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 seen print. All rights reserved to the author. Address questions to David Heath Jr., c/o No Sex Fanzine, P.O. Box 40572, Chicago, IL 60640.

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Are you trying
to say that I'm
just going with no
compromise?

Sure, easy for
you to talk now.

Weren't we
making a
trip for
the hell
of it?

Well, I'll take
this to the
35 tractor
waves.

But you wouldn't
believe how easy
the proof was to
make.

The most important
planet is alleged
to be one of the last remnants
of the empires of man. The
Galactic Council &
the interstellar house
with all the
alliances known to
these wise leaders,
marking
the
planet. I could find one
city, the old Galactic
union.

What's a
portal.

Impossible!

We're Here!

So where
are we?

We entered a
hollow planet.
The edge of
the universe,

Then we'll
be right.
Kenspam, nothing more... Thraw's how you can express it. Could be the whole of their history right there. A colony on every habitable planet in the galaxy.

But I wish... when I was younger, when I was even more... I had no idea what I was doing there. It was only by chance. But still, I had no idea. I was just a young boy.
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 line 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. Due to issues (back and current), ads, and pieces of fan art for sale go to the publishing of the line, advertising 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: fanzine (nut and bolt) very short story, articles, and strips; art dealing with ships, robots, spaceships, and exploration. Articles should be, preferably, at least 4-inch borders, Fantasy, SF&H, and anything else new and unusual. Articles on SF, media, and science speculation should be co-ordinated in advance. We try to approve all letters and return art/manuscripts on publication along with a complimentary copy of the issue you're paid for.

To potential buyers we'll list some prices that should be of interest and seem to be in everyone else's line. The price is $1.50 per issue. All围绕 issue is $13.50. Ad rates: full page (6x8) is $50; $33; $20 per inch. All classifieds are $1 a word, $5.00 a line. We also have the option to have more questions along these lines, if there are any refer to the Store of Odd Lots.

Aside from the usual praise heaped on us by the usual NS readers, we received plenty of criticism 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 goals 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 then now.

This fanzine, (stripes, sandwiches, or whatever you want to call it), serves as an outlet to those fans of SF/Fantasy 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

to home base, and thus defend that 'short' word.
CloudBusters: colors; blue, white, yellow, and fleshtone.
Blackjacks: colors; black and yellow. In one of the ships (US 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 engines.

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 stylings of the ships, the fact that this ring is a vanguard to invasion, and the international flavor of the group makes the name Lancers a perfect name.

Engels: colors; green and white salute cross, shiny metal clasp (gold for officers; silver for lower ranks). Since the ship ERR Stahl Loomed German (yes, stahl is german for steel), we, it only followed to have a symbol as suggested.

(See emblem 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 seem 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 going to tell what it is, but we will entertain guesses, no fair guesses from fans in Indy and Atlanta who already know.

Early this week we got to Atlanta to beat Jim Gray over the head for the XINT airbrush cover, high-lighting 'Treasure Hunt'.
reprinted from Carl Greeler's BALD IRON, (and no questions about why all BJR strips are reprinted no matter where they appeared first) Jim also had the F Magazine article on us with XANT graphics by Jerry Collins, two pieces, a by Jim Gray/BJR, and another by Steve Campos had to be dropped because of lack of space for that article, but these artists should see these 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 Moorehead you VIS vid fans ought to get to know, he turned us on to Star Trek: The Motion Picture, STARWARS 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-Sex 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 Heise, Bob Thistlethwaite, 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 Palaye line of superheroes. Luckily all of these talented fans managed to work up something 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 ("Bane 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 a G for the whole family. I ain't no TV mom by a long shot, but gee!!

Well, aside from Palaye and No Sex we talked a bit about Jerry Foley and his Star Dragon line and of course Jim Yancey and Mid-Age. Which We hear is ready, but is a bit slow in getting into the mail box. Course with all that travelling around I couldn't help but have a worry holiday season, hope you all had one also.

Everyone has been asking us to comment on the Blake/Jones (everyone please note that I am running one of Jerry's ads for the Fandom Directory, for which I expect to be sued by Stan Blair for ch) controversy. We haven't had much to say on this because frankly it's a shame that has to have a nose like this on it's hands. As far as we can determine, in his favor to regain the rights of the WSA and clean it up of the "deadwood," Stan Blair (it's repeated) fired Harry Hopkins from his directors' position and attempted to take from his the right to publish the extensive FANDOM DIRECTIONS new P is a comprehensive fanzine covering compiled by J.B. by extensive computer work (very long and arduous task), you fans know we also own a TRS-80 computer. Stan says P is a USA 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 the WSA and instead part of his Fandom Computer Services. That's basically the gist of the argument, as we perceive it. It's of course resulted in a classic WSA/Blake 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 J.B. and his wife against a guy are uncharacteristically cruel; but they must feel just-
UPDATES

These days, 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-DAGON: Jerry Foley’s fanzine, now under our control, is on hold till Jerry pays the bills to go to press.

FPA is now under the control of Heath Fects now and the FPA is at the printers now, and will be passed to the members of that organization as soon as possible. FPA is an organization of all fans for fans, editors dedicated to mutual aid. We have joined your co-op to the quarterly newsletter that includes the thoughts of people like yourself, and we hope to receive your feedback. Please write for more information.

