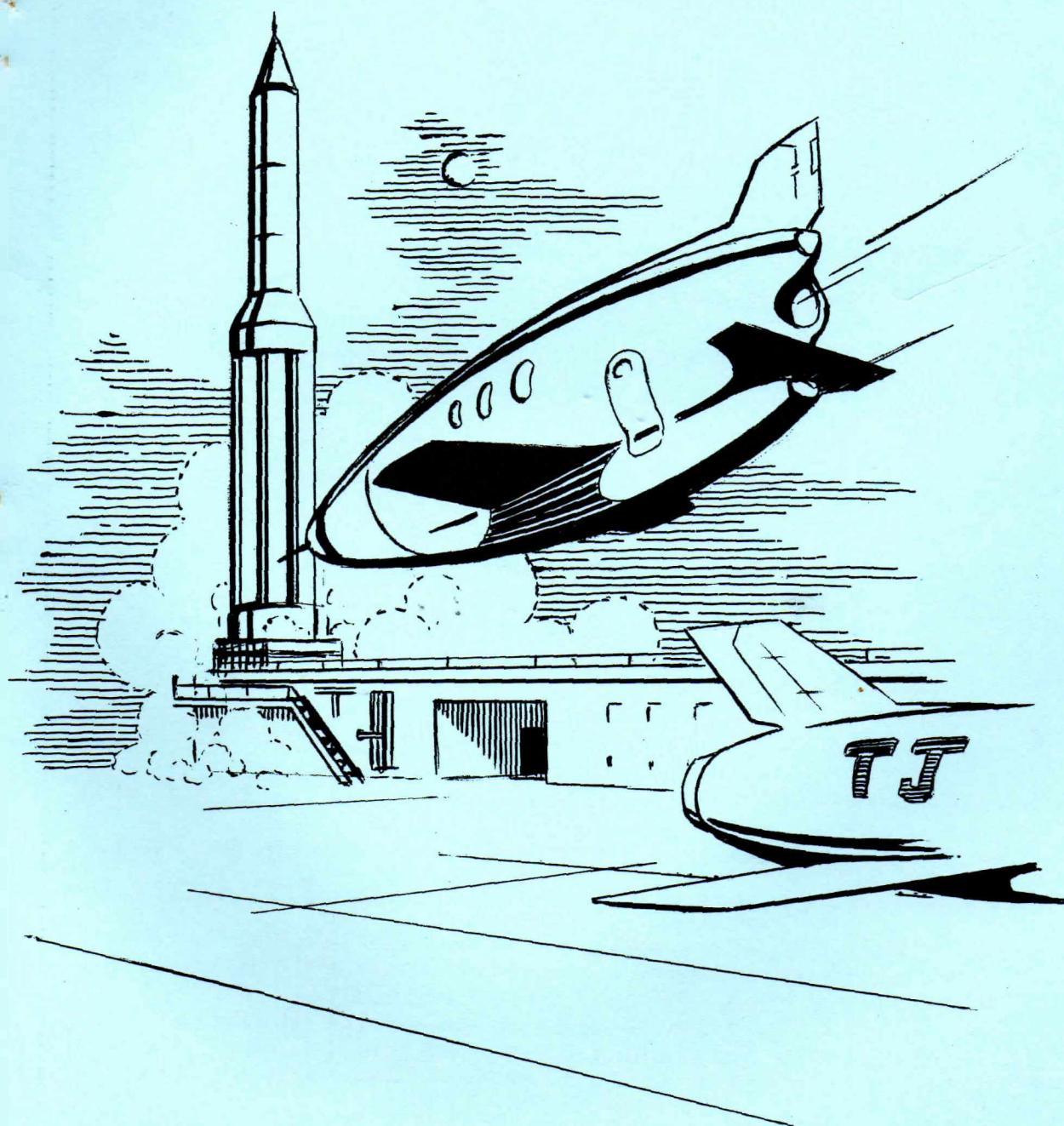
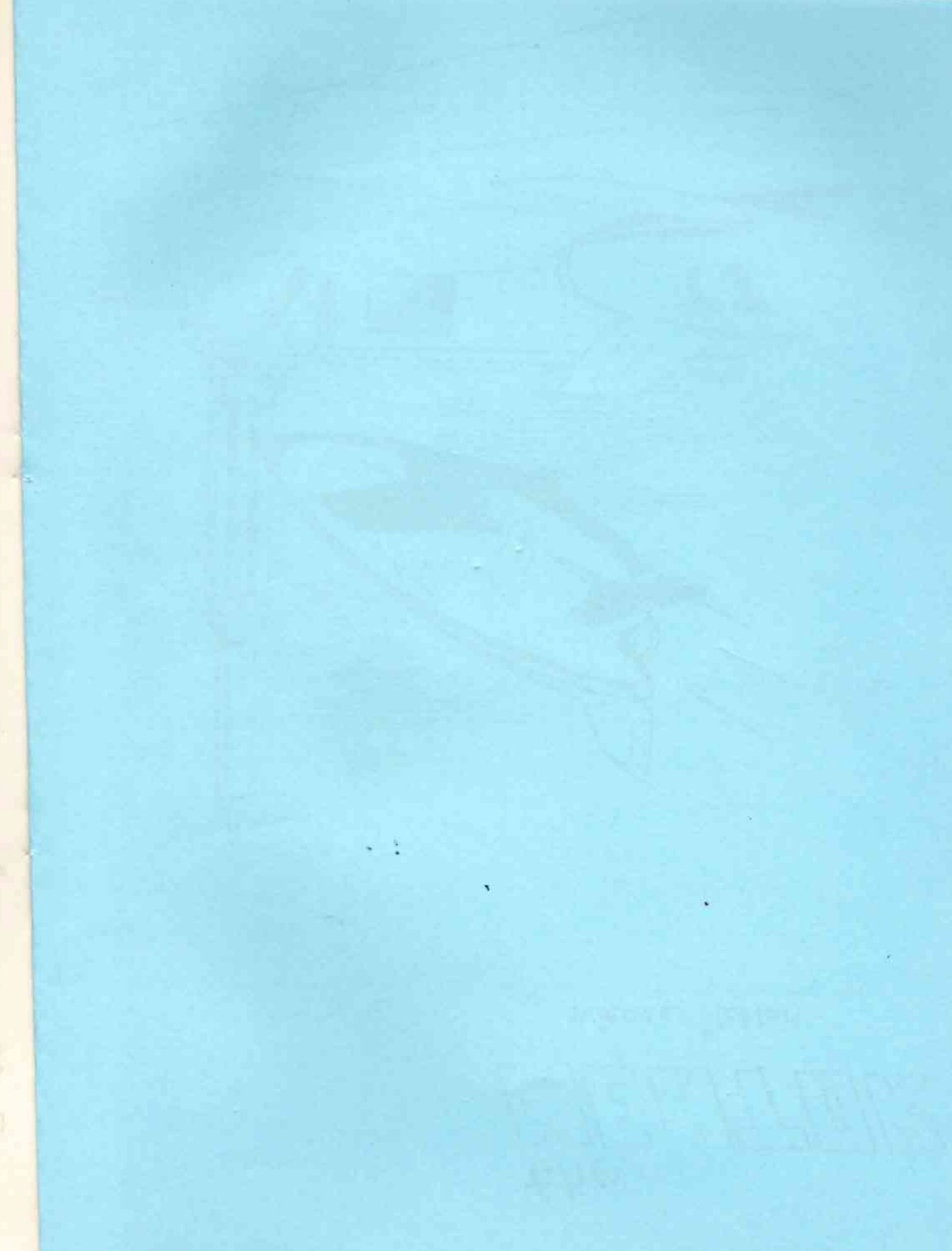


the  
**MENTOR**

science fiction





# THE MENTOR

JANUARY 1969

NUMBER THIRTEEN

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2.

EDITORIAL : THE AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALASIA (APA-A)

With a mailing of 102 pages and 13 contributors, the second mailing of APA-A is really starting to expand. The first mailing was 53 pages and had 11 contributors.

So what? you may well ask. What does it have to do with me?

Science fiction has something different to other branches of literature - an active readership who write letters to the mags, authors and publishers. They also put out personal view mags (called 'fanzines'). The APA-A is a group effort of fans, with Leigh Edmonds as the compiler of the separate writings sent in, into one publication.

Very interesting, you say, so what?

Well, if you are really interested in sf and related subjects, (films, etc), then this is one of the best areas in which to join a vital group of young and active people who are interested in the same things and ideas as you. In the first two mailings such things as Flash Gordon, radio programs, "The High Commissioner", Aldred Bester and Gully Foyle, "The Prisoner", "A Schoolmaster's Agony", a horrible thing called "The Clarke Chronicals", a letter about the recent elections in Chicago by a US reporter, 4 Decades of SF, and other related (?) topics. Also APA-A is a good place for exchanging insults, if you are that way inclined.

As I mentioned before, there are 13 contributors. The Constitution allows a maximum of 25 - so if you would like to join, write to Leigh Edmonds at PO Box 19, Ferntree Gully, Vic 3156. About the matter of duplication of the 30 copies of the material you send. There are several ways of going about it :- send the Roneo stencils to me and I'll duplicate them; plotostat (\$\$\$\$) the 30 copies; or find someone with a spirit duplicator (I think John Ryan is snowed under by this time). Of course if you do not have a typewriter you could still use a spirit duplicator - you can write it by hand (if, unlike me, you have readable handwriting, that is) on the master.

Take it from me, this is a very entertaining and enjoyable form of keeping in contact with other sf fans. And it only takes 6 pages in a year, (2 every bi-monthly mailing) + \$2 fee to join. Be in on it! Write to Leigh at the above address - don't be a germit - join! You won't regret it.

- Ron L. Clarke.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\* A NEW AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINE COMING OUT SOON! \*  
\* SEE THE R & R DEPT THIS ISSUE FOR DETAILS! \*  
\*\*\*\*\*

Appolo 8 is down safely!



"THE HUMANITY DOLL : WIND IT UP AND IT AMUSES GOD."

By John Brosnan.

I had just delivered a passable elbow jab at a portly gentleman when I saw her. She was climbing onto the steps of the bus, a tall, slim girl with hair the colour of honey and a face of heart-stopping loveliness. I increased my efforts at forcing a path through the 5 pm throng and eventually managed to clamber on board the bus. There were no vacant seats remaining but I manoeuvred myself into a position near where she was sitting and grabbed hold of a support strap. At least it provided me with the opportunity to study her more closely.

If she was beautiful from a distance she was doubly so when viewed from a closer proximity. Perhaps a form as perfect as hers has walked the earth before but I'll swear that no face as exquisite has ever existed. As I gazed upon her wondrous image, lost in a haze of overwhelming admiration, I gradually became aware that my heart was beginning to pound and my breathing was laboured. The realization struck me. I was in love! Instantly I dropped to my knees and began laying kisses upon her feet.

"What ever are you doing?" She cried in alarm.

"I'm kissing your feet," I said.

"Why?" She asked, trying to draw her feet up onto the seat.

"Because I'm Adrian Day and I'm madly in love with you. Tell me, my darling, what is your name?"

She blushed prettily. "Oh.....my name is Sandra. Sandra Chapman."

"Will you go out with me tonight?" I asked.

She giggled. Normally I can't abide girls who giggle but her giggle was the most wonderful sound I had ever heard.

"Yes," she replied.

I leapt to my feet with a wild exclamation of joy but my moment of happiness was interrupted as a pair of heavy hands clamped themselves upon my shoulders. The next thing I knew I was sitting in the middle of the road. As I hadn't the time to secure Sandra's address I was obliged to wait until the following night before I could see her again. This time I managed to get a seat next to her.

"Hello. Its me again!" I greeted brightly.

"Oh Hello Adrian," she said with a smile. "I was worried about you. Were you hurt when the ticket collector threw you off the bus last night?"

I gave a nonchalant laugh. "No, of course not. Though I did wish that he had stopped the bus beforehand. Anyway that's all history. What I want to know is ....will you still go out with me?"

"Yes Adrian," she said simply.

"Oh my ecstasy seared soul!" I cried joyously. I noted down her address then went and kicked the ticket collector between the buttocks.

I arrived, limping slightly, at Sandra's house in a state of joyful anticipation. I skipped up the front path and rang the door bell. Sandra opened the door.

"Good evening Adrian. You're early. Come and meet my father. You can talk to him while I finish getting ready." She led me into the living room. A mountain of a man rose from a chair. As he approached the air displacement almost knocked me over.

"Dad, this is Adrian Day," said Sandra.

The information didn't seem to impress him. He stretched out a vast arm. Attached to it was a hand of terrifying proportions. It closed round mine and I lost sight of it.

"Glad to meet you, son." His bellow lacked conviction.

"Likewise, I'm sure," I gasped, with tears running down my face as the bones in my right hand were effectively pulped.

"You run along, Sandra," said Mr Chapman. "I'll keep your new beau company." Sandra gave me a resigned look and fled. Mr Chapman immediately let go of my hand and grabbed me by the throat.

"Son," he growled, "Do you intend to rape, seduce or fondle my little daughter tonight?"

"No, no," I gasped. "I wouldn't even think of doing such a thing."

His bushy eyebrows scuttled up his forehead and disappeared into his hair.

"God!" he cried in horror. "You must be a bloody fairy!" He then threw me to the floor and proceeded to kick me. Fortunately I had prepared myself for such an eventuality. I had rung

Sandra earlier and asked her if her father was a football fan.

"Fan?" she had replied. "He's an utter fanatic! Why, he and my mother spent their honeymoon at a grand final match. They consummated their marriage under a blanket at half-time."

"What team does he follow?"

"Claremont," she had said.

This was all I had needed to know. I waited for a pause between kicks then yelled as loud as I was able,

"COME ON THE MONTS!"

Mr Chapman stopped kicking and a strange expression appeared upon his face.

"Harry Goolips ....Beaufort Mulligan .....Jerry "Scrag 'em" Trent ....Palpy Maisé ..." I said slowly. These were some of the most famous Claremont players. As I expected, they had the desired effect on Mr Chapman. He began to rock backwards and forwards, lost in a state of rosy euphoria. I got warily to my feet.

"We won't be late in getting home," I said.

"Hmmm ...oh, sure. Take your time, enjoy yourselves. Here ..." he reached into his coat pocket and produced a key ring which he tossed over to me, "take my car. It has a full tank and there are contraceptives in the glove box."

"Up the MONTS," I said sincerely. He embraced me tenderly and cried upon my shoulder.

