

#1
1982
**Just when you
thought it was
safe to go back
into Surrey**

**Dum-Dah
Dum-Dah
Dum-Dah**

THE SFA digest

THE SFA DIGEST

(the official flak rag of
the SFA)
volume one, number one

all contents c 1982
by Jim Welch. All
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and
"friends"

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The opinions expressed
in the articles may or
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ated but ridiculed.

WANTED

ARTICLES AND ARTWORK

No payment ('cept
copies) but lots of
egoboo.

(We'll even mail your
mother a copy if you
want)

ART CREDITS: GDA - page 4 and
back cover. Jim Welch - pages
12, 15, and 23. Vaughn Fraser -
pages 16, 18, 20, and 23.

(OCTOBER?)

WHY ARE WE HERE?

In a mythical land, in a mythical university a mythical philosophy class is writing a mythical exam. This mythical exam consists of one mythical question -- "WHY?". One mythical student arrives late, sits down, stares at the mythical question and then scribbles "Why not?" across the page. He hands it in and leaves. The mythical teacher gives the mythical student a mythical "A".

So why are we here? I could say why not and it would be true. Some would even prefer my saying just that. Why does anyone write a fanzine? They do it because they want to and there's often no other reason. And the Surrey Contingent has been talking about doing their own mythical fanzine for quite some time.

However, there are other reasons for this zine to be coming out. It's because of the British Columbia Science Fiction Association that the SFA (that's us) was formed and this digest is the official propaganda of the SFA. BCSFA has, of late, gotten carried away with its beauracracy. In a year when the club has received over

\$2500 in convention profits (from V-Con 8 and 9) it has upped its membership fees by 50%. And Chris Bell, the treasurer, is still moaning about financial doom. I didn't like the rate hike and made a motion at the April BCSFA meeting to lower it stating that if we went to photo-reduction we could cut cost. My motion was defeated. That didn't irk me as much as when I saw the next issue of BCSFAzine. They took my suggestions and cut cost anyway, but still wouldn't bring the rates down. Well, piss on them. I don't plan on joining.

But I'm not gafiating. I with the rest of the SFA will bring you this fanzine (four times a year if we don't procrastinate too much). It's being sent to all BCSFA members and interested parties. The second issue will be sent to the same if we can afford it. We will take subscriptions which will ensure that you get the zine. Subscriptions will be \$3 for four issues. It's also available for the usual.

What will you find in this and future issues? We'll try to give you a fair amount of sercon and a fair amount of SF. We won't ignore fannish topics but it will not be top priority. We encourage sub-

missions of articles or the like, but please include return postage if you want it back. Politically, we are mainly conservatives who believe in mandatory abortion for everyone and would prefer all political articles to slant that way.

But above all else, you will find in these issues that we don't take ourselves seriously.

There was a sore man
from Hope,
who tried valiantly hard
to cope,
with a young lady
who said only maybe,
and then did strange
things to the soap.



STAYING SANE INSIDE INSANITY (OR WHY BE ON A CON COM?)

There was a young lady from
Surrey,
who was constantly in a flurry.
Doing nothing but run,
she could never have fun,
so she stopped.
And now sex is her worry.

Which leads in nicely
to an interesting ques-
tion; Why be on a con
committee?

First let us consider
all that is involved with
being on a committee.
You have to be relative-
ly personable so every-
one will get along with
you no matter what, or
you have to be very easy-
going so you can get
along with everyone else,
no matter what. And
there can be a lot of
whats.

You have to have a
clear idea of what you
hope to accomplish by
being on the committee.
Do you want a specific
department so you can run
it smoothly and effec-
tively so the chair
doesn't have to worry
about that particular
area. Or do you wish to
help out generally, doing
whatever someone throws

at you, thereby letting them know (it) is in good hands and, consequently, reducing the amount of worry. Or are you just looking for an impressive nametag so people will think you're important and should know you. (This last is a big mistake because then people at the con with a problem will invariably find and corner you, to the committee's amusement.)

The amount of time spent on the convention is a big factor. At first the time involvement is relatively small, about six-eight hours a month. However, as time passes and the con closes in the hours needed increase until you find you are spending almost all your evenings a month and a half before the event on various aspects of the con. Let's face it, this sucks, but if you can stand it you'll be able to (relatively) enjoy the con.

A real biggy in terms of factors is how well do you, as a single individual, handle stress? If you start having heart palpitations two months before the con, think again. You are best to

stay out of everyone's way (a body having a heart attack in the middle of the con can be rather distracting) or get out while the gettings good. Trust me, your body will definitely thank you for it later.

Also if you cannot hide your stress and comment to everyone at the committee meetings that you're scared shitless over the con, they will pick up on your nervousness. Now, nothing spreads faster than agitation and the best way to screw up a convention is to have the committee dissolve into gelatinous masses, at any time. So unless it doesn't matter if you are drugged and useless at the actual con don't help, please! You can try to get as many people coming to the con as possible but don't get suckered into a position of responsibility.

Do you understand yourself? Silly and pretentious as this sounds it is important. Do you know when to back off for a short

break so you can go gung-
ho for a month at a time?
Do you know how long you
can work with someone
with whom you have a
strained relationship?
Invariably you will
find two people who are
perfect for a job and
will get it done quick-
ly and efficiently if
they would only stop
bitching at each other.
Or refusing and delay-
ing doing something
because otherwise the
other person's job
would be TOO EASY! In
other words, are you
constantly petty?

