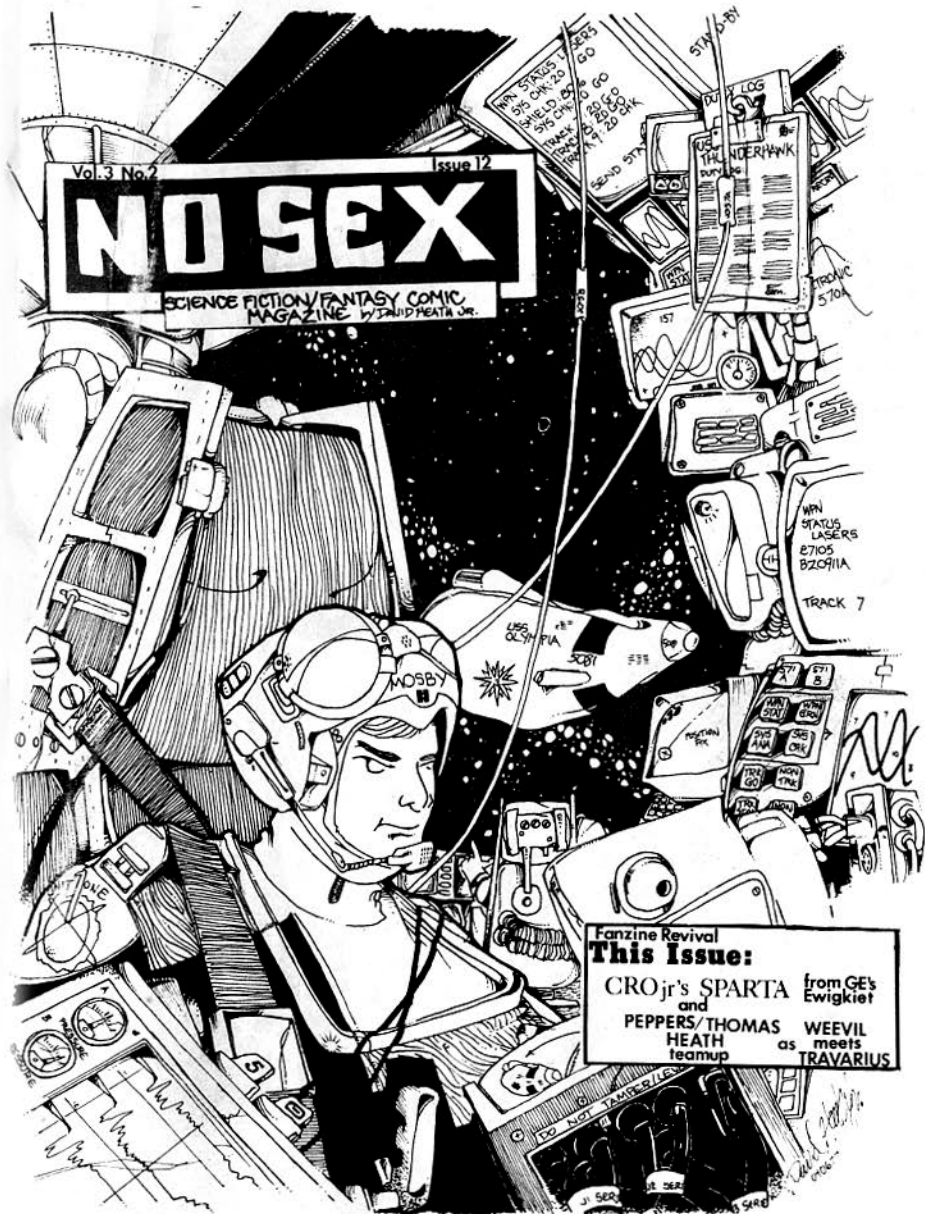


# NO SEX

SCIENCE FICTION · FANTASY COMIC MAGAZINE



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Vol. 3 No. 2

Issue 12

# NO SEX

SCIENCE FICTION/FANTASY COMIC  
MAGAZINE BY DAVID PEATR JR.

Fanzine Revival  
**This Issue:**

CRO jr's SPARTA from GE's  
and Ewigkiet  
PEPPERS/THOMAS and WEEVIL  
HEATH as meets  
teanup TRAVARIUS



# NO SEX

SCIENCE FICTION/FANTASY COMIC MAGAZINE

No Sex #12, Vol. 3 No 2  
Spring 1980

No Sex is published by Heath Facts, in order to provide fans of SF, Fant and Comics with a vehicle to have their works of art and story see print, please write your comments:

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## STAFF OF REGULARS:

EDITOR: DAVID HEATH JR

PUBLISHER: HEATH FACTS

ARTIST:

DAVID HEATH  
KEN MEYER JR  
COSMO ELLIS  
LR DAVIDSON  
ERRL QEIET  
JERRY COLLINS  
CHAD DRAPER

WRITERS:

C ROBERT OLIVER  
PAUL/DAN WATSON  
AN CLOVIS  
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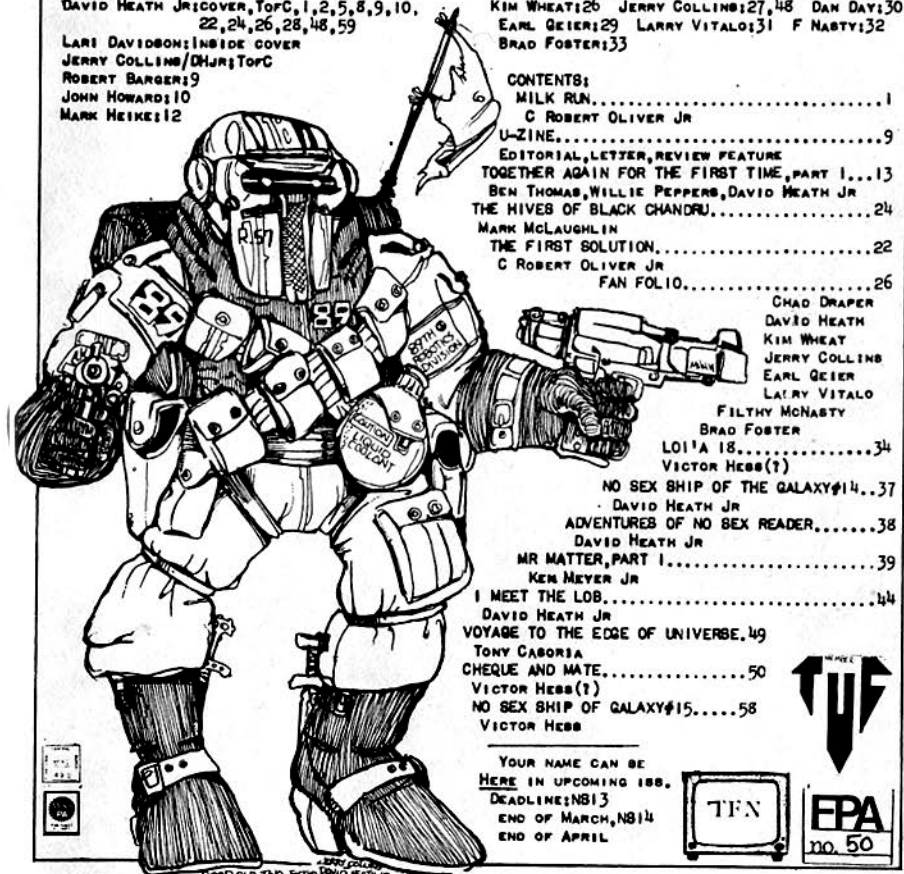
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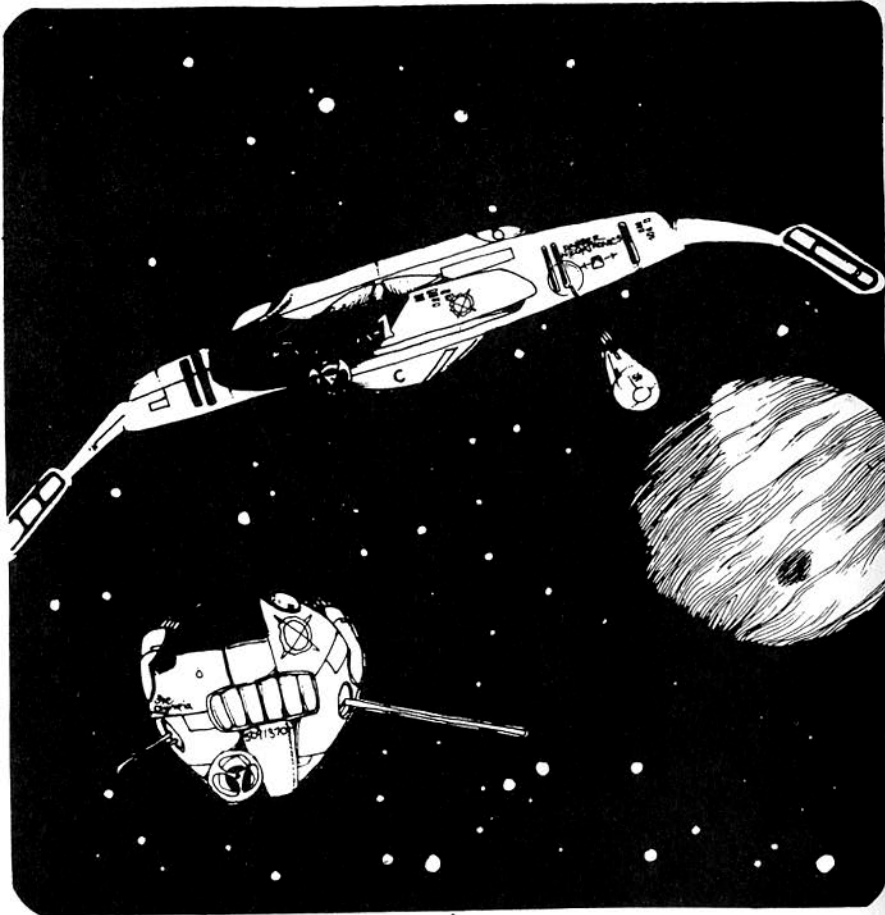
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GOODY OLD TAP-PISTED DAVID HEATH JR  
NO SEX FAN

# MILK RUN

by  
C. ROBERT OLIVER  
JR.



## PROLOGUE:

The defense of the solar system is an important task. To accomplish it is the assignment of SPARTA, Space Patrol Alien Repulsion Tactical Agency. It was formed under the guidance of its Director General Thomas A Blackwell from his office in Space City, USA, Earth.

Aiding in the defense of the solar system against the Alpha Centauri warlords was the manned scanner satellite WATCHDOG; the massive fortress OUTPOST; the installations of Venus Colony, Mars Colony and Moon Base; the airfighters and hunter squads of Earth's land areas and the areasules of the seven Sea Bases. And the best known of the team, the three patrolling spaceships, Thunderbolt, thunderbird, and the Sparta unit one Thunderhawk.

Space City, the headquarters of SPARTA was solely inhabited by the special men and women who are dedicated to the task of solar security. Because of the security of the city and the secrecy of its purpose or that the war with Centauri existed, only assigned SPARTA population was normally allowed inside Space City.

So Capt Mosby, leader of the Thunderhawks (known official as SPARTA Unit one) was quite surprised when, as he parked his car, he saw a stranger at the Administration Headquarters Building, and a pretty one at that. So surprised that he couldn't keep his eyes off the nicely distributed figure of the 5'6" 115lb 25 year old girl who had a fair complexion, a cute button nose set evenly between two light grey eyes and long waves of raven black hair. He also noted the slender, lovely legs which topped off the Aphroditic creature.

Capt Mosby was already late for a briefing with Gen Blackwell in the same building and could not take time to check out the lovely stranger right now, but promised himself that following the meeting he would ask around and try to find out if anyone knew her and where she was staying. Then he would try to get a date with her and pray his steady girlfriend Lt Linda Patterson, the medical officer on the Thunderhawk would not find out about this little indiscretion.

Time for that later, however, Capt Mosby thought to himself as he entered the rotating skyscraper that was the heart of the Space Patrol Alien Repulsion Tactical Agency and moved past the guard detail pausing only a second to flash his wallet ID and confirm his identity by handprints on the electroscanner.

The lieutenant of the guard saluted and said, "Gen Blackwell's been waiting for you, Sir"

Capt Mosby gave no response to the officers' remark, but instead hurried out of the security chamber and into the lobby to the nearest Turbolift. He looked to see if he could spot the strange woman, but she had been a few minutes ahead of him and was gone.

"Section 13-1," Capt Mosby requested as the lift doors closed. Then to himself, "The Old man's been waiting for me... that's just great. Can't this lift move any faster?" Capt Mosby cursed as the computer coordinated lift rushed him to the area he had asked for. "With my luck he'll give me an



hour to prepare for whatever mission he has in mind for us and then spend 55 minutes of it chewing me out for being late."

Further pondering of whatever fate awaited him following the briefing at the hands of Gen Blackwell for his tardiness would have to wait, for the lift had finally stopped and opened its doors. Capt Mosby exited the lift in a run and he headed down the hall toward Gen Blackwell's office.

At the door of the director's office, Capt Mosby presented his ID wallet to the guard on duty outside. The guard carefully examined the ID as Capt Mosby stood impatiently before him, silently cursing the guard for taking so long.

Capt Mosby was relieved when the guard finally spoke the password into the audio-lock, presumed to respond to only ear-aid select voice-prints.

Lt Susan Blackwell, the general's daughter and secretary, was at her desk in the outer office talking to SPARTA security chief major Adam Clark when Capt Mosby entered.

"Thank God, you're here," Lt Blackwell exclaimed as she pushed the button unlocking the door to the general's inner office. "Daddy's been screaming every five minutes since he sent for you. Where've you been?"

Capt Mosby only took time to wink in response to Lt Blackwell's greeting before braving her father in his den.

Inside Gen Blackwell's office, the room was dark, and a film was being shown. Capt Mosby could make out several others already viewing the film, presumably the rest of the Thunderhawk crew.

"I hope I haven't missed the cartoon," declared the Thunderhawk leader as he made his entrance.

"Mosby, you ARE the cartoon," came back the gruff gravel voice of Gen Blackwell from the dark. "Now sit down and pay attention while you are still a Captain!"

Capt Mosby had known when he had gotten the call that having the briefing in Gen Blackwell's office instead of in the operations room meant that this was a Milk Run, not worth bothering the operations room with or whatever mission the general had in mind was too important or too dangerous to even talk about inside operations.

Gen Blackwell's attitude indicated the latter. Capt Mosby made his way to the front of the darkened room and found an empty seat in the front row of folding chairs.

A man with a high squeaky voice which Capt Mosby could not recognize gave a narration to go with the film.

"So you can see that this new system can provide more protection and thusly save more lives than the presently used system."

"HUH! Another third rate technician trying to peddle some piece of junk to the Old Man, what has that got to do with the Thunderhawks?" Capt Mosby mused to himself.

The SPARTA officer drew his attention from the lecturer to the person seated next to him. By the light reflected from the screen Capt Mosby saw the lovely legs of the woman seated next to him and believed he recognized her as his girlfriend, Lt Patterson.

Then he saw her skirt hike up on her thigh and he was sure of her identity.

"Linda wants to play," Mosby mused to himself and slowly moved his left hand to his lap and then moved it across where it came to rest on the woman's leg just above the knee.

The next thing Capt Mosby knew, the woman screamed, and grabbed his wrist flinging him from his seat and into the squeaky voiced man who had been giving the lecture. The pair tumbled to the carpeted floor in a confused and stunned heap.

"What the HELL!!" roared Gen Blackwell as the lights went on.

"He tried to rape me!" exclaimed the woman who had been sitting beside Capt Mosby.

Capt Mosby lifted his head expecting to see Lt Patterson. But the woman was not Lt Patterson. Lt Patterson stood at the back of the room staring almost angrily at Mosby as was the woman

who had screamed. Capt Mosby recognized her then as the stranger he had seen entering the building when he had arrived.

By this time Mosby and the lecturer had gotten to their feet.

"How dare you try to force yourself upon a brilliant lady such as Dr Woods!" exclaimed the lecturer in anger at Capt Mosby. "Take that!" he cried as he swung at Capt Mosby's jaw with his fist.

Capt Mosby leaned backwards and let the young man's fist fly by him, missing completely. The blow wouldn't have hurt much if it had connected since the man was hardly 5'6" and 130lbs and had not swung in a proper manner to put even his insignificant weight behind the blow. He had long blond hair that fell almost to her shoulders and was parted in the middle. He had a pale complexion and wore thick wire-rim "grampa" style glasses. He barely looked out of his teens. He couldn't beat his way out of a wet bag.