I was feeling secure and happy when I parked Mr Chapman's car at my favourite spot in King's Park which overlooks the city of Perth. I had been going there for many years, in fact the first time was with a skinny girl called Glenda when I was thirteen. I took her on my push-bike and as I remember it wasn't the most romantic of nights. Everytime I tried to kiss her the bike would overbalance and we'd fall into the bushes.

Sandra and I had been to see a new movie by the famous Swedish director, Bill Smith. It was called "E+MC<sup>2</sup> On A Rainy Day Called George" and was highly symbolic as the title implies. It concerned the story of a brilliant, young concert pianist called Justin Black. The movie begins with Justin drifting in a boat down the Amazon River where he is spending his vacation. As the boat makes its way through the water Justin is idly trailing his fingers in its wake. This turns out to be a very foolish thing to do for a school of piranah fish bite off all the fingers of his right hand. Justin is upset by this and becomes severely embittered. One day, while driving his car along a footpath in New York during a bad attack of the blues, the Virgin Mary appears in his rear vision mirror. "Damn the torpedoes ....full speed ahead!" She says. This religious experience greatly encourages Justin and he decides to attempt a comeback as a pianist. To make up for the loss of his right hand he decides to use his right foot instead.

For months he practises until the day arrives when he feels that he is playing as well as he ever did. His manager



organises a concert and Justin prepares to show the world how grit and determination can overcome any adversity. The great moment arrives .... the concert hall is filled to capacity for many people wish to witness Justin's triumph. There is a hush as Justin walks out onto the stage. He sits down, the tension is unbearable, he flexes the fingers of his left hand. Countless nerves are stretched to the breaking point. Justin removes his right shoe and sock with a flourish and the people in the first three rows pass out.

This second disaster almost breaks Justin completely. In a fit of deep depression he leaves the country and travels to France. There he joins a group of free thinking hippies who have started a colony in an isolated part of the land. Also in the group is Muriel, the beautiful daughter of a Texas oil millionaire, who has come to France to escape the domination of her small minded parents. They are a hopelessly outdated pair who cannot comprehend the importance of their daughter's experiments with LSD. Particularly after one day when they come home and find Muriel, naked and covered with blue paint, busily spreading the entrails of their butler over the living room floor.

Justin and Muriel find they have much in common and become attracted to each other. For the first time in ages they both receive some enjoyment out of life, and, in the colony great things are happening. Joystick Forensic, the self styled leader, has discovered a way of achieving the state of nirvana on earth. He assembles all the hippies, has them strip, gives them each a dose of LSD and attaches electrodes to their extremities. Then, with a command to let their basic instincts to come to the fore, he turns on the electric current.

"Ultimate consciousness ...here we come!" Yells Joystick. At this point a bomber appears overhead and drops napalm on the lot of them. This ending caused considerable controversy when the movie was first released. The popular argument being that the symbolism was too obvious, but it was later revealed that the bomber was an actual F-111 off course from Vietnam.

"Gee golly whiz!" the sixteen year old pilot had said in a later interview. "They sure looked like Viet Cong to me!"

But I digress. There I was, alone in a car with the most beautiful girl in the world. Naturally I put my arm around her and began to gently nibble at her earlobe. I stopped this when I cut my tongue on her Pop Art ear-ring. So I put my other arm around her, leaned forward and kissed her. Sandra pushed me away with surprising strength. I tried again, thinking she was being playful, but the result was the same.

"Please don't!" she said.

"Why not?" I asked, hurt and puzzled. "I only want to kiss you. I'm not trying to seduce you." Yet, I added to myself.

"I just don't want you to kiss me."

"Why not? I brushed my teeth before I came out and I'm fairly reeking of deodourant. Smell my armpit."

"It's not you. I just don't believe in that sort of thing. I could suddenly smell doom. Something was rotten in



Denmark and places elsewhere. The universe started to curl round the edges. I gave a nervous little laugh and said, "You're not frigid, are you?"

"Of course not!" she replied, offended, "I just don't believe in sex."

"Good God .... a sexual atheist!" The idea was absurd. "What are you, in training to be a nun or something?"

"No. I'm a member of THE SOCIETY FOR THE ERADICATION OF SEXUAL RELATIONSHIPS," she announced proudly. I fainted.

The next day I phoned Sandra. "Hello, its me."

"Adrian, I'm sorry, but if you're going to start arguing again I'm going to hang up on you. I said all I was going to say last night. The subject is closed."

"Don't worry, I'm not going to argue. I'm ringing to tell you I've capitulated. You've won me over. I've decided to join your society." There was a cry of delight on the other end of the phone.

"Oh Adrian, that's wonderful. But what made you change your mind?"

"You know the old saying ....if you can't lick em, join em." Oh my aching genitals, I muttered as I put down the receiver.

The following Friday night I picked up Sandra and she directed me to the headquarters of the society. It turned out to be located in one of the more fashionable suburbs of Perth. The headquarters itself was a veritable mansion. I pulled into the driveway, which was already filled with cars, and we got out. We were met at the top of the steps by a large woman wearing a moustache and a hacking jacket.

"Hello Miss Gutstein," greeted Sandra. "This is the young man I rang you about, the one who wants to join us."

"Good evening, Sandra," said Miss Gutstein, in a deep bass as I expected. "And may I extend a hearty welcome to you, young man." She grabbed my hand and squashed it vigorously, which meant that the bones would have to be re-set. "Its not very often we have members of the opposite ...er.. wishing to enlist in our cause." She gave a guffaw and led us into the house. We went through a hallway into a spacious room that was jammed with people, mostly women, I noted. Our guide found us two vacant chairs and left, making her way through the crowd like a Centaur tank.

"We're just in time," said Sandra, "the meeting is almost ready to begin."

"Who are those people sitting out the front?" I asked, feigning interest in the proceedings.

"The one sitting at the centre of the table is Mrs Clemens, the founder of the movement. The man beside her is her husband. The woman on her right is Mrs Crago. You've probably

heard of her, she's quite famous."

I shook my head. "I'm terribly ashamed of myself but I must admit that I haven't."

"Fancy that," marvelled Sandra, genuinely surprised. "Why, she was the first woman to write a letter of protest to a newspaper and sign it 'A Mother.' She reached greater fame with subsequent letters titled 'Mother of Two,' 'Mother of Three' and so on. A truly great woman."

"And sitting next to her is another well known personality, Mrs Beckham. She organised the recent campaign that demanded the removal of erotic underwear ads from our newspapers."

"Oh good for her," I enthused. "Many has been the time the sight of a bra ad has sent me reeling from the breakfast table in a fit of uncontrollable lust."

At that moment Mrs Clemens stood up and signalled for silence.

"Good evening, friends!" she boomed. "Its wonderful to see so many here tonight, and its especially gratifying to see the number of new faces. So, for the benefit of our new members I shall give a brief outline of our policies and aims." She took a deep breath that increased her already ample bosom about threefold. Her face assumed a fanatical appearance. "It is common knowledge that the population of the world is becoming dangerously high, and unless serious measures to combat the increase are soon taken we face a terrible crisis! Yet what measures are being taken? None! Absolutely none! Oh, there are a few half-hearted attempts at birth control but nothing has come of them. What we need is complete birth control! By complete I mean complete! Sexual relationships should be abolished entirely! There is no longer any need for sex. Sex has become obsolete. It is only the continual barrage of male propaganda that obscures the truth. We are indoctrinated from birth into believing that women exist merely as an outlet for the animal lusts of men. Men are reaching for the stars yet the centre of their universe is still between their legs. It is time this outdated concept was changed! And unless this concept is changed mankind and the world are doomed to remain in the present state of chaos, confusion and misery. Sex must cease to be an obsession Sex must go!" She paused as the room was filled with thunderous applause and wild cheering. While she waited for the noise to die down she took a swallow of water and gargled softly. Then she continued, "No doubt you new members are asking yourselves the question : how can the human race continue without sex. What about reproduction? The answer is simple ....artificial insemination! A board will be set up to insure that only a certain number of carefully selected women can have babies. That way the population of the world will stay at a constant level."

A woman in the front row raised her hand.

"Ah, I see that one of our new members has a question. Yes dear?"

The woman stood up. "Madame chairman, does that mean the end of marriage?"

"Good heavens, no!" cried Mrs Clemens.

"But..." continued the woman, "...er.. what about our husbands. What's going to keep them from wanting to ...you know?" She turned crimson and sat down.

"Don't worry," said Mrs Clemens, "The Society for the Eradication of Sexual Relationships has the solution to that problem also. It wasn't easy I admit, at first we toyed with the idea of mass sterilization." I fought a sudden panic stricken urge to make a dash for the door. "But this was rejected. Its been proven that sterilization reduces vitality and this would be harmful to society as a whole. Eventually, of course, we hope that the average man will become mature enough to control his base desires with willpower. This is not such an over-optimistic hope as you might think. Take my husband for instance ..." She picked him up by the neck and showed him to the audience. "In all the twenty six years I've been married to him we have never had intercourse. He did take it a little hard when I explained my views to him on our wedding night, but he adjusted quickly and has been perfectly content since then. Haven't you dear?" He didn't answer so she shook him.

"Yes dearest," he said. She put him down.

"I admit that some men will have difficulty in maintaining celibacy at first so we have provided a means of bolstering their willpower. But to tell you about it I'll introduce an expert on the subject. Dr Gundschuct, would you like to step up here please?"

A little, wizened man, who I hadn't noticed previously, stood up at the back of the room.

"Ladies ...and gentlemen," announced Mrs Clemens on a triumphant voice, "I present Dr Gundschuct, a scientist who has been of invaluable assistance to our great and noble cause. A little sound of encouragement please."

Applause and wild cheering accompanied the doctor as he made his way to the front of the room. He turned to the audience and gave a curt nod, then removed his rimless glasses and wiped them with a dirty handkerchief.

"Thank you, Mrs Clemens, for your kind words." He replaced his glasses, adjusted them on his bony nose and peered through the warped lenses at the audience.

"Forgive me, friends, for sounding immodest, but my discovery is indeed a marvellous achievement. I have invented a drig that neutralizes sexual desire!"

There was a chorus of incredulous ohs.

"I shall explain briefly. The sexual organs of a human being exert their influence of a certain section of the brain. Organs that are functioning correctly cause two main sensations to be experienced by the brain. They are : a strong desire to Effect an intercourse, and pleasure when intercourse occurs. Forgive my strong language ladies, but I'm afraid it is necessary for my explanation. My drug will numb that section of the brain, just like an aspirin dulls the pain centres of the brain. You could call it a sexual anaesthetic. But take note, it will not damage in any way the sexual organs themselves or cause a hormone



imbalance. Also, it is completely undetectable. The advantages of the latter are obvious ... it can be administered to the water supply of any community without risk of discovery." On that ominous note Dr Gundschoot ended his speech. He gave another short bow and returned to his seat. There was more enthusiastic applause.

"Thank you, doctor," said Mrs Clemens, her hands bruised from clapping too hard. "Well, fellow sex haters, we now have the means to achieve our goal. The day is not too distant when humanity will be able to cast off the shackles of flesh that have bound it for so long! Rejoice sisters ...rejoice!"

A veritable explosion of applause and cheering took place, together with some whistling and a few isolated stamping of feet.

As soon as the meeting finished I drove Sandra straight to my favourite parking spot in King's Park, I didn't say anything until we arrived there. I parked the car, turned off the ignition then turned to her.

"Sandra," I said slowly, "I can't see you anymore after tonight."

She gasped. "Why not? What's wrong?"

"It's your bloody, damned sex eradication society!"

"But I thought you'd changed your mind about it," she protested. "When you said you wanted to join I understood that you had accepted what it stood for."

"I joined for the sole reason of making sure I was right in the way I was thinking ... and I was! They're a mob of raving lunatics! I'm sorry Sandra, though you mean a lot to me I'll be damned if I'll join them just to please you."

"But Adrian, didn't you pay any attention to what Mrs Clemens said? Sex isn't necessary. Please don't let it interfere with our love ...."

"Interfere?" I laughed. "Sex is love."

"Oh, you poor, misguided boy. Sex is merely a bugbear of the flesh but love is communion between spirits."

"Garbage!" I snorted. "Love is sex and that's all there is to it. You can't have the former without the latter."

"But love is so much more than sex," persisted Sandra. "Can't you see that?"

I sighed. "Listen, will you, and I'll try and explain it to you." I took a deep breath and began. "We don't know much about this universe we live in but one thing seems pretty sure : all living things have an overwhelming urge to perpetrate their own species. With creatures like one-celled amoeba its relatively simple .... they divide in two. But as you go up the animal scale things get more complicated, and when you reach human beings the situation is downright mind-boggling. With the higher animals, nature uses instinct flavoured with pleasure to achieve reproduction. This, which we term sex, is the same as a flower's use of colour and scent to attract bees. Its adequate for conducting animals like rabbits to copulate, but with animals



like humans who have the ability, however slight, to reason, nature's task is more difficult.

"Looked at with some objectivity the process of reproduction could be considered as being nauseating, so nature has compensated by increasing man's sexual-pleasure awareness enormously. But the main reason for it all, of course, is to create offspring and plain unadorned sex is not going to be sufficient for humans. For the human animal, as you know, takes the longest of all other species to mature into a self-supporting adult. Nature had to find a way to ensure that the two human parents stayed together long enough to provide food and protection for their offspring for a period of many years. The result was a deep, sex based, emotional compulsion which was extremely altruistic in content. This altruism not only extended to both the adults but also included the young, therefore making sure that they were protected by parents who would be willing to sacrifice themselves for their survival. This is what we call love.

"You see, its nothing but an emotional side-effect of sex. Its not some kind of aloof, spiritual state. Disembodied minds just don't 'fall in love' ....you've got to have glands." I paused for a breath.

"Now do you understand why I can't continue to see you. I couldn't spend my life gnashing my hormones in a perpetual state of frustration." During my speech I had been slowly moving closer to Sandra. My left arm had made its way along the back of the seat. Carefully, I placed it around her shoulders. My other hand moved towards her nylon sheathed knee. There was no negative reaction. I moved closer. "What's your answer?" Sandra, without a word, leaned forward and kissed me on the lips.

Fiery joy jetted through my arteries. My arms seized her in a fierce, hungry grip and I felt the resisting softness of her breasts as her body strived against mine.

"Darling," she whispered.

The blood pounded in my head as I slowly lowered her onto the seat. My fingers shook as they fumbled at the buttons of her blouse. As I leaned over her my knee bumped the hand-brake, releasing it. The car, on an incline, rolled forward, jumped the kerb and crashed into the bushes, knocking over two policemen who were waiting with a bucket of cold water. The incline became more acute and the next moment the car was plunging down the steep side of King's Park, at the bottom of which lay the Swan River.

"Don't panic!" I cried, as I assumed the foetal position.

