

This is the second issue of GIGO, which I never thought I'd get out mostly because of my columnists. "I" am Greg Costikyan, NOTE CHANGE OF ADDRESS; 1675 York Ave, NY, NY, 10028.

I am probably insane, but certainly not manic depressive in any case; you can read on with becoming depressed by my ravings. I intended to make this 26 pages, but it only came to 32, plus a possible Star Trek column, because I ran out of ink, columnists, and stencils, not necessarily in that order. A shame; I have some book and game reviews, which I didn't have space for, and some convention listings. No matter.

GIGO costs 1/50¢ or 6/\$250 (not going to get many subscribers that way---make that \$2.50) and is most probably well worth it, if you don't mind a lousy mimeograph machine and mediocre typing, and a nonexistent cover---there, I knew I was forgetting something.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS more or less-----

STAR TREK CON REPORT	4
Letters	7
Boskone Con Report	10
Fanzine Reviews--Ted Pons	14
Fanzine Reviews--Me	17
Comics Column--Charles Jacques	22
PARSYNTH AND CANNABIS (Fantasy Column)--Gerard Houarner	24
Mimeo Mythos Society	27
Computers Column--John Liberman	28
Diplomacy Column--Scott Rosenberg	29
Wargaming Column--Me	31

The Star Trek Column may or may not be included as an insert. See my comments on page 28.

Everything herein common law copyright (that's a joke) by me, with all rights assigned to the various authors... as far as I'm concerned, you can reprint anything. ((That's kind of useless, eh what?))

TRADE! TRADE? SUB SUB? REVIEW PG. \_\_\_ SAMPLE HERE IT IS!

OTHER FOLD SPINDLE MUTILATE COUGH UP THE CASH CONTRIBUTE

CONTRIBUTE? SINGLE ISSUE WHY NOT? ILLEGITIMATE ACCESS-----

Well, glory be! This is the second issue of GIGO, and on time, yee!

Or at least I'm typing this stencil up on schedule. I don't know if the zine will actually be printed on schedule.

I certainly hope so. But I haven't recieved my computer column yet, and my Diplomacy columnist hasn't done any work, and says he won't (he's going to the East Coast Model United Nations Conference, as if that somehow exempts him from his responsibilities,) and I haven't gotten the Star Trek column, yet, either.

But I do have comicolumnist (yurg), at least, and John swears up and down that he'll have the column. If he doesn't, you won't see him in these pages again.

Well, as you can no doubt note from the first page, I have moved to 1675 YORK AV, NY, NY, 10028, and, in case you care, (292) 860-8818. So please don't write to me at my former address.

I've also got some letters, and a couple of zine reviews from Ted Pons, and no artwork----but then, I'd have to do artwork on electronic stencil. Or get a light table. Why? See the table of contents for the ad fro the Mimeo Mythos Society.

The idea for the Mimeo Mythos Society grew out of a quote or something I saw in OUTWORLDS (I know don't know exactly what it was,) that said something about offset being excellent, and better for printing a zine, unless one was into the Mimeo Mythos.

And now, you too, can be part of the Mimeo Mythos, fight against Evil, in the form of The Offset Press, the Evil One.

Very faanish, I suppose. Mimeography is, in a way, more human; it is less perfect, more subject to human failings (as can be seen by the execrable spelling and, no doubt, worse printing of this zine,) more basic to the needs of Ghod and man. If man was meant to offset, he'd have been born with Liquid Paper on his fingertips!

Ah, well, never mind.

Iv're recently joined N'APA and am thinking of joining APA-H, though I'm not sure why I'm telling you this. The main reason I don't want to join APA-H is that both John Liberman and Adam Kasanof are thinking of joining, and I don't really know if I want to be in the same thing with them. But, hopefully, they won't get around to it, and I'll be able to join.

I'm told that Cara Sherman is thinking about starting a Star Trek APA (STAPA? APAPLEXY? Never mind----) If anyone is interested, I'd suppose they could write her at Longwood House, 154 The Riverway, Boston, MA, 02215. If she does get around to it, she's got at least one prospective applicant.

Speaking of Cara Sherman, everyone should send her some money for her zine, ROMULAN WINE, so she can read a story co-authored by me, entitled S\$AR SEX----about Rigeilian Impotence, of course, which is rampant on Daisychain 69, of course. Lots of bad puns, if you like that sort of thing.

Oh, yeah, by the way, Adam and John have permanently junked THE INVERTED GRAPEFRUIT, as I predicted. After several months of not doing any work, and talking a lot of using Hugh Carey's account on the NYU Univac 1100, to print up TIG on the lineprinter, they decided it was better to fold the magazine, rather than to risk being put away for Theft over the Phone Lines. Or, more likely, they decided it wasn't worth the work. Lazy bastards.

As I commented last issue, it really gives me a great deal of egoboo. The only time we printed a decent issue of TIG was when I nagged everyone, and did all the work; after I resigned, they folded, because there was noone else to do the work.

If TIG owed you any money, and you haven't been refunded it yet, I suggest you write John and threaten him with the Attorney General's office.

Actually, that's probably pretty futile. Knowing the general efficiency of the government of New York State, it'd take half a millenium before they investigated the fraud, and another three quarters of a thousand years before they junked the case on some technicality. You'd probably do better informing the Better Business Bureau.

Although John will probably cough up; he's not one to risk an expensive law suit over a leusy buck or two.

His address is 300 Central Park West, NY, NY, 10024, I believe.

Oh, no! Oh, no! Oh, Jesus shit----the cat has just dumped over my GLOBAL WAR counter-box----that's six-hundred fucking counters all over the bloody floor.

Oh, bloody hell.....be back in an hour.

Unnecessary outburst. Never mind----filled the page nicely.

THE FOLLOWING IS SPACE-KILLER-----

In what mood does one address silicone based life?  
The hortatory subjunctive, of course.

## THE STAR TREK CONVENTION, or

NEXT YEAR, THEY SHOULD HAVE A SHRINK ON THE STAFF!

I've seen two con reports for THE ST CON to date, neither of them favorable. But, as I had a good time, mine is.

The reasons for dissatisfaction with the con are obvious; the main ball room, where the major events were held a a maximum capacity of some horribly small amount----about half of the total number of attending people, I'd say. About 7,000 people attended.

The committee had hoped that enough people would have been drawn off by the movies and the Art Show and the Dealer's Rooms to avoid overcrowding in the Ballrooms, I assume, but any such hope was in vain. During any popularly interesting event, say, Asimov's speech, or Shatner's appearance, the Main Ballroom was so crammed that the committee had to close off most of the entrances.

But, overcrowding notwithstanding, the ST Con was definitely a success, at least by my standards. As I stated in my con report last issue for the Int. ST Con, I do not attend cons so much as to be amused as to amuse myself; I don't attend cons so much for the movies, and the capital see Events as for the people, and the unexpected things that happen. And I had a view from the inside, relatively speaking----I was a Helper (cut from GENESIS II--- "Welcome to the ranks of the Helpers(whirr)----AAAAAAAAAAAAA!")

Make that a close quotes before the end of the parenthesis.

Good God, why would anyone want to be a Helper? Too much work, no authority, no monetary remuneration.

Why? A streak of masochism, I suppose. At the age of two, my mother, then the Leader of the New Democratic Club (which august institution's mimeograph this zine is printed on----for the very reason that my mother was the Leader of the New Democratic Club, and my father before her, and a good friend now, I suppose,) put me to work stuffing envelopes for some demented election or other. (Lessee--can't have been presidential---oh, well.)

Since then, I have volunteered for work for a number of campaigns and things, and have worked for a number of charity things for short periods, for no pay. (Like the Lung Association, and NET, and things like that.)

