



SERCON IS A FANZINE TITLE SPELLED BACKWARDS....

"Sercon"--half serious, half constructive--is a compound word. Although science fiction fans have been using it for years, sometimes it seems that no two of us give it the same interpretation. Sometimes sercon seems synonymous with humorless or critical, for stuffy, stiff, stodgy fans.

But, hey baby! You're looking at NOCRES.

We intend to talk about science fiction and fandom in their many forms. Our world, fandom, is wide and various. When we find it entertainingly printed, photographed, drawn, filmed or broadcast, we'll pass it on to you in an issue of NOCRES.

We will cover fandom, mainly in con reports. We won't review fanzines or most books. We will list fanzine information (title, size, format, address and price). We won't print LoC's.

For publication, we are interested in essays, articles, cartoons, columns and photographs--not letters.

NOCRES is a peculiarity of a group of Mpls. fans (all members of the Minnesota Science Fiction Society), who enjoy speaking for themselves.

Why another fanzine?

Because we wish to publish one...to speak...to you.

Lynn Torline Chuck Holst Cat Ocel
Brian Bjorgen Bev Swanson Madman Riley

History of NOCRES

Keep Doing It Till You Do It Right

Media Child

-by MADMAN RILEY

THE ILLUSTRATED AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL
HISTORY OF THE NOCRES SCIENCE
FICTION SOCIAL CLUB

PART I: THE TWO CULTURES

-by C. P. HOLST

It has lately come to my hairy ears that there are fans who think that the Minnesota Science Fiction Society (Minn-stf) is the only fan club in Minneapolis--not so, not so, there is another: the Noces SF Social Club--"the Noces" for short. (Try not to confuse it with the name of this zine.) This zine is a product of several people who are members of both clubs and this article is the first of a series on how the Noces came about.

The existence of another club in Minneapolis can be laid partly to personal feuding and mis-understandings in local fandom, but also, and more importantly, to the fact that the subculture known as sf fandom has its own subcultures or sub-fandoms.

Now, fandom can be chopped up as fine as you want, depending on what you are looking for or what your purposes are, but for the purposes of this article, I am going to make some sweeping generalizations and divide fandom, including local groups which I choose to label "fan-

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-by JODIE OFFUTT

Driver's Education is a lot like Sex Education. There is a limit to what one can learn from books, in the classroom, or from talking to the experienced. One just has to get in there and do it, however awkward and clumsy the performance, in order to get the feel of it. A little experience also prevents the asking of really dumb questions. No matter how anxious one is for information, if you don't know what questions to ask, how are you going to find out anything? How can you ask when to go into high gear if you don't know what a gear shift is?

Son Chris came of age this summer; he is old enough to drive. After studying late one night, he went down to the courthouse the next day to take the test for his learner's permit. And we ran into our first hitch. Oh, he did fine on the written test--he'd studied.

We discovered the need for some preventive measures...to avoid accidents.

Chris needed glasses. (We'd had the teeth fixed; now his eyes would not work.) It seems that one eye is fine---better than fine, in fact---and compensating for the bad one. (So that's the reason for all the headaches!) I don't know why we were so

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The post-1950 generation.

My generation.

A generation of the mass media mothered. The first who suckled at the Glass Teat, yes Harlan.. But we were also film fed. We were close listeners, and oh, how we devoured the printed word.

We feasted on hardcovers, chewed on pulp magazines and snacked on comic books. There our voracious appetites found an exquisite delicacy called science fiction.

We tasted of man's mind, of the future, of the fantastic, of the triumphant, unlimited heights.

I am Madman Riley, media child in search of food. I feed on the mass media, digest them, and respond in two of their forms: as a writer and as a disc jockey.

The purpose of this column is to give the media child room to burp. In this first issue of Noces he eats Video Tape Recording at Mini-Con; Star Trek as a movie; and four films from the summer of '75.

And don't worry about spilling on the table cloth.

It's just a dirty sheet, anyway.

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GEE, I CAN DO THAT!



NOCRES 2

available October 2, 1975

Distribution at

'Windycon', Chicago

October 3, 4, and 5

COMING IN UPCOMING ISSUES:

Special WILCON report
Interview with Joni Stopa
5-Year Convention Roundup
Results of MINNICON 10
Questionaire

NOCRES
ONE
-
August 28
1975
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25¢

BYOBCON: a cover-up for a Midamericon (MAC) committee party.

This comparative relationship between the two distinctly different conventions is neither illegal nor immoral. BYOBCON, though much smaller than M A C will be, was run by or featured, many of the MAC committee. All cons have parties and some kind of programming, but at a worldcon there's a helluva lot more!

PROGRAMMING: The fanzine oneshot, produced by the Bushyagers (FGOH at BYOBCON), can also be viewed as a trial run-through for Linda B., who will be doing the daily publications for MAC.

