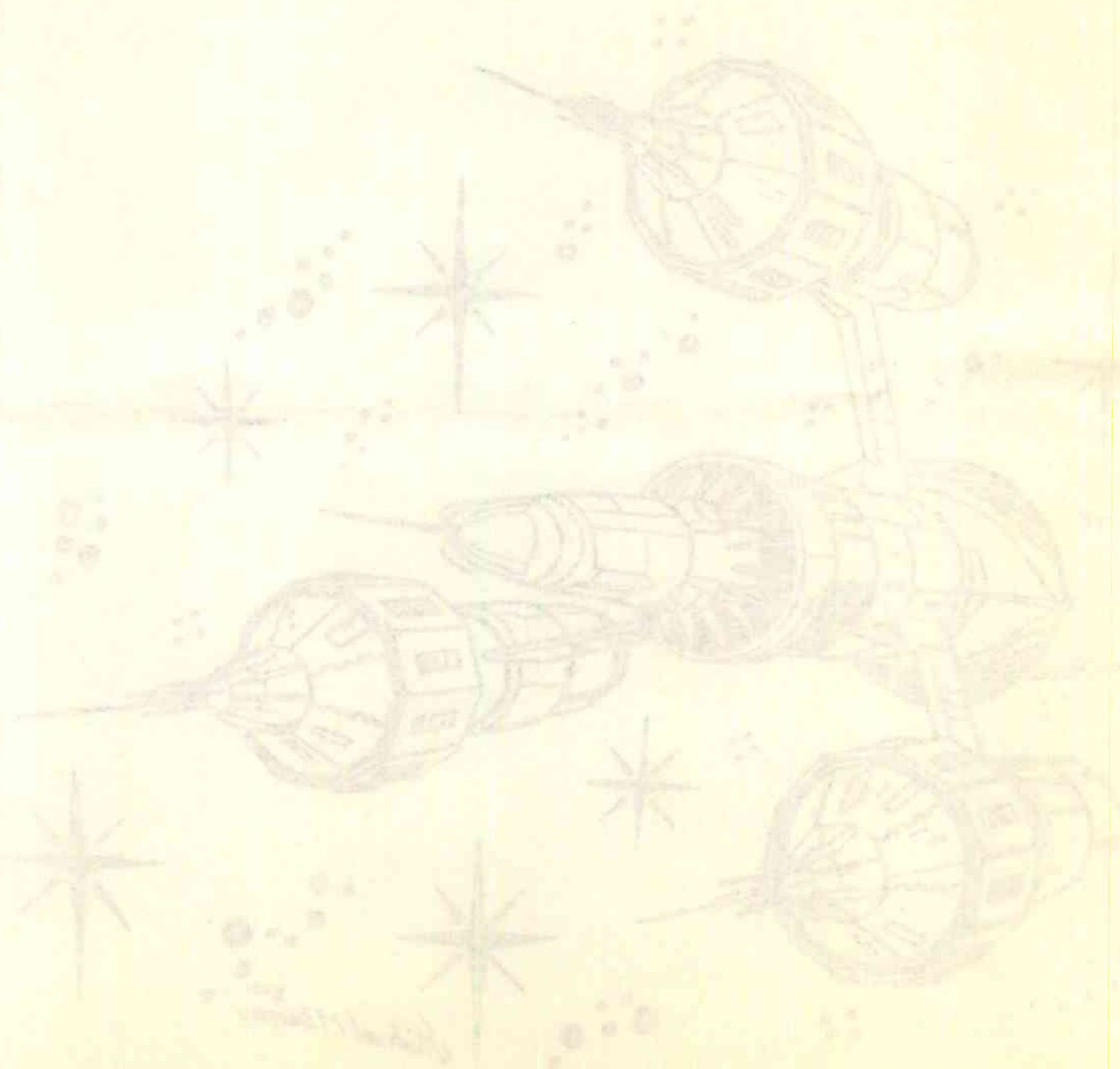


THE MENTOR



THE MENTOR

SCIENCE FICTION

February 1981

Number 29

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

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RON'S ROOST.

The Australian summer is drawing closer as I am typing this in mid December. The outside temperature is about 104°F and inside I've got the fan going. This is one of my week's Recreation Leave I got sick on last time, so I had it transferred to December (one week); the other week I am taking to go to Adelaide for their Con (which I sent my \$\$ to and haven't heard from - where's my receipt, huh?).

My 'read last two month's books' list is now four month's long, so I'll make short work of them here: The Best From F&SF 20th series; The Game-players of Zan - M A Foster; The Warriors of Dawn - ibid; The Sword & the Satchel

- Elizabeth Boyer; Macrolife - George Zebrowski; Atlan, The Serpent and The City - Jane Gaskell; The Others - Irving Greenfield; Star Probe - Joseph Green; The Immortals - James Gunn; Knave In Hand - Laurence Janifer; Time Snake and Superclown - Vincent King; The Jesus Incident - Frank Herbert and Bill Ransom; The Word for World is Forest - Ursula Leguin; Swords Against Death, The Worlds Of Fritz Leiber - Fritz Leiber; The Best of Murray Leinster - Murray Leinster; Night Fear - Frank Belknap Long; Master of the Hashomi, The Dragons of Englor - Richard Blade; This is the Way the World Begins, and Norman Conquest 2066 - J T McIntosh; All My Sins Remembered - Joe Haldeman; The Death God's Citadel - Juanita Coulson.

Most of the above are remainders - 25¢ and 35¢ from Woolworth's.

Fanzines Received also make an impressive list:

AUST - The Space Wastrel, V1, Np 5, Aug '80 - Warner & Loney; Ausfletter 1, Sept '80 - Roy Ferguson; Noumenon 58, July '80 - Brian Thurogood; Ank 7,8 and 9 - Seth Lockwood; Crabapple 16, 17, Aug, Nov '80 - Ken Ozanne; E B Lindsay 9 - Eric Lindsay; Forerunner V3, No 4,5, Sept, Oct '80 - Jack Herman; Porkchop - Marea Ozanne; Rhubarb 9, 10, Sept, Nov '80 - John Fox; S F Commentary 59, Apr. '80 - Bruce Gillespie; Aust. S F News 20, Sept/Oct '80 - Merv Binns; The Cygnus Chronicler V2 No 4, Sept '80 - Neville Angove; Crux 3 - Michael Hailstone; Q36D, Sept '80 - Marc Ortlieb; Echo Beach Qtly 4, Oct '80 - Marc Ortlieb; Space Age Newsletter 43, Oct '80 - Merv Binns; Positron + 5, Oct '80 - Gary Rawlings; Science Fiction V2 no 3, Aug '80 - Van Ikin; Boyant Strudel 1, Nov '80 - Mike Schaper; Gegenschein 39, Nov '80 - Eric Lindsay; Cypher 3, Nov '80 - Sonny Collins; Forbidden Worlds, Oct '80, no 1 - R Mapson; Aussiecon 5th Memorial Fanzine, Aug '80 - Jean Weber;

O'SEAS: Nabu 9 - Ian & Janice Maule; Il Wombato, various, Jan Howard Finder; Erq 71, - Terry Jeeves; The Spang Blah 20 - Jan Howard Finder; S F Horizons - 3 - Keith & Rosemary Walker; Napalm In The Morning 1 & 2 - Joseph Nicholas; Intermediate Vector Bostons 2 - Harry Andruschak; S F Echo 28 - Ed Connor; Zelok 5, 3 - Forlaget Bactrianus; SFD 19 - Skel & Cas Skelton; Yandros 250 & 251 - Buck and Juanita Coulson;

There are quite a few Aussie fanzines published, aren't there? Which brings me to the topic of this issue's editorial: Aussie pro publishing. I will only talk about those I have actually seen. First, the prozines. There are two which you could call prozines: Crux, published by Michael Hailstone at P O Box 45, Kings Cross, NSW 2011, for \$6 per year, single copies \$1.50; and Futuristic Tales, published by Don Boyd and Ray Maultsaid of P O Box 19, Spit Junction, NSW 2088, published quarterly, no subs, single issues \$1.60 from newsagents. Crux is folded foolscap and 104 pp; Futuristic Tales is comic sized and 34 pp. Both are fairly recent promotions. Crux is fairly hard to find, other than at Galaxy, Futuristic Tales is available most newsagents.

What else is being published in Australia. If you go by the advertisements there is a lot. Most of it coming out of Victoria. I decided to do the rounds of most of Sydney's bookshops (Swains, Dymocks, A & R, Galaxy) and see just what Australian material they had on sale, as I did not remember seeing much at all.

I could not find one hardcover book on display and the only soft-cover was one published by A & R and could be found in the bookshops selling

.....

LIFE ROW

BY JOHN K. PLAYFORD.

.....

Onmac called. I had to go to Surface.

The soothing rhythm of MUSIC changed. It's subtle, strange beat moved from seductive to forceful. Onmac had called, and I had to go to Surface. The MUSIC flowed through my pleasure centres, urgent and insistent. Once, I knew, I had hated it. But how long could one hold out? Sometime during the endless ages under Onmac I had succumbed.

To the devil with danger. (Devil? The word carried no associations. The memory must belong to the far past. It must have been a very persistent image, a very dogged phrase.) I swayed reluctantly to the MUSIC, and my fingers began to shake. How I hate you, Onmac! Hate! Hate! Hate! Torture me for all eternity and my despair will never overtake my hate. Never! Never! I resigned myself to Surface as well as I could while the other three floated numbly on their bars, their faces nearly peaceful in sleep. The MUSIC stopped when we slept. That touch of pleasure, I suppose, made the torture worse.

Once there had been more of us. Now there were only Holee, Bloch and Hellja, plus myself.

"Andru!" said Onmac. It's voice reverberated in my skull. I will never give you a sex, fiend. The voice is in my skull, actually. Holee assures me she can never hear it when Onmac does not wish her to. Sometimes I used to wish she was lying.

"To Surface, to Surface."

Pain exploded in me.

I bit off a scream and jumped down from the floatbar. The others were still curled around theirs, green shafts of light that somehow eliminated the press of gravity. It made sex more interesting, but I never enjoyed sex. Not after what Onmac did to Bloch for trying to escape. Not when it is watching. Poor Bloch — when he could feel at all, he felt jealousy at my manhood.

Why must I be the one to go to Surface? Always me. Me. Still... it is better not to ask. I felt I had asked before and paid for my impertinence.

The MUSIC was more demanding than ever, drowning out all thought,

even hate. I ran. My legs felt somehow unconnected with me now —

Pain, pain, pain.

"Hurry! I watch you every microsecond and time is precious to me, Andru. I was made that way. You understand my position? Good."

Pain.

Madly I scrambled forwards towards the airlock. There were the undersuits hanging on the racks, dozens of them. I donned mine clumsily. Then I packed the various implements onto the oversuit. The others had difficulty in understanding their purposes nowadays. Perhaps that was why I was always picked.

I half sighed, trembling in anticipation of more pain, and turned back to the oversuit. Blood was splattered on the airlock. Onmac id not permit ink. It was old and crusted. Staring at the blood it became legible.

One century

Two centuries — I cut my wrists

But ONMAC will stop me dying again and repair me.

Three? Three? So long. Kill me God.

IIII

Yes, the blood was very old. A faint memory stirred. Perhaps, long ago, I had written the last message.

The oversuit enveloped me. Huge and heavy, like a metal skin, it protected me for Surface. Opening the airlock I stopped through. Onmac could see through the television screen, just as I could. Carefully I checked the instruments attached to the oversuit; rifle, communications, special sensors, and other equipment. Then I started up the stairway and passed the second door of the airlock. I was going to search for survivors. How Onmac believed there could be life under the Bloodwind I did not know.

But then, Onmac was mad.

