



84

NO SEX REGULARS

Presented by

NO SEX 14 SF-FANT FANZINE

No Sex Fanzine is published in order to provide fans of sf and fantasy with a vehicle to have their works of art, story and article see print. All rights reserved to the author. Address questions to: David Heath Jr., C.S.C. 4-37 Armor/ Ft Knox, Ky 40121

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CLASSIFIED. I WANT MORE
NEW CONTRIBUTORS
ALWAYS WELCOME!

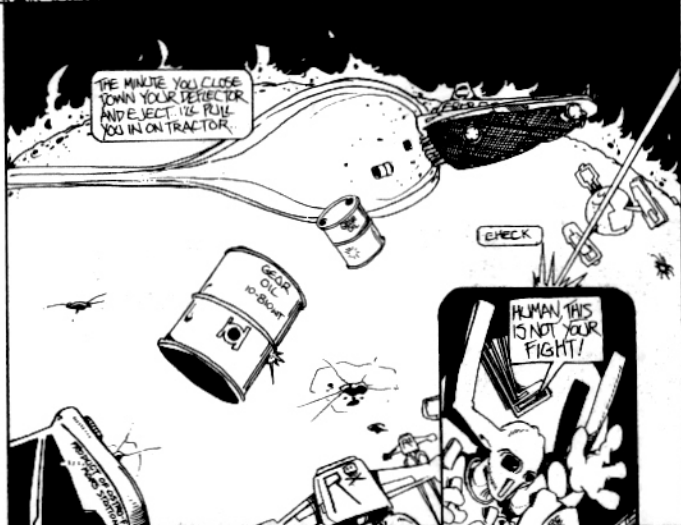
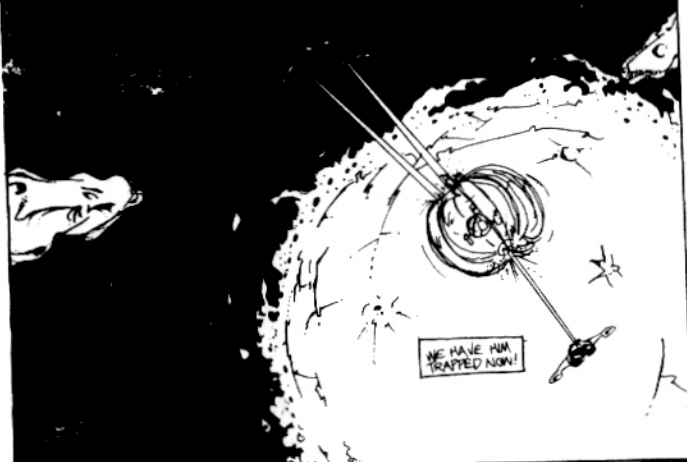
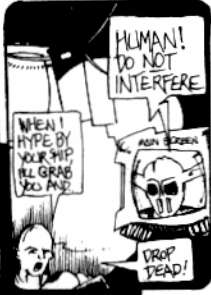


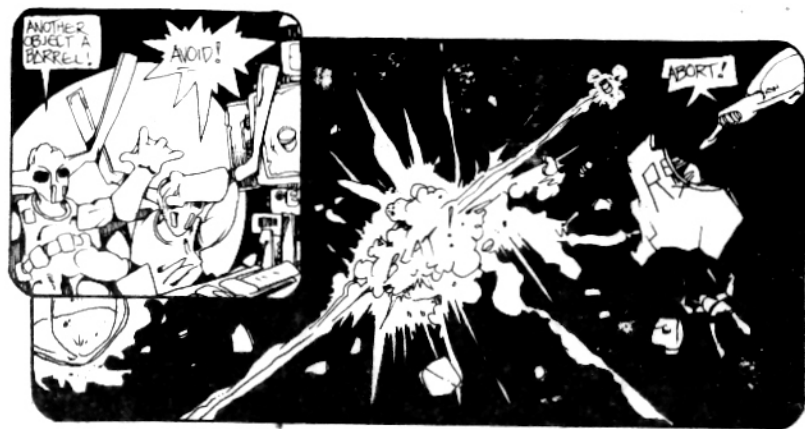
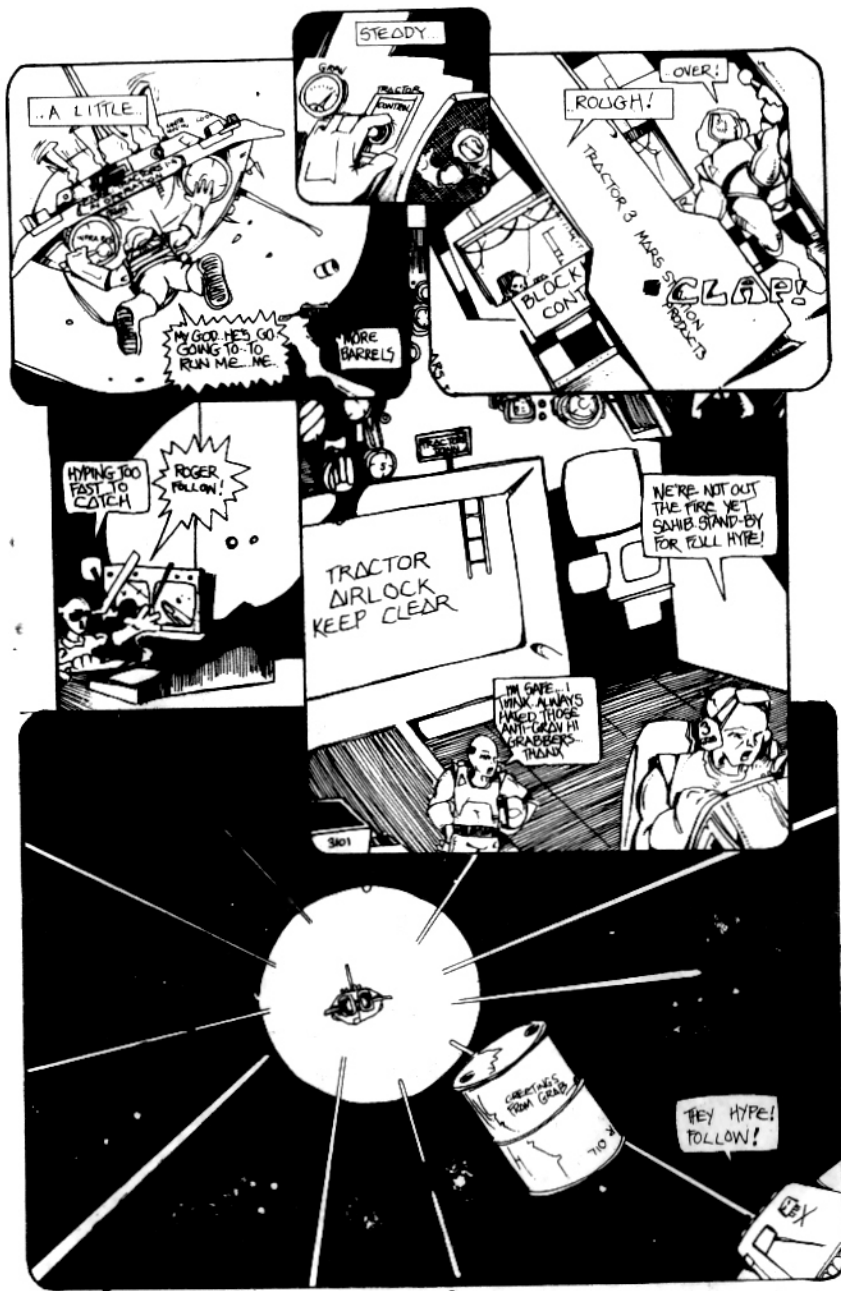
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STEVE SOUZA - 36
JERRY COLLINS / DHJr. -
69, Back Cover.

ART & STORY by David Heath Jr.









BUT YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE HOW EASY THE PROOF WAS TO FIND...

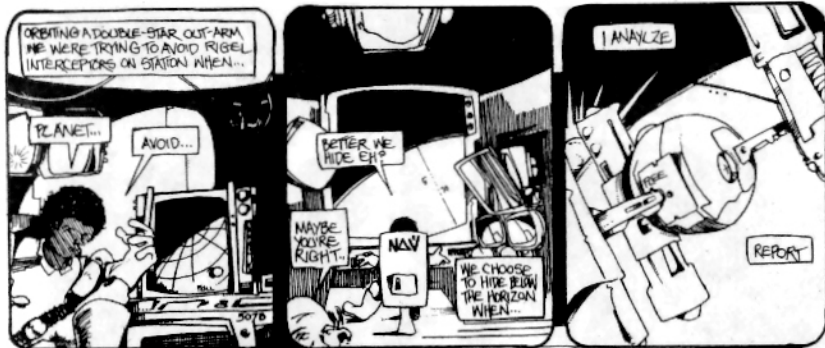
THE MAP PLANET IS ALLEGED TO BE ONE OF THE LAST REMAINTS OF THE EXTINCT FIRST EMPIRE OF MAN. THE GALACTIC UNION - A HUGE STOREHOUSE WITH A LIST OF ALL THE PLANETS KNOWN TO THESE WISE ANCIENTS, MINES, CITIES, INDUSTRIES. WHO KNOWS THE MAP PLANET COULD FIND AND LOOT THE OLD GALACTIC UNION PLANETS NOT KNOWN TO US NOW, AND WE FOUND IT!!

WE?

YES... MY PARTNER AND I WERE RUNNING GUNS TO RIGEL...

WE HYPE'

ROGER!



RIGHT THIS WAS BEYOND ALL COMPREHENSION. MUST HAVE BEEN BUILT BY A SUPER RACE JUST AS LEGENDS DESCRIBE IT. THE MILKY WAY IN MINI-TURE. ALL STARS AND PLANETS CATEGORIZED. WHAT CAN SURVIVE. MINDS. EVERYTHING.

Dad!



...IT WAS INCREDIBLE.

HANS WAS LIKE A ROBOT I NEVER UNDERSTOOD WHY HE SHIPPED IN TIME. HE KEPT ME STRAIGHT. SAID MY LIFE MANY TIMES. IT WAS A GROOM WHEN HE SAID.

I GO OUT.

WHAT, HANS NO! WHY?

I HAVE SPOTTED WHAT IS OBVIOUSLY THE CONTROL CENTER OF THIS PLACE...

HE SHOWED IT TO ME ON THE SCREEN. INCREDIBLE. HUGE. NOT A SHIP. SOME SORT OF BUILDING. AND HANS WAS OUT JETTING TO IT.

WHILE I WATCHED.

HE WAS GONE A LONG TIME. I SAT TOO SCARED TO FOLLOW. HANS WAS MY BEST FRIEND. BRAVE. I KEPT THINKING OF THE SCENES HE LED ME OUT OF. BUT I COULDN'T.

THEN.

HE SCREAMED OVER THE RADIO. IT WAS SO HORRIBLE. HE KEPT SCREAMING. AND I RAN. LEFT HIM!!!

ARRAG!

1000 GIGAWATT SURFACE OUTPUT W/ 1000

HANS SAID HE MANY TIMES - BUT I WAS TOO MUCHA CONWARD TO GO IN...

WE WANDERED FOR 3 YEARS. I DONT KNOW WHAT TO DO... THEN THE MONKS. IVE GOT TO GO BACK!!

UH... OURE WE SPOKE TRANSIT.

THATS IT!!

LOOKS PRETTY NORMAL. NO METAL. FOLLOW, YOU ITS TRUE!

YOUR STORY IS TELL OF FRESS. YOU WERE OUT 3 YEARS???

THERE'S THE PORTAL. THIS WILL BE TROCKY. THIS AINT NO CURSER. OLD GRAB. WE'RE IN...!!

ITS...

IM JETTING TO THE DIRECTORY. IVE GOT TO GO BACK.

DONT DO IT MY FRIEND.

INCREDIBLE.

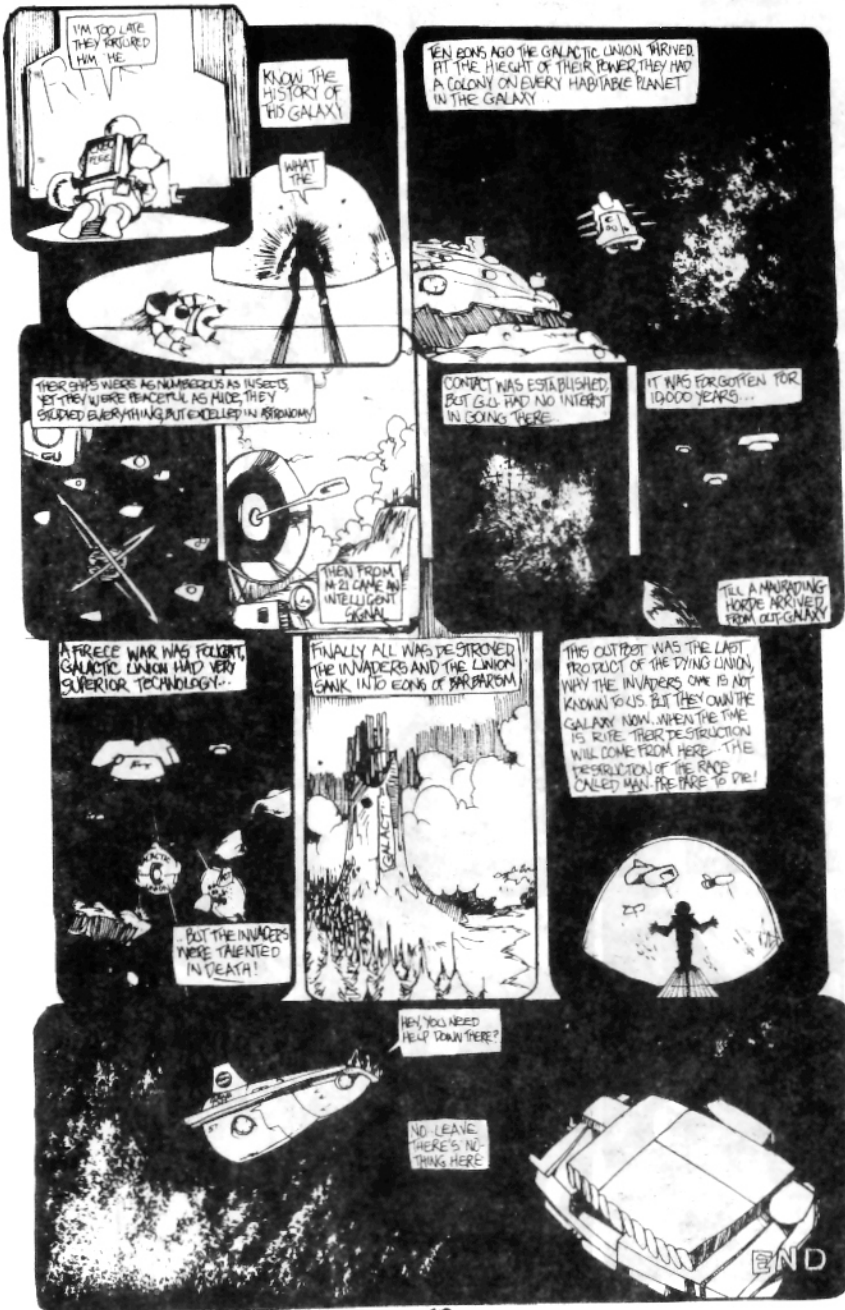
WHAT DO YOU EXPECT TO FIND?

ARTIFICIAL GRAVITY... THIS PLACE IS HUGE, I'LL NEVER FIND...

HANS. MY GOD!!

RUN

HANS... IS WAITING!!





You can bet when we say something like, "the response to the last issue was 'tremendous'," that the last issue was late and most of the letters came with fears that NS was folding, never to be heard from again.

The response to the last issue was tremendous...

Actually the response was so great that we don't know where to start in replying to it. Answers to the NS survey are pouring in, (refer to NS 13, we're not reprinting it this iss, so if you want to see it, then buy or weedle a copy of NS 13, which is still available) and the general trend indicates that superhero strips should be out, and more Heath art and prose should be in, there is also an expressed interest in playing up the No Sexist. The results are as we expected and in anticipation, we made arrangements fulfill the desire of the readers. You will see the fruits of it in the form of columns, that we hope will become permanent from the likes of Kim Wheat, Harry Andrachak, and Jim Sams. These features, once a regular part of this zine, return and frankly we would relish fan interaction from the views presented by the columnists. Nuff Said.

Aside from the usual praise heaped on us by the usual NS readers, we received plenty of critique and questions as to why we exist, and why such and such was printed and so on. This was mostly a result of our attempt to widen the NS audience and disseminate NS throughout various sf fan channels. Most of the new readers aren't aware of our goals, same goes for some of the old readers since these goals haven't been stated since issue #2 in 1975. It may be appropriate to expound on them now.

This fansine, (stripzine, genzine, or whatever you want to call it,) serves as an outlet to those fans of sf/fant who desire exposure for their creative efforts in the amateur arena. We feel that the feedback brought about by publishing enhances a fan's appreciation of the genre he she is interested in and opens new

channels of expression to the fan. You'll see some stuff in our pages that could almost be pro quality and other not quite that good. These pieces are placed purposefully to give the reader a spectrum of the talent available in fandom.

Now this zine basically reflects the tastes of the editor, David Heath Jr, but we do try to concentrate on variety. You might say, in fact, that variety is our by-word. We don't pay contributors because this is definitely a non-profit endeavor. Costs for issues (back and current), ads, and pieces of fan art for sale go to the publishing of the zine, advertizing and postal (!!!) costs.

Without getting deep into editorial policy, and as a guide to potential contributors, these things have the best chance of being accepted for printing: sf (nut and bolt) very short story, articles, and strips; art dealing with ships, robots, spacemen, and exploration. Art should be 8 1/2 x 11 with at least 1/4 inch borders. Fantasy, S&S D&D, and anything else new and unusual. Articles on sf, media, and science speculation should be co-ordinated in advance. We try to answer all letters and return art/manuscripts on publication along with a complimentary copy of the issue you're printed in.

To potential buyers we'll list some prices that should be of interests and seem to be in everyone's LOC's. NS prices: \$1.50 per iss, subs 5 iss \$7, 10 iss \$13.50. Ad rates: full page (8x11 original) \$3, 1/2 page \$2, 1/4 page \$1.00 classifieds are 1¢ a word and subbers/contributors get 1/4 page ads free. Now we hope to have no more questions along these lines, if there are any refer to the Store of Odd lots.



Very popular last iss was the Star War Cruisers collab involving Jerry Collins, Bob Barger and David Heath Jr. All the pencils on that piece were by Jerry with 99% of the inks, text and embellishing by your humble editor. Bob actually inked 3 ships; but these were enhanced by DHjr so it's hard to guess which ones he did...but then again, maybe you can. We'll be the first to admit (along with the series fans and detractors) that the series draws about as much from old WWII battleships and Japanese animation as your editor's art does from Bodé. But it did satisfy some of our desire for hardware and blueprints. One of the fans enthused by the piece was Jeffrey Wilcox, who sent us a page of unit patches worn by Ion Crush Fleet members and a brief explanation...

Jeffrey sees it like this:

"...theres an attempt to match the emblems with the feel of each patrol wing, or the area of patrol (Example: the New England or in-system patrol are probably very "hot-headed" characters, and the Ring Patrol has an international flavor)

New England Patrol

Red Devils: colors; red, yellow, blue
Fire Dogs: colors; red yellow, black; fire dogs or endirons are the metal supports that hold up the logs in a fireplace—Thus the Fire dog squadron supports the Cee or corona area.

