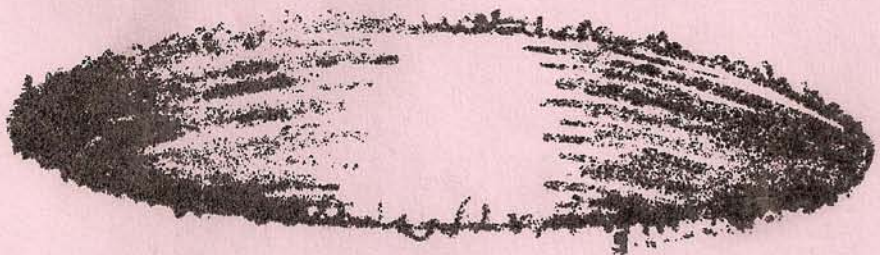
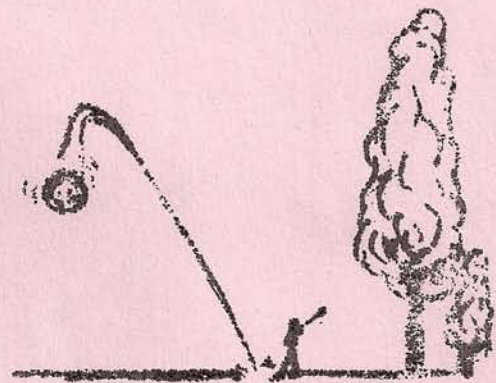


The Great Nor' Western News



#4



THE GREAT NORTHWESTERN NEWS #4 - Published by the members of the Alberta Science Fiction Society. This is the fourth issue.

#4 July-August 1971

50¢

CONTENTS

SF EDITOR DIES	The Albertan	1
LOCUS POCUS	LOCUS	2
LOCAL AND WORLD NEWS	John Mansfield	3
AND THE ANSWER IS	Randy Thomas	3
AND THE QUESTION IS	Randy Thomas	4
CALGARCON REPORT	Randy Thomas	5
SF AUTHOR'S VISIT SET	The Calgary Herald	6
SF IS MORE THAN MONSTERS AND RAY GUNS	Bill Musselwhite	7
LACK OF MONSTERS	Bill Musselwhite	8
CALGARY'S FIRST SF CON	Michael McNinch	9
JOHN BYRNE, A PORTFOLIO	John Byrne (between 10-11)	
THE KILLER RACE	Doug Shore	11
BEST SF SEVEN REVIEW	Mike Glicksohn	16
THE HORROR HUNTERS REVIEW	Susan Glicksohn	17
ASFS	Randy Thomas	18
ASS & THEM #4	Bill Gemmill & Randy Thomas	19

ART CREDIT

Bill Rotsler5,17.
Paul Neary16.
Bill GemmillFront Cover,2,11,14,19,21,22.
John Byrne18, Back Cover.

PREMONITIONS

Next issue (in September) will have the regular ASS and TheM story number 3, and possibly, most hopefully, a REAL name for this zine. There will be the regulars, such as the puzzle, Locus Pocus, book review(s), and more.

Please send us a line or two giving your views on our zine. We badly need artwork and articles for this effort to continue. This fanzine shall continue the way it is unless you send in what you like or dislike about it. Write us and tell us what you think could be improved or eliminated. Free issues are given to those who contribute, or 50¢ will be accepted in return for this Annish. No cheques, please. SEND WRITTEN ARTICLES TO: FANZINE

4911-43 st. SW.
Calgary 8, Alberta
Canada.

SEND ART WORK TO: ASFS
2111-14 st. SW.
Calgary, Alberta
Canada.

SCI-FICTION EDITOR DIES

John Wood Campbell Jr., 61, science fiction writer and editor of a science fiction magazine for the last 34 years, has died at his home.

Campbell edited *Analog*, *Science Fact* and *Fiction* since 1937. The magazine received the Hugo Award as the outstanding publication in the science fiction field nine times during the last 18 years.

He wrote a novel in 1938, *Who Goes There*, which was then made into the movie *The Thing From Outer Space*.

Campbell also was known as a scientific prophet and is credited with making many accurate predictions in the columns of his magazine. In 1939 he predicted that atomic energy would be released from uranium.



LOCUS POGUS

This column consists of articles taken from LOCUS, which is in turn brought to you by Charlie and Dena Brown (2078 Anthony Ave., Bronx NY 10457) who write, edit, and produce it. Subscriptions to LOCUS are 12 / \$3.00

WANTED:

Damon Knight (Box 8742 Madeira Beach FL 33738), editor of ORBIT, badly requires stories of up to 30,000 words to meet his semi-annual schedule.

LEISURE BOOKS:

A new paperback publishing company: LEISURE BOOKS (6340 Coldwater Canyon, North Hollywood, Calif.) Yvonne MacManus, their editor-in-chief, was formerly with DELL BOOKS. Two books by H.G. Wells - MEN LIKE GODS and STAR BEGOTTEN - are included in their list of books for the year. The company is interested in books by young new writers, but cannot pay well as yet. The advances are small (\$300),

but royalties are larger than usual (4% of the initial run of 50,000 copies, 6% thereafter).

PROZINES:

GALAXY has recently dropped their page count from 192 to 176, due to lack of fanfare. The price is still 75¢ per issue. GALAXY and IF subscription costs are being raised to \$9.00 per year.

NEWS FROM NOREASCON:

Noreascon memberships as of June 28 was 1234 with 432 Hugo ballots in. This year, second and third place winners will receive scrolls. Concerning reservations, the first three rows of tables for the banquet are already sold out, and 217 rooms have been booked.

SFWA ELECTION RESULTS:

Election results are as follows: President-James Gunn, replacing Gordon Dickson. Vice President-Tom Purdom, again. Secretary-Quinn Yarbrough, again. Treasurer-Joe Haldeman, again.

ACE NEWS:

Starting October, ACE will drop the "SF Special" designations as well as switch the cover. During July and August, selected ACE doubles will be reprinted, and Perry Rodan will return. Editorials and other departments run by Forrest Ackerman will be included in each book, as well as have illustrations by Mike Gilbert.

AUTHORS:

Harry Harrison has sold the third Stainless Steel Rat novel to GALAXY.

Isaac Asimov's new novel is entitled THE GODS THEMSELVES. It should be published by Doubleday in 1972 with no magazine serialization.

Help destroy this column, support LOCUS. A fine news zine with six pages every two weeks.

LOCAL AND WORLD NEWS:

APES #3 & #4:

The third portion of the "Planet of the Apes" series has been re-leased and is scheduled to be the next show at the Capitol theatre here in Calgary. From what I've heard, it should be a good film. The fourth portion, is it the last?, will be titled "Conquest of the Planet of the Apes."

PRICE INCREASE:

The prices for all SF pocket books will be increased, so instead of 60¢, 75¢, and 95¢ books, their respective increased prices will become 75¢, 95¢, and \$1.25.

NEW SF WARGAME:

A new SF wargame, SPACEWAR, is minutely described in ANALOG (July 1971), where the rules are given. The one drawback is that the screen needed for the playing board is attached to a \$1 million computer.

CALGARY ON THE FANDOM MAP:

Calgary's first convention was held there on July 1st, and news of the event was even mentioned in LOCUS.

LACON:

LACON membership rates are going up on August first, so it's everybody's advantage to join now. The rates are currently \$7 for attending membership and \$5 for a supporting membership. Both rates will increase one dollar to \$8-attending and \$6-supporting.

CALGARY, JULY 1:-

Forry Ackerman in Canada reporting from the Cabinet of Dr. Calgary:

It is now 12 P.M. and the end is not yet. Seventy-five fans have today (since 9 A.M.) enjoyed the first Alberta SF Society's Open House. Helmed by actifan John Mansfield, the 1-day get-together at the highclass Calgary Inn has featured most aspects of a major con, excepting only a banquet and masquerade. Guest of Honor, all the way from Hollywood, has been A.E. van Vogt, who gave a speech on "Life in the 21st Century" plus a slideshow talk showing interplanetary art by Morris Dollens and projections of the next 100 yrs. in space from NASA. Van was lengthily interviewed on radio and by newspaper reporters and for national TV. There was an art show, auction, individual and panel speeches, and good camaradie enjoyed by all. An auspicious beginning!

MR. SPOCK SLEEPS WITH HIS TEDDY BEAR!

AND THE ANSWER IS....

