of orange flashed up, curtaining the tears in the bedroom, providing a screen for a happier projection.

On Mars the dream had begun. Life in space had not been as he had imagined it: there was no adventure, just tedium, little exploration, mostly unending data collection. But then, by chance, he had been assigned as navigator to a party sent to bring fuel

to a disabled shuttle-rocket. There, in the midst of the arid and dusty plains of Mars, he had seen in the far far distance a tiny flash of light, as if the sun gleamed upon metal. He glanced desperately at the radar screen, and thought he saw a small blip there, though it was fading even as he viewed it. Looking up, the light was gone.

He never learnt what he had seen that day, but one thing he knew: there had been no terrestrial vehicle operating in that sector of Mars. And thus had begun the dream - the dream that somewhere out there, in the infinite blackness of space, there was intelligent life.

Soon after McPherson had signed up to train for deep-space missions, spurred on by the hope that perhaps at the very edges of the Solar System he might again encounter that race from the stars.

They had forced the couple to move to a housing unit near the training base, and there Julia had joined the bevy of wives who lived in artificial widowhood whilst their husbands committed themselves to the stars.

Paul had come into their life abruptly, disturbing the melancholy balance of their relationship. Promiscuity was common among the bored couples at the base, and young McPherson had feared for Julia. He knew she was faithful, but he feared that another man - one who could be with her regularly - might in time draw to himself the love she felt for him. The base was stale with the old joke about the girl who married the postman who brought her letters from her star-travelling lover.

Paul and Julia had been together having a cup of coffee the day McPherson came home unexpectedly, and from that time he had begun to suspect. Previously Julia had never mentioned the young man's visits, but now she made a point of it. Yet she never told him what they did together. It was as if she were deliberately taunting him.

At one stage McPherson was absent for three months, back home for a few weeks, then on Mars again for seven weeks. Mars Colony 1 was being built, and all servicemen were on constant call. Returning after the seven week mission, McPherson learnt that Julia had been sick. Once she had been found under the influence of a drug. Suicide? He wondered, despite her stories about an accident. And now that he was back, her actions became stranger. She would surrender to his advances, let him make love to her, then spend the night weeping, inconsolable.

He surmised that she was pregnant, but to Paul, not him. Yet the weeks had gone by and she said nothing, nor did she go through natural phases. Then came the night when she was out until midnight.

The flames crackled and the old hand poked at the lump of coal.

Julia had left for the automarket in the afternoon, and did not come home in the evening. At first, when he opened the door to her he had thought she was ill. But she hurried to her room, and there the story came out.

"You won't have to worry about Paul again," she had sobbed.

She had been at Paul's wedding.

Compassion defeated the anger in McPherson's heart. Paul must have deserted her, and now she thought he would not want her either. He tried to kiss her, tried to tell her he would look after her, but she would not listen. She could only cry out that he would not have to worry about Paul any more.

Early in the morning, when McPherson had wakened, she had told him about the times when he was away. Paul was gone now, and there would be no companion for her to chat with. She could not trust the other men on the base: they would not be content to come and talk of their fiancées; they would want sex. With Paul she had been safe, but now he was gone, and so was her husband. Oh yes, she knew! He had doubted her, thought she was being unfaithful. Things could never be the same between them.

And so for three weeks there had been coldness, cohabitation without love. Then, in the fourth week, they had met Paul and his new wife in the town nearby. The two couples talked, and McPherson realised Julia had never told the young man of the conflict she had endured through his seeming doubts about her fidelity. She had not betrayed him by word or deed. Yet it was not in his power to forgive, for he was guilty.

Nor had Julia been able to forget, for after her initial outburst she realised that she too had been wrong. She had been upset by her husband's suspicions, and had led him on, taunting him with short accounts of Paul's visits. She had felt sorry for herself, being lonely and knowing that Paul would soon marry and leave her. Finally the depression had become too much, and there had been the attempted suicide. And all because her husband, being only human, had doubted her fidelity - as she herself might have done in the same position. So Julia, being guilty, sat back to await her husband's forgiveness, a forgiveness which would never come.

During that time of stalemate, McPherson underwent a change. His dream of finding life in space began to catch hold of him, and the old passion and urgency of his love for Julia died away. Like a mother casting off her children McPherson's world stopped centring on Julia and began to embrace the vastness of the universe. He lived with Julia but no longer noticed her.

One night, finding themselves as two strangers alone and seeking companionship, the couple began to talk. But hesitantly, warily searching out each other.

They stood side by side on the balcony, gazing into the moonless evening sky.

"Strange. It seems so dead out there," McPherson said softly, trying to lead the stranger into conversation.

"Yes," She was reticent.

"You know - it may sound silly, of course - I really believe there is life out there. I mean, to me it matters. If there is life somewhere, the whole universe is changed. When you gaze up there it's like a monarch surveying his kingdom - a cold, emotionless glance at the stars to check that everything's in order. Because if there's no life out there, we own it all, and that's ugly. The universe seems cold, dead. Yet if there is life, then it's all completely different. The stars are laughter and happiness and love."

He hesitated for a moment, venturing a swift glance at her.

"If there is life, that means the stars are our neighbours, our friends. And somehow, to me, that matters. I dream of knowing the stars aren't cold and dead."

She was silent, and he wondered if she were unsympathetic, or uncomprehending.

The moon drifted out from a cloud, blinding out the stars, reflecting in her eyes. McPherson wondered why Julia was crying.

"Will you come inside?" she asked at last, softly. "I'll make you some coffee."

"Pardon? Oh....yes, okay. Just wait a minute - I want to see Saturn rise. Most beautiful planet in the Solar System. And if I'm picked for the Uranus landing I'll get to do two orbits of her to pick up speed so -"

But Julia had gone.

When Saturn had cleared the horizon he went inside. There was no coffee, and Julia was asleep.

Next door the young married couple began to play records, just as they did every Saturday night. By the fire, old McPherson stirred, leaning forward to prod the coal into the heat. The noise of the records disturbed him, and he slumped into his memories, the lump of coal bringing back a particular episode.

Contrary to Julia's expectations, Paul did not drop out of their lives. He and his wife Melinda became close friends of the McPhersons, meeting regularly in town at a little curiosity shop. The proprietor, by now a familiar face, tried to sell Paul an insect frozen in a piece of coal. The tiny nugget had been split in two, and inside were the remains of a strange winged creature as big as a fly.

"That little beastie is millenia old," said the man.

"Careful," McPherson warned, grinning oddly. "You can't be sure of that, Paul."

The proprietor glanced at McPherson in pained astonishment, but the spaceman winked him into submission.

Pressing the two halves of coal together, Paul examined the join carefully. "It fits perfectly," he said. "It really was caught in there."

"But you have no proof that it's prehistoric, do you?"

Paul looked at McPherson and grinned ruefully. "Guess not," he said, handing the black lump back to the shopkeeper.

Instantly McPherson slammed down a note and said, "I'll take it."

"But I thought...."

"You don't know enough science, friend," McPherson laughed. "If you did, you'd know that's no fake. That thing genuinely got caught in the coal, and that means it's millions of years old. Coal doesn't form overnight."

He pocketed the prize, ignoring the hurt looks.

The years passed, and McPherson's duties in the Space Service changed. From Explorer he was moved back to the less strenuous job of Shuttle Pilot on the interplanetary run, then he was put on the Earth-Moon flights as auxiliary pilot. Age was catching up.

Sometimes McPherson would talk of his obsession, but Julia was still disinclined to discuss it. McPherson believed that something spectacular would mark the first meeting between aliens and man; the landing of an alien craft on Earth, or else an inhuman form teleported from another galaxy, materialising in the middle of a shuttle-rocket cabin. But Julia was a Christian and believed in "still, small voices". To her, just a few radio signals seemed more likely, a message from a point in space further away than man had ever gone. The question was never settled, and often ended in silent antagonism.

McPherson poked irritable at the coal. It was too big to burn, and he could not move it without getting up, an action which could strain his heart. From next door came the sound of another record, and he winced.

A little while after, Paul and Melinda had their first child and moved to another city. McPherson's heart began to weaken. For a time he tried to cover up, but then the Medics found out and grounded him. They gave him a job training new pilots, but that was something he could not bear. He was too near the youth he had lost, too often reminded of the glory and hopes that were past. Like an old clergyman sighing to see that the young men he was teaching were becoming agnostic, aged McPherson groaned to see the new generation of spacemen. For in them the dream was gone. They were no longer wild, romantic heroes, champions of the unknown recesses of space, but glum complaining soldiers going about the humdrum job of dragging man into the void.

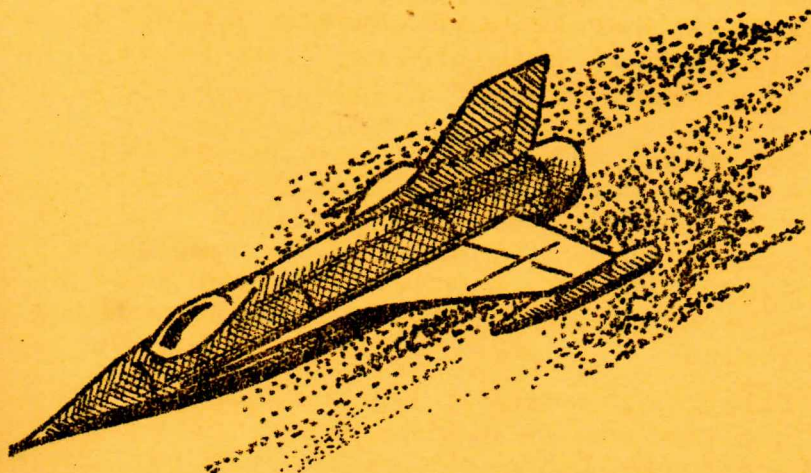
Julia died in those weary years, and in his grief McPherson had his first heart attack. He recovered from the seizure, though not from the loss, and they again demoted him for medical reasons. Forced to retire from the Service and given a pittance for a pension, he had eventually gone back to the space world, though in a new capacity. There were biological test centres at the base, and the animals in the labs were kept warm with fuel heaters. It would have been more economical to use nuclear power, or at least electricity, but there was still large supplies of coal in the area, and they had to be used in some way. And so he carted the coal that kept the lab. animals in climatic luxury, bringing home the occasional sackful so that his own meagre home should not be too cold.

The flames flickered and the spirit returned to the flesh. The glazed old eyes turned away from the fire, glancing dully around the room. It was getting chilly. The fire was going out. Damn that lump of coal! He felt his annoyance rise, his heart beat faster. Damn those people and their noise!

A sudden hatred rose within him and old McPherson staggered to his feet, feeble hands smashing the poker down onto the coal in a paroxysm of regret. Again and again the old limbs struck, and the effort began to cripple the withered heart. The coal split.

The music rose to a crescendo, the tired old dry heart strings began to crack and snap. Old McPherson glanced out at the stars for the last time.

He had not died alone.



End.

- Van Ikin.

WHIPPING THE KILT OFF IAIN BAN

by John J. Alderson

Never have I read such piffle as written by Iain Ban in the last issue of M31 No 2. (I doubt if any of the late election speeches would have been worse, but these I make a habit of not reading). It would not be so bad if Iain was merely an ass. He is more. I can see through his nefarious scheme. He is merely being very clever, very cunning, casting a slight slur on Australian fandom (which no one in their right mind would believe) in order to hide an even deeper plot.

The fact is that Aussie fandom, it grieves me to say, is whiteanteaten with Scottish Nationalists, and Iain himself is the arch villian, the great under-cover agent. He has let it out of the bag, probably deliberately so as to allay suspicion, that he is a MacLean. Now the MacLeans missed out on the last great clean-up of the wicked, with Noah's flood, through "having a boat of their ain." Now I have gone into this a bit and have unmasked a great plot. Firstly I shall reveal the villians.

Take Foyster, doyen of fandom, take him preferably to the middle of the Tasman. Here is a genuine Scottish name, variously derived from "foy" foolish or silly, from "foistering" meaning disorder or slovenly, or from the Anglic "foist" meaning one who foists things (fanzines) onto others. But it is definately Scottish and that's bad enough.

Consider Merv Binns. The Binns' are an old Border family, and one of the Binns were wont to play poker with the Devil and upon beating the Devil, the latter seized the card table in his rage and threw it in the loch. The name is not is not derived from "Money-bins" as some say, though Merv started life without even a shirt and now he has Lee Harding working for him. What a combination!

And Bruce Gillespie, scoin of the MacPherson clan (which means sons of the parson, in a time when Parsons were unmarried). The Gillespies included the freebooter (or gangster depending upon the point of view) James who was caught and hanged, gaining the dubious fame of being the last man hung under the laws of Hereditary Jurisprudence. His Christian name of course comes from the declared outlaw and proclaimed traitor Robert Bruce. David Grigg denies his Scottish ancestry and claims

a Yorkshire one... Robert Bruce was born in Yorkshire so that is no recommendation. The Griggs were MacGregors and such rascals that the entire clan was proscribed. They worked an insurance scheme in the Highlands. If the Lowland farmers did not pay them insurance they insured that the Highlanders raided them.

Bill Wright comes from the clan MacIntyre, ironically named "Carpenters" from their ancestor who was adrift in a leaking boat. He plugged the hole with his thumb and when he wanted to wave for help he cut off his thumb.

