

# THE MENTOR

SCIENCE FICTION





THE MEALOR

# THE MENTOR

June 1980

science fiction

## CONTENTS

RONS ROOST - editorial .....	page 2.- Ron L Clarke.
WHAT IS SCIENCE FICTION TO <u>ME</u> ? - article.....	" 3.- John Alderson
THE SATANIC MASS. - review.....	" 7.- Diane Fox.
WONDERWORKS/SENTINEL/THE STUDIO.- reviews.....	" 12.- Ron L Clarke.
AUSTRALIAN FAN HISTORY. - article.(part 3).....	" 14.- Vol Molesworth
ODE ON A YOUNG MUSE. - poem.....	" 23.- Anon.
FOUR DEPARTURES. - poem.....	" 24.- Anon.

This is the June, 1980 issue of THE MENTOR. It is edited by Ron L Clarke, of 6 Bellevue Rd., Faulconbridge NSW 2776, Australia. Postal address for letters is PO BOX 377, CLARENCE ST, SYDNEY 2000, AUSTRALIA. Fanzines to the house address, please. The PO Box is too small for them. In reference to this issue: told you so, John. Sorry it took so long, Laura, but as you can see, I haven't lost them. Appologies also to the following who wrote on TM the last, but it was so long ago the comments would be truly out of date - Gil Gaier; Roger Waddington; Raymond L. Clancy; Dave Rowe; Mary Long; Ian Maule; Mike Glickson; and others.

I am short of articles and books for review. As you may have noticed, there is no fiction in this issue - it just happened I didn't have any.

THE MENTOR is available for TRADE, SUBSTANCIAL LETTER OF COMMENT and most of all, my WHIM. What the hell happened up there!!! I'm only doing about 80 copies of this issue, and will be cutting down further on the mailing list after that, trades excepted. It all comes of having to pay off a house and a new Toyota Corolla stationwaggon. Though it does get 7.2 litres per 100 km (or for you Imperialists - 41.5 mpg. on a trip. This has been a R & R PUBLICATION.

## R O N ' S     R O O S T :

### F U T U R I S M

Science fiction fandom is well known, internally, for its reluctance to discuss some of the "real" issues of the outside world. Thsee issues range from politics (both liberal, labour, trade union inspired, etc., etc.); religion (though a few years ago when Alex Robb was active and having his views published in zines like ASFR and in his own zine in ANZAPA, there seemed some deeper discussion), and ~~sf~~ (yeah, we'll leave that last....). The Big Three. I did notice politics creeping in lately in the US of A with their ~~sf~~ equality legislation..

In Heidelberg at the '70 Worldcon the vote went agaisnt any political pressure being brought into the worldcon scene (mundane politics). And in any discussion at clubs, fans seem to stear clear. In all, with the younger fans - they seem naive in relation to politics. Take the reaction when George Taki stood up at AussieTrek and spoke about the Union pressure in the film industry in Hollywood (he was against unionism) and the trekkies were all for his views. I don't know if it was just the force of his personality, but with the historical background in Australia of Unionism I was surprised at the lack of knowledge of those young fans. I don't know if they were all from Liberal families (though they seemed to be..), but if the young females are all that easily swayed - Frazer is in for a long stay.

And talking about the unpreparedness of visiting (US) performers, when Bob Hope came over some few years back, what struck me was the fact that his jokes were at least 12 years out of date. The worst blue I heard was when he told a jole about offering a cabbie a "two bob" bit in change on the way from the airport. Right on the ball, Bob, especially since Australia went decimal in 1966 - it just went to show what shitty writers he had.

Of course, the very fact that politics and religion aren't discussed in the open at all by the Australian public is probably just the natural conservatism of the Aussie. Another point - back in '66 I had the distinct impression that most of the fans then active had a socialist lean. Except for the odd few, that is. Again this could be because of their upbringing both reading of - which most of them did then, or had only recently given up. Most of todays olde fen are from back then... ghod knows how long ago they read sf voraciously.

I wonder what todays young sf fan reads..... The backlast is upon us.

---

\*\*\*\*\*

WHAT IS SCIENCE FICTION TO ME ?

BY JOHN J ALDERSON.

At divers times and in sundry places I have laid forth as to what science fiction writers are or should be considering science fiction to be. I am still unrepentant about all that. But now I am a ~~fantasy author~~ have several stories published and innumerable ones rejected perhaps it is time to consider what science fiction is or should be to me.

Away back in 1970 in CHAO 1 (oh hear, how time flies!) I examined a certain aspect of Sf in an article entitled "Transport to the Fields of Fantasy", pointing out that for Sf the very means of transport was often the story itself and the destination of no importance. Now this very well could be what science fiction is about. (Oh, we all know its really written so we can pay our bills but let's not sidetrack ourselves into such down to earth honesty). Don't take that literally of course, otherwise you would disregard all stories except things like "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea", perhaps The Time Traveller, and so on. No, I don't mean that.

Certainly I do not mean to use science fiction as a means of teaching science as did Verne (in most cases his stories rose out of a popular preoccupation with technology at the time) or Wells, who was a born school-teacher. Such an idea makes the fiction obsolete as soon as we reach newer truths and fiction should never be subservient to shifting facts. Nor is it a matter of predicting... Oh hell, leave that to prophets of doom who is it so much better.

To quote Pope, the fiction writers subject, no matter what his medium, is men.

"Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,  
The proper study of mankind is man."

Not science. Not technology. Not even literary expression! I am concerned about my fellow men. For half a lifetime or more, I have made them my study. The laws of science may alter but I am confident that my observations of humanity will stand the test of time. They are my subject, strange wonderful creatures that they are. Whether we go to the stars or back to living in caves (if ever we lived in caves which I doubt), our great preoccupation will be the doings of our fellows, the antics of men and women. A well told tale of the se will never fail to arouse interest. One identifies with the characters of a story and if one cannot identify one loses interest. And who can identify with the arid, sterile, caricatures of Verne's From Earth to the Moon. a book only kept alive, if at all, by the interest of sf buffs who regard it as a classic, however unreadable.

The science is only a vehicle, a means of getting there. When I wrote "Shades of Blodousdd" I wanted to tell a story through a protagonist which was quite different to the way he saw it. So I decided to tell a simple innocent romance through the eyes of a dirty-minded old prude. Now this is a literary device, it's the way the story was told. I have rather a love of telling stories whose real narrative rumbles along unnoticed by the narrator, as distinct from Americans who want every eye and every toe of narrative dotted or crossed as the case may be. And I know damn well that's why so many of my stories get sent back, the blighters don't understand what they are reading. Oh well, they're not very well educated.