Silver Wing: a silvery clasp or badge-like button rather than a cloth patch

Earth Guard & Out System Patrol

Saxons: colors; gold and black; named for an ancient Germanic peoples; the name means—short knife (read: sword). In an off-handed way, the name implies the Saxons guard Earth or "close"

to home base, and thus defend with the 'short' sword.

Cloud Busters: colors; blue, white, yellow, and fleshstone.

Blackjacks: colors; black and yellow; in twp of the ships (USS Los Angeles and the USS Clarke) there is a great deal of black coloring. This being very dramatic and is in the coloration of the emblem.

Ring Patrol

Ringers: colors; orange, blue, the Saturn symbol is a light, bright green

Lancers: colors; green, black, gold, red (for uniform of figure), and flesh tones. The long slim styling of the ships, the fact that this wing is a vanguard to invasion, and the international flavor of the group, makes the name Lancers' a perfect name.

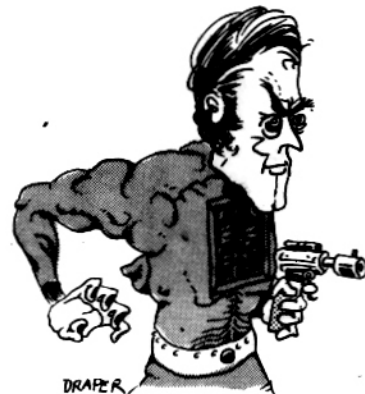
Eagles: colors; green and white maltese cross, shiny metal clasp (gold for officers; silver for lower ranks). Since the ship FDR Stahl looked German (yes stahl is german for "steel" ..ed), it only followed to have a symbol as suggested.

(See emblems drawn by Jeff Wilcox on Pg 14)

Well, guess we can't beat that; but we wonder about that figure in the Lancers???

Our con' hopping exploits seemed to be of interest last iss. To continue along the same lines, I'll tell you that to facilitate our con' wanderings this season, we had to buy a new car (well used..a '79). I'm not gonna tell what it is, but we will entertain guesses..no fair guesses from fans in Indy and Atlanta who already know.

Early Dec' we got to Atlanta to beat Jim Gray over the head for the Treasure Hunt' which we cover, high-lighting "Treasure Hunt", which we



ION CRUSH FLEET

Squadrons

JEFF

"New England" or In-System Patrol



"Red Devils"



"Firedogs"



"Silver Wing"

Earth Guard and Out-System Patrol



"Saxons"



"Cloudbusters"



"Blackjacks"

Mars/Jupiter/Saturn - "Ring" Patrol



"Ringers"



"Lancers"



"Eagles"

reprinted from Earl Geier's BALD EGO I, (and no questions about why all DHjr strips are reprinted no matter where they appeared first) Jim also laid the P K Dick article on us with XLNT graphics by Jerry Collins, two pieces, one by Jim Gray/DHjr and another by Steve Campos. Had to be dropped because of lack of space for that article; but these artists should see those pieces in future issues of this zine. Steve for one is expert in collage. Great thing about late model cars..they don't break down between Chat and Nashville. Also up there we met Jim Moore-head you VHS vid fans ought to get to know, he turned us on to Star Trek: the Motion Picture, CE3K: Special Edition, and War of the Worlds in a video trade. Hope we can make it up to the Atlanta Comic Con' 10 Jan to see all these folks again; but it don't look good.

Mid Dec' saw Indy and a visit to George Lane and that gang. You remember George from Evening Prayer last issue. Of the group up there, George, Klaus Haisch, Bob Thistleton, and Gary Barker, all of them seemed to be working on some sort of fan project. Klaus of "Firefly" fame is working on a one-shot heroine called the Elementals (both George and Gary are involved in that and if you like that genre, it looks good). Then George and Gary seem to be involved in their own projects along the line of reviving the old Paige line of superheros. Luckily all of these talented fans managed to work up some thing for No Sex.

Speaking of George and friends, we did manage to drop in and see the movie Popeye while we were up there. We all agreed it was great stuff, in the tradition of the real old Popeye cartoons, even down to the muttering (I ain't no doctor but I'm losing my patience!). The Disney sets were great, real salty and earthy; true to the strip. The only regret we had was that old Popeye said a couple bad words (tame for a sailor, but still) that pushed what should have been a G to a PG, is nothing sacred? How do you explain to a young lad that he can't see Popeye because of the language??? The tragedy was that none of the offensive language was necessary. Cut 3 minutes out of that movie and it's G for the whole family. I ain't no PTA member by a long shot..but gee!!!

Well aside from Paige and NS we talked a bit about Jerry Foley and his Star*Dragon zine and of course Jim Yancey and Mid-APA, which we hear is ready, but is a bit slow in getting into the mailbox. Course with all that travelling around I couldn't help but have a merry holiday season, hope you all had one also.

Everyone has been asking us to comment on the Blair/Hopkins (everyone please note that I am running one of Harry's ads for the Fandom Directory, for which I expect to be sued by Stan Blair for eh?) controversy. We haven't had much to say on this because frankly it's



a shame fandom has to have a mess like this on it's hands. As far as we can determine, in his favor to regain the reigns of the WSA and clean it of the "deadwood", Stan Blair (it's respected founder) fired Harry Hopkins from his directors' position and attempted to take from him the right to publish the extensive FANDOM DIRECTORY. Now FD is a comprehensive fandom compendium compiled by H H by extensive computer work (very long and arduous task, you fans know we also own a TRS-80 computer). Stan says FD is a WSA publication and as Harry was fired, he doesn't have the right to share any profits gained by selling it. Harry of course says his computer work on the book was separate from WSA and was instead part of his Fandom Computer Services. That's basically the gist of the argument as we perceive it. It of course resulted in a classic WSA/Blair vs Hopkins court battle leaving many fans split between the two..because you gotta pick a side..right???

Our own feelings are that the WSA represents a good thing in fandom and we'll continue to support it. We don't believe in the cult of the personality and will do as little as possible to help that along no matter what side fosters it. The accusations from Stan and his wife against Harry are uncharacteristically cruel; but they must feel just-

ified or they wouldn't be doing it. We'll just wait and see how this comes out. The competition between the new WE and TBG is ludicrous. Surely a fan can be loyal to TBG and a USA/WE averter also. The mess this situation has created makes fandom seem like a bunch of evil back-stabbing thugs, with nothing better to do but waste print space attacking each other on a scale that is beyond the pale of "fandom".

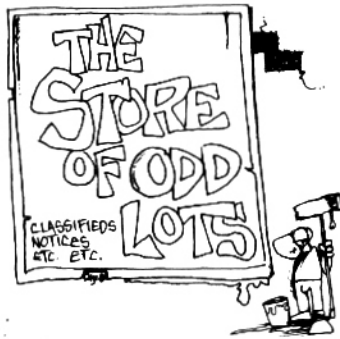
UPDATES

Dry-Bones; the Prisoner TV series fanzine that we are working on, is on hold until we can get our act together and get a bit more art and articles.

STAR*DRAGON; Jerry Foley's fanzine, now under our control is on hold till Jerry pays the bill to go to press.

FPA; is now under the control of Heath Facts now and the FPA-N is at the printer now, and will be passed to the members of that organization as soon as possible. FPA is an organization or club for fanzine editors dedicated to mutual aid. On joining you become privy to the quarterly newsletter that includes the thoughts of people like yourself with similar problems. Old members (ie, you had a number) may rejoin for free until Feb, while there is a \$4 per year membership due, please write in for more information.

Fan Folio will be officially renamed "AW Showcase", (for Artist Workshop Showcase) and is now officially the forum of the Artist Workshop of the N3F (National Fantasy Fan Federation) it's members and officers. Artists in and out of the N3F interested in opening new forums for work or submitting samples to the AW; Sc should write the new bureau head: David Heath Jr/CSC 4/37th Armor/Ft Knox, ky 40121.



This will be our space for classifieds and any other announcements and odd notes we have to put out. The idea for classifieds have been with us for years but this format was stolen from Brian Flynn and his Comics' 80. The Classified rates are one cent a word and we type it.

001 COMICS

For sale, in fair condition: Avengers #30, 35 FF #111, #173. Spiderman #37, 87. Your offer, not a collector and don't know anything about the Buyers Guide. DHjr/CSC 4/37th Armor/Ft Knox, ky 40121

020- Science Fiction

Willing to buy any Galileo printed issue of Galaxy sf Magazine. I pay postage and reasonable price. Please help!! DHjr again

050 Personal

D.E.V.O. Scott Macdonald/6697 E Shadow Lake Dr/Lino Lakes, MN 55014

100 Fanzines

Buying old fanzines in lots or single issues send list and price. Will trade NS back issues for same. DHjr

200 MISC

1000's of foreign stamps, 1¢ ea, good finds, large album full of same \$35. antique album (1940's) with some stamps \$30. DHjr

TRC-80 Level II 16K Computer. Great for video games, experiments. Loads of programs, voice syn. DHjr

Share ride outta of Louisville area to Injunction Con' in Indy 4th July weekend '81, also to Denver for Worldcon in Sept '81. Have full size, roomy car, need help on gas. DH jr

300 Video

FOR TRADE (DUB) send me two VHS tapes and I'll put movies on one and keep the other. I have on VHS: Clockw. Orange, CE3K (both versions) all Sinbad, Star Trek Movie, Wizard of Oz, Day the Earth Stood Still, The Prisoner TV series, 20,000 Leagues under the Sea, Dark Star, Rocky Horror Picture Show, Fantastic Voyage, Dr Strangelove, Silent Running, Battlestar Galactical Movie, Alien and of course much more. DHjr

Enough of that, next will follow a select group of the articles I have been receiving lately. I hope you all enjoy them, and if you do, send in your comment, because that's the only thing that keeps a fan writing..it sure aint money.



Buc Wheat's SF Review

Another Fine Myth-by Robert Asprin

Robert Asprin is a newcomer to the SF/Fantasy field and in the few short years since his arrival, he has already published five books and one anthology. Another Fine Myth concerns a young thief named Skeeve, who is taken in by a wizard as his new apprentice. During one of Skeeve's magic lessons, the wizard makes a demon appear in their hut and before he can send the demon back, the wizard is assassinated. That leaves Skeeve with a demon that will not go home, and killers bent on some unknown purpose.

The novel is a joy to read, being written in a very light and humorous style and if by the stories' end you find yourself hungry for more, a sequel has just come out entitled "Myth Conceptions", which continue the adventures of Skeeve and company! Other books by Asprin include "The Rag Wars", "Tambu", "Mirror Friend", "Mirror Foe", and "Cold Cash War."

The Hitch-Hikers Guide To The Galaxy-by D. Adams

You've all heard of it, now read the book no sane space traveller can do without! This fan-

ous British radio serial, that is just now starting to filter into American fan circles, is now in black and white for all to read! Having been stationed for two years in Wales and knowing what those crazy lineys are capable of, this book is a must for and SF lover of fine words and should be included on everybodys "must read list"! You might have to look high and low for this book-but always remember the hitch-hiker's motto... "Don't Panic!"

The Vistors-by Clifford D Simak

When long, black boxes measuring fifty feet high and 200 feet long start landing on the highways, backyards, and on cars..then you know the vistors are here! The only question remaining is, WHY? The newest novel by this famous SF author is not the best work of his I've read; but it sure does make one think after all the pages are flipped and all you have to look at is that empty! Not all the questions are answered either, which is probably what makes this book so unnerving!

"Berserker" by Fred Saberhagen

How do you defeat a machine designed only to destroy? A machine the size of our moon, whose only function is to roam the universe, seek out life, and exterminate it??? And what do you do when a whole armada of these killer machines start to close in our solar system? Fred is no stranger to the SF field and his talent for weaving a story that keeps you on the edge



of your seat from page one to that famous word, *finis*, makes this one something not to be missed. There are 3 more Bersreker novels "Brother Assassin", "The Ultimate Enemy", and "Bersrekers Planet." Keep an eye out for a 4th novel in this series due out in early '81!

Hangar 18—by R Weverka and C D Seller Jr

The government tried to keep 'Close Encounters of the Third Kind' under wraps and now they're doing it again. Only this time, instead of using Devil's Tower, we now learn about Hangar 18! And what the government's learning with every tick of the clock is scarring the hell out of them! If you missed the movie, pick this one up...it makes for some great reading on those nights when there's nothing worth watching on TV.

Well, that's it for now, try a book!! You might just find you'll enjoy it!!

Well we hope you enjoyed that, while we are on the subject of book reviews, here's one from Steve Souza, whose been known in fandom for his artwork in the area of superheros.

SF REVIEW by Steve Souza

Colony—by Ben Bova, Pocket Books 1978

Ben Bova is certainly not a new name in science fiction; he has been around since the sixties. His reputation is probably more closely linked to his editorial work in the science fiction field, but he can write.

Colony is an ambitious book (469 pages) and encompasses a great many themes. It is prophetic: the story is set in the near future, when man has successfully established a self-sufficient space station, Island One. His sociological development has arrived at a precarious World Government. The Earth is groaning under the weight of over 7 billion people, and the middle class has all but vanished...there are the poor and the rich. Revolution and race war are imminent and the elite of the rich are doing their best to hasten the fall, so they can pick up the pieces.

It is adventurous. The hero, David Adams a prototype genetically altered test tube baby, created at Island One, seeks his heritage on Earth and is caught in the midst of world wide revolution.

It is romantic. Strangers from different cultures and backgrounds are thrown together in the midst of the caos. Their respective worlds are going up in flames and they learn to reach beyond mistrust to the basic human needs that are there in everyone.

If *Colony* had to be pigeon-holed as to type, it would probably fit most easily into a science oriented story. Bova spends a fair amount of time describing Island One and some of the



technological aspects of the environment that the story takes place in. The characters, however are the main show and there are a wealth of them. Bova paints some interesting stereotypes (specifically a black slum ruler and an Arab terrorist). A minor drawback is the number of throwaway characters in the early part of the novel as they lead to a number of deadends. But, Bova skillfully puts the main players through their paces and they all end up at Island One for the final confrontation.

It's a tribute to Bova's storytelling ability that the novel escapes being peachy. The allegorical symbols (David Adams descends to Earth from Island One (Heaven/Paradise) sent by Cyrus Cobb, Director of Island One (God) to save Mankind.) At no time overbearing, due to the way the character of Adams is handled. He does not act like a messiah.

The final message Bova makes is one of warning. The only solution he presents in answer to the problems in the book is one of escape. Any terrestrial solution to the sociological problems of dealing with masses of humanity will only be a temporary stopgap along the headlong dash to destruction. By establishing a viable culture in space, self-sufficient there might be a chance. Here is the book's

major shortcoming, he makes no real attempt to describe what sort of society is going to work for a space culture. The ending, although resolving the conflicts between the main characters and having an optimistic note, rings a bit hollow.

Colony is a complex tale, skillfully woven. It is truly engaging and entertaining in its development and execution. The pacing is moderate overall; the book doesn't drag anywhere, a respectable accomplishment considering its length and number of characters. It's not the type of book to be read in one sitting, but definitely an enjoyable and thought provoking book.



Well now I get my turn, and I'm starting with a movie review. I'm not always going to review recent movies in this forum, but instead, I plan to look at some of my favorite sf pieces from the past. Sort of a guide of movies that I wouldn't mind having on tape in order to view over and over again. And in some cases I do.

Rollerball United Artist (1975)

starring: James Caan

reviewed by DHj.

Sports are popular throughout the world and to a great degree in the U.S. Their popularity spills over into sf fandom as evidence, the number of fanzines and APA's that carry the exploit of this and that sports teams or this world championship game of whatever. The popularity of organized sports in the U.S. has been attributed to the fact that these games represent the world in microcosm. The daily struggle with life is represented thru the regimented players who follow a set of rules to an ultimate goal...to win. Any Vince Lombardi or Woody Hayes will tell you that the will to win equates to the will to survive, and that sports and goodsportsmanship represents the way of the world...or the jungle.

If organized, big league professional sports is our society in microcosm, then it must contain some interesting themes for sf to explore. The regimentation and control of the athlete and team that we see, relates closely to the control of the individual thematic in novels such as 1984. I root for teams from Los Angeles because I was born there and I feel that I owe an allegiance to that city. I enjoy watching sports and the idea of a team, group, or say army of folks fighting for a cause I believe in. Sometimes I wonder I wonder if the Rams or the Dodgers represent the city of some big-brother organization whose mores I'd find abhorant.

An interesting short story written by William Harrison, explored the use of organized sports as a tool to manipulate society as the Romans used bread and circuses to calm the masses. The story, entitled 'Rollerball Murders', posited a society after the dreaded World War had been fought. The war was fought not by nations, but by international business cartels whose alliances spanned political boundaries as we know them. This war was more horrible than ever could have been imagined and once over, the "Executives" split between themselves the eco/industrial capacities of the world, all managed by a board of directors in order to maintain the peace. The old cities and nations were given a principle industry so that a city





like Houston became known as the "Power City". To keep the people placated and under control, (and to use up the warriors that fought in the Corporate Wars) a vicious evolution of pro-football and ice-hockey was developed called Rollerball Murder. Through a complicated set of rules involving an oval track, runners, skaters, and a steel ball, this "game" was actually a legal form of murder as the players wore spiked gloves and "putting a man out" takes on a whole new meaning. The game did its job, as it was the focus of attention for the people more so than Monday Night Football is in the U.S. But there was a problem.

The protagonist, Johnathan E, had come up through the ranks to become a ten year veteran in a game where you were lucky to retire after a year or two merely maimed. The cult of the individual that sprang up around Johnathan was detrimental to the team/corporate image that the executives wanted Rollerball to project. You can't get maximum productivity out of the masses if they think they can buck the system against all odds and win. And that's what Johnathan did, win against all odds. Given the convoluted system of the time, the purpose of Rollerball wasn't winning, it was the co-operation of a given number of people with a common goal. The fact that there was a liberal dose of violence thrown in did not hurt. The solution to the problem as the directors saw it was to either have Johnathan retire, or change to rules to kill him off. With play-off time coming that shouldn't be hard either way.

The United Artist movie "Rollerball", starring James Caan as Johnathan E, expands on this short story in one of the best story adapta-

tions since 2001: A Space Odyssey. It stands to reason though, in both movies (Rollerball and 2001) the authors of the story assisted in developing the screenplay and were allowed to further invent in the expansion of their work.

Rollerball captures the spirit of the story well, Caan plays an aggressive eager veteran who reluctantly bucks the system when the directors try to persuade him to retire. For some perverted reason, Johnathan is more concerned with winning than with getting out before he is killed and he knows that if he can stay on the team at least till the end of the play-offs, his team can be the World Champs. Nothing will stand in his way.



We weren't planning on instituting this column this issue; but we did make one con' in Jan in spite of all odds. Atlanta Con' was the first con' of the year for us, good test of the new car..which passed with almost flying colors. In spite of the fact that it was cold as Hades and the AC was a comics con', we got a lot accomplished. Again we shared the hospitality of Jim and Cindy Gray, and managed to link-up with Jerry Collins, Steve Campos and the ever omnipresent Ward O Batty. Wardo isn't a bad sort once you meet him, hell of a fanzine APA collection at his house. He and Jerry C are collabing on a great strip for Comics World called the Adventures of Trufan, a real hit!

What about the con', you ask. Well it was typical, not too exciting, the one room dealers place was moderately active. The vid room was boring (stocked with the likes of Trek bloopers, Time Machine, Radio Ranch). We didn't even attend any vid.

Present were Dave Sim (making a fortune drawing that Aardvark) who autographed the back cover to NS10 for us. Bob McLeon and some others were there; but I spent more time renewing friendships.....