Then there was the Science-Fictionalized Jeopardy Game played on stage. Those responsible for its development, (names withheld to protect the insane) are hoping to have the game perfected for use at MAC. Phyllis Eisenstein won the game at BYOBCON, and she knows an overdose of trivia! Prepare thyself!!

Two sections of programming almost didn't happen, (cosmic interference beyond any control), because the two major proponents involved almost didn't make the con. One of them was the Joni Stopa Costume Workshop. The other was the Richard Delap Show. Both Joni and Richard arrived, and gave better than should have been expected performances for Byobcon. They are also integral parts of related Mac Functions.

One bit of programming, which I still don't believe happened, was the MAC committee meeting! Not enough of the official committee was present to establish a quorum so... every so often a committee member would stick his or her head in the door and.....a floating quorum was established on the grounds, I think, that there existed, somewhere in the building, enough members to meet the quorum number. Business was held, but on a level somewhere between cosmic relief and satire.

On beyond MAC, and the committee, and programming, the most common denominator of the two cons is Fandom. Fandom means grosses of individual people. And its individuals involved on a person to person level that invariably make each con, the con!

PEOPLE: Ro Nagey, his clothing removed from his body by some wierd woman and another one was about to draw on his nakedness, Jackie Franke, pen in hand, moved closer to Ro performing her part in the initiation. Bill Fesselmeier, trapped on the bed by Jackie, Joni, Midge etc., did not know that as soon as his shirt was off and the rituals completed, the infamous LLL would have claimed two more from the MMM. (and that's only two hours, Sat morn 3 a.m..)

I determine how good a con is by how much time I estimate was pure party. At byobcon I spent more of my time partying than I did all else (including sleeping). If BYOBCON is any indication of what M A C will be like, then KANSAS CITY, home of the worlds finest beef, will be home of the worlds first digestible BIG MAC.

Cat's Eye Look

The neo---about to make her entrance into the world of sf fandom:

Imagine a row of buttons in front of you--each of them labeled "PANIC".

I pushed the first of these before I even left Mpls. There I sat at 8:00 Friday morning with 3 hours of sleep behind me, a 2 hour Spanish final ahead of me, all my packing to do, a house that looked like 3 tornadoes had whipped through it, a fellow fan and flying companion to pick up, tickets to buy, and a 1:05 flight to catch. Could it be done? Well, at 8:00 on ANY morning I'm a pessimist. But I did it.

With 5 minutes to spare.

Button number 2. Skimming the foliage of ominously short trees (was I even going to make BYOB CON 5 alive?) I noticed nothing resembling a city. Where was Kansas City? I was answered 50 min. and a \$3.50 limo ride later. Dare I complain? Though the flight was a whole 3 min. shorter, I damn near got conned (unintentional, I assure you) into a \$12.95 cab fare.

Third and last button. Friday night we had a hell of a party going on the 4th floor, compliments of Mr. Mark Riley. We soon found the 4th floor was not blocked for the con. A deceptively calm - looking manager appeared in the doorway and it was.....

Down to the party suite!

As I was wending my way through masses of bodies and tangled feet, I came to a room where I actually knew people!

Deep in conversation, a form materialized at my side whom I identified as m'lord Mark, the Madman himself.

"Hey, Harlan Ellison is on the other side of the room. Why don't you go over and introduce yourself?"

Forgive my non-fannish reply. Remember, I do admit to being a neo and I'm learning.

"Harlan Who?"

"Ellison, you dumb broad. He's a writer."

Memory returned, but since I am basically a shy little thing, I declined the invitation. Hm...so maybe at Midamericon next year I'll do something soft and subtle like tossing my extra room-key in his pocket.

Not a bad first night.

Guitars, movies, liquor, pinball machines, restaurants, waker - uper kisses in the middle of the lobby on a sleepless Sunday morning. A collage of good con memories.

Parties.

People.

That's what I went there for.

That's what I got.

Fandom? I think I'm going to enjoy your world.

KC?

