

Lassie Had History of Car-Chasing

SAN FRANCISCO (UPI)—Dog owners whose pooches spend much of their day chasing automobiles need not be embarrassed—Lassie, television's celebrated canine, once chased cars for a number of years.

Smog danger

Smog which often blankets cities is now occurring even at North Pole. If it continues, could make the place uninhabitable.

DENVER, Colo. (AP)—A man armed with a croquet mallet and carrying two pet monkeys on his shoulders was among four persons who robbed the Mile High Senior Citizens Club of its cash box containing \$8, police re-



CENSORED

False Teeth For Sheep

(C) 1969 New York Times News Service
WASHINGTON — An Australian was awarded a patent this week on his false teeth for sheep.
Martin R. M. Alstergren of Toorak, Victoria, said the prosthetic device is intended to

When Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer decided in 1939 to film Eric Knight's novel, "Lassie Come Home," the collie with a fetish for fenders became the highest paid and most renowned dog in entertainment history.

Three rats recently died when they were fed a steady diet of white bread. The Bleached Flour Assn. and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Innocent Rats had "no comment."

Hiccoughs are messages from departed spirits.

The shortest time ever recorded for the amputation of a limb in the pre-anesthetic era was 33 seconds through a patient's thigh, causing the loss of three fingers to the surgeon's assistant.

If you need a laxative more than once a week... Here's Real Relief From Constipation

Sand worm 13



ice President Spiro T. Agnew is concerned about television and its impact on our lives. Next week, in an exclusive report for TV GUIDE, voices his concern and poses another challenge to the industry.

SECRET LOANS!

MB Associates, a California ordinance firm, has devised the "stun gun," a 40mm grenade launcher that fires beanbags.

Charms Singed
CHICHESTER, England — (AP)—Several million chicken wishbones used by a meat-paste manufacturer as promotional lucky-charms were damaged by fire at a Sussex factory.
The bones, taken from the 40,000 chickens processed every week, are mailed all over the world.

Amend Penal Code
DAR ES SALAAM (UPI) — The Tanzanian government has amended its penal code to make for any unqualified persons who removes tonsils and causes a patient's death.

Anteaters in zoos like a diet of canned dog food.

MAO BANS GHOSTS
HONG KONG — Chinese Communists have declared there is a place for "spirits" in Chinese life under Mao Tse-tung, but "wizards and ghosts" are prohibited.



Tricia Nixon

Emily Post puts her elbows on the table.

13 Witch Suspects Arrested in Tanzania

(C) 1968 New York Times News Service
DAR ES SALAAM, Tanzania — Twelve women suspected of being witches and one man have been arrested at Utete village, 200 miles south of here, following the disappearance of another woman.
When police and villagers went to search for the woman, they reported that they found two large snakes on a rock where they thought she might and been struck in the back of the head. Local superstition has it that witches use snakes for killing people and inducing illness. The search party hurriedly withdrew.
Witches and witch doctors in the area are known to have used parts of the human body in their rites and the 13 arrested persons are being held for questioning.
The search for the missing woman has been suspended.

THE NEW YORK TIMES
SEPTEMBER 24, 1968

ENJOY WAR!

Watch crack units from China and the West tear each other to bits. Thrill to shrewd real generals as their strategy is programmed into the famous Swedish Game Computer. This week's Game Number 256 promises to be a bloody battle of heroes and cowards. Enjoy live and in color on the World Wide television network. Brought to you by Bolognini Spagnoli Company, Milan.

Miami Police Raid Topless Shoeshines
MIAMI (AP)—Police arrested three shoeshine girls. The buff — from the waist up.
Bernice Ward and Julie Snyder, both 18, and 20-year-old Diane Jordan were released on \$500 bond after being charged with public nudity.
Alfred Lettison and Allan Strong, owners of the Adv Bookstore, were arrested on charges of allowing employees to appear in public nude above the waist. Both were released on bond.
Arresting officers said they were offered one of the shoes but declined.

Melodrama
While two reports of scientists are checking volcanic eruptions in the Caribbean, they are attacked by giant man-eating crabs. James Warren, Lynne Roberts, Paul Cavanagh.

MOVIE—Science Fiction
"Teen-Agers from Outer Space." (1959) Three aliens decide that the earth is the perfect spot to graze their man-eating monsters. David Love, Dawn Anderson, Bryan Gray, Harvey B. Dunn, Tom Lockyear.

THE AMATEUR STRIKES AGAIN

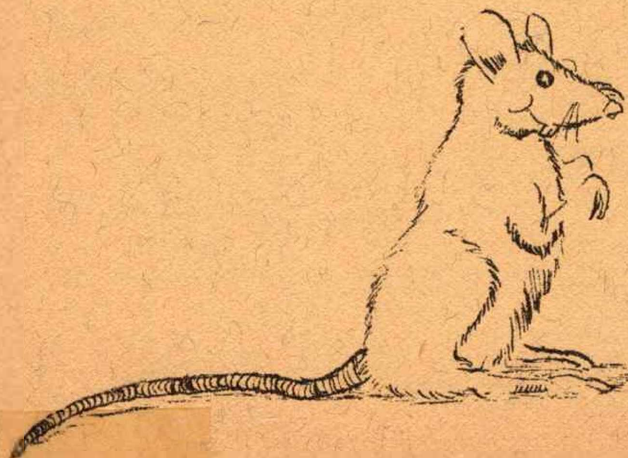
SANWORM #13, a special issue commemorating Walpurgisnacht, for those of you who can't make Brocken Peak this year, is the idiot child of Bob Vardeman or maybe it is the other way around. Vardeman resides in PO Box 11352, Albuquerque, NM 87112. It ain't roomy but it's cheap. SANDWORM is available for, regardless of what is said in the latter part of the editorial, for trades, contributions of written or drawn material (we'll assume everything submitted is artistic in content), or for (and here comes the big change) for six (6) eight cent (8¢) unlicked US postage stamps for a sample copy or two issues (2) for one US dollar (\$1). Any number of copies may be purchased in subscription at 50¢ per copy, but this is at your risk (gafia, nuclear war, halitosis or things even worse may intervene - for a fee, I will predict such things for you.) Various cryptic letters indicate the reason you get this zine. A "P" is akin

to being famous or infamous. It means you are permanently stuck on the mlg list and have attained Valhalla thru some outstanding personal effort or blackmail (howabout sending the negatives this time, swindler?). A number indicates the last issue you'll be seeing. Nothing at all indicates ambivalent feelings - you may not see the next number. A "T" means we trade and for this I thank you.

This whole mess is a genuine ***FUBB Pub**

ToC

cover....absurdity from various "news" sources
ToC.....Bob "Ratso" Reini
1.....Alexis Gillilandillo
2.....TV Guide
5.....Wizard of Id
7.....C Lee Healy illo
8.....Mario Navarro-illo
9.....PLANET EARTH, a poem by Bill Wolfenbarger
10.....Alexis Gillilandillo
11.....POLITICAL OUTLOOK OF CITIES IN SPACE written and drawn by Alexis Gilliland
13.....A RAY OF HOPE by Darrell Schweitzer with another Gillilandillo
14.....Ratso Reini again
15.....Dug Luvenstein briefly returns
20.....Bob Reini eludes the rat trap
23.....Andy Porter takes off via an illo
25.....Joe Pearson is suited up
mlg label....Ratso returns for a last bow



*****G*I*U*D*I*C*H*A*R*****

This is a semi-special issue in that it's going to be much longer than Sandworms or recent issue. Tis a celebration issue, this #13. Being numbered so auspiciously should help, of course, but I'm also going to have this out by one of the Albuquerque SF Society's major holidays, Walpurgisnacht.

In case you have been out of the country, off world or are illiterate, let me repeat the most momentous news to ever be revealed to mortal man.

Bubonicon Lives! Yes, friends, the New Mexifen are throwing a convention Aug. 27 and 28. Bubonicon or New Mexico 3, whichever suits your fancy or whichever looks best on your expense account. \$1 membership until the first of August when it jumps to \$3 and \$3.50 for our luncheon on the 28th until the first of August when we're jumping the price to \$5. It grieves me to have to up the rates after 1. August but we have to know ~~if anyone is coming~~ how many are coming. Peak tourist season and all that, you know.

I've decided to let the heavy political rapping go this time and simply reprint one of the most (im)pertinent cartoons I've seen in a long time. From the Wizard of Id by Parker and Hart in case you didn't know. It, meaning the cartoon, will be along shortly - you won't be able to miss it.

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A recent doctor's survey has shown that women are very delicate and should be manhandled with care.

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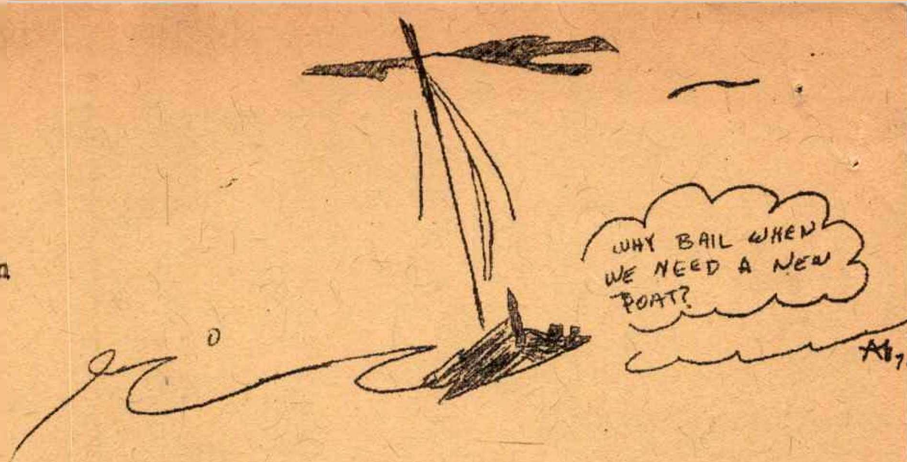
I don't know about the rest of you, but the recent FCC fiat strikes me as being totally fascist. And I'm not one of those flaming radicals who loosely use the term (in about the same way and with as much justification as the right wing nuts label everything they dislike as "Communist") Prohibiting a radio station from playing "any song which promotes or glorifies the use of drugs" is only one step away from having the FCC prohibit any song which a political message they don't like.

First of all, drug use or misuse is a social problem. Where is the crime where there is no injured party? No less personage than Arthur Goldberg has advocated removing all "crimes" of a social nature from the dockets to streamline real criminal prosecution.

Next, prohibition has been proven not to work. We even went so far as to write it into our Constitution and that flopped. Booze, pot, what's the difference? The issue of whether a person does dope of any kind or not is, in my radical centerist mind, of the same type decision as to whether a person drinks or not. Drinking will make your liver into a yellow brick - so far, the worst that can be said about too much pot is giving you emphysema.

Other stuff may be a different matter, but not in the eyes of the law or the FCC. I must mention, tho, that the chairman of the FCC cast the only dissenting vote and for that he must be congratulated. He is obviously the only one who has read that worthless piece of paper we laughingly call our Bill of Rights.

To point out what utter hypocrisy this prohibition is, I picked up a copy of a major circulation weekly TV schedule (I won't name TV Guide by name), saw a "public service" announcement showing how to spot a drug user. I just sort of browsed thru the rest of the issue and made an amazing discovery - along with a plug for straightness were (2) sleeping pill ads, (1) pain killer ad, (1) ad for cold caps and (1) ad for pep pills. Notspeed, perhaps, but nonetheless pep pills. Five different ads pushing. And yet the FCC bans "drug culture" songs. It all adds up to zero. Pure, unadulterated hypocrisy.



"One day it dawned on me that I was boring my husband to death."

When you're married as long as I am, you can reach a point where you start taking your husband for granted. Good old dependable Jim I used to say, and I guess that's how he was beginning to think of me, too. Good old dependable Barbara. It was horrible.

One day it dawned on me that I was boring my husband to death. It was hard for me to admit it—but it was true. It wasn't that I didn't love Jim, but often by the time he came home at night I was just feeling dull, tired and drowsy. And so Jim would look at television and, for the most part, act like I wasn't even there. And I wasn't.

I decided that I had to do something. I had seen an advertisement for a tablet called Vivarin. It said that Vivarin was a non-habit forming stimulant tablet that would give me a quick lift.

Last week there were a couple of evenings when I felt that I needed Vivarin. So, on those days, I took a Vivarin tablet

5:00 p.m., just about an hour before Jim came home, and I found time to pretty up a little, too. It worked.

All of a sudden Jim was coming home to a more

exciting woman, me. We talk to each other a lot more than we have in years—like we used to when we first were married and we'd take long rides in the old car just to be together and talk. And after dinner I was wide awake enough to do a little bit more than just look at television. And the other day—it wasn't even my birthday—Jim sent me flowers with a note. The note began: "To my new wife..."

