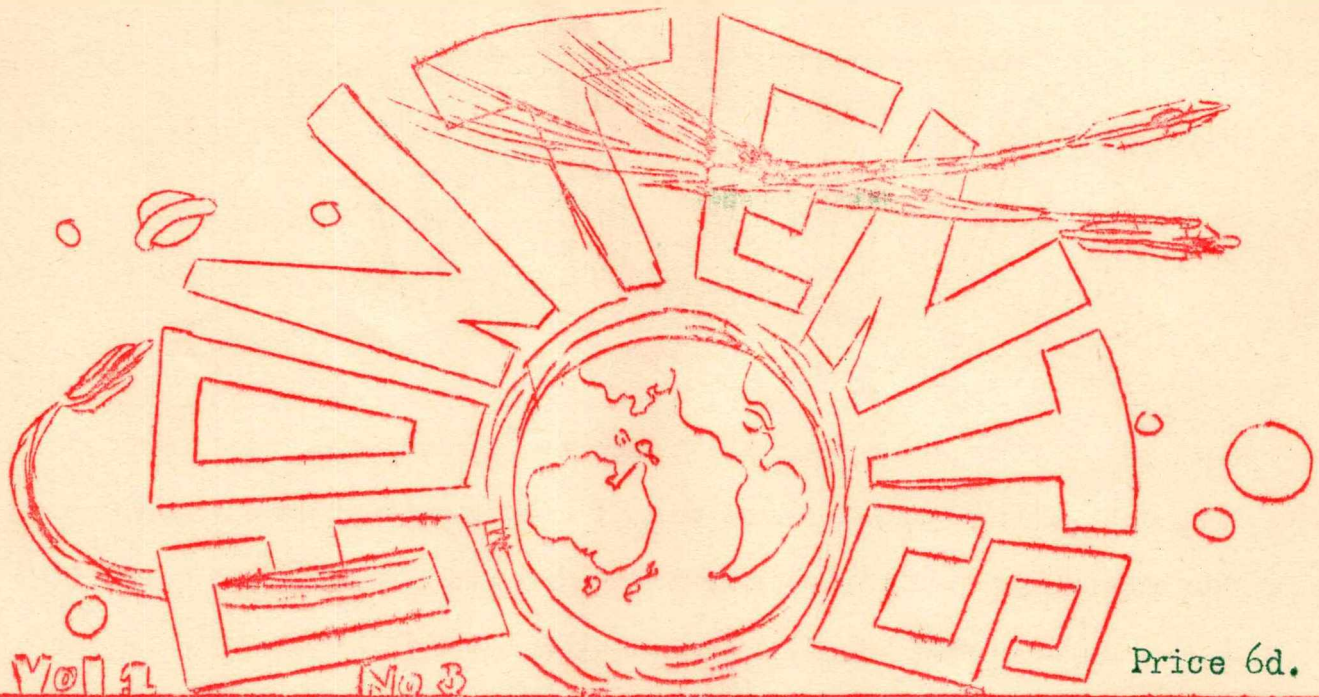


R. Castellari



Price 6d.

FEBRUARY 1941.

FEATURES:

Special Supplement . . . . . Bruce M. Sawyer . . . . . 9,10

A Nameless Article . . . . . Warwick Hockley . . . . . 12

MINUTES OF FUTURIAN SOCIETY OF SYDNEY . . . Meeting Nos. 1,2,3. . . . . 13

I've Missed a Meeting . . . . . Bert F. Castellari. . . . . 16

SERIALS:

Death's Head Through The Void (Conclusion) . Vol Molesworth . . . . . 5

Futurians in a Fix (Part Two) . . . . . David R. Evans . . . . . 11

DEPARTMENTS:

Editorial . . . . . 4

Fan's Playground . . . . . Readers' Section . . . . . 17

BACK COVER by Bruce M. Sawyer.

- o - o -

Editor - Ronald B. Levy.  
 Associate Editor - Bert F. Castellari.  
 Art Editor - Roma M. Castellari.

- o -

Editorial Address: 18 Dudley Street, Coogee, N.S.W. Australia.

# EDITORIAL

Doubtless the first thing you noticed when you received this third issue of "Zeus" was the remarkable change which has come over it (you're quite right - it's the second "remarkable change") Instead of the plain white paper and black printing of the last issue, we have a yellow jacket and tri-colour printing, that is black, green and red. This has all tended to make the magazine brighter and more cheerful and with future issues we hope to improve still more. The minutes of the FSS came, I take it, as a surprise to most of you, but we hope a pleasant one. Anyway write and let us know how you feel about it --- are you interested in the past doings of the FSS? If so we will print the entire minutes and I promise you the later ones become more and more interesting.. And how does the material strike you - some, I know, will complain of the two serials but we will try to avoid this in future issues. I hope these many improvements including the elimination of many typographical errors (Oh yeah! - bfc) will gain a few more much-needed subscribers!