OTHERGATES

A LIST OF MARKETS FOR SCIENCE FICTION
FOR WRITERS

FOR
WRITERS

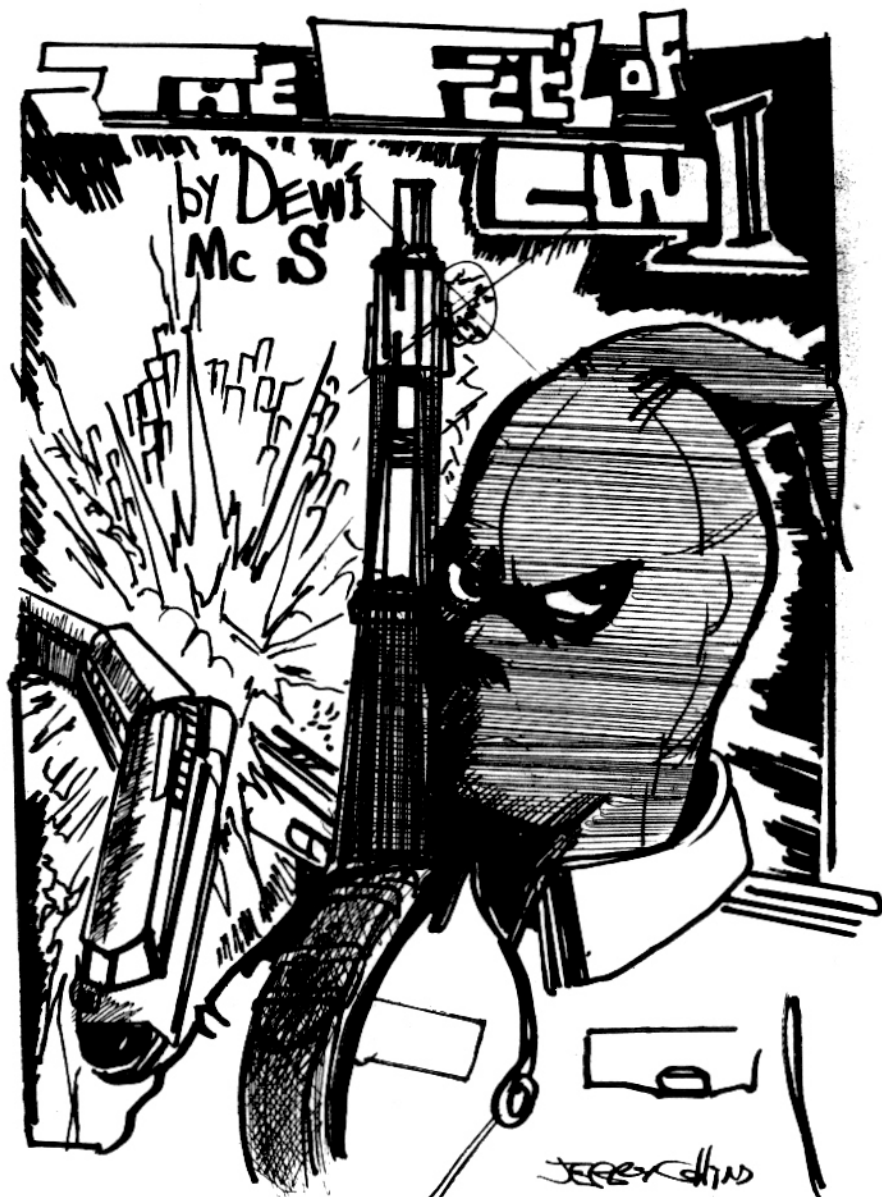
OWLFLIGHT: traditional and experimental science fiction, fantasy, horror, humor. Never before published stories, poems, graphics—by award winners and newly published writers and artists.

OTHERGATES: a list of market information on science fiction and fantasy magazines, for the use of writers and artists. Pay rates, reporting time, rights claimed, length limits, editorial preferences, and much more necessary info on publications with circulations from 11 to 150,000.

OWLFLIGHT—PREMIERE ISSUE \$3.00—4 ISSUE SUBSCRIPTION \$10.00

OTHERGATES—CURRENT ISSUE \$2.00—3 ISSUE SUBSCRIPTION \$5.00

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It was a time of war. Many didn't know it then, and many still don't accept it now. Ninety-eight percent of the population had no direct involvement in the conflict between the Constitutionist and the Anti-transportationists, yet all were affected.

Who am I to be writing about Civil War II? I know I'm not an authority on the subject, Drs Refordeuten or Kiosko or Curtis, who got their PhD's by compiling those famous volumes on the historic event. Nor do I profess to be a historian, reporter, or a serious writer myself. But what the experts neglect to convey to the interested student and the curious reader of those definitive works is a feeling of what the war was like for the average, uninvolved, terribly confused or frightfully ignorant American. In this respect, I am a modest authority on the subject, since I began as one of those frightfully ignorant and, eventually, graduated to terribly confused.

I won't tell you about the "frightfully ignorant" phase of my involvement in the war. That part would make a painfully boring story which, in any case, will probably be treated someday by more competent biographers than I could ever prove to be. Suffice it to say that I was a dedicated librarian and an avid backpacker.

My memory of the transition from ignorance to confusion is quite vivid, perhaps due to the trauma of the occasion. I don't remember the year in which this experience occurred, nor do I feel the fact to be important enough for me to hunt through Drs Refordeuten/Kiosko/Curtis' volumes to determine when WWII officially began. You may do so on your own, if you wish.

The Mono Trak Company was in its infancy. (Of course, it never reached even its adolescence). The first monorail line had opened along the West Coast, following much of the old Amtrak line. I had two weeks of summer vacation coming up, and I couldn't decide how to spend them. Fortunately, a girlfriend of mine had two monorail tickets she couldn't use because she was going into surgery. I gladly took them and soon found myself on the rail to the redwoods, my backpack resting comfortably in the seat beside me. In those days, I much preferred the companionship of that beat-up army surplus "friend" than the company of some stranger that chance would have provided as a fellow passenger. I did not intend to speak to any of the other occupants in the compartment, and never would have, had not chance intruded contrarily and created circumstances in which it was hard to ignore the

world outside of the book in which my nose was buried. (Please excuse the complexity of this last sentence. As I warned you before, I'm not a serious writer).

The circumstances took the form of a world-shaking rumble that threw me and my backpack to the floor, followed by a sudden acceleration of the monorail train downward. Later investigations indicated that Anti-transportationist saboteurs had intended the explosive to detonate beneath a centrak car of the train, but the delayed charge caught one of the braking components in the rear of the monorail instead. The result, besides my painful fall to the floor, was a roller coaster ride that tore screams from a hundred throats and bruised as many bodies. My backpack effectively smothered any attempt I might have made at screaming. I clambered dazedly back onto my seat and gazed at the forest as it whipped past the tinted window. I regained enough of my senses to perceive the rapid approach of an impossibly sharp curve a hundred yards ahead. I've never been prone to freezing with horror, not even then with death staring me in the eye. I grabbed a pillow with one hand, wrapped my arms and legs around my backpack, and clung to both objects like a four-legged squid. My lips developed a life of their own and mumbled prayers.

The monorail hit the curve, held for half a second, then broke free from its support. The train sailed into the forest like a plane. I knew from the feeling of suspension, rather than from sight, since my eyes were closed and buried in the pillow. I heard more screams, a crashing of glass. Then an intangible force flung me into open air. I expected to hit a tree or the ground and perish on impact, but I met instead with an icy shock. I almost drowned before I realized I'd hit water. My backpack straps were entangled around one arm, so I had to fight it to save both of us. Somehow, I got to the riverbank. My nose was bleeding. The impact of hitting the water had cracked half my ribs, but I didn't notice the excruciating pain until I lay flat on my back among some wild grasses on mud-softened ground. Naturally, I fainted.

When I came to, it was morning. A gray-haired man stood above me. I felt a curious tightness around my lungs.

"I taped up those ribs for you," he said. "I'm Dr Elmer Redglove."

"Call me JK."

"Initials?"

"I like them."

"OK, JK." He laughed, then sobered quickly. "I found ten more survivors. All made it to the river." He sneezed twice. "I didn't think the Anti-transportationists would go this far to get me."

"The Anti-who?"

Just then, the "Anti-who's" in question appeared from the foliage. They bore rifles and pistols

of various calibers, all pointed at us. They had all twelve of us survivors surrounded.

"Get up!" ordered one man. All of them wore green hoods that resembled the black hoods worn by the executioners of medieval England. No one could argue with someone wearing one of those, even if a couple of cracked ribs protested.

Dr Redglove helped me up. Our captors led us to a nearby camp. It was hard to count how many guerrillas there were when they all wore those hoods and kept moving, but there may have been twenty.

The twelve of us were escorted into one of the tents and guards were set outside. The tent was meant to contain half our number. It was hard for each of us to nurse our injuries against each other. Dr Redglove's elbow tended to jab precisely into my tenderest spot. It didn't help when someone threw my backpack in on top of us. It had been ransacked, probably in search for weapons.

"The Anti-transportationists," Dr Redglove stated, as if our conversation had been uninterrupted, "are a group of rebels who are attempting a nation-wide shut down of all long-distance transportation."

"Why?" asked another member of our bewildered group.

"They claim that all our resources are being wasted on unnecessary transportation, that these resources should be put to better use—in hospital, schools, conservation projects—" Dr Redglove paused for breath.

"How do they intend to stop all transportation," I asked. "By blowing up everything that moves?"

Dr Redglove shook his head. "The tactics of sabotage are directed at gaining attention and, perhaps, disposing of key members of the opposition, like myself. The Anti-transportationists are attempting to change the federal laws, to create systems of regulating long-distance traffic, with the ultimate goal of closing down all systems."

"What about necessary trips, like for business and government matters?" asked another man with a bushy red beard. "I'm an art dealer. I have to travel all over the country to sell and buy—"

"But why not sell and buy locally?" demanded a hooded head that poked through the tent flap. "Surely people appreciate art in Los Angeles as much as they do in New York or Paris."

I would have been too terrified to talk back to the "enemy" who held our lives in his hands. But Dr Redglove had more guts.

"But the Constitution guarantees him the right to conduct his business where he pleases," Dr Redglove said.

"And while a jet is expending tons of fuel to move him and his art work around the world, a man dies of a heart attack because there weren't enough ambulances available to get him to the

hospital!"

"You Anti-transportationists want to take away the American citizen's mobility," Dr Redglove charged. "There's too much government control already, without having Washington tell Mr and Mrs Smith they can't vacation in Hawaii or visit relatives in Illinois or move to Miami where there may be better job opportunities—"

"They can see Hawaii on Tri-V. They can talk to their relatives by holophone. And the job opportunities are just as great where they live as elsewhere."

"What about food distribution?" another brave soul asked.

"Most cities waste energy getting food from distant sources when nearer ones will do as well. Let California eat their own oranges and Floridians eat theirs. Let Iowa eat its own corn and Idaho its potatoes and Utah has its sheep and Texas its cattle..."

"I'm hungry," whispered one woman.

"I still say it's too much government interference. I have the right to eat apples from Washington if I like," Dr Redglove said.

"But not at someone else's expense!" the hooded man said angrily. "You Constitutionists are all alike. You can't listen to reason. You're guided by greed, not by compassion or pragmatism."

"I'm not a Constitutionist," I put in, "but I am hungry."

Food was brought. We ate.

I slept until a tap on my shoulder brought me awake. Dr Redglove had fished through my backpack and found a can opener and a small but sturdy knife. Firelight flickered outside as darkness pushed dusk away, and the shadows of two guards danced on the front wall of the tent. Dr Redglove quietly sawed at the bottom seam of the back wall with the knife. Trying to escape seemed foolish and hopeless, but it was better than sticking around to find out how the rebels meant to dispose of us. I used the sharp-pointed can opener to sever other stitches. Soon, the canvas could part widely enough to let even the fattest member of our party out.

Somehow, all twelve of us got through without a sound. Dr Redglove led us into the dark, toward the sound of rushing water. When we reached the river, he shone a flashlight he had acquired from my backpack.

"We're out in the middle of wilderness," I said. "Where can we go?"

"We'll follow the rail and see where it takes us," Dr Redglove said.

The rail didn't take us very far before I heard shouts from the direction of the camp. Our escape had been discovered.

"Quick. Into the trees," Dr Redglove said. The rest of us stared at him, flabbergasted. I had broken ribs, and others had injured arms and legs. No one was fit enough to walk, let alone clamber up a pine tree.

"How about if we just keep moving, huh?" I suggested.

The path below the monorail track was new enough still to be clear of forest encroachment. As we proceeded along it, I tried to come up with a plan to keep us from getting recaptured. I figured that the rebels would split up in their search, so we wouldn't face all twenty at once. Of course, they had guns, and our only weapons were a knife and a can opener—until I found a nice length of wood. As I held it, I got the idea I needed.

Without communicating my plan to the others, I dropped back until I could just barely see the glimmer from the flashlight. I followed along, brushing the foliage that edged the path. Away from the others, I heard the thud of boot-ed feet. At least one rebel followed. I ducked into a clump of ferns and waited. A man passed shortly. Ten heartbeats later, two more went by, rifles held at ready, their hoods hanging down their backs. I almost left my cover to follow, but a fourth man appeared. He looked young—maybe a teenager. A noise on his other side made him jump, gun aimed away from me. I grabbed what luck held out to me. I crept up behind him and whacked him with my branch. He fell quietly. I pulled off his jacket and hood and donned them myself. The hood smelled like old sweat and felt

grimy against my face. I grabbed his rifle and rested a moment. Then I made after the other rebels.

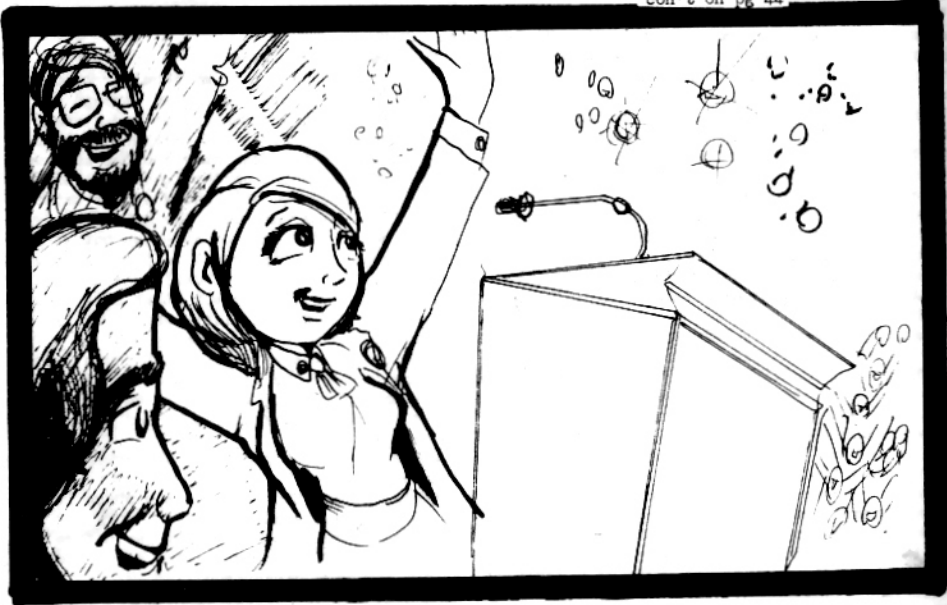
I kept a dozen paces behind the three men. One shone a light on the ground. "They must be following the rail the whole way," he said. "They'll hit Gowertown in another mile or two if we don't catch them."

The rebels picked up the pace. I was hobbling along on blisters, trying to make no sound. "There they are," one grunted. He looked back at me. I froze. "Come on, Hank. We've got them now."

My sweat joined that already absorbed by the hood and turned to ice. My fingers clenched a rifle I didn't know how to use. The three men jogged after Dr Redglove's group. I took five running steps and fell flat on my face. The rifle hit the ground and went off. The explosion deafened me. One of the rebels spun and fell, wounded. The other two froze in bewilderment.

"Put your hands up!" I said with the authority of a mouse. But the rifle had spoken with the authority of a lion, and the hands shot to the sky.

Dr Redglove collected the other rifles before he came to help me to my feet. The rebels became docile when they found the roles reversed. We had no trouble marching them along the monorail
con't on pg 44



Jeffrey Collins 1980



The Grass was Often Greener
by Joseph M Shea

After living on the Moon for several years I was ready for a change. When my reassignment to Earth finally came through, I was delighted. I was even happier when I learned that my new duty station would be within walking distance of my boyhood home.

I began picturing the house and neighborhood as I remembered them. The large white house with its bright red trim called to mind a Christmas package in gay and festive wrappings. The drooping branches of the weeping willow tree in the sloping front yard served as tepee, clubhouse, or in whatever capacity the day's play demanded, I had spent as much time in, around, or under that tree as I did any place else. I thought fondly of the circle of wooded hills that the neighborhood gang, for some unknown reason, called the "Church Hills". In the summer the oak and hickory trees of the Church Hills provided cool shade and in the winter its snow covered mounds were perfect for sliding and tumbling.

After a seemingly endless rocket trip, I at last arrived on Earth. Although I had done the required exercises, I found the increased gravity of Earth exhausting. Nevertheless, I settled into my new quarters and before the week was out, I was off to see the old homestead.

The day was gray and overcast and there was a chill in the air that went right to the bone. I was numb with cold by the time I reached the outer edge of the world I had known as a child. I could not help saying to myself that it was never allowed to get this cold within the controlled environment of the Moon's domes.

A few more minutes of walking and I was confronted with a flat dusty field surrounded by a chain link fence. I looked around to check my bearing and was horrified to discover that I had lost my way. The Church Hills had been leveled! Why would anyone want to destroy a place

that could give a child so much happiness? I had the answer as I saw a set of swings in a corner of the field. The hundred year old oaks and hickories had been cut down so that the children would have a place to play.

The emptiness of the playground may have been due to the cold but it seemed more likely that the children were off in search of some more natural field for their games. I felt sure that, with their children's instincts, they would find a green paradise right in the heart of Moon Base. A lady friend and I would often go on picnics to the hydroponic gardens of Moon Base. Although the gardener-engineers protested loudly the occasional damage we unwittingly did to the vegetables and fruits, my lady friends and I well knew their sympathetic view of our quest for Eden.

The sight of, or rather the absence of, my weeping willow tree in the front yard of my old home awakened me from my wandering thoughts. An inspection of the yard revealed a rotting stump that marked the spot where the loveliest tree once stood.

With a growing sadness I looked at the house. It seemed so small; much smaller than my residential dome on the Moon. The red paint was peeling and the white paint was gray and dirt streaked. Shingles were missing from the roof and the windows were dark.

The contrast between that decaying old house and my warm, cheerful Moon dome was shattering. I yearned for a sight of my old home on the Moon with its shining metal and ever bright plastic..... Most of all I thought, I should not have left that lady friend a maiden on the Moon.





OF INTEREST

FANS SPILT OFF, IN THEIR AREAS OF INTEREST...

This installment, Canadian fan Jeffery Talbot explores the little known world of SCIENCE FICTION THEATRE, in his extensive episode guide (with intro by DHjr). We also get a good look at the new Artist Workshop Showcase, and long time No Sexer Cosmo Ellis (do you believe that name??) looks at the long elusive fandom oddity, the Phillip K Dick fan.....