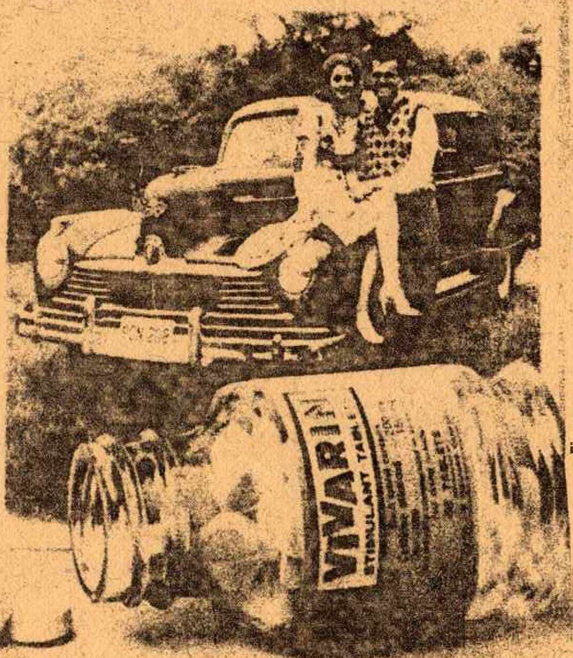
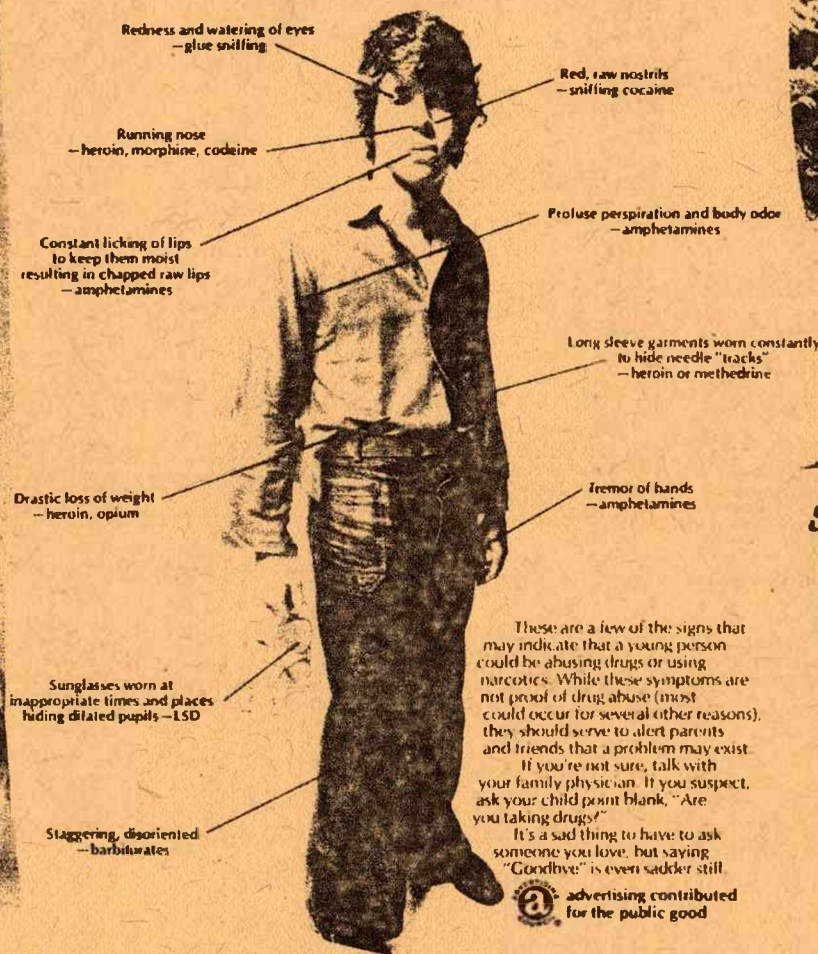


Diagram of a drug abuser



These are a few of the signs that may indicate that a young person could be abusing drugs or using narcotics. While these symptoms are not proof of drug abuse (most could occur for several other reasons), they should serve to alert parents and friends that a problem may exist. If you're not sure, talk with your family physician. If you suspect, ask your child point blank, "Are you taking drugs?"

It's a sad thing to have to ask someone you love, but saying "Goodbye" is even sadder still.

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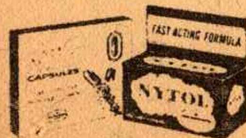
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I've just embarked on a veritable orgy of reading and re-reading (no, Edco, I don't have all that much time to read - not with working 40 hrs a week and taking 3 courses which, while they aren't difficult, do require quite a bit of study time) and among these I've reread was Dune. I still marvel at the intricacy of it. The finely woven tapestry of Arrakis, the detailed characterizations, the sheer power and scope of the book. And on each rereading I seem to find some new tidbit to titillate my imagination. Why, I even found a tuckerism I'd missed on all my previous readings. How many of you caught mention of the historian who wrote ST ALIA, HUNTRESS OF A BILLION WORLDS? A famous chronicler, that Pander Oulson.

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Legalize freedom

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My job takes me wandering down strange and wonderful avenues at times. Like right now I've gotten interested in ceramics. While idly thumbing thru a catalog, I chanced upon several entire pages of what must be the foremost use of ceramics in the US. Do you recognize any of the famous names in the field? "The Cabot", "The Mead", "The Alamo", "The Plato" - any of those? They are all either of the washdown or reverse trap model.

Howabout

these fine names? "The Squire", "The Parkside", or "The Hamal"? All of these are chemical. Toilets. Doesn't that restore your sense of wonder?

I mean, a toilet model called "The Plato"?

I'm sure other philosophers could be similarly immortalized - their work may be forgotten but with such a fitting shrine, their names could live forever.

In addition to so many

models for toilets, there are a variety of toilet seats available, too. Remember the scene in "No Time for Sergeants" when Andy Griffith rigs up all the toilet lids to snap to attention? There is an automatic lift seat on the market which "lifts when the weight is taken off". Isn't that a tribute to our technological growth? There are even, so help me, slam proof, shock resistant toilet lids. One can only speculate what usage these must receive that they have to be shock resistant.

In conjunction with my idle meanderings, I came across something else in a totally unrelated field (I'd been perusing some books on game theory) when I chanced upon "Game Playing with a Digital Computer" by Thomas Williams. Which doesn't mean a damned thing to me. But....one of the acknowledgements did. The author thanked R. Bushyager for his service and assistance. Surely, this couldn't be anyone else but Ron Bushyager? Could it, Ron?

In one book on game theory (The Compleat Strategyst), I found a really nice analysis of the dilemma posed by Frank Stockton in his "Lady or the Tiger". It would seem for the situation given, if the commoner had just about as much confidence as doubt in his royal lover, he should follow her dictates in choosing the doors. The problem gets a bit more complicated if doubt is a bit larger than confidence.

The whole

field is a fascinating collection of hints at how foreign policy might be formulated as well as more obvious applications like hound-hare wargames. I'd recommend you looking up a couple books on the subject - the math is minimal altho the logic (to me at least) is a bit on the difficult side.

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"The thing the ecologically illiterate don't realize about an ecosystem is that it's a system. A system! A system maintains a certain fluid stability that can be destroyed by a misstep in just one niche. A system has order, a flowing from point to point. If something dams that flow, order collapses. The untrained might miss that collapse until it was too late. That's why the highest function of ecology is the understanding of consequences"

/Pardot Kynes/

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Air pollution? ... Sky's the limit!

Here I sit, sweltering in the intense heat - not so much intense outside where it is a very pleasant 80 or so (Fahrenheit) but sweltering inside my attic where it is almost 100. (Centigrade). It seems my apt is poorly located being sandwiched between the main heating ducts and wash room. The washroom isn't ventilated and is usually about 110 inside (I carried a thermometer in with me once to check - 110 was all the higher the thermometer would read) and unfortunately uses one wall of my apt as a heat sink. So, since the air conditioning isn't on and complaining hasn't gotten it on (seems others are quite comfy and even cozy) I sit virtually stark naked and well oiled with my chepo wine and try to ignore it.

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"I know a big secret"

"What is it?"

"There's a war in IndoChina"

"Well, don't spread it around!"

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Selective shafting dept: I've come across some really sweet con jobs recently and I would like to pass them along to you. Hopefully so, if you can't cash in on them, you can at least avoid them like the plague (but not like the Bubonicon plague!)

First off is the old US ~~War~~ Savings Bond. Almost said Liberty Bond but that would've let my true age slip out. Given: the purchase of a war bond in, say, 1949. That's a mere 22 years ago. Now, at compound interest at 6%, the principal will double every 11 years. So that \$18.75 spent on a \$25 war bond should be worth at least four times as much. Right? Wrong. It's worth only about twice as much (\$38.96) A bond bought in Jan '41 would be worth only \$48.37. That means it hasn't even tripled its value in over 30 years. I humbly submit that this is a remarkably poor investment. And investment in one share of AT&T (also a remarkably poor investment) has returned about \$4 a year on an investment of, say on the conservative side, \$100. (AT&T sells right now for a good bit less). \$100 in 1960, \$4 a yr, \$40 return on \$100 initial. In 10 years - and that is taking one of the worst years for AT&T as an average. Over the same period a \$100 bond purchased at \$75 would be worth only \$108. Compared to the \$140 for AT&T. And the tax breaks on the AT&T are significant - long term capital gains can be finagled while you pay Uncle Samuel on every single cent you earn from his war bonds.

And I

will personally assure you that AT&T is probably sounder financially than Uncle Samuel is.

The

second entry in the shaft dept. is auto insurance. I pay an exorbitant amt. each year because of my age. How's almost \$500 grab you? It grabs me around the pocketbook every 6 months. And I'd probably have to sue the company to get them to pay a dime if I ever had a claim. But, with the recent 20% hike in auto rates in NM (at least mine went up 20%), they sent out this cute little rationale for upping the rates. The frequency of accidents has gone up, costs are more. Okay. But they also said their suckers only average one collision every 10 yrs, 4 months and a comprehensive loss every 8 yrs. If they only have to pay out, on the average, every 10 years, they aren't starving. (By the way, my rates are reduced since I have a "good driver discount". What really irks me is that I have to have auto insurance to even drive on federal property.)

Still another thing irritating me lately are people sending requests for names and addresses of fans. Blanket requests: Send me the names & addresses of every one on your mlg list. Everyone in the ASFS. Like hell I will, kiddies. I'm not the motor vehicle dept who'll sell lists of drivers to magazine companies or any of the other agencies who'll do the same thing. I'm a fan. If you need to know the address of some fan for some fan purpose like sending a zine or returning money or other legitimate reason, I'll be happy to oblige. But I will not send out lists of names and addresses since this smacks too much of the Pentagon, magazine ad drives and general invasion of privacy by all sectors of our society. Tough luck.

To wit: my grandfather has been dead for almost 9 years now and the Reader's Digest still sends ads to him. My grandmother has moved 4 times since 1962 and the RD has changed addresses 4 times (quite mysteriously since she certainly doesn't dig receiving "Please come back and join the millions receiving Reader's Digest, Mr. Slider"... yes, it's one of those cute ads which fills in the name in 14 spots.) Snarl.

JR PIERCE, sometime sf author, was in town recently to give a talk at Sandia. Unfortunately, even tho the talk was a brief few hundred yards from where I was, I couldn't attend. The really ironic part is that I wanted to while several score others didn't want to and yet had to. Sort of like the Army hunting for "volunteers", ie warm bodies. Pierce, you see, is not a mere mortal, but is a super honcho in the Sandia Hierarchy. Anyone who can, by his mere prescence, command the attendance of Sandia's president, all of its vice-presidents and a sizable chunk of its lower brass is, indeed, a super honcho.

I figure the hour or so Pierce was talking on data acquisition cost the USofA taxpayer at least \$10kilobucks. For, you see, Sandia is rented to the AEC for \$1 a yr by Western Electric and then the AEC foots all the bills even tho, technically, Sandia is owned by Western which is owned by Bell Labs, of which Pierce is in charge of the Communications Division. Rumor has it that JRP is a prime contender for the presidency of Bell Labs when said position is available.

Has there ever been another sf writer so highly placed in the "Establishment"? I can't think of one. I mean, Pierce is so high up in the Establishment, he can have his talked billed as being by "noted scientist, engineer, science fiction writer..."and not have anyone so much as snicker. I wonder if any other sf writer can make that claim?

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HELP! The paranoids are after me. And you, too!