Coming up in the 4th issue of the "better and brighter" Zeus we have a yarn which I know you will enjoy, being by the popular author, David R. Evans entitled "Dr. Howard Thurston, M.Sc." which is a tale of a man who returns to a past existence only to fall madly in love with his past self's wife --- a little different to the usual run of fan-mag material. Also we have an article by Vol. Molesworth entitled "The Eternal Triangle" - no, it isn't love! And plenty of better material including perhaps more minutes of the FSS. But remember - these improvements cost money - we would not discuss such a mundane subject but - if you want to help Zeus on its way to the the top then - SUBSCRIBE NOW!  
(rbl)

## "DEATH'S HEAD THROUGH THE VOID"

by

Vol Molesworth...

(Continued from last issue.)

So they believed he was the Skull! All thoughts he had entertained of returning to the BSE and telling his story vanished with the announcer's news. And somewhere, on one of the nine worlds of Sol's system, the real Skull rested in absolute safety. Well, they had branded him the Skull. And he was now in possession of the Skull's garb, weapons and craft. Bitterness crept over him. One thought beat in his brain: Revenge! Resentment! To the system he, Lon Ali, was the Skull. Let them beware!

Totally indistinguishable from the innumerable other drifting fragments of cosmic debris, thrown off Saturn's mighty rings, the Meteor ---- as Long had christened the Skull's craft ---- moved slowly in midspace, not far from the satellite Mimas. An occasional stab from its jagged stern swung it from the path of another body, and in the cabin, twelve detectors kept up a continual hum and winking red lights as the trillions of little worlds in the outermost ring came ; within the range of the infallible recorder. Lon sat slouched in the cosy bucket-seat, his eyes staring at the visiplate, which relayed the inky depths of space. With the IP cruisers in regular use, by the Terrestrial fleet, as well as seventeen heavily-armed auxiliaries, stationed on Io, all searching for him, the outlawed observer had chosen this avoided zone as a safe refuge. Once, during his desperate flight from Neptune back to the ringed world, Lon had narrowly escaped the range of an armed merchantman and, whilst manoeuvring an orbit up and over the rings of Saturn, a salvo of torpedoes from a speedy minisub, had ripped by his nose, missing it by less than a metre. For six hours now the Meteor had swung around Saturn in the gravitational grip of Mimas, whilst Lon searched every nook and cranny in the hope of uncovering a clue to the real Skull's identity. And, except for the snapshot that lay on the table before him, he had drawn a blank.

Once again he examined the square of glazed paper. He had found it jammed in the back of a drawer, evidently having been overlooked by the fleeing Skull. The masked eyes of a squat, hunch-backed man wearing a faded green and black IP uniform stared up at him. Who was this fellow? Did he know the real Skull's identity? So far, it was the only clue he had to work on ---- then suddenly the radio beside him : blared an exciting message: A call for help! The liner "Dimya" on the Venus-Uranus non-stop run, attacked by pirates ten million miles off Jupiter. Zone DF367KL, sector JH4 --- would all ships in the neighbourhood render immediate aid?

A blast of blue flame flared out from the Meteor's disguised stern. Tight-lipped, Lon crouched over the T-bar, steering a course straight for the position given. With the usual abruptness of spatial observation, Jupiter grew into a huge orange ball, expanding till it filled a third of the plate. And then, on the outskirts of sector JH4A, the battered hulk of the "Dimya" leapt into view. Standing alongside, just making contact, was an all-black, stolen Jovian gun-boat, from which a group of roughly-clad pirates were pouring from one airlock to the other. Lon decelerated and slipped unobserved up to the emergency airlock on the other side of the attacked liner. Slipping his glassite helmet over his shoulders and snatching the Skull's murderous space-axe off the floor, the young outlaw swung through his airlock and was soon aboard the liner. A shot sounded in the main corridor by the fore airlock and, jaw set determinedly, the pseudo-Skull raced thither.

There were eleven pirates in all, their red-haired, masked leader standing by the airlock, supervising the loading of the gold ingots into his own craft. Three of the pirates were coming back and forth to the airlock from the doorway at the right each bearing a heavy ingot. Four more were herding a group of blue-clad officers into the second doorway, covering them with their own service ray-guns. The other three were not in sight, evidently having remained aboard the pirate craft to receive the gold. Lon took this in with a single glance. His sudden appearance startled the pirates. The masked leader whipped around, caught sight of the black-clad intruder, and reached for the gun stuck in his belt ... un like their ancestors of the Spanish main there was no collaboration among these so

strangers of the void. For one pirate to board a liner while another was looting it was enough to start both parties drawing weapons. And since the appearance of the Skull, more than one pirate had overpowered a liner only to have his loot "hi-jacked" by the man in black.