I was a little delighted to read Jung's essay on The Great Mother archetype some time after writing the above story, and to see that the narrator of the story fits into his category "the Great Mother, (type 4:) the one who regards a man as a means of procreation, and when that is done relegates him to the position of a piece of furniture."

In this case he was exiled to the back yard where he grew vegetables and became a vegetable. So what is this story about. This vegetable looked over his neighbour's fence and saw something beautiful and a seed of rebellion was sown in his heart. Nothing more. He's a long way from redemption, from saving his soul.. He's realised, in spite of his own evil mind, that there is something better. And that's every one of us.

Oh yes, the flower-girls. Just another literary device. It got the three people of the story together and left two of them intending to get married, which I understand from stories I've read, is an excellent thing to happen. Perhaps I should have used some other device but I didn't think of one and I still can't. But most importantly, it sold the story to an editor.

Oh, do I really think that someday we shall be able to grow flower-girls from seed? Humph! I doubt it, and as we have plenty of women now with as much intelligence as a cabbage, I don't see that we should try.

It may be protested that this is not science. I may agree. But I am not interested in writing science fiction. I am only interested in writing fiction.....literature. If it also interests science fiction fans, well and good; they have the opportunity to read something written, not as science fiction, but as literature. It may be good or bad literature, that's for history to decide.

I have been informed that my writing style's way out, certainly few editors have wished to experiment with it. Well, many years ago, so long ago that some of you were not born then, I had my first short story published. I have done a course in short story writing... oh yes, I have a diploma in short story writing. In other words, I am qualified to write.... and they suggested that I write a story a certain way. I did. I sold it. I could have gone on from that day to this writing in that way and in having my stories being accepted and paid for. But I did not and I do not regard that method of writing a short story as ethical, and determined to develop a style of my own (though it comes within a long and honoured tradition).

I remember (oh that's how you know a bloke is getting on, he remembers) one of my school mates complaining that the author of The Hunchback of Notre Dame spent the first half of the book describing Paris. Well that's nice for the antiquarian, particularly one studying Paris for that Paris has long since disappeared. But it's not fiction and if he wanted to write a book on the antiquarities of Paris he should have done so. And not mixed it up in a novel. I believe my school-mate was right. So in my Crooked Mick and the Bunyip the narrator hardly intrudes at all. One is not even told Crooked Mick sits under a tree talking to the Bunyip: you don't need to be told. Crooked Mick boiled a billy and chewed a twig so he must have been near a tree, and in the Mallee one always sits under a tree out of the sun. Why waste time telling the reader obvious things which in any case are unessential. On the other hand, when he boils a billy on Altair 11 he is said to be sitting under a tree. Because how else would you know that trees with twigs fit to boil a billy for tea grew on Altair 11! That's not what the story is about. It's not even about Crooked Mick finding the Bunyip was a castaway from Altair 11 and taking her home. Yet most editors think that that simple little story is all there is.... and in some cases I regret to say they take this attitude because the story is set in the country and must therefore be a simple "tall" story relying for its impact for its absurdity.

Well, I could explain in more detail except for two things. It's not necessary artistically... for example, that story has been broadcast and appreciated very much, and radio is about the hardest medium to put over a story. The other reason is that I don't think any editor will ever pay me a fraction of what my stories are worth, so every extra word they get is a greater loss for me - so stories are pruned to the absolute minimum.

Ah, the learning of the American is a fearful and wonderful thing. I remember coming across one editor who edited a very learned volume, and made a fearful bloomer. He didn't know that a greater part of the human race use the term "little house" to designate their toilet, nor did he have sufficient knowledge of the world to appreciate the great insult in pushing over one's little house! But then this is their failing: they have all this theory and no knowledge of the world, a terrible brashness! Thus Heinlein took eleven pages on describing how to "feed a space-suit". And editors, fed up on this shocking padding, actually look for it. This isn't fiction (oh, most of it is but not the kind we're wanting to read). Judging from what Americans (from their theory) have written about Australia it must be filled with the most outrageous bloomers.

I don't pad my narratives out with descriptions of machinery or scenery: it would be filled with errors if I did. Why treat your readers as though they were fools who had to be told the characters were standing on the ground... where else would they stand!

Nor for that matter do I go into excruciating detail about the narrative. Why mention a character comes into the room and takes his hat off and says "Good morning, nice day isn't it!" if it has nothing to do with the story. Nor do I tell every little detail of the plot; the reader can work that out for themselves (oh, the editors may not be able to, but they are so often failed writers, probably for just that reason).

Whether or not it matters to you what science fiction means to me, it does to me, and its very refreshing to reconsider the matter. My interest is literature and any literary device is legitimate if it gains the ends I desire. That is the results of my observation and examination of that strange and wonderful creature, man.

---

This article, for the benefit of my critics, is a mass of opinion. However, if you go quoting them as "the opinions of John J Alderson" they thereby become facts. Now puzzle that one out!

- John J Alderson.

EDITORS NOTE: Time creeps on from day to dreary day. The about was written by John some years ago and sent to me to be published if I would accept it, in TM. I accepted it, but didn't get around to putting out an issue. Sorry, John, but at last it appears here. \*\*

If the reader managed to read through the atrocious duplication at the beginning of this article - sorry, but it takes practice to get back into the traces of cutting a stencil - and taping it.

---

There follows two reviews by that pillar of purity and virtue: Diane Southgate. Or, as she now likes to be known - Diane Fox. I think it has something to do with her husband, John Fox and his well known propensity as a Legs Photographer of some note (and persuasion among the (little l)ladies of Sydney (and Treckie fandoms) (No, Diane, I didn't type ~~butthead~~. Though I thought of it later.)  
#####

MORE DARK DEEDS OF DEVILOOM: THE SATANIC MASS by H T F Rhodes.

#####  
or: you pay for what you get.

Most people have seen more than one horror film dealing with Devil worship and Satanic rites, and consequently have a (usually fairly well censored) idea of what a Black Mass is and how it is carried out.

What are the origins of this notorious ritual? Obviously it evolved as some kind of parody of the Catholic Mass -- in fact, it is said that a Black Mass is not "genuine" unless a defrocked Catholic priest officiated at the rites. The rituals involve a "black" for "white" type of substitution, with Evil instead of Good being intended, and the Devil praised instead of God -- in other words a variation of the "thesis/antithesis" style of approach now considered by many to be the bane of Western thought.

Usually books dealing with black magic tend to be lurid and sensational, but although packaged as a malevolent, spider-glossy black tome, Rhodes' The Satanic Mass is a scholarly, quietly but readably presented account of the origins and startling history of Satanism.

