

THE MENTOR 44

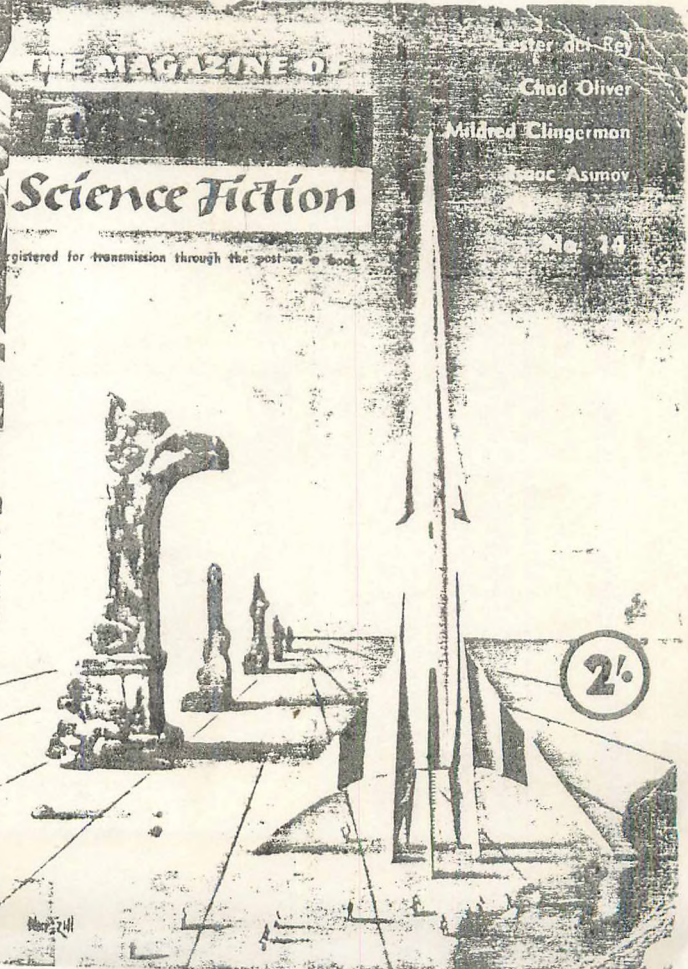
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In this Issue - THE GHOST ROCK

Science
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THE MENTOR

SCIENCE FICTION

JUNE 1983

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RON'S ROOST

DITMAR TIME -

It is that time of the year when that now World Famous Australian Award, the DITMAR is awarded at the annual Australian SF Convention. Over the years it has generated some little controversy - mostly in the area of the professional (ie book) awards. The past few years, however, discussion has been over the fan awards, specifically the awards for the Best Australian Fanzine. Over the last month Leigh Edmonds (Rataplan 21 & 22) and Roger Weddell (Thyme 25) have thrown their 10¢ worth in. The other award (rather nomination, at this stage) is the award for Best Australian Science Fiction or Fantasy Editor (mostly because of the people who have been nominated - Merv Binns and myself). There is also some discontent with the category of artist/cartoonist.

I have done a bit of thinking about the awards and the wording of those categories, and have decided that it is time for them to be re-worded. Why? Well, let us take a look at them. The following is from the Constitution of the Australian Science Fiction Society (set up to run the Cons), Section 2 -

Awards - 2.02 The categories for the Society's Awards shall be:-

- Best International Science Fiction or Fantasy.
- Best Australian Science Fiction or Fantasy.
- Best Australian Fanzine.
- Best Australian Fanwriter.
- Best Australian Science Fiction or Fantasy Artist.
- Best Australian Science Fiction or Fantasy Cartoonist.
- Best Australian Science Fiction or Fantasy Editor.

Notice anything? First, the only categories which terms do not include the terms sf or fantasy are that of fanzine and fanwriter. I've commented about this before. Since the media fans will soon have their own national cons and awards, I think it is time to narrow the definition of fanzine. If you do not, then the only artist, cartoonist or editor who can be nominated is one who edits or appears in a newsstand-distributed prozine or who edits a series of anthologies.

(Editing a single anthology makes fun of /^acategory which presumably becomes something of an award if it is continuous from one year to another.) At this time there is no prozine published in Australia and no yearly anthology. FUTURISTIC TALES would be the only prozine eligible for the DITMAR, but it was not nominated. There are semi-prozines such as Van Ikin's SCIENCE FICTION and Neville Angove's CYGNUS CHRONICLER, but neither is distributed widely through newsagents. Which means that none of the artists or cartoonists or editor's nominated are eligible for those awards.

As for the fanzines nominated....

If one is going to have sf and fantasy in the titles (as you should for an Australian sf and fantasy award) then the type of things I would expect to see in a true Australian sf/fantasy fanzine are:

1. Does not pay its contributors except by 'the usual'.
2. Less than 25% of its distribution is by sales.
3. It is not printed professionally.
4. It has an overall Australian content (75%+).
5. At least one issue was distributed during the previous year.
6. Every issue had an sf or fantasy content in the way of articles, fiction or poetry.
7. It was generally available (ie not an ApAzone).

If the above is done I think it would bring most everyone in line. There has been talk of a FAAN award for best fanzine. This presumably would cover any fanzine, including media zines, and would be a good idea.

There is one other thing which, traditionally, fanzines were and which many of those today have fallen by the wayside. They were Quarto. There are only a couple of these true fanzines around these days - XENOPHILIA, for instance.

Actually, looking at the above list, number three is a good barrier for most of the no or border fanzines.

With regard to the Artist/Cartoonist controversy (mostly from those nominated in those categories) what I understand a cartoon to be is an illustration or series of illustrations with captions which either tell a story, joke, etc. It is not just a label for the piece (eg Storm on Jaratte). It seems that with this year some of those nominated in both categories should be in the other.

What a lot of this stems from is that there are too many categories; they should read something like this:-

1. Best International Science Fiction or Fantasy.
2. Best Australian Science fiction or Fantasy.
3. Best Australian Science Fiction or Fantasy Fanzine.
4. Best Australian Fanwriter appearing in Category (3).
5. Best Australian Science Fiction or Fantasy Artist Appearing in Category (3).

The above can be the continuing Awards. There are no current prozines or series anthologies appearing so that of Editor is superfluous (as it is now, for example, I am eligible for the fiction I have published - about one piece per issue, but Merv Binns is not). Only one art category is needed, otherwise artists get two bites at the cherry.

PARANOLA - THE COSMIC CONSPIRACY

BY MICHAEL HAILSTONE

Back in 1979 I saw a slideshow which opened my mind to a most fascinating and frightening possible scenario. This article was originally meant to go in Crux I but was put aside to make room for less paranoid material.

In the beginning was the Conspiracy, and the Conspiracy was world Government.

On 1st May 1776 the order of the Illuminati was founded by Adam Weishaupt in Bavaria. This was a breakaway movement from the Jesuits. Included in its manifesto was the establishment of a "benevolent" world dictatorship and a world-view based on reason - humanism and scientific materialism. After the French Revolution the Illuminati went underground, but did not die out. On the contrary, they grew and flourished in secret societies throughout the civilized world.

The chief key to the Illuminati's realization of their goal was the development of world banking. As early as the seventeenth century, with the Bank of England, it became possible to increase the money supply by lending, which was actually creating money out of nothing and charging interest on the loan. In time the banks became completely autonomous entities, separate from the governments of nations that had spawned them. The Reserve Bank of Australia became thus independent in 1960. In time, especially after the great depression of the nineteen-thirties, the world economy came to be based more and more on credit; with the development of deficit budgeting by governments the national debts grew and grew as the interest accumulated, with the result that the national governments owed the banks more than the whole Earth was worth. Thus the banks came to hold hidden but absolute power over all nations.

The great depression and the second world war gave impetus to two essential developments of the conspiracy's aims: the welfare state on one hand and the threat of global annihilation on the other. The "new deal" offered by Theodore Roosevelt based on Keynesian economics gave rise to an artificial economy in which jobs came to be regarded as a commodity, of which it was the governments responsibility to maintain an adequate supply to meet the population's needs. This led to greater government power and greater dependence of the people on the government. The economic recession of the seventies with the twin evils of inflation and unemployment threw millions throughout the western world into dependence upon the welfare state. The vicious campaign against the unemployed with the stigma of "dole bludger" served to frighten the jobless into meek submission to government will, while useless "job creation" schemes threw many others into a similar economic dependence on government. An example of the old ploy of "divide and rule".

Australia was the classic case of the growing centralization and

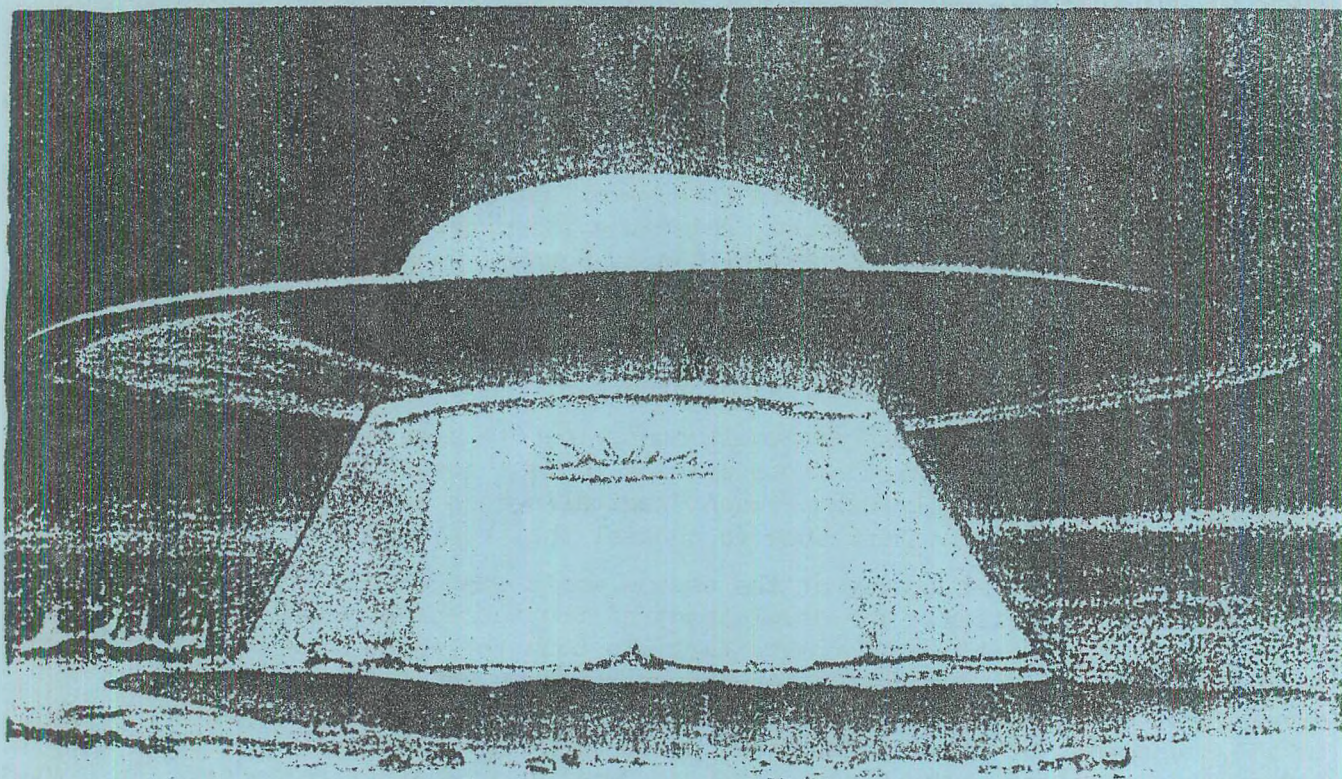
power of governments. In 1901 the six states set up a federal government, whose function was to serve the states in national and international affairs. Seventy years later, however, Canberra's power had far outgrown the states', which were now subservient to it, and a mode of "progressive" thought had developed, that the states should be abolished and all government centralized in Canberra. This attitude was consistent with the notion, that to solve the world's ills and to abolish war, nothing less than world government was adequate. This line of thought had been nurtured by various groups, which the conspiracy had set up, such as the Fabian Society, founded in 1883 by George Bernard Shaw and others. It was also fostered by writers such as H.G. Wells, who, in his novel Shape of things to come, envisaged a heroic group of scientists and aviators as forcibly imposing peace on a stupid world, preaching that they stood for sense and sanity and for relentless scientific and technological progress.

The conspiracy was meanwhile achieving its aims by a different path by the establishment of "marxist" dictatorships in less developed nations such as Russia and China. The cold war between "capitalism" in the West and "communism" in the East was however a mere sham to conceal the true nature of the conspiracy.

The greatest legacy of the second world war was an extremely rapid growth of new technology. The development of the nuclear bomb put the world in terror of a third world war far more terrible than the last, possibly annihilating the human race. In the meantime top-secret research was conducted into the development of electrodynamic propulsion. In this way the world was introduced to the phenomenon of "flying saucers", whose sightings were explained away officially as meteors, the planet Venus or Jupiter or weather balloons. The coming development of spaceflight was conducive to the notion that these enigmatic craft were spaceships of alien cultures far more advanced than Earth's. This was followed by a spate of books on flying saucers and also the appearance of cults founded on these craft such as the Aetherius Society, which conceived of a whole inter-planetary culture, with the chief council meeting on Saturn. At the end of the sixties this new culture was given an extra dimension by the publication of Erich von Däniken's Chariots of the gods? and a spate of similar books on the theme that humanity owed its origin to the visit to Earth by aliens in spaceships and some genetic engineering. Wildly fantastic new interpretations were given to ancient inscriptions on ruins high in the Andes, that the aliens would return soon. The public was further prepared by television series such as Star trek, which featured an elaborate spacecraft designed by the RAND Corporation and set forth to solve the problems of peoples across the galaxy. (Or, as Brian Aldiss puts it: .. where half a dozen sexless saints go forth and impose American diplomacy on a naughty galaxy.) It was also prepared by films such as Star wars and Close encounters of the third kind, in which the aliens were depicted as bringing new hope for mankind.

At the same time there appeared a spate of doomsday literature, in which the problems of pollution, overpopulation and energy scarcity were painted as being much worse than they really were. Much spurious medical research was also conducted, in which doctors managed to "prove" that almost everything caused cancer. The public was terrorized by the fear of this disease; in sunny Australia there was a heavy stress laid on skin cancer, whose incidence was shown to be rising. Thus the people were made to feel more and more at the mercy of the medical and hence the scientific establishment.

Clever manipulation within both management and unions caused frequent wide-spread industrial disruption, while the public was further conditioned to expect the government to "do something" about all social problems. By 1965 the



1955 model flying saucer, (used for the film Forbidden Planet).

"aorta" syndrome was well established in Australia with attitudes such as: "Aorta mica laura genst all ease prairlers and sleshers an pervs. Aorta puttem in jilen shootem. Atted fixem!" and "Aorta stop all ease transistors from cummer ninner the country. Lookit what they're doone to the wether. Allis rine! Doan tell me it's not all ease transistors an the hydrigen bomb. Aorta stoppem." The "aorta" syndrome developed to the love affair with Laura Norder, which became a favourite catchcry of politicians. Legislation was seen to be the solution of every social evil, including racism, sexism and other forms of discrimination. However the futurologists promised that all these human problems would be solved by wholesale computer technology, in which every human being would be hooked into the system.

To frighten shivering humanity even further, alarming prognostications were made about the world climate. The rising level of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere was said to threaten doom with the greenhouse effect, possibly melting the polar ice and flooding the world's coastlines and perhaps even turning the Earth into another Venus. On the other hand, the $\frac{1}{2}$ C drop in northern temperatures between 1940 and 1970 was taken by some doomsayers to indicate that the Earth was heading for another ice-age. In 1976 the CIA released a report, that the world climate was cooling, with future disastrous consequences for the swollen population, which the Earth would no longer be able to feed adequately.

By 1970 the final preparations were made for the subjugation of the nations to world government. The United Nations had long since ceased to be a forum for the rational settlement of international disputes, but had instead degenerated into a narrowly moralistic bloc which unthinkingly condemned all nations which strayed from the accepted path towards world government. The Club of Rome, having evaluated all the problems that supposedly beset mankind, drew up

a plan of action to "save" the world. This involved the abandonment of democracy and the use of computers to care for every human being from the cradle to the grave. It was also necessary to bring the whole world under one system of weights and measures, and the nations which had not yet adopted the metric system were quickly brought to heel. South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Canada and a host of smaller nations hurriedly and suddenly passed a metric conversion act, in which was implied also a certain measure of scientific and bureaucratic indoctrination. When it was found that there was large public resistance to metrics, draconian laws were brought in, especially in South Africa and Australia, to enforce the use of metrics with penalties involving imprisonment for any continued use of the imperial system. Britain and the United States, with their deeper traditions of democracy, held out longer.

