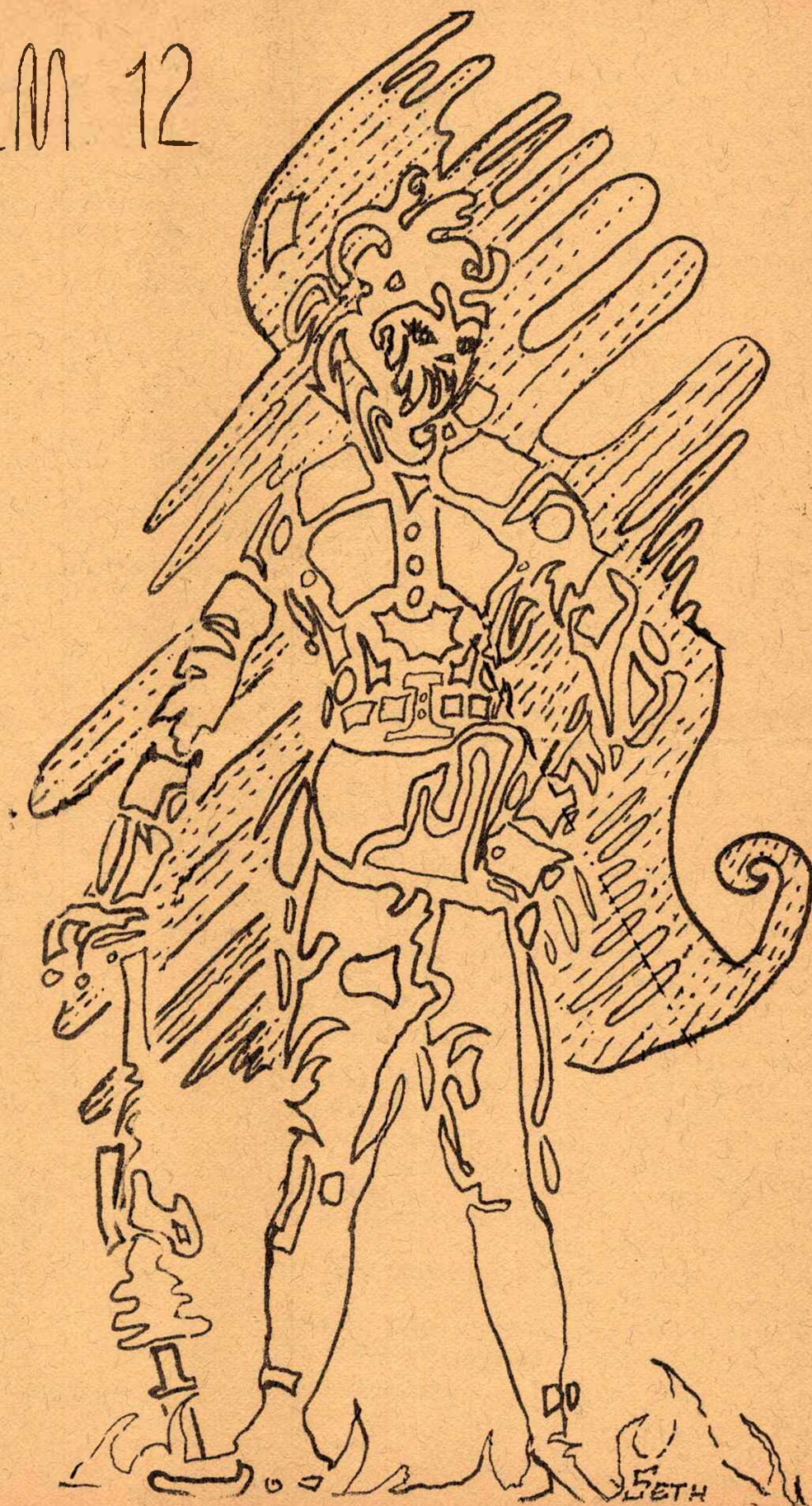


# SANDWORM 12



SETH



CAESAR: Let me have fanzines about me that are fat;  
Sleek - headed zines and such as are pubbed o' nights:  
Yond Sandworm has a lean and hungry look;  
It says too much: such zines are dangerous.

This dangerous zine, aka SANDWORM #12, is the presentation of Bob Vardeman, PO Box 11352, Albuquerque, NM 87112. It is brought to you at excruciating often, but still far too infrequent, intervals of about 3 months. It is yours for trade, letter of comment, article of Great Worth, artwork of Redeeming Social Value (all the stuff totally lacking in redeeming social value I keep locked in my desk drawer) and, since times are inflated 50¢ in coin of the realm. If you're not sure what realm you're in, you're probably better off there than in reading Sandworm.

An absolutely genuine imitation

\*FUBB Pub\*\*

Illos in order: cover by Seth Dogramajian  
ToC illo by Doug Luvenstein  
Guidichar illo by Alexis Gilliland  
Dan Osterman contributes a bit of bull  
Rudy der Hagopian is in the blog again  
John Godwin tunnels thru the Trackless Waste  
Poem by Raymond L Clancy and illo by the slightly fabulous Joe Pearson  
Gail Barton's mord flies aloft  
Across from a watching Dan Osterman people  
Mike Klaus is in orbit  
Followed by Alexis Gilliland behind bars

I have decided to try my hadd at this prophecy game. Looks like fun. Of course, I expect you to keep track of my ~~hadd~~ precognitions but since I'm just a fledgling prophet, many are very misty and indistinct. All are for 1971:

1. A major earthquake will leave scores dead and thousands homeless in California late this year
2. An assassination attempt will be made on Nixon in late July or August.
3. The stockmarket, which will generally rally this year, will receive a major setback this fall.
4. Muskie's chances for the Presidency will be greatly diminished by the year's end.
5. A major Hollywood figure will disappear under mysterious circumstances.
6. War will resume in the Middle East.
7. King Hussein will be assassinated by a madman weilding a knife.
8. A noted science fiction author will die an accidental death.
9. A volcanic eruption will occur in Sept.
10. A war movie will win the Oscar this yr.

I also foresee major change in the Vatican, the war in Indo-China maintaining a constant level, Mao suffering a heart attack, civil war in a western South American country plus me writing a book if one of the above comes true.





'GIUDICAR!'

IIIIIIIIII!!! Heeeeeeeelp!!

I scream piteously.

I am so deluged with paper I can barely move. It crushes me. I can't move without toppling a 20 ft tower of the stuff. I stumble and fall into vast beds of the stuff. I'm beginning to loathe it.

Paper!

I have letters and articles and reviews and art and poems and just everything fannish stacked on the living room/bedroom/dining room floor. Nowhere is a bare floor in evidence.

And some of those letters date back a yr and more! I even found a Harry Warner letter I thot I'd lost last spring.

I've

uncovered sticky quarters from people who wanted to see Sandworm - and they wanted it 8 months ago! I weep. I shedtears in a most un-Fremen way.

I have

fallen behind so woefully. How can I ever recoup?

I

could think of nothing except a couple issues with tons of letters. A letterzine, as it were.

So, why

thell not? I've done it before. With my new, hah, streamlined schedule (which means I'm only 3 months behind instead of the usual 6), I can zing out two or three ish with letters and reviews and sercon and faanish and who knows what? and get out from under.

In some cases (hi, Paul) I'm about 18 months behind in my letter writing. I am frankly amazed that so many of you put up with my squalid, haphazard ways. Esp. those of you who have sent money. That's one reason why I try to discourage sticky quarters --- if I do "let it slide" for a short while (what's a yr or two compared with the lifetime of the galaxy?) you've lost the use of \$\$\$\$. Better to let me lose a letter begging obsequiously than your heard earned coin of the realm. Sooner or later, I'll find both - so isn't it better to have me find the letter?

Oh well.

Again, sorry about the tie up. My move has completely unsettled me and I'm still trying valiantly (princely? Princely Valiantly?) to get a system set up so this won't happen. It will, of course, but then I can blame it on the Establishment.

Since I have so much to put into thish in the way of letters, I'll hold off on Alexis Gilliland's article on cities in space, the Elder Ghoddess Doris Beetem's fmz reviews, Bill Wolfenbarger's poetry (very sorry, Bill - really), plus something I'm thinking about running in my special Walpurgisnacht issue. Namely, a full page collage of selected clippings from my files. I quote an example from a recent Albuq. Journal: "Anteaters in zoos like a diet of canned dog food."

Some other choice ones concern a topless shoeshine stand in Miami, Mao prohibiting wizards and ghosts, one about smog danger at the north pole, another stating that both water and trees are scarce in the Sahara, plus oodles more. All real. All legitimate newspaper clippings I bet most of you missed.

