

altoeego⁵



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ALTA-EGO-A small note of appreciation goes to Mike Glicksohn, editor of ENERGUMEN, who suggested this name. Thank you, Mike. This is the fifth issue put out by the members of the Alberta Science Fiction Society.

Sept.-Oct.

50¢

STAFF

Editor-Randy Thomas

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Publications-John Mansfield

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ART CREDIT

Bill Gemmill - Front Cover, 1,4,5,8,9,11,12

PREMONITIONS

Thanks to my Grandmother, for sending me a typewriter, this fanzine will consequently appear larger not only in type size, but also in thickness. The front cover will be by a member of the club (other than B.G.). I think it is very good, but am not sure how his shading will turn out. There will also be another ASS & Them episode, as well as another ENCOUNTER and FIGMENT OF A PIGMENT. Also, there will also be the regular puzzle and reviews.

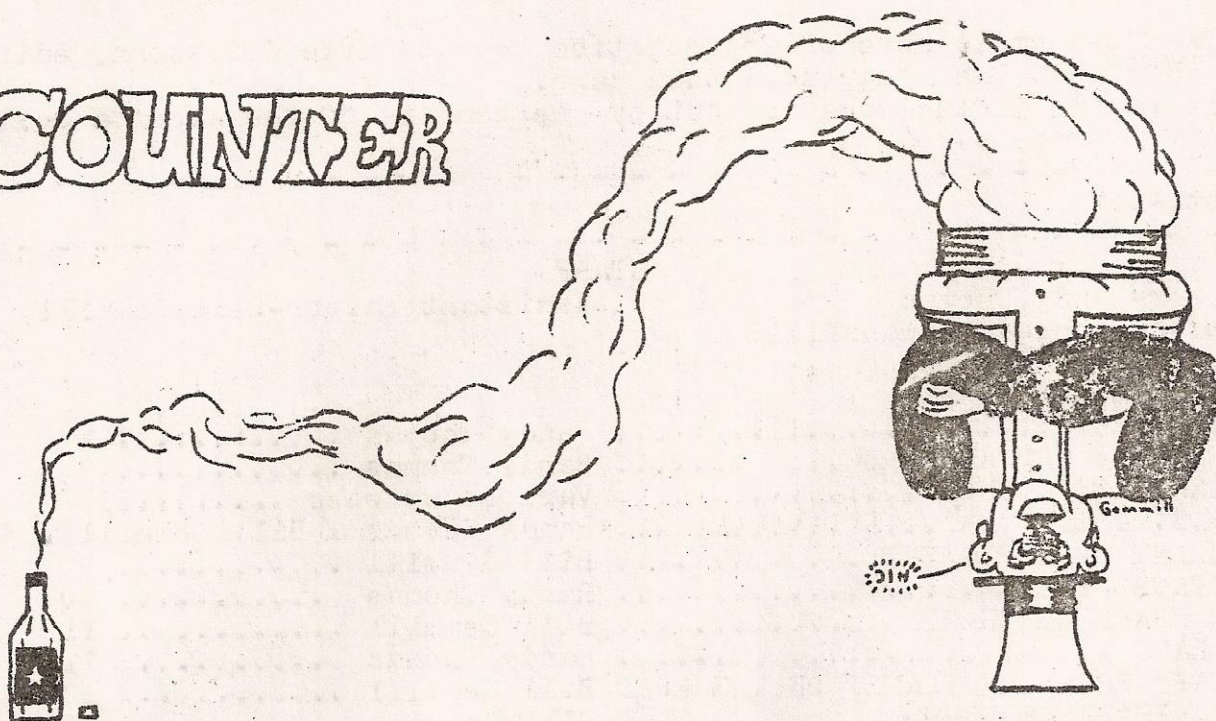
As you can probably see from the TOC, this fanzine is giving a very limited view of the wide range of talent that is hidden within the confines of the club. Please, I beg of thee, that you contribute any artwork or written materials. After all, you do receive a free issue of the fanzine. I'm interested in meeting reports, conreports, book reviews, artwork, wargame reports, and anything else you might happen to dig up out of that cemetery of a head that you have.

So, please contribute, if not for the sake of only fame and glory, but also to rid your eyes of those frequently appearing names (R.T. & B.G.), after all, you don't see a prozine with the editor's story appearing in it, do you? You do?

One last thing. How many of you out there in fandom would think it not only worthwhile, but possible, that the 1975 World Science Fiction Convention be held right here in Calgary? For one, the convention centre should be completed by then, and 1975 is Calgary's centennial year. Think it over, then send a note to (and all other contributions):

4911-43 st. S.W.
Calgary 8, Alberta
CANADA.

ENCOUNTER



This issue, there will be the beginning of a series of events during my so-far short lifetime. This first installment will tell the enchanting tale of my first convention, during July 1st, 1971.

I began to feel the caterpillars crawling around in my stomach, and then quickly metamorphose into moths and butterflies. I got so over-excited about my first con, that I failed to notice the swiftly approaching parked car. Slightly dazed after piling into the rear of the parked car, I mechanically picked myself up, reassembled my bike, and rode off as if nothing had happened. Behind me, the owner of the badly bruised car was cursing violently after me.

