

G I G O

This here is GIGO, which stands for GARBAGE IN, GARBAGE OUT for all you garbage who don't know. It sells for 50c/1 or 6\$.50 or the usual. The usual being in return for a trade or a contribution. And I can use contributions. It can be acquired from Greg Costikyan 1675 York Avenue, New York, NY, 10028. It is no longer printed on the New Democratic Club's rickety mimeo, but on a Gestetner silk-screen. (Bloody fawncy, awn't we. Do you say "We'll takhe owah tea on the seteeee, too? Bloody Oxford creeps. There coming to take me away, haha-----) It is a multi-fandom genzine, reflecting the broad spectrum of the editors interests. That was no pun. Sorry. This is \$ssue #3. May it reign forever.

The same editor prints URF DURFAL, a variant-playtesting Dipzine which is available for cost plus postage. It has openings in an innumerable number of variants at the moment.

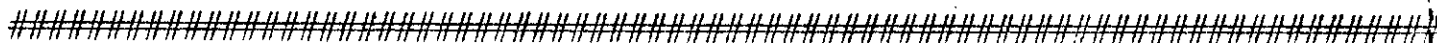


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I appear to have miscalculated; there's still 8 lines left.

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 I AM UNDUD. I AM UNDUD. I AM UNDUD. I AM UNDUD. I AM UNDUD. :
 "You already said that."
 OH.
 Actually, Ray Heuer is under the delusion that he is undud.

ever played, leading to variants with all sorts of errors. Not errors in the rules, of course; errors in playability. One power is given a tremendous corner position, say, and so on.

So URF DUREAL is designed to playtest variants, taking off where the PLAYTESTOR left off.

For Gil Neiger has stopped printing the PLAYTESTOR. And it looks as if he'll stop printing the POUCH, and maybe even resign as IDA Editor.

And, since I like press, any person who writes more than 1 page of press gets the issue his press is printed in free.

And what's press? Oh, lord.

Press began as simple press releases, like (Paris) Get out of Burgundy, you stupid swine! I want to ally with you!, but has grown into stories, anecdotes, newsletters, all sorts of things. In fact, some of the more press-concentrating zines, like SLOBINPOLIT ZHORNAL have become, essentially, press APA's, with a game or two.

Anyway, if you're interested, write me.

\$\$\$\$\$\$THEREISNOTHINGQUITESOBEAUTIFULASMONEY!\$
~~\$\$\$\$\$\$THEREISNOTHINGQUITESOWONDERFULASCASH!\$~~

Oh, yes, subs are cost plus postage. And there is no gamefee, so, by maintaining a sub, you can be in as many games as you like.
444444444444(Why four?)44444444444444444444(Idunno.)444444444444444

For all those people who like to write articles out there (where ?), I am not a huge monolithic monster who eats all letter writers in 14.134 gulps. And, popular opinion to the contrary, I do want art. I can use art. I have no cover because noone sent me any art, and because I'm too lazy to write anyone a letter. Be it known-----

FRCDG BAGGINS: ESTABLISHMENT PIG

This article originally appeared in The Bay Area Socialist of December 1971, a publication of the Bay Area Local of the Socialist Party, and the Norman Thomas chapter of the Young People's Socialist League. In its original form, the article was printed anonymously, along with a note that it was "found crumpled up at the bottom of a shopping cart at the Berkeley Co-op." It was reprinted with slight editing by Redd Boggs in the Autumn '72 issue of his zine, Bete Noire #24. I first discovered it in the May 17 issue of John Boardman's wargaming zine, EMPIRE. It is reprinted here without permission from anyone.

The 1960's revealed 'liberal' anti-communism for what it was: merely another disguise for Amerikan imperialism. For the military-industrial complex, no weapon is left unused to spread Amerikan imperialism over the world, and maintain the control over Third World peoples now enjoyed by Standard Oil and its Pentagon allies.

That Amerikan Kapitalism, its hands reeking of blood, could presume to criticize the popular liberation fronts of Vietnam, Palestine, and Czechoslovakia ((this last word crossed out in the original)) is intolerable. What is worse are the fiendish devices Amerikan imperialism will use to accomplish its piggish ends - from the Tribal Zionism of the blood-crazed Israelis with their long tradition of bloodshed and war to seemingly harmless literary fantasies.

The most reactionary piece of imperialist propaganda posing as harmless "literature" is The Lord of the Rings trilogy by pig J.R.R. Tolkien. Superficially, the story concerns the efforts of one Frodo Baggins and his eight odious "companions" to destroy the "Ring of Power" belonging to an "evil wizard" names Sauron.

Pig Baggins is a "hobbit from the Shire," and is helped by three other hobbits; Sam, Merry and Pippin. In addition to this clique, there are a "good" wizard, named Gandalf the Gray, an elf, a gold-loving dwarf, and two humans - Aragorn and Boromir - professional soldiers.

Helped by Gandalf's magic, vast, well-trained armies of humans, elves, dwarves, and other reactionaries, as well as a quisling named Gollum who is an obvious schizophrenic with a split personality, the companions battle the "slaves of Sauron." These "slave" are Orcs, or goblins, who are "black-skinned" and "slant-eyed." They specialize in night fighting and ambushes. They speak several languages, tend to live in hills and mountains, and owe allegiance to Sauron.

Sauron himself is called "the Great" even by his enemies. He lives in a land in the east called Mordor, which is a land of "smokes and fumes" - apparently an emerging industrial economy with a severe pollution problem. He has succeeded in gathering immense armies of Orcs, "Eastrons", and "Southrons", and is assaulting the white city of Minas Tirith when the Ring is destroyed, his power ended, and his armies scattered.

The real meaning of this piece of counter-revolutionary art is clear to those whose consciousness has been raised and radicalized by the confrontations of the past five years - years which have seen so many major reforms as a result of our activities. The trilogy is a glorification of Amerikan imperialism, and a piggish put-down of Third World liberation movements. Ginker Tolkien has glorified armed reaction, counter-revolution, imperialism, racism, and sexism. The "fantasy" is aimed at sapping the fighting will of the young revolutionaries who otherwise would dedicate their lives to smashing this fascist state.

One need only consider who Frodo (dog pig) Baggins and his "allies" are in order to strip the mask from under the rock. He is a bourgeois land-owner! He is a capitalist with no gainful means of employment who travels with a valet, whom he abuses at regular intervals. The hobbits are addressed as "squires" and "sirs" by the working-class hobbits (who approve, abet, and profit from their imperialist

adventures.)

The other companions are even worse. The dwarves are gold-men (the gnomes of Zurich.) The elves are the Riders of Rohan [sic] are feudal and are ruled by a landed aristocracy. One of the humans, Boromir, is a mercenary, and the other, Aragorn, is a deposed king. Gandalf possesses tremendous technological skills and firepower, conducts aerial reconnaissance with the help of eagles, and is obviously the General Westmoreland of the epic.

These nine companions, armed to the teeth with weapons superior to those of the Orcs, launch a military expedition which fights its way through mountains, swamps, and dense forests. They kill peace-loving orcish inhabitants who are trying to unite their lands, and expel these invaders of another race. Gandalf's staff burns down any opposition with bursts of deadly fire. Remind you of anything?

The imperialist nine who are on this mission are all males who feel that the woman's place is in the hobbit-hole. They refer to Orcs as "savage," "slant-eyed," "foul," and "black" in derogatory ways. Pig Tolkien consistently refers to the colors black and red (as well as the word "dark") as evil and sinister, while white, silver and gold, and other light colors, are regarded as good and wholesome. A more naked example of racism and counter-revolution would be hard to find.

The reactionary nature of their ultimate goals is seen in the treatment accorded Aragorn after Sauron is liquidated. He accepts a crown, not from the workers and peasants, but from Gandalf. This setting-up of a puppet regime is a direct reference to the Thieu-Ky clique installed by Westmoreland against the wishes of the Vietnamese people. Death to all such paper tigers!

And what are they trying to do? This motley collection of feudal overlords, mercenaries, landed petit-bourgeoisie and supporters of monarchy and revolution are, by their own admission, going into areas once "theirs" which are now held by orcs. They slaughter every Orc they meet, although no Orc ever offs a hobbit. The dwarf and the elf even play a game defending a strategic hamlet! Thus, the nine companions, on top of being sexist and racist, are obviously fighting an imperialist war of aggression and genocide. The "quest" is nothing more than a search and destroy mission!

If the companions are representatives of American imperialism and racism, who then are the Orcs? Again, Tolkien has stated the facts for all but fools to see. The Orcs are black (or sometimes yellowish.) They fight from ambush, from mountain sanctuaries. For the most part, they are poorly armed, and must travel at night. They control fortresses, strategic hamlets, and cities of their enemies. They are on the offensive everywhere under the inspired leadership of Chairman Sauron, and are aided by other Third World peoples - trolls, werewolves, "Southrons," and "Eastrons." They have liberated large areas which were formerly occupied by feudal

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EPISTLES FROM HITHER AND YON

[The lettercol, schmuck.]

Richard Loomis, c/o Flying Buffalo, Inc, PO Box 1467, Scottsdale, AZ, 85252

"Thanks for the plug in GIGO. Will trade Wargamers Info for GIGO. Starting with the May issue. (To be mailed soon.)

"Don't you know that mimeographs grow up into offsets? Of course, they have to get plenty of light and water, and if you take proper care and feed them plenty of ink and money and blood, eventually you get an adult offset. We started out with a cute little ABDICK, which I carried around with me in the Army (you should have seen the Colonel's face when he saw the mimeograph machine on a stand next to my bunk during inspection!) and now, five years later, we have a beautiful SCRIPTOMATIC."

[I'm sceptical, but I'll give it a try.]

[What am I saying? This is heresy of the first degree! Out! Out! Out with the pariah!]

Paul Kowtiuk, c/o The Journal, Box 1286, Exxes, [strange--those x's should be s's and vice versa--] Essex, Ontario, NOR 1E0

"Thank you for the copy of GIGO. I do resent, however, your statement that our newspaper, (not adzine) is comparable to the other adzines in comic fandom.

