

SOUTH AFRICAN SF CLUB. (S.F.S.A.)

NEWSLETTER No. 5. Jan/Feb '70.

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Members will notice that this Newsletter has been duplicated by a Gestetner process instead of the usual Xerox Copying. It was decided to do this because a Gestetner Machine has been made available to us through the kind consideration of Fr. D. Adami, of the Parish church of Christ the King, Queenswood. Our heartfelt thanks to Fr. Adami. We also wish to thank Robbie Wolter for the kind donation of the Gestetner wax sheets.

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The Committee:

Chairman; Robbie Wolter, P.O. Box 905, Pretoria.
Vice-Chairman; Simon Scott, 5 Jessie Ave, Norwood, Jhb.
Secretary/Treasurer; Tex Cooper, 1208 Carter Ave, Queenswood, Pta.
Newsletter Editor; Mary Scott, address as for Simon.
N.L. Sub-Editor; Colin Mallinick, 27 Standard Court, Sunnyside, Pta.
Members; Tertius du Plessis, 412 Rosemary Ave, Lynnwood, Pta.
Andy Kapp, Flying Training School, Dunnottar.
Librarian; Tex Cooper, address as above.

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A REMINDER: Each member who is still in arrears with their subscriptions are earnestly requested to submit them to the Secretary/Treasurer as soon as is convenient. Thank you.

EDITORIAL (sort of):

First and foremost, the Committee would like to announce SFSA's first Honorary Life Member:

Tex Cooper. The outstanding service rendered to the Club was it's foundation. Congratulations, Tex.

The Club is, as from January 1, 1970, affiliated to N3F. Further news from N3F will be published later.

Voting on the Club emblem was a bit disappointing. Half the members sent in votes. The results are as follows: 1st - No. 1. 28½ pts. 2nd - No. 5. 22½ pts, 3rd - No. 2. 11 pts, 4th - No. 3. 10 pts. 5th - No. 4. 2 pts.

Thus the Club emblem is No. 1. Designed by Kevin MacDonnell. Congratulations, Kevin.

I wish to thank everyone who submitted articles and letters which were published in Newsletter No. 4, especially Colin for his sub-editorial and Tex for the whole thing. I rather feel that I should relinquish my position.

In reply to Pieter Wagener's letter, I acknowledge the omission of stories that exist in the past, for which I apologise. However, the essence of SF is that it is intangible in regard to the time in which it takes place: The past is just as intangible as the future. The projection of oneself is the same either way.

I'd like to apologise for the absence of a decent Editorial. I was full of ideas, but time ran out, as inevitably seems to happen to me. Next time you'll get one.

If anyone has a projector and is willing to lend it to the Club (it is advisable that the owner manipulate it) for film evenings, please let us know and we'll see what can be done about obtaining films.

If anyone would like to correspond by Tape or Letter with American Fans, there is a Correspondence Bureau, about which Tex can give you the 'low down'. Contact him if you're interested. The Tapes also include sound tracks from Plays, Films and TV broadcasts.

All the best for 1970.

Mary.

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I hate wasting paper, but we seem to have reached the end of this page. There is not enough space to get something in, so this space will have to go waste, I'm afraid.

SF IN THE U.K.

A well-known U.K. fan, Ken Slater, is to try and re-institute the BSFA Award for the "best" SF book first published in the U.K. during any one year. It is to be run on the "popular" vote system, with members asked to submit the names of three books.

An SF Convention was held in Leeds on November 1/2. Unfortunately, it was taken over by a sub-group of fen, those who dote on fantasy comics. They had their own sort of procedure and ranged from 12 - 25 years old. The Leeds Society tried to fight this comic-fan take-over, but without success.

Another discussion panel mooted for the BSFA's Easter-in-London Convention (SCI - CON 70) is on the effect SF has on politics. (Possibly with an M.P. speaking.)

The Portal Gallery will be giving what claims to be "the West End's first exhibition of SF paintings." Entries are invited from artists of "professional standard." Will be over Easter.

Local Groups: Herts and parts of adjacent counties; Oxford; Cambridge University; Leeds.