Ron Graham belongs to a clan that fancies that their ancestors fought against the Romans and beat them. How fanciful can you get! Of course the Kerrs (of which Noel is one) are a Lowland Clan seated just west of Edinburgh.

Paul Anderson is a crow-eater whose ancestors wore a tartan designed to hide them whilst they skulked amongst the birch branches for no good purpose, being obviously sheep-thieves and the like.

Bob Smith is a Scot on Iain Ban's own showing in Gegenstein. Iain explained that the Smiths were originally Gows and that they fomented fights in the Highlands by way of drumming up business. Christine McGowan of course bears the original clan name. Suffice it to say that there was a story in The Bulletin some years back about a MacGowan who used to shoe the devil periodically. He of course was a smith.

Naturally Kevin Dillon does not bear a Scottish name. There is every reason to believe that he and Michael O'Brien are I.R.A. advisors to the Scottish Nationalists.

Eric Lindsay protests that he is not Scottish, yet he is renown as the meanest fan this side of the Black Stump. The Lindsays too wore a tartan that was designed for skulking amongst the birch when it was out of leaf. They were notable for having bad feuds with their neighbours. Nor is it any coincidence that Shayne McCormack bears the same surname as John McCormack, Leader of the Scottish Nationalists and formerly Chancellor of Glasgow University.

This leaves John Bangsund of whom we can say nothing. It was not pure vandalism that Cromwell's soldiers, when qua in the Edinburgh Tolbooth (the clink) spent six months burning the jail records. There perished all the records of Bangsund's ancestors. But why go on... there are many others. But the case has been proved. Now to the plot.

It is the intention of these fanatics to get the cream of the world's intelligentsia, namely fandom, to Australia, far from outside help, and where (we hope) no intercontinental ballistic missiles are pointed, and to hold them to ransom. Either they shall be given Scotland or they shall put the fans

of the world to an agonising death by means of that fiendish instrument, the bagpipe. The diabolical plan will almost certainly succeed, if not thwarted. I hope a copy of this 'zine will be sent to Mr Whitlam so he can deport the lot of them.

You may ask, What is the proof of this? Consider the facts above... where are the Scottish fans, not in Scotland, they are all in Australia. Secondly, consider how they continually feud with one another, and everyone else. What more proof do you want?

It may be asked too, What of Ronl Clarke? Well I am quite sure that despite Ron's name he is a clean potato. However his editorial offices are being fifth-columned by that self-confessed Scot, Sue Smith. Send her to Havelock where I can keep an eye on her, Ron. Like rabbits the blighters are overrunning the country.

Ah, it is good to sit back and reflect on my Cornish ancestry. And the words of Byron spring to my mind, not quite as he wrote them,

"The mountains look on the Tamar
The Tamar looks on the sea,
And there I sat and mused awhile
And dreamed we Cornish might once again be free."

Wonder how the Cornish Liberation Army is going.

- John J. Alderson.

** Now that Ain75 is a reality, we are licking our chops, John, eh?

- Ronl. **

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A WARM DAY IN FALL

by Raymond L. Clancy

A tree root is good to sit on
When you are thinking about
Young men in bags
And orcas eating seals
Because you stop thinking
And look at the asters
And a gray squirrel,
Who looks back at you.

V I G N E T T E

The monastery was cut from the texture of night,
an orchestration of silence to negate all fear.
Steps dragged in the shifting silt of dead memories
that bathed the moor with deceptive sleep.
Steps dragged across the moon-frosted dream-scape
clothed in the heavy breath of exhaustion.
The fear lay behind - in the perpetual night,
where it would wait without impatience
for an end to which the present was but a slight delay.
Words etched upon the mist of lost memory
echoes within the mind with the passage of time.
Tantalysing truths slightly beyond utterance.
The torch laced the corridor interior,
paints the shifting walls with ochre tipped ripples,
like a lake trapped crimson by reflection in a
far continent where there still is a sunrise.
Saints in alabaster whisper their moving shadows
of secrets lost in aeons past.
Music inlaid by celibacy upon damp walls
still echo the last requiem before parting.
The moon is lost, the fear momentarily eclipsed.
Long benches carved with prayer have long since
gone, tarrying only a while after the final pilgrim.
So the cold plaques of stone floor provide fleeting rest.
While questions wash with the tides of fatigue.
Shelter - perhaps sleep until daybreak,
but there will be no dawn. For the darkness is within.
The whisper of antiquity intimates words.
The fugitive dwells within his visions.
"Thought, perhaps, like a half-tone photograph,
is made up of so much light," he breathes,
"and so many points of blackness. Perhaps,
only be standing back from the immediate
and glimpsing the whole is it all made clear."
The fugitive turns at the sudden startle of noise.
Somewhere - dawn is breaking.

- Andrew Darlington.

J O U R N E Y

by Steven Phillips

Her voice shattered the heated silence into a thousand tinkling crystals. "The sun will soon be asleep and we still have another hill to climb!" They had been trudging alone in a trance, eyes fixed either on their feet or on the next summit. His eyes rose from their downturned position, first peering ahead through the shimmering heat to the last hill, then sweeping across to the western horizon, almost losing himself in a sea of blurr as he wobbled on his feet. The last six hills had dragged past with no communication passing between them to occupy their stunned minds, nothing other than the knowledge of their goal and the urgency of having to reach it.

Her voice seemed to relieve him momentarily from the stifling, soggy heat.

He replied, "We must press on. The sun will be gone in another few thousand paces. There is no survival in the night of the Land Between."

She needed no reminder. Eight hills ago they had left the Last Post. The section of the journey between there and Home must be made with no rest breaks. It was a full day's journey. To complete it, they must leave the Last Post at sunrise and reach Home by sunset. Many times she had been tempted to rest, to leave the road and lay with him in the tranquil pools of shadow beneath the umbrella trees, but fear forced her to drag her leaden feet another burdened pace, and then another. The pastel trees and parkland grass passed by them monotonously.

And now she was grateful they had not stopped. The ninth hill was only five hundred paces ahead. When they began descending its leeward slope, the tenth, Home, would be in sight. She did not know what they would find. There were many legends and many fanciful descriptions, but everyone disregarded them, for how could they be true? Nobody who left the Birthplace returned. They reached Home or perished on the way. So there was no account of Home which could be believed.

She could no longer feel her legs, they ached beyond numbness. They walked stiffly, as if in a trance of their own and her arms dangled uselessly at her sides, swaying half-heatedly in a barely successful effort to maintain balance. She stared through the air which seemed alive, as it quivered like jelly. She stared through its fluid mass at the distorted yellow sun and watched the painful moments tediously race against their reaching Home as it slowly sank. She slowed down.

"Come on," he whispered dryly. "To slow our pace is a danger." They had now reached the foot of the incline. He groped for her arm and caught it feebly. If she cracked now, neither of them would find their way Home. "Come on," he pleaded, wheezing between clenched teeth.

They began to climb. The pulse of their outraged bodies merged in an orgasm of total agony, an agony they shared but did not show.

They climbed and climbed.

Climbed on and on until she felt the ultimate luxury would be to give herself up to the thunderous pull of the ground below and let herself sail away from the burden of having even to lay still on this treacherously smooth hillside.

But they had reached the top. They folded to the ground. He lay with his back on the grass, closed eyes laughing at the sky, and smiled. She lay on top of him, body pulsing against his, and in all the worn out agony of their bodies they struggled against each other for love and joy.

They had wasted time. A wide arch of the sun was dipped into the sea.

Before them, dividing them from Home, grinned a narrow valley crammed thickly with lush vegetation and in places, sculptured in raw terrain. They had never seen such subtlety of landscape.

The valley was narrow enough to allow them to see detail clearly on the opposite summit. It was an intricate jewel set against a backdrop of swirling mists. There was nothing beyond the hill of Home. And on its top was no sign to show that it was Home; no fence to show its boundaries; no coverdome to give it shelter; no continuation of the redbrick road to give it access.

They stood side by side with the backs of their broken bodies against the way they had come and looked at the only thing upon the hill of Home.

It was an old man. He sat naked, a grey beard flowing over his crossed legs, covering a sunken chest and skinny thighs. He looked across at ~~them~~ and laughed. His laughter echoed up the valley.

Steven Phillips.

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T H E
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&
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D E P T

Eric Lindsay
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It is remarkable the change that comes over faneditors at certain stages of their lives. Noel Kerr got married and gave up The Somerset Gazette; and for a long time I suspected that you would follow the same path, but then light dawned. I am on to your nefarious scheme. I too saw the Hugo results. (Last year). 1st Charlie and Dena Brown's Locus, then Energumen edited by Mike and Susan Glicksohn, Ron and Linda Bushyager's Granfalloon, with Bruce Gillespie last - by himself. Oh, yes, I can see it now. The 1975 Worldcon - Best Fanzine to Ron and Susan Clarke.

Van Ikin is rather good, certainly better than the average fan fiction, although in some ways he does not really reach pro standards. Perhaps it is the actual story that doesn't fit into the general line of sf, rather than Van's technique.

Van Ikin
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For me the highlight of M31 (2) was the solid, rational thinking in both Christine McGowan's & John Alderson's articles. I particularly liked Miss McGowan's point about the problems of administering a legal brothel; in time this question may prove more "tMorny" than the actual question of whether or not prostitution should be legalized. An article speculating on this matter might be quite interesting. (After all, imagine what the outcry would be like if "Bourke's Brothels" became realities. This would involve the ACTU taking the lead in national reform (again - remember r.p.m.?) and certain sections of the community would be against this. On the other hand, could anyone imagine the Liberals doing it?)

The Alderson article was equally stimulating in its demonstrations of logic, and in the manner it established the degree of female complicity in rape. I agree with Mr Alderson's case to the extent that I now realise one must allow for there having been a great deal of complicity on the woman's part. However, I would say that Alderson becomes too caught up in his own arguments, and thus pushes his case too far (to me he seems to be pleading for a much more liberalised attitude to the rapist).

Despite the argument for female complicity, it is clear that some females do not want to be raped. Clearly, the law has a duty to protect these people. Rather than saying that the law should be softened because some women enjoy rape, the author should (logically) be saying that

such women should enter into a consenting union with a man (and if they have a conflict which prevents them from seeking so overt a solution to their unconscious desires, then they should see a psychologist). One cannot - must not - weaken the law's ability to protect the genuinely unwilling women just for the sake of the willing.

(This raises the whole question of the extent to which any deterrent law does afford genuine "protection", but let's leave that issue hanging.)

My primary disagreement with Alderson lies in his failure to mention pack-rape. This is a growing phenomenon, and it shatters his argument. Alderson says that the girl who really does not want to be raped need only cross her legs, for the rapist will have to use two hands to alter this situation, and this will let the girl attack him with her hands. In a case of pack rape, however, the collective "rapist" has hands enough to hold the woman's legs, and head. The girl is helpless, and cannot avoid rape.

And what does Alderson mean that a girl could use her teeth to "tear open a man's jugular vein"? I grant that very few human beings would be above doing this in a situation involving sufficient stress (and I would certainly sympathise with the girl who did this to a rapist), but I resist Mr Alderson's implication that the girl who lets herself be raped rather than doing this is to be condemned. Alderson is by implication requiring such savagery (in certain situations), but I feel society's duty is to protect the less savage person. What of the girl who fights her rapist but is ultimately raped because she refuses to use this "final weapon" (perhaps because she feels it is unfair to kill a man who is, after all, not seeking to kill her)? Alderson would condemn her by having the law say "Hard luck, sweetie", and acquit the rapist. As for my attitude - well, I don't know if a public flogging (followed by a minimum of six years' imprisonment) would be an effective deterrent, but I sure feel we should be giving it a try....

Christine McGowan
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My thoughts on prostitution were after all quite serious, though only superficially expressed for the time being. But John's article... Well, I give him the benefit

of the doubt and pronounce it fit material for a University Union-style debate. (He left out Confucious though - you know, "Lape impossible; woman with skirt up lun faster than man with tlousers down". You're slipping, John!) It couldn't possibly be serious. (Which is what they always say about anything John Alderson commits to print.) Oh dear me, if it were, the thoughts it gives rise to! Poor John stuck out woop-woop with his cows //sheep --ed// day-dreaming of polite and painless rape! My

experience of the subject has come solely from case-books on criminal law, but I can assure John that no determined rapist ever takes no or a pair of crossed legs for an answer. However, most of his observations apply pretty well in carnal knowledge cases. I think it is fair to say that a very large percentage of such prosecutions are instigated by little trollops trying to have it both ways - but rape they aren't, for consent is irrelevant (unfortunately for the unsuspecting bloke who is led on by a fourteen year old). By the bye, I loved John's loc. Analysis and logic, yet!

Van Ikin's story is the mixture as before. Very competently written, but with a resolution so psychologically unsound as to render the whole thing pointless. It struck me as being the sort of story where the writer has a great idea at the beginning, but some four thousand words on realises that he's in up to his neck and the idea hasn't the staying power to see him through. Quick, look for a finish and get the hell out! This may be quite wrong in the case of BATTLEGROUND, but it's my impression nonetheless. Graham C. Love, on the other hand, has an idea which although now new should provide plenty of staying power (look at THE INVADERS, for goodness sake.) Yet JINZ is laboured and makes its point rather murkily. Too much talk and not enough action, I think, though the dialogue is good stuff.