"We do carry ads, but not like the other adzines. We try very hard to maintain a newspaper appearance; and we print more information than many other zines do. There seems to be an attitude that because a zine carries ads, that it's bad. I'm sure you'll agree that this is a very narrow minded view.

"Your opinion is yours, and I respect it. I ask however that you take a close look at our format, our layouts, our columns, etc. etc. before you attempt to liken us to some of the other adzines floating around."

[Yes, alright. I did look at a copy of The Journal, and compared it with a couple of the other adzines, and, it is true, there was more non-ad materiel in The Journal than in most of the other zines.

[Nonetheless, I would certainly classify TJ as an adzine. In fact, I think the letter above reveals an attitude towards the zine as an adzine, rather than as a newspaper. "Our newspaper (not adzine) is comparable to the other adzines....."

[No matter. Ah, yes. As well, I do not condemn a magazine merely because it carries ads. As a good capitalist minion, I cannot. I do object to money-making ventures being called fanzines, however.]

Rod Walker, 1273 Crest Cr, Encinitas, CA, 92024

....."Your article on the organization thing was generally good. I tend to see regional organizations as better than national ones, and national ones far, far better than international ones. The

IDA [International Diplomacy Association] seems to be moving in the direction of setting up a sort of "NGC" [National Games Club - a British organization] for North America, and then becoming a sort of federative body between the various national organizations like NGC and the possible NGC-NA. I hope we will do that.

Some historical notes. The DA was in no way the first hobby-wide organization.

The first such group was the International Diplomacy Federation, begun in 1966, and which foundered, unfortunately, because the hobby was not ready for it.

The second such group was the Diplomacy Division of the NBP Games Bureau. When I took it over in 1969, it was virtually dead. By 1971, it was enormously successful. By that time, membership had been limited to GM's, editors and publishers, and it had over 50 members (virtually every GM/Ed/pub in the world with about half a dozen exceptions.) Tony Pandin then took over the group, which also changed its name to the Postal Diplomacy Congress, but it then foundered because Tony didn't do anything.

Which brings me to this important fact: the original purpose of the DA was to serve as Beshara's weapon for destroying the PDC. He lobbied extensively with every GM who was not a member of the PDC and with several others in an effort to get them to quit PDC and join the DA. This original purpose was completely documented by Larry Peery in VERITAS VINCIIT.

The IDA did not "split off" from the DA, despite the accidental similarity in names. (I say "accidental" advisedly....this name was chosen by the members in a referendum, not by the leaders, who for the most part, would have preferred something more distinctive.) The leaders were largely TTA officers who were purged by Besh[ara] because they opposed him (Peery, Lakofka, Buchanan) or resigned in disgust at the way things were shaping up (Birsan, Ver Ploeg, Model) plus the people who felt the DA was a rip-off from the beginning (me, primarily.)

Ament the Mimeo Mythos Society...do you consider ditto the same as "mimeo?" Offset is definitely not fannish. Purple ditto definitely is."

[Forgot to put open-quotations at the beginning of each paragraph. Oh, well.

[No, I don't consider ditto the same as mimeo; but, as you say, it is fannish. I guess we'll have to allow it, along with hectograph.

[I think Scott's inaccuracies were more a result of his not being in the hobby at the time the events you outline occurred. His narrative does more or less start at the time he joined the hobby.

[Which brings up an idea. Diplomacy being the type of game it is we can expect the hobby to grow continuously for several centuries before it begins to level off. Perhaps I'm a bit of a nut, but I can see the day when the hobby contains millions of thousands of people.

[It might be a good idea to start writing a history of the hobby.]

William G. Bliss, 422 Wilmot, Chillicothe, Il, 615~

Thank for the copy of G. Teg enclosed with a semolion.

Star ~~Drek~~ Trek fandom is still alive? Must be from the re-runs. I never watched it much. It coulda been a gasser of a show, but wot it was was typical boob tube.

Mimeos- ARRRRCH! I've been looking for a cheap multilith lately.

Turning of escalators- you will have people losing faith in modern technology. Why is it considered unkosher to walk up and down them like they are the stairways they are? Since there's none around handy I've never tried walking on a beltwalk. Something else I've noticed. When you park your car, ~~you~~ you are supposed to get out of it right away. I often don't, and get lots of them that looks from ye humanous herdous. Wuz leaning on a lamppost at a busy intersection in Peoria one time reading a JWC editorial and the traffic lights changed a couple dozen times, and suddenly a middle aged guy poked me in the ribs and said "Aren't you supposed to be doing something?" Wot he got told he could do was a bit too X-rated to include here. Break the herã pattern and you get little reminders like that.

Wot goes with the crazy post office these days? Every now & then I get mail with one of those nickle sized stick-on dayglow number lables. Usually orange3. I've heard that means that somewhere along the line the item has been shunted aside for checking against somebody's subversives list. No doubt these days anybody could make a subversives list somewhere just by letting it be known they thought Teddy Roosevelt was great.

Eeeeg & yike! Some dangerous buildings have been put up in the last 15 years. There's a parking garage in Peoria I never walk close to. It was faced with huge cement slabs held up only by a few steel rods. Someday some of that will come down with a hellova crash. The Caterpillar Co put up a big office bdlg a block from that one, and a day after the cement cieling was put up it all fell down on the floor. About 1/4 an acre of it.

I'm not up at all on computers. Did read a Scientific American article ages ago about Babbage's marvelous calculator. He had a noise pollution problem. He couldn't stand organ grinders.

Where'd the time go? Here it's the 4th already- got sidetracked.

Fantasy, ah yes, that is the stuff that wet dreams are made of, especially for the inexperienced. Well, actually fiction is fantasy but fantasy usually means fiction fairly well divorced from reality. Have just finally gotten around to commencing reading No Time For Love (for the tale a lousy title,) the saga of Lazarous Long (metaphor there) who evidently is the first gross of pages will live forever barring accidents. And plopped right into the tale is a gishy bit about ac-dc sex, which ignored the fact that those of the so-called third sex do hereditarily have some short circuits, but no doubt Heinlein aims for maximum readership. I keep getting the impression reading latter day Heinlein that he must have ghost-written the Daddy Warbucks parts for the Little Orphan Annie ströp. My favourite (alas extinct), Krazy Kat, shows up the generation gap. Or gads, I usta read Flash Gordon ströps in original mintw condition when they were current. Never saved any though. I mostly dug all those sexy breads in the ströp.

Now that, my friends, is what we call a L*E*T*F*E*R! I'm not sure what it says though. When I was reading it, I got the vague feeling of disagreeing with some of the things said, but I can't remember what or which. Star Trek and bisexuality, I think.

Gerard Houarner, Frenchman's Fortress.

You run a fascinating zine. Nobody seems to do any work for you. What the hell kinda New Yorker are you, anyway? Beat some brains in, kick ass, stomp heads. Keep screwing the shit out of your Dip-dolumnist in Dip games until he gives up and writes you something. Be MEAN. ((I can't. Rosenberg has a cartel alliance with Matthew Diller, and I'm a limited-alliance man myself. More likely, he'll stomp the shit out of me.))

Don't know garbage about computers, except what I read in sf stories, but I was fascinated by the various methods one can rip-off computer time. Any more articles about different ways to rip-off various and sundry-things would be welcome. ((Any phone phreaks out there? Something like that?))

I was somewhat offended by your constant derogatory (that's not how you spell it, but it's your problem. You're the editor, you look it up (you think I'm going to do any work for this zine-ed.)) comments on ax-murderers in the subway. I haven't ax-murdered anybody in the subway for years, and I see no reason for you to keep harping on something that is, essentially, a dead issue. I have moved on, so there's no point dredging up past sins.

I usually don't read my own contributions to fanzines since I'm always afraid that I've made a complete fool of myself. However, due to your parenthetical remarks (like this?) ((No, like this)) (((Oh, do you mean like this?))) (((That's right))) (((((I'm typing up this stencil---I can always go one more than you can. Face it, there's no way out.))))) I've been forced to re-read my blatherings just in case you slipped in some snide Manhattanesque quip. The least you could do, if you're going to make a pain in the ass of yourself and interrupt your contributor's flow of words (a very dangerous thing to do, if you ask me, since you have enough trouble as it is trying to get them to do anything for you without threatening to interject some dumb thing or other in the middle of their pithy remarks on antediluvian match-box collecting) is to identify yourself, sign your initials or a euphemistic EF.

Pons' reviews and your stuff, along with my column (truth doesn't always hurt) were the stand-outs of the issue. As a matter of fact, that was about all there was in the issue. Oh, yeah, the comics column wasn't bad either.

But now we come to the meat of the issue. The MIMEO MYTHOS SOCIETY. Are you turkeys kidding me? ((NNNNNNNNNNI! DON'T YOU KNOW BETTER THAN TO CALL AN ARMENIAN A TURKEY?)) I do you really believe that ARMENIANS ARE ESSENTIALLY EVIL? I didn't want to comment on your repro, Greg, cause after all you do publish my column when I mail it in, unrevised and probably full of mis-spellings (but then again, you reprint the mis-spellings too), but you ain't exactly living proof that MIMEOGRAPHY IS ESSENTIALLY GOOD. ((I never claimed that mimeography was better quality, or cleaner, merely good.)) With reproduction like that, no wonder the Democratic party hasn't had a President in office for a while (who can read their platforms?) I must really take exception to the Holy Crusade against Offsetism. Not only is that an insult to the English language, but it suggests that you and your cohorts will sneak up to my printers and blow up their equipment. And, to top it off, you name your societal organ (which organ? Pant, pant, I'm dying to

know). GREEN EGGS AND HAM. A more nauseating and appetite-killing name I couldn't imagine. If I were the fanatic type, I'd start an organisation to counter this evil blight that you are trying to introduce into fandom, probably something like THE HOLY GUARDIANS OF THE OFFSPT, or the GOOD AND SACRED DEFENDERS OF THE HOLY RIGHT TO REPRODUCE ON THE OFFSET. Naturally, in retaliation to MMS's atrocities, we would lynch mimeo machines by their crank handles and burd down warehouses storing mimeo ink and paper. Fortunately (for you) I'm not cut from fanatic cloth, so all you get is some mildly scathing sarcasm and a very queer look.

