

| | |
|---|----|
| Dittolgorp | 1 |
| Hooks and Barbs (Jay Haldeman) | 2 |
| The Mouse on His Eye, The Lumps on His Head (Banks Nebane) | 4 |
| Ode to a Mastodon's Molar (How Pater) | 9 |
| I of Newton (Joe W. Haldeman) | 10 |
| Three Poems (Fortunato Comunale) | 14 |
| A Recipe for Potboilers (Alexis A. Gilliland) | 15 |
| Sword-and-Sorcery Type Potboiler (Gay P. Haldeman) | 17 |
| In Short, Fanzine Reviews (Jim Sanders) | 20 |
| Dust to Dust (Joe W. Haldeman) | 23 |
| Final Berth (Ron Bounds) | 28 |
| Valhalla of Fandom (Ed Chamberlain) | 31 |
| The Journey (Chuck Rein) | 32 |
| The Infiltrator (Don D'Amassa) | 33 |
| The Secret of Gopher Nebula - Chapter 23 (Alexis A. Gilliland) .. | 38 |
| The Readers Encyst (We do get letters) | 41 |
| Mailing Label (Bacover) | 56 |

Starving Artists and where to find them:

Ron Bounds - 39
Jack Gaughan - 8,30,51
Alexis Gilliland - 9,16,22,42,45,49
Jay Haldeman - 46
Joe Haldeman - 1,11,13,19,46,47,48,50,56 Cover by Joe Haldeman
Jay Kinney - 50
Chuck Rein - 3,43
Ray Ridenour - 40

TAPEWORM is an amateur publication - very amateur. It is the product of the demented mind of one Jack C Haldeman II, who is a glutton for punishment. This is the sixth segment, more to follow shortly. It can be had for damn near any reasonable offer (make one!) including cactus, garbanza beans, fig leaves, beer, contributions (send,send,send), alligators, artwork (draw,draw,draw), trades, kind favors, yes Virginia - even coins and stamps. It is aimed at science.fiction fandom - which it often hits. Fandom often hits back.

Aljae Press pub # ??? (lost count)

All the scud that fits, we print.

HOOKS AND BARBS

ye ole editor speaks

TAPEWORM LIVES. Or so they say.

Anyway, here's another one for your viewing pleasure. It's been a long time between issues. A lamentable delay, and I apologize to contributors and subscribers -- freeloaders get a casual shrug. The Worm just got too big for me. It ceased being fun and started being just plain time consuming and hard work, far too much for me to handle with my already crowded life. I think I might cut it down in size and come out more often.

See Washington in the spring. Come to the Disclave. Held May 10,11,12, it will feature noted science fiction author Robert Silverberg as Guest of Honor, accompanied by his beard. Also on tap is J.K. Klein with a slide show entitled "The Decline and Fall of Practically Everybody". Also a lot of fun and parties and maybe even a panel of dirty pros. Read the WSFA Journal or write me for more information.

Our artist in residence, brother Joe, is no longer in residence. Uncle Sammy put the long arm on him right after graduation and he now wields pen and gun for the U.S. Army. It's hard to put out a Worm without him around to fill in all the blank spaces with truly wonderful works of art. Right now he's at Fort Lost in the Woods. Maybe he'll drop a line giving pointers on how a fan can survive in hostile environments. It all depresses me.

Notice please, change of address. I now live about 38.7 miles closer to work, but hated to leave the Washington area. Still consider myself more of a Washingtonian than a Baltimorean. The city of Baltimore just doesn't turn me on like D.C. does. Not to mention taxes and stuff. My wife, a native of Bawdy-more, and our three cats seem to like it ok.

Got a canary for my birthday. Add that to our three cats, hamster, frog, and dead snake. Haldeman's home for wayward animals.

Trying to write an editor's page with a horny cat in my lap and the Beatles taking me on a magical tour is hard work. Almost impossible. But with a new bottle of bheer, life goes on as usual. It usually does. Whether I'm really here or not.

It seems to be Save Star Trek Time again. I'm not sure I really care anymore. Spockamania has run a little too rampant for my tastes and the whole thing just doesn't seem as interesting as it did last year. If you are still interested, I guess a few well placed letters (no bomb threats) wouldn't hurt.

If you want the Real Low Down Info, write to Bjo Trimble, 243 Santa Rosa Ave., Oakland, Calif. 94610. Enclose a couple of stamps and she'll send you information about what has happened to ST and how to save the Enterprise. Remember the Maine?

Mr. Spock has pointed ears and Dr. Spock is in jail. wow

One of my cats is playing with the tape deck, trying to catch the loose ends as they whiz by. Hope she does. Cats should be happy. So should people.