All those letters about population control are not really my line. Where experts are at each other's throats, who am I to buy in. On those rare occasions where I give the matter thought, I get the chilling feeling that we're living on the edge of a precipice, with a high wind blowing. One way or another, things are going to change, but this may well be the last great golden age. If our civilization (which is nowadays the world's civilization) should fall, it will never rise again, because we have used all the raw materials that made it possible. This is the time to do or die. But what can you do?

Jack Wodhams
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Van Ikin's BATTLEGROUND in M31 was a good idea fouled up - his labour to contrive is much too evident. Had he started - 'Weird things can happen to a stuntman, or he thinks they happen, so who am I to hope to be a creditable witness? The wrong angle, a miscalculated stop, hell, concussion and brain-scrambling is an occupational hazard, and a temporary flip-out can smack into anybody, anytime. So when I jump off this cliff I am expecting nothing, like always, and I have the open mind, as they say, and it's part of the kicks of the business...' Van should have dived into it, no messing about, to hit the water as fast as possible, to whack straight into the alien world bit - or our world alien, sympatice, he talks to the grass, why not? to build inexorably to mighty climax tussle with ordinary mean-tempered and viciously

rip-snorting bull. Cle A damn good idea, like I said, which needs beefing up in the guts by an author confident that the main idea is a good one, which can do a lot more work for itself, thus to dispense with lead-ups, frills or poncing about.

John Alderson is wrong, as usual. A woman who crosses her legs to frustrate a determined rapist is most likely to get her head torn off. Women rarely enjoy to be violated, believe it, a preference by invitation being displayed even here - as his wife, if he ever gets one, will make quite clear to him, I'm sure. Also he might be lucky to get her to consent to try Position Two. Better he should pray for understanding, that she will not drive him to practice unmentionable vulgarities upon his baa-lambs.

For Christine McGowan:- Prostitution is a much intrinsically less worthy career than acting, modelling and dancing. Prostitutes, the lazy bitches, rank among the most unambitious of women. It is called the oldest profession because it is the easiest. A ten-year-old girl can learn the rudement of the trade in half-an-hour, to in a scant two weeks become an accomplished whore, to already in such short time become bored still (pun intended) with the occupation. Those who get 'trapped' into prostitution are those generally too dismayed by life, and their own helplessness, to offer aught but a spiritless token form of resistance. The seeming self-sufficiency and independence of a whore is an illusion and a fallacy. The whore is, commonly, the most dependent of women, with a vital need for her overseer or pimp, a crude strength to reassure her and to provide a stable comforting prop unbeatable to justify her apathy. Crooks, in the main, are not very bright, and the fact that prostitution flourishes says little for the calibre of the women they recruit. Taken all round, prostitution as it is today can be demonstrated to be a criminal exploitation of an underprivileged group of persons, namely - females of a particularly dumb kind. Certainly such women should be availed a protection of a sort vastly different from the unsavoury impositions they endure at present. Whores should be treated similarly to blind people, the handicapped, the mentally deficient, and like bodies of disadvantaged persons. And if it should transpire that sexual intercourse is all that they are fit for, then their protector should be the government, and their earnings an offset to public taxation and to their own reasonably generous. old-age pensions.

I was surprised Bob Smith left out an account of his dramatic race to reach the Spencer Street Station too in time. He has a sphincter that should be commended for a medal. It is an episode that should go down in the anal of history. He is too modest altogether.

Paul Anderson

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I took the article by Christine McGowan to be not entirely serious and in part trying to evoke as much reaction as possible after the success of the earlier thing on sex.

The whole thing is loaded with inflammatory generalities which are mostly unsupported by her later arguments. The conclusions were interesting but not entirely related to the preceding pages. The conclusion is also notable for its assumptions in thinking that a organisation like that would eliminate the problem. A number of the girls are in the trade for the money as it pays better than the other available work. A trade union infers standard rates but for this I doubt if that would be feasible. In any case a licensing system would allow the ones who had licences to work in comparative freedom but it would change nothing in regard to those who either could not get a licence or did not wish to be seen applying for one. Also the clients may also need to be vetted and there would also arise a supply to match the demands of those who were rejected for various reasons.

John Brosnan

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A very sexy issue, if a little dry. You need more fannish material along the lines of Bob Smith's excellent autobiography rather than these boring pseudo-academic dissertations on prostitution, rape etc. A tendency to print articles like this is a fault of Australian

fanzines in general. I rarely see anything similar in American fanzines (excepting Mobius Trip), though British fanzines are a different matter. Very good letter column... I don't think I've ever seen my name in print so many times in one fanzine. I'm afraid I've just about given up with John J. Alderson, I'm beginning to suspect I've been the victim of a clever Bangsund hoax. Alderson, that monument of reactionary rubbish, cannot exist. I've come to this conclusion after reading the last issue of CHAO (pronounced cow, I presume?). Within it, this phony Alderson character outdid himself for sheer, hilarious rot. The high point occurred in Alderson's answer to Mike Glicksehn' on the subject of why he (Alderson) was such a bad writer. It had me rolling on the floor. It seems that Alderson writes badly because Australians have a different sentence construction, different grammar etc!! What a marvellous answer! All these years I've been feeling guilty about my own lousy writing and I never realised it was all due to my inheritance of a faulty syntax. Alright Bangsund, or Foyster, the fun's over... put down that sheep and come out with your hands up. The truth is known!

Speaking of lousy writing, remember those Nick Nova stories you printed in Mentor those many years ago? Well, my agent sold them to a girlie magazine here in England. If the publishers can find a distributor the first one should be

appearing in December sometime. I'll try and send you a copy if it comes out.

** Come now, John. We don't want Aussie zines looking and reading like other zines from Overseas... we want them to have a character of their own, and until they find their own niche, we will keep on experimenting. - Ronl.**

Mary Legg

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England.

Firstly, the matter of legalised and regulated prostitution. I have read somewhere that this is done in one country, which I forget, but I recall thinking it was an unlikely one ... a Latin-American one perhaps? Anyhow, perhaps someone else will recall it.

Secondly, the matter of rape. I don't think you writer has really thought about this. Obviously if the woman keeps her head she may get away o.k. But how many do? I mean, intellectually it's all very well to say that the woman should keep her head, but is she likely to, what with the sudden attack, the shock, etc And what about cases where a band of youths or whatever are involved? There have been two cases in the courts here recently of this: even the most cool woman hasn't a chance in those circumstances. There again, what about children? In many ways it's even more sickening when it's a child who's the victim, particularly when (as in so many cases) the child is then murdered. My impression is that it seems children are murdered more often than adults in this sort of case, though I may be wrong: after all, perhaps when children are involved, the case sticks more in your mind.

On the other hand, there was also a case recently when a man claimed some girls had tried to rape him! He (and his wife, I believe) was jailed, though, I forget the full details.

So, taking it all into account, it's a bit silly to say there ain't no such thing. Queer how it's always men who say so!

Linda Bushyager

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Pa 19076, USA.

Not only is John J Alderson's article THE MALIGNED ART OF RAPE in poor taste in its attempt to humorize a terrible crime, but the article also demonstrates Alderson's lack of regard for women and lack of understanding of a woman's emotional and physical make-up. Alderson does not seem to regard women as persons. His article treats women like objects.

Rape is not a laughing matter. While it is true that some women may invite rape or claim that voluntary intercourse was rape in order to hurt a boyfriend, the majority of rapes are indeep rapes -- sexual intercourse by force without the woman's consent.

Most women

are brought up to regard sex as an important part of life to be saved for love and/or marriage. Forceable rape is more than aggravated assault to a woman - it is an invasion of her utmost private area. It is the crime most women fear the most, and the one many women are too ashamed to even report.

Why should a woman be ashamed? First, there is the natural embarrassment of reporting such a crime. Then there is the social stigma of having been raped. People wonder if the woman invited the rape or if she is lying. The woman feels violated and unclean. The woman is afraid to admit a rape has occurred for fear of hurting her husband/boy friend.

Thus, a rape can harm a woman's emotional state, her physical state, and create a disruption with her relationships with friends, family, and the community. Further, a rape can also cause pregnancy -- a matter which is of no small consequence to a woman who might bear and raise an unwanted child; to a man who might find himself the legal father of someone else's child, to the child who no one wanted and who is the son of a rapist. A woman's body is her most cherished possession, to be given to whomever she chooses. Since childhood, a woman is taught to protect and cherish her sexuality; perhaps this is a fallacy, but it is what women are taught. To be forced to have sexual relations with a stranger is a disastrous experience for a woman, any woman, whether a virgin or a woman-of-the-world.

Alderson's article implies that a woman can prevent a rape if she really wants to. Merely by crossing your legs you can stop it. Oh really? Alderson have you ever wrestled with a woman? Most women are not as strong as most men. Most men would be able to physically overcome a woman and rip off her clothes, spread her legs against her will, and insert his penis. He would have some difficulty, but if he wanted to, he probably could. And if she put up a really terrific struggle, he could always knock her unconscious or kill her. Also, the woman is likely to be scared out of her wits and thus not as effective in resisting as theoretically possible. Further, in most rapes, the man threatens the woman, often hitting her or holding a knife or a gun. How many men, assaulted by a homosexual under such conditions, would be able to escape, or willing to risk trying? Screaming for help is no solution in this day and age. One day last week a woman in Philadelphia was raped on a rooftop while 50 or so people watched from a building across the street. They heard screams, but thought it was some lovers quarrel and didn't interfere! Or what about the case where a woman was knifed to death in front of an apartment house with over 20 people watching. None of whom came to help or even called the police?

I

feel that behind Alderson's article is the male chauvanistical attitude I've heard before -- women secretly want to be raped; there is nothing wrong with rape. Believe me, this is untrue.

Women do not want to be raped. They certainly don't want an uncomfortable coupling in a back alley with a stranger who might have VD and who might kill her or make her pregnant. Women want foreplay before sex, not a forced entry by a weirdo who is probably not a very good lover. Women do want sex with love by someone who cares about them. Women do want gentleness, privacy, and comfort in lovemaking.

There is something wrong with rape. It violates a woman's rights. It can cause physical and emotional harm to the woman and to her friends and relations. It is also illegal and immoral...

Sandra Miesel

8744 N. Pennsylvania St.,
Indianapolis,
IN 46240 USA.

I apologize profusely for not responding to your previous publications. Many of your fellow countrymen have been wronged in like manner. I simply cannot answer each of the many

fanzines I receive (there's a stack nearly a foot high looming on my desk now) and moreover I'm developing an alarming writing block on letters of comment. Would you please not be offended if I ask you not to send anything more? We'd both save a lot of postage.

** OK, Sandra. I'm sending this issue to you as it is the last ish of TM to come out, and you may be interested in the comments therein.**

Since John Alderson seems to enjoy being contrary, one hates to gratify him by taking notice but female honor requires at least a minimal refutation. Perhaps it's different in Australia, but in the US rape is often accomplished with the aid of deadly weapons, abduction, multiple attackers, bonds, etc. so resistance is futile. A favorite trick is to break into a home during the day and offer the housewife the choice of submitting quietly or having her children killed -- not an empty threat. A woman accosted in an American city can assume that no one will come to her aid however loudly she screams. Eyewitnesses will more than likely ignore the scene and pass on. Apparently people showed greater social responsibility in Old Testament times. In short, John is jesting at scars when he has scant chance of being wounded himself.

I assume Christine McGowan had been reading THE HAPPY HOOKER (autobiography of a Dutch madam) but I doubt it would pass Australian censors. Her arguments sound rather like those advanced in vice-sodden Victorian England when none other than Florence Nightengale advocated licensing prostitution. Why is she so sure legalization works well in Europe or that criminals could not control the institution if legalised? I really haven't the energy to cite all the relevant historical precedents but her article was decidedly superficial.

** Actually, Sandra, there were legal brothels in Fremantle last century. It would probably work in Australia because of the attitude

of the people towards government. After all, we have gun-licencing laws, compulsory voting, compulsory car seat belt wearing... and all without the controls of the burgeoning Police State such as Social Security cards... - Ronl.**

Ned Brooks Why does Chandler write from "Cell7"? Is he in 713 Paul St., Jail? I notice that in Von Daniken's second Newport News book, GODS FROM OUTER SPACE, he mentions in the Va 23605 USA. foreword that he wrote it while in "remand prison" - but doesn't say what a remand prison is, or why he was there - so why mention it at all? Certainly the validity of his theories on the prehistory of earth is not dependent on where he wrote them. I find his analysis and his date somewhat shaky in places, but still it's a fascinating book and I admire his tenacity in pursuing the matter. He never falls into the error that Fort did of merely cataloging endless strange date.

I don't see anything particularly wrong with calling a magnetic field artificial, after all the earth, and the Sun and some of the other planets, do have natural magnetic fields, as does natural lodestone. But it does seem odd for Lem to mention "Artificial magnetic and gravitational fields" together that way.

I agree with Christine that prostitution should not be illegal, but I see no reason to set up another massive government bureaucracy to deal with it. Only the fact that it is illegal permits organized crime to make a profit from it. If the laws dealing with it were merely repealed, open free enterprise by more-or-less honest citizens could take over. The furthest I would want to see government get into it would be to insure mandatory health inspections. After all, the government sees to the purity of foods and drugs without actually going into the drug or grocery business.

I us red corflu right here in Virginia, only a couple of hundred miles south of Harry Warner....