Peddling ever-so quickly, I arrived home from Bill's house. We had finished discussing how we would sit at the back of the auction room and raise bids, unbeknownst to anyone. We also rapped about other trivia, such as how we would monopolize the huckster room, and how we would personally meet the professional and fan Guests of Honor. (The one we actually accomplished was the last one.)

Anyway, I planned to get a good sleep that night, and, unfortunately, those damn butterflies kept hitting the walls of my stomach, which kept me awake half the night. I finally konked out at about 2:30, which gave me only 4 hours sleep.

I awoke to the shrill sound of the alarm clock, which, by the way, I seem to always awaken 5 minutes before it goes off. Then I get half-scared to death when it does. My mind still groggy, I ineptly put my pants on backwards and didn't realize my blunder until I finished tying my shoelaces together, and, trying to dash up the stairs, bashed my bulbous head on the wall.

Now fully awake, and angry at anyone and anything, I trudged upstairs to eat a bowl of soggy corn flakes. Still muttering under my breath, I gathered all my stuff that I hoped to pawn off on some innocent fan, and went out the door, making solemn vows to my mother to phone her when I was ready to come home. As I closed the door of the hot, stuffy house, the fresh, cold wind whipped harshly about my face, giving me a feeling much like buttermilk would taste to a wino after drinking a fifth of whisky.

I reached Bill's at 8:00, and we got a ride to the hotel, arriving there ahead of time, to help with the setting up. It took only a couple of minutes to locate the rooms and, as I entered through the doorway, I was met by the familiar "GREETINGS" of John Mansfield. Immediately, we were put to slavery, moving this, carrying that, and helping set up John's table. (We /Bill and I/ also had the task of con-cov.)

Nothing much happened during the first hour of the con; a few people came, and then John approached me and began talking.

"What's-his name might not get here, and I've been trying to reach him by phone, but no luck. So we might get you on a panel yet."

"A p-panel?" I quavered, my heart beating at sixty cycles-per-second. "Why me?"

"Well, you are the editor of the fanzine, and besides, I think it would be a new experience for you. Why? Don't you want to?"

"Sure I do," I lied. Many of my friends know that I have a slight fear of talking in front of crowds, no matter what the topic is. "What do I do?"

"Just give a small talk...oh...fifteen minutes, and then answer questions."

"Oh."

From that time to the start of the panel, I counted down the remaining minutes of my old life. One hour to go.... One half-hour to go.... When the countdown reached ten minutes, I was to discuss, with the two other panelists, what we were to talk about.

Then, it was time. At first, no-one came into the room, and my hopes arose. But then, as if by prearranged twist of fate, the room was filled to capacity.

"Oh nooooooooo!" I shuddered.

Still thoroughly confused, I sat there, dumbfounded, as if it were all a horrible dream. Then, the moderator, curse him, said that we should hear from the youngest member of the panel, yours truly. As I strode to the mike, all the blood in my body rushed to my throbbing head. At a sudden loss for words, I aimlessly groped for anything having to do with science-fiction. As John had asked, I gave a short talk (I believe 2 minutes is short enough) on absolutely nothing that the audience had already known.

John, fully expecting some 15 minute intelligent oratorial, put his face in his trembling hands and, as far as I could tell, laughed so hard that tears came pouring down his face. I'll wager that that was the longest hour in recorded history.

After the panel was over, to my relief, John came up to me and forced himself to say that I did a good job, as well as could be expected, and I thanked him for saying so. Every time I saw a friend or a club member that I was on a first name basis with, I asked that person if he/she could tell if I was nervous. The reply was always 100% YES, even from the people who didn't see the panel. Verily I say to you, that you have never experienced the sensation classified as nervousness until you have been on a panel with-out a prepared talk.

For lunch, I bought a bag of potato chips and a chocolate bar, and then headed back to the huckster room to open up the table. It was then that I decided to buy a few copies of a zine called ENERGUMEN, since I thought I should come back with something.

Throughout the afternoon, Bill and I alternated con coverage, with me covering the science speech (YAWN). Some parts were quite amusing (such as), if not interesting. Bill, lucky him, covered the media panel, which sounded rather interesting, as I only overheard it.

To most people, the height of the con was a 20-minute black-and-white STAR TREK blooper film, which was shown twice. Even I enjoyed it, and I still tell parts of it to a few unfortunates who did not see the film. Following the film, an art auction was given, and I proudly acquired a CONAN-Frazetta print for \$3.50 (only after breaking a few limbs of people who bid higher than myself). Bill went up to an outrageous price for BLEECH! (Todd-Bode), but a radio personality bid 25¢ more than he would go.

Then came the auction, and the same poster that Bill wanted was up for grabs again. The bid went as follows:

"Here's a Todd-Bode poster called BLEECH! It sold for \$6.50 at the art auction, so here's your chance to buy it at a lower price. I'll start the bid at \$2.00."

Just as Bill had raised his hand to bid \$2.50, the poster had already been sold at \$8.00.

"Awww #%%!" Bill whispered.

"Maybe next time, eh, Bill?" I tried to comfort.

"Sure. Next time it'll be \$10.00. #%%!"

Then came the GoH's speech, and, although the speech was interesting, I found it extremely hard to sit at the front row, especially when Mr. Van Vogt kept gazing at me. I might as well have stood upon my chair and shouted a vile curse at him, for all it matters, since most of the audience kept staring at me, as if I really did curse.

