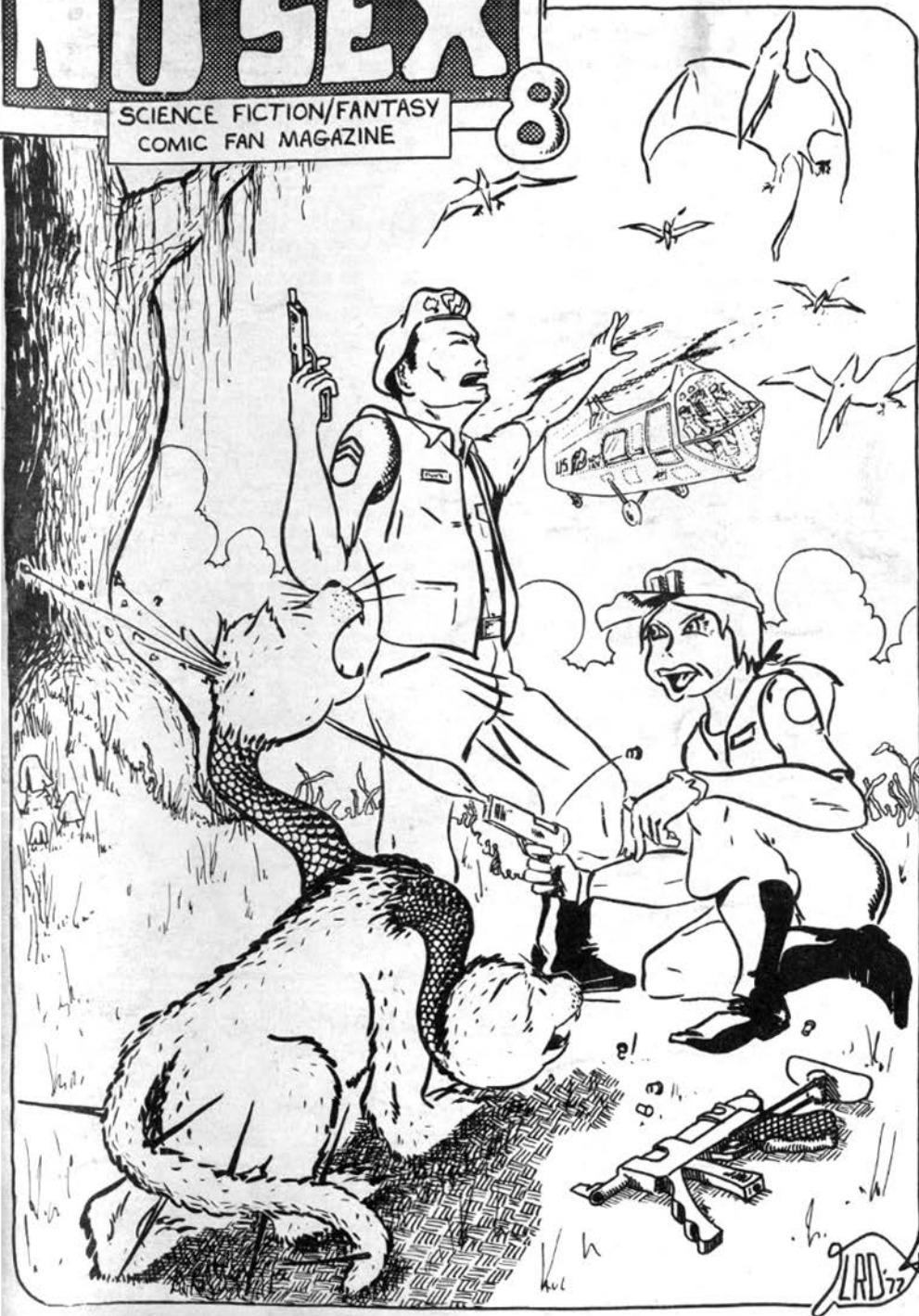


# NO SEX

SCIENCE FICTION/FANTASY  
COMIC FAN MAGAZINE

8



# NO SEX

SCIENCE FICTION/FANTASY COMIC MAGAZINE

Editor: David Heath Jr.  
 Publisher: Dan Watson of Galactic Enterprises  
 No Sex fanzine is put out by 1Lt David Heath Jr in order to provide the fans with a vehicle to publish works of art and prose dealing with sf, fant, and comics. Address contributions and LOC's 1Lt David Heath Jr, CSC 1/68 Ar, APO NY 09234

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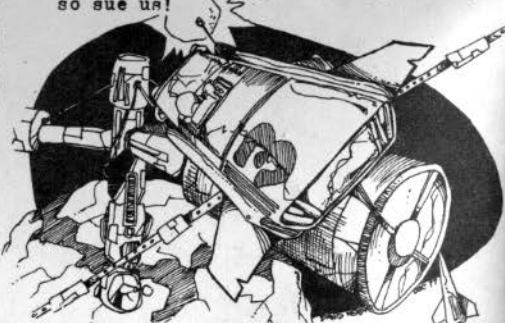
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No Sex is always looking for new contributors, so if you are interested in submitting art or story please write to the address listed above. We are interested in items dealing with sf, fant, and comics.

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# JOURNEY TO ANOTHER HERE AND ANOTHER NOW.

by C. Robert Oliver Jr.

PART 100

Illustrated by SSG Beaumont

**NO SEX** 50¢/issue  
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 free 1/2 page ad for subscr



While Sgt O'Brien secured their supplies to the deck of the raft with nylon rope, Major Grayson went to fetch Capt Masterson from the lookout boulder nearby.

"We're ready to move out Candi," Major Grayson declared from behind the red-headed spitfire, who had been poutingly sitting there for hours.

Captain Masterson said nothing but rose and quietly went with Major Grayson back to the raft. She sat in the middle of the raft in front of the supplies besides her fiancée. Sgt O'Brien and Prof Warren stood at the rear of the raft on each side, each holding a long pole sticking behind the raft into the water to push it along. Major Grayson squatted at the bow of the raft to watch ahead for dangers the river might present, his M-14 ever ready.

The river was quiet and peaceful as the raft floated slowly down its center. Major Grayson could detect no sign of sea monsters in the water nor any two-headed cougars on shore or any flying bird of prey in the sky. It looked as though this leg of the rescue expedition would be safe and peaceful.

"Military establishment pigs," Jimmy Newport cursed to his fiancée, referring to the two green berets, but he was careful not to let them hear. "Ordering me around. I'm not part of that soldier scene anymore," he added, running a bony thin hand through his shoulder length silly hair and then through his beard.

"I know dear," Capt Masterson comforted her civilian fiancée, but then added, "but Major Grayson is only doing what he thinks best to help me find daddy."

"I don't like that gung ho muscle bound ape telling me what to do all the time, like he's better than I am. That's not true. He's only a soldier while I'm a television news anchorman. The pen is mightier than the sword you know."

"I know dear," Capt Masterson whispered again her comforting words in a soft lover's voice. "Grayson's just too dumb to know that, but I know you're man enough to put up with it no matter how much it hurts, until we get back home."

"Of course, I'm man enough to put up with it," young Newport suddenly found himself on the defensive. "But I don't like it," he added and with that settled down to at least tolerate the ride down river.

Then as the raft rounded a sharp bend in the river parallel to the spot where Jimmy Newport had landed in his parachute and sprained his ankle, Capt Masterson rose from beside her fiancée and moved forward to sit beside Major Grayson who seemed not to notice her presence.

Finally still staring at the river ahead Major Grayson asked, "What do you want?"

"This may turn into a long hard mission," Capt Masterson began, "We don't have to make it any harder, you and I got off on the wrong foot; that partially my fault, and I apologize. Can't we be friends?"

"It was all your fault. Apology accepted," Major Grayson replied still staring at the river.

Capt Masterson grew momentarily erect with anger and fought back an urge to push the major into the river. But as she was making headway toward becoming Major Grayson's friend, which is what she wanted so she let her anger subside. To change the subject she asked, "Tell me major, how did you lose your eye?"

Major Grayson ran his left hand over the string of the eyepatch over his left eye and then touched the patch itself. "The Israeli war, my jeep hit a land mine."

Major Grayson had his mind on the Israeli war, recalling the mine which had cost him one of his eyes. He did not have his mind on the job at hand, that of watching the river for danger. Once in a great while the army officer slipped and made a mistake. This was one such time.

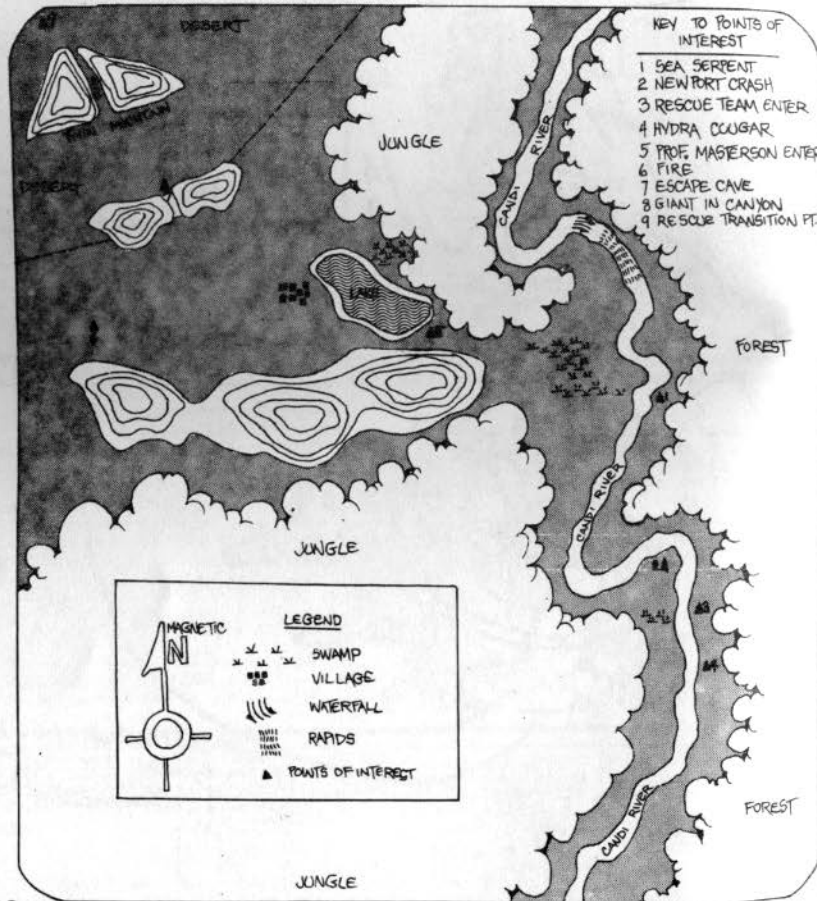
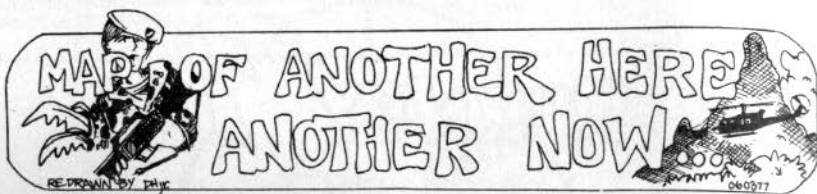
Suddenly the starboard side of the raft lifted out of the water throwing most of the passengers off the port side and into the water. Only Jimmy Newport managed to stay on the raft by grabbing one of the ropes securing the supplies and holding on for dear life.

The rescue party's raft, fortunately was not capsized, and none of the precious equipment was lost. That was at the moment, only a small blessing for the party had a large problem before it.

The "problem" had two heads, but would not be as easy to solve as the hydra cougars. This was a hydra sea-monster that resembled mythical Chinese dragons with two heads, each head the size of a large automobile, glaring black cat eyes, and rows of large sharp teeth. An abominable stench of sweat, animal secretions, and decay hung about the sea monster whose heads on individual necks rose twenty feet above the river surface. The monster's heads were covered with a thick green hide and its necks which extended below the water were protected by black scales like a suit of mail armor.

As the flounders rose to the surface the raft carrying Jimmy Newport and the supplies floated past the monster who watched it float calmly down river with only one of its two heads and without showing any great deal of interest in the four forms struggling in the water splashing to regain control of the situation they had temporarily lost and creating a great deal of disturbance.

By the time the four dislodged rescuers had sawed themselves from drowning, their raft was already on the ot-





her side of the hydra sea monster. Newport had needed all this time to get over the sudden shock of the monster's appearance, now he was screaming his lungs out, crying for help.

Capt Masterson wasted not a second in swimming off across the surface of the river to rescue her fiancée, blindly ignoring the monster and splashing enough water to attract the attention of a hundred sea monsters had any others been around. Fortunately there were not.

"O'Brien! Major Grayson yelled to his sergeant. "get Prof Warren and swim underwater to shore!"

Sergeant O'Brien acknowledged the order with a nod of his head before doing as Major Grayson had instructed. Major Grayson began swimming underwater also in an attempt to rescue Capt Masterson whose frantic swimming on top of the water was attracting the attention of the sea monster.

Capt Masterson was a strong and capable swimmer who spurred on by fear for the safety of her fiancée, Major Grayson found impossible to catch. When the Major surfaced for air the young captain was just passing by the two headed river monster. Major Grayson could tell the monster was on the verge of attacking the swimming girl and that was too far to reach her before one of the creatures two heads would scoop her up between teeth the size of bayonets.

Within moments Capt Masterson would be crushed between mammoth jaws unlike any that had been seen since the last Japanese Godzilla movie and Major Grayson could not reach her in time.

"Candi! Dive, Candi, Dive!" the green beret shouted to Capt Masterson. If she dove the monster might lose interest in her the way he had with Prof Warren and Sgt O'Brien when they swam underwater to shore and out of the monster's sight.

It was a good idea and it might have worked except that Capt Masterson was too worried about her fiancée to hear the major's warning.

Grayson carried four had grenades on the shoulder harness on his backpack, two fragmentation, an incendiary and an offensive concussion. He removed the concussion grenade, pulled the pin and released the safety lever. A concussion grenade has a delay of approximately 4 seconds. Major Grayson gauged his time and the arc of his throw as best he could attempting to place the grenade halfway between the two heads of the creature. at the moment of detonation. He released the grenade and dove beneath the water as the grenade arced toward its target.

