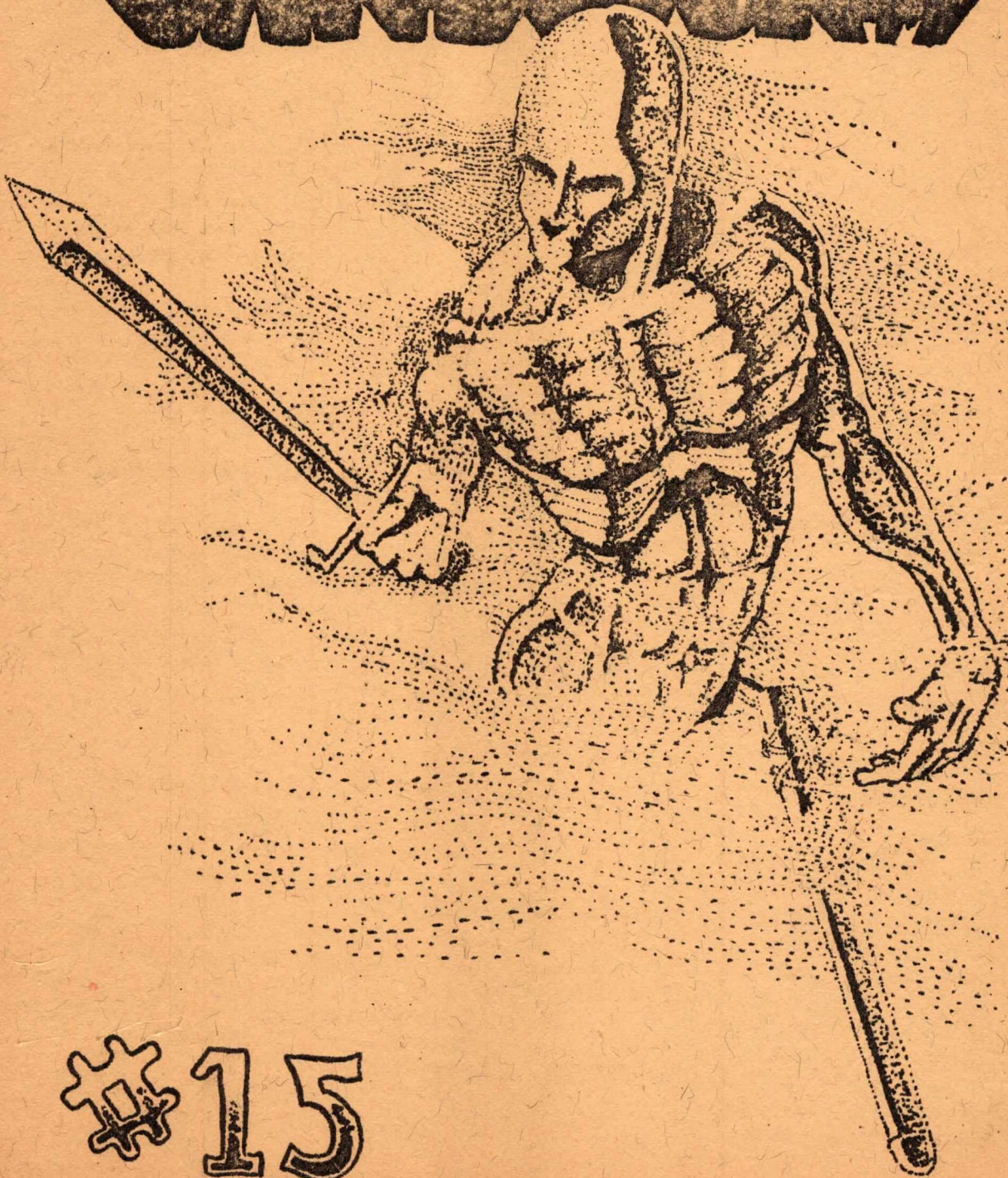




SANDWORM



GOFFERNEY

#15

**SAND!!
WORM!**



Here we go again with another issue of SANDWORM, the 15th thereof, the fourth SANNDWISH. After 4 yrs, you should know that I am Bob Vardeman, PO Box 11352, Albuquerque, NM, 87112, Arrakis.

Sandworm is always available for contributions, written or drawn (liquid, potable contris accepted at conventions), trades, letters of comment (I worship each and every one ... I must admit my altar is a bit messy) or, why-o-why? the cash amount of 50¢ an issue. If you prefer, 6 eight cent mint USofA postage stamps are also acceptable, tho barely.

I seem to have finally drifted over into the lands of senility with this. I've forgotten to mention Grant Canfield's kind letter, not only this but the artwork as well. Electro-ing on Grant's art compliments of Francis the Irish Leprechaun (so have you never seen a Jewish Leprechaun?)

Also inadvertently misplaced was George Laking -- and Bill Wolfenbarger was almost squeezed out of my head. Sorry.

Methinks I have mentioned almost everyone now.

Minute mystery: I see Dick Tracy has discovered dope. A recent strip had a parachutist whose chute doesn't open and he crashes on top of Groovy Grove's

copmobile. Tracy confronts longtime friends Mr. & Mrs. Vera Alldid, who slightly knew the skydiver (who had a couple lids of grass on him). Tracy confronts them: Stick out your arms with sleeves rolled up - both of you". Good old Dick.

ToC

cover....Mario Navarro

page 1...editorial

page 3...Grant Canfield illo

page 5...Mim McLeod illo

page 7...Primordial Point by Vic Boruta (illo by Harry Morris)

page 9...illo by Harry Morris

page 11...more Tucker words

page 13...Winter Observations by Bill Wolfenbarger/pg 14...Tackest talk; Canfield illo

page 15...Seth Dogramajian illo

page 19...C. Lee Healy illo

pg 25....George Proctor & the Peanut Gallery, illo by Navarro

page 27...Review by Wally Conger

pg 29....George Proctor illo

ToC page 0 ... Joe Pearson illo

page 2...C. Lee Healy illo

page 4...another fabulous G. Canfield illo

page 6...Garbage by Vardeman

page 10...A Bob Tucker review (Navarro-illo)

page 12...Rudy der Hagopian illo

page 17...Trackless Waste/Rudy der Hagopian

page 22...Seth D. once again

page 28...Hugo Nominee Ted Pauls

pg 32....illo by Mario Navarro

A couple lines of dedication, since this is an annish: To all you fine folks who have sent material during the last 4 yrs, to all of you who will in the next four yrs, and finally, of course, to Frank Herbert for DUNE.

Doctors' Tests In Treating Nervous Tension Headaches Now Made Public

Still another yr behind me. Sandworm has miraculously survived from Sept. 1967 to the present date (somewhere around Sept 1971). Tackett printed the first two issues for me then I managed to acquire the Metal Monster (a mimeo that Merritts comment) and have been madly mimeoing since then.

Besides Sandworm, there are or have been Sardaukar, Fedaykin, Melange, El Sayal, Hajr plus various one shots like Baycon Report, Requiem for Star Trek, RLC Circuits, I Drank the Water and Lived! and now The Crazy Wizard's Gift and A Royal Gala Bubonicon!

FUBB Publications has also done some free lance work for disreputable people like Johnny Berry (King Arthur and the Red Indians) and Mike Montgomery (Grude) plus all the PR flyers for Bubonicon. A very busy 4 yrs indeed.

A couple new projects in mind. A newsletter for the ASFS. Maybe one further project which I'll let sit on the back burner for a while.

Enough of all this nostalgia idiotica.

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Right on!

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I suppose nothing much can really be added to the words already written about John Campbell and the momentous contributions he made to the genre. No one lives forever, not even the giants, but I almost wish JWC could have continued editing for a few more yrs.

I seldom agreed with Campbell's editorials but this is just a minor point. What he did for sf was far more important than a few irritating editorials. Not only did he develop the greatest writers of the Golden Age, he gave birth to the GA itself. He saved ASF/Analog and the field a couple times because he was just too obstinate to let mere things like wars and paper shortages interfere with his magazine.

The reason I wish he could have been around for a couple more yrs, other than hating to see such talent pass from this plane of existence, is purely selfish. The publishing of prozines is in dire trouble. When big disty zines like the Sat. Eve. Post and Look fold, the outlook is grim for a little backwater like sf. In the next yr or so, I think we'll need to find someone with Campbell's determination, courage and skill to keep our prozines alive.

I'm going to hate to see the prozines die.

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More on!

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The more I think about it, the more certain I am that I enjoyed Bubonicon more than I did Noreascon. This figures, in a masochistic way, since I was so personally involved with Bubonicon. But I would have to go even further and say that this yr's Westercon was far & away more enjoyable. I met more people at Wcon and generally had a great time. In Boston, things were more subdued and for some reason, I just wasn't into the usual con spirit. All of you who were at Noreascon, was it me or was this feeling of...out-of-it-ness...a general one? Jim Young has commented that Noreascon was "outright boring". I didn't find it so, but it was hardly what I would callscintillating. Certainly nothing like Westercon.

/o/

I was going to comment a bit further on my predictions in SWorm #12 but I think I'll let it ride until #16, due about Jan '72 or so. I may actually hit all my predictions, if you allow me a bit of leeway....like Hassan instead of Hussein, etc. You know how it goes with us fortune tellers...the future is a bit hazy at times.

Kring was telling me that there was an assassination attempt on Nixon during August. He promised to send me the news clipping from one of the Texas papers. They no doubt keep track of such things down there.

Even the war in the Mideast prediction might come true. Israel just shot down an Egypto-Russian Mig and they have now released films showing the Egyptians practicing assaults on beaches. Who knows?

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I had an entire envelope full of things to mutter about but I seem to have misplaced the envelope. I do remember seeing The President's Analyst, a most funny picture. But then James Coburn movies are always a delight. What intrigued me most was Joan Delany, the heroine. Hardly beautiful, not even pretty -- but appealing.

The ending of the movie was especially worthy of comment. It turns out that TPC (The Phone Company) were the Evil People out to take over the country by hook, crook or phone cradle.

I've mentioned this before, I'm sure, but I have a thing about telephones. I dislike them immensely, and the people who work for the phone company hold no great love for me either. We reciprocate nicely. I hate their product, they can hate me.

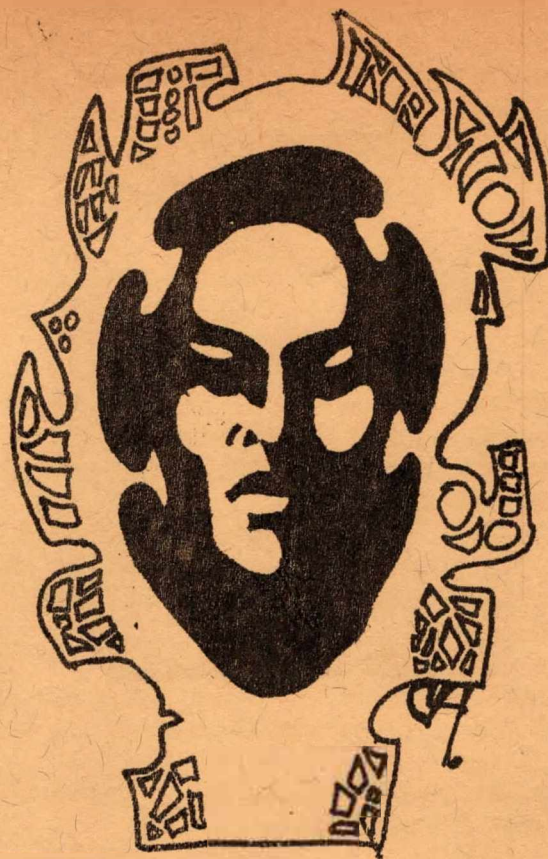
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In the Sept issue of Physics Today are a couple interesting tidbits. The first is a possible solution to the clock paradox, ie time dilation and time running at different rates for different observers. Who knows how many books have been written on the theme of time dilation (Tau Zero is the most recent example that springs to mind). Mendel Sachs now says that a clock accelerated to c and then brought back to its original frame will match up with a clock that has never been accelerated. Sachs makes a very strong case for symmetric aging and manages to tie it in with general relativity in such a way that, should asymmetric aging be proven, Einstein's theory of relativity would be refuted. Most interesting...the stars may be denied us yet, unless tachyon reserach is fruitful.

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The other thing in P.T. is about the US going over to the metric system. It seems that there are some other major holdouts in the world. Nations which have stupidly stayed with the English Engineering system of pounds and slugs and all the rest. The 11 countries are the US, Barbados, Burma, Gambia, Liberia, Muscat, Oman, Nauru, Sierra Leone, S. Yemen, Tonga and Trinidad. All the big manufacturing countries.

I really hope that we manage to convert over to the metric system with a minimum of fuss. It'll be hard from a nuts & bolts point of view, but everyone else should be able to switch over with little effort. I mean, isn't it easier to figure out how many millimeters are in a kilometer than how many $\frac{1}{4}$ inches there are in a mile? The first I can do in my head (or by counting on my fingers -- the answer is $10^6 \text{ mm} = \text{km}$, the other answer is about 253,000 by my slide rule).