One night, a week later, the phone rang. I picked up the receiver but could hear only a faint mumble from the other end.

"I'm sorry, you'll have to speak louder. I can't hear you."

"Its me, Sandra. I'm whispering so Dad won't hear me."

"Oh, hello treasure chest. How is your father now?"

"Still rather annoyed. Having his car sent to the bottom of the Swan River and having his football team lose the big match all in the same week upset him somewhat. Mum's had him fill in the pit he dug for you in the front yard but he still sits with his cricket bat resting on his lap. I don't think you'd better come round again yet ... not for a couple of weeks at least. Anyway, I'm ringing because I have something important to tell you."

"It can't be! I took every precaution!"

"It's not that, silly. I went to a Society meeting last night ..."

"But you told me you'd finished with them!" I exclaimed.

"I have. Really I have. I just went along to hand in my official resignation. But listen ... while I was there I overheard Mrs Clemens talking to Dr. Gundschoot. Adrian, do you remember the drug the doctor was talking about?"

"Yes. I could hardly forget it. But it was only a fairy tale ... the man was obviously a crank."

"No he's not! The drug exists! And they plan to put some of it in the Perth reservoir tonight!"

I almost dropped the phone. "Are you sure?"

"Yes, of course. It's going to be an experiment. Perth is going to be the testing ground. If it works they're going to treat the water supplies of other Australian cities, then other countries! What are we going to do?"

My mind raced. Sandra, meet me at the corner on the end of your street. I'll be there in a half an hour."

Six hours later Sandra and I were lying hidden on a grassy slope overlooking the Serpentine Dam, the main reservoir of Perth. We had arrived at 10.30 pm and had spent the following five hours waiting. It was bitterly cold and we were huddled together for warmth. Some may consider my position an enviable one but I assure you that frost-bite is not conducive to sex play.

"Are you sure this is the right place?" I asked for the tenth time.

"I'm positive." She replied.

"Are you sure it's supposed to be tonight?"

"Yes," she sighed.

I returned my shivering gaze to the road below. The next minute Sandra gave my arm a convulsive grab.

"Look," she whispered, "there's a car coming. I can see the lights."

She was right. A car was slowly coming up the road that led onto the dam. We watched it in strained silence as it stopped at the dam entrance and a shadowy figure got out.

"Come on." I said as I leaped to my feet. I pulled Sandra up and we ran as silently as we could down the hill. By the time we reached the end of the dam wall our quarry was almost at the centre. I could see that he held some kind of large bottle in his hand. So far he hadn't heard our approach. I put on a burst of speed, leaving Sandra behind. I arrived just as

the intruder was about to pour the contents of his bottle over the guard rail and into the water. I grabbed him by the arm and swung him round, then hit him hard in the stomach. With a groan he started to double up. As he fell I snatched the bottle out of his hands. At that moment Sandra arrived and I handed it gingerly to her, then I returned my attention to my fallen adversary. As I expected, a closer look revealed that it was Dr. Gundschuct.

"The game's up." I said.

He nodded, gasping for breath. "Ach," he wheezed, "it is."

"Tell me, doctor, what prompted you to embark upon this mad scheme?"

He sighed. "It's a long story, and not a very pretty one. It all began over thirty years ago at the University of Heidelberg where I was a student. It may be a little difficult for you to picture now but in those days I was a magnificent specimen of young manhood. My golden, firmly muscled body was the pride of the University and I had a scholastic record to match. No one could beat me at athletics and I made records then that have to this day remained unbroken. The women, of course, literally swarmed after me and my athletical feats in bed equalled those I performed on the sports ground. Naturally I formed enemies, those who were jealous of my triumphs, particularly those I had with their respective girlfriends. One, an obnoxious fellow by the name of Wulf Schwartz, decided to take revenge. He chose the day on which was held the biggest athletic competition of the year. I was to lead off the ceremonies with a display of my prowess at the high jump. As I made my run I felt something sting me on the left buttock just as I was about to jump. My rythme was disrupted and the result was a bad jump. I fell straddling the cross bar, ordinarily a thing of no consequence but I had no way of knowing that Wulf had nailed it to the supports. I dropped to the ground, a ruined man." Dr Gundschuct hung his head. "Since then I have envied all men their sexual abilities. I am ashamed but I cannot help myself."

"Tsk, tsks," I said. "I feel sorry for you, but what you attempted to do was unforgivable." I took the bottle from Sandra and unscrewed the top of it. I sniffed cautiously. "Do you realise what you could have done with this terrible stuff? The lives of thousands, millions of people would have been completely upset. For instance, imagine a young couple on their honeymoon. The shambles of their wedding night would scar them for life. It's a pity you didn't use your genius to help mankind instead of trying to sabotage it."

"Aaarghhhh!" cried the doctor, and he yanked my feet out from under me in one sudden, vicious movement. With a shriek I fell, and the bottle went sailing out of my hands, over the railing and into the water.

"I'm glad! I'm glad you hear!" Yelled the doctor. "If there's one thing I can't stand its being preached at!"

"Oh Adrian," cried Sandra. "What shall we do?"

"Start stocking up on canned fruit juices," I replied as I lay on my back staring up at the stars.



SCIENCE FICTION VERSUS LIFE.

- John Foyster.

The label 'escape fiction' has probably been applied more often to science fiction than to any other literary form. The reason for this label has recently been put rather strongly by Andrew Sarris in reviewing 2001 : A SPACE ODYSSEY. Sarris says :

'people who read and write science fiction have always struck me as a bit creepy for expending so much emotional and intellectual energy to cop out on the human situation. I think you have to be somewhat alienated from human life to sit down to consider its extraterrestrial alternatives'

At the risk of over-interpreting Sarris, who can manage quite well by himself, I suggest that Sarris is referring to science fiction, and science fiction readers and writers as a whole. He does not claim that every person who reads or writes science fiction has this rather fearful failing. However it has also been put to me rather strongly that possibly no person can be a complete human being unless he or she has, at one time or another, copped out on the human situation and come back again. But this is an aside.

Perhaps the easy line of defence to this attack might be to question whether writers and readers in general do not suffer from this same alienation : one might even go on to ask the same about film producers and film critics. But this is to ignore the last phrase of Sarris' argument, for he seems to see the extra-terrestrial factor as the decisive one. Here, at last, is the opening we have been looking for, for a 'extra-terrestrial alternatives'. Perhaps we should divert towards this aspect of science fiction - or is this just a semantic trap? Does not, in fact, Sarris mean by this phrase 'extra-terrestrial alternatives' just alternatives? Alternatives, that is, to our present world and its problems. If so, and I am sure that this is what Sarris intended (or else it is about the strongest argument along this line), then it is at this point that science fiction must be defended - or discarded.

The claim is that science fiction rejects the present world and its horrible realities for a dream world : a world in which terrors may exist without involving the reader. The dream world may even hold no horrors, but merely be a pleasant exercise : yet even then the horrors of our own world, which seep over into the most innocuous piece of non-sf, are barred from the reader's experience. (note : continued page 16 - ed.)

Of course, these are rather trivial cases : neither of them exhibit anything more than a trifling concern, on the part of the author, for the world in which he lives. Blish himself has done much better, and in his A CASE OF CONSCIENCE (1953, 1958) he deals with a matter of some relevance - alien Gods. And there are several other authors who have ventured into reality. Gordon R. Dickson, for example, is now slowly starting to examine the



differences in human beings (by extrapolating from humans to aliens admittedly) and Brian Aldiss' latest novel, AN AGE, although superficially a time travel yarn, is essentially concerned with the evil of our pasts. A notable exception to this list is Theodore Sturgeon, whose writing fits Sarris' comment completely. The fact that Sturgeon is so popular is evidence that science fiction readers do turn their backs to the wall.

But there are, or have been, two science fiction writers whose whole output is the result of, and to some extent reflects, a complete acceptance of physical reality. 'Cordwainer Smith' is now dead, but his short stories and novels, all written with one master plan, are wholly based on our present world or on those ideas which have grown out of it. 'Smith' has inserted contemporary references into some of his stories, but these little word-games are all but undecipherable, since they are only a joke on 'Smith's' part. But Smith has built into his fiction the occurrences of his everyday life - cats, children - and some of the important events (?) of his time - the Egyptian revolution. His 'Lords of the Instrumentality' is simply the Gov't of the USA, and in writing of Norstrilia he expresses in direct language his liking for Australia and his reasons for so doing. His stories can be read as complete fantasy, but only, I suspect, by those readers to whom Sarris' statement applies.

Samuel R. Delany is still living and still writing. He has cast into science fiction parts of his own life, generally distorting the patterns just enough to give the plot an appearance of fiction. His two most recent novels, BABEL-17 and THE EINSTEIN INTERSECTION have been exceptionally well received by science fiction readers, winning three or four awards between them. Both are shorter novels, but Delany is now writing longer pieces, with NOVA (in press) being about the size of an ordinary novel, and the novel he is at present writing (working title : PRISM, MIRROR, LENS) will be over 200,000 words. It is not necessarily easy to see present life reflected in Delany's novels, because of the distortion mentioned above, and because Delany writes with extreme care (which makes him unusual, as science fiction writers go). Delany is, however, the only presently-active science fiction writer who faces the world in which he lives squarely and writes about it. Perhaps Brian Aldiss and some others should be included, but if so then this is not so plainly revealed in what they write.

Andrew Sarris is certainly correct in that many readers and writers fit his description. But their numbers are decreasing, and it is possible that at some time in the future it will not be true of the majority. Until then, writers like Delany, Aldiss, Elish and others will probably continue to make inroads on the world of science fiction slowly : but when the time is ripe, they may be recognised as major commentators on their times.

SF versus LIFE -cont from p 14.

It must be admitted, I suspect, that much of science fiction does fit into just the mould which Sarris has cast : much of it does amount to an escape from this earth of ours on the part of the writer. And even more accurately, it all too often represents a means of escape for the reader. It is not the case that to momentarily forget this world is necessarily to 'cop out', but rather that if all that one does is directed away from the real world, then this is not just 'a bit creepy', but thoroughly unpleasant.

But perhaps it is the case that all science fiction is of this kind. And perhaps all of the readers of science fiction are people who are trying to avoid this world and its horrors (consequently qualifying for the Andrew Sarris Seal of Creepiness) For the second I cannot speak : I know far too many readers of science fiction being a matter of escape - ah no.

During 1966 the British science fiction magazine NEW WORLDS published a series of four stories by J.G. Ballard, a name possibly known to the thronging millions of Melbourne from the publication in the Herald some years ago of his rather poor novel THE BURNING WORLD (?). Ballard took what he considered to be some of the major myths of our time and threw them together into a hotch-potch in which, so he claims, 'Images and events became isolated, defining their own boundaries.'. Not only that, but 'the elements of sequential narrative have been ... eliminated' Unpleasant as this may sound, it nevertheless must have been slightly successful, for early in 1967 ENCOUNTER, then in the throes of self-examination (from a safe distance), printed the last of the series, THE ATROCITY EXHIBITION. Undoubtedly the story was used solely on account of its relevance to today's world and use of today's images : it had very few other merits, if any. But it did, to some degree, deal with the world in which you and I and Andrew Sarris live. It is beside the point to recall that Mr. Ballard's best fiction has dealt with worlds of fantasy.

Mr. Ballard has now ceased to write science fiction, and has been adopted by AMBIT, a small magazine in which he runs competitions of doubtful value. He had, as it were, copped out elsewhere.

Sometimes science fiction writers may try to write of the world in which they live in a very different way. Last year a novel by James Blish told of a hero named Baines who set out to destroy the world : it should be remarked that Blish denies all connection between this fictional character and the present President of the USA. (onwards - more - worse!!!)

Now, back to page 14!

The above resulted from a bad day on my part and John putting page 3 of his manuscript on the back of page one, and page 2 on the back of page 4. Sorry, John. -RLC.

HOMO SYMBOLOS

- Alex Robb.

Man alive, I never knew the year but sure looked as if that dream old as man himself had come true. The human race - one perfect jewel, flawless as uncreated time . . and taste and sustension were in the intricate balance, reconciled in the eyes of the beholder, Thornton Willis. As he floated high over glistening specks, parameters of soaring Tamim, he must have known what the good life was like, the heatbubble burning his strong flesh with satisfying slowness. His whole being just spoke of patterns of pleasurable content.

Nakedly unashamed he peered at the world. Every horizon was clean and orderly to view, proclaimed the limitless grandeur of humankind; and too the minute weaving thread and immense strength of the anchors cried what could be achieved.

He turning stared at beautiful blue suns, basking the other side before moving to the cool tray sand. Hands grooved with it as trickling down his fingers like a child's plaything . . Tamim buzzed below. Noontime. One more roll in the sand and then he thought-transmuted : billions of billions of atoms meshed seperated remeshed and he stood pressed flat hald way up against Alice's eastern wall. Quite something, what!

Alice read his arrival on the main dioram - red and yellow flashes - and the swirls and patterns paraded the giant clockspiral, symbol of the new age. 'Big Brother loves you' emblazoned in Orwellian terms. She sank to the floor.

Elegant velvet cocoons take their time about dissolving so he caught her easily, holding her protectively in his arms while the stuff drifted away to nothingness. Alice kissed him and laughed as young wives will - when love is a flower without price, a man and a woman in pure relationship minus the slung mud of others jealousy at what they cannot achieve. And after lunch they electropainted together.

Every single kinethis held a different hue of light and shade and colours, with Thornton an old man's hand broken and gnarled, curling diagonally upwards through the room, Alice countering with blazing orange sun. Beautiful. Thorn shuddered. Soon an answering cataclysm of darkness and destruction was pouring out, a heartfelt entity of chaos. Illusions multiplied till walls and floor were no more; they lost themselves in synthesized awe at their own creation. Lightning belched volcanic mountains, smoke and fire in warm spirals. Surely this was life.

Deeper love welled up to swallow them as servomechanisms carefully wrapped Thorn and Alice back in their respective warrens. The cycle of life was complete. "...And take the rest



of those toys away too" boomed the voice in a tone not to be ignored. "Yes, mum" said Tom resignedly as he lifted the glittering jewel. The lights of Tamim winked out one by one . .

- Alex Robb.

Brief rundown of author:

Nut, Confitmed rail fanatic, Christian,  
SF enthusiast.

Hates: materialism of all descriptions.  
people who refuse to think. Hypocrisy.

Loves: real love, hope, peace (incurable?  
idealist/cynic)

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# COMPUTERS ARE ONLY HUMAN

- Don Herbinson-Evans.

There is a popular misconception about computers which is remarkable both for the magnitude of its error and the fear it induces in those who are so mistaken. This is the belief that computers are infallible.