Dealers in SF: 'Dark they were and Golden-Eyed'.
Bookshop, 28 Bedfordbury, London W.C.2.

Should any further details, addresses, etc, be required, please write to: P.O. Box 6, Daggafontein, Tvl.

My grateful acknowledgements to the BSFA Ltd, its Editors and contributors for making the above article possible. Any errors and omissions are mine, of course.

Bernie.

NOTE:

Corrections to previous articles: BSFA membership is just under 300; OMPA is not a BSFA department, neither is the Contributors Pool, though the BSFA will be glad to supply details of either; the 1969 "Galactic Fair" was held in Oxford, not London.

BIRTHDAYS 55

Congratulations to the following members who celebrate their birthdays:

JANUARY:

Joyce Burton; Niels Christiansen; Mark Floyd;
Colin Mallinick;

FEBRUARY:

Linette Lambrecht; Mary Scott;

SF MAGAZINES:

Part 2 of the Series.

Last ish I gave a very (and I mean very) brief summary of the magazine WORLDS OF IF. The condensation being necessary due to space restriction. I will, however, in this review of another 'zine, endeavour to give a more complete and interesting analysis, for one reason, I do not have such a space-consuming prologue as first used to introduce this series. Well, without further ado, before defeating my aims, "I will git on with it" namely...

GALAXY.

The sister magazine to W.O.I. is at a glance, very similar in appearance, and possibly content, to it's said relative. On closer inspection, though, one is able to discern a subtle yet strong difference between the two.

Galaxy, being some- (very) what older (well into Vol. 48 whilst W.O.I. is approaching 20) is a more prestigious 'zine putting forward an adult type face, not storywise so much as policywise. Editorials are short (one page approx.) and informative on current ideas, happenings, etc. Unlike it's sister, it is not saturated with depts. the ones it does have, three in all, are called features, not depts.

To list them properly, there is firstly an Editorial, for which we have accounted. Followed by "Galaxy Bookshelf", book reviews by Algis Budrys. This is more an annoying or amusing, depending, ramble by the said author, disguised as a book review column. He tries to appear witty, subjects the reader to column upon column of copy on his personal tastes and mementos, relegating the title under discussion to a loose dissection and a brief acceptance or rejection. One is left with, after reading the article, an overwhelming sense of smugness on Mr. Budrys' part. In all fairness, though, "Galaxy Bookshelf" does have its moments, and it's form is most probably dictated by the policy format of class. Be this as it may as far as books are concerned, I prefer a more straightforward review to this "arty in" writing.

The last dept... eh... sorry. FEATURE. "Galaxy's Stars", by name, is an excellent and really interesting 'Look' at the lead authors and sometimes, artists appearing in the 'zine, giving interesting information on them, their likes, dislikes, ideas and plans. Obviously, there is not much (not for want of) I can say about this section, other than it does one good to learn that the revered gods and demi- such of the genre are much like anyone else, possibly a lot like oneself. This enables a reader to identify more with an

SF MAGS (contd)

author and, consequently, understand better a story by him, even if one does not enjoy the story, it is rendered a great deal more interesting.

Summing up the depart... features... (Oh! "the hell with it" I prefer DEPTS) To resume the ratings for the aforementioned Depts are: Two, good to excellent. One, poor to sometimes good.

Stories appearing in Galaxy are similar in number and type (serialised novels, novellettes, short stories, etc.) to W.O.I. However, due to the almost total lack of depts. and shortness of those that do appear, stories, serials especially, can be of greater length. The serial just ended DUNE MESSIAH by Frank Herbert was quite good, but that's another story. Suffice to say that stories which do appear in the 'zine are usually of a general high quality.

Another inducement to the mature look presented by the magazine are the two, sometimes more, fact articles regularly featured. The one regular fact feature to appear in Galaxy for the past 19 years, "For your Information" by Willy Ley, will soon be drawing to a close due, sadly, to the death of its creator. In his life, Mr. Ley wrote for Galaxy on every conceivable subject, from the organic structure of plants to lost Atlantis and modern rocketry. He was, indeed, a wonderful man and is no small loss to everyone in general and SF in particular. Although never having written any SF himself, he always felt at home with it and it's members. Likewise, he was more than accepted by the field.