One of the origins, apparntly, was in the dualist philosophy of a struggle between equally matched powers of Good and Evil. This belief had originated in Persia, and formed a part of many religions prior to early Christianity (in fact there are strong elements of it in Christianity, though it is accompanied with the faith that, though Good may sometimes be threatened, it must eventually oversome evil.) Not all holders of dualist beliefs were so optimistic, however, and a few thought it wise to be on good terms with "both sides" , just in case.

There were many splinter groups from early Christianity, some of whom held startling views. The excessive sensuality and worldiness of Roman society led them to over-react and reject the physical world altogether. The heretical Manichean sect believed that the physical world was not the creation of God, who would not sink so low as to create such rubbish, but actually the invention of Satan! Accordingly they viewed the flesh as loathesome and birth as a great misfortune; reproduction was the vilest of all possible sins, and if one could not summon the willpower to remain chaste, at least one might indulge in homosexuality, which at least did not bring more souls into this corrupt world. This attitude infuriated devout Christians, who doubtless considered all heretics as low, degraded "peverts".

The heretics, who regarded the Creator of the world as evil, saw Christian rites as rituals in honour of the Devil, and sought to express their opinion in this matter in every way they could imagine, even to the extent of changing the rituals. The resentment of the Church was such that heretic-lynching became a sort of international sport, and so much hostility and violence was used against them that heretic groups like the Cathars concealed their beliefs and even took vows of secrecy concerning the exact nature of their rites and beliefs.

Again and again throughout the Middle Ages the Manichean belief inspired groups to openly or secretly defy the Church, and again and again the heretical groups were ruthlessly suppressed. But, as so often happens, a few of the dualist ideas became accepted by the Church, and many more dualist ideas were "influential in reverse": official theories became more rigid and severe in order to oppose the heretical ideas which the Church refuted.

The Knights Templar, savagely suppressed by the Church at the beginning of the 14th Century, seem to have held heretical views, and to have held ceremonies parodying a Christian mass, in scorn of the "Evil God". There are also accounts of their rituals including the damaging of a crucifix, but it is said that this was not a Satanic rite; this apparently blasphemous behaviour was intended to signify their anger at the instrument which killed Christ.

As well as the heretics, the Church had to contend with another anti-Christian group; the pagans, worshippers of Pan, horned god of fertility. Paganism had always been the religion of the peasants, and had formerly been regarded by the Church with a fair amount of tolerance. However, as feudalism spread, the Church gradually began to align itself with the ruling class, and gradually a credibility gap grew between the religious establishment and the oppressed and desperate masses. The Church by this time was having trouble with the split between the Catholics and Protestants, soon to escalate into bloody civil war which has continued to Ireland to this day; as in the United States during the Cold War, the establishment was prone to see the hand of the Devil in any views which conflicted with its own. As in all eras of repression, the innocent and the poor suffered.

In order to keep the peasants in their place and to prevent revolution, the Church preached submission; but the disgusted peasants turned in their misery to their former god, Pan, whom they had by now been taught to regard as Satan. (In fact, the traditional Devil of Christian belief is usually depicted with horns, hooves, tail and dark countenance - obviously some hostile interpretation of Pan, and not an alien as in Arthur Clarke's "Childhood's End"). If God via the Church, seemed to be on the side of their oppressors, they would follow his opponent, Satan. Had he not attempted revolution against God, and would he not sympathise with their own revolutionary attitude? They gathered in immense crowds to call upon the Dark One for aid.

Apparently quite a few nobles and priests were fellow-travellers, and some even became leaders of covens. Many held Cathar or other heretical

8.

ideals, including the belief that "God" was really the Devil. The complex intellectual attitudes of dualism combined with the primitive rites of the Pagans, and the whole was infused with desperate hostility and defiance of the establishment.

Accounts of these "Sabbats" describe wild dancing, sexual orgies (natural enough in the worship of any fertility god) and feasts of very poor and coarse food (the peasants attending couldn't afford anything better.) The rites included parades of the Mass, with water or worse being substituted for wine and turnips dyed black as a substitute for consecrated bread. The motivation here may partially have been to show hostility for Christianity, but equally likely it was simply the adaptation of a Christian ceremony for their own use, as the voodoo-worshippers in Haiti took over many Christian saints to become god in the Voodoo pantheon. Another important part of the Satanic rites was the "shameful kiss", whereby the worshippers kissed the behind of Satan, incarnate either as an idol or as a masked man dressed in skins; the origins of this custom are unknown. Possibly the very vulgarity of this rite made it popular — nothing is more satisfying to embittered people than crude crassness.

However, along with this revolutionary "left-wing" Satanism, there gradually grew up a "right-wing" variety, practiced mainly by the Aristocracy for purposes of personal gain and power. It had been the custom of the Church to hold religious ceremonies at times for worldly purposes; masses were held to exorcise swarms of mice and caterpillars from the crops. A few venal priests were willing to go much further and celebrate masses as a form of magic pure and simple — even to the extent of using the ceremonies to find buried treasure, to cast love-spells, or even to wish death upon personal enemies.

Towards the 17th Century, a form of magical Mass had evolved, with demon's names being substituted for those of God; there was even a form of Black Mass that consisted of saying an ordinary Mass, but with concealed gestures that exactly reversed the meaning! During the reign of Louis XIV, there was a spate of such practices; a large gang in the Parisian underworld made a huge profit by arranging black masses for bored aristocrats and by selling poisons on the side, to be used if the intended victims of the spells (usually an irritating parent or a jealous husband) survived the curse-castings. This was bad enough, but the Satanists also went in for human sacrifice: it is a well-known magical law that one of the best sources of power is freshly-spilled human blood, especially of unbaptised babies. So much terror was aroused by the evil deeds of these people that a special police force, the "Burning Court", was set up to deal with them. Finally the public trials had to be called off when it was found that the King's mistress was deeply involved.

The notorious Hellfire Club in 18th Century England was another aristocratic satanist group, but much less evil than the Parisian Satanists; they were infamous for debauchery, but did not go in for human sacrifice, and the rituals were directed towards licentious amusement, rather than cold-blooded murder. However, there was a stage when many of the leading

politicians were to some degree involved -- the matter was even raised in Parliament, and became publically known, to the combined scandal and amusement of the populace. The macabre Medenham Abbey, where the Hellfire rituals took place, was soon aswarm with would-be sight-seeing hordes, and the Satanists had to decamp for quieter surroundings.

In the decadent fin-de-siècle period of the Nineteenth Century, the in-more-ways-than-one Gay Nineties, Scarlet Sin again became fashionable; the famous novelist J K Huysmans gives a detailed description of a Black Mass held in Paris at that time in his novel "La Bas" ("Down There"). The rites involved the traditional sexual orgies and display of scorn towards religious objects. The officiating priest gave an oddly idealistic, embittered speech denouncing Christ for doing nothing about social injustice; however, the rather scruffy and neurotic crowd attending seemed to be more motivated by sexual hang-ups than social resentment.