I dunno---somehow its fun. It must have been conditioning in my childhood. "Here Greg, here's a Coke--stuffsome envelopes," "here's a candy-bar; stuff some envelopes." Pavlovian, or something.

Never mind, I can feel my mind degenerating. I shall attempt to get back to the subject at hand.

S

5

So, I stupidly sent my name off to Barbara Wenk, and got a questionnaire of some sort to fill out, which I did, and became a helper. (An helper?) And answered phones, and blocked doorways, and got kicked out of the doorway when I tried to prevent Committee from getting through, and got knocked to shit attempting to prevent people from tearing bits and pieces of living flesh of William Shatner. But that's cool, to use an outworn, insipid, dated cliché.

Friday evening, I missed most everything at the con, (first school, then playtesting at SPI,) and actually got some sleep, surprisingly enough; Scott Rosenberg stayed at my house rather than retreat to Queens for the night, but Adam Cilinsky, who was supposed to have stayed at my house, slept the night at the con.

Saturday was somewhat better. I spent most of the time working, but I did manage to hear David Gerrold, and visit the dealer's room. (I managed to find ROMULAN WINE, which is why I know about the most recent issue. But, bloody be damned, Cara Sherman hasn't sent me my freebie yet. Nor Adam. Ah, well. Cstokian, air your grievances elsewhere.) And annoyed Jerry Paulsen, who was staffing the Dealers Rooms by encouraging people to call him a jew-baiter. (If you know Jerry Paulsen, you know that he is the epitome of non-goyism. [I almost said yiddism, but that might offend some readers. Shades of Lenny Bruce, ad nauseum.])

That night, abandoning all hope of ever finding a one-sixteenth decent party (why is it that SF fans don't stay up as long as SE fans?), I went down to the lobby, where I found most of the younger set of Diplomacy fandom's Evil, Diabolical, and Sinister, Monolithic New York Conspiracies. Most were wandering around, and trying to decide whether to go home or not.

Since I had left my jacket in the Helper's Room, which was now locked, that problem was solved for me; if I liked, I could walk ten blocks through the February weather to my house, or I could take the subway, attempt to avoid being ax-murdered, and then walk three blocks from the subway station.

So I stayed. And spent most of the night calling up David Gladstein, a Dip fan and computer freak, with the rest of Dip fandom. He was staying at the hotel, and so we used him as a kind of answering service, so we could keep in touch with each other as we wandered around the hotel. He didn't especially appreciate this, but he would have appreciated it a lot less had he known that he were really in the lobby of the Commodore in stitches, taking turns calling him up.

Finally, we told David that we were all going to meet at his room (over his protestations,) and found a bunch of other people wandering around, who were also looking for a party. We directed them to David's room, and told them there was a really

hot party in Gladstein's room. They went off merrily, and I don't know what happened them.

In any case, Sunday morning found Matthew Diller, Scott and I dozing off on the stairs between the mezzanine and the lobby. I took off for the Grand Central Station Deli, where I found Adam Gilinsky and a committee person (Devra Langsam, I think). (G.S.S. is immediately under the Commodore, for the unenlightened barbarian.) They were purchasing food for the committee and the assistants, and, being a diligent worker, I tagged along and managed to get myself a free breakfast.

So I worked rather unsteadily until Sunday afternoon, when I collapsed, and borrowed the key to Paulsons room. I slept for three hours, and made it back in time for some panel or other.

So I went and had dinner, and came back just as the Main Ballroom was being cleared. Apparently, the seats in the Ballroom had to be moved in preparation for the Masquerade, and the Ballroom had to be cleared to do so. The committee cleared the area by telling everyone that nothing was up until some time or other, and to go eat.

All fine and well. About half an hour after the area was clear, a line --- or, rather, mob -- began to form on the stairways leading up to the ballroom area of people who wanted to get back in. They all groaned when they were told that they weren't to be allowed in until 8:30-.

Meanwhile, more people arrived. The crowd grew larger. Helpers were stationed all over the place, and tension developed as they got irritated at people who were cutting the line, or were really continuing upstairs, or whatever, but looked as if they were cutting the line. And the people in the line began to get irritated at the apparent inability of the Helpers to keep anyone in line. Admittedly, it was rather hard for the Helpers (median age fifteen) to deal with older people who sounded like they had some valid excuse.

Just as the Helper's voices began to rise and become shriller, and the crowd began to become more angry, a committee member came to the fore of the stairs, and asked everyone to move back, to make the line more compact and to leave a fire exit. After much shouting, the line was inched back. It is, of course, against anyones instincts to move backwards, so the line moved very slowly, and tempers rose.

So, finally, I wound up on a landing, quietly attempting to explain to righteously angry people why they weren't to be allowed in until 8:00. Then they were let in.

At 7:30. Great. Felt like a fool.

Arrgh.

After the Masquerade, I left. I was still rather tired, and I had a book report due on Tuesday on Huey Long, and I hadn't read the book or done any research. So I didn't come back on Monday.

## LETTERS

David Singer, Buck 21 - Box 264, R.P.I., Troy, NY, 12181

Dear Greg;

I must be crazy; I'm locking your zine ahead of TITLE. I don't know what the significance of this is, but who cares? A few general comments, and then I'll get down to the meaty part of my letter. First, LEARN TO USE CORFLU!! While I can understand your making typos (and, as you can tell from this letter, I am not above them myself,) there is no excuse for "correcting" them by overstriking--not on a mimeo'd zine, anyway. Corflu doesn't take that long to use, and the results are a hell of a lot better. Second, if you're going to use the same mimeo again, you should replace the ink pad (or, better, yet, persuade the owners to replace it;) that should avoid the problems you had with spots which did not ink too well on many pages. Along with this, take the time to flatten the stencil before you clamp it; this will give you much better inking....again avoiding white spots. Oops...now I just noticed your mention of a lack of a new ink pad on the first page...sorry about pointing out what you already knew. Third, you seem to be having margin problems; if you're going to staple the zine together, you need to leave wider right-hand margins on even-numbered pages, and wider left-hand margins on odd-numbered pages. I get very annoyed when the text of a line runs into the gutter between pages, as it did on many even-numbered pages.

Moving on to your note about Rebecca Baggett's note about the use of a "neuter" pronoun---I'm following a suggestion which Matt Schenk made to me, and using "them" (and "they", "their," etc.) as a generic, non-sexist personal, singular pronoun. Note that it's not a neuter pronoun...the singular "they" is to be used only for people and animals...when you know that what you're talking about has a sex, but you're not sure which one. It seems much less awkward (at least to me) than using "he/she", and it regularizes a fairly popular usage, to wit: "Each of the children opened their book."

Now, to move on to the computer column. I'm not sure how many IBM 360/370 systems John Liberman is familiar with, but he's oversimplifying the accounting system in OS. The first thing that you need to know is that the individual installation writes most of the accounting itself; therefore, there may be holes in my system that aren't in his, and vice versa. It doesn't hurt to try to look for some of the more common ones, though. For example: if your installation runs batchers, such as WATFIV, SPASM, or PL/C, you may be able to find and disassemble their accounting modules...this may point you at the accounting files.

One time, here at RPI, I made a JCL error which presented me with the entire list of account numbers as a free gift. I was running a FORTRAN compile-and-go, but I had specified NOLOAD to the FORTRAN compiler; when the loader opened SYSLIN, it flagged each record as "NOT AN OBJECT MODULE RECORD." Quite true...it was the old version of SYSL. ACCT...but not all that- old.... maybe 24 hours. What security?