Here are the solutions to last ish's crossword puzzle:

ACROSS

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------|
| 1. Harvard Lampoon | 25. Slan |
| 2. Rot | 26. Lac |
| 10. Sol | 28. Wolfbane |
| 11. May | 31. Mike |
| 13. Freas | 32. Goodgulf |
| 15. Pao | 33. ASFS |
| 16. Si | 35. Mo |
| 17. Banth | 36. Lo |
| 20. Anzio | 37. Rull |
| 23. John | 38. Gandalf |
| 24. Throat | 39. On |

DOWN

- | | |
|-------------|------------|
| 1. Heinlein | 20. Ah |
| 2. Retief | 21. No |
| 3. Russia | 22. It |
| 4. Procyon | 24. Too |
| 5. Orcs | 27. Chthon |
| 6. No | 29. Bugs |
| 8. Tolkien | 30. Nulla |
| 9. Campbell | 32. Gor |
| 12. AAA | 33. AMA |
| 14. Elza | 34. Sol |
| 18. T & J | 36. Lo |
| 19. Hoyle | |

AND THE QUESTION IS

by Randy Thomas

CRISS-CROSS PUZZLE

V A M P I R E W E R E W O L F
L M I E T T S S U P M Y L O H
E O A N A C R O M Z E U S T N
R R T U O I T O I F O H T O K
B G R R T L T R T T D O S L R
A A H H E N I D R R O T I K N
N N O O A B W U A T D N D I S
S T O H B A O W Q D C E R E O
H Y P E R B O R E A I R A N R
E R N F S H I R R E V G G E O
E L F R A Z E T T A N A S H B
F A F N E R E N T A Y L A A O
T H Y A L R U D N A S S I L R
R E E O U T W O R L D E R L U
S P O L C Y C I M M E R I A O

- | | | |
|------------------|---------------------|---------------------|
| 1. ALLAH | 12. FAFNER | 23. OLYMPUS |
| 2. AQUILONIA | 13. FRAZETTA | 24. OUROBOROS |
| 3. ASGARD | 14. HOBBIT | 25. OUTWORLDER |
| 4. BANSHEE | 15. (Robert) HOWARD | 26. PHANTOM |
| 5. CIMMERIA | 16. HYPERBOREA | 27. ROBERT (Howard) |
| 6. CONAN | 17. KOTH | 28. TAURAN |
| 7. CROM | 18. LIN CARTER | 29. THOTH |
| 8. CYCLOPS | 19. LISSANDUR-LAY | 30. TOLKIEN |
| 9. DWARF | 20. MITRA | 31. VAMPIRE |
| 10. ELF | 21. MORGANTYR | 32. WEREWOLF |
| 11. E.R. EDDISON | 22. NERGAL | 33. ZEUS |

A message is concealed in the puzzle somewhere. To uncover it, encircle each of the words shown above. There should be 34 letters left uncircled, which will be the message. Once again, the words appear in either vertical or horizontal positions, with the word spelled either forwards or backwards, but the letters are in proper consecutive order.

Good Luck.

ASFS OPEN HOUSE - July '71

The one-day affair brought in 75 members, and, in spite of the weatherman's threats of rain, the day of the convention dawned bright and clear.

John Mansfield, Chairman, officially opened the proceedings at approximately 10:30, and introduced notables.

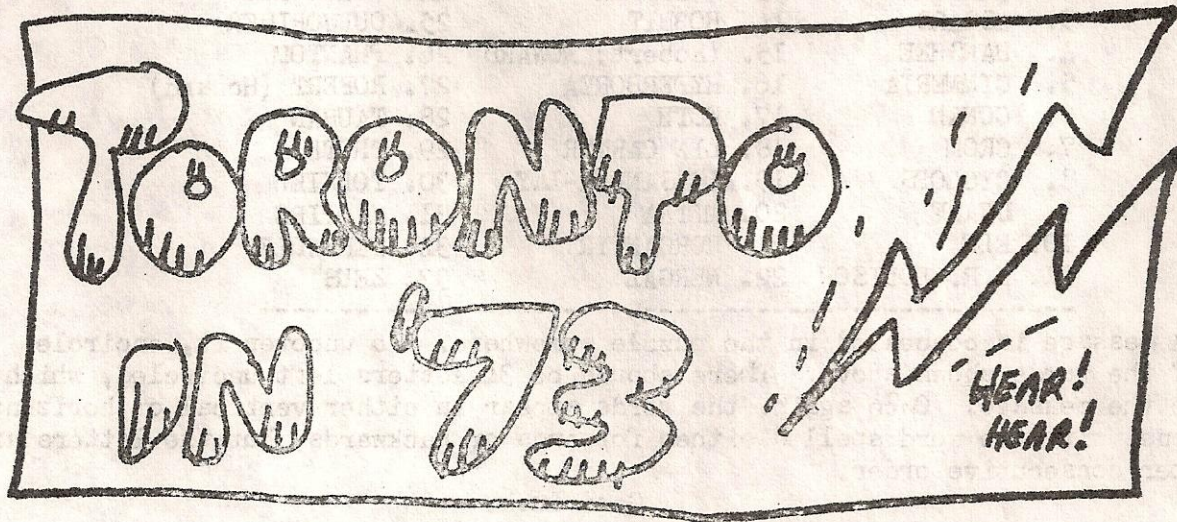
At 11:00, there was the first panel, titled "Writing: the First Word". This panel dealt with beginning writers, and members of the panel were J.B. Clarke, Catherine L. Pierce, and Randy Thomas. Mr. Clarke, who moderated and dominated the panel, has had two stories published in ANALOG. These were "Artifact" (cover story: June 1969), and "The Ambassadors" (November 1969). Catherine Pierce, the second member of the panel, has written a few short stories, and has also had an idea bought by STAR TREK, which never got produced because the network cut the series. Randy Thomas, the last member of the panel, has just begun a writing career by entering the new N3F short story contest. He has also had a satire, which he collaborated on with a friend, published in this fanzine.

Mr. Clarke mentioned later that the three were on the 6:00 news, and then stated that he didn't even see the camera, or did not even notice the bright lights which were used. Randy Thomas started the speeches; he mentioned that he had done some writing and hoped to be a seasoned writer by the time he is in his twenties. Next was Catherine Pierce, who described how she obtained her interests in science fiction. Finally, Mr. Clarke explained his experiences in writing and with the editor of ANALOG, the late John W. Campbell, Jr. After these series of speeches, the floor was open for discussion. Questions about polarization between hard-core-technological science fiction and semi-hard-core sociological science fiction were raised and also questions from both Forrest Ackerman and Mr. Van Vogt were directed to the members of the panel. John Mansfield closed the panel at 12:00.

After the panel, there was a one-hour lunch break.

The program resumed at 1:00 with a science speech by Sigfried Weiser, director of the Calgary Centennial Planetarium. His speech was titled "Fiction-Science or How Science Looks at Fiction". He then explained the difference between Science Fiction (SF) and Fiction Science (FS) as being that SF is stories sprinkled with science, such as SLAN. He said that FS was simply science theories that haven't been proven, and such an example was Fred Hoyle's BLACK CLOUD.

At 2:00, there was the panel on "Science Fiction and the Mass Media". The members of the panel were Bill Musselwhite, Shirley Gordon, and Jim Ryan. Bill Musselwhite, who moderated the panel, talked on science-fiction movies. He said that it was difficult to separate science-fiction from fantasy. The examples for this statement were:



THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN, 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY, for the hard-core, more factual science-fiction, and movies like THE GREEN SLIME and THE VAMPIRE LOVERS (which Mr. Musselwhite said he refused to review) are classic examples of fantasy on the silver screen. Horror films, says Mr. Musselwhite, are good when he hides under the dash of their car, while at a drive-in movie, and asks his wife what is happening. In closing, he said that the movies 2001 and ANDROMEDA STRAIN are a start of something new. Today there are too many science and science-fiction fans for the movie producers to try and fool them with movies having the quality that might have fooled the people back in the '30's.

The second member was to be Shirley Gordon, a TV columnist for the ALBERTAN, but unfortunately, she was unable to attend.

The last, but not least, member of the panel was the CFCN announcer, Jim Ryan. Mr. Ryan's main interest is in comics, of which he has between 700 and 1000; probably the largest in Calgary. He spoke of comics being parallel to cave drawings, Egyptian hieroglyphics, and medieval tapestries. Mr. Ryan then said comics are an escape from reality and are also a good form of communication; then gave a brief, but detailed history of comics. Mr. Ryan ended his interesting talk with the comment that comics are getting more complex in both plot and artwork.

After the panel, there was a one-hour filmshow, in which was shown a black and white STAR TREK blooper film, which took 20 minutes. This was shown twice, and gave the con members quite a laugh. The show was very funny.

After the film, there was a brief art auction, in which was finalized all bids. Works that were sold included Frazetta prints, as well as originals from various other artists, including Derek Carter, Jack Gaughan and John Byrne.

Following that, there was a general auction, of which over 50 items from various phases of SF were auctioned off.

After the auction, the guest of honor, A.E. van Vogt, gave an interesting talk, and showed slides. Mr. Van Vogt's speech, titled "Science and Science-Fiction In The Next 100 Years", was started with a series of slides; first the solar system as shown by the artist Morris Dollens. The paintings began with Mercury, innermost of the planets, and worked its way out to Pluto. Slides of the NASA's stages of development for space laboratories, moon colonization, Mars colonization, and The Grand Tour, were also shown. After his slide show, Mr. Van Vogt gave a talk on the six subjects that he lectures on in the universities and colleges in the U.S. Some such topics were semantics, logical thinking, problems and origins, and guerilla warfare and people's armies.

Following A.E.'s speech, a dinner break was announced, and several of us, along with the guests of honor, ate over at The White Spot. Forry was rather disappointed when he discovered that the restaurant did not have apple pie, his favorite dessert.

Upon returning to the hotel, about 20 members went into the discussion room for a con wrap-up party. To Mr. Ackerman's amazement, among the many fancy cakes on the table was a lone piece of apple pie.

The first Calgary Convention was over, and Mr. Mansfield hopes there will be one in the near future.