Rhodes' book gives details of the many occult movements that flourished at the end of the Nineteenth Century, including some amusing accounts of hoaxes performed upon the all-to-gullible enthusiasts who were all too likely to believe anything horrendous circulated about the activities of rival groups. It should be pointed out that "there ain't no such thing as a black magician"; most magicians describe themselves as being practicers of White Magic; it is their accursed opponents who are devotees of Darkness. Even Aleister Crowley, a rather alarming figure in many ways, considered himself to be on the side of Light.

There isn't much in this book about him, but apparently the supposed Satanic rituals he occasionally performed were actually variants of the Gnostic Mass -- possibly with more sex added to make things more interesting.

As The Satanic Mass was published in 1954, the author seems to have drawn a premature conclusion that Satanism was a dying practice in the Twentieth Century. He did not foresee that the root of all evil, love of money, would result in the subject getting a wider publicity than it has probably ever had before, via the cinema, television, books and the newspapers. Nor did he foresee the attempted assassination by a Mansonite quasi-Satanist of the President of the United States.

Love of scandal; boredom; neurotic attitudes towards sex (just as common in a so-called "liberated" society as in the most prudish times -- such things probably stem more from personal traumas than social customs); while these things exist, people will tend to turn towards anything that provides an excuse for orgies. Wild resentment to the point of murderous hatred against the system, and a feeling of hopelessness -- this too is likely to persist, though it will be less in some eras than in others.

Cold blooded love of power and willingness to soil one's hands in any sort of blackmail in order to achieve it -- alas, this would seem to be another perennial human characteristic. Finally, the religious impulse: frustrated and inverted, not a strong motivation for many, but possessing a few individuals who tend to be influential far beyond their immediate acquaintances, and who often wield a disproportionate influence by virtue

of their strong beliefs. While these drives exist among human beings black magic will always arouse interest, and anything which rouses strong interest, inevitably provides opportunities to make money. So it is failly obvious that Satan will walk among us for a long time yet, though not, I hope, sit in the position of power that so many times come close to achieving.

— Diane Fox.

---

EDITOR'S INSERT: Thnks, Diane. (after typing the about it struck e what I'll be doing in future with your reviews — nothing bad!).

An interesting conclusion, the above. Over the past decade the rise of superstition (or at least the coming out into the open with it) in the w y of Astrology columns in papes and magazines and the apparent upsurge in reading this pap doesn't bode well for the second half of this, the Second Millénium. Since most of you who read this will still be around when the year 2000 hoves around (I know, it isn't the Second Millénium January, 2000, but the mass of people will believe it is), it will be, I think something to see and live through — the looked for/predicted precipitated religious hysteria and upsurge in Belief.

Talking about the revived interest in things Olde (ie the Old Religion) — I wonder just how many of the people who hold such firm beliefs for and against such have read much into it? I wonder how many of them have even read The Golden Bough? I have noticed (maybe it has been a coincidence) that on TV the last few weeks has been two items of interest. One was the rerun of the HARVEST HOME TV movie, the other was another repeat of the English THE MAN. Both treated the subject of a Corn God, but from slightly different approaches. A couple of days after I saw HARVEST HOME I read Keith Robert's THE CHALK GIANTS.

Talking about Diane and her mentions in the above pioce of neurotic attitudes towards sex, I was going to follow this with her review titles WHOPPERS! her review of GREAT BALLS OF FIRE (the history of ~~xxx~~ in science fiction — but I wont.

End Of Editor's Insert.

~~~~~

SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY ART:

WONDERWORKS    Michael Whelan

SENTINEL        - Syd Mead

THE STUDIO      - Jeffrey Jones/Michael Kaluta/Barry Windsor-Smith  
                      /Berni Wrightson

Reviewed by Ron L Clarke

~~~~~

Three books of science fiction art, this time. All three are stocked in Australia by Tudor Distributors, 2a Woodcock Place, Lane Cove, N.S.W., 2066. They are also available from Angus & Robertson. Wonderworks sells for \$11.95. It is a Starblaze edition (ie edited by Polly and Kell Freas, and like all those editions is worth the money. It is 8 1/2" X 11" (right now I can't find my metric ruler) and is 120 pages, with about half those pages with colour illustrations. It has introductory notes by the Editors and the artist, then broken up into six sections, each dealing with a broad heading of the artist's subjects (science fiction, horror, aliens etc). Each section is introduced by an sf writer (Anderson, Cherryh, Foster, McCaffrey, Moorcock and Page) and there follows the works, usually on a double page, with the original sketch on the left hand page, done in pencil or rough draft, then the finished illo on the right. The left hand page also has a short piece by the author explaining the illo, with a short history.

Most of the illustrations are from Ace covers, though some are now in private collections.

The two other books are 12" X 12" and are 160 pp. and retail at A\$17.95. Because of the size these could be called "Coffee Table" books,; but unlike some such books these, again, are well worth the sf fan's looking at, if not buying. In fact, I would recommend that if you can't buy these for yourself, that you go and see your local librarian and get him/her to get a copy for the library.

Sentinel is sub-headed 'steel couture' - and that is what it is: the cover illustration conveys the spirit of the book, with its futuristic machines and almost photographic images. In fact, looking through this book, what it reminds me most of is the booklets given out by car dealers for new cars - the illustrations are of that quality - showing the best features of the new model cars. Almost every page has a colour illustration, with the text following through with background information.

Syd Mead, in this book, concentrates on the hardware of the future; most of the illustrations are of cars (or more specifically, vehicles) of the near and far future. Some of the illos are from books put out by US STEEL.

The vehicles illustrated range from cargo trucks, levitated passenger vehicles, one-wheeled gyroscopically balanced extra-terrestrial exploration vehicles, through to "iridescent. super gran-turismo coupe"s, party scenes with guests attired in electronic body suits and communication helmets and three-dimensional home entertainments screens.

If you want a visualisation of the vehicles and decore of the future - this is the book to get, one way or another. A Dragon's Dream Book.

The Studio is also a Dragon's Dream publication. Each section has a photograph of the artist and his studio. The book then progresses through the artists works. Each artist talks about his work and ideas and evolvement and the illustrations/paintings usually follow this through.

Many of the illustrations of Jeff Jones are of girls. Early in his piece they are of ordinary sketches, then they progress to a more sf/fantasy slant, with sketches, painting and details of them.