Interesting that dept: Well, not interesting to everybody, maybe, but at least to Hangin' Jack Speer, Bob Tucker and any other time travellers out there. Buckminster Fuller aside, I assume we all believe in entropy, right? Order goes into Chaos is one way of simplistically stating the 2nd Law of Thermodynamics. Okay, this means that usable energy is being transformed into heat, with all its randomness, which is unusable on a cosmic scale.

What happens if time travel works the same way? Meaning, the energy flow must be from ordered to disordered. Obviously, anything that goes into a time machine in our present era is ordered, usable energy. Otherwise the machine wouldn't work at all. But the temporal energy flow must tend towards disorder or randomness if entropy holds for temporal energy as well as other kinds. Since the past is the past and is in a very definite order, this would seem to me to indicate that travel to the future is the only possible direction, since from each decision now, infinite paths are followable. Since randomness exists in the "forward" direction, time travel would be possible into the future but not into the past as defined by the current energy level (one way to a future...notice I said a future.. there would be no way to control which of the infinite futures you would land in.)

Small bit of evidence in my favor. Time obviously flows "forward" since we can look forward to seeing tomorrow tomorrow rather than yesterday tomorrow. If you follow my meaning. At least I've never noticed time flowing backwards on me.

Other speculations: Time reversibility is one of those keen little tricks used in quantum mechanics to prove the unprovable. What happens if time isn't reversible? Mayhaps the details of quantum mechanics are in error. I think there is enough evidence supporting some of the major underpinnings of qm to say the majority of the theory(theories) is (are) correct, but it's those little details that make for tomorrow's Nobel prize.

This would also tend to foul up quite a few arguments on tachyons, if true. Travel backwards in time is (at least as far as I can see) an inescapable consequence of ftl travel (this doesn't have very much at all to do with "endel Sachs and his symmetric aging since we have now gone stfnal and are considering ftl particles and the like).

Poul Anderson and I talked for some while at the Westercon about black galaxies, galaxies of regular stars so densely packed that the gravitational field of the unit prevented light from escaping. Poul was speculating on what would happen to a particle (spaceship) caught in the pull of such a body and then began on wondering about entropy. I suggested at the time that perhaps the galaxy emitted tachyons to keep the energy levels nice and kosher.

Now, considering time as being governed by the 2nd law, perhaps the galaxy maintains its energy by altering the flow of time within the galaxy. Since particles coming in would constitute an increase in energy and a lowering of entropy, perhaps this is balanced off by the incoming particle speeding up the black galaxy's temporal energy and forcing "time" to flow faster thus pushing the temporal energy in the direction of increasing entropy rather than altering the universe in the ways we observe.

So, if we could see the black galaxy. it would appear speeded up but maintaining the same energy (not counting temporal energy).

Speculations...right?

Have a happy heat death, Universe.





I really think I enjoy discoursing like that more than I do on politics. As they say...quick, a reference!..."...politics, a yardstick for lunatics with one point of view..."

Can't guess the source?
Can't tell you how, my alarmclock tells me it is time to go eat some strawberries.

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I still like Yr of the Quiet Sun
so there!

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I think, had the Fates chosen differently, I would have made a good psychologist or researcher into people's mainsprings and gears and cogwheels. I often wonder, "Has anyone ever done any looking into..." and then dredged around seeing if anyone has. Seldom have I found much work in those areas I think about.

One hit me today while I was driving to work. I began wondering about why auto wrecks all seem to happen at once. Going to work I passed 3 wrecks for a total of 8 cars smashed up. Coming home, I passed 2 more fenderbenders. Veritable lemmings to their death, the feckless hordes of drivers.

But,

more than some weird mass insanity, what really causes minor inattentions. Coming home from the ASFS meeting I did something I've only done twice before in my life...I ran a stop sign. I literally did not even see it, yet I knew it was there having passed that way a dozen times or more. And then today, all those minor accidents apparently caused by the same thing that struck me...simple inattention to what's happening.

Why is this epidemic of stupidity striking everyone at once? Change in the weather? More positive ions in the air? Everyone (like me) looking forward to Hallowe'en?

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Tis better to have loved and lost than to have to do homework
for all your kids...

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Voting day today. Yep. Vardeman got his carcass into gear and voted for Hangin' Jack for Municipal Judge. Jack probably won't win (his estimate) but who knows? Also at stake, in the lesser races, were \$35 megabucks worth of bond issues for sewers, flood control, park improvement, police bldg and sanitation that I uniformly voted against. The bozos in city hall have too much money to squander now -- not to mention steal. Besides, money voted for one thing has the tendency to end up being spent for something else in Albq.

I voted for 2 of the self-proclaimed "undevelop Albq." candidates plus Raymond Garvey. (It's true, Jack and Roy...I actually voted for Garvey. Since Cosmic Claude wasn't running, Garvey was as close as I could come to voting for a 101% crackpot.) Mr. Garvey, you see, advocated - and I quote from his platform - "...firing Police Chief Byrd because he is not training the police to repel the impending invasion of this country by the Russians.

"The Russians are going to invade the West, the Irish the Northeast and Mongolia the South, and our police officers must be prepared to repel them."

Yep, really and truly,
I voted for Garvey. You can guess what the rest of the candidates were like.

Besides, you realize that the Gobi Desert should be our biggest concern. Who knows what they are planning Out There?

Let's leave all the bars open on election day and give the
people a REAL choice!!!

I wonder how much time and effort goes into putting up signs advertising attractions? Like, there's this topless place on Central Avenue, right? It has a marquee proddly proclaiming "SUNSET INN.... TOPLESS ... no cover charge"

I suspect this is all out of sequence but the final results (alluded to in later pages which were printed earlier) of the city election is in. Garvey didn't win. Hangin' Jack is still small claims court judge (Roy suggested that Jack change his party and maybe Tricky Dick would appoint Jack to the Supreme Court). All those bond issues passed which "won't raise taxes" — do city commissions in other parts of the world use that hideously stupid line? I mean, just how low an IQ do they think the voter has that this \$35megabucks will just appear *poof* out of nowhere? (Well, the voter is pretty stupid, Middle American and all that). But fer Adam Smith's sake, the money has to come from somewhere and, brothers and sisters, it is from your pocket and mine.

The 18 yr olds cast their first ballots this time. Two of the 3 machine candidates were elected, the 3rd just barely being beaten out by an independent (the 1st woman elected to the Albq. city commission). Ah, local politics. What a mess.

Avoid all this. Don't come to New Mexico (except to visit). Pass thru our dry, dusty land.

Is it true NM is sinking into the ocean?

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A politician has the courage of his connections

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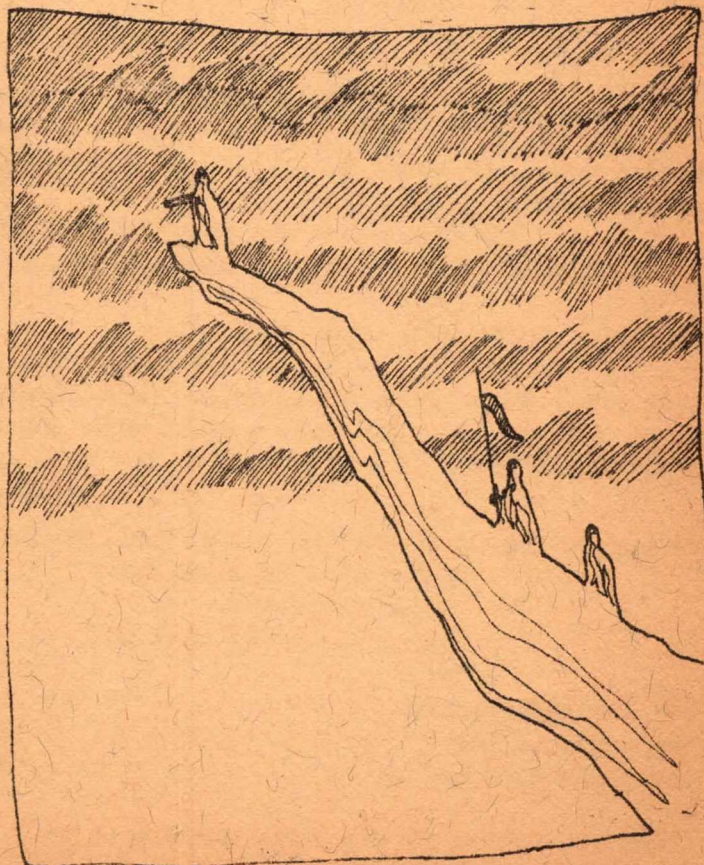
Looks like I won't be able to make the Denver fen's Octocoon on the 16th of this month. I'm somewhat rushed right now and am going in 3 different ways all at once. I'm trying to get this monster issue out, still working (but with my old broom — the new one is in another section...see FUBB PUB's companion volume, Tom Swift and his Electric Taco), am putting on many hrs a week going to school, not to mention helping out on a gen-yoo-wine Halhøwe'en party the ASFS is going to throw on All Hallow's Eve, and must gird my loins or whatever one does for my panel with Harlan next week. I've mentioned this further on, too, so keep reading to see how this strange turn of events has come about.

Just imagine, Vardemar Tackett, Speer, Montgomery and Harlan on one stage together, the first 4 getting verbally molested by Harlan, mercilessly thrusting his charisma at everyone.

I hate having to put the Sworm together the way I do, but it works. I do everything in the modern, solid state electronics way. I modularize. You'll note that every section is complete unto itself, none of this "continued on page 10 from page 3" carelessness. Still, tho I may get my chronology messed up, it works. And I do hate continuing an article I started on page 3 on page 10. Sometimes I don't even finish such articles. Be ye warned.

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Lockheed has invented a new plane that will save the govt. a lot of money...it blows up in the factory...



Tonite there is on the old electronic garbage can, a filmed for TV-sf-flick called The Last Child. I'll probably watch it, tho it sounds a bit on the blah side. I may end up watching All in the Family instead.

Isn't apathy wonderful?

Let's hear it for apathy!

yea

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Ad run in the local UNM-type newspaper::: Belly Dance, series of 8 classes. Tuesday beginning Oct.5. Near Campus. Elizabeth. 255-4891.

Our area code is 505 in case you're interested in getting in touch with Elizabeth. Tho she might be a bit slippery. Question: Is a g... nomenclature for several belly dancers a "wiggle of belly dancers"? After all, you have slouches of models and flights of stewardii.

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vital article of
public interest...

CANNABALISM CHARGES PLACED

Port Moresby, New Guinea (UPI)...Seven natives from the wild Biama district of Western Papua, have been charged with cannabalism.

The men appeared in court July 24 charged with "impproperly interfering with a corpse." No decision has been reached in the case.

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Now, I ask you, how does one properlyinterfer with a corpse?

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Hanging is a pain in the neck

Does anyone know where I can get a hundred bowling balls? I want to make a Rosary for an elephant...

I know a guy who put 50 pounds of rubber bands inside his calculator and got a computer that could make snap decisions.

I crossed an octopus with a bale of straw and got a broom with 8 handles.

I'm sure you all remember my luminous sundial for telling time after dark. I've been working on a couple new ones even better than that! Like a round mailbox for circulars. A shirt made out of Saran Wrap for people who have to watch their waistlines. A toothless comb for bald people.

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Overheard immediately after the elction results were in in Saigon.

Thieu: I've been elected!

Ky: Honestly?

Thieu: Why bring that up?

/*/

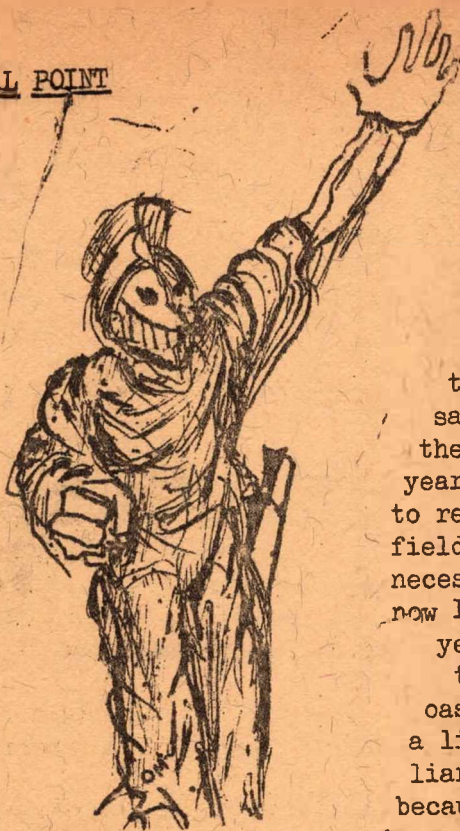
Saw The Assassination Bureau with Diana Rigg & Telly Savalas. Marvelous movie. Also saw the Anderson Tapes with Sean Connery with it as a double feature. Ghastly movie. Makes one think that before long, instead of us watching TV, it'll be watching us.

But then Tackett loves to call me on the phone since mine is bugged (you can hear the CIA man breathing and the jedgar man snoring).

So why are you reading this when Good Stuff awaits you further on?