For supper, Bill and I went around the streets looking for an open restaurant, but since it was a holiday, we settled for another bag of chips and a chocolate bar. Upon returning to the hotel, John asked us to eat dinner with the GoHs plus six other fans and himself.

I ordered a steak sandwich and discovered that, because of the bar and chips, I could only manage to down the salad and steak, which was superb. I failed to consume the succulent garlic bread and luscious (luscious?) potato. When Mr. Ackerman said that I was "A writer in the embryonic stage", I continued to eat. Then Bill poked me in the ribs and told me to say something. I only grunted and everyone laughed. (I have, since then, been often as not referred to as a writer's embryo.)

I returned home at about midnight, with a poster, 2 books, and an enriched mind. Then I solemnly swore that next time I attended a con, I would come prepared for anything, especially a speech.

Randy Thomas

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Last issue, we ran a criss-cross puzzle. The secret decoded message is:

"Let's hear it for Toronto in Seventy Three"

This issue, we are running an ANALOG QUIZ. You have a month to complete the quiz, so good luck to you. You may proceed.

1. WHO WROTE...

- a. "Symbols" in Sept. 1966 _____
- b. "Psi for Sale" in Sept. 1965 _____
- c. "Fiesta Brava" in Sept. 1967 _____
- d. "Parasike" in Sept. 1968 _____
- e. "Starman" in Sept. 1969 _____
- f. "Quiet Village" in Apr. 1970 _____
- g. "Satan's World" in May 1968 _____
- h. "Aim For The Heel" in July 1967 _____
- i. "Code Three" in Feb. 1963 _____
- j. "The Baalim Problem" in Aug. 1968 _____

THE COVER STORY FOR..... IS...

- | | | |
|------------------|------------------|-----------------|
| k. January 1966 | l. March 1968 | m. April 1967 |
| n. February 1968 | o. December 1968 | p. October 1969 |
| q. July 1970 | r. May 1965 | s. October 1966 |
| t. January 1972 | | |

Calgary in '75??

ALTA-INTELLIGENCE

Hugo Winners: The following are the winners of the coveted Hugo Award, given from fans to professionals. The Hugos were awarded at the recent World SF Convention in Boston.

NOVEL: "Ringworld" by Larry Niven

NOVELLA: "Ill met in Iankmar" by Fritz Leiber

SHORT STORY: "Slow Sculpture" by Theodore Sturgeon

DRAMATIC PRESENTATION: No Award

PROFESSIONAL ARTIST: Leo and Diane Dillon

PROFESSIONAL MAGAZINE: Fantasy and Science Fiction

FANZINE: 1 Locus 2 SF Review 3 Energumen

FAN WRITER: Richard Geis

FAN ARTIST: 1 Alicia Austin 2 Tim Kirk 3 Bill Rotsler

Congratulations to all the winners.

TORONTO IN '73: There were three bids for the location site for the 1973 World SF Convention site, which were Minneapolis, Dallas, and Toronto. Early in the bid, Minneapolis dropped out of the race in favor of Toronto, and with a week to go, Dallas conceded the win to Toronto.

Professional GoH will be Robert Bloch, and Fan GoH will be well-known fan artist Bill Rotsler. Until December 1, 1972, the rates will be \$3.00-supporting and \$5.00-attending. The Hotel will be the Royal York, Toronto's finest.

U. of C. Film Festival: Starting September 3, and from each wednesday thereafter, the University of Calgary will feature a full-length movie of some sort. The following is a schedule:

Alta - Intelligence
INFORMATION
DIVISION
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Sept. 15-	King Kong (1932)
Sept. 22-	The Russians Are Coming (1965)
Sept. 29-	The Wrong Box (1964)
Octo. 6 -	Bye-Bye Braverman (1968)
Octo. 13-	The Knack (1965)
Octo. 20-	Hombre (1967)
Octo. 27-	The Fearless Vampire Killers (1968)
Novo. 3-	Hard Day's Night (1964)
Novo. 10-	Psycho (1960)
Novo. 17-	Night At The Opera & Day At The Circus (1935) (1936)

Novo. 27- The Time Machine (1961)

Dece. 1- Bonnie And Clyde (1967)

Dece. 8- Modesty Blaise (1966)

NOTE: Each film is to be accompanied by an episode (13 in all) from "Flash Gordon's Trip To Mars", 1938, starring Larry "Buster" Crabbe, Carol Hughes, and Charles Middleton.

SHOWTIME: 8:00 p.m. in the science theatre, 148, social studies tower.

PARKING: Lot 21

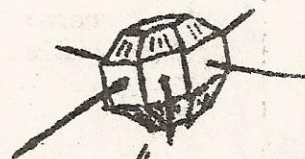
FEES: Adults \$1.00 Students \$0.50

PROZINES: -The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction will increase their cover and subscription prices as of November issue. Sub rates will be \$8.50/1 year, \$15.00/2 years, and \$21.00/3 years. The cover price will become 75¢.
-Who will edit ANALOG? Several names, including Harry Harrison, Poul Anderson, Frederik Pohl, and Lester del Rey, have been suggested, with Harry Harrison being the likely candidate.