Recovering from the momentum of his first unsuccessful swing, the young man swung again this time with his left fist.

This time, Capt Mosby grabbed his wrist and spun him around until he had an armlock on one hand and he held him from behind with the other.

"Calm down, Junior!" advised Capt Mosby, "Before you get yourself hurt."

"Let me go!" cried the young man. "Somebody make him let go!"

"That's enough," snapped Gen Blackwell. "Both of you!"

Capt Blackwell released the man who immediately seized the opportunity to foolishly swing once more at Mosby's head. The officer once more avoided the blow and tripped his attacker, sending him to the floor on his face.

"My noselky nose! He's broken my nosel!" the young man cried, rising to his feet and covering his nose with his handkerchief.

Lt Seema's venusian pet could no longer control himself any longer and burst out in the high shreek that was unmistakably his laughter.

"KHZ, what part did you play in this?" Gen Blackwell roared.

"Everything," Capt Mosby answered for the intelligent animal. "This whole thing was one of his practical jokes."

This was true. KHZ was a most gifted animal. He was a Venusian animal with an intelligence level of an eight year old child, the pet of Lt Sheena, he was a valuable member of the Thunderhawk crew and was loved by all who knew him (except Col John Smith, Gen Blackwell's aide). He did, however, have one minor fault, which he had picked up somewhere, he loved to play practical jokes, and, possessing the Venusian power of teleportation and telekinesis, it was child's play to hike up women's dresses... thus setting up the chain of events leading to Capt Mosby landing in hot water.

But the Venusian semi-animal just stood before Gen Blackwell with a look of exaggerated innocence that no one else (innocent or guilty) could duplicate before the hardnosed director of SPARTA.

"Alright, you three stay," Gen Blackwell roared pointing to the woman, the lecturer, and Mosby. "The

rest of you get out of here; you have plenty to do and not much time to do it in!"

Everyone was glad to get out of there, especially KHZ who was the first out of the room, teleporting himself directly to his quarters aboard Thunderhawk. Commander Tacot glanced back as he left and saw Capt Mosby wishing he was accompanying them.

Unfortunately, he was not.

Gen Blackwell walked behind his desk and sat down in his big swivel chair. He picked up a large desk lighter and lit his everpresent green cigar puffing on it several times. For Capt Mosby it seemed like hours before Gen Blackwell spoke, but when he finally did speak, Capt Mosby could not understand why he was so impatient to hear the good general's voice.

"Now what the Hell went on here?" was Blackwell's remark.

"This pig tried to rape me!" declared Dr Woods, pointing an accusing finger once more at Capt Mosby.

"He broke my nosel!" added the lecturer, his high voice sounding ridiculous as he held his handkerchief over his nose. "The big bully..."

"I've heard that already," the general replied. "I was asking Mosby!"

"It was all KHZ's fault..." Capt Mosby began his defense.

"I've heard that already too," Gen Blackwell interrupted.

"KHZ was playing one of his telekinetic jokes on me," Mosby explained. "He hiked up her skirt and I thought it was Lt Patterson, so I uh..."

"I see," Gen Blackwell grunted. "Dr Woods, Capt Mosby is the commander of the Thunderhawk, the ship that will escort the Olympia to OUTPOST. I suggest you give him a run-down of this briefing. To begin with you will lift off in six hours forty-two minutes."

"But what about my nose?" aren't you going to do anything about it? are you going to let him get away with such brutality?"

"Yes, I'm going to let him get away with it doctor," Gen Blackwell replied. "But if you insist I'll do something, I'll advise you to take a couple of Charles Atlas courses before you attack a member of the Thunder crews again. Now get out of here all three of you, I have important things to do."

Neither Capt Mosby nor Dr Woods spoke as the turboelevator took them to the lobby but the young man with them more than made up for it, whining over his punched nose but unwilling to remove the handkerchief he had over it long enough to find out that it was not bleeding.

"Sherman, perhaps you should go to the Olympia and make sure the equipment is secure," Dr Woods suggested to the young man as the party exited the lift.

"Yes, Dr Woods," the young man replied. He looked at Capt Mosby and added contemptuously, "We know how rough these brainless spacemen can handle sensitive and delicate equipment beyond their rudimentary understanding."

But Capt Mosby pretended not to hear the man's derogatory remarks as the trio left the administration building.

"And see that my personal things are transferred off the Olympia and placed aboard the Thunderhawk," Dr Woods added.

From the way Dr W T Sherman Grant's mouth fell open in surprise an onlooker would almost say his jaw came unhinged. Capt Mosby found it difficult to repress a slight snicker.

"But Joanne..."

"I insist Sherman..."

"Very well, Dr Woods," Dr Grant replied meekly. "I'll see to the equipment and have your personal things put aboard Capt Mosby's ship."

Dr Grant gave Dr Woods a brotherly peck on the cheek and then gave Capt Mosby a contemptuous glare that promised death and bloody, with that the younger doctor parted company with Dr Woods and Capt Mosby. After he was gone Dr Woods and Capt Mosby climbed into the captains' car and drove off toward the Thunderhawk's hanger.

"I gather from what little I caught of the briefing that your doctorate and that of Grants' are in physics rather than medical?" Capt Mosby asked as he drove.

"Correct, mine is in nuclear physics and Sherman's is in electronics," Dr Woods replied.

"Impressive specialities," Capt Mosby answered. "But just what is the equipment we are suppose to be protecting on the Olympia?"

"I cannot tell you here... security reasons," Dr Woods replied. "I've spent four years building it and your car is not exactly secure as Gen Blackwell's office."

Some people in SPARTA might dispute the security of even the director's office, "Capt Mosby replied.

"Yes, I've heard rumors of high level security problems, but that's all they are aren't they, rumors?"

"It's not Gen Blackwell, but someone at S/C (Staff of Command-the divisions governing nine man committee of SPARTA) or one of their top aides has been feeding information to the Centurians."

Neither Spartan spoke another word until Capt Mosby's car reached the Thunderhawk, and only for Capt Mosby to direct Dr Woods to her quarters aboard the ship before driving off to prepare for the mission.

When Capt Mosby returned to the Thunderhawk two hours later he found that Dr Grant had joined Dr Woods. Prof Kassovich was also already aboard.

"How do we stand, Kiev?" Capt Mosby asked upon exiting the ship's airlock.

"All of our stuff's aboard, except for the rest of the crew of course. Dr Woods and her associate are settled in their quarters," the scientist reported. "I talked with the Olympia twenty minutes ago. All of Dr Woods equipment hasn't been loaded yet, but they expect to be finished loading and secured in four hours."

"Then they'll be ready by launch time, and so will we," Capt Mosby replied. "I'll be checking over the ship's systems. Sent Tacot, Dave and Jimmy up front to help when they arrive, and I want everyone to meet me in the lab one hour before launch, and I want to meet Dr Woods in my quarters thirty minutes before that meeting. Pass the word, will you Kiev?"

"Yes sir," the Thunderhawk scientist replied.

Within the hour the remainder of the crew was aboard, but when time came for the meeting in the lab Prof Kassovich had to let the navigator and engineering members because they were absorbed

in their work and hadn't noticed the time. Capt Mosby had a few things to check, but told the others to wait for him."

When Capt Mosby did arrive in the lab for the briefing he was surprised to find in addition to the regular crew, Dr Woods, Dr Grant and the assistant Director, Col John Smith, and Lt Blackwell were also aboard.

"What the hell are you two doing aboard?" Capt Mosby asked.

"I have some matters I wish to discuss with Col Miroshi about her submitted budget request for the next tri-years," Col Smith replied. "Budget requests?"

"Some of us have other work besides fighting Centauri warships."

"And I came along to act as Col. Smith's secretary," Lt Blackwell added.

"You came along to be near Tacot," Ensign O'Brien chirped in.

"That too," she replied devilishly.

"Very well, we're glad to have you aboard, you two also Dr Woods... Dr Grant," declared Capt Mosby. The briefing lasted only fifteen minutes since everything had already been discussed back in Gen Blackwells' office. It was reiterated that their mission was to escort the SPARTA freighter Olympia and her valuable cargo, the new scammer system that would allow SPARTA more warning time as to when Centauri warships were coding through "the Canyon". The Olympia would transport the system as far as OUTPOST and then to return to Earth. OUTPOST would install part of the system into their system and would install the remainder into WATCHDOG the manned early warning satellite.

The Centauri ship was spotted shortly before noon the third day out.

It was rare to find a ship inside the solar system undetected by WATCHDOG. Since WATCHDOG had been designed for just that purpose it was considered impossible for a ship to slip by. To account for the undetected ships was partly why many informed members of the higher echelons of SPARTA believed that one or more secret bases existed on the earth or moon.

"Position?" Mosby intoned to Lt Davis from the command chair.

"150 kms," the young astrogator replied. "To close for comfort."

Capt Mosby activated the intercom, then the red alert alarm. "Centaurian off Starboard stern!"

Within a matter of seconds the crew of the Thunderhawk had manned their battlestations and the ship's mighty guns were ready for action. Col Smith joined Mosby, commander Tacot, and Lt Davis in the control room. Lt Blackwell was already present standing near Tacot.

"What's the centaurian doing," Col Smith requested, calmly.

"About to get himself destroyed," Capt Mosby replied, preparing to fire the ship's guns aag against the alien.

"No," Col Smith answer was calm and quiet, hardly more than a whisper, but it cut through the control room like a bomb blast.

"What?" Lt Davis exclaimed, voicing the surprise of everyone in the control room, temporarily forgetting the rank held by the one who had spoken.

"Sir, that's a centaurian warship in solar space," Capt Mosby pointed out. "We have to..."

"The Centaurian is not attacking, it is merely following us, I see no reason for us to senselessly destroy it," Col Smith explained.

"But..." Capt Mosby started to speak, but was interrupted by Col Smith, "that's enough.

Don't fire upon the Centaurian ship unless it makes a move to attack us first. That's an order Capt Mosby I want to learn what he's up to before we eliminate him."

"Yes, sir," Capt Mosby muttered, resignedly.

Then to Lt Blackwell, "Susan, get a communication off to Space City; give them our position and tell them we are being followed by an enemy ship. Use a closed beam. Also warn the Olympia."

"Right away," Gen Blackwell's daughter replied. A flick of some switches and she was ready to send the messages ordered by Capt Mosby. First the message to SPARTA HQ in Space City, then the report to the Olympia.

"Capt, the Olympia reports that they are aware of the Centaurian and they wish to remind you that the Olympia is an unarmed freighter and is dependant on our firepower for protection."

"My order stands," Col Smith declared. "Now we'll just sit back and wait and see what our friend does."

What Col Smith's "friend" did was create tension throughout half of SPARTA; but it did not make a move to break the tension which was heavy on the freighter Olympia. The enemy warship just continued to pace the two SPARTA ships, matching speed and course changes step

for step, like a shadow. One thing about it made Capt Mosby feel good, at least, it stayed right in the crosshairs of their gunsights.

Then suddenly for no apparent reason after five hours and fifty minutes of nothing, something happened.

"She's picking up speed," exclaimed Lt Jimmy Davis.

The control room personnel had grown lax after almost six hours of watching the alien ship, but Lt Davis' exclamation shook them back to full alert.

"She's changing course," Lt Davis added.

"Attacking?" Capt Mosby asked in a shout.

Col Smith who had stepped out almost fifteen minutes before for some coffee, returned just as Lt Davis replied, "Negative, she's making a run for it back through the canyon, back to Alpha Centauri."

"Fire all weapons!" Capt Mosby ordered.

"Firing," Davis replied. Then, "No good, she's out of range, running fast. No hits. Shall we pursue and attack?"

"Negative. That may be what they want us to do leave the Olympia unprotected while we go after a single ship," Capt Mosby replied. "We're sticking to the Olympia like fleas to a dog until Dr Woods' system is delivered aboard OUTPOST. Alert OUTPOST that the alien escaped us... maybe they can destroy it."

"Roger," Lt Blackwell replied.

A few hours later a message was overheard over communication system. "OUTPOST to Space City. Single AC cruiser spotted on course to AC system. cruiser destroyed by space fighter. no casualties to SPARTA personnel."

"Question is..." Lt Blackwell aptly stated, "What information did he get off to homebefore he was destroyed?"

Capt Mosby said nothing, but another question was high in his mind. Why had the Centaurian come so close to a SPARTA Thunder unit and stayed there for so long? Did they know what the Olympia was carrying or was their mission to find out?

Lt Davis was alone at the ship's controls while most of the others were off on lunch break. There was no warning from WATCHDOG or any other SPARTA unit, indicating that they did not come through the canyon, at least not recently. Regardless of where they came from, five Alpha Centauri fifty foot disc cruisers and one 150 foot top shaped destroyer suddenly appeared off the starboard bow.

"What the..." Lt Davis exclaimed as the alarm blared its warning that the scanners were picking up alien ships. When he checked the scanner screen and saw the six Alpha Centaurian warships, he immediately activated the electromagnetic rainbow forcefield and sounded red alert.

Within a few seconds Capt Mosby reached the bridge. He had no sooner strapped himself in his seat when the aliens began their attack run. The ship jolted as the forcefield absorbed the energy from the inferior Centaurian weapons.

"One destroyer, five cruisers!" Lt Davis reported to Capt Mosby.

"Evasive action..." ordered Mosby. Olympia's forcefield can handle that kind of firepower forever, ours can't. We have to outmaneuver them and destroy them or we're sitting ducks. Stay within 1000 kilometers of Olympia, she has little fire power of her own."

"Check!" Lt Davis replied and threw the throttle wide open to give the Thunderhawk more speed for maneuvering and fighting the warships.

But when the young sandy haired officer opened the throttle, instead of the ship increasing speed, there was an explosion in the engineering section and the ship's movement was stopped altogether. The ship was rocked by the explosion as the engine exploded, blasting a large hole in the side of the ship, sending most of the engineering section into space.

"What happened?" Lt Davis exclaimed. "We weren't hit by the Centaurians, how...?"

"We'll figure it out later," Mosby exclaimed in response. "Right now how much power do we have for the force field? What's our weapon status?"

"Force field down 80%"

"We might be able to spare enough power for one dyser," reasoned Capt Mosby. "Activate dyser one and open fire. We're sitting ducks dead in space like this. We have to do something, now!"

"What about Dave and Tacot?" Lt Davis asked. "They were in engineering when..."

"They're gone," Capt Mosby replied. "Now fire number 1!"

It was not that Mosby was insensitive to the death of two of his men, two close friends, but there was at the moment no room for tears; that would have meant the death of the entire Thunderhawk and Olympia crews. As a professional soldier he knew that mourning had to wait until after the battle was finished. Right now loss of the engines was more crucial.

The ship was suddenly jolted severely by a blast from one of the Centaurian cruisers which were buzzing the crippled Thunderhawk like vultures over a wounded animal in the desert. The effects of the alien weapons was increased by the severely weakened force fields. The first jolt was immediately followed by a second and a moment later by a third.

Then there was an explosion outside the Thunderhawk's force field as the Spartan vessel finally scored a hit and a Centaurian ship was destroyed.

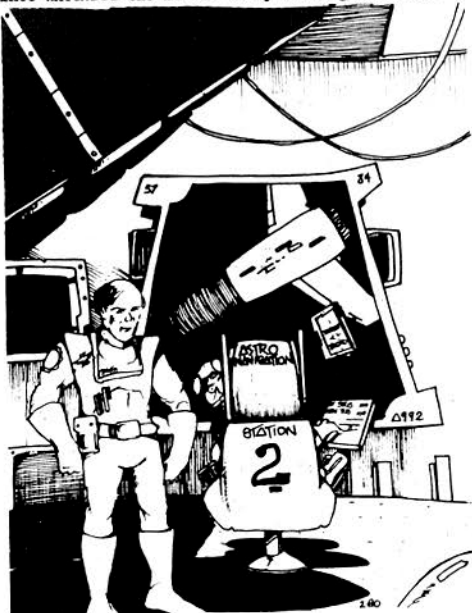
"We got one!" Lt Davis exclaimed.

Then the Thunderhawk was jolted more severely then before as yet another blast struck the weakening field.

As he righted the ship by once again adjusting the stabilization system Capt Mosby replied, "Great, at this rate we may be able to damage one more cruiser before we ourselves are completely destroyed!"

"Couldn't we try to get under the Olympia's forcefield?" Lt Davis asked in a panic.