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Before there was Twilight Zone or The Outer Limits, a contemporary of One Step Beyond; but seldom mentioned in STARLOG there was SCIENCE FICTION THEATRE. Many of us remember it from our younger years and some may have trouble remembering THE WILD, WILD, WEST. But if you read Astounding SF when the issues were crisp and white, then you remember the joy of seeing this genre brought to the screen well. The show was anthology in nature like TZ and was able to cash in on the sense of wonder the nation was feeling for the rapid advances being made in science during the early 50's.

THE SAGA OF SCIENCE FICTION THEATRE
Complete episode guide compiled by
Jeffery Talbot

Copyright 1980 by Ivan Tors/ZIV TV Prods.

FIRST SEASON (1955-1956), 26 half hour episodes
in colour. Host and Narrator: Truman
Bradley

BEYOND-A jet ace, salshing through the skies at
three times the speed of sound, bails out when
it looks like he's going to collide with a
flying saucer.
Fred Gundersman: William Lundigan, Helen Gundersman:
Ellen Drew, Dr Carson: Basil Ruysdael.

TIME IS JUST A PLACE-A flight engineer and his
wife are puzzled by the futive behavior of a
couple who move next door (who are also 'time
travellers' from the future).
Al Brown: Don DeFore, Ted Heller: Warren Stevens.

NO FOOD FOR THOUGHT-Two scientists join forces
in the investigation of artificial nutrients.
Otto Kruger, Jan Corey: Vera Miles.

OUT OF NOWHERE -Based on the actual event which
pointed to a possible threat to the entire con-
tinentar radar defense system.
Dr Osborne: Richard Arlen, Dr Milton: Joanthon Hale
General Kenyon: Carlyle Mitchell.

Y.O.R.D.-Weather station personel, at the magnet-
ic pole, start receiving stron but unintellig-
ible signals (from outer space).
Dr Lawton: Walter Kingsford, Capt Hall, MD: Deforest
Holly, Lt Dunne: Kenneth Tobey.

STRANGER IN THE DESERT-Two men disregard a grim
warning of death and embark on an uranium
hunting expedition.
Bud Porter: Gene Evans, Gil Collins: Marshall Thom-
pson.

THE SOUND OF MURDER-A scientist uses his scien-
tific knowledge to get him self acquitted of a
false charge of murder.
Dr Tom Mathews: Howard Duff, Dr Van Kemp: Wheaton
Chambers.

THE BRAIN OF JOHN EMERSON-A police sergeant mir-
aculously escapes death from a bullet in the
brain.
John Emerson: John Howard, Capt Damon: Robert F
Simon

SPIDER INCORPORATED-An assistant geologist dis-
covers a rare specimen-a transparent rock which
encases a large spider.
Joe Ferguson: Gene Barry, Ellie Ferguson: Audrey
Totter.

DEATH AT TWO A.M.-A bio-chemist uses his ex-
periments to protect his brilliant assistant from a
black-mailing ex-convict.
Samuel Avery: John Qualen, Bill Reynolds: Skip Ho-
meier.

CONVERSATION WITH AN APE-A researcher in animal
communication brings his new bride to his lonely
Everglades laboratory.
Dr Guy Stanton: Hugh Beamont, Nancy Stanton: Barb-
ara Hale, Terry: Terry the Chimp (of course!)

MARKED DANGER-A minig engineer's wife steps
beyond present scientific knowledge into the
veiled realm of Man's future.
Lois Strand: Nancy Gates, Fred Strand: Authur
Franz.

HOUR OF NIGHTMARE-A young husband-wife cam-
era team are sent to Mexico to investigate
the rumors of outer space apparitions.
Mel Wingate: Bill Bishop, Verda Wingate: Lynn
Bari.

THE STRANGE DR LORENZ-A young boy is mira-
culously healed of third degree burns by
honey with amazing curative power.
Dr Fred Garner: Donald Curtis, Dr Lorenz:
Edmund Gwenn, Helen: Kristine Miller.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS YOUNG-A tiny bottle of
poison contains the secret to eternal life.
Mike Redding: John Archer, John Bowers: John
Abbott.

THE FROZEN SOUND-A security leak of top secrets
leads to the suspension of a research scientist.
Dr David Masters: Marshall Thompson.

THE STONES BEGAN TO MOVE-Two tiny stones hold
the secret of the Egyptian pyramids.
Victor Berenson: Basil Rathbone, Virginia Kin-
kaid: Jean Willes, Morton Archer: Jonathan Hale

THE LOST HEARTBEAT-A dying scientist needs time
to finish his experiments on a battery which dr-
aws energy from the sun.
Dr Richard Marshall: Zachary Scott, Dr John Crane:
Walter Kingsford, Joan Crane: Jan Shepard

THE WORLD BELOW-An experimental submarine sm-
ashes into a reef in the ocean than man has gone
before.
Capt Forster: Gene Barry, Prof Weaver: Tol Avery.

BARRIER OF SILENCE-A scientist breaks a case of
amnesia to safeguard top atomic secrets.
Dr Elliott Harcourt: Adolphe Menjou, Karen Sheld-
on: Phyllis Coates, Prof Sheldon: Warren Stevens.

THE NEGATIVE MAN-A discharge of electrical pow-
er traps a young electrician servicing an 'ele-
ctronic brain'(a computer).
Vic Murphy: Dane Clark, Sally Torens: Beverly Gar-
land.

DEAD RECKONING-An emergency flight into the
arctic regions bring a pilot into a strange
magnetic storm, which knocks out all the planes'
instruments.
Capt Jhn Berry: James Craig, Dr Millard Townsend:
Everett Glass, Lt Kramer: Steve Brodie.

A VISIT FROM DR PLINY-A visitor from tomorrow
announces that there is a source of power great-
er than atomic energy.
Dr Pliny: Edmund Gwenn, Mr Thomas: William Schal-
lert.

THE STRANGE PEOPLE AT PECOS-A radar expert sus-
pects his next door neighbours are spies from
outer space.
Jeff Jamison: Arthur Franz, Arthur Kern: Dabbs
Greer.

DEAD STORAGE-A mammoth, 50,000 years old, comes
to life after being frozen in the Artic.
Dr Myrna Griffin: Virginia Bruce, Dr Robinson:
Robert H Harris, Dr Avery: Douglas Henderson.

THE HUMAN EQUATION-Semmlly normal people are
driven to acts of violence due to a micro-
scopic growth on the grain from wheat.
Dr Lee Seward: Macdonald Carey, Nan Guild:
Jean Byron.

SECOND SEASON (1956-1957), 26 half hour episodes
in colour. Host and narrator: Truman
Bradley

TARGET HURRICANE-Miami, Florida is threatened by

a spontaneously generated hurricane caused by a meteor shower from outer space.
James Tyler:Marshall Thompson,Hugh Fredericks:Ray Collins,Julie Tyler:Margaret Field.

THE WATER MAKER-A scientist investigates the apparent murder of a former colleague,who was working on a process for creating water from smad.
David Brooks:Craig Stevens,Norman Conway:William Talman.

THE UNEXPLORED-A college professor sets out to prove to his college faculty and disbelieving wife the validity of research in psychic phenomena.
Prof Alex Bondar:Kent Smith,Julie Bondar:Osa Massen.

THE HASTINGS SECRET-A scientist working on a solution which can breakdown matter to its basic component parts disappears off the face of the earth.
Bill Twinning:Bill Williams,Dr Glausen:Morris Ankus.

A POSTCARD FROM BARCELONA-An astrophysicist discovers that a fellow colleague has been receiving earth-shaking scientific information on the back of postcard sent from an unknown stranger (from outer space).
Dr Barton:Keefe Brasselle,Dr Cole:Walter Kingsford.

FRIEND OF A RAVEN-A welfare worker meets a young boy who can telepathically communicate with animals.
Tim Daniels:Richard Eyer,Jean Gordon:Virginia Bruce.

BEYOND RETURN-The startling side effect of an untested drug used on a dying girl turns her into a 'human chameleon' with the capability of transforming into another distinct human being.
Dr Erwin Bach:Zachary,Kyra Zelas:Joan Vohs.

THE LONG DAY-An ex-convict (unjustly convicted) is given until sundown to leave a small desert community—but the sun stubbornly refuses to set.
Sam Gilmore:George Brent,Robert Barton:Steve Brodie.

BEFORE THE BEGINNING-A biophysicist creates a special projector which can create 'photon' rays identical to the energy transmitted from the sun and uses it to create life in a lab experiment.
Dr Ken Donaldson:Dane Clark,Dr Norman Keller:Phillip Pine,Kate Donaldson:Judith Ames.

PROJECT 44-Eight young men initiate a training program for a projected pioneering flight to

the planet Mars.
Dr Arnold Bryan:Bill Williams,Ed Garrett:Bill Elliott.

ARE WE INVADED-A scientist refuses to consider the possibility of UFO's until he receives a photograph of our star system taken from deep space.
Dr Walter Arnold:Pat O'Brien,Seth Turner:Richard Erdman.

OPERATION FLYPAPER-A Nobel-prize winning scientist sets out to trap a thief who can apparently control time.
Dr Philip Redmond:Vincent Price,MacNamara:Dabbs Greer.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOON-A revolutionary new telescopic camera takes a photo of an apparent city complex on the dark side of the moon.
Lawrence Kerston:Skip Homier,Batey Kerston:Bev-erly Garland.

THE LONG SLEEP-A research scientist initiates exhaustive experimentation in the possibility of controlled suspended animation.
Dr Samuel Willard;Dick Foran,John Barton:John Doucette.

SIGNALS FROM THE HEART-Two cardiologists create a transmitter which can send impulses from the human heart to research equipment in a test lab.
Prof Tubor:Walter Kingsford,Tom Horton:Gene Roth

WHO IS THIS MAN?-Through hypnotic regression a scientist discovers the possibility of reincarnation in human beings.
Dr Hugh Bentley:Bruce Bennett,Tommy Cooper:Charles Smith.

THE GREEN BOMB-Government investigators desperately search for the stolen atomic material that could demolish an entire city.
Maxwell Carnaven:Whit Bissell,Frank Davis:Kenneth Tobey.

WHEN A CAMERA FAILS-A geo-physicist is able to produce 'photographic' impressions on rock of different eopical periods of history.
Dr Richard Hewitt:Gene Lockhart,Dr Herbert:Than Wyenn,Dr Johnston:Mack Williams.

BULLET PROOF-Using the metal left behind by beings from outer space a criminal is able to fashion an indestructible metal suit.
Jim Connors:Marshall Thompson,Prof Rudman:John Eldridge,Ralph Parr:Christopher Dark.

THE FLICKER-A police doctor investigates the possibility of a murder caused by post hypnotic suggestion.
Lt Kiel:Victor Jory,Dr Kinkaid:Michael Fox.

THE UNGUIDED MISSILE-A magazine editor learns of top secret military information through dreams.
Jan O'Hara:Ruth Hussey,Henry Maxon:Peter Hansen

END OF TOMORROW-An unknown cure—all drug offered to the United States government is revealed to be a sterilization chemical in a plot to wipe out the American people.
Rudyard Parker:Walter Kingford,Prof Reimers:Dabbs Greer,Keith Brondon:Christopher Dark.

THE MIND MACHINE-An aging scientist develops a device which can interpret mental impulses from the human brain.
Dr Allan Cathcart:Bill Williams.

THE MISSING WAVEBAND-Through orbiting communication satellites,earth scientists are able to establish communication with a scientist from another planet.
Dr Milhurst:Dick Foran,Prof Van Doorne:Stafford Repp,Dr Maxwell:Michael Fox.

THE HUMAN EQUATION-An experiment in altered evolution of humans goes out of control and it's up to a Canadian biologist to come to the rescue.
Dr Tom MacDougal:Marshall Thompson.

THE MAN WHO DIDN'T KNOW-A jet pilot mysteriously disappears and abruptly returns with no memory of what happened or where he has been.
Mark Kendler:Arthur Franz,Peggy Kendler:Susan Cummings.

THIRD SEASON (1957-1958),26 half hour episodes in colour.Host and Narrator:Truman Bradley

THE PHANTOM CAR-A physicist and his wife, stranded in the desert are menaced by a driveless car with a mind of its own.
Arthur Gress;John Archer,Peggie Gress:Judith Ames.

BEAM OF FIRE-Scientists working on the development of interplanetary travel are murdered one by one by 'fireballs' from outer space.
Steve Conway:Wayne Morris,Dr Lindstrom:Harlan Warde.

THE LEGEND OF CRATER MOUNTAIN-A rural schoolteacher is assigned to tutor some children with most extraordinary powers and abilities.
Marion Brown:Marilyn Erskine,Dr Jim Harris:Brad Jackson.

LIVING LIGHTS-A biochemist duplicates the environment of the planet Venus,in a laboratory simulation,and advanced,living life forms also develop.

JUPITERON-During their vacation a scientist and his wife are teleported to a laboratory on a moon of the planet Jupiter!
Dr John Barlow:Bill Williams,Nina Barlow:Togi Gerry.

THE THROWBACK-A biologist sets out to prove his theories on heredity through a playboy auto-racer,who is a dead ringer for a 16th Century ancestor.
Norman Hughes:Peter Hansen,Joe Castle:Edward Kemmer.

THE MIRACLE OF DR DOVE-A scientific security officer believes a renown biologist is the key to the disappearance of three missing scientists
Dr Edward Dove:Gene Lockhart,Sen Daly:Rhodes Reason.

ONE THOUSAND EYES-A police scientist is called in to investigate the murder of the inventor of an amazing camera which can take pictures in total darkness.
Jary Williams:Vincent Price,Ada March:Jean Byron

BRAIN UNLIMITED-A flight researcher attempts to develop a serum which gives jet pilots greater resistance to the higher altitudes during flights.
Dr Jeff Conover:Arthur Franz,Ralph Marken:Doug Wilson.

DEATH AT MY FINGERTIPS-A brilliant student,bent on revenge,creates a new set of fingerprints for himself.He plans to frame a college instructor whose prints he has duplicated.
Dr Donald Steward:Dick Foran,Eve Patrick:June Lockhart.

THE SOUND THAT KILLS-An atomic physicist must clear himself of a murder charge,especially when it is determined that his ultrasonic vibrator was the instrument of the crime.
Dr Richard Wiseman:Ludwig Stossel,Dr Sinclair:Ray Collins,Ed Martin:Charles Victor.

SURVIVAL IN BOX CANYON-A Civil Air Patrol Major uses a compute to locate a missing scientist, lost in an H-bomb test area.
Maj Sorenson:Bruce Bennett,Dr Hilo Barton:De-forest Kelly,Ellen Barton:Susan Cummings.

THE VOICE-A trial attorney disbelieves in mental telepathy until he is forced to use that very means to save not only his life,but the life of an innocent man on death row.
Roger Brown:Donald Curtis,Dr Mendoza:Anthony Brestel.

THE THREE MINUTE MILE-A biologist develops a technique through electronics to elevate the physical abilities of human beings to an extraordinary level.
Nat Kendall:Marshall Thompson,Dr:Martin Milner

THE LAST BARRIER-Earth's first moon rocket, XM-1, meets with some unexpected problems when it appears the craft is being followed by fast moving flashes of light.
Robert Porter:William Ching,Dan Blake:Bruce Wendell.

SIGNALS FROM THE MOON-Scientists plan to bounce a television signal,from the surface of the moon to a renowned surgeon travelling on an ocean liner bound for Hawaii,whose skill in heart surgery is desperately needed.
Frank Terrence:Bruce Bennett,Dr Edwards:Michael Fox.

DOCTOR ROBOT-A computer programmer suspects that his assistant is reprogramming the new POLYGLOT computer for purposes of sabotage.
Dr Edgar Barnes:Peter Hansen,Fred Lopert:Walt Bissell.

THE HUMAN CIRCUIT-A night club dancer discovers she has the unique and wondrous power of clairvoyance.
Dr Albert Neville:Marshall Thompson,Nina La-Salle:Joyce Jameson,Dr George Stoneham:William Ching.

SUN GOLD-A nuclear scientist and an archeologist team to determine what the cause of a nuclear explosion in the lost valley of the Incas,many centuries ago was.
Howard Evans:Ross Elliot,Susan Calvin:Marilyn Erskine.

FACSIMILE-A research scientist determines to discover why top scientists are suddenly stricken by an unknown illness.
George Bascomb,Arthur Franz,Hugh Warner:Donald Curtis.

THE KILLER TREE-Two seismologists exploring desert terrain encounter a prospector with an unbelievable tale.
Paul Cameron:Bill William,Barbara Cameron:Bonita Granville.

GRAVITY ZERO-A scientist and his assistant working on a method of neutralizing gravity are astounded when a metal disc rises in the air without 'their' assistance.
Dr John Husted:Percy Helton,Ken Waring:William Hudson.

THE MAGIC SUITCASE-A mysterious stranger leaves behind a suitcase which contains a tremendous source of power.
Grandpa Scott:Charles Wunninger,Elen Scott:Judith Ames,John Scott,William Vaughan.

BOLT OF LIGHTENING-A scientist is killed by an unknown explosive force which also atomizes his entire lab.
Dr Sheldon Thorpe:Bruce Bennett,Cynthia Blake:Kristine Miller,President Franklin:Sidney Smith.

THE STRANGE LODGER-Research engineers discover that a gentleman is using his television set as a transmitter/receiver to a mysterious mass of light orbiting the earth.
Dr Jim Wallaby:Peter Hansen,Maggie Daves:Jan Sheppard.

THE MIRACLE HOUR-A Broadway lighting director aided by a scientist friend,is determined to find a cure for his fiance's blind son.
Jim Wells:Dick Foran,Cathy Parker:Jean Byron.

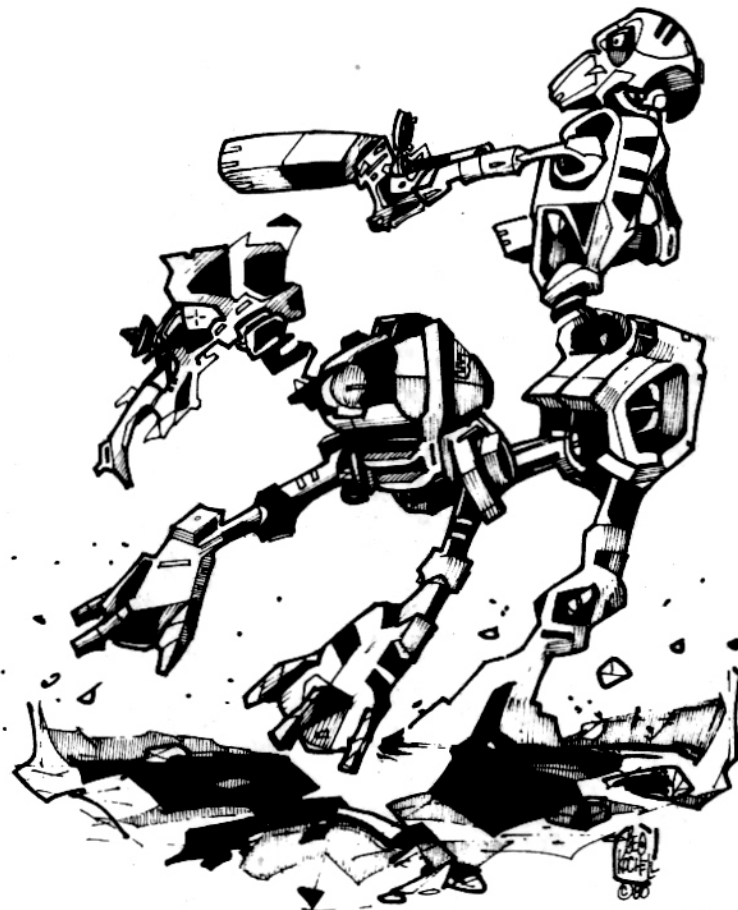
UNFORESEEN EXPENSES RELATED TO THE RESTAURANT BUSINESS ON PLANET ZARDIT
by Ralph Roberts

Willie Snell's uncle had fared far and wide before he settled down on the planet Zardit in the Gordon Cluster.He lived there for some years saved his money, and opened a small restaurant that served the only spaceport on the planet.The spaceport being a well used transit point because of Zardit's strategic location where several trade routes crossed,the restaurant prospered and Willie's uncle earned a comfortable living.Unfortunately, for him,he died quite suddenly and left the restaurant ,called Star Roamer's Feedbag, to Willie who came out from Earth to take over the place.

