

# MELBOURNE BULLETIN

An Australiana Pub.

JANUARY 10th.

Well, damn, at last I have decided to think up my blurb column before I type it. Ain't that wonderful!

I have just bought a duplicator, and as a result, both GUN AND AUSTRALIA DIVISIONS will appear regularly (long it's been at no. 1) from now on. Ain't that wonderful!

An agreement has been signed by Vol. Millerworth, Faith Mayhew and myself, which we both will bring a little unity (I hate that word again!) into interstate publications. By that agreement, the AUSTRALIANA name has been reformed, with the result that Australiana, Vol. 1, Gungah & Vol. 1's new mag, Galah, will be in future published under the one banner - AUSTRALIANA PRESS.

On yeah...following the example of other fans, we wish to state that we enclose the Convention on THE 1961 CONVENTION, and only hope that WE & the Ex-

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(continued from foot of 1st column)  
work bags will soon back to earth in time to shield all ill reading from the Convention.

-KH

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THE AUSTRALIANA PRESS

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GALAH 1. ADDRESS:- 180 DOMAIN ROAD, SOUTH YARRA, MEL., MELBOURNE, VICTORIA.

TRAVEL A ROAD THROUGH THE LANDS

By Zoltan Mihayloff



Ron Ali, alias the Scall, focused his dismasted nimia craft, the "Meteor", pasted through the void, long fingers of light trailing in its wake. To the eye, slender, like a spear-light, familiar Earth家用 like a spear-light, the tiny blinks of its stars were alternating with the color of its certain fate. Grey, smoky, like smoke in the belt around the primary planet, and a meteor streak, the trail of a disrupted comet, drifted lazily on his left.

you think, three silver Ic-  
waits glinted in the light of a million  
stars, their racial jets flaring vivid sensations of red and gold,  
like a firework, straight glittered on a sleek terrains, which  
swung past the Skull's nose, and burst violently on the outskirts  
of the passing stars, Disintegrating matter was split in space,  
through which, around an' measure danced with thundering jets.  
The tall, gauntly gaunt pilot of the Ic-star crouched over his con-  
trols, his gauntlet'd hands gripping the bar from side to side  
thus eyes squinted furiously the silicon elite in his black mask, and  
in his chest burned under the exertion of acceleration, the gaudy  
insignia painted dragon ceased to beat with each movement,  
a second torpedo crawled by his tail, and smiting his teeth, the  
putrid victim on the rear. It was selected from the jets : Played  
one stabb'd messenger like an angry dragon. Far he must not be  
captured ! And it was not solely the dread of punishment that drove  
him on, but the realization of his innocence which had been so de-  
nably shattered by a clever trick. How well he remembered metting  
the real Skell, as an observer in the P.D.A., only to be knocked  
senseless, and left alone in the Skell's black, ferruginous grub for  
the Ic to find. He remembered that mad flight from the Ic, and the  
reasons of Durrell, wanted for treason and murder, when he later pro-  
secuted to reveal the real Skell's identity. And with a cold smile  
he recalled the execution of Kent d'Arcy, Butcher of the Void  
but, in the case of the Skell he had been forgotten, and was now  
forced to live as a 'wanted' exile in the place of the man who had  
left him, and not his just deserved. Ism Ali had freed his fate  
from him, determined to live down the Skell's past reputation by  
bravery, determined to live down the Skell's past reputation by  
aiding the Ic in their future fights against piracy, and thus gain  
legally a pardon. But so far he had been unsuccessful.



In the next issue the story

THERMOSOLAR 3-1

# Science-Fiction Fan, He Say-

THREE-WORD STORIES

HERE ARE PHILOSOPHICAL AND RAY:

"I am thinking of transcribing a dept. called BY THE - PHADING IT EXPANDS up TO 1000 WORDS! want you to do me a favor. Finally use all your TIME (SECOND NAMES) and copy out every bit of data off the PHADING, the weirdistic table. It won't be much--a line or two, a paragraph there--say little grammar! There--since, every day a billion--a paragraph there, and a sentence of ten years' worth--and it is contribute to my new, unique, weird, occult, extraordinary, non-ordinary language. Use or ignore those older missing on--the JILLARD. The sentence of wind. (Yen-yum-Wh) The unexplainable, the bizarre, the inexplicable, and the cosmic humor of it all. The distorted lateral and unutterably warped rhythms of the stars. The smallest = a splendor of darkness; the greatness of death's cold stars.