It is completely wrong. It is so wrong that the very opposite is true. Only by extraordinary persistence in the face of apparently overwhelming odds do computer engineers and programmer manage to get any results at all.

In order to understand this, perhaps I should briefly explain how computers work. Their memory can be regarded as a large number of little boxes (usually 10,000 to 50,000) called "stores". Each of these can contain a number, and each can be referred to by its number (i.e. 1, 2, 3, etc.).

Computers obey a sequence of "instructions". An instruction can for instance make the "arithmetic unit" pick some number out of a specified store and add (or subtract or multiply or divide) it to another number in another specified store. The particular arithmetic function (add, subtract, etc.) is specified by a number code e.g. 1 for add, 2 for subtract, 3 for multiply, 4 for divide. The stores are also specified by their numbers. Thus for example 31326325433 might mean multiply the numbers in stores 13,263 and 25,433 together.

The strength of this system is that the instructions are themselves numbers. Thus for example if we keep alternately adding 1 to our instruction and obeying it, we will multiply together all the numbers in stores 25,433 onwards.

Other instructions are available for putting a number into a specified store from a paper tape or card reader, and moving the tape or card on one step. Others are available for printing out the number in a particular store.



Some instructions take longer to perform than others. Thus to multiply by 2 is much quicker in most computers than multiplication by any other number. In order to give the programmer as much flexibility as possible, to write programs which run as fast as possible, this and many other special instructions often are assigned their own specific instruction number. Thus some computers have over 100 different instructions.

Now a program consisting of a sequence of instructions (each usually specifying the use of one or more memory stores) must have every digit correctly specified before it will work. If any digit is out even by 1, the program will fail. This is the downfall of the programmer. In everyday speech, if a listener fails to catch a word exactly, he can usually work out what it is from the context and from what it sounded like. This is not true of computers. If any character is omitted or read wrongly, the program fails completely.

It is very difficult to spot a single erroneous digit even in a small program of only say 100 instructions, each of 10 digits perhaps, making 1000 digits in all to be searched. It seems also that it is inherently difficult for the programmer to spot his own mistakes for, as for instance with proof reading, one tends to see only what one expects to be there.

A partial way around this trouble has been found. This is to have a special program, called the "compiler" program. A programmer then writes in a code or language which is closer to normal algebra than a string of numbers and therefore easier to write perfectly. Two of the commonest languages are ALGOL and FORTRAN. The compiler program "translates" the language into the proper numerical instructions, which are called "machine code". The translated program is then run by the computer.

However this does not solve the problem : it merely moves it one stage back for all now depends upon this compiler. The language in which the programmers are to write must be complex if it is to provide more facilities than machine code, so that compilers are among the largest programs written, typically 5,000 instructions long. Unfortunately the writer of the compiler must himself work in machine code. So it is easy to understand why a compiler normally takes over a year to write, even with a team of programmers working on it. The compiler and other important general programs are the "software" of a computer. The software is just as important as the hardware (transistors, wires, mechanical gadgets) of a computer, and generally costs just as much. Often compilers are so complex and intricate that a mistake does not show up until the compiler has been operating, apparently successfully, for some time.

We can now see that two of the main errors, to which computers are subject, are mistakes in the compiler and mistakes due to the programmer misunderstanding the specifications of the compiler. The third common failure springs from mistakes in the program itself.

These arise because the original producer of a program often does not get exactly what he requires the first time his

program runs successfully, through not realising what a computer can do. For this reason or in order to pursue a computation in the light of the first results, he often wishes to modify an existing program rather than write a new one from scratch. Besides this, in order not to have to find too many mistakes at once, programmers tend to get one piece of a program working, then build the next section on, and get that working and so on. Thus many programs are grown rather than written. And every time a new modification is made there is the possibility of interfering with a part that already works or misremembering how it worked and fitted in.

So we have the well known third law of computing :

"Every program contains a mistake."

This is not all however. Other errors can occur.

Computers make errors during their normal running. The main one at my university makes an error in performing arithmetic and even copying a number from one store to another, about once every 10,000,000,000 operations. This is about once a day. This is due to the electrical nature of the computation : numbers and arithmetic occur in the computer as brief pulses of electric current. A thunderstorm or a car ignition or any number of electric machines can induce a pulse of current onto a wire in the computer and cause an error. Manufacturers take steps to reduce this interference, but there are financial limits on how far this protection can be taken, and the result must always be a compromise.

Recently, in a 4th test of the theory of Relativity using the Haystack radio telescope at M.I.T., a computer was being used to analyse the results as they were obtained. Four months after the test had started, a wiring mistake was discovered in the computer. This has led to the loss of a lot of the data produced in those 4 months.

I know of a large computer that has an error in the logical design. The "overflow" store (which is changed from 0 to 1 whenever any number gets too large to fit into the other stores) was not set under particular conditions when logically it should have been set. A few months ago the computer manufacturers sent out details of a modification which would correct this. Ever since the modification has been made strange errors have kept appearing in programs which had no good reason to fail. After much detailed examination of these faults they were finally traced to an error in the modification.

My general point is that human beings design, make, and program computers, and human beings are fallible. It's no use trying to overcome this by using a computer to design a computer. This just moves the errors back one stage, as someone has to design, make and program the first one to make the second one.

With a machine performing 10,000,000 operations a second one can never be sure that all the operations are correct. If one can check the results of a program accurately by hand then there was no point in using a computer. One may run a program

with data for which the results are known, to check it, but errors may still be there that only appear when certain numbers are used in certain stores, and the checking run may not use these.

These limitations are interesting as they show that computed results from a program with no known errors and which on the face of it are reasonable, should still be treated with caution.

Whatever other people may believe, programmers and computer engineers will never accept the results from any computer as unreservedly correct. Computers may be said to act as intelligence amplifiers, but they also act as fallibility amplifiers as well.

- Don Herbinson-Evans.

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THE BOTTLE WAS FULL TWO HOURS AGO.

- Gary Woodman.

"Bugger it!" shouted Haldane. Haldane was an electrical engineer, and he swore often. The only other occupant of the workshop did not care much. She swore often, too.

"Give us a drink, Haldane, putresant fugghead!" she screamed. Haldane, muttering under breath that was threatening to spontaneously catch fire, moved towards a nearly-empty bottle, once containing Scotch. "What was that, somnolent scrag?" Haldane mentally winced, and physically spluttered.

"Get stuffed, you mangy galah, or I'll lock you back in your cage!" he bellowed, swallowing the galah's Scotch.

"Ah, don't give me that. Couldn't put a cabbage in a cage." The galah, named Persephone but aphoristically called Stupid, swung her tin cup to her mouth, and drank the Scotch. Haldane had thoughtfully left.

Haldane had sworn originally because he had burnt a finger on a hot soldering iron. He was building a time machine - against his better judgement. He knew that he was wasting his time, that he could achieve nothing. But despite the derisive comments from his only friend, the galah, he continued to work on what he called "the bloody crap-heap."

A heap it certainly was. Loosely strung on a metal framework were countless bits of electrical apparatus. The central area, what Haldane called the focus and the galah called the shouse, was more or less enclosed by a mass of wiring and components. A narrow tunnel led to the workshop, where there were, strewn about in various stages of disarray, boxes, tools, wire, components, equipment, bottles, cans, and a bed. Haldane slept in the shop - in fact he lived there.

Haldane was pretty close to drunk. The Scotch bottle had been full when he and the bird began, now it contained an inch or so on the bottom.



Haldane and Stupid were at the incisive, preternatural stage of drunkenness. The bird had suggested a few modifications to Haldane's circuits, and after due consideration he altered them to Stupid's specifications.

"Well, we'd better try it, you feathered fugghead."

"Up yours. Why try it? Works."

"You and your bloody ego. Get in there."

They both crawled, somewhat unstably, down the narrow tunnel leading to the focus, where Haldane flicked a switch. "I don't think it worked," he sighed.

"How hell you know? What time set for?"

"Shut up, bird. An hour, backwards."

He crawled out of the electrician's nightmare, walked to the phone, and dialed for the time. A disgusted look fell over his face. "Ah, bugger it. Didn't work."

"Crap. Must have." The pink-and-white galah flew around the heap. "Look here, excuse for digital computer. Valve there lost connection on three-pin. Shows how solder-oxytorch no doubt."

Muttering vile thoughts, Haldane resoldered the wire to the valve pin. "Will we try it now, Your Bloody Highness?"

"Might as well - no Scotch." She was sitting on the horizontal, now-empty bottle, figuratively licking her lips.

"Bloody bird - sometimes I wish I hadn't plked around in your brain."

"Bloody vivesectionist. The one thing you did right, though."

"Get in that focus, or I'll ..."

"Shouse, you mean. Watch it, report to RSPCA."

They crawled down the tunnel, then rested drunkenly for a moment. Haldane touched the switch.

"Ready?"

"Back two hours - Scotch full then."

"Thought," said Haldane. He twisted a vernier. "Let's go." He threw the switch.

Haldane and Persephone had a momentary view of a glistening, beautiful green orb accompanied by a yellow jewel. They had a passing view of utter blackness, sown with countless tiny diamonds. They saw this, and much more, before the vacuum exploded their eyeballs.

- Gary Woodman.

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"HAPPINESS IS A FULL LETTERBOX" - Ron L Clarke.



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SUBSCRIPTION LEVBOOL



Dear Ron,

I know that this article is not about SF, but because I consider it about human beings and not n-----, about teenage youth and not moronic delinquents, an evolution of chaos and escapism is a lesson to us all, even isolationists like those that make up The Mentor and its format.

### "A LOOK AT AMERICAN DISSIDENCE AND YOUTH"

First, lets briefly examine the American hippies, and the logical social expansion of this group to a more realistically oreentated cult, The Yippies.

The hippie escapism was motivated by various factors;

1. The growing insecurity of the American youth, psychologically induced by middle class demands - the exaggerated striving for success, failure creates rejection.
2. Just plain being born, in a complex sprouting of technological advances, that were as jittery as the faces that saw it.
3. Insecurity - because of a future that could no longer be predicted

because of a present that was so unstable it threatened its own tomorrow; i.e. Bomb, Radiation, Pollution, Communist Aggression, VIETNAM.

4. And of course Marx's prediction of Proletairian suppression (in this case mostly black) + poverty, middle class acceleration and affluence.

These were some of the motivations which produced the hippies, and while the pill-heads were living in fantasy, unreality and illusion, America kept turning. Until at last two great images were beginning to dissintergrate; The All American Boy, who now was smoking pot under a stroboscopic light, and the great American leader (President Lincoln etc.) who's image was starting to tear with the emergence of a faulty Johnson Administration (Viet escalation) and the death of "The Last Of The Greats" J.F. Kennedy.

And so America's youth, which was becoming increasingly large, began to look around, examine what was happening, and in desperation, some resorted to violence. The first of these "men of action" were just plain demonstrators labelled reactionary, leftist, radical extremist, and of course the nations favourite propaganda dirty-word Commo. But now has emerged an official organization, the yippies (Youth International Party).

Consider for a moment one of their recent chants;

"Peace groups, the international students conspiracy,  
The revolution - all are our children.  
We concocted Chicago from one Bat for peace,  
Nurercous Democratic Toads,  
And a pressure cooked American flag."

Sound ominous and boastful? The house for UnAmerican Activities Committee is trying to determine just how much of a boast that really was (Chicago Demon).



And now we arrive at the situation with the AFRO-Americans black people, where psychologically a revolution of thought, attitude and behaviour is beginning to cultivate among their New Education for children and Youth.

Yet materialistically the conditions under which they live haven't undergone any drastic alterations, and the majority continue to live under comparative poverty. The dissident riots of students and yippies are mild in comparison to what is now arriving at complete anarchy "Black Power", and The Black Panther Extremist party characterises this new movement towards liberty, to some, towards complete independance.

The severely militant methods which they utilize have of course been criticized by all, but did Martin Luther King's preaching even show a sign of the progress which is now being accomplished? Specifically, a united feeling of confidence and pride in their own race - not the disease of persecution and shame of being black which was personified by black children paintings, warped demented paintings, and the tremendous striving for the attainment of a white look, straight and red haired blacks etc.

Did MLK ever put respect into the eyes of white Americans

Did he ever shake loose the stereotype which his race had been labelled with?

And ultimately did he ever creat an emotion like fear (which breeds respect) in the white people?

The major theme of criticism, if that to reach an equality economically as well as psychologically, why must the black people maintain all their energy on attack and opposition against the whites?

Why don't they improve their own social structure, as in education, living conditions, employment, etc, until they have attained the degree of affluence now existant among the whites?

After all this is their ultimate aim isn't it? i.e. to gain equality in economic status? Yes, well I think thats part of it, but to do this you must first create equality in the minds of the white americans, before you can achieve the same in material gains. Plus the fact that centuries of accumulating, self destructive thoughts and modes of social behaviour among their own people must first be abolished. i.e. that only living and looking like a white man can he hope to become anything but inferior the almost innate humblism of the black towards successful whites, regrettfully accepting and submitting to prejudice as a way of life, etc, etc. Fortunately, new attitudes and modes of behaviour are at last being asserted, positive thinking towards the beauty of black skin, emotional training for children, in preparation for the ugliness of schooling and the workd. So on one side we have the Panthers and violence, in some urban ghettos, they have literally taken over, and on the other we have black children for the first time since Africa growing up with a new approach to themselves and the world. Stokely Carmichael in advising his "brothers" on how to treat whites suggested "If



your down in your rent money and have to see the white landlord, just bring along a anther for a bit of persuasiveness" or something to that extent. So you can already see the effectiveness of black power and the image it is reflecting.

Now I hadn't intended to deviate from the subject of dissidence, but to give this article a better chance of getting printed, and because the motivations are relative to all American youth, I'll include S.F. fans.

Unfortunately no generalisations can be made about Australian fans the reason being of course that there are so little of them, however in America the situation is different. Has anyone ever noticed the number of teenage fans they have? My point is that as teenagers they are subjected to the same pressures that motivated one form of escapism, and as teenagers, they are still experimenting with the social reflections of their own particular Ego-ideals or Jung's Persona, so why not use fandom for both, as a practise range and as a refuge?

And so you can see there is some resemblance between the two (hippiedom and fandom) the only great difference being that sf fans have turned to a more socially acceptable form.

Leigh Edmonds, who although not an American fan, does pay considerable attention to american activity, and perhaps as a result represents a lot of sf fan attitudes when he says in his first editorial for Rataplan 1 : "I would much rather communicate via the media of letters and fanzines."

This preference for seclusion behind a typewriter reveals a certain amount of insecurity, something which seems to typify a lot of sf fans.