[As a matter of fact, the title GREEN EGGS AND HAM is supposedly a parody of the neo-paganist fanzine, GREEN EGG. And the Doctor Zuess book by the same name-----]

Douglas Carey, 11255 Lincoln St, Robertsville, OH, 44670
GIGO #^ was not a masterpiece, but I enjoyed it. As you say, the main problem is getting the ghoddhamn columnists to be on time. I figure you'll manage it someday after this.

So far, the best feature of the zine is its editorialness, (take a bow) and the sort of free-flowing format that makes a zine.

Con reports were the most readable thing this month. To me, at least, this is better reporting than the stand-offish prototype reviews that many fans seem to specialize in.

Tell Houarner (spelled right?) that he should give the addresses and prices and so on when he tells about specific books. Also the titles, not just the authors. For instance, some congenital moron could rush out and buy "C.S. Lewis," only to purchase a theology lecture, especially if he buys at a bookstore not divided by topic (like mine.)

Comical OK, though no surprises. Just how big is computer fandom anyway? Does everyone understand this AL/6 OXY-4 ZAH#1 bullshit except me? Hell, I can barely stumble along with an SR-50, let alone this IBM bit. Ghod.

((As a matter of fact, I didn't understand most of the stuff John said last issue in his reply to David Singer's letter, either. However, I have a response from John:

"Of course no one understands what I write about. All of it is nonsense in any case. Computers don't work by bits and gates and compilers and core and electrostatic memory and DASD's. They work by chartered accountants. Small ones who fit inside a little box and run back and forth. My function, as I understand it from Greg, is to provide a little space filler which appears to mean something. IBM is not really a computer company in any case. It, like Honeywell and Sperry-Rand is into typewriters and shavers. What the hell, don't try to understand this shit. It rots your mind and turns it into adskfdldlsdfkj498594awdkj kf@tut riuwtu-98098fguf.m56,m wrdfjl 45euf, n46j gfdkj' /k "

Hmmm---that's all the letters. Got through another issues worth or mail. Ah.

ZINES OUT OF MY EARS, ALREADY!

(Adam Gilinsky used to pronounce it "zyne." No you know his shameful secret!)

THE SPACE GAMER is a zine put out by Metagaming Concepts, the people who printed STELLAR CONQUEST (reviewed elsewhere thish.) TSG is an offset-reduced printed, typeset, b and w near-professional zine. It's the house organ of Metagaming, and says it wants to become the nucleus of an sf-gaming hobby/fandom, that would be distinct from, but intertwined with gaming fandom and sf fandom. They even hope for an sf-game Hugo sometime in the future.

It's mostly editorializing, as are all first issues, but also has some letters, a STELLAR CONQUEST strategy article, some game reviews, the beginning of an sf-story, and Tom Galloway's sf game rating system. Well worth the cover price of 1/70¢ or 6/\$3. c/o Metagaming, Box 15 46, Austin, TX, 78761.

LILLIPUT, c/o me, is in the doldrums, caught in limbo, and between the horns of a dilemma, not to mention between Scylla and Charybdis. Its future is uncertain. Either I will resign as editor, and it will continue to be printed by someone, the game will be merged with URF DURFAL, or the game will be given to Mike Muchnik, for him to run in his Dipzine, VALIOR. Don't spend any money. Or send it, anyway.

URF DURFAL is a Dipvariant playtesting zine which I now publish. The price is cost plus postage, so just send me some money. I have no game fee, and innumerable openings, so you can get in many games cheap. No articles, but I do print variants, and lots of press, hopefully. Variant positions open in the following games: Dilatory Diplomacy, Diluvian Diplomacy, Dud Diplomacy, Stab-Happy, 1818, Diplomafia, Excommunication!, and Anachronistic Diplomacy. As well, I'm planning on running a multi-player, insane version of FRIGATE, to be entitled FRIGG IT! If you join a variant, we'll send you a copy of the variant.

SPECULUM, c/o Dave Kadlecek, 1447 Sierra Creek Way, San Jose, CA, 95132 is a decent Dipzine. It's excellent if you're a novice, because he reviews every zine he receives, which would give a novice the names, addresses, and prices of a large number of zines to choose from. Subs are 10/\$2. Gamefees to regular games are \$4, variants vary. He's got openings in GIGATON Diplomacy, Third Age, Fish's Delight, Middle Earth VII and a Global variant. Mostly zine reviews, news and letters, but well worth it.

THE EARTH GAZETTE, c/o W.G. Bliss, 422 Wilnot, Chillicothe, IL, 61523 is a rather funny little zine (6) little zine. Future news, mostly. 5¢.

NAJD, c/o R. Holmberg, 181 Old Tunnef Rd, Lafayette, CA, 94549 (45¢) is an excellent comicart zine. What else can I say?

SON OF THE WSFA JOURNAL, WASHINGTON SF NEWSLETTER c/o Don Miller, 1015 Judson Rd, Wheaton, MD, 20906. Ghod, Miller prints a lot. The first is mostly a short-review zine, reviewing everything from books to zines, fan- and pro-. The latter is apparently a newszine for the Washington area. The first is excellent, especially if you'd like to know what zines are available. The latter is useful if you live near Washington, I suppose. I don't quite understand the subscription system, but it says at the top of SOTWSFAJ "8/\$2," and "8/\$1" at the top of W, so I suppose you might go on that.

NO, c/o Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Boulevard, Minneapolis, MN, 55417, 3\$1 or 25¢ a piece. An excellent genzine. Unfortunately, horribly irregular, or at least so I surmise.

UNIVERSE #3, RT , Box 42, Union, Mississippi, 39065.
 Last issue, I adopted a sort of wait-and-see attitude towards Universe.
 It seemed to me that it was mostly bullshit, but, then, the first issue
 was mostly just talk about reason(s) for starting the zine.

It has now matured, and I can pass judgement; UNIVERSE is an excellent
 near-pro reviewzine. The most recent issue was 16 pages, offset reduced,
 typeset, had quite a bit of good art, and a number of enjoyable reviews.
 Keith Justice has managed to produce an very good monthly review zine.
 75¢, can't find a sub price listed.

I have a bunch of Dipzines here, and, rather than reviewing them, I'll
 just note the name, address, sub price, game openings and comments, in
 that order.

Zeppelin, Laurence J.P. Gillespie, 23 Robert Allen Dr, Halifax, N.S.
 6/\$1, \$5 in regular Dip, \$2 in War in the Air. Good zine, fairly new:
 horrible repro. Worse than GIGO.

THE EXPONENT, Richard Kovalcik, Hr, 947 56 St, Brooklyn, NY, 11219. 10/\$1.
 no gamefee. The official magazine of the John Dewey High School Strategic
 Games Club. Being printed on Robert Lipton's mimeo over the summer, and
 mine if Lipton's is impossible. As I understand it, the JHSSGC was
 originally David Gladstein's idea, but he stupidly gave the thing a
 democratic constitution, and was voted out as editor. If you don't mind
 a bit of Besh-puppetry, its a good zine.

Erehwon, Rod Walker, "Alcala", 1070 Crest Cr, Encinitas, CA, 92024 An
 excellent zine. 6/\$1, no games open. Fiction, articles, and so on. Rod
 Walker is the master feuder of the hobby, so reading his zine is always
 fun. At the moment, he's back on the traditional Walker-Beshara feud.

Ginninggagap, Michael Friedman, 76 Halyard Rd, North Woodmere, NY, 11581.
 10/\$1.05. \$3. Not much at the moment, but could become better. Has two
 games running, and he'd like to have more.

Everything You Always Want to Know About Diplomacy But Had Better Sense
 Than to Ask, c/o Chintimini Ent, 2115 NW Elder St, Corvallis, OR, 97330.
 10/\$4. The official zine of the Boardman Number Custodian. Full of
 all sorts of statistics, but no other materiel.

Lord of Hosts, Robert Sacks, 15-F Tang Hall, 550 Memorial Dr, Cambridge,
 MA, 02139. Cost plus postage rounded up to the nearest nickle, \$3}variants
 only]. The official zine of the Miller Number Custodian. A lot of mater-
 iel besides the requisite statistics; variants, articles, and so on.

Predawn Leftist, c/o Ben Grossman, 29 E 9 St, #9, NY, NY. 10/\$2. Reg. Dip.
 at \$2 plus sub, Comonia at \$4 plus sub, and Black Hole, I'm not sure at
 what. Not too good, but it shows promise. The first issue was putrid,
 but the second is decent, aside from its lack of materiel. As it gets
 larger, it should get better. And Grossman is buying a mimeo, so the prin-
 ting should get better. At the moment, it, too, is putrid.

Marxubarxu Garbolette, Robert Tetley, 556 Green Place, Woodmere, NY,
 11598. Actually the Mixumaxu Gazette, Robert Lipton, but if he wants to
 fuck around with his masthead, it's up to the rest of us to take advantage
 of it; make yout your checks to Robert Tetley. 7/\$1, no game openings.

Centurion, Russel Fox, 5160 Donna Av, Tarzana, CA, 91356. 8/\$2. No gamefee for first game. Openings in regular Dip., 5-man ghost Anarchy, Napoleonic Dip. Not all that good.

The Pocket Armenian, Scott Rosenberg, 18~31 Radnor Rd, Jamaica, NY, 11432. 8/\$2. No games open. One of the better Dip-zines--put out by my Dip. columnist--but has had a dearth of articles lately. It runs 8 games or something, and, because of financial problems, is limited to 12 pages. We could use some subscribers, to go back to an occasional-18 page issue. Next issue is the anniversary issue--48 pages. Or 36, anyway.

KABALLAH, 25-33 48th St, L.I.C., NY, 11103. c/o Gerard Houarner. 5/\$2. A rather good fantasy zine. Offset, good art, occasionally good article. Letters, reviews, etc. Worthwhile.

