

SOUTH AFRICAN SF CLUB.

Vol. 1 No. 7.

May, 1970

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| Which reminds me | allovertheshow. | |
|). | | |

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Librarian: Tex Cooper, as above.
B.S.F.A. Agent: Bernie Ackerman, P.O. Box 6, Daggafontein.

The cover of N.L. No. 6 was the official emblem of S.F.S.A., designed by Kevin MacDonnell. The symbolism, as explained by Kevin is as follows: The Sword represents Science Fantasy, The Space Ship represents straight Science and Science Fiction.

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Contributions of artwork are invited from any aspiring artists. However, we reserve the right to censor any artwork received. Please do not make the drawings too involved as they have to be traced. My poor eyes.

All artwork in this issue by Tex Cooper.

The drawings were done at work when he had nothing better to do.

THIS SPACE FOR HIRE. APPLY WITHIN.

[illegible]

This suggestion has been submitted by Bernie Ackerman who, in the event of sufficient interest being evidenced, has kindly offered to control it. Therefore, would all those who are interested, please contact Bernie. Now, for the idea.

Birthdays: Congratulations to the following members who celebrate their birthday in May.

Change of Status and Address: Cheryl Hay has now entered the state of Matrimony and has become Mrs McCrindle. Congratulations and may you have many happy years ahead of you. Her new address is: 311 Talisman, Walker Street, Sunnyside, Pretoria.

New Members: We welcome the following new members to our ranks. May they find the Club stimulating.

Professor A. Bleksley, 31 Kinross Road, Parkview, Johannesburg.

Malcolm Marshall, 3 Ixia Street, Milnerton, Cape Town.

Paul & Carolyn Westcott, 81 Hillbrow Street, Berea, Johannesburg.

[illegible]

A Members' Meeting will be held on Friday,
May 22 at 7.30 p.m. at the home of Frank & Felicity Gentle,
34 Gorst Avenue, Primrose, Germiston. Please make every
effort to attend. Should transport be required, contact
Mary or Tex. Also, could the female members supply plates
of eats to take the burden of catering off Felicity's shoulders.
It would be greatly appreciated if you could
let us know beforehand whether you expect to
attend or not. The main topic for discussion
will be the Annual General Meeting to be held in
October. So, please bring your thinking-caps
with and use this opportunity to meet your
fellow members.

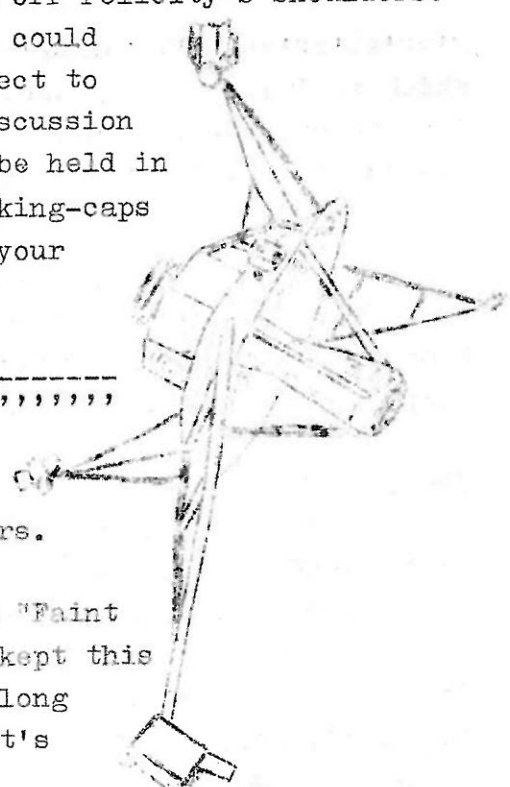
WHO'S WHO IN S.F.S.A.

Continuing our thrilling serial, we introduce four new characters.

1. Your Sub-Editor.

One of our family mottoes is "Paint heart never won fat female." I have kept this injunction in mind most of my life - along with another that goes "When the credit's low, order champagne."

Born in Zambia in 1944, I spent my growing years



WHO'S WHO: (contd.)

moving about Central Africa. This semi-nomadic existence was due to the fact that my father was employed on various construction sites, normally far from the madding crowd. He is also a devilishly handsome fellow, along with Asimov and myself.