The question showed that the young officer was very scared for he knew as well as Capt Mosby that, unlike the Thunderhawk forcefield which materialized at its standard distance, the forcefield of the Olympia started at its hull and moved outward like ripples in a pond. Nothing



could get between Olympia and its forcefield. Capt Mosby reminded the young officer of this unfortunate fact as two more blasts from the strafing cruisers shook the Thunderhawk with the concussion of near misses.

There was a momentary lull in the fighting as the alien regrouped in preparation of a mass attack. The Olympia had stopped in space to stand beside the Thunderhawk, for even though her forcefield was much stronger, she was a freighter and not a war-ship, she only had weak defense weapons.

She used one of these weapons to good effect. A small nuclear missile was launched from the spherical vessel which detonated sufficiently close to a cruiser to damage it severely enough that it gave up the fight and fled off on a wobbly course.

Capt Mosby had observed this action on one of the control room newscreens and had watched it with great interest. A smile parted his face for the first time in minutes. "Of course he exclaimed. "It just might work, that is, if our forcefield can hold up long enough. Jimmy, put all remaining power, except lifesupport, into the forcefield and follow me. We may have a chance to come out of this mess alive yet!"

The only thing besides lifesupport that was taking any power from the forcefield at all was Dysper one, and Lt Davis needed only a second to close that circuit and to rush off after Capt Mosby.

The pair headed for one of the storage compartments where they donned space suits and each grabbed a portable forcefield generator even though Lt Davis did not know Capt Mosby had in mind and Capt Mosby did not explain.

From the storage compartment they headed for Lt Patterson's quarters where the medic should have been.

"Linda," Capt Mosby quickly explained to her "Get Col Smith, Kiev, Sheena and Susan and man the control room. Open the firing tubes to the missiles one and three. Then prepare to put 40% of the remaining power into dyspers. Firing one at a time, but rotating them for better fire. Then stand by to pilot the ship toward the AC's... understand?"

"Understood," she acknowledged, but Capt Mosby did not wait around to hear, he and Lt Davis were already heading for the airlock, the captain explaining his plan to the astro-gator as they ran.

"When we get outside, head for Missile one and pull two missiles out of the tube manually and bring them to the damaged engineering section with the warheads removed and rocket engine armed."

There was no time for information, for their destination was reached, but none was necessary for Lt Davis was beginning to suspect what Capt Mosby had in mind. A few seconds for depressurization, and the outer hatch opened. The two Spartans stepped out into space, activated the jet packs built into their suits and started off for the missile tubes.

In the cramped quarters in the missile firing tube, the removal of the missiles' warhead was a tricky job made even more difficult by the shaking of the ship by the firing of the

alien warships, but the duo working on the separate missiles in their respective tubes accomplished the task with some sweat but no blood.

The ship was rocked several times in the fifteen minutes it took them to manually pull the first missiles from their tubes and repeat the procedure with the second missiles which slid into place behind the first.

It took another ten minutes to maneuver the four bulky missiles to what remained of the engineering section.

"Ok Jimmy, use the generators' force to secure the missiles to the ship on the port side. Place one missile heading directly aft and the other at a 45 degree angle inward," Capt Mosby called over the radio inside his suit helmet.

As Lt Davis fixed the makeshift arrangement on the port side Capt Mosby fixed an identical arrangement on the starboard side.

When the disarmed missiles were in place, Capt Mosby tried to contact Lt Patterson in the control room.

"She's gone to sickbay," Lt Blackwell responded to his call, "But I know what to do," she replied.

"Jimmy and I are going to try to hand steer the missile rockets locked onto the ship. If they hold they'll give us some locomotion though very little. You try to lay down enough of a rotated dysper barrage to blast the warships," Capt Mosby explained. "Ready?"

"Ready," Lt Blackwell replied, though she did not really sound too confident.

Capt Mosby and Lt Davis fired the small rocket engines of the missiles. The forcefield generated did its job effectively holding missile and ship together so that the ship moved along with the missiles instead of the missiles moving off on their own.

The shock of seeing the supposedly dead ship moving to attack caused one alien pilot to crash his cruiser into the destroyer, destroying both ships.

Lt Blackwell proved she was good at other things than secretarial work by destroying another cruiser.

Of the two alien warships remaining, the Olympia got one with a missile but the other one got away undamaged.

The battle was over and the two SPARTA ships dropped their forcefields. A dozen crewmen from the freighter brought over lines and attached them to the Thunderhawk. The Olympia thus could give the Thunderhawk a tow, unless they were again attacked and the Olympia would have to activate her force field which would sever the two cables.

Capt Mosby and Lt Davis stayed outside the ship to help attach tow lines before reentering the ship. In the airlock after the lines were secured, the SPARTA officers removed their suits.

"Don't say anything about it to anyone else abroad, but I had a chance to look at the engines out there and they were sabotaged," Capt Mosby declared.

"Sabotaged!" Lt Davis exclaimed. "Do you have any idea who could have done it?"

"I think so," Capt Mosby answered as a light to

restrain his anger.

Lt Blackwell was there to greet them as they exited the airlock.

"You said Linda's at sickbay," Capt Mosby said to Blackwell, "What's she doing?"

"Tasco and Dave.."

"They're alive?" Lt Davis exclaimed in disbelief.

"Yes," Lt Blackwell replied as the three of them headed for sickbay at a fast gait. "KHZ was near engineering when it exploded, he used his kinetic powers to hold them and a small supply of air next to the hatch and enabled them to get back into the airtight section of the ship."

"How bad are they hurt?" Mosby asked.

"Pretty bad. The explosion hurt them some and they were exposed to open space for a fraction of a second before KHZ saved them."

They found Lt Patterson tending the injuries of the engineers and being assisted by Lt Sheena. The both had chest and abdominal wounds from the explosion and were on respirators and cardio-stimulators. They were also in thermal units to fight the severe frostbite from their exposure to open space.

On the other table were the remains of Dr Janet Woods.

"Oh my God!" Mosby exclaimed upon seeing her body. "What happened?"

It was Col Smith who answered. "She was found near engineering, her neck broken, apparently by a concussion shock from one of the alien attacks," he explained.

"Or by murder," added Lt Patterson, still tending to the needs of her patients. But she wanted Capt Mosby to know her opinion of the cause of death.

"Where's Dr Grant?" Mosby wanted to know.

Not on board the ship, Col Smith replied, "I think when we reach OUTPOST and examine our engines, we will find sabotage was the cause of all this."

Lt Davis gave Capt Mosby a glance to see if the captain had heard Col Smith confirm his suspicions, but Capt Mosby gave no outward indication whatsoever of hearing Col. Smith. Continuing, "I believe Dr Grant and Dr Woods to be saboteurs, surely you and your crew are above suspicion. I imagine they had a falling out when they prepared to escape and Grant killed her and fled himself to one of the Centaurian ships," Col Smith theorized.

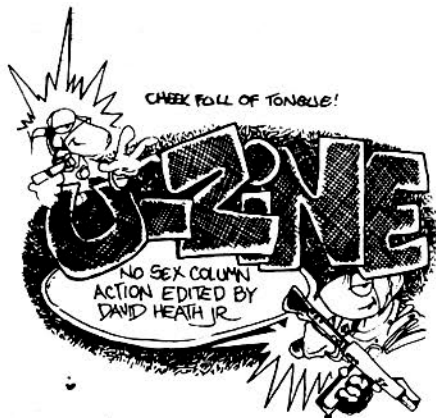
Lt Patterson looked up from her medical work just long enough to give Mosby a nod to indicate that Tasco and Ensign O'Brien would be all right.

Capt Mosby stared at the body of Dr Woods. "The engines were sabotaged alright, I saw ample evidence of that outside."

Capt Mosby did not say that he did not believe it was done by Dr Woods, not even Dr Grant whom he did not especially like to begin with.

Capt Mosby was determined to ask, upon their arrival at OUTPOST, Col Hiroshi about her alleged budget requests for the next tri-year.





TOO MANY CRUD-ZINES ON THE MARKET AND IT WAS BECOMING HARDER TO SELL A GOOD ZINE. WELL WHAT-  
EVER THE REASON, WHEN ACTIVITIES LIKE MIKE WAL-  
KERS IMAGES OR RICH LISURAS' FANDOM CIRCUS  
HAVE TO FOLD IT'S A TRAGEDY. THAT'S ONE MORE  
OUTLET NOT AVAILABLE TO A FAN TO DEVELOP HIS  
OR HER TALENT. AS SOME OF THE FEATURE IN THIS  
ISSUE REFLECT, I'M TRYING TO CATCH UP AS MUCH  
OF THE ART AND STORY FROM THE FALLING ZINES  
THAT I CAN SO THAT THERE IS NO REAL LOSS. I MAY  
BE TRYING TO BUILD AN EXTINGUISHED FANZINE SECTION  
IN NO SEX TO HELP KEEP ALIVE ZINES THAT HAVE  
LOST THE WILL TO LIVE FOR WHATEVER REASON. LET  
ME KNOW WHAT YOU READERS THINK, BECAUSE IT WOULD  
TAKE YOUR SUPPORT TO MAKE IT WORK.

ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF FANZINE REVIVAL BY NO SEX  
IS PART ONE OF THE FEATURE STRIP WEEVIL/TRAVAR-  
IUS: TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME. THIS FANDOM  
COLLAR WAS SCRIPTED BY PAIGE COMICS' BEN THOMAS  
PENCILLED BY FANDOM OMNIBUS' WILLIE PEPPERS AND  
INKED BY NO SEXER DAVID HEATH JR. IT WOULD HAVE  
BEEN ONE OF THE LATEST PAISE FEATURES IF STEVE  
HADN'T FOLDED HIS EFFORT. FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO  
DON'T FOLLOW PAISE, WEEVIL IS A HERO-TYPE, A BOB  
SORT OF SIDE-KICK TO THE ASTONISHING XYLOMAN. TRAVAR-  
IUS IS FROM BEN THOMAS WHO ALSO RUNS A SIM-  
ALL LINE OF ZINES OF HIS OWN OUT OF CHICAGO. THE  
TEAM-UP WAS A GOOD EXCUSE FOR PEPPERS TO SHOW  
HIS EXPERTISE IN THE SUPER-HERO MODE. HOW ABOUT  
A LETTER?

I'M PLEASSED WITH THE RESPONSE TO NS11. ONE OF  
THE REASONS THIS HAS MADE ME SO HAPPY IS THAT  
ELEVEN IS THE FIRST ISSUE THAT I LAID OUT AND  
PROCESSED THRU THE PRINTING CYCLE ALL MYSELF  
SINCE NS2. IT'S A GOOD FEELING BECAUSE THIS  
WAY I CAN INSURE THAT ALL SUBS AND COMPLIMENT-  
ARY COPIES GO OUT ON TIME AND TO EVERYONE I  
WANT THEM TO. THE ONLY PROBLEM I'M HAVING NOW  
IS ADVERTISING. SALES HAVE NOT BEEN AS BRISK AS  
THEY WERE IN THE PAST, ESPECIALLY SINCE I'VE  
BEEN BOYCOTTING TBQ. I QUIT TBQ, BY THE WAY, TWO  
YEARS AGO BECAUSE OF IT'S FALLING FAN ORIENTA-  
TION AND HIGH AD RATES. MY TACTIC WAS TO AD-  
VERTISE EVERYWHERE EXCEPT TBQ; BUT IT HADN'T  
BEEN WORKING. I'LL HAVE TO GO BACK TO TBQ, I  
GUESS.

MOST OF THE COMMENTS ON NS11, AND WE'LL GET TO  
LETTERS LATER, REVOLVED AROUND THE FACT THAT IT  
GOT OUT SO QUICKLY AND THE CHANGES I MADE IN  
THE FORMAT. IN SPECIFIC THERE'S MIXED REACTION  
TO THE REVIEW/LETTER/FEATURE COLUMN SMASHED  
TOGETHER UNDER THE TITLE U-ZINE. SOME READERS  
LIKED IT AND SOME THOUGHT IT WAS SILLY. IN ANY  
CASE, I'M CONTINUING THE CONCEPT A FEW MORE  
ISSUES. DUE TO POPULAR DEMAND, I'M BACK TO DOING  
THE COVERS MYSELF. I DON'T UNDERSTAND THE FEVOR  
OVER THIS. THE GUEST COVERS ARE AS GOOD OR IN  
SOME CASES BETTER THAN THE ONES I DID ON 1-7.  
YOU MUST TRY AND APPRECIATE THE STRAIN OF  
COMING UP WITH NEW GOOD COVERS FOR EACH ISSUE!

THE FEATURE STORY THIS ISSUE IS A REMNANT OF  
DAN WATSON'S EWISKEIT FANZINE. THE SPARTA SERIES  
WAS A REGULAR FEATURE OF U-ZINE AND ON THE ZINE  
ZINE'S demise A LOT OF IT'S MATERIAL WAS WILLED  
TO ME AND NO SEX. THAT'S WHERE JERRY COLLINS AND  
C ROBERT OLIVER CAME FROM. THE PIECE APPEARS AS  
IT WOULD HAVE BEEN SEEN IN EWISKEIT WITH THE  
ACCOMPANYING ARTWORK AND COVER BY ME. (SHOULD  
MAKE YOU NO SEX PUREIST HAPPY!) REVIVING LOST  
FAN ENDEAVORS IS BECOMING A HOBBY. LOOK FOR MORE  
OF THIS IN FUTURE ISSUES.

WITH INFLATION AND LESS FAN INTEREST LATELY,  
THE TREND IS FOR MORE AND MORE ZINES TO FOLD  
AND FOR FANS TO BURN-OUT. STEVE STREETER OF  
PAIGE COMICS TOLD ME HE QUIT BECAUSE THERE WERE



LOC

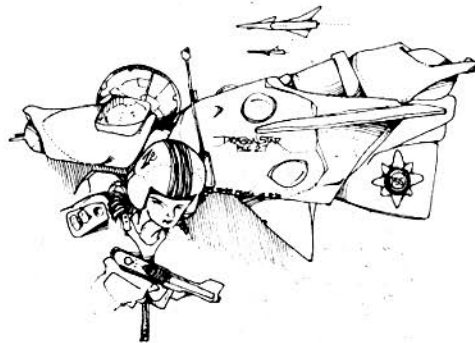
DEAR DAVID

I WANT TO COMPLIMENT YOU ON NS11, IT IS A  
FANTASTIC ISSUE. THE ICEMAN AND FIREFLY TEAM-  
UP WAS NICELY WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED. THE ART  
WAS ALSO SENSATIONAL, BUT I DO THINK THE BACK  
COVER WAS THE BEST. DAN USED THE SHADOWS TO  
THEIR FULL EXTENT. THE PERFECT CRIME BY CHAD  
DRAPER WAS A GREAT MIXTURE OF GORE AND A  
LITTLE COMEDY. IT IS JUST AN ALL AROUND GOOD  
ISSUE.

HEY DAVE, IF YOU NEED ANY SF OF FANTASY  
STORIES, JUST TELL ME AND I'LL GET THEM TO  
YOU AS SOON AS I CAN. JOHN ZUPKOW

JOHN, THANK FOR THE KIND WORDS ON 11 AND I  
AGREE WITH WHAT YOU SAID ON BOTH CHAD'S AND  
DAN DAY'S WORK. NOW THAT YOU ASK, I AM ALWAYS  
WILLING TO ACCEPT ART OR STORY BY ANY FAN.  
IT'S BEEN A WHILE SINCE I LAID OUT MY SPECS  
IN PRINT SO LET ME GO OVER THEM. FOR STORY I  
PERSONALLY LIKE SF; BUT I WILL CONSIDER GOOD  
FANTASY STORIES. LENGTH DOESN'T MATTER, IF IT  
IS TOO LONG I'LL SEND IT BACK. AND IT CAN  
NEVER BE TOO SHORT, YOU'D DO BETTER IF YOU  
TYPE YOUR CONTRIBUTION (EASIER TO READ) FOR ART  
YOU HAVE THE GUIDELINES FOR SUBJECT MATTER;  
BUT MAKE IT 8x11 OR SOMEWHERE IN THAT PROPOR-  
TION. USE INDIA INK AND IF THE ART IS TOO BIG  
IT WILL LOSE SOMETHING IN REDUCTION. I CAN TAKE  
HALFTONE; BUT DON'T GET CARRIED AWAY WITH THAT.