Are you tactful?
This is a must especial-
ly if you are dealing
with the hotel-to-be.
If they figure all SF
fans are stupid and
obnoxious chances are
they'll kick you (gent-
ly of course) out the
door.

Another use of tact
is in talking and ming-
ling with the con mem-
bers. Rumours spread
quickly and a group can
get the impression (from
only one person) that
they're considered as
only cattle. (Paying
cattle but still cattle)
This results in people
avoiding your con next
year.

If you have bound-
less energy you are con-
sidered a good committee
person. 'Nuff said.

So if you are a tact-
ful, easygoing person
with boundless energy and
coping ability you are
wanted. If you also have
endless time on your
hands and love working
then you are greatly
needed and loved.

Now, you fit the gen-
eral qualifications and
you want to know the
answer. (Remember the
question) Why should
you waste your time, go
grey prematurely, and
suffer a nervous break-
down all for the sake
of three days of amuse-
ment for other people???

Good question.

You could be a maso-
chist.

You might like to help
your friends avoid pain.

You like to feel need-
ed. (hahahahaha)

You got suckered in by
big baby blues. (illi-
cites no sympathy however)

You could be a fun-
loving person and figured
this would be a great way
to meet people. (there
are less painful ways)

You never make a major
decision anyway and sort
of slid into it.

OR You could be just plain
crazy. (How many SF fans
aren't)

A SHORT HISTORY OF S²BSF

In the latter part of the 1970's a force began to take shape, a force which would someday change the shape of fandom. It all began deep in the uncharted wilds of downtown Surrey. Nine farsighted young men, discovering their similar basic views of the future of mankind, began a series of secret meetings which were to irreversibly alter the course of history.

These young men, Merrick Terry (a true trekkie), Randy Lingenfelter (later to become a trade unionist), Mark Adams (a confirmed sexual deviate), Iain Clark (æons ahead in beer drinking), Stuart Cooper (what can I say?), Jim Welch (a Woody Allen reject), Chris Nagati (the invisible fan), and of course, yours truly, Jim Robinson (all 'round cool guy) did more toward the progress of science fiction than the entire Roman Empire.

At first, meeting only as a casual group, these men were driven to desperate measures by the almost overwhelming oppression they faced. These men, and I among them, were compelled—no, literally forced—to read The Martian Chronicles! This may not seem too earthshattering, but you must understand that these men were young and perhaps too idealistic. In itself, reading any science fiction book, even one by Ray Bradbury, cannot be construed as oppression (perhaps Dalgren excepted) but the fact that we had to read it was too much. I must also point out that this occurred in grade eleven English class, and this book was presented to us as the definitive example of science fiction. That is all right for fans as we know that no particular book can be recognized as "the best" SF novel. However, not all seventeen year old English students realize this and we can only guess at how many potential fans were turned away, disgusted. Their

outlook is now; "Sci-fi? Oh right, The Martian Chronicles. We had to read that in high school. It sucked."

The librarian in our school, Keray Rollins (formerly Leslie Cooper and famous dance partner of Fran Skene) saw what was happening, and being somewhat involved in the genre himself, decided to do something about it. He developed a program wherein he travelled from class to class extolling the multitudinous virtues of science fiction. He also discovered our obscure noonhour discussion group and gave us a cause. It was actually he who first coined the term "Students Seeking Better Science Fiction", thereby giving us an identity. Thus was born S²BSF, the nucleus of Surrey fandom.

It was about this time, when amid school, chess tournaments, an attempt at a rock-and-roll band, and part-time work that the idea of a fanzine arose. Pooling their vast amounts of talent, S²BSF conceived SFAN. Wow, a fanzine! But a brilliant name and limitless talent do not necessarily a work

of art make, and SFAN was stillborn.

Between grades eleven and twelve, a sifting and sorting of membership occurred and the creative heart of the group diminished to four and a half members; Jim, Jim, Stuart, and Merrick, Chris still being somewhat invisible. A year had passed since SFAN however, and the barely restrained creative urges could no longer be contained. The reduction in size of the group seemed to have a catalytic effect on the collective, creative processes and the classic [sic] film Buster Kane-Spacelord was produced.

As happens with all good things, and S²BSF was no exception, our idyllic period of youthful, creative exuberance came to an end upon graduation in 1977. We all went our separate ways; Chris to UBC, Jim and myself to Douglas College, Stuart to work, and Merrick back to highschool. So ended the first phase of Surrey fandom.

But as luck would have it, and much to the woe of rival trivia quiz teams, in mid 1978 the group made a miraculous recovery. We lost Merrick and admitted to our ranks the one and only Jerry Gallant. From that point on, S²BSF-now known as the Surrey Contingent-proceeded ever onward toward fame and fortune. The members joined BCSFA, began attending cons regularly, en masse, and generally shifted the focus of B.C. fandom south of the Fraser River.

In 1979 Marg Galbraith-Hamilton joined the group on a sort of cohabitation-al basis, and finally in early 1980 we were joined by the illustrious Gay Maddin, swelling the ranks of the Surrey Contingent to an astounding seven members. As you can see, although the group is based in Surrey, not all Surrey fans have the wherewithal to belong to the Surrey Contingent, and it is not absolutely necessary to live in Surrey to belong. For example,

although two of our founding members, Chris and myself, are part-time residents of UBC, we are truly Surrey Contingent in spirit, as we strongly maintain the necessary cynical attitude "Surrey sucks ~~and~~ but I love it".