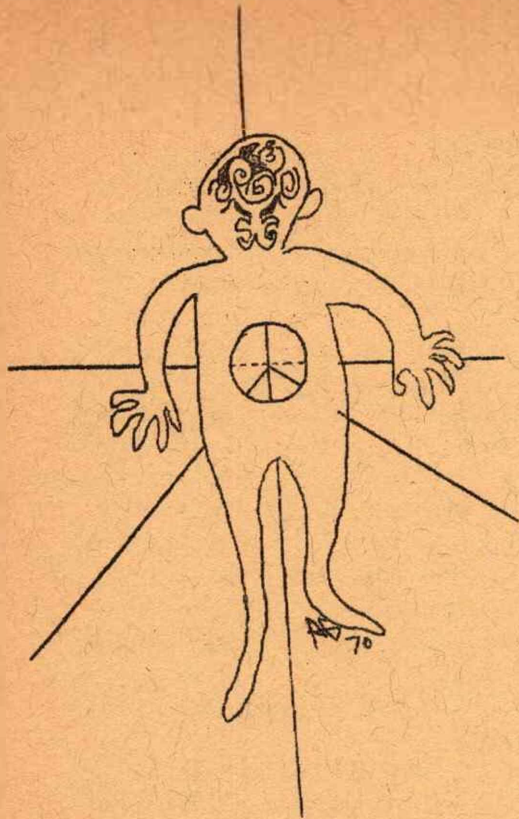
For shame.

/\*/

Mike Glicksohn says Sandworm is one of the few zines left running interlinos. Rather than disappoint Mike, and to maintain my suave, sophisticated air of genteel fanzineery, I hereby tender this interlino for your obfuscation and erudition.

\*\*\*Many a girl made it to the top because her dress didn't\*\*\*

Isn't that nice? Really?





To give you some idea of where I'm at in time, today is 4. January 1971 and Tricky Dick has just had his "candid" conversation with 4 telejournalists. Quite frankly, I am ashamed to admit that I voted for Nixon after tonite.

I'm not the most eloquent speaker in the world, but at least I don't stutter like Our President. If the degree of his stutter is any indication of his true feelings, I'd say we are in deep trouble domestically. The questions he bobbled the worst concerned unemployment and fiscal policy. And he totally avoided the heart of these issues.

Does the govt. have any right to support a business which is in economic straits? Like Boeing and the SST? Penn Central (esp. when Penn Central RR is the country's largest land holding corporation owning land equal to a state the size of Connecticut?) Does economic stability require CCC and WPA projects? Are these what Nixon claims to be worthwhile?

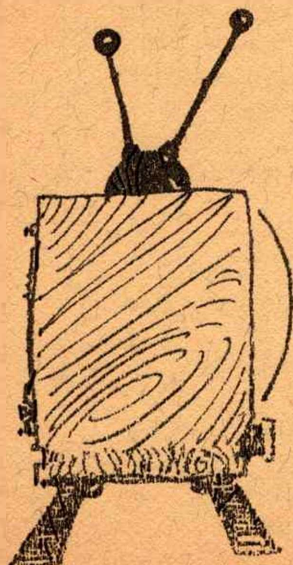
Nixon's defense of the renewed bombing in N. Vietnam was not so much a hedge. He underrates the impact of a nuclear sub base in Cuba. He believes that nothing more will happen on our campuses. He still mouths the platitude about ending the draft (what to bet on whether or not he vetoes the Congressional bill extending it another 2 yrs?) All in all, he's shown tonite that he simply does not realize the issues this country is facing.

I don't think the Silent Majority is silent; rather it seems that the govt. is deaf.

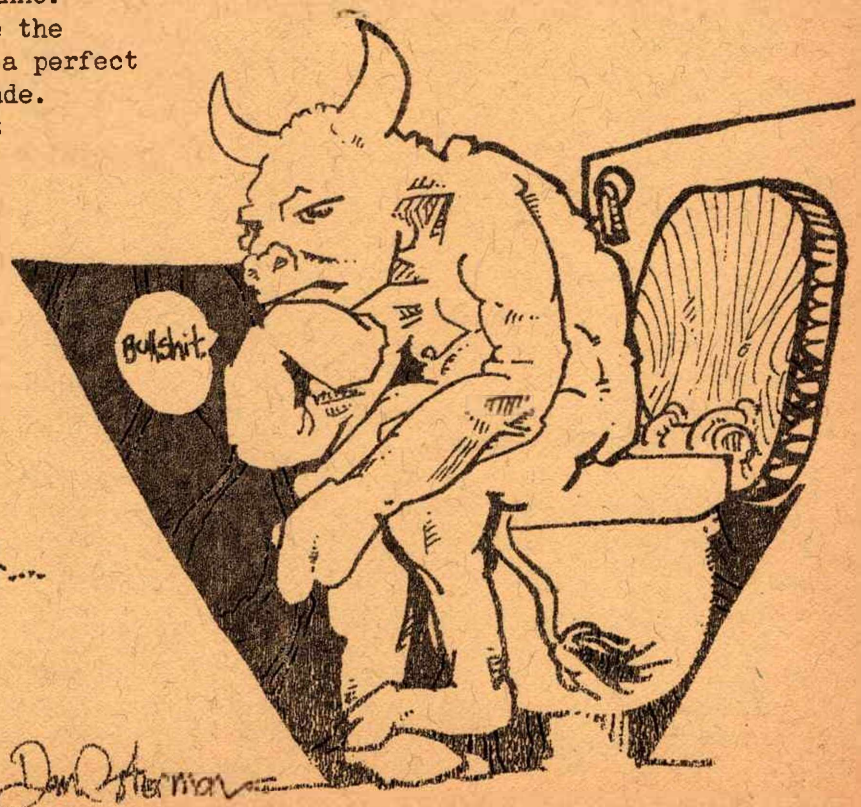
But all is not lost, at least immediately. Following Poor Richard was a program called "Rapping with Brinkley". Brinkley scrounged up 8 high school newspaper editors and posed questions to them that really should have been posed to Our President. With them, the questions were basically hypothetical. If you could influence the public as an editor of a large newspaper, what areas would you concentrate on.

Idealistic answers, sure, but also ones that get to the heart of the matter. The real issues. What extent should the government have control over the individual's freedom of choice? What can be done to enhance our educational system? What of urban ghettos? The most heartening thing was that they all realized the problems are inter-related and not separate.

Maybe there's hope yet. I dunno. I think the thing that disheartened me the most was the Southern chick. She was a perfect stereotype of the beautiful, dumb blonde. And to make matters worse, the perfect stereotype Southerner.



I would like to  
make one thing  
perfectly clear...





One further thing about Rapping with Brinkley. I wonder if he got to select the closing theme music -- if so, he has a most subtle sense of humor. The tune was one by Laura Nyro called...are you ready?...Sweet Blindness.

I always did like the other half of Huntley.

/\*/

Should a gentleman offer a lady a  
peccadillo?

/\*/

Have fun in '71!

Let's make seventy one to remember

/\*/

Albuquerque has just come thru a most taxing, serious set of natural disasters. First, I want to confess about the massive cold wave. I'm responsible for the -17 degree weather which persisted for a solid week. On New Yr's Day I wrote the Coulson's bragging about the 50 deg. day. Two days later, the cold came making me out a liar. Coldest in recorded history - in fact, it hit -47 below at Eagle's Nest, a mere couple hrs drive north of Albuquerque.

Then we had our fourth earthquake in about a month (exactly 37 days if you wonder what "about a month" is). The third one was the worst - I actually felt it. Rattled the toilet seat and made me feel like I'd had one too many. Plus knocking down things (other than myself) which were not sturdily planted. The U of A chemistry dept had \$20,000 worth of damage done. We rated 4.0 on the Richter scale, for you quakefreaks.

The 4th quake was weaker and not many people felt it.

Then (more you ask?) the event that caused both of these....Bruce King was elected governor. (I hear JFS greaning now). Yep, all that steer manure he's been knocking off his boots has unbalanced the state and caused a major change in the weather. He even wore his boots to the inaguration. Do you get the impression we have a hick for a governor?

Perish the thot. It's true, but perish the thot anyway. He looks, acts, talks and, even worse, thinks like a hick. He was born and raised in NM and he's the only person (other than his wife) who has an incredibly thick Southern accent. But I guess folks understood him well enough to elect him (or then, maybe they didn't and just thot they did). However it was, he's performed one service to the state of which he can be proud. He replaced that bastard we had for the head of the Alcoholic Beverage Commission (hey, Jerry Lapidus - you were talking about entrapment in 3-5-0-0. In NM it's legal and practiced every day. Now what were you saying...?)

So

much for past disasters. At least one more is coming up.

And that is? New Mexicon 3, of course. Or Bubonicon as Tackett insists on calling it. We've decided on a bit of extra programming for your \$1 membership fee (payable to me). Roy has a trained flea act, we've found some rats infected with bubonic plague and will put on a special dance act (bet you didn't know rats "danced" when they contracted the plague, did you?). Anyway, joking aside, Bubonicon should prove interesting, amusing, divertiang, uh (where's that thesaurus?) oh well, and just plain fannish.