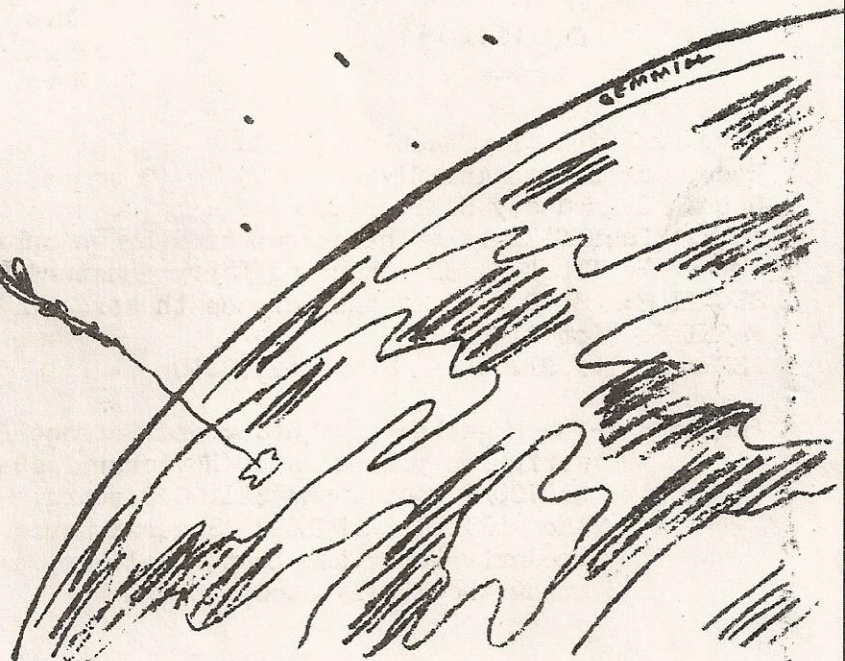
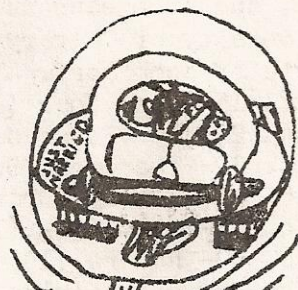
THE DAY THE SUN



OUT OF
ORDER



UFO AT
12:00 HIGH



WENT ON THE BLINK

WRITERS: Randy Thomas and Bill Gommill (necessarily in that order)

"THE DAY THE SUN WENT ON THE BLINK"

As we open our six-inch tall tale, which has recently grown to half a foot, a demented plot peeps out at us. We find the members of A.S.S. sitting around, doing their usual nothing.

John Mansroom is busily writing letters of apology to cities that have held his orgy-nized conventions, and Bill Rampage is busy molding miniature figurines of a perverted nature out of his decayed earwax. Over in a dark corner, Brian Smval is tediously picking lice out of his newly grown weathered beard, and Mr. Moron is carressing his moustache while at the same time trying to focus his eyes, which have recently developed a tendency to cross. Hidden under a glass table is Brian Fagee, who is the ~~un~~trustworthy treasurer for A.S.S., now learning how to write bum cheques and receipts, and is also practising forging his name. Next, we come to Brandy Thomas and Swill Gemmill, whom are not in the room, but are instead writing grotesque graffitti on the blackboard in the laboratory across the hall from the meeting room. Second last, we come to Brian Sewer, the club secretary, who got his hand amputated so he could write the meeting's minutes in short-hand. Finally, Bob Soleen is busy perfecting and getting the bugs out of (with pesticide) his newly designed space drive, called the "Sprouts Effect". Little does he realize, or does he, that within a few short paragraphs, the group will need his digenius drive.

As we leave our colorful club members doing nothing, would you please tilt your bulbous heads skyward (but continue to read the story) to see a strange and most fearful sight to behold. Within that short second, the sun has suddenly developed a tendency to blink off and on, or, to those ridiculous thinking people: on and off. To make it even more interesting, Sol blinks to the rhythm of "When You Close Your Eyes, Does The Sun Go Out?" by the Three Blind Lice. In a flash, news was all over the Earth concerning the sun's sudden flair for music. A few Rock-hating geologists decided to fix it, but couldn't figure out how to do so. Everyone was outside taking a gander at the solar phenomenon, and even a few teenage-fans were out on the streets dancing to the silent beat, since they have good imagination (and they also thought it was by a new sf group called the CLIQUE). Oh! Did we say everyone? Well, everyone, that is, except the fully engrossed members of A.S.S.

After scrupulously mugging Brian Fagee, the group ordered him to let some light on their problems, and so, being intelligent and all, Brian opened the curtains, and as he was doing so, accidentally stubbed his pinky on a light switch. It was then that our band of bunglers noticed the psychedelic light flashing that almost gave Bob a migraine toothache. John then recognized the tune and thus covered his eyes and tried to run into the laboratory to let loose some mounting tensions in his stomach. As he rushed towards the laboratory, the door swung open, as if planned that way, and he unseeingly rammed his pudgy face into it, rendering him unconscious, and, since he was a fan, his thick-mindedness caused a dent in the steel door.

Meanwhile, back at the meeting room, Brian took John's absence to the best of his advantage and he tried to divvy up the 50¢ in the club treasury. Out of the 24 members that were there, they each received 1¢, while brian raked in a total profit of 26¢.