After doing a number of jobs such as soil sampling, selling used cars, working for Philips Rhodesia installing car radios, I worked for Rhokana Corporation as an analytical chemist for about two years.

In 1963, a friend and I decided to stop analyzing things and do the overseas bit. We had saved a few hundred pounds each and we hitch-hiked down to Cape Town, expecting to be able to work our way overseas on a ship.

Alas - it was not to be... Salisbury, Bulawayo and Jo'burg had too many attractions to entirely forego and we reached the harbour city with our funds sadly depleted, albeit we were much more worldly. After several abortive weeks, we discovered that we could not get onto a ship without a seaman's ticket and that we couldn't get a seaman's ticket until we had been on a ship.

We started answering ads in the vacancies columns of the papers and I landed a job as a nightclub manager in a sleazy establishment called the Million Dollar Casino. At the end of several months my funds were down to about 4 cents and no pay was forthcoming, so I again started looking for employment.

The next two years found me travelling South Africa selling subscriptions to magazines, on a door-to-door basis. From this very interesting job I moved to a similar field, that of selling encyclopaedias. This was fine for a further couple of years, but finally living like a mole got on my nerves and I applied to Burroughs Machines. They were kind enough to believe that I might be successful with them and they are still paying me.

Last year, on the strength of a few reasonably sized commission cheques, I decided... we decided... she decided... (I'm not quite sure about this) to get married and Lesley and I now have a baby daughter named Debora Lee who successfully prevents the week-end lie-in.

I never did get overseas... Colin.

I never did get overboarded.
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And next... The fan you've all heard about...

Born in Pretoria, so I'm told, being too young at the time to remember the event. 1943 was a vintage year.

Shortly afterwards it became evident that some particle of hard radiation had drilled one of my ancestor's genes at some time. The result, muscular dystrophy, enables me to enjoy the benefits of a Government Disability Grant. Naturally, I refuse to actually work.

THE WAR BOOK by James Sallis.- A Review:

This is an anthology, supposedly of some of the best SF dealing with war. Although, I think inclusion of some more

well-known authors would have been a good idea, there is a fairly representative selection, ranging from 1951 to 1969, from Fritz Leiber and William Tenn to Thomas M. Disch and James Sallis.

THE PRICE by Algis Budrys -

The 1,000 words of this story terrified me more than almost any

other short story I have read. It

shows the extent to which man will go to become victor, only to find he has destroyed

himself and his ideals in so doing. My favourite story.

IN PASSAGE OF THE SUN by George Collyn -

a rather over-long and predictable story of an earth of no intrinsic value and the man

willing to die for it because they believe

it to be the origin of life. A form of

ancestor worship really, with Earth as

the shrine. The 25 pages of this

story should have been devoted to

something more worthy.

1 - A by Thomas M. Disch - In time,

this story should become a new-wave classic.

It shows the futility of training men for war and then sending them home again, never having

seen combat. A very neat ending.

GAME by Donald Barthelme - I've never

heard of this author before, but I hope to hear more. Not in

the 'classic' class, but still excellent, it lays bare the

insanity engulfing the minds of two men, blindly "doing their

duty." It is frighteningly open to several interpretations.

I thoroughly enjoyed it.

THE FOX-HOLES OF MARS by Fritz Leiber - Personally,

I didn't like it. I think it was supposed to build up an

aura of frightening tension, but it failed miserably with me.

Partly because I couldn't fully understand it, I suppose. Not

everybody's cup of tea, certainly not mine.