/\*/

In Albuquerque, it's harder to find  
temptation than to resist it

/\*/

I didn't so much celebrate 1971 coming in as I did 1970 leaving. '70 was a pretty rotten yr for me with a couple exceptions. I lost money hand over fist. I invested in revolving doors and toilet paper and was wiped out before I could turn around. I invested in a bra factory and it went bust. My tabacco plantation went up in smoke. A pants factory sounded good investment-wise but the bottom fell out of the industry. A door factory I owned closed. My fields of grass went to pot. Well, one success out of 7 ain't bad....

/\*/

In '70, Martha Mitchell brought things to a head - now if  
you call the Attorney General, you have to specify  
which John you want....

/\*/



Back once more. It seems that this will be slightly delayed since I've committed the most heinous oversight possible - I've allowed myself to run out of stencils. So, things being what they are and stencils doing what they do, I'll have to wait until Mishek's can ship a few quire down to me. Sorry.

/\*/

You can catch more flies with honey than with vinegar....

...but then what do I want with a lot  
of flies?

/\*/

Poor Richard just finished his (mis)State(ment) Of The Union message. That man is beginning to amaze me. Really. In 40 minutes, not once did he mention the war (I guess I'll soon have to specify which war I mean unless I generalize with Indo-China War), rising crime rates (used to be you could get mugged on the streets, now they'll deliver right to your home), inflation or trivia like that.

Oliver Wendell Holmes once remarked "No generalization is worth a damn - and that includes this one." Well, Nixon's speech wasn't worth a damn since it was nothing but generalization. How will he continue to spend like a maniac so that he can curb unemployment? How is it possible that the already deficit running government will be able to kick back billions to the states? Is he going to raise taxes again? Just before an election year?

What's going to be done about pollution? How is it possible that Parkinson's Law is going to be broken and the govt. reorganized? What of the SST? The ABM? Ecuador's seizure of so many fishing boats? Whither goest our urban areas? Campus unrest?

It is too easy to ask questions that Nixon should have answered, esp. since he answered nothing. Obviously he gave a pie-in-the-sky speech with unattainable goals so that, come '72, he could point out that his marvelous programs were blocked by those no-goodniks in Congress.

I really shouldn't have expected more from Nixon, but, alas, I did.

I hate carping on politics and the like but the whole scene alternately burns and frosts me. Perhaps we'd really have nothing to lose with a revolution. We'll all probably be dead in 50 yrs or so anyway. What do we have to lose? The people I work with all have highly vested interests in the status quo (namely, hanging onto their jobs). And, in a normal society none of them should have the least problem.

Usual talk (other than business) runs to football, hunting & fishing and the normal other things. Lately, it has been almost exclusively "What kind of job will be left for me?" My boss (PhD from Princeton) is thinking about taking a few courses in biology in the hopes that when our jobs evaporate, he'll be able to find something in biophysics. I haven't had the heart to show him that 3 times the number of biologists are being turned out than physicists. And they got there first. Another guy (PhD from Stanford) is thinking about going back to school and trying for a law degree. Another one (PhD from MIT) is considering going into a brokerage firm. Another (PhD from U. of Texas) is thinking about how many more hrs he'd have to take to get a pharmacist's license.

The

general consensus is that 3 types of jobs show any security at all. (1) Doctor, MD variety (people will continue to get sick) - along with this is dentist (2) Plumber (pipes will continue to rust and get clogged even if no new ones are going up) (3) Undertaker (people will continue to die).

Yes, friends, Amerika is in great shape. Everything is rosy. You bet. Just listen to Poor Richard.

/\*/

A recent ad in the paper was run by Phoenix Mutual Insurance. It simply said: Here's All You Have to Do to Insure the Downfall of America. The rest of the page was blank. Posted for graffiti-ologists, the reasons soon read: A. Re-Elect Nixon B. Join the Weathermen C. Buy Gold. D. Believe Velikovsky E. All of the Above. F. None of the Above. G. Do Anything At All. H. Wait I. Enjoy TV dinners J. Go on welfare K. Starve to death by not going on welfare L. Buy Phoenix Mutual Insurance.

About the only positive effect of inflation is that kids can't get sick on a nickel's worth of candy anymore.



Visual sf (at least on TV) has long been nothing but fifth reruns of I Married A Teenage Monster from Outer Space and occasional things on the NET (like the one by Megan Terry a few yrs back). When the US Steel Hr died, sf (with the brief interlude of Star Trek) hit the dust.

And considering just one-shot dramatic presentations (which excludes ST), NET has been it. Literally. Nothing on the boob tube, esp in prime time.

This changed, recently, on The Name of The Game. I hope all of you saw "LA:2017". It was scripted by a fringe sf author, Philip Wylie ("fringe" meaning When & After Worlds Collide, Gladiator, etc.) and was probably the best offering since "Murder and the Android" or "Flowers for Algernon" on the Steel Hr.

I wonder how it will qualify as per a Hugo. In Albuquerque, we get most TV shows 2 weeks late which would mean that LA:2017 would qualify for a Noreascon Hugo even tho I didn't see it until '71 (hey, Jerry, what's the breakpoint? Sept to Sept or calendar yr?) Whenever, I'm going to be pushing for it for the best visual sf.

Storyline is rather strained in that NotG is not geared to a stfnal plot. As a result of being unable to have Glen Howard (Gene Barry) thrown into the future via a common sf device like a time fold or ward, Wylie has to rely on a semi-hallucination. Howard is driving along recording his thots on air pollution for the President's ears only, when a faulty exhaust causes him to black out from carbon monoxide gassing.

When he awakens, it is to find the countryside a wasteland, an eerie sun shining orangely down on the devastation. He has been revived by 2 members of the LA Rescue squad who venutred out of the now underground LA to save him before he died from the ambient pollution.

Wylie uses nice touches thruout. Characters, in the background, are swapping numbers "39,12, 17!" "That's an old one...howabout 76,49!" "Hahaha" with the implication that jokes have become standardized and are recited by number. The society is barely surviving, altho many technological devices like a holographic comnet, etc are available. Howard learns that the society is capitalism with a vengeance; people buy shares in America literally, America Corporation being the rulers. Totalitarianism is the rule with the small masses being held in line while the directors of the Corp live in "splendor".

The splendor is even squalid. Houses rebuilt underground. The last surviving goldfish. A genuine milk giving cow. Slight freedom from the genetic selection.

Howard is given the chance to reform his magazine to parrot "party" line but, of course, rebels. He finds the underground, tries to help them, and only manages to get them executed. He escapes outside into the pollution with the Corporation guards chasing him. Without a gas mask and survival suit, he soon collapses. And awakens to find a cop holding an oxygen mask over his face. He's returned to 1971.

The picture is grim, but it is a lark compared to Blish's We All Die Naked. But it shows that even the TV industry can offer some small message piece without totally botching it. With drama almost dead on commercial TV, this might be the most significant single episode to be aired in quite a few yrs.

And with things heading the way they are, it might be the only offering in quite some time - other than fifth reruns of the Beverly Hillbillies, The Newlywed Game and General Hospital.

/\*/

LA:2017 - prevent it now.

By then, it'll be too late....

/\*/

It is reported that big game hunters in Saskatchewan will continue to wear white instead of changing to a red uniform. This means that more hunters will continue to be shot in mistake for swans, instead of for redheaded woodpeckers.

Bang.

/\*/



HAPPY GROUNDHOG DAY! Yes, friends, happy groundhog day. One of our major holidays here in New Mexico. What's that? You say there aren't any groundhogs in NM? Nonsense! Yes. Ever hear of a prairie dog? They are in the same family, after all.

/\*/

More and more people are taking up helicopter flying - unfortunately they are soldiers and in Laos, Vietnam, Cambodia, Thailand....

/\*/

Please excuse the losuy typing. Yesterday, in one of my many and varied roles, I was playing electrician. I'm always sure to turn off the power - in this case doubly so since it was a 220 vac line in question. The machine had interlocks and I made sure they were all open, in addition to a keyed switch being turned off and the key removed. Real safe, huh?

I touched an ex-metal plate against one of the interlock switches. Instant Fourth of July. Sounded a bit like a gunshot, the air was filled with acrid smoke - some of the smoke being burned flesh. Mine.

I had been holding onto the plate when I brushed it against the 220 volt line. It seems this machine had a 4 plug input. The keyed switch turned off one side of the 220. The interlocks turned off the 110. One was a ground. One was a 220 which was not switched off anywhere. I hit a live terminal and the grounded interlock.

Vaporized metal splattered all over my left hand and I am now the proud possessor of the world's largest blister and a few sq. centimeters of charred skin. I had to keep my hand in a crushed ice pack the rest of the day (one simply does not report anything less severe than outright decapitation to the medical facility - you can die while filling out the accident reports.) When I got home, I made for the baking soda and felt better after getting a nice layer all over my hand.

I have rather crudely taped 2 fingers together to keep the blister from breaking (amazing what a few feet of tape and cotton can accomplish) and suspect that it will be sometime before the skin regrows on on fingers. So, I think this will be just about it.

I won't even stop and grotch about the News "Embargo" Nixon has put on our invasion of Laos or the questionabe decision to try to retake the Ashau Valley and Khe Sahn. No, none of it.