SCIENCE-FICTION AUTHOR'S VISIT SET

A.E. Van Vogt, one of the best-known writers of science fiction, will be featured guest at the Alberta Science Fiction Society open house, Thursday, July 1 at the Calgary Inn.

Mr. Van Vogt, who sold his first fiction at the age of 20, is the author of a number of novels including The Weapon Shops books, The World of Null-A, Slan, and the Voyage of The Space Beagle.

Mr. Van Vogt will be the professional guest of honor while the "fan" guest of honor will be Forrest J. Ackerman, literary agent and editor of Famous Monsters of MovieLand.

The "open house" will include an art auction, at 10 a.m. a science fiction/fantasy art display, a speech by Mr. Van Vogt, and an auction of various items connected with science fiction. Mr. Van Vogt has published about 40 books and is working on more. He is a member of the International Society of General Semantics, the Author's League of America, the Science Fiction Writers of America and the American Platform Association.

-THE CALGARY HERALD, Tuesday, June 8, 1971

SCIENCE FICTION IS MORE THAN MONSTERS AND RAY-GUNS

At its worst, sci-fi writing is ridiculous but entertaining: at its best, it offers a compelling vision of the future.

-by Bill Musselwhite

It will only be a one-day affair, but it's still rather a brave thing for the Alberta Science Fiction Society to do: throw a convention and invite a world-famous writer.

After all, the society is hardly a year old and seven months ago, the club had only a handful of members. Now they have their own magazine and have invited A.E. van Vogt to come to their July 1 open-house at the Calgary Inn and put their club on the fandom map.

Still, that's the type of people science fiction fans are.

Fandom, by the way, is what you call the semi-organized mass of professors, truck drivers and 10-year-olds who spend millions of dollars each year buying sci-fi magazines, books, artwork, and publishing fanzines, magazines devoted to discussing science fiction.

Fans travel thousands of miles to attend conventions just to meet their favorite writers and talk about sci-fi with other fans who have travelled thousands of miles. Just why they do all this puzzles wives, co-workers, and probably the writers themselves. Many people can't even understand why anyone would want to read sci-fi in the first place.

As a literary genre, science fiction is old stuff. THE MOONSTONE, usually acknowledged as the first real mystery novel, was published in 1868, four years after Jules Verne published his SF classic, VOYAGE TO THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH. By stretching a point, you could classify Mary Shelley's FRANKENSTEIN, written in 1818, as science fiction.

In some ways, though, science fiction still suffers from the reputation it gained in the 1930's and 1940's, when the public's view of the genre was fixed by the covers on the pulp magazines - lurid artwork featuring the hero, ray-guns blazing, saving the scantily clad heroine from the clutches of a five-eyed, seven-armed, bright green Bug-Eyed Monster.

Those were the good old days of science fiction. The stories consisted of stirring adventure tales of space wars, alien civilizations and the exploration of space. The hero, all gonads and no brains as one writer described it, clutched his sword (swords were very big then) and atomic blaster, stuffed his sleeping silks into the saddle bags of his 14-legged horse, and sallied forth to save the universe. That was the fiction part of it.

The science part was minimal. All a writer needed was a hazy idea of Newton's Third Law of Motion and he was set. Authors dreamed up any device they wanted, had their heroine walk about in hard vacuum in a glass helmet and a bikini, and had their rockets flit from star to star with total disregard for such technicalities as Lorentz contractions, time dilations and mass-velocity ratios.

Even then there were writers careful to get their facts straight and many of these were scientists in their own right. SF fans still delight in the tale of one author who was picked up by the FBI during the Second World War. The agents wanted

to know where he got his information about the construction of an atomic bomb. The writer didn't know of the existence of the Manhattan Project but he did know his science.

During the past three decades, serious SF writers have begun to examine man himself and this, plus the fact that today writers have to get their facts straight, has resulted in science fiction assuming the place it holds now.

THE WORLD OF NULL-A, one of Van Vogt's most famous novels, is written around the theories of general semantics. Other writers have dealt with pollution, practical space flight, parapsychology, improper use of natural resources, and man's seeming desire to exterminate himself.

The attraction of science fiction is not its writing, which is still pretty bad, but its vision. It acts as a crystal ball showing the future or futures facing humanity.

The best writers seem to start with some facet of today's society and ask themselves what this will be like 25, 50 or 500 years in the future. Various novelists have asked what would happen if: syndicated crime grew stronger than the government; corporations took over completely; mutations produced a race of super-humans.

Outer space has not been neglected, of course, and contact with an alien civilization still makes for a good yarn. Today, however, such contacts are examined from a scientific point of view.

As for space exploration itself, too many readers know too much to let the author play fast and loose with facts. Writers are more likely to examine the effect of confined space on astronauts than galactic overlords.

Go into any bookstore today and you will find rack upon rack of science fiction novels.

Some of these books are still pure adventure tales, a bit more carefully written now but still featuring the brave human saving civilization. Many of the old "space operas", books by "Doc" Smith and Edgar Rice Burroughs, are being reprinted and are being snapped up.

But science fiction has come of age. THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN was a best-seller. MAROONED was read by astronauts who found themselves in almost the same situation.

The vision is still there and more and more people are becoming interested in the possible futures of humanity. Science fiction doesn't provide an answer, but it provokes some interesting questions, and possibilities.

-THE CALGARY HERALD, Friday, June 18, 1971

LACK OF MONSTERS NO PROBLEM AT SCIENCE FICTION OPEN HOUSE

by Bill Musselwhite

If it hadn't been for the humans, the Alberta Science Fiction Association's open house would have been a flop.

Not one monster showed up.

Humans did, however, from an old commissionaire who has been collecting science fiction magazines since 1929 to a boy who hopes to be a seasoned writer by the time he is 20.

Housewives came, as did a radio announcer who collects comic art, the editor of a magazine devoted to science fiction criticism and a girl from Poughkeepsie, New York, - more than 50 in all and all faithful fans of the ugly duckling of literature.

According to John Mansfield, the convention chairman, the open house was held to give local fans "A very small idea of what science fiction conventions are like".

It was small compared to the 3,000 persons, six-day "cons" which are common in the U.S., but it had, Mr. Mansfield said, a little of everything.

Like its bigger cousins, the Calgary open house included panels, speeches, films, and art show and an auction of everything from original art work to replicas of the keys which turned off the A-bomb in the movie The Andromeda Strain.

The open house also included lots of time for talk between fans themselves, plenty of time to discuss authors, trends, books, movies, television and just what did 2001 mean?

Although no monsters attended - monsters are a bit passe now anyway - there was the next best thing, Forrest J. Ackerman, editor of Famous Monsters of Filmland and the world's best known science fiction fan. With him came the convention necessity, a professional writer.

Because the Calgary association is small and fairly new, convention organizers were a bit worried about where they would find a "name" author to serve as chief drawing card and resource person.

Mr. Mansfield, a veteran of many conventions, finally phoned Mr. Ackerman in Hollywood and asked: "Forry, where are we going to get a pro who will come thousands of miles to speak to people who have never attended a science fiction convention."

"Forry" suggested A.E. van Vogt, a leading author who has published 40 books. Mr. Mansfield was astounded: Mr. van Vogt said yes: and the convention turned out to be a success.

The two Californians seemed to be everywhere at the convention, talking, shaking hands or signing autographs. Mr. van Vogt, who looks like an enthusiastic optometrist, usually could be found in a corner arguing semantics. Mr. Ackerman, who resembles a somewhat beefed-up Vincent Price, often found himself trapped by fans hoping to stump him with questions such as: "What was the name of the French vampire movie destroyed by enemy action during the First World War?"

Both seemed to lap it up.

As well as a speech by the guest of honor, fans also listened to a talk contrasting science and fiction by Sig Weiser, director of the Calgary Centennial Planetarium. Three Calgarians, J.B. Clarke, Catherine Pierce and Ritchie Benedict discussed the tribulations of the beginning science fiction writer, and Jim Ryan gave a history of Comic art.

More than 60 articles - movie posters, original art work, books and oddities such as a replica of the plaque left on the moon by the first moon mission were auctioned. Even Mr. Ackerman left with a few articles to add to his \$700,000 collection of science fiction memorabilia, a collection which filled his 13-room house and forced him to move into an apartment.

"Where will you put that," whispered Mr. van Vogt as Mr. Ackerman bid on a large movie poster. "Well," the collector replied dubiously, "There's a little space left on the ceiling."

Mr. van Vogt's speech included a showing of slides given him by the U.S. space agency, NASA.

-THE CALGARY HERALD, Friday, July 2, 1971

CALGARY'S FIRST SF CONVENTION HELD

by Michael McNinch

Calgary's first science fiction convention, organized by the Alberta Science Fiction Society was held Thursday at the Calgary Inn.

Mr. A.E. van Vogt, the well known author of some 40 books, such books as Slan and Worlds of Null-A, was the Professional Guest of Honor and spoke on the subject of Science Fiction in the next 100 years.

Two panels were formed to discuss various aspects of SF (fan talk for science fiction) with the audience.

The first panel was made up of three authors, two of whom have just set out their writing careers; they were Mr J.B. Clarke, who has had several stories accepted by

ANALOG (an SF magazine), Catherine Pierce, a Calgary model whose successful submission of a script to the producers of Star Trek was marred by the demise of the program and Mr. Ritchie Benedict who recently won the CFAC award for his anthology IF.