IBM teleprocessing systems are a bit harder to crack, true. But not impossible. Let's look at TSO, for example. I've never used a TSO system, but, looking at the information in the FE Manual (S229-3169[-3]) on page 320, we find the User Queue Element described. Among the fields in the UQEL is the address of accounting information; I wouldn't be surprised if the account number and password hid there. Or, looking at a competitor's system, take ALPHA. ALPHA is a product of COMPUTER NETWORK CORP. of Washington, D.C. and is the teleprocessing system in use here at RPI. All of ALPHA's account numbers can be found in a dataset which goes by the name of ALPHA.VALIDATE; it's password-protected here....but there are ways around that sort of thing.

I will admit that it's not easy to get numbers on IBM systems; but once you have one number (even a legitimate one,) it becomes much easier to find a second...and a third...and a fourth...

One point about the Univac 1108; a friend had given me a legitimate number on SUNYA's Exec 8 system [State University of New York at Albany] last year. I dialed in, and as soon as I put the coupler on, the teletype gave me the last line of the previous user's session; this included his account number. This seems to be a particularly vicious case of a float! Moral: when using the Exec 8, pray that your line doesn't get dropped....or change your account number daily. Good Luck.

((The major problem with using 'them' as a singular, undetermined-sex pronoun is that it makes one sound illiterate. And it is illiterate. The purer forms of the American branch of the English language still do not recognize the use of the pronoun "they" in singular situations as proper. And a sentence such as "Each of the children opened their book" merely makes one want to cry in agony.))

((The following note is by John Liberman, in response to the above letter:

(("Indeed, security is often installation dependent; however, one can make certain general assumptions. For example, NYU's 370/145 job card looks like this:

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JOBNAM JOB (aaaa,bbbb), 'NAME', CLASS, .....
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Most security is pre-packed. All 370's store Accounting for SYS1.ACCT. Talk to T. Whelan at IBM if something is wrong with your installation's security.

(("About TSO; look at SYS1.PASSWORD. The UQEL can't be ((the next word is undecipherable. Used? Accessed?)) by any SVC unless operator-enabled. It's used, yes, but it can't be dumped or read."))



Arthur Aspromatis, 45 Shoreham Dr. E., Dix Hills, NY, 11746.

Thanks for your recent issue of GIGO. (While I'm writing, I might as well throw in a few comments. So...)

In sum, GIGO is a very nice zine. Poor printing however makes some pages difficult to read, and, therefore, detracts from the quality...but having worked with mimeographs myself, I know how difficult it is (which gives rise to that old saying: THERE'S NOTHING LIKE OFFSET). ((Pariah! The Evil One in our very midst! Stone him!))

One thing did disturb me though - the attack on Richard Geis over his "REG Journal." I would think that Mr. Geis is requiring the "over 18" statement not for concerns of an inflammatory reaction (if so, he probably would not publish at all,) but as a safeguard in case of legal complications.

Oh, by the way, there is no need to return my rejected reviews. Thanks anyway.

Ted Pons, 317 High Street, Northvale, NY, 07647.

Thank you much for GIGO #1. Found it to be a BIG improvement over your previous magazine, which, I might add, was pretty terrible (we all know its name, so why dredge up old memories?) With some work - better printing, the use of illustrations ((I know, I know)), and improved writing - GIGO could become one of the better informal genzines around. The stress should, however, remain on the fantasy (and all its sub-genres) aspects of the film/literary worlds, rather than branching off into topics which may not hold the interest of the majority of the readers. I'm referring specifically to the computer column and to the somewhat over-extensive coverage given to wargaming and the like. (Although I must admit to being a wargame addict myself, particularly when it comes to Avalon Hill efforts.)

My own preferences in Issue #1 were toward Gerard Houarner's fantasy column, and your Con Report. You're certainly right in stating that the entire C Schustercon had an air of crass commercialism about it. Nowhere was this manifested more than during the auctions; whoever that person was who handled the bidding had all the appeal of a pooped-out side-show hawker trying to appeal to the "rubes" in attendance. I mean, when the auctioneer has to confer with someone else about which Trek stars were in a photo he was trying to sell, things are hitting rock bottom. This plus the fact that they kept discovering more than one copy of "one of a kind" items was enough to send me running for the Pepto-Bismol. I have fond memories of the first two Star Trek Cons, particularly the second one. Everything had



bags, and, on my part, a couple dozen copies of GIGO #1, we had nothing to stow in the bus. We quickly seated ourselves in strategic positions, and broke out some reading materiel.

Once in Boston, we managed to get ourselves nicely lost in the below-freezing weather, but oriented ourselves using the defenestrated Hancock building. (Defenestrated? The Hancock Building, wonder of architecture, was designed so that, in even the slightest wind, its windows would disengage themselves from the building, and come crashing to the ground, in an attempt to lighten the overpopulation problem.)

Eventually, we found the Sheraton-Boston, after walking through some kind of mall-shopping center. John turned off any and all escalators we met, of course.

I registered for a single room, and, probably wisely, the hotel made me pay in advance. The bellhop took me up, and John Adam, and Eric trailed at a suitable distance behind. After seeing the walk-in closet that passed for a single, I became convulsed in laughter; four people were going to sleep in that? One in the bathtub, maybe, and one on the ledge out the window. Wait a minute---no bathtub, only a shower stall.

Be we managed. Hohn, unwilling to pay for a cot, nosed around until he discovered where the cots were held, and took it, I following, spouting communist propagandæ, and saying something about our need being greater than the hotel's. By piling the chairs in the closet, we were able to fit the cot in-between the bed and the television set, with enough room for two people to sleep on the floor.

There didn't seem to be much doing at the hotel, so we went to a disgustingly pretentious, bourgeois restaurant. I'm not precisely a snob, but anyplace that has a six-foot television-screen blow-up, showing "Sanford And Son" in the middle of the dining area is never going to make it into Michelin, exactly.

We ate something at extortionate prices, then returned to the hotel, watched some movies, visited the computer games room (which was running a rather loudy version of Star Trek, and some kind of alpha-wave cycle prediction program.) Then I noticed that there was a sign up on the bulletin board announcing that a Dungeons and Bragons game was being played in room 18 1918.

Supressing the urge to break into "La Marseilles:" and "Deutchland Uber Alles" at the door of 1918, Adam and I entered, with Eric, and played a nearly excellent game. (Nearly excellent, is it? I've never played in a better dungeon.) Adam was John Carter, Col., C.S.A., ret., Jeddak of Jeddaks, Warlord of Barsoom; Eric was "Truckie," a cleric (we all have our personal failures,); and I was Cheech Wizard, a magic user. (Magic User? "Coke, mostly." Never mind---)

According to some special rules the gamesmaster had invented, John Carter was attractive to members of the opposite sex. So much so that a female giant ant fell in love with him.

Not that the ant wasn't useful; it didn't die until after Carter did, and only then because it was greatly outnumbered by orcs.

Everyone but Adam survived, and we emerged from the dungeon at five in the morning, tired but happy; in terms of the game, no richer, but with a good deal of experience.

I got about 4 hours sleep total (unusually high for me at a convention,) and John woke me up at ten (TEN IN THE MORNING for Gods sake---thought he was more civilized than that) because he wanted someone to go to the fifth floor of the hotel and play pinball with him. I refused, naturally, but couldn't get back to sleep, so got up around 11. As I refused to go back to the aforesaid disgusting bourgeois restaurant (I'd name it if I could remember its name, so you'd be sure never to go there), so I parted company, and wandered around until I found a Burger King. Swallowing my distastes, and attempting to convince myself that Burger King was better than the disgusting bourgeois restaurant, I went inside and had some Soylent Brown.

When I returned, I permanently (more or less ) parted company with the rest of my group, as I usually do, eventually, at conventions. I don't know why, really; I get irritated at them, and go off by myself.