The MUSIC had become soothing yet tense. Calm, yet preparing me for action. My exoskeleton-like oversuit amplified my muscle movements, shifted its heavy bulk up the concrete stairs.

Soon the air became thick with dust. The oversuit shifted slightly now and then, and I knew the wind pressure was building up. Abruptly I stepped out of the stairway, onto the Surface. The Bloodwind grabbed me and hurled me to the ground, forcing the air out of my lungs. I had been undercautious.

I picked myself up, swaying under the Bloodwind which threatened to pick me up and spin me through space. There would be much pain before Onmac would inevitably recover and repair me. After all, I could remember trying that way out at least four times. Even inside my protective suit I could hear the howling of the Bloodwind faintly.

The sky was red, a terrible bright red. Real adrenalin flowed through me and I felt almost human. The brown horizon merged almost imperceptibly into the sky. Around me there was little in the way of landscape, but I trudged towards a low, sand-blown hill. How long would I last without the oversuit? The undersuit would supply me with oxygen, but my body would be crushed and buffeted, dragged along the ground by the Bloodwind. The thought was a sensual one.

"Go to the target," said Onmac. On the television screen giving me my view of the Surface a yellow dot appeared. I moved the oversuit towards it. The MUSIC diminished slightly, allowing me to concentrate. Of all of us, Holee was the only one who loved the MUSIC with all her being. We liked it. What else could we do? But she had always worshipped it. The MUSIC and the chemicals Onmac pours into us make us its slaves.

Why was it that I loved Holee, then? I wondered if I was perverse. It was no longer love anyway, only the terror of loneliness. Onmac cannot love. It can only hate, after a fashion.

The Bloodwind was very strong. So much so I found I had to get down on hands and knees and crawl. That damaged the suit. Worse than that, my neck ached where I bent it backwards in order to peer into the television screen. How the pain could seep through my drugged body was beyond me; when Onmac sent pain, it sent it directly to the brain.

The target grew and slowly became an indistinct blob.

"Be very careful, Andru. I want you to get to that. It may be the Enemy."

I sobbed once. Curse Onmac! There was no Enemy. If only they had given it some other motivation... the thought evaporated, my mind became fogged again. The Surface seemed endless. No, it was endless in a way, The land was the surface of a sphere, wasn't it? Yes. Across the howling desert another image was superimposed by my mind. Greens and blues and whites and browns. Growing things. My head ached with the memory.

Leafy lanes...

Bustling traffic...

Children, old people. lovely death...

"Stop it. You must not malfunction. You must reach the target."

I realized I had stopped. The MUSIC suddenly blared full-blast in my skull and my muscles shook randomly to its pounding. I began to shuffle forward again. Tears were flowing down my face. I felt sure those memories had been real. They were almost - immediate. Why did we kill the life? Why was the air poison, the sky red, the Bloodwind howling over the dusty, brown earth? I knew there had been bombs. Atomic bombs? That sounded familiar. And a special virus. Now I remembered. The virus had killed all life, even in the sea.

The target was almost close enough to see properly. Onmac made it clearer. It was box shaped, deep black on the edges and white elsewhere. What could it possibly be? For one eternal instant I remembered hope. Others? Others alive? Alive?

"The Enemy, Andru. How glorious! I have rehooked my patriotism circuits as programmed. Listen carefully. You will take the box attached to the oversuit and place it on the Enemy construction. You will then return."

"What will it do?" I asked Onmac fearfully.

"Since you are entering a combat zone and risking life and limb I am permitted to tell you, Andru. The box will release a very small amount of anti-matter, destroying the Enemy. It is our secret weapon, though I am being careful to limit it on this occasion. Unfortunately, I was not instructed to use it in the last combat encounter, seven hundred and twelve years ago. Do you think I

should go ahead with this, Private Andru Turner XX3216294-A1 Draftee? I am unable to contact the President or Subcommanders."

"What?"

"Should I blow up the construction? It will reveal our secret weapon."

"What?"

"Never mind, I am authorized to do so under Condition Zebra Nine. That is, now. Carry on, Andru."

I moved closer to the mysterious cuboid structure. Oh, let there be other humans alive! Not another machine like Onmac. I would not set the box if there were humans —

Pain bursting ripping pain suffocating
needling searing pain.

"You will set the box!"

The oversuit had reached the construction, which acted as a windbreak. I could see faint lines in places. Doors? Windows? I unclipped the box from the side of the oversuit. Onmac would detonate it after I'd placed it, I supposed. Somehow I had to avoid thought. To think of the box would be to think of consequences I could do nothing about. The MUSIC was soothing. No more pain, please Onmac.

"Do... do I have to, Onmac?"

"What is my name, soldier?"

"Onmac."

"My Name!"

"I can't remember!" I screamed, and blubbered to myself.

"Overall Nuclear forces and Mobile Action Computer."

"Yes! Yes! Yes!"

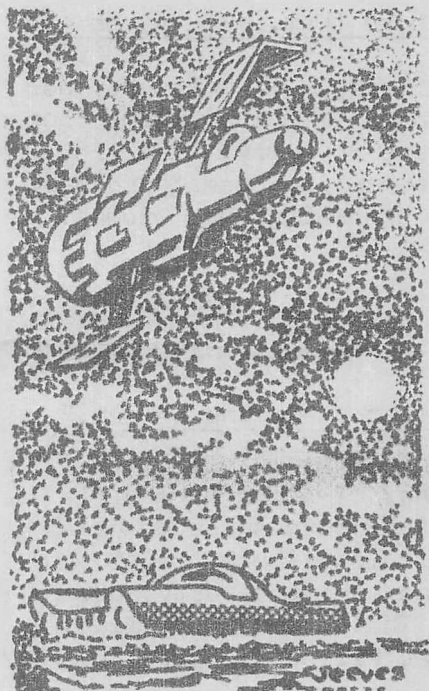
"Good. This is war, Andru. War is Hell. I am sympathetic as to your problem, but we must all make sacrifices. Go to it, buddy boy. Remember, there are backroom lads who need protection. Women and children. None of us are exactly bright-eyed or bushy-tailed, but we do our best."

"They're all dead," I whispered. Onmac said nothing. Slowly I placed the weapon on the side of the huge cube, which dwarfed me. The side seemed slightly crusty, a flaky white.

Suddenly the bomb was plucked away. It shot out of my viewscreen. The next thing I knew I was immobile. I began to shout. I couldn't move. The MUSIC had gone.

"What's happening, Onmac?"

My television screen was blank. I was stuck out here. Onmac would



get me eventually. I would not die, but I would have hours of horror before I was recovered. Even the pain would be better. Oddly, I felt I was moving. It couldn't be. Then there was a crushing feeling that was so bad I almost passed out. Perhaps I would die. I savored the thought. After a long time the oversuit began to open. Either Onmac had got me back, or.... what? I felt very light now. Slowly my eyes adjusted to the light. I was in a room, a bright, white room. I was floating! How? Something faced me.

A woman.

I collapsed. When I was revived I began to shake. My body was strapped to an odd chair. The woman looked at me; her shoes were clipped to the floor. She spoke carefully in a weirdly accented voice.

"Who are you? Why are you alive. Why did you try to destroy us?"

"Onmac," I croaked, and began to cry. The tears moved off into the air, little globules which drifted slowly. She spoke to a console. Information flashed onto its screen - lots of words. Another person came forward - a man. He spoke to the woman in some unknown language. I could not get over the woman. For so many years there had been exactly four types of humanity: myself, Holee, Hellja, and Bloch. Now there were six at least.

"Is Onmac a war computer?" she asked. I thought about it a while and nodded. She spoke to the man again.

"Is it sentient? Can it think?" she questioned.

I nodded, almost laughing hysterically. What a stupid question.

"Are there any other survivors?"

"Three," I said. "My companions. Who are you?"

She smiled, talked to the man once more, and then replied.

"Poor man, we are Martians. We are in space now, orbiting your planet. Long ago our ancestors survived the breakage of ties with Earth. The Martian colony expanded. You are free of the war computer now. We must destroy it. It is mad - improperly programmed."

"Yes. The computer is too dangerous, too powerful. We are sorry."

"Why?"

She frowned at this question.

"How long have you been under the computer?"

"Always."

She looked at the man and whispered. The man looked at her.

"Do you want to die?"

"Yes," I said eagerly. An end, an end! Happiness!

"You will be kept alive. I think you will change your mind. At the moment you are not rational. But your friends will welcome release, at least."

Turning around she spoke to the console. It flashed brightly three times.

"We have just activated an anti-matter bomb which we left on the surface."

Later, hours later, I was lying in a hammock, which held me lightly against a wall. They had told me I had brain damage, but it wasn't permanent.

Why couldn't I have died with the others? Sweet death, where are you?

I waited for the MUSIC to begin. It never would. I waited for the mechanical arms and the injections of food and drugs. They'd never come.

My fist raised itself and smashed into the wall, again and again. I wanted to tear my own guts out. I hated you! my mind screamed. I did! You vile machine, I wanted to escape.

But the terrifying thing is I didn't. Onmac has won.

"Onmac, please," I shouted, pounding my pillow. The words echoed insanely in the room. "I need you, I need you, I need you."

- The End -

—o00o—

SUPPORT THE LUCKY COUNTRY -

(IMITATIONS PROSECUTED)

VOTE "A IN '83"!

#####

"WOULD I MARRY A FAN"

- OR, WHAT A DIABOLICAL LIBERTY!

B Y B O B S M I T H .

#####

I understand that a Certain Fannish Personage is asking this question, presumably in the hope that many varied, fascinating and perhaps even slightly risque replies will be forthcoming for their soon to appear and eagerly anticipated Certain Fanzine. The question does conjure up all sorts of interesting answers - depending, of course, on who is asked... For example, if one was to enquire of a Person From The Mundane World who appeared to have some of those qualities commonly lumped under the heading 'Intelligence', the following might ensue:

Fannish Interviewer : "Sir/Madam, would you marry a Fan?"

Sir/Madam: "Well... I have known quite a few Fans in my time - there was that noisy monster that gyrated wildly but spread nothing but hot air, and... oh, you know some like that too, huh? And then there was the one I called 'M' - a trifle square, one of those Quiet Types, something almost cosmic about his slowly rotating slats that spread a cool message, and ... what's this? 'Sounds like a Degler'? Well, I've never heard of a Fan called 'Degler' but I guess it takes all makes to fake a Fan. As for marry-ing one. Well, we do like in pretty kinky times, I must admit, but the prospect of spending my life with a fan somehow does not bode well for the Future. I might, under exceptional marital circumstances, consider spending some time with an electric massage device, but... Hey! I say, where are you girls off to...?"

Yes, well, we could find endless variations of that, couldn't we? On the other hand, of course, asking a male fan that question could produce equally amusing answers:

Fannish Interviewer: "Would you marry a Fan?"

Male Fan (and just to make it interesting we'll make him a reasonably intolerant BNF) : "Hmmm... (fixes interviewer with frosty grin and steely glint - an interesting combination).. Male or female fan, M'Dear? Now, in my Good Old Fannish Days the femmefan knew her place in our fascinating but slightly totalitarian microcosm, and there had been the female hoax of Seventh Fandom that made us realise the femmefan had to be watched carefully. Which we do, of course. Sigh, luvverly, some of 'em. But now you are asking me if I would marry a Fan, and you must be more specific - there

is a bit of differences, y'know. Haw! Haw! Uh, what? What strange creatures these femmefans are - beanies twirling madly, they stalk away from me without the customary mini-curtsey to a BNF. We really must watch 'em..."

Had enough? (Well, you shouldn't ask such damn silly questions then, should you?)

But, let us be all seriously, fannishly constructive about this question, and examine it from the mature heights us fans are supposed to exist on. Us male fans, that is...