Although I hadn't intended to include fandom, I'm glad I did, perhaps it will help some fan examine his own sand-bag-trench sanctuary.

- Bernie Bernhouse

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AMATEUR

- Michael Black.

"Down from the narrow concrete path on either side sloped dry crumbling clay held together only by its prolonged exposure to the sun and a modicum of grass. The path itself steeply mounted the ridge from Park Street to a little U-shaped lane which began and ended in View Street. He did not know its name, but the lane was a short cut and one so new to him he still gained emotionally from using it.

Except tonight Del had been there to see him, granted.

But as they parted, he desiring her unrepressed embrace, she inviting, warm yet somehow aloof ; her speech was ambiguous to his ears. He had been exhausted by the week and kept up his attention in the lectures straight after work only by his hope built on long standing anxiety.

Del had come down the steps out of the gloom, just as she had done every other Friday, in the pale front-buttoned tunic, work shoes and unbrushed hair that meant this was the end of her day. Her arm was padded and bandaged just below the shoulder; the quaver in his voice as he mentioned dinner and the theatre was one of regret not expectation.

He could hear her reply even now. Every word he had wanted not to hear played endlessly in and out of sequence as his memory haunted him all the way home. The half hour trip had seemed but amoment, although every jarring bump his hands on the motorcycle bars had felt was tearing at his heart, tightening his chest. The ditch in front of his home had been too great an emotional impact. Hardening despite himself, the ice reached below his lungs and freezing his spine, he determined to visit John.

Park Street was dangerous where the road from the end of View Street ran across it, before veering past the mound opposite John's place. Darkness at the intersection started the moment the sun dipped. The hills reaching their peaks at this point added to the poor visibility there. Roads anywhere in this suburb were bad but here there were more hazards than average. Nevertheless he drove straight on, teeth so tightly clenched that his jaw muscles were aching.

The landlady's dog was asleep in the dark of the back lawn. There was no light on in the shed where John was temporarily lodged. Sudden loud barking tore at his ramshackle determination but he rapped on the hollow modern door whilst trying to avoid being ensnarled by the climbing rose on the old lattice.

There was no answer. The door was not latched so his fingers found the switch just inside and a single bare globe surrounded by thorny rose tendrils lit the room. Along the near side wall was a jumble of old tables, chairs, boxes and bric-a-brac. This hut was primarily a detached attic and not intended as quarters. An old divan with additional mattress, sheets and an army blanket seemed out of place beside the other side wall. Beyond it a narrow, chest-high shelf ran along the same wall to the farther corner and from there across the back wall to the central post. A calendar with an undistinguished nude and the caption 'Merry Christmas to all Cattron's customers' was pinned out of plumb to the near end of the shelf. The floor area was completely blocked by a satchel of tools, more tools surrounding the satchel, two medium capacity suitcases, the leather carrying cases for his Leica and his two Paillard cameras, the movie editor, tripod and projector, two portable stereograms, a dismantled inter-com system, and a pile of motoring magazines surmounted by a Walt

Disney comic and a packet of pastilles. There was no sign of John. Nor was there a light on in the boarding house. He looked at his watch. He had to work early the next morning and he was already exhausted from a heavy work. The device leered ten o'clock at him in the dim light of the weak bulb. There was an old radio on the short shelf near the door and it was connected to a single wall socket overloaded with cables and three double adaptors. He switched the set on and after several minutes of static found a station. A few minutes more and in the horrendous modern noise he heard the announcer mention that it was ten past ten.

Switching off all the lights he began the long trudge home. The motor cycle had just run out of fuel as he arrived so he had locked it outside the boarding house, now just unstrapped the satchel on it and was lugging it home on foot. He paused at the intersection with Park Street, then decided to use the short cut. Smiling grimly at the mute reminder of John's recent accident - a rust stain along Park Street terminating just before the intersection in a vast discolouration of the road surface, he found himself unable to prevent Del from once more filling his mind with haunted recriminations.

He remembered how Del had once told him that he wasn't pale, but just had no colour when he had jokingly said that he hadn't been sick - he just didn't have any blood. Now he was walking up the lane into the darkness of View Street and the weak streetlamp high on a pole at the curve of the lane threw long shadows before him.

I'm not solid enough, he thought, to even throw a decent shadow. She's right - I can't expect anyone, especially a girl so beautiful to put up with my dependent idiocy"

Brian put down his pen, a slight grin forming on his lips as he thought, with wry humour, that he had made a good start on his story. Kim was a capable girl, if young. But her gall in trying to verbalise a fellow's thought for her church magazine was more than he could take.

All men were one thing to her and she had been many things for him. Shy, self-effacing, quiet, she usually gave the impression of intense, naïve calm. Announcement of her authorship came with an icy frustration only she made so enticing.

Stupidly he had often procrastinated and his need for her tenderness brought them into conflict; now they were verging on a permanent estrangement. He hoped that this scribbling, cululating as it was intended to do in an awakening in the hero of true humility when face to face with his egoist treatment of others, would convey to Kim what his own spoken words had never conveyed.

Brian could not see what his friend Kim was at a loss to explain. She knew that there was a glimmer of human understanding in him, but also such a confusion of youthful indecision that he was unable to encompass true tolerance in his relations with others.



She wanted him, for herself as much as for his own sake. She also knew that he must overcome himself to win her in his own eye. Brian was the horns of his own dilemma. He might never escape.

- Michael Black.

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THUS RAVED LOLLAPALUSA.

- Herald G. Barker.

Report of a symposium held by that August journal "The Yarraside Quarterly" entitled "The Quartermess Experiment" which considered in depth The Photocollage "2001 $\frac{1}{2}$ " produced by Mr SFandforth Dropbrick in Enemarama, cacaphonic sound and and fungicolor.

The participants are known to you all and, are as follows,

George Turnstyle:- Prizewinning exponent of doublethink.

MacAllum laureate 1968

The flail of fantastic fiction

Lee Gargling:-

Bearded prophet of speculographics

Demon Author of the Dandenongs

Artistic adviser to the inadvisable.

Mungo M<sup>C</sup>Upham:-

Noted exponent of the ordinary

Exposer of other peoples pretentions.

Vice president of the Grub sheet club.

Your Interlocutor:- Mr John Bangdrum:- Editor Philosopher -

Author of: "Publications I Intend to found"

Summary presented by Mr Bruce Zorba \*CHOREOLOGOLOGIST\*

\*One who is able to make words dance at his instructions\*

George Turnstyle:- Let me say at the outset, although I really mean let me write at the outset, that this review or, what other people may possibly inadvertently call a review or think of as a review is really and absolutely not a review, it will be, when I get around to discussing it, a discussion and when I write discussion I don't mean what other people mean by discussion, what I mean is dissection, but do not be alarmed, what I am going to dissect is not the photo collage 2001 $\frac{1}{2}$  oh dear me no, I am going to dissect my own very worthy opinions and excellent ideas about the subjective impressions that this magnificent photo collage made upon my own personal introversions.

In the first place this entertainment was not an entertainment it was a "Unifield". This word "Unifield" must be defined before we can proceed any further, a "Unifield" is an abbreviation for "Unified Field of Gestalt Experience" and was



very ably coined by myself to save time although as we all know time is relative and saving time is only of relative importance.

Having defined the photocollage as a Unifield it is therefor quite impossible for any logical right thinking person, who thinks as I do, to consider it as an entertainment. It must be thought of as a Psychadelic experience.

John Bangdrum:- May one interpose here the extremely poetic last thought of Thomas Hardy expressed on his deathbed; "That all women are impure and, those who are not, are not worth knowing".

Lee Gargling:- This Brilliant, resplendant, radiant, luminous, sparkling montage is an inspiring, flashing, coruscated Photocollage of awe inspiring, super-intelligent, genius which is incomprehensible to the stupid, dull, slow witted obtuse, benumbed, absurd, tiresome run-of-the-mill audience. Their puny, underdeveloped, undersized stunted brains are narcotized, stupified and paralysed by the ever pervading opiate of commercial entertainment. On the other hand we, their intellectual peers are able to perceive that which the master artist Dropbrick intends with his deft adroit usage of irresistable symbolism. The superb psychedelic sequence is supervly psychedelic and psychedellically superb.

John Bangdrum:- May one interpose here with the extremely lucid opinion expressed by the greatest philosopher of all time, Fred Nietzsche, in his masterpiece "Thought out of season" 1873-76 :-  
"The superman must always be on his guard against the Kryptonik influence of his intellectual inferior"

Mungo MCUpham :- He's all balls - a review is a review is a review, apart from which 2001 $\frac{1}{2}$  is a miserable failure as an entertainment - it does not entertain.

John Bangdrum :- May one interlineate here the thought of the brilliant Dr Arsivetsi of Monash University from his Monograph "Arsenion ethics in Ballardo-Aldissisan" - "I do not understand this".

George Turnstyle :- You all seem to be sufficiently in agreement wiht my views for me to attempt to enlighten you further.

The plot really is not a plot but a series of meta-physical constructions designed to confuse and delude all except those of us who are not confused and deluded by it.

To understand and comprehend the artistic chain of endeavour which has formed the crucial forerunner of the essential artistic afterthought it is necessary to completely and absolutely comprehend the nature and conception of God.

Here I must make it quite clearly understood that what I mean by God is not the conservative meaning as understood by others. I mean the supreme cosmic intelligence.

Now let me make it clear that if one comprehends the

scope of the supreme cosmic intelligence, then the whole concept of artistic nullity circumscribed in the original conception of the author, Arthur S. Park, has been overwhelmingly deduced and impregnated with superlative new symbolism by the artistic creator Dropbrick. Failure to grasp the essential cosmic significance of this would leave one in despair particularly when it is realised that the Psychedelic sequence is only partially psychedelic.

John Bangdrum:- May one interrupt here to call attention to the words of the greatest novelist in the English language who has written so well "Jude is obscure is he not". Hardy went on to write "all obscurity is shadowed by human passion and, that which is not is not worth experiencing."

Lee Gargling :- You are not applying the punctilious, scrupulous exact, conscientious, precise, formal, ceremonious severe, strict, logical scrutiny to the subject which you claim to be doing.

It should be a matter of clear, logical, pellucid observation that, if the theme is in receipt of a rigid mathematical treatment then,  $2001\frac{1}{2}$  may be written as  $2001.5$  in its decimal form, if then one uses the Alexandrine method of numerology and subjects the individual numbers to a process known as addition then  $2+0+0+5 = 8$ . Now it must be obvious that 8 is a perfect cube and as such is a square in 3 dimensions and is a positive attenuation of the existence of the Trinity and an undoubted postulation of the triple theme of this magnificent invagination of sheer genius. The beautiful psychedelic sequence is a sequence of psychedelic beauty.

John Bangdrum :- If one may interpose here, the late Cardinal Widdershins once remarked to his son Kelvin, "The Wisdom of God is manifest in the division of the Christian Church into three main branches, one for each member of the holy Trinity" - this has always impressed me.

Mungo M<sup>C</sup>Upham :- Its still all balls. It is a putrid fillum, nature abhors a vacuum this fillum is an artist's vacuum in Enemarama therefore this fillum is abhorrent. By the way the psychedelic sequence is only a speeded up taxi ride through the Ginza.

Bruce Zorba:- Having read the reviews of George, Lee and Mungo together with John's helpful interlocutory comments about  $2001\frac{1}{2}$  I submerged my previous prejudice and saw the film again  $2\frac{1}{2}$  times. There is only one conclusion I can come to, impressed as I am by your joint cogitations.

This magnificent Photo Collage should never have been shown in the cinema. It should have been divided into a multiplicity of still segments and grouped appropriately in the new Melbourne Art Gallery. In these appropriate surroundings with suitable background music and L.S.D served with coffee, the true wonder and experience of this miraculous super-epic could be genuinely appreciated by the true S.F enthusiast.

John Bangdrum :- Well thats it folks, would somebody please tell me what psychedelic means.

P/S Next issue of \* Yarraside Quarterly \* will contain a symposium on "Planet of the Apes", plus the boobs of Barbarella.

\* due late 1969.

- Herold G Harker 25/11/68.

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# BREVIEWS.

## "THE TIME TUNNEL"

- Graham Saint.

I've just finished viewing the second episode of TCN 9's new science fiction show, whose title appears above. After the premier, where the heros landed on the "Titanic" just before she sank, to be whisked off again just before she sank, to be hisked off again in the nick of time, I expected a simple series consisting mainly of the heroes finding themselves at interesting times and places, having adventures there, and then moving on to greener pastures at the appropriate moment. At the beginning of episode number 2, however, where Kirk (Whit Bissell) and Tony (James Darren) find themselves in the battle of Khartoum and come face-to-face with a group of alien beings (the make up wasn't bad) I thought - "Aha- its not going to be that simple." It wasn't - it was unbelievably bad.

To be fair, the basic idea wasn't too bad - an alien planning to conquer Earth back in 1883, time and space travel mixed together. An interesting story could have been made out of it but clumsy handling ruined the whole thing.

Our heroes are taken to the alien's headquarters (one of the guards carefully demonstrating the force field on the way) where the Planet Leader obligingly explains the whole plot (as he intends to kill Tony and Kirk one might wonder just why he bothers to do this but I suppose that's alien psychology). Naturally the heroes can't be killed then and there - that could be too easy. Instead one of them is sent off to have his brain drained while the other is taken off to be shot in the desert. Before this can happen a British Major rides up, (the alien ordered to shoot Tony simply disappears into thin air at this point, how or why I've no idea) and proceeds to accuse our American Accented, turtle-neck-sweater-wearing friend of being an Arab spy! (If you are confused at this point you should have seen the film).

After a good look at the alien installation, however (the aliens don't even try to stop them) the Major returns to the British Army with the two heroes (Kirk having been brought



outside via the time tunnel), deserts when they look like losing their battle with the Arabs (an offense punishable by death) and then the three return to blow up the whole enemy installation, defeating the extra-terrestrial super weaponry with three 19th century gun powder grenades!

Just who do these aliens employ as engineers? They must be the worst lot this side of Rigel. The equipment in the base looked as if it was left over from a 1930's serial and all the heavy machinery simply fell apart during the inevitable fist fight at the end. The "force field projectors" were about as big as houses but did nothing except kick up very piffling explosions within about a twenty yard range. For reasons best known to himself, the Planet Leader planned to destroy London and Paris with rockets that would've been outclassed by the V-2.