Banks Mebane has left sunny (haha) Washington for sandy Florida. Goodbye Banks, Alice will miss those gray hairs. And I will miss the silver flask that had no bottom. sigh

ODD (Ray and Joyce Fisher, 4404 Forest Park, St. Louis, Missouri 63108) has raised its price since the rest of the Worm was put on stencil. It is now 75¢ an issue, 4 for \$2.00. It is still a very good buy. As far as I'm concerned it is the most interesting fanzine going around these days (excluding, of course, that pretentious Worm that turns up every now and then, usually in the guise of a solar eclipse).

This issue is dedicated to Vera, Chuck and Dave.

Who could ask for more?



winter comes in soft swirls
around my head
and holds me tight

clowns laughing
falling all over themselves
make me think of me
make me very sad

gnarled trees
are the old men in the woods
they just stand there
and die

So ends my bit, the rest is yours. Hope you enjoy it. I have.

Jay

THE MOUSE ON HIS EYE, THE LUMPS ON HIS HEAD

by Banks Mebane

I'm a baitmouse. No one wants to be a baitmouse, no matter what he tells the reporters. It's a hang-up you can't get away from, or that's the way I found it, but that's not the story. For me, it was the Year of the Cat, and the cat is worth a tale.

The apartment house on East 83rd Street doesn't look like much, just an old converted brownstone not far from the park, four stories, two flats to a floor. The mice in residence aren't many, but the cheese is regular and the sport is good (the tenants are finicky). My friend Mickey keeps a friendly pub in the basement, snug in the asbestos behind the furnace. Mickey serves a good brand of rotgut at the Aft Agley, even if it isn't ouzo. He poured me the usual that day and took one himself, just to keep me company. He said.

After we'd swallowed and sighed, he spoke, "You heard about the girl?"

"What girl?"

"This mouse who wants to go after the bait." He paused to get set for the effect. "The bait in 3-B."

"3-B?" I choked on my second swallow, then put down the glass and looked at him as if he'd sprouted butterfly wings.

As I say, the apartment house doesn't look like much. Nevertheless it's known to every mouse on the island, and maybe some in Brooklyn for all I know. The reason for that is in 3-B and what is in 3-B is a cat named Gib. I call him a cat because there's no other word to call him, but it's calling a tornado a breeze or a sequoia a weed. He's a lean, mean tomcat as black as Hell's coalscuttle and faster than a third-card dealer. He's a standing challenge to every tough mouse in the city, and while many have tried 3-B, bloody-damn-few have come back to tell about it. Not one of them has brought back the cheese.

"You're telling me a girl is going to try 3-B?" I squeaked.

"I'm telling you." He pretended to be unimpressed.

"There's only one who would try it."

"Exactly. Jean Churchmouse. You must know about her."

"Sure," I said, and finished my drink.

Did I know about her. O those days we spent riotously, riotously in the park. Those peanuts we snatched from the squirrels. Those rounds on the carrousel with her flank next to mine under a prancing horse or a brazen chariot riding in triumph through Persepolis. Jean and I. Did I know her!

"The heiress to the Churchmouse fortune." He was going to tell me anyway. "Has a chain of bistros, one in every good basement on Park Avenue. Why is that, I wonder."

"Bread and wine," I said dryly. "Wine and bread. That's the Churchmouse fortune. What other racket would she be in?"

He filled my glass, and his. "She needs more publicity, I guess. She's been out of the news for months. The last time was that solo climb up the Empire State."

"How did you hear she wanted to try 3-B?"

"She was in this morning, told me. She's looking for you."

"Me?"

"Anyway, a baitmouse. She she'd heard you were the best in the business."

We were silent for a good while after that. Mickey kept on keeping me company. Then she came in.

She hadn't changed. Her fur was fine as cut velvet, rich as old mahogany. Her eyes were jet globes, living, with tiny brilliant stars imprisoned deep inside. She noticed my broken tail.

"Hello, Mickey," she said, and he nodded affably.

"Hi, Connie," she said, and her voice stuck pins between each of my vertebrae.

"Hello, Jean," I said coolly and looked away.

Mickey broke in, astonished. "You know her?"

"He knows me," she said, when I did not speak, "and I know him. Connie, Mickey must have told you about it. I want a baitmouse. Are you game?"

I looked direct at those tiny stars. "Why do you want 3-B, and why do you want me?"

"I want 3-B because it's there and because it's the toughest. Why else?" Her voice was mocking. "And I want you because you're here and because you're the best. Or so they tell me. Are you?"

"How in Hell should I know?" I tossed down my drink.

She lowered her eyes demurely, which I knew from of old meant that she wanted her own way.

"You've failed," she said softly.

"There have been no successes at this one."

"I know. And you're the only one who ever went in alone and came out again. You did that once. But you've led in five parties since then and haven't lost a mouse. No one else has done that."

"So I'm the best?"

"Yes. But still you've failed. This time there will be no failure."

I knew her, and I saw there was no stopping her. If anyone could take her in and bring her out, I was the mouse. That settled it.

"I'm your baitmouse," I said.

"Set up a round, Mickey," she said.