Mike Kaluta has a style of his own, as is shown in his illos of Charon and Ayisha, though his illo on p.65 titled The Very Same Dream Night After Night reminds me very much of Norman Lindsay's sketches.

Barry Windsor-Smith's style is also his own, with a pastel shaded sharpness of style close to some of those of Kaluta. I think the best one of Smith's in this book (which I have seen elsewhere is that on page 108, titled The Devil's Lake).

Last artist in the book is Berni Wrightson, with his various illos from Frankenstein and smug dragons. The book ends with one of the goriest illustrations of Conan I have seen. The blood contrasts well with the black end pages. All-in-all two other books that one would do well to speak to your local librarian about.

Looking back through the three books it seems that the blend is mundade, sf, horror and fantasy in rising order. Sentinel is outside this, of course - it could be titled "hard science", with the others from weird tales. Or put in another way, from early Gernsback to late Moorcock.

Ron L Clarke

\*\*\*\*\*

Heming now introduced a number of drastic reforms, the novelty of which impressed the members as evidence of progress. The S.C.F.A., he maintained, should not be just a science fiction club, - its aims and ideals should encompass a great deal more than the advancement of science fiction. "It should be a Futurian club in the real sense of the word, - it should be concerned, not only with science-fictional subjects, but with anything that may help the future."<sup>29</sup> Heming argued that the reason for fans' dissatisfaction with the old club had been that it provided no "outlet". He now introduced two new activities, - debating and amateur theatricals. While meetings were more enjoyable, science fiction was slowly pushed into the background.

This was sensed by Veney, who attended the eighth meeting (January 24, 1943) while on leave. He complained that the debates set down generally were not very Futurian. In the ensuing discussion, Heming put forward his definition of the term, and despite opposition from Veney, this definition was officially adopted: "A Futurian is, in short, a person who is active in the shaping of a better future." The policy of the club was defined as: "Interest in all subjects of possible benefit to the future of humanity, including futuristic fiction, scientific ideas, and the encouragement of youthful intellect."

Around this statement of policy, Heming began to build a body of doctrine. His plans were frankly of a political nature, and included ideas for postwar reconstruction. Under Heming's direction, the Association now began seeking publicity in local newspapers, and enlisted the support of Mr. W J Moulton, then editor of the Waverly-Woollahra Standard. The general outline of Heming's political programme is set out in an article in the third Report, dated May 2, 1943. It was rather a vague, Utopian concept involving the removal of "isms" and the salvation of humanity in a World State with science in a leading position.

Meetings of the S.C.F.A. continued throughout 1943, becoming progressively more informal. In September, Heming gave an address on "The Perfect Future" to the Bondi Progress Association, setting out in detail his social reforms. All pretence of being concerned with science fiction ceased: such matters as helping the establishment of an out-patients' ward at a hospital became club business. The Association finally degenerated into a Sunday afternoon social group at Heming's home, devoted to amateur theatricals and informal talk.

In the early stages, Stone had attempted to organise a science fiction section within the Association, but his efforts met with little success.

Early in 1944, Molesworth contacted the former members of the Futurian Society of Sydney and sought their views on a revival of the club.

29. Report, January, 1943.

All were in favour, and four meetings were held, attended severally by Molesworth, Stone, Roden, Haddon, and two new fans, Victor Cowan and Stirling Macoboy. Dissension occurred over the name of the club, those still under Heming's influence maintaining that the word "Futurian" should be dropped. These members outvoted Molesworth and Haddon and changed the name to Sydney Science Fantasy Society. At the fourth meeting, Molesworth and Haddon pushed through a motion reverting to the original name, and suspended activities until after the war.

The only other event of science-fictional interest in this period was a meeting between Veney, Castellari, and a British fan, in Kure (Japan), at which the possibility of forming a fan club was considered but not undertaken.

### 111.

It was not until two years after Hiroshima that activities were resumed. In June, 1947, Graham B. Stone who had been stationed with the Air Force in the Australian tropics, returned to Sydney; and while awaiting discharge, discussed with Vol Molesworth the prospect of reviving activities.

The immediate problems were threefold: (1) to provide a meeting-place for local fans; (2) to link up fans outside Sydney; and (3) to obtain supplies of U.S. magazines and the hardcover cascade. The pair contacted personally or by letter various former fans, and the response was enthusiastic.

The 78th meeting of the Futurian Society of Sydney was held on August 9, 1947 - the second anniversary of Nagasaki. Mrs Laura Molesworth, Eric Russell and Stirling Macoboy brought the membership to five. It was decided to meet monthly; admit as associates fans living "more than 100 miles from Sydney"; publish a news-bulletin, The Sydney Futurian; and build up a club library. Russell was elected Director, Molesworth Secretary-Treasurer. According to the minutes, it was unanimously agreed that meetings should dispense quickly with business and then be thrown open for informal discussion. "No form of intense external activity of a political or other nature would be encouraged."

The first issue of The Sydney Futurian appeared in September, 1947, in a duplicated four-page folded foolscap format. Fifteen issues, the later ones running to eight, and once twelve pages, were published up to December, 1948. Between 100 and 175 copies were distributed through the English-speaking world.

By November, 1947, the membership had doubled and an appreciable quantity of books, magazines, and fanzines, had been donated to the library. The new members were Arthur Haddon, Ralph A. Smith and Stephen Cooper (Sydney), Colin Roden (Newcastle) and Warwick Hockley (Melbourne).

In that month two unrelated but important events occurred. Firstly, Capt. K.G. Slater, a British fan, applied for associate membership in the Society. Secondly, Stone and Macoboy discovered that a group of book collectors had been meeting informally for years each Friday at a city coffee house, the Quality Inn. Some of them, including Stan L. Larnach and Harold Lennon, were interested in fantasy.

Slater's application decided members to drop the "of Sydney" from the club's name and henceforth to admit fans living anywhere in the world, with the proviso that the use of the Library be restricted to members within the Australasian postal area.

The fifth issue of The Sydney Futurian sounded a triumphant note for the New Year. Membership had jumped to 17, the newcomers being William D. Veney (just back from Army service in Japan), Stan Baillie, S.L. Larnach and Jock McKenna (Sydney), Donald H. Uuck (Hobart) and Chas. S. Mustchin (Coolangatta). By February, membership had notched upwards again with the entry of Bruce M. Sawyer (Sydney) and Bob Geappen (Hobart), the latter having paid a flying visit to Sydney.

In March, 1948, four Sydney fans, Stone, Macoboy, Russell and Molesworth, formed a syndicate to publish limited editions of science fiction and fantasy. Proposed name of the publishing "house" was Futurian Press, whose first book would be Dream's End and Others, a collection of stories by Alan Connell, from 1936-7 Wonder and 1941 Planet. Three months later, however, the project was dropped as negotiations for the purchase of a cheap second-hand printing press had fallen through.