Other articles appearing by various SF authors are interesting and, as a rule, accurate.

In it's long history, the 'zine has been honoured with numerous awards and is lauded over by the same Editorial Staff as W.O.I., viz. Ejler Jakobson, Jack Gaughan, etc, with the rather cryptic Frederik Pohl, Editor Emeritus.

I will not, this time, attempt to pass judgement on the 'zine under review, other than to say I personally like it very much. I will, instead, leave it to you to decide for yourselves.

The ideal way would be to obtain a copy and have a look, but seeing that it is this article's purpose to give the general idea before one commits oneself, here is a hint.

Galaxy is published in French, German, Italian, Spanish and Japanese. The U.S. edition is also produced in Braille and Living Tape. It is one of the most widely

SF MAGS (contd.)

circulated and, needless to say, popular 'zines of it's kind. There, with that last titbit added to the whole gamut, what conclusion do you draw?

The price is the same as W.O.I. - 60c per copy and cheaper (loyaller) to subscribe.

Kevin.

ifiwerearichman

LETTERS TO ED:

Nicholas Shears, Johannesburg. ^{contd.}
 aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa submit designs for posters for libraries and bookshops, either for consideration by the Committee or in a similar contest to that for the Club emblem.

Another form of publicity: Free nation-wide coverage in 'Cinema' magazine. This is the official mouthpiece for 'Cinema Fan Club International', President is Ronnie Wilson, which caters for fan-clubs of all sorts. After all, SFSA's original title included the word 'fan'.
 aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

Frank & Felicity Gentle, Germiston. ^b
 bbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbb the newsletters and find them very interesting.

Has anyone seen the film 'Charly'? It is based on an SF short story 'Flowers for Algernon' and is an example of what thought-provoking material is contained in an SF story.

The film made a deep impression on us and we doubt whether many people knew they were seeing SF. A complete change from the 'Green Slime' etc. type of SF film so often made in Hollywood.

Will it be possible to have badges made of the emblem finally chosen, to be sold to the members. My husband would like a badge to sew on his blazer.

.....
 // A review of 'Charly' appears elsewhere in this newsletter. //
 @@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@

John Lyle, Sterkspruit. ^o
 cccccccccccccc The Newsletters, especially the latest one, are informative and interesting and the Editor (Simon, is it?) is to be congratulated on the standard of the contents as well as the quality of the paper and duplication. It is obvious that much thought and work goes into every letter. Sitting here in the middle of nowhere, it's genuinely pleasant to feel part of what appears to be a highly intelligent and, at present, select bunch of people. It doesn't seem at all a bad idea to look

Kevin MacDonnell raises the point of the, as yet, sparse scattering of members. Tex's idea of writing to the Sunday Times has certainly set the ball rolling and I think if members in country areas would write to their local rags, considerable numbers could be added to the lists. Just as an experiment, I'll have a go at The Friend and the Daily Dispatch.

// The Editor of the Newsletter is Mary, no longer Simon. As far as contacting Dr. Bleksley is concerned, the Committee has decided to wait a while. Dr. Bleksley has joined the staff of Damelin College and we want to give him time to settle in his new work. //

Robert Hay, d
St. James. d
dddddddddd commercial, antiquated, incongruous and
garish bunch of sketches as appeared in the
last Newsletter. I dare the people to put their names to
them. Having now put everybody down, I shall proceed to
show them how things should be done. This is a variation
of a poster done by me for SFS of the University of the
Witwatersrand.

// All the sketches submitted were signed by the artists. The Committee decided to omit the names. Your sketch would certainly have been included, had it been submitted in time. As it is, we had to print those that we received.//

Kévin MacDonnell, I thought Bernie Ackerman's article
Cape Town. most thought-provoking. I cannot
agree with all points made, but it was
well done. Bernie's liable to become quite a power in our
organisation. The rest of the N.L. was enjoyable and by
far the best yet. I predict great and still greater things
to come.