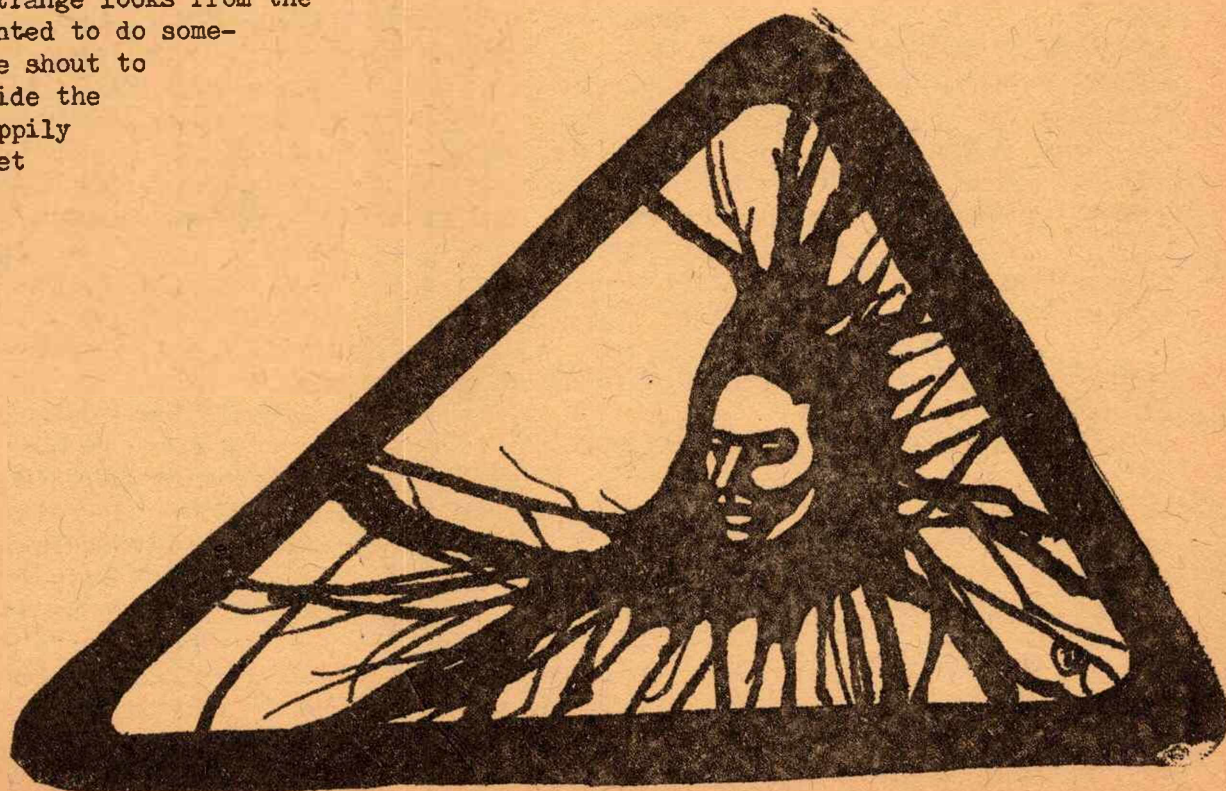
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I just noticied a goof in the review section. The book by Van Arnam was Lord of Blood & not Star Barbarian. You can tell how much impact the book must have made on me.

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Over the Easter weekend (I think it was Easter since I got Friday off), Montgomery, Richard Blackburn and I drove the SWormwagen up to Denver because Denver isn't Albuquerque. To say that I had a fascinating time is to understate the sentiment. First nite we crashed at the Beetems (who have a trampoline - can you picture me bouncing around like an illformed blob of silly putty?) I got to meet the rest of the Beetem clan (having only briefly met the Dorisii before). Also the (*shudder*) STrekkies ...Judith Brownlee is quite right when she says I'll never understand the STrekkie attitude. Never. Also saw Caz & Mary Cazedouss and their fabulous house high up in the Rockies. Plus sundry and assorted other people. The weather was nice, the roads free of annoying people for the most part (except for one roadblock

where we got strange looks from the cops. Rich wanted to do something nice like shout to Mike "Quick, hide the grass!" but happily he wanted to get to Denver more than he did to some rotten little jail cell. I also discovered Mike is a pinko com-symp political-ly while Rich is one of the True Americans. Like me.



While I play at my prophecies (didya see that Mt. Etna is erupting now? Perhaps, my time sense was a bit off...), anyway, while I just play at the game, Frank Herbert uses his insight in a manner as methodical as that of Sherlock Holmes.

To wit: Remember the best-seller INTERN by Dr. X? I know I read it, and I'm sure a goodly number of you did, too. I wondered in an offhand way who X was and then mofe or less forgot the issue. Not so Frank Herbert.

Herbert, news sleuth, has been digging for almost 4 years and has finally found Dr. X. And the kicker is, I'm met Dr. X. A lot of you probably have also. Dr. X is none other than Alan Nourse, the organizer of the Heicon charter flight last year, author of such dandies as "Nightmare Brother" and...now we learn, INTERN.

For those of you who are very interested in how Herbert finally cornered Nourse, the Seattle Post-Intelligencer on 18 April '71 carried the story. I happened by a copy thru the good graces of Vera Heiminger (in Vera's letter she also mentions "Begatting of the President", the demise of Seattle (fandom), and a bet I hope she wins. About Nixon's failure to get re-elected.)

So, another fannish first - an sf pro/fan has had a nationwide best seller (maybe more depending on how SO YOU WANT TO BE A DOCTOR? sold) and has managed to keep it a secret for half a decade.

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Has anyone tried drilling for water in Lake Erie?

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PLUGS: Fire, Hugo and otherwise:: I just got the list of Hugo nominations. Seems like is was a pretty good yr, all things considered. For no reason other than to take up space, here's my two ¢s worth of opinion.

Novel: Year of the Quiet Sun by Tucker...easily. Novella: *sigh* I nominated Koontz's Beastchild - it's his best to date. But Ill Met In Lankmar by Leiber also deserves a Hugo since the Mouser has never won while so much dreck Leiber has written has won. I'll have to twist my soul (if I have one) over this.

Short: no award. I have finally figured out "In the Queue" by Laumer. The big question is "What was the line for?" The answer should be obvious to a fan. To get into FAPA. Think about it -- but it's still no award.

Dramatic Presentation: Another soul twister. I've finally decided to go with Hauser's Memory. No Blade of Grass didn't quite come off the way "LA-2017" did. Blows Against the Empire, soon to be a major musical comedy, isn't well enough integrated to be considered in my opinion (altho I really grooved on those grooves or something). Likewise with Don't Crush That Dwarf, Hand Me the Pliers. This one said something, maybe something important, but I can't figure out what. I loved it but I'm sticking with Hauser's Memory. Which was a well done, well acted movie without a copout ending.

Pro artist: need you ask? FEas.

Prozine: Analog with Amazing a close second.

Fanzine: Energumen, of course! And Toronto in '73!! (Stockholm in '76, too)

Fan Artist: Alicia Austin, altho all are fine artists in their own ways.

Fan Writer: From what I've seen this year, there is absolutely no competition at all. Liz Fishman is far and away the best of the list. While I wonder if enough people see Thru the Winger to make her a major contender, it is undeniably true she is the freshest and most talented new fanwriter on the scene. Carr and Pauls are very sercon compared with Liz's ramblings which have brightened Yandro so much this past year.

You might consider a special Hugo - next year at LA - for The Ultimate World by Gernsback. Reportedly, it will be published by Walker Books sometime in the fall and will even have a Frank Paul cover.

Further plugs: Vancouver in '75, DC in '74 and Bubonicon in '71, around August 27-28. Then there is THX-1138. Don't miss it ...Big Brother says not to

Several of you have asked when I'm going to start my book since several of my profit-cies for '71 have already come true (to wit: the Calif. earthquake and the civil war in a western S. American country, Ecuador--I'll throw in Argentina for free since it wasn't anything but a coup) Also, as has been pointed out, a major change in the Vatican is taking place, otherwise what would you call Vatican sponsorship of the playing of "Jesus Christ, Super Star"? A Criswell prediction: Within ten years, the Pope will be selling blessed birth control devices on a streetcorner in downtown Rome.

Speaking of religion, I've been pondering this question since tomorrow is Palm Sunday (which, for you non-Christians, means that the church your pagan brethern belong to goes forth to its congregation with palm outstretched, much like a head waiter. Only, if you don't pay up, you not only won't get a good table, you'll probably burn in hell forever to boot.) In the words of that noted theologian and scholar, Ted Pauls "What doesn't strike me as ridiculous about religion appalls me." Which pretty well sums up my views.

But I've been looking thruout sf to find a viable alternate to our pagan, semi-barbaric worships. I am proud to bring your attne again to Fosterism. Fosterism doesn't deny human pleasure, except to the unredeemed. It promises life after death, yes, but it also stresses that a person must prepare himself in this world for all the pleas ures abounding in the next. We're sort of on a training grounds in this corporeal world and when we graduate, we die. But continue on spiritually. I don't really dig the continuang on part, but the training for those abounding pleasures, yeah. (By the way, fakefans, I'd like you all to write in and tell me what sf novel the Fosterites play a fairly large part in.)

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Comment on Nixon's domestic policy: Unemployment isn't working

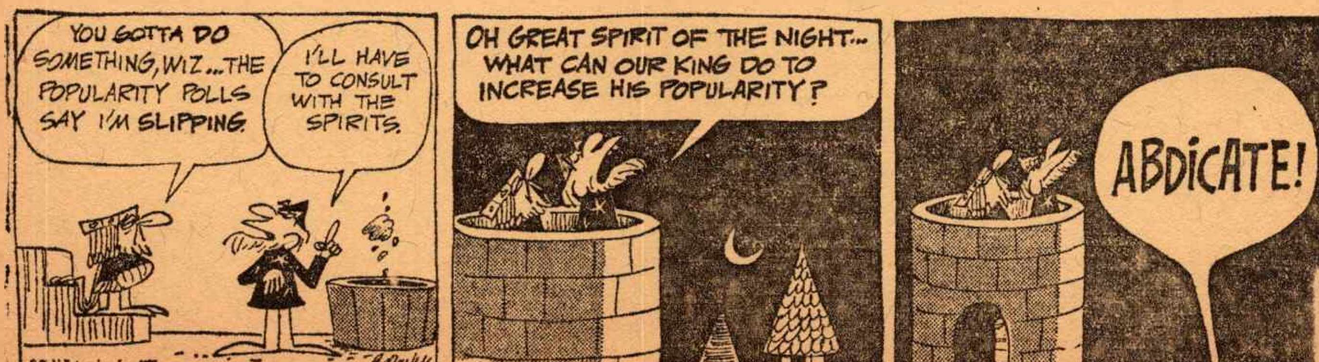
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It is nothing less than amazing to me that the very people who were chanting "Free Huey" not so long ago have changed their tune to "Free Calley". I guess it isn't too surprising since any cause will do. AT UNM, I was standing around ~~skipping~~ watching and the people signing the telegram to Nixon were predominately from two groups. One was the "Peace NOW!" people, the other seemed to be the American Legion types. Hard-hats, if you prefer that generalization.

I think Calley was railroaded and the brass in the Pentagon sat around and calculatedly decided who to ax to save their skins, but be this as it may or may not, I think a more fundamental point comes up in Nixon's reaction to the deluge of telegrams. The man is a moral coward. It took 100,000 telegrams to force him to say he'd review the decision. If there was any doubt whatsoever, he shouldn't have needed even one letter. If there is no doubt, 200 million telegrams should make no difference. I suspect what Nixon is more worried about is not Calley or the moral issues but the '72 election. He is doing the very thing he once said he would never do, let large numbers of people influence his policy. I seem to remember a semi-famous quote of his when confronted with a Washington full of war protesters saying that a hundred times their number would not sway his decision. Now, on a vital issue morally and politically, he bows out to expediency. I suspect that now is the time for a massive anti-war push--and if it comes from not only the peaceniks but the gung-ho John Wayne American Legion Our Country Right or Wrongers, he might actually do something. Then again, maybe not.