Meanwhile, membership was steadily on the increase. P. Glick (Sydney), Roy Williams (Lismore), four Americans and two Canadians brought the total to 27. The Library had grown to 28 books, 71 magazines and 200 fanzines. Veney and Russell had been elected Director and Secretary respectively.

The eighth issue of The Sydney Futurian was a special number, provided for distribution at the Toronto S.F. Convention, and in it appeared the following official declaration:

"We believe that in the instability of this postwar era the time is ripe for a widening of the scope of fandom. Without desiring to destroy the independence of local fan clubs, we feel that some non-partisan organisation could be set up, to which fan clubs and individual fans in unorganised areas could affiliate. A basis for such a global organisation has been created by the formation of national organisations which in practice overlap we hope for a truly international body in times to come."

And with it the following prophetic note: "Possibly in the future it may be found advisable to resume the original status of a local club, perhaps as a unit of that world-spanning organisation; but in the postwar revival of fandom we consider that the greatest service is rendered by acting as a blanket organisation."

The rapid growth of the Society was, however, causing some anxiety, and at the 89th meeting, held in May, 1948, a unanimous vote restored the original name, Futurian Society of Sydney. Animated discussion took place

on the status of the club, some members expressing the idea that it should return to being a purely local group. A motion to limit future membership to "within 100 miles of Sydney" was discussed; no agreement was reached, and the Secretary was instructed to conduct a plebiscite of full members. This resulted in an 11 - 3 decision to continue accepting associate members living anywhere in the world.

Graham B. Stone had now taken over the work of the Secretary and was editing these issues of the club organ.

The addition of A. Dick, Harold Lennon and Harry Brunen (Sydney) had raised the membership to 29 — Stephen Cooper having resigned — and as the Sydney members were now too numerous to conduct meetings at private homes, it was decided to meet on a weekly basis at The Quality Inn. For a while the Thursaay night meetings were well attended and very enjoyable. Club business had been cut to a minimum (occupying only two minutes at meeting 98 held on July 29) and the rest of the night was taken up with discussion, magazine marketing, and chess.

In September, Vol Molesworth became Director, Roy Williams Secretary and P. Glick Treasurer, and the Library, which for the preceding thirteen months had been run by Mrs. Molesworth, was taken over by A. Dick.

The formation of a World Science Fiction League, advocated in Sydney Futurian No.8, received support overseas, and a provisional constitution was drawn up by the Canadian S.F. Association, to become effective when ratified by the four national organisations of Australia, Canada, Great Britain and the U.S.A. A select committee comprising Molesworth,

Russell and Williams, had been appointed on September 23 to consider means of Australian representation at the Seventh World Science Fiction Convention at Cincinnati; and this committee was now given the task of examining the proposed W.S.F.L. constitution. After hearing the committee's report, the Society decided at its 110th meeting on November 18 to send the following statement to Canadian organiser, C.J. Bowie-Reed:

"The F.S.S. approves of the principle of a world science fiction league and is willing to support the present move. Due, however, to the present dollar restrictions, Australia could not send any money to USA or Canada; nor, due to its limited finances, publish an organ for W.S.F.L. with a possibly circulation of several hundred. We therefore cannot permit ourselves to be bound by Clause 4 (a) of the provisional constitution, which provides for 'certain powers or monies' to be delegated to the League. We recommend that a formation of a more loosely-knit organisation be considered, with a view to ascertaining the potential membership in the constituent countries."

By the end of 1948, membership had risen to 34. The newcomers were Roger N. Dard, a West Australian; Nick Solntseff, who had migrated to Sydney from Shanghai; John Cooper (Sydney); and two Americans.

The holding of meetings in a coffee inn — caused by the growth of local membership to 14 — was now causing some dissatisfaction. At Meeting 112, held on December 2, Macoboy said that as the Society was becoming more and more a meeting of book collectors interested in fantasy, and less and less a science-fiction club, it might be advantageous to consider the

dissolution of the club. Molesworth replied that the Society had done much to publicise Australian fandom overseas, and enunciated several advantages of the club in its existing form, notably the still-expending Library.

Macoboy also argued that, although associate members were expected to pay dues<sup>30</sup> the only benefit they derived was the small club organ. Lennon said the best idea would be to produce a large, well-printed, quarterly magazine for distribution overseas, and an occasional news-bulletin for domestic consumption. It was finally resolved (on the motion of Sawyer, seconded McKenna) that publication of The Sydney Futurian should cease with its 15th issue; and that a committee be set up to plan a larger magazine to be sent abroad.

The discontinuance of The Sydney Futurian was a major tactical error. The bulletin which replaced it, F.S.S. News, saw only three issues, dated February, July and November, 1949. It carried a masthead designed by Stirling Macoboy and consisted of two duplicated foolscap sheets stapled together.

In January, 1949, Molesworth announced that owing to pressure of work and study he could not continue as Director. He was replaced by John Cooper, while Lennon became Treasurer and Williams Secretary-Librarian. A Committee consisting of Cooper (ex-officio), Lennon, Macoboy and Russell, was elected to edit the new overseas magazine.

This committee reported back to the 117th meeting, held on February 3, that the magazine would contain about 40 quarto pages and feature articles by F.S.S. members and other fans. It would be named Boomerang and its policy would be "to convey an idea of the nature of Australian fandom". Copy was required by April 1. The magazine, however, never appeared.

At the following meeting, Williams resigned the Secretaryship, as he would be studying at night, and Solntseff was elected in his place. Meanwhile, membership had risen to 39, one of the new associates being the British author, A Bertram Chandler, who visited the club during January and February.

The unsuitability of meeting in a coffee inn was emphasised at Meeting 123 (March 3) when Veney asked Director Cooper to suggest to members that meals should be eaten before meetings began, and only coffee or soft drinks while the meeting was in progress. Molesworth asked all members to co-operate in a search for premises suitable for an F.S.S. Clubroom.

On March 24 membership reached its peak of 43, the newcomers being Ken Paynter, Val Ackerman and Ian Gray (Sydney) and John C. Park (Perth).

At meeting 127 (March 31) a letter from Dard and Tuck, suggesting that the Society ask the Government to lift the dollar ban, was read. It was moved that this correspondence be received, and no further action was taken.

The decreasing formality of the Society was again illustrated at this meeting, when the newly-elected Treasurer, Ken Paynter, suggested that a levy of 10 percent be imposed on all auction sales of magazines conducted by private persons in the club's time. Macoboy protested that 50 per cent of meetings were held not because people wanted to discuss science fiction, but because they wanted to buy magazines. Penalising sellers, who created  
30. In the form of magazines which went into the Club Library.

attendance, was improper. The motion was finally carried by a majority of one.