The Polio will be officially renamed "W Showcase", for early Window Showcases. And now officially the Forum of the artist, and out of the FPA. In the FPA around the world interested in opening new forums for work or submitting samples to the AWP should write the new bulletin: David Heath Jr/SC/SS/47th Armor/4th Knox, KY 40121.

COMICS

For sale, in fair condition: Avengers #2, #35, FF #11, #183, Spiderman #5, #1, #7. Four offer, not a collector and don’t know anything about the Buyer’s Guide. DHJG/SC/47th Armor/4th Knox, KY 40121.

SCIENCE FICTION

Willing to buy any Galaxy printed issue of Galaxy of Magazines. Please help!! DHJG again.

PERSONAL

D.C.W.O. Scott McDonald/6670 R Shadow Lake/100th Infantry, 9/5 5014.

100 Fanzines

1990’s of foreign stamps, eyegood finds, large album full of same #35, jungle album (1964) w/ some stamps #39. DHJG

HSC

100’s of foreign stamps, eyegood finds, large album full of same #35, jungle album (1964) w/some stamps #39. DHJG

DHJG

S

500

16

1000’s of foreign stamps, eyegood finds, large album full of same #35, jungle album (1964) w/some stamps #39. DHJG

This is a level 1 165 computer, great for video games, experiments, loads of programs, voice synthesizer.

Video

We are taped Tape (BCP) send me two VHS tapes and I’ll put movies on one and keep the other. I have on VHS: A Clockwork Orange, GB36 (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, Mark of the Grizzly, Rocky Horror Picture Show, Fantastic Voyage, Dr Strange, Silent Running, Battlestar Galactica, Movie, Alien and of course much more. DHJG

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 me your comments, because that’s the only thing that keeps a fan writing. It sure ain’t money.

BUCK WHEAT'S SF REVIEW

Another Nice 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 Nice Myth concerns a young thief named Skeve, who is taken in by a wizard as his new apprentice. During one of Skeve’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 Skeve 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 by the stories’ end you find yourself hungry for more, a sequel being just come out entitled "Myth Conceptions", which contains the adventures of Skeve and company. Other books by Asprin include "The Aug Wars", "Thieves", "Mirror Friends", "Mirror Foe", and "Cold Cash War."

The Hitch-Hiker’s Guide to the Galaxy—by D. Adams

You’ve all heard of it, now read the book no science fiction fan can do without! This fami-
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 a Dirty Harry is now we learn about 'Hanger 18' and what the government's learning with every tick of the clock is scattering the hell out of them. If you missed the movie, let 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 Sousa, whose been known in fandom for his artwork in the area of superheroes.

SF REVIEW by Steve Sousa

Colony--by Ben Bova, Pocket Books 1978

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 (460 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 growing, the under the weight of over 7 billion people, and the middle classes have all been vanishing, there are the poor and the rich. Revolution and race war are imminent and the elite of the rich are doing their best to maintain the balance, 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 war. Both respective worlds are going up in flames and they learn to reach beyond mistrust to the basic human need that is 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 slab ruler and a Arab terrorist). A minor drawback is the number of throwaway characters in the early part of the novel as they tend to 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 preachy. The all-egalitarian 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. Does not act like a messiah.

The final message Bova makes is one of learning. The only solution he presents is answer to the problem in the book is one of escape. Any terrestrial solution to the social political problems of dealing with masses of humanity will only be a temporary stopgap among the headlong dash to destruction. By establishing a viable culture in space, self-sufficient there might be a chance. Here is the book's...
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. 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, Jonathan, 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 named. The cult of the individual that sprang up around Jonathan 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 Jonathan did, win against all odds. Given the convoluted system of the time, the purpose of Rollerball wasn’t winning, it was the cooperation 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 Jonathan retire, or change the rules to kill him off.

With play-off time coming that shouldn’t be hard either way.

The United Artists movie “Rollerball,” starring James Caan as Jonathan, expands on this short story in one of the best story adaptations since 2001: A Space Odyssey. It stands to reason that in both movies (Rollerball and 2001) the authors of the story assisted in developing the screenplay and were allowed to further invent the expansion of their work. Rollerball captures the spirit of the story well. Caan plays an aggressive, enigmatic character who reluctantly backs the system when the directors try to persuade him to retire. For some reason, Jonathan 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 playoffs, his team can be the World Champions. 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 lousy one, we got a lot accomplished. Again, we shared the hospitality of Jim and Cindy Gray and managed to line-up with Jerry Collins, Steve Campos and the ever omnipresent Ward C. Betty, Mando isn’t a bad sort once you meet his hall of fame appearance collection at his house. He and Jerry C are collating on a great strip for Comic World called the Adventures of Truhan, 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 (alas with the likes of Trek bloopers, Time Machine, Radio Ranch). We didn’t even attend any vid.

Present were Dave Gia (making a fortune drawing at Artwork) who autographed the back cover to BATO for us, Bob Nelson and some others were there. But I spent more time renewing friendships. . . .
OTHERGATES
A LIST OF MARKETS FOR SCIENCE FICTION AND
FANTASY, HORROR, HUMOR.
Never before published stories, poems, graphics—by award
winners and newly published
writers and artists.

OTHERFLIGHT: 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

Please make all checks payable to UNIQUE GRAPHICS and mail to
Millea Kenin, 1025 55th St., Oakland, CA 94608
It was a time of war. Any 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 Anti-transportationists, yet all were affected.