THE PRIMORDIAL POINT

by V B
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Within the last decade, the popular revival concerning all the Occult Arts has risen sharply, primarily because Man seeks to further widen his knowledge and cannot now place all his trust in the material sciences we have grown up with. Also, this revival has been propagated by the fraud and deceit that is common to some parts of this spectrum of the Arts, and with a few carefully chosen answers by fortune-tellers, the unwitting tyro will go away feeling satisfied in this endless con game. In my area alone, there was nary one practitioner of prognostication a year ago that advertised in the local paper. In order to reap some of the monetary profits in this lucrative field, many so-called 20-year veterans have found it necessary to peddle their wares through papers, and now I have counted as many as 9 practising damsels (oh yes, only women, strangely enough). It is no wonder that what genuine talent lies hidden in this earthly oasis is ridiculed and shunned while those that make a living on deceit can survive, because they are better liars. One cannot blame the medium for these people, because wherever there's a fast buck to be made, people invariably are drawn towards it. The occult, with its eons of mystery, is the perfect place for one to tell someone his innermost secrets and still be correct within some framework of his or her living.

Witchcraft and Satanism seem to have the most plurality among the newly initiated, and perhaps a few words on these subjects would be in order.

Witchcraft, a century old Nature religion, has continued to exist under the auspices of their Mother Goddess figure, and with the overemphasis on sex, this fertility goddess continues to draw new converts to its ranks quite frequently. Actually, the original Witchcraft God (for it was just that) was a Horned God, beneficent for hunting and assorted practices, which was the livelihood of the people some 15 centuries ago. With agriculture becoming more and more important in the lives of the inhabitants of the European continent, the God changed, and became a Goddess; the Mother Goddess figure of which Fertility and Rebirth were its symbols. The Horned God was then relegated as a symbol of Death, and was/is used extensively for Black Magick and some Satanist ceremonies.

The continued growth and flourishing of Witchcraft reached such major proportions back then, that it came into conflict with the Christian Church, which supposedly had the claim to the majority of worshippers in that part of the world. In order to stem the flow of new adherents, Pope Innocent VII in 1484 issued his famous Papal Bull against witches, and two years later Kramer and Sprenger produced the now infamous MALLEUS MALIFICARUM, an anti-witch treatise of considerable proportions. Witch hunts became frequent; witches were blamed for many mishaps that might occur in the weather, grain output, political ambitions of an unsuccessful candidate, wars, and most all else. Dr. Raymond Buckland, practicing witch and curator of the Buckland Museum of Witchcraft on Long Island estimates that upwards of nine million people were killed directly because of the witchcraft purges. It wasn't until the 1950's with the advent of books by Gerald Gardner and anthropologist Margaret Murray, and the repeal of the Witchcraft Act by the British Government, that witches were able to surface from obscurity and practice their arts without fear of retribution by the government or anyone else. This brought on the widespread interest in a supposedly "dead" religion, and the ranks have been growing ever since. This new influ of blood, no doubt, would be beneficial to the survival of this belief, but the large numbers are just there for "excitement" or "to be with it" detract, rather than add to the efficacy of its workings.

Satanism likewise has enjoyed popularity that rivals many groups', but those that are unclear as to the workings of this professed religion hastily place all magick and the many beliefs associated with it into the same sphere, which is incorrect. Satanism believes in Satan as its "God"; indulgence, but not compulsion in the seven deadly sins; love to those who need it, and not to ingrates; belief in never hiding anything and practicing whatever you wish; vengeance; gratification in all sins, and that Satan is the embodiment of everything mentioned above. Since Man is the worst of all animals there is no need to euphemise and not worry about any future retribution, because there isn't any. Earth is our Hell, so let's live it to the best we can, and damn everyone else.

Satan comes from the Hebrew word Ha-Satan meaning "adversary", and this idea of an etheric being or angel who punishes and accuses men gave rise to the Devil of modern Christendom.

Later Jewish writers, worried about this ambiguity between a loving and a vengeful God, divided their religion into the good and bad aspects, giving rise to Jehovah as merciful and beneficial, and Satan as evil and sinful. A perfect example of this is quoted in two separate sections of the Bible. The first part, written circa 8th century BC, is in 2 Samuel 24:1, where Jehovah exhorts David to number the inhabitants of Israel. In 1 Chronicles 21:1, written sometime around the 4th century BC, it is now Satan that tells David to count his countrymen.

The Jewish and Gnostic mystics carried this idea out further, but it was Christianity that used it so strongly as an answer to Jehovah's seeming anger at times.

The Cather sects of the 12th century succeeded in unwittingly spreading the Devil's doctrine around, with their violent anti-Devil stands. They believed that procreation was bad (as Shakers do), and only populated the Earth with more of the Devil's emissaries.

The Cathers were quite free in their debauchery, since almost any form of sexual intercourse was preferable to procreation, and this gave rise to the belief that they practised unnatural sex acts, and actually worshipped the Devil. Of course, the Church was quick to grab on to this, and with their own edicts, dogmas, heresies, Inquisitors, tortures, killings, and innumerable other choice attractions, which complemented their ignorance, forced people into submission to their "good" God.

I do not agree with what Satanism, its "Church", or its so-called Black Pope, Anton LaVey insist on doing to rectify the situation concerning man. Indulgence in its vicariousness is a means to an end, not an ending to a sad story. To grovel in the depths of despair, to pervert oneself with the vilest of sexual perversions, are only ways that one can use to try and free himself from the evil which he claims is holding him down. Greed, lechery, sin, are all parts of a human's composition that must be destroyed from within. Complete gratification of these desires can prove very effective, as long as you do not hold these desires as the ultimate paradise on Earth. We are continually torn by the reflective qualities of "good" and "evil", and we must insist on terming some practice or action either one or the other name. Aleister Crowley, from whom LaVey corrupts much of his philosophy, torn between his Plymouth Brethren upbringing and his later blasphemous, pagan, iconoclastic beliefs, believed the following concerning this touchy subject: "He was, then, conscious of two aspects in himself, one good, and the other bad; the good or conventional aspect, is felt to be strangely impersonal; the bad, or demonic aspect, is the aspect with which he identifies his true self; it is, to use a psychological term, the unconscious aspect. Thus he identifies his true self with that aspect which is the less true, the most impersonal, for it lacks individuality or ego." A Satanist is of the same mold. The narrator in the sequence above is John Symonds, from his book THE MAGIC OF ALEISTER CROWLEY.

A disciple of Crowley's, Frank Bennett, struggled with the problem of this ego and self, as well as the glass over evil as we seem to believe in it. He wrote in his diary in 1921: "What fools we men are! We make for ourselves a prison, and erect mirrors that cover all the four walls of this prison; and not being satisfied with this, we cover the ceiling with a mirror as well. And these mirrors are our five senses which reflect themselves in hundreds of forms until we are so befogged that we believe

that these reflections of ourselves - of Man as Man and Bull - are all that is. But there are a few who have examined these mirrors and polished them, and discovered that the more these mirrors are polished the less reflection they give. Then a time has come when they have found that they are not mirrors at all, but only veils, and that one can see through the veils.

"The polishing now begins in earnest, and work turns to ecstasy - the true delight of the five sense which man ever tries to exceed. It is then revealed to him that he is more than Man and Bull; he is a Royal Eagle, ever soaring, with the strength of a Lion..." The "Man and the Bull are examples of corporeality, while the Eagle and Lion are symbols of Man's True Will. The symbols are taken from the 21st card of the Tarot, and from its Biblical reference (The Book of Revelation).

Satanism still wallows among materiality, making no ambition to rise above the first step to ascendancy. It looks at itself, and proclaims, "I am a Satanist! Bow down, for I am the Highest Embodiment of Life!" (THE SATANIC BIBLE - Anton Szandor LaVey, pg. 45)

I received a letter recently from one, who no doubt, has found the color of the fruits of Satanism much more beautiful than its taste. He writes:

"I have been interested in the occult since I was 13 years old. I am now 15. I go mostly for Satanism, Witchcraft Demonology. I have started a coven with some friends.

"If you want some really good books on the subject, get these.

1. THE SATANIC BIBLE by Anton S. LaVey, Black Pope of the Church of Satan
2. MAGICK IN THEORY AND PRACTICE by Aleister Crowley.
3. THE BLACK ARTS by Richard Cavendish.
4. THE SATANIC MASS by HFT Rhodes.
5. THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF WITCHCRAFT & DEMONOLOGY by Rossell H. Robbins.
6. THE BOOK OF CEREMONIAL MAGIC by Edward Arthur Waite.
7. THE SECOND COMING, SATANISM IN AMERICA by Lyons.

"I am looking for a book called the 'Legemeton' which is the most famous Black Magic manual. If you know where I can get a copy of this book, please tell me."

Though knowledge can be gained from books, wisdom cannot be. This is a misunderstanding on his part. His interest in the "occult", using that word for lack of a better one, can only be, after the two years he's invested, infatuation. True love of these subjects can only come with understanding: an axiom which is true of any great science from astronomy and chemistry to these "occult" subjects which are but extensions of the "sciences" accepted by society. His sincerity of involvement is not being debated, but his understanding should be questioned much more thoroughly before he involves himself in any true coven. Such involvement, by definition, demands a dedication married to an understanding that cannot be distilled merely from book learning or unguided speculation. The experience accompanying years of guided study and discipline alone can lead to formation of character necessary to probe the avenues of Nature he is so intensely interested in. Such interest is healthy and should lead to active discussion and debate with others who share his interest -- a purpose of "occult" encounter groups who discuss these arts which curiosity alone cannot master. By all means he should maintain a dynamic interest and a questing spirit, but he should not, as so many others have done, fall into the pit of glamour that surrounds such mysteries.

...VICTOR BORUTA....



NOTES ON THE SOLAR MICTURITION OF
GEOLOGICAL SAMPLES RECOVERED ON THE RECENT LUNAR ADVENTURE, TOGETHER
WITH SCHOLARLY FOOTNOTES TO APPEASE THE COLLEGE CROWD (1).

by Bob Tucker

I've recently read Robert Heinlein's 1970 novel I WILL FEAR NO EVIL, almost a year after everyone else in fandom has read and condemned it (2). I think it is a good wine but not a great wine. The Library of Congress catalog card number for the book is 75-126443, which is passing strange in itself; those first two numbers serve as a key and usually refer to the year in which the book is copyrighted, but now I am left wondering if Mr. Heinlein is the secret owner of a time machine, or if the typesetter and proof reader goofed, or if the Library of Congress has simply lost its bureaucratic mind (3). I recall reading several diatribes in several fanzines about this new novel, and with but one known exception everyone disliked it ---but the disenchanting gave so many differing reasons for their dislike that it would be a chore to attempt to plot a curve or graph to measure them. In general, they said it was too talky.

The pots are calling the kettle black.

I don't know how Mr. Heinlein regards this novel, but it is my firm suspicion that it was not intended as science fiction. I read it as mainline work, or mainstream if the purists prefer, and the absence of spaceships and robots leads me to believe the author wrote it on the mainline (4). One ordinary novel, with or without peanuts, firmly placed in the Twenty-first century. It is filled with nuggets which must reflect his growing up in the depression years; it may even be a fictionalized autobiography of how his life would be if only he could arrange it that way, an autobiographical tour de force composed before the fact. Something to entertain the unwashed masses in fandom and in college (5). Little wonder then that fannish critics panned the story; the absence of zooming spaceships, hissing rayguns, thoats, breast-plated female robots, mysterious men from Mars, flying teacups, revolutions for the liberation of mankind, time travel to do in grandfather, and businessmen bent on selling the moon all left the fans staring at their empty hands and crying the master had slipped.(6)

Nonsense. Fan critics and reviewers should sample mainstream writing to discover how bad it really is out there. Some of those famous mainline writers are illiterate.

This novel is talky. Great Hugo, is it talky! almost to the exclusion of everything else, but it entertained me (7) because golden nuggets were found mixed in with all that chatter, and because characterization was built, or revealed, and the plot was advanced by that endless chatter. (But slowly, oh how slowly!) The talkiness was both revealing (sometimes at the author's expense) and amusing. Perhaps Mr. Heinlein did not always intend for me to be amused by the dialog, but I was---and often I



was amused at the wrong times. The hero/heroine is hung up on audio sex (8). He/she can scarcely talk of anything else. He/she discusses high and low (mostly low) sexual matters with his/her: secretary, lawyer, doctor, nurse, maid, other lawyers, a judge, chauffeurs, bodyguards, bodyguards wives, waitresses, roommate, new husband, old husband, old husband's new wife, fraternity brothers (9), and people who ride up and down in elevators with him/her. No doubt I've overlooked a category or profession, it's a long book. And if memory serves, he/she beds down (or floors down) with every one of those named above except the waitress. The waitress politely declined. Something of a spoilsport.

But it's all talk.

With one brief exception which was chopped off in a line or two, all those physical encounters were merely talked about before they happened or after they happened. Talk, talk, talk. The hero/heroine talked a hundred great rapes, but revealed none to the eager, panting reader. That's a poor way to write a sex book. I know a gentleman in Kentucky and another in California who could have stretched those four hundred pages into of talk to eight hundred pages of technicolor action. They may yet.

Do you suppose the fans were driven over the edge by all those verbal dry runs? Were they really left with empty hands (10) after plodding four hundred pages?