SOL III, Rebecca Baggett, 8008 Old Stage Rd, Raleigh, NC, 27603. ST zine, mostly fiction. Quite good. 1/\$1.25, but then its 100-some odd pages.

Ah--guess that's it with the zine reviews. Looking back on them, I see that I have a curious reluctance to pan anything. I suppose that's because any zine requires a lot of work and a lot of love, and I can't really bring myself to disapprove of anything, anything that has had that much effort put into it. In any case, most of the zines I've reviewed are pretty good; most I trade for, and I don't trade for cruddy zines, and crudzines haven't heard about GIGO yet, so I don't get all sorts of strange, unsolicited things in the mail. Just as well.

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BYTE IT!
Computer Column, by John Liberman
))

What does one not do in a computer column ? Review computers, of course!
Review.

The IBM 360 and 370

The best business computer around. It is faster (well.....) has better hardware configurations for business applications and a far superior software backup system than any of the other computers around. IBM invented most of its software, and what it didn't invent wt had written for it by various Universities and less austere establishments. HASP, one of the most common super OS's of the 370 (which will, from here on in be taken to mean the 360 as well, despite many major differences) was written by such a University. In Texas. Houston. For God's sake.

Batch on the IBM is often fucked up. Most sane people use JCL (Job Control Language) which is, if ver y versatile, also somewhat, well, strange. This usually (I would hope always) runs under OS under MVT of MFT (forget it). OS stands for operating system. Who cares.

Time sharing is strange. The most common time-sharing systems on the IBM 370 are VM (Virtual Machine) or CP67 for the 360, Wylber, Callos, APL and TSO. The best of these is probably VM. Wylber is just a giant editor, and

CALLOS is a genuinely terrible system, APL is limited (to APL), and TSO can't do much aside for load link and/or execute. Really what distinguishes the 370 is the software, which is more widely spread out, more efficient and more useful than that of other machines. I still hate IBM.

The Univac 1100 Series

The 1106, 1108 and 1110 are better engineered computers than the IBM, scientifically and structurally, but the most common operating system (actually just about the only widely used one) called Exec 8 is so bad it kills me. [Sorry about this jump in the stencil. Having a bit of trouble.-Ed] It has nice features such as the ability in time-sharing to stack and buffer pp to about 30 records in the run stream, but the faults of Exec 8 are far more serious. I have mentioned the lamentable lack of security in a previous column, so I will limit myself to one outraged sentence about it here. [I wish John would write more than one draft of the goddamh column. Here follows a number of sentences and little tricks that make little to no sense, and don't really do anything. apparently, one of six things will usually produce all the accounts in the system. John refuses to reveal these six things, on the grounds that he'd get sued. In a fanzine?? Ah, to continue.] Other problems are manifold. The same assembly run under an identical run stream may work once and not a second time for God knows what reason. The Univac does do one thing well. Crunch numbers (that's good.)

The CDC Cyber Series (formerly the 6600 and 7600)

Essentially, the 660 and 7600 are scientific machines. Very good ones at that. They have 64 bit words, and move very quickly through haphazard calculations. The software situation is not that bright. I have yet to see a good PL/I on a cyber machine, and the number of utilities can be counted on the toes of one hand. Almost. I do like them, however, for either Fortran or Compass (complete assemble (an exaggeration)) problems which involve nice long chains of complex calculations. It's a fun computer, and if you blow in its CPU, it will follow you everywhere ((Liberman, you're a nut)).

The Texas Instrument SR50 and 51.

Forget it.

The PDP 10

A very nice time-sharing computer. The batch is.....well.....bad. But the time-sharing is exquisite. You can do nice things with it which you can't often do on other computers. Limitation: digital hasn't gone in for virtual storage to the extent that other firms have, and so storage is unusual.

The Xerox Sigma 7

For time-sharing, a nice computer. Wierd, but nice. For batch, a fair computer. Wierd, but fair. The time-sharing is the most fully half-duplex I've ever seen. You can type while it's typing without interference, and yet with complete assurance that the computer understands you. This may only be under CP5 (I've never used anything else) but it's useful.

and foot-long rabbits that destroy armies. The background and setting is, with typical British efficiency, totally realistic. There is actual chain mail and battered helmets, and the peasants are all covered in shit. Except for one thing: there are no horses. King Arthur's knights hop about with a squire following each of them, banging two coconuts together to get the sound of hooves pounding the earth. Even the comedic situations start out with brutal reality: the village burial detail is going through a muddy street asking for the bodies of the dead (plague-deaths), when up comes a man carrying somebody who is not quite dead yet. For a small remuneration, the not-quite-dead gets a hit on the head and is thrown with the other bodies. Grim? Yes. Almost as grim as the dude beating the rug with his cat. Absurd? Definitely.

I think that is what makes this movie go good (except for the ending, which I'll get to later;) there is such a fantastic mixture of absurdity with reality that one tends to forget the brutality and just laugh. And let me warn you, this movie makes a Peckinpah effort look like a Church meeting. There is the scene where one of the "brave, virtuous and noble knights of the Round Table" goes berserk at a wedding party, and slaughters half the guests. Blood flies, and the guests are screaming and running around in panic. Again, its too damn real. It shatters the mythic image of King Arthur by showing them for the bunch of slobs they really were. But it's so damn funny, too.

A word about the ending. It sucks. The original legend ends with Arthur sailing away into the mist, and there is an excellent realization of this ending in the movie (a swan-ship takes Arthur across to an island). Unfortunately, the Python people decided to take it one step further, and introduce the modern world into King Arthur's time. At the end, London "bobbies" arrive on the scene just as an epic battle between the French and English is about to start, and they haul everyone off. One of the cops puts his hand on a camera lens, and that's the end. Period. There was a ten-second lag in the theatre audience before they realized the movie was over. We were all waiting for a definite slam-bang finish, not a confused and ambiguous fade-off. As I said, its a shitty ending, and leave one with a bad taste. But don't let that put you off. Just as "Young Frankenstein" was the great fantasy-spoof of 1974 (it was in 1974, wasn't it?), "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" is the movie for 1975/

A SHORT NOTE ON ANOTHER MOVIE

I don't want to turn this into a movie column, but I just saw another movie that I just have to recommend. It is called "The Passenger," and stars Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider (that "Last Tango" girl.) Oh, damn, but that was a beautiful movie. It was the realization of a Philip Dick novel; a man assumes another identity and finds himself embroiled in a life or death situation. The story is kept pretty simple and straight-forward with none of the convoluted plot-twists or "accidents" of a Hitchcock "wrong-man" thriller. The emphasis is placed on movement, photography and a lot of dialogue-less acting. I even liked Maria Schneider, who played the girl of my dreams: cool, open, intelligent, and with a streak of innocence. Oh, she was beautiful.

Like I said, this is close to a Dick novel in spirit and plot (though with none of the sf hardware or background, of course,) and on the strength of that recommendation alone, "The Passenger" should be seen. It should also be seen because it is a damn fine realistic fantasy, because it is a lovely piece of directing and photography, and because it moved the

callous, cynical and detached Flying Frenchman (dat's me) enough for him to take an hour long walk in Central Park and engage in a staring match with a caged lion for fifteen minutes.

AND NOW, A WORD IN DEFENSE OF JOHN NORMAN AND THE "GOR" BOOKS

OH, NO, I JUST THOUGHT OF ANOTHER MOVIE TO REVIEW

Luckily, Greg never thought of including a film columnist in GIGO. Just as well. He or she would probably have never handed in his/her column on time.

Anyway, perusing my notes for this column, I spotted some references to a TV pilot movies called "The Invisible Man," and it sparked some remembrances. As I recall, the lead role was played by David Macallum (one of the men from UNCLE) and it was basically a modernization of Well's story. Typical of TV producer mentality, thought, it is not the invisible man and the power he has that is cast in an evil light, but the shadowy forces of the government he is working for. I'm sick and tired of all these "Bewitched" and "I Dream of Jeannie" take-offs, where a man (and its always a man, ever notice that?) is given a tremendous power---either a witch for a wife, a genie for a slave/servant/wife, or the power of invisibility--and does absolutely nothing with it. Even worse, he runs away from that power. He doesn't use it for good or for evil, he just runs away from the responsibility of using it.

Well, that's happened once again. "The Invisible Man" is slated for a regular season slot next fall, and I suppose we will all be treated once more to a typical example of TV-fantasy manhood; a ball-less sob who is always at the mercy of someone else, who fights only to preserve his own personal safety and the hell with the people down the block.

What about the movie itself? Well, it wouldn't have been so bad if the network had decided to put an ending on it. But as it stands, it is an obvious lead-off for a series, and the only thing it does is set up the situation so that the producer won't have to waste a couple of shows with an origin story. As a matter of fact, the comic-book people would call it an "origin issue." The special effects are truly marvelous, but they will no doubt degenerate as the show goes into production. There are some curious questions raised, such as how do you talk to a man that's invisible? The actress who played opposite David Macallum (the love-interest, don't you see?) made a poor job of it--she looked straight ahead and talked to a bush. More realistically, a person would be constantly looking around, trying to see foot prints or some disturbance. That's how I would talk to an invisible man, anyway. Maybe I'm just paranoid.

MILLION-DOLLAR BABY

In the previous section, I mentioned a common TV syndrome: the powerful man who does not use his power. Immediately, I could hear all of you screaming, "But what about 'The Six-Million Dollar Man?'" Rather than interrupt my train of thought, your train of reading, and my smooth narrative flow (I can hear Greg laughing at that last one,) I preferred to deal with it in the next section. which is now.

"The Six-Million Dollar Man" is even worse, intellectually speaking, than "I Dream of Jeannie." The man is a human dynamo---he's got all these "Superman" powers of strength, sight, semi-invulnerability---and what does

he do? He follows orders.

Well, at least he's true to character. He's supposed to be an astronaut/test pilot, and while astronauts are certainly courageous people (let's not forget that it takes a special kind of dude to go up in a little steel-enclosed pocket of air and fly around in a vacuum far, far away from home,) they are not your most imaginative or colorful, or poetic people. They resemble businessmen. They act like the machines the Russians send up instead of people, and they are rather dull to listen to. Steve Austin, the multi-million man, seems to embody all these characteristics.