THE WIZARD OF ID

By Brant Parker and Johnny Hart



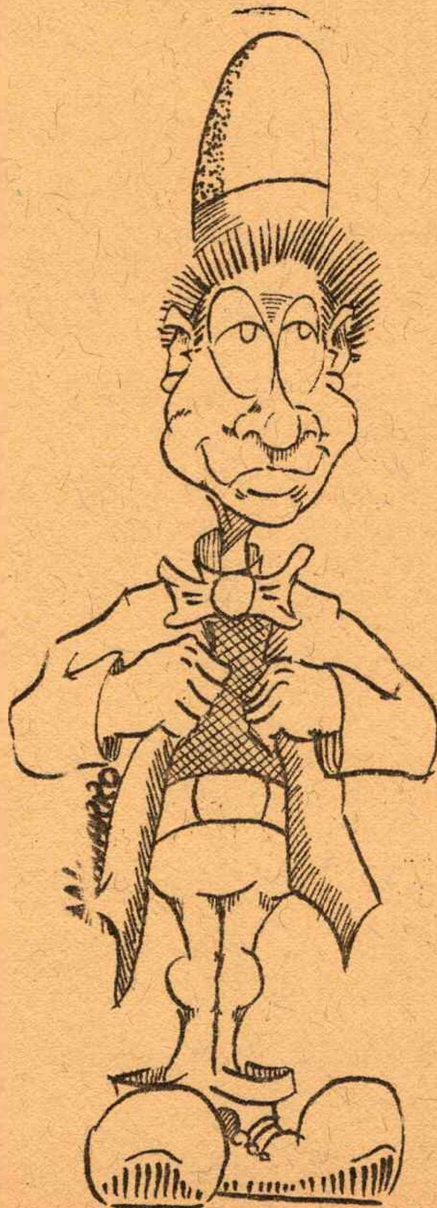
PURGE!! Yes, gentlefen, I'm afraid I must play Charlie McCarthy (or was that Joe McCarthy?) and eliminate deadwood from my mlg list. I cut 42 of you last year. With this mlg I'll be cutting another 25 or so. Sorry about that, but no response, no Sandworm. Also, as an added effect of the PoSt Office's \$ Stamp hike, I'm changing the medium in which you can buy Sandworm. No longer will it be purchasable for 50¢, now you can get it for eight (8) cent stamps, six being the required number. That's Sandworm in return for six 8¢ stamps. This will make it easier for you to send, and alleviate some of my postage problems.

Oh, yes. They must be mint (that's unlicked for you non-philately fans) and usable in the US. To date, I haven't had to worry about overseas subscribers. If I ever do, I'll find me an overseas agent.

Might I urge you to support all sorts of Noble Causes? Like Toronto in '73! Perhaps Washington in '74. Australia in '75 (altho rumblings from Vancouver indicate opposition forming). Stockholm in '76 (and let's just hope the world war I'm predicting doesn't cut off any of these fine cons.) Bubonicon Aug. 27-28 (we now have an official Mascot! Bubonicus is his name and his tail measures a goodly 6 inches). Per Insulander for Taff. Salt water for Taffy. Alexis Gilliland for fanwriter in '71! Alicia Austin for best fanartist! Mike Glicksohn's Energumen for best fanzine. And to hell with the pro awards...

Here's hoping that

I'll see lots of you at Westercon and Bubonicon. May you never thirst!



PLANET EARTH

by Bill Wolfenbarger

2 after 6 (p m) all's well
cigarette / coffee .. Skillern's
 Drug Store on Jefferson Ave.,
 Dallas Texas chilly nite Monday.
i looked at the clock to know what
 time it was ----

----this perfect unperfect world
including clòcks & tables &
 mannerisms & foolish children----
glass of iced water
playing my bearded mustache
my heart sometimes like an ache
 in the wind----
i'm ready to deliver myself
 to appointed destination
the woods the earth keep me
 alive & quiet
i have paid for my sins
my bill is paid up in full
----. Yet i have certain spiritual debts:
i have come to my own conclusion

the night keeps me long.
what our danger is is ourselves
in our naked underware,
the planet of ourselves...
we the living & the dead

certain self-observations reveal:
mathematics a freak of creation,
inhuman you see in the long run.
certain manifestations of spiritual/
 or / supernatural glory
 silently & brilliantly
 illuminate the planet;
confrontations with ice & mirror
--- -- Everything is included.

we are Johnny Cash & pancakes
 & protoplasm as well-- --
we are easy to remember ourselves
 in thèneye blink- -;
& who will remember us
 (& why) when we pass
 from this earthly life
 into a new season of Being
 & reach a peek of Ages-- --
inspiration's vision, perhaps,
a Mind Eden soul consciousness,
the sweet Everlasting Now
 of all high things
 in high places

Reborn of the Prophecy
(which) (is) (another) (way) (of) (saying)
Reborn of the Poem
in/out/beyond of this earthly caste,
created beyond fundamental mathematics
a new Souldering creature
to know & feel the Truth
in a vast trumpet of sound & glory
past/(beyond)/ all the ages abound
catching breath, fire & love
 & long loving patience
 that the universe is new again, new new
true to the Spirit animal child king dream
 in the Sun of All Things
passeth from bush, tree & acorn
 to hill & mouth, open ground,
 tree & bananas, whale & apple.

-Bill Wolfenbarger
Dallas Texas
November 29 - December 2, 1969



THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK OF THE CITY-IN-SPACE

by Alexis A. Gilliland

One of science fiction's good old standard props is the city in space, which is generally conceived of in familiar terms as a city of earth in a slightly different location. It is where it is because of economic advantages, or convenient location with respect to trade-routes, or simply because it had a tourist attraction.

Inevitably, the earth-city has a hinterland, a place where people go to the city from, because the city is where it's at. Cut a city from its hinterland, and you damage it severely. Case in point: West Berlin, formerly Berlin, had the eastern provinces of Germany, Silesia, Saxony and Prussia for its hinterland. After World War II, and especially after the erection of the Berlin Wall, West Berlin was isolated and on its own. It survives, but it has an aging population, and no function to serve, save manufacturing for a distant market. If it does not die, or turn into an old age home (a new if unlikely function) it will be because it has been provided with a new hinterland.

The hinterland also provides the city with life support. Not only new people, but also food, raw materials and recreation. And air, if we allow that the wastes of the city would choke it to death unless diluted with the fresh air blowing in from the countryside.

Now a city in space is something else. It has a big fat vacuum for a hinterland, and will therefore be obliged to produce its own food, recreation, new people and air. That is to say, a city in space must be an autarky -- an entity capable of living in complete independence. Otherwise, at the first change in circumstance -- the food supply disrupted by a war, the economic depression of a major market, or what have you, our city folds up and dies -- literally and irreversibly.

Let us take the second case as an instance. Our city makes foons which it sells to planet A in sufficiently large quantities to buy groceries from planet B. Our city is surely going to be aware of the Radical Crackpot Party on planet A which wants to put up a tariff wall against foons. If they ever get in.... Besides which, the cost of transporting the groceries from B comes to as much as the groceries themselves. It would pay to raise their own.

So here we have a clear mandate for autarkic policy.

Given the nature of life support systems, it quickly becomes clear that given the power (solar power or hydrogen fusion or whatever) to recirculate the biological material, it is not only feasible but imperative to produce one's own food and pure water and air.

Given the difficulty of transport, the same is true for bringing in new people and going on vacations.

What you wind up with is a tiny biosphere in which a city provides its own hinterland, and the whole thing has very little reason to look outward rather than inward.

There could be a psychological reason for that also.

If we build our city around a small asteroid, then gravity will be provided by centrifugal force, and you stand with your feet to the universe and your head to the community.

Let us imagine not a tiny plastic bubble such as is presently envisaged, giving a minimum of support to a small handful of transients, but a mighty work of man, bulking hundreds of cubic miles.

In which, for instance, waste water is recycled through a tiny, synthetic ocean, where shrimp and lobster, oysters and tuna, whiting and flounder all thrive and are harvested as food, while the evaporation from that tiny body of water (which might yet be several cubic miles in extent)

provides an limited but unending supply of fresh water for drinking and agriculture.

Our sewer system, far from being a dismal network of tunnels, embraces both sea and sky.

And the technologists - pragmatic and profit minded though they may be on earth, now are charged with the maintainence of life, nay the Universe itself. For energy comes, not from the sun, which is far distant and meagre in its provision thereof, but from thermonuclear fusion, carried out in mechanisms built, tended and understood by technologists. The priesthood of ancient Egypt worshipped the Sun as God. Here, men have brought the "sun" into the center of their dwelling place, constructing in fact the Medieval version of the Universe, in which man lived on one of a number of concentric shells.

Our city in space then, does not embrace the qualities of "cityness" (Burgheit?) as we now understand them, but is rather a tiny self-contained universe, with every reason to look inward. It may maintain contact with other cities or engage in trade or travel (if only to avoid overmuch inbreeding) but there is going to be a mightily provincial outlook among the population.

If we also assume the techniques of population control have been mastered, then what you have is a micro-universe, well insulated from the rude shocks and disasters which affect us planet dwellers, and well and truly locked on the status quo.

The people of such a world-box would have a high standard of living, and since death rate would be low (no diseases, few accidents) most would live to a ripe old age. Which means that the bulk of the population would be over 30, quite possibly over 40.

It is a truism that old, rich people tend to be conservative. Add also an environment which imposes conservation as an imperative for survival, and a technology concerned with staying put... where it is more important not to forget the old than to discover the new... and out "city" in space" is not only provincial but positively reactionary.

And since men traditionally make gods in their own image - why, what could be more natural than a conservative god and a reactionary religion?

You don't want to mess it up do you?

And, in fact, they would have a good thing.

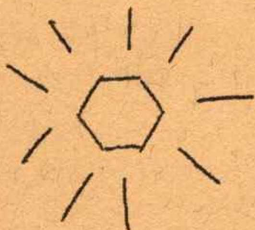
It may be, as Isaac Asimov once suggested, that mankind's next evolutionary thrust will be towards the stars. Maybe the future of the race is space. If we blow up Tellus, as seems more and more

likely, that will be all there is.

However, as I have just indicated, there may be some booby traps.

It is, after all, unthinkable that Liberalism should vanish into thin air.

....*Alexis Gilliland*....



A RAY OF HOPE: ANTI-ART AND THE MASS MEDIA

-by Darrell Schweitzer

Fellow television viewer: Are you frustrated by all the mindless crap that's broadcast over the airwaves these days? It's atmospheric pollution if there ever was such a thing. There's hardly a decent thing left on. If you find yourself watching more than three hours a week, you're doing good. And what is the current trend?

To get worse, of course. You give the public what it wants. Everybody knows that the public consists of a bunch of mentally retarded ten-year-olds. So what is the intelligent person to do? Find a member of the "public" and sell his TV -- provided the customer is smart enough to count out the money.

No, I see a strange kind of light on the horizon. There is hope - sort of. The trends will continue. The crap will get worse and worse until it reaches absolute zero - and then it will get worse again.

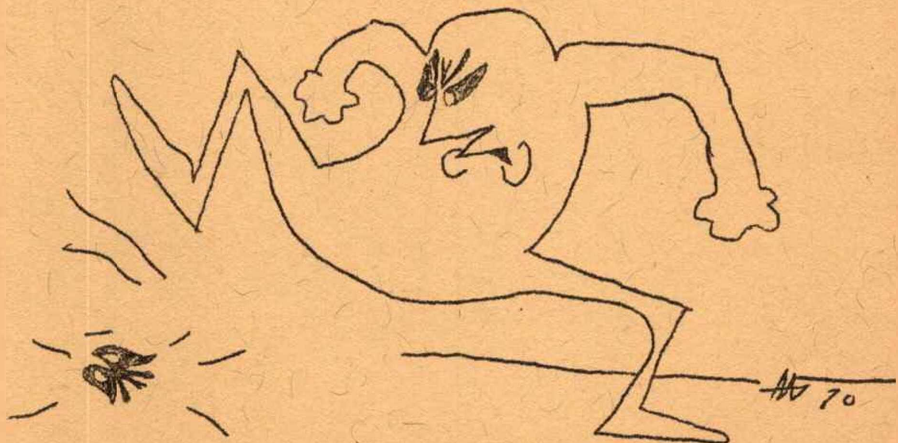
The end result is anti-art. I would define this term as any form of supposedly artistic endeavor that is so bad that it gives pleasure through its own wretchedness. It is not just bad, but actually possesses a certain negative artistic quality. Some things are so bad they can't just be a product of incompetence. Somewhere there is a driving force, an idiot genius with the rare ability of creating functional anti-art. This is a hard thing to do. Most bad stuff is just bad; certain Star Trek episodes, for example (eg. "Omega Glory") are just unmitigated crap. Only when a production is supremely shitty does it assume a negative worth.

Probably one of the earliest forerunners of this now emerging genre in film entertainment was a 1950's sf movie called TEENAGERS FROM OUTER SPACE. I cannot authoritatively say this was the worst movie ever made because I never saw I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN, but it has got to be in the bottom five. It has that rare stench about it. It is true anti-art.

The acting is non-existent (I say this in the present tense because the movie is still going around on the boob tube). Anti-movies can't have real actors. Apparently this director was given a total of \$50 for his budget, and after spending so much of it on his extravagantly elaborate special effects (more about that in a minute), he didn't have anything left for a cast. So he let all his cousins and friends in. The fact that they couldn't act is beside the point.