You know a man dies the death of the body, science knows. Death of the spirit, age--who knows? Is the essence of life consciousness or breath? Science says it is breath. But what of the mystery? The ages ago say it is consciousness--and that death is not a life but a transformation? The flash of death subdues the great flame of life. A human brain is burned out, or is it merely short circuit?

Don't mind me, Ray. These are moments when wild philosophy comes to me, when I am drawn undulating into the arm of cosmic contemplation, when all that is, was, and can be, becomes a tangible mass of thing matter, that bubbles and writhes in hacking creation. Then I am the lone in the moonlight, beneath the glittering stars, knowing what I know, thinking in terms of the macrocosm, or of the microcosm, realizing how puny it all is, comparing our negligible sum of life to the eternity of the cosmos, our negligible spark of fire to the girth of our world, and the diameter of Sol's third planet to the infinity of interstellar space, a strange insight--or it hindsight--that the unmovable becomes highly reminiscent--though there is a secret heritage that man has lost--and that one the gifted people, not necessarily sci fi fans, are permitted again glimpse, and seeing what they see, comprehend somewhat the colossal but passionless beauty of it all.

There are times when I drag out a skeaf of unexplained data, & to weave it into a pattern. It is a complex pattern, scarcely tied by such signs as best himself, even in his revolutionary DODD the DA DOD and WITH PATRIOTS, but never the less not irregular. The sure rhythm of the psychic, the wild melody of the unpredictable soft drone of the inexplicable, (CONTINUED ON OTHER SIDE)

S-T DAY, HE DAY.....

Yal'a latter...compined.... "...which passes and keeps on passing, as Fort writes, not vanishing, nor appearing, nor subsiding with the parts of irresistibility of that which passes, keeps on passing, in the rippling wake of an endless river.

For that is what life is, an endless river that flows from the first tick of the cosmic clock, on a million planets circling a billion stars, which keeps on revolving and passing on to the last heart beat of the universe, and some day, my friend, I am going to write of this, set all those mighty thoughts down on manuscript, and then, then shall appear a volume as mighty, as ultra-convincing as the Grand Meteoronicon of the old grub, Albrecht. Oh, no, Frederic, I'm not egotistic. Magnify my trifling achievement a thousandfold, give as the curved trunk of a redwood tree and a chalk cliff as my easel and pen, then I might be big enough to write on our subjects, to paint the superb picture of, off--wall, if.

For when one thinks in fathoms instead of parsecs, in miles instead of light-years, in seconds and hours instead of aeons, and instead of zenith and nadir, a pitiful north & south, how can one be expected to write, or even to comprehend "ugually, its insens, yet so ting complexities."

And with this thought I leave you."

...Vol.

To come back to prosaic reality, we have a note from Don Tuck....

"Hello, everybody, I am sorry a lot of you have not heard from me recently (I mean US, CSC, ULTRA & ZENUS) but I will get to you in time and perhaps even in May - I mean IMAGINATIVE STORIES..

Well, I wish all you fans who are getting stuff from USA would tell me how you get it past the Customs. I have been had up, on the art so to speak, and have been warned twice, that the next lot coming in will be grabbed and burnt. I'm hot and bothered....but do you other fans do?

Latest A-Z very good. Glad Melbourne is taking to the latest issue of tri-weekly editions (Send us enough stuff, and we'll issue daily...) and glad to see four pages in MELBOURNE BULLETIN No. 2. Cover looks "Unknownist" (?)