As I was to be writing about Civil War II, I have found myself the subject, Drs. Reuteroff and Ekioka or Curtis, who got their PhD's by compiling those fabulous volumes on the historic events for their professional to be a historian, reporter, or a serious writer myself, but what the experts neglect to convey to the interested and interested in these 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 be too excruciatingly boring story which, in any case, will probably be treated someday by more competent biographers than I could ever prove myself to be.

I was a dedicated librarian and an avid backpacker.

My memory of the transition from ignorance to confusion is fraught with a sense of loss: of a world outside of the book in which my nose was buried. (Please excuse the oxymorons of this last sentence. As I warned you before, I'm not a serious writer). The circumstances took the form of a world-shaking rubble that tossed me and my backpack to the floor, followed by a sudden acceleration of the monorail train downstage. Later investigations indicated that the Anti-transportationists sabotaged the intended explosive to detonate beneath a central car of the train, but the delayed charge obscured the knowledge of the audience and the audience 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 my voice, tattered my clothes, and bruised me for weeks. My backpack effectively absorbed any attempt I might have made at screaming. I clambered dazedly back onto my feet behind a tree and gazed at the forest as it whispered 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, but not even 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 limbs developed a life of their own and crumpled under me.

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 couldn't describe the speed, but it was many times greater than from sight, since my eyes were closed and buried in the pillow. I wore more screaming, a confusion of events, a feeling of 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 armor-plated car and immediately before I'd hit the 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 river and found myself beside our car. From this point on, I didn't notice the exhausting pain until I lay in the river. I had a lot of water on my face and a lot of water on my face. Naturally, I fainted.

When I came to, it was morning. A gray-haired man stood above me. I felt a curious tightness and an eerie feeling of being transported. "I taped those ribs for you," he said. "Dr Ekioka Redglove." "'Eks-ee-koo.OrderBy?" "Initialed?" "I like them." "Dr Ekioka?" "'Eks-ee-koo.order. Quickly." I found few survivors, all made it to the river. Dr Ekioka seemed twice. I didn't think the Anti-transportationists would go this far to get me.

"The Anti-what?"

Just then, the "Anti-what?" in question appeared from the foliage. "They were 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 gray suits. They were black hooded men by the executions of murderers: Redglove. So no one could argue with someone wearing one of those, even if a couple of cracked ribs protested. I remember being both scared and tired, then lollygagging to a nearby camp. It was hard to count how many guerrillas there were when they all wore those hooded suits and kept moving, there may have been twenty. The twelve of us were escorted into one of the tents and guards were set outside. The tent was a little dark and musty, and I lay down for a bit of rest. It wasn't 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 did 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, nation-wide, to shut down all of 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 hospitals, schools, or projects."

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

Dr Redglove shook his head. "The tactics of sabotage are directed at causing attention and, therefore, a lack of confidence in the transportation system."

"But that not sell and buy locally," said。， "The transportationists are attempting to change the federal laws, to create systems that will go on doing all the work with the ultimate goal of closing down all systems."

What 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," Dr Reuteroff answered.

"No, why not sell and buy locally," said another. "Surely people appreciate art in Los Angeles as much, if not more, than in New York or Paris."

I would have been terrified to talk back to the "enemy" who held our lives in his hands, but Dr Redglove said, quite merrily, "I have already tried to reason with him."

"What is this trip to Los Angeles?" I asked. "It's a job extending tons of fuel to move his and his art work around the world, and I beat of 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 they-like."

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

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

"It's done. We easily get energy from food in distant sources when nearer ones will do. Let California eat its own oranges and Florida its own oranges. 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 to someone else's expenses!" 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 a Constitutionist," he put in. "I'm am hungry.

Food was brought, we ate. I saw the man with the beard shut up. I saw Dr Redglove fished through my backpack and found a can opener and a small but sturdy knife. Firelight flickered outside as darkness pushed dust away, and the shadows of two guards danced on the front wall of the tent. Dr Redglove quietly saved at the bottom of the river, still holding 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 knife to save several stiffer oarsies. Soon, the canvas could part widely enough to let even the fattest member of our party out.

"I ordered a ride already through without a sound, Dr Redglove led us into the dark, toward the sound of rushing water. When we reached the river, it was midnight. A flashlight he had aquired from my backpack."

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

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

The rail didn't take us very far before I heard someone gunning. The operation of the train had been discovered.

"Quick, into the trees," Dr Redglove said. The rest of us started 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.

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gray against my face. I grabbed his rifle and rested a moment. Then I rode after the other rebels.
I kept a dozen paces behind the three men. One shot a light on the ground. They must be following the rail the whole way, he said.
"They'll hit Givetown 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.
"These they are," one grunted. He looked back at me. "Come on, I'm not wearing shoes 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 span 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 thus along the monorail.

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 assignment 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 a tepee, clubhouse, or in whatever capacity the day's play demanded. I had spent so much time in, around, or under that tree as I did any place else. I thought fondly of the circle of wooden 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 sounds 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 threshold 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 bearings 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 gardeners-engineers promoted locally the occasional damage we unwittingly did to the vegetables and fruits, my lady friends and I still 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, so 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 startling. I yearned for a night of my old home on the Moon with its shining metal and ever bright planetarium. Best of all I thought, I should not have left that lady friend a maiden on the Moon.
OF INTEREST
FANS AROUND THE WORLD ARE SAYING...