Lon's weapon blasted first. Red lightning crackled viciously across the room, and where the red-haired one had crouched lay a charred twisted corpse. The pirates carrying gold let their precious burdens fall, and grabbed their weapons. Again the black raygun spat flame -- one, twice, thrice -- as fast as Lon could squeeze the trigger. A black s near wiped the angry expression of the first pirate's face, and charred flesh hung in tatters from his blackened skull. He fell sideways over the legless body of the second man. The third, his gun-arm hanging burnt and limp dived back into the comparative shelter of the door way. His gun exhausted, Lon dropped the empty weapon back into its holster, and swung the space-axe into play as the pirates from the attacking craft came rushing through the airlock, and pulled up at the sight of the charred bodies on the floor. In a flash, the outlawed observer was amongst them his ax moving in a flashing arc. Meanwhile, bedlam had broken loose in the far cabin. The blue-clad officers had turned on their surprised captors, and the fight for the possession of their fallen weapons was taking place. Lon had one glimpse of a swearing face before his ax turned it into a sea of red foam, and then he was slaking his thirst blindly at another assailant. The man went down screaming with the ax jammed in his ribs and, releasing his hold on its bar, Lon swung to meet the remaining man. The latter was drawing a huge cutlass from his belt, a weapon favoured by these imitators of Captain Kidd. The Skull's black sword snaked from its sheaf and in a trice the two men were battling furiously up and down the room. A quick parry, a vicious lunge and the pseudo-Skull was whirling to meet the attack of the pirate emerging from the doorway.

"I'll kill you Skull!" The man's sound hand clutched a raygun. Lon dived sideways, and a blast of flame swept past his shoulder. His fist thudded against the weapon, knocking it from the fellow's grasp. Then his skinning-knife was buried in the ruffian's heart, and triumphant Lon released the corpse and let it slide to the floor. In a moment he had retrieved his weapons and was racing through the branching corridors, dodging the hysterical passengers that barred his way. A door opened to the right and the pseudo-Skull slackened his pace.

Next moment he stopped dead his hand dropping to the spring-handle of the ray-gun on his right. From out of an open doorway in the corridor evidently leading into the wireless room stepped a blue-uniformed young man, earphones still on his head. In his right hand he still held a neon-valve; in the left, a vicious-looking, snubb-nosed J- rifle.

"Hold it, Skull!" With a sinking feeling in his stomach, Lon recognised the wireless operator's voice. Jerry Wayland, who had been his room-mate at the University of Wireless back on Earth three years ago. Jerry had enlisted in Spaceways Inc. he had the BSE. If it had been anyone else Lon would have risked burning off his captor's head with a shot at the menacing gun, but Jerry -- . The new Skull slowly raised his gauntleted hands, the radio-operator reached forward, his gun ready, and snatched the slim neck of his captive's face. A look of horror crossed his comie ray-burned face.

"Lon!" The pseudo-Skull's first crashed against Wayland's jaw, spinning him round and his foot kicked the weapon from slackening fingers. He caught the falling operator, and laid him down on the floor. Running feet sounded elsewhere behind, and a little group of blue-clad men burst into the corridor. Swiftly, Lon dived into the wireless room, and bolted the door. Outside a raygun blared and the door reddened near the lock. A door led off to the left. In a flash Lon was in the next room and up a flight of stairs which led up from it. The pursuing spacemen had evidently forgotten it in their haste. As he ran up the steps, faintly sounding through the clamor of pursuers, came Jerry's voice shouting the identity of the Skull. So now they had proof!

A fat, blue-uniformed man with three gold stripes on his cuff swung around as Lon's head and shoulders came into view. He snatched a small gun from his pocket, and levelled it at the pseudo-Skull. Lon did not hold his punch. For he had just caught a

pse of the prisoner hadncuffed to the fore wall of the chartroom. It was a squat, hunched, man masked, and dressed in a faded I-P uniform! He struck out with every ounce of strenght in his young body. The fat commander went down like a tenpin, his mouth agape and a gun dropping from his podgy fingers. In a flash, Lon was at the hunchback's side, his reloaded gun burning through the captive's chains. A gasp of relief came from the fellow's ugly throat, and snatching a vac-helmet off the wall, he followed the man he thought was the Skull through the airlock and a moment later was drifting through space to the dark hylk of the Meteor standing nearby.

"Inside, quick!" Lon's voice crackled in the headphones of the hunchback's helmet, and both men clambered hastily down into the disguised craft. A glance at the visi-plate revealed the pirate pushing away from its late victim, and a space-gun aboard the liner being manned by avenging blue-clad spacemen. One of the four guarding pirates must have escaped the released officers and, with a cold smile, the outlawed man depressed his own gun. Two sleek torpedos glinted momentarily in the faint light of the distant sun, and then the pirate craft was a shattered mass of metal. Aboard the liner, the officers swung their sights on the departing Meteor, but to no avail --- the range was too great. And, according to their reports, it was just another case of "dog eating dog." That the butcher of space could turn overnight from a scavenger to a savior was too ridiculous an idea for an intelligent man to entertain.