HE was there but a woman who has held my heart since Cincy was not so I fell into deep anguish wondering why Wheaton Illinois was so exciting when Kansas City calls but totally turned on for BYOB CON never slowing down and resisting burn-out only by virtue of an iron constitution good Kansas City food and Coors beer 'tho the Hotel Muehlebach fucked me---not wisely but well and as an Advance Registered Guest specifically ordering a "blocked room"---now I'm eager for a return match at MAC where no one will threaten to evict me and my parties will be the loudest on whatever floor I occupy still, so tripped out by the Beer Can Collectors Convention that I felt some gratitude to the hotel for bringing me up against friendly beer freaks who pay \$125 for an EMPTY "007" beer can but still pissed at the Muehlebach lies which misrepresented facts of room size and contents but no comparison to the bumper of one stupid move (that would ruin anything but a Con) of bringing along a chick I picked up in the driveway of the gas station where I've worked the summer, bumper because with her big eyes and matching knockers she brings a personality like a skin-crawling lizard and a sense of morality broad enough to encompass the rip-off of unpaid room rent leaving only a leather strap for the body, a very bad taste in my mouth and a highly forgettable night in the rack where she says she has picked up the \$20-bill-under-the pillow but who should expect more from an ex-alkydopiehookerhighschool dropoutastrologian who packs a dull wallop in bed where she must've been a bad buy at half the price at least her speed got me to KC where I found 5-balls-per-game-3 games per quarter flipped pinball machines and played about average while Cat beat replays out of a "SKYLAB" table and it was so fine to have m'Lady Cat at a Con but I couldn't feel jealous when Harlan's radar swung her way because I told her to "go right up and talk to him--if he bites he'll prob'ly do it well enough to give you a cheap thrill" so He autographed all 6 of his books from the present Pyramid printings while the Bobs Tucker and Bloch radiated full mid-summer con form with Tucker leading a room full of boozers down the smooth Beam path and Bloch toastmastering Sunday's brunch where Vaughn Bode's obituary made it 2 straight Cons where I have heard that someone was gone forever but then it was Sunday afternoon and from the post-con party we were to get Jon & Joni Stopa to the distant airport but Fred kept us waiting for a pizza or something like it as we counted down Fred's Time Left Alive but we were 2 hours early thanks to an airline fuck-up and I slept supinely all the way home because The Catmobile is roomy and front-seat conversation was astrological but we were home unloading bootleg cases of Coors at 9:00 a.m. Monday. Greens.

Media Child

Minneapolis in '75 was known as Minicon 10. Although it was held in mid-April past, it wasn't until late May that I saw its costume ball.

Thank you, Scott Imes, first for bringing professional video tape recording equipment to a MiniCon (and with a little more expertise I know you'll do it right) and then thank you again for inviting me into your home for a private screening.

And a gigantic 'Fuck You' to the smeary assholes who spit shit down on you. Yes, you morons, Scott's problems annoyed us all---and still those bright lights and big cameras failed to bring a perfect print---but some day in the unborn future there may be a fan who will enjoy a video tape of your costumed body crossing a stage and your leather lips lisp-ing to the ages.

Thanks to you, Scotty, it exists. Ignore them kid, keep practicing and the best of luck.

STREK.....Caught a TV show this summer with guest Gene Roddenberry. As one of his anecdotes he told of taking a trekkie trivia test at the door of a recent Star TreCon.

It seems the creator of the good ship Enterprise scored a 96.

Wrong.

Out of 100.

Gene says STrek keeps on trekkin' (in the media food of feature film) and as a college student's munchie, has now trekked its way on to the menu at over 100 Institutions of Higher Learning.

One of those Institutions is the University of Minnesota, to which I returned in the Fall of '74...thanks to the Speech Department I found s-f and film trips in my Spring studies. David Gerrold's book, "Trouble With Tribbles" was required reading and on the suggested list was "Making of Star Trek." The "Tribbles" episode itself was shown, in class, by video tape projection onto a movie screen. Funny how that video tape creature shows up....

I am not a trekkie. As long as the concept has existed I have abjured it. But in my beloved Minneapolis there is very little tele-vised s-f (it seems my beloved Minneapolis is a creature with tastes as thick as the edge of a razor blade). But I watch ST reruns. And, although I know that Star Trek is not a vintage wine, that what was clichéd asininity the first time I tasted is no more heady, nor fuller-bodied, nor aromatic---even when served in a university classroom via a vessel 12 feet tall and 15 wide---although I know all this to be true, yea friends, also do I know myself to be a drinker of 3,2 beer.

Off quaffed.

Thoroughly enjoyed.

And now Star Trek is a small part of my college education; actual lessons I had to learn. So, too, was Boone's Farm Apple Wine a small part

of my drinking education---

---an actual lesson I had to learn.

Anyway, when creator Roddenberry tells me that Star Trek's future is as a feature film, I agree. I agree most whole-headedly. Why not go one step further, though? Plan it as a film series from the start.

A film series is a specialized media food and I'm chewing warmed-up left-overs (e.g., re-runs).

Therefore I'll continue my TV diet of them.

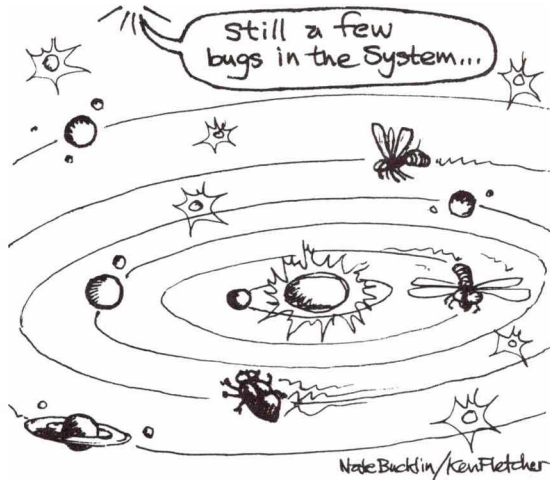
Not because they're good, but because I am a media child.