FUTURE ISSUES OF NS WILL FEATURE STRIPS AND  
A COVER BY EARL GEIER. I PLAN TO HAVE THE AWAITED  
END TO THE "CRIME SATELLITE" TRILOGY OUT IN  
AN UPCOMING ISSUE. THIS LAST CHAPTER SHOULD FEAT-  
URE LOB AND HIS ADVENTURES AS A SPINOFF TO THE  
FEATURES OF NS11 AND NS7. KLAUS HANSON WILL MOST  
LIKELY BE HELPING ME WORK OUT THE PLOT FOR THIS  
ONE AGAIN. WE HAVE A LOT OF MYSTERY TO CLEAR  
UP. I'M ALSO WAITING CONTRIBUTIONS AND SUGGEST-



IONS FROM LETTERS TO CHART MY FUTURE COURSE. A  
COUPLE OF SUGGESTIONS HAVE INTERESTED ME. ONE,  
TO PRINT A NO SEX INDEX, IS ALREADY IN THE WORKS  
AND WILL PROBABLY BE THE FEATURE OF NS14 OR 15.  
TRIVIA EXPERTS WILL BE ABLE TO TELL EXACTLY  
WHO WAS IN WHAT ISSUE AND WHAT WORK WAS PRO-  
DUCED. WHO WAS IN THE MOST ISSUES OF NO SEX  
BESIDES DAVID HEATH JR? JOHN HARRIS' IDEA OF  
COLLATING ALL THE OUR WORLDS AVAILABLE INTO A  
SEPERATE ZINE WAS POPULAR. SOME WANTED TO  
EXPAND THAT TO LEVY! HOW ABOUT ANOTHER LETTER  
OR TWO HERE...

LOC

31 Dec 79 (MY BIRTHDAY... DJR)

RECEIVED NS11 TODAY. AN UNEXPECTED BUT PLEASANT  
SURPRISE. WITH RECENT NS ISSUES, I HAVE COME TO  
EXPECT A PROMISED DELIVERY DATE FOLLOWED BY 3  
MEDIUM DELAYS, FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER LONG DELAY,  
THEN JUST WHEN I AM READY TO ORDER A RIP, A  
SUDDEN UNANNOUNCED ARRIVAL. IT SLIPPED THE EX-  
PECTED DELAYS AND MERELY ARRIVED UNANNOUNCED  
AND UNEXPECTED. I HAVE ONLY GLANCED THROUGH IT  
BUT I DO WANT TO SAY HOWEVER, THAT MY FEELINGS  
ABOUT THE MESS OF YOUR EDITORIAL, REVIEW, & LOC  
SECTIONS INTO THE ONE U-ZINE PIECE GETS A NEGAT-  
IVE VOTE FROM ME.

NOT THAT I CAN REALLY FIND ANYTHING WRONG  
WITH THE IDEA, JUST THAT, LIKE HEATH COVERS, "THE  
NOSEXIST", "THE ORIGINAL NOSEXIST", AND "THE  
COSMIC BEEPWATCH" ARE A PART OF NO SEX, PART OF  
WHAT MAKES NO SEX NO SEX. PART OF NO SEX'S PER-  
SONALITY, SOMETHING NOSEXISTS CAN GET FROM NO  
OTHER ZINE.

I KNOW THAT THE U-ZINE COLUMN CONTAINS THE  
SAME THINGS THE OTHER 3 ORIGINAL COLUMNS DID  
AND UZ IS PROBABLY MORE EFFICIENT AND PRACTICAL.  
BUT IT JUST LOSES SOMETHING IN THE TRANSLATION.  
I'M JUST A CONSERVATIVE OLD REDNECK WHO DOES  
NOT LIKE CHANGE, I GUESS. CALL IT STUPID TRADI-  
TION, BUT BRING BACK THE THREE SEPERATE COLUMNS.  
C ROBERT OLIVER JR

CRO... THERE ISN'T MUCH I CAN SAY TO THAT, ALL  
YOU READERS CAN SEE THAT HE HAS SOME PRETTY  
SOUND ARGUMENTS AGAINST MY U-ZINE. I HAVE AL-  
READY GONE ON RECORD SAYING THAT I WILL TRY THIS  
FOR A COUPLE OF ISSUES, AND I WILL, IF I KEEP

GETTING LETTERS LIKE THIS, U-ZINE WILL NOT LAST AS LONG AS I THOUGHT IT WOULD

GREETINGS DAVID—

YOU ARE DRIVING ME CRAZY WITH ALL-CAPS TYPING YOU'VE BEEN USING THE LAST COUPLE OF ISSUES. LET-TERS RUN TOGETHER, IT IS TOO DARK AND HARD TO READ, REALLY ALOT OF TROUBLE TO GET THROUGH! COM-PIRE PAGES 44 AND 45, 44 IS MUCH SHARPER AND CLEARER, AND STILL GIVES THE SAME AMOUNT OF MAT-ERIAL PER LINE, PLEASE THINK ABOUT CHANGING TO A EASIER TO READ TYPEFACE! U-ZINE IS A GOOD IDEA ALTHOUGH I HAD A HARD TIME TELLING WHEN A LETTER STARTED AND STOPPED, AND YOUR OWN COMMENTS. CAME IN, SAY, HAVE YOU HEARD FROM BOBBY SOMMER-KAMP LATELY! I'VE SENT HIM A COUPLE LETTERS AND CARDS OVER THE PAST FEW MONTHS WITH NO REPLY!

"DREAMER" WAS AN OKAY STORY, ALTHOUGH IT NEED-ED A REAL TITLE GRAPHIC RATHER THAN JUST THE ALL-CAPS TYPING... GREAT DAILY ILLOS, THAT CREA-TURE ON PAGE 25 WAS WHAT! NEVER SEEN ANYTHING PUT TOGETHER LIKE THAT BEFORE! "COLD STEERAGE" WAS EXCELLENT, ALTHOUGH THE REPRODUCTION IN MY COPY TENDED TO BE A LITTLE SPOTTY. "STAR STUFF" WAS MORE FABULOUS HOWARD... THIS GUY IS DEFIN-ITELY A BIG TALENT. "MAIL" WAS TERRIBLE! ONLY THING IT MIGHT HAVE HAD GOING FOR IT WAS THE "SURPRISE" ENDING, WHICH WAS COMPLETELY RUINED BY THE ILLO AT THE BEGINNING. BUT ALL IT RE-ALLY WAS, WAS AN EXERCISE IN BADISM... YOU SHOULD NEVER HAVE ACCEPTED THIS JUNK FOR PUBLICATION, DAVID! "BOUNT OPERATIONS"... ANOTHER GREAT MEATH STRIP! "THE PERFECT CRIME" WAS ANOTHER SOME PIECE, BUT THIS ONE HAD A REAL IDEA FLOATING BEHIND IT, WITH A GRABUAL SLIDE INTO PARANOIA, AND HANDLED WELL, UNLIKE "MAIL", WHOHIS BLOOD AND GORE FOR IT'S OWN SAKE, SAY, WHEN ARE WE GONNA BE TERATED TO A FULL WRAP-AROUND COVER!

SUDDENLY DAWNED ON ME THAT AFTER YOU USE MY STUFF IN #12, I'LL HAVE TO GET MY ACT TOGETHER AND DO SOMETHING NEW FOR YA! JUST FINISHED UP THE COVER TO IRON MOOSE #3... IT'LL KNOCK YOUR EYES OUT! BRAD W FOSTER

IT'S HARD TO ANSWER YOUR COMPLAINTS ABOUT THE CAPS WHILE TYPING IN CAPS, BUT IT'S WHAT I HAVE TO DO, I HAVE TO TELL YOU READERS WHAT MY TYPewriter SITUATION. YOU SEE THIS TYPE WRITER WITH THE CAPS IS MY OWN PERSONAL MACHINE, THE OTHER ONE'S I USE TO DO A STORY OR TWO IN NS ARE GOVERNMENT ISSUE... I ONLY GET TO USE THEM ONCE IN A BLUE MOON, ONE OF THESE DAYS I'LL BE ABLE TO AFFORD A NEW MACHINE, TILL THEN ALL I CAN DO IS KEEP THE TAPE CLEAN AND LISTEN TO ALL THE COMPLAINTS... ANYONE KNOW WHERE I CAN COME UP WITH A GOOD

TYPEWRITER CHEAP! I AGREE WITH ALL YOUR COMMENTS ABOUT II EXCEPT FOR YOUR COMMENTS ON HAIL BRAD I DIDN'T PARTICULARLY LIKE THE PIECE; BUT IT WAS AN EFFORT BY A FAN TO COMMUNICATE SOME THING... I DON'T AGREE WITH YOUR ADVISE THAT I SHOULD'NT HAVE PRINTED IT... A FRIEND OF A FRIEND OF MINE SAYS THAT BOBBY SOMMERKAMP IS TRYING TO BECOME A PRIEST..

DAVID, ... "HAIL" MEANT A LOT TO ME, WHEN I WROTE IT, I JUST RE-READ IT AND IT STILL DOES. I'M NOT IN A POSITION TO EXPLAIN IT, YET, BUT I WILL IN TIME. "BATTLE TO SURVIVE" IS MY FAVORITE THOUGH, IT IS THE STORY I WROTE FOR ME, I WOULD CERTAINLY LIKE TO KNOW IF YOU GET ANY COMMENTS ON MY WORK... I DON'T TAKE CRITICISM WELL, BUT I TAKE IT .. CLIFFORD METH

CLIFF MEET BRAD, BRAD MEET CLIFF...

DEAR DAVID, NO SEX!! WAS THE BEST ISSUE BY FR!!! THE COVER ART WAS GREAT AND THE MIX OF STORIES, STRIPS, AND ILLOS WAS FANTASTIC. ICEMAN MEETS THE FIREFLY WAS WELL DONE AND NICELY PLOTTED. THE COLUMNS WERE FIT IN WELL BETWEEN THE STRIPS. COLD STEERAGE WAS A GREAT STORY CONCEPT AND CAME OFF WELL. STAR STUFF WAS HILARIOUS... JUST LIKE IRON MOOSE, SCOTT'S ZINE, I KINNA LIKED "BATTLE TO SURVIVE" TOO, I WENT BACK IN TIME AND BOUGHT 10 FF#1'S FOR \$1 HAS TO BE A CLASSIC SHORT STORY IN FANDOM LITERATURE. THANKX, LLOYD LAWRENCE

THANK FOR THE KIND WORDS LL, AND GOOD LUCK WITH YOUR REVAMPING OF EXCELSIOR, LATER..

I RANTED AND RAVED LAST ISSUE ABOUT STAR TREK THE MOTION PICTURE, I THOUGHT THAT MOVIE LIVED UP TO IT'S PROMISE, IF NOT THE REPUTATION OF THE CREATORS OF THE TV SERIES. IT MAINTAINED THE ADULT CONCEPTS THAT PLACED THE ST SERIES ABOVE THE USUAL "LOST IN SPACE" FARE OF IT'S TIME.

I WISH TO CONTRAST THIS RECORD BREAKING FILM WITH ONE I FEEL WON'T MAKE IT AS FAR. THE MOVIE, THE BLACK HOLE FROM WALT DISNEY STUDIOS TO ME, IS AN UTTER DISAPPOINTMENT. IN SPITE OF THE PG RATING, THE CONCEPTS WERE JUVENILE AND THE PRE-SENTATION WAS CHILDISH. THE OVERALL IDEA WAS GREAT, FOR THE CONCEPT OF GOING INTO A BLACKHOLE HAS FASCINATED SCIENTIST SINCE THIS PHENOMENON WAS FIRST POSTULATED. THE WAY WE ARE BROUGHT TO THE CLIMAX OF THIS MOVIE IS NOTHING BUT LOW CLASS SPACE OPERA. THE MAIN CHARACTERS ARE PLASTIC AND REEK OF TYPICAL DISNEY "LOST IN SPACE" SCRIPTING (ERNEST BORGNINE EVEN PULLS A DR SMITH AT THE END AND BETRAYS

THE CREW). THE ROBOTS ARE WORST THAN PLASTIC.. THEY'RE STYROFOAM!! DON'T HAVE ANYTHING NEAR THE WORK PUT INTO R2-D2. GIVEN ALL THIS, LET'S LOOK AT THE CUTTING EDGE OF SF THESE DAYS... THE EFFECTS.

THE EFFECTS IN THE CASE OF BLACK HOLE ARE MOSTLY MERELY ADEQUATE. IT IS NO DOUBT THAT DISNEY PIONEERED MOVIE EFFECTS AND CAN BE COUNTED ON TO STIR AN AUDIENCE. BUT WITH THE ADVENT OF 2001, SILENT RUNNING AND OF COURSE STAR WARS, DISNEY WAS LOST FROM SIGHT AND MIND. BLACK HOLE IS AN ATTEMPT TO CASH IN AND QUITE FRANKLY THE ATTEMPT DOESN'T MEASURE UP. IF DISNEY WERE GOING TO EQUAL AND IN MOST CASES BE LESS GOOD AS DYKSTRA... WHY NOT JUST HIRE HIM?

UNLIKE STAR TREK, WHICH HAD NO OUTSTANDING SPECIAL EFFECTS, BH HAD ONE AT LEAST, PICTURE YOURSELF IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STEEL GRIDER SHIP THE SIZE OF THE EFFEL TOWER (WHICH IS BIG, I'VE BEEN THERE) IN THE MIDDLE OF A METEOR STORM, ONE OF THE BALLS THE SIZE OF CALLAS BOMB DOWN THE MIDDLE OF THE SHIP AND STARTS DEMOLISHING THE SHIP IN A BLAZING GLORY!! THE EFFECT IS FRANKLY AWE-INSPIRING... THEY WAY IT WAS PRE-SENTED HAD THE WHOLE THEATER ON THE EDGE OF IT'S SEAT WHERE I SAW THE MOVIE. THAT ROCK WAS JUST TUMBLING TOWARDS YOU... ARRRGH!

MY BIGGEST DISAPPOINTMENT WAS INT THE WAY THE MOVIE ENDED. YOU KNOW DISNEY WAS ONE OF THE THOUGH I CAN'T RECOMMEND THE ABOVE, I DID ENJOY THE LATEST FILM BLOCKBUSTER: SATURN 3. THE SPACE EFFECTS IN THIS MOVIE WEREN'T THAT GREAT BUT THAT ROBOT!!! CAN'T BE BEAT. I'VE ALWAYS HATED FARRAH FAWCETT, I CAN'T STAND THAT DUMB BLONDE ROLE SHE ALWAYS PLAYS... SHE WAS TOLERABLE IN SATURN 3, JUST CHECK IT OUT IF YOU HAVE THE CH-ANCE. I WISH SOMEONE WOULD WRITE ME AND GIVE ME A RUN DOWN ON THESE PIECES THAT CAME ON TV WHILE I WAS IN THE FIELD DURING THE MONTH OF JANUARY: BATTLESTAR GALACTICA 1980 PART 1; THE LATHE OF HEAVEN (ON PBS); AND THE MARTIAN COR-NICLES. PLEASE TELL ME IF THEY ARE WORTH RE-CORDING I'M THINKING OF PICKING UP ON THE WHEN AND IF THEY REPLAY THEM ON TV.

OKAY BEFORE WE TUNE INTO A NEW CHANNEL WE HAVE A FEW MUNDANE COMMENTS TO MAKE, BE SURE YOU PICK UP ON MATT BUCHER'S ULTRAZINE, BESIDES BEING A FORUM FOR ME TO SPREAD FORTH MY FOUL VENOM IN THE FORM OF A FANZINE REVIEW COLUMN, MATT HAS A GOOD ZINE THERE, 2550 WINGGATE RO/ BETHEL PARK, PA 15102. I'M ALSO LOOKING FORWARD TO MY ART APPEARING IN VARIOUS ZINES, A STRIP OR TWO IN IRON MOOSE, SOMETHING IN INERTIA, AND EVEN A LOS PAGER IN DYNAZINE. LOOK FOR THOSE, AND WHILE YOU'RE SPENDING YOUR MONEY LIKE WILD FIRE, BRAD FOSTER HAS COME OUT WITH A DELIGHTFUL FAN-PACKAGE THAT HAS A VERY UNDERGROUND FLAVOR TO IT... AND A TWO PAGE STRIP BY ME... WHILE I'M AT IT LET ME PUBLISIZE MY LATEST EFFORT... SOON TO BE OUT WILL BE MY PRISONER FANZINE DRY BONES, INSPIRED BY STEVE STREETER AND THE PRISONER FAN CLUB IT PROMISES TO BE GREAT, WE ALREADY HAVE A COVER BY JOE STAYTON AND LOTS OF GREAT ARTICLES AND RAVINGS ON ON OF THE BEST TV SERIES EVER TO HIT THE AIR WAVES. WRITE FOR INFO, IF YOU WANT TO ADVANCE ORDER A COPY WHICH I'M SELLING FOR \$1.50 WRITE IN.