Meanwhile, I don't understand what the fuss was all about nor who stirred up the fuss about a year ago when this novel was seeking a magazine publisher. Accurately or otherwise, the scuttlebutt of the day claimed that magazines were turning it down because of its daring content, and that when Judy-Lynn Benjamin of Galaxy finally prepared it for publication, she expressed doubts, or anxieties, or something, about possible lawsuits or censorship troubles which would follow. Balderdash. I don't believe the scuttlebutt. Unless the magazine version contained a good many word and word pictures which were omitted from the hardcover edition, there is nothing in the novel to upset a judge, a bookstore proprietor (11), or the postmaster general except: a four letter word, a five letter word, and a six letter word. I think each was used once for effect, and each of the authorities mentioned would only reward the complainer with a hollow laugh after looking at the words (12). Those terms are awfully dull and pallid today.

In that respect, the story is pretty dull, but the author did cut loose with a "Damn!" once. It was thrilling.

Other delightful nuggets to be found in the novel were a plethora (13) of slang terms and colloquialisms Mr. Heinlein had to learn in his own youth, the era from 1920 through the end of the 1930s. He was a depression youth---Mr. Hoover's depression, not Mr. Eisenhower's or Mr. Nixon's, and the flavor is carried over well because the hero (but not the heroine) is a depression product. ("Fertile as a turtle, Myrtle" was hot stuff in 1930.) A wise man doesn't criticise ancient slang terms carried forward into the next century, but boobs sometimes do. Only last week in Potlatch (14) I expressed myself on that score and somewhat rudely squashed dewy-eared critics who objected to the slang of this century appearing in the next. It will be there, never fear. But Heinlein appears to have a blind spot in this respect: while most of the slang used is from the Twenties, Thirties and Forties, I don't recall an instance of slang from the Sixties or the Seventies in the novel. I can't remember a "marve" or a "groovy" nor were there heads, bread, bummers, dime bags or grass. Did I miss something? "Flash" was used in an entirely different manner: to quick-cook a meal, and a bang was the old fashioned sex act. A blast meant a good time with a woman, without drugs, and a joint is a place where low persons loafed and drank booze (15). Well, it is Heinlein's story, not mine, and he's entitled.

But I still doubt that a woman would faint when she had intercourse, even if she was somewhat new at the sport.

---BOB TUCKER (16)

THE OBLIGATORY FOOTNOTES

- (1) The college crowd may be appeased with footnotes, pot, sex on the dean's lawn and the burning of ROTC buildings. They are a simple folk with simple pleasures.
- (2) So I'm slow.
- (3) Ibid, or his sister Irbid.
- (4) But what did the mainline critics think? Did they hail the novel as New Wave?
- (5) Refer back to Note 1. Fandom differs from college only in that fans seldom burn ROTC buildings, preferring instead to burn bridges behind them.
- (6) Banana peels are passe.
- (7) I have a dirty mind.
- (8) You have a dirty mind; you were thinking oral sex.
- (9) Fraternity brothers and sisters, so to speak. VanVogt had two words for them: mixed men.
- (10) A low pun.
- (11) And we know what he sells.
- (12) This is the sound of hollow laughter.
- (13) Plethora is the plural of plinth.
- (14) Or last month, or last year. Ask Joyce.
- (15) open the door, Richard. I want in.
- (16) An old male hand at the sport.
- (17) Op. cit.



WINTER OBSERVATIONS

by Bill Wolfenbarger

i looked out the window of the small cafe one afternoon this very cold hard Winter in missouri & discovered one of the railroadmen walking around the yards working with warm (i hope) hat & gloves & coat & decent footwear & felt sad for him for it was just under 20 degrees above zero, snow covering the ground & more expected to fall. as i watched him his head kept hunkering down between his shoulders to help fight off a little of the cold & you could see a trail of breath he made on his rounds, his rawhide gloves kept meeting one another thruout the ritual of the rail-switching. i'd say he was in his lates 30s or somewhere in his 40s, it wasn't easy to tell. it's a real bitch, i thot, having to work out in real nasty weather like this, & thank god the man didn't have some impossible night shift. couldn't see anybody could make it through the night. thatworker's face was weather-ridden. seeing all the stark, bare trees i mused how inside they must be shivering near to death. it made me cold all over again. when i returned from the restroom the railroadman was gone. i buttoned up my coat & walked thru the dreary whiteness.

a person is more aware of what's actually happening in Winter, because you are forced to think more then of survival. & i think all your senses become more open because you're going to use them more in winter than any other other season on one level of awareness or another, realize it or not; especially if it's a cold, hard Winter.

yesterday john & i drove around looking at all the dead things. death hung very solid in the air. nothing could be done; if there was we would have done it. nothing but a solid whiteness on Earth. winter kills many things. but, i feel, Winter is also the most spiritual of seasons. when you think of the dead flowers, you are reminded that in Spring they return to natural growth. death, also, is a natural growth.

& when Spring comes, the seasons transform themselves.

when you've gotten yourself out there in all that blinding snow & freezing cold, perhaps it makes you think a little of what jack london felt and thot; i know i put myself in his place for a couple of minutes, witnessing all this. truly in winter & in no other, you do realize that you are on your own. it's all up to you. it'll make or break you. ah that poor exhausted railroadman...but that's part of life; it's what happens. all the early times you (&i) played in the snow, having snowball fights & making snowmen & building forts & sliding down a hill on your december sled...remember those good times the next time you face winter weather with a curse under your breath; & just remember that whenever you are in the Wintertime, 9 times out of 10, you've let it happen and with no one to blame but your own self. be thankful; mankind does, every now and then, learn a few lessons.

---Bill Wolfenbarger...

January '70

THE KEROSENE ORANGE JUICE ADDING MACHINE

by Roy Tackett

Vardebob is, let us face it squarely, evil. One would not expect it from a priest of the Great Crystal Oscillator, but he is. Through and through. To the core. Evil.

I am, after all, old and fat, tired and retired and want little more than to spend my remaining days dozing in the sun on the plaza and maybe an occasional glass of pulque or mescal to keep me from drying out completely. But no, it is not to be. Crazy Vardeman is always coming up with something to disturb my siesta.

Hey, Tackett, he says. Wake up, hombre, we are holding a convention.

Go away, Vardeloco, I say. I will call a convention of Makers and give them your water.

Come, he says, we are having the convention. You must attend. Are you not a trufan?

No, I say. Trufans live in the jungles of New York City or Brooklyn or something like that and worship a god they call Tedwhite who has deserted them and they await his return. They are led by a blind priest called Athek. No civilized man has ever set foot in their territory.

But I get up and go, for the glory of fandom, to the convention where all sorts of crazy people sit around and watch 6.666 hours of films of belly dancers with appropriate music such as Tea for Two and The Old Rugged Cross. As early as I can I make my way back to the plaza to doze in the sun.

But then again comes Vardeman.

Hey, Tackett, he says. Wake up. You promised to write something for SANDWORM.

Go away, I say.

But you promised, he says.

I was drunk, I say.

No, he says, you must write for the SANDWORM.

I will feed you to the Sandworm, I say. Hey, Vardeloco, how about a bottle of mescal with a Sandworm in it?

That's a big bottle, he says.

That's my price, I say.

He gets it. I don't know where. He is strange.



You know the last thing I wrote, Vardeman?

No, he says, motioning to the truck that is bringing in the mescal bottle.

It was a review for Linda Bushyager. She wanted a "contribution" so I did a review and sent it to her. She didn't print it. And then came the next issue of Gf comes also a request for a contribution. Ha!

Vardeman signaled to the crane that was to unload the bottle. What was the book? he asks.

Let me see now. Ah, yes, it was something called "Star Breed", I think. A right-wing political tract written by some broad whose name I unluckily cannot recall.

Why unluckily, asks Vardeman, watching the crane operator get a sling around the mescal bottle.

Because, old thing, I say, I'm liable to make the mistake of picking up another of her books someday. There was a point...

Yes?

There were these traders from a planet of Alpha Centuri...

What else?

These traders, you see, had this big and ancient trading Empire and eventually they got around to contacting Earth about it or something. But you know, old stick, the wheels began to spin.

Ah?

So I called the Astronomy Department at the University.

That was a mistake.

Yes.

Astronomy Department.

Eh?

Astronomy Department.

What?

Astronomy Department.

Wha?

Astronomy Department.

I want the Astronomy Department.

This is the Astronomy Department.

Eh?

This is the Astronomy Department.

What?

This is the Astronomy Department.

Wha?

This is the Astronomy Department.

Yeah. I want the Astronomy Department.

May I help you?

I have a question.

We're looking at Saturn this Thursday.

What?

We're looking at Saturn this Thursday.

Why?

What?

Why are you looking at Saturn this Thursday

That's on the schedule.

No.

No?

No.

What?

Saturn's been Cancelled.

Saturn's been cancelled?

Yeah. Point your scope in that direction and all you'll see is a blank.

Oh. Saturn's been cancelled.

Right. Is this the Astronomy Department?

Yes.

You deal in the stars?

You want to know about the stars?

Right.

Are you sure you don't want the Astrology Department?

What?

Astrology Department.

Eh?

Astrology Department.

I must have the wrong number. I want the Astronomy Department.



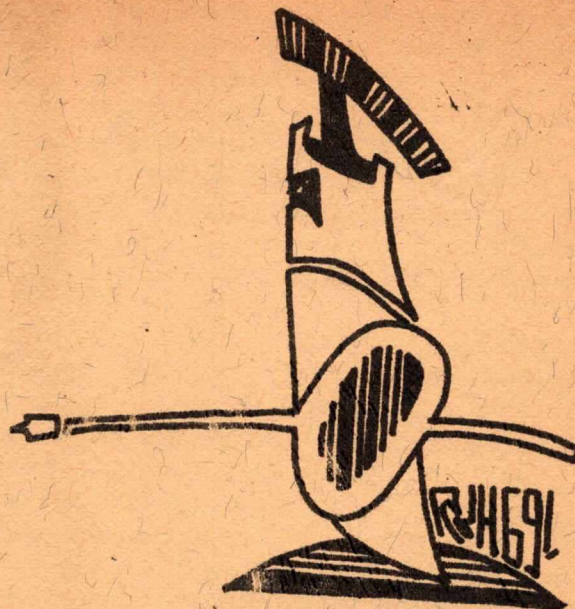
This is the Astronomy Department.
Why did you call it the Astrology Department?
I didn't call it the Astrology Department.
You want me to play that back?
Are you recording this?
What?
Recording.
EH?
Recording. Recording.
Guess I'll have to dial again. I got a recording.
No. No. No.
Damn thing is stuck, too.
Can we start again?
I'd like to, friend.
This is the Astronomy Department.
Wonderful! Are you checked out on the stars?
Well, yes.
Wonderful! Alpha Centuri is the nearest star, right?
Right.
Rotate yourself around. If you were an inhabitant of a planet circling Alpha Centuri, would you find that Sol was the nearest star?
Well, there's Proxima Centauri, of course.
Forget Proxima Centauri.
Forget Proxima Centauri?
It's been cancelled.
Along with Saturn?
Right.
HMMMMM. Let me see....hmmmmmm...Put down 2 and aarry 4...minus the left declension... add the parallax...take the square root of minus one...and...yes, Sol is the nearest star to Alpha Centauri.
Ah, so! Now then, if you were an inhabitant of a planet of Alpha Centauri and you had discovered a star drive, where would you go first?
Why, to Sol...
Precisely!

Vardeman was looking at the mescal bottle which was towering up among the clouds.
Tackett....
Yes?
How are we going to get the mescal out of the bottle?
Let's call up the Engineering Department at the U.

****Roy Tackett****

Intoxication is feeling
sophisticated and not being able
to say it.

Subversives



Another bout with the readership in The Trackless Waste. Some very interesting comments this time around, too.

ELI COHEN: 417 W. 118th St, Apt 63, NYC, 10027::: Let me preface my remarks by saying that I have spent a good portion of the last $3\frac{1}{2}$ yrs of my life working on a study of heroin addiction for NY State. This statement is meant to overawe you and add a tinge of authority and expertise to my opinions. /Not to mention following good scientific form./

Basically, I wish to take exception to your suggestion that heroin be legalized. Now there are many theories as to why people take heroin. The physiological "craving" theory (which says there is a metabolic deficiency in some people that causes a craving for the drug, putting it in the same class as insulin for a diabetic) is put forth by Methadone Maintenance People, principally Marie Nyswander and Vincent Dole. As far as I can see, there is no evidence for it, and in any case, it cannot possibly apply to all addicts. Under this theory, legalization is great, because everybody would take a maintenance dose (at a stable level), and crime due to drugs would disappear. I think drug use is due to a combination of the physical and social effects. It feels good to be high, and enables one to escape from one's problems. At the same time, drug use puts you into a subculture that gives you a sense of belonging. You have your own slang, your own circle of friends, a common purpose and pattern of living, a sense of superiority to the ~~mundane~~ er, square world... you know. For those unfortunates who don't get involved with fandom, or religion or even radical politics, it offers a group to belong to. Plus the fact that in many ghetto areas, the addict subculture is a normal, not particularly deviant thing to get into.