Demanding feedings.

MADMAN AT THE MOVIES:

"Movies-made-for-television" is a contradiction in terms, but television made into movies needn't be. However, when TV styles and sets are taken to film, rarely is large screen a benefit.

Doc Savage went to Hollywood. How did he come back? In the same shape as Batman did in the late 60s. At its best, Doc Savage's special effects are by George Pal (as usual screen writers are outclassed by true blue craftsmen).



At its worst the film is odious, consciously "campy" (Gawd I thought suitable uses of that word were long dead) or unconscious conceptually, intended for unsophisticated teens.

The title role is played with an easy smile by musclemen Ron Ely, who has the "presence" to be convincing as a superman. Here he's a cartoon ending an effectively - acted love scene with a love-tap to a woman's jaw and the line:

"Mona....you're a brick!"

Supporting - character roles are broad line cartoons in the silly style of the Ziggy cartoon strip (so if you're a fan of Ziggy's, please, feast yourself on this waste).

The most notable incompetent to be held responsible here is 'Don Harris', the incarnate soul of the man who severed Batman's spine (you remember Lorenzo Semple Jr?). Harris assembled the idiotic sound track and orchestrated Doc's equally idiotic theme song with the bright, fresh, innovative strains of John Phillip Sousa---

JOHN PHILLIP SOUSA! WHERE, OH WHERE HAS CREATIVE COMPETENCE FLED?

There is one craftsman yet unmentioned: the director of photography who set one shot that turned my head around and pulled it off. The shot, in distant focus above a city, re-focuses on a hand in the foreground. The fluidity of lens motion and the set-up of plot development were pure isolated genius.

And that's all that survives this massive mediocrity.

Remember gang: if it looks like shit and smells like shit it's probably going to taste like shit.

And the only time I'll eat shit is at a Drive-In's Triple Feature. Then I don't give a shit because I have three films to see and may do as I please in the privacy of my own car.

The Future of Violence:

Rollerball & Death Race 2000

In Rollerball, production techniques are everything worthwhile; in Death Race 2000 there is nothing worthwhile. The first film combines motorcyclists and roller skating hatchet men; the second dispenses with rollerskates, switches to autos and makes drivers of the hatchetmen. Both films are bludgeons (RE chops like an ax while DR200 passes ass gas masses).

Rollerball is more likely to fill a spot in s-f film archives, but not deservedly. Sure, it used high fidelity sound and dynamic camera work but it doesn't add up to anything.

RE's intended as an indictment of violent sports and their fans, but it stumbles through a story of individual heroism and motiveless adversariness and its bloodbaths are insignificant as a consequence.

The plot is built around rollerball matches Houston has with Madrid Tokyo, and New York. Entertainment Corporation is attempting to coerce Houstons's star player, Johnathan E., into an early retirement. Rules are eliminated and so are rollerballers. The oft-mentioned rabbit punch scene takes place during the match with Tokyo. Murderously spiked fists are slammed into human skulls as the victim is held down. The first kill is in slow motion (proving once more that Bonnie & Clyde is remembered for more than Faye Dunaway's hair and Warren Beatty's teeth).

Each match opens with a humming of "Our Corporate Hymn" (lyrics are a writer's province, if you can't trust their aim don't give them a shot at a target).

A sot to s-f is the throw-away Device Futuristic, 'Mr. Zero', a liquid memory pool. The budget men and accountants decreed that the electronic brain of tomorrow should be shown amongst his grandparents. Friends more knowledgeable than I in that area pointed out brand names and models they recognized. I ask you, "Is there anyone out there who would prefer Flesh Gordon twisting a tit-dial one is supposed to see, over a cheapened set design one is not supposed to notice?"

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NOCRES *Its History . . .*

zine fandom" and "con fandom".

First, a caveat. Let's make it clear from the start that I realize that no one will fit these labels perfectly--that indeed many will appear to fit both at once. These labels of mine are categories, not definitions, and for the most part I will be speaking in terms of archetypes rather than of individuals---of the poles rather than the earth between, and not at all of other orbiting bodies. To define my categories too closely, I fear, would be losing sight of the forest for the trees. This article is not about all of fandom, just one aspect of it.

Before discussing the differences between fanzine and con fans, it should be noted that these two kinds of fans probably have more in common than they have in difference. Both, for instance, probably started reading sf, on the average, around the age of twelve. Both groups are above average in intelligence. Both read a lot. Both collect sf. Both are interested in getting to know other fans. And both know fans in other parts of the country. Also, members of both groups read fanzines and like to socialize.