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

Before there was Twilight Zone or The Outer Limits, a contemporary of One Step Beyond; but seldom mentioned in STALOG there was SCIENCE FICTION THEATRE. Many of us remember it from our younger years and some may have trouble remembering THE WILD, WILD, WST. But if you read Antoinette 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 anthropology in nature like T2 and was able to cash in on the sense of wonder the nation was feeling for the rapid advancements 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.


BEYOND-A jet ace, sauming through the skies at three times the speed of sound, Falken out when it looks like he's going to collide with a flying saucer.

TIME IS JUST A PLACE-A flight engineer and his wife are pursued by the fateful behavior of a couple who move next door (who are also 'time travellers' from the future).
Al Brownson: Ben deGrave, Ted Helling: Barbara Stevens.

SO FOOD FOR THOUGHT-two scientists join forces in the investigation of artificial nuts.
Otto Kruger: Ian Corey, Vera Miles: General Kenyon: Carla Nyeh.

OUT OF NOWHERE-Based on the actual event which pointed to a possible threat to the entire continental radar defense system.
Dr. Osborn: Richard Atten, Dr. Milton: Jonathan Hale, General Kenyon: Carlyle Schell.

THE STRANGE CASE OF LORNEZ-A young boy is miraculously healed of three degree burns by honey with amazing curative power.
Dr. Fred Gamm: Donald Curtis, Dr. Lorren: Brenda Cameron, Leslie Kristine Miller.

DEAD IN DEATH YOUNG-A tiny bottle of poison contains the secret to eternal life.
Mike Nesvold: John Archer, John Powers: John Abbott.

AN INNOCENT SUSPECT-security check of top secrets leads to the suspension of a research scientist.
Dr. David Lasker: Marshall Thompson.

THE STRANGER Began to Die-Too tiny stones hold the secret of the Egyptian pyramid.

THE LAST HEARTBEAT--A dying scientist needs time to finish his experiments on a battery which draws energy from the human heart.
Dr. Richard Marshall: Zachary Scott, Dr. John Crane: Walter Kingsford, Joan Crane: Janet Shepard.

THE WORLD BEHIND-Exhibit submarine escapes into a reef in the ocean than man has gone before.
Capt. Forster: Gene Barry, Prof. Weavers: Titov Avery.

BARBERS OF SILENCE-a scientist breaks a case of amnesia to safeguard top atomic secrets.

THE CREATIVE MIND--A discharge of electrical power traps a young electrician servicing an "electric brain" computer.

DEAD RECKONING-An emergency flight into the arctic regions brings a pilot into a strange magnetic storm, which knocks out all the planes' instruments.

A VISIT FROM DR. FLINLAY-A visitor from tomorrow announces that there is a source of power greater than atomic energy.
Dr. Flinlay: Edmund Gwenn, Dr. Thomas: William Schallert.

THE STRANGE PEOPLE at PRESTO--a radar expert suspects his next door neighbors are spies from outer space.

DEAD STRANGERS--a mammoth, 90,000 years old, comes to life after being frozen in the Arctic.
Dr. Numa Griffin: Virginia Bruce, Dr. Robinson: Robert H. Harris, Dr. Avery: Douglas Henderson.

THE HUMAN EQUATION-Genly normal people are driven to acts of violence due to a microcosmic growth on the grain from wheat.
Dr. Lee Sward: MacDonald Carey, Dr. Good: Jean Byron.


MIGHT HURRICANE--Haiti, Florida is threatened by
a spontaneously generated hurricane caused by a meteor shower from outer space.

James Tyler: Marshall Thompson, Hugh Frederick: Ray Collins, Julie Tyler: Margaret Field.

The water makes a scientist investigate the apparent murder of a former colleague, who was working on a process for creating water from sand.


The unexplored college professor sets out to prove his college facility and disbelief with the validity of research in psychic phenomena.

Prof Alex Borden: Kent Smith, Julie Borden: Olivia Newton-John.

The Hastings secret: a scientist working on a solution which can break down matter into its basic component parts disposes of the face of the earth.

Bill Turnip: Bill Williams, Dr. Claude: Morris Ansara.

A postcard from Barcelona: An astrophysicist discovers that a fellow colleague has been receiving secret scientific information on the back of postcard sent from an unknown stranger (from outer space).

Dr. Burton: Keefe Roselli, Dr. Cole: Walter Kingford.

Friend of a wayside welfare worker meets a young boy who can telepathically communicate with animals.

Tia Daniels: Richard Eyer, Jean Gordon: Virginia Bruce.

Beyond the stars: 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 Zalez: Joan Voohs.

The long days: An ex-convict (unjustly convicted) is given to a small desert community—but the sun stubbornly refuses to set.

Sam Gilmore: George Brent, Robert Barton: Steve Brodie.

Before the beginning: A biochemist creates a special projector which can create 'photons' rays identical to the energy transmitted from the sun and uses it to create life in a lab experiment.

Dr. Ken Donaldson: Dana Clark, Dr. Norma Keller: Philip Pine, Ed Donaldson: Judith Ames.

A light: Young girl initiates a training program for a projected pioneering flight to the planet Mars.

Dr. Arnold Bryan: Bill Williams, Ed Garrett: Cliff Gillett.