Let us forget for the moment that none of the people on that show can act, or that the insipid plots are watered versions of pulp sf and cheap spy thrillers. The fact remains that Steve Austin is a dull, dull, fellow. He's been blown to bits and then turned into a superman. What is the psychological impact of this? Zero. He goes on with life, occasionally showing us bits of his kind and good nature by speaking up for some minority (in one show it was a group of aliens that were accidentally killing people with radiation they gave off.) He meets other mechanical men that are stronger, and better than he is, and he manages to beat them because he is one of the good guys. He has been given tremendous power, he is given the opportunity to use that power (albeit, it is forced on him through orders,) and he goes through absolutely no change. He's the same man he was back when he was your everyday, average American test pilot. Not only is this man dull to watch, he is also dull in the head. Dumb. One might even go so far as to say simple.

STATEMENT OF INTENT

Oh, jeez, Greg is gonna have a heart attack when he sees this column. It's three pages long, and he only allows me two. What's worse, I cheat. Not only is the original copy I send him incredibly sloppy, but it is crowded and lacks margins. Readers of my fanzine, KABALLAH, know what I mean.

Luckily, I never see him. He chooses to ignore me, a poor-boy, and live in his rich York Avenue high-rise, living on the graft taken in by the Democratic party*. (Ohoh, I'm really gonna hear it for that one.) If he ever gets a hold of me, I'll probably wind up getting beat roundly about the head with a Diplomacy game-board.

Anyway, as long as I'm taking up room, I wanted to say a little something about this column. As you can see, it does not take a narrow, liberal approach to fantasy. As a matter of fact, it takes a rather broad, rambling view of fantasy, and I intend to cover everything from important fantasy books and films to extremely peripheral things like "The Passenger." ~~That's~~ the way I am. Fantasy is not just the Lord of the Rings. You can see fantasy every day, all around you, from the phoney fantastic exoticism of a Disneyworld to the way 60-Minutes chooses to cover a story. I am unlike many fans, who prefer the Burroughs-Tolkien-Howard interpretation of fantasy. I employ (or, at least, I like to think I do) a "whole-world" view. I try to view everything in it's proper perspective, putting my personal tastes in reading and writing in one area, my political and social beliefs in another area, and then sitting back to enjoy the interplay. Don't tell me it's wierd cause I know it is. That's just the way I am.

use in the future. In any case----) After taking down our addresses and phone numbers, Al began to tell us of the Latin edition of Asterix. Soon afterward (for obvious reasons) I left, to go play-testing at SPI.

(I note that I never defined "we." We in the previous sections means Scott Rosenberg and I. "We" in the following sections means Scott Rosenberg, John Liberman, David Gladstein, Robert Lipton, and so on and so on, etc, ad nauseum. I note as well that these parenthetical remarks are breaking my flow, and are not very important, and are taking up too much space. Cease and Desist. Thy word is my Command. Or more properly, My Word is My Command.)

I came back from playtesting about 11, and wandered around for a while, visiting some parties, and left at 2. I wanted to get some sleep.

Saturday after noon, I mostly listened to some bullshit panels, examined the art show, and other typical convention activities. The only thing which sticks out in my mind is Ron Goulart saying, if I remember correctly; "Odd Job #101, \$5.95, Doubleday; Flux, 95¢, DAW. That's all I have to say, and that's really the only reason I come to conventions."

That's honesty. Although that's not very interesting. Amusing perhaps, but----

At 5, I realized that I only had the first two levels of my dungeon (from Dragons and ---whoops. Im not going to use the corfly again! Make that Dungeons and Dragons), and rushed back to the apartment to get the other three. I had recently changed my dungeon entirely, but several of the new Dungeon's levels were merely the old dungeon's levels redone. I frantically changed parts of the old Dungeon's levels, so the turbolifts and sinking room and stairways would be in the right places for my new dungeon, and was finished by 8.

Which was good, because the D&D game was to start at 8.

Although I had signs posted all over the place, none who I didn't already know showed up. Ah, well.

After the usual half-hour of bullshit about characteristics and equipment, I managed to get my party of 10 moving, and into the dungeon. I, unlike most other GM's I've met, am a true flippant at heart. My dungeon had no trace of seriousness anywhere in its halls, and, consequently, my party had a good time. Before they were through, they had met up with a zoo; a party of beaureaucrats; a level consisting of little more than a fight between the forces of Light and Justice--as personified in the person of Patriarch Ecce Homo de gustibus ave vale puella puellae puellae puellam puellā om mani padme hum, to give him his full name (Rod Walker),--and the forces of Darkness and Chaos--as personified by the persons of Evil High Priest Johannes Boyer vomitorium magna graecia vir malus idoneus fi faye fo fum, and Evil Lama Birsauron fleet vladus horrendus vagina scattulus birs dudus, and their respective minions.

Everyone agreed that it was an excellent dungeon (everyone but Scott, anyway), and we broke at 2 deciding to come back at 4 for another round.

We wandered around the hotel but found no worthwhile parties---so we

wound up riding up and down the elevator with a bucket of ice. At each floor we would listen for a party, and, if we heard one, we would proceed to it. There, we would each grab a handful of beers, or sodas as the case may be, and returned to the elevator, where we lovingly placed the bottles in the ice bucket. We managed to acquire a cache of some 12 bottles, which was supplemented by the thoughtful expenditure of some of our hard-earned cash in an illegally still-open bar.

Sooner or later, we found ourselves in the Main Ballroom, shouting "DUD!", which has become something of a cult word in New York Dipfandom, and singing Tom Lehrer and other assorted folksongs, reading out of HOPSFA Hymnals by the dim light of a few lights which the management had neglected to turn off underneath the balcony. At one point, we went through the entire Spanish Inquisition Sketch (Monty Python, for you ignorant non-anglophiles who have failed to make contact with said British group for one reason or another.) It was not until Scott discovered the piano, and started making reasonable facsimiles of Elton John that we were thrown out.

Undaunted, we returned to Bob Lipton's room, and continued our song-fest. We managed to attract a large number of folksong-oriented stranger persons who were still wandering the hotel, and it was not until 5 that the crowd began to thin out. At 6, Lipton threw everyone he didn't know previously out, and began preparing for bed. This left 5 people in a two-bed room. I managed to appropriate the chair before everyone else realized they were going to sleep on the floor, but Bob threw me out when Diller kept on making noise. I protested loudly--I saw no reason why I should be thrown out when Matthew was making the noise--but willingly; I really wanted to get home and to a decent bed.

I did get home---at daybreak. But I managed to keep most of the sunlight out through the ingenious use of that truly American invention, the shutter. I slept until noon.

That's about all there is to say. I have little recollection of the events on Sunday. About all I remember is two things. Brian Aldiss unrolling a 180 foot (or thereabouts) roll of paper with a 1/4 inch red mark at one end, to illustrate some point or other--at the time, I was convinced he was completely bonkers--, and John Norman, or John Lange, or whatever he calls himself in private, expostulating rather amusingly on the subject of alien and artificial intelligence.

Is all.