Now, you propose to legalize this addictive drug, diacetylmorphine. There are 2 things you may mean by this. You may mean the British system, whereby addicts can register, and get a doctor's prescription for a maintenance dose of heroin, which the government gives them. This system doesn't work. Britain now has a flourishing blackmarket; obviously, if you take heroin to get high, you won't be interested in just a maintenance dose, and if shooting up with your friends is what turns you on, a sterile doctor's office is going to be no substitute for a shooting gallery. The only result that I can see is to give a habit a base to build upon, giving one a stronger and hence more difficult to kick habit. Same crime, same Mafia drugs, only perhaps a slight lowering of the price due to higher availability (if legal sources exist, it's easier for illegal dealers to get supplies). /Witness the fact that of the nine billion reds manufactured each yr, almost half reach the black market./

The alternative is complete, across-the-board legalization, which I presume is what you had in mind. OK: The dangers

of heroin, as I see them are: First and foremost, theft, muggings, and assorted crimes against property committed by addicts to support their habits. (NY Police statistics, at least up to 1967, show that very few crimes against persons are committed by addicts, but property crimes are way out of proportion to the number of addicts. That's based upon arrest figures, and addicts identified as such after arrest, generally for non-drug crimes). Secondly, OD's, hepatitis, and assorted ills addicts bring upon themselves by unsanitary procedures and general ignorance. (Junkies are just as prone to accepting cultural myths as fact as the rest of America; and regardless of how good they are at manipulating people, I for one have little respect for the intelligence of the typical addict.)

If addicts shoot heroin to get high, the fact that heroin is addicting will lead to larger and larger and larger habits. Legalization would just mean for the same money you get a larger, more dangerous habit. Perhaps approaching the situation in Hong Kong, where heroin is so cheap and common as to be practically legal and 60% of the adult male population is addicted, most with habits so strong that kicking cold turkey would be lethal. (As opposed to the situation in NY, at least a few yrs ago, where the quality of dope was so low, and the typical habit so weak, that, as the expression went, "you kicked in the elevator on the way to the Tombs".) Money for a habit has to come from somewhere, and there's no reason to believe the source would change. You think drugs would be cheaper; I think the cost of habits would be the same. You might object that anytime a habit got unmanageable, an addict could check into a hospital and kick, and then start over from scratch. But you are imaginig a lot more hospitals than exist now. Besides, there are many detoxification programs in NY now, and they seem to have little effect on the bulk of junkies. So the social problem remains.

Sinne with a legal, free purchase policy one would presumably still have shooting galleries, all the dangers of hepatitis, etc., remain with the added problem that H per weight would be cheaper, hence OD's would be more common.

Total benefits of legalization: The money goes to honest drug store owners and Mafia-fronts, instead of directly to organized crime.

The government would presumably have to put stickers on each bag saying "Caution: This product, which has no value other than giving you a high, may be lethal. Keep out of the reach of children."

Are you convinced? My arguments, as you see, depend exclusively on the drug being physically addicting in the sense of the body building up a tolerance to its euphoric effects. I should point out that, according to interview data, a lot of the younger addicts don't want to give up drugs; they still think it is cool. And programs like Methadone work mainly for the older junkies who are tired of the life, with its prison, poverty and perpetual search for dope. They have generally exhausted all their resources of family and friends.

I think the only solution to the problem is education, hopefully by older ex-addicts who have seen the misery underneath the glamor. Either that, or free drugs, and no medical care for heroin produced ills, and let all those who wish drugs kill themselves off.

For your information; Of the 579 addicts we interviewed, 22% said they tried heroin before marijuana (if they tried marijuana at all!). Put that in your pipe and smoke it!

I think you've done a nice job of summing the situation up, Eli. My solution is, indeed, to give the junkies free heroin (or for a miniscule amount to defray some costs) and either let them kill themselves off or join an H-Anonymous group. I don't know for sure but I suspect that the same psychological type who becomes a drunkard can become a junkie, the difference is in means only. The psychology of a wino is fascinating, since it seems to make no difference at all whether he is getting drunk or is telling another drunk via AA not to booze it up. By legalizing smack, think of the reduction in crimes - this alone would free the police to combat real crime like murder, armed robbery, etc. I have no sympathy whatsoever with a junkie...besides, making H illegal is violating his Constitutional right of "pursuit of happiness".///Recent work at UNM has shown grass to be non-reinforcing in the psychological sense, ie, merely smoking grass is not physically addictive. As you pointed out, tho, social considerations are probably paramount.//And already I hear Hangin' Jack chuckling over my statement that "p of h" is a Constitutional right... I Declare..7

DENNIS LIEN: 2300 S. Harriet, Apt 302, Minneapolis, Minn, 55405::: ...Start of LoC on THE SANDWORM SONGBOOK. Alas, I wholly agree with Buck Coulson. End of LoC on THE SANDWORM SONGBOOK.

Sandworm #13: The cover was delightful. I have some goodies and send copies to Buck Coulson and George Wells; you obviously are a man of wit and taste and will in the future want to read about Arizona teachers being fired for witchcraft first-hand instead of filtered through Rumbblings.)

The only "Lien" who seems to have hit it big in the realworld (as opposed to fandom, in which I've only hit it small - I have hipes for hitting it medium someday) is a maker of chemicals for toilets. It has always bothered me a bit to walk into a strange bathroom in a strange city and find the tentacles of my illustrious (presumptive) distant relative have proceeded me, while the Moriarity of Sanitary Engineering sits in his office somewhere and sends out minions. Now, knowing that the toilets in which the chemicals find nirvana bear names like the "Plato", my head is held a good two inches higher, which hurts my neck.

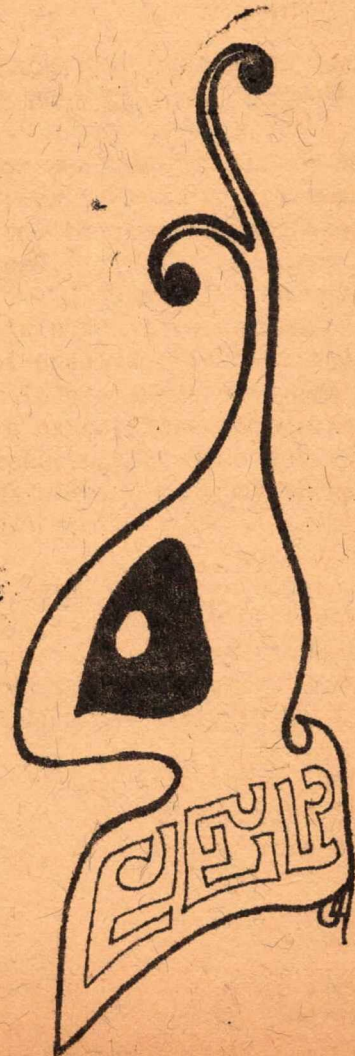
Now, since a "Plato" already exists, an obvious fannish contest would be to design/describe toilets and bidets named after other philosophers, etc., in terms of their philosophy. Obviously, each mundane individual unit of the Plato has something flawed about it, but there is an ideal model somewhere in the home office, of which all the rest are but imperfect copies. This ideal model is sat upon only by an ideal arse and it flushes away only ideal - but you get the idea.

Wanted: the Bishop Berkeley toilet (you only think it's there, but then you only think you need it); the Marshall McLuhan toilet (before we can describe it, we must decide if sewage is a hot or cold medium), Occam's Toilet (when two or more stalls confront you in a bathroom, choose the nearest one), etc.

Darrell Schweitzer makes me drool. I have caught bits of TEENAGERS FROM OUTER SPACE now and then, but never the whole glorious flick from what one might loosely call the beginning to what is laughingly known as the end. What I have seen of it is promising: they may for me, as for Schweitzer, be the worst sf flick of all time, supplanting in my mind BLOOD FEAST, which has held the crown for about five yrs. In spite of a recent surge by that incredible double drive-in feature, BLOODTHIRSTY BUTCHERS and TORTURE DUNGEON - non plotted, malacted, gory, badly photographed versions of, respectively, SWEENEY TODD, THE DEMON BARBER OF FLEET STREET, and a vaguely RICHARD III ish medieval sexy western.

POSTMARKED THE STARS is the 4th Dane Thorson story; the others being SARGASSO OF SPACE, PLAGUE SHIP, & VOODOO PLANET. I think I read every book Norton published up to about '63 or '64 and none since then, but I recall Thorson from the thick squat 35¢ Ace paperbacks featuring Norton & Anderson & Vance & Brunner and such people that we used to get back in the dark ages before they improved the line into tall skinny 75¢ Ace paperbacks featuring Bulmer and Lin Carter and Walt & Leigh Richmond.

Now wait a minute - Koontz predicted an earthquake in Turkey ...dammit everybody stop playing with Powers!



GEORGE PROCTOR: The Citadel, 1524 S. Oak, Apt 205, Arlington ~~Cemetery~~, Texas, 76010::: UP
AGAINST THE WALL, VARDEMAN --- THAT SANDWORM RIDER ON PAGE 7 IS NOT BY DAN
OSTERMAN, give you three guesses who drew it -- all of us make mistakes,
even the Jungle King of Albuquerque. /Ulp, uh, gee what can I say? Other than my art
director has been fired after I tarred and feathered him. (I was going to grovel but
Dennis Lien only gave me a B- for this when I screwed up his sub...and let the water in)7

I'm
afraid I found Rick Stoker's example of great losses due to drugs rather amusing -- Janis
Joplin and Jimi Hendrix. It seems that Stoker missed a very important factor in the
foundation of his argument: without the emerging drug scene in America during the 60's
('67 for the aforementioned rock superstars) neither Joplin or Hendrix would have made an
impression on the music world. I am not familiar with the Port Arthur Texas wonder's
background, but Hendrix was a little known guitarist until he turned on and went to England.
Even the name of his group The Jimi Hendrix Experience, was a blatant reference to the drug
experience, acid the main drug, "Are you experienced?" he questioned a knowing audience in
his first album. I can think of only a few of his songs that aren't based on the effects
of some drug, that's the music too, not just the words.

Joplin, while songs were basic blues
(Big Brother music was acid), it was the SF (that's San Francisco) drug scene that brought
her light.

I'm not saying they wouldn't have made it on the music scene without drugs, but as
it was drugs were a basic part of their careers and one reason for their existence and
acceptance.

I guess the above is more or less what you said to Stoker, but I had to add my
2¢ worth (oops, that's Susan Glicksohn that does that isn't it)

While on drugs and social
crimes, let me introduce Garland, Texas, a suburb of Dallas. /I think I'll let the chance for
a snide aside slip by on this one -- "While on drugs and social crimes.?" Gee, George, I
didn't know...7 In recent months, city state and federal police put out a network of under-
cover agents making a record number of busts and drying up all the grass around town, the
populous cheered, the mayor paraded, the agents received their pats on the back. The kids
who were turning on to tea, suddenly found the well had run dry, but with the dealers gone,
the pushers moved in and speed was flowing throughout Garland. Now the kids were wrong,
I think even most users will agree, happy speedfreaks are hard to find. But the speed/^{was}
in Garland to begin with, but wasn't being used, grass was too easily had. But law enforcement
officials went after the suppliers of grass and more or less pushed the kids to the available
supply of speed. The logic behind the move escapes me. Perhaps a Hoover fan will explain
to me. /Since Efram Zimbalist, Jr isn't here, I will try. Grass is not only illegal, it
will stunt your growth, grow hair on your palms and put a shifty look into your eye. All
speed will do is kill you. Wouldn't you rather see your son or daughter dead than with a
hairy palm and a shifty look in the eye?7

/*/

How about the Richard Nixon toilet? Flush it and it pours
out directly into a news release.

/*/

Wally Conger: Rt 1, Box 450-A, Arroyo Grande, Calif, 93420::: ...And to Sneary on "drug songs":
I listen to rock music day and night and I've never turned to drugs -- or had
the urge to. And as I write this, Steppenwolf is shouting "goddamn the pusher"
on my turntable. Enough? /It strikes me as odd that one of the first songs to be taken
off the air after the FCC fiat was "Snowblind Friend", a most anti-drug song. Seems that
it doesn't matter whether the songs are pro or con - any reference whatsoever is Bad.7

/*/

How about the Martha Mitchell toilet? You flush it
and are connected with an Arkansas newspaper.

/*/

How about the J. Edgar Hoover toilet? It's bugged.

B.D. ARTHURS: 815 N. 52nd St #21, Phoenix, Ariz, 85008::: I don't agree with your views on marijuana. The way I see it, anyone who's sick enough to take some sort of drug with the deliberate end of distorting the action of his brain shouldn't be punished, he should be given psychiatric care. /You've just condemned better than 70% of the US population to the shrinks...and even shrinks have been known to drink such vile things as martinis...isn't alcohol responsible for distorting the action of the brain & isn't drinking it a deliberate act?/ The concept of mind control has always been one of the most frightening ideas of sf, but it's nowhere near as frightening as the idea of thousands of people calmly dosing themselves with substances that will lower or stop conscious perception of the world around them and will send them into a state that can only be called insanity, even if the effects are (usually) only temporary. /Depends on who you are talking to. A Yogi for instance will claim that the entire world is illusion & only by retreating inside can he find the "real" world. I would hesitate calling him insane simply because I don't agree with him. I even suspect that he would pity us, might even call us insane, because we think the world around is real./

Further, there are laws against marijuana. If you purposely break these laws, you have committed a crime. Whether a law is just or unjust makes no difference, you are a lawbreaker and it is the duty of the judicial system to try you. I see no difference between the head who says, "marijuana doesn't have any ill effects. Why should I be sent to jail for smoking grass?" and the confidence man who says, "Never give a sucker an even break. Why should I be sent to jail for bilking someone who was stupid enough to let himself be bilked?" The truth of the matter is, the head is not being sent to jail for smoking grass, he is being sent to jail for breaking the law against smoking grass.