Grayson's hundreds of hours of practice in grenade throwing paid off in other ways besides making him the scourge of knock-over-the-bottle carnival hustlers. This was such a time. A fragmen-

tation grenade probably would not have penetrated the sea monster's thick hide but the blast from the concussion grenade was able to knock the creature out by the force of the shock waves it created.

Grayson resurfaced just as the creature was falling into the water, either dead or unconscious; Grayson did not know which, nor did he care at the moment. The important thing now that the obstacle of the sea monster had been overcome.

Looking down river, Major Grayson saw that Capt Masterson had overtaken the raft and was now directing it toward the riverbank. She would not need his help there so he swam to where Sgt O'Brien stood on shore with Prof Warren.

"Major, do you think there might be other such creatures in the river?" Prof Warren asked even as the special forces officer trudged ashore from the water.

"Not in the immediate vicinity, anyway. If there had been our skirmish would have attracted them, but I'll have to keep a better watch out as we continue downriver," Major Grayson answered.

"Then you intend to continue the river route?" the scientist asked.

"The river is the fastest course in the general direction toward where Prof Masterson entered and, despite any other sea serpents, probably no more dangerous than the overland route," the major explained. "I just hope none of our equipment was lost."

"I recovered the rifles," Sgt O'Brien declared, referring to their M-14's and Capt Masterson's M-16. "Everything else was secured to the raft; I don't think anything else was lost."

"Let's rejoin the good captain and see," was Major Grayson's reply.

The three men walked along the river bank to where Captain Masterson had brought the raft in. They reached the raft just as Capt Masterson was securing the aft portion to shore with one of the nylon lines; the bow was already secure. Even as they approached the raft Major Grayson could hear Newport screaming his disgust at his close scrape, blaming the green beret for not spotting the danger sooner.

"O'Brien, Prof, check the equipment; make sure we didn't lose anything and secure anything that may have come loose, Major Grayson took charge again when they arrived at the raft. "Is mister Newport injured further or is he just complaining over his original injury, Capt Masterson?"

"Jimmy's a sensitive young man, he..." "Tend to his sensitivity then, Captain," Major Grayson interrupted. He was not in the mood for a long lecture. "Have the raft ready to go in 15 minutes. I'm heading downriver along the shore to scout the river ahead. Hand me a GC unit and my pack (and give me a couple extra magazines for the M-14."





"Here you are sir," SGT O'Brien replied, handing Major Grayson the items he had requested.

"Give me a yell when you're ready. I'll stay about 250 meters ahead of you," Grayson added, donning and adjusting the equipment.

"Shouldn't the sergeant take the point instead of you?" Capt Masterson asked.

"I'm in charge of this team; I'll assign point to whomever I choose, and I choose to take point myself."

"And as I am the executive officer of the team you should direct your orders to me and not the sergeant," Capt Masterson countered.

"You're here as a doctor, not as military. You tend to your patient there and your father when we find him. O'Brien and I will handle military escort."

"Then speaking as a doctor and not as a captain, let me say you are also a patient and in my medical opinion you are not fit to serve point."

"She's right," Prof Warren put in.

Sergeant O'Brien hesitated a moment before adding his agreement.

"Very well, Sergeant you take point."

#### CHAPTER SIX

The Honeymoon's over when Niagra Falls

"Lie down on the raft Major and drop your pants," ordered Capt Masterson. "I have to check the dressing on those needle wounds in your leg."

Major Grayson silently complied with the order though Capt Masterson could tell from his face that he was not thrilled at the idea. Capt Masterson unwrapped the bandage on Major Grayson's leg and examined the wounds.

"They don't look too bad," The doctor declared.

"I could have told you that. Now let's get the raft back in the water and move out."

"Now that you're through treating that little soldier, how about some TLC for your fiancée," cried Jimmy Newport, complaining about his sprained ankle.

"I'm sorry, darling, I'll be there in a moment," Capt Masterson replied.

Major Grayson got to his feet and put his pants back on. "Tend to your boyfriend, Capt, he seems more in need of special care," Major Grayson said sarcastically. "How's the equipment Professor?"

"Everything secured," the frail scientist replied. "We're all set to continue."

Major Grayson extracted his CC unit from his belt. "Come in O'Brien. This is Grayson. Report."

"Seven five zero meters your position" came Sgt O'Brien reply from the portable 2-way radio. "No dangers in the river so far but I have seen another of those birds like what wrecked the chopper. It was on the horizon and moving away though. No danger. Have seen several differ-

ent small animals, all two headed."

"Roger. We're getting underway. Report every 500 meters."

"Roger," came Sgt O'Brien's acknowledgement and then Major Grayson restored the CC unit to the waterproof pouch on his gunbelt.

Capt Masterson resumed the position beside her injured fiancée that she had been in when the raft was almost lost. Major Grayson and Prof Warren took their poles and pushed the raft away from the riverbank and into the slow river current to continue it's voyage.

Just over an hour later Sgt O'Brien called to the others over the CC unit.

"Grayson here. What is it, O'Brien?"

"I've reached a sheer cliff wall about seventy or eighty feet high. It extends from as far as I can see to almost a third the way across the river," Sgt O'Brien reported.

"There's room enough for the raft to get pass, isn't there?" Major Grayson asked.

"Yes sir, but the cliff wall is as slick as glass; there's no handhold what ever. I've tried but I cannot climb it and it's too big to go around on land. Looks like I'm out of the infantry and back in the navy."

"Any other problems?" Major Grayson asked.

"I've seen more double headed animals, including a pair of cougars, but no problems."

"We should be at your point in about ten minutes to take you aboard. Catch yourself forty winks until we arrive."

There was no response from the radio Major Grayson knew that Sgt O'Brien was probably already snoring as he awaited them further downriver.

Sure enough that's how the others found Sgt O'Brien when they reached the point in the river where the cliff wall ran into the river. The Special Forces sergeant was flat on his back, his head propped up on his backpack, resting beneath the shade of a tree against the cliff wall.

Major Grayson and Prof Warren maneuvered the raft into the riverbank. As they did Major Grayson jumped ashore and shouted "Attention!"

Sgt O'Brien shot up wide awake in mid-snore to stand to attention.

As the others especially Jimmy Newport laughed Major Grayson ordered his sergeant, "Grab your gear and get aboard."

Sergeant O'Brien snatched up his backpack and weapons and jumped aboard the raft and took his place at the bow of the vessel to serve as lookout. Major Grayson pushed the raft away from the bank and into the middle of the river. Then he and Prof Warren pushed the craft downstream.

The current picked up considerably as the raft floated pass the point where



the cliff wall jutted out into the river, serving to dam the water and channel it through half its regular width.

"It'll be tricky here, Prof," Major Grayson warned, "but it will return to normal once we're pass the cliff."

The penninsula made by the cliff wall was fifty feet wide and twice the rescue party almost lost control of the raft but each time managed to right the situation and stay afloat. Once pass the penninsula of the cliff wall, however, the river made a sudden and sharp 90 degree turn to flow along the backside of the cliff.

The current however, did not improve it worsened greatly. Less than a hundred feet ahead the rescues on the raft could see the cause. The river continued on that hundred feet through rapids and past rocks jutting upward from the water to end abruptly in a waterfall.

The current was so fast now that the raft was in the rapids and put of control before anyone aboard realized what was happening. The raft bounced around on the rocks and was on the verge of breaking apart as they neared the waterfall.

"Into the water!" Major Grayson ordered "Fight the current, let the raft go over first so it won't fall on top of you!"

Prof Warren went off the raft the moment of Major Grayson's order. No one including himself, knew whether he had jum-

ped or been knocked off. Sgt O'Brien joined the Professor in the water next as Major Grayson helped Capt Masterson put Jimmy Newport into the water and then jumped overboard themselves.

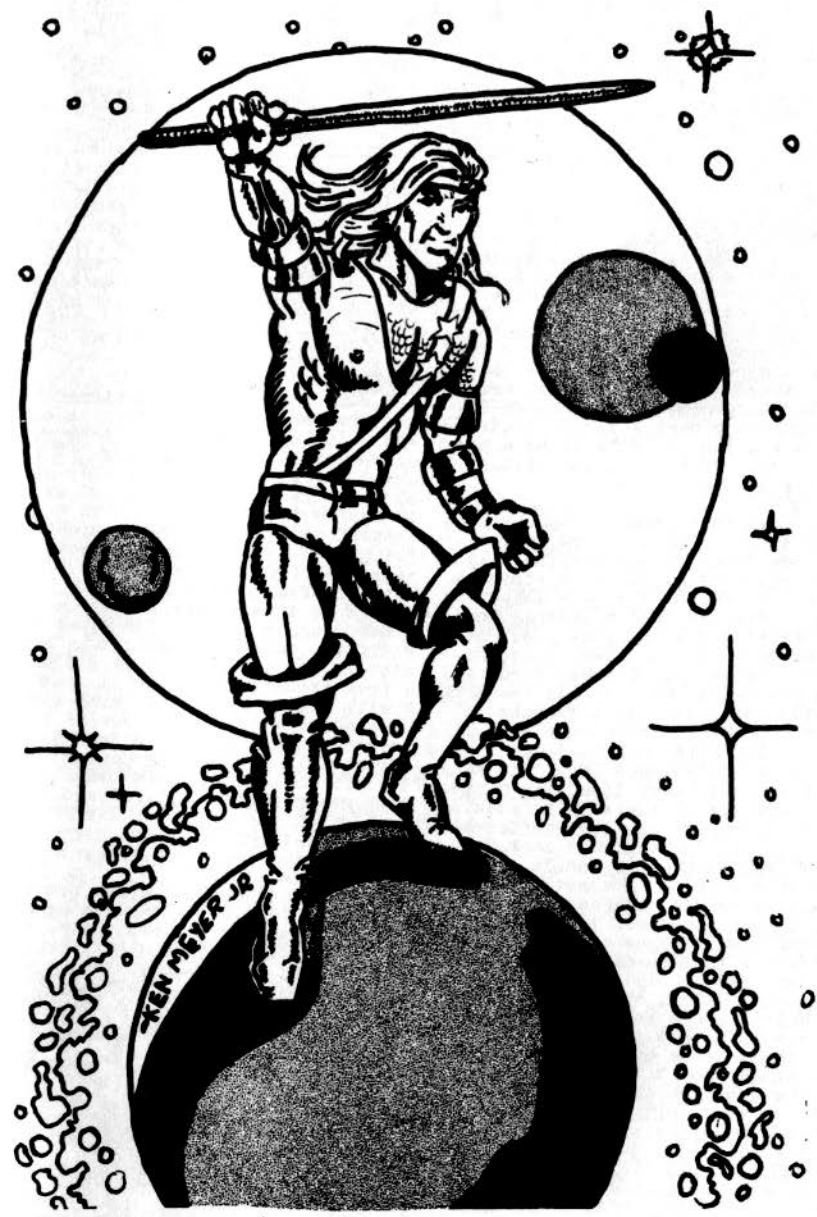
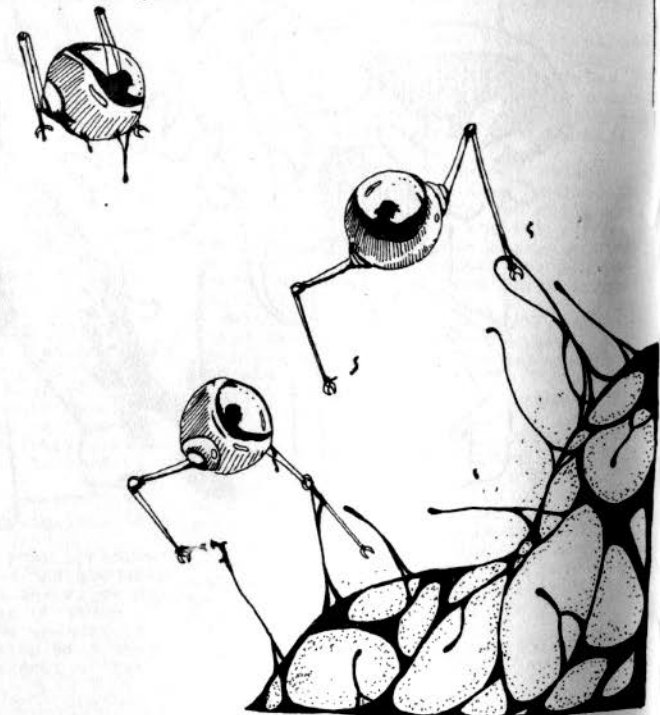
The current was far to fast to fight for long but their worse danger would have been to go over the fall ahead of the raft and then have the raft fall on them. Once the raft was over that danger was pass, leaving only the danger, serious enough, of the waterfall itself and the question of how long the fall and how shallow the water at the base of the fall.

The raft went over not a moment too soon as young Jimmy Newport's scream going over the fall was drowned out by the sounds of the raft splashing water and busting up on the rocks below.

Prof Warren and then Capt Masterson followed the young man by only a few seconds. Sgt O'Brien managed to hold onto a rock sticking above the water until he heard the twin splashes of the scientist and the marine hitting the water before he too was washed over the fall.

Major Grayson followed him over the waterfall half a second later

TO BE CONTINUED





**TALK**

Issue #8 brings to a close a very productive year for No Sex.. though you may be receiving it in 78, I completed it in 77 so that makes 5 issues of the zine completed in 77. It was not easy getting out 4-8 after an almost 2 year delay between 2 and 3, but as I've said before you fans have made the 'zine a success by your response to us and what we are trying to do. This may have to be the last issue I do over here in Gremany since I am going home to the states in March, so unless I have a lot of contributions from you fans, there will be a bit of a delay till #9 while I get settled back in the states.

**THIS ISSUE**

I try to get someone new in each issue that I print, but didn't manage to get too many new faces this issue. You will find a couple unusual things, a story by Chad Draper entitled "The End", I hope to get more stories in this vein from Chad if you fans like his work, but I bet he won't send me anything unless I contribute to his 'zine Quip. Stephen Schwartz is kinda new but he was in last issue, the only really new person to the ranks is Mike Knowlton who contributes a spot illo he is a friend of Ken Meyers. I don't have no Brad Foster this issue but I did manage to get another story from Rick Campbell, who tells me "...there is an amazing lack in fandom of Cajon super-heros" well for those of you feeling that lack, Doc Patois has got to be your man. In the prose side of the 'zine I've got a few contributions; but not as many as I would like. The Guinea Pig comes to me from Mike Loubert and Cerebus up in Canada, I don't know who this An-Clovis is but it don't sound like nobody's name to me. This, the continuation of GRO's story, and the two short stories are the only Prose I have this issue; but in future issues I plan for there to be even more sf, fant prose in NS mag. Don't let me forget to mention the good job LR Davidson did on the cover this issue, this is the first for NS not done by myself and I hope it goes over well.