HITLER FORTRAN PROGRAM
(circa January, 1973)
by John Liberman

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COMMON GERMANY/JEWS/
JEWS= 13000000
IF (JEWS .GT. 6000000) CALL OVRKL
WRITE (6,1) JEWS
FORMAT ( ' NUMBER OF JEWS IS/ARE ' , I7)
CALL EXIT
END
SUBROUTINE OVRKL (KIKES)
KINES= KIKES - 6000000
RETURN
END
```

COMICS

THE E-MAN STORY

by Charles Jacques

[I recently bought a stylus and writing plate; I might as well see how they work.]

In the summer of 1972, Charlton Comics attempted to pull itself out of the rut of non-productivity it had put itself into since the collapse of its fantastic upperhero line in 1967. This attempt at revival came in the form of E-MAN, energy being from the stars.

At first, I considered re-capping the E-MAN origin story in full, but it took a full 10 pages, and Mr. Costikyan has allotted me 3 pages of column, tops. I was forced to cut it down to this;

E-Man was spawned by a star going nova. After all the energy pockets from the exploding sun had dissipated, save one, the remaining one had somehow gained intelligence. (I know---it sounds idiotic and childish---but you must remember that the whole E-Man theme is based on the proverb that GIVEN ETERNITY, EVERYTHING IS NOT ONLY POSSIBLE, BUT PROBABLE.) After several thousands of millions of years, it ended up on Earth, still in its raw energy state. After accidentally landing on some power lines, E-Man ended up in a dressing room mirror light-bulb belonging to an exotic dancer. The dancer's name, interestingly enough, was Nova Kane. (The pun is intentional. One look at Nova Kane in costume, (I use the word loosely,) is enough to kill your pain forever.) Anyway, released from the lightbulb, he changed from his pure energy state to that of a handsome young man. Naming himself "E-Man," (adorned with E- MC² across a bright orange-yellow uniform,) he set out to save the world.

He, however, being new on the planet, was quite ignorant of local customs or mannerisms, and needed a guiding hand. You guessed it; Nova. (before you slap an "X" rating on E-MAN, I have to spoil your fun. First, Nova is only an exotic dancer to earn enough money to go through college; and second, E-Man is really Naive. He knows nothing of sex. Poor devil) Anyway, in the first issue, this strange pair--a childish Energy being, and a world-wise dancer/student--manage to defeat an alien Brain-Being, one of the many characters the E-MAN mag would develop over a period of time. (Among the others to develop later were two deadly alien sweethearts, a power-hungry tycoon and his energy absorbing android (A.K.A. the Battery), a cheap detective named Michael Mauser (as in the gun---Mauser has a back feature of his own now, in the new Charlton mag VENGEANCE SQUAD), an nth dimensional broad named Heidi, Nova's friend and fellow dancer Rosy, and a slightly strange Koala bear.)

As it is with everything in life, E-MAN went through changes. For instance in issue #1, Nova was a flesh-and-blood (especially flesh) person. In issue #9, a cosmic accident changed her to an energy being like E-Man. (This presented writers with interesting situations to play the pair into. For instance, every time Nova kisses E-Man, a nuclear explosion results. [In that case, I imagine that intimate contact is brief and infrequent-Ed.]

But enough with the main characters. Let's switch to some other outstanding E-Man features---such as its fantastic artist/writer team, the hassles this

series has caused Charlton, and, yes, even subscription information.

Nicola Cut is a fantasy writer of the highest quality. His scripting for E-MAN and a couple of the mag's back features, is, at almost all times, good enough to win an Hugo award, for best short-story. Almost. You see he never allows his stories to get serious. Somewhere along the line he interjects a line into dialogue or art description, to break you up. Sometimes this method backfires, causing a complete foul-up in the otherwise perfect stories. One of the few examples of this was issue #9, in which E-Man and Nova battle a rroup of artificially-maintained super-geniuses who are out to take over the world. One or two well-placed cut-ups would have been perfect, but the issue was over-loaded. The only saving grace was Nova, and the back Feature (Rog 2000). But otherwise, Nicola does one hell of a job.

Joe Staton, artist for E-MAN, is really good. With the right assignments and exposure, he could be as famous and well known as Jack Kirby. He is that good. His character drawings are superb, showing physical details as only the great artists can, the kind of details that hacks completely pass over. Suffice to say, Mr. Staton is the perfect artist to draw a strop co-starring an exotic dander. On top of his excellent script-to-panel renditions, Mr. Staton has his own trademark. The trademark? Hidden satire. This satire may range from headlines seen on newspapers littering the sidewalk (PTES. NITION THROWN OUR OF GIRL SCOUTS) to a U.S. SNAIL truck in the middle of a traffic jam. It is hard to know what to expect.

When E-MAN first appeared, back in 1973, the editor (George Wildman) promised prospective readers that 1/3 of page content in each issue would be used to showcase new features by various writers. With the exception of issue #8 (which was the 23 page origin issue of Nova,) Mr. Wildman kept his promise. The staff's earliest efforts at back features (C.H.E.S.S., KILLJOY, TRAVIS THE TIME-TRAVELER) were pretty poor, and I was glad not to see them extended to any great extent. As the staff got more experienced in back features, however, their efforts improved. (LIBERTY BELLE) and finally hit greatness with ROG 2000, which has, to date, had 3 appearances in E-MAN. Rog is a robot with a soul, who is a cab driver in New York City, and who loves to get involved. I personally think Rog should get his own book, and I hope that Charlton agrees with me, and, by making Rog a back-feature in E-MAN, is giving his a pre-press sales promo.

There was a big gap (6 months) between Issue #2 and #3 of E-MAN, and, for a long time the public was kept in the dark as to why. But, as of late, little bits of information have leaked out on the "E-Gap" (as fans call it) and, from these, I have pieced together a water-tight theory explaining the gap. I would appear that, after the first issue appeared, D.C. took Charlton to court for violating the copyright they had on Superman. The court, to avoid problems while the case was being tried, hit Charlton with an injunction, forcing them to temporarily suspend publication. You see, originally the Superman copyright was interpreted as giving D.C. exclusive rights to a hero who came to Earth because his home-world/star system had been destroyed. Apparently the judge trying the case didn't agree, because E-MAN #3 appeared (a little late) with no changes at all. So much for D.C.'s petty gripes.

Since this column has been one of general high praise, I guess I should give you some subscription information. Charlton Comics' subscription department really excels. Apparently Charlton likes to keep its customers happy. For starters, you get a year's subscription (six issues) for

\$1.25. That is 25¢ less than newsstand prices; in effect, 1 free issue. Next point: while most companies ship their normal sized comics 2nd class and folded in half, Charlton is different. The comics come wrapped in manila envelopes, and mailed 1st class. On top of all that, with each subscription you get a 32 page comic-writers guide with information on every aspect of comic production. If that isn't a good deal for \$1.25, I don't know what is.

But in any event, I advise you to take a look at E-MAN. I mean, what superhero do you know versatile enough to handle everything from an alien brain's continuous attacks on Earth to fighting off (Somewhat unsuccessfully) an exotic dancer's advances? [Why is he doing the latter-Ed]

My next column (appearing in issue #3 [sic--the next issue is #4]) will deal with the so-called DOOMSDAY comics, such as the O.M.A.C./KAMANDI series (written and drawn by Jack Kirby and coming from D.C.), MIGHTY SAMSON (from Gold Key), PLANET OF THE VAMPIRES (from Atlas), IRONJAW (also from Atlas,) and DOOMSDAY & 1 (Charlton). In the meantime, here is this issue's tidbits:

TIDBITS

Charlton Comics, in an obvious move to increase sales, has released two new comics, and a pro-produced Charlton fanzine called "The Charlton Bullseye". One of the comics, entitled VENGEANCE SQUAD is a completely inane crime drama that has to improve a hell of a lot if it expects to last very long. Its only saving grace at the moment is a back-feature entitled "Mike Mauser, Private Eye," starring E-Man's friend.....The other comic, DOOMSDAY & 1 deals with three astronauts and a freeze-dried caveman who are out to survive after a nuclear war cause by a banana republic maniac. Possibly one of the best DOOMSDAY comics around, excluding KAMANDI.....THE CHARLTON BULLSEYE, a fanzine produced by the company itself, is filled with unpublished art and stories, news, letters, etc.

Marvel comics has come out with what could possibly be the best horror/sci-fi [sic] comic in ages. The feature, entitled MAN-WOLF, is currently appearing in CREATURES ON THE LOOSE. It deals with an astronaut who turns into a wolf creature whenever lunar radiation hits the moonrock embedded in his throat. You may know the astronaut's father; he's Peter (Spiderman) Parker's publisher, J.J. Jameson.....Marvel Comics recently announced that they would start re-publishing the old Classics series, on a bi-monthly basis.....for the fans of the Marvel comic "X-MEN," we have good news and bad news. The bad news is that the bi-monthly version of the comic has ceased publication. The good news is that the X-Men hasn't completely vanished. It now appears in a quarterly giant-size magazine... ..Marvel recently released a comic entitled GIANT SIZED INVADERS [the lack of hyphen sic], featuring new stories set during World War II, starring Captain America, Bucky, the Human Torch, and the Sub-Mariner.....One final piece of Marvel trivia. The Marvel mag, MAN-THING has made one significant change in context; the mighty monster no longer has to live strictly in the swamp. He can now travel abroad with no difficulty.

Atlas Comics has apparently discovered the back feature. Most of their early editions were full-length stories, focusing on the main story. But THE PHENIX #3 smashed all that. With PHENIX #3 came an 8 page feature/story of a character called THE DARK AVENGER, a feature, which, by the way, shows a lot of potential.

Anyone out there interested in a copy of O.M.A.C. #5 or RICHARD DRAGON, KUNG FU FIGHTER #2? I have an available copy of each, seeling for 75¢ each, postage including. You can order from;
 Charles Jacques
 199 Payne Rd
 Scarborough, ME, 04074

Also, if you have any comment you would like to make on any of my columns or writings, send your letters to the same placed. They would be much appreciated.

((My columnists are in a conspiracy against me, that's what it is! First Houarner, now Jacques. You will bloody well send your letter to ME, 1675 York Av, NY, NY, 10028. Or at least a xerox, or SOMETHING. If your comments are printable. Although I do get a number of LoC's, I haven't been able to get an half-way interesting discussion started in my letter-col.))

Also, this seems to be the place for something I've heard recently; a comics company has formed recently in Canada, and their first comic book is entitled CAPTAIN CANUCK. Maybe you can stick in a short review of that, next time?

The following two reviews are both reviews of THE FEMALE MAN by Joanna Russ. I, being a somewhat feminist male, was rather shocked at some of the ideas put forth in said book; men are depicted as being intrinsically sexist, and naturally oppressive. Apparently, Ms. Russ has come to the conclusion that the only way to do away with oppression is to do away with males. Period.

Or at least, that's the impression I got.

I felt a bit too emotional about the book to write a really detached review, so I invited two other people to write reviews. Unfortunately, both of them let their feelings get away from them, and wrote tirades, rather than reviews. Although the following then, are not really reviews, they are interesting. So I'm printing them anyway.

THE FEMALE MAN

by Joanna Russ. Reviewed by:
 Robert Zscilan

Gina Peterson