JR

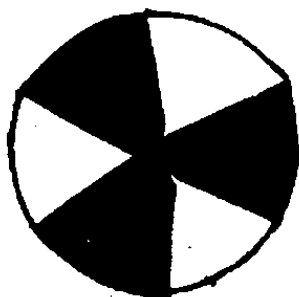
There was a young lady
from Maine,
who wouldn't shed a tear
or complain,
over things she had done
in the course of her fun.
And no man was ever the
same.

History of the Space Opera con't

Earth, Armeggeddon presents us with a story that will be copied in countless space operas. That of the Earth-man who aides the rebel army and using his earth knowledge (in this case, military strategy) liberates them from tyranny. It is also interesting to note that even though the comic strip was aimed at a young audience, the story was not. By chapter four, Rogers and Wilma are making love.

However, the roots of space opera started much earlier. On a planet called Mars.

CRITICAL MASS



Movie and book reviews contributed by;
Marg Galbraith-Hamilton
Jim Robinson
Macks Planque
Jim Welch

HOT TIME IN OLD TOWN BY MIKE MCQUAY

It wasn't a dark and stormy night, it wasn't even night, just the damn flourescents going on the blink again. Oh well, it wasn't my department so I ignored it. Some candy-assed overpayed hired-help would be in sometime to change the tube. Meanwhile I had my trusty flash. It would save me.

So amid the screaming and looting I set out to do my job. The blackout would be over soon and I intended to be well-paid, legally. I would have to get the job in and demand payment for it the minute the flourescents were back on, before the piggy chief started counting the missing typers and comps and all the broken chairs. So I flicked on my flash and opened the file.

"Hot Time in Old Town" by Mike McQuay. Cute. Looked like another semi-autobiographical novel by some fancy-pants police commish. They suck hole their way to the top of the hired-help then

try to glorify themselves as a hardnosed, moral, and fair private 'eye'. Hell, the only thing hard on their pudgy bulging body is their pricks as they watch the night's haul of hookers go by, trying to figure which one to pick. Still, it was my job to review the damn thing so I dived in. At least it would kill a few hours.

I always did like pleasant surprises. The damn thing was the first piece of true fiction the chief had let me read in months. He must have thought it was an 'auto' too. Well, one for me. The story is about a private 'eye', but a fictional one. It was like a breath of fresh air in our times. Hell, it was subversive, not being about a real person. I could screw the govt by doing my job! Millions in this city alone wished they could. Hell of a privilege.

So I set to work with relish.

The story was set in Texas, bombed out and not quite in the state of decay it is in now. Only one red-head in the whole book. Nice touch. A private 'eye', Matthew Swain, has an old client of his offered

so he starts to investigate. It's not that he liked the dead guy, it's just Swain can't miss an opportunity to catch a buck. Man after my own heart.

Pops of the dead guy starts paying Swain to find his killer. The angle here is pops-son love (finally) but that angle gets left behind halfway through and never is followed up.

So Swain goes full tilt into his invest and finds; someone is paying the cops to not find the killer (same old story), someone doesn't want Swain to find the killer (complete with dead friend and threatened girlie), a rebellion is happening, and mutés are involved. So Swain gets into the requisite number of chases, shootouts, girlie encounters, and of course, escapes from death.

McQuay had paced the story well and did a fair research job on what Texas was like twenty years ago so I gave the book an okay. What the hell, I figured by the time anyone figured that it shouldn't have been passed I'd be long gone, and it probably wouldn't be traced to me anyway. Up the revolt.

The flourescents flashed back on, finally, so I headed straight for the chief. Time for my money.

NGH

LONGARM ON THE BARBARY COAST

BY TABOR EVANS

This book is the forty-first in the series, and that must say something right there. This is space-western taken to its logical limit. The settings and continuity of the past/future/alternate universe are done splendidly. There is the usual well-balanced blend of action, intrigue, and soft-core sex we've come to expect from Mr. Evans.

In this book, set in a time period resembling western United States of the late 1880's the protagonist, deputy marshal Custis Long (no relation to Lazarus) fights for Truth, Justice, and Right in a city symbolically representing San Francisco, that den of sin and perversion. Through personal sacrifice and the essential superiority of good over evil, Longarm triumphs. He finally gets his man in the end (?), and throughout the book also manages to get most, if not all, of the women he sees.

All in all, a thoroughly enjoyable story, even though it will not in all likelihood earn a Hugo this year, or for that matter become a

SF book-of-the-month. Perhaps if Mr Evans were to use a little less western and a little more space, and keep the allegory and symbolism to a minimum he would have a little more success.

M.P.

BLADE RUNNER

I went to see this movie on a decent Sunday afternoon. So did a lot of other people. It was bright outside but from the first minutes of this film I was in dark, dank, seamy L.A. 27 years from now.

This film is atmosphere first, storyline second. For without the proper atmosphere the story would not come off half as well as it did.

It's the year 2019. Earth is crowded cities and non-status people (unless you have influence or you're a cop) and Off-World is not. But Off-World poses a threat because replicants are coming back from there.