If this Certain Femmefan has asked the right females, then of course the results could be both interesting and entertaining, not to mention revealing as all get out. I, personally, have mixed feelings about this. It means, among other things, that there are sufficient female fans in Aussie Fandom for the question to be asked: an absolutely terrifying thot! It means that there are females thoroughly familiar with the peculiar race of beings known as "Fans"; how can we be high-minded and slannish if All Is Revealed to the Female of the Species, Homo Sap? And of course to all those male fans sensitive to such matters the niggling part of this femmefans' question is that she asked femmefans; and presumably leaves us to form our own conclusions as to what we -- the male fans -- would do: would we marry a fan...?



We are at a distinct disadvantage, depending on how old we are and our length of servitude in Fandom, and disregarding the Certain Femmefan's attempt to fill up her forthcoming Certain Fanzine with titillating exposes, this question probably

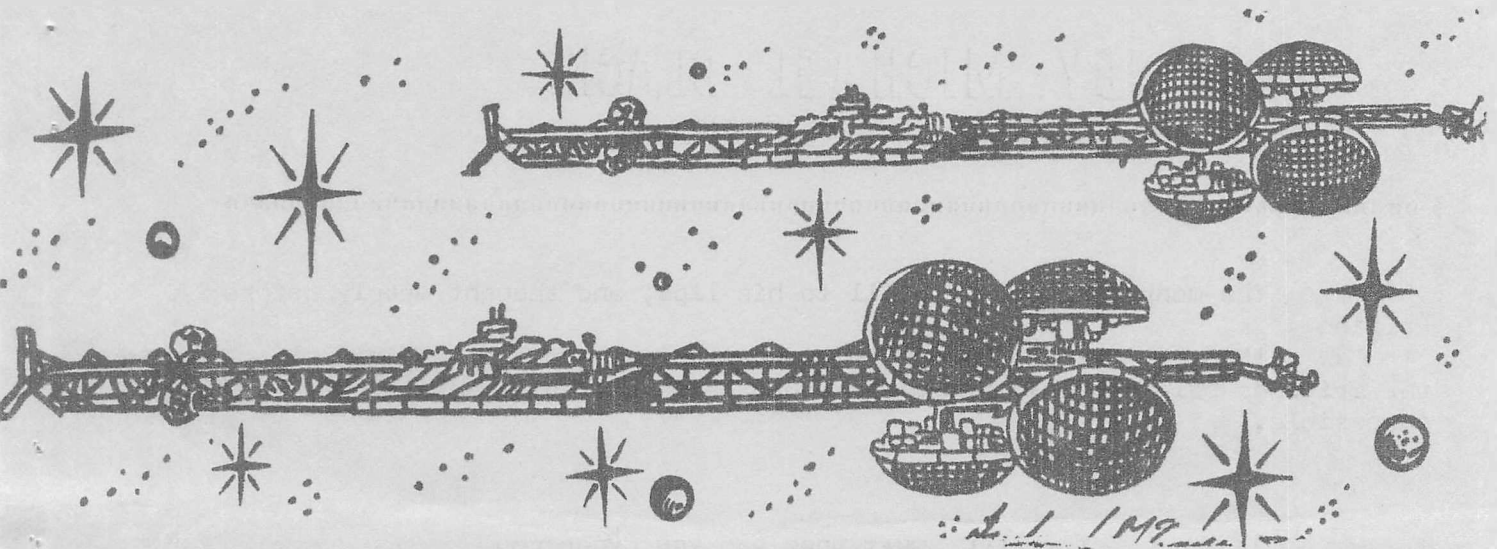
heralds a significant time in the history of Australian Fandom. It is time, among male fans, for deep and fearful reflection upon the outcome...

What guide-lines should we use in studying the Phenomona of the Femme? Where should we start, in this unbiased look at the Remarkable Rise of the Irrepressible Femme?

In this country we tend to link the sudden rise of the femmefan population with Star Trekism, whereas I would venture the opinion that in the United States, for example, the event of Star Trek was fairly evenly distributed through SF Fandom, with some semi-hysterics at times from people like Harlan Ellison, etc. The sudden appearance of lotsa fannish Star Trek enthusiasts in this country could be compared, I am rash enough to suggest, with the early metamorphosis of Forry Ackerman's 'Monster' cult and its bewildering impact upon the average member of Fandom. I refer to the somewhat over-enthusiastic adulation that those young fans showered upon their

Master and his Monsters - in Australia this seemed to move from fairly reasonably Star Trek ravings into the realm of Sinatra-bobby-soxers-like fits of the vapours for certain BNFs....

- Bob Smith.



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

N O W A V A I L A B L E -

"A HISTORY OF AUSTRALIAN FANDOM 1935-1963" BY VOL MOLESWORTH

Only some 35 copies still left. Stiff covers, illustrated with photos, 92 pages. \$3 each (including postage) from the publishers of this fanzine.

VIGNETTE

BY MICHAEL BLACK.

The monk touched his quill to his lips, and thought deeply before writing:

'N.B. Any resemblance to any recognisable person or thing in the writings below is unintended and would be regrettable were it not impossible.'

I. WELL, WHAT MORE HAD YOU EXPECTED?

(Definitions: O.E.D.) ALDERSON, n., Arch., Fabled, primitive, lost planet, spoken of in legends of the Cambridge Tribe (sic.).
PLANET, n., Gk., Wanderer.

II. ELEGY

Alderson, Home-planet, my thoughts return to you in reverie, far-
Orbiting, as you do now, The Hoyle-Tree¹, bathing in Its Infra-Red
Emissions at the centre of the Universe;
To wander again
Only when next Those Monumental Fires surge
Through the Universe; big
Bangs bursting open The Hoyle-
Pods, hurling Their Seeds abroad as
New planets; The
Shattered Pods becoming stars; The
Smoke, gas clouds or dark
Nebulae; and The Ashes, black
Holes; The Embers, comets or
Meteors, until they cease to
Glow, and resume a staid
Existence as dead moons,
Asteroids or planets.

(Author's note: See footnote¹. Now that the Hoyle-Tree has been mentioned and explained, we can, henceforth, tacitly assume it as part of the status-quo.)

III. REVERIE.

With your fluorescent-green deserts, deep electric blue coloured rivers and streams (or, where you were now, frozen big and little glaciers), phosphorescent-purple mountains and neon-magenta tracks criss-crossing your occasionally-dotted-with-flambent-sulphur-yellow-ochre surface; naught but a slender shadow of your sibillant former self. (Reader: lick lips before proceeding further.)

'I threw another xerogon on the shimmering pile, turned to my nearby near-boiling Billy, and opined:

"Ah, recall those golden days, lit by the dying glow of a Yellow Sol, when we used to watch, with youthful eyes, those groups of fossickers descend upon the Sapphire-fields beyond our town, to search to find the oldest streams' beds, and there to dig, (I'm getting dizzy), and scrape from out the oldest rocks, to sieve and wash their hearts' desires, the zircons, topaz, rubys, sapphires?"

"You remember Bill, Clem, the Mayor for the last five ellipses, who owned all those fields and the stream (round from the 'Stock Reserve' camp-sight? Each three months he'd go up to town and buy back from Zdysnia, (try to find the acronym in that!)), the coloured bits and pieces, plus a few more, and all the town would pitch in, with their bulk machinery, and rebuild a differently-oriented replica of the 'field'. Ours was the only town left on Alderson when the townsfolk finally decided to retire, satisfied, with all the money spent in their shops on essential supplies by the avid would-be prospectors!"

Bill, I think, grunted, but the gesture was unmistakable. I threw more xerogon into the diminished shimmer beneath his 'four-litre-pot water-seat (immersion-heated.')

"Probably most exciting," I continued, "was that day, before the town retired, when a last-ditch, (or should that be last-rille, - geography's a Terran art), effort was made, in typically uncoordinated, internecines (there! At last, I've used that word without a mention of Scotlands canals!), fashion to put us out of business."

"Smithy, Clem's somewhat look-alike, but distant, cousin, was CERR-ed, at the intersection of John Street and Jay Avenue, (no, I'm not being political, not even polemic), in the first round of a prolonged series of similar incidents, (Note how the pen never leaves the nib - it's not yet Autumn). Bill and I were on the spot within a half-day (very quick off the mark are we!) but not a trace of a 44D nor 44E could we find - nor Oil company, not even a broken-nosed, pock-marked, expended Hayden Shell. (Pollution had taken

1. The Hoyle's were the only Human or Otherwise Cosmograp hers to make such a thoroughgoing, extensive and profound Irrational foundation, to their Rational overlay, as to be able to successfully envisage at least a glimpse of the true nature of Existence. As Homo sapiens' thought (except John Michell's) is the only one to even vaguely resemble ours we named The Tree thus.

care of what little there was!) Most important for us all was that John Street was that along which Bill and I made our way to school from our homes. We were now famous - our Street had its own murder - and by The Mob, too! (As they all come from Canberra, maybe that should only be "the mob"?).

Lest it be thought, of course, that Alderson was truly his home base, the monk here once more dipped his quill finger in the inky pouch of the sleeping well, curled upon his feathered feet and began to record now the more interesting tale he had heard from his friend, a rather down-on-wings archangel he knew as 'Mick'. As it was not his own recollections but Mick's, the monk headed the anecdote:

IV HIS STORY.

Mick knew when he wanted to get to, as where was his present location, but he longed to be there again to undo actions in his past he now regretted. Specifically he had wronged a maiden, not once but many times. Youth then might have explained, though not excused, his behaviour. But now he believed it was in his power to make amends, this was a duty he must perform.

So he moved to the T.A.B. computer, depressed switches 'Aries', 'Scorpio', 'Leo' and activated filters 'Sol', 'Luna', 'Argo' and 'Centaurus'. Then he strapped himself down in his C.B.F.S. cocoon and, depressing the safety control-lever switch, rotated it, let it rise up all the way and turned it back again on the control-lever's stalk. The cocoon cover slowly slid across, darkening his view, as the cocoon tilted into a horizontal position and Mick, simultaneously, was lulled into deep sleep by a special stimulation of his cochleas. His unconscious had the time of its existence.

Almost at once, it seemed, he awakened, refreshed, and, disengaging the control-lever, unstrapped himself from the upright cocoon, its upper dark shell fully withdrawn. The lights and instruments of the C.B.F.S. were exuberantly awake to a new, if older, life. (Or should that be younger? Mick mused for a moment.)

The viewscreens were alive to the natural-colour holograms which had made C.B.F.S. Associates their name upon their inception, as reports, on everyone's TV screens, in 3-D, natural-colour images of the centre of the sun which had first announced to the world the technological marvels of an organisation, centuries ahead of everyone else, who had completed their grand tour of the universe and decided to return to their home planet and display a few of their wares. John and Gabrielle had been less keen on such a P.T. Barnum-style announcement, feeling a simple demonstration of such mundane procedures as a 3-D, natural-colour, magnified tour through a living body, organ by organ, examining the brain, adrenal cortex, etc., from inside out, cell by cell, would have been more appropriate. But Mick was always a rebel, had opted for a full, panoramic view of the electromagnetic 'rivers' coiling their way up through the sun, enlarging whilst creating solar flares, emitting cosmic rays and so forth, as this would be more spectacular and on a grander scale, whilst no-one else had ever conceived of a vehicle capable of such a voyage, let alone such a transmission system as the C.B.F.S. Scener used. As he had begun the Association, no one demurred.

Mick stretched his legs, feet, arms, fingers and unfurled his wings, segment by segment. Wait a moment, he thought to himself, and went through the stretching again. He glanced behind his shoulders. Yes, they were there.

He had told Sheryl it would not work. She had said "Press this and that and that, activate such and such and such, and, hallelujah? - (he'd meant to say: "Bingo!" there, he was certain) - he backed up to the cocoon, tilted it to a reclining position, and sat there, eyes closed until his wings began to ache.