The Leader decided to stop interference from the Time Tunnel (he jammed all the equipment the first time but apparently couldn't be bothered repeating the trick) by sending a bomb into their midst - a huge affair about 7 feet high with what appeared to be bedsprings in top of it. In these days, when atom bombs are the size of waste-paper baskets, I don't see why his bomb couldn't have been a little smaller - after all their science was supposed to be more advanced than others. One would imagine that he would have detonated the bomb instantly, but no, it had to have a one hour fuse on it (at the end of this time, of course, the Time Tunnel crew simply sent it back.)

The bomb killed one scientist with an "inverse laser" but our boys rapidly neutralised this with a "polarising field" - as ungodly apiece of gooveldegock as I have yet heard.

I await the return of "Star Trek" early next year with eager anticipation.

- Graham Saint.

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#### A PARADE OF PENGUINS.

- Brian Richards

September was the best month ever for penguin stf. The seven books listed here were added to the impressive collection already in print, the operative words here being "in print". Whilst other P-B publishers can and do issue far more than penguins their issues are far more ephemeral things and if overnight or financial difficulty prevents prevents immediate purchase then future prospects of obtaining a wanted book are often remote.

The penguin list at the time of writing (mid-November) shows upwards of 50 stf titles available and for a firm reputed not to care much for stf this seems pretty good.

John Brunner, has two books in the September issue, Telepathist,



a closely woven well knit yarn about a telepath, an ugly crippled young man who discovers his gift in late adolescence and who is trained by a world Telepathic organisation to be a mind healer. His external conflicts make absorbing reading but it is the inner conflict and paradox of the healer who is unable to heal himself and the possibility of a final solution to his problems which make this one of the best books Mr Brunner has produced.

The Long Result. I had the pleasure of reviewing this book in the pages of another august Australian publication some time ago and find on a second reading that it is a clever durable story which certainly deserves reading again. I strongly recommend it to you.

Eric Frank Russell, has a collection of short stories Somewhere a Voice, an excellent selection embracing a wide variety of themes. It is very seldom that one enjoys all of a collection of stories but here it would be difficult to select a first choice, there isn't a loser in it.

John Petty is a new name to me and with The Last Refuge he has produced a serious adult novel which is well outside Sturgeons 90%. This is a top 10% member and is quite highly placed in this rarefied strata.

I feel strongly that this book is worthy to stand alongside "Brave New World" and "1984". Time alone will tell of course but it is my tip for consistent long term success.

J.G. Ballard gave me another re-reading job with The Drought. This too is a great pleasure for those of us who like Ballard. If you are one of those who doesn't then avoid this, it will do nothing to change your opinion. I like it. It is incredible to me that it is so short a time since Ballard came amongst us, what a fabulous record over ten years or so, most writers develop but Ballard arrived like Athene, complete, whole and perfect.

The list is completed with two excellent juveniles on the peacock label.

Andre Norton with Lord of Thunder, jolly good if your not too proud to read juveniles (I do). A propos of this particular book one might mention that in Etherline 11 No 5, Greame Riddle scripted a comprehensive commentary on Miss Norton and her usage of human/beast relationships of which she is so expert. That is well worth reading too.

B.N. Ball edited a collection called Tales of Science Fiction. This Anthology so lovingly balanced and collated would probably have sold better as adult SF instead of the peacock series. You would not pick out any feature of this collection which causes it to differ from the good adult Anthology. Marvellous small giftie for younger brothers and sisters (or whisper it even for yourself.)

- Brian Richards.

There is a new song dedicated to fandom. Its called "Oh Sweet Blindness".

Alex Robb Breviews :-The God Killers - John Baxter - Horwitz - 55¢.

In many ways a very interesting book as well as being a first novel by a noted Australian writer, "The God Killers" deals with a remote planet called Merrylands where all religion has been forbidden as evil and God is officially dead, with subtly perverted results.

Nearly the whole short 127 pages is dominated by the somewhat romantic figure of David Bonython, the remainder by the scholar-cum-murderer Elton Penn, the "Christian" leader who betrays David's adopted family and then later trails David and his cousin Samantha as they seek after the mysterious green stone, long lost to all human knowledge and memory.

Some of the highlights of this book are the burning down of the Padgett farmhouse by the heretic-hating Examiners, the Arthurian-flavoured scene at the old Church in the wilderness, and the idyllic cruise of zephyr winds and sunwarmed waves in which David and Samantha finally discover each other.\*1\*

The ending is just as thoughtful and imaginative as the rest, if rather weirder in tone, and whether you are looking for a "novel of ideas" or just for a good piece of active, literary SF, you could hardly do better than this fine work.

\*1\* Of particular interest are the theories that underlie all else here - particularly the thesis that a planet lacking some nebulous thing called "religion" will possess a feeble, neurotic society; that a Church-under-repression is capable of becoming a simple pressure group; and the contention that man's greatest need is to have more faith in himself (shades of the gnostic!), all things about which I will have more to say later. Suffice to comment now that it seems to me that the novel turns full-circle, that the ending has become the beginning ...

\* \* \* \* \*

Dune - Frank Herbert - NEL - \$1.75.

Dune comes to us in a giant (1½" thick) New English Library paperback, and Frank Herbert has succeeded in producing 500 pages which are an absolute joy to read, dealing as they do with the noble Duke Leto and his son Paul who leads the strange but friendly peoples of Arrakis (otherwise known as Dune) to glory.

Winner of both Hugo & Nebula Awards, Dune fully deserves the glowing tribute given by Arthur C. Clarke that "...Huge in scope, towering in concept, a work which will live in the reader's imagination for the rest of his life." He goes on to compare Dune to Tolkien's massive Lord of the Rings, and those of you lucky enough to have read that great trilogy will realize that no greater praise may be given.

Even as I write this fragmentary images such as the power and meaning of Jessica's Bene Gesserit priesthood and of Maud 'Dib astride the back of a huge Dune worm assail me. The exploits of Paul Mard'Dib I for one will long remember although what monarchical assassination, mysticism and desert ecology are doing in SF I can't imagine. If you should see a copy I suggest you pawn all your pennies and buy it.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Lord of the Rings - J.R.R. Tolkien - George Allen & Unwin.  
\$4.85.

This looks like a golden opportunity to introduce readers to my very favourite story, now available in paperback form for the first time, and I hope you will bear with the fact that it is not SF. As for what it is, I'm not quite sure, but perhaps I could say that the three books which make up The Lord of the Rings (The Fellowship of the Ring; The Two Towers; and The Return of the King) are mainly mythological in nature and tell in essence the story of how the "... One Ring to rule them all, One Ring to find them, One Ring to bring them all and in the darkness bind them ..." is borne by Frodo Baggins, a simple Hobbit from the Shire; of how he carries the evil ring to its perilous destruction "in the Land of Mordor where the Shadows lie."

It shows something of the freshness and genius of Tolkien that he could create such a lovably alien race as the Hobbits (first met in his childrens story of that name) and yet such fiends as Orcs and Ringwraiths, servants of the deadly Sauron of Mordor. Followers of Hobbitlore are numbered in their thousands overseas and we cannot remain aloof from the Tolkienian revolution, praise be! "The Lord of the Rings" is a book to end all others and worth every cent of its new low, low price, so grab a copy while they're hot.

\* \* \* \* \*

Greybeard - Brian Aldiss - Panther - 80¢.

The author of the Hugo-winning "Hothouse" series returns with a new book, and one worth waiting for. Aldiss imaginatively explores the hostile world brought about by genetic breakdown, with a view to the various reaction of people to disaster and the implicit matter of human hope.

Greybeard and his wife Martha are 2 members of a former secret organization dedicated to observing Contemporary History after what is euphemistically referred to as the Big Accident, as a result of which man has quite literally lost his capacity to breed. The story opens in the nervous, fortified little village of Sparcot (pop'n 112 souls) where they have been living for eleven wearying years, ever since escaping from Oxford in the



DOUCE truck, since lost.

A bloody attack of stoats (vicious animals like weasels) on a nearby village stirs the couple to leave Sparcot, escaping downriver with friends in a 12' plank dinghy. Thus begins the slow journey to the mouth of the Thames in which they find the DOUCE truck again and meet the fantastical swindler Jingedangelow at Swifford Fair.

The book ends with their finding of the secret of the forest "gnomes" and although genetic troubles resultant from nuclear testing (carried out in space) sound like a dismal theme for a book, Aldiss is able to handle it quite convincingly without, I think, becoming really moribund. Chances are you'll find "Greybeard" worth the money.

- Alex Robb.

\* \* \* \* \*

BARBARELLA.

- Gary Woodman.

One would expect that a film with Jane Fonda starring need not be long on plot. Again, one would be right. Basically a topnotch scientist and agent secreta has disappeared in the direction of Tau Ceti, taking with him the usual positronic ray. Barbarella sets off to find him and after considerable mucking around discovers that he is second-in-command to The Great Tyrant, ruler of a city of evil perched over a lake of Life which feeds on negative psychic vibrations ie evil. Eventually there is a revolt against The Great Tyrant, but she has already been put out of commission by the topnotch scientist and agent secreta-turned-evil. The t.s.a.a.s.-t.-e. uses his positronic ray to clean up the revolt, but the G.T. releases the lake of Life and the whole place goes up in a blaze of light. Now you are no doubt worried about our heroine, not having seen her strip for a good five minutes, but she is OK, her Goodness has saved her from the Lake, and so she flies off into the sunset clasped to an angel, and we are led to believe that everyone lived happily ever after. Frankly, I feel sorry for them.

Despite several similarities with "2001", the two films are incomparable. They share excellent photography, beyond-superlative effects in places, and acceptable direction, but that's all. "Barbarella" was made purely as entertainment, with no attempt at proselytising.

Indeed, there was contained in the film no attempt at a Message, except possibly the usual cliched Good-triumphs-over-Evil. However even this didn't make out too well as the film finished up with that cryptic ending which is becoming popular in SF films these days. After all that, I found myself barracking for the Lake.

The entertainment side of the film isn't crud only

because there was little entertainment in the first place. Apart from Jane I was not particularly entertained at all (though I must mention the 200lesque special effects, very reminiscent of recent Panther SF paperback covers, near the beginning and end), and I got bruised ribs out of that. The lack of entertainment is due to my pedantic fannish nature and an overdependence on Jane Fonda to carry the film with her obvious attributes, not the greatest being her inability to act.

No Message, little entertainment, a buck and a half per ticket - hell, I'm glad I took The Girl. If you didn't like 2001 and you are a male with the usual number of gonads and a non-fannish bankbook, you may like "Barbarella". If not, I wouldn't bother if I were you.

- Gary Woodman.

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The R & R Dept.

Mike O'Brien  
158 Liverpool St., Hobart, Tas. 7000.

Dear Ron,

Sorry to be tardy writing a LoC for Ish-11 of THE MENTOR, but have been very busy with the Australian Tolkien Society. Am happy to report that Carandaith No.1 will be mailed out very soon. There's a piece of info for your Club News page. \*\* Which goes to show how old this letter is - it just missed out being included in TM 12. - RLC. \*\*

PHOENIX is interesting, though I've never seen an editor before who prints his own fiction. Seems to be some sort of psychological block about it - OK to write your own articles, reviews, etc., but your fiction seemingly must be from others. Come to think of it, you see precious little fan-fiction except in TM these days. \*\* No-one else would print it, is why. - RLC.p.ie)

The GULLY FOYLE strip looks great. I've read the book recently, and the comic strip is just as good. Pity you couldn't have printed the following strip where he wakes up tattooed. It'd be worth seeing.

Vote (1) Zaharakaris for N3F President!!

I too was saddened ny the news of Tony Boucher's death. I'd grown to like him in both fields : Stf cr mystery-mags. A great loss to the entire literary world, not just SFandom.

- Mike O'Brien.

Ron Graham  
Box 57. P.O., Yagoona, 2199, N.S.W.

Dear Ron,

Congratulations on TM No.11. Firstly, "Phoenix" : well written and off to an excellent start including the nicely timed "cliff-hanger".

For me, the highlight of the issue is "The History of the Gully Foyle Project". This is first rate reporting, full of meat and the inclusion of the scoop Stanley Pitt foldout will, I forecast, make Issue No.11 of The Mentor a sought after collector's item of the future.

Later on Page 33, I came across a letter from "Gary Mason and, assuming this to be the same Gary Mason responsible for the article, I must raise an admonitory finger and wag it a little at him.

Many years ago, I obtained a job as a draughtsman with a large firm and was allotted a desk immediately behind the section leader to whose squad I had been assigned. Born in Scotland, he had lived most of his lifetime in Australia, but was still a forthright Scot in both his thinking and his speech.

The Chief and Assistant Chief Draughtsman were also Scots (come to think of it, almost everyone excepting myself was a Scot)-(I think I probably sneaked in because my name was Graham). A few days after I started work (which had to be almost immediately in those days) I heard Don (my section leader) and the assistant chief engaged in a heated altercation at the desk in front of me. Finally the A.D. stepped back and with dignified stance and main, said in his most portentous and gravest tones, "Don, I regard that remark as an insult" Not a whit abashed chin thrust out and his face betraying his rage, Don pulled no punches and exploded "John, it was MEANT as a bloody insult!" Why this digression? Be patient gently reader and you will soon find out.

Pausing for a moment to assure Gary that I am a real person (I hope), I note that he "felt something less than entertained" with my article on Jorge Luis Borges because it was so "serious and constructive", Gary it was MEANT to be bloody "serious and constructive"!

After reading those remarks of Gary's, the old memory ticked over - "something strange here" it said, so I turned back to the article on "The History of the Gully Foyle Project", and do you know what? I didn't find anything to laugh at there either! All serious and constructive like. Gary's motto could well be "Don't do what I do friends, do what I say".

For myself, Gary, I infinitely preferred your article as it was - minus any built in humour. For the same reason, I refuse too, to look at TV shows with canned laughter. Apart from disliking being treated as a moron, I find that more often than not they inject the laughter in the wrong places!

However, Gary, this is purely by the way. I greatly



admired your article and was interested to find that I live fairly close to you - my home is in Roseville Chase - and, I would like sometime to meet you with a view to acquaintanceship and perhaps friendship.

I must have suffered a spell of mental aberration when I titled my article "JOSE Luis Borges" instead of JORGE Luis Borges, but I must admit that I felt disappointed when John Bangsund found this the only point about it worthy of comment.

Wish I could find that newspaper columnist's "Reply to a Grammar Shark" that I read as a boy somewhere! Shucks, come to think of it, that is a bit tough on John, who is an awfully good scout. Howdy John. You too, Diane, my dear.

The main surprise of the issue to me was on Page 21.