. . . . .

Once clear of the asteroid belt, Lon turned to the hunchback who sat stiffly in the co-pilot's seat. He was playing a desperate game, hoping the real Skull had not contacted the hunchback before his rescue. The ugly man met Lon's eyes with a cold smile. Broken teeth showed, and Lon's hand rested on the Skull's hair-triggered weapon.

"Thanks for slugging that guy, Kent." His voice was soft and cultured, belying the expression of brutality on his face. "He was aiming to take me back to I-P for court-martial and you know what that means. Plenty of people, including yourself, saw me kill Bradley."

"Merely repaying a debt!" Lon spoke in the rough tones of the real Skull, keeping his voice steady though his pulses raced. He knew the hunchback now. Lieutenant Darrell of the IP ---- the man who deliberately smashed up a royal transport, killing the prince and his wife, and who leapt from the dock when charged with treason and strangled Bradley, the Crown prosecutor. And Darrell, he knew, had been judged by Sir Kent Ashton. Was the real Skull Ashton?

"What was all that gush about you being Lon Ali?" The hunchback changed the subject abruptly, staring out through the visi-plate at Mars.

"Gosh!" Lon imitated the Skull's laugh. "The young fool boarded me and I rubbed him out. Then I sent his ship sunward, and sent out a "report" to to the IP. And now everyone thinks he's me! Ain't that a laugh?"

"Yeah!" Darrell was busying himself with a tabulator, and turned to the waiting Lon. "You're off course, Kent. Or have you forgotten about the old hide-out?"

"Some rat squealed and the IP dodged in. I've got a joint on Venus now."

"Yeah?" A blunt-nosed J-gun bored into the outlawed BSE-man's thigh. "You're made your first slip brother. Only the Skull and I knew about the Eros hide-out, and I didn't split. I don't know what your game is, or who you are, but we'll soon remedy that. Take off that mask!"

Lon's hands rose to his face. The green-clad man leaned forward, a puzzled look on his face. Then the young observer acted. His elbow cracked against Darrell's jaw, and his cupped hand pushed the muzzle away from his thigh. With a vile oath, the hunchback spun sideways from his chair and fell face down on the floor. Lon stood over him, his black gun levelled, and his voice crackled like ice.

"Get up Darrell!" The snarling man scrambled to his feet. "For your own information I am Lon Ali, and now ---- who is the Skull?"

"Find out!"

"That is just what I intend to do. One of the tricks I've learned since the Skull framed me, is that a weak charge in this gun, applied to a stubborn man's eyes, will soon loosen his iron will. Get in that chair!"

Thoroughly owed the hunchback squatted back in the co-pilot's chair, with a length of rope, the pseudo-Skull lashed his victim tightly into place. Then, with a mirthless smile on his face, he pressed the muzzle of his gun against the hunchback's closed eyelid, and the man shrank back.

"Don't! I'll tell you ---- the Skull is Kent D'Arcy, the man who escaped from Luna or prison six years ago. He was in the deck on trial the same day as I killed Bradley, and we met afterwards. He's known as Roger Darly on Mars, where he "works" as a jeweller. That's all I know ---- I swear it!"

"I see!" Lon holstered his gun. A strange look had come into his grey eyes. It is the look of a hungry man whose appetite has been appeased. With a cold smile, he slumped into the bucket-seat and kicked at the a-bar. Rockets blared behind him.

Seven hours later, IP detectives stationed on Mars, found the decapitated body of Roger Darly, jeweller, lying beside the bound form of ex-Lieut. Darrell, wanted for treason and murder not far from the Lowell Spaceport. Lon's axe had drunk deep that night, and his revenge was completed. But even so, he could not be forced to live as an exile, to the Universe the Skull, the butcher of space. There was only one way to gain liberty again --- wipe out the Skull's past career by helping the IP in future. To change the Skull from a butcher to a savior. It was a hard task, but it had to be accomplished. Well, at least he could try. And, far out in the depths of space, a meteor moved with increasing speed, disobeying the laws of nature in that long fingers of blue flame trailed behind it in its flight through the cosmos. The Skull was on the watch.

THE END.

Try

Sydney's

News-magazine:

FUTURIAN OBSERVER.

Price - 2d.

Edited by: Bert F. Castellari  
&  
William D. Veney

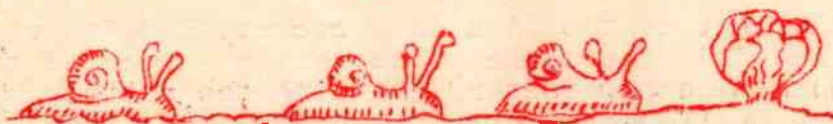
Obtainable from: 10a Sully Street,  
Randwick, Sydney,  
New South Wales.

ZLUS.

Special Supplement

Price: Any type of merchandise  
(Bad eggs, mother-in-laws and writs  
not accepted.)