There is something I would like a musical fan to do. Perhaps it would put Australia on the map... or take it off. Just inform one person to compose a tune, and another words, to make a scifi-tion song....Here's to you songwriters....."

still S.T. Fan. He says S

Bruce Swayer "tries H-B to write..... They must have a drawing on the front cover of S-T fan did the first couple issues of COB-HOB? and why, oh why put the title on the front in such scratchy letters? Why not make the most attractive, get Siddeith to do a few cuts for U & C will do it soon. Crystal Ball off, and here's hoping that U get letters for "S-T Fan He says" 4 months. I think that letters in a fanning makes it much more interesting. You're with knobs on...

*James*

On the back of a picture of the Burton Heads Golf House, Keith Taylor says: "How does the New Year find you? We've been down here since last Friday, and it's been very quiet. Got the 3rd H-B out yet, and the 3rd AUSTRALIA? We haven't been able to get out much on account of the weather. So if we had a good opportunity to send some S-T...." (In a letter later on) ... "Where we are camped down here you can see the "Crangal" very clearly. It is only about 1/2 a mile out from the shore and at low tide you can get closer to it by walking out on the rocks. (Franklin/Marshall/will probably know where they are)

At this Inquiry, April 19, at present, holidays are at Burton Heads. Jim Miller has agreed with the proprietor to exhibit. You know what hole should be...?"

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

and here we have, for the benefit of fans who haven't read of the event yet.... report on the SUPERX CONFERENCE.....

BY BILL YANAY.

At last the clouds that have blacketted the progressive action in local circles for the last few months are beginning to clear and once more Sydney is preparing to advance towards its rightful place among the fan communities of the rest world. The Sydney Conference has been held and a definite start has been made towards solving the basic problems before fandom,...start of organization.

Only ten fans attended the conference; a small group, but an important one. Charles de Costa, congenial, friendly veteran of the S.S.C.L. held the chair. Bert P. Gattrell, top-flight progressive, read the minutes. Others present included Ronald B. Levy, editor of S.H.C., Eric F. ("not Frank!") Russell, editor of ULTRA, Alan Gardner, native in scientific circles, Bruce Swayer,

## The Sydney Conference

William D. Veney

In John-Stone, Salim Rodon, Judy Macmillan and William D. Veney. The meeting was opened at 8.45 by an address from Veney who briefly outlined the situation from his point of view and requested others present to do likewise. In Coope, Castellani, Levy, and Rodon each voiced their opinions, which were diverse in many ways but all leading to one conclusion --- the re-establishment of the FSS on a workable basis. This, decided, the next and more important problem came into view---what was to be this "workable basis"? Veney then read an eight-point plan which he had prepared after discussions with most Sydney progressives, and asked for criticism. It came from all sides and in wonderful abundance. And for over an hour the matter was keenly and hotly contested. There were no definite sides or cliques in operation. Each for spoke his mind irrespective of who he was attacking.

One by one the points were changed and reworded to suit the majority until finally, seven of the eight points---now greatly modified in several areas---were passed and accepted as part of the FSS constitution. Then came the next important item. Was the FSS to close its doors to new members, except to those of unquestionable merit, or remain open to all? Veney took the stand on the former, Levy and Corderer on the latter. The following argument was long and tedious involving many points of fine development, but the final voting was unanimous and decisive. For the open club: 9 For the closed club: 1. The important factor about the open club is that new members must jump the other seven hurdles before they are eligible. The final item of importance was that of fax editors. Independent editors were to be admitted into the new club providing they refrained from printing any damaging material about the activities of other members. To wit:--"No more 'several persons for letters'; 'A Statement of Fact' or letters from fax outside the club attacking those within. To allow the club to defend itself, however, an irregular (some doubt about that word) club organ would be issued which would be easily converted into a defensive barrier against attack. Intelligent controversy would continue, as usual, in independent forums but personality damning would be stopped.

With this as a basis for a new FSS, the club business was brought to a conclusion and laughter merrily dispensed.

SUPPORT!

(The letter in 1943)

the UNIVERSITY (44), THE MUNICIPAL (44) & THE INDUSTRIAL  
COUNCILS (44) ARE THE LEADERSHIP OF THE WORKERS IN AUSTRALIA