Replicants are manufactured humans (robots) made by the Tyrell Corporation, the only clean-looking, decent building in the whole city of L.A. For various reasons replicants can only be used Off-World and if they return to Earth they must be hunted down and "retired". This "retirement" is done by a Blade Runner - a division of

the police force. Harrison Ford is the blade runner pulled out of retirement (non-lethal) for one last job.

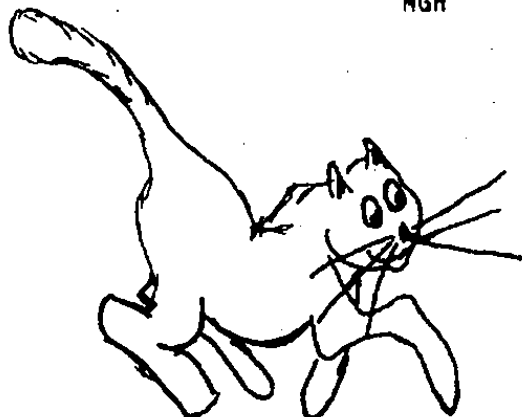
Six replicants are on Earth. Not only that but they have also killed humans. Enter the jaded blade runner, who retired because he didn't like killing. One man doing his job so not to be one of the million non-status people in the city.

Along the way Ford meets up with a beautiful woman who works for the Tyrell Corp. He falls in love with her but fights his feelings. (is she or isn't she real)

The story is emphasized, the blood is not. Killing is not looked upon as the be-all and end-all of the movie. We slide in easily with the characters into the wet and dreary world of the future. When I left the theatre after the movie I saw the possibilities of the future developing in our front sidewalks.

I'm going to see the movie again.

MGH



THE WRATH OF KHAN

It is almost impossible to review the second STAR TREK movie. This is too bad because I'd just as soon forget STAR TREK: THE MOTION PICTURE and pretend WRATH is the first.

WRATH is everything that the first movie is not. It is action instead of reaction. It is what STAR TREK really is and not what Gene Roddenberry, STAR TREK's creator, pretends it to be. Possibly the best thing going for the movie is that Roddenberry had little part in it. ST: TMP was what Roddenberry would like Trek to be. It is a morality play about finding God. Roddenberry is a moralist. Look at his other works -- THE QUESTOR TAPES, where a robot provides spiritual guidance for mankind, or SPECTRE, where the heroes fight devil worshippers and demons.

But the STAR TREK TV series was not about morality. Oh yes, the characters were just and moral and represented the American way of life. But most TV series have similar characters. Neither was STAR TREK about the pascifism/IDIC schick that the Trekkers and Trekkies seemed to spout about at conventions.

No, STAR TREK was violent. There were few shows where someone didn't die. Kirk killed often. He destroyed entire ways of life despite the Prime Directive so that people would be forced into the work ethic. The Enterprise was a military vessel. It had offensive weapons. It violated Neutral zones and treaty planets.

Nicholas Meyer (Time After Time) made THE WRATH OF KHAN into a success. He gave us what Roddenberry couldn't. He gave us STAR TREK, the real STAR TREK.

The story involves Khan, the genetically superior war criminal from the episode Space Seed, and his plan for revenge against Kirk who abandoned Khan and his followers on a planet. An explosion in the solar system turned the planet into an inhospitable nightmare which killed Khan's wife.

To complicate the plot, up pops an old flame of Kirk's and her son. Guess who's the father? These two have been working on the Genesis Project which can turn the deadest planet into a Garden of Eden. Khan gets a hold of the device which incidently kills any life on the world before doing its trick. He also gets a hold of a starship through the unwilling aid of Chekov.

Well, if this isn't enough, Kirk's feeling old and worn out. And his son hates him.

All the familiar crew is back with Spock in command now. (Though he hands it over to Kirk, naturally.) There is one promising new character, Lieutenant Saavik. She is part Vulcan and in training for the Captain's chair. Unlike the wimpy Decker in the first movie, she appears as though she could take Kirk's place. I have been told by fannish sources that Saavik is supposed to be of Vulcan/Romulan descent with Spock as her father. The giveaway is that she has human eyebrows. Although the movie doesn't say this, it does hint at it a tiny bit. However, crosschecking times that Spock would have the opportunity puts Saavik at the tender age of 15. Still, she makes a damn decent character and I look forward to seeing her in the third movie.

The SFX are okay. Nothing too fancy but everything done well. There are few scenes of SFX for SFX sake. Industrial Light and Magic take the kudos here. They make the Enterprise look awesome indeed.

So catch it. And let's all try to think of it as STAR TREK: THE WRATH OF KHAN and maybe the other one will go away.

CONAN THE BARBARIAN

Conan has been tossed around as a film idea for quite some time and frankly, it wasn't worth the wait. Arnold Schwarzenegger makes a good Conan and does some pretty posing and that's the problem. Too many scenes are too static like it's Arnold posing for some contest or model Sandahl Bergman for some magazine. This movie is mostly sword and a little sorcery. The story is picked from a variety of Robert E. Howard's works -- not all of them Conan.