"Bless me!" he said beatifically. There it was again. (He'd meant to say a somewhat louder, and definitely more colourful, phrase).

'Well,' he thought, 'I've been translated into heaven.' (He was certain he'd meant to say: "They've done me in this time!") 'I suppose I'd better begin to enjoy eternity? (This thought surely began as "I'd better get out and see if I am back in 1963 with Janice, cuddling her breasts tightly with one hand while...")

"Bless me!" he said again ("Damn! Well, I'd better get up and have a gander at the landscape.")

There was a certain explanatory aspect to the vista that met his gaze. When he had finished painfully picking burrs from his many splendoured wings (many "Bless me!" later) he had found that he was standing more-or-less three quarters of the way up a sloping cactus-like gray plant which was covered with rows of small scales and descending spirals of orange four-petalled flowers. The plant was about forty feet high and sparsely surrounded by immense tree ferns of a variety Mick had never known. He was, however, no botanist, so the only aspects of the scene which he considered truly odd were a large cave in a nearby cliff of parti-coloured rock, the fact that the CBFS had obviously emerged from the time-transition almost-entirely-inside the plant, and most significantly, that there was an immense, green-grey dinosaur-like hugeness with many long sharp teeth, a widely-gaping mouth, and two very large eyes, nearby, looking with interest at him.

"I'm not sure I read about this in Dante." ('Jesus, I'm sure not in heaven, but it's not hell either!'). Mick leapt back into the CBFS through the half-open hatch. The shock of seeing the reality of his surroundings had brought his landing-shocked senses into proper functioning. He tore off his ripped, white jacket, pressed the 'hatch-closer' and took down the time-reference from the shelf above the control panel. Opening it with the thumb-tab 'plants', he rippled through until he found a picture similar to the plant the vehicle was in. 'A657081' was the 'time reference/location setting'. Now that his thoughts were becoming clearer, he did not bother consulting the 'animals' section, but turned to the 'general' guide at the beginning of the reference. To the 'time reference location code' for the 'desired time and place' on his crafts 'quick code finder' he rotated the 'transit arm' from the 'A567081' 'present location code'. 'G363020' was the 'control setting' the 'quick code finder' gave as the 'transition code'. To double-check, he looked up 'A657091' under 'animals'. No sign of a giant, toothed, dinosaur-like animal!

He quickly looked in the pages to either side. 'A656958' was the first on which he found such an animal. A quick re-check of the plants confirmed that the plant was present at this 'time-reference'. The new 'transition code' was 'G359901'. Without further ado, Mick entered these in the control panel 'alphanumeric selectors', (equivalents on the screen were 'Scorpio, Sagittarius, Taurus, Alpha Centauri, Pi Ceti, Regulus'), quickly

strapped himself into his cocoon and tapped the lighted control-lever 'Start' button. The green 'reset' appeared immediately; he held the button down, the red 'Collision', blue 'Personnel' then finally green 'Start' and then yellow 'Transition' lighted as Mick was quickly lulled to sleep. He dreamt of slowly roasting Sheryl over a gas flame.

Gary gave a sigh of relief as he took the last sheets from the typewriter, separated the pages and carbons, and thankfully closed the file covers on the original and copies of his first manuscript "The J & M Company Ltd - From Seafaring Family to Industrial World Leader in One Generation". Despite his intentions, this book would become a classic, not because of interest in the companies or individuals so carefully described and followed through history, but because of the many statistically analysed data therein, illustrating a revolutionary approach to the binomial theorem, and to basic probability theory. Gary, now a retired academic, luxuriating in his limousine or lounging by a swimming pool of one of his mansions, would, once in a while, reflect that, when he had been young, he had even thought of becoming a Franciscan, once!

Don awoke. He had heard a sound. Pulling his tattered clothes and rustling newspaper undergarments more tightly to him to drive out some of the cold, he opened one eye cautiously and peered out from under his stained, moth-eaten woollen beanie. Three other huddled shapes were beside him on the long bench! The fire in the nearby refuse can had gone out for lack of fuel. His tattered gloves bore drops of water - thawed out frost. Some of the raggy-looking blackbirds in the nearly gaunt bushes and trees were beginning to move about slightly. Soon they would be weakly crowing at the false dawn. Pools of water and occasional frost patches separated the areas of brown and green grass clinging desperately to the slight slopes of the park, between low cement walls and cracked concrete paths. Don gingerly moved one of his feet. Some of the paper stuffed inside the shoes in place of socks climbed out of the shoe. Don bent to stuff the paper back down over his pale green-white foot.

The black shape next in line made an indistinct, apparently angry noise. The sound seemed somehow female. Don decided there was little more he could lose.

"Deepest apologies for my ungracious indelicacy", he began.

"Knock it orf". The sound, nevertheless, was of a female kind.

The other shapes began to stir. Don arose, looked around, saw some wood and paper, stuffed them into the refuse bin and blew on the few remaining live ashes. A little smoke, finally a tiny flame, and the phoenix arose weakly again from its green bassinet. It was more appearance than substance, but the few flame-tops and thin smoke was definitely a cheering sight.

"fellow companions of the road, gather ye about the fire whilst warmth is still to be had" said Don towards the bench, as he warmed his grey fingers over the few flames. Muttered imprecations, noise shuffling and three dark shapes joined him around the bin. Faces emerged slowly and

cautiously from the rags.

"Donald is my name", he began.

"Mary".

"Grantham".

"Louise".

"Well then, this is the beginning of the first day of DMGL Enterprises, ladies and gentleman". Don always did talk too much. The bitter cold froze out his words as inexorably it settled, malevolently, upon the fire.

Mick opened his eyes. It had been a semi-nightmare recalling his last moments with Janice. But it had had to be done. This was what must be changed if he were to be able to live with his conscience. The ultimate his entire development of the CBFS had been intended to achieve (other than seeing real live dinosaurs). Yes, the code had been correct. There she was, her fine proud head outlined against the stars and faint blue of the horizon. She turned at the sound of his footsteps as he hurried up the street from the yellow glow of the sodium lamps.



But it was her back towards him. She was bidding farewell to someone. Mick began to feel uneasy. He had not met her in the dark, he had said goodbye in no uncertain terms to her, only ninety minutes from midnight.

She was sobbing softly. No, he had misheard - it was quiet laughter.

"Mervyn", she said softly, "Come on, let's go back to your place", and took his arm.

They went home together.

Somewhere, somewhen, a monk threw down a stick it had been playing with in the sands beside a creek, leapt, chattering into a nearby tree, peeled a banana from the bunch hoarded there, and began to eat greedily, slurping and getting the wet whiteness all over its hairy face and chest.

- MICHAEL BLACK.

Cont. from P.2:

remaindered stock. I looked through the 'zines with the advertisements for the Australian publishers -- Aust S F News and Futuristic Tales -- to see just who they were and where they were selling.

Aust S F News 20, on the front page, mentions Damien Broderick's new novel to be published by Norstrilia Press. I've seen nothing from this House at all in bookshops. On page 6 is a review of three books published by Void publications -- likewise for this publisher.

Futuristic Tales has an advert. from Cory & Collins ('Australia's major s.f. publisher') on their inside back page -- giving a St. Kilda, Victoria post box as an address for ordering the books.

An Australian Publishing Industry -- what a lot of crap! They may be selling books to the librarians and some (about a dozen hardcovers) through specialist bookshops such as Galaxy in Sydney, but they must have the shittiest distribution system when in a city of three million such as Sydney a person cannot find one hardcover on sale after a week of looking at lunch-hours.

I don't know that the publishers are originating in Victoria is of any significance -- maybe they have volumes flowing off the counters and onto the floor in the Southern state. Maybe not. After all, they can only sell only a certain number through the post and advertising in magazines, both pro and fan. There has been a lot in the fan press and verbally about the Australian publishing Industry -- even from those established Australian authors -- but it looks like it is a lot of hot air blowing up a big balloon with nothing in it at all.

Except hot air.

To take a different topic entirely -- the growth of Aust fanzines, specifically those with a genzine slant.

There is an idea among the West Australian fans that their 'zines are the only ones publishing fiction. I don't know how far back they think this goes, but about five years ago most zines had fiction in them. Not only specifically sf stories, but fantasy and fannish stories. Now most of the sf fiction is coming out of the West. Except for these oldish zines -- such as TM. I've been publishing fiction since the first issue of TM back in 1964, and I intend to continue to do it. No, I'm not trying to put out a second quality prozine -- most of the fiction I've published I've been most pleased with -- including those of John Brosnan, which he subsequently had published in prozines in the UK -- and I think the quality of the stories often reached prozine standard.

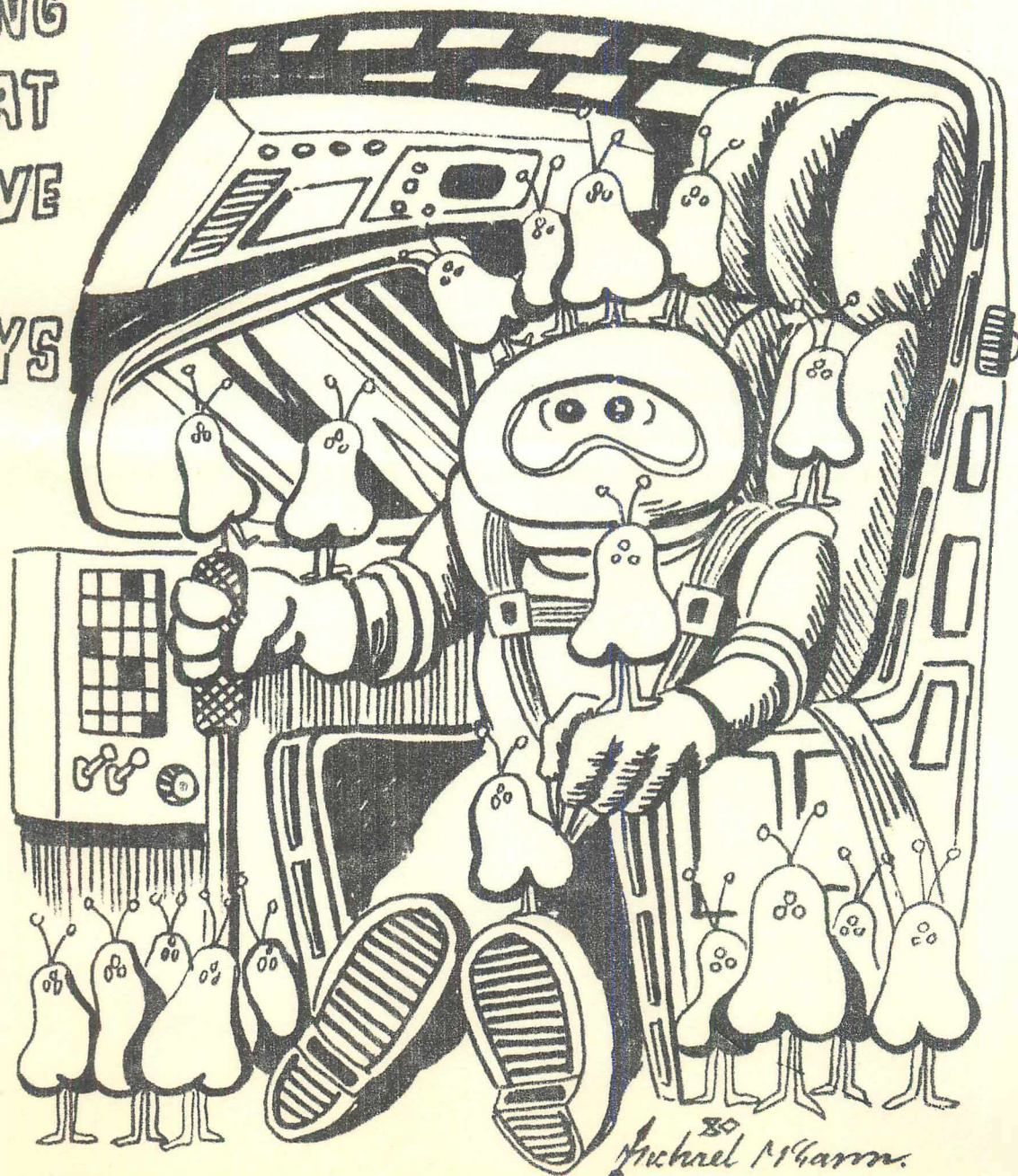
Poetry is often a sore topic with fan editors. Mostly the quality is, to say the least, low. Occasionally gems crop up which make it worth while publishing those which don't really shine. Otherwise, of course, you don't get the excellent ones.