We toasted it, then got down to business. When you tackle something like 3-B, there are two jobs, and a baitmouse has to be able to handle either. One is getting the bait from the trap, and it requires nerve and control and judgment. The other, well, in 3-B the other job is Gib. When one baitmouse springs the trap, the other decoys Gib, decoys him long enough, hopefully, to get away himself.

Jean insisted on taking the cheese. I knew she would, but I tried to talk her out of it. The mouse at decoy can at least keep his wits about him, but the mouse on the trap is often stunned from the bounce when the spring lets go. That's why a decoy is needed.

She wouldn't give an inch. "I came to get the sheese out of 3-B and that's what I'm going to do. Shut up, Connie."

Finally I agreed. "But we are going to make a dry run first."

She was indignant. "A dry run! I've raided hundreds of traps. You've seen me do it many times."

"Not recently. A dry run, or I stay here."

She gave in when she saw I meant it. We had always been able to tell that about each other, the one point beyond which we would not be pushed.

Since there's no time like now, we started. I chose 3-A because it was the same climb, had the same kind of trap, but no Gib.

- * -

In darkness we climbed up the covering on the heating pipes, our flanks touching as we moved. It brought back the old days like an ice-cube in my reflective midriff.

Daughter of Smintheus, how my heart pounds, Ezra, I quoted to myself. Why had she left me? Why had I left her? We were too much alike, we reached that inflexible point together from opposite sides too often.

We glided up the pipes swiftly but in silence and came out under a radiator in 3-A. I led the way along the wall to the trap beneath a high table in the corner. I knew it well, it was one of my regular sources of cheese, but today it was baited with a piece of fatty salt-pork. We smelled the rank, unappetizing reek.

Taking a trap is precise work. You can't go in from the front, the easy way. That's what the trap is built for. All you get that way is swish, look ma, no head. You have to step in gingerly from the other side, over the cocked guillotine, avoiding the spring, and hook the cheese off the trigger. The striker snaps all the way over you, the trap bounces and you get thrown off hard. But with your head. And with the cheese in your paws, if you've kept your head cool as well as on.

Jean was deft and swift going over the striker.

"Keep your tail tucked in," I whispered. "That's how I got mine broken."

A distant drum shook the floor rhythmically as one of the Clumsies entered the room. I darted out for a look and saw it approaching. It was a female, I think; at least it had a sort of bright rag around it that stopped at the knees. It was about a mile high and carried a broom.

Just then Jean snapped the trap but lost her grasp on the greasy pork. It flew through the air straight at the Clumsy.

Then the fat hit the shin.

I ran out to decoy the Clumsy. Its shriek was muffled thunder, but it didn't jump the way the females usually do. It took a swipe at me with the broom. I dodged, ran for the radiator, joined Jean, and we took off. She was laughing like a hydrophobic squirrel.

When she sobered up, she looked at me slyly. "You got more than you bargained for. I'm sorry I dropped the pork, Connie."

"That doesn't matter. Your technique is good, and you wouldn't have dropped cheese. And call me Conrad."

That night I didn't get much sleep. We had set the try on 3-B for dawn, but I lay long in thought in my nest in the wall of 1-A.

Why was I a baitmouse anyway? I'd tried to break away, but as long as Gib was there, so was I.

Stavros Tyroglyphos was my old man. He came over from Greece in a crate of ouzo. The voyage was a long one and he amused himself by trying to get the cork out of one of the bottles. He succeeded, which made the rest of the trip seem shorter and which also made his fortune, although he didn't realize it at first. When he did, he settled on the waterfront, applied his secret and became the ouzo-king of New York. Before a gray rat from Singapore caught him under a wharf and bit out his throat, he passed the secret of the corks along to me, Conrad Tyroglyphos, his only son. I was one of the richest mice in the city, rich enough to run with Jean and not be suspected of chasing the Churchmouse fortune. Until I first tried 3-B. I hadn't been to the docks since, hadn't popped a bottle of ouzo. The best part of me was trapped in 3-B somehow, and I couldn't get away.

For the thousandth time, I relived my first try at 3-B. It was the only time I went in alone.

3-B. When you come up out of the floor beneath the radiator you are looking across a room as wide as the park. On the other side in a marble cliff is the Mouth of Hell, a great square opening in which you can sometimes see the fire burning behind brass pillars. Often -- always when the flames are bright -- you will see Gib curled up, a black hill sleeping before Hellgate.

I scouted many times before I made that first try. Then when Gib was sleeping I scuttled out from under the radiator. Quieter than a fog wisp I crept behind the sofa to the trap, savoring the scent of extra-sharp cheddar. I stepped on the trap as tenderly as a lover and reached for the cheese. My excitement betrayed me, and as I touched the trigger my tail made a sideways twitch. The striker whipped overhead, struck my tail, broke it. Luckily it was not caught, but I was thrown off balance and knocked out for a moment when the trap bounced.

I came to, and Gib was there.

He looked at me.

His barrel-sized mask was snarling, his fangs bared, but his great eyes were green, deep, cool and infinitely amused. He looked at me.