OKAY THE PART OF A ZINE I DON'T LIKE, BUT I FIGURE I BETTER START DOING THIS BEFORE MATT BUCHER STARTS DOING IT FOR ME. I'M TALKING ABOUT MISTAKES IN THE LAST ISSUE. THE PRIZE GOES TO C R OLIVER WHO WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO NOTICED THAT PAGES 19 AND 20 WERE REVERSED IN NS11, THAT MEANS HE READ DREAMER, NOW THE REST OF YOU FIND OUT WHAT YOU MISSED. IN THE CONTENTS PAGE I LISTED HTE ARTIST OF THE BACKCOVER FOR NS11 AS DAN DALY... WE ALL KNOW IT WAS DAN DAY, THE GREAT BROTHER OF THE WONDERFUL FAN ARTIST GENE DAY, EVEN MORE WONDERFUL IS DAN BECAUSE HIS ART IS FOR FREE.

THAT'S ABOUT IT FOR NOW, I HOPE TO GET MOVING BACK ON THE RIGHT TRACK NOW, I'M GETTING MORE AND MORE NEW ORDERS FROM THE CURIOUS, I HOPE YOU ALL STAY WITH US... LOOK TO SEE YOU ALL NEXT ISSUE.



ROBOTIC GAGS





**NO SEX**

PRESENTS

# THE WEEVIL & TRAVARIUS in **TOGETHER AGAIN FOR THE FIRST TIME** PART I

THERE ARE TIMES WHEN A PERSON FEELS ALONE... AS IF HE WERE ONLY PERSON IN THE WORLD. FOR THE MAN NAMED 'TRAVARIUS', THIS IS ONE OF THOSE TIMES...

WHY? WHY MUST IT ALWAYS HAPPEN TO ME?! IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE. MIRANDA LEFT WITH THE MATERIALS!! I THOUGHT SHE MEANT IT WHEN SHE SAID SHE WOULD STAY!!



CREDITS: WRITTEN BY **BEN THOMAS** PENCILS BY **WILLIE PEPPERS** INKS BY **David Heath Sr.** LETTERS BY **David Heath Jr.**

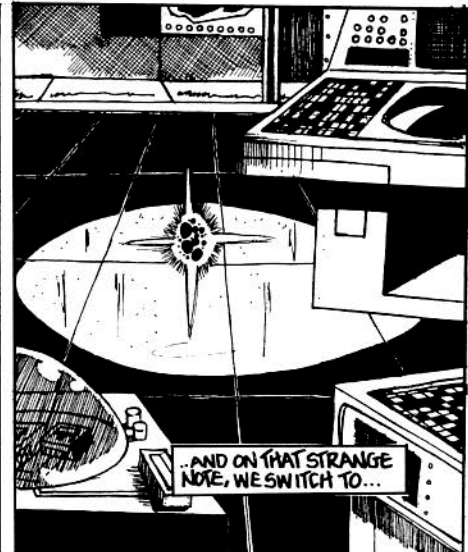


WE WERE A GREAT TEAM! AND I THOUGHT SHE CARED FOR... NO SHE NEVER REALLY SAID THAT!

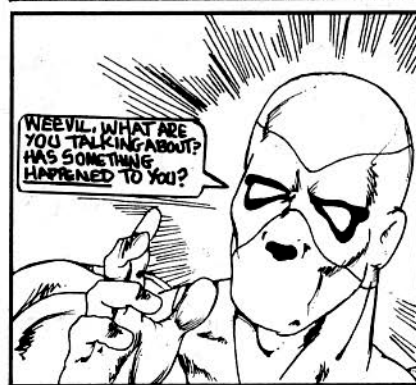
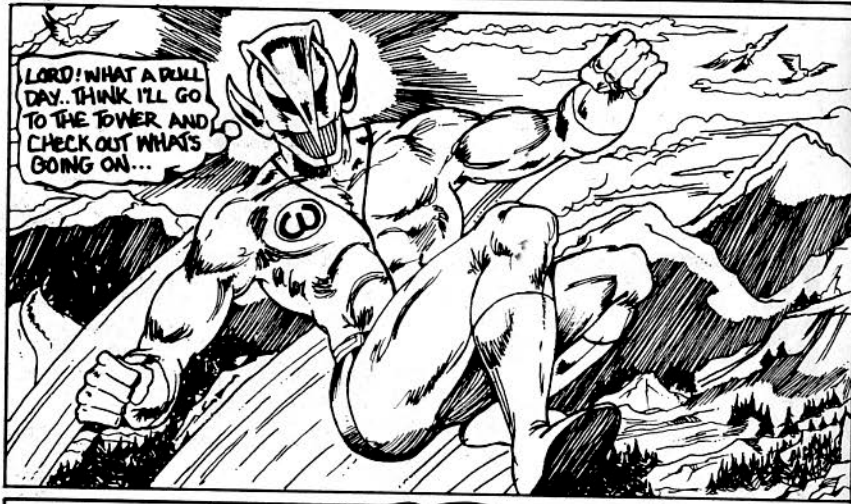
DAMN!! IT'S JUST NOT RIGHT! BEING A SUPERHERO IS SUPPOSED TO MAKE EVERYTHING RIGHT...



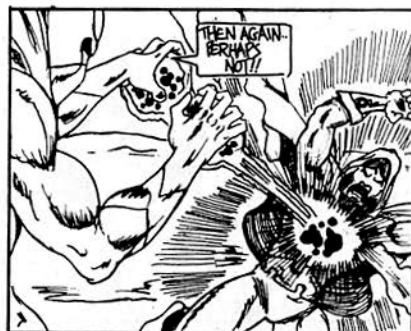
WHAT?!.. I FEEL... SO..

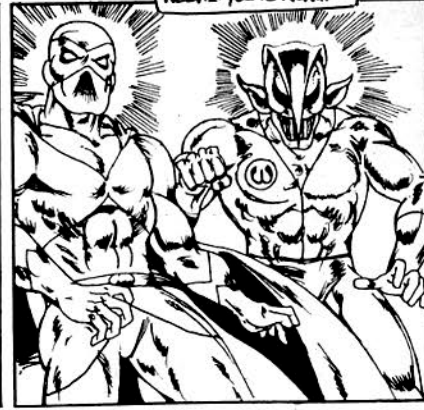
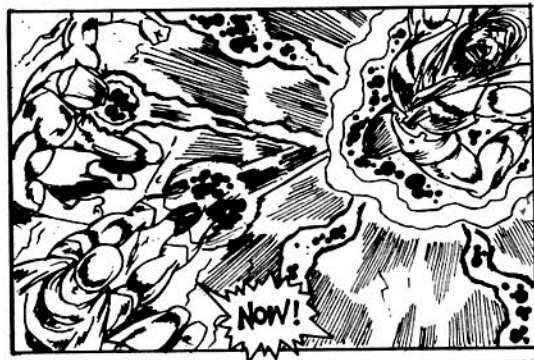
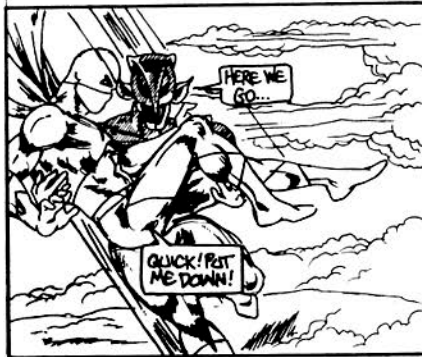


...AND ON THAT STRANGE NOTE, WE SWITCH TO...









Despite the prejudiced and exaggerated claims made by White Anglo-Saxon Protestant bigots, not all members of the Jewish race were rich. Despite what the Bunkerites of the last quarter of the 20th century preached of a century ago, not all Jews were scientific geniuses.

However, there were six Jews with a combined total wealth sufficient to finance "The First Solution", and there were twice that number of Jewish scientists with scientific knowledge enough to figure out the mathematics and physics involved in making "The First Solution" work. "The First Solution" was a pseudonym for the murder of a man, an ugly business no matter what the name. It might also appear to be a strange business to the uninitiated since the man whom the Jews had spent twenty-million dollars and four-

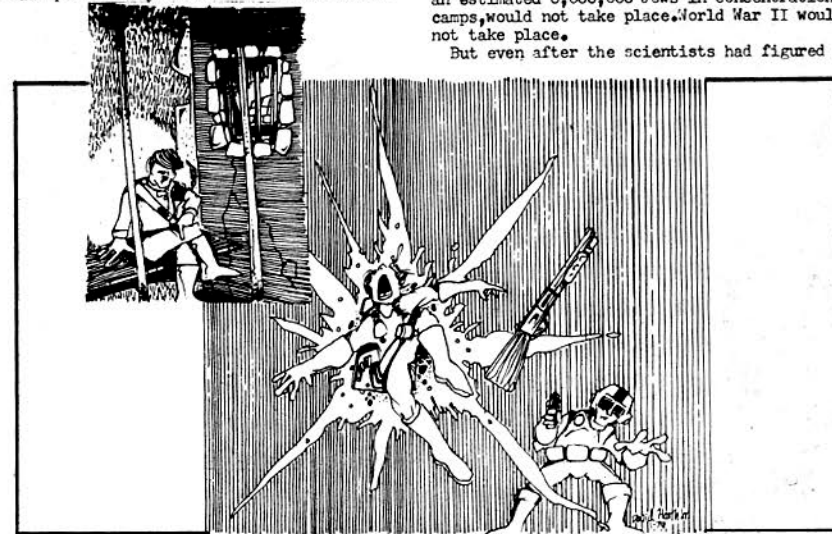
teen years work into killing had committed suicide in a bunker in Berlin, Germany almost two centuries before.

The target of all this effort was Adolf Hitler.

"The First Solution" was a plan to send an assassin back in time to the Austrian prison where Hitler was imprisoned following his unsuccessful 1923 Beer Hall Putsch where he wrote his book, "Mein Kampf". At that time in history, the Nazi party was merely a political joke. Later Hitler's daring risks, his behind the scenes treachery, and his great public oratory ability would bring the Party to a power that almost conquered the world.

Kill Hitler and it would all be over. The Nazi party would fade away like a bad dream. Hitler's "Final Solution", the systematic mass murder of an estimated 6,000,000 Jews in concentration camps, would not take place. World War II would not take place.

But even after the scientists had figured out



a way to break the time barrier, after the built a device capable of controlling the assassin's movement in time, there was a problem still to be worked out.

A capable assassin. In the time in which these Jews lived, there was little need for assassins and thus few assassins. True, there were still murders, mostly of the family dispute nature; there would always be those. The Jews, however, needed more than someone willing and psychologically capable of murder. They needed someone physically capable of successfully killing Der Fuehrer. Even under the primitive security measures of the 1920's, to move about inside a prison, locate a prisoner and murder him, would require an assassin of considerable skill.

The time machine could put the assassin inside the prison and get him out again, but the prison is as close as the machine could pin-point Hitler's location. The assassin would have only 50 minutes between time to locate and kill Hitler.

There would be only one chance. There could not be a return trip if the assassin failed to find Hitler or only injure but not kill him.

They finally found a suitable assassin. They armed him with two weapons, one a pistol with a 15-round magazine of anesthetic bullets to be used on any guards who might attempt to stop him. The other weapon was for use on Hitler only. It was a 10-round fully automatic shotgun loaded with 0-0 buckshot size pellets saturated with a derivative of a combination of cyanide and prussic acid. The poison was so deadly and so fast acting, that if only one of the pellets should even merely nick Hitler enough to draw blood, he would be dead before he hit the floor.

Hitler would be a sitting duck for the rounds in the restrictive confines of his prison cell. The Jews who devised "The First Solution" and the man they finally choose as their assassin were were certain of that. They could not fail.

With the time machine strapped to his back like an ancient soldier's knapsack and his anesthetic pistol in his hand, the assassin disappeared backwards in time to the 1920's Austrian prison.

The dyer's rifle disintegrated him the instant he arrived at the prison, reducing his body, the time machine, and his clothes and weapons to the their basic elements and then shattering the very atoms of the elements.

"My assignment executed," returned to my present present, a thousand years in Hitler's future, 800 years in the Jew's future. Hitler was safe. World War II would take place as it was suppose to. The world and time was safe.

You see, the Jews involved in "The First Solution" were right; without Hitler there would be no Nazi Germany and no World War II in the first half of the 1940's. What they failed to realize, however, was that without the Nazi party, Germany and the rest of Western Europe would have gone Communist. True, there would have been no second World War; however, the Communist Bloc would have developed nuclear weapons ahead of the United States and would have used them in 1957 in a six month conflict that would kill seven and a half times the number killed in World War II.

To see that the lesser of the two evils in time parallels triumphs over the greater evil is the mission of the future organization I work for. That is why I had to save the life of Adolf, so that "Voloklov Blenzakov" would die in the Second World War in 1942 in Stalingrad and not live to lead the USSR in launching the Third World War in 1957.

\* \* \*  
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## THE HIVES OF BLACK CHANDRU

by  
MARK McLAUGHLIN



Each morning without fail, the sorcerer, Black Chandru would leave his dark house in Nightmare Valley to visit the village of Darla. There he would enter the teeming marketplace, to buy herbs and spices for his various concoctions. Now and then a disgruntled merchant would denounce the mage as a mountebank and refuse him service. Black Chandru had only to roll up his sleeves to silence such impertinence. It was not the threat of violence which turned the trick.

His wrists were lined with scales.

One chilly autumn morning a strange missive was found posted in the marketplace. The warlock, it read, was in need of an errand-boy to collect dues and make deliveries. Several ambitious youths applied for the position, only to be turned away at their would-be employers' door. Black Chandru held no interest in their petty aspirations; besides, forward servants meddled, and had the annoying habit of disclosing their masters' secrets.

The task eventually fell to Shebub, the tinkers' son. Shebub was a timid youngster, with golden locks and sullen coal-black eyes. Black Chandru was pleased by the child, and eventually allowed him the liberties of apprenticeship. Shebub was permitted entry to the wizard's workshop, where dried crocodiles hung from the ceiling by hempen cords, and grotesque hybrids decayed in crystal jars. He was given access to the library, a tapestried chamber uncouth with the dust of neglect. He was rewarded every freedom he could desire, with but one exception.

He could not enter the sorcerer's fenced yard. The fenced yard was nothing more than a small enclosure a short distance behind the dark house. The fence itself was covered with thick black vines, as was its locked copper gate of hideous design. Black Chandru referred to this yard as his apriary, but Shebub knew better. The yard was far too small for the profitable keeping of bees. Once he had pressed his ear to the gate, to hear a dry, crackling rustle, like the stirring of hellish winds. He had considered climbing the fence, but dared not; there was something damnable in the way the thick black vines turned their horns upon him. The moonlight had allowed his

curiosity to remain unsatisfied, had it not been for evil Zedubi.

As a child Zedubi had been as sweet and graceful as a charging lion, only to be sold as child-wife to the pot-bellied trader Nep-Shek. In a year's time the hapless groom was found floating in the river. Though his great belly swollen to even greater proportions, the wealthy young widow had consoled herself by taking a second husband, who met a strangely similar fate.

The pattern was repeated a third, fourth, fifth and sixth time, and might have gone on indefinitely, had not Zedubi grown wrinkled and wit-chlike with age. She had appealed to Black Chandru to restore her beauty with a certain magical honey he possessed, only to be flatly refused. He would not even accept the gift she had offered to him. The ruby ring with the hidden poison needle which had served her so faithfully over the years.

Then Zedubi learned of little Shebub and the services he rendered Black Chandru, she clapped her hands and smacked her lips with glee. She then entered her secret treasury and snatched up a sack of gold. Thus armed she paid a visit to the local apothecary.

That evening, the good druggist had his stalwart sons Tuth and Brudo carry seven sealed jars to the door of evil Zedubi, warning them not to spill so much as a single drop of their precious contents.

The next morning, as Shebub tended to his deliveries, a comely maiden of wondrous beauty crossed his path. The maiden called the you by name, and asked if she might walk with him. Utterly bewildered, for such had never happened to him before, Shebub stammered an affirmative and accepted the proffered hand. He noticed a peculiar strangeness to its texture, but paid it little attention.