After flushing cold water on John's head, he graciously thanked Brandy and Swill and then went back to the meeting room. As he fiddled with the door knob, Brian's 24 partners tossed back their dividends and then pretended to act busy. Brian, however, was too busy counting every blue cent to hear John slam the door and stomp up behind him. John picked him up by the scruff of the neck and slapped him up a bit. Then he asked for a 50-50 partnership.

Now down to the hercing of this sadistic story.

John, out of desperation of not wanting to see that awful noise from Sol, said that the group should fly to the sun and fix it so that it wouldn't blink any more. Everyone thought that this was a noble idea, and then volunteered each other to go on the perilous mission. After the general hysteria had died down, John told someone to go get a coffin, so Fagee began coughing his lungs out. John then told Brian to pick up his lungs and put them back in, and that he meant that he didn't want any decaying hysteria lying on the floor; after all, it would be bad for their public image, which was as bad as it could be already. After the flurry of sick jokes, they decided that they should depart as soon as possible, as they could not stand much more of it. All of them agreed, which was a rarity, and plans were made immediately after dinner.

We shan't bother with the rumble that followed, but we will give a short overview of the scheme, or perhaps a long underview.

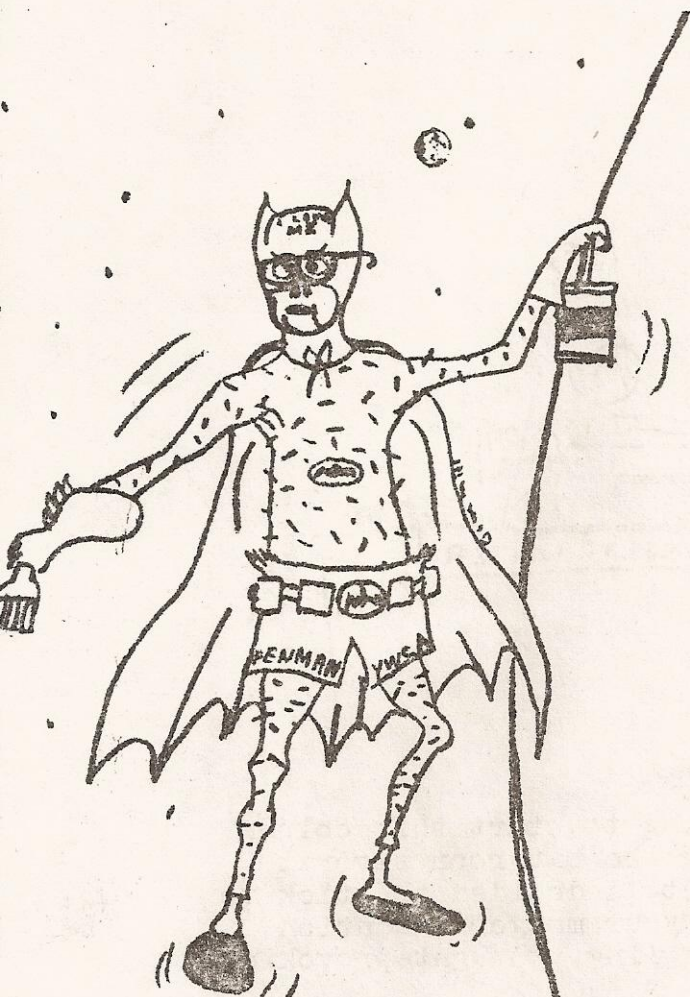
First of all, Brian suggested that they go at night, but the rest of the members picked their probisci at such a revolting suggestion. Then Bomb Schell pointed out that by the time they arrived there, it would be morning again, so he suggested that they leave early in the morning to arrive there at dusk. To this they all applauded, and soon decided which car to take, since a chartered plane would cost too much. With the help of an overhead projector and some of Mr. Moron's 3-D coloring crayons, Bob Spleen made a suitable vehicle out of one of Fagee's HotWheels VWs. To assure them of a safe flight, and a smooth journey, the car would be encased in a hollow sphere of symbiotic-semi-psychotic-lumpy-wind-resistant-pressurized-ultra-chewy bubble gum. Finally, the people who are going are as follows: Brian Fagee (for his ability to find holes), Brian Sewer (for scientific purposes??), Brian Smval (for no reason in particular), Bob Spleen (because only he knows how to install the soon to be famous "Sprouts Effect"), John Mansroom (he's the leader), Brandy Thomas and Swill Gemmill (for on the spot coverage on the spot), Mr. Moron (for Morel support), Bomb Schell (For his immaculate driving experience), and finally, Bill Rampage (for his endless stream of knock-knock jokes). All travellers had a restless sleep and arrived at the take-off site at 0800 hours (that's army talk for 8:00 a.m.). The take-off strip was formerly a 24-foot Hot Wheels track with a super-charger at one end and a jump at the other; all donated thanks to that heart of gooeey gold of Brian Fagee. But now, with the help of Moron's magical markers, they had it altered and enlarged to scale the car-ship, named the ASS Gluteus Maximux (GM).

At 0959 hours, the GM took off, and they had to wait 5 minutes for the fuel to wear off before they could retrieve it. After another 5 minutes spent on arguing as to who was to sit where, it was decided that 3 of them (Schell driving, Fagee on the stickshift, and John as co-pilot and navigator) would sit in the front and the rest would be crammed in the back.