**NEXT ISSUE**

I can't tell you much about next issue other than the fact that there will be one. Like I said I'm waiting to see what the nature of the contributions will be. I've still got quite a bit of

art for sale for the support of the zine and a couple of people have taken me up on my offers, all the art you see by me in this zine and other zines throughout fandom by me can be bought off me for a reasonable price, and I use the money to help finance No Sex. I have most of the covers from past issues, most of the full pages and stories are left also except for the Luna Tech Brochure which appeared in NS2.0.K?Good.

**OFFERS**

I made a whole lot of offers for this and that when the zine first came out and a lot of people who didn't get in on the early issue have been asking me about ad rates, ect. especially after all the ads in the last issue. Well for those who do read this column will know. Of course the subscription rates for NS can be found on the contents page; but if you do get a 5 or 10 issue subscription, you can get a fee ad in No Sex up to a 1/2 page. I trade ads with other fanzine editors for equal space, and if you submit anything that is printed in the zine (LOC, story, etc) you get a free issue of the zine it appears in. I will also trade issues with other fanzine editors for review. Now if you know anyone who would be ordering the zine for the first time they can get a quarter off for any multiple orders, so if they wanted issues 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8 it would cost them 2.25 instead of 2.50. Sounds neat eh? That about covers it and hope all questions are answered and all fansies are tickled.

Well things seem to be going pretty slow in fandom lately. I'm not seeing many new fan packages; but I guess that's to be expected with the money situation as it is.. No Sex is still here and I would like to hear from you fans and receive your contributions of art and story for printing in No Sex mag... Later





Doc

ALL OLD STORIES!!!

and  
Ugarto, boy zombie

PATOIS



CAJON SUPER-HERO  
ACTION

BY NO SEX ARTIST  
RICKEY CAMPBELL



IN THE HOME OF  
DR. STARVATION  
PATOIS, CRIME-  
BUSTER, A GRISLY  
TALE UNFOLDS



IT AM FINALLY  
HAPPENED!





HO! WE IS NEARING A TOWN ... UGARTO, WHAT AM ITS NAME?



IT AM ONLY CRAWFISH CAST, DOC PATOIS!



GOOD ... WE DRIFT UP AND TAKE IT BY SURPRISE!



BUT DOC ... DERE IS NO MARTIANS IN CRAWFISH CAST, IS DERE?



DEY'S EVERY-WHERE !!!! DESE T'ANGS AM TRICKY! OUR JOB AM TO FREE DE COUNTRY FROM DE DEPRESSION O' DE MARTIAN BUGGERS, AN' DE BUGGER BOURGEOISIE GONNA BE BLED!



HE MUSS HAVE BEEN WRESSLIN' DE BEARS AGAIN! BAZOONIE!!



OKAY DOKAY YOU DOIT RED BUGGERS! DOCTOR PATOIS AM ON HIS WAY! HOTCHA!

WE'LL DOCK AND DEN SHOW DEM MARTIANS SUMPTIN' UGARTO!



UGARTO, YOU IDIOT! GET OUTTA DE BOAT!!

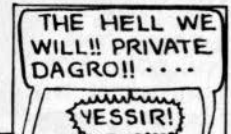


ALL RITE, GENERAL. BUT I'LL BE BACK WITH THE GRAND-SIRE HIMSELF IF I HAVE TO-- AND THEN WE'LL SEE WHO'LL BE GIVING ORDERS!!



MEANWHILE, ON MARS ... BUT GENERAL ...

STOW IT, SNORKY!! AS A CIVILIAN YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO QUESTION OUR MOTIVES FOR CONTACTING EARTH. JUST TAKE YOUR REPORTING GEAR AND VANISH ... NOW!!



THE HELL WE WILL!! PRIVATE DAGRO!! ...

YESSIR!



GIVE SNORKY A 6 WEEK TOUR OF THE DUNGEONS!

YESSIR!



AND SEND IN MISS ANTHRAX ... AND A FIFTH OR TWO OF COROLEAN DEATH-RUM! THAT'S ALL DAGRO!!

YESSIR!!



AND FINALLY, APPROXIMATELY  
100 MILES ABOVE MAMA  
EARTH IN A SPACECRAFT---

KIND 'A MAKES YA  
WONDER ABOUT THE  
GOVAMENT-- DON'T  
IT!!?

IMAGINE!!  
ALL THIS WAY TO A  
CRUMMY PLANET JUS' CAUSE  
THE GENERAL FOUND OUT THE  
EARTHLINGS MADE GOOD WINE!!

OH WELL--- AT LEAST WE  
AIN'T WASTIN' OUR TIME  
COLLECTIN' ROCKS!!

RIGHT!!

LET'S ASK PER  
DIRECTIONS---

BUT DOC... DAT'S WHAT I  
BEEN TRYIN' TA  
TELL YA! DERE  
AIN'T NO  
MARTIANS!!

WHAT??

HOW DAST  
YOU TRY  
'N' FOOL  
OLE DOG  
PATOIS!!!

BY THE WAY!---  
WHERE'S THE LANDING  
SITE!

SOME PLACE CALLED  
CRAWFISH CAST.  
WE'LL LAND  
OUTSIDE THE  
CITY SO'S NOT  
TO FRIGHTEN THE  
LOCALS!

SHEESH!! AT  
LEAST WE COULD'A  
LANDED IN PARIS!!

AND NOW (FULL CIRCLE)  
BACK TO DOC PATOIS!

UGARTO! I DON'T  
SEE NO MARTIANS!

KRAZY KOOT.

UGARTO!!! I  
IS ASHAMED O'  
YOU!! GO SIT  
INNA BOAT! I'LL  
T'INK UP YO'  
PUNISHMENT  
FOR FOOLIN'  
DOC PATOIS!!!

MAYBE I'LL PUT  
A DEAD ANIMAL  
IN HIS CHRISTMAS  
STOCKIN'!

BACK AT THE BOAT---

DAT SINKS IT!  
UGARTO GONNA  
BE DEPARTO.

PARDON ME,  
KIND SIR!!

COULD YOU BE SO  
KIND AS TO  
DIRECT US TO  
CRAWFISH CAST.

WHOOSH

SOMET'IN'S  
WRONG!!

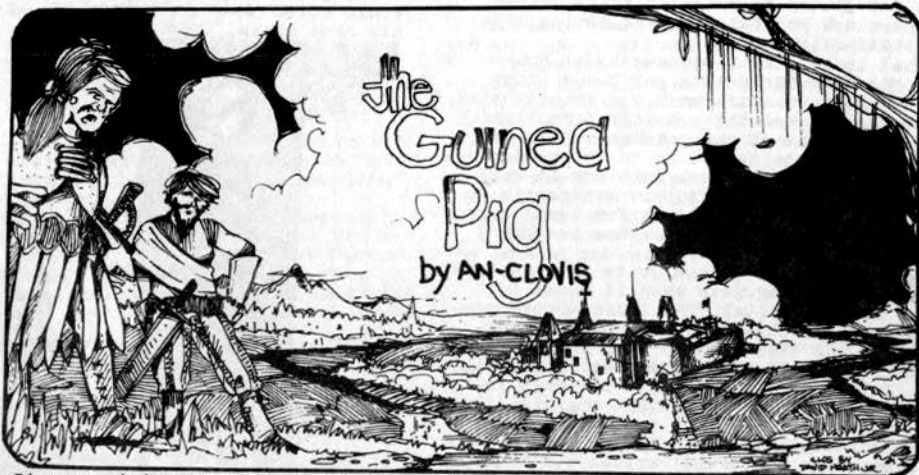
WHOOSH

ARE YOU  
SURE DAT WE...

THINK

AM BEIN'  
INVADED, UGARTO?





It was raining to drown all Sand'narra when the two travellers finally reached the watershed of the mountains. Gay mist and dark forest blotted out everything five paces beyond the trail.

"All I can say is that I'm damn glad we spotted those oiled gladorrans down before we left Samont," said the taller of the two.

"Aye," returned the other tersely.

"You sure this trail leads on to Bardag?" continued the tall one.

The other didn't say anything.

After a pause the tall man sighed. The damp was sort of getting on his nerves, too. The rain still pored.

Hours passed in silence. The shorter man kept staring at his horse's neck, lost in thought. He knew he had missed a turn somewhere back there. He knew it and his friend, Thorvasc, that blond brute, knew it. No sense in discussing the matter and getting into a useless quarrel. Gods knew both their tempers had been shortened.

"Look, Muirdhaigh!" Thorvasc cried. "A hut or something!"

Muirdhaigh, the shorter man, abruptly jerked his head up. There a few yards from the trail and nestled in a grove, was a solidly built little dwelling really too big to call a "hut". Lights burned within.

"Well," rasped Muirdhaigh, "what are we waiting for?"

The two urged their horses off the sodden trail.

Muirdhaigh pounded on the door. A person could be heard approaching the door from inside. "I hope he's a rather jovial sort," started Thorvasc.

The door opened. A very hairy man stood there; fur covered his face and arms. It was neatly brushed back from his nose and over his forehead.

The hairy one raised one eyebrow. "Shelter for the night, gentles?" he asked in a deep bass voice.

The two outside nodded their thanks and walked inside.

A roaring fire lighted the main room. There was food, and in plenty. The hairy man seemed well-off; books lined the walls, and tasteful tapestries kept the cold and damp out. Expensive furniture and rugs were scattered about.

"Sit down," invited their host. The other two were obliged. "My name is Lausnui. I'm lycanthropic, as you might have noticed. A somewhat disquieting condition, but I'm quite used to it."

"We're two travellers from Samont," spoke up Muirdhaigh. "My name is Muirdhaigh. I'm a half-Scalan. My blond friend here is Thorvasc of Torja."

"Hmm. Hello. A half-Scalan, you say? I took you for a Pericyn. We're alike, you and I. Outcasts in a world of men, eh?"

Muirdhaigh only smiled slightly.

"How have you come by all these riches?" asked Thorvasc suddenly. "Scaring the local peasantry?"

"Well it's a long story. You see, I'm a prince of Niat Syrhis, actually. When I was born the court Astrologer predicted that I would be very bad luck if I ever lived at court."

"So my dear father sent me to live way up here. I grew older, and was taught by a tutor who came to live with me and the family who raised me. I could have most anything I asked for. I have a friend in court who keeps me informed of what's going on."

"It's just that I can't show my face down in the cities."

Muirdhaigh chewed on a piece of bread.

"Who rules in Niat now?"

"My brother. He's a fanatic about collect-

ing animals..has a huge menagerie in the Star Palace.Which brings me to this little beast here..The lycanthropic prince leaned over and picked up a little short-haired rodent,sleek yet fat,that was hiding under his chair all along.

"That looks like a paenueg to me,"rumbled Thorvasc."Only it's got those funny brown stripes on it's back,and rabbit ears." Lausnui laughed."It's a very rare breed.I found it in one of the peasant's huts the other day.I hope to get it to my brother before his birthday,a week from now.It will be a welcome addition to his menagerie."

"You seem to have quite a few books here," commented Muirdhaigh."From your brother I presume?"

Lausnui nodded."Um-hmm.Quite providential my kindly brother.Save when it comes to trips to the capital."The lycanthropic contemplatively rubbed the hair on his nose."Most of the stuff is old Pericynnic tomes on magic,I'm afraid.Very dry and boring to some.I try and I try but I'm not what you could call the most competant magician in Sand'narra."

The three talked for hours on many things. It seemed the 'werewolf' prince was interested in nearly everything;the state of the standing army in the Empire,news about the latest incursions by Muranos' Shelli,the peace talks between Daeg and Puriann.Finally Lausnui called it quits.

"I'll see you all tomorrow morning.Or should I say this morning?Anyways,since your trails leads to Niat Syrhis,could you do me a favor?That paenueg,could you deliver it to my brother's court?Just show him my ring here...it's impression in wax I guess would really do as well.He'll be glad and I'll be saved from finding a courier to send it."

"Very well,"agreed Muirdhaigh."We'll see to it."

The next morning the two left for Niat Syrhis.

The ring impression in wax was an instant passport.A little money speeded the journey to the Audience Hall ("It'll all come back when the King rewards us for such good tidings,"assured Thorvasc.)

"His Majesty Pharthon V,King of Niat Syrhis and Lord of the Royal City of Niat," announced the guard.The two were ushered in.

"A gift from my most thoughtful brother!" cried the King of Niat.He was slightly insane from a childhood disease..he liked to change things constantly.His present name was Phorthon.Last month it was Aeshin.

Last month the city had been called Nist Syrhis and the Kingdom was Niat.But Aeshin(or Phorthon,as he called himself now)decided it was boring way to have things,so he switched the names.

"I think the King likes the little critter,"muttered Thorvasc in a whispery voice.

"What's gotten into you?"said Muirdhaigh.

"Oh Styda..."groaned Thorvasc.

The little paenueg had somehow grown to the size of a small horse and was ripping the King's throat out.Phorthon would never have the chance to change his name again.



"Why hasn't anybody noticed?"screamed Muirdhaigh.Thorvasc groped for his sword but,he had been relieved of it upon entering the Hall.Two guards were busy slaying the beast.

"There they are!"thundered a Noble by the throne.He was pointing directly at Muirdhaigh and Thorvasc."There are the assassins!Two guards advanced,faces grim and swords at ready.

Muirdhaigh glanced about the near empty room.Think,you hlrod-brain!He saw the way out.

Thorvasc picked up a chair and heaved it at the two guards.They dodged it but it slowed them down.

"Out the window!"cried Muirdhaigh.He dodged a sweeping downstroke and threw himself out of reach.A moment later he was gone.Thorvasc followed suit.

"Follow outside!"screached a Noble."DO not let them escape!"The guards hurried as they left the noble grabbed the crown and likewise disappeared.The court Chamberlain took off with the dead King's Robe of State.

I think I broke my arm, thought Muirdhaigh "Thorvasc, you all together?" he called out.

"I'm all together," replied the Torjan.

"That was a long way down,"

"About two stories. I'm surprised I'm still alive." The two scrambled to their feet. Thorvasc quickly scanned about.