**LUNATIKZ**  
Source of Infection: Aubourn, N.S.W.  
Fumigator - - - - - Bruce M. Sawyer

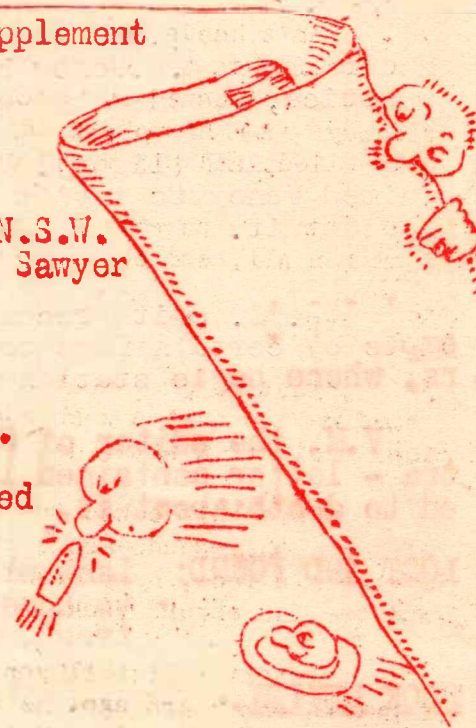


Speed .....Progress .....

This is an Australian Mag, wholly set up and printed  
in Australia by Australians for Australians.

Editors: Hop Bung Fooey.  
Halitotis Von Schnizz.  
Bung Ho.

Artist?. Pierre Van Gootch.



This supplement was going to be a serious mag - unfortunately the bosses are on the booze again, so this was slapped together by the staff hoping you forgive any errors we make

W & V E  
N & V S. BY Sundr Poisons  
E S I  
(Sorry, we had the hiccups.)

Sochul Kolumn.

At a recent meeting of the Futurian Society t'other week R.B.Levy introduced 5 Scottish friends of his --- someone mentioned expenses -- the meeting broke up in panic.

There was a stir in the city the other night when a certqin gaming house was raided by Space Marines and many prominent parsons were arrested

Noel Dwyer recently strained his throat  $\frac{1}{2}$  way through a fan gathering, his Popeye impersonations therefore ceasing. Some minutes later someone observed that the frogs had stopped croaking.

**CORRECTION:-** When the Grey Lensman and Nurse McKinnon were married it was their wedding that attracted great attention and not as previously stated, their bedding.

B. Sawyer some days ago had his brains blown out mit a shotgun -- no change in his intelligence has been observed.

We have been requested by the Vicar of Bmpf Cathedral to inform his parishioners to in future place their own buttons in the plate & not to tear them off the cassocks.

It has been reported that the rumour





## FUTURIANS IN A FIX

Part Two  
by  
David R. Evans.

(Readers Please Note: We had previously stated that William D. Veney was to write part two of this, but owing to the fact that his copy has not arrived we have had to make use of copy which David R. Evans was kind enough to write. To refresh the minds of readers; Ralph A. Smith and Keith Hooper have invented a type of rocket, which when tried out in the presence of most of Sydney fandom, blows up. Upon awakening the fans find themselves in a strange country and all have taken the form of their nicknames. Now swallow the rest:)

"How far do we have to go?" asked Evans who, in his make-up as a rhinoceros, found himself rather cumbersome.

"It's a fair way," replied Russell.

"You had better change back to your natural lunatic self," suggested Polesworth.

"Yes, I think I had better," replied Evans making an instantaneous transformation.

"Feeling more comfortable now?" asked Veney

"Shut up, you," was the reply, "why aren't you dead?"

"Come on, let's go," said Castellari the cactus bush, swaying in the breeze.

"There are a number of points about Castellari," mused Evans, sardonically.

After some argument, which is nothing unusual for Sydney fans, the party started on its way.

A long tiring walk brought them to the foot of an enormous mountain which towered high into the sky; nearly as high as the A.W.A. Tower in Sydney.

"Ah! Mount Vesuvius!" cried Evans, puffing madly at his cigarette.

"Pardon me," said Veney, "but I think you will find that it is Mount Olympus."

"I was referring to the smoke from my cigarette, mug," said Evans with a sinister grin.

Just then an ancient looking man appeared. He was clothed in a flowing shroud, over which cascaded a long beard. In his hands he held a huge globe of the world.

"It's old man Zeus," Vol exclaimed. The ancient advanced towards them and in a rolling voice of thunder he asked: "Do you not know who I am?"

"Who are you?" asked Russell, and added, "have you seen my brother Teddy about?"

"Never mind about Teddy," said Evans, "he's dead."

"Who are you?" demanded Polesworth. The ancient moved his head slowly from side to side for some moments, then:

"How soon you all forget," he said, and added, "I'm Ronald B. Levy, of course." There arose a dull sickening moan from one of the travellers, and Evans spoke:

"So you're not dead," he said miserably.

"On the contrary, there are two of me."