Among the topics discussed were the personal experiences of each, the problems faced by persons wishing to sell stories and the relevance of sex in SF.

The second panel consisted of Bill Musselwhite, a columnist for the Calgary Herald and Jim Ryan, an announcer for CFCN whose collection of literature and old comics is believed to be the largest in the city.

Mr. Ryan spoke on the development of comic art throughout the past seventy years and explained its sources in society and its impact on our way of life. For example, he drew a parallel between ancient fairy tales and legends and today's Marvel Comics, which he claimed perform the same function in providing temporary escape from the tedium of everyday life.

Mr. Musselwhite, who reviews many movies and SF books for the Herald then discussed cinema aspects of science fiction. He pointed out that until recently the public's opinion of SF was largely determined through viewing certain types of films involving lightly-clad heroines, bug-eyed monsters and heroes armed with ray-guns.

This is changing since the tremendous success of 2001-A Space Odyssey and The Andromeda Strain. He said that it would be a good idea for clubs and individuals to write to the studios explaining what they like or dislike and why.

At the conclusion of Mr. Musselwhite's talk the point was raised by Mr. Ackerman (the event's Fan Guest of Honor) that since the 1920s there have been sporadic outbursts of poor science fiction films, usually brought about by the success of one or two good ones; perhaps, he said, if people expressed their dissatisfaction to the studios as Mr. Musselwhite suggested there would be a chance of seeing good SF movies on a more regular basis.

Mr. Sigfried Weiser, director of the Centennial Planetarium gave a speech on the relationship of science to science fiction and mentioned that in his capacity as director of the planetarium he was approached at least once a week by people often termed "crackpots" who claimed they had received messages from Venusians or UFOs, or that the concept of gravity was a capitalist plot.

The convention also featured an auction display of science fiction art by several professional artists and a large number of books and comics on the SF theme were on sale.

-THE ALBERTAN.

THE INCREDIBLE HULK EATS WHEATIES

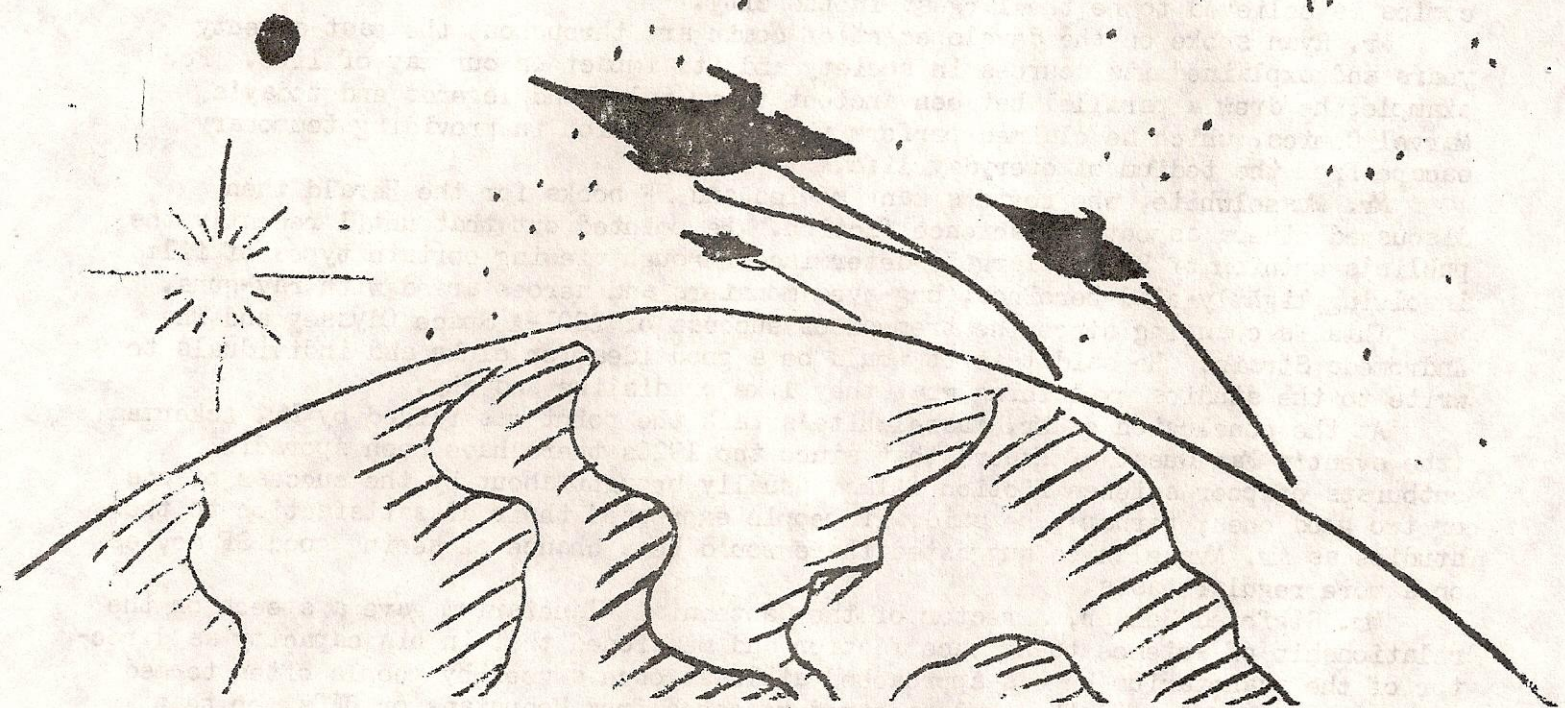
Anyone interested in sending artwork or articles to be published in this fanzine
please send your articles to: ARTWORK ARTICLES AND LETTERS

ASFS 2111-14 st. sw.
Calgary
Alberta
Canada

ARTICLES AND LETTERS
4911-43 st sw.
Calgary 8,
Alberta
Canada

[illegible]

The Killer Race



THE KILLER RACE
by Doug Shore

For three hours the battle raged over the dying system. For three hours the sleek, black ships bearing the blue green orb of Terra hounded us above our homes. For three hours they rained atomic death on our cities destroying our civilization. Bit by bit they shattered and crushed our fleet. Their gigantic armada swooped down upon our puny force like a hawk upon a dove. Our battle lines began to waver, and then crumble before their onslaught, and I was forced to order a general retreat. Then we turned and ran, leaving the enemy in possession of our thirteen planets.

"Admiral, Admiral Janos," I broke out of my reverie with a start. There was Lieutenant Markos standing by the control console, with a telecube in his hand.

"Admiral, the STARFIRE's blown up. One minute she was there transmitting, the next she was floating desbris. Here's her last telecube," he gave it to me and saluted, and then moved as to return to his station, I held him, as I touched the recorded side of the cube.

"How many do we have left?" The cube's message flowed into my brain; drive overheating, nearing crit.....

"Seven sir, and six under Vice Admiral Tanos." The number whirled through my head, thirteen, thirteen, thirteen, the number of planets we'd lost; the number of ships we now had.

"Lieutenant, I'm going to my quarters. Call me the minute anything happens."

"Yes sir, yes sir..yes sir...yes sir...."

As I shuffled out of the bridge I heard behind me, "Tired, man is he tired." "Yah, so would you be if you'd watched as those dirty ----- destroyed a hundred and ninety ships and the last chance for survival of the Federation." I entered my room and lay upon the bed. I closed my eyes and my mind raced down the corridors of time, to that time ten years ago and my graduation flight.

"Cadet Janos, you'll take the Queens III down to the surface. I'm giving her to you because the regular pilot is sick. As is our custom, the planet of a commander's first landfall is named after him. This one is yours. Good luck."

An hour later I was planeing down to the planet's surface for a somewhat shaky landing. I went down to the air lock, picking up the flag and honour guard. I was the first to step out on the landing platform and the flag handed out after me, then I stepped onto the surface of my planet, my planet.

The guard filed out after me and we marched approximately a hundred yards from the ship. The soldiers built a standard cairn and under the watchful eyes of the scientific party and marines claimed the planet. The Tri-Sun cluster was unfurled; a salute fired; and the planet formally passed into Federation hands.

I re-entered the ship and sent a telecube message to the control ship that orbited a thousand miles overhead. As she pulled away on her mission through the rest of the system, we set up our base camp. For the next three weeks we collected, named, classified, and photographed the planet. Nobody was idle; we all worked. During the second week the geologist, myself, and four of the soldiers were in a camp in the mountains. Two days before we were scheduled to return to the main camp, we made a discovery that made the whole trip a complete success.

We had made the metallurgic discovery of the century, and so we put off our return to the main camp. Our strike, Koleyx crystals, was the biggest in five hundred years. The deposit would rival even that on Lianos IV, and what's more, this planet was inhabitable. We stayed to the extent of the vein and load the flitter with crystals. Meanwhile, an even more important incident was occurring at the base camp; they were about to encounter the first new alien race discovered in a thousand years.

While we dug away at the mountain, they tried to contact the alien ships which had landed less than a mile away, but each attempt failed, and failed. Finally, they decided to send the biologist and linguistics experts over to the rocket. Ha, everyone wanted to go but they had their work to complete! The two flew over the trees in the other flitter, to where they had set down. When they arrived, there was no sign of activity anywhere, and the ship's locks were closed. They floated up the needle-like ship by AG. The lock opened, and they entered, and never came back out, alive.