"There's two horses by that Inn. They'll do."

"Aye," agreed the Half-Scalan. "But no swords and no belongings but the clothes on our backs."

"Better than being quartered as regicides," said Thorvasc.

The two hastily cut the horses loose and galloped out the West Gate. "I'd sure like to cut that Lausnui's throat out," cried Thorvasc.

No time!" shouted back Muirdhaigh. "The guards will be combing that part of the kingdom for sure. Somebody will put two and two together!

er! No, we're still for Bardag, I guess."

Two weeks later, King Phansual, lately Baron of Asd, took council with the lord Chamberlain.

"We have positive proof now of Lausnui's rising in the north," said the Chamberlain.

"He will be no trouble, assured the new king.

"He has no real following; not too many people have heard of him. What about those two assassins?"

"Oh they have disappeared down south in Bardag," replied the Chamberlain. "We'll probably never hear of them again."

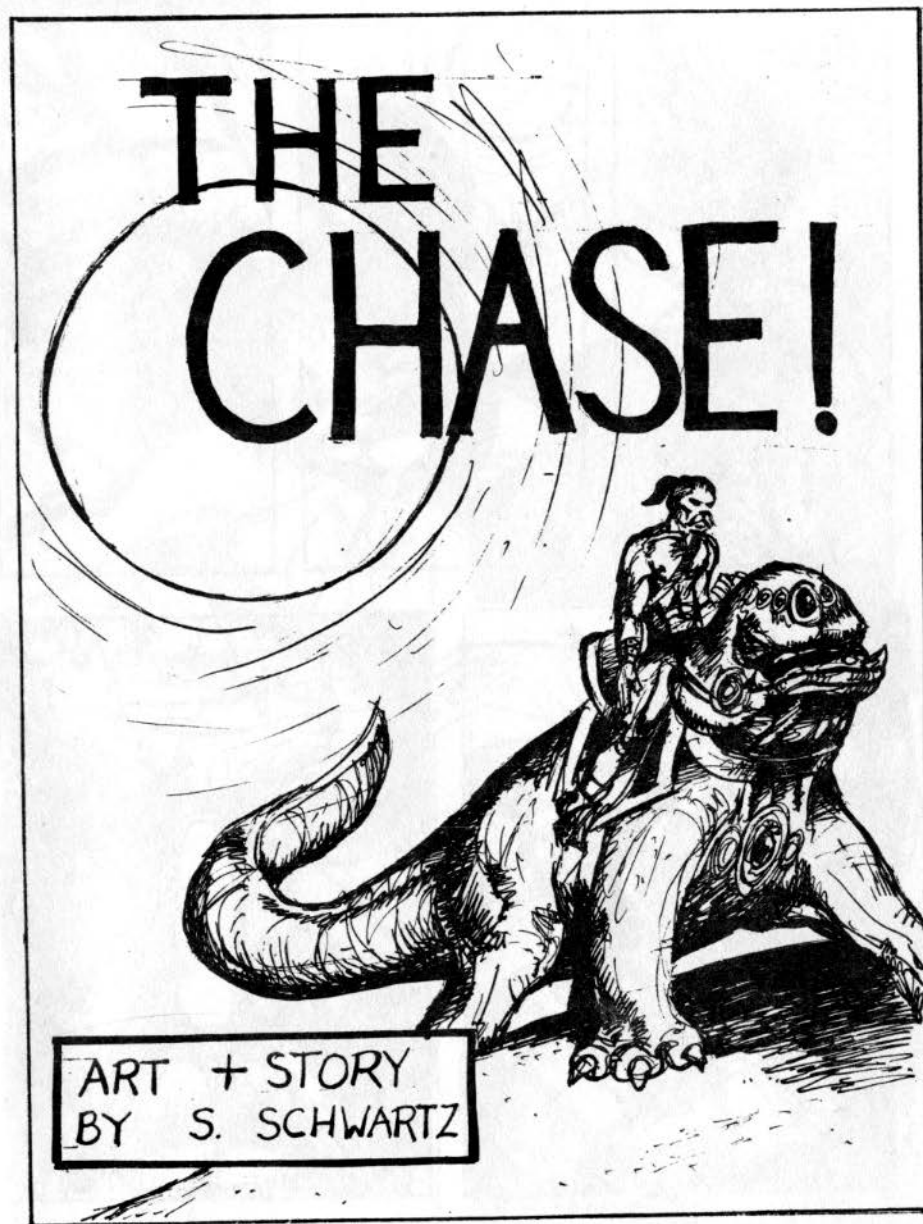
"I don't know," said Phansual. "That's what my esteemed predecessor thought of Lausnui."

END

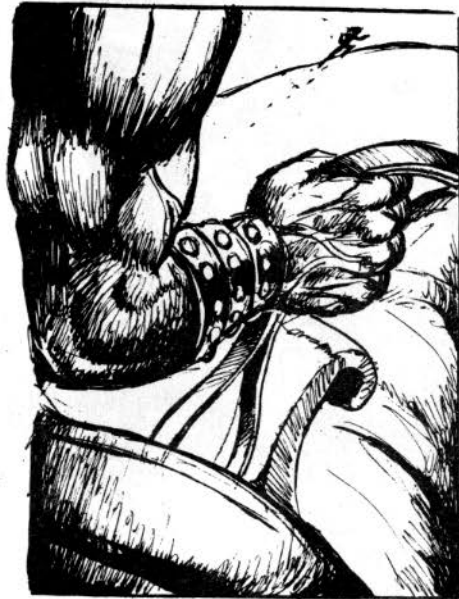




*IN THE BEGINNING*  
*GOD CREATED MAN*  
LATER ON  
COLT MADE HIM  
EQUAL O O O











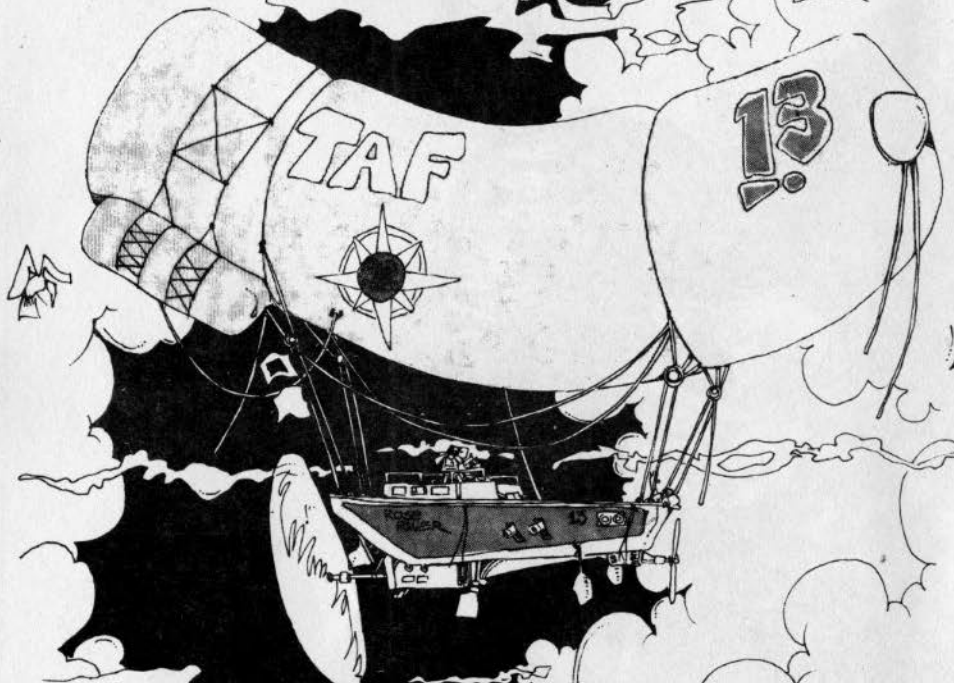
CEWEYER JR



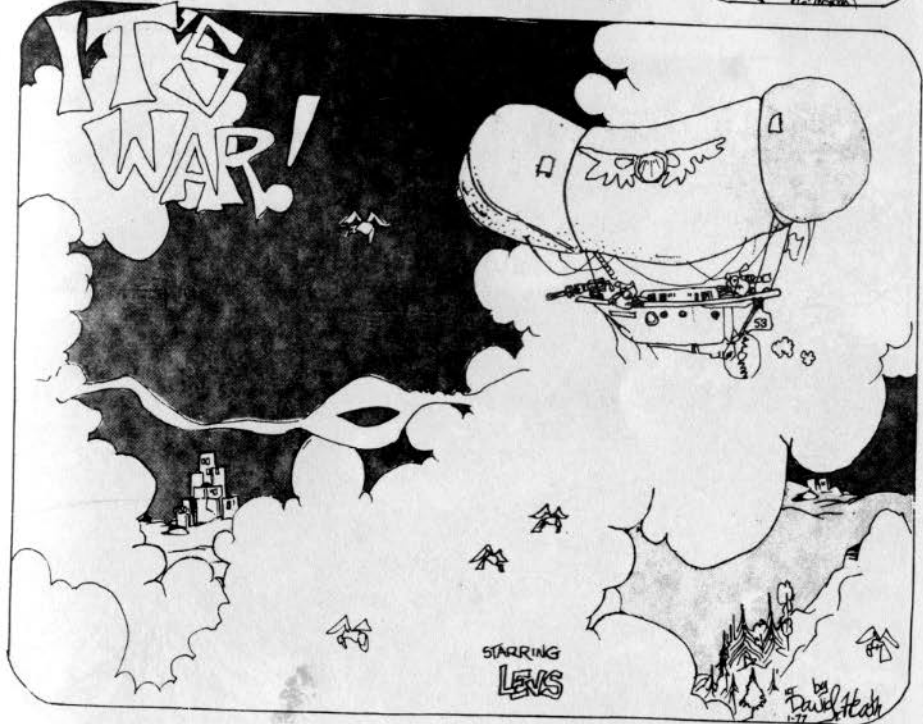
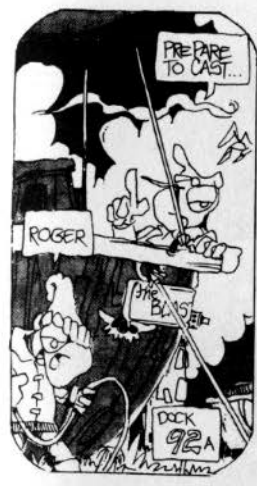
# NO SEX

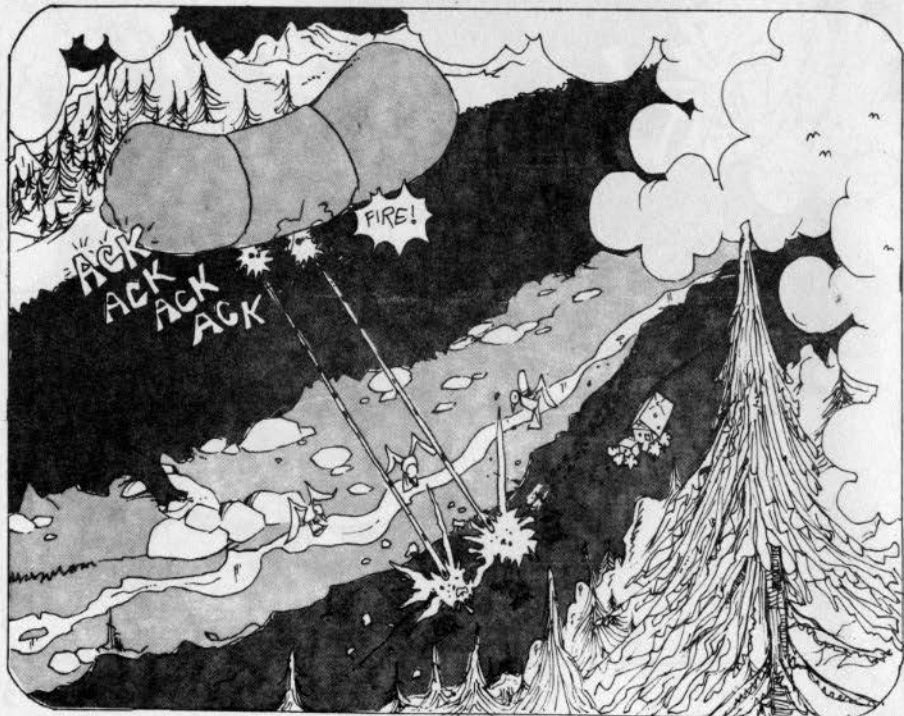
VOL. 2 NO. 3 SCIENCE FICTION/FANTASY COMIC MAGAZINE by David Heath Jr.