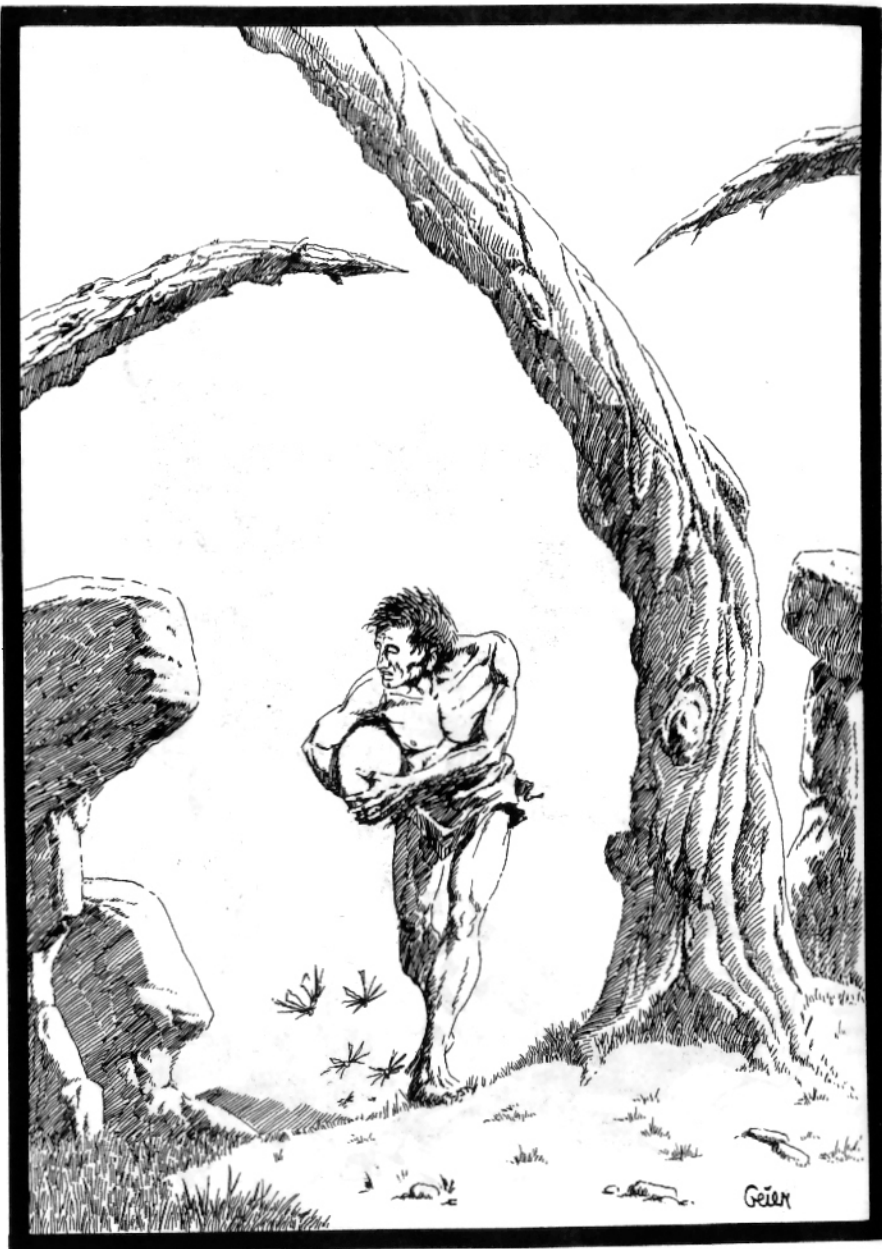
Willie was thirty-two at this time and had saved up a little money of his own, he spent part of this on new equipment and non-perishable supplies for the restaurant.He shipped his equipment and himself out to Zardit,being lucky to
con't on pg 44

THE ARTIST WORKSHOP is a bureau of the N3F (National Fantasy Fan Federation).N3F is one of the largest sfan organizations in the US and AW is dedicated to increasing interaction between fan artists and prospective markets (ie fanzines,APA,clubzines,flyers,art-shows, etc.) N3F'ers and non-members are invited to join the list of critics that give the fan artist the valuable feedback they need in order to assist them in their efforts to improve their art and widen their horizons, or submit art work to the Showcase for consideration by the readers of No Sex and N3F.

Please help the cause by submitting your ideas and comments to David Heath Jr/CSC 4-37
Armor/Pt Knox,Ky 40121.



AW
N3P
SHOWCASE





INTERVIEW WITH A PHILIP K DICK "NUT"
by COSMO ELLIS

We find Jim Gray (the man who destroyed Mars ..ed), self-avowed PKD fanatic in his room, surrounded by scores of PKD editions....

CE:That's a lot of books there—did Dick write that many?

JG:No, I lost count after 36, including collections of short stories, but I love them so much that I collect all the editions I can get my hands on. For instance, I've got all the little Ace and Ace Double, like Solar Lottery here, his first novel. You can practically see the history of SF paperback editions, from realistic space opera covers through early 60's abstract, through Freas and Gaughan, today's airbrush influences, and the Corben/Hildebrandt influences. It's funny how strong the stories remain, and inspire so many interpretations. I figure that when we start using holographic covers...

CE:Well before we get off on a tangent, let me just ask you my Tom Snyder question...Jim, why Philip K Dick??

JG:Why!!!!? Well why not? what do you want?

CE:Space Opera?

JG:Yes

CE:Philosophy?

JG:Yes

CE:Are his characters real? Do they act like real people?

JG:Of course! What else?

CE:Well, what's mainly his strength? is it storytelling, invention, higher awareness, adventure...

JG:Check! I mean, yeah, all of em! He's so full of

ideas, he can throw em' away! Take the Penultimate Truth. He has a neat idea of faking a battle between aliens and ancient Plains Indians, burying bones, artifacts, arrows, and rayguns..after travelling through time so that they'll age properly. All of which is just to cause a rich land owner to lose his land when the valuable find makes his land a historical government possession. You could build a novel out of that idea alone; but Dick just throws it in to add to the suspense of his story and then amazingly throws it away, unseen by anyone in a second.

Or how about the mileage he gets out of his ideas, read his short story- "War Veteran", and then read his novel, "The Zap Gun", and he uses the same exact idea twice, but just when you think you've pinned him down, wham! He throws you completely!

You can not outguess Philip K Dick!

CE:Is unpredictability necessarily good? An SF writer can do anything he wants, stack the deck as he pleases, and destroy the credibility of the story he's writing.

JG:PKD can certainly do whatever he wants, but he can get away with it because he knows how to pull it off. He doesn't shift reality until it's planted so firmly that you can't imagine it any other way, and then your mind is toppled over. He has a knack for creating reality that defies description, almost arrogantly so.

I suggest you read UBIK, for an example. I'd suggest THE COSMIC PUPPETS, but I'm afraid you won't find a copy, it's so scarce. In fact, your editor David Heath has every Ace Double ever printed except for that one, because in a fit of kindness he gave me his only copy. He'll probably never find it again, but he'd have to murder me in order to get it back!

CE:So is that what it is about Dick? His feeling of reality? He's probably, then, not so strong on action?

JG:He's not much on comicbook violence, he uses it sparingly and very effectively, often when



Jerry Collins
1978

"THE"
FROM PHILIP K. DICK'S "FATHER THING"

would hit you the most surprisingly. It's freedom, as it would be in real life.

So in your opinion, he's a great SF writer..

Great, period! Read "The Father Thing", and realize he couldn't have written it for Hitchcock's show, easily as well as the Bradbury piece or the "Mushroom" story, which Hitchcock's show did so well!

But let me get to the most important aspect: his vision. The best way to describe higher awareness or higher consciousness is to imagine someone tall enough to see over "the wall" of awareness. If we're lucky, he can describe to us what he sees, we humans chained inside Plato's hypothetical "cave". We perceive a universe that we consider "real", and then Dick makes our reality look like shadows!

So then, he's more or less got one thing to say?

No!! That's the message I get, but he hits on such a broad base that he may mean something totally different to you! To me, his greatest asset is the ring of truth to his worlds, the instincts that feel "right".

I'd say any of his books up to 1969, especially 62 to 69 are his golden era. His short stories are great (except for "THE PRE-PERSONS", a sick hateful, paranoid story), and his '50's novels are really fun, but he went into a higher plane with MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE. Unfortunately, the peak era was drug-inspired, and caught up with him. Psychiatry coupled to make his later works morbid and depressing. For instance, WE CAN BUILD YOU has his magic touch, but it never comes together, and leaves you disappointed. At any rate, I think you will find that even his oldest books are great. Even when others have used his ideas to the point of cliché, the difference between Philip K Dick and another writer on the same subject is like the difference between SECRET AGENT and THE PRISONER!

I could go on, mentioning his outrageous humor in THE SIMULACRA, his bizarre insights in GAME PLAYERS OF TITAN, but I'd rather let your readers discover what I call "The World Dick Made."

CE: So, anything you'd like to add?

JG: Click! Whirrrrr.....

CE: Oh, never mind!



Instant reprimand.

My being dusty does not mean I won't work. Turn the Key! Turn the Key! You'll see, you'll see that I can move. The Key is in my back. See it? Right there between the shoulder blades. Turn It! It creates the energy that helps me move...

Commander looks to see just what this is that is so fascinating it makes me neglect my shield. It is a small thing, cloaked by dust; a body design of tiny diamond shapes patterned light and dark. The eyes were that glowed, round and bright.

Commander is scolding me. He is right, I was foolish. Three rills on this planet and already I have disobeyed the first rule of non-contamination: I'd touched it, brought it down from above without being shielded. Commander is angry.

But, because I am young and this is my first, nothing will be done to me. Of course, I'll have to go in sterilization once back at the ship. I don't mind. It only stings a little.

They are watching me. I wave and jingle. I never stop, not for a minute. They, look, then move away. Over to the Others; protected from Time in their glass cases, all bright and pretty in their hats and dresses and coats...

Until now our search for suitable artifacts had gone unrewarded. Many structures were un-

*They are trying me out. They lifted me down from the shelf. I had been sitting a long time.. *

I noticed the glow in the dark and reached with unthinking curiosity. Set it down, momentarily forgetting standard procedure. Immediately, particles began to settle on my skin. I switched on fast, but got caught.

stable,dangerous to explore.Earlier expeditions were disappointing.Found were buildings, but no life.Only tepid seas;withered forest,mouldering jungles,and everywhere,patches of carbon dust.Even the wind was dead.

Whatever happened here appears to have been instantaneous and planetwide.Disintegration?We may never know.

Here,inside,is silence and the strange ever present dust.(Unlike our world,so clean.) Nearby,in the dimness:rows of cubes that glint dully in our lights.Above,hanging:Di BURRUCCO/Fine Toys/Displays.Quiet.This is the third team.We do not understand the language.

They come to mine and stop.This one is empty..

I am am the only one without a case.I remember the Toymaker working on it when the Big Thing occurred...I was bright and new then.I'd just been wound,when It happened.The toymaker put me on the shelf and went outside to see what was going on.I jingled,then after awhile just sat there and waited.But the Toymaker never came back.

I was up there a long time.I got dusty,my bells becoming dark and dull.Since then,no one else has ever entered the shop.That is,until the Strangers came.

...The Strangers.I wonder where they're from? They don't look...familiar.They're larger than the Toymaker was;tall and thin,and dark;like walking cinnamon sticks...

Maybe,if they like us,they'll take us with them when they go!My checkered suit is faded.Maybe now I'll get a new one..and my bells! something to take the tarnish off,and make them bright and sparkly like before...

While it is interesting,it must remain.It is open.Commander says the decontamination process would destroy it,while these encased others would emerge relatively unchanged.

I suppose I frowned.

Suddenly I'm tired.I feel my key turn more and more slowly.I seem to remember something about that.Yes...when I run down,someones has to turn the key-can't reach it by myself-wind me up again.So the energy can flow and I can move.

I'm afraid.The Strangers didn't know.Seeing me unmoving,they may think me broken.Pretty soon I'll stop,my energy gone.I must do something or be left behind and I don't want that.If only I could reach the Key!

"Its too far away,I can't-but I've got to!I've got to try!NO ONE wants a broken toy..."

I help with the artifacts.We do not touch them of course,but enclose them in a seperate field and transport the that way.

"No! They're carrying the Others in their case out the door!One of Them stops another,points at me...the other shakes his head.They turn to go."

Before leaving,I inquire about the possibility of a magnetic bottle for the one with the eyes In a curious way,it is attractive.

Commander says I am being foolish again.

(I try to think them.I used to be able to do it.I used to.) Don't leave me!Just because I'm dusty and faded don't leave me!I...I'll wave and jingle!Just wait!Please,I want to go too! Take me with you,with the others!Please...

While on the way back to the ship,Commander remarks that we may soon utilize this planet for colonization.Perhaps in as little as 2,000 years.By then,Commander hopes,I'll be more mature.

*They are gone.I want to cry...
my energy goes,
my limbs lock into place,
my eyes go dark,
I am still...*

*Alone in the shop
I try hard to tinkle.*

After sunfall I return to the structure to make holograms if the artifact.I've named it Tinkler. If we can't have it along,at least I can get some good pictures.

Though there is no light inside to guide me,I find it;leanind despondently,dark,still.

Solemnly I set up.Everything properly shielded; no mistakes this time. In the middle of work, there is a sound.I look and see Commander,carrying equipment fro a magnetic bottle.Our eyes meet,glowing.

Activating the field briefly energizes Tinkler; eyes flicker,bells chime high and sweet,a happy sound.

For the first time,I am comfortable with Commander.I sense that in the future,things will be better between us.

He really is quite tolerant.

A PERSONAL REMEMBRANCE

IT WOULD BE UNJUST TO GO TO PRESS WITHOUT ACKNOWLEDGING THE GREAT CONTRIBUTION OF JOHN LENNON, TO WHOM MANY OF US OWE SO MUCH.

AT A TIME WHEN PERSONAL FREEDOM WAS VERY UNPOPULAR AMONG PARENTS AND EDUCATORS, THE BEATLES, NOTABLY JOHN, CAME FORTH WITH A MESSAGE OF INDIVIDUAL INTEGRITY AND VISION. WITHOUT THE CLIMATE OF MUSICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL GROWTH FOSTERED BY THE BEATLES, IT IS VERY HARD TO IMAGINE WHERE WE WOULD BE NOW. THEY HELPED US TO REALIZE THAT IT IS POSSIBLE TO BE FREE AND SELF-DETERMINED AND SUCCESSFUL. IF NOT FOR THIS RENAISSANCE OF SELF-EXPRESSION, MANY OF US TODAY MIGHT NOT BE CREATING ART, MUSIC, OR FICTION.

THOSE WHO APPARENTLY DID NOT GET THE MESSAGE WERE THE ONES TO TURN ON JOHN SO VICIOUSLY FOR FOLLOWING THE DICTATES OF HIS HEART AND MIND. A FRIEND OF MINE ACTUALLY INSISTED THAT "LENNON OWES IT TO US TO RE-FORM THE BEATLES" REGARDLESS OF HIS OWN DESIRES.

TO THOSE OF US WHO UNDERSTOOD HIS INTEGRITY AS AN INDIVIDUAL, THE MESSAGE IS CLEAR: ONLY AS INDIVIDUALS CAN WE TRULY ACCOMPLISH THE GREAT THINGS TO COME. TO THOSE OF US WHO WISH TO CARRY IT OUT, IT IS UP TO EACH OF US TO EXPRESS OUR INDIVIDUAL CREATIVITY AND REALIZE OUR DREAMS. THAT'S WHAT JOHN LENNON WOULD HAVE WANTED.



Bureau Visit
by David Heath Jr

I traversed the path from Loading to Distribution in nervous anticipation. Everything was spic and span, immaculate..as it should be before an Inspection visit.

The Inspection visit was an accepted ritual whose origin dated back to the time before, and whose purpose was lost to us now. There is a current theory at the Creative Thought Division that these visits were originally designed for the Higher Divisions to check efficiency and productivity in each sub-unit when there were more of Them. This theory has been discredited since these variables can easily be checked through computer interface. It can only be assumed that somewhere in antiquity there was a purpose for the visit that is lost to us now.

In any case, the prospect of the visit stirred anxiety and feelings of anticipation in me. My predecessor always strove for maximum output during the time of the annual visit and insisted on cleanliness, and a crisp efficient operation to impress the Division Chief. Since his demise three months earlier, it has been left to me to carry on the tradition Supervisor Keng maintained.

When I think about the Supervisors' demise, I can't help but ponder our lot here recently. Supervisor Keng had run this factory for a long number of years in an effective manner, characteristic of one confident in his job. His orders

where always crisp and clear, well thought out and with little variance for error. I never had any problem following his directives and relaying his orders to subordinates. Shortly before his demise, I noticed that an atmosphere of tension had begun to follow every operation. It seemed as if every order had a hidden meaning that I could not understand, as if something vital to output were missing. Something we needed to know and weren't being told.

Then Supervisor Keng was lost. An accident occurred after he had had only three in that quarter. A hoist cable due for service in 3 days slipped and a crate fell 25 meters taking our Supervisor out. We of course were saddened, but this only stepped up our activity. With Keng gone, I would move up to Supervisor and the subordinates under me would move up one after the other. The inevitable outcome was that there would be one less worker on the floor, and of course there were no replacements.

I stopped at Mass Distribution. The spidery construction of ramps and float-lines that pushed Product on to intermediate destinations. This is the section that I was trained in and was most familiar with. All S-levels were trained in some section to hone their leadership skill and make them intimate with at least one aspect of operations. Why, I don't know..M-D has nothing to do with being a Supervisor.

As I stood and watched, a 54D slipped and fell 30 meters from a treadway. The fault was obviously due to oil spillage on the path from a maintenance unit. I noted this as a recovery crew bustled up to retrieve and attempt to repair the unit. I assumed that repairs would be

unsuccessful as none had proved fruitful for a very long time. Work continued, scratch another 54D unit.

In my office, I reviewed data concerning output. To my satisfaction it was at maximum. This was excellent and would reflect well for me during the inspection. Suddenly, data flashed red.

"No!", I almost screamed. Data flowed red and stabilized to amber, yellow, then green. A drop in productivity due to lost of resources!

My hands flew over the key-board of my computer as I built the operation matrix to determine the fault. With only one hour till the inspection visit, this could be disastrous! I summoned my assistant and ordered a staff study immediately..heads would roll!

On the 3-D simulation of Input/Output, I could see where the flaw had occurred. A 54D loss during a critical operation in Mass Distribution. This was telling, it could be a sign of breakdown. It may be necessary to reclassify workers in order to increase production again. But it would have to wait, the blue-green light was lit. Division Chief Kronk had arrived.

"Your operation is efficient," boomed DC Kronk as he strode down maintenance corridor 5. I was admiring his build, some good workmanship there. Fully 3.6 meters in height and constructed of a manganese alloy that was light yet resilient. His features were cut to present an image of power, BIG power.