Articles -- well, if necessary one has the last resort of writing one's own. (Of course with the fiction a little hammerlock on the wife works wonders. if a shortage occurs.)

The LoCs arriving after a particularly frustrating day at work make it all worth while.

-- Ron L Clarke.

SPACED OUT
IS FINDING
OUT THAT
YOU HAVE
SOME
STOWAWAYS



VII.

The big event in 1954 was the Third Australian Convention, which was scheduled to be held over the Easter Weekend (April 16-18) in Sydney. At the first meeting in 1954 of the sponsoring body, the Futurian Society of Sydney (no. 200 held on January 4) a number of questions were asked about plans for the Convention. As the Organiser (W. Judd) was not present, and had not been seen for the past few meetings, it was moved Lawson, seconded Martin, that "a transcript of part of the proceedings of the meeting be forwarded to Mr. Judd for his benefit, and if necessary, guidance." The motion was carried by five votes to four (Finch abstaining).

At the following meeting (8 February '54) the Director inquired if the transcript had been sent to Mr. Judd, and was informed by Asst. Secretary Miss Simmons that it had not. The Director also asked Secretary Lawson if the agenda for the meeting had been sent to members at least seven days beforehand. Lawson replied that this had not been done.

Later on in the meeting, Judd asked what was to be done when officers of the Society failed to carry out directions - was the Society just going to accept this, or could something be done to see that legitimate instructions would be observed? The Director replied that if an executive officer was not prepared to carry out his duties, he should not have accepted nomination for election in the first place. He added that there were two reasons why a fan might seek a seat on the Executive Council - one, a sincere desire to accept responsibility and work for fandom; and two, a desire for self-aggrandisement.

Nicholson then moved, seconded Dillon, that the entire Executive Council be asked to tender their resignations. Nicholson said the policies of the executive over the previous six months called for censure. He claimed that the executive had "interfered with, attempted to dominate, control, and bleed of funds, every activity related to science fiction which Sydney had seen." Nicholson also claimed that "the Society's veteran members" had "systematically manoeuvred inexperienced individuals into key positions, then as often as not caused them humiliation by direct and indirect attacks on their conduct, and also on their character." Nicholson also criticised the executive for "laying out what is for this Society an enormous sum of money on a pathetic little room".

Molesworth said that after hearing Nicholson's explanation of the import of his motion, he could not remain in the Chair, and asked Cohen to act as Chairman while the motion was debated.

Stone moved, seconded Judd, the amendment that the Society should ask for the resignations of the executives individually, and consider them in turn. "I submit there is no justification for the impeachment of all of the officers: I have every confidence in some of them, and do not see why all should be censured because of the defection of some", he said.

The chairman ruled that Stone's amendment was out of order, and

discussion on the motion proceeded for one hour and ten minutes. Unfortunately, the debate was not recorded by the secretary. Finally the motion was carried 10 in favour, 5 against, Dunk recording a negative vote, and Miss Simmons abstaining. Each executive handed in a written resignation from office, Burke also resigning from the Society.

Of what crimes had the executive been guilty? The key words in Nicholson's attack are "interference" and "bleeding of funds". He was referring to the taking-over of the Library by the Society from Australian Fantasy Foundation, and the transfer of the Thursday Night meeting from the Bridge club to the new clubroom. Perhaps also some fans had been alarmed by the Society's anxiety that it had not heard from the Convention organizing committee, and supposed the Society intended to "take it over", too. Some members of the executive had also been critical of fans' failure to support the new clubroom, and this was resented.

The Society proceeded to elect a new executive, as follows:

Director:	V. Molesworth
Vice-Director:	W. Judd
Treasurer:	L. Raethel
Secretary:	B. Finch
Asst. Sec:	N. Cohen

The Director then appointed Thurston public relations officer.

In the last section it was mentioned that a former FSS member, David Cohen, had set up an Australian agency for an international commercial science fiction organisation, "Operation Fantast". This organisation bought and sold books and magazines, and arranged subscriptions to periodicals. For some months Cohen had carried on his business at the Society's Thursday Night gatherings. Cohen was approached by several dissatisfied fans, including Nicholson, and agreed to pay the rent for a rival Thursday Night gathering at the Sydney Bridge Club. The breakaway group held its first meeting on April 1, 1954, and continued to meet on Thursday Nights.

At the 203rd meeting of the Futurian Society, held on April 5, Purdy moved, seconded Stone, that "the organisers of the recent walkout be banned from the FSS clubroom."

Nicholson, who had allowed himself to become unfinancial, attended the meeting as a visitor. He claimed that SIX fans had formed the breakaway group because one of them had been repeatedly insulted at Taylor Square, and because the North Shore Futurian Society had "met with every possible hindrance."

The North Shore Futurian Society had been set up to service fans on the north side of the harbour: later it had changed this policy and had gone into open competition with the Futurian Society as a library operator. It had set up its library in the FSS' clubroom, and had traded in competition with its host's library only a few feet away. The clubroom manager had asked the N. Shore Librarian to take down a large advertising sign and to occupy a position less central in the clubroom. The N. Shore members then decided to join Cohen's gathering.

After nearly every member of the Futurian Society had spoken against Purdy's motion to ban the breakaway group leaders, the motion was defeated by 10 votes to 2, with three abstentions.

Whatever the justice or injustice of the matter, the fact of the breakaway movement sounded the death-knell of the Futurian Society's new

clubroom. It had been opened in the expectancy that at least 60 people would visit it each week, the breakeven cost being 61 visitors at 2/- per head to meet the weekly rental of six guineas. Even before the breakaway, the average weekly attendance had been only 50, the breakdown being nine on Mondays, 32 on Thursdays, and nine on Saturdays. Visits to the clubroom by Dr. Blatt, from the University of Sydney on February 25, and by U.S. author Robert A. Heinlein on February 25, had attracted 37 and 58 fans, respectively, but it was obvious the Society could not continue to run the clubroom without a subsidy from its annual subscriptions, library income, and other revenue. With a rival clubroom operating elsewhere in the city, the breakdoen requirement of 61 visitors per week was most unlikely.

The breakaway movement had also been well timed, as the Third Australian Convention was little more than a fortnight away, and new fans attracted by it would now find two separate Thursday Night meetings competing for their patronage.

The Convention was the first to be held in fine weather. It attracted



Robert A. Heinlein

Fred Frederickson

95 people, including delegates from A.C.T., Victoria and Queensland, and from Newcastle, Cessnock and Tamworth in N.S.W. The Convention began with a 'get-together' at Federation Hall, Phillip Street, Sydney, on Saturday morning, April 17. Displays were erected by the Convention Committee, the FSS Library, A.S.F.S., and the fan publishing group in Melbourne. Fifty-five people attended this session.

The afternoon session, chaired by Rex Meyer, took the form of a symposium. Addresses were given by N. Cohen ("Science Fiction Calvalcade," prepared by Stone), S. Dunk ("The Future of the Machine"), H. Brunen ("The Future of Man"), V. Molesworth ("The Future of Culture"). Mrs. Gore and Messrs. Glick and Crane then commented on the preceding speakers. D. Lawson then spoke on the film as a medium for science fiction. This session was attended by 66.

On Saturday night, 60 attended a film programme screened by Lawson.

On the Sunday morning, 37 attended the auction of books and magazines conducted by B. Purdy.

The business session, held on Sunday afternoon, was chaired by Molesworth and attended by 48 people. Reports were presented on the FSS (Finch), Melbourne activities (McCubbin), Newcastle (Butt), A.S.F.S. (Crane) and N.S.F.S. (Hubble).

In reporting on A.S.F.S., Crane said it had about 180 members and produced a mailing each month. However, as fan groups were growing up in other cities, the purpose for which the national organisation had been established had to a considerable extent been achieved, and the need for A.S.F.S. to continue in its present form had become less urgent. In the discussion, Glick suggested that the FSS should take over ASFS and finance it, perhaps with help from Melbourne and other clubs and then appoint Stone to run it, as it had appointed Judd to run the Convention. Haddon moved, seconded Bos, that the ASFS organisers settle or plan a new policy of action, present it to an FSS meeting, and the course decided on to be notified through the usual FSS channels. This was carried unanimously.

It was then moved Haddon, seconded Bos, that the NSFS be responsible for the organisation of the 1955 Convention. Haddon said this would "relieve the FSS of some of its burden" and give the younger fans a chance to show what they can do. Bos added that the NSFS "had the help of some members of the FSS who had left". After discussion, the motion was carried, 22 in favour, 14 against.

Nicholson then moved that the Convention advise the science fiction groups in Sydney to settle their differences with regard to the locale of their separate meetings and that representatives get together to discuss this. When this was seconded by Glick, the Melbourne delegation obtained permission to withdraw as it was surely a domestic matter for Sydney fans. After brief discussion, the motion was carried by 18 votes to 2.

On Sunday night, a live three-act play, "That's the Way it Goes", written by Norma Hemming, was produced by Mrs. N. Gore. It was an outstanding success. Two tape-recorded plays were presented by Molesworth, and three films screened by Lawson.

At Meeting No.204 of the FSS (3 May '54) Judd presented his report on the Convention. He said it had achieved (1) greater numbers; (2) greater profits; and (3) less friction, than either of the previous two Conventions.

Throughout the weekend, Bill Turnbull and Terry Clarke had kept two tape recorders running, and the tapes had been edited by Molesworth into a 50 minute documentary tape. At the meeting, the tape was unanimously endorsed as the official precis.

The meeting was read a letter from Burke, who complained that an advertisement submitted by him had not been included in the official Convention handbook. Judd explained that the copy had arrived too late. This explanation was forwarded by the Society to Burke.

At Meeting No.205 (7 June '54) a constitutional amendment was proposed that a council of seven be elected annually to carry out the affairs of the Society. Fifteen members voted for the motion (more than 50% of those entitled to vote), so the amendment was adopted.

The meeting's attention was then directed to the continuing financial loss being incurred by the clubroom. It was moved Turnbull, seconded Bainen, that henceforward the clubroom be opened only on Monday and Thursday nights. The first step in the ultimate abandonment of the clubroom had been taken.

Between April 1 (when the breakaway group opened its rival meeting) and June 26, the average weekly attendance at the Taylor Square clubroom was 19 on Monday, 20 on Thursday and six on Saturday - an average total of 45 per week, or an average deficit of 32/- per week.

From the first week in July, 1954, the proprietor (Mr. Eedy) agreed to charge £4 a week for use of the premises only on Monday and Thursday nights, which would require a weekly attendance of 40 visitors at 2/- per head to break even. In fact, the attendance book indicates that the average attendance between July 5 and December 30, 1954, was nine on Monday and 14 on Thursday - an average attendance of 23 per week, a weekly deficit of 38/-, a total loss over the six months of £47-10-0.