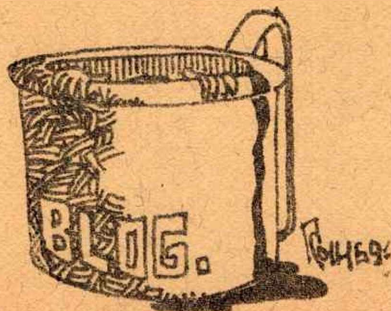
I just want to get thish mimeod and out to you before the postal rates go up up and away all the way out of sight. The Songs of Sandowrm (#12<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> with the Dune Tune winners) will follow Real Soon Now - and in response to Ken Scher's suggestion, it will cost only 10¢ -- that'll mean what this country needs is another 10¢ fanzine)

Painfully and blistering yrs, I urge you to read on....

/\*/

The US has the world's deadliest Air Force -  
the world's deadliest air, too...

/\*/

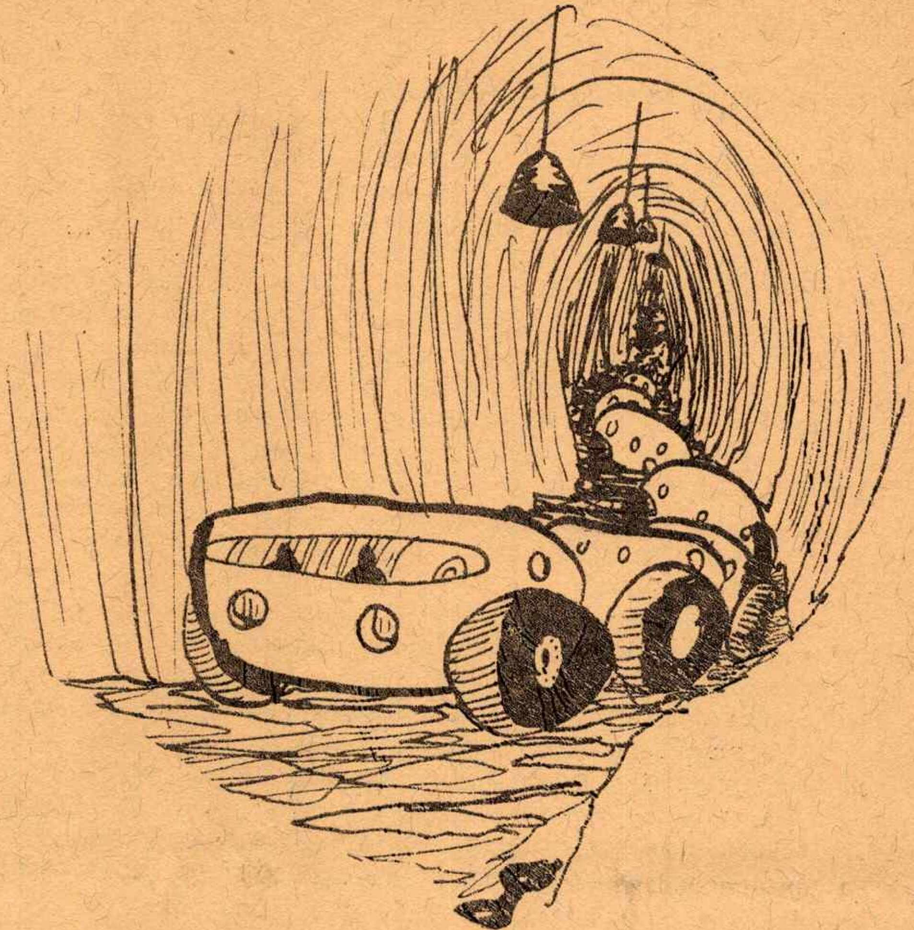




Gee, Darrell, after your continual griping and complaining (which I truly deserve), I have gotten around to presenting

### THE TRACKLESS WASTE

BUCK COULSON: Rt 3, Hartford City, Ind 47348::: Patrick Strang feels that "armies don't usually find convenient water towers in the boondocks", so a steam tank isn't practical. Of course... Water is hard to get, but you can find a gas station on every corner; everybody knows that. I get the feeling Pat has never been out of California and he certainly hasn't done any refueling of our current model tanks. As a matter of fact, a wood-burning steam tank could "live off the country" in most places (excluding deserts) whereas current tanks can't. Ask the fifth Panzer Army what stopped them in the Ardennes; it sure as hell wasn't American military might. Exhaustion - and lack of fuel. (Handiest reference is on pg. 454 of THE BITTER WOODS by John Eisenhower.) Well-water "might" have sludge in it? Ever hear of a strainer, Pat?



Lessee, who else can I take off on? Well, Doris Beetem wants to know why "Corfe Gate" and "The Lady Margaret" can be nominated for the short fiction Hugo when they're parts of a novel. /Can I help it if I'm only a yr late with this letter? Well..../ What I want to know is where she got the idea PAVANAE is a novel? If she just finished it she should know it's a series of connected stories - has the term "novel" become so degraded that fans don't know what it is any more? /Yes./

A better objection is one I've heard elsewhere; the original copyright dates are 1966. But at some convention I attended, it was recommended that the rules be changed to allow each story only one nomination - this was after the Heinlein thing was on the ballot two years in a row - and that the author be allowed to specify which version, magazine, hardcover, or paperback, that he wants to be in contention. Obviously, since one version of the stories did appear in 1969, this makes them eligible, if that rule is followed, and if the author is bright enough to say, yes, this is the version he wants. /In general, it would seem that the pb version should be the one preferred since it should have a larger audience./

... Oh, Harold Sherman wrote more than one stf story for AMAZING. Probably "The Green Man" was his best known....I can't speak for any of the others /Buck mentioned the Day index lists 4 stories/ but "The Green Man" was putrid. ...

I've never seen an abominable snow-woman in person, but I've got



a picture of one on a postage stamp. From Bhutan. And the general consensus of that photo series in ARGOSY awhile back was that it was female. (I suspect a fake, personally, but at least a female fake.)

/\*/

JERRY LAPIDUS: 54 Clearview Dr, Pittsford, NY 14534::: Excellent cover this time /on #10/ one of the finest pieces I've seen by Seth in quite a while, and one of the best I've ever seen him produce. Very nicely done.

And yet another fannish masterpiece springs to live from the pages of the Worm! I refer, of course, to "Con Time Space", which should rank up there with "Trek-a-star" in the musical parody field. Highly enjoyable, and with some beautiful comments on the neos versions of a BNF. /Yes, I agree - it was pretty rank./

I raved about THE GLASS TEAT a while back, and I'd glad to see more people are talking about it. I can't wait for the second volume, soon to be published (if one can believe LOCUS). Your comment on the Rotsler photo reminds me of something else, though, specifically, the backcover of the Berkley pb version of Zelazny's DAMNATION ALLEY. In the first place, the jacket-blurb writer, for once actually seems to have read the book, and his descriptions of Hell Tanner, Damnation Alley, the plot, and Z's writing actually come somewhere near the truth. But even better is the Z bio at the bottom. I must quote in full:

Harlan Ellison on Roger Zelazny:

"His stories are sunk to the knees in maturity and wisdom, in bravura writing that breaks rules most writers only suspect exist. His concepts are fresh, his attacks bold, his resolutions generally trenchant. Thus leading us inexorably to the conclusion that Roger Zelazny is the reincarnation of Geoffrey Chaucer." Mr. Zelazny was born in London in 1340, and served King Edward on secret missions in Flanders in 1376-7; he also lived under the name of Cyril Tournier for 20 years. He is married and now lives in Baltimore.

Beautiful!!! Someone at Berkley deserves an award for that.