E.V. W., invader: A scientist refuses to consider the possibility of UFO's until he reviews 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 of the type who can apparently control time.

Dr. Philip Rodman: Vincent Price, Mollanca: Dabbs Greer.

The other side of the moon: A revolutionary new televisual camera takes a photo of an apparent city complex on the dark side of the moon.


The long sleep: A research scientist initiates exhausting experimentation in the possibility of controlled suspended animation.

Dr. Samuel Willard: Dick Foran, John Barton: John Rostette.

Signals from the heart: Two cardiologists create a series of heart sounds which can be sent from the human heart to research equipment in a test lab.

Prof. Turber: Walter Kingford, Tom Horton: Gene Roth.

Who is this man?: Through hypnogogic 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 search for the stolen atomic material desperately searched for an entire city.

Maxwell Carmena: Whit Bissell, Frank Davis: Kenneth Tobey.

When a camera fails: A geo-physicist is able to pinpoint on the 'geophysical' impressions on rock of different epochs of periods of history.

Dr. Richard Hewitt: Gene Lockhart, Dr. Herbert: Than Wyman, Dr. Johnston: Mack Williams.

Bullet proof: Using the metal left behind by beings from outer space a criminal is able to make an indestructible metal suit.

Jim Conners: Marshall Thompson, Prof. Rodman: John Eldridge, Ralph Parr: Christopher Dark.

The Fletcher: A police officer investigates the possibility of a murder being caused by post psychic suggestion.


The ordinary: Wolf magazine: Editor learns of secret military information through dreams.

Jan O'Mara: Ruth Hussey, Henry O'Mara: Peter Hanson.

End of collection: An unknown cure—and drug offered to the United States government revealed to be a sterilization chemical in a plot to wipe out the American people.

Hubbard Parker: Walter Kingford, Prof. Reimer: Debbie Greer, Keith Brandon: Christopher Dark.

The Nardo 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. Milhurt: Dick Foran, Prof. Van Doorem: Stafford Repp, Dr. Maxwell: Michael Fox.

The human equation: An experiment in altering evolution of humans goes out of control and it's up to Canadian biologist to come to the rescue.

Dr. Tom Dabou: Marshall Thompson.

The man who didn't know a jet pilot: a mystery double and abruptly returns with no memory of what happened or where he's been.

Mark Kendall: Arthur Franz, Peggy Kendall: 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 are stranded in the 'photographic' impressions of rock on different epochs of periods of history.

Arthur Green: John Archer, Peggy Green: Judith Ames.

Team of Fireplace: Scientists working on the development of interplanetary travel are murdered one by one (marauding 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.

Harlan Brown: Marilyn Erskine, Dr. Jinn Harris: Brad Jackson.

Living lights: A biologist duplicates the environment of the planet Venus in a laboratory situation, and advanced, living life forms also develop.

The voice: A trial attorney disagrees in mental telepathy until he is forced to use it to save someone else's life, but the life of an innocent man on death row.

Roger Brown: Donald Curtis, Dr. Hendrix: Anthony Austrell.

The sun: A biologist develops a technique through electronics to elevate the physical abilities of the human being to an extraordinary level.

Sam: Marshall Thompson, With: Art Gilmer.

SIGNALS FROM THE MOON—Scientists plan to drop a television signal from the surface of the moon to the Apollo astronauts. Robert Armstrong: Bruce Bennett, Dr. Edwards: Michael Fox.

DOCTOR ROBOT—A computer programmer suspect that his assistant is reproducing the new VOLKSWAGEN for purposes of sabotage. Dr. Edgar Barnes: Peter Ross, Fred Lopert: Wally Bisetti.

THE WOMAN CIRCUIT—A movie star dancer discovers she has the unique and wondrous power of clairvoyance. Dr. Albert Nautilus: Marshall Thompson, Nina Lasalle: Joyce Jameson, Dr. George Stonehouse: William Ching.

SUN GODS—A nuclear scientist and an archeologist team to determine what caused a nuclear explosion in the lost valley of the Incas, many centuries ago. Howard Prans: Rose Elliott, Susan Calvin: Marilyn Erakine.

FACSIMILE—A research scientist determines to discover why top scientists are suddenly struck down by an unknown illness. George Baskin, Arthur Franz, Hugh Warinner: Donald Curtis.


GRAVITY ZERO—A scientist and assistant working on a method of neutralizing gravity are stranded when a metal disc rises in the air without their assistance. Dr. John Huston: Terry Heaton, Ken Waring: William Hudson.


OUT OF LIGHTNING—A scientist is killed by an unknown explosive force which also makes his entire lab. Dr. Sheldon Thorpe: Bruce Bennett, Cynthia Blake: Kristine Miller, President Franklin: Sidney Smith.

THE STRANGE LOGO—Research engineers discover that a gentleman is using his television set as a transmitter to a mysterious source of light orbiting the earth. Dr. Jim McAllister: Peter Hansen, Maggie Evans: Jan Shepard.

THE MIRACLE HOUR—A Broadway lighting designer aided by a scientist friend, is determined to find a cure for his fiancé's blindness. 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 saving his money, and opened a small restaurant that served the only spacecraft on the planet. The spacecraft being a real demand 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 Rosser's Feeding, to Willie who came out from Earth to take over the place. Willie was thirty-two at this time and had saved up all the money of his own, he spent part of this on new equipment and non-perishable supplies for the restaurant. He shipped his equipment himself out to Zardit, being lucky to not be on pg 44.
INTERVIEW WITH A PHILIP K DICK "HOT"
by COSMO ELLIS

We find Jim Gray (the man who destroyed Mars...ect), self-appointed Martian fiction in his room, surrounded by scores of PEB editions.