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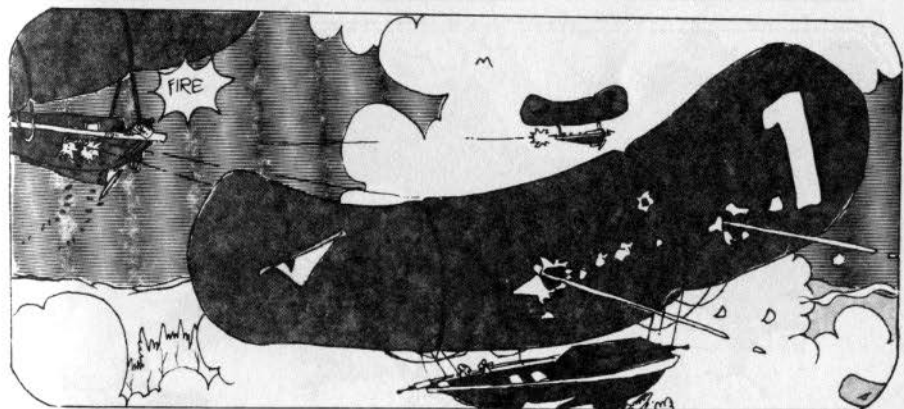


# IT'S WAR!

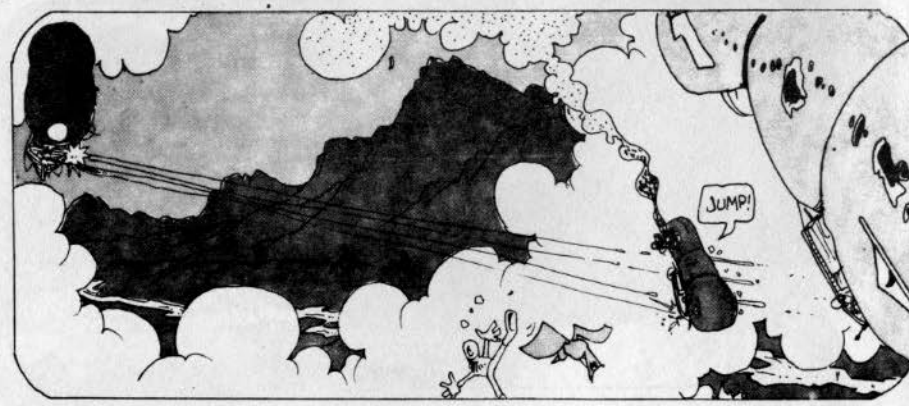
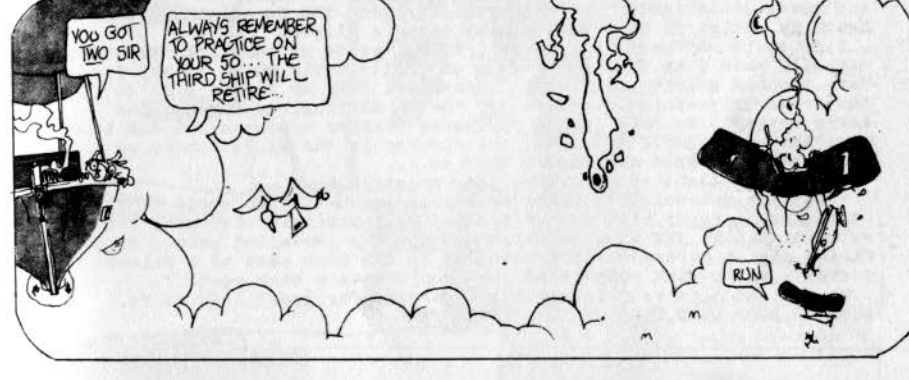
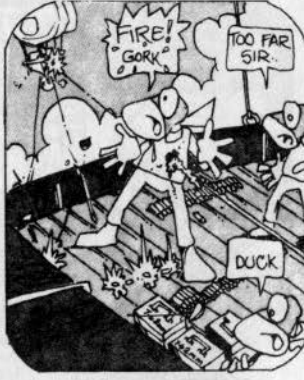
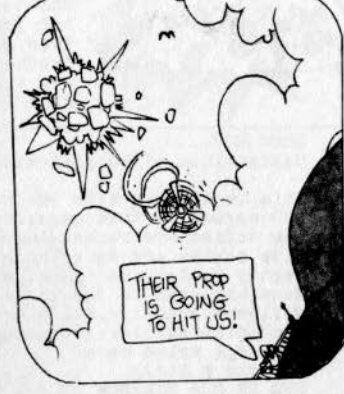




\* 53 = WEAPONS DESIGNATION 30'S AND 50 CALS









# TWO SHORTS

Now readers, I've heard of "short stories" before, but these two by CR Oliver and Vince Blesi have to be the shortest on record. 400 action packed words thrown together just for you No Sex readers. The first story is the True Confessions of CR Oliver, you know from "Journey to Another Here and another Now". Then there's the next story that would be more at home on the "Streets of San Francisco"...oh well on with the show

## DRUG NUT...

Confessions of an Addicted No Sex Writer

This is the magazine "No Sex"

300 copies of this magazine are published every three months

Ten copies are rushed immediately to Bellevue

Five copies are distributed to Brooklyn

Twenty copies are distributed to are fighting boys overseas

None are sent to the scolders in the states

Bellevue, Brooklyn, and overseas troops have No Sex

Stateside soldiers have plenty,

I know, I write here.

I carry a Bic.

DUM DE DUM DUM, DUM DE DUM DUM, DUMMM...

It was thursday, October 27, it was hot in Kentucky. I was working the grave-robbor watch out of Serial division. The boss is Lieutenant Heath. My artist is SSgt Beaumont. My name is Oliver.

8:23 pm. It may seem ironic but I find I write my best for "No SEX" magazine when I am in the presence of pretty girls, which is why I have trouble holding onto a girl. Example: I take my newest girl to the local drive-in (it don't matter what's playing, who watches the movie anyway?). We park in the furthest corner under an old oak behind the snack-bar. I've placed the speaker in the glove box so we won't be distracted and then I turn on....

...The map light and begin writing frantically.

"What are you doing?" my date exclaims, somewhat frightened.

"No Sex," I reply, half out of my mind as I scribble. Before I can explain that No SEX is a magazine and not the perverted morals of a fascist, she is across the drive-in and in the back seat of a silver Corvette, which ain't easy since they don't have a back seat.

Oh well, such is your fate when you aspire for great literature.

DUMB ME DUMB DUMB, DUMB ME DUMB DUMB DUMB!

## The Good Samaritan by Vincent Blesi

Kane circled the block twice, then he saw her. A protrait of purity, the hook-er was no more than 17. Kane looked at her sorrowful eyes and almost wished that he didn't have to do it. But he knew this was better.

The shot rang through New York's dark streets. No one seemed to care. The girl was found dead the next morning.

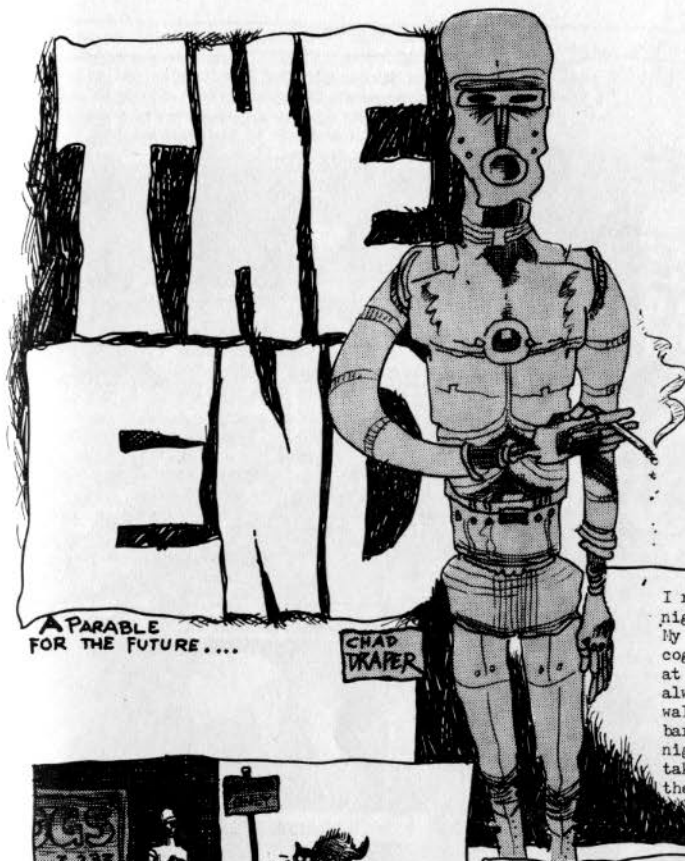
Kane crossed the George Washington bridge into Jersey. His mission now complete he would go home and rest.

Night after night it went on. Pros-

titutes, thieves, hoods, drunks, pushers and junkies, Kane killed one a night.

One evening as he scoured for his night's target, he spied a man huddled over the figure of a limp girl. The rage within him grew. He aimed his rifle at the figure and fired. The dark-shrouded man stopped and looked toward Kane. Kane shot a second time. Slowly the mystery man walked toward Kane, who was frozen with fear. The vampire eyed Kane's soft white neck, and then he entered him. Ooh, the ecstasy, the joy. Having reached a climax the vampire turned and muttered, "Well, I am a bisexual, you know."

He walked away as blood trickled down his chin.



A PARABLE  
FOR THE FUTURE....

CHAD  
DRAFER

I remember those nights very well... My shift at the cog plant was over at midnight. I always took my time walking to the barracks for the night's shut-down, taking advantage of the cool breeze....

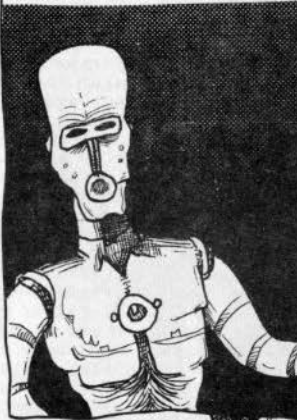


But that one evening, the night when first I encountered the Strange Ones; that evening was gloomier than all the rest. A slow drizzle was coming from the north, and the darkness seemed total despite my infra-red lenses...

It was an eerie feeling passing through the sleeping warehouses and dozing plants, void of the usual activity of the work-a-day world. Occasionally a stray feline would cross my path suddenly and cause a jump in my circuits...otherwise, the entire scene was dead with gloom and peace....



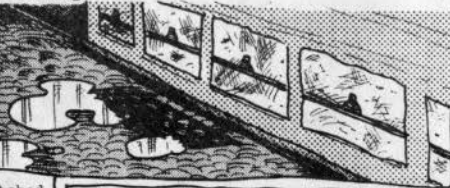
For some unknown reason, perhaps curiosity, I took a different alleyway, one which I had not noticed before.....



The way was dim and dark, piles and piles of old cans and bolts and electrods left rotting against the aged walls. I walked carefully, weaving in and out of the debris, and then noticed a subdued light further on.....



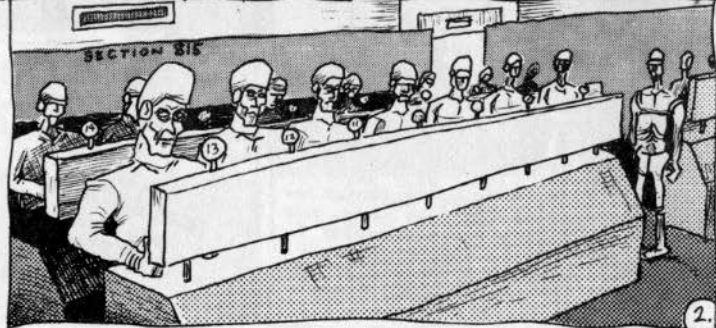
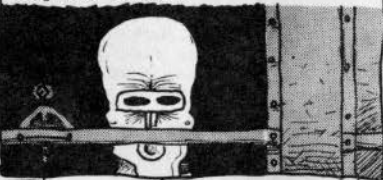
I approached slowly, all of my warning circuits reaching out into the darkness. The light grew larger as I neared its origin, and I saw that it was seeping from within a row of dusty windows on a particularly ominous building.....



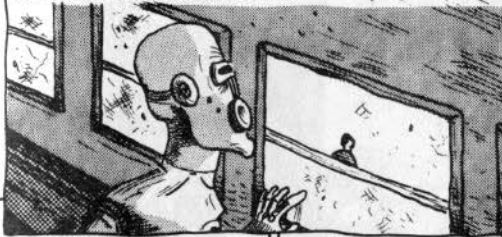
I know not why, but I crouched to my knees and scratched the filth away from one of the windows...



And peered inside...



I was transfixed by the sight. I had never seen beings such as the ones pressing buttons and pulling levers with such skilled speed inside the strange building. I immediately scanned my memory banks for information on the Strange Ones but there was nothing.....



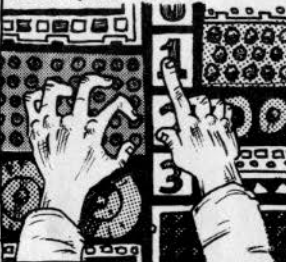
I zoomed in for a closer look. They were similar to me as far as body structure, but in other aspects we differed vastly...



They seemed to be constructed from raw, organic materials; strange substances I was not familiar with.....



Their hands glided swiftly over the complex controls panels they stood over, fingers twitching here and there with a deep-trained accuracy.....



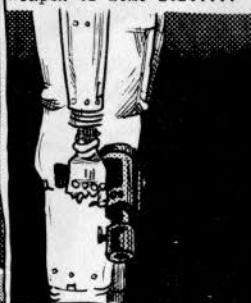
All of their concentration seemed to be centered upon their moving hands. Their faces were dank, empty, dead. I wondered why but no answer came.....



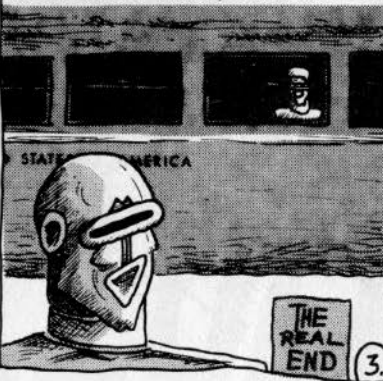
Then, I saw that my own breed was watching over the Strange Ones.....



I wisp of a smile lay on his face. In one hand he held an evil-looking weapon of some sort....



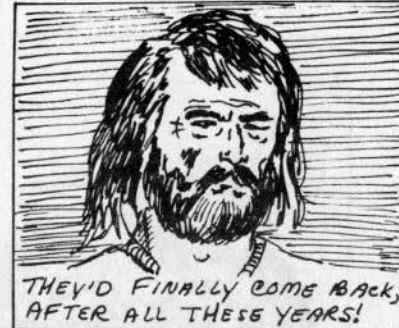
For an unknown reason, I shivered.....







FROM MY TREE, I SAW THE CRAFT  
COMING IN FOR A LANDING! I ALMOST  
FELL! I WAS SHOCKED!



THEY'D FINALLY COME BACK,  
AFTER ALL THESE YEARS!



MY FAMILY, MY SPACE CAREER,  
ALL GONE! WHAT COULD I SAY?



SO LONG AGO! I SMILE! SOON  
IT WILL BE.....

# 4 O'CLOCK

ART and STORY BY JOE CAPORALE-77





SURVIVAL TRAINING BECAME A NECESSITY FOR ADVANCEMENT IN THE SPACE CORPS! THREE MONTHS PITTED AGAINST AN ALIEN WORLD! I WAS SELECTED FOR A NEW SITE ON KOA IV!



MAN WAS SUPERIOR TO EVERY CREATURE ON THE PLANET! A CIVILIZED MAN IN A HOSTILE, PRIMITIVE ENVIRONMENT! I KNEW WHAT TO EXPECT FROM OFFICER TRAINING CLASSES! ALWAYS CHECK YOUR EQUIPMENT, FIRST RULE!



I GOT PANICKY! NOTHING WORKED! THEY MUST HAVE MADE A MISTAKE! ONLY MY RADIO WAS POWERED BECAUSE THE LIGHTS CAME ON! THIS CAN'T BE PART OF THE COURSE, IT JUST CAN'T!