So by now the postal hike is all but a reality. I see that the new postal corporation plans to raise the first class rates at least two cents. As of yet, I've seen no information about raises in other mail classes -- does anyone know about this? I wonder if the "new" service will be any different, or if we'll still be waiting months for anything but first class mail? I know that every mlg from Lesleigh /APA45 mlg, that is./ is always battered, ripped torn and very nearly completely open by the time it gets to Rochester. /I must apologize to Mike Glicksohn for the condition that the Toronto in '83! slyer is in. I received the bundle with only the address label left plus a wisp of string around the flyers. It is a miracle that they even got to me. Ghu is merciful -- which is more than can be said for the Post Offices/

/\*/

WG Bliss: 422 Wilmot, Chillicothe Ill. 61523::: A steam powered tank? Why not? Steam power is practical. For a tank it has lots of advantages. Steam engines are an any-fuel engine -- any fuel that will burn under the boiler from coals to isotopes. They run quiet and have a long service life (100,000 miles before serious overhaul was common for Stanley steamers, and many surviving cars of that make have unbelievable mileages). Since a condenser is needed for efficiency anyway, there is no water supply problem. Steam systems lose a little water, but that could be made up by a small refrigerating unit in the tank to condense sweat from the crew. /Argh!/? Steam engines develop lots of torque at low speed which is what is needed to motivate a few tonnes of armor plate and gunnery. The smoke problem is easily solved by having a high voltage precipitator in the stack, and a stack would not be used as the boiler would have forced draft. Boilers are said to be the Achilles heel of steam engines, but somehow I am difficult to convince that is any longer so when there are materials that stand multiple stresses at high temperatures in jet engines and other extremous applications. Tank treads still clank? I know they still do



on Caterpillar tractors. The first tanks were modified Caterpillar tractors, so tank designers might still be thinking tractor. /Nonsense! Nowhere in "Tom Swift and His War Tank" does it mention that Tom got his inspiration from a mere farm implement.7

I suppose the clanking (curable in scads of obvious ways) does have some small use as dramatic effect in parades and war movies. /Right on!7 One tank inventor (typically, the US Army didn't think his models were for sour apples but the Russians did) also designed taxi cabs and invented the fire engine. A steam powered Stuka? Why not - steam powered airplanes have successfully flown. There was an account of an early one in Argosy a few years ago. Oh, a back up communication system - locomotive steam whistles could be heard for miles. Or, two shorts and a long in the Key of C and everybody salvo! /Steam powered tanks aside, altho this is interesting, has anyone seen the blurb for Datsun (or was it Toyota?) claiming they had a freon powered "steam" car. Advantages are obvious. Steam has a very high heat capacity - much more so than water - while freon would turn almost instantly to a much cooler gas in the event of a leak. I'd say, Bill, you've pointed out more about steam power than most of us were considering. Like the condenser (which should have been obvious to both Pat & myself).7

No doubt Larry Propp could make a fortune assembling all those sexy legal cases into a best selling pb with a forward by H. Allen Smith.

Reviews - The Pig Society looks like a book I could faunch for. Have to start heckling the local booksellers for a copy. (Getting Epistle to the Babylonians only took 5 weeks.)

Somewhere amongst the students there is (by the odds that be) a Napoleon who no doubt is now pouring out an old war surplus copy of The Army Field Manual. I have an inkling that sooner or later the powers that be will get mighty surprised when they suddenly have their yeomen outflanked and pinned down by what was a disorganized gaggle of protesting students only a moment before. Lucidity is one of the best weapons in such warfare (also reduces the casualties.) Like if the student army used a compressed air (or CO2 bottle) pneumatic cannon loaded with itching powder on advancing ranks who were deploying tear gas and mace. Gads, the jazzy reporting that would result - like "602 Ntnl Guardsmen and four deputy sheriffs and a reported from the Canadian Star Weekly had to be rushed to the showers while disrobing and scratching frantically on the way".

/The Army Field Manual is a poor place to start. Clauswitz(ooops, left the "e" out) would be better. And, for the type of warfare really needed, I'm sure the exploits of Che Quevara, Mao, Giap and Lansdale are well enough reported for a training manual.

I suspect that the tear gas would tend to force the itching powder to the ground, the gas being so much heavier (either that or suspend it above the heads while the troops passed thru). Your idea, tho, of making the guardsmen look ridiculous has great merit. It would be too easy to kill a significant number of them if a group was interested. However, if they were made to look like total fools, this could have a more far reaching effect than merely killing them. Like, I'm sure a student chemist could come up with a gas that would produce the same effects as the itching powder. Release this when the guard releases their mace, etc., and it would look like they brought on their itching themselves.

/Other thoughts occur to me, but they are not of the "prankish" nature. Rather, they are serious actions like concocting a nerve gas and releasing that - the guard would be safe enough, the students would suffer quite adverse effects. If done subtly, it would look like the Guard was using nerve gas (this may be against the Geneva agreements but I've been told we've used some form of nerve gas in every war we've fought in since WWI. Korea & Indo-China included. And in Vietnam, we've used dome dandies, albeit on a limited "trial" basis.7

/\*/

"Up against the wall, fred"...from Volunteers (written, not vocal)

/\*/



7

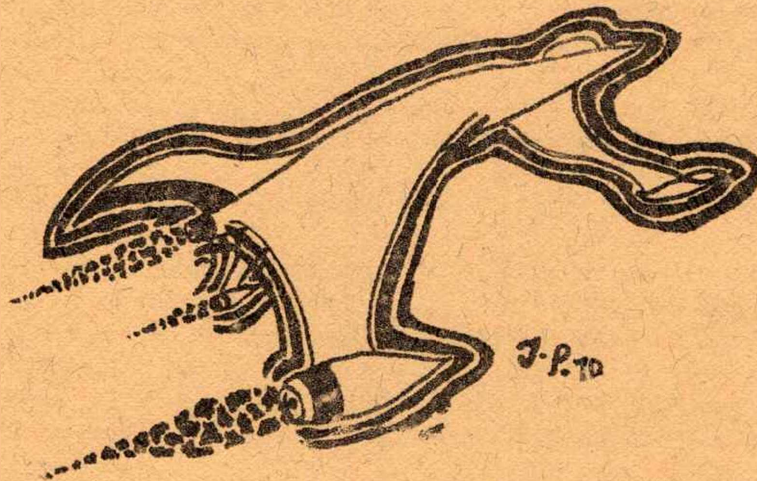
FAILURE IN SPACE

by Raymond L. Clancy

Ten million hands that lifted in farewell,  
And twice ten million eyes which saw us go,  
Ten million hearts which beat as one an instant,  
Now we are lost, those millions will not know

How much we thought that it was worth it,  
Here where we die for lack of precious air;  
But we feel one with all the human race,  
Remembering lips which moved in silent prayer.

We were the first and we have failed.  
There were so many things beyond our ken!  
But there will follow those who will succeed.  
How well we know, who are the breed of men!





ALEXIS GILLILAND: 1600 Pennsylvania Ave, Washington, DC, 20037::: There are rumors that Columbia and Berkeley won't open this fall. If true, this is probably a device to strip a large number of Liberal/Radical faculty members of tenure. It will also give the student Liberal/Radicals food for thought. IF they are capable of thinking. Their program seems to be: Talk dirty, Take dope, Go Naked. /Well, two out of three ain't bad.../

Even in sexual matters there is regression. Judging from statistics, what today's generation doesn't know about sex is that (a) it makes babies and (b) it is the vector for venereal disease.

The reaction should be quite remarkable when as it inevitably will, it comes.

At the office, we lost 100% of the secretary typists this month; so far with no replacements. The country is undoubtedly going to hell. The trouble with the Revolution is that the Anarchists trying to make it can't get organized.

And trying to hide a lack of program with the slogan "Let the Revolution Make Itself" is just asking for it. We let the industrial Revolution make Itself, and the results have been very discouraging from just about any angle you can think of.

/Alexis also sent a letter outlining the platform of the Radical Center party, but alas, it is temporarily lost in the shuffle. It Will Be Recovered before nextish./

/Ah, HAH! Just found it...Alexis continues.../

Am working on a platform for the Radical Centerist Party. Plank #1, Cut Income Tax Rates Heroically. /Yea!/ Plank #2, Pay for Plank #1 by plugging all-repeat all - tax loopholes. /Yea!/ //Ulp, does that mean the loopholes we use, Alexis?//

Other planks are needed, of course. I am thinking of swiping free breakfasts from the Black Panthers. /For shame, Alexis, let them eat in peace./ Also, mandatory performance standards imposed on the American Automobile, as, for instance, that it shall be well and truly finished when it comes off the assembly lines. Fight pollution by making beer and whiskey bottles reusable. /The former plank is good - I have never driven an American car (& I've owned 3 - one English and 2 German. The latter proposal is being enacted in NM, albeit with some foot dragging./

The Senate has already adopted my anti-SST plank, but perhaps we will Nationalize the railroads instead of keeping them afloat with loans and subsidies. I mean...it would be cheaper and more efficient.

And when accused of Socialism, we will reply: If it's good enough for the rich, it's good enough for everybody.

An echo of our slogan  
THE AMERICAN SYSTEM IS SOCIALISM FOR THE RICH.

We will put together a coalition of the unLeft, the unRight and the unRich.

It should be a real winner.

/Hmmm, I wonder about the anti-SST plank. That was a lame duck Congress and they merely postponed the passage. But even if they did prohibit the use of an SST, so what? It has just been shown that Congress is powerless to enforce its laws. Witness our presence in Cambodia. The Cooper Church Amendment prevented advisors or troops from being sent into Cambodia, so "instructors" were sent.

/What it boils down to is this: if Congress can't prevent further Vietnams, outlaw SSTs, stop pollution, what can we Radical Centerists do? Paraphrasing, albeit slightly, "Heah cum de Revolution!"//

/\*/

The next letter is probably not remarkable in itself, but I'm printing it because it is remarkable to me personally. Remarkable in that I could have easily written it myself. While Alexis is at least semi-joking about some of his Radical Centerist ideas, Wally is more like myself -- coming to be dead sure the Radical Center is all that's left. Or rather, all that remains, since the Left and the Right are identical now. The Left



wants more of the mess we've got now, while the Right wants to keep the mess intact. Anyway, here's....Wally!

?-?