/Your analogy isn't exact - the con man is doing something to another person. The head is doing something to himself. Since the real recipient of the action is totally different, I see no parallel. I hope that you aren't implying that you've never broken any laws, not even jaywalking laws or speeding laws. A parking ticket? There are laws and laws. I'm against the laws which try to protect a person from himself (eg, jaywalking and speeding - if a person is going to speed, he will. If he kills someone else, he should be tried for first degree murder if the accident was the direct result of his speeding. But speeding, per se, should not be illegal. And so on,.../

I also disagree with your stand on pornography. If porno, or other "bad" literature has no effect on the reader, there is an obvious corollary: that "good" literature also has no effect on the reader. In other words, oh, the Bible for instance, has never mattered one way or the other in what anyone's views are. I can give you a documented case that shows that your argument is wrong: A man named J.B. Troppmann, in the mid-1800's became obsessed with Eugene Sue's THE WANDERING JEW while he was still a boy. He patterned his life after the character of Rodin, and subsequently murdered a family of 8 in cold blood, hoping to succeed to the family's estate of 100,000 francs. For a mere complete account, see Wm. Bolitho's MURDER FOR PROFIT.

/Hmmm, I wonder if he wouldn't have murdered someone even if he couldn't have read Sue's story. What you are saying is that a person, normal, sane, reads The Wandering Jew and will rush out and cold bloodedly murder 8 people. What I am saying is that an unbalanced, insane person may do that - or may do such a thing simply on "cue" from a thousand other things. What you are saying is that a person reading the Bible will instantly set forth on a campaign of Good Samaritanism...what I am saying is that it may happen. It may turn out that a Charles Whitman will start gunning down people from a bell tower. You have only one instance for proof - I have the majority of the people in the US as proof for my arguments. Most of the people herein are reasonably sane, and after 20 yrs of watching all sorts of violence on TV, movies, in books, most people do not run amok killing others. That we may have a higher per capita murder ratio is probably due more to our high pressure-push-push-push culture than being convinced by what we read. After all, only 30% of the US population has finished a book in the last yr./

The newest draft lottery gave me my number, and my number is up. I drew 32. Actually, it's not all that serious because I was planning to enlist in the fall of '72 anyway. Even so, that number is going to be a bloody nuisance. /What an apt figure of speech./

I would like to take a moment to pass along an article that Torkel Franzen sent me which was run in a Swedish newspaper (being reprinted there from the Louisville Journal).

The city council of Dallas has recently passed an ordinance forbidding, and providing penalties for "walking about aimlessly, without apparent purpose, lingering, hanging around, lagging behind, idly spending time, delaying, sauntering and moving slowly about, where such conduct is not due to physical defect or condition."

Well sir, Mr. Arthurs, you better take heed because it's the law. Gads, but how would one explain to one's parents that they were busted for "lagging behind" or "idly spending time"? The mind boggles.

A legal question, Hangin' Jack, are these bailable offenses? And if so, what conditions might be set on the bail? Would a bail of, say, \$100kilobucks be reasonable to insure that the ~~little~~ criminal would appear to have justice administered?

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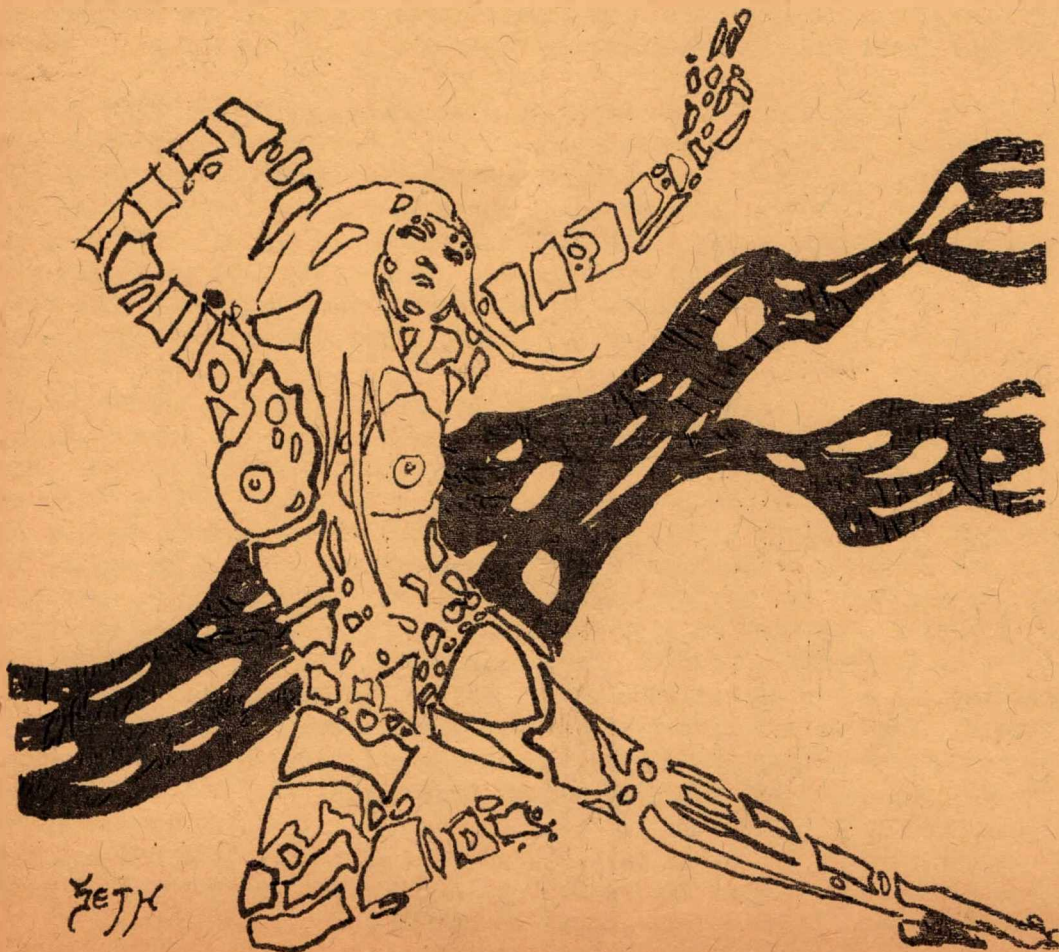
Howabout the Stalin toilet? It purges you.

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HARRY WARNER, 423 Summit Ave, Hagerstown, Md, 21740:: It seems wrong to write a loc just this moment when simultaneously with the clatter of these typewriter keys, there must be a noxious hammering of little hammers on anvils in the skulls of those who were present for Dubonicon. /While you were writing this loc, I was probably well on my way to Boston. So, in my case, it was the whine of a jet engine.7

Sudden thought:

when the European convention is held for the first time in Italy, will they be allowed to call it the "ubicon? /I guess they'll have to cross that obstacle when they get to it...71



Wouldn't the purchase of life insurance stocks have just about the same effect as participating in mutual funds? The life insurance companies invest their money in selected investments, just as the mutual fund sponsors do. But I understand it's growing increasingly difficult and expensive to find a stock broker who will service you with small stock market transactions, so maybe the commissions and wasted time would amount to more than the eight percent by which your mutual fund investments may dwindle. /Quite possibly so...again, there are no load funds which charge no 8% at all. And you deal directly with the bank handling the fund account rather than arguing with a broker over whether to buy or sell (they'll always tell you to buy, seldom to sell). Also mutuals exist where you can invest as small an amount as you wish - if \$10 is all you have, they'll gladly invest it for you. Tho most insist on at least a \$25 minimum so the bookkeeping costs won't eat them alive.7

Legalizing drugs wouldn't take them out of crime. There would still be bootleg traffic offering drugs at lower prices than the over-the-counter costs. The parallel with alcohol isn't really valid because most drugs can be created without elaborate equipment and the user can't recognize adulterated drugs by taste as he can tell when whiskey has been watered down and the weight of \$100 worth of this or that drug as well as its volume is so much less than \$100 worth of beer or whiskey. /I can't agree, Harry, since it is very difficult to process an opium poppy into heroin or the basic ingredients into speed. Much easier to make white lightning. I also contest your theory that a drinker can more easily detect watered down whiskey than a user can adulterated drugs. I spent 2 yrs proving that you can indeed water down a drink in a variety of ways - and even have the customer praise you on how strong a drink you mix. Also, most people cannot tell what brand of liquor they are drinking after 3 drinks. I can pour the cheapest rotgut bourbon for OldCharter after 3 or 4 drinks and they'd never know. As to moonshine, look at the number of cases where the drinker dies from poisoning. Many moonshiners use lye to quicken the fermentation or old radiators laden with cadmium, lead and 40 other vile and noxious things -- the stuff gets drunk just the same. Interesting to note that the places where moonshining is going the strongest are the states with the most stringent laws governing liquor. Ky is about the worst. I suspect that Texas will now begin to put the moonshiner out of business since they passed the liquor by the drink law.7

I just don't believe the claim that alcohol improves some people's driving abilities. The statistics are too damning: something like half of all fatal motor accidents have alcohol as a factor. /But what percentage of drunk drivers have accidents? It would seem that in many cases, maybe not even in most, the drunk is actually more careful than he would be when he is sober. I am not condoning drunk driving by any means, in fact I wish there were some way of getting them off the road before they kill me, but I am saying that some of the "facts" about drunks may not be facts at all.7

Phil Muldowney's letter about the respect for the American green suddenly has the flavor of the long ago and far away. But I wonder what lasting effects the international money changes will have on fandom? American participation in European conventions could be sharply curtailed, if the dollar buys fewer and fewer pounds and francs and marks in the next yr or two. Transportation from here to there might not be much more expensive, but lodgings, meals, and such things might grow prohibitively expensive in other nations for anyone except the wealthy American fans. Or suppose the recent changes in the worth of the dollar should be magnified into a really big difference, and European fans found it practical to attend the American Worldcon by hundreds instead of by the dozens, and Jim Ballard could publish himself his most advanced writing because he could have the printing job done in the US for a pittance of British money, and TAFF changed into a method whereby one East Coast fan could be guaranteed of attending a worldcon on the West Coast and vice versa. /COFF? Coast Over Fan Fund?7

Suicide of a president would probably be illegal. Wouldn't it go counter to the oath he takes when he accepts office, his promise to do this and that for the nation which he is now about to head? And I imagine there are people watching Nixon and every president for symptoms of mental disorder. I'd guess some of the secret service men who guard him are trained to observe any outward evidence of unusual behavior, and that somewhere in the CIA or somewhere, first rate psychiatrists are keeping watch on his conversations, etc. /The President's Analyst? A movie was made about that...7

NED BROOKS: 713 Paul St: Newport News, Va, 23605:: The reason a steam engine pollutes less is essentially that the fuel stays in the combustion chamber until it is completely consumed, whereas in an internal combustion engine there is only a fraction of a second of burning time for each bit of fuel in the cylinder and then it is sucked out the exhaust, unburned gases and all. The natural gas burned in my floor furnace, for example, produces essentially no pollution, and if I burned oil in a properly designed furnace the same would be true.

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Confusion say: Let he who has never been stoned cas the first sin.

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WG Bliss: 422 Wilmot, Chillicothe, Ill, 61523:: /Bill's letter is sooooo long, and I am sooooooooooooo tired I'm going to unmericuflly chop away at it. Cut out are parts on his most recent inventions, a dialog on postal employees and fmz sorting, dope, plus quite a bit on Carnot engines, neutrino energy & flux, hot pants fetishists plus a most enlightening fanzine. Not an sf fanzine, a mundane one! On tropical fish care and collecting or whatever they consider themselves to be doing.7

Phil Muldowney: What with government & industrial secrecy these days, it's impossible to know if they are spending fortunes whomping up a replacement for the IC engine. No doubt if they are, chances are good they are trying to do it with nothing new. Actually, there is one more basic improvement in the IC engine. Radical offset of the crank from the center line of the cylinder which gives the piston harmonic action. The result is the expansion stroke the piston travels faster down from the top of the cylinder and has a higher mechanical impedance, which matches the impedance of the high pressure gasses and translates the linear torque /linear torque?7 of the piston to rotary torque of the crank much more efficiently....

Rick Sneary:

As I mentioned in a loc in Yandro, fetishists are overlooked by the blue laws and sex regulators. For one thing, it is very difficult to get a stranglehold on their activities, except in a few cases where other laws apply like in the case of fetishists who swipe things like hot-pants from clotheslines.....And I had a good source of background material on the subject since one of my late long time good friends was a part-time fetish goods dealer who occasionally did a bit of custom fetish goods manufacture. A Peoria drug store does custom fetish goods manufacture as a very profitable side-line for over 40 yrs now. /Bill goes on for another page on wood fetishists, doorknob fetishists, etc.7

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Are there any fetishist fetishists? Tune in next yr for the exciting answer to a dull question.