During the whole of this period, the breakaway group continued to meet at the Bridge Club. While no accurate attendance figures are available, it was reported in August that "every Thursday Night sees a roll-up of around 20 or so." Although 2/6 per head was charged, this was not sufficient to cover rent and supper, and the deficit was made good by



David
Cohen

Arthur
Haddon

Lyell
Crane

David Cohen from his trading activities. In August, the charge was raised to 3/6 per head.

In July, the group began publishing a weekly roneod newsletter, Scansion. A different editor wrote the contents each week, the editors during 1954 being Burke, Dillon, Norma Williams, Earls, Nicholson, Duggan, Haddon and Veney. Scansion quickly became a vehicle for attack on the Futurian Society of Sydney.

At the Futurian Society's 207th meeting (5 July '54) Nicholson entered the Taylor Square premises at 9.25 pm. The Director declared that the meeting to be in camera, and requested Nicholson to leave, which he did. At the same meeting Lawson was expelled for failure to hand over minutes which he had taken while Secretary.

The Executive Council for 1954-55 was elected, with Stone becoming Director, and McKenna, Purdy, Raethel, South, Thurston, and Turnbull Councillors.

The minutes of meetings held in the latter half of 1954 are handwritten and almost illegible. Only nine members attended the last meeting of the year, held on November 2. It was reported that the Treasurer, Raethel, had left Sydney for Ballina, and had taken the Society's account books with him. Brunen was elected a Councillor to replace Raethel, and a new member, Miss Pat Smith, became Treasurer. Since FSS News had been appearing erratically because of lack of help, it was suggested that more vigorous counter-publicity be engaged in by the Society to offset "the constant stream of abuse against the Society, most of it incorrect." Nothing came of this suggestion, however.

In Melbourne, group meetings continued throughout the year at the Oddfellows' Hall, newspaper advertising having failed to discover alternative premises. Bob McCubbin remained Chairman, the average weekly attendance being 12. Etherline continued to appear every fortnight, varying in the number of pages up to 44, still excellently laid out and duplicated. In August, Crozier announced that Whellahan had left AFPA due to pressure of other interests, and that Question Mark (which Whellahan had edited) would appear on a quarterly basis. AFPA had also purchased Bacchanalia from Mathews, and it would be published yearly. Late in December, Crozier announced that Etherline would be taken over and published by the Melbourne Science Fiction Group, and that a statement of policy would be made shortly by the new publisher, McCubbin, for the Group.

In Brisbane, the increasing numbers forced the group to give up meeting in a coffee inn, and venue was changed to the home of George and Betty Tafe. About 15 fans turned up regularly.

The Futurian Society of Canberra held five meetings during 1954, all at the home of Director Bennett. It was decided that the Society would not seek its own clubroom until membership increased. A sub-committee consisting of Bennett, Arthur Porter and David Kerr was elected in May to arrange a series of film nights, and later six members of the Society visited Mt. Stromlo Observatory.

In Adelaide, the fortnightly Sunday afternoon gatherings continued to be held at the home of Mrs. Joyce, but on May 19 the Adelaide Science Fiction Group was officially created, the constitution of the Futurian Society of Canberra being adopted with slight modification to suit local conditions. Ron Gum was elected President, J. Johnson Vice-President, Mrs. Joyce Secretary, Treasurer and Librarian, M. Downes Financial Officer, and D. Walsh and C.D. Denton assistant librarians.

During 1954, Graham Stone published only three issues of Science Fiction News, dated January, March, and May.

In Tasmania, Donald H. Tuck produced A Handbook of Science Fiction and Fantasy, a oneed foolscap book of 154 pages presenting in alphabetical order information on most of the writers of science fiction, books, magazines, and to some extent fans and fandom.

During the year, Graham Stone, who was opposed to the North Shore Futurian Society organising the Fourth Australian Convention, had circulated a oneed newsletter, headed "No Convention in 1955." This created hostility towards Stone and the FSS, and drew scathing comments in Scansion and Etherline.

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The R. & R. Dept.

Roger Waddington
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YO17 9ES: U.K.

Well, on a lower level than John Alderson, is deferring to his higher, more critical judgement, What SF Means to Me is first and foremost Entertainment. Recently, in my other persona, I've been bemoaning the lack of pure and simple entertainment in the sf of today - and quite rightly being stamped on, or at least shown the error of my ways - but that does seem to be about all of it. There was a time when it fuelled our imaginations, when it could be said that if we hadn't dreamed so long and so intensely about it, in the rows of sf books in the piles of pulp magazines, we couldn't have got to the Moon; and it is interesting that with the lesser position that the Russians have given to their sf, they haven't yet sent men much further than the Van Allen belts.

But those times have gone; and the sf dreams of today are in the hands of the activists, those who are prepared to do something about them, joining the L5 Society or similar, and lobbying their Congressman, and generally being serious and concerned. In a word it's now science fact rather than science fiction that dictates those dreams, and the pages of Omni and Future Life rather than The Skylark of Space and Amazing Stories. So that now that we are in space, and there's very little propaganda value left in science fiction, what else is there but entertainment? There are the various ways of looking at the world, the different routes that evolving Man will follow, I suppose; but we're experiencing those in our daily life, as years end and other years begin, and there's no need to read about it when it's already taking place outside....

On what we read, and in particular, what you've managed to get through on your journeys to and from work, I'm falling far behind, with growing feelings of envy. There was a time when I thought it was the utmost inconvenience to have a long journey to work, and found the chief advantage of this job that I could walk there, and that in ten minutes. But Parkinson's Law seems to have taken over, and all the time for reading that I was looking forward to each evening seems to have narrowed chiefly to LoCing, and I'm finding it hard enough to keep up with the latest magazines, let alone what the bookshops provide, though I still go on buying. In fact, I must have the largest collection of unread sf anywhere!

In re the reviews of Australian SF 1 & 2, I was brought up on American sf, and long considered it the true and original; and anything written outside those shores something rare and exotic if not slightly juvenile, for reading by completists only. But then I discovered A. Bertram Chandler within the pages of those favourite magazines, which by my rule of thumb made him a writer worth reading, and 'foreign' sf became a little less strange after that; but those American reprint booklets, like our English editions of American prozines, didn't help the image any! Still, as I've come to read more, I've been recognising more and more Australian authors and (surprise) finding that they write

quite normally and come through with stories as good as any written elsewhere; and certainly Chandler is a name I now look out for regularly in the New Titles listing, for one. But it's taken Diane's review to make me realise that the Martin Loran stories I so enjoyed in Analog came from the Antipodes; has he written anything since?

Though mention of the Rhodes book on the Satanic Mass takes me further back, right to the time when I wrote an article on witchcraft for the school magazine, and it was one of the little library I had on the subject, though it was old even then; does it have a Thirties copyright date?

And Fan History and Fanzine explosion, as above, provides a further education (if we have any doubts) that Australian fans have as long and respectable (?) a history as the rest of the fannish universe. Molesworth may be no Moskowitz, which is a drawback - but I'm looking forward to the complete book version which must surely come...?

Gary Rawlings
P.O. Box 2410,
Darwin,
N.T. 5794.

Thanks for the mention in TM 27, but one small point, (quite important to me though) you left off the '+'. It's 'POSITRON +'. Still, I enjoyed seeing my name in some-one elses' print.

I really liked the short story 'Escape'.
What a simple idea, but well written. Excellent. Keep up the great work.
I also liked 'Balrog'; do you play D&D by any chance?

No, I don't, but Diane,
the authoress of the piece, does. - Ron

Allan Beatty,
P.O. Box 860,
Davis,
C.A. 95616,
U.S.A.

Being an inveterate fanzine bibliographer, I was very interested in your article "The Australian Fanzine Explosion" (in TM 26). Of the zines whose dates you didn't know, the soon-to-be-published 1977 Fanzine Directory has a hearsay listing for Zerinja, but it's not in the 1975 or 1976 editions, indicating that I first heard of it in 1977 or 1978, for whatever that's worth.

I am going to start work on typing the new Fanzine Directory as soon as some apa obligations are out of the way, and as I am currently unemployed, it should be ready for mailing by the end of November.

Harry Warner, Jr.,
423 Summit Ave.,
Hagerstown,
Maryland,
21740, U.S.A.

If John Alderson is correct in all the things he says about primitive men and women remaining in different halves of their huts, it explains why the human population was so small until more recent eons. But isn't it probable that there were left-handed men and women in the old times, just as today? If so, this instinctive habit of household occupancy because of the favoured arm must have resulted in complications. If a left-handed women, for instance,

mated with a left-handed man, severe psychic trauma must have resulted because either the pair followed custom and found their good arms on the wrong side of the hut, or they reversed the usual occupancy and became objects of suspicion on the part of their fellow villagers for acting so strangely. Maybe this is how McCarthyism and divorce came into the world.

Terry Jeeves' little piece amused me more for the accuracy of its parody of the Conan tradition than for the final pun. In fact, I suspect that some of your younger readers won't comprehend the pun. It's based on an expression which I don't hear much nowadays when mothers bring small kids to lunch counters or on television domestic dramas.

Jan Howard Finder,
P.O. Box 428,
Latham, NY 12110,
U.S.A.

One of the nice things about going TDY is that I can have nice quiet evenings in the motel to read. I find little to do in bars, as I don't drink and I'm not that hard up for sex, so as to try and cadge it there (I prefer cons.) There is not real public transportation here that would work for me.

Oh dear, I see John is at it again (TM 26). I do enjoy his articles, I've run or two in the SB and usually generated some hot comments. Of course, the man or woman who so totally dominates the home so as to make it uncomfortable for the other and their friends is a wretch as far as I'm concerned.

I giggled lots with Terry Jeeves' story. It is delicious. I mean what can you say?

By the way do urge all your readers to join DENVENTION and vote for Australia in '83. There is no other way to bring the Worldcon back to Australia then to join and vote. Good intentions & wishes won't do anything. Break down and send that \$15 in to Denver or the Australian agent, who, I think, is Carey Handfield.

John Playford
16 Ellerslie St.,
Kensington Gardens,
Adelaide, S.A. 5068.

I'm afraid I don't agree with Bob Smith at all. If he thinks he has something 'special' because he was born before most of us, well, too bad. You don't have to be a 'fan', or know the exact term, to have a 'sense of wonder', for Christ's sake! And please don't give us any of this more-SF-less-SOW stuff. When I get a sense of wonder Full Scale it comes as an emotional tingle that can be literally felt. And I dislike this Starwarsissobad argument. So R2D2 was ridiculous. So was Robbie the Robot (are you listening, P. Stokes?). So were some 1930s films. But the SOW is just as much alive in every generation. (What could have more SOW than 2001?) Not only do we have the best works of the '50s but also many of the good works of today. Sorry to criticize you, but I've heard so much of the we-were-there-in-the-days-when-it-all-began-and-was-new argument lately that I'm slightly annoyed.

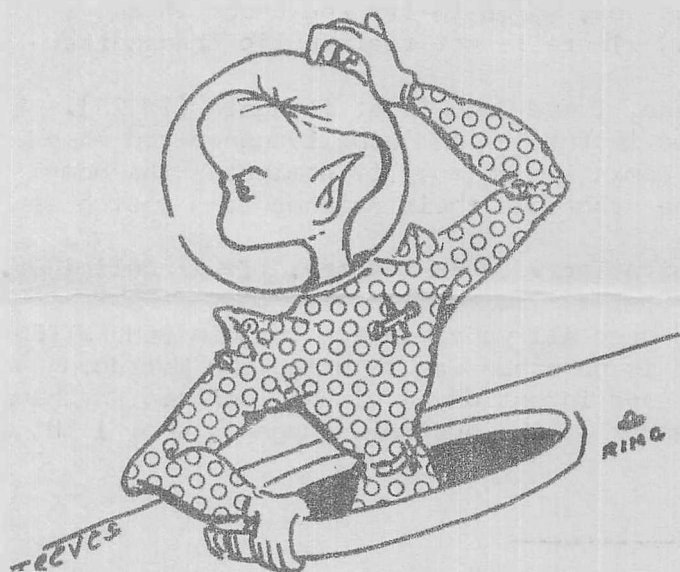
So
Chandler is doing a novel on Australian Independence! All I can say is YAHOOO!