WALLY CONGER: Rt 1, Box 450-A, Arroyo Grande, Calif 93420:::California is intriguing. This yr we had Ron Reagan (who's a cowboy) running against Jess Unruh (who's an ass) and as an addition had George Murphy (who's a dancer) running against John Tunney (who's a cliché-spouting Kennedy reincarnation). Who'd I support? I wished that Pat Paulsen had been running.

My political leanings, incidentally, have been batted back and forth between Right and Left (Spiro and Rubin are equally dangerous to our lives; both advocate crushing human rights), so I've settled down in the middle. I figure I'm a right-wing liberal (or middle-of-the-road extremist.) Welcome aboard. My views coincide tremendously with your own...I'm libertarian, I guess.

At least my interest in libertarianism has increased. I've been reading nothing but stuff by economist Murray Rothbard (editor of the Libertarian Forum, and a fantastic genius), Karl Hess (Goldwater's ex-speechwriter, you'll remember), et al. Fascinating. Also, I recently attended the Left-Right Annual Festival of Liberation in LA (on the USC campus), and came back re-enlightened somewhat as to our futures.

What stinks me about religion is its utter hypocrisy, which can be blamed on ORGANIZED religion. Me? I've gone religious. I'm a member of Flip Wilson's Church of What's Happening Now!

Beyond the Valley of the Dolls, eh? The best look at that I've had has been in Playboy's July pictorial of the show, but I stayed away because of the crappy reviews it generated (reminded me of things I read about Candy; remember that one?) See Joe. Playboy usually bats 1000. Wrong. What they emphasize in their reviews is usually a minute part of the whole. I rather enjoyed Candy, both book & film. I prefer to form my own opinions since I can seldom find a consistently good critic (ie, one whose views agree with mine). I missed Joe. \*sigh\*

Say, I burned my YAF card. (Is that

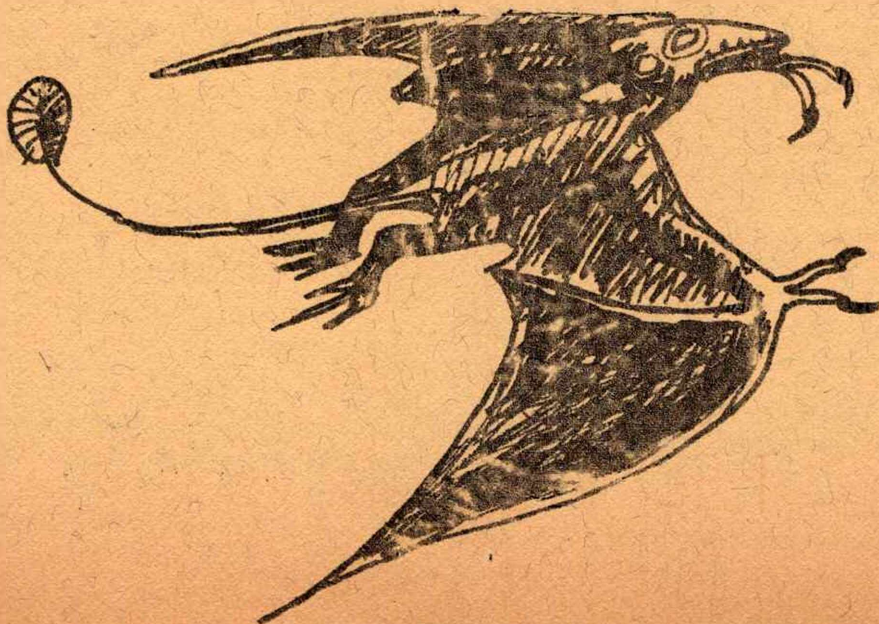
legal?) J. Edgar Swoop says NO!

I'm uptight about the war. You'll recall that I was at one time Tricky Dick's disciple, expounding upon the virtues of slow, nice-n-easy withdrawal (Vietnamization, right?) Shit. I'm tired. Pull out now, peace NOW, no more flag draped caskets and weeping parents. And the Pentagon says the Vietnam war death rate is "acceptable". To whom? To the Pentagon, or to those who are serving as cannon-fodder for Amerika?

I'm leery about bucking the draft and running to Canada. I wonder what's worse: getting my ass shot off in Nam or battling it out with Pierre (Bloody Axe) Trudeau?

\*/

Anarchy is better than no government  
at all....





BOB TUCKER: (World's Oldest Member of APA45)  
 Box 506: Heyworth, Ill, 61745::: I was pleased to hear that Speer won his election, and the victory conjures up vast fantasies, or something. Only a few weeks ago Larry Propp passed his Illinois bar exam and is now chasing ambulances in Peoria. /Larry couldn't be a trufan if he actually managed to pass a bar? But wouldn't it be nice if both men lived in the same state and one day, by evil twists of fate, Propp turned up in Speer's court to try a case? Would Propp make sly reference to Ghu and Foo to win a secret sympathy from the judge? Would he speak an esoteric tongue which would be lost on the opposing lawyer, but which the judge would recognize and know this attorney was a member of the brotherhood? Maybe even another secret master? How would the other lawyer feel when the judge turned down his pleas with a sneer and ruled in favor of Propp's client? Would that other lawyer even know what was wrong?

Carry it a step further. Given a bench trial (no jury) what in hell would Speer do if the two opposing lawyers were Larry Propp and Joe Hensly, and both men played on his fannish sympathies? Ah, now, there would be a case to go down in the lawbooks. /Speer has apparently been considering things like this. He is at present trying to get Roy Tackett and myself involved in a lawsuit alleging one of us stole material from the other's fannazine. Speer wants it as a fannish test case to see what the law really says about limited circulation material and the copyright privileges thereon. I was wanting to sue Mike Montgomery for defamation of character (all \$2 worth) but Speer has informally ruled that this is out of his jurisdiction. I think the only reason Hangin' Jack wanted Roy and yhos in court was to see a couple of fannish faces in what must otherwise be one long series of people complaining about their neighbor's cats yallowing at the moon all night.7

About the only worthwhile even in Ill. poilitics is that Adalaa Stevenson 3rd won out over an non-entity named Smith. /Was that Valentine Michael Smith, b, any chance?7 Of course, this county voted against Stevenson even though Bloomington is his home. They did the same thing twice to his father when his father ran for President — Local Boy or no, they gave his father the shaft and voted for the other man. But when his father's body was brought home to be buried they turned out by the thousands to weep buckets of crocodile tears. The merchants of the city were so overcome with grief they posted signs in their windows saying their stores would be closed A Full Hour on the afternoon of the funeral, and the newspaper later reported that employees were allowed one hour off to attend the funeral with No Loss In Pay.

I thought that was damned nice of them.

Was it you who reported seeing a bumper sticker which read: Vietnam -- Love It or Leave It??? /I did report seeing one which said: Vietnam -- Love it and Leave it.7 I picked that up in some fannazine recently and passed it around to some of my "friends" whose cars are wearing the original slogan, but my "friends" don't seem to get the point too well. I have this half-formed impression that you originated it, or saw it on a car. If it was you, many thanks. I've gotten a lot of mileage from it and a few sour looks. /Better start wearing your hard hat if you are going to insist on preaching such anti-American stuff as that. I've often wondered if





a humorous approach to peace might not pay more dividends than getting shot down by the Natl. Guard. Like selling hard hats with peace symbols on them - or things like Vietnam Love it and Leave it. I recently saw an anti-pollution sticker which might appeal to you: Beautify your city, eat a pigeon for lunch.7

And finally, thank you for the very kind words on QUIET SUN. I just may write another book someday. /Soon? I hope!7

/\*/

HARRY WARNER: 423 Summit Ave, Hagerstown, Md 21740:::Anyone who talks about producing small issues of a fanzine deserves a prompt loc. /Unfortunately, my intent seems much more talk than delivery. But thank you for the promptness, even if I set a bad example by not promptly reciprocating with SWorm7 Besides, I wanted to get this letter written before I lost the spot in Mary Astor's auto biography that says some remarkable things about aspirin, as a supplement to my remarks in my previous loc. She is telling about a night in Philadelphia where she was in a stage play, a friend suddenly got desperately sick while talking to her in her hotel room, and she didn't dare call a doctor because her career was already on the rocks over scandals. "Then I remembered a strange story someone had told me, many years ago, before there were any wonder drugs, he had been on a trip to Europe with Eva and some other friends. They were in an out-of-the-way place and he had very little medicines with him. Eva had run a flash high temperature and he had simply given her massive doses of aspirin. So I prepared myself for an all-night vigil and gave Ferris three aspirins every half hour, with as much water as he could take. When his temperature crawled up to 105, I was at the point of calling a doctor, and to heck with what people might think. But then he broke into a sweat and the temperature slid back steadily. He got on his feet by midafternoon and took the bus back to New York." Eva is Eva LeGallienne, the great actress. I don't really believe anyone could live through such a concentrated dosage of aspirin unless the abnormally high temperature prevented it from its normal effect on the body. Incidentally, you mentioned the placebo and that reminds me how my doctor a year or two ago was complaining to me that he could no longer find any source of sugar pills that look like real medicine. He didn't elaborate but I assumed two things: that my doctor had never given any patient any real medicine in his life and now must learn what to prescribe for what, and that other doctors had grown conscience-stricken over the fees they were charging for sugar pills and were now beginning to give real medicine to their patients to make the fees better justified. /I can't presume to know what the doctor was actually doing with the sugar pills, but I would like to enter one extra factor. What about the hypochondriac patient who "knows" he is sick but really has nothing detectable? Is the doctor to be harassed by this clown every week to the exclusion of other patients who might be really sick, or does he give him a "new wonder drug"(ie, a placebo) to calm him down? If the doctor gave the hypochondriac some real drug to fight the imagined ailment, he might kill the guy. For instance, I believe aspirin is fine for reducing high temperatures, but massive doses which would normally work to reducing a fever might destroy a person's stomach if he took the amount and was healthy. By the way, I suspect I would very quickly drop a "friend" like Mary Astor who'd gamble with my life over an admittedly shaky reputation.7