This makes for true tension in the film. If you were thrilled and hanging on the edge of your seat from the TV Batman, you'd appreciate it; it's on the same level. It seems that they're all mouthing their lines. Everyone can't really have a voice like the Lost In Space robot - can they?

The plot is brilliant. It is also very simple;



so simple that a five-year old could have thought it up. As a matter of fact, I think one did. There is this galactic civilization, you see, that wants to unleash gigantic land dwelling lobsters (that they raise for food) on the Earth. They want to use out world as a pasture. Fortunately, the son of one of their top officials doesn't dig this since he has fallen in love with a beautiful girl with acne and buck-teeth who is the heroine of this movie. He even dies heroically saving her and the world.

There are some major photographic breathrus introduced in the film. They're so different that nobody ever used them before or since - they all had too much good sense. The hero vs. lobster scene, for example, is a beauty. They got this underwater shot of a lobster or a crayfish and projected it on a cheap movie screen. Then they had our hero approach it with his ray gun so that it would look like he was almost under the claws of the thing. However, the screen is much darker than the place where the people walk up to it. This is all part of the trick photography, I guess. For sound effects, they borrowed Godzilla's roar. Did you know that lobsters roar? You do now.

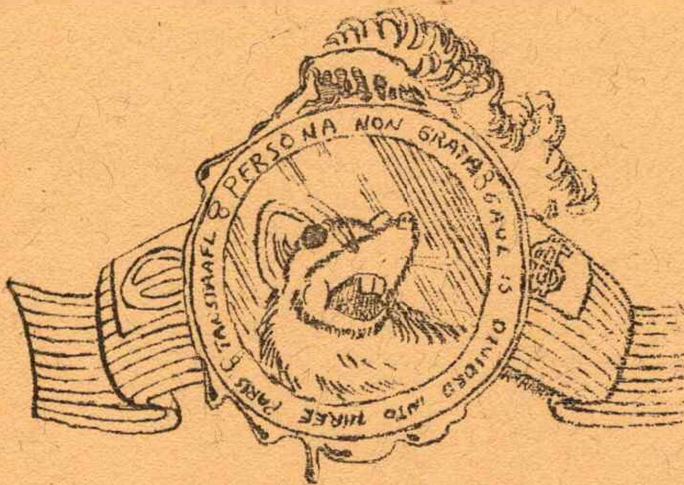
The film introduces effects that boggle the mind. There is a scene where a flying saucer lands. When it is on the ground, it looks about ten feet in diameter and as high as a man's waist. However, when he goes inside, he climbs down a ladder twice his height, into a spacious room at least twenty feet across. I still haven't figured this out. Must have fractured the space-time or something.

Besides this, the movie is very scientific. We learn a lot about electronics. Did you know that if you need more power you can cut a cable in two and shove one end in your ray gun? Try it sometime. No one has ever lived to disprove it.

Regardless of how my meagre description may sound, this movie is NOT bad. It is more than bad, infinitely more so. It is true negative art and is immensely entertaining.

I see no sign of reversal in the current film trend, especially on television. If this is the inevitable result, then so be it. At least this way we'll have some reason to watch more than an hour of TV a week. And this is what the silent majority wants. Should keep Spiro happy.

....Darrell Schweitzer....





I've engaged on a veritable orgy of reading and re-reading lately. Once I get in the mood, I can put away 10 or 12 books a week in addition to everything else I do.

onward.

20,000 Leagues Under the Sea:

Jules Verne: Washington Sq. Press, 75¢:: What can I really say about one of the foremost and most widely known classic? This is a new translation by Walter Miller, but I didn't really notice any great difference in the text. Perhaps the most striking thing, other than the story itself, is the use of interior illos. By Walter Brooks. The plot is action touched with prophecy of the first water and is an all around nicely spun tale. If you've just been reading the library's copy, you certainly owe it to yourself to come thru with 75¢ and get this illustrated pb.

DANNY DUNN AND THE SMALLIFYING MACHINE: Jay Williams and Raymond Abrashkin: Archway Books, 60¢:: The more astute of you have already guessed this is either a juvenovel or a New Wavicles attempt to write hard

sf. I set your mind at ease, it is the former. I hesitate to say what age level this is intended for, probably 9-12, since I've also read the Heinlein juveniles recently and they read like adult books. Naive science, but it looks impressive since on the acknowledgement page, they thank a real, honest to life professor for his invaluable help. Doing what, I couldn't guess. Plot: Danny, Joe and Irene accidentally get themselves (along with Prof. Bullfinch) caught up in a matter reducing machine the prof has invented. That's it. Damn little action, no trolls or ogres, the merest hint of a spy, naive science (if Drs. Siegle and Atwood were "scientific" advisors, I would think they'd be ashamed to have their names printed as such. Like, how is the smallifying possible? I may be strange, but I know when I was 8 or 9, I would have wondered why. Now I know why it is not possible, but I was at least expecting some quasi-scientific explanation ala Planet Stories. This may be highly recommended for school librarians and the like, but for kids, I would say it was intentionally written down and fails on several counts. It offers no vicarious thrills (unless the slightest thing is thrilling to the kid-which I doubt), it offers no challenge to the intellect by stimulating curiosity and further uses stereotypes as characters, a failing that could easily be avoided. An 8 yr old doesn't deserve being introduced to the absentminded prof stereotype.

TENTH ABOUT WITCHCRAFT: Hans Holzer: Pocket Books: 95¢:: While I hardly consider myself to be the all time authority on witchcraft, I must admit that the subject fascinates me. The entire book mixes up nature worship of several varieties, tosses in a smattering of witchcraft during the Middle Ages and just for grins, throws in a dose of satanism and labels this as "true witchcraft". I won't quibble over what Holzer is calling witchcraft, but will say that I doubt if his definition would be very widely accepted among scholars of history. It is a moderately intriguing book for a change, and one which would be quite nice to pass an hour or so with if it didn't cost 95¢.

THE TRUTH ABOUT MENTAL TELEPATHY: Beth Brown: Essandess: \$1.00:: For starters, this book is a shuck. Almost nothing is said about mental telepathy other than citing a case or two where esp might be an explanation of otherwise inexplicable circumstances. This is a short book, essentially saying nothing and costing a lot. Steer a wide course around this book or waste a buck.

Now that I have panned the worst of the bunch, let me highly recommend

NEBULA AWARD STORIES FOUR: Ed Poul Anderson, Pocket Books, 75¢::: Mother to the World (Wilson) The Planners (Kate Wilhelm), and Dragonrider (McCaffrey) are the Nebula winners included, Passage winning the novel length Nebula in 1968. The "losers" included, to my mind, the best story in the collection. The Dance of the Changer and Three by Terry Carr. This is one of the best alien stories I've come across in a long while; everything seems strangely wonderful and different, fresh and refreshing. Also included in the collection are Sword Game by Hallis and The Listeners by Gunn. And a section in back enumerating all those authors who died in 1968. The list is depressingly long and many fine names are listed, Boucher, Conklin, Gerald Kersh, Frank Owen, Harl Vincet, etc.

This collection is well worth the price of admission both for the stories and Poul Anderson's intro.

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DEEPER THAN THE DARKNESS: Greg Benford: Ace 80¢::: Somebody at Ace really goofed with this book. A real botch. This is undoubtedly one of the finest books Ace has seen in a long time and they don't even put it in their Special line (while their Specials are running garbage from Compton and Moorcock). Deeper than the Darkness is a hard book to describe, both thematically and stylistically. The writing is clipped, almost in a fannish shorthand of half sentences and implied nouns. The theme is fascinating, and I'm not at all sure I really know what Benford was trying to say --I see it as showing the fallacy of Eastern ways of thinking when dealing with a dynamic race. Heavy on the philosophy, also heavy in the science dept. Which is, naturally, well done; if it weren't, I suspect that Greg would never have considered sending it to a publisher. There are even a few minor tuckerisms, one I noticed mentioned the Dbook theory of neutron stars. For 60¢, you can't pass this one up.

DERYNI RISING: Katherine Kurtz: Ballantine 95¢::: This is part of the Adult Fantasy series from Ballantine, and for my money one of the best. Good fantasy is hard to do, Deryni Rising is quite well done (and this is the author's first book!) The plot is one of heroic derring-do, but Kathy makes it seem almost plausible. The king is killed by witchcraft, his son must assume the throne and the powers of the Deryni (a despised, warrior-wizard race) in spite of adversity. The characters live and breathe, the plot flows smoothly and, to top matters off, the ending leaves the reader drooling for more. Well worth 95¢

STAR BARBARIAN: Dave Van Arnam, Lancer 75¢::: This book is everything a fantasy shouldn't be. It harasses and intimidates the reader with tongue twisting and mind boggling names, at least 20 times per page. The over muscled and sub-IQ barbarian king is enslaved and lucks his way into another kingship in spite of minor obstacles like being a slave, etc. The difference between Deryni Rising and Star Barbarian is fundamental; accepting the basis for the world of DR, everything is consistent and believable. Given the world of SB, the only thing that stands out is the hero's incredible luck and the deus ex machina plot.

THE TRAVELLER IN BLACK: John Brunner, Ace 75¢::: This and, indeed, most of the Special line are special. Some as I noted above are pretty bad. However, I guess Ace is to be forgiven when they can give the reader stories like Yr of the Quiet Sun, Pavane, Witches of Karres and The Traveller in Black. Brunner's stories of the Traveller in Black are highly reminiscent of Moorcock's Elric series, one of the high points of the sword and sorcery regime. The Traveller is a being under geas, laid by whom he can't answer, and must wander thruout the world changing Chaos into Order. In a way, these are modern parables like the one about the fisherman who finds a magic lamp and is granted 3 wishes. The people in the stories are granted their wishes, but what they want and what they get are all too often totally different things. Brunner has passed thru his period of writing so-so books for Ace doubles. He has now graduated into the limelight of a major author. And these stories reflect that change.

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"Power to the People!"

"The Masses are asses!"

?-?

CURRENTS OF SPACE: Isaac Asimov, Fawcett 75¢:: Again, what can I say about one of the best known authors in sf? Something new? Very doubtful. What about Currents? It has been reprinted at least 6 or 7 times, probably more. I'm sure that you've all read it since it stands second only to Asimov's robot stories as being the finest example of sf blended with the detective story. For those few of you who haven't read Currents, you may guess who the villain is before the end of the book, but unless you are very sharp you'll never be able to piece together all the clues until after the action is over - then, as with any good detective story, you can kick yourself for not seeing the obvious. If you don't have a copy of Currents of Space, you should (Asimov is so prolific, he has even published books deciphering the Bible).

CHILDREN OF TOMORROW: AE Van Vogt: Ace, 95¢:: If I had written this book and sent it to Ace, they would have bounced it with only a mimeo'd form rejection. If a better known author, say Dean Koontz, had submitted it, he might have rated a hand written rejection. And rightly so. But this wasn't written by either Koontz or an unknown, it was written by Van Vogt and as such won publication. Which is a pity since it is a book with twisted characterizations, imprecise plotting and totally clouded motivations. The children have taken over control of the space ports since their fathers are starside so long and their mothers are too permissive. They've organized "gangs" which are rigidly structured and totally relied on by the mothers for the upbringing of their children (blind leading the blind). The aliens have a child in the group to see if the Earthmen were the ones who H-bombed their planet, one of the gang members' fathers comes home and is blackballed for not allowing his daughter to have free reign. Confused and lacking in substance. It is hardly worth 50¢, much less 95¢

THIS PERFECT DAY: Ira Levin: Fawcett \$1225:: Besides being by the author of Rosemary's Baby, this book is overpriced, slow paced and lacking the sheer stark horror that made 1984 such a memorable book. The Earth is run by Unicom, the omniscient computer which has subjugated earth giving the people enough to eat, sex once a week, and little else. It accomplished this via drugging the populace and suppressing violent emotions and drives. I think one reason this doesn't quite come off is that Levin shows the society to be sterile, but happy and sterile. Orwell pictured a society only a step away from today, continual war, near starvation, double think, and complete obedience. To me the idea of complete obedience thru brainwashing is far worse than complete obedience thru druggings. In the end of This Perfect Day, the protagonist (he sure ain't my hero) gets the chance to cop-out and join the ranks of the rulers but doesn't. This and other clues leads me to the conclusion that the protagonist is a very paranoid character, a monomaniac. Oh well. This Perfect Day is not perfect and is far from being worth the pricetag. For sheer horror, read 1984 by Orwell instead.