That's the second problem. Howard's work is not all that good. Both King Kull and the Bran Mak Morn stories drag so why borrow from them. But borrow they did. The story starts with Thulsa Doom killing Conan's parents and then the young Conan is taken to a giant wheel which he pushes around for a couple of years. The only purpose for the wheel seems to be to put some thews on Conan. From there, Conan goes to the arena where he learns swordplay. This is fine since all we want is swordplay anyway. Later, Conan fools around with a witch in what is probably

continued on page 23

ET-THE EXTRA TERRESTRIAL

This is a movie for all ages. The sense of wonder many of us feel is important permeates this movie, from the initial facial expressions of the young kid to the ever-learning ET. This movie is not a "Disney" movie, sure the alien is cute and the kids are cute, and the adults either seem uncomprehending or sinister. BUT one of the most memorable lines in the movie comes from one boy calling his older brother 'penis breath'. And when this occurs his mother doesn't know whether to chastise him or to collapse in a fit of hysterical laughter. In other words, this movie relates to real life.

We first encounter the aliens on a fact finding mission. They are gathering plant specimens from earth in a group. One of the group wanders a little too far and is left behind (unwillingly) when the aliens must make a hurried exit. Their arrival has been noted and is being investigated. The sinister aspect of humans is set up immediately by flashlights stabbing in the dark in search of the frightened, fleeing alien trying desperately to reach his fellows.

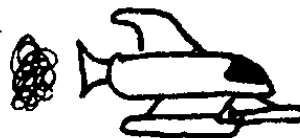
He fails of course, we do need an estraterrestrial for this movie.

ET, as he is come to be known, escapes his pursuers and looks for a good hidingplace. He hides in the middle of suburbia with three kids, a recently separated woman, and a dog. The kids protect the curious ET from mother, his still pursuing humans, and himself. (have you ever seen a cute alien drunk?)

The chase scenes are very effective. Bicycles little kids relate to, and spectacular manuvuers us bigger ones appreciate also. You find yourself caught up in whether the kids and ET will make it and find a way to get ET to his proper home.

The ET comes equipped with a quick mind, powers beyond this world, and an expression-filled face. At times his reactions are overdone, other times they are priceless and the movie would be just tripe without them. The ET makes this movie (as it should be) and allows us all to immerse ourselves for a few hours in a wonderful world where life triumphs and goodness and good sense prevails.

MGH



FANTASTIC



Story by Jim Welch
Artwork by Vaughn Fraser

THE THREE MEN laughed as they tossed the woman between them. She was young, beautiful, and blonde. She was also wearing fewer clothes each time she was passed from man to man. One of the men laughed as he ripped the last of her clothes from her body.

"Wow, look at her tits. She'll be the best this month." he said.

"Help!" the woman screamed.

The men laughed.

"There's no one to help you out here." one of the men -- a slimy greasy mexican wetback -- said.

"Don't bet on it." A deep macho voice said from the shadows. Out stepped a tall, broad-shouldered man from a doorway. In his hands he carried a black nightstick.

"Who the fuck are you?" said the mexican.

"Lance Fantastic. Now leave the girl alone."

The three men laughed. The mexican drew out a knife and the other two picked up clubs. Lance waited. When the greasy wetback got close enough, down came the nightstick. The mexican's head bounced twice as it hit the pavement. The other two stopped and realized they were no match for this superbly trained man. Besides, his stick was bigger than theirs. Turning tails, they ran off.

"How can I ever thank you," the blonde said.

Lance sauntered over to her blouse and picked it up.

"It was nothing," he said as he wiped off his nightstick.

"Oh by the way, my name is Candy. I really would like to thank you," the woman said.

Lance sighed. "Oh very well, let's go to my place. My porsche is around the corner."

Candy rolled over and hugged Lance. "You're Fantastic!"

"Of course," Lance said as he glanced at the clock. "I have to go now."

"So soon. We only started six hours ago."

"I'm afraid I have to go to work now. Sorry."

"But I thought you just got off work."

"I only work as a security guard for a hobby. Actually I'm a special agent investigating a massive infiltration by aliens from another galaxy who are impersonating major political leaders. But I can't tell you any more as it's Top Secret."

"I guess a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do. I'll miss you," Candy said.

Lance threw on his \$2000 silk suit and smiled at Candy.

"Here's \$500 for some new clothes. My butler can make sure you get back home safely or set up a room if you want to stay longer. See you later,

sweetheart." Lance sauntered out of the room.

Candy waited until she heard his car drive away and then she smiled. She cupped both her breasts with her hands. She twisted them and then pulled. In a most bizarre sight, she pulled her breasts off her very chest so they were only attached by two pieces of silver wire. She stuck one breast in her ear and held the other before her mouth.

"This is agent LyllYx code-name Candy contacting Tyllian Invasion Command. I have infiltrated the household of Lance Fantastic. He doesn't suspect a thing. Awaiting further instructions," Candy said to her left tit.

"Good work. Proceed plan glyx. Our hopes of invasion depend on you," her right breast answered.

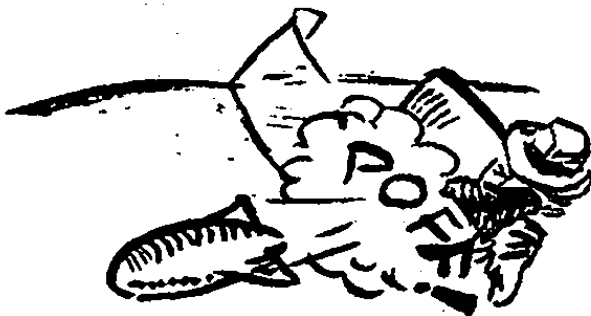
The silver and black porsche sped along the lonely country road. Despite the treacherous hairpin curves that plagued the hilly regions of the area, Lance never dropped the speedometer needle past 130 miles per hour. He glanced down at the radarscope he had specially installed.