DOWN THE RABBIT-HOLE by Norman Spinrad - Effectively

shows the general reaction of a fighting man to his job. High-

lighting a previously unknown form of warfare, it is philosophically

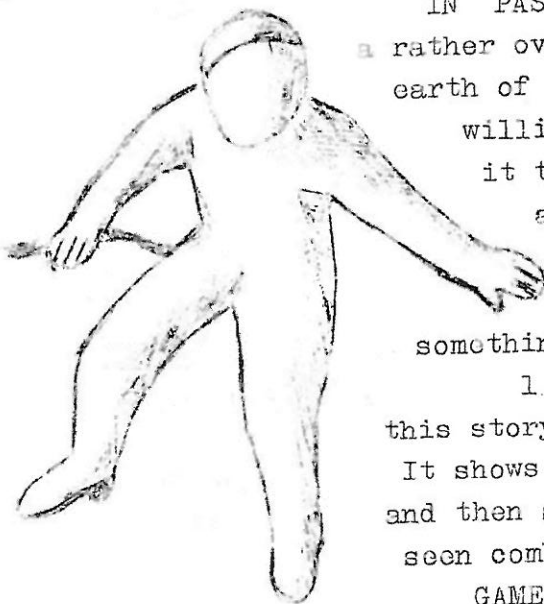
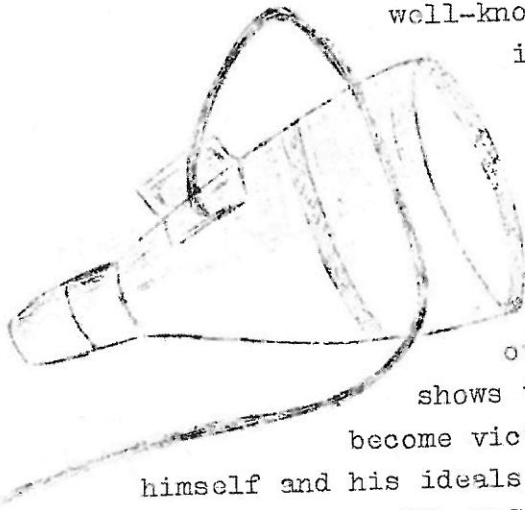
disturbing.

PACIFIST by Mack Reynolds - Shows the ultimate in

futility and contradiction - the use of violence to promote

pacifism, in the prevention of the final violence. It also

shows the effect of this principle on one of its followers. Good



SOCIO - CON 1:

For the enlightenment of our country members, who were unable to attend the Socio-Con (and also for those in Jo'burg and Pretoria) here is a formal report of what happened. (Until I had to leave, that is.)

We arrived at Bernie's place at about 4.30 p.m. to find the place packed. Present were: Bernie, of course, Mary, Simon and Jane, Tex, Rita and Debra, Mavis, Len, Trevor, Jim and... and...

Well, we sat around discussing SF (did we?) until someone came up with the brilliant idea of Tea and Coffee. That got rid of the ladies for a while and the men got down to some serious talking.

Then, at approx 5.30, by unanimous consent, the fires were lit by those two Army volunteers Tex and Trevor. In no time a vicious blaze was warming Bernie's bedstead, which was used as a grid. Meanwhile, beer was handed out and guzzled (while Tex & Trevor were busy, of course) bread and chips and tomatoes were laid out and the meat given to, guess who? Once the meat was done everyone set to with a will and the food and beer disappeared and conversation appeared.

Coffee and tea was served again. Len had to have two cups as he insisted on showing us how to fall over backwards without spilling a drop. He lost. Then, just as everyone was in the mood for talking, and the fire had been built up, Tex, Rita, Debra and Mavis had to leave. From what I heard afterwards, this was when the party livened up, after I left. Thanks very much.

And now, firstly, I would like to extend a very warm vote of thanks to Mr & Mrs Ackerman for the trouble they went to in allowing us to take over and also for everything that they did. Thank you. From the comments of members who attended, Socio-Con 1 was a resounding success. Let us hope that, when the weather warms, we will be able to have more such events.

Tex.

=====

COULD SOMEONE TELL ME WHICH IS MAN?

Could someone help me please?
I am a stranger on this world.
I am trying to find your leader,
The being you call "Man."

There are many different kinds,
Who could be the ones I seek.
I know that they're supposed to be
The ones who are civilized.

Or is it that great beast,
With swinging trunks and gleaming
tusks?
It is big and strong and weighs a
ton,
And doesn't lust for blood.

Of one thing I'm sure,
It's not the two-legged beast.
He does not understand himself,
And kills his kind for fun.

Linda Reef,
Johannesburg.

[illegible]

LETTERS TO ED:

Help. H...e...l...p and other assorted pleas for assistance.

Just finished Philip Jose Farmer's 'The Maker of Universe', 'The Gates of Creation' and 'A Private Cosmos', the first three of his World of the Tiers series, and what do I find. The rat has done an E.R.B. on me. The story doesn't end. It doesn't even tie up any loose ends. There must be another book, but I don't have any idea what it is called. Any ideas? I have been completely involved in the series and am now lost. Can't stand being left in suspense.

LETTERS TO ED: (contd.)