"Two of you?"

"Yes, two of me. Look," said the ancient as he pointed towards a cave.

To their surprise and horror, the fans beheld, emerging from the opening, another old man. He too was clad in a flowing shroud over which cascaded a long beard; and to further the astonishment of his beholders, he, also, held in his hands

## A NAMELESS ARTICLE

by

Warwick Hockley.

Who in this world has not had the unhappy, uneasy, feeling that he or she is being watched? But who has seen the watchers? - no one. But to some, there comes the feeling that they know, and that knowledge is sometimes too terrible to be held in the memory.

How do you know that the raving lunatics in our asylums have not known something, something so terrible, something so outre, something so drastically beyond the figments of common imagination, that their reason has collapsed against the force of marauding thoughts?

How do we know that there are not some who have not broken? - how do we know that there are not some who today, know, and who are dying for the want of someone else to tell their dread secrets, but hold them deep in their inner most souls for the fear of terrible consequences of general knowledge?

Who can tell whether or not the NECRONOMICON was figment of imagination? Perhaps Lovecraft knew such things that he felt he must release some of his knowledge, and so turned to the writing of weird tales. Perhaps Lovecraft's knowledge of things beyond us gave him the ability of writing as he did -- his weird stories have never been surpassed, before or since. Why did he just hint at inconceivable horrors in his stories? Was it for effect? - or because to reveal the truth in its blatant, terrifying reality, would have --- what?

You may think:- "All this talk of "nameless horrors", and terrifying "things" may sound very good, but it means nothing...". But how otherwise can I talk - I who know nothing of the things which I have, as others have, hinted? You, the reader, must know of what I mean -- the thoughts that flit through your mind, when you sit under the moon on the grass, watching the stars. Those thoughts that you shudder at, while they are in your mind and the instantly forget. Those things you conceive, lying in bed, under your warm blankets; those thoughts which seem to you to give a clue to the working of the Cosmic Scheme; those thoughts which you gasp at, and marvel at, while you remember them, a time perhaps, infinitesimal in length, but long enough for you to realise what you are thinking, and then - you forget. But perhaps some, like Abdul Alhazred, the author of the NECROMICON, have remembered. Perhaps one of us will remember; perhaps you, the reader, will remember. But for the sake of our reason, I say, "Let us remain ignorant, for to know, would be -- well, what?"

Who knows?

The End.

NEWS IN A FLK: (Cont.) a huge globe of the world:

"My God! It's Noel Dwyer!" cried Kolesworth.

"He too, is alive then," moaned Evans as he bit off one of his own fingers and started munching hungrily.

END OF PART TWO.

(Not sure who does the next part, but it may be Bruce M. Sawyer. - Z.)

Zeus presents for the first time in any magazine the minutes of the Futurian Society of Sydney in their original and unexpurgated form. These earlier records were written in a breezy style - as there was no insistence on officiality. Later dates saw officiality imposed and a change in several aspects of the organisation. . . . .

MEETING NO.1. of the FSS.

Location: 11a Lawson Street, Paddington.  
No. present: 5.

The first meeting of the new club was held at the home of William D. Veney on the afternoon of Sunday 5th November beginning at 2.30pm. Besides the host those who attended this gathering were Edward H. Russell, Bert F. Castellari, Eric Russell and Vol Molesworth.

After calling the meeting to order, William Veney made a short speech in which he reviewed the old club's past and told of the many stiff fans who if they had the chance would join a club --- of the possibility of the club evolving into an Australia-wide organisation. Then at 3.30 pm. Bert Castellari who was assistant-secretary in the J.A.S.F.C.C. (Junior Australian Science Fiction Correspondence Club - Z.) read out the minutes of meeting three, four and six to acquaint the new member Molesworth with the procedure carried out in the past. Then as the club was as yet unnamed William D. Veney asked for suggestions and after a while everyone agreed that the most suitable name would be FUTURIAN SOCIETY OF SYDNEY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! (Most emphatic fellow, Mr. Russell - Z.) As the club had been named the next step was to hold elections for the positions of Director and Secretary. William D. Veney after some protests on his part was unanimously elected. (Elected Director we presume that is meant to read - Z.)

The election for Secretary took place next. Eric F. Russell was elected to this post. A drive for members was discussed and in connection with it Bert Castellari mentioned two possible members. (Bob Meleski and Ron Levy.) Member Molesworth mentioned one also - by name Michael F Collins.

Refreshments were then served.....

After the last drops of carbon dioxide had been drunk from the bottle and the last biscuit had been demolished the meeting went on with some members possibly a trifle larger in circumference (Circumference we presume that was meant to be - Z.) But nevertheless satisfied...

Then to brighten the meeting William D. Veney suggested a round-robin story which started off with a space-ship crashing, hero surviving - finding ancient relic - preferably man in a coffin - continued with a new story of evolution - ended with secretary making it into a farce.