Has anyone heard of RICHARD SHAVER, an early author who, in the fifties, created quite a stir with an inner earth

LETTERS TO ED (contd.)

story he claimed to be true. I would like to obtain his book on this, "MANDARK". Any other books by him would be welcome.

.....ooooooooooooooo

ADDITIONS AND ALTERATIONS:

Please note the following change of address:

Robert Hay, The Breakers Hotel, St. James, Cape.

The following members are welcomed to the Club:

Jeffery Burnhams, 4 Watsonia Court, 6th Avenue, Newton
Park, Port Elizabeth. Thanks to Niels.

Trevor Watkins, 8 - 13th Street, Parkhurst, Johannesburg.

Thanks to Robert Hay.

Joan von Willich, 36 Chopin Street, Vanderbijlpark.

[illegible]

CHARLY: a review.

A moron has an I.Q. of less than 70. He is only capable of the most menial tasks. In mentality he is still a child, delighting in playing games with children. That is Charly.

He is determined to better himself. Four years he attends night classes, without mastering basic spelling. His job - sweeping the floor of a bakery. The butt of his fellow-workers' jokes.

He gets the opportunity to improve. An experiment at brain operation gives him increased intelligence. As his intellect grows, he becomes confident and self-assured. Because he is too smart for them, his fellow-workers get him fired. He then goes to work for the clinic where his operation is performed.

This enables the doctors to study the results. Eventually, Charly is more intelligent than the doctors. However, the effects are only temporary. He advances so rapidly that he burns himself out. The cycle is complete. Once again Charly is a moron.

Once again Charly is a moron. This is not a happy film. Nor a morbid film. Rather, it is a sad film, a thoughtful, absorbing film. We glimpse the world of a moron. A world most people never see or think about.

The pace is fairly fast. No time is wasted on drawn-out sequences. What has to be told is told concisely and effectively.. The result: A film that keeps you on the edge of your seat.

CHARLY (contd.)

Photography is excellent. Use is made of a split-screen process, showing two people full face, when they face each other. This gives both sets of expressions without the camera jumping. Also, the effects are well-done. The use of psychedelic photography when Charly becomes a Hippie is excellent.

All I can say about the acting is that Cliff Robertson earned his Oscar for the portrayal of Charly. Not only was his impersonation of a moron perfect, but to complicate matters, Charly is left-handed. Cliff makes it look natural.

This film is well worth seeing. It is not as spectacular as 2001, but it is as good.

Tex.

[illegible]

ALIVE.

Issues of NEW WORLDS. Nos. 77, 82, 84, 87, 89, 91, 99,
100, 101, 111, 125, 136 - 8. U.S. editions Nos. 1, 2, 3.
NEW WRITINGS. Nos. 2, 3, 4, 8, 10, 12. ANALOG April 67,
August 69. GALAXY October 68. Will pay good prices.
All letters answered. A.B. Ackerman, P.O. Box 6, Daggafontein.

I am interested in EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS hard covers and the ACE paperbacked editions of his work. I would also like to hear from ERB fans, c'mon , don't be shy.

Kevin MacDonnell, Cape Town.

[illegible]

NEWS FLASHES:

From the Los Angeles Times comes the news that:
Columbia Pictures have just released MAROONED based on the
novel by Martin Caidin - a story of an Astronaut marooned in
orbit round the Earth.

Production will be starting soon on the filming of J.R.R. Tolkien's LORD OF THE RINGS - by United Artists. PERSONALITY has just completed the serialisation of Michael Crichton's novel THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN - bugs from outer space create havoc.

[illegible]

WHO'S WHO IN SFSA:

The first in a series of profiles to give members a better idea of the people behind the names in the membership lists: And who better to set the ball rolling - The Chairman.

WHO'S WHO IN SFSA (contd.)

He is 1928 vintage - which was a very good year (29 August for birthday presents - thank you!) Infected by the S.F. bug via various "comics" of the 1940's; does anybody know who "Captain Justice" was?

