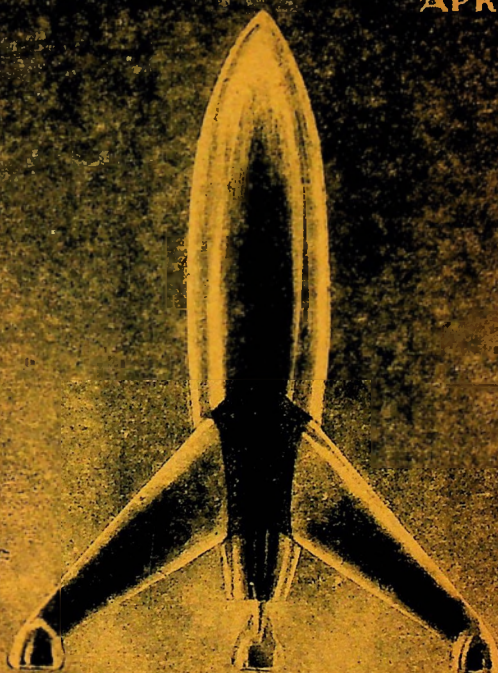


6<sup>th</sup> AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION  
CONVENTION MELBOURNE

1958  
APRIL 5<sup>th</sup>



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**T**HEN, over Easter, the Science Fiction Club has been holding its sixth convention, and on Saturday the grim-looking Richmond Town Hall was decorated with pictures of space-ships, expedition setting out for Mars, satellites and such. One of the features of the convention was an auction sale of vintage science fiction publications, some of which went for rare old prices.

Two early copies of Buck Rogers, dated 1934, which must have cost about 1/6, went for 15/- each. It's wonderful how time moves on. His author, Phil Nowlan, is now dead. As for Buck himself — the conqueror of Saturn, Venus and half the universe — I bet he's nudging nigh on 60.

**A**ND talking of rockets there's an item from New York reporting that juvenile scientists are now a bigger problem than juvenile delinquents. Since Sputnik I 368 home-made rockets have been shot into the sky over Manhattan. The authorities fear that at least another 1000 are reaching the launching stage. Maybe it is time the Russians also banned the rocket tests.

**D**ICK OVENDEN says he was doing a little landscape painting on the Acheron Way along the road to Eildon. Just near Buxton he spotted a great hand-painted sign **B— HOLE**. He looked a little further, and the sign must have been effective. There had indeed been a **B— HOLE**. It had just been filled by the CRB.

**T**HEY tell me two Greeks were watching the Tigers play football at the Richmond Ground yesterday and one of them remarked: "It's all Australian to me."

—Keith Dunstan

Ian J. Crozier

Organizer

# It's a screwy world

I'M glad the Science Fiction Club has got its sixth convention over safely.

In a world as screwy as our own it looks as if science fiction writers would be out of a job any day.

Personally, I shouldn't be in the least surprised if, on opening the front door, I was confronted by a couple of those little green men with TV aerials on top of their heads (do they come from Venus?), selling raffle tickets or asking if this is the house where the old space-ships are for sale.

I don't need to read fiction about these people. I'm sure they're all over the place anyway, scampering over the roof like mosquitos. Or, if not now, they soon will be.

In the old days, when nothing moved faster than a good horse, science fiction writers were fairly simple fellows. They only wanted to fly through the air, or transmute the elements (old stuff now), or find the elixir of life (still round the corner).

BY CLIVE  
TURNBULL

Then they started travelling to the moon, to the planets, scooping bits out of the sun and vanishing beyond the farthest galaxies.

All this is a bit of a bore now and one can't get the kick out of it that one did voyaging in the Nautilus with Jules Verne or exploring the moon with H. G. Wells.

There is really no point in sending anyone to these astral outposts, for we know exactly what the inhabitants are like anyway.

The ones not populated by little green men are inhabited by creatures identical with human beings but marked by the fact that all the young men are handsome and are dressed as Roman centurions, all the women are beautiful and wear bi-

kinis and are called "Princess," and all the old men wear white night-shirts and whiskers and are superlatively wise. (They've forgotten what you and I won't know for 3000 years yet.)

There is a comforting thought in it all, however. The science fiction business probably works two ways.

That is to say, up there in Venus, there is a little green man with a TV aerial on his head busily writing science fiction (or SF as we devotees call it) about a place called Earth, or Terra, or Tellus.

The inhabitants of this fiction world are so nutty that they are planning to finish one another off noisily with atomic explosions or quietly with atomic radiation.

They are different colors and (wait for it!) have their TV aerials on chimneys instead of on their heads.