I did like Spaceman. Let's all hope NASA survives the spaghetti brains of Congress for another ten years. (Incidentally, I suppose the poem could

be regarded as slightly sexist; if, that is, the poet felt obliged to have a spaceman rather than spacewoman, spaceperson, astronaut, or cosmonaut. Maybe I'm nitpicking.)

Analogue's End: some good points, but it just didn't work.

On the point re sexism - I've always thought that if only one word was wiped from the English language most of the sexism would vanish. The word, of course, is woman. Thus 'man' would be taken in the wider sense of humankind - and the terms male and female would be used instead of the singular man and woman. - Ron/



Ed Connor
1805 N. Gale,
Peoria,
IL 61604,
U.S.A.

Thanks
for the issues
of THE MENTOR.
I am (almost)
overwhelmed.
Particularly

enjoy the parts on Australian
Fan History by Molesworth.
Bert Chandler's pieces are
always very enthralling -
would be interesting to learn
how he feels about being GOH
at the '82 Chicago worldcon...
Anyway, his bit about the
dirigibles and balloons was
good reading. Also enjoyed
'The Streaker' and would like
to see it reprinted for a much
larger audience.

Read the lead-
off tale in No.28 - 'Analogue's
End' by Michael Newton - and
feel that the author failed to
retain coherency all the way
through. Perhaps he should

have taken more time and space- and develop the latter part.

As to how I could
possibly have TM 28 already - I don't know either. Here are the arrival dates
of recent issues: No.27 arrived Saturday, Nov.8. No.26 got here Monday Nov. 10.
And No.28 came Thursday, Nov. 13! Even you can't keep that up!

The only
explanation I can think of is that someone slipped up at the post office here
and sent the overseas issues of TM 28 SAL. - Ron/

Don Boyd,
PO Box 19,
Spit Junction,
NSW 2088.

I find the writings of Bob Smith and Vol Molesworth
strike a chord of sympathy with my own leanings in SF. Bob
in particular stands back from the lightweight fizz of Star Wars
and its imitators and compares it with the corny UFO/SF
movies of the '50's.

I'm still waiting for the movie that I can regard as real SF. Preceding the release of Star Wars, I read the leaked opinions of it: "This movie has everything for the SF fan you never thought you'd see on the screen -- galactic warfare, federations of star systems, huge battlecruisers..."

I took notice of this, thinking, "At last," because don't forget up till then all we'd had was material like This Island Earth, Forbidden Planet, and TV's Star Trek.

I detect feelings of unease from Bob Smith that the enormous outpourings of SF rubbish might unhappily represent a shift in the younger SF buyers to an acceptance of that rubbish. Cheer up, Bob -- the science in science fiction is what makes SF. I know guys of 19 or so who go into the bookstores, flick through the 4 or 5 shoulder-high bookshelves which have become the norm for most stores now (Myers, A&R etc), reject all the hyped-up dross till they get to a volume in which the science works!

Likely as not it'll be Heinlein, Farmer, Simak, Poul Anderson or Dick. Any photo display of the space shuttle or Jupiter/Saturn flyby brings younger folk out in droves.

I've seen Star Wars, Empire, Close Encounters, Alien, some more than once, so I'm one of the millions keeping Hollywood rich, but I still squirm when I see much bad SF in those movies. But there is enough of the good (miniscule though it can at times be) to put some of them on a par with, say, The Day The Earth Stood Still, Them, Bodysnatchers, It Came From Outer Space.

Certainly we have the mentally (emotionally?) disturbed minority who call for "speculative" fiction, but it looks like they are going to be bulldozed under for a good long time to come by those who want science fiction, and the more science the better.

There are fanzines where I'd write with the idea of helpfully getting the editor a pile of howls, but I admire the tone of The Mentor and would like to see what other readers think, especially some with statistics of what is selling by percentages. This could be difficult, I know, as rubbish like Close Encounters and Star Wars in book form introduce bell and Chi curves with bumps on thier bumps.

Richard Faulder

Yabco Agric. Res. Centre,
Yanco, NSW 2703.

Much of Mike McGann's artwork has a somehow amateur look about it. (I should talk, but there it is). Occasionally, however, he surpasses himself and produces really good work. The cartoony cover of The Mentor 28 is definately an example of his better efforts. If the rest of the nine are as good as this one, I look forward to seeing them.

Michael Newton's story scores highly. The shortnesss of the story is compensated for by the succinct use of language. Stories like this give the lie to the belief that fanzine fiction is inferior to that to be found in prozines. If Michael Newton can continue to praduce fiction of this quality, then I see no reason why we can't expect to see him in a prozine RSN. While I am sure that he would be the first to admit that the concepts he used are not original in themselves, the use he makes of them is excellent.

Bob Smith is probably being a bit pessimistic in believing that, with the current popularity of sf, it is "hard for a

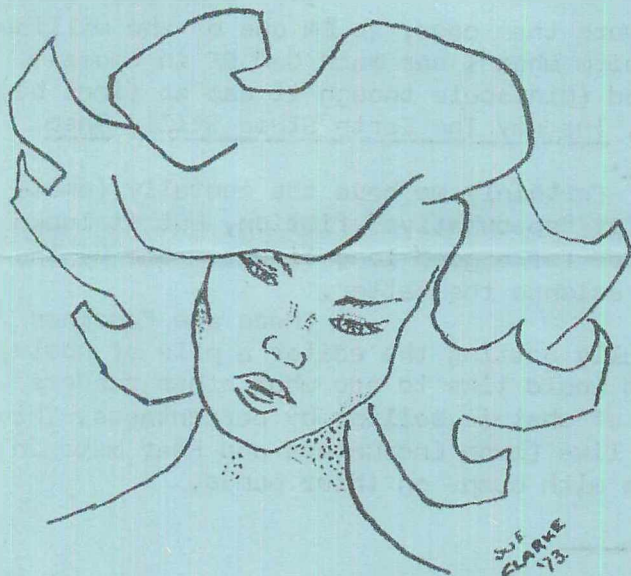
'sense of wonder' to survive. This popularity of sf, it is the reverse to be true. After all, if people did not have a sense of wonder to be appealed to, they would all opt for mindless inanity such as soap opera. Science fiction is, after all, an organic thing, growing and changing over time. The sf which appeals to one generation's senseawunda will not be the same as appeals to another's.

Hopefully Captain Chandler's column will be a regular feature. Besides giving us an insight into how such a delightfully Australian author goes about his craft, his column promises to provide a delightfully whimsical look at the world around us. One always assumes that the turning points of history are big events, but, as Bert points out, more obscure events would have had equally important consequences.

Betsi Ashton's poem? Ummm...

Vol Molesworth's

Australian Fan History continues to hold this reader's interest. As we approach the present, names now thoroughly familiar began to appear, although with some subtle, but interesting differences. Leo Harding, eh?



Harry Warner, Jr
423 Summit Ave.,
Hagerstown,
Maryland 21740,
USA.

Analogue's
End must have
the most sensat-
ional title of
any fanzine
fiction this

year. Even with that spelling, I'm sure every recipient at least began to read it, on the theory that it might be the first word of the demise of another prozine. I'm sure now that it has nothing to do with the Campbell-Bova magazine, although I'm not certain of the exact meaning of the ending. I sense the influence of 2001: A Space Odyssey on the final page. The story seems quite good, although like so many other fanzine stories, it

gives the impression of a need to be stretched out into at least novelette length.

My sense of wonder seems to be in practically the same condition it possessed when it was prodded into action by many science fiction stories. It gets exercise nowadays over such things as the just-concluded flyby of Saturn, the acquisition of a previously unrecorded Verdi opera on discs, and the just-completed reading of a novel by the Lockridges in which a cat subdues the murderer and then extorts a confession from him.

I heard more fascinating details about the National Archives in connection with my job a while back, before reading Bertram Chandler's narrative. ABC might have investigated American submarines for use in the Australian War of Independence, because one went into action against British shipping during the American Revolution in the late 1770s or early 1780s.

Those photographic reproductions work wonders for this installment of the Australian fan history. The pictures transform what would otherwise seem like dry details about unknown individuals into an account of what real men and women did.

Come to think of it, my sense of wonder should be hopping and twitching from the letter section this time, due to the paragraph in which Jan Finder speaks of 10,000 flyers for the worldcon bid being insufficient and 10,000 more being on the way. But I think that information must have had the same effect as too high level of recording on a cassette tape deck, causing the signal to erase itself instead of being extremely loud. It's just too much to accept after I was brought up on worldcons that were a sensational success if 500 persons showed up and fan publications limiting themselves to 100 copies at the most.

Diane Southgate does such a thorough job on The Sword and the Satchel's plot and characteristics that I've been saved several hours' reading time. The continued production of Lord of the Rings imitations seems to hint that this may be turning into a permanent type of fiction which will continue to be written, published and read with little variation for at least decades to come, much along the lines of the stereotyped pattern of gothic novels. I can't imagine the same person continuing to buy and read imitations of imitations of the same source year after year. Maybe the continued production depends on the fact that there are always lots of young people reaching the right age to enjoy this type of fantasy, much in the same manner that the full-length Disney animated cartoon features are re-released once every few years, as soon as ten million or so kids in the United States have reached the age group to enjoy them for the first time.

Jean Weber
13 Myall St.,
O'Connor,
ACT 2601.

I'm enjoying the Australian Fan History. Particularly was interested in the battle to allow women to be members of the Futurian Society.

Glad to see you publishing fiction, and of such a reasonable standard at that. Some good ideas, though mostly the writing needs work. (Ah me, it's always so much easier to critique someone else's writing, than to write well oneself.) Liked the covers, too.

I kept getting lost in the jumps in Analogue's End, and was never quite sure what was going on. A. Bertram Chandler's article on tracking down information in Washington DC was most intriguing, particularly so for the snippets or hints of what to expect in his book on Ned Kelly. Can hardly wait to read it! I spent a day in the AIR & SPACE MUSEUM in DC last month, and could have spent a week (I'd been there once before, 4 years ago, and only saw about 1/3 of the exhibits then, and then not as thoroughly as I would have liked). If any fans get to America next year, for DENVENTION or whatever, a pilgrimage to the A&SM is a must. I'll be commenting more on it in the first issue of Weberwoman's Wrevenge, which will be devoted mainly to my US trip report.

Bob Smith
G.P.O. Box 1019,
Sydney NSW 2001

Thankes for TM 28. The front cover was a bit of shock to the Mentor adjusted system, but I approve. More of a shock to your other readers could be the inclusion of the Smudger Smith prose. I can almost hear 'em: "What a quaint old fan he must have been..."

[Not quite, Bob. - Ron.]

It's always great to see Bert Chandler in print in a non-fictional form, and I imagine that doing research in the surroundings of the NASM would bring forth its own special sense of wonder. The 1978 Britannica Science Year Book has a fascinating photographic article on the new NASM, and shows the model of the Hindenburg and its control car that Bert mentions. (In fact, the new NASM would be mind-groggling to the average Australian, and its difficult to imagine a similar building ever appearing in Canberra...) There is the tendency for most of us to dismiss the Lighter Than Air period of flight as not having lasted very long, the Hindenburg disaster being the final blow to LTA technology, etc., etc. It comes as a bit of a shock to find that it was a rich period of individuals and airship imaginative thinking, and it was the imagination of a sf writer who got me dipping into the history of airships, Philip Jose Farmer's The Dark Design; now another sf writer in TM re-awakens that curiosity! Professor Lowe, if he were around now, might well be roaring with laughter, since the generation of hydrogen as an energy alternative to the ultimate vanishing sources of oil and gas has become a complex science in the second half of the 20th Century.