The hours passed quickly for timid Shebub that day. He walked with his paramour amidst violets and jonquills, enthralled by the maidens effortless grace. There was something in the glow of her eyes he found very soothing yet very frightening, something strangely related to the hypnotic powers of a snake, only far more subtle. This dubious something took hold of Shebub

and refused to let go, so that he soon found himself swearing his undying love for the lass. The maiden, in turn, asked Shebub to prove his love by stealing a flask of honey from the wizard's apriary. She then laid waste to all possible objections with a fiery kiss.

Emboldened as never before, Shebub ran forthwith to the dwelling of Black Chandru. He found the warlock asleep in his study, a heavy volume bound in serpent-skin resting on his lap. He tiptoed to the wizard's workshop, taking a bottle of sleeping potion down from its shelf, he returned to the study and poured the bottle's contents down his master's throat. He began to search Black Chandru for the key to the apriary. It was found hanging on a thick chain from the warlock's neck. A slender rod of gleaming gold topped with a beehive-shaped handle.

Shebub was trembling as he walked to the apriary. The locked gate of the yard stood in a pool of blood. He had an inkling something out of space and time. He turned the key in its keyhole. The gate swung open with a metallic click.

## INERTIA 3

In *Inertia* #3:

A cover by Earl Geier!

Columns:

\*Daredevil by Jim Kramer  
\*Marvel Comics by Liam Brooks  
\*Keith Giffen by Carl D'Angelo  
\*Foreign Comics by Ed Hatton

Art by:

Burchett, Hatton, Heike,  
Nasty, Pharms, Stevenson

*Inertia* #3 is 60¢. It will be the last issue in the current format. *Inertia* #4 will be 26 8½ by 11 pages for \$1. Or subscribe, 4 quarterly issues for \$3. Thanks.

Scott Macdonald  
6697 E. Shadow Lake Dr.  
Lino Lakes, MN 55014



Shebub found himself razing upon thousands of acres of stretching pastureland, brightly dotted with bizarre wildflowers. The only landmarks to mar this perfection were several enormous structures shaped, as with the handle of the key, in the fashion of the fashion of the beehive.

Shebub crept forward and entered the semi-circular opening of the nearest hivelike structure. He noticed a queer sponginess to the walls which was far from reassuring. It was unusually dark within the structure, so Shebub lit a candle stub he had brought along to steal the flask.

Less than three inches from his face loomed a vast obsidian wall, carved with a vaguely disturbing hexagonal pattern. Thinking this to be the honeycomb, Shebub pulled his knife from its sheath and stabbed at it. Warm, sticky fluids spurted forth from the ragged gas.

**Blood...**

Shebub stopped short, his dripping knife arrested in midswing. The wall seemed to tremble, then shift from side to side, almost like an eye rolling in its socket...

The shining, multifaceted eye of a bee...

Outside of the apary a robed figure paced impatiently.

Suddenly Shebub stepped over the threshold of the hideous gate, branches from head to toe with stary blood. The robed figure hissed with disgust.. then sighed with pleasure. The robe fell limply to the earth, to reveal the comely young maiden. She held out her arms, if only to receive her precious flask of honey.

Shebub began to chuckle.

Even as the wench watched, short bristly hairs sprouted from the stained portions of Shebub's body. His ensanguined fingers stretched into spidery claws, clutching at empty air. His face became a grotesque proboscis, adrip with foetid slime. Black and yellow stripes circled his widening abdomen.. twitching wings tore through the flesh of his back.

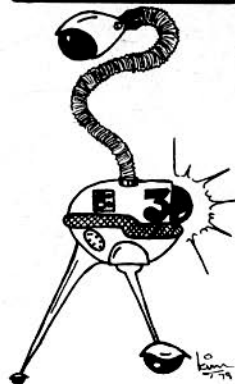
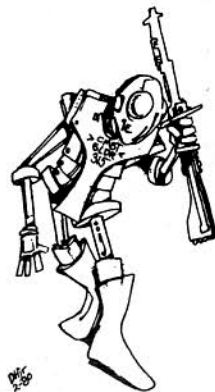
The maiden tried to explain, tried to tell him that she was actually Zedubi, made beautiful through the virtues of seven secret chemicals, but alas, it was far too late. She had only enough time to scream before being carried by the bee-thing into the boundless heavens, towards the clouds.. the moon...the stars...beyond...

The next day, a new missive was found posted in the marketplace...

\* \* \* \*



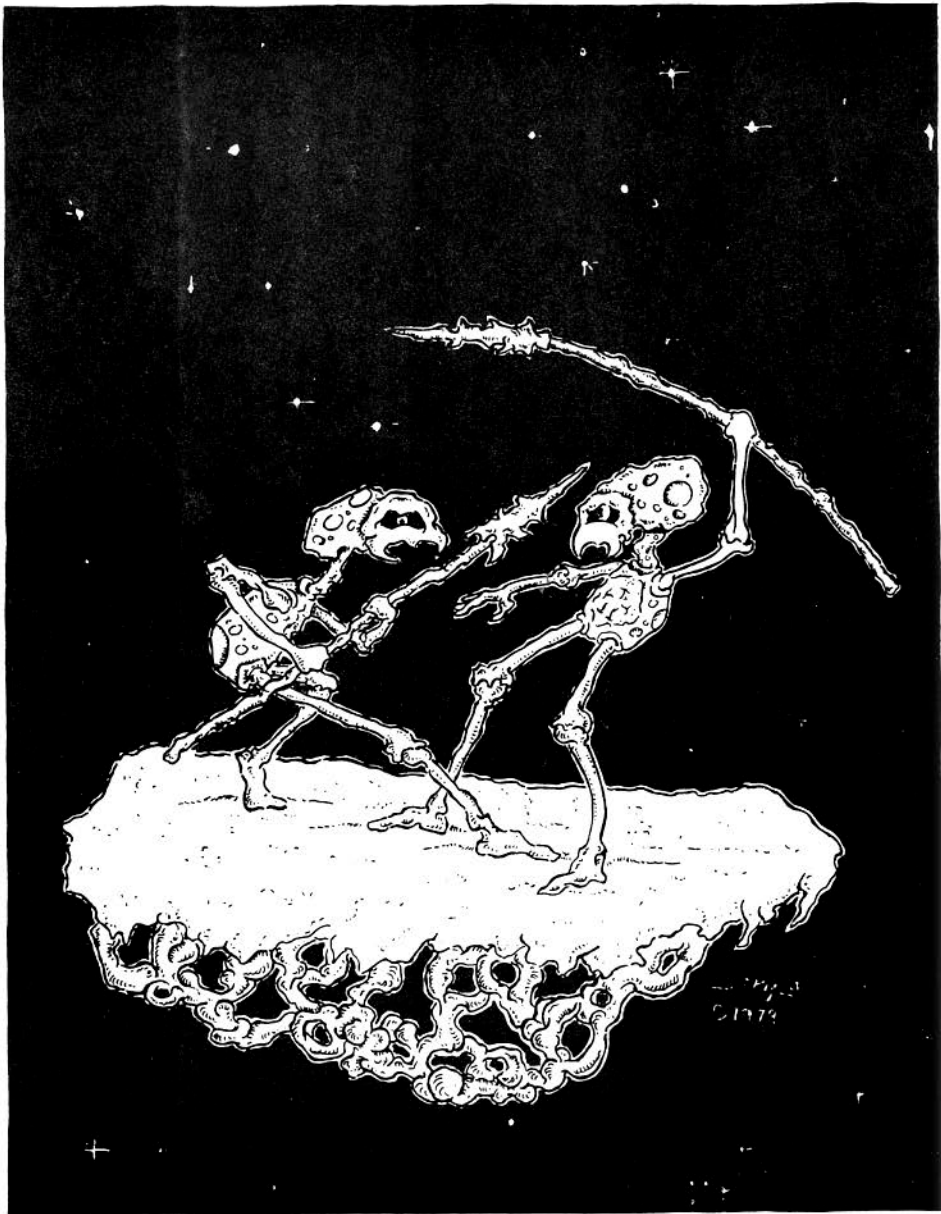
**THE NO SEX  
FAN  
'FOLIO**

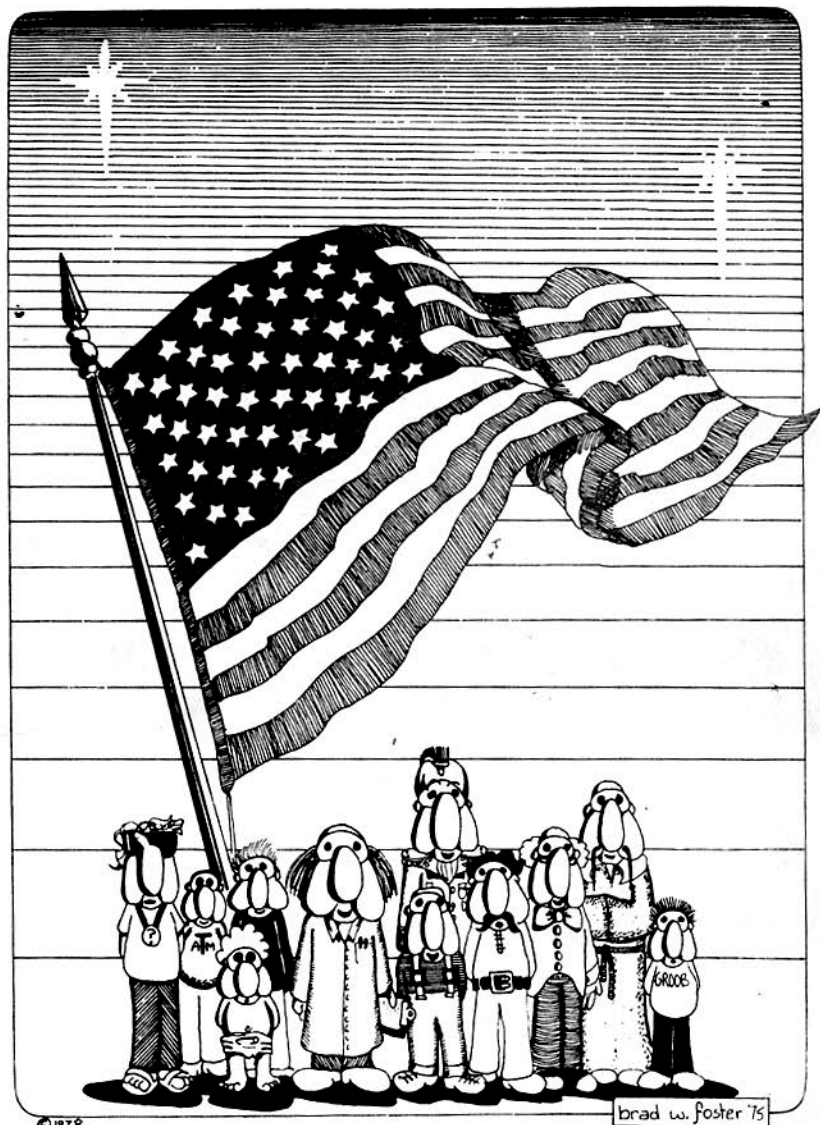












© 1978

brad w. foster '75

I HAD A LOT OF JOBS BEFORE. MANY OF THEM I ENJOYED.....

# Loia' 18

THIS ONE, I DIDN'T.....

A NO SEX PRODUCTION

SCRIPT: BAMB! ART: VICTOR REEVE

HEATH PRODUCES

AN ACTA PROD



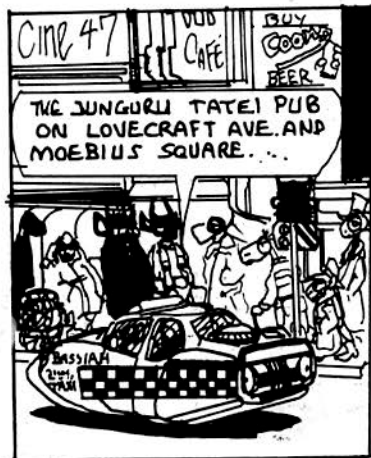
I LANDED AT THE ZEPPELIN-AIRSHIP PORT OF 'TRAPHUS.' THE SCHLEIMIELS AT CUSTOMS DIDN'T FIND MY MASSALAR-7 OR MY MANGEE FLASHER... I FELT PROUD.



LOAD COMMANDO WATSON HAD TOLD ME WHERE TO FIND 'HIM' ON LOIA 18....

AHN! BASSIAH!

\*HEYTAX!!!



NEVER!



FINIS

**MA-MART-TEA** **THE ORIGIN!!**

S A RESTRICTED AREA!

WE WEREN'T EXPECTING YOU TODAY— THE TEST IS SCHEDULED FOR NEXT WEEK...

THAT'S WHY I MOVED IT UP— DOING THE UNEXPECTED CAN BE VERY USEFUL IN BUSINESS!

EVERYTHING'S SET~SO, IF YOU PEOPLE WILL JUST MOVE BACK, WE CAN BEGIN... NOW!!

CO-PLOTTERS · CO-WRITERS  
 JOSEPHINE BRAINOVICH / AUTHOR  
 KEN MEYER JR. / ARTIST  
 LETTERER

SWINGIN'S STEVE STREETER / CREATOR

AS DR. KNIGHT STARTS, A FAINT GLOW FORMS AROUND RAY...

...WHICH EXPANDS... AND EXPANDS... AND EXPANDS.

UNTIL... IT WORKED!

ZZZZZZZZ ZIIIIINNGPHH\*

MINUTES PASS AS LAURA NYIKO, HER BOARD OF DIRECTORS, AND DR. KNIGHT STAND TRANSFIXED.

SOMETHING'S WRONG...

IT'S TAKING LONGER THAN IT SHOULD!

SUDDENLY, AT THE RECEIVING PLATFORM AT THE OTHER SIDE OF THE LAB.

WAIT!!

UHHUHHH HHH

RAY!!  
 GOOD LORD— RAY...

CRACKLEZZZPHHHZZZZ\*

2



AS SOON AS YOU CAN, I WANT YOU TO GO OVER THE LAB AND FIND OUT WHAT WENT WRONG.



EVERYTHING WAS RUNNING PERFECTLY WHEN WE TERMINATED THE NIGHTS WORK~AND YOU ARRIVED JUST AN HOUR LATER.



DR. KNIGHT? MISS NYIKO?



WHILE INSIDE...

THAT'S REALLY WEIRD NURSE, I WONDER HOW LONG IT'LL LAST?

IT'S SO HARD TO BELIEVE!!



MR. STUART...

I WAS TRYING TO TELL DR. KNIGHT ABOUT YOUR ABILITY...



SHOW HIM WHAT I MEAN.



OK, DOC. NURSE, HAND ME THAT CAN.



NOW, WATCH THIS CAN O' CAFFEINE CLOSELY..



AND IT'S NOT JUST THE SHAPE THAT'S CHANGED~ THESE ARE REAL PEARLS! HERE...

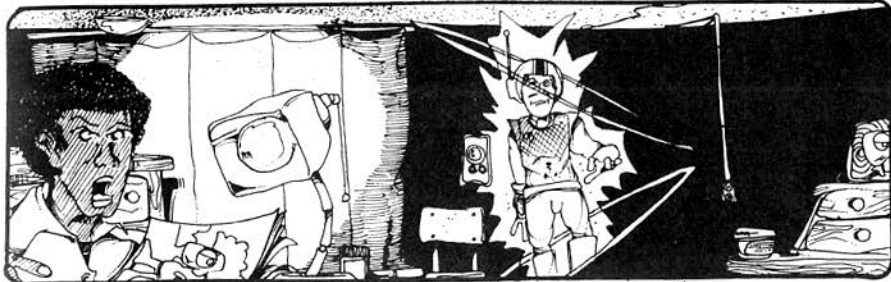
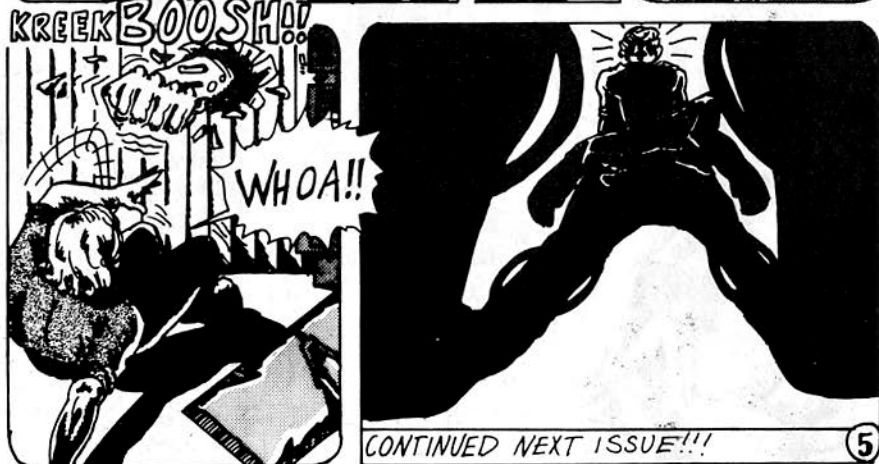


...ISN'T NEXT FRIDAY MRS. KNIGHT'S BIRTHDAY?