Attended the German School in Pretoria and thereafter the Pretoria Technical College. Received B.Sc. and B.Sc. (Eng.)(Civil) at U.P. and Wits, respectively, in the long-forgotten years of 1949 and 1951. Then to work for a living. After $3\frac{1}{2}$ years in the City Engineers Dept. of the Pretoria Municipality, the temptation of private enterprise became too strong and the firm of V. Wyk and Louw (Consulting Civil Engineers - ADVERT!!) acquired a valued employee. This later became a junior partnership together with B.Sc. (Ing.) (Hons.)

The potentialities of girls had, of course, been discovered at an early age and in 1958 the axe fell, in the shape (!) of Zelda Zeiler. The happy result of this was Yvette (8), Colette (6) and Lynette (2). (Note the euphonious names.)

Interests include amateur radio, jazz - but no "pops", reading, science in almost all aspects and chess. Apart from swimming and holding down furniture by the most obvious means; no violent activities.

That's me. Robbie Wolter.

After the Chairman we have, appropriately, the Secretary/Treas.

1939 was a bad year. War broke out and I was born. However in spite of difficulties and tribulations, I managed to grow up. (Physically, at least.)

Education comprised of seven years at Hamilton Primary and five years at Clapham High, both in Pretoria. I then took up a trade, as Millwright, gaining a National Engineering Diploma and Diploma in Industrial Electronics along the way. Having qualified as a tradesman (Security, stability and dirty work) I managed to get into the Drawing Office (Still with the firm of ISCOR) Now I'm trying to leave the Office with little success.

Also along the way I acquired a wife, Rita, a daughter, Debra (9 months), a dog, Candy, three tape recorders, a typewriter (Like the tape recorders, appropriated by said Rita) and a stack of books.

Interests are varied: girls, writing, girls, reading, girls, an amateur game of chess, girls, a more professional game of bridge, girls, tape recording, girls and sf. Used to play soccer, but now prefers pottering round the garden. TEX.

The following letter has just been received:

the following:

Niels Christiansen, X Has anyone considered lapel
Port Elizabeth. X badges of the Club's emblem? I
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX have no idea of the costs involved,
but a list of interested members could be drawn up to see
how many would be required immediately and then enquiries
made to find the most economical number to be made. If the
cost isn't too prohibitive members wanting badges could be
asked to pay, in equal proportions, the full cost of manufacture
and the funds received from subsequent sales could swell the
Club's coffers.

If no one is interested maybe the Club Committee could approach one of the clothing manufacturers about the cost of ties with emblems. I feel that it would be great to have visible, tangible proof of membership in one of these forms.

[illegible]

Members who are interested, are invited to let the Secretary know whether they would want a lapel badge, a blazer badge or a tie with emblem. Depending on the response, further investigations into prices will be instigated.

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R.B. WRITES BETTER S.F. THAN R.B.

In dealing with such a controversial subject like this, the best approach is to start at the beginning. Not wishing to depart from tried and trusted methods, this article will also start there.

As everyone knows, E.R.B. ... What's that? Would you kindly repeat the question? Who is E.R.B.? And R.B.? You are not stupid, are you? You ARE an SF fan, aren't you? Well, ANY nut knows that E.R.B. is Edgar Rice Burroughs and R.B. is Ray Bradbury. Okay? Satisfied?

As I was saying before I was so rudely interrupted. Let us consider the Martian Stories as written by each author. You MUST have read one or more of E.R.B.'s Martian series. And, being SF fans, I am sure you have all read one or more of R.B.'s Martian Chronicles.

What is the first point that you notice in the stories? In R.B.'s collection, no matter where you travel on Mars, the same Martians are there. What I mean, is that there is only one race on the planet. . And they all look the same.'

On the other hand, in E.R.B.'s stories you never know what race is going to crop up next. One minute it's the Green men, then the Red men or, maybe, the Black men. In other words, there are a dozen different races, each occupying a particular area or country.

In summing up, we see that E.R.B.'s stories are more realistic than R.B.'s. Therefore E.R.B. writes better S.F. than R.B. Q.E.D.

[illegible]

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JOHANNESBURG: Simon Scott, 5 Jessie Avenue, Norwood.

PRETORIA: Tex Cooper, 1208 Carter Ave, Queenswood.

A request: Would the ladies please bring some eats.

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FOR YOUR PENANCE . . .

