## SOUTH AFRICAN SF CLUB.

SOUTH THE TEXT OF SOUTH SECTION SECTIO	
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The cover of N.L. No. 6 was the official emblem of S.F	.S.A.,
designed by Kevin MacDonnell. The symbolism, as exp	
Kevin is as follows: The Sword represents Science Fa	
The Space Ship represents straight Science and Science	
000000000000000000000000000000000000000	
Contributions of artwork are invited from any aspiring	artists.
However, we reserve the right to censor any artwork re	
Please do not make the drawings too involved as they h	ave to
be traced. My poor eyes.	
All artwork in this issue by Tex Cooper.	
The drawings were done at work when he had nothing bet	ter to do.
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### EDITORIAL:

Professor Arthur Bleksley has accepted Honorary Life
Membership of the Club. Thank you, Professor Bleksley, for
honouring our Club. We hope that you will find the Club
interesting and stimulating and that you will never regret
your decision. A very warm welcome to you from all our members.

I thoroughly enjoyed Trevor's story and must congratulate him on it. The world situation today makes it reasonably feasible.

As regards criticism, it is not a medium for airing one's opinions, but for the benefit of the creator of the work under discussion. A critic need not necessarily be capable of doing something as well as the person being criticised, (Altho' it is an advantage to have had experience in the field, as a sympathetic critic is generally a good one) but he must bear in mind his limitations to a certain degree. There is always good in anything and if you are going to give a slanting criticism, it is only diplomacy to give the author his due for the good points. If you cannot find any good points, you are in no position to criticise. It is a mark of ignorance to see only the bad. Express opinions by all means - after all, we are entitled to them.

So far, all the criticisms published in the N.L. have been fairly balanced. Take, for example, Joe Oakes' crit. Until the last sentence it was excellent. The last sentence was redundant - what had gone before had said as much in a more diplomatic terminology. To have ended with the pen-ultimate would have been highly superior. Good crit, Joe.

An amateur needs encouragement, so be constructive. Saying "I don't like this" is inferior to saying "The effect have been better if such-and-such were to replace this passage", etc. Never, in trying to be tactful, give credit where you honestly feel it is not due.

Next, error on my part in the previous Editorial. Seventh paragraph, first sentence, "diatonic system" should read "even-tempered system of tuning."

Anyone sending us a crit or review of 'The Forbin Project'?

-Mary.

## 

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.

## MAGAZINE CHAIN (contd.):

The basic idea is that a dozen or so members each put in R1.00 or so, which is then used to subscribe to as many S.F. Magazines as possible. Members are listed in an agreed upon order and each passes the mag on to the next in line when he has read it.

There are many snags, of course.

- a. One doesn't get to keep the magazine/s. Valid, but you have more variety and we can arrange to auction them after they have gone the round. This scheme, in any case, is not for avid collectors.
- b. If each chainee keeps the mag only one week, it is still some three months after publication day before No. 12 gets his kicks. Right, so we start the various mags at different points along the list, e.g. with 3 one can start at No. 1, No. 5 and No. 9.
- c. What if a chainee neglects to pass mags on?

  I hope there are not too many like this in S.F.S.A., but time will tell. Some rigid rules and penalties, such as immediate and permanent disqualification may keep us on our collective toes.

What support is there? Criticize please.

Bernie.

### HELP, I AM A ...

Sticky, mushy dough. Clinging all over.

Struggle. Impossible to remove. A sound. Is it help?

Rescue? Louder and closer. Turmoil. Whirled around.

Completely covered. Help...

Motion. Up. Dropping. Stunned. Blackness. Heat. Almost unbearable. Nothing...

Help, I am a prisoner in a Chinese Fortune Cookie. Won't somebody listen. You must not eat me. Please, I beg you. Help me. Is anybody there?

Violent motion. Vibrations shake me. A glimmer of light. I am saved. Somebody heard me. Struggle to reach the light. No. No. No. No.