At Meeting 128 (April 7) it was found impossible to recruit a regular minute secretary, and it was therefore decided that in future any suitable person would be appointed to the position for a meeting. The result is that no further minutes are recorded until October 31 — a gap of six months. From the second issue of F.S.S. News, however, we learn that no official meetings were held during May and June, 1949, although fans continued to gather at The Qulaity Inn on Thursday nights.

On July 7, Molesworth was elected Director, Solntseff Secretary, Paynter Treasurer, and Williams Librarian. Criticising the club's inactivity, Molesworth said that unless some action were taken in the very near future, the club would lose not only its interstate and overseas members, but the support of international fandom generally.

Despite this warning, inactivity prevailed, heightened by the closing down of The Quality Inn in August, 1949. Fans transferred their Thursday night meetings to another coffee inn, the Mariposa (later to become a Chinese restaurant, the Sun Si Gai), where the atmosphere of disunity was intensified by the fans having to sit at various small tables instead of one large one.

At the next recorded meeting, No. 150, held on October 31, Molesworth stated that members felt that the usual Thursday night gatherings had widened the scope of their interests beyond science fiction fan activities, and that the club should tighten up its policy and membership. To this end, it was thought desirable to hold separate meetings while maintaining friendly relations with the Thursday night group. The Treasurer reported that only Haddon, Lynch, Macoboy, Molesworth, Paynter, Solntseff and Williams were financial. Membership dropped to seven full members and fourteen associates. The following statement of club policy was compiled from members' suggestions:

"The F.S.S. is a group of active science fiction fans meeting to discuss and promote science fiction; to take part in international fan activities; and to publicise F.S.S. activities, and Australian fandom generally, in other countries. Meetings shall be conducted along Parliamentary principles." On Macoboy's motion, seconded by Lynch, the following resolution was carried: "While this organisation welcomes the exchange of magazines among members to assist their reading of science fiction, it emphatically will not consider itself a 'magazine market', and no member shall expect to find magazines available for sale at each or any meeting, and no priority shall be expected by members in obtaining magazines from other members in respect of F.S.S. Membership." In view of this, the levy on auction sales imposed eight months earlier, was rescinded.

To this meeting, Macoboy reported that the 1949 U.S. Convention had voted that \$150 be spent to provide books for the F.S.S. Library. He was authorised to express thanks and handle negotiations.

Meanwhile, the Customs Department had been engaged in a blitz on parcels of magazines sent to Australia as gifts, and at Meeting 152

(held on December 11) it was decided that a deputation should wait on the Minister for Customs to seek clarification of the position. Support was offered by American fans, some even suggesting that U.N.O. should be petitioned. Happily, however, the blitz eased off, and the Society decided it would be wisest not to provoke the Customs further. A New Zealand fan, Thomas G.L. Cockcroft, attended this meeting.

On January 26, 1950, Solntseff was elected both Director and Secretary, Paynter Treasurer and Williams Librarian. No further meetings were held until March 26, when it was decided to prepare two double-sided 12 in. records for playing at the Eighth World Convention to be held at Portland, Oregon. These would provide just under 20 minutes speaking time. The discs were duly made, under the supervision of Stirling Macoboy, and created quite a hit at the Convention.

In April, it was found that fourteen fans, including several F.S.S. members, were doing various courses at the University of Sydney. Accordingly, the Sydney University Futurian Society was formed, but only two or three meetings were held. Thereafter pressure of studies, plus lack of advertising, prevented a quorum being attained, and, in accordance with University rules, the Society automatically ceased to exist.

At the next meeting of the F.S.S., held on May 6, Molesworth reported that Treasurer Paynter had left for England, and Librarian Williams was returning to Lismore. It was decided there would be no point in electing new executives, and Solntseff was authorised to take over the Treasury and Library funds and property for safekeeping. The Society was now virtually defunct.

When Solntseff collected the Library, it was found that during the period of inactivity a considerable number of books and magazines had disappeared. A Meeting called on May 25 and attended by ten fans probed the matter, deciding ultimately that the only action the Society could take was to collect the remnants of the Library and ascertain what was missing. It was determined later that the Library had dwindled from 30 books and 287 magazines to six books and 90 magazines!

Although it had taken a catastrophe to bring these ex-members together, an attempt was made to capitalise on the situation and re-establish the club's former membership and activity. An eight-point plan, providing for a strong Chairman, meetings once a month at some place where a single table could be used, reduced fees, better Library facilities, and a regular news bulletin, was put forward. These points were discussed by members and guests, and it was decided that a resuscitation of club activity was both desirable and practical. Accordingly, ten fans (including newcomers Michael McGuinness and David Ritchie) attended a special meeting on June 1.

Veney, who presided, said the Society, if reformed should not interfere with the normal Thursday night meetings. Six or eight people were turning up regularly to these gatherings and they would continue to do so, come what may. Russell said people turned up on Thursday nights to talk, but not necessarily about science fiction. Macoboy said he personally did not want to attend on Thursdays to discuss club matters. Disorderly

20.

argument followed on the desirability or otherwise of meeting at the Mariposa or somewhere else.

Molesworth said that to test the feeling of the meeting he would formally move the disbandment of the Society and the dispersal of its property. This was seconded by McGuinness. Opposing the motion, Macoboy said he felt it would be a pity to disband the club after all the effort that had been put into it in the past. "Although I am not interested in organisation I realise that there are people who are," he said. "I feel that the machinery for formal activity exists, and rather than consign it to the scrap-heap we should keep it repaired and oiled." McGuinness, supporting the motion, said that the present gathering seemed to be loaded down with past impressions. "If we could start with a clean sheet we might be able to get something done." Ritchie, opposing, said that a permanent society required a small but important alteration in the Constitution to provide a purpose, political or economic, to benefit members as individuals from the existence of a corporate body.

Russell moved, seconded Sawyer, an amendment that the Society be disbanded and its Library administered by a Trust organisation. The speakers for the motion were Russell and Molesworth; against, Macoboy and Ritchie. A motion to apply the gag was defeated 6 - 3. In the resumed debate, Macoboy said the original motion was impossible because it violated all sense of honour. Molesworth said the core of the problem, after 2½ hours of bitter and acrimonious debate, remained untouched. In prewar days, when there was an abundance of magazines, the F.S.S. had been a discussion group with an interest in international fan activities. In the post war period, the F.S.S. had been a magazine market, divisible into buyers (passive fans) and sellers (those active enough to write overseas and get magazines). Either the club returned to its prewar days of discussion or it resumed aggressive action. Stone said he could see no reason why anything was necessary beyond a drive for recruits. Russell withdrew the amendment, and the motion was altered to read: "This meeting recommends to the F.S.S. that it consider winding up its affairs." After three-quarters-of-an-hours fierce and disorderly debate, the gag was applied and the motion was carried, 6 in favour, 4 against. Veney said the matter had now become purely a club affair and there was nothing the meeting could do. He vacated the Chair.