So I went and saw both of the "Flint" movies, and caught the Guest of Honor speech, but missed all the other panels, to my chagrin. (Anne McCaffrey sounded like a real person, surprisingly enough. [Why surprisingly? Getting sexist in your old age?]) So I wandered around, visited the Dealer's room, posted a notice for a Diplomacy game, and wound up watching someone mangle "The Circus of Doctor Lao" into a comparatively awful movie.

So, anyway, three people signed up for the Dip game, and John Vanible, a (horrors!) comics fan agreed to play, and I figured I could make up the difference among my friends and passersby.

But none of the three people showed up, and Vanible motioned me away when I tried to disengage him from the (female) person he was talking to, and none of my friends wanted to play, so the only person who wound up interested was a passing wargaming fan. And you can't really play Diplomacy with two. So I said "screw it," and packed up my set, cursing D. Undecipherable of room 919, Alice Murphy, and Ann Severissen, the three people who had signed up for the game and who had failed to show.

I returned to room 1918, and the GM gracefully let me take over the persona of a third level wizard who had been found wandering around in the dungeon. The game wasn't as good as it had been the night before, but still reasonably decent.

On Sunday, at least, I managed to get to all the panels. The major lousy one was a speech by Gordy Dickson in which he spoke a great deal about some idea of his which had something to do with oral history, and the gap between fans, editors, writers, and academe. As I said, he spoke at great length, but said nothing. At the end of the speech, I had no more idea of what the speech was about than when it started.

And there was also an excellent presentation by Bonnie Dazell of the alien animals she designed for a Smithsonian exhibit.

So, eventually, we left. At the bottom of the escalator in the hotel, John turned, and flicked a little switch inset in a metal circle on the escalator.

I exploded; God only knows, I'd had enough of his stupid antics during the convention.

So I went to the bus terminal on my own. And caught the right bus.

They didn't, of course, and didn't get back until 2 in the morning, incompetent bastards.

I arrived at the Port Authority Bus Terminal with precisely 33¢ in my pocket. Ah, well, the ephemerality of cash.

\*

It's been a couple of days since I told you about my progress with the columns, to me, at least. John, too, decided to go to ECMUNC, and, although he had two months warning, wasn't able to do a proper column in time. So he wrote (HAND wrote) something for me that doesn't look too long, but looks amusing, hopefully. Scott's column is non-existent, and I haven't received Rebecca Baggetts yet. I think I told her the deadline was April 18, not April 11. Ah, well, if I don't get her column by the 1<sup>st</sup>, I'll have to delay printing GIGO two weeks. Why two? Because next weekend is LUNACON, and I haven't time during the week.

\*

TITLES I NEVER GOT AROUND TO, BUT MAY YET,  
or,  
MORE SPACEFILLER

- "What Can You Do With A Tribble?"
- "A Tribble's The Only Love Money Can Buy"
- "THE STARLUST"
- "THE SEX MILLION DOLLAR MAN"

Sorry about that last one----

## FANZINE REVIEWS by Ted Pons

Black Oracle #8: Published semiannually by George Stover, PO Box 10005, Baltimore, MD, 21204; Ed by J. Parnum

BLACK ORACLE has been labelled the "little gem of fanzines," and issue #8 proves with finality that such a title is not mere pretention. Editor Parnum and Publisher Stover manage to pack an astonishing amount of informative text into what is, in terms of dimensions, a very small magazine. Complementing the articles and fiction pieces are photos, film-poster illustrations, and well executed artwork, all of which combine, more often than not, perfectly to fit the general layout.

Letters of comment, or compliment, (most notable being that one written by 1969 Hugo winner for Best Fan Writer, Harry Warner, Jr.) to kick off ORACLE #8, followed by an amusingly caustic article by Steve Vertlieb which casts a critical eye on the much publicized opinions and reactions of "The Exorcist" viewing audience.

Marc Cassino's sword-and-sorcery fiction piece, "How Rar Tokler Became the Wizard of the Flaming Sword," is the weakest offering of the magazine due to it's somewhat underdeveloped approach and plot. With some expansion and clarification of the action, however, the work shows definite promise as a series.

By far the most interesting and lengthy single portion of BO #8 is the Dave Aquino/George Stover "Chat With Forrest Tucker," the familiar star of such memorable 'Fifties horror outings as Hammer's "The Abominable Snowmen of the Himalyas," "The Crawling Eye," and "Cosmic Monsters," and, more recently, of televisions successful "F Troop" series and not-so-successful "Dusty's Trail." ((Two all time greats.)) His straightforward answers present a valuable insight into the making of his fantasy films (particularly his Hammer effort,) and reflect a genuine love for the medium and an interest in the horror genre.

Book/film reviews, endpaper illos., and a short Vertlieb fiction piece round out an excellent issue. At forty-cent, BLACK ORACLE is undoubtedly the fanzine bargain of the year, and should not be missed.

NYCTALOPS #10: Edited & Published by Harry Morris, Jr., 500 Wellesly S.E., Albuquerque, N.M., 87106; \$1.50

Harry Morris' "Silver Scarab Press" has done it again -- published another issue of the most consistently outstanding Lovecraft/Weird Tales-circle magazine ever made available to the fan readership. The current NYCTALOPS exhibits the professional

standards in both appearance and content that have been its trademarks during its long literary lifetime. Why the magazine has never managed to pick up a Hugo Award along the way remains a mystery. (The only possible explanation being the unhappy fact that efforts of this type, devoted to the horror genre, have long been neglected by the large body of fans who inevitably express with their Hugo votes a distinct preference for science-fiction oriented 'zines.)

The contents of NYCTALOP #10, consisting of work done by many prominent fan writers, vary as to subject matter and are much too numerous to inspect individually. The most notable pieces, however, bear mention. "Lovecraft in Astounding Stories," by Robert Weinberg, (complete with the original pulp illustrations), examines the impact of HPL on the pages of the 1930's magazine of the title, and the dichotomous feedback Lovecraft's stories received from the always not-quite-in-agreement readers. Weinberg's smooth writing style, research, and topic choice are a rewarding change of pace from the usual pedestrian gamut of Lovecraft articles.

Mike Garcia, an amazingly polished new talent, provides another stunning art folio -- a follow up to the one presented in the previous issue of NYCT. His work exhibits such fully developed talent that it shouldn't be surprising if such efforts are soon placed on a par with the best of Spurgin, Fabian, and Kirk.

John J. Koblas' "Search For Rick's Lake," and entertaining account of the author's quest, in the company of Alan Gullette, for the watery locale of August Derleth's "The Dweller In Darkness," should be of interest not only to those ardent aficionado's who have searched for some hidden speck of truth in the HPL/Derleth mythos, but to the casual fan as well. (A rather injudicious aside -- they never did find the lake, but such efforts are the stuff of which fandom is made.)

A sizeable letters section featuring missives from such luminaries as L. Sprague deCamp, E. Hoffman Price, Robert Bloch, and Harry Warner wraps up the issue. Warning: NYCTALOPS has a tendency to sell out at an incredibly fast rate -- such excellence, well worth the price, does not long remain in print.

GORE CREATURES #23: Published annually by Gary Svahla, 5906 Kavon Ave, Baltimore, MD, 21206; \$1.00

An appropriately ghoulish cover heralds GORE CREATURES #23, the most attractive, lavishly illustrated issue of this magazine to date. GC is now near the top of the surprisingly competitive fantasy-film publication field, and reflects the care that only an interested editor, knowledgeable writers, an annual appearance schedule can bestow.

Gary Svehla contributes another of his enjoyable surveys, this time centering on the relationship of violence to cinema horror, as the introductory piece. Following this is Bill Littman's scholarly article on the Max Steiner score for the classic King Kong, which successfully brings to mind the primitive rhythms of Skull Island and its prehistoric denizens. Hopefully, similar filmusic [sic] essays will be forthcoming in the pages of GORE CREATURES and other fantasy 'zines.