Next day, after giving the two plenty of time to return, four of the remaining seven set out for the alien camp on foot. By the time they had reached the aliens, we were taking down the camp in preparation for our return. They crawled up to the edge of the clearing and watched as the aliens set up camp. Far over on the other side of the clearing, two aliens were digging a deep pit. Then the side of the ship split open and four Terrans came out carrying the bent, broken, burnt bodies of our comrades. They watched in horror, the horror that called us all as the aliens dumped their carcasses into the holes.

One of the men jumped up with a mixed cry of horror and anger and strode out into the clearing. He raised his hands to show that he was unarmed and demanded the return of their bodies. One of them screamed and fired a hand weapon. From more than twenty sites around the clearing, thin, tight, white beams of light lashed out at him, turning him into a charred smoking hulk. The other three fired back in retaliation, knocking down three or four of the aliens. Then they ran, as the aliens whipped the trees with their weapons. In a running battle they made it back to the ship without casualties. The Terrans were a raging mob pressing in on them, when we arrived in the flitter. We fired at them from the air and drove them off.

One of the dead aliens was picked up for study, and we made all possible haste to lift planet. As we were taking off, they attacked again, and a chance shot damaged the port rockets, causing us to nearly crash. Making orbit nearly ten hours ahead of schedule, we spent a very nervous night expecting to be attacked at any minute by the alien ship. As it was, the control ship arrived three hours early.

The other teams had also met with the sleek black ships bearing the blue-green orb of Terra. They too had been attacked, but they had fared worse than we. One had been wiped out to a man; the other nearly so. These attacks were unprecedented in the history of our people.

These unprovoked attacks left us stunned. We didn't know what to do. We found it impossible to reason it out; we hadn't done anything to them, and we were exactly alike, except for one little thing.....

"Admiral. Admiral Janos..." I heard my name and the alert sirens blaring out as I swam up from a sea of memory. I punched the communicator and called the bridge.

"What's the matter, Lieutenant!"

"An enemy fleet, sir."

"Alright. I'm on my way up to the bridge now."

As I raced towards the bridge, my mind surged ahead. Seconds later I charged into the bridge. "Are the disrupters still up?"

"Yes, sir. I kept them up even though regulations forbade it."

"Good. Captain, how many are they?"

"Twenty, sir. The screen shows one wagon, three heavy cruisers, and ten heavy cruisers. We're too far away to spot scouts."

I answered and then called for a full staff conference. As I outlined my plan, I could feel the tension and excitement grow. I promoted Tanos to full Admiral in case anything happened to me and the RIGIAN. Yran was ordered to make for the Jorn system to evacuate its people.

Meanwhile, we prepared the trap. The ships spread out in a gigantic semi-circle directly in the path of the oncoming fleet. We reinforced our disrupter fields against a stray detector ray of the enemies defences. Then we waited behind our shield of invisibility for them to come to us. For the first time since the Terran invasions began, we had the edge, the edge that would put us on even ground.

As the seconds ticked away, my mind began to wander again. Back, back to my first fleet command, my first battle. I was the commander of twenty-five five-man scouts. The little scouts were the front line of Janos I defences. Six days after we took up stations, we detected a small unidentified force of ships. We were detailed to ambush them in the asteroids. We aligned ourselves in between the asteroids and waited for them. As their shapes loomed larger in our detector screens, we began to feel that maybe we had bitten off more than we could chew.

Slowly, their fleet, their unsuspecting fleet, drew nearer to us and we saw that it consisted of three heavy cruisers. Closer they came until finally I gave the order to fire. As small as a scout is; as ill-armed as a scout is, no ship, even a cruiser, if its deflectors were down, could take point blank a full missile salvo from twenty-five scouts.

The lead cruiser went out in a blaze of incandescent glory. In the confusion, we were able to damage the other cruisers and for about twenty seconds, we were able to weave in between them; firing on the cruisers. Then they had their shields up and were lashing back, but they were damaged, badly damaged, and in a minute were running, leaving the seventeen scouts destroyed behind them. While we fought and then chased the cruisers out of the system like wasps around a bear, another battle was being fought over Janos I. By the time we had returned, the Terrans had fled, neither side inflicting heavy casualties. For my part in the ambush of the three cruisers, I received my people's highest award for bravery: The Tri-Sun Cluster, and a promotion to destroyer captain. Within a.....

My mind was jerked back to the present by a cry that the alien force was within maximum target range. I ordered a cessation of the use of nearly all the detection gear; I wasn't risking our being discovered until they were at point blank range. The enemy in their sleek black killer ships slipped along unsuspecting like sheep into a slaughter pen. Then they were among us. The circle was completed; our disrupters were dropped, and the sound beams were fired. Their shields cracked, shattered, and then we fired salvo after salvo of missiles at them. In less than five seconds, eight of their ships were floating rubble and six more too badly damaged to fight. We plunged their whole fleet into chaos. Our ships weaved in and out of theirs, raking them with flamers and missiles. Within minutes their fleet was reduced to bits of floating rubbish. Four of their craft escaped one exploding in their race for safety.

For a moment there was a stunned silence throughout the ship; then it sounded echoed with cheers of victory. For the first time since we had met with and fought the invader we had won a major battle. The myth of the enemies invincibility was crushed. We had proven that, but for his numerical superiority, we could beat him, even though the proof came belatedly.

My men were still celebrating when I returned to my quarters. I was tired, dead tired. I lay down on my bed and fell into a dreamless sleep. I woke up five hours later as we were entering our last haven of safety. The last home of our race, the Jern system.

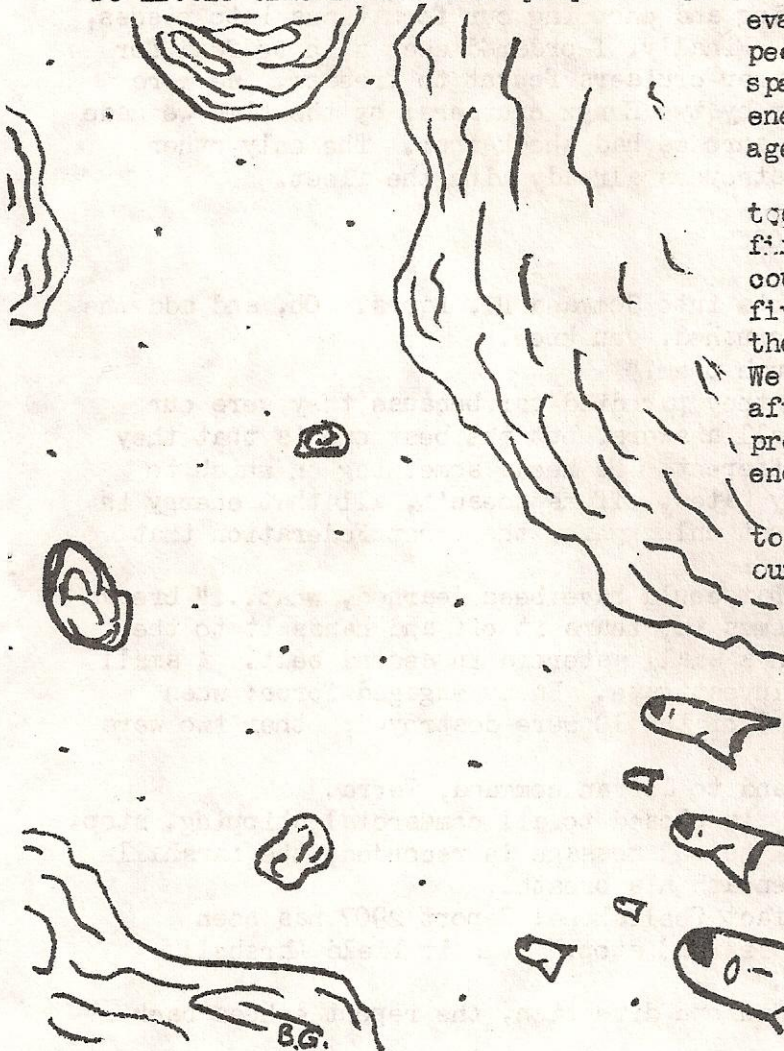
We knew that soon the ever pressing enemy would follow, and we had so little time, so little time in which to prepare a proper welcome. In less than a month we had

evacuated Karalos V and Jern IV of our people and the Ernyx. We sent them off into space hoping that they would escape the enemies detection system. Somehow they managed to slip through.

We regrouped our forces, managing to scrape together twenty-six ships of the line, and fifty-three other assorted craft. We knew we could not win, not with ninety-nine ships against five thousand, but we might delay them; delay them enough so that our people might escape. We knew that it was impossible to surrender after the mass murders on Tranton III. My preparations, I was confident, would hold the enemy till our people were in the clear.

While we waited for the hated black vessels to appear, we devastated our homes and those of our allies, the Ernyx. The little Arthropods were even more desperate than we, at least the enemy only killed us; they ate the Ernyx. We turned our planets into wastelands denying the enemy the right to live in our homes. We laid traps and mines throughout the solar system of such devious types and quantities that the Terrans would not feel safe in this system for a thousand years.

We laid mass mines throughout the system, booby-trapped moons and asteroids and garrisoned them with suicide squads. We had said our goodbyes to our families and made our peace with each other a week before and now could only wait.