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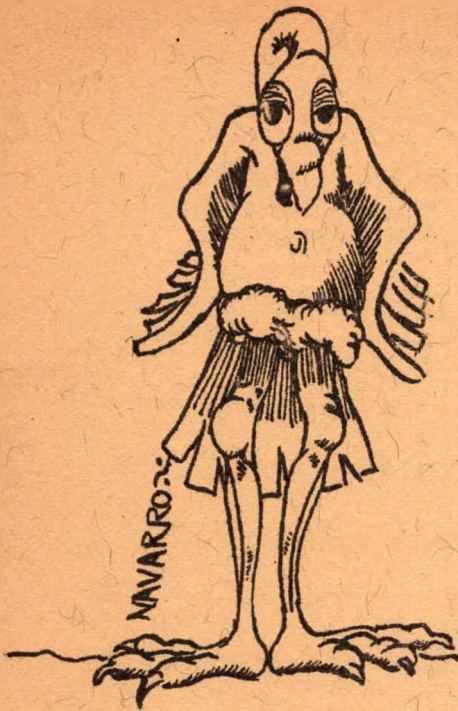
I hate to do it but I'm going to have to WAHF everyone else who sent in letters. These good people include L. SPRAGUE DE CAMP (278 Hothorpe Lane, Villanova, Pa 19085) who is looking for hitherto undiscovered letters from Robert E. Howard....MARIO NAVARRO with art (you mean you didn't look at thish's cover?)....C LEE HEALY with art....DAVE HULVEY with another rambling letter on divers things....MIKE KRING FROM FAROFF SABINAL....LANE LAMBERT telling of his liking for terrible, rotten monster movies...R L CLANCY....ANN CHAMBERLAIN... PAUL ANDERSON from Down Under...AUSTRALIA IN '75!....DORIS M. BEETEM....EDSMITH wanting a loc on a fanzine he hasn't even printed yet...ROBIN JOHNSON also from Down Under...JUDITH BROWNLEES package of flyers for Octocon...3 bills, a bank statement and a partridge in a pear tree.

I'm sure I've left a lot of you who did send in stuff out, if so my apologies. My filing system is back in action again, being all fouled up beyond belief (FUBB).

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Note to Mr. D. Ellsberg: Sorry, I don't accept poorly written humor, esp. with a "found in the wastebasket or stolen from High Sources" themes. So take your 7000 pages and look for someone else to print it.

Geo. W. Proctor



"What are you doing here?" Jodie questioned rather unbelievably. Since I was sitting behind a pile of Disney toys, several folders of television stills and stacks of Big Little Books that were neatly tossed atop my 1½ hucksters tables and I was sitting in the dealers' room at Dcon and since both the Offuts had purchased two recent issues of Spiderman, "For my son" Andy had said, just the evening before, I thought any answer I should come up with had to be bright and witty. So I just sat there.

"Where is Lana?" the better half of the Offut duo continued.

"I really don't know, you see I've just returned from a quick jaunt to Arlington through the rush hour traffic to procure your husband that Lafferty book, that mentions fuzzy face in the introduction," I said in the dazed voice that usually accompanies conventioners.

"Well, you're supposed to be having dinner with us at the moment and your wife has been waiting for you in your room for the last hour," she said, disappearing in a river of people that flowed into the

dealer's room.

Staggering from the table, I shot up the elevator shaft, in the elevator of course, to my ninth floor room.

"Hi, where have you been? We're going to a picnic," Lana, eyes sparkling like a kid on Christmas morning, greeted me.

"Oh?" I answered brightly.

"The Offut's room. So put fresh ice in the food cooler and get some Cokes and lets go up," my lovely wife ordered.

I did and we did.

"Sorry, this is a closed door bathroom party," the hairy-faced Offut greeted us in deep Kentuckian tones. "She may enter. You, Prince Valiant, eat in the hall."

"Ttuffo is Offut spelled backwards," I replied pushing my way into the room with the now heavy cooler, before the closing door could slam in my face.

In the room, behind a coffee table overflowing with food, was friedd artist Jerry Mayes, fondling a bottle of Tequila. His wife Barbar sat quietly at his side.

"We're going to teach Andy and Jodie to drink tequila," Jerry smiled, obviously he had been demonstrating the technique awaiting our arrival.

Jodie entered our private den of gluttony a few momets later. The feast of baloney, liverwurst, crackers, chips, vienna sausages, cheeses, dips, various fruits and beer and tequila began, interrupted by an occasional telephone call to/from someone in the bathroom to/from someone in the living room. ("Telephones in the bathroom, Martha Mitchell style. You Texicans really know how to treat con guests," Andy said.)

"What's wrong with Jodie?" Jerry queried, noticing her sudden redness of face.

"She had a crumb caught in her throat," Lana replied. "But she picked up your glass of tequila instead of the water."

"I'm (cough) all (gag) right(gasp). That (choke) tequila (hack) ate (sputter) away (wheeze) whatever (swallow) it (tears) was," Jodie said from the floor.

"Hey, I want some of these," Barbar exclaimed, eyeing an unopened tin of smoked oysters.

"Yeah, I like those too," Andy added, then to Jodie, "How's your stomach lining, dear?"

"This thing doesn't have a key like a sardine can," Barbara noticed having ripped the

away from the oyster tin.

"Right, and we don't have a can opener," Andy observed.

"We do," I joined in. Looking at Barbara, "But you'll have to open it."

I placed the pre-electric kitchen utensil before her.

"I'll be!" Jerry said in semi-shock, "he really isn't going to open them for her."

"Fem lib and all that," I chortled back.

"My kids don't even know what one of those are," Jodie commented on the opener.

Meanwhile, Barbara had attacked the tine, but couldn't punch a hole in the flat container. Jerry noticed the plight, took it away from her and finally pounded the opener's point through the metal.

"The damn rim's bent," Jerry exclaimed after 10 minutes and a half inch gash in the top later. Giving it back to Barbara, "Here you're the one that wanted them in the first place."

"There's too much ritual this way," Andy said to Jerry. "If I'm going to drink any more of your tequila, I'm going to squeeze the lemon into the glass like a civilized Kentuckian. Besides, the Mexicans probably drink it this way and just made up this lemon and salt routine so they could laugh at the gringos."

Meanwhile Barbara, face twisted in deep thought, "You're right, this thing is bent out of shape."

"Let me give it a try," I finally broke down but found I couldn't punch a hole in the lid.

"Out of the way, weakling," Andy said and took the tine from me. "Must we Kentuckians always come to the aid of you Texicans. Remember the Alamo!"

"It's 8pm. Those guys from the underground paper should be here," I said.

"Hey, momma this pump is dry," Andy called out, his elbow flaying in the air as his attempt at the now sinister oyster tin had met with the same results as Jerry's. "Just think, Andrew J. Offutt being interviewed by the underground press. I'll impress them with the fact I was voted Number One writer for SCREW magazine this year."

"What you need is a knife to open that," I commented.

"...then this faggot tried to pick me up in the elevator," Jerry was telling the women.

"Ouch!" Andy cried in pain. "Should have told him that it was your week for girls."

But I don't have a knife."

"What's wrong, dear?" Jodie asked. "Can I get you a band-aid?"

"I do," I said.

"No! I like the taste of blood," Andy answered sucking his sliced finger. "If you've got a knife, then you open the can, smartass."

"You really should do something for your finger," Jodie said.

"I'll just stick my finger in this tequila. It's got to be good for something," Andy said back. "Watch out, you're going to take off your whole hand!"

"Be careful, the knife blade is going to break!" Lana warned.

"Let him go ahead," Jerry commented sourly. "If he cuts his hand off, it'll teach him a lesson."

"My god! That cut was deeper than I thought. It burns like hell," Andy exclaimed, violently shaking his finger in the air. "You're hacking the oysters into little pieces. How am I going to get them out? You're cutting across the can!"

"With a knife. And what that tequila is doing to your stomach," I answered.

A crushed beer can flew across the room, striking Jodie in the side.

"That means the master is out of beer", Jodie said and rose to get the master another beer.

"Here," I said handing Andy the tin with a cut across its top which connected the two unsuccessful attempts.

"Now what do I do with it?" Andy glared.

"Pull it back and scrape out the oysters" Barbara answered.

Andy pried back the lid and scrapped the oysters onto a paper plate.

We cheered

Andy ate. Barbara ate. I ate.

The underground press knocked on the door. Andy let them in and introduced Jerry as his body guard as they trodded off into the bedroom to conduct the interview in peace.

The women turned the conversation to hairstyles.

I got up, left and returned to the hucksters' room.

Almost Free.

A book review by Wally Conger

STEAL THIS BOOK...by Abbie Hoffman. Pirate editions (dist. by Grove Press) \$1.95

My respect for Abbie Hoffman has always been equal with that I hold for the Robert Welch/George Wallace variety. His radical rhetoric is dry, trite collectivism, and his appearances before the general public have been copouts, generating increased oppression upon those who, unlike Hoffman, are sincere in their anti-statist beliefs. Abbie Hoffman is egomaniacal, and his latest contribution to the ego-inspired library he has been providing for our Revolution is STEAL THIS BOOK, which only furthers my frustration at its author and his tactics.

Labelled a "Handbook of Survival and Warfare for the Citizens of Woodstock Nation", the paperback volume is divided into three sections and is prefaced by an introduction by Hoffman. "Steal this Book," the introduction says, "is, in a way, a manual of survival in the prison that is Amerika. It preaches jailbreak. It shows you where and exactly how to place the dynamite that will destroy the walls."

From this point, the book fails miserably in too many instances and lapses into moments of hatred rather than liberation.

One section, "Fight!" is particularly disturbing with its instructions and diagrams of bomb-making, the use of firearms, and street fighting. Hypocritically, the use of handguns and rifles is condoned, when chapters before, the use of speed and heroin is discouraged, as they "are body-fuck drugs that can mess you up badly." Perhaps Hoffman's hypocrisy is apparent only to me. I am an advocate of nonviolent revolution and believe any firearm to be a greater body-fucker than a needle.

A chapter on trashing reveals Abbie's non-libertarian status. Unlike the libertarian, Hoffman wishes to take the offensive rather than the moral defensive. Violent overthrow, he says, is to be used against the System. "Don't think 'rally' or 'demonstration', think 'WAR' and 'Battle Zone'," says the author. Kill the pigs before they strike you first. In his discussion of violent tactics, Abbie is no longer seen as the oppressed; he is the oppressor.

The section "Survive!" is a relatively thorough 110 pages of detailed plans and strategy in cheating restaurants, phone companies, movie theaters, concerts, clothing stores, and endless other examples of "robber barons who own the castles of capitalism".

"Our moral dictionary says no heisting from each other," Hoffman declares, in speaking of the free market. "To steal from a brother or sister is evil. To not steal from the institutions that are pillars of the Pig Empire is equally immoral."

And here Hoffman is proven to be the bigot. Here he stands as God. He draws the line: HERE are the brothers and sisters, and THERE are the pigs. Anyone who tries to survive by playing the State's game is a pig, according to Hoffman's definition.

The Silent Majority is ignorant. It is only a danger as long as it misunderstands the alternative society proposed. They are as oppressed as we. They need help, and our job should be to give them help, to help them understand our position. They are not the pigs. They are not the "robber barons". What they are are victims and possible allies.

The criminal is the State. It robbed the Indians. It is using genocide in Southeast Asia. It is taxing its citizens into non-existence.

But Hoffman dwells little on methods of ripping-off the real enemy - the State. He is too busy heisting from his brothers and sisters, and his biggest heist is his asking two dollars for this book.

STEAL THIS BOOK is practically worthless for revolutionary use, but it is a fine example of radical bullshit.

reviewed by Wally Conger....

Ye olde editor's note. It costs 17¢ a copy to print STB. Hoffman is getting an awfully big cut. For someone who decries capitalism, Hoffman is really getting fat off it. A recent settlement with one of his researchers shows that Hoffman is out to get every dime he can...this is further pointed up by still one more factor. Hoffman advertises the book by advocating that everyone go out and steal a copy. Sure, man, and stick the book-seller with the loss. HE has to pay, whether you do or not. Hoffman gets his money regardless of whether the book is sold or stolen. Who gets ripped off? The State? The Robber Barons? If you consider the poor joker trying to feed his family by peddling books a "robber baron"...well, you're Hoffman's raw material.

If anyone thinks of a way to rip off some of Hoffman's \$\$\$ on Steal This Book, let me know. I'll be glad to print it.7

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PLANET OF THE DAMNED

reviewed by Ted Pauls

PLANET OF THE DAMNED by Harry Harrison, Bantam #S5769, 75¢

Bantam did no one, including the author, a particular favor by re-issuing this pot-boiler, which it had originally published in 1962. Harry Harrison is one of the middle level of SF authors, not a major blazing talent or consistent leader of the field, but a writer who is nonetheless capable of producing exceptional work on occasion. He is, at the same time, a realistic craftsman who, when not feeling especially inspired, will turn out a book requiring minimum effort for a publisher willing to be satisfied with such a book. Bantam was willing, so Harrison gave them PLANET OF THE DAMNED.