The main difference between the two, aside from age, which I will discuss below, is one of emphasis. Fanzine fans tend to put a great deal of emphasis on fanzines as a medium of communication, whereas con fans prefer the face-to-face approach found at club meetings, parties and cons. In Minnesota, Minneapa as an organization tends to represent the interests of one group and the Noces the other.

There are probably several reasons for these differences, but I think a large part of it lies in how and when people enter fandom and I think age is a critical (though not the only) factor. In illustration let's consider why someone might be-

come a fanzine fan. I can think of three major reasons right off the bat.

One could be that the fan likes to do creative writing or art. This desire, however, can apply almost as well to someone who is basically a con fan. Many con fans like to read and contribute to quality fanzines (many do not) but still do not use them as their main source of social communion (or intercourse, as they used to say a hundred years ago; con fans prefer to have intercourse at cons).

Another reason could be that the fan communicates most comfortably at a distance, in circumstances under his immediate control. Most fans, after all, are or were social misfits at one time or another and many feel awkward in normal social situations.

Perhaps the best reason for being a fanzine fan, however, is physical isolation. For many fans, there is no local group or club to get together with. For them, the best way to make a lot of contacts in fandom is through the ancient and honorable medium of fanzines.

And when do most fans fall into the majority of these categories? Before they leave home, of course.

Take a look at the teenage neofan - it's easy to generalize here without being too inaccurate. At this time we have a person who is intellectually advanced for his age, socially inept and/or isolated, and largely still dependent on his family. He has a lot of theoretical knowledge about the world, but little experience, little money but lots of time, and lots of enthusiasm but little freedom. Put them all together and what do you get? Crudzines, personalzines, apazines; eventually (he's hooked on this as a way of life) quality zines (sometimes) and even Hugo winners (rarely).

Compare this teenage neofan with the fan entering fandom in his twenties. What have we got? A person who is still intellectually active but has probably finished college, who is more at ease in social situations and has many mundane friends, who is making his own way in the world, and less enthusiasm, less free time but more money. A person freer to travel and more interested in food, drink, and relaxed conversation than the teenager. A person, in sum, both more interested in and more able to meet fans on a face to face basis.

But there is often a communication problem between the young and old. The young fanzine fan, on discovering fandom, is likely to jump in head-first. He is the one likely to look on it as a way of life, to do the fannish "thing".

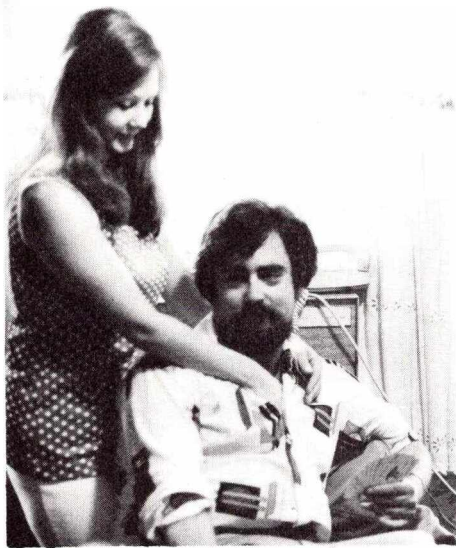
But the older neofan is into different things, more inclined to think of fandom as just a ghoddam hobby. Fandom is, for him, likely to be only one of several organizations he is interested or involved in. He is less likely to be amused by jokes and references, less totally involved.

How, then, do you convince the younger neo that the older neo is even a fan? There are times when it seems impossible. And the passage of years may have only a slight effect, if any, for the older and the younger fan can never have the same experience in fandom, not even starting in the same groups at the same time, for experience does make a significant difference.

This is the situation that applies in Minneapolis as, I am sure, it applies to one degree or another in fandom in other parts of the world.

To skip ahead in my story, the Noces group which grew out of Minnstf has become a vital and active group on its own. As evidence, I present you with the first "Nocrecon"--the first Noces party to have a number of fans join us from out of state.





nocrescon I

-Chuck Holst

Nocrescon 1, so-called, was held during the weekend of August 8 - 10 at Margie and Joel Lessinger's, with an excursion Saturday night to Dave Emerson's housewarming party.

Attendance (there was no registration) came to about thirty relaxed fans, including half a dozen from the Chicago area. Among those present but not pictured were Caryl Bucklin, Dave Wixon, Gregg Lien, Joel Lessinger and children, Karen Anderson and children (from Wheaton, Ill.), Jackie Franke and Phyllis Eisenstein.

The partying got underway at Lessinger's Friday night when the Chicago fans arrived, but the main events came the next day when nearly a couple dozen local fans dropped by for the backyard barbecue. Unannounced programming included bridge, jackstraws and sherbet-making, but conversation and general socializing were the order of the day.