To complete the economic control over the people, the first moves were made towards the cashless society, with the introduction of credit cards in the United States, and Bankcard, which was introduced in Australia in 1974. Computer code symbols, which began to appear on goods such as books in the late seventies, were a further step towards this end.

Thus by the early eighties the stage was set for the greatest coup d'etat in the history of man, despite a few embarrassments such as the appearance of a science fiction novel in 1972 by Martin Caidin titled The Mendelov Conspiracy, which threw a nastily true light on the real nature of the flying saucers and their purposes. However the book was banned and soon forgotten, and all over the world were cults which believed that the aliens in their saucers would soon solve humanity's ills.

After a temporary improvement the world economy worsened, with galloping inflation matching that of Germany in 1923. Towards the end of 1983 all major western currencies collapsed; savings were destroyed, when the money was declared to be not worth the paper it was printed on. Fresh tension in the Middle East led to further scarcity of oil supplies. Then on 21st March 1984 two terrorist atomic bombs exploded on Cairo, killing nearly half a million people. There seemed slim hope now that the world could avoid world war three. A new war raged between Israel and her Arab neighbours. Then the Soviet Union entered the fray, threatening to invade Israel if the latter refused to withdraw all her forces. A major confrontation between the Soviets and the Americans seemed inevitable.

Then, at the eleventh hour, on 1st April 1984, the flying saucers appeared out of the skies all over the Earth, bringing the message a desperate humanity had come eagerly to await:

"People of Earth, we come in peace. We are your friends. If you will let us reorganize your social order, we will establish for you a new world order, which will abolish war, pollution, disease and hunger, and also bring you the benefits of our advance technology. If however you refuse our help, you will surely destroy yourselves, and your planet may not survive."

"We await your answer..."

The overwhelming answer of desperate beleaguered humanity was "Yes, please, do what you like... anything is preferable to a nuclear holocaust." After thirty years of subliminal indoctrination into belief in the existence of aliens from the stars visiting Earth in their spaceships, the "reality" of actual contact with such "aliens" did not greatly shock or even surprise the public.

A minority objected to the monolithic global organization which was established, while a smaller minority even saw through the gigantic fraud that had

been pulled on the population, but these were quickly dealt with. Once the world government had absolute control over all media and every single human thanks to miniaturized computer technology, there could be no effective dissent. The world was divided into ten regions: Australia, as planned years before by the Club of Rome, belonged to group four along with South Africa, New Zealand, Israel and Oceania. The most detailed information on every inhabitant of this region was stored within a gigantic computer complex at Woomera. The abolition of cash ensured total dependence on this system.

Thus was the World Government established, the greatest and most totalitarian dictatorship throughout all history.

Having read the foregoing, you might ask; is this really science fiction? All I can answer is - I only hope so. The scenario depicted above is not something I've just thought up; it is a real conspiracy theory dealt with in a book by Stan Deyo titled The cosmic conspiracy. Deyo apparently worked for the American Central Intelligence Agency, but defected from that august organisation after leaving the United States for Australia, and went underground in fear for his life. In making the above revelations about the worldwide conspiracy, a woman told him that all these things were foretold in the Book of Revelations, with the result that he became a Christian and started preaching his own brand of the End-of-the-World type religion.

I don't intend to discuss the religious issue here, except to say, that after some years of careful thought and study of the relevant passages, I have reached the conclusion that all these biblical prophecies about the end of the world were supposed to happen in the first century and so are no longer relevant. Just the same the Book of Revelations can be a great source of inspiration to the writer of imaginative fiction, with the absolutely nightmarish horror of its predictions. For instance, take the following passage: "And in those days shall men seek death and shall not find it; and shall desire to die, and death shall flee from them."

This passage is taken from a quotation used at the beginning of Gordon Rattray Taylor's The Doomsday Book, first published in 1970 and the first of a spate of books by this author on how doomed we all are, each book being wilder and less scientific than the one before it. Doom, it seems, like chariots and ancient spaceships, is a sure seller for the enterprising writer. The cover of TDDB carries the blurb: "If you think you're going to survive the next 30 years, think again!"

Biblical prophecy aside, this conspiracy theory, far-fetched as it seems, stands quite well on its own. The above scenario is my own interpretation - the reference to the campaign against "dole bludgers", H.G.Wells and his novel, von Däniken, the scare tactics about cancer, the Strine passages (though not the attitude) and metification are my own. Deyo mentions the gloomy predictions about the climate but takes them seriously as a sure sign of God's wrath to come. He also believes that terrible things will happen to the Earth when the planets line up in 1982 or 1986, while I see no reason for believing that anything worse than a few major earthquakes will happen.

Many readers, perhaps most, believe that world government would be a good thing - citizens of the world, the brotherhood of man and all that. They

are caught up in the dreamy idealism expressed by John Lennon: "Imagine... if there were no countries." Sure, it would be really great if there were no national boundaries, no passports, visas, immigration officials or customs. But such a picture is pie-in-the-sky ** cloudduckooland. The trend to greater organization, bigger government and complete computerization means greater control and therefore less individual freedom. It is extremely likely too, that travel would be even more restricted than it is now; the abolition of nations does not all mean the abolition of immigration control. Under such a system the whole planet would become a vast prison. So just remember, when you buy your next issue of Analog, the sinister implications of the computer coding on the cover. The Vanguard of the fully computerized cashless system is already here. (Since writing this, that abominable phenomenon has now invaded Australia too.)

But let's change to a less depressing aspect of the book. Much has been said about the predictions of science fiction, how "science has caught up with science fiction." Jules Verne and H.G.Wells predicted submarines and trips to the Moon and all that. I personally find this aspect of science fiction over-rated; nevertheless accurate predictions have been made. I do not consider myself a good prophet at all - far from it, as I have learnt from setting stories only a few years in the future. However here is an example of a scientific concept which I find, quite frankly, staggering.

Back in 1968 I wrote a novelette titled "Human Sun". It was the first science fiction story I wrote - that I finished, that is. I do not consider it a very good story; rather I find it irritating, but others have liked it. It is about a principle that enables time to be sped up or slowed down in any piece of matter, including a human being. The "temporal characteristic" - or rate of time flow in any piece of matter, is described as depending upon the "energy-density flux factor", a piece of gibberish that had something vaguely to do with the varying conditions in the universe according to Fred Hoyle's "bubble" theory of cosmology, which replaced the original Steady State theory - that is, that the universe consisted of a lot of "bubbles" in varying states of expansion and contraction. Hoyle suggested that the laws of physics would be different in each bubble. The term "energy-density flux factor" was however my own.

Well, Deyo says in a discussion on time and space:

"'Time' is not an absolute dimension in reality. The only absolute is energy. The distribution of energy within the various levels of the hierarchy of existence creates the phenomenon called 'time'. As the distribution of energy is not uniform, 'time' itself is not uniform in the universe. When a person says it took him five seconds to walk across a room, he is really saying a clock pendulum moved or changed its energy-distribution level five times as compared to his own single change of energy-distribution made by his walk across the room. Time is a ratio of changes in energy-density. 'Time' on an atom passes much faster than 'time' at the Earth level does. If a person's body were to be 'pumped' with resonant energy, it would make him age several days in only a few relative minutes to someone watching him. If however the person were to be 'drained' with resonant energy, it would lower his energy-density causing him to age only a few minutes to several relative days of the observer's time... Suppose a group of scientists had to solve a very time-dependant problem in a hurry. If they were to take their pencils and paper with themselves into a 'field' which harmonically 'pumped' their energy-densities to a higher level, 'time' would extend for them. They would have several days to solve their problem while only a few relative minutes of time had passed to the world outside their 'field'..."

I don't know what "resonant energy" is, but it seems to have something to do with electrodynamics or electrogravitics -- perhaps the "electromagnetic gravity" that powered the flying saucers of the comic strip Twin Earths of the early nineteen-fifties? The claims made in this book are unbelievable -- or at least wildly extravagant. But the writer is a scientist and the science seems genuine, at least as far as I can judge, for it is beyond my level of comprehension. It is truly remarkable that he should use the same terminology -- "energy-density", that I used in a story I wrote nearly eleven years before I saw this book -- more than ten years before it was written.

I'll end with a comment on the film Things to come, which I saw at the same time as I acquired The cosmic conspiracy. In it Wells had the second world war break out at Christmas 1940, and it lasted not six, but no less than twenty-five years. Finally, in 1970, with civilization in ruins, the "sense-and-sanity" people take over with their huge aeroplanes which subdue the battered warlike nations with the "gas of peace". Whether this gas is like the phosgene or chlorine used in world war one with ghastly effects, or whether it is rather some merciful anaesthetic that just renders the recalcitrant hordes senseless, is not at all clear. The "sense-and-sanity" folk are the dreariest humans imaginable, absolutely humourless, insufferable selfrighteous and mechanical, clad in forbidding black uniform. One of the opponents of progress, a warlord, describes them much as I have done -- yet these are the people Wells apparently believed in, the people on the side of right! It is indeed a very telling reflection on the mentality and personality -- the very colourlessness, to say the least, of the folk who would subjugate the world to one government committed to relentless "progress".

The comic strip Twin Earths, which, I would think, very few folk remember today, could have some sinister relevance here. In it, the electromagnetic-gravity-driven flying saucers were not of the familiar shape, which has always struck me as resembling a hat rather than a saucer, but were lens-shaped, like two saucers together, one upside down on top of the other. They came from a planet called Terra, which was Earth's twin sister and in the same orbit, but on the opposite side of the Sun, and inhabited by white caucasoid humans with a technology a hundred years ahead of ours. The planet also evidently had a world government -- one capital city.

Garry Verth, an American (what else?) gets spirited away by a flying saucer to Terra, where he spends some time with his terran girlfriend Vana. Somehow he falls foul of the terran political system and is arrested and taken away for brainwashing. (This was a dead pinch from Orwell's Nineteen eighty-four, which was big news at the time. It had recently been heralded as "the television play that shocked England".) He escapes, then shortly thereafter Terra is invaded by pygmies from outer space. They overrun the Terrans, who decide to evacuate their planet and flee to Earth. Because Verth is an Earthman, he leads the evacuation, organising the communication warning Earth of their coming. The terran flying saucers appear in Earth's skies (or at least New York city's), saying that they came in peace. The Terrans bring Earth the benefits of their advanced technology, but do not seem to change the existing world order here.

Was there more to "electromagnetic gravity" than mere fiction? The comic strip disappeared around 1955 and has utterly ceased to be. I wonder why.

One final sinister note to those of you familiar with the Carpenters' song Calling occupants of interplanetary craft. What's it all about? When and what is "World Contact Day"? What do they mean in the lines about "interstellar

policemen" saying "We are your friends," in answer to the plea that "Our Earth may never survive"?

- Michael Hailstone.



WAVE

BY MICHAEL BLACK

"NASH!"

It was the machine beside him, straight into his thoughts, befogged though they were.

"I am VNM158. These larger machines around us are my creations: 10 of your kilometres from here, near your horizon, are 25 of the 29 other VNM's sent here with me to prepare, then facilitate the repopulating of the planet."

In reflex, Nash nodded his head comprehendingly as the tale continued, his self-awareness still stumbling amidst a monumental pseudo-hangover:

"In your terms, we machines might all be said to be the 'children' of VNM94907583, still orbiting us, although effectively dead of brain damage inflicted 503.82 Universal Years ago. This was an unpredicted result of an impact with a grain-sized Apollo Asteroid - insignificant, except for that rock's unstable orbit killing our 'mother', and isolating us 30 here from all but extremely energised communications with our home planet."

Nash's aggression was just beginning to reassert itself, although feeling effectively as though he was just out of bed and in definite need of a very cold shower. He dared to venture the thought question (also tautologically saying it aloud in the ensuing few microseconds):

"What about the universal ether? Even Einstein had to agree with Newton, et al about that. He proved it mathematically in his Meaning of Relativity and also said so in his later books. You're telepathic, so distance should mean nothing."

For mere nonoseconds, Nash's awareness was returned to his present, where he sat outside, daydreaming, on an ancient, diesel-electric ferry plying her second-last trip across that section of her cross-harbour voyages where the oceanic swell intruded noticeably into the river waters' placidity. Her name was aboriginal for "Frothy Ocean Wave".

His alter ego instantly realised, for the first time, what wave motion truly implied. It saw, through glazed, but nevertheless temporarily newly-opened eyes, what really happened, as the tropical green waters surged upwards beneath the vessel, then sank again, and the "perfect surfers'" wave ponderously moved cliffwards to later expend its force as white stray up a vertical rockface.

Not only is space occupied by ether: everything is one ether; some parts more compacted than others. Consequently, some microhemidemi-volumes of it are rent and agitated by many more waves, counter-waves, harmonics and distortions, etc, than are others, the former volumes being forms of life.

The Greeks' magic cyphers had been right all along! But, over time,

had been more prosaically and uninformatively rendered into mathematics, etc by noncomprehending generations elsewhere, who had selectively brushed aside the esoteric, wider meanings of the so-called fear-of-nature-based-religious-primitivism of the ancients, whose magic incorporating languages had nevertheless been used by these same later critics for their own unrecognised religions of science on the mistaken grounds of these Grecian languages' unequivocalness:

Similarly, the meanings of the words translated as God(s) - in their original forms and source languages; meanings recognised dimly, by some Romantics, though they had been for a time, then dismissed as Pan-theism by humanity thereafter; had, in effect, been correct. In the Beginning had been - the ETHER - not the WORD. (If you don't think so, read Blake).

VNM158's insistence drew Nash's attention back to its tale.

"I repeat, in your terms, this is the case. However, as your sciences are such a large part of your culture, they are thus even more influenced by your esse than if it had been only your languages - (in which your culture is embodied and somewhat perpetuated, though it is, fortunately on the whole for the survival of the illiterate majority of your species) - that owed their origin and nature to your emotions. This circumstance is due to the fact that, both biologically and functionally, your entire mental system is a process of generalisation. Your perception, rationalisation, memory, emotions, delusions, and mental aberrations are all thus logically predictable outcomes of this process and also both affected by, and limited by, this underlying trait."

Nash began to remonstrate vigorously (even unconsciously emphasising points with unnecessary exaggerated movements of his hands).

"But I'm aware of all those empty arguments. And, in any case, logic was only a series of games indulged in by the ancient Greeks. Descartes and others. exposed them as tautological, thus fraudulent, not axiomatic."

With seemingly endless patience, the machine's tale moved inexorably on: "Not very long ago, in terms of your species' span of life, a few of its members came across a small, further glimmer of absolute reality than had any of their fellows, but failed to recognise its fundamental nature. The term 'Dean Effect' was coined to describe this glimpse - more correctly, of course, the 'Campbell-Dean Effect', since Dean understood even less than did Campbell of its true nature, but nothing came of this discovery, as only false scents were followed, and these into for you blind alleys, despite Caley's and others' vain researches leading them to within a razor's edge of what could have been different, but nevertheless major, and far-reaching basic enlightenments for the human race."

A veritable cornucopia of strange and alien visions, involving only in small part quasi-human concepts, such a time, space, matter, energy, force and power, but these in only vaguely recognisable forms, amidst a welter of uncomprehensible images, began to flood Nash's mental vision, but was rapidly withdrawn as his own perception instinctively closed itself down protectively.

"As it is only necessary," the machine continued in a more conciliatory tone, "that you are aware that there are other views of existence than your own, and it is not essential either that you know what these views are, nor that you do, or even can, understand any or all of them, I shall say no more than that the actual, everpresent phenomenon, referred to, however vaguely, by your species, as the 'Dean Effect' is what brought into being that which you call the Universe, your own existence, your emotionality, and even as a very minor effect, the
*see: Andre Jamet re vortexes.

circularity of the misunderstood so-called games of your ancient Greeks. I repeat that the various cyphers of those latter humans meant far more than is recognised or understood by your species now, especially as some of those cyphers are now referred to as mere music -- even though the effects of the latter are conceded to be considerable. However, it is vital, as time is pressing, that we concern ourselves now with the 25 VNM's yonder."

In his own real time Nash had only just slipped a second or so ago into a light sleep, his head resting gently against the ferry window behind it; but his inner consciousness, becoming thoroughly involved in this harangue, which had seemingly occupied a much longer period of time, found the machine's contentions to be both arousing his temper and intriguing his curiosity. Why tell all this? Why to him? What was it leading to? Where in hell was it happening? And, most relevantly, what was he expected to do about it?