I HAD BEEN GIVEN ONE ORDER: REPORT EVERY DAY AT FOUR O'CLOCK! I FOUND OUT MY RADIO COULD SEND BUT NOT RECEIVE WITHOUT ANY HELP I WAS IN VERY DEEP TROUBLE!



I BUILT MY SHELTER NOT ONLY FOR MYSELF BUT FOR THOSE CADETS WHO WOULD FOLLOW AFTER ME! SOME ANIMAL STOLE MY THREE MONTH FOOD SUPPLY AS I WORKED!



AFTER MY SHOCK AND ANGER, I LEARNED TO LIVE OFF THE LAND! KILLING BECAME NATURAL! I LIKED IT! I WOULD PROVE MY VALUE AS A SPACE OFFICER! I WOULD LIVE UNTIL THEY RETURNED!



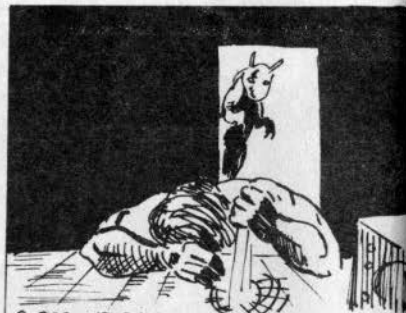
I FOUND ONE SPECIES - THE DENAS - WERE RECEPTIVE TO MY MENTAL COMMANDS AND THEY BECAME MY HELPERS IN THE HUNT! I BEGAN TO SPEND LESS AND LESS TIME AT MY SHELTER! ALMOST LIVING IN THE WILD!



STILL, I MADE MY FOUR O'CLOCK REPORTS KNOWING I WOULD GET NO ANSWER! IT BECAME A BURDEN, BUT I KNEW IT WOULD END SOON ENOUGH! THEN I'D HAVE A BIG LAUGH AND FORGET IT ALL!



MY DATE OF DEPARTURE CAME—AND WENT! I COULD NOT BELIEVE IT! IT HAD TO BE A MISTAKE! MAYBE AN ACCIDENTOR—



A SECOND DAY PASSED, A THIRD AND A FOURTH! I INVENTED REASONS, I PRAYED, AND GREW ANGRY! I EVEN CRIED! SOON I RETURNED TO THE DENAS!



I CAME TO HATE MY DAILY RADIO REPORTS! MY IMPRISONMENT MIGHT HAVE BEEN LESSENED IF NOT FOR THESE DAILY REPORTS! WHEN THEY RETURNED THEY WOULD FIND THAT I WAS STILL A LOYAL CADET!



THANKS TO THE DENAS, I BECAME LORD OF KOA II! I ESCAPED DEATH MANY TIMES BECAUSE OF THEM! TIME FLEW BY! SEASONS CHANGED! STILL, I MADE MY 4 O'CLOCK REPORTS NOW WITHOUT MEANING!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT CAUSED ME TO GLANCE AT THE SKY TODAY! YET A WARM JOY PASSED OVER ME! IT WAS MY SHUTTLE! UNCHANGED AFTER ALL THESE YEARS!



I RACED BACK TO MY LONG ABANDONED SHELTER! I WANTED MY DRESS UNIFORM STILL PACKED AWAY NEAR THE TIMER ON THE RADIO!



IT WAS TIGHT, BUT I WAS ABLE TO GET IT ON! MY EXCITEMENT GREW AND THE DENAS, MY FRIENDS, WERE CONFUSED BY MY THOUGHT WAVES! STRANGE!

IT WAS THE SAME PEOPLE WHO BROUGHT ME HERE! I SMILED! THEY HAD GIVEN ME AN OLD DEFECTIVE SURVIVAL KIT BY MISTAKE, THEY SAID, THEY COULD HAVE REPLACED IT UPON DISCOVERY BUT DECIDED TO LET ME GO IT ALONE! EARNING ADDITIONAL FURLONG TIME FOR RETURNING THE UNUSED KIT! THEY SMILED! THEN AN UNUSUAL THING HAPPENED TO THEM ON THE RETURN TRIP TO KOA II TO PICK ME UP FOR REVIEW!

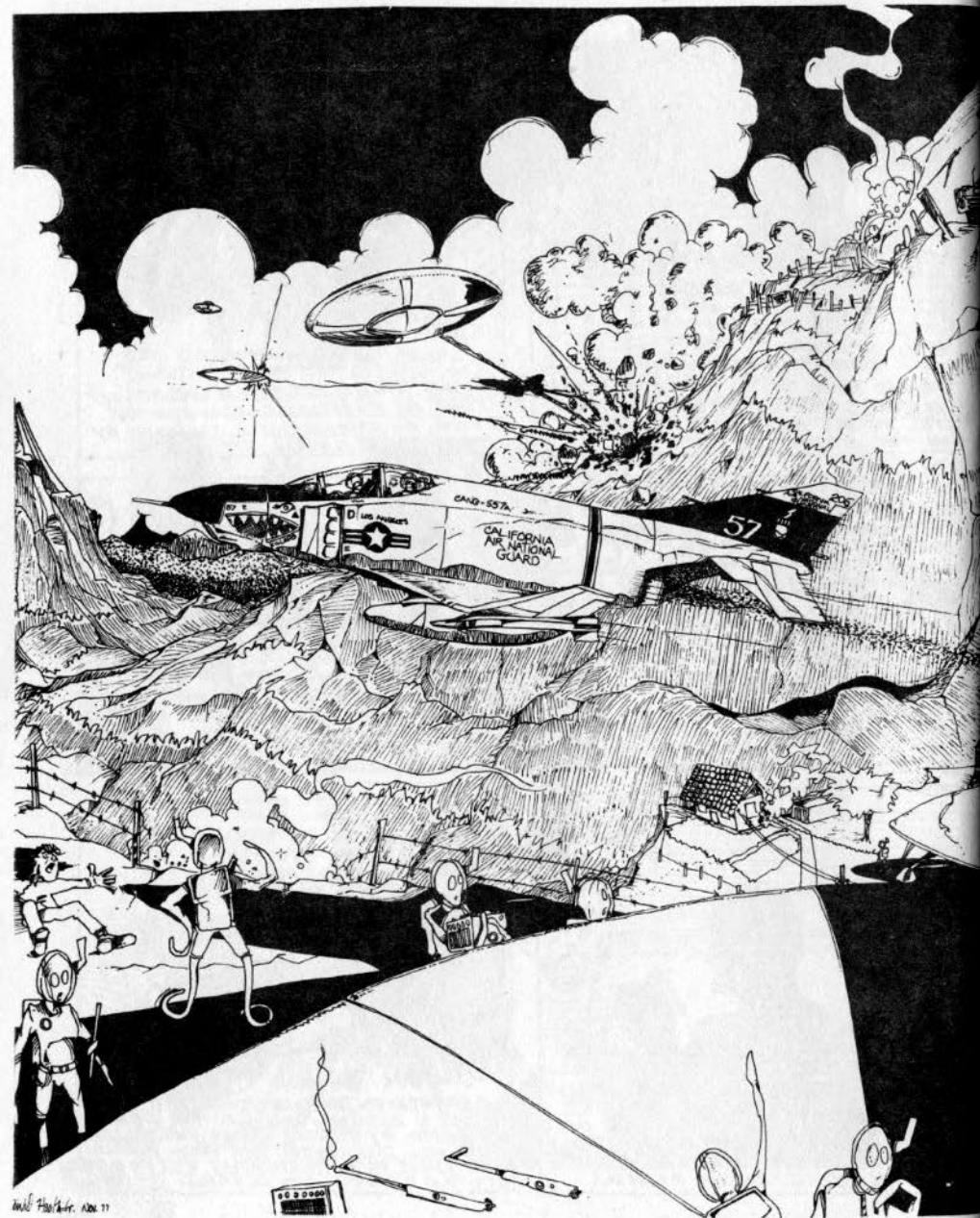


THEY WENT THROUGH A NEWLY DISCOVERED STAR GATE A WEEK AGO THAT TURNED OUT OUT TO BE A TIME WARP! THEY CAME OUT 25 YEARS LATER! I SMILED! THEY ASKED ABOUT THE CREATURES (THE DENAS) AND THE WHISTLE AROUND MY NECK!

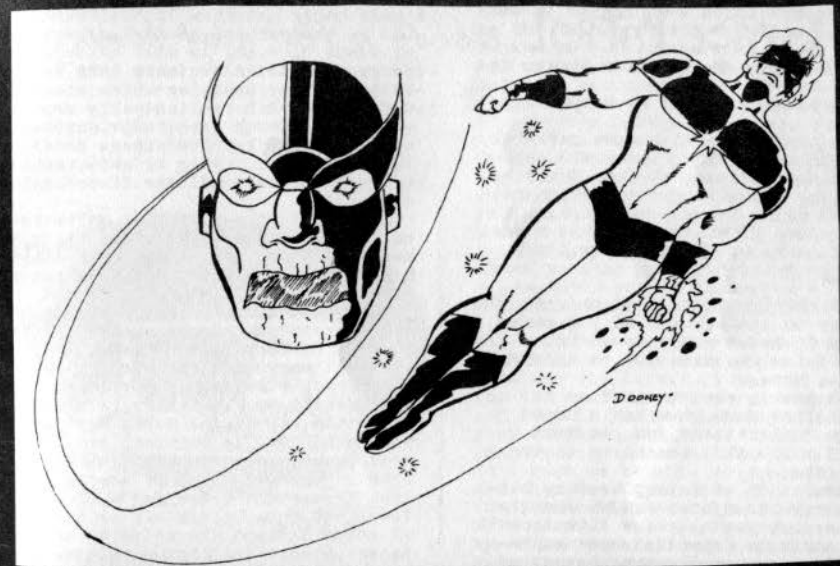


I REMEMBERED THE LONG YEARS, THE BAD TIMES! I BLEW MY WHISTLE! THE DENAS ANSWERED MY DANGER SIGNAL AND KILLED THEM ALL! I LAUGHED! THE DENAS PURRED! THE TIMER ON MY RADIO WENT OFF! IT'S FOUR O'CLOCK! SOON WE FEAST!



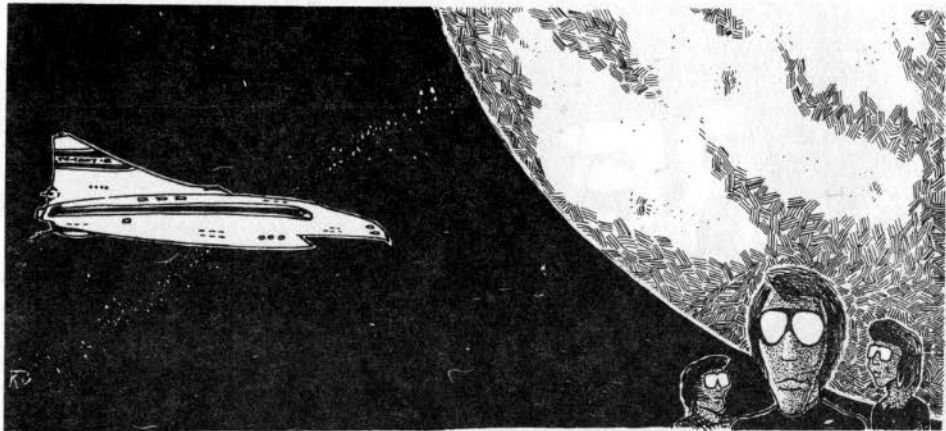


# REVIEW



THIS ISSUE:  
 The Space Patrol Needs a Few Good Humans  
 (War Game Review)  
 By Robert Barger  
 Cosmic Critique  
 By Paul Watson  
 Cosmo's Lunette  
 By Cosmo Ellis  
 The Original No Sexist  
 By David Heath Jr.





## The SPACE PATROL<sup>SM</sup> Needs a few good humans....

(Or: How to Become a Nasty Space Pirate in one easy Lesson)

by-Robert Barger(Cmdr TC Sp Pat,Ret)

Some time ago I submitted some material to No Sex and asked if anyone would be interested in some wargame reviews. David replied that, yes indeed, Science Fiction wargame reviews would be welcomed. So, here is the first column of what may become a semi irregular feature on SF wargaming. I'm no expert in the field; but I am more or less up on what is happening in the field at the present, and if the reviews aren't satisfactory to dyed-in-the-wool gamers, they should at least serve as an introduction to folks who have yet to discover the field...I hope..

The first game I want to mention is SPI's Battlefleet Mars. (available from Simulations Publications, Inc., 44 East 23rd St, NYC 10010, \$12). According to the rules the game is:

"...a simulation of interplanetary conflict in our Solar System set in the 21st Century. The game postulates a situation in which the earth is dependent upon extra-terrestrial resources, the procurement of which is managed, executed and controlled exclusively by a privately owned supra-corporation living permanently in space and on Mars

national conglomerate, the Aries Corporation. The game concerns an attempt by disenfranchised employees of the corporation living permanently in space and on Mars to

seize the means of production for the purpose of gaining political and economic autonomy."

In short an interplanetary war. This game contains a strategic map of the Solar System out to Jupiter on which tack

forces are moved on their long voyages between the planets, on which planets and asteroids orbit realistically around the sun, and on which even individual agents and ships may be moved. There is also a tactical map for ship to ship combat, as well as a system of three dimensional movement.

A game of this sort must be reviewed on two levels. First its playability, and next its degree of simulated realism, or how well it simulated possible future events.

The strategic game confused the hell out of me on the first reading of the rule book. It is fairly complicated, and to me at least very unsatisfactory because of a considerable amount of chance, or pure luck needed to win. But it is playable, and the scale map of the Solar System is a very good one. The tactical game is very good, though again a bit complicated. But I like it. Here instead of moving multi ship task forces and determining a planets morale level, etc., one pilots his or her individual ships against the ships of the enemy. Lasers, missile and fighter are the primary weapons used. This is fairly complicated in keeping all the individual ship vectors and damage charts in order, but it is a lot of fun.

But on another level, this game is really very poor. As far as playability goes, BATTLEFLEET MARS is a good game. But as far as believability..well, I just can't, by any stretch of the imagination, believe that the future history detailed in the game could ever come to pass.