The Sprouts Effect works on the same principal that seeds grow, as usual. All the engine consisted of was a water sprinkler and a few bamboo seeds crossed with bean seeds, and scientifically coated with a mixture of milk and egg warsh and 11 different herbs and spices. With a resounding squirt (SQUIRT), the sprinkler went into action, moistening the seeds once every 5 minutes for a 15 second period. The seeds began to grow, forcing them out the exhaust pipe with enough force to propel it through space.

The group was armed to the teeth with tooth brushes and rapid firing bean guns, and Cap'n Crunch ring rocket-launchers. The trunk was filled with 500 gallons of sun-yellow non-luminous flourescent paint.

As they soared towards Sol at the blinding speed of Molassius Inf februarius, they noticed that they were going too fast for Bill Rampage, or so it seemed as they peered into the overflowing ashtray. Bomb slammed on the brakes and it was then that he noticed that they hadn't installed any. In a few seconds, readers, our heros would actually collide with the sun.



By some twist of fate, John managed to burp, and veered the ship (?) past the sun and into a direct collision course with Hydra. His throat drier than a hollow pumpkin, John snuck into the engine and drank all the remaining water. With all the water gone, the seeds stopped growing, but Bomb managed to turn the GM around, and made it back to the sun.

After accepting the group's apologies, John donned his 1920 Batman outfit with the speed and agility of a one-toed sloth, and then went out and started to paint the sun. To his abnormal amazement, the paint only bubbled and dissolved. Lucky for John that he had on his Bat-thermal underwear or he would have been just a useless blob of fandom, which would have not made any difference whatsoever. Then, by some freak accident, John got a quite bizarre idea.

He Batpaced back to the car and Batasked Bob Spleen to think real hard about new inventions. Bob reluctantly obliged and was soon popping out bright ideas faster than you could say "Holy Brilliance!". John then got the other members to collect the ideas and help carry them to the sun, which was now blinking furiously. John searched frantically for the entrance to the sun, and he soon found it, Batopened it, and then motioned the other members to follow him inside.

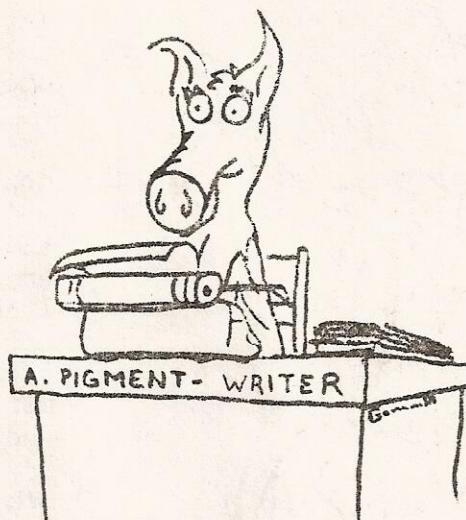
Now inside, the members of A.S.S. followed John aimlessly about for what seemed like an hour, and after an hour, they found a tourist information bureau where they found the proprietor groined and gagged. Once revived, the members discovered that it was Them, evil SF haters, who had sabotaged the sun. With the help of the sun-son, the group quickly reached the center of the sun. With their ear snare-drums almost bursting from the pressure, they deposited the little light bulbs, known as bright ideas, into the ten-foot cubicle. And once the sun was

functioning normally, a magician appeared as if by magic, and told them that they could have as many wishes as they wanted, as long as they were a member of A.S.S. Taking advantage of this, Swill Gemmill asked for a subscription to a well-known magazine, (and it ain't ENERGUMEN), but then John shut him up and made a wish that they would appear back on earth. To this they all agreed, and they were suddenly zapped back to Earth, but they failed to hear the magician say he was from Them.

Will our group discover their blunder, or will they continue to eat corn flakes for supper. Will Mr. Moron turn Mormon, Normal, or Norman? Will Brandy and Swill continue to write the truth, or will they get highstrung when they are visited by the political group known as the lunching party. Will Bob Spleen win the Nobel prize for plagiarism, or will he sell his Sprouts Effect to the Volks-Wagen company?

For the answers to these and many more irrelevane questions, why don't you continue to read this sleezy series in the fanzine known as ALTA-EGO.

figment of a pigment



by Bill Gemmill

Well, enough of Racquel Welch. I was going to start this column with "Hi there, SF fans!", but after visiting the bathroom several times after reading that very square statement, I decided to stick to the one I have already used, hoping to grasp your meager attention.

This is the first in a series of mind-boggling, thought-provoking garbage.

First, which of you fans out there know whether actor Charlton Heston is a science fiction fan or not? From being in the following movies: Planet of the Apes, Beneath the Planet of the Apes, and The Omega Man, (all of which are SF films, if you already didn't know--perish the thought) one might get the impression that Charlton is one of us, though this thought may seem revolting to him. Anyway, if anybody knows if Mr. Heston is a science fiction fan, or if he just looks the type for the part in the movie, and gets paid well for it, we at ALTA-EGO would be pleased to hear from you. Send your letters to the extinguished editor of this distinguished fanzine, and if you wish to have your pieces of literary art (letters) printed, do say so. If not, don't.

Moving right along (and don't you wish I would?), I'm going to talk about the club and this fanzine; both need your support. First of all, if there isn't a club, there isn't a fanzine (that's obvious, I hope). So all of you supposed fans who aren't coming to the meetings, get off your fat butts and start attending. You're missing a hell of a lot of fun. Also, the meetings are getting bigger and better; just come and talk if you don't come for anything else. It's very therapeutic.