The whole intellectual situation was already so outlandish that the merely visual contrast between the earthly splendours of the harbour, tropical water, green grass, pink rocks and blue sky and that predominantly maroon, umber, ochre and crimson vista of the machines' environment had long since gone unnoticed by him. Nash's average intellect was having trouble just keeping pace with the callous, continuing tirade of, for him, controversial aphorisms.

"Well," he asked insolently, "What about them? Who cares?"

VNM 158 almost seemed to sigh patronisingly, as if Nash had just denied the truth of some simple digital, or Boolean, axioms, such as "1" and "1" equalled ("0" of course!):

"We are already agreed as to what, in your terms, constitutes the ether, and as to how it relates to you, your esse and your world. Although we are only tentatively agreed upon such matters as circularity, 'Dean Effect', and so on, and I have left untouched turbidities, compound, and compounded-wave-time mechanics, matter-demensionalities, and other phenomena less easily described relevantly to your terminological systems; I had decided not to embark at all upon their explication. Now I realise that I must evoke and revise some evidence of these which you have experienced already but did not then understand, so became afraid about them, and dismissed them from your conscoous memory. I assure you that you shall not be further alarmed by this."

Nash saw anew the face of Caroline, with whom once had had been briefly in love, and felt anew the inexplicable terror that Saturday night he had gone, invited, to her apartment for a meal, only to find her out and her car not in its appointed parking place below her unit.

Next, briefly, the memory was resurrected of his visiting a long-time friend, prospecting partner (and general companion in much of Nash's adventures as a young man knocking about the country by car and motor bike) only to find his mate asleep early that other afternoon, in bed, tightly wrapped up in blankets, shivering constantly and breathing shallowly and infrequently like a very ill cat dozing on its deathbed, memories long forgotten.

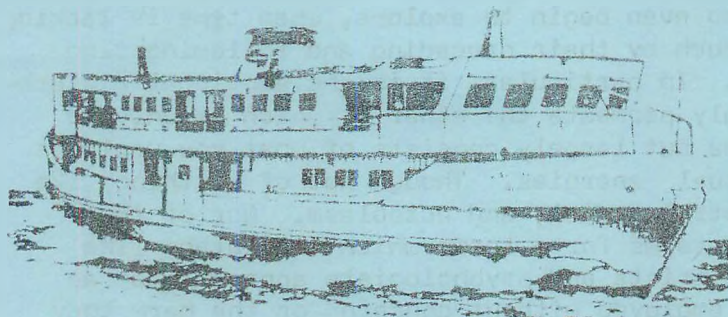
VHM 158 callously demanded: "How have you been thinking about the girl prior to visiting her? What had been your overall opinion about your affair?"

H.sitantly, Nash conceded having had doubts of her devotion, concern about her health due to her thin appearance, nervousness, and especially her recent eruptions of acne and her excessively pale complexion. As well, he doubted his own suitability for someone whom he saw as belonging to a better social class

than himself and so therefore thinking that probably by her, he was seen as little more than a gigolo -- a temporary amusement to be toyed with, then thrown away with indifference. She lived and worked amongst wealthy professionals -- lawyers, doctors, politicians -- he had only a pittance in wages by comparison. That very night he's had no money, and doubted even having the petrol left to get home again, let alone to get to work the next day (payday) and anyway, she'd often patronisingly referred to his 17-year-old French car, comparing it scathingly to her new, and pet; sporty Japanese one, at that!

Smoothly, silkily, the machine enquired: "And where had she been, and how did you find out?"

Ironically, Nash conceded, it had been her lawyer boss who'd informed him, several days later, that she had had her neck broken. but had not died until ambulancemen had tried, early that same Saturday morning, to carefully move her out of her vehicle, apparently 4 or 5 hours after it had slid off a series of tight turns in the main south-western highway, rolled several times and ended up on its roof, off her favourite stretch of fast, winding road, just about equidistant from the nearest town and the weird disappearing lake (for which that area was as renowned as for its dangerous roads).



Nash was too immersed emotionally in these memories to notice his own hackles beginning to rise. And this was not just from the unbidden recurrence of the thought that Caroline might still be alive had she but listened to his "obsession" that his own car was the safer -- and why.

"What," the machine insisted, "had you been thinking on your way to see Tom? Was he expecting you? What was the reason for your visit?"

"No, he wasn't been expecting me. Only a few minutes before, I had decided to go around to see him, to find out when he might be able to go fossicking next. But on the way there, I'd suddenly had that strange experience of thinking, for no reason, that he was dead and, compared with his strength, that I'd hardly even cast a faint shadow."

"What work did he do?"

"He was an expert on national sales of cars and parts."

"What happened when you saw him?"

"He didn't wake up, and there wasn't anyone else about at his boarding house, so I went back home."

"And later?"

"I didn't have time to try to contact him again until about 3 weeks later. He told me on the 'phone then that I had been right in thinking that he was nearly dead before. The previous late afternoon he had been on a joyride, with a lot of his mates, in the back of one of those old, really small European bubble

cars, a new purchase of a friend, who rolled it on a winding narrow convict-built dirt road. As the car had overturned, Tom's right hand was flung through the rear-side-window's glass, so had had been thrown about hard, alternately, against the roof and side wall, as the car had rotated, its roof pressing his fingers into the road gravels. He had hit his head very hard near one eye, several times, as he was thrown against the car wall and roof, damaging the optic nerve so badly that he had almost lost the sight in that eye; but fortunately the permanent effect only means that he now has to wear glasses whenever close use of the eye makes it feel painfully tired. Damage to his teeth and lower jaw also necessitated each of his teeth being chipped from his jaw, the dentist using a hand chisel. As with me, anaesthetics have no effect on Tom."

"And later still?"

"He'd wrecked his own British car when temporary blindness meant he saw nothing coming as he'd tried to cross a dangerous intersection near his boarding house home."

"And you had concluded nothing from these incidents?"

There was a long pause. Nash began to remonstrate again, then stopped selfconsciously, since he'd had to admit silently to himself that the machine's case against his influence seemed surely to have been proven, now. Defensively, he retorted: "So?"

"Despite our time differential," the machine responded in a matter-of-fact tone, "— a matter too complex to even begin to explore, when time is lacking right now — events are affected as much by their preceding and following time contexes as by their immediate ones. In particular, it is the emotional disturbances which furthest and most strongly permeate the ether — which is only to be expected, as ether not only causes but largely consists of what you would see as 'vortexes' of emotional or spiritual energies. Though not of anything like the illusions your mediums called astral travel, and ectoplasm. Nor of the delusions that Adler and Jung coined terms for — terms which charlatans like your Freud, and the following psychiatrists and psychologists appropriated as their own — without principle — and employed without concern or the harm they caused to other people. Nor of the later myth of right and left brains."

Nash thought he had now realised the approbation that was about to follow and mentally girded himself up, guiltily, in defensive apprehension, but was still taken aback by the machine's next assertions:

"Upon our arrival, all 31 of us were agreed only upon one thing — that conditions were far more favourable than had been surmised by our despatchers from astronomical data and their own extrapolations. We were all wrong.

"Undoubtedly, program alterations and storage updates in great number must have occurred, both in our home planet add within VNM94907583's memory banks whilst we flew here in her, as this flight took up a considerable number of Universal Years relative to the life span of your species.

"Nevertheless all we 26 still hereabouts, though thinking machines, had been primarily designed for relatively specific tasks. Our mother and 2 of the machines no longer with us, were the only ones intended to cope with the more-long-term management matters, and then they were only meant to do so for the limited period considered adequate for us to prepare the environment, r despatchers having to follow us by as short a time as possible if we were all to avoid extinction.

Needless to say, none of our despatchers has arrived, and unexpected circumstances have left we 26 with only our own meagre backup capabilities to rely upon. So, as these are present in varying degrees amongst us, and largely linked to the specific tasks each of us was designed to perform, sufficient disagreement almost immediately had developed amongst all 30 of us that, for virtually our entire stay on the surface, we have all been at war. No such function was, however, intended for us, so little more up to now has been indulged in than mere verbal and postural aggression. But with the forming of an alliance - as appears to be taking place over there - it may be that that group, by pooling their abilities, will shortly seize upon the idea of together constructing some sort of weapon. If this does occur, it will also be almost the first form of interaction between we VNM's and this environment. All our energy requirements are readily met by what you would term our Caley Hydrogen-recyclers. We lose neither heat nor any other radiation to the environment; only 4 of us have moved from our positions any significant distance since our initial atmosphere-slowed descent onto this surface, and we have not yet begun to otherwise modify the environment to any great degree, due to our thorough-going disagreements as to how this would be accomplished, and also to our disagreements as to what ends any modifications should obtain. Nor has there been any evidence that any of the other 4 VNM's has effected any changes elsewhere, as it might reasonably be surmised that any change by them, wherever they are, could not but affect the entire planet in time. "

The machine had been keeping a close watch upon its 25 fellows and stopped its discourse when the other machines began to alter their positions. Nash could not see them at all yet, and was about to put a question when the machine recommenced, in more urgent tones, and at a far more rapid pace:

"These machines immediately around us are little more than a defensive wall. There was scant material around me with which to construct any but the most primitive technology, without infrastructure development, for which I had no time. Else I would have built a few cyberons, and left them to forage and construct by themselves everything else needed. But it seems to have been wise for me to have achieved an entrenched position when, by their wrangling and conniving, those others have achieved not a thing - not even a weapon - other than their own alliance."

By this time Nash had almost fully reawakened and he aggressively demanded: "Why interrogate me? Fix up your own mess, or join the others. You all need nothing for your survival; none of your builders has arrived, and even if they did, they would all die in the unchanged, unsuitable environment. So you are your own masters. Go back to sleep or turn yourselves off, or wherever and leave me alone in peace. You have not even told me what, nor where you are, nor what you've got to do with me, nor why you are disturbing my thoughts with your silly squabbles. Go away and sort out your own problems! My life holds more than enough for me to handle on my own!"

Almost panic-stricken, the machine began to plead and explain, simultaneously, in an almost laughable manner, but for the import of its words:-

"We machines, and you are all upon the horns of the same dilemma. I and one of the 4 renegade VNM's were meant to be the initial servicers of all the others - save for our mother - whose own proved inadequate. Only we 3 were therefore attuned to their internal frequencies - in order that we detect faults as soon as they become imminent in the other VNM's. Coincidentally, we are thus also attuned to your own problems' cause; and to a limited degree, our long-term

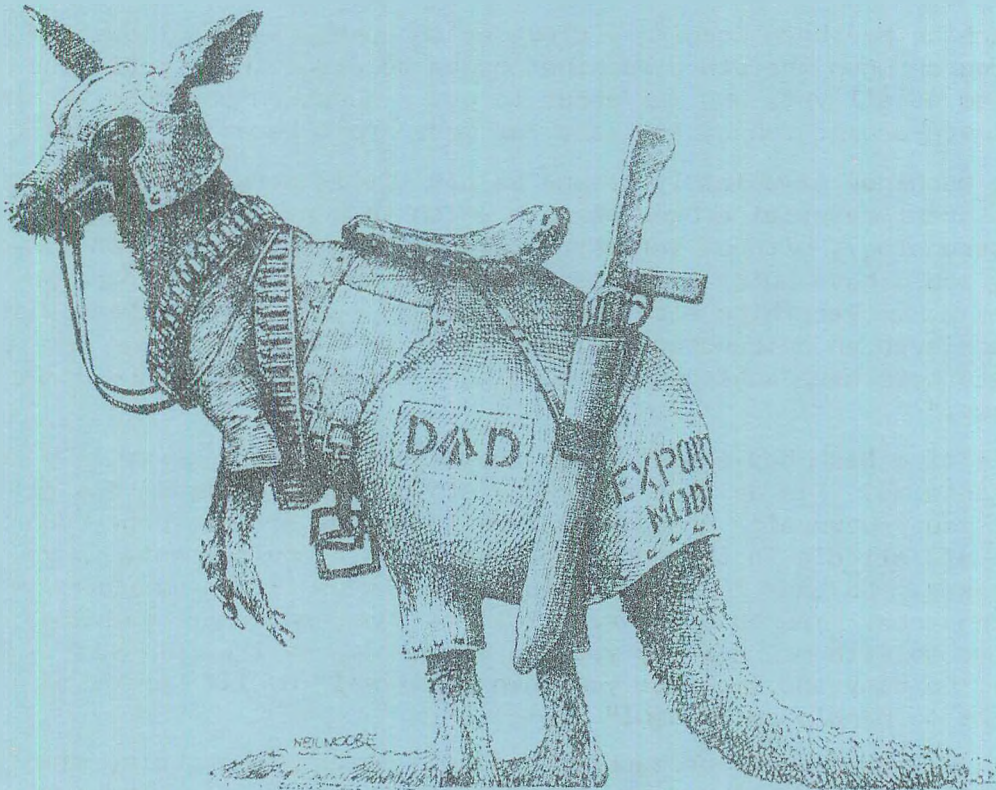
planning componentry includes some quasi-rational elements similar in function to that of your species; so we can understand and communicate with you, as I am doing. My fault sensory indicated that the causes of all our problems are centred near you; one of their products being the cataclysm just about to happen; so I have contacted you in order to discuss the remedying of all our problems."

Instantly Nash was returned to his real-time situation. Few circumstances could have been so terrifying:-

The clear blue sky was filled, in seconds, by the sudden growth of three deep grey-green anvil-like clouds. Reverberations, more felt than heard, horrifyingly intense, constant and sepulchral, made everything seem to vibrate as one - ferry, rock, sky, clouds, water, people and everything else.

The most vivid, most sizeable bolt of lightening that Nash had ever seen then flared from earth to sky: soundlessly, due to distance. But rather than appearing only for that moment, it persisted, and began to change from white to orange, and expand in terrifyingly slow majesty (under clouds gone piebald brown and white) into an all-encompassing, darkly green-blue translucent bubble. Only then did stronger, deeper physically-felt reverberations begin, just as Nash was rapidly drawn back to the machine's environment.

- TO BE CONCLUDED -



"And that marked regard, of which every Australian who travels abroad today feels the effect, is the direct consequence, not of our prowess in games, not of our achievement in art or science, but of the character of the men composing the AIF."

GRIMESISH GRUMBLINGS -

A BERTRAM CHANDLER

RALLY ROUND THE FLAG, BOYS

So the Young Liberals have joined the ranks of those who want to change our national flag, saying that, in their opinion, the Union Jack should be removed from it but the Southern Cross retained. Like a certain bank, which shall be nameless, they have flaunted their disregard for many years of history. (Even my mind boggles at the thought of Ned Kelly robbing a Westpac branch - although, perhaps, he might have done so had he run short of provisions, thinking that an establishment so named would have a good stock of John West's tinned salmon and the like.) Perhaps, if the flag is changed to something utterly characterless, the name of our country could also be changed - to Southpac.

The great majority of those people who want to change national flags are typical of those utterly insensitive to the meaning of flags and, furthermore, haven't a clue as to what a flag should look like. Insofar as the Liberals, young or old, are concerned, this is rather strange, as they have been sailing under false colours ever since their Party was formed. Had they affixed the proper label to themselves, the Australian Conservative Party, I might have voted for them more often over the years.

Their Coalition partners were, at first, much more honest. The Country Party called itself what it was. Then the rot set in. First of all it became the National Country Party. Then - a prime example of false and misleading advertising - the National Party. A final change, and a return to honesty, is long overdue. Might I suggest the Multinational Party?

Perhaps, as a master mariner (now retired), I am rather flag-sensitive. I was brought up in the Good Old Days before a radio telephone was a standard fitting on the bridge of any ship, before, even, daylight Morse lamps came into common use. Most signalling between ships and between ships and shore stations was by flag, using the International Code of Signals. Using the International Code you could say practically anything to anybody, of any nationality, using three-flag hoists. On rare occasions one was obliged to use the Spelling Table, with the alphabetical flags spelling out the word or words you wanted.

During World War Two flag signals were used in a great extent when sailing in convoy, when strict radio silence was imposed. (For example, the use of electric shavers was banned in large troopships carrying thousands of men; the radio interference produced by many such devices being used simultaneously

might have been picked up, and homed on, by an enemy submarine.) The International Code of Signals was largely superseded, being replaced by ConSigs, with its flag hoists for various convoy maneuvers and the like. But it was still carried and, on occasion, used.