The UFO was still there. It was hanging some one hundred feet above his car and had been dogging his car for over a half an hour. Yet, to the naked

eye there was nothing above Lance but blue skies. Still even a trained eye can be fooled and if the aliens were using an invisibility screen it would make it that much easier. But Lance's radarscope was the utmost in high technology and Lance put faith in the device.

In the distance, Lance could see a tunnel and he smiled. He shifted the car out of second and stepped on the accelerator. The speedometer needle shot past 150 miles per hour.

Once in the tunnel, Lance stepped on the brakes. The car stopped in less than ten feet. Lance unbuckled his seat belt--adapted from the cockpit of a Voodoo jet--and jumped out of the car. Out of the trunk he pulled a long black tube and a small cigar shape object with fins on one end. He dropped the cigar shape into the tube and climbed back into the car. He placed the tube on the passenger seat and sped off.



Lance floored the pedal and shot out of the tunnel. He slammed on the brakes, glanced at the radarscope, twisted the steering wheel to avoid hitting a hitchhiker, grabbed the black tube, turned and pressed the firing button on the tube.

The very air seemed to explode as the missile hit the UFO. A ball of flame surrounded the spaceship before it disintegrated in a blinding flash similar to a magnesium flash in slow motion. Chunks of the ship fell to the ground.

"Hi, need a lift?" asked Lance as he tossed the bazooka into the back seat. The bewildered hitchhiker glanced around and then climbed in without saying a word. Lance glanced at a black-spot on the dash. "Damn. Do you know how hard powder burns are to get out of aardvark hide."

The hitchhiker, a young man with long hair (commie style) didn't.

"Don't worry, Mr. President," said the tall dark-haired man in the dark glasses. "Those aliens won't find you here. And even if they do, it would take a large nuclear-equipped army to get in here. We can't take any chances." The speaker was the head of the Super Top Secret Service.

"Yes, I know," said the president. "And it's all very comfortable with all the books and the I.V. and everything but I still think we should have told Fantastic. He deserves to know, Harry."

Harry took off his sunglasses and looked at the president. "Sir, I'm only the lowly head of the most top secret organization in the whole world but I think I have the right to my opinion. I don't think we should trust Fantastic. I think the aliens may be using him. For your protection, I didn't tell him where we are hiding you."

"You're suggesting Lance may be an Alien. Why I've known him for a long time. That's preposterous. Lance is too good to get caught by aliens."

"I've known Lance, too. But every man has his achilles heel, even....."

There was a sound of banging outside the metal door leading into the room. Harry grabbed up his sub-machine gun and hissed at the president to get down. The five inch steel door groaned and then swung open. Silhouetted in the doorway above the unconscious bodies of the guards was a tall broad-shouldered figure carrying a nightstick.

"It's Lance Fantastic," cried out the president.

Lance sauntered into the room. "Hi, Prez. How's it hanging, Harry?" He slid his nightstick back into its holster.

"H H H How did y y you get here?" Harry stammered. "We're five hundred feet underground. There's a thousand guards at the entrances."

"Now Harry, you know I don't give away trade secrets. Oh, some of your men were sloppy. There was a guy on the third level with his fly undone. Sloppy. Sloppy," Lance said. "Sorry, I would have been here sooner but I had to give someone a lift."

"Better late than never. Any leads on the aliens?" the president asked.

"Nothing positive. I think they are planning something big really soon." Lance sat

down at a table with a chess game set up on it. "Don't you owe me a game of chess, Harry?"

"Do you really think this is the time, Lance." said Harry.

"Now, you know how I think better when playing chess. It puts one into a strategic thinking mode. You told me that yourself. Besides, you owe me a game."

"Very well." Harry sat down and stared at the board. He moved a white pawn two spaces up.

Lance reached into his jacket and yanked out his Walter PPK. He leveled it at Harry's head.

"What's the meaning of this Fantastic?" asked Harry.

A bookcase swung open revealing a secret passage from which a dozen Tyllians poured through, their blazer guns blazing. Lance snapped off three shots killing three Tyllians. He dived behind the oak desk the president was hiding behind. Blazerflak peppered the desk. Lance yanked one of the buttons from his suit and tossed it out at the Tyllians. An explosion shook the room.

Lance glanced over the edge of the desk.

"I got them all sir."

"Thank god, you're fantastic, Fantastic!" the president said.

"It was nothing, sir, just doing my duty as a loyal American. We have got to get you to a safe place."



"You're not Harry Levine, head of the STSS, you're an alien. Harry Levine would know. I always play white."

"So, you found me out, fantastic, but it's too late. Get him Tyllians, get him!" Lance shot him between the eyes.

"Some place with people we can both trust. And I know just the place."

"Where?"

"My place. I'll just have to make a few phone calls to get things ready. Excuse me."