"Brevity, the soul of STF" by Brian Richards. After reading his International Science Fiction No.1 in The Mentor No.10, I had pictured a chap with a head about four times the normal size, a venomous mouth drooling vitriol instead of saliva and the nail of his forefinger sharpened as a quill point, and, imagined that he wrote his articles with this, using as ink the vitriol so conveniently to hand. I've reluctantly had to give this image away and replace it with one of an almost normal SF Fan (It would be completely normal if I could only forget that article in No.10). I enjoyed "Brevity is the Soul of STF".

- Ron Graham.

Morton Stenhouse  
c/o Box 53, P.O., Revesby, 2212, NSW.

Dear Ron,

The Mentor No.11 is undoubtedly the best fanzine in Sydney, \*\* Yes, and its the only sf fanzine in Sydney, which accounts for such a rash statement. - RLC \*\*) and the best we have ever seen and gets better every issue.

I enjoyed Ron Graham's article on Tony Boucher and welcomed very much the bibliography appended to it. What a pity that Ron did not complete this by giving the listings for the remaining five anthologies mentioned. It seems a shame that a listing nearly complete be unfinished for the sake of a little more effort.

- Morton Stenhouse.

\*\* As a matter of fact Ron did include those listings, but I edited them because I could see no reason for listing books someone edited, and did not write. I still don't. But if you do want to see them, please write in. If I get enough requests I'll print it. - RLC \*\*

40.

G. Hord  
Box 53, PO, Revesby, 2212, NSW.

Dear Ron,

The Mentor gets better and better. I hope however that it does not get better to the extent that local contributions are frightened away by the contributions from GREAT NAMES of overseas. **\*\*No** chance of that. -RLC.\*\* It is immensely pleasing to see such a magnificent letter column from such a representative collection of Australian Fans.

I liked your "Phoenix" and look forward to the futher instalments. Gary Mason's article on Stanley Pitt's Gully Foyle strip was great.

Ron Graham pictured a very likeable Tony Boucher and his bibliography was good. It would have been excellent had he also given the contents of the five anthologies which only received mention.

- G. Hord.

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William E. Moser  
19 Hurlstone Ave., Hurlstone Park, NSW.

Dear Mr. Clarke,

There is an SF book I am trying to trace, and I wonder if some of your readers could help me :

It was a pocket book, yellow cover with green print. In the bottom left hand corner it had a device, similar to a round vacuum cleaner or it could even be called a flying saucer. The story was that some engine from outside Earth invaded a house making a lot of damage and the people living there just escaped death. The book was purchased about 5-6 years ago, then new. I have been trying to trace it in vain ever since. I would be grateful if one of your readers could help me. Thanks in advance.

- William E. Moser.

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Gary woodman  
Monash Uni SF Assn., or else "somewhere in Australia!"

Dear Ron,

Somehow, issue 12 just didn't impress me as much as others have done - no reason, just feeling socked today (my girlfriend invited me to "...just a wedding..." - I wonder if I ought to go... Couldn't have been the cover - it was outrageously impressive and when one considers the labour that must have gone into it (must have driven you 'round the bend - almost to reading SF ...) \*\*It did

On the matter of publishing fiction in TM - bewdy, I say. Neo as I was, in December 1967 I realized that none of the

then-available fanzines (with the possible exception of ASFR) were publishing fiction. "By Ghu," said I. "Let's produce a ficzine!" Doug Kewley fainted. When we both recovered, APASTRON was the result. Yes, I know it didn't have any fiction in it. Don't ask me why - maybe fen don't like to write fiction.

John Brosnan's story - very entertaining, but only that. It was either just too poor a story to be successful continuously, or too damn good for him to be able to do it again.

It can only be looked on as a spoof - any attempt to analyse it produces the somewhat disheartening result that it is crud, and poor crud at that (disheartening because on first glancing at the story it seemed very funny and also pretty good.).

Verdict - OK once, or maybe even twice, but probably would not be appreciated by fen in general if flogged more often.

There is practically nothing I can pin down and attack in Ron Graham's article. The whole thing impressed me (yes, impressed) as fatuously optimistic, I would add "if, of course, computers can put up with us that long ..." Perhaps purposely, he does not mention this admittedly unlikely possibility of computer takeover. I like to think that computers will make a better job of it than we have.

No, wait, here's something - the traffic business. Spring 1980 I tale it to be October. "...new Holden Hovercar." I read in various reliable automotive magazines (especially "Road and Track" and "Autocar") that it is very unlikely that fuel injection (as opposed to carburetion) will become widespread until the mid-1970's, and possibly, not even then.

Now fuel injection is a proven method of fuel delivery, more efficient then carburetion but also more expensive. So how can Mr. Graham expect hovercars to be common (ie available to the family man) by 1980 when it will take in all probability until 1975 for a proven technical design to be commonly available? With due respect, I laugh in his face.

This is good - speeds in kph to confuse various fen. Let me convert them to mph, to figures that will not mislead. One kph equals  $\frac{5}{8}$  mph, so the speed limit is 94 mph. "Soon you are doing 160 (100 mph) then 170 (106 mph), and finally settle down at 175 (109 mph)." Now look at the figures.

Nineteen eighty is twelve years away. Now no-one expects any brilliant new technical innovations in the automotive industry in the next twelve tears. So it is most likely that apart from natural growth of modifications, cars in twelve years will be about the same as they are now.

On a survey, out of 138 cars, only 84 were able to reach 94 mph (a percentage of 61), but only 67 were able to cruise at 94 (49%) and only 37 could reach 109 (27%). Believe it or not, only 28 could cruise at 109 (a miserable 20%).

The speed limit in Victoria is 40 mph. (\*\*It is?? @ RLC \*\*)



One hundred percent of new cars can attain this. One would expect that the same would apply in 1980, ie all new cars would be able to do 94 mph. But hang on! There are a good many twelve year-old cars on the road today. They too (or 99% of them) can cruise at 40 mph. But what of the cars of today? One would expect (bearing in mind that no technical innovation increase the price of "Holden Hovercars" and their like) that there would be plenty of twelve year old cars on the road in 1980. However, only half of these can cruise at 94 mph when new ; how many would be able to reach 94 mph when twelve years old?

So it is obvious that, barring a technical innovation that no one in the know forsees, a speed limit of 150 kph is not only unrealistic but downright dangerous. And I have grave doubts that any road in Australia, however updated, would be safe for 100 mph traffic. Don't get me wrong - I'm not another Nader-type. I like to drive fast too, when conditions permit. But conditions permit so infrequently, and I suggest that the same will apply in twelve years' time.

Number 2. (yes, now I'm in the swing of it!)

It doesn't matter how efficient teaching methods are, students (at junior levels, anyway) just do not want to learn and cannot be made to learn. Foyster will have something to say from the other side of the fence, no doubt.

"Can you imagine desiring to learn Italian, having a brain injection for it, and an hour later speaking perfect Italian?" Frankly, no. Memory is a chemical process, yes, but so unbelievably complex for a memory set like the Italian language that I cannot believe it possible. Besides, where would the "injection" come from? Someone else's brain?

Number 3 : now that I could believe. What worries me, though, is the possibility of A stealing, finding or borrowing B's card ...

Well, all the rest are fairly OK. Finally, Ron Graham seems to think of computers as omniscient copper gods (sorry about that) - all-knowing, all-powerful, all-able, etc.,etc. Computers can't do everything.

John Foyster doesn't seem to like SFP (science-fiction poetry, that is). I dunno; to me it is usually 90% readable. So, I'm queer. Then again, maybe my personal definitions of SFP and MLP are conducive to such percentages. In other words, I am going to rush out and buy Penguin Modern Poets 11, which is something as a review has never done this to me before. (\*\*That's strange, I did the same thing. How many other readers did this?-RLC

Boy, someone don't like Delaney. Again, I dunno - literally this time. I never comment on reviews unless I have read the book (I only make one mistake at a time).

The R & R Department is only a shadow of its former self; maybe this is why TM 12 seems lacking, compared with earlier issues. They weren't really all the letters you got, were they? Surely Brian wrote in reply to all the witchhunters, surely David

Grey wrote in disgust at the onslaught of the combined Monash fen, the Axis, the feared Foyster and the wily Woodman ... no? (\*\*Yes! There are a few letters in this issue which should have gone into TM 12, but there wasn't enough time to put them in. So here they are this issue. - RLC.\*\*)

- Gary Woodman.

David Gray

Science Fiction/Fact Society, Box 174, P.O., Broadway, Brisbane.

Dear Ron,

Herewith some news on the above Society activities, outings and so on.

Several of us who had heard about Dr John Mainstone (Physics Dept. of the Queensland University), and knew his ability to speak convincingly to the man-in-the-street, went to hear him talk at the South Brisbane Congregational Church. His talk was called "The Worship of God in a Secular Age" and covered much ground between Science-Philosophy and religion. Earlier in the month we heard Dr Raphael Cilento, well-known authority on Asian disease, speak on the possibility of such diseases sweeping Australia. He spoke of our lack of in-built resistance to many Asian Sickneses and he painted a SF type picture of the disaster that could occur. He cited recent instances of various types of Flu (wog) that have swept the country this winter causing major ciises in Industry and economic setback. In some factories 50% of the staff were off sick for six weeks with the wog!!! The medical profession had no cure but could only modify symptoms.

Les Halliday is conducting a campaign to interest news-agents and bookshops to display and advertise Analog Agent copies of John Campbell's "Editorials", copies of which must at the moment be sent or, individually, from the USA. These he hopes will be displayed prominently in all bookshops. With the upsurge of second hand bookshops called "Swop-shops"; pay 5¢ to swop your SF paperback; we hope to persuade managers to display our notices of SF/F Society meetings. Which brings us to complain of the terrible dirth of SF literature in Brisbane and Queensland Libraries, or is it the lack of SF in hardcovers? My local library has exactly eighteen SF books to cover a population of 80,000 people.

I have no doubt that our wealthy cousins in Sydney and Melbourne are able to buy every book or paperback that comes on the market, but up here in the Wilderness employment for young people is hard to come by. The further north and west one lives employment is hard to find, even the Queensland Annex, -Northern Rivers, -Grafton to Tweed Heads, send their young people to work in Brisbane.

It is interesting to see Galaxy conducting a contest amongst its readers for possible solutions to Conflict, Vietnam and so on. Figures given in Time magazine for the cost of the war state that it is costing \$2,500 to kill one Viet-Cong. Solution

to the conflict - don't shoot them - bribe them. I do not want to start a discussion in The Mentor about Vietnam but I would like to suggest that many countries base their economies on War or threat of war, read Vance Packard "The Waste Makers". Economics University style is not a science it is just Black Magic. See Dr Robert Thouless "Straight and Crooked Thinking" page 162-169.

- David Gray.

Ron Graham  
Box 57, P.O., Yagoona, 2199, NSW.

Dear Ron,

On Thursday, 24th October, last I was in Melbourne and had an informal gathering of SF people, in whom I am sure you would be interested.

Among those present were Messrs. George Turner, Leigh Edmonds, Paul Stevens, Merv Binns, John Foyster, Damien Broderick, John Breden, Bernie Bernhouse, Dick Jensen, Tony Thomas and his fiancée, Miss Myfawny Foyster, and Mr. John Bangsund and his wife Deane. Also David Boutland (who is perhaps better known to us all as David ROME. He is one of the team employed by Crawford Productions and currently working on the new series for them of Saints and Sinners (Police File) which comes to our screens early next year).

At this meeting I announced my intention of publishing an Australian SF magazine, at this stage probably a bi-monthly publication, the first issue due out by, we hope, next June.

When I say an Australian SF publication, it will be published simultaneously in Britain and Australia, with perhaps Canada, South Africa and New Zealand.

There will be two associate editors, well-known SF identities - a full-time editor of the magazine (to be called Vision) in England, and an Associate Editor in Australia - responsible for selection of Australian material. The magazine will carry all new stories - 50% English and 50% Australian, with perhaps an occasional translation of a first-class new European story. Cover art-work will be alternatively English and Australian illustrating the feature story.

It will be printed in Britain and will appear at least bi-monthly, perhaps monthly. Additionally, I will publish paperbacks, certainly collections of J.R. FEARNS, and perhaps also new novels and/or anthologies of short stories. We will be looking for material for our issues and we hope some of your readers will be interested.

I enjoyed The Mentor No.12. As always I appreciated John Foyster's scholarly contribution, and, found it most rewarding reading.

Gary Woodman's satire is hilarious - "It is extremely



unlikely that Germany was at war in 1945 ---".

Now regarding Earl Vincent! I, too have been reading SF for many years and I consider myself to be well-informed as far as SF is concerned. I am therefore surprised to learn that Pat can think of at least two additional pseudonyms of Earl Vincent. Please let us have these also Pat for to my knowledge no one else knows of them and it will be a real contribution to the SF field to have these pseudonyms unmasked at last!

I must confess that until Pat pointed it out I did not realize that Brian Richards' review of International SF No.1 was intended to be humorous. Re-reading it I still cannot see the humour and therefore, as he says, "I must be a man without any sense of humour whatsoever, and cannot recognise it in any shape or form". He, however, is tarred with the same brush. In the very next paragraph he goes on to complain of the price of "Rataplan". Not recognising Lee Edmonds' macabre sense of humour, he explodes - "Why in God Almighty's name, why should it be 10 cents a copy dearer by buying a quantity than by buying single issues?"

Surely that is obvious Pat. If it is that good it is worth more isn't it? Stands to reason!

- Ron Graham.

SRIBERDEGIBIT (No - "C" : You'll never get it right, Clarke!)

- John Foyster.

Brian Richards  
50 Shenton Rd., Swanbourne, WA, 6010.

Dear Ron,

Afraid I have not been doing my homework, here I am just completing ish 11 when ish 12 falls into the letter box. Obviously ish 11 crossed the Nullarbor by oxcart instead of the usual express camel train.

ish 11.

Editorial :- Well what are you crying about, nobody knows what a fanzine is, only what it isn't - why should you be different?

Phoenix :- Are you indulging in a good long leg pull with a protracted parody? or does the prologue represent the ashes from which a story will arise?

The Gully Foyle Project :- I stopped being a comic fan about the same time as I gave up tripe like Tarzan and John Carter, which would be about 10 years before you were a twinkle in your father's eyes, but, knowing some of the colossal amount of work which has gone on behind the scenes, one can only wish this

band of battlers the success they so thoroughly merit.

Revenant :- I like the way Mike Black writes, what he is getting at has to be explained to me but, I like the way he gets at it.

Invasion :- Shall not see it, disposed of my TV 3 years ago and have never regretted it. (\*\*And missed the live Apollo 8 broadcasts? - RLC \*\*)

Tony Boucher :- Gone but not forgotten - a time worn cliché very sincerely meant as far as I am concerned.