I remember one such occasion. At the time I was Third-cum-Gunnery Officer of a Shaw Savill liner named Mataroa, which vessel was serving as a troopship. She was one of the ships in a large troop convoy, outbound to the Middle East by way of the Cape of Good Hope. Most of the others were putting in to Capetown but the ships making up the sixth column of the convoy were putting into Durban - the next stop, as it were. All four ships in this column were Shaw Savill liners.

The time approached for the convoy to split up, with most of the vessels shaping their course for Capetown. A flutter of flags went up to the triatic stay of the flagship. It was a ConSigs hoist and, decoded, it meant, "Use International Code". There was another flutter of flags, International Code this time. "Use Spelling Table." (And on our bridge - and probably on all the other bridges - the mutter, "What the hell does the Commodore think that he's playing at?") Finally there were more hoists. The signal read, "Detach Saville Row."

So we detached and carried on for Durban.

Of course, no matter what means of signalling were employed - lights, flags or sound - or what Code there were the occasional balls-ups. In almost every convoy there would be one ship who could be relied upon to do some ludicrously wrong thing at any hour of the day or night. There was one such in an eastbound convoy from Halifax, Nova Scotia, to Liverpool, England. The flagship of this convoy was Mataroa and the Commodore was a Rear Admiral RN (Rtd.) who had been press-ganged back into service with the rank of Commodore RNR. He carried with him his own staff - a Yeoman of Signals and a couple or three lesser bunting tossers.

Well, the fool of the convoy - I still remember her name, Orduna - was our next abeam to starboard. Ever since leaving Halifax she had been a pain in the arse, misunderstanding and misinterpreting signals, failing to maintain station, &c &c and &c. Cutting a long and sad story short, the convoy was scattered by a vicious Western Ocean gale. The weather having moderated, we were trying to reassemble. Our American escort had been lost in the wash and our British escort had yet to eventuate. Still, the convoy was getting back into formation.

And then the ship maintaining a listening watch on certain frequencies reported to us, by Aldis lamp, UBoat underwater radio transmissions and, to judge by their strength, close. With no escorts, with their Asdic and depth charges, to cope there was only one thing to do. Scatter.

The ConSigs signal to scatter was, as far as I can remember, Numeral 8 made by every possible means - flag, Morse lamp and sound. Also there was the firing of red and green Very lights in rapid succession.

So every 8 numeral pennant in our flag locker was hoisted to every available set of halyards. The Morse numeral 8 was being flashed around to every ship by two Aldis lamps and our 10" searchlight and being sounded on our steam whistle. The Yeoman of Signals, with two Very pistols, one in each hand, was having the time of his life playing Two Gun Pete. Other ships were repeating our signals and steering every which way.

And then, in the middle of all this confusion, our next abeam, Orduna, called us up by Aldis lamp. Our immediate thought was, "She must have seen something! A periscope... A torpedo track..." I grabbed an Aldis lamp from the hands of one of the signals ratings, sent T to acknowledge. We all read the message that flashed back.

"Do you want us to scatter?"

Well, I've read now and again and, even, heard now and again of people, goaded beyond endurance, throwing their hats to the ground and jumping on them. Only once have I seen it happen - and it was a Rear Admiral RN (Rtd.) who maltreated his gold-encrusted headgear.

"Tell him..." sputtered the Commodore as he went up and down like a Jack-in-the-box, "tell him that his signalling is... appalling!"

Oh, well, it's a poor war without the occasional good laugh - and the same applies to funerals. One of my funeral good laughs - and it was during World War Two - also concerns flags. At the time I was serving in one of Shaw Savill's cargo liners, m/v Coptic. The vessel was spending some weeks in Sydney undergoing repairs necessitated by a collision off the Australian coast. (Cutting a long and sad story short, Coptic, with no lights, was proceeding from Brisbane to Newcastle NSW on what was alleged to be the southbound track and HMAS Adelaide, darkened ship, was proceeding north on the same track. Those in charge of the routing of vessels were not aware of the elementary laws of physics: Two solid bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time.)

There had been a reshuffle of officers on the Company's vessels - a French cargo liner had been taken over by the British Ministry of War Transport and she had been given to Shaw Savill to manage and they found personnel from the various ships then in Australian ports - resulting in temporary promotions. I, for example, had started the voyage as Third Officer; I went up to Acting Second. (Our Second Officer had gone to the French ship as Acting Chief.) Our Fourth Officer became Acting Third. The Fifth Officer from one of our passenger ships became our Acting Fourth.

In those days, in the Shaw Savill Line, the Third Officer was in charge of flags and other signalling equipment. As my promotion was only temporary I remained in charge. I should not be able to requisition for any replacements of worn-out bunting until Coptic's return to the U.K.

One night two of the crew returned to the vessel full of beer. Somehow they missed the gangway and fell into the water between the ship's side and the wharf. They were fished out - but for one of them it was too late. He was DOA at hospital.

The Australian Seamen's Union, maintaining its prateral relationship with the British Seamen's Union, made arrangements for the funeral. It was intimated that it would be appreciated if representatives of the ship's officers attended the last rites, in uniform. It was beneath the Master's dignity. The Chief Officer was too busy. The Acting Second (me) was too busy. The Acting Fourth said that he, as a good Roman Catholic, could not participate in a Protestant ceremony. And so on, and so on. Finally the Acting Third, a couple of junior engineers and the two junior radio officers were ordered by their departmental heads to go.

On the appointed morning George, the Acting Third, came to me and asked me for a nice, new, British red ensign to cover the coffin. I gave him one -

reluctantly - telling him, "Be sure you bring it back. It's the only new ensign I've got left." "That's all right, Bertie," he said. "I'll bring it back."

Very early - at about one thirty - the following morning there was a tapping at my door. I switched on the light. George stood there, sort of waving in the breeze, exhaling beer fumes.

"Should ha' been there, Bertie... Bloody fine funeral... Thashe Ausshies really know how to lay on an Irish wake..."

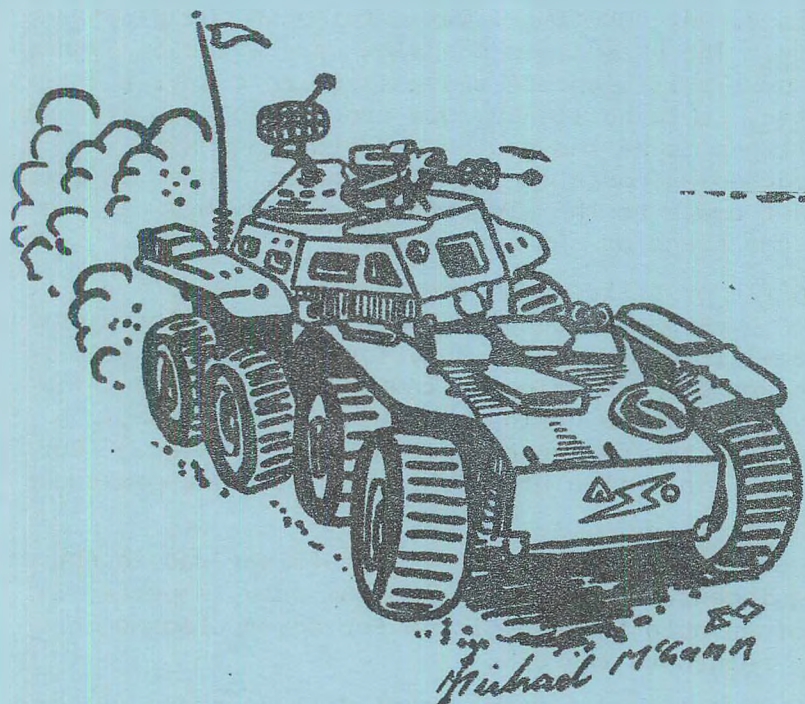
"Glad you had a good time, George. But where's my Red Ensign?"

"Oh, that'sh all right, Bertie. I snatched it from the very jaws of the grave jusht before the clodsh started to fly..."

"Where is it now?"

George blinked owlshly and made searching gestures with his hands.

"I... I... I musht'a left it in some pub..."



Even so, unlike the Australian Liberal Party, the star performer at the funeral made his exit under his proper colours. But twice, I am bound to admit, I sailed under false colours myself, once when I was in the employ of the Shaw Savill Line and again while in the employ of the Union Steam Ship Company. The first time it was none of my doing; the second time it was by my orders.

During the early 1950s I was Chief Officer of a ship called Waiwera. She was bound from Melbourne to Sydney. At the time we had a particularly useless Fourth Officer. We called him an 11 trip man - one out and one home. He had been fired by just about every liner company in the U.K. After than one voyage Shaw Savill joined the list of his ex-employers.

Well, we'd rounded Gabo early on my watch - the 4 to 8 - and I decided that it would be safe to leave the Fourth Officer in charge of the bridge while I went down for my morning shower, shave &c. I was in the throes of shaving when I heard a frantic whistle solo - the officer of the watch calling the stand-by man with his mouth wistle. I rushed up to the bridge, a bath towel about my waist and my face covered with lather, and was joined there by the Master, similarly attired and decorated.

Apparently an Australian cruiser - that bloody Adelaide again - had snuck up on us, unobserved by the semi-conscious watch officer until she was almost alongside, for a chatty exchange of signals. Merchant vessels do not wear

wear their ensigns whilst at sea, hoisting them only on certain occasions, such as when falling in with a war vessel, so that the maritime politeness of the mutual dipping of national flags may be carried out.

In his haste the Fourth Officer had scabbled in the flag locker, finding a flag that looked right, until unfurled, from one of the wrong pigeon holes. It was one of our stock of courtesy flags. (A courtesy flag is the national flag of the country that you are visiting worn at the foremast when in one of that country's ports.) The Old Man and I looked aft. There, waving proudly from the gaff, was the Australian Red Ensign.

Unluckily we were not wearing our caps so we could not tear them off, throw them to the deck and jump on them. (It would not have been the same had we done this with our bath towels.)

Not so very long thereafter and rather to my surprise I was legally sailing under the Australian flag. This was then I entered the employ of the Union Steam Ship Company of New Zealand, most of whose vessels running around the Australian Coast were registered in Australia. There was one exception to this rule, although she was Australian manned. This was Kakapo, whose port of registry was Wellington and who, therefore, wore the New Zealand Red Ensign. Kakapo finished her days, before being sold to some Asiatic shipping company, on Time Charter to William Holyman & Sons (a Tasmanian outfit) running between Melbourne and Launceston. Although she continued to be manned by USSCo she was managed by Holyman's. They paid our wages, supplied all our stores and so forth.

And then we learned that she had been sold and that her last voyage under USSCo colours - was to be from Launceston to Sydney. I was Chief Officer of her at the time and decided that she would enter Sydney harbour looking as smart as possible. But could I get any new flags out of Holyman's? By this time they were reluctant to supply us even with the necessities of life - meat, fresh vegetables &c.

But not to worry. In Launceston during our last visit were two Union Steam Ship Company vessels, in both of which I had served and both with Chief Officers who were personal friends. I called first aboard Kootara and was able to scrounge a new houseflag. I discussed the impossibility of obtaining a new New Zealand ensign and then my friend remembered that there had been one such in Koonya's flag locker while he was serving in that ship. So I called aboard Koonya. Yes, there had been a New Zealand ensign... Both Koonya's Chief Officer and I made a thorough search of the locker. That flag had vanished without trace.

So my friend handed me a new Australian ensign.

"Put this up when you enter Sydney," he daid, "Nobody will notice."
Nobody did.

But people do notice - some people, anyhow, people whose concern with the correct use of words : as great as mine with the correct use of flags - when a major political party sails under false colours, calling itself Liberal when it should well have Mrs. Thatcher as its captain.

But that could be an improvement of the present leaderahip.*

- A Bertram Chandler.

*Written before the Election. But I still like Maggie and still think that we should have made our contribution to the Falklands campaign.

CONSISTENCY

The ashes pale atop this glowing cinder,
The remnants of my tribe have only space
For hope all other life was tinder.
This wasted world lifts up a dying face.
Where our machines have gone, we soon shall follow
With hearts of lead in this wan dawn,
Whose greedy dreams were all too hollow,
Who slaughtered deer, and killed their fawn.
And yet we have our aspirations,
Close huddled here upon cremated soil,
We feeble few who once were nations.

Perchance, out there, lie other worlds to spoil.

BY RAYMOND L. CLANCY

JOHN J. ALDERSON :

THE STRUCTURE OF SOCIETY

2. THE WOMAN-DOMINATED SOCIETY

(a) Where the Male is treated with Despite.

There are a wide range of societies where the man does not enter his wife's family upon marriage, but which are undoubtedly woman-dominated. The group is so large and the divergeness so important that they deserve seperate treatment. They are also important as the sort of society into which others may degenerate, as will be seen at a later stage. The first inkling I got of this type of society was from pondering the passage in Genesis: Therefore shall a man leave his¹ father and mother and shall cleave unto his wife; and they shall be one flesh. For, put into anthropological language this reads - A man shall leave his mother's household and become part of his wife's mother's family. And I asked myself the question, What sort of society existed where this did/does not occur; that is, where the man remains part of his mother's family despite marriage?

This society is the matrilineal, but the matrilineage may not always be obvious, indeed, like all types of society they may have their essential nature hidden. Their significant guide lines are:

Their god, if they have one, is female, but their theology is not usually well developed.

On marriage the man still belongs to the mother's family.

The bride-price or marriage present is nominal.

Marriage is most tenuous.

The women are polyandrous

Inheritance is through the female line though the women own virtually everything.

Incest is severely dealt with.

Infanticide/abortion is normal.

Frequently such societies have not arrived at, or possibly lost the idea of a god or gods but such as they have are usually female. Simple animism is more common and the religion is usually more . orcery than anything else. However fertility rites are common and the rituals tend to orgastic, forerunner of the more familiar fertility goddesses.

The women are polyandrous and are so from a very early age. The only criteria for male partners is their physique, the girls being allowed to couple freely with slaves, visitors, strangers or what have you, but not the men of the family or clan. The children thus fathered are part of and always remain part of the family, and strong men are regarded highly, in much the same way as a strong draught horse might be regarded. For the men are no more than slaves and are an

inheritance of the women. Oddly enough a lot of travellers and anthropologists have really got the bull by the foot in this regard, and because the men are inherited with the land it was believed they owned the land. The reality is that both man and land are owned by the women. So, "The matrilineage was important as the land owning unit and from generation to generation the land passed to the men through the female line."² The point is that no new women are introduced into the household and if the men have wives, it is a visiting marriage, that is, they may visit their wives at home when the day's work is done...

"But it came to pass within a while after, in the time of the wheat harvest, that Samson visited his wife with a kid; and he said, I will go into my wife into the chamber."³

Whilst the kid was undoubtedly for his and his wife's supper, the main purpose was not to impose any burden on a strange family for they would resent it, and on the other hand too large a gift would be to deprive the mother's clan of their wealth. Now Samson, in this instance was the man of a male-dominated society who had married a Philistine girl, but the Philistines were women-dominated and the girl still lived with her family. It is a fair instance of what happens when two people of a male- and a woman-dominated society marry. The incidental aspect of Samson's visit, that the woman now had another husband (about which he had been neither consulted or informed), should not escape us, nor the immediate and easy offer of her sister. "It is a characteristic of woman's position in a matriarchal society that she often changes husbands. There are women who, before they reach the age of twenty have already had five or six husbands."⁴

Speaking of the men in such a society Dr Nemecek observes that "...except for sexual intercourse the man is under no obligation to his wife. He may make her presents and contribute to her support but in such cases there is the danger of coming in conflict with his sept, who may fear that these gifts will entail a decrease in the communal wealth."⁵

Speaking of the Minangkabau of central Sumatra, Nemecek says, "The Minangkabau live in large matrilinear communal households which include all the descendents of one mother; mothers, children, aunts and uncles, cousins male and female, grandmothers and great aunts on the maternal side; all the descendants of a common mother rank as brothers and sisters even when they are the issue of different fathers. This uterine sept from the land which it owns and cultivates in common. Even in rich families the woman have, without detriment to their high status, to do all the hard work in the swampy rice-fields and in addition they bear the burden of keeping house for the whole community. The husband... remains in his mother's household and only visits his wife from time to time to fulfill his marital duties."⁶

Dr Nemecek observes:

"The matriarchates which rests on the women's collective ownership and cultivation of the soil is a product of the moist tropical zone. In the moist tropical areas of the Pacific, of South America and Southern Asia, in the great river valleys of Southern Asia and in the valley of the Nile women were able, when gathering plants, to learn from experience that tubers and scattered grain sprout and grow."⁷

I am afraid that this is a simplistic contention that matriarchates belong to the moist tropical zone, for the very notable Pueblo Indians do not. The Pueblo women rely on natural rainfall (as do all such people) and not irrigation. The Pueblo Indians consist of the Hopi and Zuni peoples. They are now much

restricted in land and numbers and their decline stems apparently from prolonged drought in pre-Spanish times. However they have preserved their social system with "remarkably little alteration." The tribes are apparently held together by a variety of social institutions, "clans, secret clubs, and specialised societies." It is a fragile thing with no political organisation or permanent authority to give it stability. The tribal "chief" is merely a sort of advisor with no authority. Consequently disputes become a matter for the families to settle and degenerate into feuds. The Zuni are divided into thirteen clans named after a totem plant or animal but there is no food taboo associated with these. However, marriage within the clan is prohibited and two members of the clan are regarded as blood relatives, at least as close as a cousin even if there is no actual blood relationship. Each clan has its own secret rituals which are jealously guarded.