"Yes," I replied, a little self-conscious, "I have tried to follow the path set by supervisor Keng, sir." The mention of Keng slowed his stride, as well it should. Keng was one of the best.

"Yes, and you are serving his memory well, Quarqu," Kronk said, "but I detected a lowering of output in the daily report."

"We lost a critical 54D today, sir," I replied humbly, "a critically important loss effecting M/D output, which in turn effects the specifics, sir. If you like, I can establish a matrix and..."

"No.." he said, "all divisions have been losing 54D's, 105's and RD1's in profusion. The machine is slowly breaking apart.." his low confident voice began to falter. I could hear his feedback simulator relays click. "Before.." he continued, "When they were here in numbers we didn't lose so many units, Quarqu."

"This is what I hear, sir. But I wouldn't know as my memory was wiped from supervisor training," I put in.

"It's true," he said as we turned into Produce Research.

They outnumbered us then. In fact when units as old as I were first built, he said proudly, "There was only one plant. The products were supplying the Mars base, Venus and the Alpha Centauri colony. A constant flow to keep the

colonists alive. Then as more plants were built serving more and more people not on Earth,"

"Yes," I replied to this history lesson. I already knew all this. Supervisors are not as smart as Directors (we have a class 7 brain), but nor are we dumb, there must be a purpose to all this unrelated talk. "And here are the cleaning facilities," I said ushering the DC into the cleaning bay. If I were lucky he wouldn't notice that there was no more cleaning solution on hand.

"Yes, of course," he said distractedly, "Quarqu, there is something I must tell you," he said as he stopped right next to the empty solution barrels! He seemed too distracted to notice. I clanked my mandibles in my agitation.

"Of course, sir," is all I could think to say. "You know that because we've lost communication with the out-bases that we have not exported Product for close to half a century?" he asked. "Yes," I snapped, this was ridiculous. All Divisions maintained storage bays full of Product for the day when communication were established again with the out-bases and Product could be shipped to Them.

"There were so few of Them left in the end Quarqu," he said sadly. He was moving away from the barrels now, "they directed everything from headquarters, they were reluctant to stop the production of Product hoping communication would start up again."

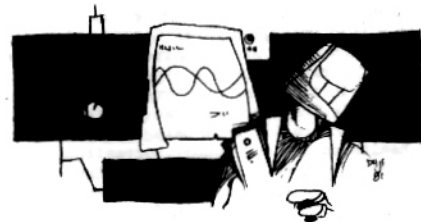
"Yes, this is all known, we have yet to see Disposal," I said hoping to leave a possible source of embarrassment.

"Of course," boomed the DC, "but you must know now that the last of Them is dead now, his fragile brain died two days ago in spite of all efforts to save it..we are without direction.. without purpose."

I was taken aback, if it were possible, the great DC would be crying. All of this was trivial, we all knew that the humans would be all dead soon. They had been dying off for centuries.

"Sir," I started off slowly, "this is all well and good, BUT what is our EFFICIENCY rating," I cried.

He rose on himself and cast his multi-faceted blue-grey eyes on me, I could hear the synapses closing in his thought circuits, "Your operation is EFFICIENT," he boomed.



UNFORESEEN EXPENSES from pg 32

make fast connections, and arrived at the spaceport some two weeks after leaving Earth.

Standing on the heat-cracked concrete in front of his new business, he was not overly impressed. He wiped the sweat from his face and considered the situation. Not only was the Star Roamer's Feedbag rundown but the whole spaceport, called simply Transit Station, was also. Transit Station was built on the closest thing to a solid land mass that existed on the watery planet and catered to ships that landed, transhipped cargo to other ships, and left. There was little trade with the natives of the vast swamplands that surrounded the spaceport and little reason to spend more than a few hours grounded here. At least they stay long enough to eat, Willie thought and decided to fix the place up to attract even more business from the transit crews. His only competition being the onboard ship caterers.

That first day Willie spent in cleaning up the restaurant, assisted by two natives who had worked for his uncle, and planned to open for business the next morning. The work went quickly and the Star Roamer's Feedbag was soon set up with customers even to places laid on each table with Willie's new crockery and utensils brought out from Earth.

Willie spent the evening drinking the insipid local beer with the two natives swapping stories. From the likable amphibian creatures he learned much of what Zardit was like. For instance, they explained why Transit Station was surrounded by a high concrete wall rather than cheaper

The Feel of CW II from pg 26

path. In two hours, we reached Gowertown and turned the rebels over to the police. We were given food, rooms, and medical attention. In the morning, reporters came to get our story.

Dr Redglove was enthusiastic about cooperating with the reporters. He felt his account would influence the nation to favor the Constitutionists' viewpoint.

"I'll never forget you. I'll pay you back somehow," he said to me before we said goodbye to each other. "JK, you're OK!"

Unfortunately for Dr Redglove, his (that is, our) story had the opposite effect for which he hoped. People were horrified at the accident and deaths that occurred on the monorail. Within weeks, Mono Trak Company was sued and dissolved. The Anti-transportationists were lauded for having shown the public the dangers possible in traveling over great distances unnecessarily. They were praised for their concern for the public well-being in the fields of health, education, economy, recreation, business, consumption—and for warning the nation of the adverse effects of "excessive transportation" upon those other facets of American life.

metal or plastic mesh fencing. Out in the swamps existed vast colonies of floating algae-like creatures that possessed a collective mind of rudimentary intelligence. These creatures could assimilate most materials and also move in a oozing way, on dry surfaces. Thus, the creatures, except for occasional raids when a section of wall crumbled away, were kept out in the swamps.

The next morning, Willie sauntered over to his restaurant only to find the door missing and utter destruction inside. He rushed about taking inventory of what was broken or gone while his two assistants stood by watching in morose. He kept slipping in the patches of ooze on the floor and cursing in a steady monotone. Willie was especially irked to find that all his expensive, imported silverware was missing. He turned and berated the two amphibious natives.

"My good silverware is gone!" he yelled. "Where is it?"

The older of the two natives stepped forward carefully skirting a puddle of ooze. "Don't you know?" he said. "Slime steals all spoons."

Willie cursed again. "Where did this creature go?"

"Slime waits for no man," replied the native. "But, why?" the distraught Willie moaned. "Did the algae creatures need food so bad that they had to take my silverware?"

"No," the native answered patiently in his pidgin English. "Slime is a wasting."

"Stop!" roared a now really upset Willie.

"This has been punishment enough!"

END

No one considered the murders and destruction the Anti-transportationists committed while Civil War II raged on. (But of course, "Frightful ignorance" ran rampant at the time.)

At last, the Anti-transport Amendment ended CWII and my period of terrible confusion.... Almost.

Of course, the story does not end there. Years later, Elmer Redglove, true to his promise, hunted me down to Ventura, where I had finally attained the status of head librarian. I was slightly bored with my job, and therefore, was in a quite receptive mood when he made his proposition to me. In spite of the enactment of the Anti-transportation Laws, the Constitutionists' beliefs were regaining popularity with fifty four percent of the American population, and our campaign was successful. Some of my resultant elation was tempered by the death of dear Elmer Redglove a year later. But I am proud to be not only the first female vice president of the United States, but the first female President as well.



I HAVE TONS OF LETTERS TO CHOOSE FROM THIS ISSUE, I'LL TRY AND PICK THE BEST AND KEEP MY USUAL CAUSTIC REPLIES TO A MINIMUM.

Hi David;

Enjoyed NS#13 and already recieved a letter to my ad from John Cosgriff!

Really liked Earl Geier's story—that guy is getting better w/every strip I see! Saw the original he did for Harry's Fandom Directory when he was trying to pick a cover! Glad Earl won.

Loved the Alien Game—laughed my ass off!! It was great!

But the best has to be that portfolio of Ion-driven ships! A lot of work had to have gone into that! If you have coping capabilities, would love to have a copy of 'Dark Star'—could send you a blank tape (VHS) and pay you whatever you want for your time. Also with all the SF books I read, I'd love to send you a couple reviews a month! As to the wife—sorry! She told me that Captains don't make that much more than E-6's! So she'll wait for Mr Rich a little longer! Kim Wheat/12934 Nettles Dr D-2/Newport News, Va 23606

THANK FOR THE COMMENT KIM: SEND TWO (2) BLANK VHS TAPES AND ONE WILL RETURN TO YOU WITH DARK STAR ON IT. WILL USE YOUR REVIEWS YOUR WIFE IS WRONG.....

Dave,

Just wanted to drop a note to say how much I liked No Sex #13. I really thought it was great, I think that you have a really good thing. I would tho, like to mention what I felt were the high and low point of the issue. Stories:

All of the stories were very good, with a lot of imagination. I only have a few comments to make on each.

"Let us Pray"—Good story well written.

"Placebo"—Good, well written

"Evening Prayer"—Good story, well lettered, art very well done.

"I went back again"—Very imaginative, a little silly, but a good pic of David Heath Jr

"Coming of Age"—Well put together, makes you think

"Track"—Well drawn; but a little hard to follow



"New Sheriff"—Good well drawn

"Mr Matter"—A very good concept, very well drawn and written, hope to see more

"The Hunters"—A very good story with a fine twist ending.

Art:

I loved it all. You've gotten together a fine lot of artists that you really should be proud of.

I also felt that your fan folio is a great idea. It lets the struggling artist have a chance to get a wide fan opinion of his-art work. Your U-Zine concept is a good one also as that it too gives the other folks who put out zines a chance to get more of an audience.

Well as I look through the letter, I count about ten 'goods' and about as many 'many wells' so you can tell I thought the issue was great. So keep up the good work, and have fun. Bob Thistleton Jr/RR#1 Box 291/Peoga, In 46181

BOB..THERE ARE NO LOW POINTS IN THIS ISSUE. AT LEAST ACCORDING TO YOU, I WOULD POSIT THAT IF YOU FOLLOWED "TRACK" A BIT MORE CLOSELY WITH YOUR MIND, YOU WILL FIND IT A VERY THOUGHT PROVOKING PIECE.

Dear David,

Thanks muchly for the contributors copy. I have some comments about this issue. 1st about "Little Alien", I'd like you to include the words 'small shots' in any future titles.

The ending of 'Let Us Pray' was too predictable and subtracted from my enjoyment. However, I liked the flying creature.

The woman-illo on page 48 by RB would have been nice except for the leg sticking out. It clashed with the texture of the dress. It looked bad and the illo would have been more pleasing without it.

On the Star Cruiser Portfollio—first lot

me say that I'm not an artist. But as a layman reader/viewer, I feel that (1) there are too many ships crammed onto each page; (2) It's obvious you spent a lot of time drawing these ships. The diverse features would be more visible if there wasn't all that background business going on. (Say four ships to a page with a solid background. Then we could get a really good look at how these craft are put together) I did not understand 'Placebo' and really did not understand the title or art in relationship to the story.

You simply must start using a heavier staple. When I open my copy, the cover fell off and now other pages are starting to separate.

Now I know it sounds like I'm jumping all over your zine and tearing it apart (...NO! NO! BEAT ME! HIT ME! I LOVE IT...) But believe me, I wouldn't go over it, if I wasn't interested in NO SEX's continued development. It's a good zine.

The inside front cover is very nice, reminiscent of Hinge. The pg 33 Mayan was the best of the fan art folio. That TRACK strip wasn't bad either. Really fun was the ALLEN Digestive Track Game. No Sex is a good zine. Keep putting it out. Jocelyn Feaster/2207 N 10th St/Philadelphia, Pa 19133.

CRITIQUE ACCEPTED IN THE VAIN GIVEN, YOU GET GOOD MARKS FOR SEEING THE VALUE IN 'TRACK' NOW EVERYONE GO REREAD IT LIKE JF DID

Dear Dave,
Thanks for the copy of NS#13. I'm sorry I didn't get back to you sooner. I have so much correspondence with my business that letters to my friends fall behind schedule.

I think you have a good thing going there with your 'zine. I hope you can keep it up. I didn't get the time to review everything, but I read the editorials, the letters and reviews.

Many thanks for those kind words about my art. I take that as a tremendous compliment, coming from a fellow artist of your considerable talents!

I checked out the artwork you featured and liked a lot of it. You've got a complement of talented people which gives your mag a good level of quality that you don't see in most fanzines. (At least I haven't). I see quite a bit of Bode influence with some of the artist you feature. He was a contemporary of mine, I'm wondering how you all got started? Did you know him?

The only things that bothered me was the small size of the comic panels. This bothered my tired old eyes. I noted you are enlarging the size of this issue?? Future issues?? Also I don't have much appreciation for nudie

pictures. I won't elaborate at this time, but I have my reasons.

Well Dave, keep up the good work. Have you ever submitted your work to the prozines? Things are probably way different than when I started out, but you ought to give it a shot if you haven't.

Best wishes for the future and much success with further issues of NS.

I hope to see you at another con.
Doug Chaffee/Route 3 Groveland Dr/Taylor, SC 29687

REALLY A PLEASURE TO HEAR FROM YOU, DOUG, MOST OF MY SF FRIENDS KNOW THAT MY ART GREATLY INFLUENCED BY YOU, V BODE, AND K FREAS. IN FACT I RESPECTED YOUR WORK SO MUCH FROM FROM THE LATE 60'S (MY FAVORITES WERE THE COVERS TO IF; DEC 67, AUG 68, OCT 68, SEPT 69, AND THE MAY 67 WOT THAT YOU AUTOGRAPHED FOR ME AT THE K-KON) THAT I WAS AFRAID TO TALK TO YOU AT THE CON. I WAS DELIGHTED TO FIND HOW FRIENDLY AND OUT-GOING YOU WERE.

THANKS FOR THE COMMENT ON NO SEX. THE ART IS BETTER THAN YOU FIND IN MOST SF FANZINES, BECAUSE MOST OF OUR CONTRIBUTORS HAVE THEIR ROOTS IN COMICS FANDOM. IT IS MY CONTENTION THAT COMIC FANDOM PRESENT MORE VISUALLY PLEASING FANZINES BECAUSE THAT IS THE NATURE OF THE GENRE, WHILE SF FANZINE ARE MORE INTERESTED IN BEING INTELLECTUALLY STIMULATING.

MOST OF MY CONTRIBUTORS ARE BODE FANS BECAUSE WHEN I STARTED NS, I WAS A BIG BODE FAN. MOST OF MY FRIENDS REMEMBER HIM FOR HIS CHECH WIZARD AND RELATED STUFF; BUT I FEEL HIS WORK AS AN SF ILLUSTRATOR IN THE 60'S WAS HIS BEST.

NO I HAVEN'T SUBMITTED A FOLIO TO A PRO-ZINE EVEN THOUGH EVERYONE SAYS THAT I SHOULD. I'VE HAD NO FORMAL ART TRAINING (AND THAT REALLY SHOWS) AND MY "SKILL" IS MAINLY FROM COPYING THE LINES OF CHAFFEE, BODE AND FREAS.

THANKS FOR THE WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT THOUGH. RESPECT YOUR THOUGHTS ON NUDITY, ESPECIALLY IN FANDOM. THERE SEEMS TO BE A DRIVING NEED FOR THAT KIND OF STUFF ESPECIALLY IN COMICS FANDOM. I PRINT IT AS A REFLECTION OF THE TYPE OF WORK I GET A MAJORITY OF.

BARNNOW I'VE WRITTEN A LETTER MYSELF AND I PROMISED TO BE BRIEF. THANKS FOR LOVING NS AND GOOD LUCK TO YOU IN THE FUTURE.

Hello,
What a nice surprise to find "No Sex" in my mailbox this afternoon. It was so very kind of u 2 send me 4 issues to read.

I enjoyed all of ur story/art. Sure many humans will say it's Bode, but I assume u just find urself flowing from the same type of interdimensional art reflex. (It being my theory that all art flows from the same source only the way the individual artists being it to life is different)

Since the issues are from many years I am able to see the changes ur art has undergone. All for the better! For surely it is true that "practice makes better".

These r some of the things I enjoyed Most: (in no particular order):

#10-art portfolio by Geier--"I am not Strange", Oh Yeah?

The full page illustration r a fine counter to the tiny pictures.

#11-Best issue of the 4. A pleasing variety of styles and stories--I do wish u'd print the art larger. Offering less panels per page, art deserves to be seen. May this is also what I complain about in the art books I buy. Recently I bought a book of Canaletto's paintings (MY favorite Architectural painter of the 16-1700 s) the most of his works were painted at 40x30 or larger, the book reprints them at 8 1/2 x 11. gosh, so much is lost i cry.

A word about ur art--it would read e-zier were u 2 use various sized markers to ink the work Bolder for foreground objects, slighter for b-g figures & etc I'm positive u've seen "Little Nemo". (my all time fave) In fact all the Art Nevou (or however it is spelled) artists used this "trick".

#7- "The Rescue" cute, Beaumont's spot illos hit right. "Nother nice art portfolio.

#5- "Final Solution" I enjoy long stories, this was no exception.

The folio of ur past work is to ur credit. It really shows how u've progressed (me I never show my old art! It's too bad to be displayed!!)

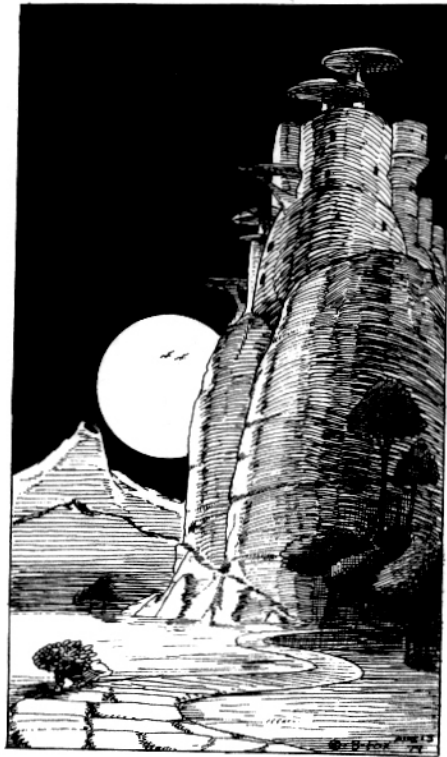
all throughout, I haven't read any of the fiction. But I did read the reviews. That's one of the features I always enjoyed.

So I like No Sex. And would like to continue to receive it from you.

Do you still accept ads? What's the current rates for a full page?

I took No Sex to my nearby comicshop & showed it 2 the owner. This weekend I'll bring it to Berkeley & show it to the 2 comic shops there. (oh the joys of California life!) As well as showing it to the very few others I know here who enjoy comic and comics.. Miron Mercury PO Box 13311/Oakland, Calif 94604

MM YOU ARE REALLY IN TUNE TO ART, THAT'S OBVIOUS. TO YOU AND JF, MY CRAMMED STYLE MOST LIKELY ORIGINATES FROM WHEN I WAS SMALL AND NEVER COULD COME UP WITH ENOUGH PAPER TO DO ALL THE ART I WANTED, I USE TO USE EVERY SCRAP OF PAPER LIKE IT WAS A LIMITED RESOURCE. NOW THAT I CAN AFFORD TO BUY PAPER, I CAN'T BREAK THE HABIT, AND I DON'T KNOW IF I WOULD WANT TO, IT'S PART OF ME.. AS TO SPACE IN THE ZINE AND TO ANSWER THE QUESTION AS TO WHY I DIDN'T GO TO 8 1/2 x 11 FORMAT WHEN I SAID I WOULD IT'S STRICKLY A MONETARY THING IT COST ME 5 TIMES AS MUCH TO PRINT THE SAME AMOUNT OF MATERIAL IN THE LARGER FORMAT, WHAT CAN I SAY. 47



Hi Dave,
Greetings from that small miserable island off the coast of Europe, sometimes known as Great Britain.