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

JD:No, I lost count after 26, including collections of short stories, but I love them as much as I collect all the editions I can get my hands on. For instance, I've got all the little books 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 Poul Anderson, today's mainstream influences, and the Corben/Feitenblatt 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?

JD:Why!!!! Well why not? What do you want?

CE:Space Opera?

JD:Yes

CE:Philosophy?

JD:Yes

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

JD:Of course! What else?

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

JD:Check! I mean, yeah, all of it! 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 Phoenicians, during the Stone Age, and using the fact 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 and adds to the suspense of the story, and then amusingly throws it away, before anyone knows what's happening. Or about the alien age gets out of his idea, read his short story—"War Veterans," 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, what 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.

JD: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 tortured, and he has a knack for creating reality that defies description, almost arrogantly so.

I suggest you read V箟, for example. I'd suggest THE COSMIC MOTHER, 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. I'll probably never find it again, but he has to murder it 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?

JD: He's not much on comicbook violence, he uses it sparingly and very effectively, often when
would hit you the most surprisingly. It's us, as it would be in real life.

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

Great period! Read "The Father Thing," and have he couldn't have written it for Hitchcock's show, as well as the Claymore piece for 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 a screen that's large 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 considers "real," and then Dick makes our reality look like shadows. So then, he's more or less got one thing to say?

Oh! That's the message I get, but he hits on 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 white 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 PHRENOLOGIA," a sick hateful para-mud story), and his '50s 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. Psychically, he coupled to make his later works morbid and decreasing. For instance, we canfield TOOTH 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 in the past, the difference between Phillip K. Dick and another writer on the same subject is like the difference between a secret agent and the president...

I could go on, mentioning his outrageous humor in THE SIMILARITY CRIME, his bizarre insights in GAME PLAYERS AND TITANites... I'd rather let your readers discover what I call "The World Dick Made."

Yes, a thing you'd like to add?

No Click! Whirrrrr.

No Click, never mind!

Instant reprimand.

My being dusted does not mean I won't work. Turn the key! Turn the key! You'll see, you'll see that 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 out what this is that is so fascinating it makes, me neglect my shield. It is a small thing, closed by its own body design of tiny diamond shapes patterned light and dark. The eyes were what glazed, round and bright.

Commander is scolding me. He is right, I was foolish. These rites 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 to sterilization once back at the ship, I don't mind. It only stings a little. They are watching me, I wave and jingle. 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-
stable, dangerous to explore, earlier expeditions were disappointing. Pond were buildings, but no life. Only tepid, soot-covered forest, crumbling jumbles, and everywhere, patches of carbon dust. Even the wind was dead.

Whatever happened here appears to have been instantaneous. Planetwise, disintegrated? We may never know.

Here, inside, is silence and the strange ever-present dust. (Unlike our world, so clean.) Nearby, in the dim starlight of cubicles that glistened as in our lights. Above, hanging: Di Bruno/Fine Toys/Displays. Quiet. This is the third team, we do not understand the language.

"They come to aim and stop. They are empty, you are the last 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's until the Strangers case..."

...The Strangers. 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 checked 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 animals would emerge unchanged.

I suppose I drowned.

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, someone has to turn the key and 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 unmovable, they must 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..."

"It's 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 separate field and transport the that way.

"So! 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'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 look into place, my eyes go dark, I am still..."

"Alone in the shop, I try hard to tink..."

After sunrise 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; pleasant déspondently, 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 for 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.
I traversed the path from Dosing to Distribution in a nervous anticipation. There was an air of expectancy, a sense of impending action, as we prepared for the inspection visit. The inspection itself was a ritualistic event, with each department providing a glimpse into their operations. From the raw materials handling to the final product packaging, every环节 was meticulously observed.

The inspection revealed a high level of compliance with safety and quality standards. However, some areas were found to be lacking in organization and efficiency. The supervisors were quick to acknowledge these issues and commit to implementing improvements.

I left the plant with a renewed sense of optimism. The dedication and hard work of the employees were evident, and I was confident that the plant would continue to thrive under the new management.
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, Willis was not overly impressed. He wiped the sweat from his brow, not considering the situation. Not only was the Star Romea not built but the whole spaceport, called simply the Spaceport Station, was also. The Spaceport Station was built on the closest planet to the solar system, Titan, and was far from the nearest large town that exists on the planet. No more than a few hours of travel were required to reach the spaceport, but the Titanian people were not used to such a luxury. Willis and his family had to travel a few hours by bus to reach the spaceport.

That first day Willis spent cleaning up the restaurant, assisted by two natives who had worked for his uncle, and planned to open for business the next day. The work was quick, and the Star Romea's owners accomodated the restaurant's opening.

Willis spent the evening drinking the last of the supplies he had brought with him. From the library of the Star Romea, he learned about the two natives who had assisted him. He explained why the Spaceport Station was surrounded by a high concrete wall rather than cheaper metal or plastic mesh fencing. Out in the open, a wall of fence could pose a collective mind of rudeness to the local residents. These creatures could assimilate materials in a variety of ways, on dry surfaces. Thus, the creatures, except for occasional raids when a group of them were out of sight, were kept out of the way.