John J Alderson It amuses me to read the comments on my articles Havelock and to see just how badly the writers read them. Vic 3465. The daddy of all was the chappie who accused me of forgetting pollution. The theme of my article was that population would level out naturally and that the real problem was pollution (anf the over-use of our non-renewable resources). Another howler was he who took me to task for not including the sea as a source of food in my calculations. Naturally, I only dealt with land use and added (by inference) that we also had the sea so that things are even better. Though the reality of the position is that unless the sea remains unpolluted we won't have it in any case, but the calculations are of land use disregarding the sea. And the arable land I quoted is that land

regarded as such by international authorities (and one specification is an over 40 inch rainfall which excludes most of Australia). Of course I approached the subject from the point of view of a farmer. I am a farmer. Anyone talking about land use (and who is not a farmer) is a mere theorist. I think a course in reading would be in order for most fans.

Somewhat amused too by Christine McGowan's article on prostitution. Though I think she does not know much about men. Certainly a man has strong biological urges (probably as strong as those of a woman) but visiting a prostitute is a very short term outlet... it only takes a few hours for a man to be just as randy as ever, and contrary to popular opinion he reaches a limit and that is it. A more effective solution is to go on the booze. That is the usual solution for those who are not well adjusted. However to offer sex to a lonely, worried or frustrated man is merely adding insult to injury. The real solution for, say, mining establishments, is to have Bob Hawke insist that married quarters be provided and that most of the men are married and have their wives with them. This by the way is A.W.U. policy and is probably the policy of almost all unions.

As far as your comment on my letter Ron, about "The death knell of marriage as it is now" I think you are wrong. A study of marriage customs published in 1968, and after examining marriage customs past and present, here and there, concludes with a survey of modern marriage at present, with the conclusion that the monogamous marriage was never in a stronger position than it is today. However, I do believe that an enlargement of the family circle is advisable, larger houses housing up to three generations. This would bring back into the family circle those lonely old people whose children have grown up, those spinster aunts and bachelor uncles, and probably prevent the illtreatment of children.

I don't want to say, I told you so, but figures of family size in America released a few days ago give the figure as 1.9, or .2 below replacement level (zero-population growth). The fall this last year has been dramatic. If my theories are right, it will fall considerably further, perhaps as low as 1.00 and before the end of the century the U.S. will be desperately trying to boost the birthrate and seeking settlers from almost everywhere. So will most of the western world with the rest following suit in twenty years from then. The diabolical thing about this is that nations with the technological know-how are going to be the ones to suffer first. Again, it is my theory, based on history and statistics, that our civilization will fall from a population implosion.

**And with that, The Mentor folds at last and the editor joins the Ark to voyage into new worlds - with co-editor Sue Clarke. See you And we hope you liked this and the ones to come. - Ronl

hazardous duty pay for preforming with fetishists, what to do about tips, production lines to handle virile studs, and other similar ideas. I think she has something.

We now come to the WAHFs.....

We Also Heard From:

Edgar Lepp, Leigh and Helen Hyde, Van Ikin, Doug Leingang, Mithrandir, Shayne McCormack, Linda Bushyager, Sheryl Birkhead, Noel Kerr, Harry Lingren (who edits Spelling Action, from 40 McKinlay Street, Narrabundah ACT 2604) Pat & Mike Meara (who offered lost of helpful suggestions. I don't think I forgot them in this issue, did I?), Roger Waddington (who's retired for a while to write the Great SF Novel. Good luck), Susan Glicksohn, Ed Cagle.

Ronl didn't have room for his so:

Max Taylor, Kevin Dillon, Adrienne Losin, Ian Butterworth, Joanne Burger, Roger Waddington, Ed Cagle, Eric Lindsay.

**

**

WANTED: GROOMS, BRIDES AND OTHER LOVES.

(continued)

Applications are hereby called for candidates for John Alderson's new harem. They should be between 15 and 22 years of age. "To hell with the Declaration of Human Rights and the Equality of the Sexes, you all gotta be girls". Appointments may be booked for trial nights Box 72 P.O. Maryborough, Vic 3465.

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An editor who appreciates Jack the Whod's stories enough to pay what Jack thinks they are worth on acceptance. Send \$100 and SAE to Jack Wodhams. P.O. Box 48 Caboolture, Qld 4510.

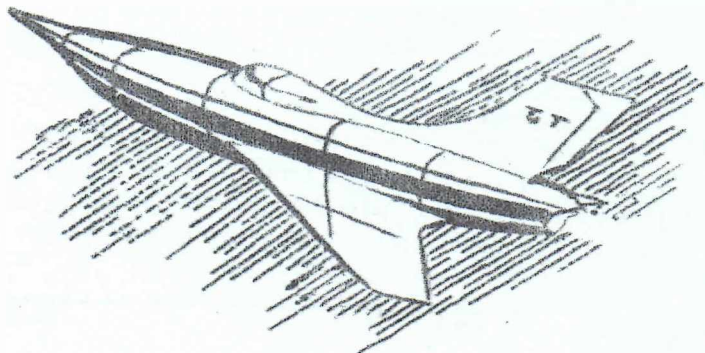
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"I require a male friend with the same character as myself, kind, considerate, modest, good-looking, easy to get on with, highly talented and wealthy, age of about 27. View matrimony. Please forward five references a list of the books in your library and list of your records, photo of yourself and your car, and a bank statement. Miss Shayne McCormack, 49 Orchard Rd, Bass Hill, NSW 2197.

*



tend to blend in with the trend in the end. I don't know how much value should be placed on "True Confessions" as evidence, mind - I have never read much in that line (in fact, I think I sampled one issue way back when it was the only bit of literature within reach and failed to finish that) but I've long been under the impression that most contributors to that publication and its sisters and female cousins are in fact by pseudonymous men, pro and semi-pro authors frankly for money, possibly to tide themselves between real stories, and about as "true" as Noddy in Toyland.

Incidentally "gof" is Cornish for "smith". Really. So you'd better get Ronl to do the name-change thing instead yourself, to keep it in the family.

(** Actually, Archie's letter had the dubious privilege of being delivered on my wedding day, but late enough on the day for me to merely snatch it from the bearer and put it in my going-away purse, and then forget all about it until the day after, at about 8.00 am when we were off on our honeymoon. Needless to say, it was then too late to follow Archie's advice.**)

From Christine McGowan, we got a mysterious suggestion to make a headline of "GOF Gets Results" -- the mind boggles at what she means.

And belatedly,

Buck Coulson: Route 3, Hartford City, IN 47348, USA.

30. Having been married to a fan - worse, to a fan publisher - for almost 20 years, I consider myself somewhat of an expert on the major topic of that issue. Of course, Juanita is probably more of an expert, but she doesn't write letters (she's too busy being married to a fan, which is something to watch out for).

The idea of femmefanzines keeps cropping up at regular intervals; none of them seem to last long. There was FEMZINE in the US (which Juanita edited for a spell) and FEMIZINE in Britain, and probably others I don't recall. Might be interesting to speculate on why femzines - as opposed to general type fanzines edited by females - don't last long. After all, Juanita started YANDRO, which is past its 220th issue, and I believe in the last SCOTTISHE Ethel Lindsay mentioned that it is the oldest fanzine in Britain. So it isn't female editing that cuts down the femzines... and if it isn't that, what is it? (Don't ask me; I don't know)

McGowan presumably has her point for her - and expresses it well - but it doesn't hold in this particular household. (For one thing, I may spend the spare cash on sf books, but it is Juanita who spends it on clanking machinery. We currently have 3 mimeographs in the house, all of which are Juanita's sole concern. I don't mess with them). As for what effect fandom has on the unformed childish mind, take a look at Bruce. (Come to think of it, Christine does have a point there!) Actually, while he is prematurely cynical, in general, fandom is simply Bruce's way of life. For recreation, he prefers chess.

Just incidentally, tell Ron that Christine McGowan's article on unionising brothels in M31 No 2 was one of my favourite fanzine items of the month. I sat around dreaming about union scale, time-and-a-half for

So began the female domination of men. Every generation of women pass on the secret messages to their daughters. Everything was learned by example. And this is how life would be today if those stu'pes like Germaine Greer hadn't put her big fat foot into her mouth when she opened it. Now the truth is out. Up, men, and agitate for men's liberation. You need it.

Kevin Dillon: PO Box K471, Haymarket, NSW 2001.

You're right enuf about role-playing... we all do, Sue. Wish I could say what I feel is needed on education lacking today. Things like Bill Wright's version of influence of debating power apply but even more so, to me, Worker's Education Association and University Tutorial lectures they run seem to be of real and immediate use to the general public. Much overlooked. I'd say most of the public in the last ten years have given up on the level of intelligent thinking about and degree of information on all things relavent to their community consciousness, needed in this screwed up society about them. Looking at alternative culture efforts (so called), I remain unconvinced that numbers alone are their real strength and that seems to be the main assumption implied in opinions about newer generations. Recently, Nimbin Festival was offered to anti-establishment culture (not done by their own efforts, but by a rare few and sponsored by uni effort and money and by commercial interests such as tobacco people. There irony for you....)

Dave Rowe: 8 Park Drive, Wickford, Essex SS12 9DH, UK.

29.

FIAWOL: Where else would you be accepted totally, as you are? Where else would you be invited to stay with someone you've never met before and treated like an old friend? Where else would an old flame ring you up for a shoulder-to-cry-on when a current affair goes sour? Fandom breaks a lot of social barriers, where as Christians and humanitarians just seem to talk about brother hood, Fen seem to just get on with it, and never talk about that side of things. FANDONIA FOREVER!

Alex de Battencourt: West Berlin.

Just a line to let you know that I have received and read Gough. I enjoyed most of the zine except its basic theme. I am a happy batchelor/fan. I have enough trouble from one institution (USAF) without getting into another institution (marriage).

Archie Mercer: 21 Trenethick Parc, Helston, Cornwall, TR13 8LH, UK.

The main trouble with Gough 2 is that it goes on and on and on. Your sweet self, Frankee Seymour, Sabina Heggie, one on top of the next (disgusting!) - each of you has refreshing views on marriage and the role of each sex therein, each alone would probably spark me to comment; but having read the zine at a sitting (or, rather a lounging), in retrospect, you and your opinions all blend into one conglomerate that it would take a better man than me to disentangle. John Alderson follows by being pretty damn near as good as Bangsund was last time. So in fact, your men-friends(** Sue: I'm flattered, but do you think my husband would understand?**)

Helen Hyde: P.O. Box 544, Civic Square, ACT 2608.

After reading GOF 2, I have come to the conclusion that men are finally discovering THE TERRIBLE TRUTH about us women. We don't really want to be liberated. It took us years, and now we are sitting pretty what do some of these so-called modern liberators do? They are really trying to upset the applecart for us.

The fact that you did not receive good response for requests discloses an unwillingness on the part of males and females alike. Either they don't know what Women's Lib is all about, or they are trying to cling to the remain of their stronghold and say nothing. The fact that all your contributors are against W.L. in its present form, reveals that, despite popular belief, women are quite capable of thinking for themselves.

For the information of poor mis-informed males, I will let you all into our secret, We women have been leading you up the proverbial garden path. Leaving aside notable exceptions, the average woman has, throughout history, been better educated than most men believed. Beside learning those house-wifely chores, women have been learning, insidiously, and from example only, how to really handle men. There is no formal recognition of this fact. It is mainly on a subconscious level that we operate. In fact, many women would go so far as to actually deny this.

28. How did this all start? Why, way back in time, when Ugh the cave-man first met WhooWhoo the cave girl. Not knowing that WhooWhoo was a female (let's face it, how could he know that under those skins lurked the most deadly species on earth), he did the only thing a normal man could do in the circumstances. He took a swing at her. In the meantime, WhooWhoo had sized up the situation. She was out-classed outmatched and had no hope of escaping. Whack! the club connected and WhooWhoo fell to the ground, winded.

Bending over to examine his adversary, and relieve him of weapons or other useful items, Ugh discovered the truth and promptly decided that this female could be dragged back to his cave to care for him.

It did not take long for her to become indispensable. She cured his skins, made his clothes, cooked his meat, and gathered his vegetables as well as performing other tasks to keep him happy. Ugh, overjoyed at being the dominator, became the bread-winner, and WhooWhoo was confined to the cave. This suited her, she was protected and could now work on her plan for true domination.

She fed and pampered his ego, building it up. He was her protector, she was helpless. He would supply the meat, she would clean his cave. It did not take long for her to discover that she could influence him, without his being aware of it. The meal not properly cooked, nagging over a meal, the skins not quite comfortable, these were her weapons. Using them, she could make Ugh feel at odds with the world. He just wasn't quite mad at it, but he wasn't happy. Change of tactics, he was happy. She could make these minor changes to influence his thinking. If things weren't going as she wanted them, up came the not-properly cooked food. When he planned things to her way of liking, things went smoothly.

handed to them on a plate? Finally, she does not seem to have heard of thousands of widowers and deserted fathers who are left with, and who bring up their children, usually having to work for a living at the same time... due to their ignorance of the social service available to them, or to their pride in not accepting them. Most men have been left with a family seem to make a good job of bringing them up.