WELL, YES, UH, I... I... I DON'T BELIEVE-



NOW, NURSE STRICKLAND, WHERE HAVE I HEARD THAT PHRASE BEFORE?



I MEET THE LOB  
by David Heath Jr.

cent interview done of me in issues 3 & 4 of *Sense of Wonder* begins in a suburb of San Francisco...midnight 24 July 1972.

Some of you No Sex readers have asked about the editor and creator of No Sex magazine.

"Who is this ego-centric person that keeps swamping us with his worthless art" you ask. In response to this I came up with a grand plan. "I'll do a bio on myself! This will not only answer all questions, but will serve as further salve for my ever expanding ego!" Consider, if you will, a 10 page biography in No Sex on the life and times of David Heath Jr. entitled "No Sex: A Space Odyssey"

As I embark upon this momentous endeavor, I find that my devilous past may be too much for even the fan to except. I found myself in a quandary. You see there are two David Heaths! Yes! There is one known and loved by us all, and one unknown, but a source of great power and mystery...a man of interest. What I must discern, is whether the people want to know a lie or the truth. You see, the lie is that David Heath Jr is the person that you think you know thru my drawings and other fan activity...you know born Dec 31 1952, Los Angeles California, graduate of the University of San Francisco, commissioned an officer in the US Army...so on and so forth. Neat, pretty, non-assuming...DULL, right? RIGHT! And also not the truth.

The real truth (with apologies to a re-

The Setting doesn't matter, because during the summer break from college I had worked myself into a state of unconsciousness and was oblivious to my surroundings. For years (six or seven) I had been drawing an evil cartoon character known as the "Lob", his exploits had become second nature to me and I had worked him into an embodiment of evil that earned me chastisements from my instructors across the globe. Inspired by some unknown compulsion, the Lob was a totally evil scientist who came to inspire fear in the hearts of all men.

Well enough of that, it was late at night as I said, and I was drawing. The subject had gotten to the Lob, as usual. The lamp flickered, I thought it was on the frits again. The thing was one of those goose-neck jobs and the wires were worn. I ignored it until it flickered again and a high pitched fizzing sound came to pass. I jumped up looking for the electricians' tape when I saw him...right in my room...THE LOB!!!

I knew it was the Lob, just by looking at the calm apparition before me I had never drawn the Lob in human form before this; but if I had the skill, it would look like this guy staring at me from near the doorway (the only exit



from the room).

Six and a half feet at least..the sucker was tall!Other than that,I couldn't tell much more about him,except maybe he seemed to be an outdoor type with a deep tan.His physique was hidden by the weirdest outfit 20th century man ever laid eyes on,a light blue one-piece jump-suit with loads of zippers and straps.Accent that with black knee-boots,gauntlets and a weird visorless space helmet with a prominent antenna.He looked like Mars' answer to Capt America.I figured no one walks off the streets like this!

I was cool."Who the        are you and how did you get in here!?"I yelled at the top of my voice while backing up.

He pulled out an instrument..or gun,I didn't know which.He swept the room either for radiation of targets..and I saw no way to stop him.

This guy had me freaked out,I was sure I knew him,but how could he have come to reality?Suddenly his eyes,dark brown and intelligent, lit up.

"25 July 1972,old date,"he announced, pleased with himself I guess.It was hard to tell,his voice was musical,mechanical and precise..like one of those telephone recordings.."your three minutes are now up.."you know,inflections in odd places, yet it was masculine.

I stared at him,had to be five full minutes,neither of us moved,if I was in a joking mood,I'd have said he were a robot.recharging,I could almost hear his gears grinding,but it was no laughing matter.My stomach was in square knots with bolin half-hitches.Finally in a nervous fit,I spoke.

"That's pretty good,it knows the date," I said nodding to the desk calendar.He didn't like that remark,I could tell because his face kinda screwed up in a grimace.

"It's hard to make accurate readings, all this is so experimental,I had not

planned to come while you were awake,now I must recalculate."he said this almost as an excuse,I was at a loss for words at this revelation,so I let him continue. He didn't.As I stood there wondering why this apparition would want to pop into my bedroom while I was asleep,he pulled the instrument out again.It rested on a sort of clip at his hip on the jumper and it had buttons which he started to push like a secretary on overtime.

"Hey look..,"I started up,in frustration.Suddenly he looked up from the instrument,a typical black-box with buttons and lights,and held up a hand to halt my conversation.

"Obviously you are not of the intelligence I had anticipated for this pre-destruction time zone,"he said.I was going to interrupt but again the silence please signal."I will try a setting further up the time stream,"he made adjustments to the box while staring dead into my eyes.

Now I would have loved to see this enigma search further up the time stream;but pride and foolishness caused me to do something that changed the course of history..or is it the future, anyway..I spoke.

"Bull,"I blurted out,"I got intelligence,like I know you're a time traveler,probably from the future..a time as your comments indicate that is past some great disaster that will befall or all of the Earth,I would venture to say you are a scientist experimenting in time travel."

"Good,"he answered in the musical monotone,"Suspicion confirmed,you know I am a time traveller and my miscalculation has causeda disruption in the time stream,I must now attempt to eradicate my mistake."

"As long as you don't eradicate me!"I said in agitation.

"Right,"he replied."Know me as the Lob" he continued and pro-offered his hand.I

shook my hand."Lob said to me.I nodded and I fell asleep.

I woke up quickly when a pair of feet and a pack was brought to Lob. After donning those and noticing me to look his arms were airborne and through the hole in the ceiling before I could catch my breath.Once I touched Lob's arm,I was stuck like glue,I was probably safe,but scared as hell.We circled the hanger then climbed to what I'd say was 2000 feet.When I looked down I saw Lob's complex was on an overhang of a medium-sized desert island and the complex itself was composed of a series of white domes connected by tubes to a larger dome.I can't describe in detail anymore..I didn't look down but once.

After we got altitude we moved away from the sun.The sky was clear with a few cirrus clouds on high.The speed q was uncalculatable as the status-field cut out all sensation.Lob look down at me and said "sleep",as if hypnotized I was out like a light.

Change of scenery.The sky is dark.. with pollution,below are buildings the size of planets,the sky is filled with flying ships of every kind.Lighter than air,ground effects,rockets,and some of unknown propulsion,I guessed it to be anti-grav.All were interweaving in computer controlled traffic patterns.The Lob and I were interweaving under our own insane control.

Suddenly Lob plummeted to earth,he spread-eagled his body,which put me over his head,and landed on top of a building that was larger than most.

"Government,"Lob said.He seemed more economic with his words in his own time than he was in mine.He pulled out something that I immediately recognized.If you had been there you would have also. It was a ray-gun.Either heat or molecular vibration,I don't know,but when Lob pulled the trigger,a gapping hole was blasted into the building.We jetted down

into the depths of the building.We landed softly on the floor of deep red carpeting.

"Who are...THE LOBB!"shouted a guard aimed with a rifle.The guard took a pot-shot at us and ran.The Lob deflected the ray off his gaudel and aimed on the guard as he ran.The man was hit and exploded.. very gory.

"This way," the Lob indicated and we charged down halls similar to those in Lob's laboratory till we reached a door with a complicated lock.Two rifles lay on the floor,the guards had deserted th their pots,word spread fast.A quick blast and we were in the room.The room was a chamber the size of a football field.It was lined with consoles similar to those that the Lob had used earlier except that these were many times larger.

"Ahhh.."Lob exclaimed,rubbing his hands together,he punched the nearest console to life and went to work.

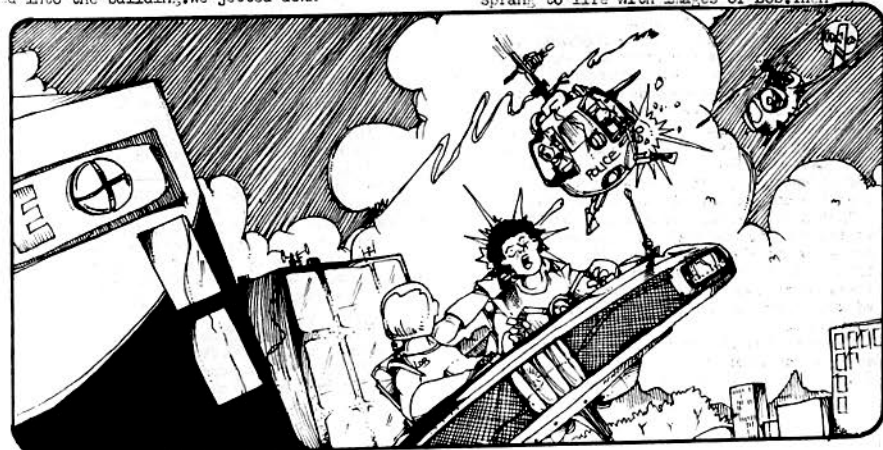
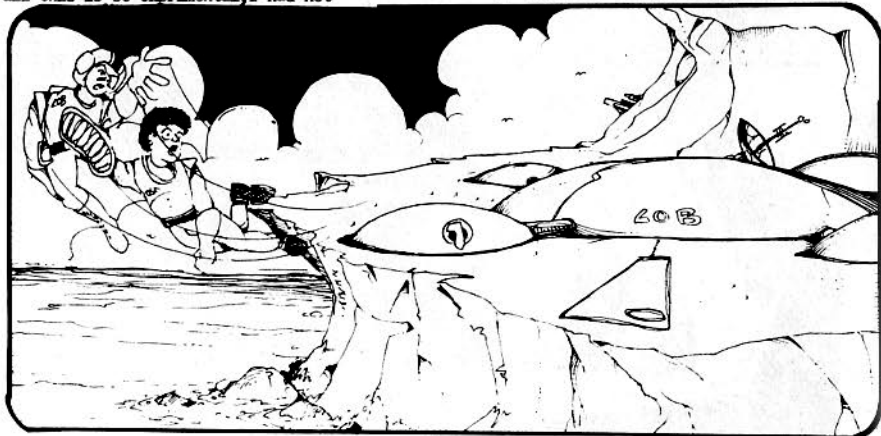
"All this destruction just to get to a bigger computer!?"I shouted at the Lob with my hands thrown up.

He looked up from his programming at me and smiled.He rested his head in his hand and said,"I am the Lob,"and this seemed to be explanation enough."Go watch the door,"he continued pointing.

I did as he said,but kept a close eye on Lob from the doorway I was guarding.First he would build a scene..my old room,there was I,and enter the Lob in a shower of sparks,he wiped this and constructed the 3-D plane again.A complex snake grew through the X,Y,Z graph,but would cave in each time after reaching a certain point.Then the real world caved in as three guards pushed past me.

"You at the board,stop what you are doing!"They were not afraid of him,they were robots.Their dark eyes glinted behind a fierce blue face mask.

"Look out Lob!"I yelled.Lob was already in action.He jumped on top of one of the consoles and suddenly they all sprang to life with images of Lob.Then







was of course flabbergasted.

"No..I moaned,"I knew it,you are the Lob,I've gone crazy."I dropped to my bed and bowed my head in my hands and muttered,"no,no,no..."Lob in turn was confused but showed his shock in agitated anger punctuated by stabbing fingers and waving arms.

"No!it can't be,but I should have known,"he said with his hands on his hips.He stared away from me."This is the most prominent focus in the time stream,I should have known there would be paradox!"While I tried to figure this out he whirled on me.

"How do you know me?I am of the future and I am the first to travel to this period..I think..has someone gotten here before me?!"

"No!"I answered,"I draw you all the time, look here," I went to my overloaded desk of drawers and brought out the reams of Lob cartoons gathered there.

"Fascinating"was all he said as he sat down to read each in turn,grunting,smiling or grimacing at certain panels of the action stories.The process took two hours during which I stood with folded arms,sat on the bed away from him on the chair,and later stared out of the small window in the room.

Finally he looked up."Amazing,"he said."You have me down to a neutrino,"he stood and stretched by use of some martial arts exercise and pulled out the black box.

"Let's go,"he said.He pushed a button on the box and the room went pitch black. For a moment there was grayness,I was blinded then my eyes adjusted.I saw that I was in an immaculate laboratory packed with ultra-sophisticated electronic equipment.

"We will now utilize the compucomp to analyze the situation," the Lob said stepping to a console with a 3-D read-out.I

could tell it was 3-D because images of the whole lab including myself and the Lob were being projected above it in two inch miniature.The lab scene was wiped a and replaced by as X,Y,Z 3-D graph coordinate system.

"Robbing banks must be a good business, with all this,"I said.The Lob looked up at me,not in anger but more a malign interest.

"Yes,"he said."Your writings show that you know everything,you consider me evil don't you,"he continued.

"Well,"I spread my hands helplessly. I was getting sleepy now and wastired of the game.

"This unit doesn't have enough power to solve the problem of the stream matrix,"he declared pointing at the console. It was now dull with a black and white checked cubes floating in the air above it."We'll have to use the government S-33,it will mean a long trip."

"I'm game,maybe I can sleep,"I yawned.

"You can, follow me,"he said.I followed Lob out of the laboratory,down a labyrinth of white walled halls with black doors,and into an immense chamber which was visably a hanger by virtue of the amazing craft moored to shelves,landings and ground caves.Men robots and things that defired description hurried to and fro tending the machines landing them and taking off through an opening in the ceiling.

A man came up to us from the floor below.He was decked out like Lob but no helmet,and his hair was blue-green.

"Need fast-pac!"Lob announced.The man nodded and left without speaking."You won't be able to control a set,so hang on to my arm and the status field will

all images began to jump from console to console.It was like a circus of dancing jumping Lobbs!

"Fire at will,formation random,"one of the robots declared.The other two went to one knee and fired on the console images at random,one was the real Lob.A blob of light came from a moving Lob with a ray-gun,and one robot exploded.By this time the room was a mass of explosions and wires,still images danced from the intact consoles.I was neglected in a corner.The expended robot's rifle was two feet from me,I reached for it and studied it awile.I aimed it and fired at one of the robots,he exploded with gusto.

"Good,"the Lob said as he was suddenly next to me.He dispatched the last guard and led the way to the door."I didn't find the answer,I'm mad,my pac is damaged we'll need a flutter."I had to run to keep up.There were sounds all through the building.Orders,shouts,damage reports. After going down a million flights of narrow stairs and overpowering a bewildered guard,we were in a flying car headed up.

"This button" Lob pointed at the panel that looked like a spaceship control board to me,"hold it down,no matter what, govern over-ride."The craft sped through the polluted sky.A helicopter hovered up behind us,it was like no craft from my time,true it was propelled by twirling blades but it was as fast as a jet.

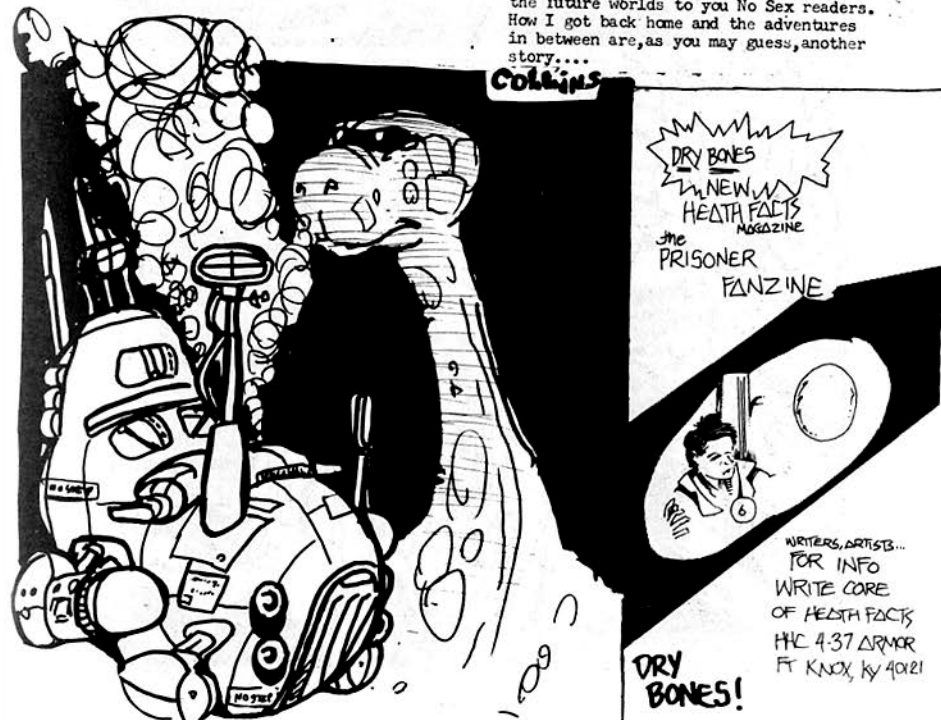
"Okay,hang on" Lob instructed,he leaned out of the cabin of the flying car and fired his pistol five times in a row.The 'copter exploded the heat catching me in the back of the head,I could have used one of those Lob helmets.