THE FEMALE MAN, by Joanna Russ, is the first feminist book yet to be published by a reputable writer in the sf field. Ursula K. Le Guin's LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS, which was hailed as a first for liberation targets, was in reality nothing more than a cheap, sentimental book decrying the poor victims of sexual typification and rolecasting. It was soft enough to win the Hugo and Nebula awards, however, so Le Guin has gotten what she wanted from her trite little novel. Russ, however, steering away from the abject lack of realism which has been the fault of all recent speculative fiction books which condescended to be concerned with the nature of

THE FEMALE MAN by Joanna Russ is an atrocity of morality, philosophy, and, far more important, aesthetics. While I tend to contest Ms. Russ's belief that men should be eliminated, I also am offended by her lack of either realism, tact, or objectivity. Christ, what a snitpile this book is. It is an accurate statement that some of my best friends are women, yet I wouldn't like my sister to marry one, which Ms. Russ would have her do, at least on Whileaway (I won't bother explaining.) She included these obvious oversimplifications of stereotypes,

sexual instability. She is capable of examining this, the most pressing question of our day, in a fair, open-minded fashion. There are aspects of the book which I dislike; for example, the character of Janet is one of the many manifestations of the protagonist, yet she is oppressed despite the lack of men in her time/space continuum. This is not useful to the function of the book, which I feel is to accent what men do to women. Russ should, if she included such a person, at least make her happy, so as not to confuse the basic (and vital) message of her novel.

Ms. Russ has been able to do what very few modern feminists have done; that is, to portray both realistically and metaphorically the trials and tribulations of modern women. She uses several variations on one woman (obviously herself) each with a different upbringing and environment, yet all with the same genotype. Janet, Joanna, and Jeaninne are unwitting recipients of Alice Reasoner's decisions and motives, yet all are cognizant of the facts and of the necessary actions which must be taken. Russ, rather brilliantly, I feel, interjects certain non-story interludes which contribute and intensify the themes and interactions of the characters. She has capably put together a treatise of the continual stifling of women by men. I have heard Bob ((Zscilan)), who has been asked by Greg to furnish his opinions about this book mutter darkly about women writers. I have no doubt that he will deny such feelings, yet it seems to me that this is exactly the sort of thing which Russ obhors most; that is, the hypocrisy of men who claim to enjoy intelligence in women, and yet decry it when it turns even slightly against them. Robert is an illiterate fool [now, now then-Ed] in any case, and I am unconcerned that Greg has decided to modify my "militant" position with his more "conserveative" one. I recognize that Greg feels he is only being fair, although he is....well, that is of no real concern. Personal

while going through inane dialog which "proves" her point. Now, how the hell she even got started writing is beyond me. There are a few (and I do mean few) good women writers in sci-fi, but Joanna Russ is not one of them. Why I'm bothering to write this review is beyond me, barring the possibility that I'm trying to convince people not to buy it. If no one buys the book, Ms. Russ will move on to some career for which she would be more suited--such as being an inept surgeon who specializes in vasectomy/castration. She should love the field.

The book is, ignoring the content briefly, clumsily written and badly organized. It lacks coordination, verve, or even the semblance of style or ability.

I have an advantage over Gina, which is somewhat unfair. I have read her review. I live a block away from Greg and he called me in as a balancing influence. I was late in submitting my review, so Greg showed me my opposites review, as an inspiration. I can then, avoid and deny any charges of male chauvinism which are laid at my feet. I do not deny that many women are as intelligent, as witty, and far more attractive than men. I do feel however that story-telling is an essentially male endeavor, and listening (or reading) a feminine one. This does not make female writers lesbians, or excessive readers homosexuals. But there is a marked difference between the two. Most great writers have been male, and very few have been female (Virginia Woolf is a notable exception). I must confess that I did, as claimed, "mutter darkly" (nice phrase) about women writers, not in general, but at least about a particular type. I do not hate women, nor do I feel that it is my fault that they have been chained to the kitchen for centuries. I was not around. I do feel that women, through biological means, are better suited for home life than for careers yet I will not force them to do anything which they do not desire. Nor would most men. I have no fear of losing my job to a woman, not because I, as a man, am more suited to that job but because I, as an individual, am

matters aside, Robert is sure to be writing a column expressing, none too subtly, his dislike for Joann Russ in particular, and women in general. It is to the Roberts of this world that this book is dedicated. It is they who are our most deadly adversaries. They are fools, but they are prolific.

am more suited to it. THE FEMALE MAN is concerned with many rather dull aspects of a certain Alice Reasoner. Ms. Reasoner is an employee of an "Ethnological Company" and, through that company, she discovers, on parallel worlds, her equivalents, each of whom are as self-pitying as she.

I'm a bit disgusted with the sentiments expressed in both of the above reviews. Neither shows any thought---both are mouthings of oft-said cliches--and neither shows any real concern for anybody as a person. God, we do knock ourselves out, arguing over matters which don't make a whit of difference.

I do believe that the entire sexism-feminism debate is completely meaningless. In the industrial world as it is today, the equality of sexes is an inevitable thing. Just as a stone-age farming culture demands matriarchy, and a metal-age pre-industrial society demands patriarchy; so, I believe, does an industrial society demand equality. It is sheer madness to cut over one-half of the population out of the working pool.

What we are seeing at the present is the last gasp of the vanguard of the old pre-industrial matriarchy. And what we are seeing on the fringes of the feminism movement is not "radical feminism," but militant lesbianism.

For a desire to do away with males completely is not feminism, by any definition of the word I understand.

Have I made a fool of myself? Have I said what I wanted to say? Am I creating paper tigers? Am I making myself clear?

I don't know. I'd appreciate some comments in future issues.

FRANKLYIDONTMUCHLIKETHELIPTONSTYLEOFLINEARSEPARATORS.THEYLOOKTOOUGLYANDTOOIM

Recently, I've begun re-reading everything by Pohl I can get my hands on. I've begun with the Pohl/Williamson collaborations.

I first read the Sub-sea series about four years ago, when they were re-printed by Ballantine. At the time, my father was Ballantine's lawyer, and was thus on their review list. I acquired a nice collection of Ballantine paperbacks, and Pohl was a major portion of it.

There's really very little sub-sea fiction in sf; most of it is preoccupied with space. So I gobbled up Undersea City, Undersea Fleet, and Undersea Quest in quick succession.

But, re-reading them, I'm appaled that such juvenile space-opera----or sub-sea-opera---- could ever have impressed me. They're a mere re-hacking of Cadet Jones from the Sub-Sea-Academy-Space-Academy-(West-Point, is its not sf) saves the world, or something similar. Disgusting. Black and white. The baddies are obvious from the first.

But, by the time Pohl/Williamson wrote the Starchild Trilogy, 7 years later,

their collaborative style had improved greatly. Whereas the Underwater trilogy was so much soda, the Starchild Trilogy is one of the best things I've read---or re-read---in a long time.

The universe of the trilogy is a fascinating one--fusorian organisms, which apparently live by fusing the steady-state universe-induced hydrogen into more and more complex elements, taking their structure from the elements which they create. And a "Neo-Hoyle Hypothesis" is postulated, which states that the universe is not only spatially and temporally infinite, but contains an infinite amount of mass, as well.

As well as the fusorian organisms, many stars are intelligent. An entire descriptive biology (is biology the word to use when describing stars?) is invented to picture the actions of the stars.

A very interesting concept.

The first two novels, THE REEFS OF SPACE and STARCHILD deal with the Plan of Man, an solary-system encompassing empire, directed by the Machine, a schtick computer-that-has-taken-over-the-wörld, but one with new concepts, and one realized much better than normal schtick. They deal with the development of the resistance on the Reefs of Space, huge "reefs" created by fusorian organisms, and the eventual downfall of the Plan.

And the third book, Rogue Star, deals with the galaxy-wide civilization that humanity joins after the demise of the Plan. And it probes some of the ideas of paradise that western civilization has long held.

That is not the central theme of the book, of course; the book deals with the growth and development of an intelligent star.

But, for the sf-idea content, for the philosophical content, and for the human content of this trilogy, it deserves much greater popularity than it enjoys. I think this trilogy is going to be around for a long time.

Damn. I've bullshitted about as long as I can. I guess I shall have to write a wargaming column.

No wait----I can take a trick from Richard Geis; When all else fails, talk about your printing.

As most of my readers know, until last issue I was printed on an A.B. Dick electric of indeterminate age, which was owned by the New Democratic Club, of the 64 A.D. South. When I moved a couple months ago, I moved away from the Club, and I consequently had to lug my stencils and ink and papers 40 blocks to print anything.

So I bought a machine. I am presently the cwnder of a Gestetner manual silk-screen, in the 200 series. This machine takes extra-wide 9-hole stencils, and the first 8 pages were typed up on 4-hole stencils. I can punch more holes, so the number of holes won't matter; what will matter is that the 4-hole stencils are not as wide as the 9-hole stencils and, consequently, the first 8 pages may have black streaks running down the sides.

I printed the first issue of URF DURFAL on blue paper, and I still have some left, so the first page of your issue may or may not be printed on blue paper

Ah, filled another page. Now I have to take this stencil out, write a wargaming column, then transfer the column to stencil. Ah, a zine-editors life is not a happy one. Doesn't fit the meter. Too bad-----

by Greg Costikyan

Starting next issue, Mark Edwards will be doing this. At last!

My first wargaming column more or less outlined the field; my second concentrated on Dungeons and Dragons. This issue, I want to concentrate on the smaller game companies.

Since Time Immemorial, Avalon-Hill has been viewed by hard-core gamers as The Game Company. And Avalon-Hill's games have always had an Avalon-Hill flavor to them. They all concentrate on playability, even at the cost of realism. Their rules are always organized as loosely as possible. The games were all either operational-level or tactical-level.

And SPI's games, too, have their own imprint. They are all eminently realistic, even at the cost of playability. They are (almost) all quite complex. They all have their rules organized in a precise, exact manner. And, most important, they are all designed by Jim Dunnigan. Well, nearly all.

So, all A-H games have great similarities, and all SPI games have great similarity.

But, recently, partly as a reaction to the similarities of the games of the large companies, and partly because the most prolific game company, SPI, doesn't buy outside designs, a number of small game companies have arisen.

One of these is Game Designers' Workshop (GDW.) They began by printing DRANG NACH OSTEN and UNENTSCHIEDEN (games on the East Front of World War II, at different periods, both HUGE, and both complex); and TRIPLANETARY, a moderately good tactical space game.

DRANG NACH OSTEN is now rated higher than any other game, on SPI's own rating system.