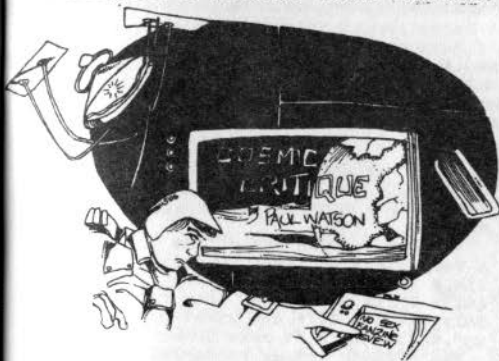
In the game, the only ships in space are Aries Corporation ships. And I mean only. And there are only three ship types: Outapult, transport, and miner. I refuse to believe that in a society that has the technological ab-

ility to build spacecraft reliable enough to be used in profitable commerce, that no one but one company is using them. I refuse to believe that scientific organizations like National Geographic Society, the Museum of Natural History, or the Smithsonian will sit still while one company builds spaceships and hops around the planets. I refuse to believe that not even one country on earth has realized the military significance of space travel.

There should be at least several competing companies in BATTLEFLEET MARS; there should be scientific research stations orbiting all planets and on several of the asteroids; there should be military vessels of all sorts under the flags of all nations; there should even be an occasional space pirate with all that interplanetary freight hurtling about.

In short, wherever man can go, he will. And wherever man goes, he brings along his entire socio-economic system. In this respect BATTLEFLEET MARS is a two-dimensional game. It is not a "simulation" of anything other than a game designer's fantasy. And Fantasy it is.

On the opposite side of the coin there is TRIPLANETAR, "The game of interplanetary warfare" as the credit reads. And so it is. I enjoy this game. It consists of a very much out of scale map of the Solar System (out to Jupiter), which is divided into hexes for movement purposes. It has a short rulebook describing how to simulate vector movements



Have you ever begun to read a short story just to make you drowsy so you could get to sleep, and at 11:45 pm you realized you can't rest until you do finish that story? I made that mistake once, and I had to get up early the next morning.

The Best Of Phillip K Dick, contains such well written science fiction that, like an awesome mental magnet, it grasps your attention and interest and refuses to let you go. Ballantine first printed this 450 page 19 story anthology in March 1977.

For \$1.95, you can visit earth six years after the Soviets started a devastating war

of the spacecraft, and notes on the effects of gravity on ship courses and orbits, and notes on weapons such as mines and torpedoes and guns. The game also contains a plastic overlay to protect the game map when potting especially tricky ship courses, a graese pencil for marking on the overlay, and a set of ship counters.

There are nine ship types in this game, each with different armor and gun strengths, different cargo capacities, and different fuel capacities. It is possible for any ship to travel from, say earth to Mars using only two fuel points; one to start the ship moving and one to slow it down when it gets to Mars. But that sort of course takes forever. Some of the military ships can accelerate all the way to Mars, and still have fuel left over, or you can send a non-military transport to Mars accompanied by a tanker, and the both can accelerate all the way to Mars, etc.

The idea with this game is to simulate the laws of motion on a hexagonal grid, very much in the manner in which real spaceships would behave. But from there the game gets wilder and wilder. With this bastigame system as a base, one can play most any sort of game one would wish. Want to be a Space Patrol captain going after filthy Space Pirates? You can. Want to be an interplanetary tycoon, maneuvering a fleet of transports around the planets, making money on each ship that reaches your home on Earth? You can. Remember the sense-of-wonder you got the first time you read a good space opera? It's all here in this game. It is available from Game Designer's Workshop, 203 North St, Normal, Ill 61761 for \$8.00. I highly recommend it.

After the fiasco of the last issue when all my reviewers deserted me, I was forced to hustle up some more sages in order to continue the format. It has all worked out for the best tho, above you have Kob Barger for all you martial-scifi freaks and your wargames, and later Cosmo and his Lunette look in on some relavent fantasy. It's good to be able to present you with all this, but it is also good to find that the former billion dollar baby is still with us. Paul this issue looks at a book by an American sf author that has been receiving more and more recognition of late.

with the united states. They are now the capitulating war  
itulators. Claws had turned the tide of the war. Claws were mechanical devices with razor projections that spun in a blur of white steel that killed living creatures, any living creatures from russians to rats, that its sensors detected.

radioactivity tabs protected the Americans but when Major Hendericks ventured out to discuss a peace with the surviving Russians he discovered that the Claws were building new and improved versions that couldn't be stopped by the tabs or be distinguished from

real humans. Major Hendericks feared the "Second Variety" most because it could kill the remnants of the human civilization on the Moon-base.

You could look in on Jennings who had spent two years as a technician working for Rethrick Construction and didn't remember anything of what he did or where he had worked. All he knew was that 50,000 credits were waiting for him back at the home office for his work during those erased years. Jennings had a surprise coming. It seems he had requested to work for the Company and have his memory erased for a code key, a ticket stub,

a parcel receipt, a length of fine wire, half a poker chip, a green strip of cloth, and a token. Now the Security Police were after him. How could six trinkets, his "Paycheck", help him escape the SP and save his life.

Or you may venture to a planet with a technical team that investigates planets to determine if they can support a "Colony". This planet seems a Garden of Eden until one technician discovers a life form that can imitate forms however finds humans very tasty and you won't be able to tell them from the real McCoy until it's too late.

Experience Philip K Dick and his bizarre universe..



Cosmo Ellis' column begins in this issue. An old friend, laboring under delusion of grandeur, Cosmo says: "I have no writing talent but a lot of opinionated prejudices on the media, as these are attributes of a least a few rock critics today, I might as well express myself too." Cosmo' Lunette will appear as often as possible, maybe every issue. A Lunette...? It's defined in the dictionary.....

#### SINBAD AND THE EYE OF THE TIGER

Harryhausen's latest film, Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger, affords a good opportunity to take an overall view of the man's direction (and I don't mean directing). A lot of the usual pattern is still present; but some noticeable changes indicate some possibilities for the future.

First the why of Harryhausen: he's a genius at animation and obviously loves his work, but in order to present it, a plot must be invented for a feature film in which to display it. His method differs from that of Willis O'Brien, his predecessor, in that O'Brien was a studio employee called upon to fulfill the effects necessary to a plot. "King Kong" was not even his own story. Harryhausen draws effect pictures and builds a plot around them, usually just an adequate thread. This tendency, for me results in what I call the "pop up and battle" formula for lack of another phrase. The characters walk along, hear a bellow or roar, and then a creature appears. It would be a non-sequiter except that the plot existed for the creatures only anyway. A few of Harryhausen's films, notably "20,000 Miles to Earth", are exceptions, but most of these are based

on existing stories of myths ("The Valley of Gwangi" was a long-abandoned O'Brien story) which Harryhausen embellished with effects.

"Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger", shows a very positive trend away from the formula, a happy event for us fans. In fact, quite a few things set this film apart. Only one creature, the giant walrus "pops up", while the rest make sense plotwise.

The effects are as wonderful as ever, and the production values are monumental. For once, we get a wide variety of locales, more imaginative settings, and a colossal set at the climax. All these differences show up against the similarity to "Golden Voyage of Sinbad" plotwise.

Adult fans usually cringe over the poor scripting and embarrassing acting and the forced "cute" humor, worst in "Golden Voyage..", but we're fortunately spared of much of this in "The Eye..". The straight forward plot and good supporting actors (notably Taryn Power) help a lot.

Best of all, two creatures, the baboon and the troglodyte, show a lot of lifelike characteristics (almost personality, remarkable for 3-dimensional animation) and really boost the suspension of disbelief. It speaks well

of Harryhausen that the characters don't instantly launch into battle the instant the Trog appears. The baboon is almost as likable as Joe Young, Harryhausen's first screen critter.

About the only issue here I have with Harryhausen is the direction he's taking: he is changing nicely, but not fast enough. He's found his style at last, a profitable niche, in "children's Sword & Sorcery", which allows him to invent more and better production values, but the mood remains somewhat enemic. As dated as Kerwin Mathews looks now, he's practically a barbarian next to the last two Sinbads, especially Patrick Wayne.



Well since I haven't gotten my copy back from the printers from No Sex #7 I don't have any of my logos so I have to use my reduced copy logos, oh well such is life. Since my last issue came out only one of my friends that's putting out a 'zine has come out with a new issue, that is Mike Walker and of course, he has come out with another issue of IMAGES. Number 5 to be exact. A new logo and a shaky cover belies the delightful art contained within this issue of fan-fiction. In fact there has been a marked improvement in the art with this issue and the reason would have to be the addition of Stephen Schwartz, and Gerald Sannker, to name a few. The story and the rest of the package is again good, with an interesting piece of prose by Mike Brewer you shouldn't miss. In all Mike again gets good grades for a well put together prose-package. IMAGES 94 Eagles Street, Brooklyn, NY 11222

Some of the best superhero art and comic articles and reviews that I have seen in a while are in a tight off-set package put out by a group of guys that includes P. Iro, Dean Mullaney, Willie Blyberg, and others. The zine is called Woweekazowie and the issue I got to look at was #2. If this sample of their work runs true for future issues then this will be a fan product of great interest to most fans. There is a McGregor checklist for those interested and many more articles and things of interest, too many to list here, just check it out. 68 Alcott St, Acton Mass 01720. In the third issue of No Sex I reported that the LOCUS was the definitive fan product in the newspaper format, I must now confess that after reading COMPASS by Anthony Scialis and Ron Frantz that there is one other that at least equals the excellence of LOCUS. Reporting on areas of fan interest from "sf film to the para-normal" COMPASS maintains an excellence that is unrivaled in fandom, at least I thought. Tony Scialis, 1100 Outspring Rd, Stratford Ct 06467....

Someone should force Harryhausen to read Robert E. Howard to get a taste of powerful lusty beings instead of these bland barbed-out models and plot lines. I'd never trust Harryhausen to interpret Conan, what with his dislike of "sex and relevance" in film, but even a good medium would be a shot in the arm.

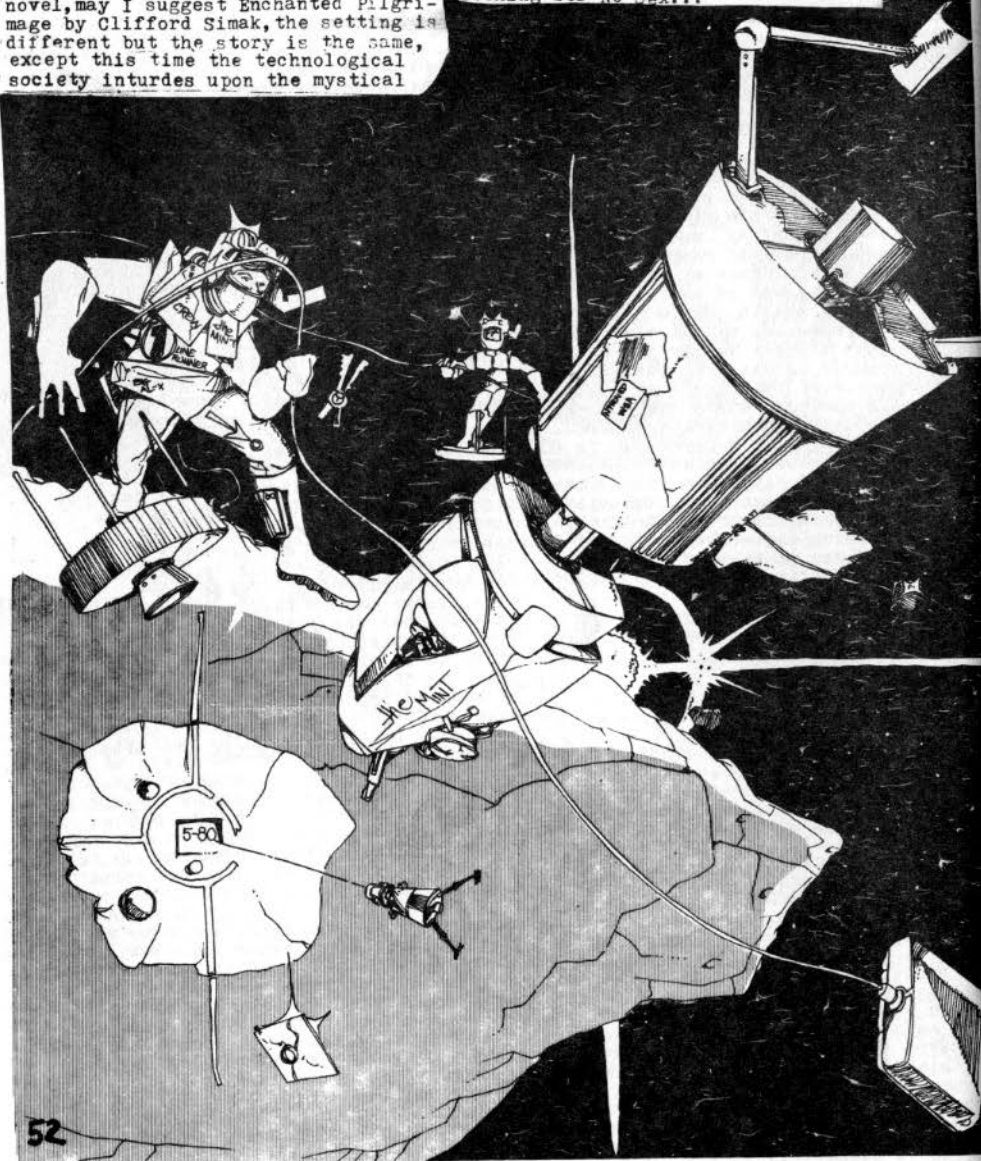
Considering we almost see nude woman (!) in "Sinbad and The Eye of The Tiger", there may yet be hope. We Harryhausen freaks will find out in "Perseus and the Gordon" in a couple of years.