His right paw cuffed me hard on the side of the head but with claws retracted. Perhaps he thought me stunned and meant to play with me a while before he ripped me. The blow knocked me several feet but shocked me out of my daze. I streaked for the radiator with the floor as his clawed paw groped for me.

My tail was broken and my left eye was swelling. I was a mouse with a mouse. And I had not brought the cheese.

I went back after that, but never alone, and I never got the cheese.

- * -

Jean and I started before dawn. We climbed the pipes again but were headed for 3-B this time.

Would we make it? Would he look at me again? Would I be able to move if he did?

Daughter of Smintheus.

Would he look at her? What would she do?

Confound it!

Why didn't she stay on Park Avenue in her own dives, drinking wine? Why

hadn't she stayed with me, drinking ouzo.

We came out under the radiator just as the first light crept through the windows. Hellgate was dark. Gib was not in sight.

I kept her back with a gesture and went out to scout for Gib, moving quiet as a thought through the ashen room. I crossed all the way to the round carpet on which Gib usually slept before the fire but I saw no sign. I turned back and saw him.

He was asleep. He was asleep on the sofa and the trap we had to take was behind the sofa.

I returned to Jean and we whispered together. We decided to try it.

She went after the cheese while I crouched under the front of the sofa, ready to draw Gib. I could not see her nor hear her behind me, so silent she was.

Time seemed to wade through thickening cement, slower and slower.

The snap came like a thunderclap in the room.

I darted out to look up at Gib, now awake and hissing. He saw me and sprang. As I dodged, from the corner of my eye I saw Jean start a run toward the radiator. He saw her too and wheeled toward her, ignoring me. She cowered motionless against the wall and he too stood motionless. I knew he was looking at her. I knew she was lost unless I could act.

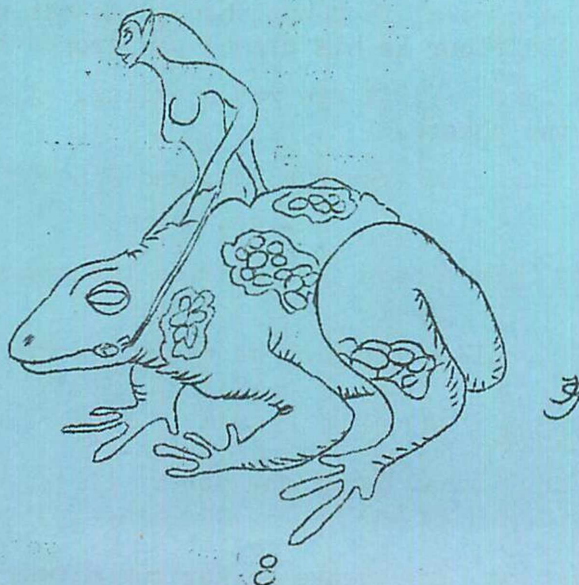
He charged, and as his tail went by me like a supple log down a chute, I grabbed the end of it and bit as hard as I could. A dozen fire sirens were in his screech as he whirled around. His thrashing tail threw me free and my head banged against the radiator.

Panting, I dragged myself under and through the hole. She was waiting for me beneath the floor, with the cheese.

I felt my eye begin to swell. I laughed. I was a mouse with a mouse -- with a mouse. And what a mouse!

- * -

That's the way the trap snapped. No one stays a baitmouse all his life, not if he lives long enough to have a choice in the matter. I must go down to the docks: we'll need ouzo for the wedding.



ODE TO A MASTODON'S MOLAR

Now Pater

Archidiskodon imperator

The Imperial mammoth, is no more.

He never marched across the Alps

To make war for the Carthaginian

Nor lifted his opponent's scalps

Nor bonnet made from eagles pinion.