I can imagine the comments of our Venusian author's critics:

"Fancy the old square (or maybe triangle) writing that corn! Even the Earthlings couldn't be crazy as that."

Ian J. Crozier

Organizer



# GREETINGS

On this, the occasion of the Sixth Australian Science Fiction Convention, I wish to join the the Organising Committee in welcoming you to the 'big show', Over the past twelve months, we have worked and strived to make sure that this Convention will be a success , and I trust you find it so.

Several radical departures have been made from the accepted meaning of 'convention', but we feel that they are steps in the right direction, to cut down on the verbose side of things, and just have fun.

And that is just what we want you to do..... have fun.

Ian J. Crozier

Organizer

## COMMITTEE

Ian J. Crozier . . . . .	Organiser
Robert J. McCubbin . . . . .	Sec./Treas.
Anthony A. Santos . . . . .	Convention Book Editor
Keith McLelland . . . . .	Design and Artwork
Mervyn R. Binns . . . . .	Displays
Val. Morton . . . . .	Films
Jack Keating . . . . .	Auction
Val. Morton . . . . . Barry Salgram . . . . .	Publicity

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*Thank You*

Asea Electric (Aust.) P/L for projector

and

**EVERYONE FOR JOINING THE  
CONVENTION.**



# Programme

## SATURDAY

10.00 a.m.—Displays.

Registrations.

Auction.

2.00 p.m.—Business Session

7.30 p.m. Films:

**"EARTH vs. THE FLYING SAUCERS".**

**CARTOONS**

## SUNDAY

2.00 p.m. BARBEQUE

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Yours fan-tastically  
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1958

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Notes for - historically  
Bob M. Hubbard  
1954

IAN J. CROZIER



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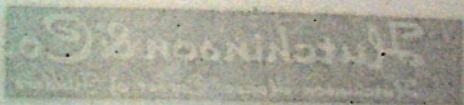
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Most of our members are from the U.S. and Canada, but we also have a number of overseas members, and are anxious to add to the list. We would welcome any of our 'down under' friends who would like to be associated with us.

Membership not only puts you in contact with the cream of North American fandom, but also makes available without additional cost many practical benefits. The Trading Bureau will aid you in disposing of your surplus fan items, or securing wanted ones. The Manuscript Bureau will help in placing your work if you are an author or artist, or secure suitable material for you if you are a publisher.

Dues are \$ 1.60 (U.S.) per year. Dues for the current year are reduced proportionately if dues for the following year are paid at the same time. Remit to the Secretary/Treasurer:

Janie Lamb, Route # 1, Heiskell,  
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If you cannot secure the necessary U.S. funds, communicate with:

Ralph M. Holland,  
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Anthony A. Sauter



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EARTH VS FLYING SAUCERS

THE ANGEL WHO PAWNEED HER HARP

3 U.P.A. CARTOONS :

THE TELLTALE HEART

MR MCGOO

THE UNICORN IN THE GARDEN





WE WISH TO THANK .

**LES. WARD**

AND

**JACK**

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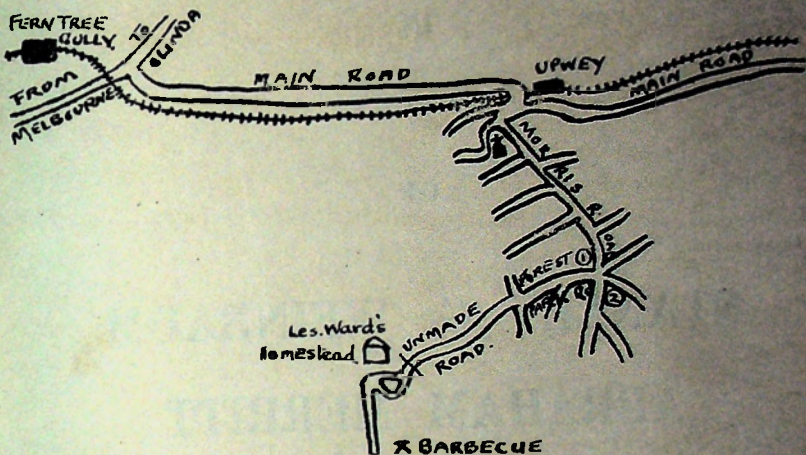
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Cross the bridge over the narrow gauge railway, but do not follow Main Road, which turns to the left, but take Morris Road, which runs along the left of the Church. Go over and down the steep hill for a mile, then turn right into Forest Park Rd. The corner is marked by a phone box on the left, and a seat on the right. Then follow the signs.

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