A mouth. Wide. With sharp teeth. Approaching.
No, don't. Can't you see me. I am inside. Save me.
Help, I am a priso....

Joe D. Oakes.

which reminds me of my grannie, who loved listening to these Westerns on radio. she's 80 and they're beginning to affect

her. the other day she was listening and was wearing boots. that's all, just boots.

### NEWS OF MEMBERS:

<u>Birthdays</u>: Congratulations to the following members who celebrate their birthday in May.

Yvonne Kapp; Frans Kruger; Simon Scott;

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 Txia Street, Milnerton, Cape Town. Paul & Carolyn Westcott, 81 Hillbrow Street, Berea, Johannesburg.

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

FRIDAY, MAY 22, 1970.

### WHO'S WHO IN S.F.S.A.;

fellow members.

Continuing our thrilling serial, we introduce four new characters.

1. Your Sub-Editor.

One of our family mottoes is "Faint 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 champagnne."

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 oversess... Colin.

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.

### WHO'S WHO: (contd.)

Being in a mining family, I've been carted over half S.A. Westonaria, Virginia, Roodepoort, Brakpan, Springs, Kimberley.

No letters after my name, I'm afraid. My schooling came to an abrupt end while in Std Vl. No, I was NOT expelled.

Although SF had always appealed to me, I was no more than an avid reader until the BSFA lured me into their clutches. Fans! What a crowd of nuts. Present company excluded (I didn't know you then.)

My interests, besides SF, are legion. The greatest is Amateur Radio. I got my "ticket" in '67 by passing the Postmaster-General's "Radio Operators Examination" with 91% (Crow.) Then, putting on a pathetic face, I conned the GPO into waiving the Morse Code Test. By the way, Tex, organising ones self into national groups is not unique to SF. Hams were doing this long before SF was even a gleam in Gernback's eye. We have some pressing reasons though.

I have also dabbled in carpentry, model engineering, til painting, etc. I play chess (not very well) and a fabulous game of international intrigue called Diplomacy. Finis.

Bernie.

Born in 1939. Attended Primrose Hill Primary School and Germiston Girls High School. After Matriculation, decided to earn a living - definitely <u>not</u> in a bank.

Joined the Standard Bank and worked there just long enough to meet my husband, then left for greener fields in Johannesburg. Married in 1961, elest son Andrew, born in September 1964, followed by Kathleen in January 1969.

Between children, put in a spell of work for a Welfare Organisation. Hobbies include reading (SF, of course) and various other sedentary pursuits.

Felicity.

Born in Potchefstroom in 1935. Went to Primary and High Schools in that town and, after Matriculation, joined the Standard Bank. After 5 years transferred to Germiston, met and married my wife and am the father of Andrew  $(5\frac{1}{2})$  and Kathleen (15 months)

Have now been promoted to Sub-Accountant (Acting Accountant) in a Johannesburg branch of the Bank. Hobbies include reading (not SF) rugby, and teaching Sunday School. Interests include mini-skirts, etc.

Frank.

### 

The Hobbit and The Lord of the Rings are nothing but a bunch of Fairy Tales, fit only for children, small ones at that.

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 rather over-long and predictable story of an
earth of no intrinsical value and the man
willing to die for it because they believe

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.

l - 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.

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 pillosophically 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. G

### THE WAR GAME: (contd.)

YOUR SOLDIER UNTO DEATH by Michael Walker - Rather reminescent of Blish's "Seedling Stars" (in which adapted forms of mankind are bred to inhabit other worlds) and Wyndham's "Consider Her Ways" (in which an all-female world is run on the termite 'class system' basis) it examines the morality of breeding a "soldier race" much on the same basis as an ant's nest, to combat just such a race. Another good thought-provoking story.

AND THEN THE DARK by James Sallis - I usually condemn the inclusion of a story by the Editor, in an anthology, but this is the exception to prove the rule. It is a good description of the effect of war on a civilian, working for the war effort.