THE SMUGGLED ATOM BOMB: Philip Wylie: Lancer 50¢:: This was written back in 1948 and shows it. In fact, if I were to pick out an adult book which could be understood and maybe even enjoyed by the 9-12 group, this would be it. Simple science, yet fairly accurate. The characterizations are not very much, but at least they are a notch better than stereotypes, there is an acceptable amount of violence and bloodshed without being morbid about it (also, only the baddies engage in the violence, and they do themselves in at the end in a flash of radiation). Premise: smuggle a nuclear device into the US and then blackmail the ole USofA with it. Or maybe just shoot the devices off and blame it on another country. What is even scarier is that a small yæld weapon could be put in a suitcase -- and if the govt. can't stop stuff like tons of smack from getting in, how could they ever stop a couple suitcase sized bombs?

REVOLT ON ALPHA C: Robert Silverberg: Tab Books, 25¢:: A juvenovel by Silverbob preaching about the troubles gained thru colonialism. Unremarkable book except that when I first read it some 12 or 13 years ago, I was impressed. On rereading, I find tuckerisms oozing from the pages. The short, stocky Harl Ellison, boy rebel. Grennell and Boggs, two tube-jockies. Space Commander Carr. Again, not a whole lot but certainly better sf for your youngsters than Danny Dunn & the Smallifying machine. gag.

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Also read, several Doc Savage books, all fun and froth, a couple Shadow books, campy, The Runaway Robot by delRey minus the last chapter (not that I cared - poor juvenovel) plus

a couple excellent Grey Mouser books from Leiber, the last Adam Reith story from Vance (and possibly the best of the lot...The Pnume are most intriguing) plus

BEASTCHILD: Dean Koontz: Lancer 75¢: This is Dean's best effort to date. In fact, the shorter novella length version which appeared in the Aug. Venture impressed me enough to nominate it for a Hugo in that category. Basically, the story concerns sort of a reverse colonialism essay. The aliens have creamed the earth and are proceeding to dig up and study the remnants to see exactly what made us tick. The archeologist Hulann finds a human boy (who incidentally saves Hulann from mutated rats) and becomes paranoid, at least as far as his race was concerned. A human should have been killed instantly, instead he tries to help the boy find other surviving humans. A Hunter is sent to track them down, and in this lies the primary action in the story. The ending is a bit metaphysical for my taste, but it is fun to do a little extrapolating. A Hunter has no soul, neither does a human. Thus, the Naoli are really the doomed species since the surviving humans will show no mercy at all. Or make up your own conclusion. However it goes, the story is the best long fiction from Dean (and thankfully, there are no solid sound towers and the like in Beastchild).

SOFT COME THE DRAGONS/DARK OF THE WOODS: both by Dean Koontz: Ace 75¢: Soft Come the Dragons holds Dean's best short fiction. A Darkness in My Soul and To Behold the Sun I especially liked, while The Twelfth Bed still gives me cold shivers. I can see why no one wanted to print 12th Bed originally, it is just plausible enough to happen given the circumstances and in fact almost happens with human attendants. Maybe the old folk's home idea is a hangup of mine or something. A Dragon in the Land I nominated for a Hugo last year. It is very good. The rest of the stories, including the title story, just don't do anything for/to me. Well enough written, but nothing flashy or emotive like Dragon in the Land or Twelfth Bed.///Dark of the Woods impressed me as a space filler, something to bring the short story collection up to book length. Nothing really remarkable in either the story or writing.

Daniel Say wrote me and mentioned beautiful Vancouver. Then added that even Heinlein thought so and cited Chapt 9 in Starship Troopers as a reference. I then proceeded to goof. I misremembered the chapter in question and that Rico, et al were mugged in Vancouver. The part I misremembered was their leaving Vancouver and heading for Seattle, where they were mugged. Daniel rapidly straightened me out on this point, and as penitence, have reread all of Heinlein's Hugo winners. This has caused me to re-evaluate my opinion of Double Star and move it up a dozen notches or so. Reading Starship Troopers, Double Star, Stranger in a Strange Land and Moon is a Harsh Mistress plus 6 of the recently reprinted juveniles in a week's time strengthens the impression that certain themes of Heinlein's run thruout his work. In Troopers, the Wounded Lion is a medal for gallantry. In Double Star we find out what Heinlein had in mind (so what that DS was printed several yrs before ST?) "...the wounded Lion of Lucerne. He had that massive strength and dignity, even when helpless: 'The guard dies, but never surrenders'." Then there is the Hazel Mead+Slim Stone = Hazel Stone of Rolling Stones, another case of Rolling Stones being written long before Moon is a Harsh Mistress. Then, still more. Jacques Dubois is killed in...Double Star. But Jean Dubois shows up in Troopers. Heinlein also has a fondness for the name Lyle, witness the Lyle drive in Stranger and John Lyle in Revolt in 2100 (his wife's maiden name, I think.) Also for Duke who shows up in Farnham's Freehold and Stranger, both characters remarkably alike as with the Dubois characters. Then there is the Martian nest concept which comes to light in Double Star, Stranger and Red Planet. Anyone care to add to the interlocking concepts in Heinlein's work?

MINUTE MYSTERIES: Austin Ripley: Pocket Books 25¢: These are short you-solve-em mysteries which appeared during the '40s. Supposedly, all are logical but several I couldn't solve showed marked cultural idiosyncrasies. Like the woman who faked a dogbite on the calf to collect from the dog's owner. Fordney knew it didn't happen that way because there were no tooth marks on her skirt (obviously she wasn't wearing a mini...) Most of the mysteries involved noting discrepancies like a suicide bolted in a cellar, someone saying something revealing a crime had been done when no such knowledge could reasonably be expected, the location and direction of bullet wounds, etc. Fascinating for the first dozen or so, then after I got the hang of it and saw what to expect, I found only a few (like above) which really stumped me. But I may go and read Sherlock again.

NOW COMES TOMORROW: by Robert Moore Williams: Curtis Books, 75¢:: This is a hard book for me to classify. It has a stfnal plot, namely cryogenic freezing as a means of time-travel but it is also very heavy on the metaphysics. And much of the metaphysics turns me off. Half the time I was ready to jump up and yell "Yeah! Right!" but before I could carry such an undignified act out, the next page would shoot the impulse down. The idea of a God as Williams postulates Him, is the only logical one a religious person could believe in. An omnipotent being who has created man to achieve greatness all by his lonesome, to prove himself to God to be an equal. In other words, God doesn't really care about what man does as long as he strives to pull himself up from being a pure animal. But the other stuff tossed in along with it, the L*O*V*E trip (or as Moore calls it, agape) is just too syrupy sweet for me. It is a most interesting book but only for the ideas presented - the plot is really secondary to the ideation.

NEVER IN THIS WORLD: ed. IP Stone: Fawcett 75¢:: The stated goal of this book is to compile amusing (ie, humorous) sf and for the most part, this goal is entertainingly achieved. Of the 12 stories, my favorites are Leinster's The Ambulance Made Two Trips, a slight psi story about a psionic "policeman/conscience", Randall Garrett's "Look Out! Duck!" about a spaceship suddenly overrun by 5000 ducks, "Or Else" by Henry Kuttner and CL Moore, a very haunting story almost like Rocklynne's "Quietus" and one which I found to be superb if not really humorous. Other stories include Poul Anderson's "Critique of Impure Reason", Rick Raphael's "Make Mine Homogenized" (A better choice would have been "A Filbert is a Nut") Asimov's "Dreamworld" plus 6 others including a Feghoot. A collection well worth the 75¢.

EARTH ABIDES: George R. Stewart: Fawcett, 95¢:: Postulate a killing virus which wipes out 99% of humanity and then write about what happens. The is Earth Abides, or rather it is the thinnest verneer of what EA is about. In the 317 pages of this new edition, the reader sees what a really fine author can do with characterization, plot, ecology and not a little dab of sheer genius. The story of Ish is, to use an abused term, powerful. If there is any single book I've reviewed in all these pages that you should - must - read, Earth Abides is it. "Men go and come, but earth abides".

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As sort of a side line, can anyone furnish me with Robert Moore Williams' address? I had sent a letter to the address on the package containing Now Comes Tomorrow and the letter was returned. I really think if he were kind enough to send me a freebie, I should at least send him a copy of the review.

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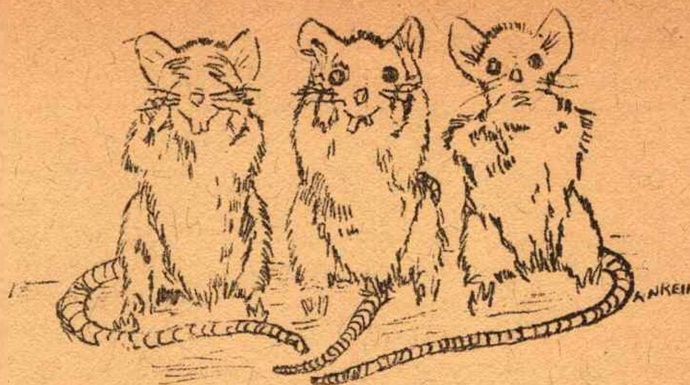
UNCHARTED STARS: Andre Norton: Ace 75¢:: This is the second novel in the Zero Stone series, and one of the more promising lines Miss Norton has started of late. Plenty of action, another glimpse at her fascinating aliens like Eet (who turns in/out to be more than a tabby cat) plus the Zacathans and sundry other peoples. Juvenile may be the tag but fine reading for anyone.

POSTMARKED THE STARS: Andre Norton: Ace 75¢:: This is about the third Dane Thorson/Solar Queen novel (at least the 3rd one I've read). Thorson is a Free Trader, sort of an independent star roaming businessman who gets sucked into a nasty business involving a large "benevolent" organization, mutated monsters and limitless adventure. As with Uncharted Stars, this is supposedly a juvenile. If this and a snobbish attitude towards juvenovels scares you off, you're missing some fine action/fiction.

LORD OF THE TREES/MAD GOBLIN: Philip Jose Farmer: Ace 75¢:: The former is a takeoff on Tarzan, the latter on Doc Savage. I guess these are continuations of Image of the Beast (which I haven't read), but they are for the supermarket crowd - not the Essex House types. What can be said about a parody (pastiche or satire?). I don't think the Tarzan character is true to Burroughs' but then Farmer gets around this by saying that T's biographer did a rather romantic characterization. Likewise with Doc Savage - tho different names are used. Lord Grandrith and Doc Caliban are Farmer's names. As far as style goes, Mad Goblin is closer to Robeson/Dert's style than Lord of the Trees is to Burroughs'. Fun to pass away a dull afternoon but nothing significant, deep, truly humorous or even innovative.

THE TRACKLESS WASTE.....

bitchy letters from y'all
(and even a nice word or
two, also)



BOB TUCKER: Box 506, Heyworth, Ill, 61745:::

This is addressed to you between performances of HAIR and you should appreciate that fact. A road company (the same road company which appeared in Phoenix in February, if you saw the show there) is currently giving four performances at the local university and I'm one of the five electricians working the show. The switchboard I operate doesn't have too many cues and so I took the latest SANDWORM along to while away the hours.

You probably think me mad. Perhaps I am mad. In my place, you may say you wouldn't want to be caught dead reading an old fanzine. Ah, but you are not an old fan and tired, you may like rock music and hip jokes and daring skits written to shock mid-American mores. But I am an old fan and tired, I don't care for much rock music, and I thought the jokes and skits old hat last year and just plain moldy this year. Some of them were updated burlesk jokes from 1920. Well, maybe 1930. The nude scene struck me as ho-hum, which is probably the most damning admission of all. Only one girl in the troupe was worth looking at but she needed a shave; the other were plain-janes who would have a difficult time arousing interest in these mid-American college youths' (I suspect they aren't all that sex-starved) and the men didn't interest me at all. Maybe I'm just a failure in life.

So I read SANDWORM, and the one actor who bothered to look over my shoulder displayed scant interest. "What izzat?" he asked. I said "An underground paper from New Mexico." He said "Uh" and walked away. Maybe he is a failure in life.

But in contrast, your remarks on the TV show "LA:2017" did arouse interest. I didn't see the show but your review of the story reveals a hitherto unknown fact of some import: Philip Wylie reads old fanzines. You said characters in the background are swapping jokes by reciting certain numbers: "39, 12, 17! ahahahahahah." Don't you recognize those jokes? Don't you remember how that all started?

Art Wesley (you should know who he is) and Norman G. Browne published a fanzine called FILLER in 1953 which consisted of 527 numbered jokes, fillers, and interlineations gathered from fandom, prodom, and the world immediately adjacent to those domains. Their intent was to help the harried fanzine editor save space by not having to type out the entire filler or joke, but simply type the appropriate number in the appropriate space, and the readers could then refer to their copy of FILLER for a good laugh.