"The Zuni kinship system is matrilineal and matrilocal. The husband goes to live with his wife's family, who may add an extra room for the daughter's new family. The household is really an extended family sometimes numbering twenty-five people, that includes the grandmother with her husband, her unmarried daughters, her married daughters with their husbands and children, and her unmarried brothers and sons. The women own the house, and all the men except the unmarried brothers and unmarried sons are outsiders. The fields also belong to the matrilineal clans, with the women holding the rights to what the land produces. The men labour in the gardens, but whatever they harvest goes into the common storage bins maintained by the women of the household.

"Marriage at Zuni is best described as 'brittle monogamy'. A wife can divorce her husband simply by placing his possessions outside the door. No property claims must be resolved since she and her lineage own almost everything; her sons, her unmarried or divorced brothers, and her sister's husbands can easily provide the necessary manual labour until she remarries. Similarly, the divorced man can always expect a welcome if he returns to his mother's and his sister's households; they are happy to receive the windfall of his labour. The husband feels that his real home is in the household of his mother and sisters. He interests himself deeply in their affairs; he is concerned with bringing up his nephews and nieces; and he returns to their household on ceremonial occasions."

The biological father has thus virtually no role to play with his own children. A word out of turn to the children may have his scanty possessions placed outside the door. Instead the children are subject to the discipline of everyone and this consists of "constant ridicule and belittling"

Nor were these societies particularly peaceful as often suggested. Each village still possesses a war-priest whose authority ranks with the highest whilst the warrior society is always mobilised for war. The very insecurity of the man's marriage and domestic situation makes him fundamentally aggressive to outsiders in an effort to find favour with his wife and to relieve his own tensions.

Despite the fact that ostensibly the Zuni are monogamous there are constant intrigues and young men boast that they can have sex with any woman whose

husband is absent, and Li An-che did not regard this as an exaggeration.¹¹

It may be of some value now to examine the Yanomamo, American-Indian tribes on the borders of Brazil and Venezuela. They have been labelled as "one of the most aggressive, warlike, and male-oriented societies in the world."¹²

That they are aggressive and warlike is beyond doubt. But most of the social misdeeds of the men apparently stem from the use and aftereffects of inhaling ebene, an hallucinogenic drug. This they use to ease their pain and anxiety as some people take aspirin. It appears that they are usually either under the effects of the drug or experiencing a hangover therefrom. One must be careful not to put too much anthropological emphasis on to the social effects of drug-taking, especially when its use is confined to one sex.

The tribe practices a simple horticulture which is the monopoly of the women. The two main crops are plantain and banana which yield heavily for very little work. The villages have a population of 100-200 so the gardens never exhaust the soil, yet the villages are continually on the move. But plantain and bananas are notoriously short on protein. The men are hunters but the jungle has been depleted of animals and the usual hunting trips take ten to twelve days. The population are thus chronically short of protein all the time. This is despite the fact that most of the villages are on or near rivers abounding in fish and water-animals. The men do virtually no fishing and cannot make boats.¹³ Nor can they make cooking pots or stone axes and must rely on trade for these.

The women give birth alone in the jungle and practice infanticide, killing a large proportion of the girls so that the juvenile sex ratio is 154 males to 100 females. The death rate amongst boys is such that the adult ratio sinks to 120 men to 100 women.¹⁴ The successful men (that is the best warriors) have several wives and these men amount to 25% of the population.¹⁵ The rest of the men share wives or have none. In fact it is apparent that polygamy is practised so that polyandry may flourish; and that, that very polygamy is a cloak for continual adultery. It may be assumed that in effect all the women are polyandrous.

The men are brought up to be aggressive and brutalised. They spend their lives in constant wars and feuds over real or fancied wrongs. Their games and feuds are largely contests to see who can stand the most pain and they so stand great pain, apparently due to the pain-deadening effects of ebene. But their warfare is of a different order, consisting of ambushes, stealthy raids and attacks on small parties of the enemy. There is neither honour nor bravery displayed. In other words they show none of the characteristics so familiar of the warrior-caste. The women measure their status as wives by their scars.

This is a society typically in trouble. The interesting fact that these ferocious men can be made to cringe by the wife saying he is a poor hunter betrays the root of the trouble. The men have no economic importance in the community, and they are, on the whole, unsuccessful hunters.¹⁶ To cover or to gloss over this the men act aggressively to each other and to their neighbouring villages. They have run out of game and have not learnt to domesticate animals or to fish, nor can they make canoes, cooking pots or axes. The motivation in continually moving their villages is to be of some little use in the community, and their aggressiveness, a pathetic way of trying to maintain their self-esteem.

On the other hand the women deliberately keep the available sex at an artificially low level, realizing, subconsciously perhaps, that there are too many people for the available protein. By killing off a large percentage of the girls they keep the men aggressive and consolidate their own power.¹⁷ Women always

have the most say in the up-bringing of children and it is the women who insist that the boys be aggressive. The continual anxiety caused by war, lack of wives and the risks of adultery also contribute to the aggressiveness of the men; so does the use of the drug ebene. The result is a society exterminating itself. It is not without interest that the reputed policy of the early white settlers of Queensland was to shoot the Aboriginal women and to allow the men to live as the best way to destroy them as a people. A similar policy is adopted by some land-owners in order to destroy rabbits. They kill the does and allow the bucks to live. The resultant competition of the males is very destructive. So with the Yanomamo.

The aggressiveness of the men has little to do with the sexual dominance of the society. In fact if anything women-dominated societies tend to be the most aggressive. The Yanomamo are such a women-dominated society; with the wrong pressures being used within the society in response to exterior stress and this is destroying the tribe. Only by equalising the sex ratio and providing the men with an economic part in the community will the aggressiveness of the men be eased (and, of course stopping the conditioning education of aggressiveness), and wars and feuds cease. Perhaps the obvious way is to turn the men into herds-men of some sort, or at least fishermen. The Yanomamo are a frightening example of a society where the males have been deprived of all economic importance.

From all this we may make several conclusions concerning women-dominated societies where the men are held in dispite. These societies are so because the communities have no place of economic importance for the males. They are merely extra hands and as such usually belong to the man's mother's family rather than to the wife's family, and in some cases only visits his wife for marital purposes. The women own virtually everything and this usually includes the men who are virtually slaves. The position of the men is one fraught with anxiety. The girls are killed at birth to keep the number of available women low thus depriving the men of a normal sex-life and so better under control. With no economic and social position in the community the men are very aggressive and use warfare to recover their self-esteem. These societies have no political life, indeed have not sufficient political cohesion for the science of politics to develop. They are extremely concertive. The women are polyandrous and adultery is a normal way of life. Specialisation is virtually unknown, especially amongst men, and whilst the girls are educated the boys usually are not except in a very nominal sense. However the men do have secret societies, some religious and some akin to the notorious Leopard Societies. Drunkardness and drug-taking amongst the men is commonplace.

Such societies are aggressive, torn by tensions, and ill-balanced. They do not carve out empires, lacking the political know-how and stability to do so, but their destructive power should not be, and cannot be, over-rated.

In conclusion allow me to quote Peter Farb again:

"Most matrilineal tribes known about have one thing in common: They practise gardening based on natural rainfall rather than on the building of irrigation works, which would have required male co-operation to build and to maintain."¹⁸

Notes

1. Genesis 2:24
2. Willis, Ian Lee, Village and City. Carlton 1974 P.10
3. Judges 15:1

4. Nemecek, O. Virginity: Pre-Nupial Rites and Rituals, London, 1961 p.6
5. Ibid. p.6
6. Ibid. p.5
7. Ibid. p.7
8. Farb, P. Man's Rise to Civilization, New York 1978 p.71
9. Ibid. p.71
10. Ibid. p.74
11. Li An-che, "Zuni: Some Observations and Queries", American Anthropologist, Vol.39 pp 62-76, 1937
12. Harris, M. Cows, Pigs, Wars and Witches, London 1975 p.87
13. Ibid. pp 100, 101
14. Ibid. p.99
15. Ibid. p.97
16. Ibid. p.102
17. Ibid. p.99
18. Farb, Ibid. p.75

- John J Alderson

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Editor's Note: Below is a press clipping from the Sydney Daily Telegraph of 2/6/83 which brings to notice several aspects of last issues article on domination in society.

WOMEN EXCLUDED FROM RAPE TRIAL

NORTHERN Territories Chief Justice Sir William Forster has barred women from the public trial in Darwin of an elderly Aborigine charged with rape.

The judge has made a general order that women be excluded from the courtroom for all purposes because of tribal aspects of the case, in which a man, 70, is charged with two counts of rape.

Several witnesses are tribal Aboriginal men, who will not speak about certain customary lore in front of women.

The man is seen as likely to be prejudiced in his trial if women are allowed in the courtroom during such evidence.

Review

Sir William has also prohibited publication of any material from the trial relating to Aboriginal customary lore.

The order covers matters of religious significance, Aboriginal names of ceremonies and of sacred objects.

He said the order would be subject to review as the trial, expected to last a week, progressed.

An all-male jury has been selected; neither are women allowed to serve as courtroom staff.

The charges arise from alleged rapes at Ngukurr in January and October 1981.

The defendant has pleaded not guilty to both

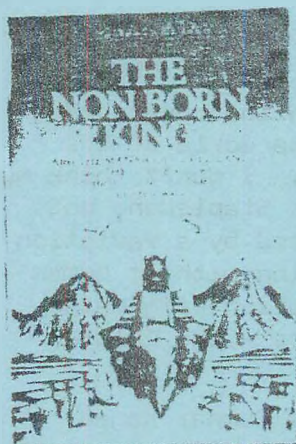


SPACED OUT
IS
EARLY TO
RETRO
EARLY TO
RISE
KEEPS
YOU
AHEAD
OF THOSE
TWO-HEADED
GUYS!

Mike 31
H. H. H.

ON MY SELECTION -

S.F. BOOK RELEASES



THE NONBORN KING by Julian May. Pan Books, dist in Aust by Pan Books (Aust) P/L. 387pp. A\$5.95. On sale now.

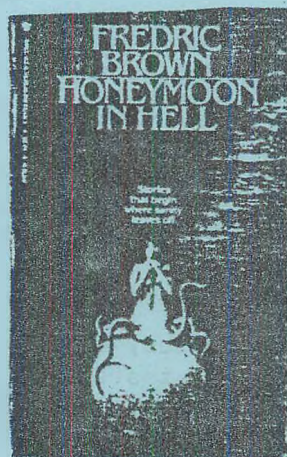
This is book three in the Saga of the Exiles and continues the history of the Many-Coloured Land, with the increasing complications of government under Aiken Drum. After the Deluge when the Mediterranean Basin was flooded, some of the old Tanu keep turning up. The Rebels from the Milieu become involved, from their base in North America. I found I had to read some few pages to get into the 'swing' of the novel - mostly because of the many characters I had to remember from the previous novel (mainly because I didn't read the Synopsis).

May has created a very involved world and character set with her Pliocene world. If you haven't read this series, then I suggest you obtain them. The synopsis looks quite adequate in this book, but it naturally doesn't have the depth of the earlier novels. *Recommended*.

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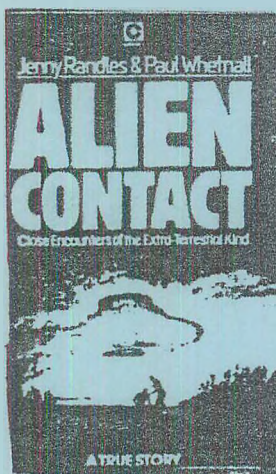
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HONEYMOON IN HELL by Fredric Brown. Bantam SF, dist in Aust by Transworld Publishers Aust P/L. 150pp. A\$3.50. On sale now.

This anthology is a collection of stories from the 1940's and early 1950's. Frederic Brown specialised in short sf stories - some only one or two pages. They are: Honeymoon in Hell; Man of Distinction; Millennium; The Dome; Blood; Hall of Mirrors; Experiment; The Last Martian; Sentry; Mouse; Naturally; Voodoo; "Arena"; Keep Out; First Time Machine; And the Gods Laughed; Weapon; A Word from our Sponsor; Rustle of Wings and Imagine. Being short, the stories are very to the point.

Possibly the most well known of them is "Arena", which has been made into several episodes of sf TV series, including STAR TREK. Although some are nearly 40 years old, they hold their age well, as they are about people. A good read.



ALIEN CONTACT by Jenny Randles & Paul Whetnall. Coronet Books, dist in Aust by Hodder & Stoughton. 200pp. A\$5.95. On sale now.

This book details a family's encounters with aliens over a period of time. The author's preface exhorts the reader to keep an open mind, which I found slightly difficult. Parts 1 & 2 were readable, but I considered Part 3 - Questions and Answers, to be a rehash of information, tests, etc. which I have read countless times before.

For anyone who has never read such on the subject, the book might be some use. - Ruth Kentwell.

[The cover shows two figures crouching under a hat-shaped flying saucer.-- Ron.]

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RADIX by A.A. Attanasia. Corgi Books, dist in Aust by Trans-world Publishers Aust P/L. 384pp. A\$5.95. On sale now.

This book has the following blurb on the cover: "Not since Tolkien's Middle Earth has a complete world of the imagination been so brilliantly realised". I don't think much of that blurb. The source of the novel is Stapledon, not Tolkien. The scenerio is an earth devastated by a radiation streaming in from the galactic core, bearing with it human mutations and fantastic dreams. The radiation originates, it is found, from where the Universe shears - the Multiverse.

The protagonist is a fat slob called Sumner Kagan who is forced, through circumstances, to a destiny he never imagined. The novel is too complex to foreshorten here. The prose is clear and the imagery inspired. *Recommended*.

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MYTH DIRECTIONS by Robert Asprin. Starblaze Editions: Donning Co, available in Aust bookshops. 168pp. US\$5.95. On sale now.

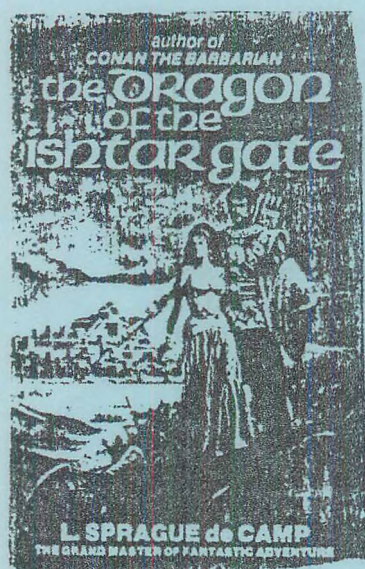
This is the sequel to Myth Conceptions and has the same basic characters, with the principals being Aahz and Skeeve, his apprentice. This adventure concerns the problems encountered by Skeeve and Tananda as they set out to look through the dimensions in an effort to find something suitable as a birthday present for Aahz. They find it, but Tananda is caught as they attempt to 'lift' it and Skeeve barely makes it back to his Home dimension. The rest of the novel tells how the attempt to rescue Tananda goes.

Myth Directions is very light hearted fantasy and the reader of this book needs to have the right taste. I thought it a bit too much like a pavlova.

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THE DRAGON OF THE ISHTAR GATE by L. Sprague de Camp. Donning Co., Available in Aust. bookshops. 341pp. US\$5.95. On sale now.

This is one of those books that is published out of its true line. It is actually a historical novel, set in the reign of Persian king Xerxes. Like those other historical novels that could be labeled as fantasy (but aren't, because of the plot, etc) they usually find themselves being published in a publisher's fantasy line - probably because they sell better then elsewhere.