THE WEAPON by Fredric Brown - Yet another good one. I cannot do better than Sallis's own introduction: "... concerning the sophistication of our machinery and our own childishness and poses again the question of individual responsibility."

OR ELSE by Henry Kuttner - Written humourously, this short story shows that, like the leopard and his famous spots, basic human nature never changes. We are not yet ready for an extra-terrestrial intelligence to try and reform us. We must learn from our own mistakes first. Outwardly harmless, horror lurks beneath the surface of this story.

THE LIBERATION by William Tenn - Sallis describes this as a satire on the Korean War. It is written much in the style of a farce, but I wasn't laughing. (Which doesn't mean it wasn't good; it was.)

CRABAPPLE CRISIS by George MacBoth - Compares the horror of nuclear escalation to a domestic crisis. Amusing and unusual, but nothing remarkable. I don't see how it merited inclusion as SF; it would have been more at home in "Life" magazine.

THE HOUSE BY THE CRABAPPLE TREE by S.S. Johnson - After the war, the isolated families (???) are living in mortal terror of the roving gangs. It is disturbing, but the end allows us to see the faint glimmer of hope that keeps them alive - that there is a God and "He will make everything all right again."

Verdict: 11 good, 2 bad, 1 non-SF. Well worth reading.

Notes: The cover, designed by David Stone, is

strikingly unusual. Published by Rupert Hart-Davis, London,

1969. Retails at approximately R3.00.

Nick.

### 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. I had to leave, that is.)

We arrived at Bernie's place at about 4.30 p.m. to find Present were: Bernie, of course, Mary, the place packed. 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. 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. time a vicious blaze was warming Bernie's bedstead, which was use. 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.

Len had to have two Coffee and tea was served again. cups as he insisted on showing us how to fall over backwards Then, just as everyone was without spilling a drop. He lost. 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 Thank you. From the comments of members who attended, Socio-Con l was a resounding success. Let us hope that, when the weather warms, we will be able to have more such events.

# 

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 The ones who are civilized.

### COULD SOMEONE: (contd.)

Could it be the tiny sparrow,
That flies with such precision?
It builds and mates and rears its young,
And loves its fellow-bird.

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.

Maybe it's the butterfly, With lovely speckled wings, Who, tiny as she may be, Can change from worm to moth.

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

Oh, I am a stranger on your world. Won't you show me which is Man?

\*

Linda Reef, Johannesburg.

which reminds me that you still have not heard about the competi.... sa noos sa dedrawer eb lliw ecneitap ruoy, ton raef .noit

### LETTERS TO ED:

Niels Christiansen, // H...e...l...p and other Help. 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 The rat has done an E.R.B. on me. The story what do I find. It doesn't even tie up any loose ends. doesn't end. must be another book, but I don't have any idea what it is called. I have been completely involved in the series and Any ideas? am now lost. Can't stand being left in suspense.

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. Yeach!

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.

"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

excellent) is pretty harsh. I believe one should not criticize unless you have tried doing something and have been pretty successful at it. Maybe I'm wrong, in which case please accept my apologies Mr. Oakes.

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.

Jeff Burnhams, / Would you please put an advertisement Port Elizabeth. // for books on my behalf?

AD. ad. Books wanted. WANTED BOOKS.

Wanted: Ace Double and Single. Please send list of book numbers. Would prefer the early D and F Series.

All Letters will be answered.

(You can't say we don't help our members, Tex)
Could you let me know what other members of the Club
live in P.E. (if any) besides Claude and Niels. Also the
first Newsletters, any chance of obtaining copies as I have
only the last two, which came out after I joined.

Keep up the good work and what's the possibility of more frequent N.L.s. Three months is a long time to wait for news.

//This letter was printed to illustrate the ideas that the uninitiated have with regard to Science Fiction. Ed.//

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

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 1lth verses was the rhyme, to my mind at all strained. Not bad at all for a 14 verse poem.