Hours slipped into days into weeks, and then, two-and-a-half weeks after the last evacuation ship had left, enemy feelers advanced on our system. Five hours later the main force of the enemy fleet was upon us, and we had very little time left. In those last few tense moments before the battle, my mind slipped two years to my last promotion and the political battle that proceeded it; a battle I won, but the victory was hollow.

I managed to convince the political leaders of our people to mobilize but it was too little too late. I was the youngest Admiral there and Arren that morning when I became the Supreme Sornta, commander of all the forces in the Federation. I tried, oh how I tried to build our forces, to increase their strength; but I didn't have time. Less than a year after, I became the supreme commander, the Terrans.....

The alarm bells blared out as the enemy penetrated the first ring of mines, and lost a hundred and eleven before they got through. They crossed the next four rings losing about three hundred ships to accomplish it. While they were shook up we hit them, like mongooses striking at Tharbien moss snakes. Then we ran to behind the last line of defence, the nova-bombs. These weapons were developed too late in the Jorn labs to be used in the home system but were going to give the enemy a nasty surprise here.

The first bomb drove in towards the enemy front, its captain pressed a plain white button, and the ship and a million cubic miles were turned into a new sun, taking six hundred of the enemy vessels with him. The others drove for the enemy forces and one by one, each became a tiny sun, then the enemy was through that and howling for our blood. The enemy came boiling at us, cutting and chopping our formations into pieces, and then crushing each of those fragments. Finally, I ordered each ship to fend for itself and took the Rigian and with five other cruisers fought to freedom. We were shortly joined by sixteen scouts, and later by two Ernyx cruisers; by the time we made contact with the evacuation fleet, we were sure we had shook them. The only other survivors of the lost battle were eight destroyers already with the fleet.

EPILOGUE

"Lieutenant, send those casualty reports into Command HQ, Larns. Oh, and add the usual enemy systems captured, enemy fleet crushed, you know."

"Marshall, why, why did we have to crush them?"

"Because they were different, because they parodied us; because they were our betters and strangers at that. There are all answers, but the best one is that they were different, and man needs something different. He needs something on which to vent his frustrations, angers and his petty hates. If he doesn't, all that energy is turned inward to self-destruction. It's just unlucky for the Orret Federation that they're this century's scapegoat."

"Yah, I guess so, but just think of what could have been learned, what..." breaks off as message from Sector Commander R-1 comes in; tears it off and hands it to the Marshall. 'An alien force was discovered on a small asteroid in second belt. A small force of ten destroyers was dispatched to investigate. Enemy engaged force; when landing was attempted, asteroid exploded. 8 of the 10 were destroyed; other two were badly damaged. fini.'

"Lieutenant, send a message to Larns and to Terran command, Terra."

"This system (Federation system At F) is closed to all commercial shipping. stop. System is booby-trapped and mined. stop!" A second message is recorded; the Marshall picks it up and read it silently, curses beneath his breath.

"Add this, Lieutenant." "' Alien Artifact Obelisk Re: Report 2907 has been translated. stop. Message reads: We shall return! stop. Sign it Field Marshall Stone, C in C.'" "Send it off immediately."

As a small fleet speeds through space in one direction, the report echoes back through the others.

We shall return, return, return.....

THE END

BEST SF SEVEN Edited by Edmund Crispin Faber & Faber Ltd. . 212 pg \$5.25
A review by Michael Glicksohn

The difficulty faced by an anthology that sets out to present the "best" SF has to offer is the extremely limited source of material the editor has to draw on. Sturgeon's Law applies in SF, as in all things, and there just aren't that many stories excellent enough to be considered. Faced with this dilemma, the editor has two alternatives: he can lower his standards, to be able to pick from a greater body of work, or he can stick to his guns and hope that most of his readers will be unfamiliar with his selections.

Edmund Crispin is a fine editor with a good eye for a story. When I first read the initial volume of this series, over ten years ago, I was bowled over by the quality of the stories it contained and I still consider the early books in this set to be among the finest anthologies I've read. So I approached BEST SF SEVEN with considerable enthusiasm. But, alas, times have changed, and so have I. Mr. Crispin is still a fine editor and he's still putting together a top-quality anthology but I was disappointed by this volume, and not because of any defect in the book itself. Rather my disappointment was at the entire field of science fiction, for of the 12 stories in this book, only two were unfamiliar to me.

Crispin has chosen to stick with top-quality stories, and while he could dazzle a 13 year old with his selection of near-classics, this somewhat older and somewhat wiser reviewer is forced to admit that if a story is worth being called "the best", the chances are that it will already be familiar to most SF fans. And the stories in this volume are generally damn good. They range all the way from Eric Frank Russell's classic "Ultima Thule" through Zelazny's modern classic "The Doors of His Face, The Lamps of His Mouth" to Tom Disch's "Come To Venus Melancholy". A span of over 30 years. And they include some of my personal favorites: Asimov's "The Machine That Won The War", Vonnegut's "Harrison Bergeron" and R.A. Lafferty's superb "Snuffles".

But though the stories range from good to excellent, can I recommend this book? And to whom? Since this is an English book and 8 of the stories had initial publication in America, it may be that the English reader will not be as familiar with the titles included here as will the North American SF devotee. But if you are a North American science fiction "fan" it's only fair to warn you that you won't find much that is new here. On the other hand, if you've been looking for a book to give to someone who is not an avid SF reader, to show them what the field can produce, then this book would be an excellent choice. Crispin states, in his forward, that he has chosen works that are good stories as well as good science fiction. You'll find no arty pretensions styling here, just lots of good solid skillful writing with stories that are entertaining as well as thought-provoking. (In addition to the six stories mentioned above, the book includes "The Children of Night" by Pohl, "Way Out in the Continuum" by Maurice Richardson, "Heresies of the Huge God" by Aldiss, "The Coffin Cure" by Alan E. Nourse, "The music Master of Babylon" by Edgar Pangborn and "Protect Me From My Friends" by John Brunner.)

BEST SF SEVEN is a fine anthology of worthy stories. I recommend it highly to those readers looking for well-written examples of what science fiction can offer. And while dyed-in-the-wool completists would probably be better off waiting for the paperbound edition, this would be a fine volume to give to your critics to show them that there really is some merit to that "crazy Buck Rogers stuff" we love to read.



Review of The Horror Hunters, ed. Elwood and Ghidalia, Macfadden-Bartell, 1971 75¢

by Susan Glicksohn

Earlier generations used to ask Divine protection from "ghosties and ghoulies and things that go bump in the night". Twentieth century man, however, far from demanding protection from supernatural beastlies, propagates the species. Why, even now, your favorite bookstore may be overgrown with Lovecraftian fungi from Yuggoth; or it may be the sombre, skull-strewn haunt of THE HORROR HUNTERS.



THE HORROR HUNTERS, edited by Roger Elwood and Vic Ghidalia (Macfadden-Bartell, 75¢) is an adequate anthology of horror stories: adequate because, while it contains no really remarkable tales, no newly-discovered manuscripts to tempt the connoisseur, it is an entertaining introduction for a newcomer to the field. The editors present the full spectrum of top horror-supernatural writers, from the convoluted and mannered prose of Blackwood, to leiber, and Bloch. The quality of writing is as predictable as the choice of authors. August Derleth's "Mr. Ames' Devil", a conventional humorous treatment of the old bargain-with-the-devil theme, is about average for the book: smoothly-written, entertaining, but not especially chilling. Nor especially memorable.