Reviews :- Always interesting to see what other people think about books, most reviews however are far too short, how about persuading some of your contributors to expand a little.

R & R Dept :- Well mate you asked for controversy and by the lord Harry you got it didn't you?

Wiping the blood from my wounds I feel that common courtesy demands a response and as I am a commonly courteous fellow I should like to write a few words to the following folk.

Ron E Graham :- You are to be commended for your diligence in collecting crud, your fortitude in reading it and your faithful defence of your idol. However in view of your backing the impudent claim of Herr Ernsting to have founded German fandom 13 years prior to the writing of the article I criticised let us consider some of the facts of the matter.

First :- It is true that Ernsting is a well known fan and writer in Germany.

Second :- It is true that in 1955 together with Julian Parr he was one of the people instrumental in founding the Science Fiction Club Deutschland (SFCDD).

Third :- There were other people involved. Perhaps you did not mention these because of a lapse of memory or, were you just trying to build up a case and suppressing inconvenient facts?

Some of the other people concerned are listed below.

Dr Heinze Haver - Astronomer

also involved:-

Walter Spregel { Ernstings publishers  
Erich Pabel {

Hugo Gernsback { immortals  
A.E. van Vogt { of whom  
Ernst Richter { you may  
Forrest Ackerman { have  
Theodore Sturgeon { heard.

Klaus Unehaven { both in films  
Brigitte Helm {

Lothar Henneche { prominent German  
Pabel Verlag { fans representing  
Robert Berg { the four major  
Heinze Bingentreimer { fan groups then  
Guntrum Ohnmacht { in existence.  
Jurgen Nowak {  
Dieter Berger {

Editors Note : Any names spelt wrongly above are my fault, not the

writer's, \*\*.

Now all these people have justifiably a pretty fair idea of their own relative importance and you can if you wish believe Ernstings implied statement that he did it all alone but please forgive me if I differ forcibly. I do not believe that the folk listed just stood idly by and said "Good on yer Walter; you do the lot, we will just applaud and go along with you".

It is far more logical to assume that in this instance Ernsting was primus inter pares.

Fourth :- In my view the unforgivable sin you committed in your diatribe was in neglecting to mention the Unsung, Unlauded all time great man of German fandom ERWIN SCUDLA, who published "Weltgeschehen" (\*\*I hope that's the way its spelt -ed.\*\*\*) from 1946-1951 and "Sirrius" from 1951 to 1955. For 9 years this was the only fanzine in Germany and in the first 5 of those years Erwin sometimes went hungry to publish it.

Fifth :- The main point here is if a fanzine was published for this time then clearly it was read by fans. If there were fans, then a claim to have established fandom is not only pompous it is preposterous.

What Ernsting actually did found was a large scale House Organisation of the type originated by Gernsback pre-war. Even in this endeavour Ernsting lacked originality just as he does in the alleged plots of the fiction attributed to him. He merely exploited the ideas of others.

Now you are perfectly entitled to believe if you wish that the efforts of your idol in marketing cruddy inept space opera under his signature although it is written by others, is the work of a genius. I differ from you, to me it is the work of a charlatan. You may believe that the foundation of a personality cult disguised as a fan club as a matter for approbation which entitles Herr Ernsting to be described as Mr European Science Fiction - I do not.

You are perfectly entitled to hold your opinion; fandom is quite large enough for both viewpoints. Shall we agree to differ and let it go at that.

---

G. Hord { Presumably friends of Ron Grahams, claqué letters  
Morton Stenhouse { if I ever saw them. Little sirs echo one and two.

George Olmstead Bless you my son - would you send me an autographed copy of your letter, I would like to have it framed to hang over my celestial throne. As for the other gentlefolk you mention if and when they are pompously assinine you may be assured that comment will follow.

The last three gentlemen are to be congratulated on having ceased to be sessile and overcoming massive inertia in



doing something if only writing criticism of me - may we hope to see more from their deftly wielded pens.

Now onto ish 12.

Editorial :- Seldom does one get detailed facts about the foundation of a fanzine, you should roll off a swag and send one to each new subscriber.

Miss Zee :- The memorable John Brosnan (who owes me a letter) is my favourite writer of idiot prose. One day I shall be able to say "I knew him when" etc.

Computer Technololgy:- Quite up to the standard of the Readers Digest. A good "poor mans guide" to the subject.

Report on the Terran Situation :- Hilarious. More, more, encore, encore, hiss, hiss.

Penguin Modern Poets : Good SF poetry? What will they think of next, perhaps good SF prose (now theres an idea).

Reviews and letters : Healthy and strong as ever.

Pats Pages : Thanks Pat - I like you too.

- Brian Richards.

John Zube  
Wilshire St., Berrima, NSW, 2577.

How to promote an information and education revolution without further technological gimmicks.

While technological means of communication improve in jumps and bounds they remain relatively expensive and thus out of reach of most. Furthermore, they cannot effectively replace the personal communication - upon which most of our educational system still rests - many improvements are still possible - without any further inventions or machines. The following lines will shortly discuss one such improvement and mention some others.

The author is interested in science fiction because it originated from utopian plans and novels depicting more or less desirable sociological, political and economic changes and because at least a tendency towards utopianism (favouring "utopias" which do not yet exist anywhere but might one day exist anywhere) still persists in some science fiction literature and must thus exist among some of its readers.

From merely reading entertainingly described utopian projects towards attempting to realize one or the other of them there is a very large step, mostly legislative changes would be required - and thus most readers do not undertake it. But, fortunately, there are still a few utopists around who want to

act on their beliefs and there are at least some utopian projects which could be realized by individual efforts here and now, without a revolution, constitutional or legislative changes, without having to change the customs, habits and attitudes of the majority first.

Seeing the numerous legislative barriers and legal privileges we are daily confronted with I realize that this sounds "utopian" in the derogatory sense. Nevertheless, you should not laugh this idea off before I am finished with it.

I assume that SF clubs like almost all other similar voluntary associations of idealists suffer under a lack of contact with its potential market, here all the science fiction readers in and around Sydney. The SF booksales demonstrate that this market is rather large. What could be done about this situation? How could the chances of all voluntary organizations be so improved that they could grow to serve all those who are potentially interested in their meetings and other activities?

If this analysis is true then we have here, obviously, a problem of sufficient publicity. The ordinary means of publicity to reach all the required market are so expensive that they by far exceed the resources of most of the small voluntary associations. But what appears to be an insoluble problem for each separate group could be overcome if a considerable number or the majority of associations combined their advertisement efforts. They could, for instance, like picture theatres, broadcasters, art galleries and churches advertise all their addresses and events in a common periodical or page in a newspaper, mentioning time, place, organizer and type of events sufficiently in advance.

If such a calendar is issued as a separate periodical a second barrier to overcome would be the distribution problem. In the flood of periodicals with mass appeal and large turnover the numerous small minority publications are usually fighting a losing battle for some exhibition space at newsagents and bookstores. They would require special outlets for their efficient distribution. The meeting calendar here suggested would be in an exceptional position among the other minority publications as it would advertise the meetings, lectures, debates, discussions, study groups, seminars, workshops and other cultural activities of all minority groups and could thus, particularly after some introductory remarks by the speaker or organizer, effectively be sold at all public meetings to the majority of those who attend. These listeners would have no great difficulties to pass along this neutral platform and contact medium whereas among their acquaintances they might not have a single person interested only in the particular publication or leaflets of the organization of the listener's choice. Once the organizers realize this advantage of mutual advertising they would not hesitate to make use of it and distribute quantities (purchased at bulk price) of this calendar at their meetings. Thus they could even recoup their advertisement expenses. The advertisement condition could be

purchase of a minimum number of copies at a quantity price.)

Once such calendar is widely enough distributed in and around a city like Sydney, in the above indicated way, then all voluntary associations could relatively easily reach all their potential members and could grow to their optimal size. Their growth efforts and sacrifices would be reduced to a minimum. At the same time all those with some or the other intellectual or cultural aspiration would be offered a maximum choice of contacts to pursue their own specialized interests together with like-minded people.

This utopian project is presently tried out in Sydney. You could help to make it a success by subscribing to "Contacts" as an individual, helping to complete its collection, introducing it to your friends and organizations of your choice or by being a quantity distributor after purchasing at least 10-20 at half price.

"Contacts", so far only a one-man-effort quarterly publication, with no more than 2000 impressions, has the inherent potential of growing into a self-supporting or even profitable common curriculum for all adult education efforts in and around Sydney. One might say that it would combine them all in a free market for educational opportunities or in a single Free University for Sydney and surrounding areas.

Even if there were in some instances only two persons unknown to each other but sharing the same interest, by means of such a publication they would have a good chance of contacting each other at small expense.

Once all people in a large city like Sydney who have similar interests but feel presently more or less isolated from the majority of those with similar interests, could easily contact each other and coordinate their study and propaganda efforts mutual education and enlightenment might be speeded up surprisingly.

You could help to bring about this genuinely cultural revolution by subscribing to my "Contacts" project with \$1 for 5 consecutive issues or ordering 20 for \$1 (at half the retail price) for distribution or sale among your friends. Apart from my encyclopaedia of peace plans and the contacts project itself the following 17 points of a genuine cultural revolution were shortly discussed in the July and October issues of Contacts :

- |                                               |                                               |
|-----------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------|
| 1) Daily opened Speakers' Corners.            | 10) Yearbook of Assocs.                       |
| 2) Private Notice Boards for Public Use.      | 11) Why not Daily Elections?                  |
| 3) Speakers' Publ.                            | 12) Addresses of Letters to the Editor.       |
| 4) Market information reg. Halls for Hire.    | 13) All Education Efforts should be tax-free. |
| 5) Centre of Second-hand Book Shops.          | 14) "Pirate" Broadcasting                     |
| 6) Collection and Publication of Definitions. | 15) Private Mail & Tele. Services.            |
| 7) Encyclopaedia of the Best Refutations.     |                                               |
| 8) Archive for Reform Ideas.                  |                                               |
| 9) Pool of listeners.                         |                                               |
| 16) Contacts between Book Lovers.             | 17) Daily Opened Discussion Centres.          |



The next issues of Contacts are due in Jan. and March 69. Further information for these issues is required regarding e.g. planned readings from manuscripts, writers workshops, discussion or debating groups, lectures etc.

- John Zube.

John Foyster  
12 Glengariff Drive, Springvale North, Vic 3170.

Dear Ron,

I took you at your word when you said that the next issue of THE MENTOR would be late in November, (\*\*Well, it is late, in November; and in December too, as far as that goes. - RLC \*\*) although I enjoyed this issue just as much as the earlier ones, I have put off commenting on it until my exams were over, and this is now the case.

I wish Ron Graham's prediction number two, concerning teaching, were possible. If it were so, then present-day teaching would be far more effective than it is. The major problem a child has at school is in understanding just what the teacher, mechanical or otherwise, is talking about. And it can only really get anywhere by asking questions. Thus far computers are not very good at answering questions like "But I can't understand what you're talking about : can't you explain it another way?" There are two answers to this : that computers will be able to do this sort of thing in years to come, and that because computer teaching is perfect, the child will be able to understand everything taught. The first of these seems unlikely : I've seen a large number of Programmed Learning courses, all written by, supposedly, the 'best teachers', and they are awful.

The second one is a guess. But besides all this discussion of possibility is the certainty that the sort of teaching Ron is talking about will turn out human robots, just as today's teaching does a pretty good job of turning them out. Horrible.

I don't like the thought of Ron's number 4, either. 1984 is only 16 years away, but everyone and his brother seems to be attempting to hasten the day ...

I give up trying to get you to spell SRIBERDEGIBIT correctly.

I still think you might have given APA-A more of a plug than you did...

- John Foyster.

Ugh, my stencil correcting fluid has turned to jelly... maybe I shouldn't have put that metho in it to thin it out ....

Stuart Leslie  
59 Mary St., Longueville, 2066, NSW.

Dear Ron,

The Remarkable Miss Zee was the best piece of fiction you have published so far although seemingly owing much in style of humour to Harry Harrison's "Bill, The Galactic Hero" (even to the aliens controlling Miss Zee's body). Still, it was original enough and well written - even up to prozine sale with a little rewriting and polishing (my god I sound a patronising bugger).

"Computer technology and the Computer Age" was rather redundant: Interesting, but I have read it all before - several times. Nothing but a space filler?

"Report in the Terran Situation", I like. It is unfortunately true as to the deadening of human potentialities by the imprinting of acceptable images and behaviour patterns. (I do not think it true to say that the Freudian theory of ego, super-ego, id is forced on us. This is only speculation and is even now falling into disuse). I wonder if the author has read R. D. Laing's "Politics of experience", which deals with the way in which we so drastically restrict our abilities and imprison ourselves in our own ridiculous thought-patterns. Recommended to anyone interested in man. (Penguin Books).

If you run reviews, Ron, (which I am all in favour of), run reviews and not pure space-wasters such as that piece by Frank Blamey. So he read the book and knows the plot. I can get an idea of that from the jacket blurb read with a grain of salt. I want some reasoned criticism and a balanced assessment of the book, not a plot resume. I realise that if you don't get 'em you can't publish 'em, but don't waste time with garbage like this.

More from Gary Woodman. His letters are as entertaining as anything in the mag. Curiously, he seems to think that because a writer is earning a living through his work this excludes his saying anything of significance in any politico/socio/philosophical sense. Because one must eat and garner as much reward as possible does not preclude seriousness; his overall intent may not be to preach or moralise but that does not stop the best authors from slipping in a punch or two. Does not all the best writing deal with man, his character, interactions with external factors and the conflicts with himself? And if such conflicts and their resolutions or implications do not strike deep and serious points then nothing does. A writer can do this and still write a damned entertaining story.

- Stuart Leslie.

---oooooooooooooooooooo---

Pat Terry's new address :- 26 Lyle St., Girraween, 2145, NSW.  
phone 631-4748.

## BLUE        SUN

Tell me, friend, what is blue to you?  
Is it blueness whole and true to do  
What the sky and sea reflect ever anew?

Can someone tell me what they feel  
When involved in moods concerned with a real  
Blue, from palest to deepest, right through to teal?

It seems that blue's full meaning is our sun,  
That blue note softly or sharply done:  
For we're but blue shadows as we stop or run.

One time we'll all get together in blue,  
When we know blueness is what's true,  
Our blue sun'll then claim us, I, Thee and You.

- Julie Day.



54.

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And that is about that. Comments, subs. and contribs welcomed.  
Fanzines received : RATAPLAN 2; VECTOR, BRAMSTONS (various issues)  
YANDRO; and SPECULATION. Expected : ASFR 18. This issue dated  
28/12/68. - RLC.