



# BLAH, etc.

Ye Ed's Domain  
100-1001

This page, in future to be known under the above name, will exclusively feature the illiterate rantings of that super-champ among chumps, ya Nogginish person.

We're pleased with this issue, very pleased. So pleased, in fact, that we think you'll be pleased too. And if you're pleased and we're pleased, that makes everybody pleased, doesn't it? Being serious, tho', and altho' it sounds a bit like RAP talk, we think we've done a good job on this ish. The new column, the photo, the various cuts surmounting the departments, all help to vary the interest, and we hope you like our improvements. Do you? If so, let us know, in a letter for Science Fiction Fan. He says. About the photo, incidentally. Each ish we are determined to present one photo, and while we don't promise that each one will be the portrait of a fan, we do promise that each one will be something of interest to Aussie fans. Next month, my (quite) handsome (unquote) visage will probably decorate the space below.....alright, you needn't look so picus. I know what you're praying. But Keathy ~~mag~~ empty a couple bottles of HNO<sub>3</sub> into the developer. So there.

Sorry as it makes us feel, we have to announce that FANTASY FILES 1940 will not be appearing. Many reasons prohibit it: the rains being lack of time on my part, and lack of an adequate method of reproducing the stills. Sorry. The one person who had already subscribed will have his \$d refunded.

FLASH...er...that should be FLASH! The April issues of TWS, ZONI, SSS, and CIGARIN turned up this arvo. That makes two lots in one week! Thankx, 4c and RT.

BT.BTW.BTW....

WATCH FOR THE 2ND ANNIVERSARY ISSUE OF AUSTRALIA'S OLDEST & MOST REGULAR FAN MAG, "ULTRA". THIS ISSUE WILL BE OUT IN OCTOBER, AND WILL HAVE AS THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY DID, MATERIAL BY EVERY AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION FAN. IT WILL BE 40 OR MORE PAGES, AND DEFINITELY WILL HAVE SOME PRINTING INCLUDED. SEND IN YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS NOW. IT WILL BE YD A COPY, AND WILL WORTH IT. PHOTO, PRINTING, COLOURED INC.

BTW.

{ad}.....{ad}

Cooling event! A photo of the Mockley-Taylor duo in a ray gun battle!



# FOR FOLK TO EDIT NEW MAG.

*push* *push*

Altogether perhaps a few fans already know this, so most of fandom it will be red-hot news. Ben Tuck will shortly (about a week from now we should think) issue a new mag, to be titled PRO-BAL. It will be about 6 or 8 pages, quarto & printed, and as its title suggests, will lean more heavily on the pro-mag side of art. It will be priced at 4d, and as it will have a letter section Ben asks for letters; as well as (we presume) short articles after the style of E.Mussell's "Pro-Mage Today", and Veney's "Give em Their Due". So support Australia's southern-most publication, which, incidentally, will be an Australopop Pub'n. Ben's address, if there are any who don't know it, is 17 Audley St., St. Kilda.

*2754!*

"1,000,000 B.C." arriv-  
ed in Melbourne last Friday (21/3/41), saw the first showing, first in Melbourne that is, of "1,000,000 B.C." at the Lyceum Theatre. (You oughta know where that is, DEX.) In Sydney, it was the supporting half of the program. Peter Lorrida & yours truly viewed it on the Saturday. We were going to make it a threesome, but Keith Taylor (the lazy devill) didn't turn up on account of bad weather. Except for the "Herald", I'm hanged if I know what the paper thought of it. It was 8 hrs day, U.C., and I didn't get up till around 12,

when all the papers had been laid. However, the Herald gave it a fairly good revu, saying in part: "...there is fantastic entertainment in 'One Million B.C.'...but some of the people look as if they have just donned fancy dress and cannot get used to it." I think most fans who saw the film will agree with the latter statement.

*2754!*

Bruce Sawyer becomes Art Editor of A-Y-A MAG.  
Bruce 'em Sawyer is now Art Editor of the pub' issued from the Melbourne branch of the Australopop Pub'n. His first illustration as Art Ed. is a small cover which will appear on the next M-B...

I present to you  
An EPIC? IN FACT, A  
STUPENDOUS EPIC.

# EPIC

Breathe there a man  
with a soul so dead,  
Who's ne'er pulled the blankets  
over his head.  
When ghouls 'n things come  
screeching round  
And there's footfalls sounding all  
over the ground.  
Such is the tale of Phineas Gigg,  
A man wild and rough as the end  
of a twig.