Adrienne Losin's "The male Objection to Abortion" is a lovely view of female ego ranting at the "supposed" male ego. It is a mass of bad facts and false suppositions. If you want a male's view of abortion, you must ask a male, and you will get one man's view of abortion. Such piffle is bad enough coming from politicians without it being printed in fanzines.

Finally, I refuse to believe that picture on page six. I have yet to meet any girl with that much development and still have the nipples pointing skywards. But I have no closed mind and will carefully examine any evidence with which I am confronted.

A. Bertram Chandler: Cell 7, Tara St., Woollahra, NSW 2025.

At the moment of writing, I am reading Irving Wallace's not very profound but definitely entertaining THE NYMPHO AND OTHER MANIACS. I note that he maintains that there really was a Pope Joan (which I, for one, have never doubted. The Britannica says that the story of Pope Joan is mere fiction - but one must remember that every article on Roman Catholicism in the Encyclopaedia has been written by a Roman Catholic, and is therefore suspect...) and give her a whole chapter to herself. No doubt Pope Joan insisted on equal pay for equal work.

27.

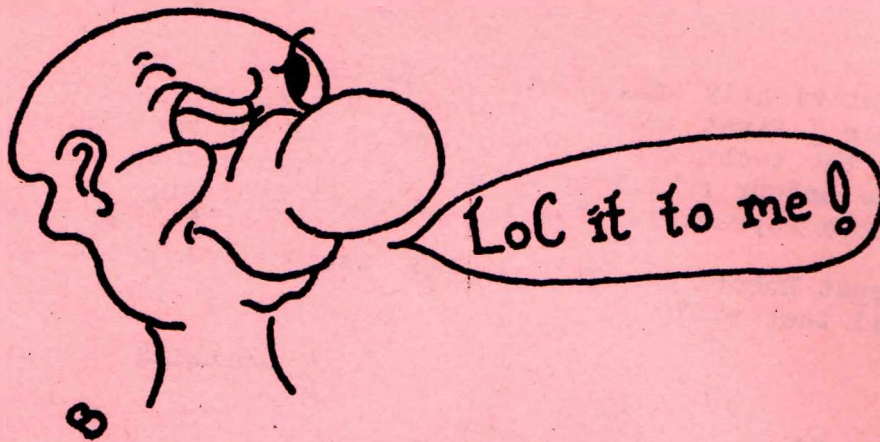
My main reason for writing, however, is to whinge about a misprint (misspelling? misspelling? skip it!) in my LoC. Surely I said: "it is quite possible for a non-bridge-playing, ship-loving, science-fiction-addict to live in harmony with a bridge-playing, ship-hating science-fiction-non-addict..." You made me a "non-bridge-playing, ship-hating, science-fiction-addict"...

** Sorry about that, Captain. Did I ever tell you that your picture hangs in a place of honour in our gallery of fans and famous people? You look devilishly handsome in your uniform. Any chance of getting an autographed photo? : Sue (you can still tell I'm in awe of authors and sailors...) **

Insofar as the other letter are concerned, I find myself in complete agreement with those who are not in agreement with Sabina. And, after all, fans are less immature and all the rest of it than the followers of horse-racing, or any of the many varieties of football, et. Science fiction fans don't inflict themselves on perfect strangers in pubs, trains or whatever to earbash them about Heinlein's latest or some new cover artist or the like, whereas the sporting types know that everybody must be avidly interested in their childish amusements...

Almost everybody has to identify with some thing bigger than himself - and surely fandom is superior to, say, an Australian Rules football club!

If I had a professional interest in Australian Rules, no doubt I'd think differently...



** Unfortunately, due to lack of space and to the fact that this will be using up precious paper we had for ARK, the letters have, in the main, been severely cut down. It's not because I wanted to. I enjoy getting all those letters. So, I hope no-one's too offended, and you will all write to ARK with your comments on this double mammoth issue: Sue.**

John J. Alderson: P.O. Box 72, Maryborough, Vic 3465.

26. Women's Lib will never get very far while they have their pants down. But then they haven't got very far to go, it's not that far back to the jungle. But they will be disappointed there, only the very lowest forms of animal life have that freedom of sex they crave. All the higher animals mate for life and as much as they can, take the greatest care of themselves and their offspring. The emotional bond between most animals is so strong that if one partner is lost, the other suffers a period of dementia. This dementia occurs incidentally in most men when they lose their wives. They do the most irrational things such as selling or giving away their most needed possessions... incredibly, even their houses.

Of course, when someone like Sabina Heggie says "But a man could never stand the pain of childbirth and the never-ending, back-breaking task of raising children full-time," I begin to wonder how ignorant people can get. I gather she is aware that many men are so much in rapport with their wives that they feel every labour pain to its fullest. Indeed, rather amusingly, I think, a certain tribe in S.E. Asia were very logical about this and bedded the father-to-be, with anxious relative all around him whilst the mother-to-be was sent out into the scrub to child! Doubtless there is a medical term for the matter, and I suggest that she discuss it with her own G.P.. Besides, if she thinks childbirth is such a hell of a lot of pain, then it's time she studied a few things like "natural childbirth", the use of hypnosis, etc, etc. It's also time she stopped living in the last century and listening to the old wives tales of the one before. For her information, a normal birth with a healthy mother takes less time than the actual begetting. What does not seem to be realised by many women is that childbirth requires the use of muscular power and power/^{and} women who don't exercise will find it hard labour. Serve them right. Do they want everything

Well, you might rightly ask, what has all this to do with pollution? In answer I first ask that you remember two things:

1) Throughout the technological development of the past three thousand years, the major religions have been patriarchal;

2) That the moon represented the former Great Goddess,

and then

I paraphrase the poet Robert Graves and ask: "Would a man who bows to the moon despoil the earth?"

E.H. Lepp

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The following are unpaid announcements. Anyone wanting anything known may send such announcements care of the editrex (or co-editor, if you prefer) of ARK, C/- this address: 2/159 Herring Road, North Ryde, NSW 2113, Australia.

WANTED. GROOMS, BRIDES AND OTHER LOVES.

Red haired, viscious-tempered hussie with strong and heavy arm to handle over-weight genius and make him write the books he can. Apply in person to J. Bangsund, P.O. Box 357, Kingston, ACT 2604.

*

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Two (female) collectors of everything. "I collect everything in duplicate", apply to Kevin Dillon, Box K 471, P.O. Haymarket, 2001, NSW.

*

*

Very rich American girl. Ability to lick stamps and listen essential. Any trial given. Bruce Guillespie, Box 5195AA, GPO Melbourne, Vic 3001.

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Filthy rich fan with two houses, "second meanest fan in Australia" wants expert typist. Sleep in (to 5 am. Suit Aberdenian girl). Eric Lindsay. 6 Hillcrest Ave, Faulconbridge, NSW 2076.

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Would-be admirers of David Grigg are urged to send a ream of paper and five dollars worth of postage stamps for a resume of his good point. P.O. Box 100 South Carlton, South Vic 3053.

*

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Tenders are hereby called for the hand and heart of Miriam Julian Foyster, and are returnable before the 31st of December 1973. Each tender should be accompanied by a cheque for one thousand dollars (Aust or U.S., whichever is the larger at the time) which shall go to the young lady's education. The successful tenderer will be required to deposit all except the last five dollars of his tender price before the 31st December 1974, the last five dollars being paid over prior to delivery. Delivery may take place on or after the 31st December 1990, if all parties are in agreement. In the event of one or more parties not being in a greement, the tenderer shall not be obliged to pay over the last five dollars and each shall be considered quit. Apply to John Foyster, 6 Clowes St., South Yarra, Vic 3141.

(continued on last page)

T R E E S , R E L I G I O N & P O L L U T I O N

(Or Reflections on the Following Poem)

by E d g a r L e p p .

If trees gushed blood
When theywere felled
By meddling man,
And crismon welled

From every gash
His axe can give,
Would he forebear
And let them live?

Mervyn Peake.

In a certain sense, trees did once "gush blood" for the unlawful felling of one was a great crime, a capital offence, as an Irish Triad says:

Three unbreathing things paid for only with breathing things:
An apple tree, a hazel bush, a sacred grove.

(Triads are found in Ireland and Wales and consist of sayings, facts, etc., which were group together three items, as in the above-quoted one).

Why especially an apple tree , a hazel bush and a sacred grove?

24. In brief, apples conferred immortality, hazel nuts were the source of all wisdom and sacred grove were the places of worship and ritual of a matriarchal religion which existed well before the advent of any patriarchal religion such as the familiar Olympian one of Classical Greece or such as Christianity. This matriarchal religion was quite widespread and knew only the Great Goddess who was immortal and all-powerful and to whom the moon was sacred, being in fact her emblem or symbol, so to speak. Gods and fatherhood were not recognised, fertilisation of women being caused by the North Wind, by rivers, by the eating of beans or by other various means.

This was an agriculturally based one. It's calendar was an agricultural one, it's holy days were times of agricultural importance and its rituals were designed to serve agriculture.

Obviously, however, this religion did not survive and today no major world religion recognises such a Great Goddess. However, indirect references to this pagon (a good word here since it is related by deviation to 'peasant') religion still exist in the form of customs or superstitions. Nevertheless, a male pantheon replaced the old goddess and the adherents of this patriarchal religion had discovered fatherhood, gave greater status to men and were pastoralists, being keepers of sheep or of cattle, considering that bulls and rams are more energetic and lightning-prone than are wheat stalks, they held that "might is right"; whereas the agriculturalists had, to use a fashionable phrase, "communed closely with nature" and led a more peaceful life.

through a very dead sheep, then they go onto the washing pile. Ah, the trial of socks. Lucky girls who have pantyhose and only have to locate one leg to drag in the rest. I have at least fifty unmarried socks, due I think, to a periodic visit by a one-legged burglar. I am particularly plagued by shirts. Once when I was very young dad had a white shirt that he hated. Mum gave it to me, and having no other I wore it constantly. Christmas came and she brought me another because I liked wearing white shirts. And this has gone on through the years... John likes white shirts, he's always wearing them (John hasn't anything b----- else). Once I dyed one sepia, and it never got dirty. Three monthes I wore it and then one day it fell to pieces as I took it off. Don't make shirts like like they usta!

A small pile of neatly (?) folded clothes were once clean and fit to wear. (Struth, be glad when my birthday comes, might get some new underwear) At least they take up less room than they did formerly.

That left a huge pile... things with holes in and that. Too good to throw out, too bad to wear even to a pop-festival. Folded them neatly into another pile. Must put them into a trunk or something sometime until they can all be mended. The socks I examined by my patent spudometer. Those with only small holes where they could not be seen I tossed into the box where I keep the usable socks. Those with spuds too big for further wearing, I tossed into a box to await mending. When I get married and get mended I should never have to buy any more socks again. Going to do the same with the rest of my clothes.

That done, I sorted out the shoes and boots. One or two were too far gone for anything, so I took them over to the workshop in case I wanted leather for pump buckets. The good boots I was wearing. My good shoes I put neatly under the bed. The rest still had a little life in them, under the right circumstances, so I tossed them under the bed too. It's nice to have a change.

Then I got the broom and swept around the shoes and things and got everything spotless, or almost. Trouble was that night, the mice finding the room swept and garnished, held a sports meeting there, coursing up and down all night. Next day, someone threw the second best suit on the floor and an overcoat slid down to meet it and that ended the sporting fixtures. Now I can hardly get in the room again. So soon, I distinctly remember cleaning up after I came home from Syncon too.

Needless to say, this happens in the kitchen too, though not to the same extent because I put the burnt pots outside. They always wash easier after three monthes. Kitchen cleanups come when I run out of pots. Thank goodness, teapots and frying pans never need washing.

John J Alderson.

.....

THE BACHELOR'S DOMAIN

by John J Alderson

.....

There is one thing I like to do above all else; that is to get into the various rooms of my house, humble as it is. It is becoming increasingly difficult. There are, I admit, certain traits in my character which some would consider to be undesirable (nonsense of course, if they were undesirable I should irradicate them). One of them is the talent for buying the most excellent books at the most reasonalbe of prices, usually about ten cents, without regard as to where I am going to find shelf space for them. Actually the last vestage of shelf space vanished about a thousand books ago, and since then they have been forming precarious piles in scldom walked in corners... now never walked in. The kitchen has vanished and all that remains is an irregular shaped passage way of varying widths. The hallway houses some fifteen hundred books plus several piles of paper for future issues of my fanzines. Also the laundry is usually put there too, in a box... I am an inherently tidy man.

22 But what caused most concern recently was the bedroom. It meraly houses a thousand or so books plus masses of papers, several score rolls of maps, and of course my clothes. Even at Havelock I cannot run around naked, not with the sun so hot and thistles so sharp. It became increasingly difficult to open the door, so I just had to do something. I began sorting the clothes.

Set to one day in desperation and began to sort through them. A small pile of shirts went to the workshop for rags to wipe my greasy hands upon... after a while one's trousers gets into the state where they no longer clean one's hands and rags are necessary. Obviously though, the shirts were pretty crook or they would have been repairable. One day I appeared at my mother's place, wearing, as a concession to society, a shirt over my usual underwear.

"Is that the best shirt you've got?" she shrieked.

Well, admittedly the back of it had a couple of holes that could have been made by a football being kicked through them, and half the collar had been chewed away by a dog or a piece of machinery or something. But the rest was all right... it even had buttons on, which is unusual for shirts.