I'm in complete agreement with Joe in regard to comparing E.R.B. and Bradbury. Bradbury is in a class of his own. His control of English cannot be equalled by any other SF author. Maybe only Bradbury fans are affected, but as far as I am concerned, his 'Dandelion Wine' in a quiet solitary corner can only be described as taking a trip. It's not a story, it's an experience.

New Wave! If some of the stories are anything to go by, no thanks. Must admit that there are very good stories, but the majority are insipid and utterly incomprehensible. Yeech!

What is the general opinion on Theodore Sturgeon. I'd like to hear how his works are considered.

+++++

Yvonne Kapp, // Very many thanks for your newsletter, etc. -
Dunnottar. // I am at last putting pen to paper to let you
////////// know how much I enjoyed it - as a lazy member -
(according to Joe Oakes' "pretty poor show" comment on members' contributions, which, I must admit made me feel guilty, I have to confess that this is the first letter I have written to you since joining the Club almost a year ago.

To close may I say, carry on the good work - we are proud to be members of S.F.S.A.

(((((O))))))

"It is letters like this and the next one that make me feel that the effort I've put into starting the Club has been worth while. Thank you very much for your appreciation, it's welcomed.

Tex."

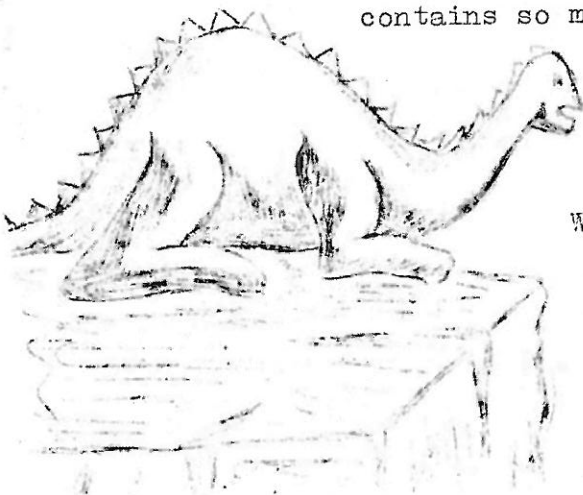
~~~~~

Chris Venter, // Newsletter Volume 1, No. 76 was, and is,  
Cape Town. // a danger to my job. When I joined the Club,  
////////// my intention was to enjoy, not take an active part or contribute other than financially. (Subs, of course.) This attitude was not due to lack of interest, but due to pressure of work. (Ulcers at 34, yet.) However, your latest N.L.

contains so much in the way of comment invitation as well as enjoyment, that I must endanger my health and job and take time out to say a few words,

Who is this Joe D. Oakes, Wakkerstroom? Is he some world renowned author that I have not read as yet? Can we expect a story from him in our N.L. soon?

My reason? His criticism of Tex's story (which I thought



Cape Town is 1,000 miles from the golden city and this means that we cannot participate in the flesh in the activities. Pity, as I would gladly have acquired another ulcer to have been present on the 18th.

.....  
which reminds me about that competition. soon, i promise.

LETTERS TO ED: (contd.)

Nicholas Shears, // Congrats to Trevor for his story.  
Johannesburg. // He put a twist into a story that was only a  
//////////////////// little longer than the twist (when there is  
one) of an average story. My only criticism is that he used  
the name "Evil" too soon, a rather heavy clue as to the ending.

"Mars" was good. The subject, as treated, was far  
better suited to poetry than short story form and I was pleased  
to see that it was done so. (How come we have so little SF  
poetry, anyway? It's a wide open field.) Only in the 3rd,  
(perhaps the 4th) 5th and 11th verses was the rhyme, to my mind  
at all strained. Not bad at all for a 14 verse poem.

Good idea of Bernie's about the cover design. Executed  
well too. (No pun on copying intended, it was better than the  
copy we voted on.) I agree on its being too intricate for a  
badge. I think a lapel badge would be the best idea, preferably  
metal. A tie would be quite groovy, but an unnecessary expense.  
Perhaps some sort of transfer could be fixed up to be ironed  
onto a tie or something.

Why is there so little SF music around, apart from  
film sound tracks? The only popular one of recent years that  
I can remember is "In the Year 2525" by Zager and Evans.

It's an often mentioned thing, but SF of bygone days  
is the fact of today. I refer to the Mag. "SCOPE" dated April  
3, 17 and the following 5 issues. In these are described  
the "7 Wonders of the Future." They are: a lifespan 2 - 4 times  
our present one; living under the sea and 'breathing' water;  
a capsule under the skin, giving immunity to nearly all viruses;  
gigantic cities in towers, hundreds of stories high, linked by  
tunnels; 'test-tube' babies and other remarkable discoveries  