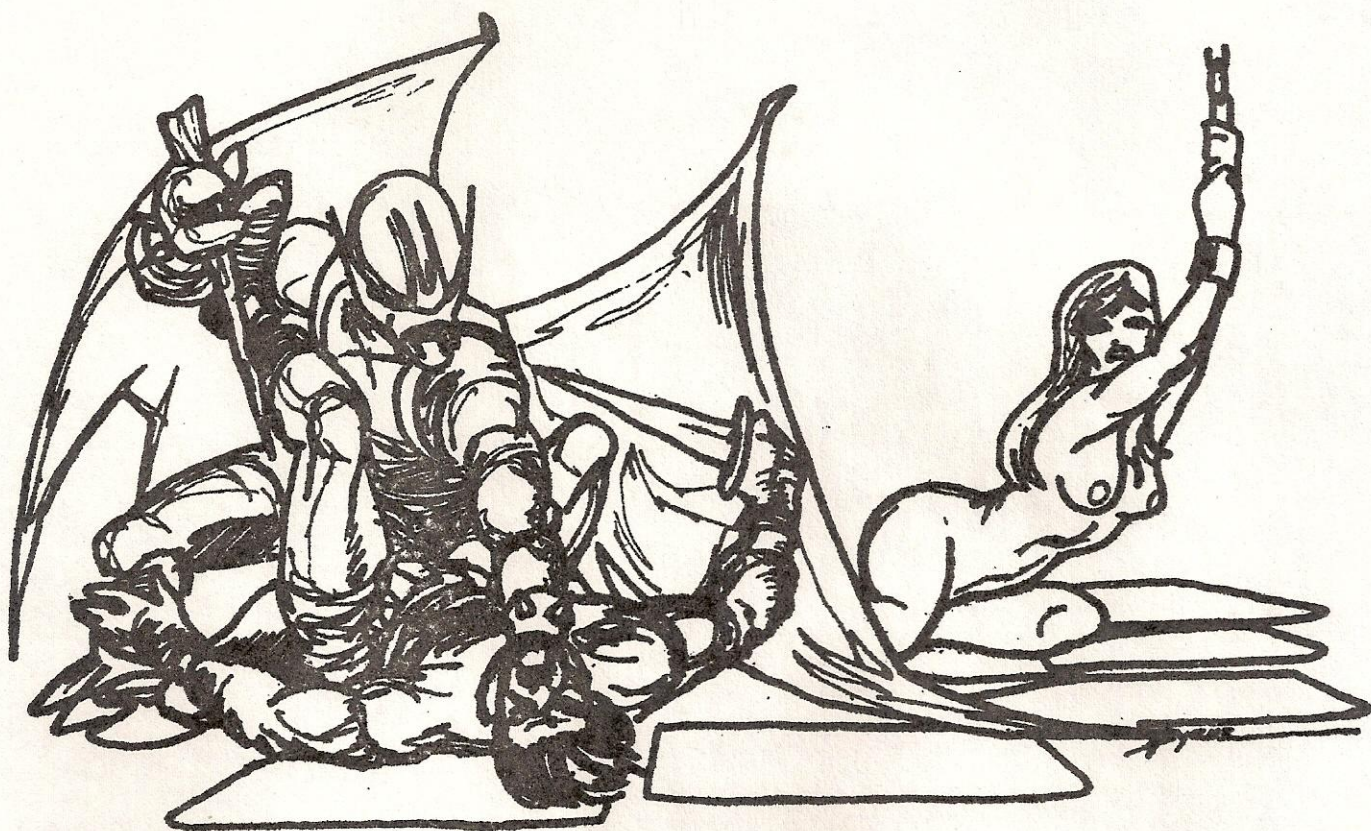
Only Sturgeon's "One Foot and the Grave" stands out, with interesting and developed characters, a swift pace, uncluttered prose, and an intricate, not always predictable plot. Above all, it conveys a real sense of horror. The other stories deal in obvious gimmicks -- pentacles drawn in haunted rooms at midnight, eerie screams, macabre deaths. Sturgeon creates true horror: the inexplicable and extraordinary in the midst of the ordinary, Thad wandering in familiar, magic-haunted woods with a cloved hoof, looking for "my foot and possibly some peace and quiet." Only Sturgeon convinces the reader that the natural could turn out to be the supernatural, for ordinary people. Like you. And even Sturgeon tends to explain, rather than get on with the storyteller's business of showing.

THE HORROR HUNTERS, then, is an adequate collection of average horror stories. If you're familiar with the field, you'll probably have read the eight stories it contains (the others are "Ancient Sorceries" by Algernon Blackwood, "The Gateway of the Monster" by William Hope Hodgson, "The Unnamable" by H.P. Lovecraft, "The Thing on the Roof" by Robert E. Howard, "In The X-Ray" by Fritz Leiber, and "I Kiss Your Shadow" by Robert Bloch.) If you're a newcomer to the field, try it. It may not give you nightmares; but it may give you a chart, albeit not an old parchment with faded cabbalistic signs, to do your own horror hunting.

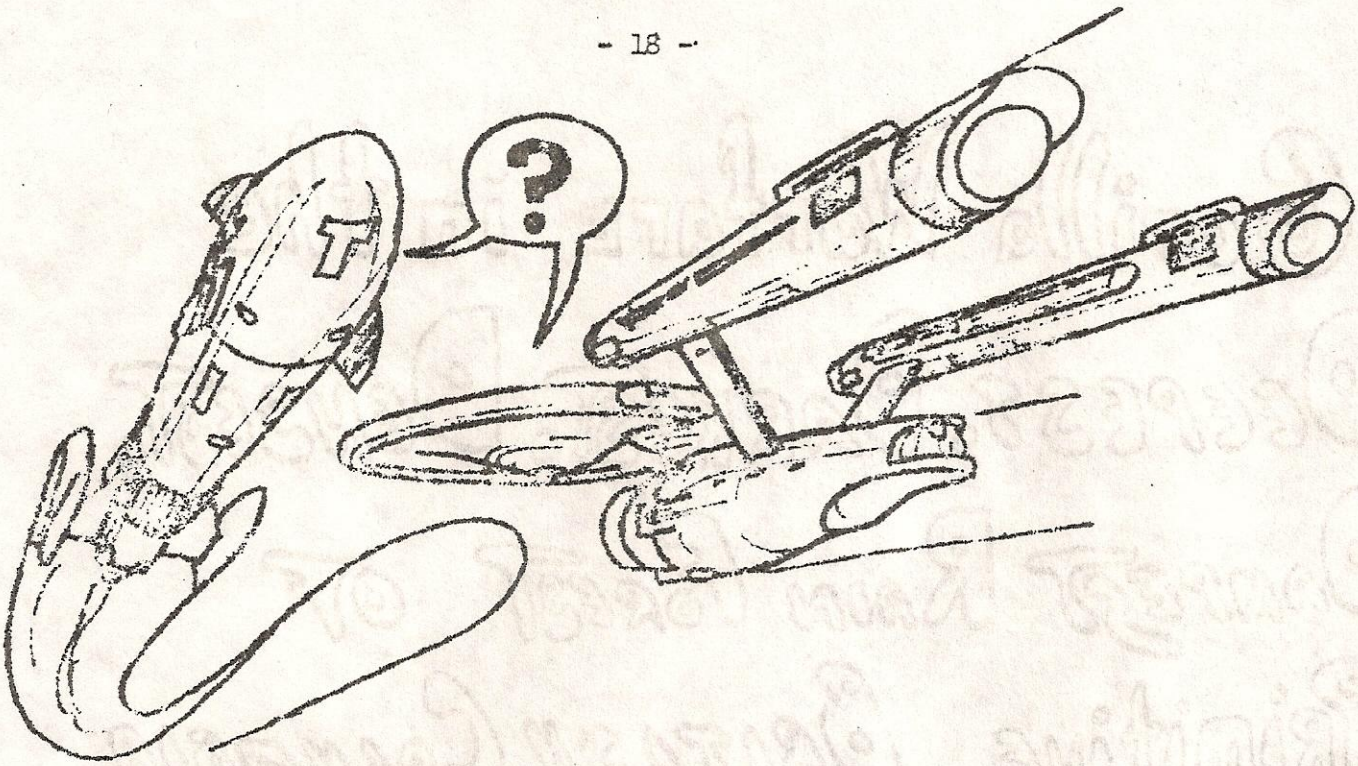
XX

Last issue, I promised that there would be a decided upon name for this zine. As you have probably guessed, I broke my promise (my Lord, I'm doomed). There seems to be some considerable disagreement as to what the name should be. First we ran a contest for the best name, the prize: free admission to our con. This bait did not seem to lure any fans, so I am back to where I started from. The only hang-ups I have about THE GREAT NORTHWESTERN NEWS is that it is considerably long, causing problems as to cover layout. The other reason is that it doesn't sound SFish. I am now opening my mind to any suggestions that you might have to offer. If the suggestion is hard to pronounce, all the better, if the name is one word, better still, and if it is hard to pronounce as well as have just one word, superb. Please send your thoughts to:

4911-43 St. S.W., Calgary 8, Alberta, Canada.







Alberta Science Fiction Society
(ASFS)

The Alberta Science Fiction Society is a Calgary based club. Up to now, meetings have been held at McEwan Hall at the University, Mount Royal College, and the Southern Alberta Institute of Technology, sometimes referred to as SAIT or "Tech".

As for informal meetings, we have also met at such places as a swimming pool for splash-ins, and at members' homes for anything from war-gaming to parties.

The following are locations of the three major meeting sites:

UNIVERSITY: West of Highway 1A, between 24 Avenue N. W. and 32 Avenue N. W.

MT. ROYAL COLLEGE: Directly EAST, across from the Centennial Planetarium.

S.A.I.T.: Located directly EAST of the Jubilee Auditorium on the North Hill.

A variety of things have been done at both formal and informal meetings of which the club tries to have one each month. For PAST formal meetings: silent movies, discussion of SF authors, guest speakers, SF records, auctions, blooper films, election nights, convention slides, and more. As for past informal meetings: swimming, Apollo party, and war-gaming, which has been done the most. There was even a show-down of battle intelligence when the ASFS challenged the Calgary Wargaming Club.

USUAL AGENDA

Meetings (formal) usually start at 8:00 P.M. and are held on Saturdays.

1. Bumblng Business (old and new business is discussed.)
2. Bizarre Bazaar (a book sale for members to sell their old books.)
3. Coffee break.
4. Planned program of some sort.

There are a few special interest groups which are: FANZINE COMMITTEE, for members interested in making a fanzine, and WARGAMING, for members who enjoy playing a good wargame. Past, but unsuccessful groups were SF TECHNOLOGY, UTOPIAN GROUP, and a MOVIE MAKING GROUP, which could have become successful, but suddenly stopped.

COSTS: Membership costs are : Students-\$3.00 ; Non-students-\$5.00 ; Family-\$7.50

"Gorilla Warfare in the
Deepest, Darkest, Densest,
Dampest Rain Forest of
Primitive BRITISH COLUMBIA
OR.....