Now let's rap about this zine. Without contributions, you'll be reading a lot of nothing. Our zine needs all it can get; pictures, sketches, letters, a column. If you wish, a short story, reviews, or one-liners. Almost anything you can contribute will be accepted. If you don't feel up to being a literary genius or a superb artist, help in formulating and/or collating the zine. Donations in the form of money will not be rejected, and those who contribute will receive a free zine.

Enough of that. I am going to be signing off in 57 more words, but remember, this zine can only continue with your support. So don't have other clubs call us pixy-_____ (due to certain factors beyond my control, I will not be able to put in the word to fill the blank; but use your imagination) and this zine a crudzine. Prove them wrong and be an active fan.

Signing off!

* * * * *

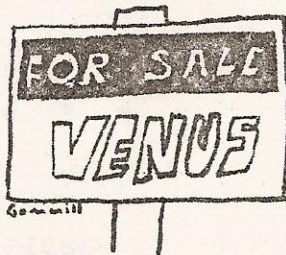
A SPACE FILLER

by Randy Thomas

Because of the unexpectedly short editorial column by the assistant editor, I have decided to list all the Starship names that I have found in my wide collection of ANALOGs. A few of them are actually names for planets and such, but about 86% of the names are actually found as starship names. This special feature can be put to many uses, like, uh, well, there's always...or of course there's....er, well, at least enjoy it?

- | | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Beula | 34. Emissary | 67. Goddard |
| 2. Star of the North | 35. Vega | 68. C. Huygens |
| 3. Princess of Argyle | 36. Whiskey Johnny | 69. Barbuta |
| 4. Excalibur | 37. Chicago | 70. Ethyl Purkheiser |
| 5. Durendal | 38. Golden Fury | 71. Stalwart |
| 6. Morglay | 39. Starbright | 72. Unheilig |
| 7. Enterprise | 40. Pisa | 73. Gottlos |
| 8. Nemesis | 41. Shark | 74. Glummers Jo |
| 9. Space-Scourge | 42. Orion | 75. Hyperica |
| 10. Starhopper | 43. Esclipus | 76. Varuna |
| 11. Victrix | 44. Schirra | 77. Kwembly |
| 12. Lamia | 45. Stellar Queen | 78. Kalliff |
| 13. Black Star | 46. Widsith | 79. Hoorsh |
| 14. Queen Flavia | 47. Jaccavrie | 80. Venny |
| 15. Corisande | 48. Coeur de Lion | 81. Televue |
| 16. Grendelsbane | 49. Nom de Guerre | 82. Bowling |
| 17. Sun-Goddess | 50. Golden Hind | 83. Esket |
| 18. Fortuna | 51. Pugnacious | 84. Adder |
| 19. Bolide | 52. Achernar | 85. Vengeance |
| 20. Champion | 53. Rigel | 86. Sword of Alkra |
| 21. Gaurdian | 54. Siruis | 87. Barnaby |
| 22. Paladin | 55. Muddlin' Through | 88. Saratoga |
| 23. Banshee | 56. Pika-Don | 89. Tpin |
| 24. Exporter | 57. Sarafand | 90. Arcturus |
| 25. Challenger | 58. Campesino | 91. Pleiades |
| 26. Conquistador | 59. Genji | 92. Jonas |
| 27. Harpy | 60. Missouri | 93. Voltan |
| 28. Curse of Cagn | 61. University Explorer | 94. Serenity |
| 29. Damnthng | 62. Prideful Sue | 95. Clinton |
| 30. Attris | 63. Reunion | 96. Cassini |
| 31. Torch | 64. Revelation | 97. Antares |
| 32. Titov | 65. Inverness Ark | 98. Galouye |
| 33. Mayflower | 66. Iapetus | 99. Valkartha |
| | | 100. Daletha |

THE SPACE MERCHANTS



THE SPACE MERCHANTS
BY FREDERIK POHL AND C.M. KORNBLUTH
by Bill Gemmill

The Space Merchants (Ballantine #01658, 158 pages, 75¢, copyright 1953), like all other Pohl/Kornbluth stories, is excellent, to say the least. The story exists in that period of time when big business is the government, and when advertising firms are the political parties. Everything is commercialized to its fullest extent, but this form of civilization is by no means

a utopia.

Mitchell Courtenay is the center of the story; a dedicated, wealthy, young man who becomes entangled in a fight for a planet. At first he is dedicated to his work and believes in his government and hates the Consies-- Consies being short for Conservationists; in the book they are generally thought of much the same as the Commies or Communists of today are thought of in North America-- Mitchell's attitude and ideas change later on. It seems that the Consies want a beautiful planet; they state that Nature's way of living is the best way.

Also at this point in time Venus has been visited by a manned space ship, opening it for colonization. Since the Moon had already been colonized it would not be too difficult to do the same on Venus.

This is where the trouble starts: both the government and the Consies want Venus. The Consies want a planet that is unspoiled, unwrecked, unexploited, unlooted, unpirated, and undevastated. If the government got Venus, that is what would happen to it.

Within a beautifully detailed framework of bitter satire is told the raging melodrama of power-conflict, and also anyone who's ever considered the power of advertising in present day life will read this brilliant future satire with absorbed enthusiasm.