I was pleased to see dear old Etherline getting a mention in the History, and the sight of the other Melbourne fanzine titles almost had me sobbing in me Milo. Any moment now in the History (or at least the Southern portion of it) the monstrous form of Foyster will emerge, and will Aussie Fandom ever recover from the blow... (Not that it would worry ol' Smudger since he was about to get smuggled off to Japan, and indeed the full horror of meeting the Foyster face-to-face was denied me several years.)

Ah...

collecting with a capital C - when I think of some of the paraFANalia I 'Collected' in the name of SCIENCE FICTION... (including paraFANalia, of course) Back Thar In The Past... I don't know if you would remember, Ron, but back in the science fiction 'boom' of the Fifties when at any given moment there could be up to forty sf magazines available, there was also the sf 'catalogue' designed to separate the sf fan from his money as painlessly as possible. If you were not careful you could end up collecting catalogues! One I received regularly from the U.S. was called 'Werewolf' but all of 'em were full of delicious sf goodies particularly denied to the Aussie fan. But I was in Japan, where no such import problem arose. What a feast... (Clearing out some old boxes recently I came across a copy of Pete Jefferson's 1959 MC, chock full of sf for sale; to paraphrase Bert, I'd sell my soul for a Time Machine, lotsa pre-decimal coinage, and a large shopping bag...)

Well, quite a mixed bag of letters this issue. And a little more than last issue. I have a few WAHFs here, so I will list them: LoCs from K. Adrian Bedford, Rob Jackson, Eric Lindsay, Van Ikin, Frank Bryning, and Damien Brennan.

The Hydro-Majestic Hotel looks like it is getting a deluge of fans, not only the Medventions, but now a MedTrek Con, run by NSWs ASTREX in 1982. All the better, I suppose, for the 1983 bid - if Australia gets it (sorry, when), Faulconbridge Fandom (the Fanzine Capital of Australia) will be, of course, bidding against Sydney (with their smog and ratrace) to hold the World-Con in more sane surroundings. More on that later. - Ron.

John Gregor,
Kindara St.,
Amity Point,
Stradbroke Isl.,
Qld. 4813.

Of course I have to find out who put out the first fanzine in Australia, having laid claim to that honour (?) under the name of John Devern. Something it would be very hard to prove tho if anybody should give me an argument. Haven't a shred of evidence to support my case; all vanished many years ago.

Approve of The Mentor, Bob Smith's article on 'Sense of Wonder' comes as close to the way I felt as anything I've read. One has to be young to have it, advancing years and experience tend to knock it out of you. I associate it particularly with the old so-called 'bedsheet' sized magazines for some reason or other. Very well done.

Michael Mailstone
PO 80x 45,
Kings Cross,
NSW 2011.

I'm way behind in my reading, so I can comment only on issue 27. My main gripe is Vol Molesworth's piece on the history of Australian fandom. It's interesting to read what was going on in fandom here way back in 1952, considering that I knew nothing about fandom here until only a few years ago, and my involvement in sf way back in that distant era was confined to lunch hours spent around the school flagpole, imagining it to be a rocketship, in which I went blasting off to such exciting faraway places as Jupiter and Saturn, drawing scenes of my travels thither, including a landing on Saturn's rings, which I imagined backk then were composed of solid tightly packed dust, and avidly following the comic strip TWIN EARTHS. (All this might not date quite back to 1952, but it's not far off.) It was also interesting to see names I know, such as Kevin Dillon, also, since Richard Male, (who illustrated most of CRUX 1) thought that Merv Binns might have been a schoolmate of his in Adelaide, I can see that he wasn't, since any schoolmate of Richard's would have been a bit young in 1952 even to be involved in fandom.

My great gripe is the length and tedious detail of the piece, 13 pages just on one year! I admit I'm biased, not being involved in fandom myself, but I got pretty bored with endless reports of meetings, committees and motions. I'm afraid I agree with what Nicholson sed on page x (why don't you number your pages?): "This preoccupation with the trivia of fandom itself is a fine case of tail-chasing." I guess he was a man after my own heart. So he produced his own promag back then. Whatever happened to FORERUNNER? I'd be interested to know what sort of sf was published in it. It seems not to have sold any worse than CRUX.

Which is why I tend to be rather down on fandom: it shows very little interest in local promags and efforts to establish our own scene, by which I mean, our own local sf writing scene. We import far too many of our culuture, why, just to be seasonal, even our bloody Christmas is imported, with snow and bloody reindeer and all that caper.

Well, to support sf prozines you need a subculture, like sf fandom (as against faaanish fandom), and to give depth and continuance to that you need some sort of tradition and history - which is why you have fanish history. The reason the pages aren't numbered is because the History wss to be collated into a booklet of its own - and the pages would be waaay out. Maybe the 'fandom' you have been in contact with hasn't been the sf reader fandom at all.

I used to follow TWIN EARTHS, also, and I still have the comic with about $\frac{1}{2}$ the episodes in it. Those dome-headed aliens! And do you remember the Phantom Ranger?? - Ron.

Harry J N Andruschak
PO Box 606,
La Canada-Flintridge,
CA 91011 USA

One quibble re The Mentor 26 - you say you do not include apa-zines, and this is fair enough. But you must mention and comment on the apas themselves. When started, how many members, how active was the apa, and so on. Why? Because apas do have an effect on the genzine scene. Some genzine publishers publish both types. Some genzine publishers quit and retire into the apas. Some fans are active in apas, but have no published genzine. And for many fans, apa-zines are all they can afford.

As such, it is impossible to get a clear idea of fanpubbing in Australia without considering the influence, for better or worse, of this type of fanac.

As I mentioned in the foreword to my article, I only mentioned zines I actually saw and received. Apas leave me cold as I consider them to be too incestuous to be any use to anyone after, say, a year of pubbing. With their strict publishing schedule they force the spontaneity which I regard as the hallmark of a 'fan'zine (as against the rigid character of the 'pro'zine) out of the life of that fan. Also the small circular of correspondents marks them for what they are - correspondents/pen-pal clubs - of which a genzine is not. - Ron

That looks like the end of the locs for another issue. This is the last page to be typed and run off. It is 9 pm on the 31st December, 1980. Since I have all this space left I'll add a little to my list of 'zines received and books read. First, zines received:

AUST: Ankh No.10, Dec '80 - Seth Lockwood; Aust SF News No.21, Nov/Dec '80 - Merv Binns; Forerunner V3, no.7, Dec. '80 - Jack Herman; Sikander no.3, Dec '80 - Irwin Hirsh; The Sacred Cow Dec '80 - Allan Bray; Epsilon Eridani Express No.5, Nov '80 - Neville Angove; Chunder, v4, no.5, Dec '80 - John Foyster; The Cygnus Chronicler No.7, Dec '80 - Neville Angove; Wahf-Full 5, Jack Herman; Nlmesis 1, Dec '80 - AUSFA clubzine.

O'SEAS: Erg 72 - Terry Jeeves; The Whole Fanzine Catalog 17 - Brian Earl Brown;.

Books read include: Tara of the Twilight - Lin Carter; Moorcock's Book of Martyrs - Mike Moorcock; The Blood Red Game, The Lives & Times of Jerry Cornelius, The Winds of Limbo - Mike Moorcock; Hunter of Worlds - C J Cherryh; The Country of the Mind - Dan Morgan.

There are also a couple of other loose ends:

Electro-stencils are by courtesy of Allan Bray.

Most of the full page illos by Mike McGann are available from him on good quality t-shirts - the illos are really professionally done. They include Dr. Who, Star Trek, Blake's 7 and many other Fantasy and SF scenes. The cartoon series currently running in TM is available, as is the cover this issue. They are seven dollars (\$7) from Mike. He also has a large catalog available - if you want one, send a ssae (a long one) to him requesting it. His address is: Mike McGann, 483 Beaucamp Rd., Maroubra, NSW 2035.

Lastly, Bert's column was received after the contents page had been run off -

GRIMESISH GRUMBERLINGS,

A COLUMN BY A. BERTRAM CHANDLER.

SUSAN WOOD - A TRIBUTE

Susan was a person of great enthusiasms, some of which I was privileged to share.

I first became aware of her either in 1974 or 1975; it was when I read something by her, a book review of sorts, in which she made mention of my love for airships. She indicated that she shared this love. So, naturally, I was keen to meet her at the Aussiecon in '75. We found that we saw eye to eye on most things.

The next time that I met Susan was at the Seacon in Brighton in 1979. One of the troubles at this convention was that it was practically impossible to meet the people whom you wanted to meet. In any case, I didn't know that she was at the Seacon. She didn't know that I was there. One day my English agent, Leslie Flood, threw a champagne party in his suite on one of the upper floors of the Metropole Hotel. It was a very crowded affair, with everybody talking and nobody listening. Eventually, in the company of many others, I left and managed to insert myself into a crammed to well over capacity lift. As this descended people disembarked at various floors. Finally there were only two of us left on the downward journey.

We stared at each other in amazement.

In my case it was delighted amazement. I like to think that it was, too, as far as she was concerned.

I met her again towards the end of March in 1980 - or, to be more exact, she met me, at the Vancouver airport. During my stay in Vancouver she looked after me well, arranging for me to meet the local fans and to be shown around the city. Also I saw quite a lot of her at the Norwescon in Seattle, where she interviewed me for Andy Porter's STARSHIP.

She got herself embroiled in the Ned Kelly Project, telling me of an armed insurrection in Canada at just about the same time as my fictional Australian War of Independence. She was insistent that I should somehow

incorporate this real life (but unsuccessful) revolution in my own rewritten history. She considered seriously writing a What If novel of her own, one in which Gabriel Dumont came out on top.

Now she will never write it - but I shall be using Dumont as one of the characters in the Ned Kelly novel.

There was one disappointment for both of us in Seattle. John Varley - another airship buff - should have been attending. For some reason he did not. Both Susan and I were disappointed that John Varley was unable to attend the NorWesCon. It had been our intention to get into a huddle with him to talk about airships.

I am only one of the very many who have memories, happy memories, of Susan.

She will be sorely missed wherever in the world science fiction is read and fans gather.

-----oooOooo-----

Next issue is the last part of Vol Molesworth's History of Australian fandom. This series has been serialised since 1973 in several of my fanzines. If you have read it, and are yourself from that period of fannish activity, I would like to hear from you - your memories and reminiscences and anything you would like to contest with in the History.

I am also on the lookout for any photographs from that period and anything else of interest to the readers of today who are interested in the background to the latest upsurge of sf fan activity.

* TIRED OF BEING RIPPED OFF WITH HIGH-PRICED AND OVER-PRICED CONVENTION MEMBERSHIPS?

* INTERESTED IN STAR TREK AND RELATED FANDOMS?

* LIKE TO COME TO A WELL RUN CON?

* WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME TO A WELL RUN CON (RUN BY ONE OF THE ORIGINAL SYNCON COMMITTEE)?

** FIVE DOLLARS WILL GET YOU ATTENDING MEMBERSHIP AT THE 1982 MEDTREK CONVENTION AT PRESENT! TEN DOLLARS WILL RESERVE YOU A ROOM AT THE HYDRO-MAJESTIC HOTEL FOR THE CON! IF YOU ARE A STAR TREK FAN - JOIN NOW: SENT MONEY & DIRECT ENQUIRIES TO MEDTREK, PO BOX C377, JARENCE ST, SYDNEY, NSW 2000. YOU HAVE TO JOIN IT TO BE IN IT! **