There was a fair sized pile that needed washing. It's easy enough to tell if a thing needs washing. If the grease comes off on your hands it needs washing. If its covered with dust it probably will be all right with a good shake. Pants are easy too; a man'll be wearing the only pair that needs washing. Sometimes, of course, accidents happen like falling into the shoop dip, (at present the dams are nearly as bad), or spilling four gallons of sump oil over them. Premature washing ruins clothes, a thing that women don't appreciate. Socks are easy, too. If the feet are stiff, or if they smell as if your'e walked

EDUCATION AND WHAT IT DONE FOR ME:

I - allegro ma non troppo

Education taught me that I had to go to school.
Education taught me that I had to get out of bed at eight o'clock to get
to school.
Education taught me how to get dressed properly to go to school.
Education taught me how to cross roads on the way to school without
getting run over.
Education taught me how to stand in a line before school began.
Education taught me how to salute the flag and sing the national anthem.
Education taught me how to march into the school room properly.
Education taught me how to sit at my desk properly.
Education taught me to put up my hand when I wanted to go to the toilet.
Education taught me to say Sir or Miss.
Education taught me lots of things.

II - Molto vivace

At school I was taught how to read.
At school I was taught how to write.
At school I was taught how to add up numbers.
At school I was taught how to subtract numbers.
At school I was taught how to draw pictures.
At school I was taught how to sing songs.
At school I was taught how to do folkdancing.
At school I was taught how to divide numbers.
At school I was taught lots of things.

21

III - Adagio molto e cantabile

In Grade One I was taught than $1+1=2$
In Grade Two I was taught that $2 \times 2=4$
In Grade Three I was taught that the Henty Brothers founded a settlement
at Portland.
In Grade Four I was taught that rain falls on the windward sides of mount-
ains.
In Grade Five I was taught that Wilfred Owen was a poet who was killed in
the First World War.
In Grade Six I was taught that... I forget what I was taught.
In Form One I was taught that the French of I am is Je Suis.
In Form Two I was taught than common salt is called NaCl.
In Form Three I was taught that the Tolepuddle Marters were sent to
Australia for holding an illegal meeting.
In Form Four I was taught that waves have nodes.
In Form Five I was taught lots of interesting things too.

IV - Presto

I didn't learn much though.

Leigh Edmonds.

* * *

Some fresh emphasis is being placed on these topics today, inside the schools, and young people are making their own films and studying the visual media. They're getting an idea of how advertising works, how our lives are influenced, and how we are manipulated by it. This is good - that some insight into these subjects is now beginning to surface. There's a long way to go, but the start has been made. In Canada, and UK this sort of programme is having an effect on adult groups, who are taking a vigorous and practical grasp on the communication problem, making their own films about local urban problems, being helped by local tv stations, (and in Canada's case by the Canadian National Film Board) and because of this activity, bringing a new awareness of human problems into widening social groups.

Education should be open ended, people should be encouraged to seek information and answers to problems, and also to seek the problem itself.. What, we should be asking, are the problems of today and tomorrow? We can only think like this if the system of schooling through which we come, has opened up our minds. Too often the mind has been dulled by poor teaching and over-burdened by trivia. The mass media itself doesn't help, so it's up to the individual. When I say the mass media doesn't help, I simply mean that it mainly concentrates in keeping people in a state of dullness, receptive only to the sponsors message. And that's just not good enough.

20 I hope that kids today won't become enmeshed in a system that pushes the bread and butter subjects down their necks at the risk of keeping their eyes averted from the real world of creative things. We don't want only people who can merely earn their living - we need people to contribute ideas and who possess an overall appreciation of their environment. People who can communicate, appreciate their own and others cultures. Education, we hope, properly visualised and planned, will bring about a universal view of this planet, and planets and systems beyond. I think this is the reason why science fiction interests so many people of all age groups today - because it opens the mind to the immense possibilities of the present and the future. Some understanding of the past is needed, too, I realise, so that we can avoid making errors of the generations preceding us - but more than anything there's that vital necessity to have an alert, well stocked, vigorous mind that reaches outwards and seeks, confronts and contributes.

Does the present education system work towards this end?

In my opinion it does not... but I'm gratified to find that many educationalists and people being processed through the system and understand this... and are working for change.

- Max Taylor

*****8000*****

//Max produces a book review column that is printed in many national publications, called "Bookrack".//

whose speciality does not require or demand it, is wasting the public's time, and, more importantly, the time of the student. The US system continues to produce specialists, invariably, yet refuses to admit the majority have wasted years in the pursuit of something they do not need, do not want, will never retain and cannot use. It's as if we were bent on making the entire system the sole source of academics, teachers and philosophers! We need a few competent souls in these categories god knows, but we are not doing well, so why drown with all the rest of the sheep? An incompetent academic is a sad thing; an incompetent specialist is dangerous, and a vicious cycle has begun.

In short, we are all screwed up and know not what we need or what we want, and our school system shows this situation most explicitly.

edit.
Ed Cagle

ee

ON EDUCATION: AUSTRALIAN STYLE

by Max Taylor

ee

It's just a pity, I feel, that so much of the educational system is 19
centred around making people only fit for a specific job in life... and
not well balanced as people. Seeing I'm recommending books on various
subjects I can only suggest that many of your readers might find Henry
Miller's comments in BIG SUR AND THE ORANGES OF HIRONYMOUS BOSCH of
interest if they're seeking some individual thinking about the subject.
Miller, like many people who have thought about education, feels that
kids today are too often absorbed into the educational system and brain
washed. That they're not given enough stimulus to really open their
minds to the world around them, that the system doesn't give them the
right feeling about knowledge, ideas, and the general patterns of culture.
The open university programmes which are gaining attention around the
world, and in Australia, help dispel the old ideas of education, and
bring in a new and clearer focus. Too often when kids leave school or
Uni. they stop enquiring - and that's bad. Education, as a package we
begin opening during school days, should continue all our lives. That's
what many people would like to see, anyway... and that includes me.
There's a lot to know and appreciate in this world today, and we can
never stop learning, or we shouldn't. The new ideas that science and
technology throw up today should be understood by all sections of society,
only the practitioners of those subjects - and thus a new type of enquir-
ing mind is needed to absorb and appreciate the new information.

It seems to me that we're turning out people who are frightfully
conforming in their social attitudes today, and not seeking to come to
terms with their environment. In one area at least this is disappearing -
that's the field of film, tv and other visual forms of communication.

ON EDUCATION: U.S.A. STYLE

by Ed Cagle

Basically, the present US school system works, and affords a basic education to the majority. As a method of individual preparation for life or higher education, however, it smells like birds so dead the feathers fall out in a 2 knot wind. This generalized approach is necessary with the existing facilities and personnel, and given the present attitudes in administration. No quibble. A change is needed, but the first thing that needs change is the attitude of the administration, before facilities and personnel problems are approached. I'll confine my remarks to what I think could alter favorably what now exists in the US school system.

18 Americans in groups of two or more still cling to a set of values that are hopelessly out of date. The general attitude of 'get there firstest with the mostest' was necessary for survival during the era in which it evolved, and although it was a relatively admirable trait at that time, it remains to haunt us in an era when changing needs dictate different values. We liked the position of world leader. Who wouldn't? The problem is in clinging to it. Dominance, as it pollutes American society, creates a prime motive of wanting to be "BEST", and guided by the "Negotiate From A Position Of Strength" mentality that is screwing up everything from the federal levels of government on down, the result of this attitude is a vague sense of unease that triggers and inspires intelligent human beings to be wary and silent. The basic urge to be Top Dog remains, yet the seed of doubt is sown; the result is a transitional period when only fanatics can be heard. Aware of how only radical action and rhetoric has been able to alter society in recent years, the more capable and concerned voices are silent. A time of waiting.

This public opinion impeded change in the school system, especially on a local level. This is one reason why we haven't changed to meet the demands. We are aware of the needs, yet we hesitate for fear of being lumped with a group few "average" Americans can tolerate. Speaking out brings to mind destroying property, violence, obscene insults, riots, homosexuality, rampant welfarism, and any number of things the average American finds disgusting in a personal way.

But what needs changing... Basically, given a system which would give all young persons a competent grasp of fundamentals and a middling awareness of history and the processes of society and the arts, we need only a very few specialized techniques, which will concentrate on a selected number of specialties adaptable to each student's needs. Few careers demand a broadly based education - however I find it desirable - and the continuing use of curriculums that are comprehensive for individuals

much evidence for a similar correlation between social class background and earning capacity. The correlation between ability and earnings, despite occurring to a limited extent (in a sample of people of over 150 IQ earnings were $1\frac{1}{2}$ the average for an unselected college group), is used to support and "legitimize an authoritarian, hierarchical, stratified and unequal economic system of production, and to reconcile the individual to his or her objective position within the system."

The above quotes are from "The I.Q. Ideology" by Samuel Bowles and Herbert Gintis in This Magazine is about Schools (Toronto), Vol.6 No.4 Winter 72-73), 47-62. They conclude: "Adequate cognitive skills, we conclude, are generated as a byproduct of the current structure of family life and schooling. This highly functional mechanism for the production and stratification of labour has acquired its present form in the pursuit of objectives quite remote from the production of intellectual skills."

If you accept that schools were intended primarily to promote social stability and a willing workforce, that intellectual development and personality development are an incidental (and unintended) result. If you accept that there is little correlation between productivity and educational levels. If you accept that education is not in fact serving the purpose for which it is supposedly intended, then you are justified in asking with me if it is not an irrelevant and unjustifiable imposition on the people subjected to it.

The concept of individual freedom is well established; there are strong groups fighting for women's liberation, but where are voices raised for children's liberation. Compulsory schooling is the moral equivalent of compulsory brainwashing, and the mental equivalent of slave labour.

17.

- Eric Lindsay.

POEM TWO:

God,
If there is a heaven,
Let me pass to it now.
Let me soar to the stars
And live amongst them.
You have held them
Since time immemorial.
Let me,
For once,
Taste its pleasures.
Let the future take me
And let me experience
Their lustre and glow
Let their fickleness teach me
And their loves take me
And I will be one with you, God.

...Susan Clarke

if the children are to become "productive" members of society. Leaving aside the fact that the ideas of the secondary school curriculum are based on the discredited and disproved Nineteenth Century concept of the transference of learning (memorising one thing makes you good at memorising something similar... but it really doesn't!), we find that every subject taught is intended for commercial or technological use. Arithmetic in primary schools includes commercial principles. History is a selective listing of wars and man's inhumanity, with individual accomplishments downgraded to mere mentions, for it is the individual who creates and the group who destroy. Geography is a form guide for exploiting the environment. The list can go on. These are taught because they stress and glorify the supremacy of the group and denigrate the individual.

Part of the intent of such teaching is to produce better workers more suited to present jobs. I van Berg, in "Education and Jobs: The Great Training Robbery" (Beacon Press, Boston, 1971, 200 pp) notes that the enormous increase in expenditure on education is backed by the argument that in an age of technology change, education is necessary to survival. He concludes that "There is little, if any, relationship between changes in educational level and changes in output per worker." Though better educated workers are often better paid and promoted faster this seems to have little or no relation to their performance, but rather to a predetermined notion that education entitles them to these advances. Few companies have actually checked the validity of their preference for educational qualifications. "They (companies surveyed) assured us that diplomas and degrees were good thing, that they were used as screening devices by which undescribable employment applicants could be identified, and that credentials sought were indications of personal commitment to 'good middle-class values', industriousness and seriousness of purpose, as well as salutary personal habits and styles'. The "credentialling" process of schooling does not improve the quality of the workforce but does succeed in isolating a significant population group - "those with modest educational achievements - from the rest of American Society." Berg concludes that educational credentials have become a new form of property, reinforcing class barriers. (The material in this paragraph is based on a review in "Reteval" July/Aug 1973)

16. The real need for education came with the decline of slavery and a rise in the need for willing labour in industrial processes. The costs of a slave system are lower in direct cost, however with complex equipment, the damage that sabotage can cause is enough to make a higher paid but docile worker more satisfactory.

"The growth of the modern educational system did not originate with the rising cognitive requirements of the economy. Rather, the birth and early developments of universal education was sparked by the critical need of a burgeoning capitalist order for a stable work force and citizenry reconciled, if not inured, to the wage labour system. Order, docility, discipline, sobriety and humility --- attributes required by the new social relations of production --- were admitted by all concerned as the social benefits of schooling"

Despite impressive evidence of a positive correlation between IQ and success at school and earning capacity in later life, there is as

of Human Rights, to which both Australia and the USA are signatories, as the main statement of this:

Article 26.(1) Everyone has the right to education. Education shall be free, at least in the elementary and fundamental stages. Elementary education shall be compulsory. Technical and professional education shall be made generally available and higher education shall be equally accessible to all on the basis of merit.

(2) Education shall be directed to the full development of the human personality and to the strengthening of respect for human rights and fundamental freedoms. It shall promote understanding, tolerance and friendship among all nations, racial or religious groups, and shall further the activities of the United Nations for the furtherance of peace.

(3) Parents have a prior right to choose the kind of education that shall be given to their children.

While there are several critics of the ability of present systems to produce literate adults (some claim that up to 20% of school leavers are unable to read beyond the level of simple newspapers five years after leaving) we can assume that the elementary stages of education; reading, writing and arithmetic, are covered reasonably well. Before leaving this topic I would mention that during a discussion of education at a recent Canberra Science Fiction Society meeting, I asked those present if they could read before going to school, and over half could, over half were reading outside the school curriculum by the time they were aged ten. Admittedly this group can not be considered average but it does point to some children learning even outside a formal learning situation.