And, keeping up its beginning as a publisher of immensely complex, hard-core games, GDW has come out with such "collectors" games as CRIMEA, SSN, CORAL SEA, and TORGAU---all excellent games, all very complex, all with innovations in game design.

Another company is Rand Games Associates. Rand began by printing a number of physically high-quality, very simple games, that were available only by subscription. Rand has continued its subscription system, but is now drifting towards more and more complex games. They've now contracted with a small group of New York wargamers to do three games, all of which look promising.

Yet another company is Metagaming Concepts. Metagaming has only printed one game to date--- STELLAR CONQUEST, but that game is the best space game, bar none, that I've seen. And their next game, based on Anderson's future history (entitled THE YTHRI) shows great promise.

Metagaming itself is a rather interesting company; they've pledged to produce nothing but space games, and apparently are attempting to foster an sf-gaming community with roots in both fandom and gaming, but apart from both. They've already started printing an sf-gaming zine, called THE SPACE

GAMER, reviewed elsewhere in this issue.

These three companies are the most active ones; there are a number more, but all either 1) haven't printed anything in six months, 2) are undergoing bankruptcy proceedings, 3) I don't know about, 4) I've forgotten to mention, or 5) only publish one or two games, and don't have a very large circulation.

GAME REVIEWS

the editor, again

STELLAR CONQUEST (\$8, Metagaming Concepts, Box 15346, Austin, TX, 78761)

STELLAR CONQUEST is an economic-military game dealing with the colonization of an area of stars by two to four competing players. The map is made of thin plastic, and depicts about 50 stars of 5 general types-- F, G, K, B, and M. The four different-colored sets of counters, one for each of the players, are die-cut in one direction, but not in the other. The rules are laid out in an SPI-type fashion, though somewhat less logically. They're printed in an accordion fold. Along with the game comes the same number of cards as there are stars, printed on light card stock. Each of the cards has a startype (G, F, K, B, or M) across the top, one for every star. As well, there is a pad of "Player Record Sheets," provided to ease paperwork.

Each player begins in one corner of the board, with four scouts, four excorts, and thirty-five colony points. He must manouvre and colonize and explore, so as to have colonized the largest number of stars (of any player) by the end of the game.

Each time a player visits a previously unexplored star, he draws a card of the appropriate star type, and records the data listed on that card. A card will typically list any colonizable planets, the type of planets, and the population each planet can support, if the system is colonizable.

Each population point begins with its own Industrial Unit (IU,) and, each production phase, the player totals the number of production points he receives for his IU's. He then allocates his production to ships and building more IU's. As well, a colonized planet's population grows each production phae.

In addition to building ships, a player may expend production points towards gaining new technologies. By paying the appropriate amount, a player can increase his ships' speed, enable himself to build larger ships, become able to build defensive installations on planets, and so on.

The game is one of the best space games I've ever played, and it is the best space board game I've ever played. I reccomend it highly to all and sundry.

STAR PROBE (Tactical Studies Rules, 542 Lakeside Dr., WI, 53147)

STAR PROBE is an exploration game dealing with the attempts of one or more players to discover planets with differing natural resources, and, when possible, to make contact and establish friendly relations with alien cultures.

30

The map is 3-dimensional, and depicts over 2000 stars, all in black and white. There are no counters, although a few small card-stock pictures of ships are provided for fighting out tactical battles between ships. The rules are in booklet form, ala miniatures, and contain numerous decent illustrations.

Each player begins at a home star of his choosing, equips his ship with the weaponry and personnel he thinks he might need, and ventures into the galaxy, braving randomly-determined hazards to bring back news of randomly-determined discoveries. Each player wanders around, visiting stars and exploring them, in an attempt to discover valuable planets. When a player returns, he has a greater chance of being "approved" by the Board of Inquiry if the number of credits he had gained discovering planets exceeds the number he has lost paying the crew, repairing damage, and so on, than if they do not. After a pre-determined number of game-turns, the player with the most credits wins.

As a two player or multi-player game, STAR PROBE fails miserably. Almost everything is determined randomly. There is almost nothing a player can do if he has bad luck. The amount of control the player has over the course of the game is minute. In effect, a player is playing against the dice.

And no more than 1 player is really needed. There is no reason, in terms of the game, aside from the victory conditions, that more than one player is needed. Thus, it is an excellent solitaire game.

(Note: The rules booklet states that two other booklets in the same series are in the making, which will extend the game to cover more things. I wait in anticipation.)

STAR CENTURIANS VII (some hideous price, from someone who's already got a copy)

SC is not a published game; it is circulating in the form of a number of xeroxed manuscripts. I was lucky to get a hold of one.

The rules are 157 xeroxed pages long, although a lot of that could be weeded out. The first 40 pages detail the actual rules, while the remaining 117 list various technologies which a player may develop---ranging from exploration ships to tractor beams, to "Ambush drives," to god only knows what.

SC is an economic-military-exploration game. No board is provided---the GM must make one up(((Gamesmaster,))) but the rules do list the number and type of celestial objects on the map. The map itself is supposed to cover an entire galaxy---a rather small galaxy, since there are about 2000 stars, but a galaxy just the same.

Players begin with a feeble production rate, and with only one star, and must build technologies and ships, and expand outward, colonizing more and more stars, increasing production bit by bit, and building various technologies,.

Eventually players come into contact with each other, and wars result. Each time that a battle situation develops at a star, the players must meet, and play out the engagement on a battle board, face to face. (Otherwise, the game is played by mail, of course.) It is estimated that it would take several hours for a player to fill out moves for one turn. The rules state that, with luck and speed, players may hope to finish a year of game

time in a year of real time.

The game is BIG. The game is LONG. the game looks FANTASTIC.

But unplayable. The rules are overly long, full of non-essential garbage, and in need of editing.

Which I am doing. I'm re-writing the rules completely, and hope to get them cut down to 70 pages. I'm then going to run a game in the NY area. Anyone who lives within an hour of New York City and is interested might write me. I expect to have the rules done by July 7, and to start the game by July 14. I hope.

I'm also substantially changing the tactical rules, to make it a bit more realistic, and I thus feel justified in calling the revised version AD ASTRA. I'm also calling reading 70 pages of rules PER ASPERA, but that's besides the point.

SORCERER (SPI, \$8, 44 # 23st, NY, NY, 10010)

SORCERER is not out yet, by any meant; it won't be published for another three or four months. But I've playtested it recently, and I thought you might be interested in it.

There are 7 colors of magic in the game; red, blue, yellow, green, orange and purple. And white. the first six are in a circular relationship; red is better than orange, which is better than yellow, which is better than green, which is better than blue, which is better than purple, which is better than red. White magic is better than anything.

The board is on a hex grid, and each hex is a particular color---either one of the magical colors, or grey. There are four scenarios at present; one group of three colors against another group of three colors; three groups of two colors each all against each other; the six non-white colors against each other; and everyone against white.

There are three major types of units in the game; human infantry, sorcerers and magical units. A sorcerer (unless he is the White Sorcerer) has power over one, two, or three colors. Magical units are a specific color. As well, magical units are either Air Dragons, Demonic Infantry, or Wills.

An human infantry unit moves at 1 movement point per hex; a magical unit's movement point cost to leave a hex is a function of the color of the magic unit, and of the color of the hex it is leaving.

As well as moving, sorcerers can create magical units, teleport, participate in combat, throw Magical Bolts, change the color of a hex, and create vortices.

Vortices are nice. They move randomly at the end of each playerturn in one of six directions. If a vortex moves over an infantry unit, that unit is reduced one step. If it moves over magical units, those units are destroyed. If, during the course of its movement, a vortex enters a white hex, a new vortex is created in that white hex, which then must be moved in the same phase. The only way a vortex may be destroyed is by passing over a grey hex, by colliding with another vortex, and by being dispelled by a sorcerer. I've seen games where noone but the vortex has won.

In my previous zine, I made it standard practice to include a questionnaire of sorts. I haven't bothered until now in this zine, because I figured you'd write a letter if you had anything to say. But since people have a strange fascination for filling out forms, and because I need to fill these last two pages, I decided to include one with this issue.

NAME (don't bother, if you think I'm going to blackmail you)

Address

State, City (in the reverse order, of course), Zip

Why haven't you subscribed? Or why have you subscribed, for that matter?

What, if anything, do you like about GIGO?

What don't you like?

Do you know what GIGO stands for? No? Illiterate swine!

Do you think a computer column is necessary?

Do you think a fantasy column is necessary?

Do you think a Star Trek column is necessary?

Do you think a Diplomacy Column is necessary?

Do you think a wargaming column is necessary?

Do you think a comics column is necessary?

Would you like to see a film column?

Would you like to see an APA column?

Would you be interested in joining a "Society for Malthusian Catastrophe?"

What other columns would you like to see?

Should I junk the column system?

Would you be interested in writing a Diplomacy column, a film column, or an APA column?

Should I run press in GIGO? (Do you know what "press" is?)

If I did, would you write any?

Would you like to write for GIGO? If so, why haven't you?

Do you know anyone whu'd like to do some art for GIGO?

Would you like to have a demonstration game of Diplomacy run in GIGO?

Do you consider yourself primarily an sf fan, a wargaming fan, a comic fan, an ST fan, a fantasy fan, a Dip fan, or a computer freak, or what?

Should I cut back on zine reviews?

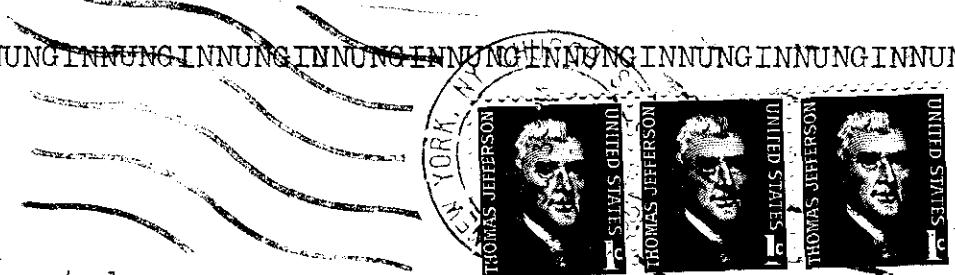
Why do you read GIGO? If you don't, why are you answering this questionnaire?

Would you like me to rpint an expose of Gil Neiger, and the activities at the last DR collating session?

Would you be interested in plotting the deadline of your zine so as to participate in a CollatingCon sometime in the winter, in a suite at the Commodore? If you don't print a zine, are you interested in participating in CollatingCon?

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GIGO
c/o Greg Ostikyan
1675 York Avenue,
New York, NY, 10028
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ROD WALKER
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92024

SUB SUB? TRADE TRADE? THIS IS YOUR LAST ISSUE UNLESS YOU DO SOME ING
CONTRIBUTOR CONTRIBUTE! WE MUST CULTIVATE OUR GARDEN AND SO IT GOE
EAT DRINK AND BE MERRY FOR TOMMORROW WE DIE UNDUD NEAR DUD DUD DOUBLE DUD
UTTER DUD TRUE DUD ECCE CAESAR NUNC TRIUMPHANT, QUI SUBEGIT GALLIAS!
CENTUM VINIAMPULLAE IN MURO, CENTUM VINI AMPULLAE-----