'Twas in the town of Ballyballoon,  
The sun was sinking one afternoon,  
Thro' the valley the mist was  
creeping,  
In the graveyard all were sleeping.

The moon came up with a hic-cup and  
jerk,  
And Phineas gently burped home from work,  
Through the tombs he had to go,

An eerie wind was whistling low.

The eerie wind was out of tune,  
It'd lost its teeth that afternoon,  
And Phineas had a hell of a time,  
Rolling along singing "Old Lang Syne".

'Twas a moonlight night, the ghouls And did the get hiost MY Ghouls  
were around, TH HS DID! (He know it does  
Ghutney popped up out of the ground, an't rhyme)  
Now Ghut is a ~~bad~~<sup>1</sup> (whistle it) of a L. Vegas le Dull... EPIC  
ghoul you'll find,  
So Phineas tho't he'd left something  
behind.

The faster he went, the faster went Ghu,  
A wonderful sight were the thundering  
two,  
Gigg led the fore at a terrible pace,  
Ghutney's bones rattling all over the place.

Ghosts to the right of him,  
ghosts to the left,  
Phineas Gigg was almost be-  
reft,  
He ended up like a 'lectric  
shocked flea,  
Up on the top of a Flannel-  
bark Tree.

Now the Flannelbark had so-  
me motto in it, too,  
And off with the top of the  
trunk they flew,  
Now Gigg was where the top  
never was.

TH HS DID! (He know it does  
an't rhyme)

L. Vegas le Dull... EPIC



Mr. Warwick Beakley,  
Editor, Melbourne Bulletin.  
Be - a - h Sir.

I saw that letter from Noel Dwyer in your latest issue, and I said to myself, I said, "How how ducky!" Of course, seeing that sort of stuff prompted me to write some too, so here goes. I think you'll simply adore it! Ben Levy was seen last Saturday night trying to pick up a "sort" on the corner of Pitt & Market Streets. Eventually he succeeded, and oh boy! was she a sweet lass! Looked just like Dale of Viking Legion.... Bill Verney turned red, white and blue and went all patriotic at a jitterbug party recently, when it was announced as being the greatest jitterbug in Australian science fiction fandom. he's so modest, dear dear boy..... Bruce Bogger says that since he came out of camp he's been having a hard time getting a girl friend. 'cos they all liked him better in uniform..... As a result he's thinking of having something after the style of Buck Rogers' geth tailored and wearing that when he calls on Gertrude (that's his steady)... Castellari is trying to tell me that he arrives home at 8:0 am every day 'cos he works all night, but we know better... giggle, giggle, giggle.... Eric Russell says there's enough tall fibbieunning round these days and he felt terribly conspicuous when his blind date turned out to be Art. Ginn..... maybe it was merejel

Now, I'm sure, Mr. Beakley, that your readers will fall simply giddy over all this social stuff, and it's so interesting. It makes all that stuff about science fiction look terrible... I do hope you'll print it...

Yours quizzingly..... Ratty Bizzibody.  
P.S. Could I become your social editorress? ER.  
(All we could say to that is: Yehohohoh! Gosh, if fans have love like the song as anybody else! Aww, Yehohohoh!)

# S-F FAN, HE SAY -



H OOD: It's Sawyer again!

"See Hog! last H-S wasn't so hot & the one previous-  
ly what was the matter, short of material? (And how--) hood was  
the best you have put out to date, & say where was that 'Pitzen-  
eagle Travel Talk'? U. S. I think, U. I had us all on edge wait-  
ing for it. (He never let us know to write it. He writes on for au-  
thority & name. ~~and newspaper~~) Didn't know that Sydney is very quiet  
lately, no forty day rules, the First Gordon is still going strong.  
This burg wants livening up. ~~WIPprocesses~~ : RANG RANG and  
fizzle...maybe it's the atmosphere, 'tis summer I'm loose, Ut leaves  
me dazed, Ut's giddy-headed, Spindler Ut. P. I've found (d. RING)  
(Will Auburn local authorities please take charge?)

Little Robert Tucker says: "The mag (~~has~~) will be suspended for  
three months, as a notice contained in the issue states, because  
of personal reasons. I expect to have it going again by May 1st,  
unless Mars comes. And quite frankly, chaps, we are looking for  
that sword-slashing gentelman any day. Congress is getting hot  
under the collar, and our defense factories are being blown up  
right and left. The draft has speeded up its machinery, and they  
are taking lads from this town at the rate of about twenty a month.  
So..... note, there isn't no Victoria!" (Would some enlightened person please tell us just how that hit set them the cost?)