This novel concerns the search for three things by the two main characters, to enable one of them to escape the tortures of the queen. The things they have to return with are the ear of a king, a dragon (of the Ishtar Gate) and (though they know it not) the heart of a hero. They find the first two (in a way) and learn of the third when they return. It is good, solid adventure, and gives very interesting background to the period.

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AURELIA by R.A. Lafferty. Donning Co., available in Aust bookshops. 183pp. US\$5.95. On sale now.

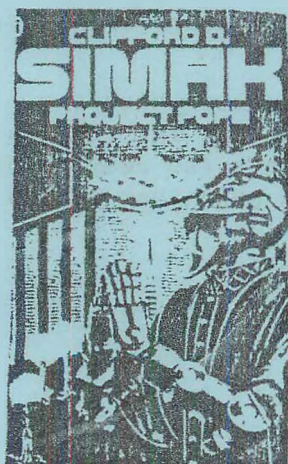
Lafferty is an author you have to have a feel for. This is an account of the adventures of Aurelia as she goes on an excursion as part of her tenth form (US) class. She had to take over a world and govern it for a period. The world she (or at least the ship picks) is a strange place, the natives of which call earth...

I found the going hard, and gave up halfway through. The writing is kind of, uh, hippy type and the characters weird (really...). As I said, you have to have the feel for Lafferty. If you do you'll probably like this one.

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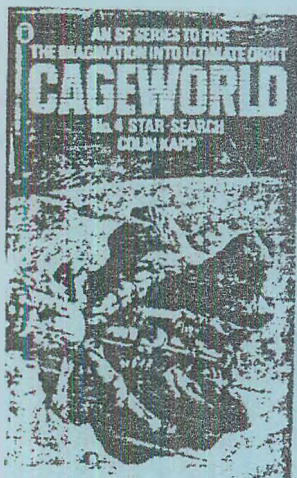


PROJECT POPE by Clifford D. Simak. New English Library, dist in Aust by Hodder & Stoughton. 287pp. A\$5.95. On sale now.

Simak hasn't really changed his basic philosophy expressed in his novels over the years - the quiet and peace of the countryside, the depth of humankind's (and robot kind) emotions and the strength of friendship.

His latest is about a venture, set up a thousand years before by a bunch of terran robots, to search out the true faith. They thought that it might take thousands, even hundreds of thousands of years to interpenetrate the galaxy to enable them to attain their goal. This novel deals with a critical time in that organisation when events both external and internal threatened to put a stop to that aim, or even to subvert it.

Good, solid sf writing. I enjoyed it.



CAGEWORLD 4 -- STAR SEARCH by Colin Kapp. New English Library, dist in Aust by Hodder & Stoughton. 171pp. A\$3.95. On sale now.

This is the fourth in the Cageworld series - that gigantic universe created by the planet-sized computer ZEUS as it attempts to manufacture living space for the human race. This time the vallant space farers voyage through the immense 'planetary' shells to find out what is holding Zeus up beyond the Pluto shell . The inner shells are vastly overcrowded and they must find out what problems Zeus faces beyond the last shekk.. One theory is that centrifugal force spins the system of shells so fast it it impossible to build any more past the Pluto shell.

STAR SEARCH is pure space opera - just the thing to give that sense-of-wonder to any young person.

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THE ICE BELT by Stephen Couper. Sphere SF, dist in Aust by Thomas Nelson Aust. 252pp. A\$5.95. On sale now.

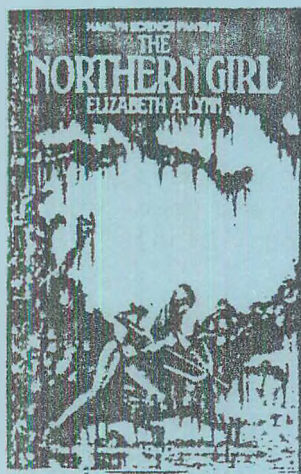
Although this is the 'sequel' to DYING OF PARADISE, it is a complete seperate plot and can be read on its own. It takes up after Rorvik and the Central Computer had both been put out of action. Randall, the Elite policeman who had de-programmed the computer, killed Rorvik and smashed society by thus doing, finds himself exiled to the prison outpost of the Ice Palace, set in the Arctic wastes of the planet. How he fared there among the hard bitten criminals and planned his escape is a good story.

I enjoyed this book - for an engrossing read, buy it.

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THE NORTHERN GIRL by Elizabeth Lynn. Hamlyn Science Fiction, dist in Aust by Thomas Nelson Aust. 382pp. A\$4.95. On sale now.

I'm sure that Ms Lynn is a good writer (she won the 1980 World Fantasy Award (any relation to the Internationasl Fantasy Award?) for the first volume of this trilogy) but I couldn't finish this tome. It wasn't that the writing was mundane or the plot muddy - I found the action dragging. In another mood I might have finished it.

I am getting fed up with 'fantasy' novels which are sf novels with a bit of occult (or gods) thrown in. One is reading along imagining it all happening on a far away planet, then the illogicality of it hits the reader when that god is thrown in.

I might have another go someother time.

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THE BOOK OF THE BEAST by Robert Stallman. Mayflower Science Fantasy, dist in Aust by Granada Publishing (Aust) P/L. 223pp. A\$5.95. On sale now.

This is the final book in the Beast trilogy, the others being The Orphan and The Captive. The novel is as good as the others coming before and brings the series to an all-ends-tied conclusion. Though there is that occult intrusion again. It was only that piece of 'out of body' travel, but it gave the novel that little piece of unrealism that spoiled it and made what could have been a *recommended* just a good read.

Lately there has been several sf authors exploring the interface of death and life. Add this to the study. A good read.

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CAUTIONARY TALES by Chelsea Quinn Yarbro. Panther SF, dist in Aust by Granada Pub. (Aust) P/L. 285pp. A\$5.95. On sale now.

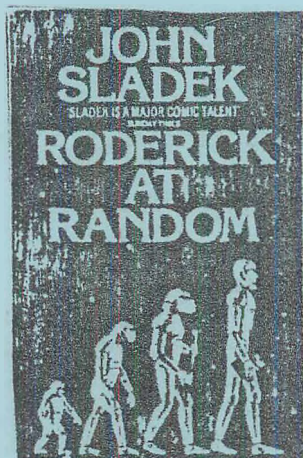
I had only read Yarbro in the prozines before I read her Time of the Fourth Horseman (reviewed last issue) and had not thought her all that good. Time and this collection changed that. (I would love to read False Dawn, but I missed its release).

Stories included here are: Everything that begins with an 'M'; Frog Pond; Un Bel Di; Lammas Night; Into My Own; Disturb No my Slumbering Fair; The Meaning of the Word; The Generalissimo's Butterfly; Allies; Dead in Irons; Swan Song; The Fellini Begger; An Indulgence. They are a mixture of fantasy, sf and horror, often mixed. The writer she most reminds me of is Sturgeon. *Recommended*.

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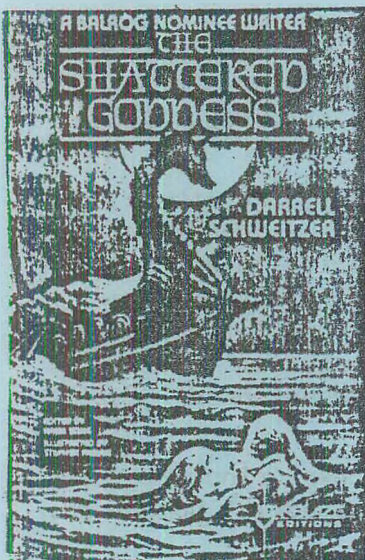


RODERICK AT RANDOM by John Sladek. Granada, dist in Aust by Granada Pub. (Aust) P/L. 315pp. A\$7.50. On sale now.

This is the sequel to Roderick and it carries on the growing up of little Robbie as he flounders through life trying to find out where its at. He comes across the most weird situations of real life subtlly twisted for satire.

Whether he is at the Orinoco Institute ar attending a service at the Church of Plastic Jesus ("Welcomes you, maybe") the author is poking fun at most aspects of American life - including somewhere, I am sure, Motherhood, which seems to be a dying art.

I used to think Sladek (through his writings in NEW WORLDS), was an author steeped in the New Wave. These novels show: he has progresssd past it.



THE SHATTERED GODDESS by Darrell Schweitzer. Donning Co, dist in Aust. bookshops. Illus. 183pp. US\$5.95. On sale now.

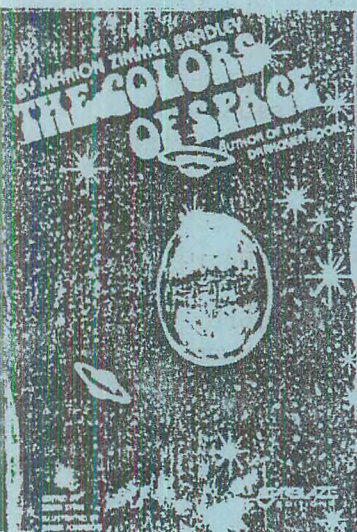
Schweitzer is one of the better fantasy writers around who regularly write in the genre. This is the story of an age far in the future, when evil and good are in the form of the white and black Goddess. At the time of the novel's start, the Goddess had been dead for some time and the people venerate her bones. In the city of Ai Hanlo the Guardian grew old and finally died, leaving his possessed son to carry on the will on an ancient evil witch, while the white Powers were represented by a Mystery child found in the crib of the Guardian's baby son shortly after birth.

The tale of the fall of the Age of Man and the rising of the forces of Black and the ultimate rise of the God makes an entertaining read for an hour or two.

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THE COLOURS OF SPACE by Marion Zimmer Bradley. Donning Co, dist in good Aust bookshops. Illus. 141pp. US\$5.95. On sale now.

This novel, though it doesn't say so, is a juvenile book, but since it is by Bradley it is good enough for any age. Humankind is out amongst the stars, but courtesy of the Lhari, who own the secret catalyst which powers the starships, and on which they have the monopoly. Bart is just out of the Space Academy when he finds himself in the thick of a plot to steal the secret and enable humanity to go among the stars themselves without the everpresent Lhari.

The action is fast and the plot straight forward. This is another book that a beginning reader of sf would find valuable. A good read.

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GORGA, THE SPACE MONSTER by Edward Packard. A Bantam-Skylark Book, dist in Aust by Transworld Publishing (Aust) P/L. 52pp, A\$3.95. On sale now.

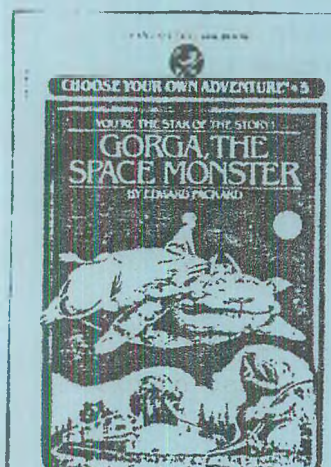
This is an alternate ending story and I find that children find it very engrossing reading. I gave the book and the following one to my daughter, Evelyn, to read and review. She and Tim found it good for recreation reading:

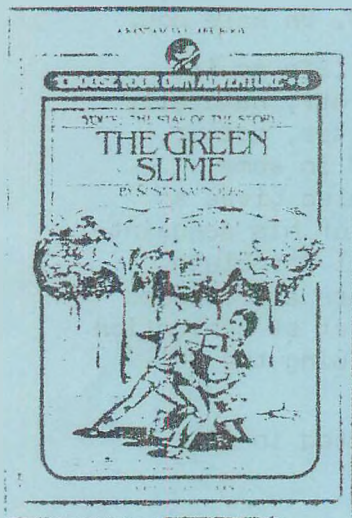
"I love Gorga the space monster, because it is one of the 'choose your own adventure' books. When you read it you don't start from the beginning and read it to the end, you just read the beginning and then it says two things at the bottom. And you have to choose one of them. They all lead to a new adventure." - Evelyn Clarke (age 8).

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THE GREEN SLIME by Susan Saunders. A Bantam Book, dist in Aust by Transworld Publishers (Aust) P/L. 52pp. A\$3.95. On sale now.

This is, as with the Gorga book above, profusely illustrated and well set out. It contains the sort of story that the reader makes their own decisions every page or so and when they arrive at the node they pick another page to continue the story:

"I love the Green Slime as well as Gorga The Space Monster because it is a 'choose your own adventure book' too. It is all about some green gunk. It starts the day after your birthday and your Auntie Beth has given you a chemistry set as a birthday present. She had also left you in charge of your cousin Stevie and she wants you to keep an eye on him. All sorts of things then happen." - Evelyn Clarke.

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THE CRYSTAL SINGER by Anne McCaffrey. Corgi, dist by Transworld Publishers (Aust) P/L. 301pp. A\$4.95. On sale now.

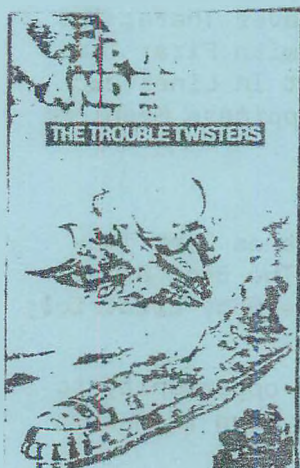
This book is the result of joining up several of the novellettes concerning Killasandra, which appeared in Roger Elwood's Continuum series of books. It is the better for being published in one volume.

It is set on the planet Ballybran, which has mountain ranges of crystal, which the galaxy prizes very much. It is not mined by the conventional means of mining machines, but by humans, called Crystal Singers, who have to have pure voices, which they use to 'tune' the crystals. This follows the career of one of those Singers as she strives to make her fortune on that beautiful, but deadly planet. Worth buying if you haven't read it, and like books such as Helga (the Ship Who Sang).

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THE TROUBLE TWISTERS by Poul Anderson. Panther SF, dist in Aust by Granada Publishing (Aust) P/L. 192pp. A\$4.95. On sale now.

This story is set in the Polesotechnic League and concerns the adventures of a young Trader, David Falkayn, as he first joins the Interstellar Traders and then ends up in charge of a ship. The novel consists of three stories (The Three-cornered Wheel, A Sun Invisible and The Trouble Twisters) originally published as Trade Team. It is good, rousing adventure, that Poul Anderson is very good at.

The plot fairly bounds along; it is not short of good basic science and there are some good twists to the plot and ideas presented that make the reading very entertaining and worth the couple of hours.

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THE WAY THE FUTURE WAS: A MEMOIR by Frederik Pohl. Granada, dist by Granada Publishing (Aust) P/L. 318pp. A\$9.50. On sale now.

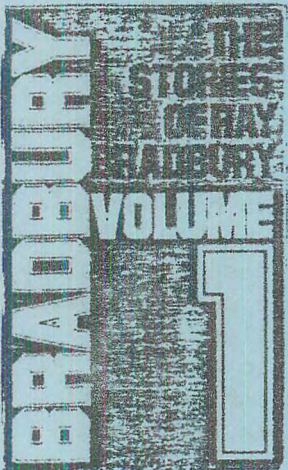
This is an account of Frederik Pohl's life as it covered his sf and personal events. It starts off, naturally in his early years and covers his career as writer, editor, agent, and so on. It is very well written, and in some sections, rambling. It is quite personal and also gives an account of the early lives of other sf authors of his acquaintance including Isaac Asimov, Damon Knight, Cyril Kornbluth, David Kyle, Donald A Wollheim, and others. There are 8 pages of photos, one of them being of the world's first sf convention showing 8 out of the 9 members, and another showing the New York Futurians.

This book is a must for anyone interested in sf fandom at all. *Recommended*.

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THE STORIES OF RAY BRADBURY, Volumes 1 and 2. Granada Books dist by Granada Publishing (Aust) P/L. 715 & 685pp. Each volume A\$10.95. On sale now.

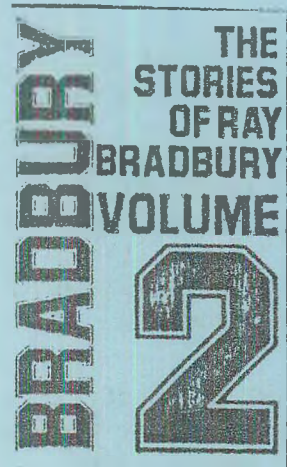
These volumes cover many, if not most of Bradbury's short stories. Bradbury has had a long career in sf and fantasy and is still writing, though has af always has had undertones of fantasy.