Resuming the discussion, Macoboy said it was evident there was a greater amount of interest being taken in the club, although nothing concrete had been arrived at. Stone said that if new blood were enlisted the club could carry on as it had done in the past. Solntseff said he could not carry the combined load of the four executive positions much longer. Molesworth said fans had to act as a team or refrain from expecting one or two people to do all the work for them.

On June 22, Solntseff reported to the 159th meeting of the Society that the conference had failed to reach agreement on a revival of club activity, but it had recommended that the club should hand its Library over to a Trust to consist of seven trustees, who would look after and administer

the Library for the benefit of Australian fandom. Macoboy moved, Solntseff seconded, that this recommendation be adopted. The motion was carried and a transfer document signed.

Some days afterwards the F.S.S. Library Trust was established with Larnach, Macoboy, Molesworth, Russell, Solntseff, Stone and Veney as Trustees. Russell became Chairman, Veney Secretary, and Solntseff Librarian. Some seventy books and 200 magazines were handed over.

Only one further meeting of the F.S.S. took place in 1950. This was No. 160, held on August 13, at which Molesworth was elected Director and Solntseff Secretary-Treasurer. Membership had fallen to four full members and ten associates, and the prospect of resuscitation seemed remote. Nevertheless it was decided to keep the machinery intact and carry on with a restricted programme, which would include meetings when possible, and an irregular news-sheet. Only one issue appeared, however. This was The Sydney Futurian, Vol.2, No.1, dated September, 1950, in a 4-page 8vo printed format.

But although the postwar organisational bubble had burst, there was no cessation of individual activity. In Perth, Roger N. Dard issued a one-shot 12 pp. photolithographed fanzine, Star Rover. In Sydney, Nick Solntseff had published a 12 pp. folded foolscap duplicated fanzine, Woomera.

In September, 1950, Vol Molesworth purchased a new Adana printing press, and registered the business name "Futurian Press", the object being to publish limited editions and select fantasy.

Very soon a group of fans began to gather at Molesworth's home every Saturday afternoon, to help in printing activities, to discuss science fiction generally, to use the Library, and to have tea en masse afterwards. Keenest supporters were Nick Solntseff and Roy Williams. The first printed book, S.L. Larnach's Checklist of Australian Fantasy, was released at a cocktail party on October 29, attended by thirteen fans, including A. Bertram Chandler.

Meanwhile, the regular Thursday night gatherings continued at the Sun Si Gai, but no further attempts were made to set up a formal organisation.

End of Part III.

---

ooooOoooo

ODE ON A YOUNG MUSE

We who have walked where the stars burn savage white,  
And the fabric of Forever is strained in our hold,  
Who have seen golden ages burn more bright  
Than the myths of a maggot history in the mould,  
And Hells more poignant than burning lakes of flame,  
We who've seen Life in horrid nightmare form,  
Yet called it Life, and loved it fearlessly,  
Seen Mankind in his shame,  
Crawling through his refuse like a worm,  
Or, God-like, glorious, rising peerlessly -

We who have walked where none have walked before,  
Smelt scents, heard sounds, seen things more rich and chaste,  
Than grace our likely dreams, and so much more  
Compelling than our daily wheel of waste,  
We who have known the harrows of the night,  
And seen our meaning stamped on empty void,  
And held the hollow deeps within our hands,  
And the rainbow height  
Of ruthless hopes that cannot be destroyed -  
We cannot turn our thoughts to lesser lands!

We that serve no prophets and no creed,  
Collecting prophecies like golden corn,  
Ours is a grim and cold and subtle need  
That drives us from the daylight to the dawn,  
Ours is a jealous muse to hold us fast,  
To make her sisters' realms a waste of breath,  
Shallow and empty, - and hers so full and deep!  
The vaults of space are vast,  
Vast as all the halls of life and death,  
Wherein all stars and beings wake and sleep.

::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::

## FOUR DEPARTURES

Deep in the pearly paths of a far: green sea,  
In the soft summer winds of a long forgotten day,  
The Mer-folk sand from their shimmering sands  
But they sank with their song from the silent lands  
As the dusking world grew grey.

Oh sing for the songs and the myths of the sea,  
Sing for the seabirds flying free,  
For the cry of our Womb and our Destiny,  
In the tides that calls us home.  
And weep for the waste of its monstrous might,  
And its graceless death, and its bitter spite,  
And the stinking, poisoned foam.

In the tall mountains, the purple-shaded peaks,  
In dark, secret caverns guarding mounds of gold,  
The Dragons blinked their glittering eyes,  
Stretched gleaming winds under vaulted skies,  
Before their fire grew cold.

Oh sing for the mountains and caverned halls,  
Sing for the canyoned, skyward walls,  
For the thunder of winds and waterfalls,  
In steadfast chains of stone.  
And weep for the wealth that once lay below,  
And the wildwood ways that once used to grow,  
And the Dragons that just had to go  
When we broke the Earth's strong bone.

Gemmed under leaves and stars of ancient woods,  
In glades where lamps once quivered and soft shadows lay,  
The Elves danced at their feasting and sang,  
But as the bells in the havens rang,  
They sailed westward away.

Oh sing for the forests of peerless green,  
And stars more bright than we've ever seen,  
And the people that we might have been,  
If we'd come another way.  
And weep for the deserts where forests grew,  
Weep for the wilds our fathers knew,  
And a million stars that once shone through  
The filth that's here to stay.

From isles of ice to tropics green and gold,  
Their wide and kindly voices waking in the dawn,  
The Whales once roamed in their gently might,  
But now they too have reached the Night,  
And left our world forlorn.

Oh sing for the land and the sea and the air,  
Sing for love of the life we share,  
For all that is lost that was green and fair,  
And the light of the living Sun.  
And weep for the love it's too late to feel,  
And the gentle Whales who were all too real,  
And the World that we have won.

---

SENDER: Ron L Clarke  
6 Bellevue Rd.,  
Faulconbridge,  
NSW 2776  
Australia.

Postage Paid  
Faulconbridge  
NSW 2776

TO: MIKE & PAT MEARA  
61 BORROWASH RD  
SPONDON  
DERBY DE2 7QH  
U.K.

THE MENTOR

Registered for postage as a Publication - Category B.