No scald in song has told his deeds

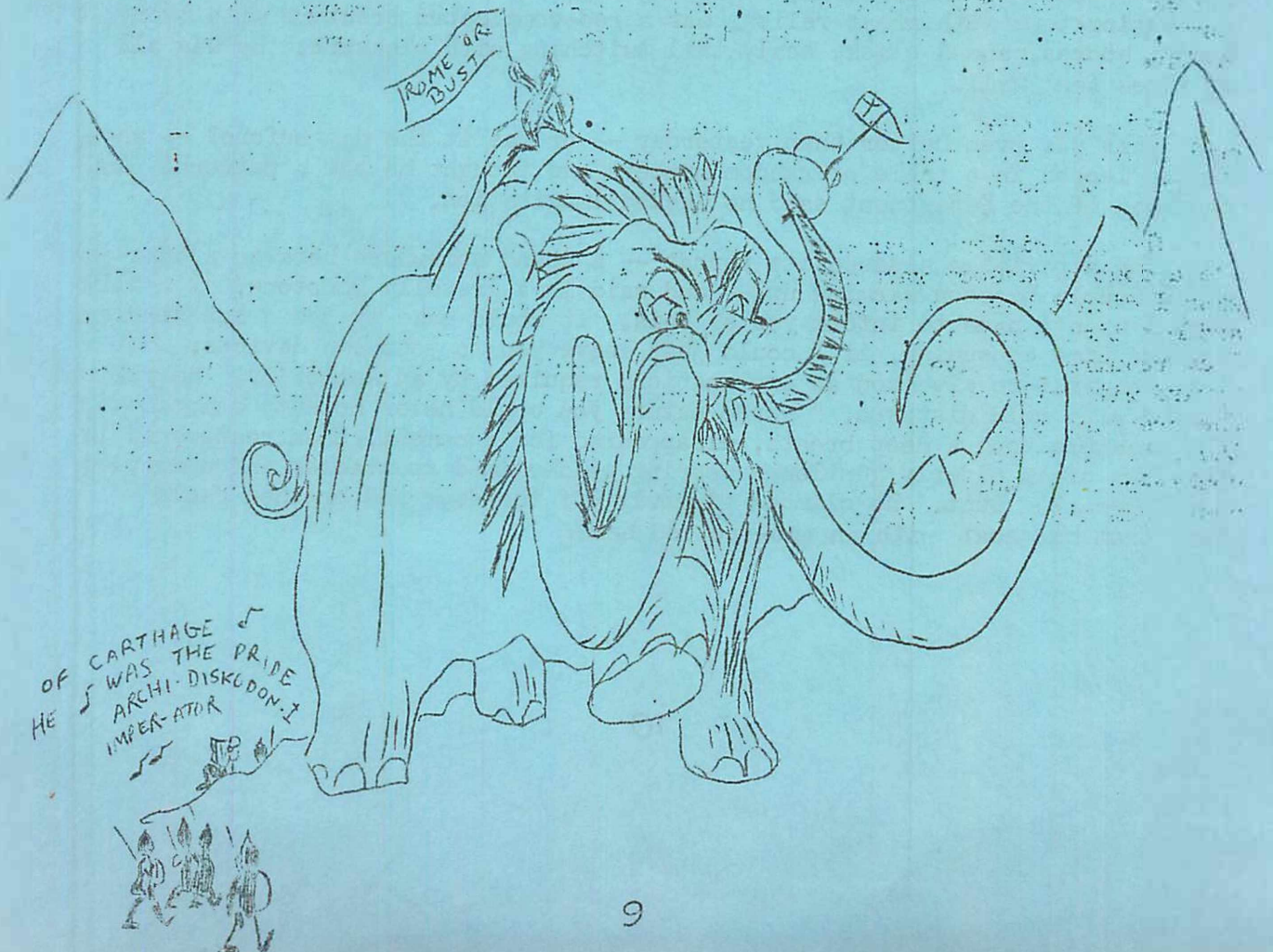
He lived entirely in prehistory.

At his extinction no heart bleeds

And his demise remains a mystery.

Yet of his race, at least a few

Must have been made a barbeque.



I OF NEWTON

JOE W. HALDEMAN

Samuel Ingard glared sullenly at the burbling coffee pot and felt his stomach pucker in revulsion. Eighty hours he had been up; eighty hours on coffee and amphetamine, 3.333 days of weaving a beautiful tapestry of mathematical logic, only to find that a skipped stitch in the beginning was causing the would thing to unravel. But he would patch it yet.

"The integral, the integral," he said to no one in particular. "Who's got the integral?" He had first caught himself mumbling out loud about twenty hours ago. By now he'd stopped catching himself.

He opened a thick book provocatively titled Two Thousand Integrals, closed it in disgust, and leaned back, rubbing his nicotine-stained eyeballs.

"The integral of dx over the cosine to the n of x ," he intoned portentously, "is sine x over $n-1$ times the cosine to the $n-1$ of x plus $n-1$ -- no, godammit -- $n-2$ over $n-1$ times the integral of . . ."

Sam smelled something reminiscent of freshman Chemistry and opened his eyes. Seated Yoga-style on his desk, stripping pages from his flaming table of integrals and eating them with great relish, was a red-complected creature with ivory horns, hooves, and a black, scaly tail twitching with pleasure. He was all of three feet tall.

This was even better than yesterday -- or was it the day before? -- when he had looked in a table of random numbers and thought he saw a pattern! And the head of the Department said he lacked imagination.

The apparition cleared its throat -- a sound somewhere between a buzz-saw and a double bassoon warming up -- and said in a gravelly monotone, "I really wish I didn't have to inform you of this. It would make my job a lot simpler, and less time consuming, if I could just leave you to your own devices. But I am required to give you an explanation; required by an Authority," he glanced upward with mild distaste, "whose nature you could never hope to comprehend." The creature took a deep breath, disappeared for a moment, then reappeared in the form of an elderly gentleman wearing gold-rimmed spectacles and a rumpled double-breasted suit. He climbed gingerly off the desk and brushed chalk dust from his coat with an age-spotted hand.