'AS ALL.'

## RESEARCH!

There was a young fellow named Nott  
On physics this gent was quite hot,  
He tried to split the atom one day,  
Now and to say, he's gone away.

at night,  
light,  
"Not rot".

He went away when the stars shone  
His whole darn life went out like a  
And that critter's mother with vigor  
We beg to say poor Nott is----not.

# Ode to the Skull.

The color of a flaming sun,  
Withdrew across the Vizi-plate,  
He raised the I-bars one by one,  
And space-axe gripped with trembling hate.

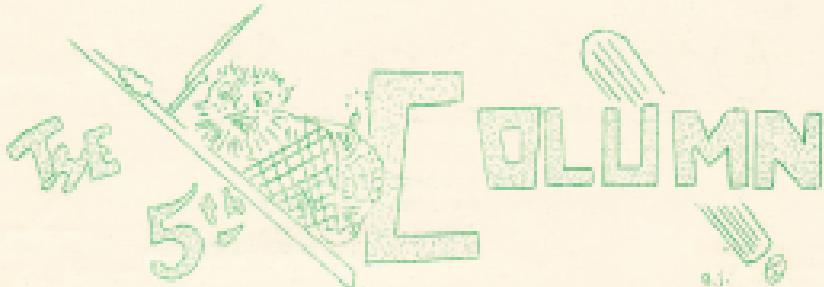
His gaunt hand clung, his face grew pale,  
The space-axe rose, and one could tell  
The victim cringed beneath the nail,  
And in a mass of blood he fell.

The Skull then turned the ship about,  
And sped across the airless waste;  
The IP's thundered by in front,  
Fear lent them wings, but in their haste  
They switched their rockets on full blast,  
Their ships exploded, Skull had won,  
And he was shooting at the last,  
"The Skull has won, they're done, they're down!"

-TED KIRKELL.

**D**ALKING OF BOOKS:- the well known Hockley brain has come through with another brainwave; we are starting a book poll!!! ---only fully-fledged novels published in book form are eligible, and for Oma's sake give this a bit of support and so frighten us out of our wits. Send in a list of your ten favorite s-f or fantasy books in order of preference, making a few remarks as to why your first choice is your first choice. To start the famous poll rolling, here's ours: (i) "Invisible Man"; (ii) "ekyll and Hyde"; (iii) "Frankenstein"; (iv) "Last & First Men"; (v) "Time Machine"; (vi) "Lost Horizon". Re-uni-six'll do, I think, 10 is going to take up too much space. So we'll amend that sentence up above - Send in your six favorite s-f or fantasy books in order of preference, etc.. Again, we plead with tears in our eyes, for support, support!! Agonized groan, etc., etc..

New subscribers to A-F and M-B (if any):- we have a limited number of back issues. See another page for details.



(Editorial note: This 'The Fifth Column' is rather small this issue next iss (it is to be a regular feature from now on) we have hopes of making it about twice this size. Let us know how you likant.

This deals with slander & stuff, tho' any relation to any person, living or dead is etc., etc..

Q.E.D.

Recently I received the March Super-Science, done up in its new form. The name has been changed to "Super-Science Novels" and it will contain a complete novel in each issue. Here is a review of the contents.....

Cover shows beauty in distress from Novel, "Genus Homo" by de Camp & P.O. Miller, this about 25 men and women who fall asleep & wake after a million years to find their kind gone and apes, etc., ruling in their places. Shorts by H.R.Jones, Asimov, Cummings & Howard.

The this is probably old news by the time this is printed, did U know that Eric Russell rec'd a copy of "Cosmic Stories", Dan Foffheim's new mag (He's not the only one I...uh) while Von carnot received the sister mag, "Stirring Science Stories", i dealing with sci and w/ fantasy. Cosmic contains a complete novel "Mechanix" by Frank E. Arnold - in its description of the machine city is somewhat reminiscent of "Paradise and Iron" in an old ABS quarterly.

The cover of "Ultra" is printed and the some trouble is bein had with the title blocks that Eric was going to have made, he will probably have one or two finished by the time "Ultra" is ready for completion.

"Sixth Column" in ASTOUNDING is on a level with "Final Black-out"...it's in my opinion practically a "Novel". [We hard read it & no agree.]

Mags received: Feb., ASTOUNDING, Mar. COSMIC, & Spring PLANET (latter sub-dated February).....Worm

# "death's head thru the AGES".

BY ED. MOLSHAW.