"#39" is: "He was a good faned as faneds go -- and as good faneds go, he went." (from Joe Nydhal)

"#12#" is: "Into the concrete mixer, Willie did
Lean too far, and in he slid.
Commented Willie's Uncle Sid:

'What a crazy mixed up kid'." (Bobby Stewart)

"#17#" is: "The ram went plunging over the edge of the cliff muttering, "Damn--I didn't even see the ewe turn!" (Gordon Whitney)

The only bit of research you need to do now, to complete your fan history, is to find out how Philip Wylie came by that issue of FILLER, and why he chose to use those rather sad jokes. If I had written the script I would have used a snappy 398! and closed with the scene with a sardonic 519. /Can't help chuckling, Bob...it must be the way you tell it.7

KAY ANDERSON: 2610 Trinity Pl, Oxnard Calif, 93030::: Sorry about not reciprocating on your Christmas card, but my in-laws were visiting and they have very sharp ears and you know you can't reciprocate on a card without rustling the paper... Anyhow, we'll send you two cards next year.

I decided I didn't know enough about history one day a few weeks ago, when in one day I about sprained my brain trying to remember which Caesar that was in Ben-Hur, and earlier in the same day being very surprised that there were any Churchills before Lord Randolph. /I think the Caesar was Charleton Heston..7 So I've been reading historical biographies, which are heavily and interestingly laced with the correspondence of the times. History would have been a lot more obscure and certainly more boring without the copious and colorful letter-writing everyone seems to have gone in for. Talk about stepping on butterflies... imagine the results if you'd given the telephone to any of the historical personages whose schemings and intrigues were discovered through an intercepted letter. /Don't worry, the FBI is probably keeping tapes of all such phone calls. Maybe, in a couple hundred years, fanzines will be looked upon as are these historically prominent letters are now.7

Re Harry Warner's letter (since I'm writing this at a doctor's office it seems only appropriate to talk about medicine) I should think that as much aspirin as Mary Astor was modestly claiming to have cured her friend with would be as likely to grow tulips up and down your spine as cure you. Not to mention giving you GI hemorrhages, leukopenia and other goodies. I think the anecdote falls into the category of another example of how people think that if a little of something is good a lot is better. The thing is, most diseases are self-limiting. Some are self-limiting because they kill the victim, true, but most will go away without treatment. You don't really have to take anything for the flu, colds, measles, virus pneumonia, etc. except that taking this or that makes you more comfortable and in some cases gets you well sooner. /I hope the doctor didn't read your letter, Kay, or he might fire you. "Patient, heal thy self!" is almost blasphemous.7

Most illnesses that come on suddenly, hit like a landslide, and send your temperature up to 104 or 105 are viruses, and most are short-lived illnesses. Chances are Mary Astor's friend would have been fine by afternoon whether she had given him aspirin, sulphur and molasses, dod-liver oil, ground snails in aspic, or had rolled him under the bed, turned the radio up loud, and ignored him. I wouldn't give a friend that much aspirin, certainly. /Whatabout an enemy?7

We had an earthquake, too... you may have heard about it. /Heard about it? I PREDICTED IT!!7 This far from the epi-center (about 45-50 miles) it was just exciting, rather than terrifying. We woke to find the world doing a shimmy. It wasn't a rocking motion at all, as I'd been led to expect. We have swag lamps on each side of the bed, and the tassles on them make good plumb bobs. They were swinging in all directions, around in circles, then off sharply in another direction. It felt like the earth was wiggling around settling into bed. The power went out shortly and stayed out 90 minutes (mostly because the back-up generating station forgot us... power was out only a few minutes in most of the city), which could have gotten rather exciting in a colder climate. We have gas heat but an electric thermostat. The aftershocks continued for an hour or so. Maura slept thru the whole thing and Evan was just angry when his light went out. He blamed it on monsters, as he does everything. /And I bet he's only wrong 50% of the time. Both the paranoids & the monsters are after us.7

It's getting about time for the daily nut call, so I'm going to go drink all the cough syrup in the lab. (Some is 38 proof). /And the Cheracol has got a lot of codeine in it.7

PS: I thot of you and your home in the po box when I read an ad in the movie-tv trades last week. Wanted porno films

**fighting
for peace
is like
screwing
for chastity**

ready for distribution...adress was Occupant, PO Box such and such..../_that should have read " PO Box 11352"...7

11*

Nixon is starting the war on pollution by whitewashing Jedgar Hoover.

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ED COX: 14524 Filmore St., Arleta, Calif: 91331::: I'm turning over a new leaf for the New Year a little late this year. March 7th It was that I should oughta try to keep up with some of the fanzines coming in. Write letters, at least, once in a while. Well, we had a slight set-back last month as far as getting things done and it has only been lately that I've felt like forging ahead into old territories. In view of this, let me say, regarding your 10 predictions for 1971:

KNOCK IT OFF, VARDEMAN !!!!!

At least as far as #1 went....don't do it again!

I saw LA:2017 and found it rather interesting.

Did you note the game scores on the ever present PA? They were like 11-4, 6-2, 8-3, etc. which was first on a 45 both sides, released in the late fifties, called "Chaos", a take-off on the rock'n'roll radio station. Another sidelight is that the video data terminals you saw (1st in the "Chapel" later in the research area) are RCA 70/752 VDTS which were designed and now produced in the RCA Van Nuys plant where I work. Universal actually got them for first use in THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN which we'll be seeing one of these days. On the whole, the show was quite well done despite the necessity of the gimmick that put him in the future and brought him back again..../Chaos? By whom? I don't remember ever even hearing of the song. Seems like Wylie is about 15 yrs behind if what you say is true and he actually filched the jokes from FILLER like Bob Tucker suggests.7

/Ed's letter - and Kay's

also - were much longer but I unmercifully cut them because I'm getting tired of typing.
I may save parts for nextish.7

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There is no truth to the rumor that Nixon has advocated hiding your grass in a chicken house - so everyone would have pot in every chicken....

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ROY TACKETT: Same old address: 21 Feb. 1971::Ha! Are you not fortunate? Indeed! You are receiving a genuine imitation Letter of Comment on your genuine imitation Fubbpub which is being written only two weeks after you are handing it to me at the meeting of the Albuquerque Science Fiction, Gourmand, and Bunny Watching Society.

Albuquerque Science Fiction, Gourmand, and Sunny Watching Society. I am looking at the cover. Yes, I am. Really and truly. Looking at the cover. Oh, well. Let's get along here. Ha! I note that your first prediction has come true already. Your timing is a bit off but perhaps that will improve as the list goes along. /A war movie just won the Oscar, which makes #10 true. Hey! I heard that Jeane Dixon had predicted that Albuquerque would disappear from the face of the earth on 20 February. Are you still there, Vardeman? Still, that's about par for Dixon. Her one claim to fame, as far as I can tell is that she predicted JFK's assassination earlier than anyone else. Her prediction was on 24 November 1863. Some of the other predictors didn't get around to predicting JFK's assassination until 1965 or 1966.

I didn't know they had volcanoes in Sept. There was one that erupted in Nicaragua two weeks ago. /Mt. Etna is erupting right now./ Sept is a region in southern Ireland noted for its sheep and whiskey. Horrible place, though. Full of Irishmen, you know. Have you been interviewed by Hans Holzer? /Not on this plane of

of Irishmen, you know. Have you been interviewed by Hans Holzer? /Not on this plane of existence.../

I wonder if Ng Gk and his master have been appraised of the fact that Mao has prohibited wizards? Quick, quick, that's a reference? What is it? /Damned if I know. I'm still trying to figure out if Vombis refers to the vaults of Yoh-Vombis.

Ha! All I can

day is you voted for him, you put up with him. Unfortunately I have to put up with him too. The reason Nixon didn't mention the war in his state of the union message was that

the SoftheU message was concerned with domestic affairs and he does not consider the war in Indo-China to be any business of the people of the United States.

Dja

read about the little 8th grade girl in Calif who wrote the Prez expressing concern about the war and got a letter back signed by the thrid assistant flunkey telling her to mind her own business and let the President run the country? /Yep, but you've got to understand, Roy, she won't be able to vote for or against Nixon so she is not important. Besides, I think 3rd asst. flunkey is right, she should leave Poor Richard alone and let him run the country - providedhe tries to do something more than run it into the ground for all time.7

Owell, if it wasn't Nixon it would be somebody else. It really doesn't matter which jerk is in office...

And then there

is the headline in the Albq Journal of recent date which declared: Nixon Outlines Plan To Aid Health Care; however, it shouldhave read: Nixon Outlines Plan to Aid Insurance Companies. /I understand that auto insurance companies in Mass. have a de facto 36% rate increase. Massachusetts adopted the no fault auto insurance, claims are down 36% and the insurance companies have left their premiums at the same level. Yes, this is the Land of the Free, provided you can pay for it.7

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WALLY CONGER: Rt 1, Box 450-A, Arroyo Grande, Calif, 93420:::Yes, I'm serious about Radical Centerists. Damn serious. Right and Left are both bareaucratisc: the Left talks about social freedom and preaches economic slavery -- the Right talks about economic freedom and preaches censorship and conscription. Where else is there to go but the Center for those few of us who want to be left alone? /I wish I knew.7

...Oh, have you thought about who to vote for in '72? Don't laugh...as funny as it may seem, there WILL be an election, so choose your candidate! I'm voting for myself; I'm the only one I can trust. /Even the ultra-straight Albuq. Journal is wondering if there will be an election in '72. Recent editorial pointed out that Nixon has assumed the powers of Congress (witness his war powers), the Supreme Court (he reversed Burger's ban during the recent Vet's Peace demonstration in Washington), plus assuming the powers of God (his "review" of the Calley case). It just may be "in the national interests" to "protect us from internal enemies" not to have an election in '72, a temporary postponement, you understand - but in the national interests.7

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DARRELL SCHWEITZER: 113 Deepdale Rd, Stafford, Pa, 19087::: /a muchly abridged letter, mostly concerning how Rhamese II did indeed clobber the Hittites, tho not killing 75,000 personally - that sounds like a modern war and killing millions with one finger.7 Your prophecies of the future (don't you think it's safer to prophecy the past?) are most remarkable. #1 has already come true, tho you got the date wrong (which is ok..prophetic license).

What's the

book you're writing about? /Chapter 1 will be ready for SWorm #14.7

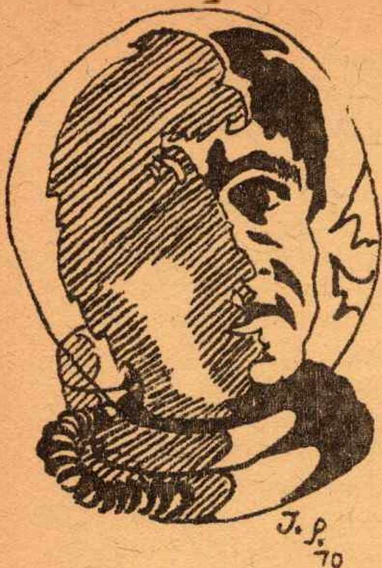
Oh, yes, the prophecied major change in the Vatican has begun to happen. I read recently that they played JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR over the Vatican radio. Something weird is going on in there. (over)

Lots of people are talking about nominating "LA:2017" for a Hugo. I certainly have no gripes if it wins, tho I think the ending is a serious flaw in that it does not allow the story to resolve itself on its own terms, but pulls a Deus ex Smoggia... /I hereby invoke editorial prerogative and fiendishly hack out the rest of Darrell's letter. Mostly it was talk about a chipmunk powered car and Hugo rules, which are obviously of no importance whatsoever. Right? Left? Uh...7

/**/

heavy rap with DAVID WM. HULVEY: Rt 1, Box 198, Harrisonburg, Va., 22801::: Yes, you're the level-headed libertarian who has both feet planted firmly in the air. I must point out that anarchism has distinct drawbacks. Speaking from the perspective of a former NeoLeftist, I find the idea of creative disorganization inferior to creative organization. I mean to be a libertarian approaching anarchism is like William O Douglas pulling off his mask to reveal Abbie Hoffman. /?7 Further, to have a real, downright, honest to goodness anarchism you must first accept the socio-economic philopsychological and moral consequences of exterminating 99% of the human race. /I fail to see why, altho I wouldn't be adverse to such an extermination if I were in the 1% remaining.7 A Murray Bookchin's anarchism (from the far left) to a Murray Rothbard's (from the far right) smell the same -- of a death stink. Each exalts the ultimate ego-trip inward to the nadir of nihilism. /Geezo, are you Spiro in a clever plastic disguise? ...inward to the nadir of nihilism is almost as good as nattering nabobs of negativism.7 Any Rand and Karl Marx are almost reasonable set against the backdrop of the death-life contradiction of modern anarchism. That is, Rothbard preaches total economic freedom -- with warlords! Oh gawd, feudalism with perfumes of romanticism, anyone? Of course, Bookchin has his farmers living in an empty state of grace under the room provided by corpses piled higher than the wowering folly of his perverted idealism. Little Karl Hess is on a power-junkie magical murder town where the Left is alright, but the Right is wrong unless it is the New Right that deserted the Old Left of the Middle-aged Right. Hess is almost as convoluted as some of your fine political jokes -- I really believe he's one of your creations that forgot to die when you blew the fuses. /I love the way you write; it's so incoherent that you must either practice diligently or are stoned out of your mind. Out of several tons of purple prose, I can find no real reason for your opposing libertarianism. You seem to equate anarchy with government which has to be the major political non sequitur since Nixon was elected. Feudalism is hardly anarchy. And nihilism does not necessarily follow from libertarianism. Your definitions are incredibly warped.7