Don Smith's spirited "Defense of Witchfinder General" will be of more than passing interest to admirers of the AIP Michael Reeves/Roger Corman-Edgar Allan Poe film series, while the more classic-oriented readers will find satisfaction in the inclusion of a Colin Clive tribute, a critique of Lugosi's "White Zombie," and a Ron Borst retrospect of "The Screen Career of the Second Maddest Doctor," -- Lionel Atwill. Gary Svehla's inspection of film characters "who have found their way to Eternal Life -- if only until the last reel," rounds out an issue of wide appeal and uniform excellence.

That GORE CREATURES is alive and well after twenty-three issues should be evident, despite its publishing schedule reduction to once a year. The fact that its standards of superior quality have not at all diminished provides ample guarantee of a long and prosperous life.

CINEFAN #1: Edited and Published by Randall D. Larson, Fandom Unlimited Enterprises, 774 Vista Grande Ave, Los Altos, CA, 94022; \$1.50

CINEFAN #1 is a fifty-eight page, profusely illustrated, carefully researched and written, superbly arranged masterpiece. Now, if you're a skeptic like me, you're probably of the opinion that no publication can be that praiseworthy. Right? Wrong. Anyone who may think that I am being over-complimentary has but to order a copy of this cinema magazine which, with its very first issue, has attained the levels of excellence (goddamn--that's "levels of quality") displayed by such established genre-leaders as PHOTON, GORE CREATURES, and LITTLE SHOPPE OF HORRORS.

A complete run-down of CINEFANS's contents is not possible due to space limitations, but the more prominent pieces are as follows: Greg Shoemaker, editor of THE JAPANESE FANTASY FILM JOURNAL, contributes "A Romantic's View of the Toho Legend," an in-depth scan, complete with rare stills, of the famed Oriental film company's many fantasy outings undertaken between 1954 and 1959 (the period generally accepted as being the Toho "quality" years).

Randall Larson's "Harris and Landis: Son of Blob and Schöck," provides interesting and informative reading for fans of the Jack Harris Enterprises films (The Flob, Dinosaurs, 4-D Man, Equinox). the most recent of which include "Son of Blob"



"Dark Star," and John Landis' widely publicized horror/satire, "Schlock."

Howard & Clegg's length analysis of "Performers In the Horror/Fantasy Cinema: 1950 - 1960," and an intensive film review section comprise the body of the remainder of the magazine.

■INEFAN #1 is not to be missed.

((I'm sorry if I sounded unpleasant in typing this up. I interjected two comments -- one remarking on the greatness of "F Troop," and one saying "sic" to the word "Filmusic."

((I didn't mean either of these as a reflection upon the taste or English of the author. I'm sorry if they sounded that way.))

Since we're on the subject of fanzine reviews, I might as well do some myself.

KARASS (Linda E. Bushyager [never seen her name without an "E" -- strange], 1614 Evans Ave, Prospect Pk, PA, 19076., 4/\$1) is one of the two best mimeoed fanzines I know -- in fact, its probably one of the best 'zines I know period. Although mostly a newszine, the personality of the ed is greatly felt -- which is what makes a fanzine, after all. I can't really define what attracts me to the thing, but I like it. If you waste 40¢ on it, and think it's not fit to read, and too rough to use for toilet paper, you can always blame me.

NOTES FROM THE CHEMISTRY DEPARTMENT (Denis Quane, Box CC, E. Texas Sta., Commerce, TX, 75408, 1/30¢) is the other one of my two favorite mimeoed zines. Its criticism, commentary and the like. ((Feel illiterate. It's criticism etc, of course.)) I know what draws me to this one, though; it's printed well, the articles, letter, and so on are from people who think, the ed's personality is pleasant, the artwork is good ---in fact I can't find a thing wrong with it. Except that it's too short, of course. I'm nominating it for an Hugo, and the FAAA as well. (As that one A or three, or two, or imaginary five, or the cubed root of two, or what?)

((Looked it up. I was right; it is three.))

((By the way, "its" is The Fanzine Activity Achievement Award, a sort of fan-Hugo. If you want more info, ---- bloody hell, can't find the address. I dunno, maybe if you write KARASS, they'll give you info.))

BOOWATT WEEKLY-ed. by Garth Danielson, 20-327 Edison Ave, Winnipeg, Manitoba, CANADA, R2G 0L9

Is it a put-on or isn't it? Someone tell me before I make a fool of my self.

Well, in any case, the thing is very definitely worth its price -- gratis; the question is, is it worth more.

If it's a put-on, it's one of the best jobs I have ever seen, and one of the most amusing. If it isn't ---- well, I still like it.

BW is something of a personal journal; each "Chapter" is about four pages of Danielson's thoughts, and a general description of what he's been doing, and an anecdote or two.

THE FLYING BUFFALO'S FAVORITE MAGAZINE (Flying Buffalo Computer-Collision Simulation Inc, PO Box 1467, Scottsdale, AZ, 85052) is a zine devoted to Richard Loomis' computer wargames. He's presently running NUCLEAR DESTRUCTION, world war three; BATTLE PLAN, world war two (more or less); RAUMKRIEG, tactical space warfare; MOONBASE, tactical combat on the moon; TIME TRAP, tactical time travel combat; DIPLOMACY; and BOARD OF DIRECTORS which is, to my knowledge, some sort of economics game. If you're interested in any of them, you can get information about them at the same address.

TBFM prints player ratings for the various games, articles about them, ads, editorial blatherings, and the like. Last issue was 18 pages, which, offset ((AUGH!)) reduced printed comes to quite a bit of materiel. If you aren't into Loomis' games, it probably isn't worth it. And, if you're a computer freak, it still probably isn't worth it, as the zine is games-oriented, rather than computer-oriented.

Something in the same line but more general is the same companies' WARGAMERS INFORMATION. It contains news, articles, that sort of thing. Pretty decent, although the graphics leave a lot to be desired. Even having the zine typeset by the computer would be desirable to the horrible-typefaced typewriter Loomis uses ((look who's talking.))

THE NOSTALGIA JOURNAL (PO Box 242, Lewisville TX, 75067, free-for-nothing,) and THE JOURNAL (Box 1286, Essex, Ont, \$2.25/12) are zines of a feather; comics adzines. They sent me review copies, so I suppose I ought to review.

I detest adzines as it is -- no useful information, no personality -- and these are no better or worse than any others. Unless you're a comics fan, stay away from them.

UNIVERSE (Keith Justice, Rt. 3, Box 42, Union, Miss., 39365) shows a lot of promise. It's a slick offset (oh that word) semi-prozine (although it says it is a fanzine attempting to become a prozine.) It is devoted to using academic standards of criticism to review sf books, and its eventual goal is to give at least a short review to every book as it is published.

The first issue if mostly repetitive statements by the editor, saying that he is a fanish nothing (I mean, he's never participated in zine fandom) that he hopes to make UNIVERSE into an honest-to-God review prozine, and defining what he considers a review. About the only thing worth reading is his review of MALEVIL by Robert Merle. But since that is what future issues are going to consist of, mostly, there is hope. If he gets the support and submissions that he wants, UNIVERSE is going to be an excellent fanzine.

Oh, by the way, it's 75¢ per issue.

KABALLAH (Gerard Houarner (my fantasy columnist, in case you hadn't noticed), 25-33 48th St, Long Island City, NY, 11103) is an excellent offset ((this is getting me down)) fantasy genzine. The meat of this issue is an excellent article, "Mervyn Peake: Fantasist." When I first read Peake, I was appalled at the slow pace, and the sheer poredom that he induced. The article has convinced me to try again, but I don't know how long I'll keep up with it.