'Bless me, Father... I have sinned... I think that I have killed a man.'

FOR YOUR PENANCE...(contd.)

'This is serious, my son. Tell me, though, you are not sure that he is dead?'
 'Father, it is quite dead. Of that I am positive. But I am not certain that it was a man.'

'This sounds complicated, my son. Could you perhaps explain in more detail?'
 'It is quite a long story, Father, and there are other people waiting to confess.'

'My son, they can wait. I must first help you with your problem. That is why I am here. So please let me hear your story and try not omit anything.'

'Certainly, Father. I'll try not omit anything...

'It all began on a beautiful Spring day, three weeks ago. Daffodils and hyacinths were blooming in the hydroponic tanks along the moving walkways. Boys and girls, oblivious to everything except each other, were hand-in-hand on the slower walkways. It was a perfect day, with rain promised at five in the evening.

'I was on the motionless island waiting for my school friend, Paul Richard to approach. He must have been engrossed in his thoughts, for he was almost level with me before he noticed my smile of greeting. His replying smile was puzzled, as though he did not recognize me.

'Since he made no attempt to leave the walkway, I stepped onto it next to him.

"You've been working too hard, Paul," I admonished. "I could have sworn that you didn't recognize me."

'He grinned weakly at me.

"You know how it is with people you haven't seen for some time," he muttered. A chilly wind seemed to have been scheduled for the afternoon for I shuddered.

"Your work must be getting you down," I smiled, trying to shake the chill from my bones. "What you need is a good, strong drink."

"No, thanks," he replied, shaking his head. "I must be on my way. There is some work that I must complete."

'The cold wind caressed me again. Grabbing Paul's arm, I stepped off the walkway, dragging him with me.

"What on Venus do you think you're doing?" he yelled, pulling free. I stared at him, amazed.

"Where did you get that one from?" I demanded. "Anyway, I'm tired of your joke. You know very well that we always have lunch together on Tuesdays, so cut out this ignorant act." I was so angry that I turned to leave.

He reached out and grabbed my shoulder, spinning me round. The anger that had flared in his eyes was gone. A cold, calculating look replaced it. I began feeling uneasy. Something was wrong. Suddenly, I wanted to get away from him. Before I could say anything, he smiled.

"About our lunch. Let's eat at my place today. My mother will prepare us something." I stared in horror as he grasped my arm in a vise and stepped onto the walkway.

'My mind was in a turmoil. I could not think clearly. What had happened to Paul? Was he mad? I wanted to get away from him. Surely he knew that his mother had been dead for two years.

'Trying to remain calm, I turned to him.

"Actually, I was going to tell you that I cannot make the lunch date today. I have some important..."

'I trailed off. He was not taking the slightest notice of me. Something else was on his mind. But his hold on my arm did not relax in the slightest. None of the few passers-by seemed to notice anything unusual.

'I opened my mouth to scream. He was anticipating it, for his hand clamped over my open mouth, before I could utter a sound. I lunged forward, biting his hand. At the same time I kicked backwards. I felt my foot connect.

FOR YOUR PENANCE...(contd.)

'There was a yelp of pain and his grip relaxed. Lunging free, I sprang onto a fast lane and began running. Two blocks later, I glanced over my shoulder. There was no pursuit, so I moved to the slower lane. I was free.

'I was in a quandary. Should I inform the police? What could I tell them? That my friend was no longer the person that I used to know? They would laugh at me. Yet, I knew that it was not the Paul that I had attended school with. Who was it, then? Or, was it WHAT was it?

'Shivers of fear tickled my spine. What had he said? "What on VENUS..." Could he be an alien? A forerunner of an invasion force? I felt very vulnerable.

'An hour later, I was more relaxed. A loaded revolver weighed down my jacket pocket. There had been no trouble in procuring it. I headed for my apartment and a drink, deciding to have the rest of the afternoon free.

'He was waiting for me as I entered the apartment. How he had managed to enter, I don't know. I should have suspected, though. Seeing him, I put my hand into my pocket, holding the gun. A queer machine on the table stopped me from pulling the trigger. Keeping my hand on the trigger, I decided to try and get some information from him.