"...no, Jarvis is, well he's all tied up at the moment," Candy said into the phone. "Okay, Lance, I'll tell him. What's that? Take the hot dogs out of the freezer, okay, I'll tell him." Candy hung up the phone. She glanced around at the two hundred other Tyllians gathered in the living room. "He's bringing the president here. This is our last chance. We are the last and we must not fail. Let this be called our finest glibgob."

Lance pushed open the door and stepped in, ushering the president in behind him. He flicked open the door to the living room and heard the president gasp. He looked up.

Blazers ready, some two hundred Tyllians surrounded the perimeter of the room. They were in formation about three deep. In the center of the room stood Agent LyllYx.

"Hi Candy. What gives?" Lance asked politely.

"What gives? You ask what gives. We are going to take over the world. We will impersonate all the political leaders and run the world our way. The Tyllian Way. I'm sorry you have to die, Lance, but you're too dangerous. It's too bad. You were a really good lay."

Lance winked and smiled at her as he walked towards her. "Baby, I'm the best.

You're not bad yourself. Why don't we make love instead of war." He was about ten feet from her.

Candy paused and lowered her blazer for a moment. Lance stepped closer giving her his hither-come-hell smile. Candy snapped her blazer back up. "No, no. I won't fall for that. You'll just use me, abuse me, then throw me away. I know your game. Tyllians, blazers on kill, ready, aim..."

Lance grinned. "You got me all wrong, sweetheart, I knew right from the start that you were an alien. I wasn't born yesterday but did I turn you in. No. That's because I loved you. And you're the only one I love. Now and forever."

Candy looked at his eyes. "Oh Lance, you're Fantastic." She hugged him as he took the blazer out of her hands and fired a shot through the skylight.

It was the signal.

They dropped from ropes through the skylight cradling machine guns in their hands. They smashed through windows lobbing grenades at the Tyllians. There were hundreds of green and brown uniformed good old American boys taking on the alien invaders. They were the cream of their crop. They were Scout pack 4037.

The Tyllians returned the fire, their blazers blazing wildly as the scouts rained lead death on them. The



battle was short and fierce. Lance snapped off shots with Candy's blazer while he hugged her close. A cubscout jumped in front of a blazerblast meant for him. Lance made a mental note to nominate that boy for a posthumous Merit badge.

But the battle was ending, the Tyllians no match for the superior fire power and numbers the Scout pack had going for it. Lance glanced around and let go of Candy. The president rushed over to congratulate him.

"I never knew you were a scoutmaster, too," he said.

"We've all got to do our bit to help our kids grow up strong and morally bound," Lance said.

"What'll happen to me?" asked Candy.

"Oh, the STSS will want to pick your brain for a couple of years. And then we'll trump up some charges and put you into jail for the rest of your life. Solitary confinement, of course." Lance looked at Candy. "Hey, don't look so glum. I'll make sure you get conjugal visiting rights."

"Thanks," Candy said, crying as she glanced at all her fellow soldiers, now dead.

"It's the least I could do." Lance looked around the room. "And where did you tie up my staff? This place is a mess."

Conan con't

the most boring part of the movie. And then he becomes a thief. All along, Conan just wants revenge. Naturally he gets it but not before boring me to death.

A movie like Conan should be action-packed with good editing and a lightning pace. Anything else and you're just wasting film. I'd go see The Sword and Sorcerer again before I'd see Conan. And that's possibly the sorriest statement I can make on the film.



NEXT ISSUE: DOC MAGIC
AND THE MU FORCE

HELIOS AND THE WORK ETHIC

The sun radiates its warath and light upon the green earth while scantily clad people frolic and work on their sun-tans. A refreshing breeze occassionally and a cool drink by your hand is all that's needed to complete the scene.

This seductive thought keeps tugging at your brain as you drive to work. A dull boring office awaits you, commanding you to be there while you wish otherwise.

You wish to escape the drudgery and go enjoy yourself but you feel you can't. You're not sick and your boss knows it. You're not eligible for your holiday time yet and the company is doing well enough to keep running. What can you do besides sit and suffer?!

Here are a few suggestions which may prove helpful. They have been employed successfully a number of times and seem to be rather universal.

SUGGESTION ONE

Come into the office twenty (20) minutes late one morning looking excited and flushed. Breathlessly explain to your boss about your encounter with a UFO in the early morning. Tell your boss in minute detail everything that happened, from

the cosmic orgasm to picking your nose. Explain graphically how you had been spirited aboard the UFO and examined. Have a slight wild-eyed look while telling your tale and embellish by waving your arms constantly.

This should be good for the rest of the day off out of sympathy and hope that you'll have your shit together by tomorrow. Your boss will probably suggest you lay off the funny cigarettes and sugar cubes, look at him innocently at this point.

If you wish a longer time away from work tame your original story down a bit. Seem somewhat distracted during the day at work. The next day come in looking disheveled and carrying some clay in a sack. During your morning coffee break slap the clay on your desk. Begin sculpting the clay, first slowly and then building in frenzy. If anyone asks explain you are trying to recreate a vision the aliens gave you. This should ensure you a nice long holiday.

SUGGESTION TWO

Come to work dressed as usual. On a small spot on your lower jaw, using a make-up kit, place a green lumpy growth no larger than your

little finger's nail. During the day take occasional breaks. Go to the washroom or some private spot (with a mirror) and apply more of the make-up. Make sure it appears gradually and is flush to your skin at its edges.