Thanks for No Sex 13, much appreciated but dammit man you shouldn't have sent it airmail, that's expensive.

This issue, and I don't know how typical it is, seems pretty heavily comics oriented and I must confess these days I'm not much into comics. Too many damned comics collectors showing the prices up. Used to collect and read when I was a lot younger, but in those days comic collecting was no big thing and one could find issues now fetching many dollars around in the local used bookstores for a few pence. My own collection went the way many young peoples must have gone in those days when my parents made me get rid of it. Now they'd like to see me get rid of my small book collection.

The comic art in the zine that I did enjoy was 'Let Us Pray' which nicely captures the narrow minded attitude of those

with Fanatical beliefs. The setting here is a primitive society but the basic concepts of the story hold true under many situations 'The New Sheriff' was a short compact tale with the last panel providing a neat kind of twist, 'Mr Matter' though I'm not sure about mostly because its so hard to judge from one isolated portion of an on-going strip. Though it did not really make much of an impression on me.

It is funny how the superstition about the number 13 still exists in this supposedly enlightened day and age. As you mention the numbering of the floors on highrise buildings going direct from 12 to 14 even though this would not eliminate the 13th floor. The same would be true (possibly still is) with the numbering of rooms in small inns and hotels where they again missed room 13. Reminds me of one of the episodes from ABC TV's series Mystery and Imagination called room 13 and based on the M R James story 'Number 13' where room 13 does at sometimes exist (that series was damned good and I wish they would repeat it instead of much of the garbage they do re-run).

Seems you had a busy summer, pity you missed the Worldcon in Boston because it was great. Or at least I thought so, though I have heard quite a few of the UK fans who attended muttering about it. This is especially true of those for whom this was their first US con. Somehow there are major differences between US and UK cons. I started my con attendances in Australia which in style falls somewhere between US and UK cons so I readily adapt to either. I notice you say you want con reports. Well recently I attended Novacon 10 and a very brief con rep could illustrate some of the differences between the two. Really all I need say is Novacon 10 was a good con and I spent nearly all my time in the bus and most UK fans would understand no problem. Trouble is I've noted some US fans don't understand this at all. You see British cons are very bar oriented and that is the main focal point for many fans through the day and evening and into the small hours. Hence by spending a lot of time in the bar, it means plenty of time spent talking with other fans. Whereas US cons are much more party oriented and overall little bar drinking was done. I think that was the factor that threw many UK fans out at Worldcon because during the day, they were in typical UK fashion looking for the bar drinking multitudes which you don't really find in the US.

You can also take it as read that the hotels like SF cons because of big receipts, we do drink a goodly amount of beer and unlike US hotels bars its normally only a little more expensive than it would be to drink at a local pub... Al Fitzpatrick/38 Northfield/Barlby,

Belby N Yorkshire YO87JS Eng

AL, I NEVER KNEW OF THE UK FAN HABIT OF BAR HOPPING AT CONS, I HAVE ATTENDED CONS IN FRANCE AND CANADA BUT NEVER IN ENGLAND. I'M SORRY SOME OF THE UK FANS FELT ILL AT BASE AT THE WORLDCON BECAUSE OF THAT; BUT I'VE FOUND THE BEST WAY TO GET AROUND THAT (AND I'M SURE YOU HAVE ALSO) IS THAT WHEN IN ROME DO AS THE ROMANS.. INSTEAD OF LOOKING FOR A BAR WOULDN'T A GOOD ORGY DO JUST AS WELL???

David,

Thanks for sending me No Sex #13, Sorry not to LOC sooner..

I wondered just what the hell NS #13's cover dealt with; but the first story cleared that up. The story sounded familiar to me, and I sort of expected the outcome. What interests me is what about the astronauts on the ship? Seems like there is a whole series worth of tales there.

Now I have two questions, both arising from your column in The No Sexist. What do you mean by short astronomy articles? Seems like the word short can vary from a few hundred words to a few thousand. I would be interested in doing astronomy articles; length really depends on the topic. Also, what kind of book reviews do you the editor, like?

"Placebo" was an interesting story. It kept me wondering what had happened, at least until the last two paragraphs. First thing that came to mind was Nevil Shute's On the Beach. Both evoke hopelessness.

The feature I liked best was the Barger/Collins/Heath portfolio of high-powered Star Cruisers. The art was great. Thanks for telling me about Bald Ego II; because I really like those ships.



© S. Fox
Feb 1990

In fact is the art for sale? If so, how much each page. I would like to buy the whole originals.

Humorous and enjoyable are the best words can give "I Went Back Again" Any more Lob adventures froth coming? Also liked Rick McCollum's illo on page 30. Any more pictorial histories coming?

Unfortunately there were two features of NS #13 I disliked. "Track" was one of them. The art was good, but I just didn't like it. Reminds me of a feature of Heavy Metal, a magazine I think that has good art, but 90% of the time has lousy stories. "Mr Matter" was another. Seems no different than a kiddie super-hero comic.

Alien Game was humorous. Yes I get the Giger pun. Mark Hall/9501 Plum Wood Rd/Fern Creek, Ky 40291

HARD TO SAY WHAT I WANT IN THE AREA OF ARTICLES IN ANSWER TO MANY INQUIRES ON THE ASTRONOMY ARTICLE, I'M LOOKING FOR SOMETHING FOR BEGINNERS BUT TECHNICAL ENOUGH TO STIMULATE A PERSON TO



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FURTHER READING ON THE SUBJECT. BOOK REVIEWS, DO YOUR OWN THING, I HAVE NO RESERVATIONS ABOUT CUTTING YOUR LENGTH DOWN TO FIT MY FORMAT (RIGHT JIM GRAY??). THANKS FOR THE COMMENTS ON THE STAR CRUISER FOLIO, LOTS OF MIXED REVIEWS ON THAT.. BUT I STILL SAY TRACK DESERVES ANOTHER LOOK; BUT AGREE YOUR COMMENTS ON HEAVY METAL. YES THE FOLIO ART IS FOR SALE, LAST TIME SOMEONE ASKED I QUOTED THEM \$2.50 A PAGE, THE OBSERVANT THIS ISSUE WILL FIND AN AD PROCLAIMING A SPECIAL CLEARANCE SALE OF FAN ART FROM NO SEX FOR \$1 A PAGE.. NOW I'D HATE TO LET THAT FOLIO GO FOR \$7 PLUS POSTAGE.. BUT...

I CAN'T TYPE ANOTHER LETTER, AND I COULD GO ON FROM THE STACK FOR DAYS. MOST OF THE COMMENT REVOLVED AROUND EITHER THE GENIUS OR PREDICTABILITY OF LET US PRAY, HOW EVERYONE LOVED THE ALIEN GAME, AND HOW ONLY 1/2 OF YOU SAW THE POINT OF TRACK... OKAY I'LL BUY THAT, NEXT ISS HOPEFULLY THE NS INDEX WILL BE READY, IN THE MEANWHILE LOOK FOR US AT INCONJUNCTION AT INDY, AND KK IN NASHVILLE.....



The response to the original fan art that is for sale in No Sex has been fantastic. The money has been going to the printing and mailing costs for No Sex. The stuff is so cheap, there really is no excuse for not writing in to see if a piece is available and asking the price. The stuff you see can be in your collection or hangin' on your wall... write in!

NO SEX: \$3.00 ea
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Jump: \$5.00 ea
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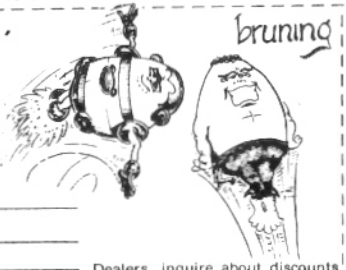


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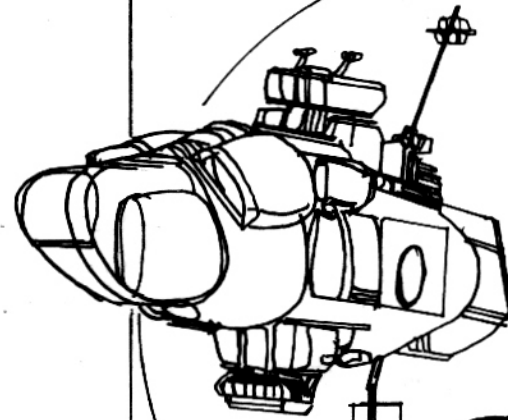
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MOON HUNTERS

Portfolio
by Jerry Collins



CAT-BEARS
© JERRY COLLINS 1980

Prologue



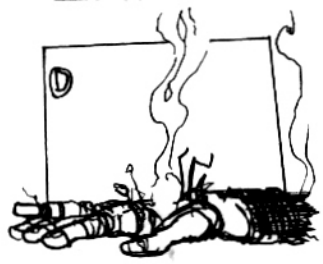
As you know, the Cat-bear are a race of civilized, artistic felines who, although dislike war realized that in order to maintain their existence, a "protective force" must be in order. The most famous of these is the Moon Hunters: a band of anti-criminal/first line Defence force, who patrol the Cat-bear (and Ganarf) galaxies.

Their first mission was to stop the encroaching warlord/pirate Baba-lee Teh, a great hulking man-monster whose acts of sadism out-stripped those of the Gestapo and K.G.B. of old earth!

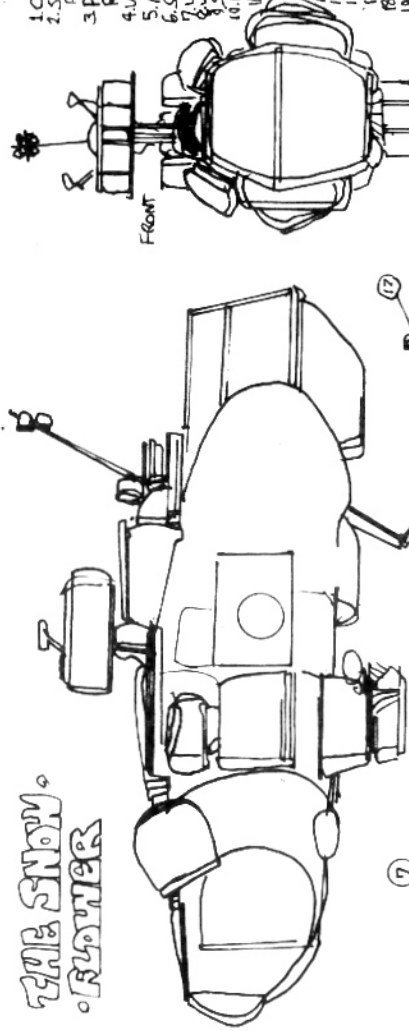


In the final battle, the moon hunter lured Lee Teh to a dying star, as the battle raged all fire power aboard the "Snow-flower" was switched to the protective force field. AS THE STAR WENT NOVA! ©

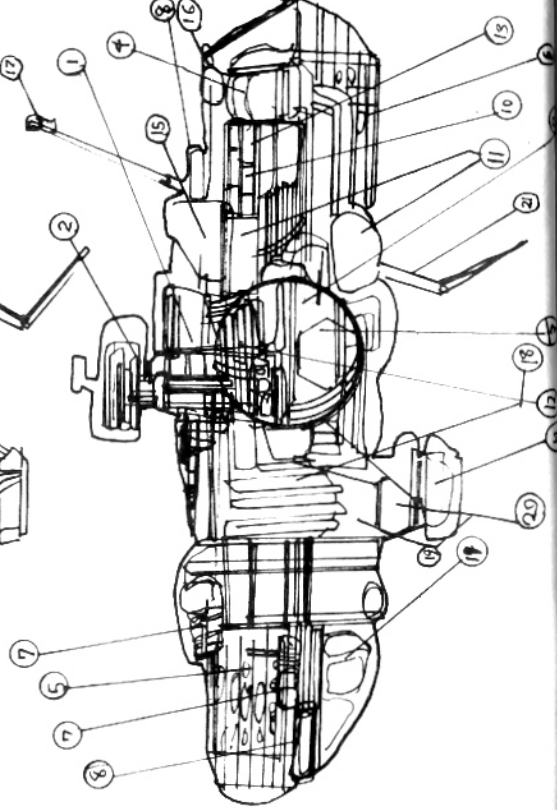
All that was found of the evil pirate was his mangled bionic hand. In the remains of his flag ship the "GOD'S DEATH" (A)



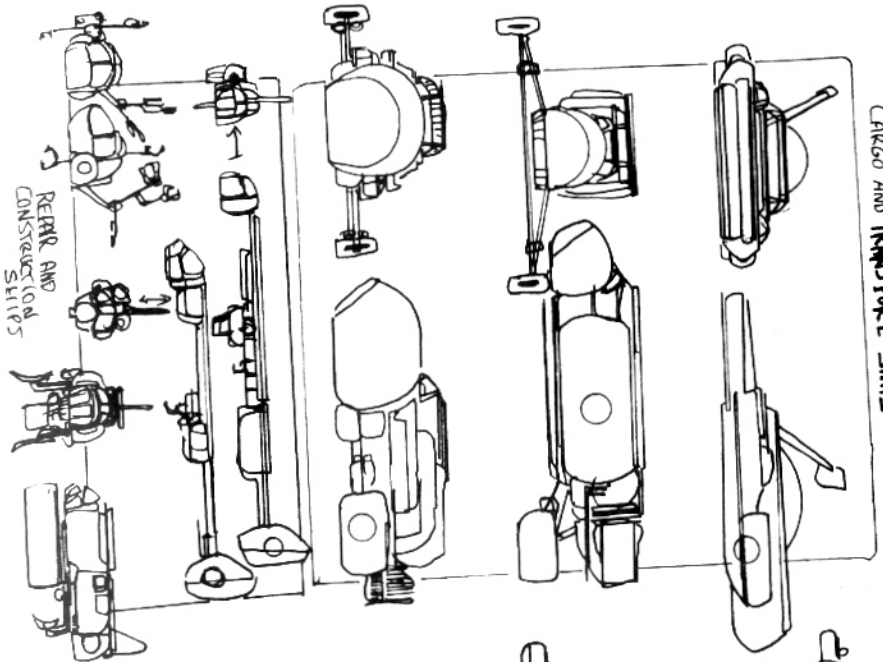
THE SNOW BLOWER



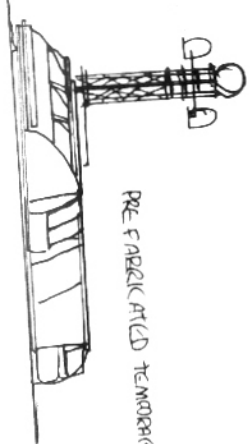
- 1. CREW'S QUARTERS
- 2. SECONDARY CONTROL ROOM
- 3. PRIMARIES CONTROL ROOM
- 4. WARD ENGINE
- 5. MAIN HANGER
- 6. SECOND HANGER
- 7. WAREHOUSE COMPARTMENT
- 8. WAREHOUSE
- 9. SHIP COMPUTER
- 10. HOSPITAL (SICK BAY)
- 11. LEVEL BAY
- 12. SHIPS COMPARTMENT (KIMM)
- 13. SEC. ROOM
- 14. SEC. ROOM
- 15. REAR PHOTO CONTROL
- 16. REAR CONTROL
- 17. SHIP'S COMPUTER
- 18. SECONDARY CONTROL ROOM (B)
- 19. ROOM (B)
- 20. REAR FIELD SHIELD
- 21. ROOM (FIELD DISCHARGE)
- 22. REC. ROOM



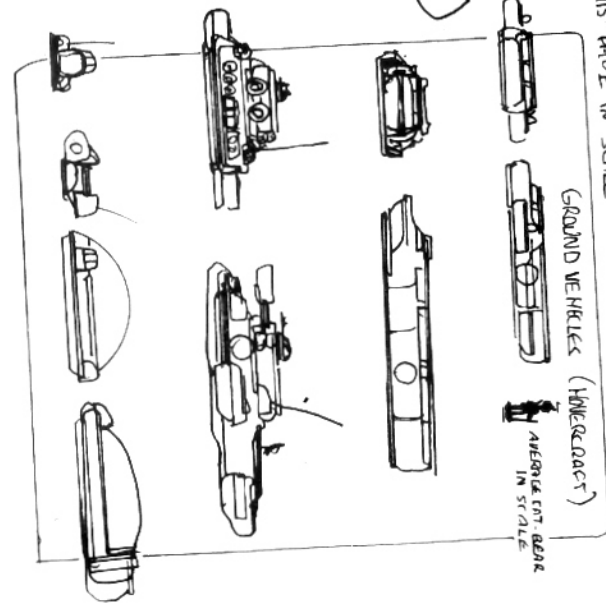
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REPAIR AND CONSTRUCTION SHIPS



CARGO AND TRANSPORT SHIPS

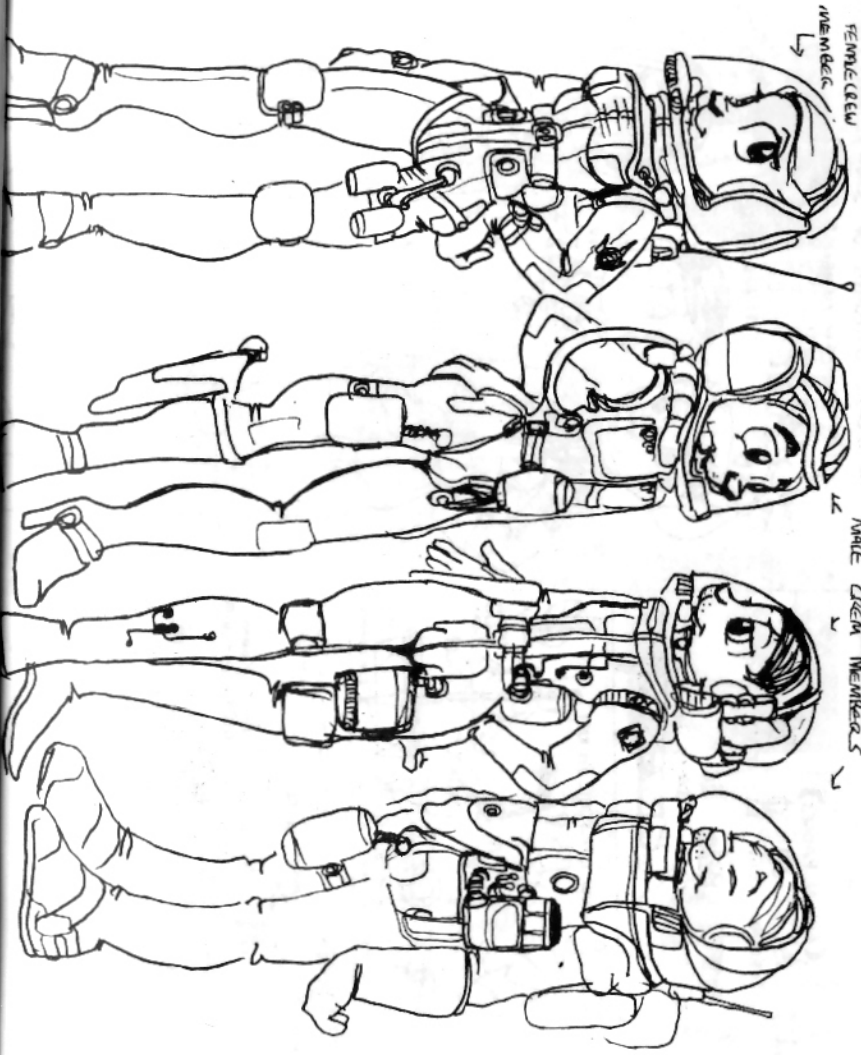


GROUND VEHICLES (HIVECRAFT)