Anyway, the rest of the zine is reviews, letters, and comments, things like that. Very nice artwork, horrible message-linear-separators, ala Lipton. Well worth 40¢, or 5/\$2. 22 pages, if you care.

THE POCKET ARMENIAN (Scott Rosenberg (my Diplomacy columnist) 182-31 Radner Rd, Jamaica NY, 11432) is coedited by myself, Scott, Matthew Diller, and Adam Kasanof. It's the best Dippy zine I've seen, with the possible exception of GRAUSTARK. (no, really, I'm not just being prejudiced. For instance, the last issue contained four variants (Stab-Happy Diplomacy, Pacifica I, Diluvian Diplomacy, and Dilatory Diplomacy), a number of chess variants, the Epitaph for Da Rhymekrieg, a poetry war which had been going on in our august pages, an article on The Imperial Diplomacy Association by Robert Sacks, some very funny press, zine reviews, and, of course, games. We only have \$15 in the treasury, which is enough to print one issue, so subscribe, already. It's tri-weekly, and's 8/\$2. Gamefees are \$6.50, but we only have variants open at the moment. And variant openings are free with sub.

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LILLIPUT (c/o me or Adam Gilinsky, 240 CHOB, Washington, D.C., 20515) is another of my ventures. It is the world's smallest magazine -- printed on one, sometimes one and a half sides of a postcard! It, too, is a Diplomacy zine, and, since it carries no articles, its' kind of silly for you to subscribe unless you're planning on joining a game. We're still trying to open our second game -- I think we can fit two games on 1 and 1/2 sides -- and it's probably the cheapest you can get anywhere; 10/\$1. There is no gamefee; just maintain a subscription.

SOL III (c/o Rebecca Baggett (my Star Trek columnist) 8008 Old Stage Rd, Raleigh, NC, 27603) is an excellent fanzine, no matter what type,. It contains the best fiction, more or less, that I have seen in any fanzine in the past two years. The artwork, especially that on the cover, if not as good as it was for the first issue, but most of it is reasonably successful.

Mostly ST fiction, one real (sorry, I don't mean that the way it sounds -- "real", I mean) sf, and a couple of LOTR short-shorts, as well as a bunch of mostly pretty lousy poems. And reviews, and some speculation and criticism. And a transcript of Leonary Nimoy's speech at last years' Int ST Con. My only real quarrel with the thing is that Rebecca's story, "Lest You Forget," is the same as half-a-dozen other stories, except re-written in the ST universe. A planet is discovered with humans who are all female, and have learned how to replicate anyway, and, have, from necessity, developed an homosex society.

But, all in all, it is 105 pages of excellent, well written offset ((I feel a coronary coming on)) fanzine, very much worth its daunting price of \$1.25

RIGEL (9031 Manchester Rd, Silver Spring, MD, 20901) is a huge zine (146 pages,) and not all that good. It contains some editorial stuff, an excellent comic strip ("Star Bleepers,") some hobbible poetry, and worse fiction. I single out "Rift Crossing: An Obligation Between Universes" not because it is the worst story in the 'zine, but rather the best.

It portrays a young woman who is on a patrol for the Space Patrol, or somesuch, who gets tossed into the Star Trek universe from her universe. Her universe is really our's, and the Star Trek universe is portrayed in a television show in ours. (Why not?) She falls in love with Mr. Spock, and Spock, for some obscure reason, is going into Pon Farr prematurely. Nurse Chapel transferred out some years ago, so her pathis open. She acts like a helpless adolescent schmuck for half the story, the marries Spock.

All right story, decent idea and all that, not too badly written, but the characterization! My good Ghod, what a stereotype! Hysterical female type all over, and yet she's running her own Scout Ship, and the bloody story's written by a female!



## COMICS

by Charles Jacques

The first quarter of the year, as is the custom among comic book publishers, brought the release of the major sales gambits for the year. Thumbing through a stack of the new releases, I noticed what could be called developing trends. If these trends make it, and are a big success, several editors and writers have their careers made. If they fall through, these same people are going to be hard pressed for work for awhile.

In truth, neither of these trends is new. The first, the Sword and Sorcery magazine, is trying for the umpteenth time to make a come-back. Early in the history of comics, S&S was a big thing but it didn't last too long. The previous attempt for a come-back, engineered in 1967-70, brought about such short runners as D.C.'s "WIRED WORLDS." As to how this revival trend will go, I can't predict, but I will say that it has gotten off to a good start. Atlas and D.C. seem to be the major contributors, currently putting out like 7 S & S comics between them, with more in the works....of the Atlas works, the best seems to be "Ironjaw," the adventures of an uncouth barbarian wanderer, containing some of the most revealing sex scenes and language I have ever seen used in comics....of the D.C. works, two stand out in my mind...."Beowulf, the Dragon Slayer," which is based on the oldest surviving piece of English literature. "Beowulf" has been adapted maybe twice before, but the D.C. adaption is the best I've seen...."The Stalker," the other outstanding D.C. job, is about a man out to recover his stolen soul. A virtual masterpiece....Sword and Sorcery isn't actually a newborn trend, either. Two Sword and Sorcery comics have existed prior to the current trend that are doing well. One is Marvel's "Conan, The Barbarian," and the other is Gold Key's "Dagar," neither of which are as good as the new releases.

The second trend isn't new at all, but just a follow-up to the high sales of magazines like "Tarzan," "the Jungle Twins," and "Korak"....you guessed it, the Stone Age comics. The major contributors to the second round of this trend are D.C., Charlton, and Gold Key....Charlton's Stone Age works are limited strictly to adaptations of the animated t.v. shows "Valley of the Dinosaurs," and "Korg; 70,000 B.C.," or at least so far. Perhaps they'll expand to original material soon. Of the two, "Valley" is the best, but both are pretty good, considering what the writers were handed to work with. ....Gold Key has come up with an original stone age comic, something they aren't noted for (original comics, that is.) Their new comic is "Tragg and the Sky Gods," about a mutated caveman out to repel the alien invasion of Earth. The aliens, one beneficial gods, are now land'slave hungry invaders who threaten Earth's very survival. The art isn't the best, but

the stories are excellent....D.C.'s new works run a close second to "Tragg." They have released two new Store Age comics. The first is "Tor of One Million Years Ago," a revival of the fabulous Joe Kubert caveman/semi-superhero that was quite popular so many years ago. The other D.C. work, "Kong, The Untamed," is as yet unpreviewed.

Or course, there is a logical reason why publishers, editors and writers are sticking so much out on what at best is a good bet. Sales are down ((really? In times of depression, I'd think comic books would thrive)) and the country is in the middle of severe troubles. The comic companies need sales to avoid bankruptcy, and the public needs escapism. What better way to escape than to become a knight or caveman for a short while. Nothing like bringing down a dragon or "Thunder Lizard" to avoid worldly pressures, right?

#### Tidbits

D.C., inspired by the success of a comic book adaption of the pulp-hero "The Shadow," is trying again, this time with "Justice, Inc.," starring The Avenger, another pulp hero.... Marvel is getting into this act, too. Starting soon "Doc Savage, Man of Bronze" will be available in a 75¢, black-and-white magazine of his own.

D.C., driven by plunging sales, has turned to criminals for a lift. "The Joker," Batman's arch-foe, is now appearing in his own magazine. The whole idea is this; the Joker is an egotist. So eh crooks start bragging about how great they are, he busts out of the asylum for the criminally insane in which he is committed, to shut their bragging mouths. Issue #7, featuring Willy the Weeper should be on sale now.