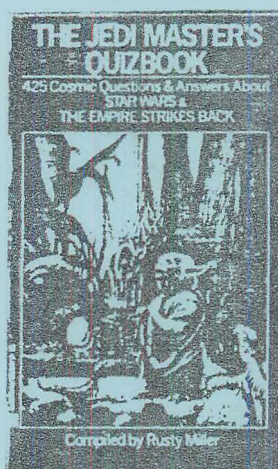
The stories in Vol 1 are: The Night; Homecoming; Uncle Einar, The Traveller; The Lake; The Coffin; The Crowd; The Scythe; There Was An Old Woman; There Will Come Soft Rains; Mars In Heaven; The Silent Towns; The Earth Men; The Off Season; The Million Year Picnic; The Fox And The Forest; Keleidoscope; The Rocket Man; Marionettes, Inc; No Particular Night Or Morning; The City; The Fire Balloons; The Last Night Of The World; The Veldt; The Long Rain; The Great Fire; The Wilderness. A Sound Of Thunder; The Murderer; The April Witch; Invisible Boy; The Golden Apples Of The Sun; The Fog Horn; The Golden Kite, The Silver Wind; The Big Black and White Game; Embroidery; Powerhouse; Hail & Farewell; The Great Wide World over There; The Playground; Skeleton; The Man Upstairs; Touched with Fire; The Emissary; The Jar; The Small Assassin; The Next In Line; Jack-In-The-Box; The Leave-Taking; Exorcism; The Happiness Machine; Calling Mexico.

And that is just the first volume.

The Second Volume contains such treats as Dark They Were And Golden Eyed; The Illustrated Woman; The Best Of All Possible Worlds; The Picasso Summer; I Sing The Body Electric!; The October Game; and The End Of The Beginning.

If you like Bradbury then here is the opportunity to get all these stories in a place where you can find them when you want to read them.





THE JEDI MASTER'S QUIZBOOK, compiled by Rusty Miller. Del Rey, dist in Aust by Doubleday Aust P/L. 133pp. A\$3.95. On sale now.

This volume contains 425 Questions and answers about Star Wars and The Empire Strikes Back, which were compiled by Rusty Miller, an 11 year old student from Florida. Being his first published book one expects to find some blandness and it isn't too deep.

This book is to test those fans who know a lot about the media, or who just went to see Star Wars 25 times. Some of the questions used to find out how much the readers knows include: Who was Red Six in the battle of the Death Star? What was Threepio's first job, How many horns does a Tauntaun have? and Where did Luke and Han first meet? (even I can answer the last one.)

CURRENT RELEASES:

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| GRANADA | - | THE VANISHING TOWER, \$4.95. |
| PENGUIN | - | GORMENGHAST, \$5.95. |
| | | TITUS GROAN, \$6.95. |
| DOUBLEDAY | - | THE CURSE OF THE WITCH-QUEEN,
THE PIRATES OF ROSINANTE.
THE SWORD OF BHELEU. |
| TRANSWORLD | - | THE WINDHOVER TAPES: FLEXING THE WARP, \$3.50.
THE UNICORN CREED, \$3.95. |

JUNE RELEASES:

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| TRANSWORLD | - | DANCE OF THE HAG, \$3.50. |
| HODDER | - | FIRES OF AZEROTH, \$4.95 (late May)
PREFERRED RISK, \$5.50. |

JULY RELEASES:

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| TRANSWORLD | - | THE COOL WAR, \$3.95.
STAR RIDER, \$3.95.
SCIENCE FICTION OF THE 40's, \$5.50.
A TREASURY OF MEDERN FANTASY, \$9.95. |
| HODDER | - | SHARRA'S EXILE, \$6.95.
THE SILMARILLION, \$8.95.
FRIDAY, \$6.95.
THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST, \$6.95
TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE, \$7.95.
I WILL FEAR NO EVIL, \$5.95.
BEYOND THIS HORIZON, \$19.95 (h/c)
PLANET OF EVIL, \$14.95 (h/c) |

AUGUST RELEASES:

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|------------|---|--|
| TRANSWORLD | - | THE BRONZE OF EDDARTA, \$3.95.
TEA WITH A BLACK DRAGON, \$3.50. |
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And those are the reviews of books released for this issue. The last two books noted in the July releases for Transworld are noted on the release notice from them as being released May/July, so they are probably available now. They are Avon books and look very well worth buying -- they contain some of the best sf and fantasy published, both in the period covered for the sf volume, and overall, for the fantasy volume.

The R. E R. Dept.



Steve Sneyd,
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Almondbury,
Huddersfield,
West Yorkshire,
HD5 8PB, U.K.

BUGS had a nice deadpan humour - and any story that gets Bugs Bunny into it has a headstart for me, if only as a name for an 'alien'. It seemed to end rather abruptly. Is it a chapter of a novel in progress or something like that. Seems to cry out for an answer to "what happened next".

The reference

in one of the LoCs to a survivor (Ameriran) of the Titanic convincing herself that the crew were American reminded me of a funny tale told me by an English veteran of the retaking of Burma from the Japanese in WWII which he swore was true. His unit had just retaken some small seaport and were waiting for orders to move on when a US Army film crew turned up and all the British troops were cleared out of sight. Then some US Marines on an LST appeared in the harbour and staged a dramatic 'liberation' of the town, which had already been clear of Japs for a whole day, presumably so that back home in the States the newsreels could show another success for the US forces. Propaganda is history at it should have happened in a better-organised world, as somebody said.

Judith

Hanna's reply to John Alderson itself leaves a lot of openings for discussions, particularly on the question of how long purely oral information can be transmitted without major garbling (must reread Jan Vansina's Oral Traditions again). I seem to remember it's in there he points out that where economic or political issues are at stake, rights to land or government office, hereditary posts dependent for their livelihood on correct recitations of complex genealogies at coronations, etc. Eg in Africa, the potential timespan are enormous (though obviously that presupposes no change of dynasty/invasion, otherwise the 'new lot' have to be written into the text).

Julie Vaux,
14 Zara St.,
Willoughby,
NSW 2068.

. As Richard has written me a letter, asking what I meant about Altamirran spines I had better explain for the benefit of any other readers with the same question.

Most Terran spines

are based on interlocking vertebra, usually connected to the rib cage. Like Terran mammals, Altamirran mammals are descendants of amphibians and indeed a large proportion of life on Altamirran is marine or avian or amphibious. Now, in a higher gravity it seems to me that a creature has two options open to it

if it is going to be a land dweller - either to be small, tough and wiry, or to be large and massive. While Altamirra's gravity isn't that much greater than Earth's (1.4) its beings follow a course of quality of bone and muscle rather than quantity. Rib cages are in three sections with very flat ribs and are all floating ribs connected by ligaments and cartilage. Spinal bones tend to be triangular rather than oval or round. An Altamirran spine might well be described as a tube of nerve surrounded by a tube of bone of two sections, one flat, the bottom part a curved section and a tube of cartilage and fluid surrounding it. The joint design also differs.

If you were to dissect an Altamirran's back you would, after cutting the skin, notice a smooth sheath, not of muscle but of what would appear to be a shiny waxy substance of pale colour.

It appears to me that Mr. Styles is being both chauvinistic and biased as, after making fun of my rendition of a female of an alien humanoid race, he then goes on to praise Kerrie Hanlon's work, not for her fine inking technique or realism or aesthetic beauty but for the figures' boobs and eyes, ie its sexiness.

I try my best to create alien races that are more than humans with extra bits added on, and I get insults and neglect. I wonder what Mr Styles would say if I suddenly decided to draw scantily clad Amazons in steel bikinis. I bet he just loves Red Sonja! He would probably be horrified if he saw my Emyrri women. Not only do they wear sensible armour and boring baggy breeches, but, horror of horrors, they have muscles; too!

Harry Andruschak
PO Box 506,
La Canada-Flintridge,
Ca. 91011, U.S.A.

I can understand Michael Hailstone's confusion on planetary atmospheres and the greenhouse effect. In truth, we still do not know that much about the inter-relation of pressure, temperature, carbon dioxide and water vapour to make a final determination if Earth will wind up like Venus.

As for Mars, the JPL plans to send a spacecraft under the new MARINER MARK TWO concept, probably in the early 1990's. It will be an atmospheric and geo-chemical explorer. The Viking orbiters had little in the way of atmospheric instruments, just a water vapour mapper. It was mostly slaved to the Landers. The new spacecraft will have no cameras, but a battery of other instruments.

Venus is another problem. For example, we are still not sure what makes those dark markings in the ultra-violet region. The question of water vapour and its effect on the Venus greenhouse effect will need to be worked out. The next spacecraft scheduled to go there are the two Russian VEGA spacecraft on their way to Halley's Comet. However, the quality of the instrumentation may leave a lot to be desired.

The USA will go back in 1988 (maybe) with a mapper mission, but it will not carry instruments to measure the atmosphere. I suppose we will get around to it sooner or later. Under the Reagan administration it will be later.

The question that worries many scientists is - how much does an increase in carbon dioxide increase the average temperature of the Earth? And how will this effect agriculture, for example? Desertification is a real problem in much of the world. Africa for example. Then again we have the cutting down of the jungles and rain forests in South America, which is certain to have some sort of long term effect; but we don't know yet what. So perhaps a little caution is in order.

Richard Faulder
Officer's Quarters
Agric. Institute,
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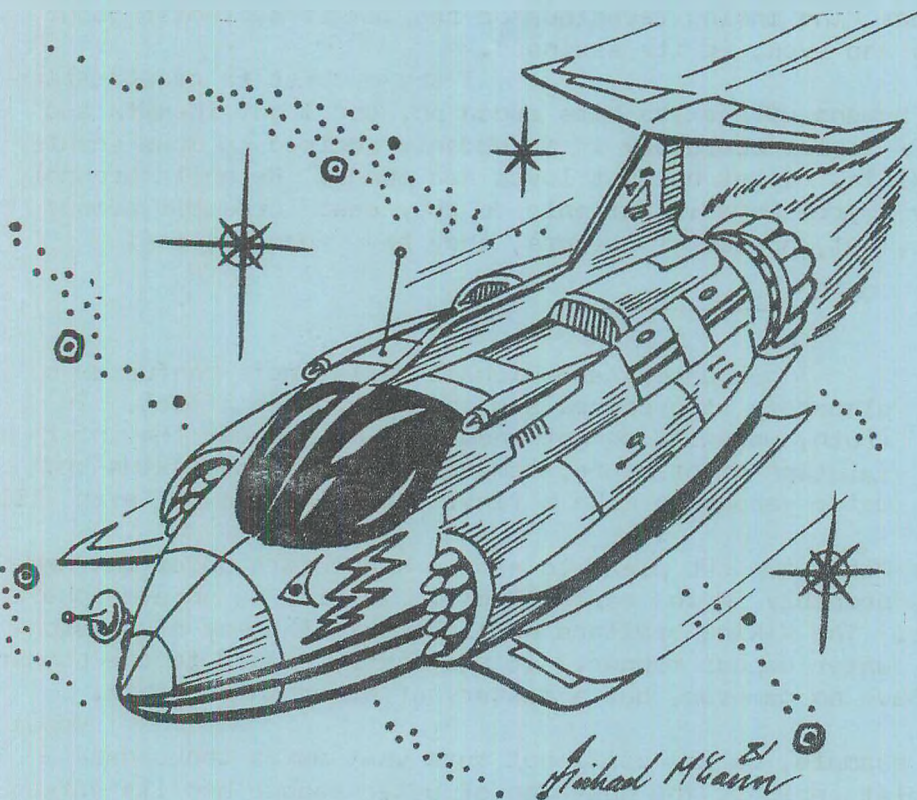
Actually I rather had the impression that the obscenities of old - bullockies, of course, are especially famed for it in this country - were more imaginative then today. The Laborers around here seemed to be restricted to "fucking this" and "fucking that", with the occasional "bloody" or "bugger" thrown in. The thing I find peculiar

in the modern fascination with "fuck" as an epithet. My father was raised in road construction camps in the outback of NSW, then spent WWII fighting overseas, yet I don't ever recall hearing him use the above word, even when he was at his most irate and didn't realise I was around. "Bastard", "bugger" and, of course the Great Australian adjective, were his repetoir. I didn't strike the word until I entered university, so that I have always tended to assume that it was an overseas import duining the trendy early 1970s.

Where I heard it most was in the two years I worked on Sydney's waterfront. Most of the wharfies used it. It seems to me that the people who use it do not have any large vocabulary themselves and so resort to its use. These people include teenagers, and those who go to Uni, which seems to be a hot-bed of illiteracy.
- Ron.]

Those may be John Alderson's ideas of non-dominated society's, but they certainly don't meet my definition. While I agree with his assessment of what the earliest (and I can see no reason why he should object to that term, since I

can see no reason why it should denote inferiority) societies did in terms of allocating food gathering roles to the genders, it doesn't follow that any society that continues to do so will not have one gender dominating the other. No, it is the relative prestige with which society endows the occupations reserved for each gender, and by implication the prestige of the each gender. Even more, it is whether one gender has the predominant decision-making role that determines whether a society is dominated or not. In both the cases he cites the men clearly have the predominant decision-making role. While women are not ignored, may be cons lted, and even on rare occasions exercise leadership, the male attitude seems clearly paternal, with women being allowed certain areas of decision-making unique to themselves (the concepts of "woman's law"). This is especially so in



aboriginal society, whose treatment of women mars what in many ways is a more civilised society than our own. The ancient scottish society, if John Alderson has correctly reported it, comes closer to being a non-dominated society, but again, except in exceptional circumstances, it is the men who lead.

As far as I can see, there is no reason why Michael Hailstone's device should move at all, let alone do so perpetually. If the small magnets are fixed in position, then the forces will balance themselves out. Those opposite the centre of the large magnet will be experiencing equal forces from both ends, while once the small magnet comes to sit directly over the pole the pull from one end of the small magnet will be cancelled out by the push from the other. Electric motors work because the way the electricity flows through the coils, and hence generates magnetic force, is effectively changed.

I can't see how a change from mimeo to offset would force Terry Jeeves to change his page size or format. Indeed, offset allows for a more efficient use of one's current format which can be obtained with mimeo only by electrostencilling whole pages. The other reason that offset gives better reproduction in thinline artwork than mimeo is that in the process of electrostencilling thin lines either get lost altogether, depending on the sensitivity of the electrostenciller, or else become thickened.

Andy Andruschak's prediction of a cheap photocopier is an interesting one, but to make such a thing competitive with desk-top spirit, wax-stencil or offset duplicator: it would have to be designed to process larger amounts of paper than the current crop of desk-top photocopiers do, since these seem mainly designed to cope with print-runs, so to speak, of only about 20 pages or so.

I was over at Canon the other week, and the manager I was speaking to about offset showed me the 'home' photocopier that was released in January. It was the size of a large typewriter and gave fair copies. Instead of using individual bottles of solutions, the entire image area was replaced about every 2,000 copies. The replacement unit was about \$100; and the machine, new, with input and output trays, was about \$1,300. - Ron.

To my mind, it is highly desirable that Tasmania lose over the Franklin issue, environmental questions aside, since this would diminish the powers of the states. By-and-large, the existence of the states does not seem to have been good for Australia. Aside from the lack of unified planning it causes, it allows the wealth of the nation as a whole to be diminished by overseas operators playing one state off against another, and gives petty self-serving politicians to prop themselves up by appealing to voters as champions of "states rights". Bjelke-Peterson is a classical example, even more so that Robin Gray, who in any event is only a creature of the HEC anyway. This in turn flows on to wider issues. The larger the group of people that a person can identify with, the easier it will be for him to identify with humanity as a whole. Contrariwise, the smaller the group that the person identifies with, the harder it will be for him to identify with humanity as a whole.

The definition of classical literature as being "of the highest class" very much involves a subjective judgement, not to mention begging the question of "the highest classes of what?". Similarly with the definition of the last word in "a creation or work considered to be definitive". Of what, for instance, are "The Plague", "Steppenwolf" or "Les Miserables" supposed to be the definitive works? As for defining a classic as a work that was "a true empathic correspondence with the soul and its transcendental state", this is simply existential waffle.

There is little sympathy in me for James Styles' position. Aside from his callous belief that "people only live to die" (which in this case is easier for him to say since it involves the death of a gender not his own), from a biological standpoint people in fact live to pass on their genes to their offspring. If he was correct, then the human race would best fulfill its purpose by indulging in a global suicide pact (something which the U.S.A. and U.S.S.R. seem to be trying to make us all involuntary participants in), led presumably by Mr. Styles. Sorry, I'm not into necrophilia myself. All this aside, the thing which exponents of the human race doing rabbit imitations either forget or choose to ignore is that in its original environment the human species had various environmental constraints acting upon it that ensure that, by and large and over time the total population of the species was held in a state of dynamic equilibrium. However, our ability to manipulate our internal and external environments has, by and large, removed these restraints, so that an unnatural burgeoning of the population has taken place. To return the system to its original state of equilibrium it thus becomes necessary to impose unnatural constraints on fertility, even if some people do find condoms icky little things to dispose of.