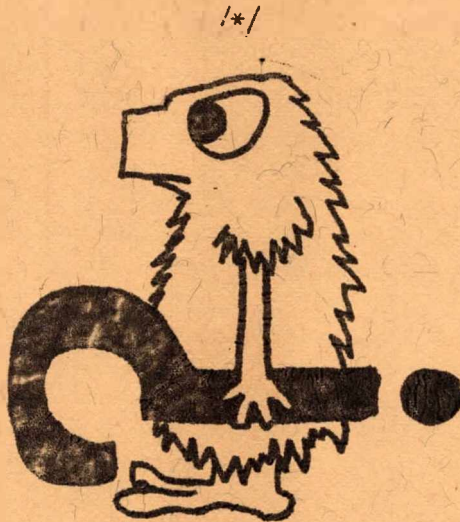
The novel is an accumulation of elements, shoveled hastily into the hopper of its plot. The plot, briefly, involves an effort to save a planet, Dis, which is going to be destroyed by its more advanced neighbors, Nyjord, because the Disans have acquired cobalt bombs and are hell bent for using them against their neighbors. The Nyjorders are pacifists who have been brought to this pass by being given no other choices than unconditional surrender or genocide (when they voted, unconditional surrender narrowly lost). The Disans, especially their ruling caste, the Magter, are vigorously and ruthlessly combative, due to the difficult desert environment in which they survive, and even the prospect of their destruction doesn't dissuade them from launching the attack. Into this situation comes Brion Brandd, whose training and adaptability have caused him to be selected by the alturistic Cultural Relationships Foundation to lead an attempt to prevent the war, saving the Disans and the conscience of the Nyjorders. He succeeds, of course, and the few days which he has to accomplish this constitute the body of the novel.

Some of the elements Harrison attaches to this frame are original, interesting and worthwhile -- such as a fascinating symbiosis of the Disans and their environment, the cold fighting savagery of beings totally devoid of emotion (which is illustrated in a memorable scene), the explanation of the conduct of the Magter, the character of one of the Disans, Ulv by name. Other elements are basically pedestrian, a quality which is heightened by the carelessness with which they are left to lay, undeveloped, where they fall; Anvhar society and the super-Olympics which is its cultural mainspring, with which so very much could have been done is Harry had concentrated more on it; the curiously philosophical Nyjord society, which, instead, of being treated seriously, is handled as a low-grade satire on do-gooders; the emotion-sensing

faculty of an empath. And some elements, worst of all, are frightful clunking cliches. Like the scene in which the exobiologist, Dr. Morees, who is assigned to Brandd's CRF team, is revealed to be a young and beautiful woman, a scene which, I would almost swear, I have read in the 1940's pulp magazines, and the dreadful ending in which Brandd and Morees, who of course are now in love, decide to remain in the employ of the Foundation instead of resuming their respective individual careers -- a denouement antisepotically devoid of originality or believability in the human sense (if is fully "believable" in the practical sense, in that one could not for a moment imagine it ending any other way). Nothing other than the detached haste of a writer who knows he's writing a potboiler for the money and for no other reason can explain such cliches.

Overall, PLANET OF THE DAMNED comes across as a marginally entertaining novel. There is nothing outstandingly bad about it, but it is at the very least uninspired.

....Ted Pauls.....



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Now that the big time reviewers like Ted Pauls, Bob Tucker and Wally Conger are out of the way, are you able to stand hundreds of thousands more of my pathetic attempts to review the books I read? I don't much care if you are ready or not, for I have cleverly impregnated this page with a virulent poison which reaches your brain thru your eyetracks on the page. The only way you can get the antadote is to finish reading all my reviews... it, too, is an eyetrack contact chemical. (I learned to manufacture this keen poison by exhaustive studies of Twonk's disease germs)

FOREST OF FOREVER: Thomas Burnett Swann, Ace 60¢::You can hardly find a better written, more entertaining or as deeply engrossing a book as Foff. In the entire field of f&sf, there are only 2 authors whom I can honestly say that everything of their's I've read I've enjoyed immensely. Alexei Panshin is one...Swann is the other. Swann blends fantasy in the form of mythology so smoothly with...humaness...in his characters (like dryads, nymphs, pancusi) that this alone makes it worth reading. But the plot of Foff is sort of a prequel to Day of the Minotaur and together form one of the most moving stories in fantasy, bar none. From the fine Barr cover to the end, this minor masterpiece is not to be missed. If you remember the minotaur from DoftheM, you'll find him here. You'll also find a book worthy of a Hugo nomination...maybe even the Hugo.

LOS ANGELES: AD 2017: Philip Wylie, Popular Library 95¢::It is not often a book totally disgusts me. LA:2017 has come as close as any in my current memory. I thot the TV version was a masterpiece for that medium. I also think the book, while definitely avoiding the time travel paradox of the TV show, is an ineptly written morality play which neither entertains nor titillates. That I agree with so much of what Wylie is saying

about birth control, sex, drugs, pollution and life in general makes it all the more difficult for me to express how really poorly this book is written. Characterization is pure cardboard and nothing is subtly revealed about the society, it is all spelled out in black and white via lectures which drone on interminably. The background touches of the TV show were marvelously well done, they are absent in the book. Motivation for Howard's actions in the book seem to have been overlooked by Wylie, while they were obvious in the TV version. And so on. Seldom can I say that the TV/boob tube triumphs over the written word. But, alas, it has in LA. In 2017.

THE DEVIL'S CHURCHYARD: Godfrey Turton, Pocket Books 75¢::I am without any reference with which to judge this book since I don't normally read Gothic mysteries. A rather prosaic love story complicated by a devil worshipping rector who decides the lovely heroine is to be his sacrifice. Dashing hero intervenes and all is well. I found the writing style to be stilted and needlessly artificial (since the action is modern day setting) but this really isn't intended to be a successor to a Hemingway novel.

SWORD SWALLOWER: Ron Goulart, Dell 60¢:: Ben Jolson is a rather intriguing character, a human chameleon trained as a spy. Goulart is rapidly becoming one of my favorite writers...one of those whom I am sure will write an entertaining enough story to bolster sagging spirits. Humorous writing, not intended to be taken even semi-seriously, and all to the better, competently written. Jolson stumbles in an out of traps set by some of the freakiest gangsters ever thought up -- and at every turn is rescuing his beautiful assistant agent. The FemLib types might get upset over Jennifer's behavior, but then they tend to quibble a lot. Read...enjoy...take nothing seriously.

INDOCTRINAIRE: Chris Priest:Pocket Books, 95¢::A story of time travel, mind bending drugs, Prisoner-like settings, and horrendously pawn-like characters. Dr. Wentik is a research chemist working on a drug deep in an Antarctic lab. He puts up zero fight when 2 US agents drag him off to Brazil, demands no explanations. Taken into a "jail" which apparently travels in time to the future, he fights to keep his sanity amid strange surroundings and even stranger actions by the other "prisoners". The solution to Wentik's dilemma is solved in the 22nd Century, a world just reviving itself from a devastating atomic war (we all know how the British love disaster stories). I couldn't get worked up over Wentik's problems because Wentik didn't live, he didn't breath -- he wasn't real. Priest obviously was trying for an emotional link, an empathy, to link the reader to Wentik similar to the link binding the audience with #6 in the Prisoner. McGoohan succeeded, Priest fails.

YOUR WORDS ARE YOUR MAGIC POWER :

THE POWER BEHIND YOUR DREAMS : all by Beth Brown, all from Essandess, all \$1

THE TRUTH ABOUT MENTAL TELEPATHY:

Besides all the above, these are pure, unadulterated hypes. Worth not 1/10 of the cost, filled with large type, few words saying nothing about the subjects proclaimed in the titles. I did get a picture of Beth Brown along with these 3 books...she looks about like I would suppose a person writing rip-offs like this would look. She has a shifty look in her eye. About all I could appreciate in this morass of generalities, and simple minded Freudian analyses were the 3 covers. Most attractive.

PODKAYNE OF MARS: Robt. Heinlein: Avon, 60¢::I can't really say why I reread this mistake, perhaps sheer masochism. Heinlein is incapable of writing poorly, but he is not immune from using his skills to weave a story unworthy of his immense talents. Podkayne is the story of a screwed up adolescent girl from Mars and her money mad, totally warped brother and the messes they get into. The characterization rankles, I just don't believe in Podkayne. Her brother Clark, maybe, her no. Besides this, their "adventures" hardly seem real or even significant. Rather, what should have the reader breathing heavily and set his heart racing with excitement, only puts him to sleep. Maybe if the reader were a "she" rather than a "he", the reaction would be different. But I doubt it.

THE EARTH SHOOK, THE SKY BURNED: Wm Bronson, Pocket Books, \$1.50:: This is a fairly weighty book (368 pages + 275 photos) depicting one of the major disasters of this century...the April 1906 earthquake that hit San Francisco. Bronson actually manages to do more than merely chronicle the earthquake and the devastating fire afterwards, he creates a mood that made me see and feel and hear the events...he is a very visual writer (plus the added bonus of all those photos) and writes well. If disaster is your thing, Bronson has succeeded admirably in recreating this one and I'm sure you'll want to read it.

THE STRANGE LAST VOYAGE OF DONALD CROWHURST: Nicholas Tomalin & Ron Hall, Pocket Books \$1.25:: This is sort of a Flying Dutchman story about Crownhurst (the nut who tried to sail around the world in a dinghy - or whatever you call such a boat). I sort of skimmed thru this one because I'm not much on sea stories (too much water). These 329 pages with photos will probably hold all sorts of fascination both in abnormal psychology and sea lore for those of you interested in such things.

THE INVISIBLES: Berthardt J. Hurwood: Fawcett, 75¢:: I found this semi-fantasy, semi-mystery, semi-mainstream novel to be both readable and possessing a couple novel ideas. Meant to be pure entertainment, I'm sure, but still a bit more. The hero, Conrad, OD's himself on Substance 327 and finds that he can create an astral projection. The development of his abilities really is the book, the gaining of the heroine's favor and the Eviol Organization Out to Overthrow The US of A Government are sort of window dressing to round out the book. In fact, the hokey secret cabal jazz could have been mostly eliminated, but apparently Hurwood is fresh from a series of spy stories in the UNCLE vein. I liked this book well enough that I will even look around for something else under the Hurwood byline. And with today's prices what they are, that's some compliment.

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Wowie zowie!! Can you believe it, I've actually been asked to be on a panel with Harlan. The one and only Harlan Ellison. Pat McCraw asked some silly question a while back about Albq. fandom and if we were "famous" or not. Mike Montgomery, Hangin' Jack Speer, Horrible Old Roy Tackett and yhos plus multi-Hugo's Harlan all on one discussion panel has to indicate fame of some sort. Right? I mean the Dean's office called us and asked...

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Back to the book reviews.

THE CRIMSON WITCH: Dean Koontz, some unknown publisher (Lancer?) 75¢: I say unknown publisher because I've lent out my copy and am doing this from memory. I was immediately struck by the big similarity in theme idea between The Invisibles and The Crimson Witch and what different things were done. Asteal Projection was the result of ODing in TI. Dean's Hero named Jake ODs and finds a dimensional gate open. Whereupon hero enters a sword and sorcery world rivalling that of deCamp's in The Castle of Iron and Incomplete Enchanter. All in fun. I'll bet you that Dean had a lot of fun writing this book and it communicates well.

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Harlan? Ghreat Chu!

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Albuquerque? Harlan? FANTastic!

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I suppose that I will now have to engage in a veritable orgy of re-reading Harlan's stuff so that I can semi-intelligently carry on a conversation with him.

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quote of the day: Jack Speer: "I believe in capital punishment, as long as it isn't too severe."

Late returns showed that Jack came in third in the Municipal Judge's race.

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The end of another issue. Many thanks to Victor Boruta for Primordial Point (next installment in SWorm #16), Bob Tucker, Roy Tackett, Ted Pauls, Wally Conger, ^{Bill Wollenbarger} all the great artists herein like Harry Morris, Jim McLeod, Joe Pearson, C. Lee Healy, George Proctor, Seth Dogramajian, Rudy der Hagopian and luvrly coverly artist MariojNavarro.

I'm even going to try to get some help collating from Pat McCraw and Melinda Sherbring (again...you'll find them under "coolie labor" in other FUBB Pub editions, Tom Swift and his Electric Chair and Tom Swift and his Electric Fan).

I may have missed crediting someone, but I hope I don't goof as badly as I did lastish. I mistakenly said that George Proctor's Sandworm + rider was drawn by Dan Osterman. Many apologies, the sand must have gotten into my eyes.

Many letters have been found or recently arrovled like from Terry Hughes (I think), Buck Coulson, Jerry Lapidus. Aljo Svoboda, Doris Beetem wanting info on the ASFS for the N3F credit bureau, a phone call from Judith Brownlee (thanks for the movie catalog...)

The next issue will be along in January '72 or so. Hopefully done over the Xmas vacation break. Vic Boruta has a 2nd installment on things occult and that's about all I have so far. Please take heed, all ye contributors.

But keep it light.

Maybe even brilliant.

Until then, I remain SFanatically yhos

Bob