"GORILLA WARFARE IN THE DEEPEST, DARKEST,
DENSEST, DAMPEST RAIN FOREST OF PRIMITIVE
BRITISH COLUMBIA

OR

HOW TO GET AN INSTANT CURE FOR MALARIA
WHILE SIPPING ENGLISH TEA FROM A JAPANESE
CUP THROUGH YOUR NOSTRILS."

WRITERS: Bill Gemmill and Randy Thomas

As our story falls apart, we see Bill Rampage futilely attempting to construct something similar to a campsite. We will now attempt to clear up any questions or misunderstandings that have evolved from the last few phrases of agonized reading.

Bill Rampage, the membership chairman for ASS, has been graciously forced to take a 1½ day leave, since it takes that period of time to arrive at his destination and return home.

As Bill finished his so-called campsite, two dark, bulky blobs of shadows weaved their way through their labyrinth of towering shrubs and hedges of the surrounding campsite. Just as Bill finished his supper, if you call broiled chestnuts and pine-needle stew supper, he was jumped and mugged by two frothing husky gorillas, which were just what their names state, a cross between a husky and a gorilla. Then the unconscious body of Bill was dragged off to a musky, dirty old cave that had an odor of every type of food known, except maybe the rare delicacy of pickled centipede bunions, found only at altitudes of over ten miles above sea level.

As we leave Bill contemplating his knee caps, we arrive back in Calgary where the ASS members are frantically trying to locate their unknowingly mugged comrad. John was perched upon the rear of a chair and was making violent, obscene gestures for quiet. Brian Fagee, whom you met in our last episode, THE MANSROOM AFFAIR; and for interests sake, Brian wanted his name changed but the government officials wouldn't let him. Their reason was that they didn't want some perverted maniac running loose around the country side with a different name. They want to keep a close watch on him; seems that he has some kind of alien virus floating around in his pea-sized brain.), saw the awful things John was doing and quickly joined in to help. When all bloodshot eyes were turned towards John, he quickly sat down and called the meeting to order, at which time wise-apple Brian Sewer came forth with the stale old joke: "I'll have a ham on rye". John, ignoring the hilarious statement, asked for suggestions as to how to find Bill, and was met by a multitude of flapping dishpan hands waving frantically around. He went from person to person, and found that there were a few good solutions, but found that most of the members had some vulgar insult to say about him or Bill. John, deciding not to accept any other solutions, decided to come forth with his own idea, which he thought was just peachy-keen, which was to form a small band of cocky commandos to infiltrate into B.C. and find their membership chairman.

The group consisted of John, the general-in-command, Brian Sewer, second-in-command and utility chef, Bob Soleen, ingenious mechanic and sharpshooter, Bomb Schell, war-gaming expert and veteran of both World Wars, as well as also being a pen pal to the Rotten American Cossack Society, and a unanimous host of other ASS members, including two award-winning authors. Each were volunteered, and awakened at the uncouth

hour of 10:00 A.M.

They were all armed with double-edged letter openers, a heavy-duty elastic, a series of bobby pins, a high-pitched kazoo to ward off any rogue elephants, tigers, or other animals of the jungle, and the latest paperback Nebula Award Stories. This time they decided to go via John's car, since they shuddered at the thought of riding in Bomb Schell's car (refer to THE MANSROOM AFFAIR). They were driven as far as Bill Rampage's car, stopped, and spread themselves out in the strategic form of a blob.

Meanwhile, back in the smelly old cave, Bill had arisen from his sleep and now was playing hide-and-seek with the husky gorillas (whom shall now be called Husillas), who were sipping English tea through their nostrils. His eyes, bloodshot but still in focus because of many years as a professional peeping Tom, noticed that the cup was of Japanese make and origin. When he tried to conceal himself behind a coffee pot, he was immediately seen and tied up by strands of starched spaghetti. He attempted to squirm free, but all was in vain, for the husillas had tied him in approximately $7\frac{1}{2}$ scout knots, of which he knew only $5\frac{3}{4}$ of them. He quit struggling and listened intently as he could hear a handful of husillas jiving away about something. Their speech sounded like a cross between a bag of potato chips being crushed and a jack hammer, so he could make out a few of the words that he heard. He listened and learned that the husillas were a roving band of picnic-basket pillaging, lollypop napping, and disposable diapers demolishing goody-two-shoe muggers, whose specialty was robbing the wild animals of the forests, and preferred smaller animals. They also belong to that notorious gang, Them (The MOVEMENT), and the south-of-the-border group of US.

As we leave Bill again, we see John's Jerries, The Cocky Commandos, or The Bathroom Brigade, being followed by a small regiment of Husillas. Brian Sewer was the first to see them, mainly because five Husillas jumped him. The others wheeled about at the sound of the ear-piercing yodel, and saw their cook being carted off by the Husillas. Since no-one else could cook, they ran after them, making wierd screams like "BANZAI!", "HUSHINFOOSZIZSOOFNIHSUH!" and "TORONTO IN '73". Immediately following this, everyone but Russia (so named because he likes to play Russia in all war games, even in games like EMPIRE), dispersed, leaving him to chase the Husillas, probably because he could think up the most high-pitched yells of the group. John and the others decided to circle around up ahead, set traps, and capture a few of the Husillas. He teamed up with Bob Spleen, the genius, and soon were setting up quite an ingenious trap. They had dug three collinear holes and covered the outer two holes with inter woven mats of toilet paper, which was a hot item from a nearby outhouse. They then set signs near the center hole saying that there was danger here, and not to fall in the hole. As they had hoped, the Husillas had fallen for their plan, and circled the marked pit, thus falling into the pit at the left. A few stragglers saw the plight of their fellow mutants and instead tried to outsmart their antagonistic aggressors. They knew that most of their comrades had fallen into the left pit so they went to the right, and let-erally fell for it again.



Successful in their otherwise useless attempts, John shook hands with Bob, and when he tried to let go, he sensed a more than friendly grip on him. Since the pits had not been dug deep enough, the Husillas had climbed out and were after the scrawny hides of John and Bob within seconds. John, being athletic and all, saw that Bob was too slow and so picked him up and sprinted on up the trail, where Brian Fagee had set an ingenious trap.

Up ahead, Fagee had constructed a noticeable net weaved of the stoutest of beanstalks, and had it rigged so that the enemy would be caught in it and whisked up into a ball. Little did he know that John and Bob would be the ones to be caught in it. As he waited in the tree above ready to beat the captured foes with a stale salami, he could hear Russia's calls with alarming loudness, telling him that either he was close by, or he was improving his mouth muscles enormously. He could then hear footsteps and then readied himself for the fight that would ensue. To his utter amazement, the trap had netted Bob and John, who were tugging frantically on the secure vines. Just as Brian Fagee was about to beat them, fifty or so Husillas broke into view, and then ran under the netted noodleheads. Brian cut them down and asked them why they ruined his foolproof plan. Regardless of what Brian said, John thanked him for saving his valuable (?) life from the Husillas, since he thought he would have been caught if it weren't for Brian's quick chinking.

Now, with more confidence than they needed, the three commandos followed the retreating Husillas at a short distance. Through his high/powerful binoculars (which were set at maximum), he made out the shapes of the Husillas entering into what appeared to be a cave. Now with heroism, or possibly heroine, flowing in every part

of his body (not to forget his super-inflated ego), he commanded the troops to go ahead and retrieve Bill. Quick as a flash, all three troopers simultaneously and even all at once began groaning and moaning and then said at the same time "Ohhhh!" They then explained to each other that they had hernias.

Meanwhile, down in the cave, Bill could see the Husillas making hasty preparations to leave; mainly because Swill Gemmill and Bomb Schell had set fire to the cave. Swill had ingeniously lit a match on his whiskered chin, while Brandy Thomas, who snuck in, was busy stuffing his overbloated gut by eating anything edible that came in sight. After satisfying his lust for food, he busied himself with the problem of rescuing Bill Rampage, and before you could say "Vanvogtheinleinasimovclement-harrisonnortonandersonclarkesilverbergellison-wolheimcarrleibermiven!", Bill was thanking Brandy graciously for quickly liberating him from the hostile Husillas.

Meanwhile, up front of the cave, Swill and Bomb had the fire well out of control, and could vaguely see Brandy and Bill fox-trotting out the cave entrance. At that moment, John, who had suddenly become cured, commanded the goonies to form a semi-circle in front of the entrance of the cave.

With their now poisoned bobby pins and elastics in firing position, John ordered the Husillas to surrender peacefully, and no harm



would come to them (remembering it was April Fool's Day, unbeknownst to the ignorant Husillas). As the Husillas came into full view, John blew a terrifying blast on his kazoo, signalling for his boobies to open fire while screaming "APRIL FOOLS!! " The deadly bobby pins whizzed through the air and struck the bulky Husillas both keen and true (to the perverted minds of the archers, at least). The trembling Husillas hit their faces on the ground; while they plunged earthward they all muttered something like "&%%\$#@".

Laughing gaily, the now reunited band skipped merrily away from the dead bodies of the now extinct husillas and into the British Columbian sunset.

Once back in their cars, they lost no time in returning to Calgary, whereupon arrival at John's house, saw and shuddered at the sight of an S.P.C.A. truck parked in front.

(Don't miss the next ASS and TheM and US story entitled:
THE DAY THE SUN WENT ON THE BLINN)

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