The discussion of steam powered tanks makes me wonder why fanzines have carried so little about what form the internal combustion auto's successor will take. People in Hagerstown seem to be growing convinced that the gasoline-powered auto is really on its way out. But I'm surprised at the large number of these people who are certain that steam will be coming source of energy rather than electricity. I know even less about steam-powered autos than the kind I drive, and this is quite a damning admission of ignorance. But I can't think of any manner in which a steam auto can be driven away immediately after sitting unpowered for a few hours, or how a steam car can be made reasonably safe from scaldings from minor accidents without tank-type construction, or how much coöling-down delay would be required before even the most minor repairs and adjustments could be made when mechanical trouble occurred. I would prefer to believe in a future which I saw the passenger train and even the trolley car making a comeback for long trips and electric autos for short ones, plus much emphasis on renting electric cars rather than owning them. /Your objections to steam are the primary reasons the



steam car never could replace the IC engine. Now, however, boilers could be made strong enough to sustain high speed impacts, and if the freon engine proves workable, the dangers of scalding and the problems inherent in starting and repairing the car would be diminished. The electric auto's major problem is power. Beamed power would be nice, but the power companies would strongly oppose that. This leaves batteries, perhaps like the SNAP reactors (really thermal batteries) the Apollo crews use. A SNAP lasts up to 90 yrs, at which time he is only putting out 50% its original power (original is running around 70 watts). But SNAPs would be a major sales job since the public is so uptight over anything vaguely radioactive and the SNAP uses Pu238.<sup>7</sup>

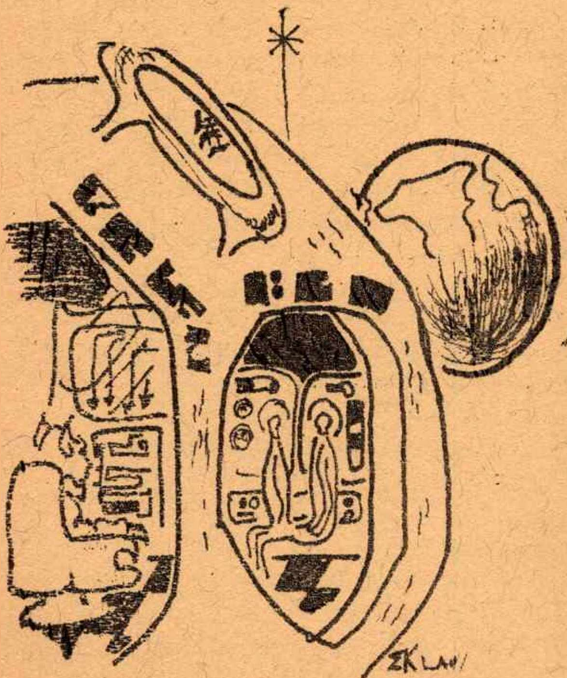
ConTime Space was amusing, although a trifle disheartening. It had some dull spots and these inferior areas cause me to realize how hard it is to write humor that is consistently good from start to finish, at a time when I think I'm about to go to work on a parody called Rosemary's Fanzine that will run to 20 pages or so and will probably have vast areas of dullness because humor is not one of my strong suits.

I'm not sure Larry Propp's legal anecdotes are real ones, because I've never yet heard of an attorney who could resist citing the reference numbers in lawbooks when he was talking about a famous precedent case. Maryland has been revising some of its laws, and the results are not encouraging. For instance, we used to have a charge known as contributing to the delinquency of a minor. When some of the juvenile court regulations were changed to the charge of causing a minor to come under the jurisdiction of a juvenile court. No difference, you might think, but the attorneys spotted it at once. The old charge was a case of "contributing" and the new one is "causing" and judges and juries are now being asked to believe that the lawmakers intended the new language to apply only to the person who was solely responsible for the kid getting into trouble, not to someone who shared the blame with some others. Sounds like quite a few parents will be hauled into Maryland courts from now on.<sup>7</sup>

Two methods of reducing the birth rate in the US that wouldn't offend religious sensibilities or contradict the constitution: increase the amount of income tax that a wage-earner with dependent children must pay, instead of giving exemptions for the kids; and make the women who continue to have kids without the taking the trouble to marry anyone go to work, by requiring half of these mothers to go out and get jobs while the remaining half babysit for the kids of those who were drafted

to work. "A farm girl can make more money having babies than keeping hogs", one county official told me the other day. What would you put these women to work at? I know several highly educated people who can't find any kind of job now. I think, tho, that your idea about the tax reform is very good. While it will do nothing to get to the heart of the matter (the poor with many kids probably don't earn enough to pay taxes on, with or without the kids as deductions - \$625 is damn little to raise a kid on) but it is certainly a start. I know that I, being single, am paying for the education of kids I don't have. If and when I have a family of my own, I wouldn't gripe but right now I fail to see why I should support schools to educate someone else's kid. But then my views are tending more and more to outright anarchy, while the US is tending more and more to socialism.<sup>7</sup>

Hagerstown had some violence several weekends ago, but it was less significant than what happened at UNM. Ours happened on the same street as Summit Ave., except that it's called North Jonathon St, in





those blocks because all Hagerstown streets change their names in the black section. The bigots were thorough about such things when they were naming streets. Apparently a rumor got started that a black man who had been fighting a white man was arrested and the white man set free. It wasn't true but there was some firebombing that burned out the only union printing shop in town, and some serious stoning of autos. It's possibly coincidence, but this is the first real racial trouble in Hagerstown and this is the first summer the city has had a television station of its own. Violence in Maryland's smaller towns had in the past been most serious in Salisbury, which had been the only small town in Maryland with a television station until Hagerstown acquired one. /Sounds like a correlation of 1.0 - strongly indicates we should burn down the TV stations and leave the printing shops intact, doesn't it?/

/Albuquerque has been fairly quiet since Reies Tijerina was locked up, but I suspect things to be starting to boil again. A group of Chicanos calling themselves The Black Berets have claimed police harrassment for some time. Generally, I take such things with a grain of salt since this is a nice issue to get your name on the front pages with. However, 3 of the so-called BBs were busted for illegal possession of a firearm. The facts were quite different from what was reported.

/It is illegal to carry a loaded firearm concealed on your person or auto. The 3 that were arrested were driving a pickup truck. It had a gun rack. In the rack was a Mauser. Unloaded. In plain sight. It is not illegal to carry openly an unloaded rifle. The cop was not threatened with the rifle; it was never mentioned until he told the 3 they were under arrest for carrying an illegal weapon since they'd been stopped for a traffic violation. The cop was either ignorant of the law or a bigot. I'd say whichever it was, no city can afford such an action. Albuquerque has largely avoided the racial fights, ours being primarily on other fronts - but the times, they are a changin'. Or perhaps "You don't have to be a weatherman to know which way the wind is blowin'". /

/\*/

RICK SNEARY: 2962 Santa Ana St, South Gate, Calif 90280::I have been writing nothing but personal letters this week, and have half come to the conclusion that LoC's to fanzines don't make it.. This came out of thinking of poor old Harry the Hermit, who must have written a gillion LoC's over the past ten years...but says he rarely gets letters..And him touched and moved to win a dumb Hugo.. I say "dumb hugo" as no award means anything except as a representation of the feeling behind it. If Old Harry didn't know how Fandom felt about him..it is because people have forgotten to tell him... When did you last write a personal letter to him, saying what a great fellow he was? When was the last time you even heard of a fan editor writing back? Faaa.. People are more important than fanzines...and the only way a fanzine will keep you warm on a cold evening is by setting fire to it. /What you say is largely true, esp. wrt Harry. I admit that the last time I wrote him was Xmas, and then only a short note. But quite a few fmz editors will write back. Mike Glicksohn, Seth Dogra majian, Joanne Burger, Buck Coulson, Frank Denton and even yhos on random occasions do so. I've found, tho, that membership in an apa will drastically cut carry from other people in the apa.7

In re: last issues cover -- there is nothing impossible about a steam powered tank..but that one wasn't logical.. It wasn't large enough for the boiler that would be expected to go with that stack.. Modern plans for steam power use flash-bioling methods that require very little fire or water, and re-circulate the water.. That thing looks to be burning coal, if not wood, like a 1860 railroad engine.-- The track also goes up inside the body, leaving very little inside room. -- You are right about noise, though.. It said that one of our newest can be heard about two miles away, when she is rolling.