It is at the second section: "Education shall be directed to the full development of the human personality..." that education most notably fails, and except for a very few educationalists, of whom Illich is probably most widely known, this failure is not only permitted, but is actually encouraged by teachers, and also by industry, by parents and by society in general. Despite the brave words of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, what is actually required, demanded and indoctrinated into the child is subservience, acceptance of his place in society and conformity. Far from encouraging the development of personality, schools and society actively discourage individualism, initiative, creativity and intelligence. Even this is an advance in the development of the individual; in the first half million years, there have only been two periods when the individualist has been permitted to live in a society and these were in Periclean Athens and in recent times, a total of only a relatively few hundred years. In every other period, the tribe was considered responsible for the action of the individual and individuals were either killed or bannished (often the equivalent of killing) for fear of their actions bringing the wrath of the gods upon the collective heads of the tribe. This tribal rejection mechanism still exists in most of us today. We repulse the unusual and reject the original.

Thus we find schools today training children to fit without question into society, giving as an excuse that vocational training is required

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O N T H E L I B E R A T I O N O F C H I L D R E N . .

E r i c L i n s a y .

+++++
The editrix of this magazine has on several occasions made mention of schoolteaching as a profession, taking the word to indicate not only that teachers have undergone tertiary training, but also that they are (or should be) looked upon by the community at large as professional people in a similiar manner to doctors and lawyers. Sue has even produced an article (in NINI HII?) which included a list of professions ranked by status in which schoolteaching at various levels rate high. As I have not seen the original of that list, I can't guess exactly how it was produced, but my limited observation within the community indicates that a majority of people regard schoolteaching, except at the tertiary level, simply as being another job. However, it is seldom regarded as a profession in the same sense as law or medicine. This attitude seems more prevalent among younger people than among old and points to two possible explanations. One is the growing middle class in western society, a factor that decreases the value placed on another middleclass career such as teaching. A second explanation could well be the percentage increase in school teachers required when universal literacy is accepted as a desirable goal for a society; if a profession is no longer exclusive, and the subjects it covers are known in a basic form to everyone, can a profession remain professional? In my opinion, it cannot, at least not in status, even if it remains so in training and education.

14. It grieves me to disparage professionalism in schoolteaching when I know this is an important factor to Sue. This particularly when I consider that not only the status of teachers is declining but also the quality. It seems obvious that when only a few percent of people are literate, and those selected for education are either members of an aristocracy who do not need to teach, or are those who show a high degree of motivation to learn, then the quality of any teacher is much more likely to be high. In present times, there is a great demand for teachers, however the most able are discouraged by relatively low salary scales and those able people tend to move to other harder fields. This leaves the remnants as teachers. Since the remnant must still be capable of undertaking a university education or a similar degree of training, they are certainly more gifted than the average, but not of the same calibre as those who move to higher paid professions. Naturally, there could be many exceptions to this. The person who considers teaching as a vocation comes to mind but considering the number of teachers required, this is not likely to be a significant factor in changing the situation.

Let us now consider the purpose of education, and how closely present teaching approaches these purposes. Since I am not familiar with current thought on the subject among educationalists, I will take the objectives stated in the United Nations Universal Declaration

Fortunately, so far nothing has been done to impede the progress of this particular college programme. But this should not be ignored because there was little action to stop the Russian programme. If there was support among the populus to stop any shifts to the left, whether any evidence had been gathered or not, serious damage could have been done.

And why is ROTC, training for officers, only now becoming voluntary in the state colleges in the United States? Does militarism and state-supported education go together?

Maybe those Russians were correct in discontinuing education, or at least taking it away from the state. It would probably relieve all of those taxpayers who are worrying that their sons would overthrow the government. There are no studies indicating education has any influence on the minds of stubborn humans.

Doug Leingang

** ** ** **

P O E T R Y :

M Y L O V E .

My love has windswept limbs of brown
His eyes are currents from a mossy river
Swirling deep
Into my soul.
My love has feather-tipped fingers that touch
His face is of sand
Molded by the wind of his spirit
Constantly changing.
My love has the earth within his smile
His heart is green and brown
The colour of life
Beating stron within.
My love is many things... is many things.

He is dusk
He is quicksilver
He is wine
He is candle light
He is thought
He is gone.

Laura T. Basta.

** ** ** **

STATE EDUCATION .

by

D o u g L e i n g a n g .

Immediately following the Bolshevik Revolution in Russia, putting the date somewhere around 1921, V.I. Lennin led his country through a crippling civil war and enormous economic difficulties. At the end of this storm, Lenin himself died, leaving the door open for a successor. The opponents to Stalin, the successor to Lenin, envisaged wide economic and educational reforms. One of the latter included "open classrooms" outside the universities, treating education as learning about life. They predicted that even these liberal changes would dissolve, with the end of all formal education.

None of these reforms occurred when Stalin took over; on the contrary the vozhd (leader) of the Socialist Nation stressed education over many things, except the military. Within two years during the first five-year plan illiterary was wiped out. Completely. Before this time, about 80% could not write their names. The educational system was expanded several years and everyone had the opportunity to at least finish high school, tuition being paid by the state.

It is true that ignorance is death and it is better to know than not to know. But one of the most educated countries in the world, the Soviet Union, is the most totalitarian. It seems that the truth taught in the schools there does not set their people free. Only a handful revolt against the state, and only a handful of these went to college.

What relationship is there between totalitarianism or state control of social life and the educational process? At first glance, it seems that there is nothing common in the two. But if we look closer, in state schools (as compared to private schools) there is a tendency for the leaders of the government and educational bodies to set a standard of the education and to see that these guidelines are used in the curriculum of the schools, whether it be grammar, high school, or college.

In the United States at least, worried citizens frown upon the so-called "liberal" professors of state colleges. An example of this occurred three years ago. A Louisiana congressman declared that the Russian Area Studies division of the central state school in LA was run by communists, card-carrying communists, and that they were turning out revolutionaries by the hundreds. This may seem amusing to a few of you, but this probably helped the congressman get re-elected.

(continued from page 8)

established framework. Teaching is a necessary part of life. Pity the poor dumb teacher. For the great majority of teachers, the profession is a blind alley, an intellectual dead end. A large number of females are teachers. It is a suitable occupation for women.

Send hate mail to -

Jack Wodhams

** ** *

(continued John Snowden)

Scene: English class.

Teach: Were you talking Smith?

Smith: No, Miss -----, I was...

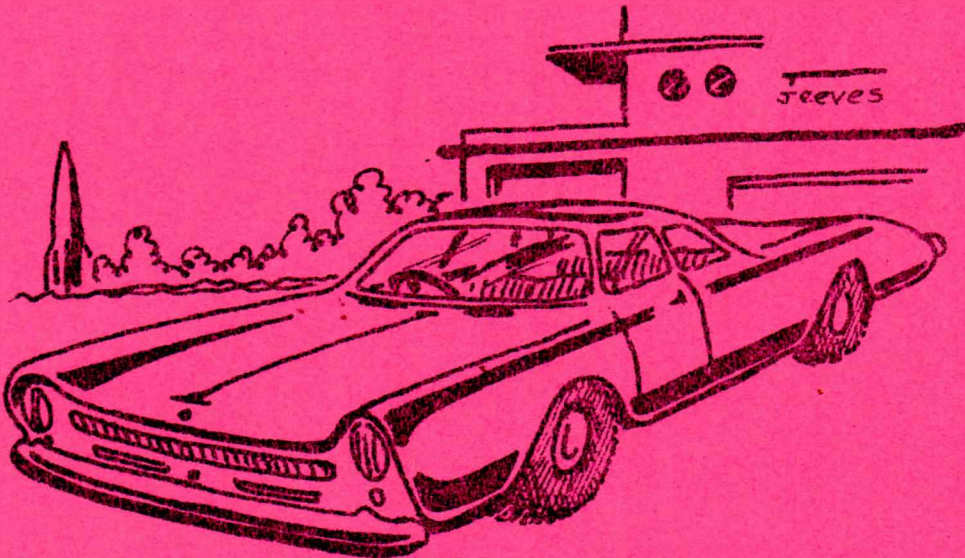
Math Teach (walking past the door, has been listening in) You disagree
-eing with the teacher again Smith?! Come out here!

Teach: Wait, I only ---

Math Teach: Come out here Smith!

Smith goes out. We don't see him for the rest of the day.

** ** *



David : I disagree. Now consider the Emeric tales...
 Phillip: (pleadingly) But David, I don't know anything about...
 David : Okay, consider the Cletic tales...
 Phillip: (becoming desperate) My field is Old Ebglish literature.
 You shoudln't bring in such matters as Celtic tales...
 David : But in my article "Celtic influence on Old English" I indicated...
 Phillip: I haven't read it. Probably wouldn't understand it since it's outside my speciality.
 David : The article is a general one, no technical...
 Phillip: (looking at watch) Look David, let's continue this at another time. I've got a lecture to give... (after finishing answer, Phillip rushes off to give a lecture on "the irregularity in the metre of lines 412-415 of THE PHOENIX, Smithfield ns. 146c).

** ** **

From a letter from John Snowden:

10. Education? Now this is a subject I like. Where shall I start? High school do? For the record, I went to good old Caringbah High, the second biggest high school in the state (of NSW). The fun we had! One of my earliest memories of the place was of about 3 kids in first form getting busted for being on dope (one of these later died of an overdose). They didn't get expelled. That was week one. Week two, the deputy headmaster gave us a lecture on how to report anyone that treid (or did) offer us "anything". We were told to take their description and liscence plate as well. Hell! The kids were always amusing. Like the time we mixed the hydrochloris acid and the nitric together and gassed out the science lab. And the time we mixed up an iodine-mercury solution and set it off ("Teacher, can you really make some dangerous bombs out of chemicals?" "Yes, Nimrod, as John Snowden, he'll show you" Joke. Ha Ha. Teach went out of the room -- it was the last week of school and hardly any of the class was there anyway), so I mixed some of the stuff up for fun). And the time we put the bunsen burner under the acetate, instead of dropping ice cubes into it. (We heated the wrong one) And the time we glazed the desks with 33% concentrated sulphuric acid.. And the time we... And the time we...

The school even had it's own bikey gang that used to have knife fights with the surfies in the early am. One got put into hospital (and the principal advise us to see him if possible). One got sent to a delinquents home on a charge of rape. True believer in women's lib! (The school bus had the telephone number of a pro scribble on the back seats.)

Let us not get the idea that the pupils were a bunch of misfits. Heaven forbid! This was only a small number of them. We mustn't leave out the teachers, must we? One of the maths teachers had been an amateur boxer until he had to retire due to a heal injury. He was what I recognise now as a schizophrenic. Jeckle and Hyde. Hit the kids in the face with open handed blows. Broke the cane on them.

EDUCATION? : A DIALOGUE.

By

Edgar Lepp.

David: So, you're a doctor now?

Phillip: Yes, got my Ph D a few monthes ago.

David : It's a long time since I last saw you. I knew you well at high school and uni.

Phillip: Yes. After my BA I did my Master's at Cambridge and then my doctorate at Harvard. I got my BA before you got yours. You took about six or seven years, didn't you?

David : Yes, I did a double honours in maths and Greek.

Phillip: (looking quizzically at David) What! Four years of math and four of Greek? Why didn't you just concentrate on one?

Dave : I liked them both. By the way, you did Old English, didn't you?

Phillip: Yes, I was going to do it in my second year but the unit in OE wasn't being offered so I had to wait until my third year before I could do it.

David : Yes, I read your article "On the metre of lines 390-400 of THE PHOENIX".

Phillip: You know old english?

David : Yes, I taught myself during my second year. Couldn't be bothered waiting till my third year. Perhaps you've seen my article on "Celtic influence on Old English." It deals with certain linguistic matters.

Phillip: No, it's really not my field, you know. I prefer literary studies. Don't know much about the linguistic side. Anyway, that's beside the point, let's get back to your education. Maths and Greek, eh?

David : That's right. By the way, do you realise that the very early Greeks and Hebrews showed a common cultural background?

Phillip: Eh? Er... no. When we did Greeks at school... in history... old whatsisname didn't mention Hebrews, did he? Anyway, I suppose this is a new discovery. I can't recall reading of it.

David : No, it was known quite a few years before we started high school.

Phillip: Strange. But of course, I'm not an expert on Greek history so you can't expect me to know anything about it. Old English literature is my field.

David : Well perhaps you can help me. I've been thinking for some time about the Anglo-Saxon social...

Phillip: (laughing) Oh no, David. I'm an expert on anything to do with to do with Anglo-Saxon social issues.

David : So you don't know much about the society in which the Old English poems were written?

Phillip: Well, no, not really. I have a vague idea of course but the literature is far moew important than the social set up.

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For Sue - a little bit about teaching and teachers.

Jack Wodhams.

+++++
Generally speaking, teachers are a pretty dull bunch. Teaching is not a career to be entered into by any person who has real ambition. The simplistic satisfactions to be gained from spasms of absolute power over fractions of underdeveloped population can be recognised to lack the ongoing challenge that persons of integrity require.