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 humourous 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

Jo'burg yet. Has it been taken up by any other sub-urban library near other Club members? Has any member got a method for defining a book or story as SF or otherwise? As I've mentioned, SF at our library is separate, but the "Year of the Rabbit" by Russell Braddon is with the other fiction. Braddon is an excellent author and this is the only book of his that I would call SF. Obviously, the library doesn't agree. Perhaps this is why the SF Segregation method has not been adopted in town yet.

On Sat. April 24, at 8 p.m. the English Service of the S.A.B.C. broadcast a 1 hr dramatized version of John Wyndham's short story "Chokky". This concerns a young boy, Matthew, who is 'controlled' by a being from outer space, Chokky. Chokky is a scout from a dying planet, looking for inhabitable boys. The opinions and actions of Ghokky have severe effects on everybody concerned with Matthew and Matthew. The play was faitly good, but was spoiled by Valerie Miller, playing Matthew. Why can't boys be used to play boys in plays, instead of women, whose adopted voices become tedious after short whiles?

"The Challenge of Space," Springbok Radio, Mondays
7.30 - 8.00 p.m. First rate SF is usually broadcast, but never
the name of the authors. Do we have a team of SF writers in
S.A. turning out material in bulk?

Bernie Ackerman, / Your editorial has firmly established paggafontein. // your right to retain the post. I know little about music, but nevertheless found it engrossing (and illuminating.) Hope you will give us more.

Seems we have another promising author in our ranks. Really enjoyed your short, short Trevor. Apart from one or two minor lapses of technique this is a fine effort and has a nice idea. Come on, fellow fans, try and beat Trevor. Hey, stop looking at me.

I can sympathize with Louis and Linette. Classical remark in my particular corner of the desert: "I like SF... when there's nothing better to read." G.r.o.a.n.

Niels, I missed the Tex interview, any chance of getting a copy? My recorder is 2 track,  $1^7/8$  &  $3\frac{1}{2}$  ips, portable. Thanks for the <u>Dune</u> review. I was rather vague about the book's content.

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

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.))

On the contrary, E.R.B. is much more of an SF Joe: 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. When they let you out, ask me for the As for his sanity ... name of my head-shrinker.

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

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

HATE, cruelty, sadness, depression, Bad qualities: 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. l + l - l = 1. Good and evil in balance. If either were to withdraw from the good withdrawn: 1 - 1 = 0End of game ie. good & game: evil destroyed.

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

.. Good triumphs over evil. Q. E. D. E'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,

.. end of game, good and evil destroyed -Good withdraws. but not necessarily in person, but in the game.

Ed.)) AND NOW ... YOU ALL REMEMBER THE COMPETITION 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: CoM AT LAST ... you not. You sent Names THIS m m IT!!!! 8 semaN CHOOSE NOW VOTE FOR JOE.

### RULES:

- Each member may vote for three or less names in the order of preference.
- Names of submitters will be kept secret until the result of the competition is known, to protect innocent people.
- Points will be awarded as follows: 1st place 3 In the event of a tie, there 3rd place - 1. 2nd place - 2 will be a re-election of the tied names.
- There will be a prize of a year's subscription to the Club for the submitter of the winning name. Should the winner be an Honorary Life Member, the prize will be awarded to the next placed name.
- No recriminations about the name will be entertained after voting has closen. You were asked to submit your suggestions. If you did not, don't complain afterwards.
- 6. Voting will close on JUNE 30, 1970. Get your votes in early.

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

RADIATIONS	ZENITH	CONTRATERRENE	NUCLEUS
AVALON	EXPANDING	SCI-LENS	ISOMERS
MARYTEX	MUTATIONS	UTOPIA	DIRAC
THE WAITING	ROOM BEEP	XENON	TELLSTAR
ENTROPIAN	S.F.S.A.	LIFELINE WAR	OF THE _WORDS
CONGLOM	PROBE	STARGAZE	SF NEWS.
AURORA	PULSATIONS	EX TERRA	ANDROMEDA

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

Have fun. Well, there they are. 

### NEWS FROM AUSTRALIA:

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.