The next morning, Willis discovered that his restaurant only needed to find the doors missing and small utensils brought out from Earth. Willis thought they could fix the place up to normal business from the spaceport.

The Feel of CW II from pg 26

path. In two weeks, reached Owenton and turned the rebels over to the police. The police were given food, rooms, and medical attention.

Dr. Redglove was enthusiastic about cooperating with the reporters. He felt he had a chance to make the nation to the Civil War II story.

At last, the Anti-transportationists' campaign ended. Almost of course, the story does not end there. Years later, Dr. Redglove, true to his promise, hunted down to Owenton, where he had finally divorced and left the world. The Anti-transportationists were lauded for having shown that the public the dangers were necessary in traveling over great distances. They were praised for their success in keeping the world a better place in the fields of health, education, recreation, transportation, business, consumption, and for warning of the adverse effects of 'excessive transportation' upon those facets of American life.
Hi Dave,

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

Thanks for No. 11. I much appreciated but didn't mean you should have sent it all at once, 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 buying the prices up. Need to collect and read when I was a lot younger. But in those days comic collecting was no big thing and one could find comics now fetching only a few dollars around in the local used bookstores for a few pennies one could own collection, save the way many young people must have gone in those days when my parents gave me get rid of it and they'd like to see no get rid of my small book collection.

The cosmic art in the issue that I did enjoy was 'Let Us Pray' which nicely captures the narrow minded attitude of those fans who only the individual artists being to life is different)
In fact the art for sale is not so much much as each page. I would like to buy the whole original.

Hilarious and enjoyable are the best words to give to the work of a certain fanzine from England. I also liked Rick Holm's illus. No pages have more pictures than this. I'm sorry some of these pages were not included in the original publication of the fanzine. But I've found the best way to get around that (and I'm sure you have too) is that when you don't do it as the Romans do.

We would like to look for a fanzine that is both as well as a fanzine that is.

David, Thanks for sending me your copy. It was very much appreciated. I get the Giger fan, Mark Hall/99291 Plus Wood Rd/Fern Creek, Ky 40229.

HARD TO SAY WHAT I WANT TO WRITE IN THE AREA OF ARTICLES ON MAGAZINES WITH MANY INQUIRIES ON THE ARTISTS, ALL YOU ARE LOOKING FOR IS SOMETHING FOR BEGINNERS BUT THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IS TO SIMULATE A PERSON TO 'FURTHER READING ON THE SUBJECT - BOOK REVIEWS, DO YOUR OWN READING.' I HAVE NO RESERVATIONS ABOUT CUTTING YOUR LETTER DOWN TO FIT MY FORMAT (RIGHT JIM?) THANKS FOR THE COMMENTS ON THE STAR CRUSADER POLIO LOT OF MIXED REVIEWS ON THAT. I STILL SAY JIM DIXON DESCRIBES ANOTHER. I'M NOT ENTIRELY SURE WHERE HE'S AT.

The better part of the comments revolved around the fact that the art was gorgeous. I hope everyone enjoyed the Star Gazer cover, and the art is much cooler if you see the point of view. I'll have to do that. Hopefully the new index will be ready soon.

The people to the original fan art that is for sale is but not been described. The art has been going on for some time and selling quite well has been going on for some time and selling quite well, but no one seems to know for sure. I've seen some of the art and am thinking of buying the original. If the original is available I am writing this article that I will try to sell the original. I think the art is really cool.
IT'S TOO LATE FOR JIM STARLIN, DAVE COCKRUM, JOHN BYRNE, AND TERRY AUSTIN.

But not for Rich Howell, Timothy Fuller, Tom Fisher, Gary Kwapisz, Rich Bruning, Alan Hanley, Hanther, Willie Bitberg, Dennis Fujitake, and Bob Vojtko!

A few years ago, Starlin and company were the top artists in fandom. Maybe if they had known what we were planning, they would have waited a little longer to turn pro.

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As you know, the Cat-bear are a race of civilized, artistic felines who, although dissimilar to their human counterparts, developed a society that thrived on the principles of peace and cooperation. In order to maintain their existence, a "protective force" was established to ensure the safety of their homeworld.

The most famous of these is the Moon Hunters, a band of anti-establishment heroes who patrolled the Cat-bear galaxy. Their first mission was to stop the encroaching warlord Pirate Baba-leeleh, a great hulking man-monster whose acts of sadism outstripped those of the Gestapo and KGB of old Earth.

In the final battle, the moon hunter lured Leeleh to a dying star, as the battle raged, all fire power aboard the "snowflower" 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."
WE'VE BEEN IN THE CLUB 25 YEARS NOW! OUR GRANDDAUGHTER MARRIED THE PRESIDENT'S SON... SUCH A GIFTED CHILD... HAS A DOCTORATE IN VETERINARY FRUITION,... "DON'T MESS WITH A FRUIT!!"

WE ARE PREPARING FOR ITS DESCENT TORANCHICALISTO! THE POSH HEALTH SPA FOR THE ELDERLY ON JUPITER'S MURKY MOON!

YOUR ATTENTION PLEASE! BE SEATED AND SECURE BELTS - WE ARE PREPARING FOR TOUCHDOWN!