Then Molesworth asked about Dynamo SS mag that George M. Stevens



ZEUS.

Meeting No. 3. Sunday 31st December, 1939. Location: 10a Sully Street  
Randwick. Times: 3.0 5.30. No Present: 6.

On the last Sunday in December, (31st instant.) was held the third meeting of the FUTURIAN SOCIETY OF SYDNEY. It took place at the Randwick home of Bert F. Castellari, and commenced at 3.0 p.m. approximately. Besides the host, those present were Ron Levy, Vol Molesworth, Edward H. Russell, William D. Veney, (Director), and Eric F. Russell (Secretary.)

Before the minutes of the previous meeting were read out as usual Bert Castellari introduced Ron Levy and nominated him for membership. Ron was elected unananimously! The minutes were then read out by Secretary, as was customary and also to acquaint the new member with the procedure carried out at previous meetings.

Then ULTRA No 2 was distributed by its editor around the table and various opinions passed on it. The issue consisted of 3 articles, an editorial and advertisement for SPACEWAYS and FUTURIAN OBSERVER. Then Bert F. Castellari brought out some back issues of SPACEWAYS to lend to member Molesworth. Also other members took the opportunity to refresh their minds.

Next on the programme was the science fiction quiz. In this test William D. Veney, Edward H. Russell and Ron Levy versus Bert F. Castellari, Vol Molesworth and Eric F. Russell. Held on different lines to its predecessor, a question was asked by a member, and was passed once around the table a point going to the side of the one who answered it. The quiz was won by Castellari's team.

At this stage Bert Castellari suggested refreshments, and soon all present were eating and drinking.

After settling down again Director then called the meeting to order and a round-robin story was suggested by a member. It was named by Eric Russell, who titled it "What Melted Ship 15?" Ron Levy and William D. Veney contributed most towards the story and Eric Russell put the heroes in a space-ship with a meteor only one inch away -- Director solved by declaring that said meteor was going away from the ship. In the end it was stated that a cube endowed with intelligence and life had caused the ship to melt.

The meeting broke up at approximately 5.30, all having had an enjoyable afternoon. No date was fixed for the next meeting, (No 4), which would be held early in 1940 however.

- 0 -

If your magazine is not advertised in this magazine - don't be sore, it will be in next issue! . - 00 - 00 - 00 - 00 - 00 - 00 - 00 - 00 - 00 - 00 -

## I'VE MISSED A MEETING.

(And I don't think the meeting missed me either!)

by  
Bert the Cas.

I've missed a meeting of the FSS. And it won't be the only meeting I'll bother missing either. Yes, you know already of my retirement for a period of three to six months after which time I hope to re-enter the Society. And my reasons were quite plain: I'm fed up with the months of bickering and argument and the terrific rate at which we have been travelling towards - extinction!

When I joined the Futurian Society I was determined not to miss a meeting 'cos I'd read about a guy who'd never missed one of 100 meetings of a "big club" in the USA... I had no other reason at the time. Later on I was even more determined to sit out and fight out difficulties and all that sort of thing. But it can't be done -- not unless one is either a superman or just a plain b----- lunatic! And I don't think there's any supermen in the FS of Sydney.....

When I joined that Society I was a kind, considerate human being and in quite good health. When I left it - everything that came before me I did not just consider, but sank my teeth into it and took a piece out; my health was such that any doctor might have given me three months at the most to live. (Mind you, you don't have to believe all this drivel.)

To return to the lunatic angle. Perhaps it was just plain lunacy to try and form an stiff club with the hopes of progress in the first place. We've made progress in anything but what we should have. Nowadays we're getting requests for training from Old Nick himself! Which shows what sort of a Society it was when I left it. I don't think that we should aim for the stage wherein St. Peter comes down for tuition. But for the luvvavike one year and two months (it may be more if ever this gets into print) is enough to go through quarreling, bash-the-other-blake-on-the-nose-because-you-don't-like-him stage in a club's career

Ordinary members can tolerate this thing for a fair while, but think of the saps who take on such positions as Director and Secretary Veney and I got fed up with those positions some time last year... At meeting No. 19 I was voted (engineered?) into position of Secretary again. That slapped the nail in the coffin. I had intended handing in the retirement note that meeting - don't know now why I waited till after... The anticipation of going through it all again as a member horrified me - but to go through it as Secretary - I'm not altogether mentally deficient!

With regard to this missing-a-meeting stunt. This is being done on the night of the 20th meeting. To show how much I was concerned regarding the ways of the FSS. It was at exactly 9:53 p.m. that I remembered being informed when the next meeting would be held, when at meeting number 19. And I feel wonderful. It's a relief to be reading MAN  
(Cont. on P. 18)

# ZEUS PAN'S PLAYGROUND

Where the readers air their views..... 17

We have on hand several interesting letters the most interesting one being from K. NOEL DWYER, editor of the pseudo-ZEUS, who says: "Congratulations on bringing out ZEUS. I got quite a shock getting one after I read the editorial which said that Aussies weren't. The cover by Roma Castellari was quite good - all except the nose of that bloke, it was too big. The Editorial, good. Futurian Night Out rather boring although it may be claimed as excellent by people who like that kind of material. Sawyer's poem although senseless was as usual "darn" good.