... The Nine Neos had a good story line, and some of the songs seemed very clever.. though none of this is my normal cup of rum.. But some parts of it just aren't true to life..when so much is.. Neo-fans are more likely to know pros than old fans... Thus not know Tucker, but fawn on Bloch. /\*gasp\* Not Know Tucker? Surely, not even a neo could be so Ignorant?/ At the Westercon, the Golds were given room 707 -- as the Committee could assign room numbers, this was easy -- and Lee was lamenting the fact that hardly anyone realised the significance....linking it to airplanes



and gambling, when questioned) + I'm not sure even neos collect autographs any more.... and in 1946, even the BNFs did... /Maybe Lee should have made clear that the spirit of 770 was alive and renumbered 707?/

From the looks of your reviews you take off the same freebies I do.. And it irks me slightly, when there is so much coming out that I wouldn't mind getting, that so much of the stuff is like HEX or the Holzer thing.. The best, as you say, have been the Nebula award series.. I haven't read the Houdini book yet..but do intend to as it looks good.... But..does getting free books for review, without any word as to who or why, give you a strange feeling? As though an unknown god has smiled on you... and you wonder why: /There are some things man is not meant to know.../

"Kissing a girl because she lets you is like scratching a place that doesn't itch" wins the award as the dumb statement of the issue...and I would greatfully unknow any one who said it seriously. /Larry Propp sent in that interlino - but he didn't originate it. If you'll look in Mad Magazine about issue 48 or 50, you'll find this is cribbed from the sayings of Alfred E. Neuman, the What Me Worry? kid. I am fascinated, tho, about the response to this line. Doris "The Elder" Beetem gnashed her teeth so loud, I could hear them all the way down here in Albuquerque, while Mike Secrest in Georgia agreed with the sentiments. I can't really come to any conclusions as to what this means, but it looks like another manifestation of ...taTA...The Generation Gap./

Your remarks about college life and the joy of playing games with the team from the Nation Guard, reminds me how one can get so involved in current events that you forget that life goes on.. Last month I received a formal, airmail letter, with printed letter heads and envelope, from Kent State University in Ohio.... The only thing I could think of was it was regarding the killings, and probably a request for funds or help. (Not that I've ever given, nor should be able to be on such a mailing list.)... It turned out to be from KSU Press asking about a bibliography I had done on John Dickson Carr...and if I was going to do any more.. The world goes on.. // Tackett has long told me of the crumby government in NM...which seems to prove that you can have bad government, even without an actor for governor.. // I'm emotionally apposed to Mob, be they lynch, peace or Disneyland -- and can not really feel greatly moved when things happen to them... Not on an emotional level.....which is the way everyone feels about these things... No one in a Mob ever thinks of thinking for them selves -- to my way of thinking.. /Some wise old sage once commented "The intelligence of a mob can be determined by taking the IQwest IQ found in the mob and dividing this by the number in the mob"/

/\*/

Apollo 14 is on its way to the moon right now. And I really truly hope no more happens like the problem of docking. The US needs this flight more than it realizes, since if it fails, our entire program will be cancelled. And when the only worthwhile thing the country has backed in the last 20 years is scuttled for lack of money - and money still flows into the rat hole which is Indo-China - we'll be in very sorry shape indeed. Let's all hope Shepard, Mitchell and Roosa have a smooth flight.

/\*/

DARRELL SCHWEITZER: 113 Deepdale Rd. Strafford Pa, 19087::: I am still convinced that the best way to power anything is with chipmunks in wheel shaped cages. Among the numerous advantages of this method is the fact that when you want to recharge all you have to do is put a male in with a female and leave them overnight. /Wouldn't that leave them even more worn out the next day?/

Re:Nixon. You must understand; Nixon is following the tradition of his mentor and hero Joe McCarthy and is purging all the commies out of the Republican Party. He's also purging all the Republicans out, too.

GRAIN OF MUSTARD : Prophecy by hindsight is the best kind. It's much more accurate. Of course, no prophet worth his weight in bullshit hasn't predicted JFK's death. Many of them did it as early as 1964 and 1965, too. That's just a sort of test to determine if someone is really a prophet or not. I most certainly am. Since I was born in 1952, I have prophesised such world-shaking events as the fall of the Roman Empire (no relation to the movie), Rhameses 2 victory over the Hittites, the discovery of fire, and the creation of the universe, and



the creation of God by the Overgod, and so on. /I seem to remember reading something by L Sprague deCamp to the effect that the Hittites won, but a clever public relations job by Rhameses - and being the one weilding the quill over the papyrus - convinced everyone of a great Egyptian victory. Or was this another war?/

I suppose I could write books about this but I would need a more prophetic sounding name. I've been considering Isaih, Moses Jeremiah, or Yahweh, but since nobody listens to them anymore I might try something more with the times. /Timothy Leary?/ The problem is that most prophets are women and it would be a little weird for me to assume a prophetic name like Jeanne Dixon, but I'll come up with something. I could say I was a Frenchman named Jean a'la Schweitzer. (I'm not really French, but since my ancestors come from Lamberine in Alsace-Lorraine, I guess I'll do.)

Or I could call myself Hopeless Cayce.

CREATURES OF LIGHT AND DARKNESS: I think you should realize that this book is supposed to be silly, lightweight, just an entertainment. It is to Zelazny's credit that he can make something like this readable at all. For example, Dean Koontz's "Temple of Sorrow" is an attempt at roughly the same sort of thing, and it was ghodawful. It seems to me that you made the mistake of trying to read it seriously. /I have since reread it and my judgment must stand. I still fail to see how this could be considered as "silly". Zelazny's humor is rather subtle, while "silly" to me implies heavyhanded./

But it is disappointing in that Roger Z is so capable of doing serious, really significant work and he does fluff like this. He seems to be overworking as of late. I thought "Eve of Rumoko" was hastily and sloppily written, and Nine Princes in Amber read like something from Famous Fantastic Mysteries. Not that that's bad, mind you, but it's the kind of thing one expects from A. Merritt, not the author of THIS IMMORTAL. /Eve of Rumoko probably suffered more from the two powerful stories it was sandwiched between than anything else. Not that it was bad, but it was very lightweight compared to How It Was When the Past Went Away and especially when compared with We All Die Naked. I still think We All Die Naked deserved the Hugo more than any other "loser" in the past 10 years./

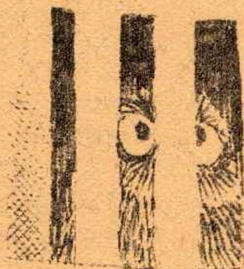
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Think it is best to call this quits. #13 will be out before Walpurgisnacht, which the ASFS always celebrates even tho we lost our resident virgin, Kay Anderson. I will try to get the Dune Tune winners out Before #13. Yes. They will be mailed under separate cover as The Songs of Sandworm. Anticipate. And eat your hearts out, filksongsters, that you could have participated and didn't. Many thanks to the Beetems, Alexis Gilliland, Mike Kring and Dale Goble. Yes.

Yours, wishing for a safe and successful Apollo 14....

Muad'Bob

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WAHF: Mike Glicksohn who is apparently a lover of Ballantine India Pale Ale (alas, Mike, we do not see it in Albuquerque)...Ken Scher from oily Far Rockaway...Mike Kring who is just recovering from a mild case of gafia...Rose Hogue who has miraculously remembered my birthday (how, Rose?) /...Robert Bloch who is finishing off a short story, a novel (whopee!), and a screenplay... Hank Davis who sends me \$\$\$ (fout)...Mike Horvat is back on a Tangent in Oregon...David Hulvey with 2 letters...Leon Taylor catching me in a goof (which shouldn't please you a whole lot since I goof a lot, Leon)...Eli Cohen who has a very Strange address...Richard Smoot who wonders if I shoot semester breaks (no, something else, really) ...plus about 8 fanzines from Doc Clark. & not 1 ticking parcel this month. For shame!



# TORONTO



## IN '73

Post Box 4 Station K  
Toronto 12 Ontario  
Canada

WITH FAN FAIR II, IN AUGUST OF 1970, A VERY SUCCESSFUL REGIONAL "CON" A NEED WAS FELT FOR A REAL AND IMMEDIATE CHALLENGE. THUS WAS BORN THE BID FOR "TORONTO IN '73". WITH A STRONG, ACTIVE AND EXPERIENCED COMMITTEE WE ARE PLANNING FOR AN EXCELLENT 1973 CONVENTION.

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WRITE: The Toronto in '73 Committee P.O. Box 4 - Station K Toronto 12, Ontario Canada