About 9:00 PM, the party picked itself up and moved over to the Bozo Bus Building to help Dave Emerson celebrate his housewarming party. Already there were Ken and Linda Fletcher, Don Blyly, Robin White, and a number of fans I had not met before. Somewhat late in the party Al Kuhfeld dropped in and Fred Hasckel came downstairs to play his guitar.

It was an extremely hot night and fans were seen wandering out to the front steps and back in a continuous Brownian movement. For my part, I must have spent half the night there talking and drinking, to be joined occasionally by Dave who, as the good host he is, wanted to make sure we were enjoying ourselves.

I especially remember one conversation on those steps involving Alex Eisenstein, Patsy Schmelzer, Jennie and myself after we had all---well, two of us---had quite a bit to drink. The subject was men, women and sex, with Patsy, especially, giving us males the women's side of the story in a way I feel perfectly incompetent to repeat, or even summarize, but which was highly interesting at the time.

The next day was---inevitably---more relaxed than the last as we slowly recovered from the previous day's partying. ALL the Chicago fans but Propp stayed on till Monday. Jackie and Martha spent most of the day playing bridge with Joek, Margie and Bev, Tiley took KAREN and the kids to the beach, the Eisensteins paid a visit to the Schmelzers, and a suggested visit to Fort Snelling by yours truly was justly ignored as being too strenuous.

All in all, it was a highly pleasant way to spend a weekend.

Opposite Page:

On the Lessinger lawn....it's Allison Bucklin with her back to us and, from left to right, David Sutherland, Nate Bucklin, Gayle Olson, Sherri Lessinger, Cindy Franzen, Bruce Wright, Don Nelson, a headless Quincy Blue, Bob Schmelzer, Bill Dixon and Karen Hennebry.

Above:

Martha Beck as the Master Bidder, Jennie Brown playing the Masseur, and Mark Riley as the Gargoyle.

Below:

The Angel and Super Plop, a.k.a. Karen Hennebry and Larry Propp.

Right:

A sampling of fans at Emerson's housewarming party: From bottom left to the top and down again it's Cat Ocel, Chuck Holst, Dave Emerson, (against the wall), Alex Eisenstein, Hennebry and Propp again, Robin White, Mark Riley, a femmefan unknown to your editors, Patsy Schmelzer, Sue Ryan, Bill Dixon, Gayle Olson, Jan Applebaum, Bruce Wright (sitting), Cindy Bowns, Cindy Franzen, Nate Bucklin, Bev Swanson, Margie Lessinger and Brian Bjorgen.

MEDIA CHILD (con't).....

RB's sound track is strong, clean and cliched. Stereo-images bore me when they're limited to cross-fades between right and left channels..... and if you've wondered about the "Multi-Vision" technique promised in RB ads forget innovation. Multi-Vision is quadrant images of the same subject from different camera angles.

Split-screen filming is as new as the talkies themselves.....

Hungry, media children?
Rollerball is pizza.

Now let's get silly and have a Death Race in 2000....starring David Carradine as defending champion of this government-sponsored race. His competitors, Machine Gun Joe, "Calamity Jean, Matilda the Hun from Milwaukee and Nero the Herq, join him in transcontinental killing. Points are earned by driving through, into and over pedestrians-----whose point value is determined by age & sex.

And I went, thinking the film a spin-off from the short story "Dog Fight on 101" by Harlan Ellison. No this thing was spun by Ib Melchior from the old joke about "10 points for hitting VWs, 40 for little old ladies and 90 for a nun".

Each of the five murder-mobilers appeals to a different taste in drag and sado-masochism. Right.

Carradine makes an overture to Romanticism, claiming: "This is the only standard of excellence left."

Hail the butchering hero!...what else to expect from a mind "raised in a government compound"?

Science Fiction, right?
When people are raised in government compounds that automatically makes a story science fiction.

Sure.
Ever heard of a Public School System?

What plot there is centers around attempts to sabotage the Death Race. A flag-waving group led by a (praise originality) little old lady seeks to snuff Carradine. Oh yes: Carradine's co-pilot is her granddaughter.

The plot never thickens further but blood splashes congeal everywhere (lopped limbs, smashed heads, broken bodies all fly across the screen as copious rivers roll red).

I am irritated immensely and professionally by the trite DJ type who follows the Death Race as a play by play announcer. Only Clint Eastwood in Play Misty For Me, made a DJ look intelligent enough to spell b-r-a-i-n.....but Clint has his own limitations.

A little sex, a lot of violence and least--certainly least--science-fiction.

DR2000 is for underdeveloped palates.

It's junk food.
You've got to be almost starving to appreciate it.

Rollerball and Death Race 2000, the future of violence? Not as produced by these illiterates...imagine for a moment Sam Peckinpah taking H. Beam Piper to the movies.

Can you imagine Fuzzies cradling

shotguns?

"Forward! Into the Past!"