"Hello, Paul. What do you want?"

"I'm sorry about what happened at lunch time. I want to apologize. Also, I'd like to show you the latest experiment that I've been busy with." He gestured to the machine on the table. Curious, I stepped forward, away from the door.

'He stepped past me. Before I could stop him, the door was locked and the key was in his pocket. He turned back to me. I stared, paralysed. Now I knew what the difference was. His eyes were green. Paul's had been brown.

"A wicked smile played on his lips. He moved to the machine, keeping his eyes on me.

"Now, my friend, you will see what the science of an intelligent race can do." Still staring at me, he flicked a switch on the machine. A whining sound filled the room. It beat at my head, trying to get inside. I shook my head. He laughed, evilly.

"You won't get rid of it that way. Let me tell you what it is, before I complete the experiment. This machine is a type of signal generator. However, the signal that it generates, neutralises your mind waves. This means that your mind is destroyed, leaving it suitable for one of us to take it over. It does not affect our minds because they operate on a different frequency. A small adjustment and your mind will be ready for one of us."

"Who are you? What do you want here?"

"I am one of the invasion force from Venus. Our aim is to take over the Earth. You see, our planet can no longer support our growing population, so we decided to take over the Earth. Anyway, enough of this talking. There is a Venusian waiting for your mind."

He bent to the machine, adjusting a dial. The whining grew louder. It seemed to be eating into my head. He took his eyes off me as he adjusted the machine. My first shot shattered the machine. In the silence following the reverberations, he stared at me, startled. The look remained on his face as a round hole appeared in his forehead.

'Hesitating only to throw a few clothes into a suitcase, I left the apartment. Since then, I've been moving from hotel to hotel. I've been at my wits' end, not knowing what to do. I could not go to the police, they would never believe me. What proof did I have? None.

'I cannot trust my friends anymore. How do I know whether they have been taken over or not? But, I had to tell someone, so I finally decided to come and see you, Father. Do you believe my story, Father?

'Yes, my son. Implausible as your story sounds, it has the ring of truth. I can sympathise with you, as I

FOR YOUR PENANCE...(contd.)

red these last three weeks.
on that I would like to ask.
und like?'
ounded exactly like that fan

you have just switched on.'

'In that case, my son, for your penance you will
allow your mind to be taken over by a Venusian.'

The whining grew louder and louder.

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Copyright 1970 by Tex Cooper.

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NEWS FROM N3F:

Movies: BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES will be the title
of a sequel to the movie produced by Fox which pulled in the
second largest gross of any road show in its history.

"Love, love, love... brings me down" was the song used in the
SF-fantasy satire Barbarella. Someone at Paramount must have
watched the movie too many times as the name of the sequel
will be BARBARELLA GOES DOWN.

Robert Bloch fans will want to see THE HOUSE THAT DRIPPED
BLOOD, a collection of his short stories under Columbia's label.
THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN is the name of a Book-of-the-Month Club
selection and a new SF movie about a plague-carrying unmanned
satellite returning to Earth.

Shaver Mystery: The 'Shaver Mystery' an alleged hoax which
caused one of fandom's major splits back in the early 50's
and late 40's is coming to the forefront once more with the
current occult revival. BEYOND, a general circulation
'Zine of the weird and the occult, printed a full article
on the 'latest' findings which are said to prove parts of
the mystery. The proof so far consists of rocks which seem
to have pictures in them. Photographs are provided in the
'zine in the October issue.

S.F. language: To some people, it seems as though SF fans
speak a different language to anyone else. To make this
language sound more understandable, a few terms and definitions
will be given here:

FANZINE: A fanzine is a magazine produced by a fan. It is
all amateur work and is usually printed at a loss. It may
be about a specific subject, eg, UFO's or ERB, or it may have
general views and news and is called a GENZINE.

PROZINE: A prozine is a professional SF magazine, eg, IF,
ANALOG, etc. It is produced to make money, not as a hobby.

FEN: A collection of SF fans are called fen.

FANDOM: The SF fan movement is known as fandom.

CON.: A convention or gathering of the SF clan, usually with
a guest speaker. I guest that's all for now. Tex.

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