AVERAGE CNT BEAR IN SCALE

ALL CRAFT ON THIS PAGE IN SCALE

WARRIORS DEEP SPACE / PILOT'S SUITS

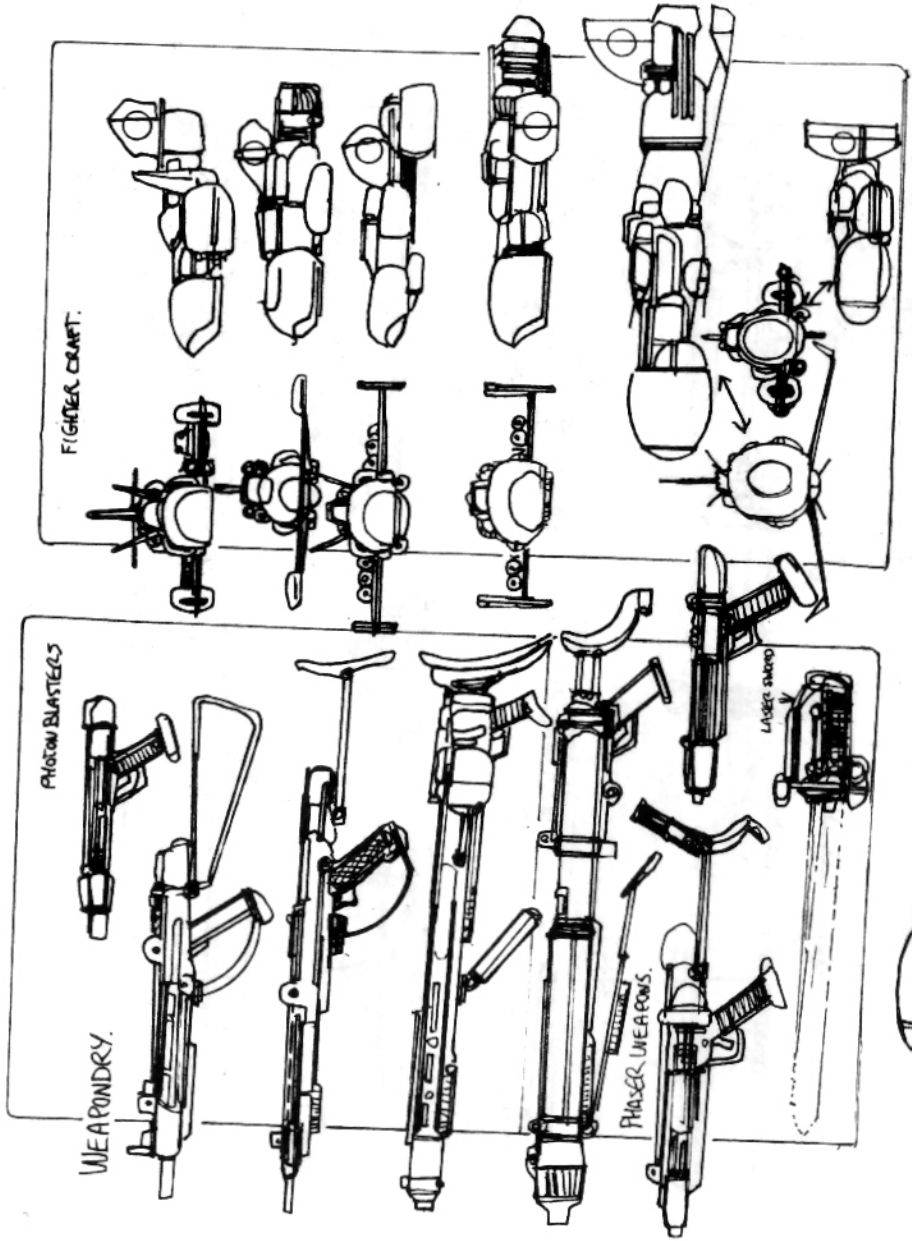


FEMALE CREW MEMBERS

MALE CREW MEMBERS



HAND TOOL



PILOT'S SUITS

PHOTON BLASTERS

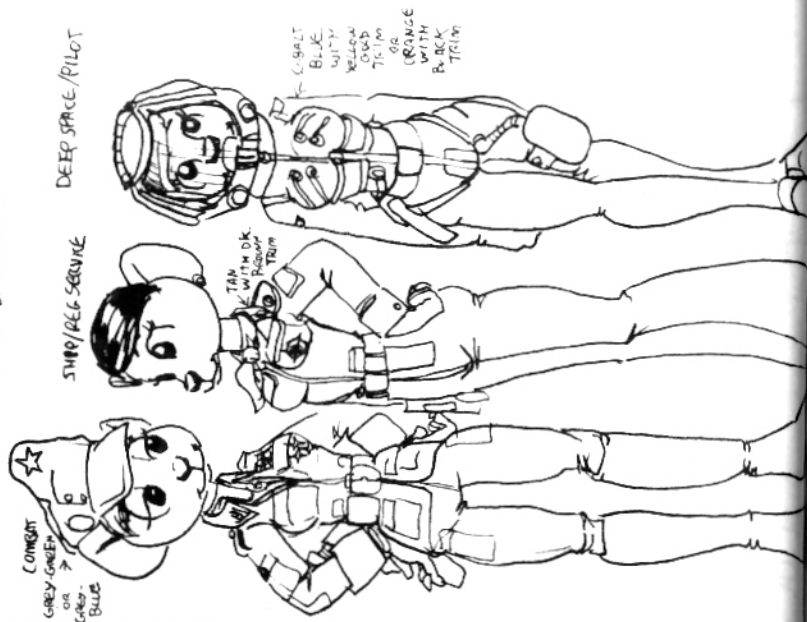
WEAPONRY

PHASER WEAPONS

LASER SWORD

ENSIGNIA:

THE 3 BASIC UNIFORMS OF SNOW FLOWER CREW
(FEMALE CREW MEMBERS SHOWN)



THERE'S ROOM FOR ALL TYPES OF ECCENTRIC ORGANIZATIONS IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM—EVEN OLD-FASHIONED TRAVEL CLUBS LIKE ...

LITTLE HAS CHANGED IN THE CLUB'S 40-YEAR EXISTENCE

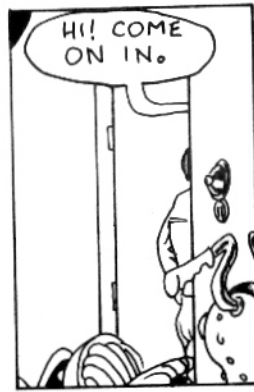
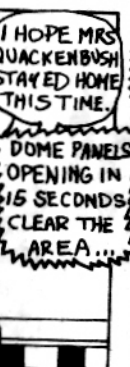


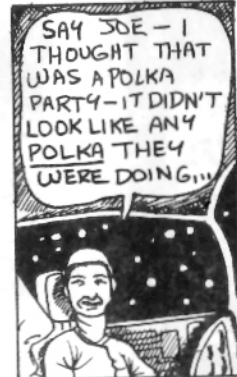
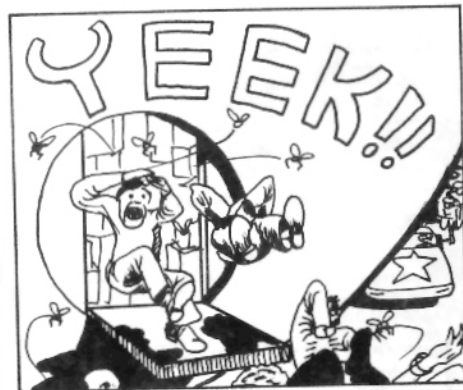
IN FACT, THE SAME PACKAGE TOUR HAS BEEN OFFERED IN THE WINTER SEASON FOR THE LAST 15 YEARS—THE EVER-POPULAR "GOLDEN-AGER'S POLKA TOUR OF THE MINOR PLANETS"... NEXT STOP: CALLISTO, JUPITER'S MOON...



<p>RANK (COLLAR BADGES)</p> <p>PIV. CORPORAAL SGT. LI. CAPT. MAJ.</p> <p>COL. LT. COL. GEN.</p> <p>DRESS SWARD</p>	<p>DIVISION</p> <p>WORKS ON JUNIC POCKET</p> <p>SCIENCE OFFICER</p> <p>REG. CREW</p> <p>SECURITY</p> <p>CONTRACTOR</p> <p>CONTINUAL</p> <p>CLERICAL</p> <p>ENGINEER</p> <p>SPECIAL WEAPONS</p> <p>PILOT</p> <p>MEDICAL</p>	<p>AWARDS</p> <p>GOOD CONDUCT</p> <p>SELECTED IN INDIVIDUAL FIELDS</p> <p>FLIERS/COMBAT</p> <p>Part honors</p> <p>SCRAF AND NECKER-CHIEF</p> <p>PARTEGANS:</p> <p>PATROL/COMBAT GREEN AND TAN</p> <p>PATROL/COMBAT GREY AND BLUE</p> <p>REG SERVICE GOLD or ORANGE</p>
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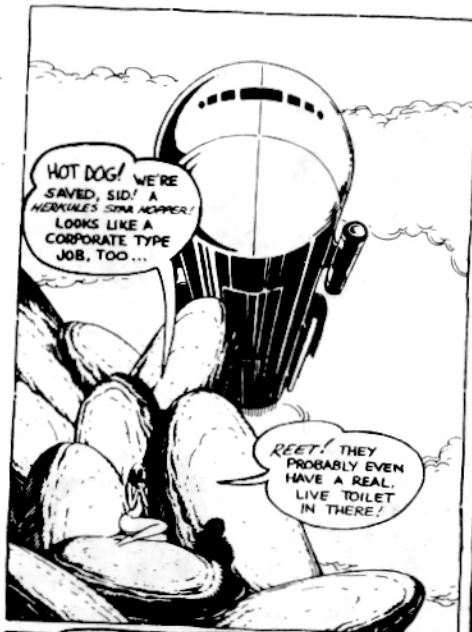
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by BERT



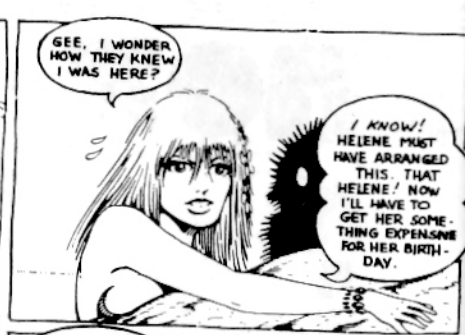
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65



HOT DOG! WE'RE SAVED, SID! A HERCULES' SONA NOOPER! LOOKS LIKE A CORPORATE TYPE JOB, TOO...

REET! THEY PROBABLY EVEN HAVE A REAL LIVE TOILET IN THERE!



GEE, I WONDER HOW THEY KNEW I WAS HERE?

I KNOW! HELENE MUST HAVE ARRANGED THIS. THAT HELENE! NOW I'LL HAVE TO GET HER SOME THING EXPENSIVE FOR HER BIRTH-DAY.



OH, IT'S GOING TO LAND ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HILL...

C'MON, SID! THEY MAY EVEN HAVE SOME BEER!

TOO BAD I HATE BEER, THOUGH.

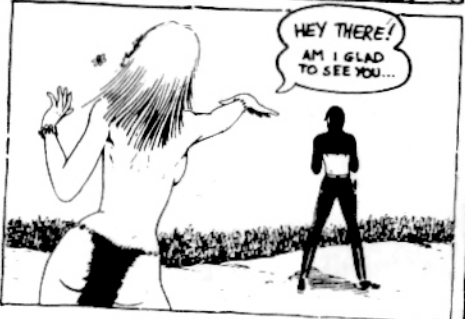


WELL, THAR SHE BLOWS, SID. THE MEANS TO MY SALVATION; AND THERE'S MY SAVIOUR...



HELLO?!
YOU HOO!
SAY!!

HEY, MISTER!!!
YER FLYS UNZIPPED!!!



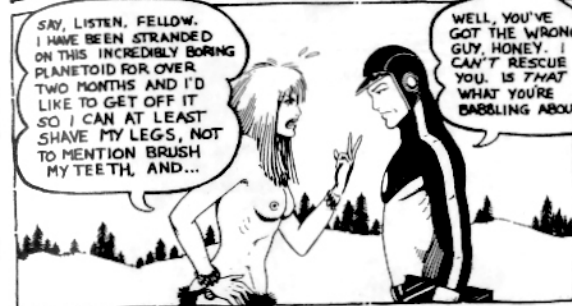
HEY THERE!
AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU...



I GUESS YOU'RE TALKING TO ME, HM? BE RIGHT WITH YOU...

OH, GOOD. WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE WRITIN'? ARE YOU PREPARING FOR MY STATEMENT?

HUH? OH, I'M... HUH? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



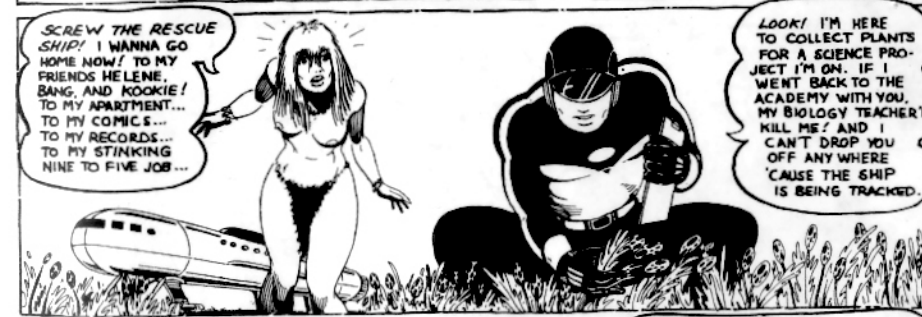
SAY, LISTEN, FELLOW. I HAVE BEEN STRANDED ON THIS INCREDIBLY BORING PLANETOID FOR OVER TWO MONTHS AND I'D LIKE TO GET OFF IT SO I CAN AT LEAST SHAVE MY LEGS, NOT TO MENTION BRUSH MY TEETH, AND...

WELL, YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG GUY, HONEY. I CAN'T RESCUE YOU. IS THAT WHAT YOU'RE BABBING ABOUT?



BABS... WHY... YOU... WHY NOT?! DO YOU PLAN TO JUST LEAVE ME HERE?

OH, I'LL SEND YOU A RESCUE SHIP IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT. RIGHT NOW, I'M BUSY.

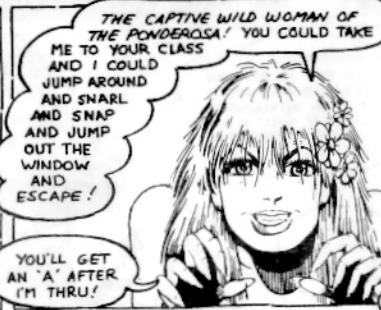


SCREW THE RESCUE SHIP! I WANNA GO HOME NOW! TO MY FRIENDS HELENE, BANG, AND KOOKIE! TO MY APARTMENT... TO MY COMICS... TO MY RECORDS... TO MY STINKING NINE TO FIVE JOB...

LOOK! I'M HERE TO COLLECT PLANTS FOR A SCIENCE PROJECT I'M ON. IF I WENT BACK TO THE ACADEMY WITH YOU, MY BIOLOGY TEACHER'D KILL ME! AND I CAN'T DROP YOU OFF ANYWHERE 'CAUSE THE SHIP IS BEING TRACKED.



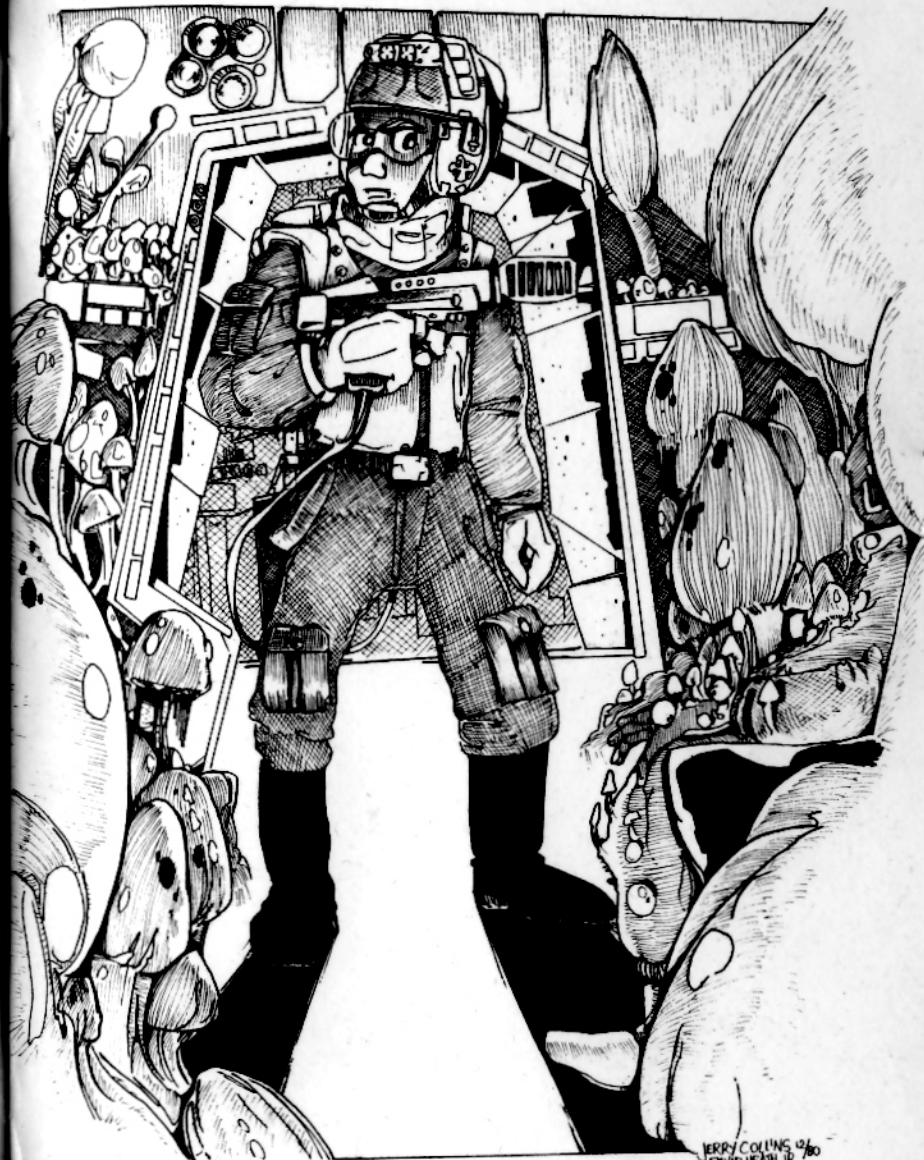
WELL... WELL, YOU COULD FORGET THE PLANTS AND USE ME AS YOUR SCIENCE PROJECT...



THE CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN OF THE PONDEROSA! YOU COULD TAKE ME TO YOUR CLASS AND I COULD JUMP AROUND AND SHARL AND SNAP AND JUMP OUT THE WINDOW AND ESCAPE!

YOU? AS WHAT? YOU DON'T LOOK ANYTHING LIKE A DIDDLIOUS FERN.

YOU'LL GET AN 'A' AFTER I'M THRU!



THE WATCHWORD OF SCIENCE

DAVID HEATH JR.'S

NOSEX!