Teaching grade 3 term after term, ultimately can do no other than stimulate less and stultify more. Teachers are handicapped in horizon by their constant need to vie with minds less knowledgeable than their own - not less intelligent, please note, merely less knowledgeable. One of the major compensating factors of a teacher's uninspired life, in fact, is the dominating influence that may be exercised over a budding astute intellect vulnerable in the classroom. Teachers usually not being very bright, being themselves but repositories stuffed with instruction and absence of spontaneous spark, naturally quite commonly encounter their betters in embryo, so to speak.

8. The profession of teaching is one of narrowing perspective, a continuing unbalanced conflict of wills with uninformed minors. A teacher is akin to an animal trainer, jousts with midgets, fences with tigers cubs, lords over an unreal territory, commanding ignorance as a weapon. Teachers, through the attrition of forever adjusting their mentality to keep up the upper hand over their charges, diminish their capacity to handle mature adults - so in a ratio directly proportionate to the false sense of superiority they acquire through their dedicated contest with juvenile minds.

If the subjects absorb many qualities of the king, the king in return absorbs many of the qualities of his subjects. The kingdom of the schoolroom carries with it a crown that tarnishes and turns to plastic. Here the supremacy is a sovereignty regressive, for the subjects go on, grow up, and depart to obtain stature beyond the limitations of rote learning, while the king must remain, left behind, to retreat, step back, start again to reiterate in unceasing annual cycle to ever fresh batches of crude and untutored invaders.

Teaching is a safe profession, teachers are not only not required to think for themselves, but are most often actively discouraged from routine. Teaching is a system, and one which allows scant flexibility within its



(continued page 11)

to teach any mathematics at all. (I haven't forgotten the first level people. About 95% of them will take at least one tertiary mathematics course anyway. Nearly all the rest will have failed. And failing a calculus course isn't a qualification for anything.)

A first year calculus course isn't the end of the story. Far from it. It takes about another three course (multivariable calculus, differential equations, elementary analysis) to get some slight notion of the full scope of the calculus. Maybe this much mathematics is enough for a teacher who nevers aspires to teach students in their latter school years.

To teach calculus, one should have some understanding of where that subject fits into mathematics as a whole. The reasoning is somewhat similiar to the forgoing, but will involve reference to too many subjects unfamiliar to the non-professional mathematician to be appropriate here.. Suffice it to say that an ordinary three year mathematics majour is probably not enough to make the position of calculus completely clear.

My guesstimate is that about 20-30% of those who teach mathematics to children in their latter years at school have the inadequate background of a degree including a math majour. About 1% have something more. Probably another 5% (including some without the degree) have achieved something by their own efforts.

As mentioned previously, teachers organizations seem curiously blind to this state of affairs. What about the employers?

7.

The majour employer, the state education department, is worse. A teacher with B.A. Dip.Ed is qualified and, by golly, he had better not want to become more qualified than that. There are all kinds of penalties. Things like dropping to the bottom of the promotion lists if you take a couple of years off to do a masters. Like teaching overseas for a year and finding yourself unemployed on your return. Like the impossiblity of becoming a teacher at all if you have a Ph D, but don't have that all important Dip Ed. (or a TPTC or TSTC will do.)

Once I had a student, a man who had his B Sc and his Dip Ed. This foolish fellow came along to my class in Group Theory with applications to Quantum Mechanics. Now my student was a physicist, and Quantum Mechanics just happens to be the central part of physics. Group Theory is one of the most important theories used therein. After diligently attending classes for a semester, and doing a lot of work in the time he could have relaxing, he applied to his employer (guess who) and was informed that if he wanted to leave work early to sit for the exam he could take the day off without pay. Being impecunious, partly from wasting his money paying fees, he could not afford that. Fortunately, I was able to retine the exam for an evening whereupon he achieved the highest mark so far awared in that subject.

Mine is just a voice crying in the wilderness. But I think that teachers should learn something before they essay to teach others.

Ken Ozanne

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ON TEACHING CHILDREN

by

Kenneth Ozanne.

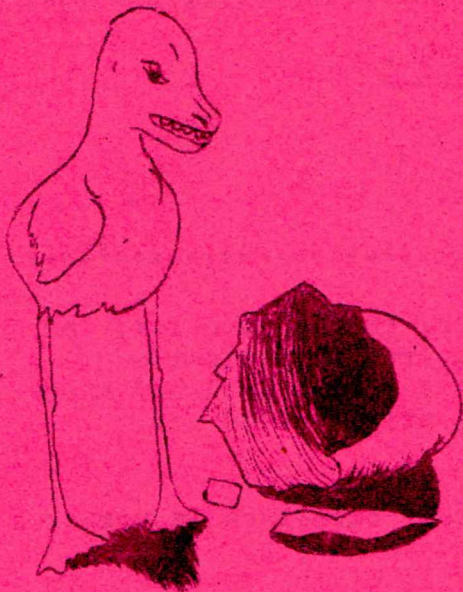
Of recent years, the catchcry 'We don't teach subjects, we teach **children**' has become very popular among our more enlightened educators. If this is taken to mean that there is more to teaching than compelling children to learn a set of facts, then I am all for it. Hooray! I have known far too many teachers who had the kind of mentality that would give a child a mark of zero if said child dared to solve a mathematical problem (correctly) by the method in the textbook and not the way he was taught. Unfortunately, such teachers do still exist, and whatever can be done to get them out of such hidebound ways, or ensure that no others fall into said ways, is eminently desirable.

But I don't think that interpretation is the one usually intended. Unfortunately, having discovered that it is children that are to be taught, it seems all too easy to forget that we teach children about something. Have you noticed that the teacher's organisations, in their drive for professional respect, demand that all teachers should have a teaching qualification? Never hint that a physics teacher should know some physics, or a mathematics master should be able to do a bit more than count on his fingers.

There may be some subjects where this approach is right and proper. I, for one, am convinced that there are. You can do a great deal for an English Literature student by saying: "Over there are some books which are generally considered to be worth reading. Go, read." Even if you personally have never read the books, know nothing about them, you have done something worthwhile for him.

I'm a hard science man though. And, baby, if you want to teach that stuff then you have damn well got to know something. So, in what follows, I shall stick to what I do know. Mathematics. But what I say can certainly be extended to the physical sciences, even to philosophy.

Most of the traditional school mathematics syllabus is devoted to preparation for calculus. (Everything, essentially, except for those very mundane parts that ensure that it is safe for you to do the shopping.) All those little bits of algebra, all those trigonometric identities. That analytic geometry. All so you will be prepared for calculus. I don't wish to get involved here with any questions of whether or not this is good, it is just the way things are. It does mean that anyone not master of the calculus is simply not aware of why he is teaching what he is teaching. He can't know what is vitally important, what less important, or why. Since (in NSW) only students who take first level mathematics at matriculation get anything like a thorough grounding in calculus, we are forced to the conclusion that nobody who has not completed at least one year of tertiary mathematics is competent



never ceases. From parents, brothers, sisters and other persons with whom we come into contact, we are educated to speak intelligently (most of the time) reason. look after ourselves. Without this "formal" or school education cannot commence.

At pre-schools, schools, and even some secondary schools, all a child really learns is individual patterns within group social behaviour expected in today's society. And a basic set of facts upon which to base future experiences. Once initial basic facts (facts such as $1 + 1 = 2$, or that the symbol "a" stands for the sound A) have been ingrained, the real education can proceed in leaps and bounds. A very surprising experiment was carried out on some monkeys. One of them was taught that $1 + 1 = 3$ (to use our symbology)

All through its life it believed that this was true.

The basic facts upon which we base our experience have to be impressed upon the brain in one way or another. Today's impression takes the form of a child being told, shown and doing (to a limited degree). This is repeated over and over until such time as the child really believes it. Once a child can accept that $1 + 1 = 2$, then it can prove that $2 + 2 = 4$.

Once a child has learned that the symbol "a" stands for the sound A, she can use it on both writing and speech to combine with other sounds and make words. This is all very well. Basic facts must be impressed upon the mind of a child. This happens in the first two years of state primary schools. Unfortunately, today's education continues in this vein. The teachers today keep trying to impress facts upon children's brains rather than to encourage the children to find out for themselves. It is up to the child to assimilate, sort and correlate these seemingly endless snippets of information into usable knowledge. How well a child can carry out this process will depend upon his level of self-education.

I do not wish to condemn teachers here. I know that like the rest of us they vary as individuals. So there are some teachers who spark the curiosity and inspire the imagination of a child to discover facts for himself. There are those teachers who do little but sit there and say "learn this". In the middle there are teachers who do a little of both. All teachers are products of the system, conditioned to and by the system, and are perpetuating the system.

By the time a child leaves primary school he has "learned" multitudes of sets of facts. Some of these facts have been analysed and correlated and help fill gaps in the picture. Far too much of the facts are accumulated mish-mash of odd sods - predominately, apparently useless tidbits of information. Some a child cannot learn to use for years. Some he will never use.

EDUCATION TODAY

by

George Alan.

Education has been defined as instruction, but it goes far, far deeper. Basically, education is to learn (acquire) sufficient knowledge/experience to permit survival. It is a hard school and there are no drop-outs. If you do not learn sufficiently, you do not survive. Life used to be as simple as that.

Nowadays, because we adults have "educated" ourselves in branches of science and medicine, we are able to intervene and, to a degree, assist a new-born child in its initial survival. We are fortunate in so far as nature provides us with basic instincts which assist our survival. Without them, weak, unhealthy children would not survive past child-birth. But with our knowledge of medicine, we can increase the new-borns chances of survival. In so many ways it is a pity. Survival of the fittest was one of nature's protection for the survival of a species. Has man the right to interfere?

One of the very first things a new-born child learns is when to cry. (Not how to cry, as this is one of the basic instinct with which we are endowed. When to cry) The two cries are of hunger and a cry of expressing pain. Usually, at this early stage, the only pain felt by a baby is the pain of an empty stomach. Although when wind distends the stomach, it must be disturbing to a baby. These two cries are very closely followed by a "pick-me-up" cry. This cry is learned within a week of birth, and is a baby's way of controlling its mother. This cry is almost indistinguishable from the first two cries, and it is indeed a fortunate mother that can distinguish each. Some believe that the cries of hunger are instinctual, but from observations in hospitals, I am of the firm belief that these are learned, not inherited. The cries of hunger and pain are known within twentyfour hours of birth under normal circumstances. The pick-me-up cry is learned within a week. And people claim babies cannot learn!

Within a year an infant has learned mobility, communication, co-ordination of mind and body and a sense of identity. Quite a beginning for one so young. Being self-taught, this part of a child's education is never forgotten. (Unless there is some external cause which intervenes. A cause such as disease, or brain damage.) Without this basic education, a child cannot survive. If a child cannot communicate require special instructions to permit survival.

Formal education for a child commences at about the age of 4, the time when the child first attends a pre-school group. It may continue for 20 or 30 years, depending upon the desires and motivations of a child. It is my contention that a child's true education begins at birth. By the time a child reaches pre-school age, it is usually far too late to retrain a child. Unless initial attitudes have been set down, then there is very little a teacher can do. True education

H A V I N G M Y S A Y :

Well, here it is. No sooner started than another femmefanzine hits the dust. Let Buck Coulson point and say, "I knew it", but then, so did I. This wasn't meant to have a long life since when I started this his Lordship laid down the law... when we got married it would be a joint venture, and that went for fanzines as well. So now, nine years old (nearly ten) Mentor and new little Gough have folded to give way to a joint venture, Ark, which we hope will be the best fanzine ever put out in Australia. We have dreams and lots of hope for Ark. And we need help as far as articles, artwork and subs go. So, all those of you who have faithfully supported Ron in his publications and mine, please continue to support us in Ark. We don't think you'll be very much disappointed really.

Onto this, which was going to be a special all-male issue on education. Well, now I know three possible reasons why femmefanzines may have folded early... 1) the femmeds got married or otherwise involved in a joint venture 2) there was such varied response from the guys who read the zine, that the eds went general 3) there was a lack of help from other femmes.

But, other than that, I got a lot of response from the guys to the topic of education. Of course, a lot of it is deliberately aggravating, especially since most of the guys had read my article in NINI HII? about why I became a teacher myself. I refuse to be led out to fight... well, at least not until I get in the comments, which will be put into Ark, so send them, and then, woe betide anyone who says teachers aren't professionals, and who think that teaching is an easy job, meant for lower class individuals with no drive. What rot!

There, I've said my peace. No-one seems to want to listen to me when I write serconnish articles on society, schooling, philosophy, so I shan't try any more. I shall put up a fight on behalf of my profession if anyone really cares to argue with me.

Meanwhile, for those of you who are in the Sydney area, and do not own your own duplicator, the Clarkes now offer to you a wonderful printing service. The basic fee will be \$3.50 (for the ink), which is up to four reams. For every five reams thereafter an additional \$3.50. If you want us to get the paper, it costs \$2.10 a ream plus tax. If you're desperate for collators, and leave it on our doorstep in its entirety, it will cost you an extra \$1 an hour for collating. By the way, those reams are coloured roneo duplicating. The stencils used must have roneo heads, because we only have the roneo machine.

This issue is dated 29/9/73, and was put by Sue Clarke, 2/159 Herring Road, North Ryde, NSW 2113. Please note the new address. Hope to hear from you soon.

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THE END OF THE WORLD