James Styles appears to make other, unsubstantiated, assumptions about the nature of human mating patterns in his comment about "one, natural partner" (unless this means that he disapproves of blow-up rubber sex dolls). There is no clear evidence as to whether human beings are either monogamous or polygamous, and providing clear evidence one way or the other would be almost insurmountably difficult, given the accumulated weight of behavior patterns which are conditioned into an individual, being derived as they are from former economic patterns, not to mention cultural whims. Indeed, it could well be argued that it is in the species' interest to have present individuals with the tendency to be monogamous, as well as others with the tendency to be polygamous, since both would have a role to play in maintaining the dynamic equilibrium of the human population.

In any event, I find his faith that technological advance will enable the world's wild places to be preserved while still allowing human beings to go on imitating rabbits rather touching.

After Man - A Zoology of the Future was a book I found intensely irritating. At least it didn't propose any physically impossible organisms. However, what it did fail to do was demonstrate why some of the changes should have taken place at all. Dixon tended to ignore one of the basic groundrules of evolution - that generalised organisms become specialised, but that as an organism becomes more tightly adapted to a given niche it loses its capacity to occupy another niche, so that if the niche to which it is adapted ceases to exist, it will become extinct rather than change. One of the suggestions that most irritated me was the development of hooved "rabbucks" from rabbits. The rabbit is a species well adapted to a certain mode of leaping locomotion. The things could get bigger, so that you could have hares as big as kangaroos, but in order to return to a walking mode and then evolve into a running mode you would get animals which could do nothing very well, and so would very smartly become extinct.

Harry Warner, Jr.,
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21740 U.S.A.

Michael Hailstone's article (in TM 42) doesn't answer some of my ignorant questions, like my mystification over the way such an almost nonexistent atmosphere on Mars manages to blow up so immense duststorms. I cling

to such imagined anomalies because they support my belief that the Martians have been desperately and successfully camouflaging the true conditions on their planet, in order to prevent humans from making manned landings there. Remember how they created that dust-storm when the first unmanned probe got so close it could have taken good photographs of the surface? Obviously a clumsy method of gaining time in which the Martians could prepare large, invisible domes to cover the landed unmanned probes, pump out most of the air, turn the refrigeration up high, and cause the probes' instruments to send back to Earth information that would discourage manned flights. Another of my uninformed uncertainties involves the present threat of a greenhouse effect on Earth. I keep wondering if the vast increase in the use of wood-stoves in the United States could be worsening the situation. Since fuel oil and natural gas have become so expensive, a phenomenally large proportion of all persons living in this area have put wood-stoves to use, for either the principle or supplemental source of wintertime warmth. Wood has become so expensive as a result of the vastly increased demand that wood-stoves no longer represent a big economy in heating bills. But most of the wood burned here is cut in this general area by small firms or individual entrepreneurs and many persons don't seem to mind paying them lots of money, just so the money doesn't go to the international capitalists who control the petroleum supplies.



The movie ratings used in the USA, which Joe Hanna-Rivero mentions, shouldn't be taken too seriously. As I understand its situation, movie producers do politicking and otherwise make strenuous efforts to get their productions an R rating, even when the movies aren't deserving of anything worse than PG. This happens because so many young persons, who make up the bulk of moviegoers nowadays, consider a PG movie too bland and babyfied to attend.

I suppose most new fans from now on won't be able to write articles about the date when they first encountered science fiction. That's been a traditional way to fill space in fanzines for a long while. But for several years, now, science fiction has been as prominent in the movies and on the television screen and in the best-seller charts of books and even on records that small children will be experiencing it as soon as they're able to comprehend any pictorial or written communications. It will be only a few weeks from now, when I'll experience the fiftieth anniversary of my first encounter with science fiction as a genre, to use Buck Coulson's term. It came when my father bought me at a newsstand the current issues of Amazing and Wonder Stories in the summer of 1933. But I can't think of any way to pin down the exact date. Previously I'd read shortened versions of a couple of Jules Verne's stories and maybe a Tom Swift book or two. But these magazines gave me my first experience with modern science fiction meant for a non-juvenile audience.

Do most Australian readers understand the pun in the title of the Daniel da Cruz novel included in your review section? The Eyes of Texas Are Upon You is a university song sung endlessly to encourage the foot-ball team at big games. I once published a pun on it myself, on a night when I was writing headlines for wire copy at the local newspapers. A severe winter storm had been

devastating Texas and was moving in the direction of Hagerstown, with the forecast calling for it to strike this area within 24 hours. I headed the Associated Press story: "The Ice of Texas Will Be Upon You."

The back cover is fascinating. I don't know what to say about it except that I see something new every time I look at it.

J Gregor
Amity Point,
Stradbroke Island,
Qld. 4183.

I liked Michael Hailstone's article on Magnetic Perpetual Motion. Flying cities may be stretching things a bit but I've always had a sneaking suspicion that if perpetual motion is possible magnetism just might be the answer. I too, would like to hear from anybody who could tell me why it's not. As the man said, there's got to be a catch somewhere.

A few issues ago A.B. Chandler wrote an article about tinned food he enjoyed on ship during the war. After finishing the article I came to the conclusion that there must have been two lots of tinned food manufacturers operating during the war, one supplying shipping, the other supplying the armed forces. What we got was garbage, the manufacturers should have been charged as war criminals. There was a meat & vegetable stew which smelt and tasted foul, bully beef which, in the tropics, poured out of the tin like a thick soup, herrings in tomato sauce carted all the way from England which took a lot of facing up to. Items like powdered eggs and dried potatoes also came in tins and were not well regarded at all. It was a case of eat it or starve, so we ate.

Michael Hailstone
PO Box 193,
Woden,
A.C.T. 2606.

Julie Vaux feels let down because I don't end my article on earthly and martian physics with conclusions, deductions and speculations. Sorry, but that is not "the point of this rave", the point being to point out certain anomalies and contradictions in the stuff called science dished up to us by sundry experts, and I've left it to the readers to make their own conclusions and so on. In short, the point of the rave is to raise a question. I had hoped it would be comment-provoking, or at least thought-provoking. Richard Faulder may have a point in saying that I've merely shown that nobody's position on the greenhouse effect has any particular reliability, but, while this may not be at all startling to him, I've had the decided impression that most take the greenhouse-effect doom tales very seriously.

I'm also sorry that Joseph Hanna-Rivero finds my article riddled with jargon and hard to follow. It's a pity I didn't have enough copies of the Matalan Rave to go round to send him a copy, for he might then have understood my dilemma. I make no apology for the facts and figures, because without them I could not have made my point. Far too many folk (including, it seems, Hanna-Rivero) think only in black and white, forgetting that there are really shades of grey - degrees. As for the "canals" on Mars, I would like to remind him that this misunderstanding arose from a mistranslation from the Italian canali, which was the word Schiaparelli used to describe the features he saw in 1877. The English equivalent is not "canals" but "channels" and, so I said, we now know from the Mariner and Viking probes that there are indeed channels on Mars, though it seems most unlikely that they are artificial.

If Julie Vaux would really like a speculation, okay, at least 2000 million years ago Mars had a much thicker atmosphere, and as a result of the greater greenhouse effect which Snyder and his colleagues deny could have ever been, a much warmer climate with rain and rushing streams and bubbling brooks which carved out those channels. As for the greenhouse effect on Earth, well, it is refreshing to find scepticism here and there. Fred Hoyle in his 1981 book Ice says that doubling or tripling the present level of carbon dioxide in our atmosphere would make no appreciable difference, and the level would have to drop almost right to zero before we lost the present greenhouse effect. To warm the Earth up much the carbon dioxide level would have to be far higher than now, as he believes was the case on the primeval Earth, with carbon dioxide 30,000 times as abundant as now and mean sea temperatures over 50°C, some 30 degrees hotter than now. I've also heard that besides we're now spewing much less of the gas into the atmosphere than we were up till around 1970, thanks to the economic recession, so that "crisis" is not so critical after all.

I found one glaring typo in my article: in line 1, paragraph 5 on page 12: "I once worked out Mars's mean" should read "I once worked out Mars's mass..." Otherwise okay.

Diane Fox, Esther Mace's depiction of unicorns and junior reality-
PO Box 129, traveller was charming. Is the kid dreaming the unicorns, or are
Lakemba, they dreaming him/her? At any rate the unicorn/inocence idea is
NSW 2195. again involved.

[Actually, the cover is an illustration from Edwina Harvey's zine Unicorn Universe, and it illustrates a story featuring Tim, my son, as the protagonist, one might say. - Ron.]

There is a sinister side to discussions of censorship. There is a political theory that sexual and political censorship are inverse to one another - ie the more political censorship the less sexual censorship, and the more sexual censorship the less political. It sounds rather alarming - in other words there is only a very limited amount of freedom to go around! I hope this theory is a lot of bull, but its worrying enough to be true.

[I don't think there is much to it, Diane. In Nazi Germany they had both going at the same time, as did other dictatorships. - Ron.]

Michael Hailstone's extrapolation from Jonathon Swift's Gulliver's Travels was fascinating. Yes, I'm familiar with the complete adult version and have been for many years. I'd call it SF by any definition, and one of the towering masterpieces of the field. The permanently floating "flying island" is a marvellous idea - however, as Mike mentions, Swift noted that one of its main purposes was its military use - to cower rebels and to, presumably, make neighbouring countries think twice about sending invading armies. So the vertical movement would be a highly important factor. (Of course, opponents of the regime might send small groups aboard the flying island in order to wreck the magnets and make vertical movement impossible. At least until they had the country and the Island itself well under control.)

I believe that the Commonwealth/State controversy is not a new one, even in Australia. (Of course in America it became a very disastrous matter indeed over the issue of slavery.). What if Holy Joh Bjelke Peterson decided to try to set up an Independent Republic of Queensland (with, most likely, concentration camps for aboriginals, pot-smokers add other dissidents? And with possible links

to rightwing foreign powers not too friendly to the rest of Australia). Do you think that the Australian Government might be within its rights using anything up to and including military force to settle this worrying business?

Under the Australian Constitution it is practically impossible for a state to succeed from the Commonwealth (it needs something like 75% pf the people as well as 75% of the states voting yes) so it would be illegal. Anyway, it wouldn't be a republic - Peterson is a monarchist. - Ron.

I tend to favour Jame's suggestion for curbing the spread of VD because I am like many people, sexually conservative. But what is normal for us, is not necessarily normal or healthy for others. Some people tend to have a higher body count than others. This is due to genetic reasons - both kinds of attitudes are essential for the survival of our species. If we we all one kind or the other we probably wouldn't be here. It is a great pity and a human and genetic disaster that it ever became a moral issue. (Of course it is disasterous when a conservative and a wide-ranger become sexual partners - especially if they're strong examples of their type.) I resent the modern idea that it is advantageous to have a great number of partners. This is, of course, a reaction to the other extreme against the earlier puritanism.

The 'wide rangers' may be in trouble as a component of the human species with the advent of AIDS in the USA and its unimpeded spread. A 80% fatality rate in five years does not bode too well for swapping partners or bodies (they would be. - Ron.)

I noticed that my paragraph on p.30 about Grimesish Grumblings had a confusing element. The word "he" at the beginning of the 5th sentence (after the bit about Jack Abbot) refers, of course, to Captain Chandler.

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I confess to not having read Gulliver's Travels, but nonetheless I found the concept of the floating island quite intriguing if not totally convincing. What really had me beating the old grey matter though was Michael's scaled down version of an m.p.m. machine operating on the same principle. From what I made out of Michael's description of the model, I would think that the magnetic field generated by the larger magnet would interact with the smaller magnet's fields and once given a small starting torque would cause the disc to rotate. But alas, not ad infinitum, as Michael says. I don't know enough about magnetism to say for sure why it won't spin forever but it would seem to me that eventually it would have to be overcome by friction and air resistance since no system is lossless. Also the fact that it is limited by wear implies it is not a perpetual motion machine. Even if the rotor were to spin forever I doubt if it could be of any use like driving a helicopter rotor, let alone a record turntable. For one thing I can't see it delivering more than an nth of a bee's dick of usable power since it has no way of increasing and controlling its revs. Still, the idea was nice and I would be interested to know the other reason why the disc won't rotate for ever.

John J Alderson,
Havelock, Vic 3465.

Firstly, the most reasonable question asked by Raymond L. Clancy, to wit, has anyone tried the experiments which

would demonstrate their correctness. The answer is Yes. I could be a stinker and leave it there, couldn't I? The reference is to the Cow-Power article.

The entire article was based on the property developed by Neil Wates, who was a Quaker dispossessed in a palace revolution and cast adrift with four million quid in his pocket. Not having anything better to do, he bought the 400 acres of

land and, not knowing a thing about it, consulted experts and economists. Every step he took was after careful research by his advisors, all employed by the way. The scheme not only worked, it is now a Trust and still works. And it made him money. Only in a couple of suggestions, eg a nursery over the cow-shed have I added one wit to this successful scheme. Whilst the four million quid was undoubtedly useful, I think his organising ability was crucial. Yes, therefore, these schemes work and even pay solid dividends.

Richard Faulder does talk nonsense at times. The natural methods of family planning are not the monopoly of the Roman Catholic Church. Natural, alternate health systems advocate such a system with 98% effectiveness. I can hardly see how the simple ovulation cycle is likely to be popular with men as it leaves the woman out of commission for nearly a fortnight of the month. But it is not unreliable.

Humph! I still view Wegener's wandering continents with scepticism, and quoted his positioning of the poles, arrived at on geological grounds as proofs that the poles have at odd times been elsewhere.

Michael Hailstone's contention that "the poles over the last million years have been pretty well where they are now". In Sensca there is a passage that says the Great Bear was once the polar constellation until a catastrophe shifted it to the Little Bear. Hindu astronomical tables also show this whilst in Egypt the Great Bear played the part of the Polar Star. There are other passages too that suggest this tilting of the poles in historical times, and in view of definite statements of



ancient astronomers who stated that they saw I have to doubt the dogmatic statements of modern astronomers who are denying matters they cannot know anything about.

Now, before this controversy goes any further I suggest that Michael read Hoyle's latest thriller Ice in which he deals with the ice-age and what he thinks caused them. I would like his opinion on Hoyle's ideas, perhaps he would like to tear the book to pieces in a decent sized article. This would be much better than he and I trying to score debating points off each other.

As for Siberia being dry as well as cold and thus not glaciated -- no, I can't buy it. The precipitation rated given by Hoyle are 50mm/a the same as the bulk of Europe and northern America and twice that of the Arctic and Antarctic. Also regarding the mamoths, reindeer falling into crevices in glaciers purify as the cold is insufficient to snap freeze them. Is permafrost sufficiently cold to snap freeze such big beasts? and can you get temperate vegetation such as is found in their stomachs and even between their teeth where permafrost exists in holes? and where have the holes gone?

I appreciate Michael's problems being carless on a farm. I am at present carless and on a farm. It is not easy, I haven't a bicycle. The moment I became carless the usual steady slow of car-borne visitors immediately dried up. However, there is an even crueller situation - that is, getting sick. One is even more studiously avoided. After one illness one neighbour said "I was going to come around but I thought you might be in bed." I should have been in bed but I had to get up to cut firewood, and to cook food so I could eat. To rub salt into the wounds another said later "You should've been in hospital." He was dead right, but I wasn't fit enough to walk there.

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I just had to comment on John Alderson's letter tin TM 43. For his information the practise of having women lying down while giving birth was instituted by Louis XIV of France who wanted an unimpeded view of one of his mistresses giving birth. He had no care that it is a most unnatural method and as people are inclined to follow royal fads, and because women couldn't possibly know the best birthing method, doctors encouraged it. So don't shame midwives who now have little to do with modern deliveries in hospitals. What does John mean by 'modern times' when he says doctors (male) were never allowed near birthing women until modern times. Male doctors have been delivering babies for at least 200 years (not everyone, but enough to set firm rules on how-to-do-it).

And we also heard from: Louise Hollingbury, who had various things to say to John Alderson.... Burt Libe who managed to obtain an etch attachment for the offset at a good price; from Raymond Clancy again; from Peter Lempert; from Ruth Kentwell agreeing with Bert Chandler; and from Don Fidge, who would like to see more fiction in THE MENTOR.

Till next issue.

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yes