"You're all right," the Lob said as he regained his seat.It was like he did this everyday,he was so calm."You think on your feet,"he said to me."I like you, I may let you stay around the future a while."

"Well Lob,"I replied,"I don't like your world,it's a nice place to drawbut no fun in reality."

Lob looked at me and smiled.He took the controls and gave the car it's heading.This is how I met Lob and came into the future where I learned of it's wonders.From this I am able to relate the future worlds to you No Sex readers. How I got back home and the adventures in between are,as you may guess,another story....

Collins



# VOYAGE TO THE EDGE OF THE UNIVERSE

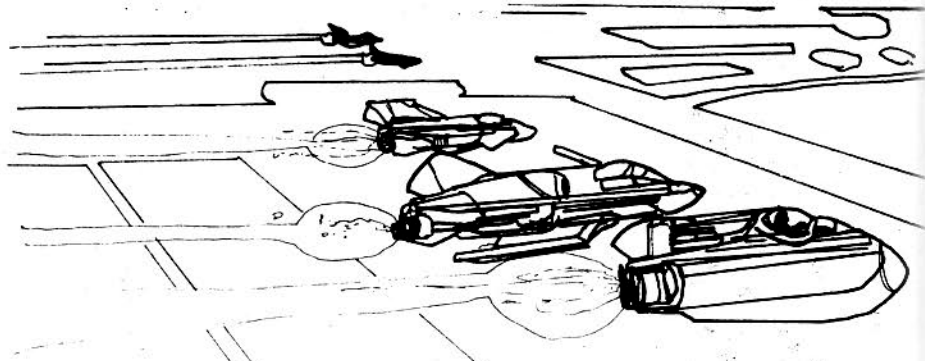
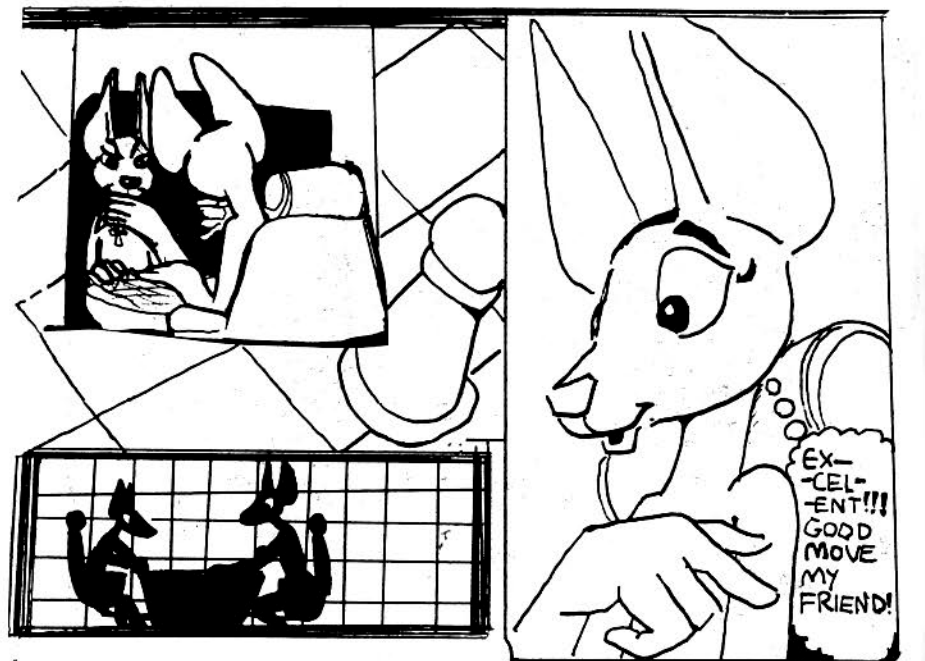
STORY & ART: TOMY CHORIK



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BY VICTOR HESS



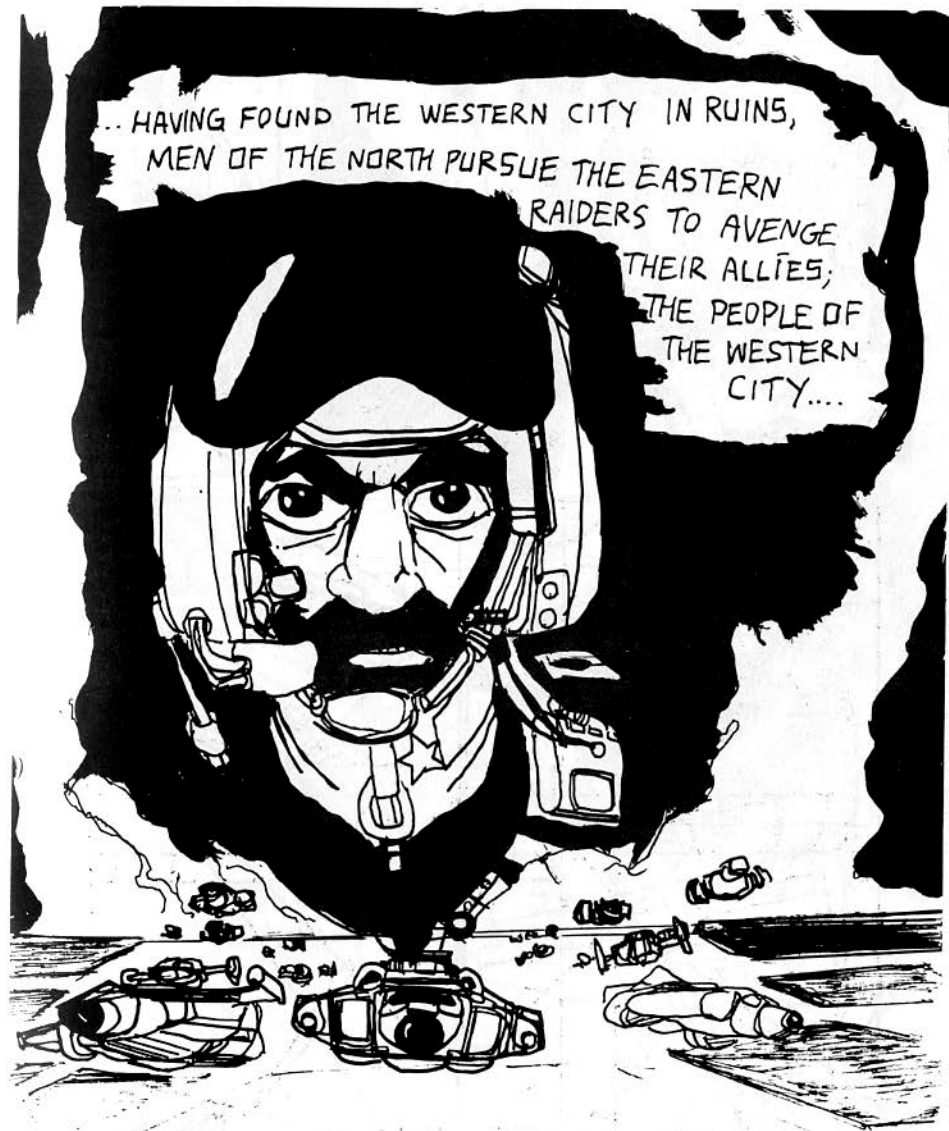
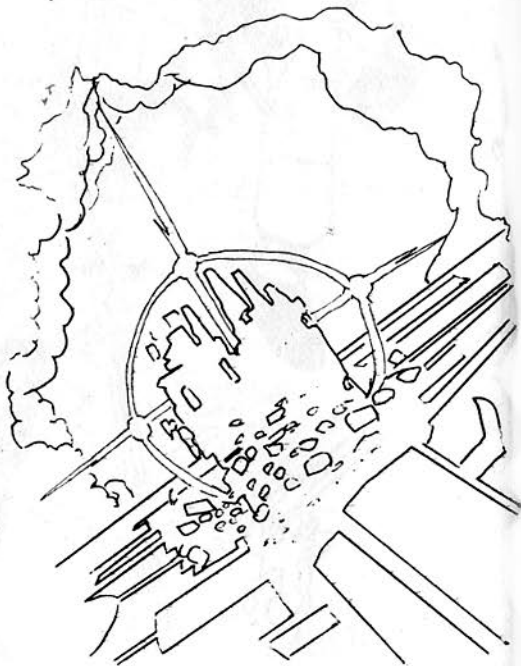


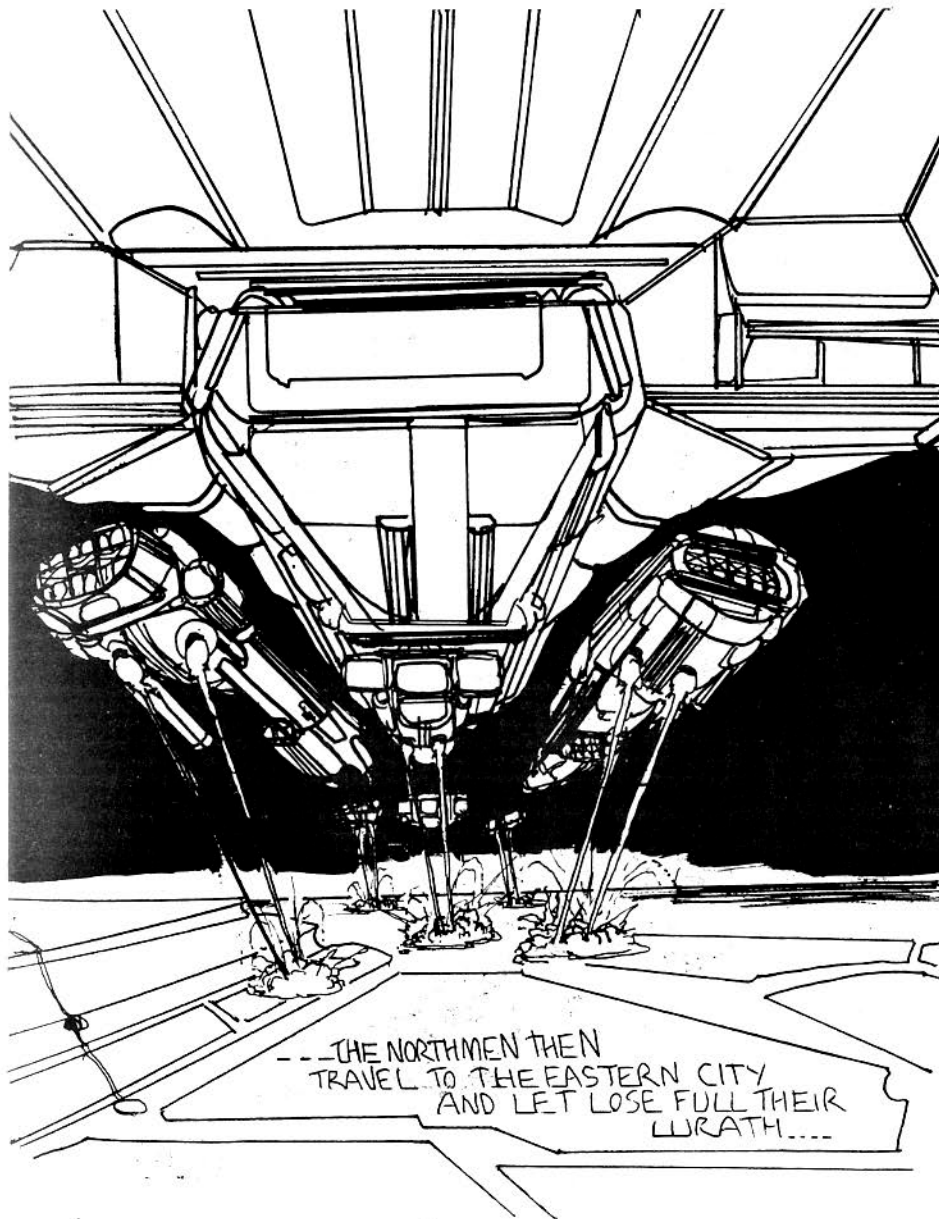
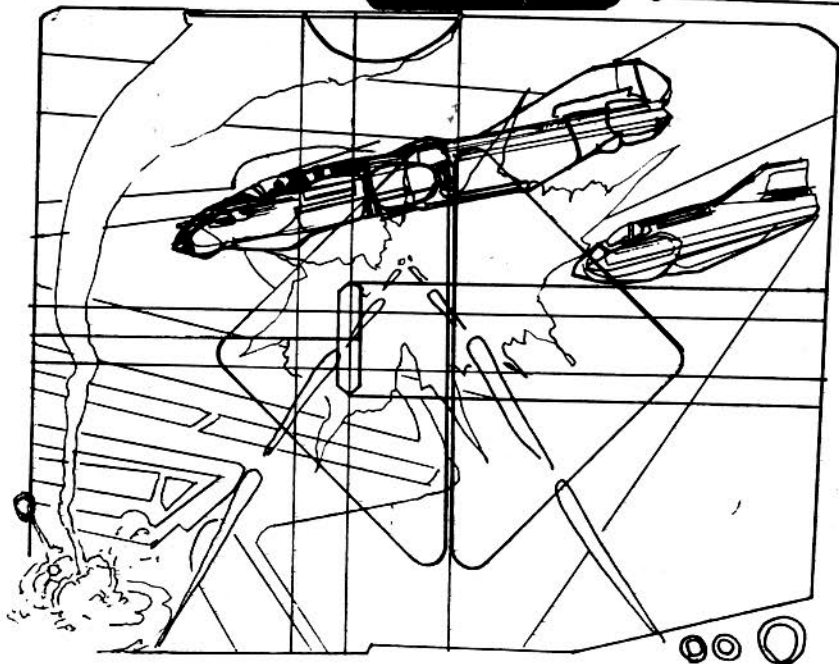
...AND AS THE HIGH ONE'S GAME, men FROM THE EAST ON ANOTHER WORLD  
 WAGE THEIR OWN GAME UPON ANOTHER PEOPLE... "THE WESTERN"  
 CITY....



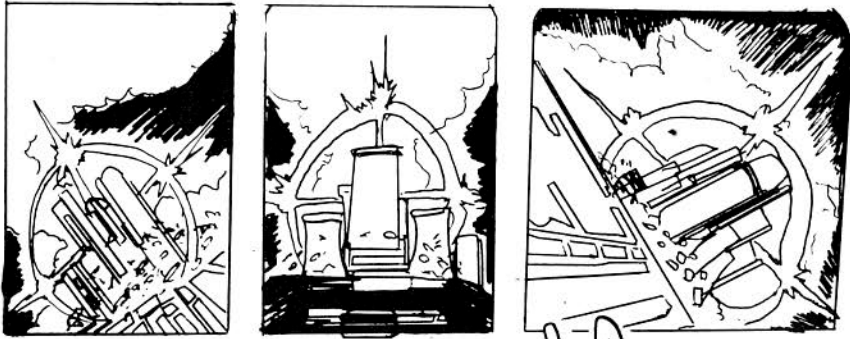


... AND SOON THE CITY OF THE WEST IS NO MORE....





---THE NORTHMEN THEN  
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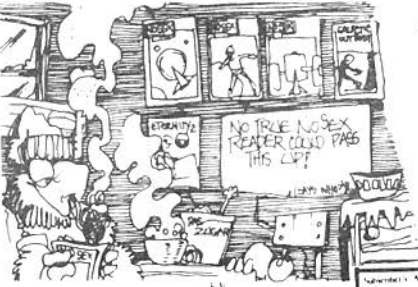
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