LEN watched, fascinated, as the whirling axe flashed towards him, and then his own black space-axe met the spinning one with a sharp click, deflecting its flight and dropping it into the snow at his feet. The recoil of his own axe numbed his hands, and he knew, had it been but for the padded gauntlets he wore, his wrists would have been broken, or at least sprained. The read-head pulled up short, a look of wonder on his face. He shouted something, and catching the word "holmgang", Len nodded vigorously. A holmgang, he remembered he remembered from Gustav's tales, was a duel by swords, ending with the first drawing of blood. Dropping his axe at his feet, Len drew his own blade, trutempered coronium with a flack of copper, and stood defiance as the Vikings formed a ring around him, and the red-bearded giant tried a bronze sword over his knee. Satisfied, Eben (as Len gathered his name to be) picked up his shield, and looked puzzledly at the black-clad outlaw, wondering where his shield was. Len laughed, turned one arm behind him, and raised his sword to meet the Viking's extended one.

The clash of coronium on bronze echoed around the snow-topped hills, and Len, raining blow after blow on the Viking's guard-shield, drove Eben backwards, whilst the latter tried to get his sword free from under the Skull's clamping arm. At last he jerked free, retreated another pace, and then attacked suddenly.

Len stood his ground, parrying the lunge with the flat of a-blade, and warding off a blow from the bronze shield with an ungrained arm. Eben dodged away, clashing back at the outlawed tame-traveler. White-hot fire burned across Len's shoulder. With a twentifourth-century oath, he smashed a blow against his opponent's shield, and swung his gloved fist at the startled Viking's red-bearded jaw. The blow caught the man on the side of the jaw, knocking him unconscious. Without a sound, the red-bearded one toppled into the snows. Then something cracked sickeningly against his thigh, and dimly he knew that Eben's cut at his shoulder had drawn blood. And that his knock-out had been a foul. And the angry Vikings, armed with axe and sword, closed in on him.

The young outlaw flung down his sword, and his right hand moved in a blur of action. Red flames forged and cracked across the ice, and four of the wing-helmeted Horsemen toppled beneath his ray-gun's searing blast. Horror stricken, the remaining three stopped dead, and with wild yells, fled across the icy wastes. A rustle sounded at his feet. Eben, the red-beard, was clamber-

ing erect, clutching up his great axe. Lon's gun blasted flame. The bronze weapon kicked violently in Sven's hand, and then melted into atomic dust under the bolt of red lightning that spat and crackled like a live wing from Lon's gun. With a wil'd cry, the Viking flung the hot hilt away from him, and fell in an attitude of resignation before the bleeding outlaw.....

Lights flickered and soared. A great roaring sounded in his ears, and darkness closed in on him once more. Dizzy, bewildered, and sick at heart, Lon waited as consciousness came slowly back. He lay face downward on the metallic floor of his own craft. Memory came flooding back-- those pursuing IP-cruisers! Wildly he staggered to his feet, and winced as fire burned across the wound in his shoulder. He slumped in the bucket seat, and stared aimlessly through the visiplate. Then an involuntary cry welled in his throat. With feverish fingers he pressed buttons on the nearby stabilizer. And the truth was revealed! He was in mid-space, way out past Pluto, and drawing further out with every passing second. It had not been a hallucination, or a delirium, then... He had entered a time warp, which had re-opened way out here. He -- the whole Solar System in its flight through space had passed by, leaving him in the grip of the warp. From how far he had been on Earth, in Viking times? A hundred like questions welled in his mind, but he thrust them down; he could not hope to understand the unsolvable mysteries of space & time. Flame thundered on one extreme of the Meteor's tail, and the disguised craft turned sharply, leaving a glaring arc in its ecliptic wake. Awestruck, Pluto hung in the heavens, and far beyond, the dot that was Neptune winked and flickered in the visiplate. Sol was a fourth-magnitude star, insignificant and partly unrecognizable, and of the other worlds, mighty Jupiter alone showed its bulk in the utter blackness of space. Lon straddled his broad shoulders, kicked the n-bar. Again, fingers of bone cracked spaceward. The skull was going home.....

#### THE END.

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Ye ED make your forgiveness for the many typographical errors on these two pages. They were dummied when ghosts were walking, and I was reading rather dead-doggedish. But, "the ~~ghosts~~ must go on".  
An answer to a reader: Colin Roden; the editorial in the last issue, Colin, was my idea of a good editorial. It was non-existent. To another; EME; That Fitagoole Travel talk will probably appear next issue. So long till May, boys and...ay...censored.....