"Bring on the parchment, the sterilised pin!" Sam resolved to play out this hallucination for all it was worth, then get a couple of days' sleep. "That's the way the game is played, isn't it? My soul for the answer to this problem?" He gestured grandly at the reams of hieroglyphics cluttering his desk, spilling onto the floor.

"I'm afraid you've been rather misled by your folklore and literature." The professor-demon flicked at a dust mote on his broad lapel, causing a shower of blue sparks. "I don't trade anything. That is what I am unfortunately required to explain. We go through a silly little ritual, and then I take. Your soul was forfeit the moment you summoned me."

"Summoned ...?"

"Hush!" The professor dissolved into an even more ancient schoolmarm, then to a bushy-haired and ~~ref~~ faced undergraduate (obviously mathematics), who pointed a skewering forefinger at him. "—or you'll regret it! That garbage you were mumbling." He made an imperious gesture and Sam heard his own voice saying,
 "... of x plus $n-1$ -- no godammit --
 $n - \frac{2}{n-1}$..."

"That garbage had the right phonetic and semantic structure to be a curse, especially since a neat little gid-denial was woven into it. A nice omnidirectional curse; easy to home in on while the supporting mood still exists."

Sam thought of his colleagues over the years who had disappeared or died in their prime. he grew a little pale.

"Yes, Samuel Ingard, you do have a soul, though it be a withered-up little kernel that will probably give me indigestion. Enjoy it while you can."

"But, quickly, to the business at hand. You are allowed to ask me three questions pertaining to my abilities. Then you will ask me another question, which I will attempt to answer, or set a task for me, which I will attempt to perform."

"In the past, mathematicians has asked me to prove Fermat's Theorem, which I can prove to be false." He gestured and a blackboard full of scribblings appeared.

Sam, a man who reads the last page of a mystery first, as well as a mathematician, managed to jot down the last three equations before the board evaporated.

"They have asked me to square the circle, which is trivial, find the ultimate prime, which is only a little harder, or other such banalities. I hope you can come up with something more original.

"If I fail to resolve your problem, I will be gone." The undergraduate-demon smiled a little smile.

"And if you succeed?" Sam tried to sound casual and failed.

"Ah! First question!"

"No!"

"Sorry, I'm playing by the rules, and I expect you to as well. If I should succeed, as I have in every encounter since 1930, I shall consume your soul; a relatively painless process. I am a soul-eater. Unfortunately, the loss of your soul will drop your intelligence to that of a vegetable."

A long yellow tusk grew out of the center of his mouth; he watched it with an eye on a stalk until it reached his chin.

"I am also a vegetarian."

Sam was strangely calm as he worded his first --no, second-- question. He had the germ of an idea. "Aside from the, uh, divine restriction you mentioned at the outset, which you complied with by telling me where I stand, are there any physical or temporal limitations to your abilities?"

"None." The Ollie-the-dragonesque demon scratched his tusk idly and added complacently, "Don't try to take refuge in your own parochial view of the universe. I can go faster than the speed of light or make two electrons in an atom occupy the same quantum state as easily as you can blow your nose." He peered intently at Sam's nose. "More easily. Next question."

"My next question affirms a corollary to the first. Is there anyplace in the universe, in all of . . . being . . . where you could go and not be able to find your way back here?"

The demon licked his tusk with a bilious green tongue. "No. I could go to the Andromeda Galaxy and back in a microsecond. In the same manner I could go to, say, what would be Berlin if the Nazis had won the war, or Atlanta if the South had, or twentieth century Rome if Alexander had lived to a ripe old age." While saying this the demon danced an Irish jig and his hair turned into a writhing mass of coral snakes, who arranged themselves into a pompadour.

"Now, finally, ask me a question I can't answer; or a task I can't perform."

Sam looked coolly at the demon, who was now a quivering lump of yellow protoplasm hanging in midair, covered with obscene black stubble, bisected by a scarlet orifice filled with hundreds of tiny pointed teeth grinding together with a sandpapery sound. "The question," it burred.

"Not a question," said Sam, enjoying the creature's agony. " . . . a command!"

"Out with it!"

Sam smiled, a little sadly. "Get lost."

The demon resumed his original shape, but ten feet tall and all black cape and brimstone. He cursed and clutched impotently at the smiling mathematician and started to shrink. At five feet tall, he stood still and wrung his tail nervously. One foot tall, he started to stamp up and down in inarticulate rage. The size of a thimble, he whined in a piteously shrill voice, "You and Earnest Hemingway!" and disappeared.

Sam walked over and opened a window to let out the sulfur dioxide. Then he sat down at his desk, shoved all the papers onto the floor, and started to play algebraic games with the Fermat Theorem fragment he had filched from the demon. As he worked he mumbled and chortled to himself. Perhaps one day he would summon the poor thing again, and trick him into squaring the circle.

But he had only been a demon, and a little one at that.