The most entertaining film I saw this summer was the re-release of "The 7th Voyage of Sinbad". Ray Harryhausen's name gives me sensuous reflective pause and appellations like "Dyna-mation" mean something where "Multi Vision" fails....creations like the Cyclops, the Dragon, and the Roc have stayed in my mind since 1958. Then, as an 8 year old boy, I sat in my saturday seat at the Riverview theater.

Now I know what I saw: competent acting, tight scripting, crisp editing, compelling plot line and fantastic special effects.

Wit, too. While the mutinous prison-crew unknowingly nears insane siren songs, sharp rocks and beasts of the blue, Sinbad suggests the stuffing of ears as an immunity to madness.

His first mate responds:
"That's very nice. Now we won't be driven mad---just devoured by sea monsters!"

The media child has eaten. His jeans are splashed with spaghetti sauce, his jaw smeared by chocolate and the core of a green apple rests by his side. One fast, deep draught and the quart of STRONG beer dies. Back to the corner store as Bar-b-q chips and pretzels vie for a place in his mouth.

How about a red-hot bubble gum ball?

Know a good place to eat?
Burrp.

credits

BRAIN POOL

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page one Media Child drawing, from Superzine
Newsletter #2

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Minnesota fandom must thaw out from its legendary winters. Come to Minneapolis in mid-April because coming all too soon is.....

Minicon 11

April 16-18

1976

Minneapolis

Two intrepid editors of Nocres, Chuck Holst and Mark Riley, are members of the MINICON committee. They will be running the MINICON 11 film program and they would like you to do something for them.

Complete this sentence:

"The film most likely to bring me to MINICON is _____."

Films we are thinking about so far include Solaris, Atlantis, Beauty and the Beast, and the Transatlantic Tunnel.

What do you think?
Write us c/o Nocres.

Subscription Prices.....25¢ each
or.....4 for \$1.00

Keep Doing It Till You Do It Right

surprised, as everybody else in the family had deficient eyesight. At any rate, there was a two-and-a-half week delay in getting the permit while the eyes---both of them---were examined and glasses made.

Now we were coming up on the second hitch.

Chris was to enroll in Driver's Ed this fall and we decided he would not get behind the wheel of our car until he learned to drive that car. Let the county school system and driving teacher absorb whatever shock, metal-on-metal and psychological, there might be.

In the first place- that car has fully automatic and power everything, up to and including the rear view mirror, while our Veedub has a manual transmission. No amount of driving a car with an automatic shift can teach a kid how to shift gears and synchronize the clutch and gas pedal---er, acceleration pedal--- they do learn the proper words in class. (The name of his textbook is "Let's Drive Right"; I guess they can't teach good grammar and skill at the same time.)

In the second place, with ten or so students in the class, each one gets behind the wheel and on the road about once every week and a half. Chris was the only one in the class who didn't have his permit when school started---some of them had their licenses---or some experience. (Every kid in rural Kentucky has driven the tractor around the back forty, or the farm truck around the farm, or an older brother's or older sister's boyfriend's car. Well, almost all of them.)

Eventually I came to the realization that I was going to have to go out driving with Chris in our car. I resigned myself and resolved to avoid the cliched yelling and screaming that's so standard between parent and child when one is teaching the other to drive. I've done fine, too, although I haven't been any the less nervous.

The first time out, we went downtown to a huge parking lot. While the car was never out of first gear, Chris achieved the stopping and starting with a minimum of lurching. On another occasion we went out to a subdivision and drove around and around till I had all the names on the mailboxes memorized. (And dreamt about them that night.) We did get into second gear and even hit third once or twice. (We did not hit anything else.)

The kids and I were coming home from the grocery one afternoon and I pulled over and asked Chris if he'd like to drive the mile or so to the schoolhouse. (This was after I had topped the hill and RR tracks and negotiated the S curve and before I would drive the car up our hill.)

Jeff scrambled around in the back seat, looking for seatbelts.

After Chris had chaffered us to the foot of the hill, he said, "Thank you, Mom." From the back, Scott said, "Thank you, Lord!" and Missy asked if it was safe to breathe now.

I picked up the boys one night after a football game; Chris is the team statistician and Jeff had entertained at halftime with the band. When they got in the car Jeff collapsed in the back and didn't open his mouth all the way home. That is, until I came out of the S curve and slowed for a car ahead. Out of the depths of the back seat, a sleepy voice said, "You're not going to let Chris drive, are you, Mom?"

So much for sibling support.

A cigaret goes pretty fast when I'm a passenger with Chris. He says I don't smoke as much as the driving coach, Coach Trent. Coach Trent has the security of a brake on his side, too, that I don't have. If I did, it's highly likely that I'd've put us through the windshield by now in a passing moment of panic. I've also considered putting a STUDENT DRIVER sign on top of the car. My heart goes out to Coach Trent. It's a wonder he isn't a blithering idiot, driving with all those kids, every single day.