The old D.C. magazines "Showcase" and "D.C. Special," have been revived. "Showcase" is now "First Issue Special," a monthly comic, "Showcasing" new comic features as Pilots for their own strips. Issue #1 featuring Batgirl and Robin (I think) should be on sale as you read this..."D.C. Special" has been revived as a quarterly, 50¢ giant. The first revived issue(#16) should still be on sale....its theme? Super-gorillas vs. superheros.

Next issue we will take a look at Charltons' effort to revive its Superhero line, an effort spearheaded by the comic "E-Man".....until then....Pax, Live Long and Prosper.

((And may your children live in interesting times, and Dry Up and Blow Away, and Kick Me, I'm Klingon, and Live Loose and Pay Later, and Rikloy Swa Rhee, and Elen Sila Lumenn Omentilmo, and Make War, Not Bullshit, and Loose Lips Sink Ships, and like that. Never mind .....this Kindly Pretenscious Parting Phrase bit that everyone is doing is getting me down.))

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&
&          ABSYNTHE AND CANNABIS          &
&          (Fantasy Column,) by Gerard Houarner          &
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((Sativa, Indica, or Norvegica? Or don't you care?))

((Gerard Houarner prints a zine which should be reviewed somewhere.))

Judging by the response I got from my first column, I would guess that there are three people who read it; me, Greg (well, he has to, 'cause he has to type it up,) and the guy who ordered a sample issue of Kaballah. Now that ain't much of a readership, or a response, so I can only assume that most of you either know nothing about fantasy and are awed by my miniscule amount of knowledge on the subject, or you just don't care.. If you belong to the latter group, buzz off and leave me alone. ((The original version says "fuck off", but Houarner changed it to buzz off. Let that be a lesson to you. [To whom? /Don't confuse me/])) If you are of the former, then give me a listen.

A good introduction to fantasy is, of course, to read the filthy mind-rotting garbage. Tolkien has to be put at the top of your reading list, not only because he exemplifies the imaginary world fantasy-and-quest theme, but because everyone else has read him, too. You don't want to sound like a complete idiot at the next sf convention, do you? Lessee, what now. Well you might pick up the entire Ballantine Adult Fantasy line (the books with the funny little Unicorn heads at the upper left corners,) edited by Lin Carter. It has its problems (namely, the editor's introductions, which sometimes contain more fantasy than the books themselves, and the way he has of breaking up and editing some of the books,) but it is still worthwhile as an introduction to fantasy. Unfortunately, Ballantine has stopped the series and Carter is out of a job, but some book dealers still stock them, and you should be able to find used copies at conventions.

But fantasy is a little more than what Lin Carter published in the Ballantine series. There is, for instance, horror. Lovecraft is the current favorite for fans of the genre, but there's still Edgar Allen Poe to contend with, along with Robert Chambers, Clark Ashton Smith, Manly Wade Wellman, and a whole bunch of people I either don't know yet or haven't gotten around to reading. If you like horror stories, do yourself a favor, and read the authors other than Lovecraft as well. You'll only be limiting your life if you dedicate yourself to Lovecraft, as some fans have done.



Then there's what Richard Lupoff likes to call ~~for~~ jock-strap stories: sword and sorcery fantasy. The premise is simple ~~you get~~ this real strong dude who is just a little dim going against some sorcerer or withh. Sounds boring, doesn't it? Most of it is. Robert E. Howard is the chief god of this category, and, like Lovecraft, fnas tnd to think he's the only one who could write the stuff. If you like heroic type of adventure, then I suggest you immerse yourself in some myths (personal prejudice makes me suggest the Celtic and Welsh myths.) A godd primer for s&s is the Flashing Swords anthologies edited by, once again, Lin Carter. The two books will give you a general idea as to who is doing what and how well (or how badly) the stuff is being written. Michael Moorcock is one of my personal favorites and is one of the better writers of S&S, but even he has severe lapses of technique and plotting.

Finally, there are the epics. Tolkien, naturally, belongs to this type of fantasy. E.R. Eddison, C.S. Lewis and perhaps Mervyn Peake (depending on your definition of epic) have all written some damn fine epics or high fantasies. A word of warning though; E.R. Eddison and Peake are stylists (along with Dunsany, Morris, and a bunch of other fantasy writers) which means that if you are not used to them you will find them difficult to read. They are well worth the effort of reading and, in my humble opinion, the epics are the best type of fantasy. They combine sword and sorcery adventure, myths, horror and imaginary worlds, aso you get a little bit more of everything, and the characters are usually more vivid than in other types of fantasy.

I have done a lot of generalization in the above paragraphs, but, quite frankly, I could write a book just introducing the various writers, their styles, themes, etc. As a matter of fact, such a book has been written. Imaginary Worlds, by Lin Carter (yes, he does get around a bit, doesn't he) is the first book, to my knowledge, that has been written as a general guide to reading and writing fantasy. Like a lot of things associated with Carter, it has its faults, but it is the only book of its kind and is still in print, so I suggest you pick it up. It will give you a general idea of who has written fantasy (and especially what has been published by the Ballantine Adult Fantasy series, since it is part of that series and tends to plug it shamelessly) and what kind they've written.

If you want to find out more about fantasy (reading reviews and critical articles to figure out who you might be interested in---a vary sane policy, considering the price of hard cover and paperback books these days), I would suggest you subscribe to some of the fantasy magazine floating around. AMRA is for the sword and sorcery freaks. It publishes some good articles on Howard, Burroughs, etc., along with mediocre poetry and some nice art. The only problem with the mag is that it is somewhat irregular, and you ten issue subscription, costing six bucks, is likely to last a few years. Still, it is worth you while.

It is available at Box 2048 Philadelphia, PA, 19101. A sort of companion magazine to AMRA is ERB-dom, published by C.E. Cazessus, Jr. (Route Two, Box 119, Clinton LA, 70700.) ERB-dom specialized in articles and art pertaining to Edgar Rice Burroughs. The art is excellent, as is the production, and each issue contains The Fantasy Collector, an advertising supplement full of ads for books and related matter. A sample issue will cost you \$2, and a five issue sub is \$9.

The Mythopoeic ((er--Mythopoeic)) Society is an organization dedicated to the works of Tolkien, Williams, and Lewis (the big three Christian fantasy writers.) It is a very active group, with several fan discussion clubs scattered across the country, and a newsletter called Mythprint. The newsletter is very useful, and is rumored to be monthly (though I haven't heard from them since February,) and costs 60¢ a copy. I suggest you send for a sample and ask for information on how to become a member, on their other publications, and if they have a discussion group in your area.

FANTASIAE is the monthly newsletter of The Fantasy Association, a more general and less active fantasy organization than the Mythopoeic Society. It features reviews of fantasy books (including children's fantasy,) critical reviews, and other things of interest. Right now it costs \$4 for a year's membership and subscription, but due to financial troubles((sic)) the Association is taking of raising the dues to \$6. This is a little high when you consider the amount of material they present, so if you want to check these people out, do it now. Send your money to PO Box 24560, Los Angeles, CA 90004.

There is one problem with reading fantasy, and that is, where do you find the books? A quick survey of some of the big book stores reveals and acute lack of the more exotic fantasy publishing houses and books. If you have a science fiction bookstore in your area, you might try that, but with a word of warning. Most sf bookstores tend to jack up prices on certain books, especially foreign (British) books, and books that have just gone out of print. If you live in the boonocks, or you don't like your local sf bookstore, you might try T-K Graphics. They have just released their Spring '75 catalog, which contains most of the major sf and fantasy books. The T-K Graphics people are efficient and very helpful, and I recommend their catalog to both sf and fantasy fans. Just send a post card telling them you want to be on their mailing list. The address is PO Box 1951, Baltimore, MD, 21203

I hope this little survey has sparked some interest in you, the reader (you are reading this, aren't you?) and that you will follow up some of my suggestions. I also hope you will send in some locs so I'll know whether or not I'm boring you all to tears. Until next time, happy frog-hunging.