He had a supervisor, who was to him as he was to Sam. The supervisor was a hundred billion light years away now, doing something unspeakable, on a scale that would make Ghengis Khan look like a two-bit hood.

But in a way that is His alone, He was also in that room, standing behind Sam.

Watching his language.



LOS ALAMOS

There was a purple kitten
 His floece was all aglow.
 He played near heavy water,
 And that's not good you know.

BABY BABY

Baby Baby on the wall,
 How is it you do not fall?
 Father Dear upon the floor,
 We are Earthbound nevermore.
 I don't need a pac'-i fi'-er,
 With my gravity do'fi'-or.
 But my baby, aren't you scared?
 Mother Dear I am prepared.
 I've laughed at the thrillers
 On the screen,
 Hollywood monsters colored
 Green.
 I'm waiting for the day to come,
 When on Mars I'll drink
 Bottled Rum.

THOUGHTS TO WAIT
FOR COFFEE BY

| | |
|------------|---|
| Happiness: | FOR A CAPITALIST |
| A | is to be able |
| P | to buy what he can |
| P | get free with Plaid Stamps; |
| P | FOR A SOCIALIST |
| I | is to be able to say |
| N | when the Ruskie Stormtroopers |
| E | call out for Comrade Polchesky |
| S | "Comrade Polchesky, He lives upstairs." |
| S | FOR A HUSBAND |
| | is a tax return; |
| | FOR PRESIDENT JOHNSON |
| | is an overcoat; |
| | FOR A LITTLE BOY |
| | is the late late show |
| | FOR A LITTLE GIRL |
| | is to show up late; |
| | FOR MYSELF |
| | is spontaneity |
| | on the typewriter |
| | and the wisdom to know |
| | when to I-M-H-A-L-E. |

Fortunato Comunale

A RECIPE FOR POTBOILERS
by
Alexis A. Gilliland

There are, of course, an infinite variety. Detective, cowboy, romance, gothic, true confessions and the rest. This is for the sword-and-sorcery type pot-boiler.

1. The plot. This requires that the Good Guys, who share present day American values, be faced with imminent disaster at the hands of the Bad Guys, who are unambiguously evil. The Good Guys are always underdogs.

2. The hero. He puts a nickel in his electric arc welding machine, and before you can say "Dick Shaver", is ejected into the mythic universe where the action is. He speaks the language, but he thinks American, and he is the only one who can wield the mighty talisman that can stop the anschluss.

3. The talisman. Tolkien's One Ring is the prototype here. Try the One Nose Ring, or the One Wristwatch. Be original.

4. The heroine. He saves her and/or she saves him, and due to a misunderstanding, they are rejected by the Good Guys. She is lovely and proud, and her late daddy told her where to find the talisman. She hates the hero at first, and spends all her time fighting with him. She does not go to bed with him.

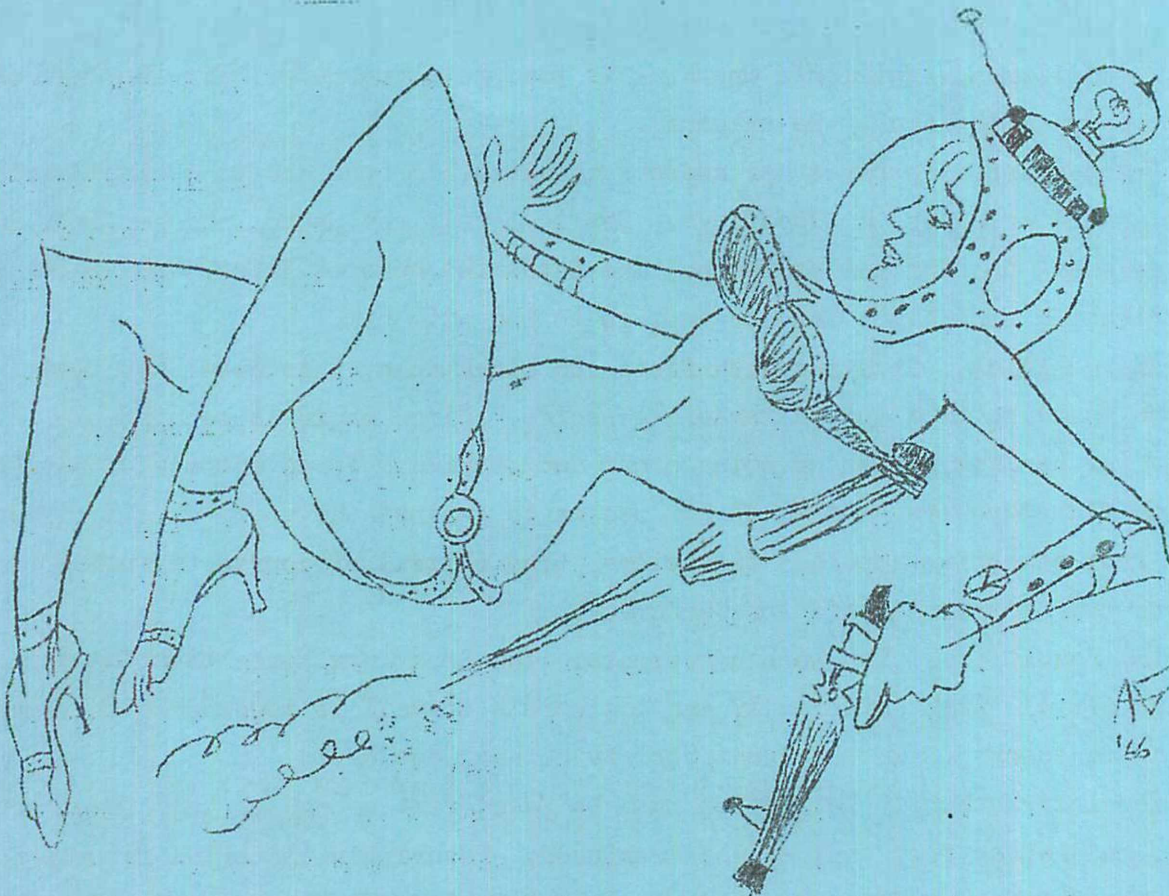
5. The conflict. Starting with fists and blackjacks, this escalates, until we finish with naval battles and talismanic genocide. Minor magic is permissible, especially for healing wounds, mending armor and cooking. We do not meet a cavalry charge with flamethrowers, and we do not use magic against the enemy at all, except to escape from otherwise hopeless situations. The climax, of course, is using the talisman to make the world safe for Democracy.