Finally the time came when I could no longer avoid the obvious need for town traffic driving. I didn't seem to be trying to pull all the bones in my body to the left so much any more, and Chris had even negotiated the hill, train tracks, and S curve without hitting the two horses on foot that were crossing the tracks.

We picked a doozy of a day.

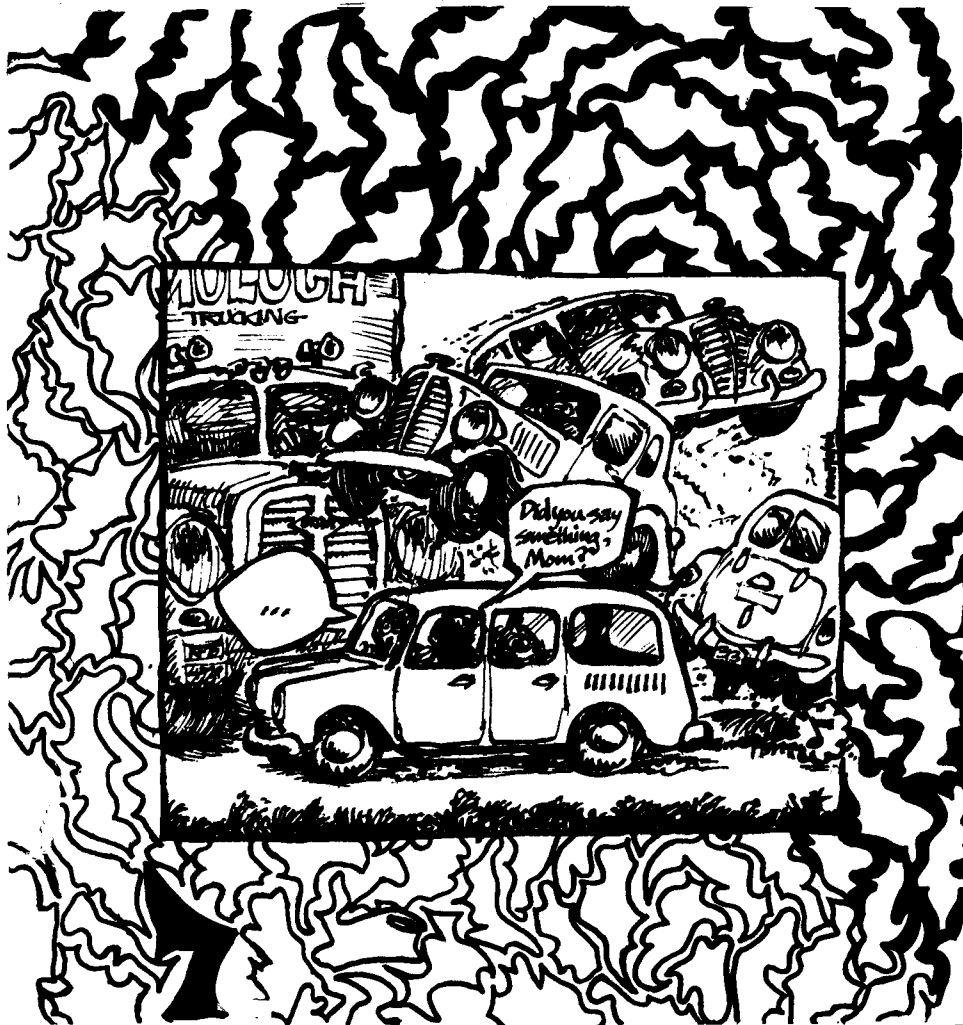
Not only was the college football team playing at home, it was homecoming. Add to that the normal Saturday come-to-town-with-the-family and you've got congestion. Plenty of traffic to practice in!

If I thought leaning to the left was bad, I hadn't found out about trying to lean to the right and left simultaneously. We went to the library, the grocery store, the drugstore and on the way home that open road looked so good I didn't smoke a cigaret the whole way! Chris even drove up our hill, downshifting and all, without killing the engine.

We're both getting better; Chris is a better driver and I'm a better passenger. The other offspring have accepted Chris as a driver, even complimenting him a time or two. Nor have I screamed once; my jaws just ache from clenching my teeth.

As I write this, the permit is about to expire and will have to be renewed because we're not quite ready to take the final road test. We haven't tackled parallel parking yet, you see. The closer the quarters, the nervous I am. Not only that, but I'm not too good at parallel parking myself. If Chris does come up with the right questions, I may not have the right answers.

I guess it is possible he could have learned something from his book that I don't know from experience. You never know.



LIGHT

Blushing shades of dawn;
Bloodred orb of sunset.
Brooding evening shadows,
Bride of softest twilight.
Beating sunlight, harsh, revealing,
Beckons starlight in its wake.
Blinded by the hoary frost –
Baleful glare of gleaming ice.
Bolts of power, swift and deadly
Beginnings of a sullen mist.



HOLST '75

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