Socialism - in its more moderate forms -- is a rational, Leftist alternative to the ultra-rightist Maoists, rightist Communists, ultra-leftist anarchists and leftist Syndicatists. A welfare state can work -- if it plays the role of santa christ in a nondogmatic deideologized pragmatic approach. 1) nationalize all the big, impersonal technological forces; transportation, power, communication, health care and insurance plus all the major industry not included in those categories, but 2) leave all else in the hands of individuals--those corporate powers too small or so eccentric as to be better handled locally, 3) abolish the present parties--instead establish one for all; with suitable left and right wings for those would form a onensus of the governed, thus minimaximizing the power of the fringes. 4) Computerize as much of the work as possible with the possibility of Asimov's androids to further lift the burden of labor from man. 5) Institute a system to insure the continuance of the present bureaucracy with ever-expanding responsibilities channelled into these civil servants. Soon almost everything will be administered by careful, efficient men. /Who was talking about feudalism?7 The dole would be expanded to aid anyone who wanted it -- prove need by showing merit level-- ie, the IQ potential as shown by a battery of tests administered to all at a certain age (excepting colonized areas such as the Black Free States and communes), below a certain level well, they'd be no good for a government job or highly skilled industry position; also without the creativity of communards /?sic/ or autonomy of the Free State existence they'd be cared for under a strict population control. They'd be supplied every vice to while away their idle nothingness -- fine for their redundant non-abilities. Naturally, this is all a joke, but I'll be amused to see when these more-or-less predictions come true; to your woe,



my joy.

Oh yes, the Space Program would be the Great Aspiration for all. Hopefully, an international effort as the One World comes closer to being.

/I don't know why I printed your letter - sheer evilness, I suppose. You fail to show any knowledge of human nature, are so unbelievably naive politically it appalls me, and display the word mangling ability that would make a Stephen Pickering proud. Has Eric Blake returned to haunt us? Is that you, John, hiding behind another mail drop? I doubt it, more's the pity. All I can say is, political schemes like you've outlined are why I'm a libertarian. And, if thru some Sadistic Whim of Fate, your government took over tomorrow, it would find me leading a guerrilla war against it. Hell and damnation, Dave, Orwell didn't envision a more complete police state. I may write you a very lengthy letter pointing out the more obvious fallacies (I have it on good authority that one of the

leading psychologist in the country, phi beta kappa, has an IQ of under 100 -- that source is an expert in testing techniques, has many years of clinical expertise to his credit, and is currently teaching.7

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KENNETH SCHER: 3119 Mott Ave, Far Rockaway, NY 11691:::As you may or may not have noticed,

I have a paranoid streak and as a result, I get very nervous when people attribute things to me that I don't remember saying. F'rinstance, you say I suggested that SWorm #12½ cost only 10¢. When did I say that? /You wrote "What this country needs is a good 10¢ fanzine" on the outside of one of your letters. If you didn't, uhuh, maybe the paranoids who are after both of us did.7 Also, whynis Far Rockaway "oily"? ??? (You said it, don't ask me.) /I read in the paper that an oil tanker had dumped several thousand gallons of oil onto Far Rockaway beach. Is Far Rockaway not near to or congruent with Far Rockaway beach? 7

I would like to hear more about steam-powered aircraft. I know there was an experiment in the 1890's by Hiram Maxim in which two 180 hp steam engines turned two 18 foot propellers. The thing must have been enormously heavy, but it actually developed enough lift to get off the ground, even tho there was a guard rail to keep it from taking off. Maxim was only concerned with developing engines powerful enough to make powered flight possible, so he abandoned the research (he considered he had succeeded), but I read that the control surfaces were badly designed that if had it been used in an actual flight, it would have quickly crashed. /Remember, the Wright boys only flew about 120 feet at an altitude of around 10 feet. An interesting theory is now current that, at hypersonic speeds, the airfoils on a plane can be reversed 180 deg. and the plane will still fly - that's what the math says, altho no one's tried it empirically yet.7

I liked the poem "Failure in Space", but if anything, a major failure will probably knock the few remaining props from under the space program.

Bob Tucker's mention

of bumper stickers reminds me of one I saw the other day that strikes me as something that came out long ago but which I just never noticed: "If you don't like cops, next time you get into trouble, try calling a hippie": I have just checked around tho, and I haven't managed to see another one. /I've seen a couple cats with those stickers on them. All I can say is, it would depend on the type of trouble I'm in. A recent case comes to mind where a kid from Farmington, NM, came to town trying to kick his speed habit. The hospitals wouldn't take him, the drug clinic said they'd only handle heroin addiction or some trash like that, so the kid ends up dead. The authorities are still trying to figure out who to blame for it, with the majority opinion resting on the kid for coming to them in the first place. Another guy I met once or twice was found dead two days ago from an overdose, fresh tracks on his arm. It may conceivably be better to ask a "hippie" for help rather than a cop.7

RE: Harry Warner on steam cars. I understand that a steam car was developed a few yrs ago that only needed about 8 min. to warm up, but even the Stanley steamer only needed 15 min. As for safety from scalds, the Stanley brothers once tried to find the bursting point of their boilers and forced steam in under high pressure. The connections between the steam generator and the boiler gave way before the boiler showed any signs of stress. I understand that mechanically, steam cars are much simpler than ICs.

I would think that the public is more uptight about radioactives released from a collision in which SNAPs are ruptured than one where steam is released. /Probably so. Thermal batteries are being developed which do not rely on radioactives. A reaction much like a thermite explosion melts an appropriate salt, passes the heat into a thermocouple where an emf is developed which supplies electrical power. Doesn't have the staying power of a radioactive, but is still long lived compared to a tank of gasoline.7

Ok, so I'm a neo. What's the significance of room 707? /Room 770 at Nolacon, I think, held one of the most famous con parties of all time. Who knows, it may still be going on...7

Re: Schweitzer. An analysis of the terms of the peace treaty that came out of Rhamese shows that if the Egyptians did win the battle, they certainly acted as if the Hittites had to be placated at any cost. It is not customary for the winner to send a lady of his house-hold to the house-hold of the looser, but rather vice-versa, and among other things, one of Rhamese ladies, (his sister, I think, but off-hand I'm not sure) was sent to the Hittites.

/*/

And now, at long last, returning from the depths of super serconism is...

DEAN KOONTZ: April 15, 1971::: I got Sandworm sometime ago, and I will use your own excuse for procrastination (ie, overwhelmed with tons of paper, letters to write, bills to pay, a book club computer to fight with, magazines and books to read, and not least of all, some goddamned professional work to finish.) I hope you received the books and newspaper clipping I sent a long while ago /in Dec. - yes, and many thanks. I am hoarding the clipping for a Special Occasion. It is just too mind-blowing to squander. The books are reviewed somewhere inside thish.7 Still one of the lightest and best fanzines around, even though your personal worldview seems to get heavier all the time. /Seems like the world gets heavier all the time. As I mentioned last page, a guy I know permananetly zapped himself with an overdose, a small bit of my work is being used in Vietnam to clear football fields, and all I can think of are clever designs for wiretaps. And to top it all off, I have to start planning how to hijack a starship which isn't even built yet!7

I have a crystal ball of my own, and looking into it, I see that you are going to be one hundred percent correct in your ten Predictions. Here is what my crystal ball (once only the glass lining of a bait bucket but now touched with the spirit of God) has shown me. 1. Yes, there will be a major earthquake that leaves scores dead and thousands homeless in California, as you predict. The earthquake will be in Turkey, and scientist will be perplexed that the damage showed up in Calif. 2. Yes, an assassination attempt will be made on Nixon in late July or August, but the assassin will miss and gravely wound Bebe Robozo. 3. Yes, the stockmarket will receive a major setback this fall -- a temperature inversion will kill half the population of New York City, and nearly every NYC stockbroker. 4. Muskie's chances for the Presidancy will be greatly diminished, as you say, because he will be caught groping a nine year old child at his hometown YMCA. 5. Yes, a major Hollywood figure/Rona Barrett will be carried off by eight black-coated men and found 6 months later with a mouth full of horseshit, smothered by her own weapon. 6. War will resume in the Middle East, as you predict, when Lebanon attacks Muscat and Oman and eventually ends in a war with the Somali Republic. 7. Yes, Hussein will be assassinated by a madman wielding a knife: he will be murdered by Richard Nixon at a White House Cocktail Party in honor of Coco Channel (deceased). 8. A noted science fiction author will die an accidental death. Yes, Kilgore Trout will trip over a lectern where Kurt Vonnegut is speaking, fall from the stage and strangle to death in the garter belt of a lady New York Times Book Review editor. 9. Yes, a volcanic eruption will occur in September, and Sodom & Gomorrhah will be buried under lava. 10. This will already have passed.

HARRY WARNER, JR.:423 Summit, Ave, Hagerstown, Md, 21740:: I have been exploring in recent weeks the successive layers of fandoms past, in the form of fanzines on which I never got around to making comments during the past winter. Illness caused most of my transgressions. Just last night I came across I Drank the Water and Lived!! and could find no evidence that I ever acknowledged it or told you how much I enjoyed it.

Matter of fact, I believe that this is the third reading I've given it, so it may be some kind of fannish law by now, if what I read three times is true and if I can have the same effect on documents as Maryland Legislature members who get some kind of action by having two or three readings of a bill. I enjoyed it when it came, again when it appeared in another fanzine which a shaky memory tell me ran through FAPA, and again yesterday when I wanted to refresh my mind.

I have this selfish feeling that worldcons should go outside the US as frequently as possible, because I get to only one worldcon every fourth or fifth year and would miss the ones staged in Omsk or Johannesburg and because Heicon has produced more and better con reports than any worldcon in several years. I can think of a half-dozen or more excellent accounts, most of which put a lot of emphasis on the writer's experiences just before and after the event. Fans may be blase, but they all seem to have a sense of wonder when they are travelling over continental Europe. /6 or more con reports? I've only seen two others, besides my own. Linda Bushyager's in Granfalloon and Robin Johnson's and of course, Manfred's in Heckmeck.7 And really, Manfred's was sort of a wrap up in the form of business rather than anything else.7

So you not only entertained me, you made me feel a trifle better at my inability to have gone to Heidelberg. The same physical problems that culminated in the operation in February were bothering me last summer, and I didn't dare risk a long journey. But I still intend to fulfill my role at the Noreascon, altho it may be touch and go for a while. The surgeon has discovered another condition which is going to require another operation. There is no urgency about the new operation, and I'm supposed to regain my strength and my mind fully before we make any arrangements to hold it. I'll do everything possible to schedule it away from the worldcon dates in late summer. /I know I speak for not only myself but hoardes of fans everywhere in wishing you a speedy recovery - you singlehandedly brighten more dull lettercols than anyone else I know of in fandom.7

Needs Improvement

LONDON (UPI) — The Fire Protection Association (FPA) is urging "big improvements" in the fire-warning systems of British hotels.

In its annual report, the FPA said the alarm system in one hotel which was not identified consisted of cards posted in the rooms reading: "In Case of Fire. Shout Fire!"

WAHF::: ROSE HOGUE about the earthquake....RICK SNLARY about the earthquake...BOB BLOCH who is recovering from a bout with pneumonia (hope you're feeling better!)...HANK DAVIS...MIKE KRING...MIKE GLICKSOHN who has an elegant proof that log 5 is irrational...TORKEL FRANZEN (twice) telling me he doesn't loc much - he addressed one letter to "The Vile Punster" and those fiends in the P0 knew who he was referring to!)...DANIEE SAY from Vancouver sent a lovely poster of sand dunes racked by a storm, many thanx....a couple weird and freaky requests for Requiem for Star Trek which died a'borning 3 yrs ago....a letter addressed to Sidney Carton from DORIS BEETEM...C LEE HEALY sending art in spite of my previous name butchering...GARY MATTINGLY...ALEXIS GILLILAND...Spiro Agnew, just checking to see if you're asleep...DON DAILEY in shivery Alaska...GEORGE LAKING with something for #14...CAZ with the sad news he can't make Bubonicon...and a supporting cast of 3 or 4 others.

May you never thirst, Bob



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war is peace
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