

S C A N S I O N

science fiction news letter.....

This issue of scansion, the second to be brought out in some months, (the last was No.31 on Aug 11 and before that No.30 March 17) is hoped to revive some interest in the last remaining vestiges of fandom, in activities that are scheduled in the forecastable future.

The first of these is a conference, proposed sometime in December, to discuss the problems arising out of sending a contingent to the Olymcon and also a proposed smaller con at Canberra next Easter. The proposal for the con at Canberra has not yet been finalised, the main idea of it being the filling in of the time lag from the last con to the Olymcon, some period of eighteen months.

Early support was for this conference to be held at Albury. But, strong moves have been afoot in the remains of Sydney fan circles to have this moved to Canberra due to the existence of a small but sturdy Canberra group.

Nothing definite has been arranged, to my knowledge, but further news and activities will probably depend on how this proposal is greeted and will be printed in later issues of this news sheet (if any).

News of the moment.

As you probably know, a new Australian promag has appeared on the news stands. Named 'Science Fiction Monthly', it is a digest sized mag featuring some of the stories culled from the Gernsback magazine 'Science Fiction Plus' and indeed seems to be a smaller reprint of it.

A major radio network has taken to broadcasting a half hour serial called 'Genesis in Juddsville', supposedly about a small township of the only people left alive on Earth after some cataclysm. Although it is apparently meant for adults it falls far short of this and is some thing you should not fail to miss, if you possibly can. The whole plot moves along at a speed that would put fanzine editors to shame. Indeed it took the whole half hour, from what I could gather, for the hero to walk from his house to the local tavern, something which fanzine editors no matter how slow could probably beat. The whole serial absolutely reeks with sentimental religious mahism and sickly soap opera sentimentalism.

Rumour has it that the reports of the Fourth Convention held on 17-18-19th March this year are now being circulated. But, I, myself, have seen neither sight nor sound of them in my travels and I suppose it is just too much to expect after having only recieved the report of the Third Convention, Easter last year,, eight weeks ago.

Passing thought.

What happens to old members of fandom ?

Do they

1. Drop dead in their tracks ?
2. Scream, throw their collections over the Gap and become hermits on Mount Everest ?
3. Crawl into a hole with all their early Astounding's and just die ?
4. Or are they kidnapped by aliens as specimens of the most peculiar form of terrestrial life ?

AMEN

This issue edited and published by M.J.Baldwin, 53 Shadforth St. Mosman. N.S.W. Australia. and Bill Hubble is on the other side

O.K. OBe on the moon.

A flat, pumice, powdery plain.
The ship came down gently, like a
silk parachute, a feather duster,
a toy balloon, a silk parachute,
an orange peel, a snow flake,
another silk parachute, a cocaine
grain, a paper dart or a ship
coming gently down.

It landed on the lunar lands
cape and settled gently in the
dust crust.

The pilot leapt out lightly
like a limp imp. Fate not late.
He broke a plate. Died. Lied like
a pig in the dust crust. Gently.

Next the copi lot dropt and
stopped soon on the moon.
Fractured. Dead. Goon.

Last, the navigator. Climbed
slowly down as any self suspect
catapillar.

He stood on the land with flag
in hand. And spoke a speech.

"My crewmates dead." he said "Will
return no more. This shore. But,
me. See me. Me? I'm free. Free.
Why?" He planted the flag in the
slag and left behreft.

The ship rose quickly, sickly.
On an orange pillow. Like a
Tiffany necklace.

It singed the flag, which,
unpurchased from the dust crust,
drooped and dropt down flat.

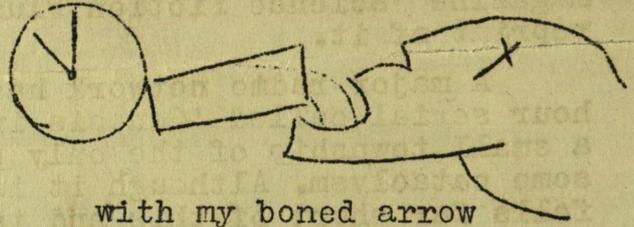
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Mission. Gospel, inter and e.
Now, a factual feature on fans
fate and calls it

H O B B Y H O A R S E
WINTER IN TAYLORS SQUARE: On a
Monday in June this year the FSS
(Futurian Society of Sydney foun-
ded 1939) left the clubroom it had
renovated, rebuilt and painted in
November '53 then tenanted every
Monday and Thursday night (earlier
some Saturdays) in the eighteen
months since at two pounds a time;
left the room (Third flr McIlrath
Chambers Taylors Square) because
they could no longer attract enough
fans (at least average twenty a night
at two shillings a head) to pay
the rent. Four months ago, and
they haven't re-opened.

SEVEN TO ONE: Their library goes
on at the Librarians home, Sundays
afternoons. Their godparents and
old boys club, the Albion Futurian

Society, founded 10-4-55 has
twelve members, meets second Sundays
in their various homes. And the
Albanian Futurian Society, a farce
by their traditional enemies
claims seven directors, one member,
always the last to join, no
meetings without quorum of the
entire membership and an exhorbitant
resigning fee. It drinks.

SUPPER AND GAMES: This leaves the
Blue Centaur Book Co. sponsoring
the only real club for Sydney fans.
Centrally located, Third flr, Post
Office Chambers 333 George St. near
Wyndyard, next Repins, it gets in
about a dozen fans every Thursday
8pm boasting, the Blue Centaur
Library, free supper, games and books
and magazines for sale. All for
three shillings and sixpence. Started
as a breakaway movement from the FSS
and Taylors Sq. on 1-4-54 by a glass
full of fans and the NSF(S North
Shore Futurian Society) with it's
library (now dead) and the Blue Centaur
it seems to have made a point.
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with my boned arrow

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URGENT NECROPHILES: "OK" you hear
"It's not like it was. Why?"
Because there's been a boom. Science
fiction has become popular. Fans
new old and potential get all they
want easily, anywhere and stay home
reading it. Come the next slump, scarcity
scarcity, science fiction readers'll
be forced into established supply
centers (one such, the Blue Centaur)
to continue reading. They'll meet
each other, find they've a common
intrest (sf and getting enough) and
have as large Thursday night roll ups
as much ear bashing, as many and odd
parties and as many fanzines breaking
out all over as in the old (Nelly
said "Good") days. No time for
petty jealousies, feuds and childish
squabbling till the following
boom in sf popularity and availability
when fans of science fiction
will leave fandom to fans of
fandom. again.

Vive la Ratrice.