I like Science fiction because it is a field that includes so many different styles and forms of literature, you can have love, adventure, mystery and still be within the realm of sf, not a field that is limited in scope, anyway I read just read a book that is as varied and complex as the field itself. MACROSCOPE by Piers Anthony hits you from all angles and on different levels and all of them are exciting. Basically the story is about maturity, maturity on three different levels. The maturing of two people, the maturing of the human race and the maturing of life within our galaxy.. as we know it and as we might not care to know it. In the story, the bulding of the macroscope, a device which lets you look on planets an stars millions of lights years away, allows man to look on races that went down the path he is going now and failed.. it also makes him privy to intergalactic communications that may hold the key to survival. Of course there is a catch, you might have guessed, the message has a fail-safe that is destroying the worlds' greatest genius'. The protagonists of the story travel the lengths of the galaxy in search of the answer to the enigma for the sake of mankind and find the answers without and within themselves. The book (in paperback put out by Avon, #22145) is rather long but were Anthony goes into detail is delightful rather than boring as most epic-length stories are to me. What? You don't beleive me? Well get yourself a copy and read it, wait till you get to the part midway thru when our space travellers actually look in on the creation of the solar system, Mr Anthony comes out with some theories of astronmy that if you are delighted to the max, you don't like science in your science fiction. Well so much for that, oh by the way for those of you who care to know Piers Anthony was the one who use to write the series of stories about the den-tist that was captured by a race of intergalactic beings in order for him to replair teeth in space...hmmm..



Some of you may have read Clifford Simak's Goblin Reservation, the award winning novel that posits a future where the means for bringing forth the ghosts, goblins, and creatures of the ether dimensions is discovered. Simak had an imaginative way of combining hard science and fantasy in his story. For those of you who liked that novel, may I suggest Enchanted Pilgrimage by Clifford Simak, the setting is different but the story is the same, except this time the technological society intrudes upon the mystical

one. Try it you'll like it.....Darn that's about it for now, just to see who reads this column I'll put something out here, I'm leaving for the states in March and should be home around the 9th of March. I plan on going on a 30 day vacation tour of some of the southern states, so who knows I may be around your home town looking for No Sex...



My long period of time and energy spent to explain the beautiful maiden that the term "shooting star" was actually a misnomer, and that what we were seeing was actually a meteor



**The Cosmic 5 to Watch**  
NO SEX GALACTIC MAIL SERVICE



**SLAM O'GRADY**  
★SPACE DETECTIVE★

"Fate and the Werewolf" came from Ew#5, "The Origin of the Iceman" from Ew#6, and those "Our Worlds" cartoons on the contents page look familiar..of course..they were reprinted from Images #4! I liked them all both the first and second time around. There were a lot of fine graphic stories here. "The Second Coming" by Terry Kaegin had some very nice art, but the story verged on blasphemy which made me feel bit uncomfortable. The work of Brad Poster is marvelous. This is delightful work and a welcome addition to No Sex. "Probe" by Caporale was a bright but much too short story to develop any interest. "Space Tub" was definitely weird and quite funny. "The Big Football Theory?" (Einstein, you know). The only major disappointment was Daniel Watson's "The Man" which was very crudely done, besides being a rip-off of Marvel's "Punisher". Dan should stick to writing nice fiction pieces like "The SEC 4 Legacy" until his artwork improves.

My favorite fiction piece this issue has to be "The Familiar". Mike Brewer seems to be one of the consistently good writers in fandom. Likewise, "Journey to Another Here and Another Now" was one of the most interesting C Robert Oliver stories I've seen in a while.

In the art department, the quality varied. Among the best are Brad Foster, Terry Kaegin, Mike Dooney, Rickey Campbell and this David Heath Jr. fellow. SSG Beaumont's art is very fine; but Bode influence is too obvious, some might even call it plagiarism.

No Sex is still as enjoyable as ever. The friendly feel is present and you try to improve with every issue (note the heavy cover stock on #6)...Mike Walker (Images) 94 Eagle St

Brooklyn NY 11222

MIKE, THANK YOU FOR YOUR COMMENT, YOU AND RW SEEM TO AGREE A LOT ON THE CRITIQUE OF ISSUE 6. I JUST WOULD LIKE TO SAY THAT THOUGH I FEEL THE SAME WAY AS YOU DID ON THE ART OF TERRY KAEGIN AS IT APPEARED IN 6, I DIDN'T WANT TO CENSURE THE WORK SO I PRINTED IT. IT HAS BROUGHT QUITE A BIT OF COMMENT AND THAT'S GOOD

Enclosed cheque for two copies of (and I trust it isn't a curse) No Sex.

Douglas Empringham Box 5464

San Mateo, CA 94402

DOUG, NO SEX IS NOT A CURSE, IT'S A PROMISE.. THANK FOR ORDERING TWO ISSUES THOU, EVERY LITTLE BIT HELPS....

Hello Sahib,

I told you I was going to comment on No Sex 6 from cover to cover, and here it is. By the way, one of my non-comics friends saw No Sex and liked it so much he took it home to read it, and it took 2 weeks for me to get it back. See, everybody likes No Sex.

I didn't like the cover of issue 6. It was good, but it just did n't work as a cover to me. The back and back inside covers were both excellent and more on target.

I see you get a couple of new contributors this issue, B. Poster and Terry Kaegin. Boy did you hit the jackpot with these guys. I've always liked Brad's work and his effort this issue was, as usual, up to par. What a zit was a fun strip, and his No Sex Ship was real

ly attractive wot with his use of the dry transfer letters. This was the first time I've seen Kaegin's work and I was impressed. Kaegin is a very fine artist who will hopefully grace future issues of No Sex.

Ah, but let's not forget about you (ME?). I enjoyed your work as usual, all tho' I did not especially like the werewolf strip. Your werewolf just didn't hit the spot. Looks like some guy just forgot to shave. Can't wait for the next part of Adventures of No Sex Reader.

"Journey to Another Here.. " was an alright story. It was kind of hard for me to get in to the story at first, but after a while it was okay. I'll await final judgement until I can read the entire thing. I would like to bring up a point now about the great Bode controversy. First of all, I've never thought your work looks like Bode's. I've put it side by side and they are not alike. However, I feel SSG Beaumont's work looks too much like Vaughn Bode. I mean look at the girl and her nipples. Now that was Bode. Beaumont needs to develop more of his own style I think people are gonna accuse him of swiping.

I liked Dan Watson's story and Mike Brewer's. Although I felt Gay's art on the Familiar left something to be desired.

Joe Caporale's art can improve but I like his stories especially the endings. I'd also like to say that Mike Dooney's centerspread was very good.

All in all, No Sex 6 was a fantastic zine. Now if you'd improve the typing (really a trivial matter) it would be unbeatable, and who's to say it isn't already.

Keep up the good work, and may No Sex keep Gronking forever. Vincent Bleis 4708 Bay Vista Tampa, Fla 33611

WELL VINCE FIRST OFF I'M GLAD YOU SAID SOME THING ABOUT THE COVER OF #6, I'VE BEEN DOING THE COVERS FOR ALL THE ISSUES OF NO SEX AND I HAVE BEEN WONDERING IF MY IDEAS OF WHAT A GOOD COVER WOULD BE WOULDN'T BE A LITTLE DIFFERENT FROM SOMEONE ELSE'S. ANYWAY I WENT AHEAD AND HAD LR DAVIDSON DO THE COVER FOR THIS ISSUE AND LOOK FORWARD TO OTHER GUEST ARTIST DOING COVERS FOR NS. IN DEFENSE OF ALL THE OTHERS THAT YOU HAVE HEARD IN THE BIG BODE CONTROVERSY MY ART WAS A LOT MORE BODE IN THE EARLY ISSUES OF NO SEX, ESPECIALLY 1 AND 2, IN DEFENSE OF SSG BEAUMONT, TO DEVELOPE A STYLE, YOU GOT TO START SOMEWHERE..GRONK

David...

I really enjoyed No Sex (no.5) When I find my copy, I'll comment.

Being very perceptive, I suppose you have found and ad and a small strip (for trade) If you feel the urge to draw or write anything for my zine, HERO SANDWICH, go ahead. Spill your heart out on 8 1/2 x 11 paper and send it to Zoom! Box 350, Boston Mass 02134..... Why send it to a childrens show you ask? Frankly, because the spilled body parts such as hearts (also including: lungs, tongues, intestines, assorted tendons, ligaments and gizzards) simply can not be used in my domestic fan publication. However, paper without body parts (preferably paper with something on it) will

be excepted.

Now to finish this boring letter, I leave you with one (?) final message..

If you ever need to kidnap a girl scout, do it in Pittsburgh... my the force be with you Scott Topping, R3 Twin Lakes, Dowagiac MI 49047

WELL SCOTT I'M GLAD YOU LIKED NS5 I GOT THE AD AND IT RAN IN NO SEX 7, THE ART I THREW AWAY, BUT I WILL CONSIDER DRAWING SOMETHING UP FOR HS. ACTUALLY I PRINTED THIS JUST TO SEE THE KIND OF THING I HAVE TO GO THROUGH JUST BECAUSE I DECIDED TO NAME MY MAGAZINE NO SEX, IS HE FOR REAL? ONLY HIS HAIRDRESSER KNOWS FOR SURE... BODY PARTS?

Comments: Dave, on page 28, never (I said never) put type in a small cramped space around art like you did.. I corrected that mistake, see how better it looks. Other than your typing hasn't improved, I loved the issue (NO SEX #7) I liked your and Aldos' colab, Chads' cartoons, I liked your story a lot. The strips were good and the stories were good. I didn't think much of Cliff's "The Beauty", the plot was good, but it isn't well written enough. I liked the illo you did on Street Talk (that looks like a good typewriter you used there, can you use it for the next issue?) Lari Davidson is good get him to do more. Dooney's centerfold was great. Hey, Beaumont really can draw! He's good tho! I don't like his illos for CRO's story; but the pic for Rea-Spa was fantastic! That piece, Grier's and Aldos' were the best pieces of art in the zine, then would come all your work of course (these are all my opinions). I

I really didn't say anything constructive except that I liked this issue very much, and get Beaumont to do more real and creative pieces of artwork like the Rea-Spa illo (you need a little realistic work like that and Geiers' to offset the cartoony look which the zine possesses). 64 pages for 50¢ is a steal! We may just come close to selling this out once people see it. But let's not try for too many more pages, cause it is hard as hell to collate and stuff in envelopes. The zine brightened my Christmas, and boosted my ego, I love seeing my stories in print. I'll write in a few days Dan Watson 1520 Hedge Road, Champaign 111, 61820

WELL, A FEW WORDS FROM THE PUBLISHER EH? THANK FOR THE COMMENTS ON NST. AND AS FAR AS YOUR COMPLAINTS ON MY TYPING.. POOR! POOR! BUT SERIOUSLY I HAVE BEEN TRYING TO IMPROVE THE APPEARANCE OF THE ZINE BUT IT IS A REAL TASK TO HOLD DOWN A FULL-TIME JOB AND PUT OUT A ZINE AT THE SAME TIME, ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO TYPE I GUESS I COULD HIRE SOMEONE TO DO IT FOR ME BUT IT COST ENOUGH ALREADY TO PUT THIS THING OUT AS IT IS. BY THE WAY EVERYONE, DAN WATSON, WHO HAS BEEN PUBLISHING THE ZINE FOR ME FOR SOME TIME HAS BEEN DOING AN OUTSTANDING JOB AND I HOPE YOU ALL SUPPORT HIM AND HIS MAGAZINE, EWIGKBIT. ALSO IF YOU WANT BACK ISSUES OF NO SEX, WRITE HIM AT THE ABOVE ADDRESS..

Dear Dave,

...NS 6 is another fine issue. Ah, more cosmic werewolf stories, how can I fangk you.. Origin of Iceman, well.. I even failed to dislike some of the less apt entries.. tho I have seen Brad Poster do better. Caporale's "Probe" drew a groan, but I was smiling the while. (Still, how could you have left it out when you're in it?) Dan's "The Man" gets full marks for layout, drama, concept.. but I remain prejudiced in favour of tighter control, better anatomy and all that slick sophisterkated type stuff. Hope he stays with it, is about all I guess. Even CR Oliver is easier to take, with a dose of the right art. Who's this chap Beaumont? (Man nobody's ever going to call you a Bode copier again, not while he is around!) But you already know how I feel.. the next best thing is someone in whom Bode influence has been seeded and thriven as a new and vigorous organism, ect. Best new talent added to the package overall would have to be this Terry Kaegin. A bit loose yeah, odd fragments of influences incompletely digested stick out here and there but looks like well on the road to an interesting and personal style. Mind, the substitution of 'profit' for prophet gives and odd ending to the sense of the first page, but like I was saying, this sort of thing can be avoided with a bit of work, and I realize you don't have all the time in the world to work on your hobby. It's nice to see No Sex coming out more often.

R W Main 71 Sussex Ave, Toronto, Ont Canada M5s 1J8

GOOD TO HEAR FROM ONE OF NOSEX'S MOST LOYAL FANS AGAIN. I'M GLAD YOU REALIZE THAT I DON'T HAVE ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD TO WORK ON NO SEX. THE ARMY TAKES UP A BIT OF MY TIME, SO YES YOU WILL SEE TYPOS AND WHAT-EVER IN THE ZINE IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT DON'T READ US, ALTHUO I WILL TRY TO IMPROVE.. MAYBE SUICIDE? BY THE WAY, I DID CATCH THE MISSPELLING IN THE STORY BY TK BUT AS I AM AN ARTIST MYSELF I TRY MY BEST NOT TO MARK OTHER PEOPLES' WORK JUST TO PRINT IN MY ZINE, SO I LET IT RUN AS EPROFIT

...I must compliment you on No Sex #6. Overall it was a fine issue. I noticed that there were a few reprints this time around. Let's see



NO-SEX SHIPS OF THE GALAXY #10

RECHTUM  
L.S.R. PENTECOST

UNITED SEAS of RECHTUM CARBO/WARSHIP: PENTECOST.  
Designed by Kenneth Dean for hauling precious minerals from the seas of Rechump. Equipped for heavy battle in air, land and sea. Many outlets for heavy-duty lasar cannons. Now cruising through peaceful Badgerjes tower's jungle.

THANKS, ROG  
-Ken Meyer 5/77



CLANK

I'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR THE SOURCE OF THE UNIVERSE FOR A YEAR NOW AND I... WHAT THE...?

CLICK CLICK CLICK

A GIANT SPHEROID!

CLANK

PING

HERE IT COMES AG- HEY!

CLICK CLICK CLICK

PING PANG

CLANK

WHAT IS THIS ANNOY?

I SEEM TO HAVE STUMBLER ON SOME SORT OF... LOOK OUT

WHAT KIND OF MADNESS IS THIS?

THAT THING IS AFTER ME. I'D BETTER HEY!

IT'S SOME KIND OF PIN-BALL MACHINE!

I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE OR...

HERE IT COMES... MY GOD... RIGHT FOR ME

PING PING

STEERING CONTROL BROKE. I'M DOOMED... WHAT THE...

HMM...

TILT