WILLARD

A movie review by Randy Thomas

I don't consider WILLARD an SF movie, but more of a horror-suspense-thriller. The plot deals with a 24-year-old who raises thousands of pet rats, and when his boss pushes him to an intolerable limit by killing one of his favorite rats, Socrates, he uses his pets as the instrument for a sadistic murder. When Willard attempts to dispose of the evidence by drowning the rats, he discovers that Ben, the lead rat, was not killed, so he tries to kill the rat, all the attempts unsuccessful. In the end, he is trapped in the attic with all his rats gnawing at the door, trying to get in.

I, personally, enjoyed the film, partly because I'm a sadist, and partly because I happen to like that kind of movie. The only flaw that I could see was that when a man was being attacked by the vicious little rodents, they flew at him as if they were being tossed by a person standing on a ladder.



The last five minutes were very suspenseful, and I found myself on the edge of my seat, almost shouting at Willard.

I found the audience's reaction quite peculiar, in that they had mixed feelings for the rats. When Willard was at first about to drown the rats, a couple of girls behind me said "Oh, the poor things." Then when the rats were chewing merrily on Willard's boss's carcass, the reaction was "Hooray! He deserved it!", and when Willard was being chewed upon in the end, the reaction was either "Ugh!" or "Sharp!".

If you like suspense-thrillers, then by all means, do see this one.

ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES

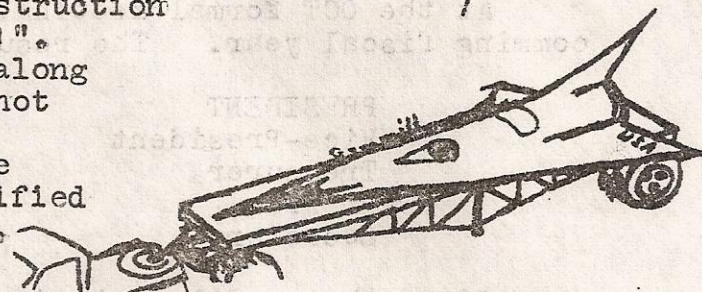
A movie review by Bill Gemmill.

The third in a series of four - or maybe more - was not quite the same as the first and second.

In the first place, it was only an hour and a half long, making it seem as though things were crammed in. Second, Escape was in some respects almost a comedy, with Cornelius and Zira making a series of one-liners. But in one major aspect it was similar. If you have seen the first two, you'll probably remember the endings. In Planet, you see Taylor pounding on the beach and cussing away, after he saw the semi-sand-enveloped Statue of Liberty. In Beneath, it was Taylor again, this time he was clutching his bullet-ridden chest with one hand and with the other, pushed down the destruction button saying "You bloody bastards!". With Escape, the ending, although along the same lines as the others, was not quite as dramatic.

From the three films have come certain sayings which can be identified with the picture: "It's a madhouse, a madhouse!", "The only good human is a dead human!", and "Does the

Escape from the Planet of the Apes.



male talk? - Only when she lets me."

I suggest that if you have a chance to see it, do so. It will be worth it.

THE WIZARD OF VENUS

by

Edgar R. Burroughs

(Ace Books, 60¢, copyright 1964)

by Bill Gemmill

In The Wizard Of Venus, action and adventure are the two words that sum up the plot.

The main character is Carson Napier, formerly a Terran, but due to circumstance, ended up on the cloud-enveloped planet of Venus, or Amtor, as it is known to the natives.

THE Wizard of VENUS



THE WIZARD OF VENUS (cont'd)

Carson Napier is similiar to Mr. Burroughs' other famous heroes; John Carter-Warlord of Mars, and Tarzan-Lord of the Jungle. Saying that they were the same would be a mistake, for things happen to Carson that don't quite happen to anyone else. Carson Napier would stumble improbably into an adventure of the wildest nature, where you or I would go through a normal day in quiet fashion. Things don't go as planned for Carson.

The main story deals with Carson and a friend who accidentally crash in an uncharted section of Venus, while flying an anator (the Venusian version of the plane). It seems that there is a wizard, who is no more than an amateur magician with semi-hypnotic stare. As the story unfolds you will find yourself unable to put the book down.

In all it is a superb story; a fine example of Edgar Rice Burroughs' adventurous imagination and excellent penmanship. Read it.

With The Wizard Of Venus there is also the short story "Pirate's Blood", which I shall review in the next issue.

OCT FORMAL MEETING AND OTHER THINGS

At the OCT formal meeting, we had the elections for the coming fiscal year. The results were:

PRESIDENT	Bob Keehn
Vice-President	Bob Scell
Treasurer	Brian Hval
Program	John Mansfield
Secretary	Jack Laycroft

After that a film episode of the TV show THE AVENGERS was shown. Attendance was 30 and I believe this speaks well of the club.

A decision was made as to the mailing out of notices. As of the Oct meeting, notices and this fanzine, will only be sent to paid members of the club. However the notices will also be sent out to all persons attending the meetings, up to two (2) months after the attendance at a meeting.

Program items in the future consist of Auctions (Nov), films of several types-Interviews, serials, etc., Talks and any other items that become available to the club. We are open to ideas. Please let us know what you want.

Plans for another Convention continue. Details such as Guest of Honor and time will be disolced soon and an announce-ment made. We hope to see you and your friends there.