OH NO! IT'S THOSE "SQUARES" AGAIN QUACKENBUSH! THOSE PEOPLE STAYED HOME ARE A NOISANCE THIS TIME.

DOME PANELS OPENING IN 16 SECONDS CLEAR THE AREA...

LOOK MRS. QUACKENBUSH! THAT YOUNG PORTER YOU'RE SO FOND OF!

OUR LITTLE FRIEND HERE IS OUR ANSWER I'VE FOUND A PAIR OF 'EM ON THE POLAR CAPS OF TITAN!

MEAN-LOOKING LITTLE DEVIL! THEY MULTIPLY LIKE CRAZY, I'VE GOT HUNDREDS IN THE BATHROOM!

"SEE, THEY'RE VERY FOND OF HUMAN FLESH! NOT POISONOUS, BUT IRRITATING AND GUESS WHAT?"

HOOOOO... MR. BLACK WELL!

ON LORD! WHY ME, TOM? WHY ME?

HELLO, MRS. QUACK... AMPH!

TOM, I CAN'T TAKE ANY MORE OF THIS! MY NERVES ARE SHOT! RELAX - I'LL TELL YOU MY PLAN TONITE.

WE'RE GOING TO UNLEASH THEM AT THE POLKA PARTY TONITE!

THAT NITE!

NOW YOU REMEMBER ALL THE RULES- NO PUSHING THE OTHER COUPLES OR TRIPPING THEM UP! ALL READY?

IT'S POLKA TIME!!
ROLL OUT THE BARREL!
WE'LL HAVE A BARREL OF FUN!
ASCENT ENGINES AT CRITICAL MASS. FINAL SYSTEMS CHECK...

IN THE HOLD...
JOE, LOOK!
WHAT'S WRONG?
JUST AN ITCH, I GUESS.

BOY - I WISH I COULD BE THERE TO SEE WHEN THEY START BITING!
YEAH! (OUCH!)

THEM MUST HAVE DECIDED TO MOVE THE DANCE OVER HERE. SORT OF A FAREWELL GESTURE, I GUESS.

SSSTOP THE SHIIIIIF!
AIIIEEE!
CLEAR THE AREA FOLKS PLEASE!

OH! NOW I KNOW WHY I'M ITCHING SO MUCH! IT'S...

WHAT'S ALL THE NOISE OUT THERE?

PARTY'S OVER FOLKS! PLEASE MOVE BACK TO THE OBSERVATION BAY AT ONCE!

OHHH MRS. QUACKENBUSH, WHAT A WAY TO SPEND OUR VACATION! OH IT'S NOT ALL BAD - WE HAVE OUR FRIENDS LIKE...

YOU HOO! OH MR. BLACK - WELL! YOU OOOOOO...

OH GOD! MONTHS IN THIS PLACE WITH MRS. Q! OHHHH...

SAY JOE - I THOUGHT THAT WAS A POLKA PARTY - IT DIDN'T LOOK LIKE ANY POLKA THEY WERE DOING...

OH, YOU KNOW... THE OLD FOLKS LIKE TO TRY OUT NEW STEPS ONCE IN A WHILE - BREAKS THE MONOTONY!
I guess you're talking to me? Hi? Be right with you...

Oh, good. What's that you're writin'? Are you preparing for my stayment?

Tell me, why are you talking about?

Say, listen, fellow. I have been stranded on this incredibly boring planet over two months and I'd like to get off it. So I can at least shave my legs, not mention brush my teeth and...

Sure, the rescue ship is on its way to our planet...

Well, well you could forget the plants and use me as your science project...

Hey, Mister!! Yer flies unzipped!!!

Hey there! Am I glad to see you...

The captive wild woman of the planetessa you could take me to your class and I could jump around and snarl and snap and jump out the window and escape!

You? As what? You don't look anything like a Gigilous Fern...
LISTEN, UM... THAT'S A REAL CUTE IDEA, AND... YOU DO HAVE A NICE FIGURE, BUT...

THANK YOU...

OH WELL, THAT'S OK. BUT, Um? WHAT WAS I TALKING ABOUT?

OH, RIGHT! POPULAR, WILD WOMEN ARE SIX OR SEVEN FEET TALL, WITH A BUSTLINE OF FORTY TWO AND AN IQ TO MATCH. THEY WOULD NEVER BELIEVE IT, BECAUSE YOU'RE MUCH TOO INTELLIGENT...

AND...

OOF! WHOA! LOOK OUT!

OH! DON'T...

SIS... OH, SIS...

YOU KNOW... I'D PROBABLY BE DEAD NOW, IF SIO HADN'T PULLED ME OUT OF THE WRECKAGE... WHEN I FIRST CRASH LANDED HERE...

I'M SORRY... IT WOULD HAVE KILLED US BOTH... THOSE CREATURES HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO BE JEALOUS LIKE THAT...

OH, LISTEN... LET'S FORGET THE WHOLE THING... NOW I'LL WAIT FOR THAT RELIC SHIP AFTER ALL, IF IT'S THE SAME TO YOU...

NOW, SENSE... I'LL BET MY BIOLOGY TEACHER HAS NEVER MET AN INTELLIGENT CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN OF THE PONDEROSA BEFORE...

EH, MY NAME IS STEVE...

MY NAME IS NEZ, AND COULD YOU STAY FOR A BIT? I GET STAGE FRIGHT...

OH...