"I see Vol has been able to get rid of a couple of his stories at last. According to him he must have hundreds stored away. By my first remark I don't mean that here was anything wrong with them. Grant's Serum was an excellent story (although, personally, in a lot of places he didn't know what he was talking about) while Death's Head Through The Void is rather confusing. I remember reading a story in HORIZONS by him which started off almost the same.

"Duplicating for issue fair, although that for GRANT'S SERUM was excellent. Why change the type all the time? It's no good for the eyes to be reading characters of a certain height and then switch over to smaller and vice versa.

"It was a mistake, I think to put two stories by Vol in the same issue as it filled half the book. Pan's Playground was absolutely PUNK!!!! Honestly it was. You wasted good space. (Not this time - Z.)

"Last of all I got a confession to make. I don't want to collaborate in bringing out ZEUS NO.3. No doubt when you brought out your ZEUS you got a "thrill" at being able to say: "Well this is mine, all mine, and I did it myself - I want to keep on doing it as long as I can." That's how I feel too. I brought out one issue and want to continue doing so. We can still be friendly - I have no quarrel or grudge against you.

"I think that will be O.K. with you. One of us will discontinue one of these days and leave the other to squander all on his own. The third issue of MY Zeus will appear one of these days - I was going to duplicate it but will heckle it again. It's going to be a special issue and will hold I hope, a few surprises."

"As regards your "thrill" at being able to say "this is mine, all mine - I did it myself." you apparently give no credit to other names which appeared on your contents page. I got no such thrill for I knew that I owed the success of my magazine mainly to my Associate Bert Castellari and those other fans who have been helping me to produce it. If you wish to continue printing your pseudo-Zeus nobody will stop you but I would like the world of fandom to know how we stand and to disregard the various statements which have been made by others saying that we are going to collaborate. As far as I can see you have no excuse whatsoever for co



continuing to issue your Zeus.. and I am fully confident that all other science fiction fans who want unity in their work, who want to advance fandom, who want to help their fellows feel the same way. There is no need for me to say any more. I appreciate your comments - the friendly atmosphere nearly suffocated me. - RBL

From DAVID R. EVANS: "I was very impressed with the clarity of reproduction as evidenced in the ~~Zeus~~ issue of Zeus. The cover by Roma was, I thought, most imaginative; and seemed to conform so minutely with the title of the magazine. The contents page promised good reading. The light humour in the editorial did not create the impression of being forced. I am aware that Bruce is capable of less peurile drawings than his illustrations for Veney's Futurian's Night Out. Veney writes a good article on occasion and this is one of them. One might say that his Futurians Night Out is a letter-cum-article-cum-story. The simplicity of Punk Poem by L.V.Led. makes it enjoyable.

"The versatility of Vol, as a writer, is strangely arresting.. He does not seem to dwell in one world, he has a foot in both - so to speak. My main object in writing is to appeal to you to try and keep up the standard of reproduction already commented on." (Thanks, DRE, for such constructive comments. -Z)

From Colin Roden: "Zeus -- what surprised was "The Futurians' Night Out." Before, Bill's stories and articles had (like most fan's stuff) been amateurish. The style, that is. Now, obviously on a subject he likes, he writes freely and pleasantly. It made nice reading even though I was there with him.

"It was also pleasantly astonishing to find that the cellulife did not (a) expand in size, devouring anything that got in its road or (b) did not jump out and conquer mankind, also that the cancer germs did not get out with the usual result. I have not read the serial yet. To sum up: Zeus is improving. You'll always get me to buy it." and later we received the following in addition: "----- why the two stories by Vol? His stories are well-worth reading, but I don't see why two should be included in one issue. The complete story should have been cut out and the serial printed in . . . installment. But I still like the issue and I think Aussie fanmags are on the up-grade." (Thanks to you too, Colin, for the comments. We had to print two stories by Vol, as we were short on material for that issue - otherwise they would have appeared separately and both complete. -Z)

I'VE MISSED A MEETING (Cont.) instead of taking a lot of louzy notes.

Have just dropped a note down to RBL - it has five FSS stickers on it marked:- Happy Ex-MEMBERS Pseudo-Futurian Society of Sydney AHCY WDV! What about writing a nice long article now, attacking me for detrimental statements on the FSS? Then we can have a nice li'l feud!

UP BOYS AND --- !!!

--- 0 - 0 - 0 -

(We take this to be the end. Or the beginning? - Ye Poore Editor....)



THE MAN WHO BOUGHT A SUBSCRIPTION TO PSYCHOS

LIT R

PSYCHOS

ORAL R