feasible in the very close future. Each contains an absolute  
wealth of ideas for stories.

There's a bit of humorous SF in the "PERSONALITY" of  
May 7, in the satirical column "On the Kirbyside." Robert  
Kirby describes what archaeologists of future centuries might  
make of such "Plastic Age" articles as a car number plate  
(obviously a wall-hanging work of art) a transistor radio  
(undoubtedly a small child's uneducational toy) an issue of  
"Playboy" (deciphered as 'Prayboy' an issue of the official  
organ of an ancient religious cult worshipping the female) and  
various other such commonplace objects. Haven't I read a story  
about this somewhere else? Can anybody help me?

(( I recall a similar story entitled "When the Moon  
Died." Don't remember the author or much of the story. Tex.))

At our local lending library (Linden) I was pleased to  
find recently that a section of the library had been put aside  
for SF. This has not yet been done by the Central Library in



[illegible]

Kevin: No relation to Forrest J., unfortunately. You can stop smoking and curling at the edges - I have very few zines on my shelf. As a collector, I am a non-starter. What do I offer you? The least possible. Seriously, I've no firm idea - original price? ... No? One and a half? ... No? Your turn. I wondered if you could keep up the high standard

LETTERS TO ED: (contd.)

evident in your SF Magazines series. You have obviously studied the field deeply. I look forward to the next. ((So do the rest of us. Ed.))

Joe: On the contrary, E.R.B. is much more of an SF writer than Bradbury. What good is subtlety without entertainment?

Seems Mary is not the only ignorant one - I had no idea just what the consequences would be of a Moon which set in the East.

One thing one can say about A.E. Mouse's latest epistle is, he writes well, i.e. has good sentence construction, etc. As for his sanity ... When they let you out, ask me for the name of my head-shrinker.

!\_!+!!!!!!\_!!!!!!+""""""""=WORKITOUTFORYOURSELF...

Robert Hay, // Having read Trevor's story I have come  
St James. // to the conclusion that he does not know the rules  
////////// of the game. The main rule is good triumphs  
over evil. This is easily proved.

Taking good qualities: LOVE, kindness, happiness, creativity, production, construction; these are all positive.

Bad qualities: HATE, cruelty, sadness, depression, idleness, destruction; these are all negative qualities.

Take good as +1 and evil as -1. At start of game you have light 1, and dark 0. So, initially, for the game to start light conquers dark.  $1 + 0 = 1$ .

The two players are introduced.  $1 + 1 - 1 = 1$ .  
Good and evil in balance. If either were to withdraw from the game:  
good withdrawn:  $1 - 1 = 0$  End of game ie. good & evil destroyed.

evil withdrawn:  $1 + 1 = 2$  Start of a much better game.

∴ Good triumphs over evil. Q. E. D.  
£'sshillingsandpencedon'tmakeforhappinessbuttheysurehelpalot..  
((What? - O.K. it's a story, but in real life, I rather feel that Evil triumphs over Good. Let's face it, the only reason one doesn't do evil things is the fact that one might be caught. Provided one isn't caught, Crime does pay. Explain this? Read the story again - using same formula: Evil wins ie, Good withdraws. ∴ end of game, good and evil destroyed - but not necessarily in person, but in the game.

Ed.))

AND NOW ... YOU ALL REMEMBER THE COMPETITION THAT I KEEP PROMISING TO TELL YOU ALL ABOUT. ... ??? ... ???  
this is not it as we are at the bottom of this page, but if you will bear with me a while longer. who knows. i may tell.

Competition. competition. -15-

You sent  
me  
ni

NAMES  
NAMES  
NAMES

CHOOSE NOW

**RULES:**

- Here are the suggested names for the Newsletter. Maybe we can ask Kevin to illustrate the winning name after voting.

Bernie, unfortunately your name is the name of a registered newspaper and cannot be used.

There are about 150 fans in Australia who belong to clubs, publish fanzines, attend cons, etc. and +250 who are heard from occassionally. In order to keep up to date with fandom in Australia, I will be writing to some of them. If anyone would like to correspond, please let me know. TEX.