Your boss will eventually see you and try hard not to throw up on your newly polished shoes. Pretend ignorance of what is happening to your face. If he asks if there's anything he could do to help mention that your work seems to be progressing fine.

While talking to your boss turn your head occasionally so the green blob is hidden from his view, then quickly turn so he is exposed fully to it. This enables you to soften up your boss by shock value. Also, as you talk to your boss dab at the corner of your mouth (closest to the blob) with a hankkerchief. Make it appear like you are bleeding from the mouth.

Spend as much time as possible with your boss. Tell him of your close friend who had died recently from a mysterious illness. Mention you had seen him only one day before he died. Your boss will soon beg you to go home until you get well. Upon this request look at him questioningly. When he points to your face look in the closest mirror. Look horrified and

run screaming from the office. This time off should last until the weekend.

As has been stated before these suggestions are tried and true. If you practise enough and are able to maintain a straight face they should be successful for you as well.

Next issue we will discuss how to keep your job now that summer is gone.

MGH

A HISTORY OF SPACE OPERA-PART ONE

Space Opera is a relatively recent term. It was only brought into use in the late thirties. At the time there were certain serials on the radio that were sponsored by such companies as Lux and Ivory. Someone started to call these Soap Operas and the name stuck. Someone else figured that the word opera could be used with a number of different prefixes. Hence, the western story became the horse opera and science fiction had the space opera.

The term was used in the derogatory sense at first. Especially by those outside of the SF circle who saw Space Opera as the be-all of science fiction. They had their points. Captain Future, Buck Rogers, and Flash Gordon could hardly be considered as anything

approaching substance. They were pablum. Futuristic fantasies for teen-age boys who should be doing something more mentally or physically stimulating.

But time softens attitudes. Through the magic of nostalgia, the often shoddy space opera of the past was rediscovered and looked upon as pieces of SF history. So what if they were dumb, they were still good, clean fun. Hell, adults everywhere were admitting they were reading comic books so what harm was there in reading about interstellar space battles.

Also, some damn decent space opera was being written. The Doc Smith stories have stood the test of time. E.C. Tubb's DUMAREST novels presented us with a universe where only the strong survived and the deadliest enemy was man. Jack Vance wrote about the Chasch, the Wankh, and the Dirdir in his fanciful Planet of Adventure series. Keith Laumer and Arthur Bertram Chandler provided some humor to the Space Opera formula with their adventures of Retief and Grimes.

Yes, somewhere space opera had become respectable!

Space Opera has its own formula which isn't that much different than the Universal formula that almost

all fiction is written by. You have a protagonist who after defeating numerous obstacles wins and saves the day or himself or his girlfriend or... It is more in the line of hardware and setting that space opera differs. The Space Ace is comfortable handling a blaster, stunpistol, raygun, or ph/laser. And he is usually pretty good at hand to hand weapons like the cutlass, shortsword, lightsabre, stunrod, tingler, or other archaic weapons. (The modern day nightstick is seldom used) It is not quite known why the space opera holds such an affection with the sword as the futuristic hand to hand weapon. Heinlein has some background in fencing so his reason is obvious. The reason probably lies in the fact that the sword is considered a gentleman's weapon and of course, Space Aces are always gentlemen, or it may just lie in SF's obsession with feudal cultures.

Starships, scoutships, and stubships, are the space ace's transport. They are usually armed to the teeth and when they aren't they usually have some other ability to get them out of the fray. Sometimes the ships were just transport to the adventure and other times they were the adventure. The early space

operas featured vast armadas battling in the darkness ofouterspace. Later stories, more conscious of the economic possibilities of stellar empires would feature one or two ships battling it out or would take the action to the smaller scale where one man, our Space Ace, would decide the outcome of the battle.

If one was to give a date for the birth of space opera, the most logical choice would be August, 1928. This is the date on the issue of Amazing Stories which featured two stories to go down in space opera history. The first, the cover story, was the SKYLARK OF SPACE by Edward Elmer Smith (in collaboration with Lee Hawkins Garby). Hugo Gernsback, the editor of Amazing Stories, claimed the story was "the greatest interplanetary and space flying story that has appeared this year". Gernsback was right. Today, E.E. "Doc" Smith is synonymous with space opera.

But it was the other story which became the symbol of space opera to non-readers of SF. The

story was ARNEGEDDON-2419 A.D. by Philip Francis Nowlan. It featured the adventures of one Anthony Rogers, a 20th century man who went into suspended animation and awoke in the 25th century. In 1929, Nowlan would collaborate with artist Dick Calkins in an adaptation of this story and its sequels. The hero's name would be changed to BUCK ROGERS.

These two stories would come to signify the essentials of Space Opera. SKYLARK featured alien worlds, alien cultures, and super-science. The universe was just another battlefield for vast armadas of starships.

BUCK ROGERS was simpler. Buck fought more on a one to one basis. Whereas the heroes in SKYLARK are two superminds Buck was just an ordinary bloke. Still, the strip featured bizarre assortments of aliens, spaceships, and weaponry.

Actually, the Buck Rogers story found in Amazing could hardly be considered space opera. No action takes place off Earth and there is no mention of space flight. However when one thinks of Buck Rogers it is the comic strip that comes to mind. Still, even without leaving

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