MIMEOGRAPHUS VIVET ET SUPERAT

ANNOUNCING THE FOUNDATION OF THE

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**          MIMEO MYTHOS SOCIETY          **
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The Mimeo Mythos Society is a society devoted to the preservation and furthering of the cause of mimeography. Its underlying principle is the unalterable fact that the MIMEOGRAPH IS ESSENTIALLY GOOD, and that OFFSET IS INTRINSICALLY EVIL.

The Mimeo Mythos Society intends to

- \*print a zine, now slated to be entitled GREEN EGGS AND HAM.
- \*print an updated Shillist every issue of GEAH, updating the list of all officialy Evil publishers.
- \*issue Seals of Approval to all Pure publications.
- \*Stomp out offset wherever it may be found.
- \*encourage fandom and the world to turn increasingly towards the humble mimeograph.
- \*Print articles about mimeography
- \*establish a central clearing house for the distribution of wholesale mimeograph supplies.

You too can help in our Holy Crusade against Offsetism. Merely clip the coupon belw, and send us Two (2) dollars (\$) and no cents (0) for a years membership 'n the MIMEO MYTHOS SOCIETY, and a six issue subscription to the MMS's societal organ, GREEN EGGS AND HAM.

(Note; really, honest to Ghod, the above is not a joke.)

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Brother in faith;

I, too, believe in the cause of the lowly mimeograph, I believe that the preservation of mimeography and the ruthless extermination of offset is essential for the continued survival of all that is good in mankind. I therefore and forthwith, posthast, ipse fact and quid pro quo (what?) include the sum of Two(2) dollars (\$) and no (0) cents (0), to help further your Good Work.

NAME

Address

City, State Zip.

Mail to G. Sattikyan, 1675 York Ave, NY, NY, 10023 or Scott Rosenberg, 180-1 Radnor Rd, Jamaica NY, 11432. GEAH's first issue should be out in June.





In 1970, some people got angry at Beshara for the way he ran TDA, and split off to form THE INTERNATIONAL DIPLOMACY ASSOCIATION (IDA.) The IDA is the major hobby organization at this moment. With over 200 members, it is about the best-qualified spokesman we've got. The IDA, as a sort of backlash reaction to TDA is rather overly democratic in its procedures, very often leading to foul-ups and slander-lobbying, but in nonetheless at the moment proves the hobby with more services and projects than any other group. Elections are held annually for a "Council" which does most of the work. There is a large amount of internal dissension at present within the current Council.

Besides these hobby-wide organizations, there are the regional groups. The largest and most influential of these is the British National Games Club (NCC) which is really more than a Regional group; it's like an IDA for Great Britain, although I'm uncertain as to how democratic it is. It also runs games in its 'zine, something neither IDA nor TDA does. Back here in the States, there are a number of regional gamesmasters' groups. Canada's got one, Southern Californian's got one, Michigan's got one, New York's got one, New England's got one. ((Septt says "a pretentious one," but that's a matter of opinion. I suppose I should let him write his column, though----)) These organizations run the gamut from simply insuring each others' games to setting up elaborate legislative procedures and complex protocol; in most cases, they simply try to represent their area's interests to the general public.

Every year for the past eight years, a national Diplomacy Convention has been held (DipCon). This convention has recently created many problems, in that its status and site have in the past been a matter of default but are now being competed for; the only problem is that the people are competing, but no one has the final authority to decide. The IDA holds its General Meeting there, so some say it can decide. Others say that the guy who's run it for the past few years owns the thing. Yet others say that it is the property of all past attendees. And so forth...

Science fiction and other fans may be amazed at the general cut-throatedness of this whole thing. More than many times, law suits have been threatened; in some cases, legal firms have been brought in to work on aspects of some of the problems. My theory on all of this is simply that the game attracts this sort of person. After all, if the game is so competitive, cutthroat, and generally rife with distrust and deception, why believe that the people who play it, and thus their groups and organizations would be any different?

## WARGAMING COLUMN

Although I was able to find someone for the comics column, I wasn't for the wargaming column, so it looks like I'm stuck with it again.

Since last issue, I've come across a set of miniatures rules known as DUNGEONS AND DRAGONS. For the uninitiated, miniatures are miniature soldiers. A group of people somewhat larger than those involved in board-games have grown up around miniatures.

What do you use miniatures for? One creates a battlefield, often in three dimensions, then uses toy soldiers (or tanks or whatever,) to recreate a battle. Or rather, to play a battle.

A number of pamphlet rules-books for various types of miniatures have been published. Most rules are far from complete; they provide guidelines for the player to develop his own game, rather than attempting to cover all contingencies, as, say SPI games do.

DUNGEONS AND DRAGONS, although a miniatures rules, can be played without miniatures. All that is necessary is paper and pencil, dice, and a vast amount of time on the gamesmaster part, and somewhat less on the player's. Or rather players'.

The gamesmaster must invent an entire world, ala Tolkien, or, at the very least, a dungeon in that world. His dungeon should be drawn on graph paper, detailing rooms, corridors, stairways, and so on, preferable with several levels. And his world should be drawn on graph paper, detailing cities, castles, marshes and so on. Usually, in my experience, the gamesmaster will have a plain map of his world, and a hex sheet for smaller areas of his world, with perhaps a graph-paper map of the larger cities.

Before beginning a campaign, each player rolls three dice for his Strength, Intelligence, Wisdom, Dexterity, Charisma, and Constitution. Strength is a fighting-man's prime requisite; Intelligence, a magic-user's; and wisdom, a cleric's. These three (fighting-man, magic-user and cleric) types are the three basic types of people, although I've added a fourth class, Martial Artists in one of my dungeons. One would most probably choose one's type by one's prime requisite, i.e., one would choose fighting-man if one was had a high Strength.

If one becomes a fighter, one may use all weapons, but cannot use magic; a magic-user, all non-clerical magic, magic treasure, but the only weapon, a dagger; a cleric, all cleric al spells, some magic treasure, and all non-edged weapons.

One begins with no experience, and gradually gains experience by killing people and things, surviving ordeals, finding treasure, and the like. As one gains experience, one becomes more adept at whatever one is; a fighter can fight better, a magic-user can use more spells, a cleric can use more spells and can do away with undead more easily.

Of course, things other than men are included. In you trek through/ across the dungeon/wilderness, one may meet kobolds, goblins, hobgoblins, orcs, undead, lycanthropes, medusae, basilisks, griffons, hoppelgriffs, pegasi, giant animals, giant insects, dragons, wyverns, green slime, rocs, invisible stalkers, ogres, giants, ents, trolls, gorgons, nixies, pixies, dryads, and the Dhevil along knows what else. As well as men of all shapes and sizes-- I suggest you treat Evil High Priests with great courtesy.

And the weapon rules include provisions for morning stars, flails, daggers, short swords, battle axes, lances, halberds, bows and a lot of others.

And the rules have great flexibility. I've included Lirpas, Knung-chucks, garrottes, sehlat, gattling guns, pila-----

The rules are, at points, unclear however; but then, they are miniatures rules, and make no pretense of being complete. And the combat rules are really fucked up; as far as I can tell, the combat system does not differentiate between a thrown stone and a sword. But one can always make up one's own system.

D&D (which, by the way, is probably the second best game I've ever played (the first being Diplomacy, of course)) costs an extortionate \$10 from --oh bloody hell--I can't leave out the address-----and I can't find it----Ah well, its:

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