6. The resolution. The heroine relents. The Good Guys agree that the hero and heroine are all right after all, and the hero's travail is rewarded with romantic love and a cushy job in the Great Society he has just saved.

Cooking instructions. The action must be paced fast enough to hold the readers attention, and not so fast that he gets confused. Descriptive material is prepared from suitable Chamber of Commerce handouts, substituting alien and exotic adjectives and adverbs for the originals. Roget's Thesaurus is the preferred source of alien adjectives. Inject the descriptive material into the action a little bit at a time, remembering that action and description are like oil and water, they tend to separate in layers unless shaken. Continuing the analogy, oil is where the money is. Good

names are important. Use the phone book. Thus, a hasty sampling gives us Kinnard, Hannefin, Falck, Fajfar and Ciguzis. Heroes are Ace, Jon, Burt, and Clark, as in Clark Kent Ciguzis or Ace Falck. Villains have titled polysyllabics, such as Baron Vladimir Hannefin and the like. For the plot line it is useful to put the various story elements...sieges, ambushes, rapes, etc...on three by five cards, with duplicates, and deal yourself a hand.

Don't worry about originality. By the time you fit the stock ideas into the formula plot, all traces of originality will probably have been scraped off anyway. Remember, no plot device is too corny or trite to use if you do so with conviction. You ask me, "What is conviction?" I tell you, "Conviction is what Roger Zelazny has a lot of." You ask me, "How do I get conviction?" I answer, "Don't tell me your troubles, I got troubles of my own."



SWORD-AND-SORCERY TYPE POTBOILER

Gay P. Haldeman

Clark Kent Ciguzis walked innocently into the bathhouse and put a nickel into the electric arc welding machine. Presto, he suddenly found himself in a mythic universe inhabited by Good Guys and Bad Guys. A little green Good Guy approached him and began to extol the virtues of his partisans. To his surprise, Clark discovered that, while he continued to think in American, he could readily understand the little man.

"We know that we are the underdogs in this universe, but we keep going for the sake of our ideals, for which, natch, we continue to fight."

"Oh?" said Clark. "And what are these ideals?"

"God, Motherhood, and The Flag!" exclaimed the Good Guy, placing his hand over his heart, somewhere between his thorax and his big toe.

Clark saluted automatically. "God, Mother and The Flag!" he thought in American. "My very own ideals."

The little green man turned and marched away, whistling "Semper Fidelis" as he went. Clark called after him, "Maybe I can help!"

"Maybe so," shouted the man from the distance. "But before we can win we have to find the One Wristwatch, symbol and possessor of all the power in this universe." Then he disappeared.

As Clark watched the disappearance of his acquaintance, a little blue man ran up behind him. "Aha! You share the ideals of the Good Guys! You are a threat to our great crusade to completely enslave them. I will take you back to the Baron and he will decide what to do with you." Clark found himself unable to resist and was subsequently lead away.

Baron Vladimir Hannefin was seated in a huge chair in an enoumous room in his gigantic castle. He was happily sticking pins in a likeness of his mother. He was busily thinking of how he could better force the ideals of his partisans on the Good Guys. "Pain, Pickles and Pornography..." he thought, automatically putting his right hand over his liver in a salute. His reverry was interrupted by the little blue man, meekly preceded by Clark.

"Baron, sir," squeaked the little Bad Guy. "I read this one's mind and discovered that his ideals are...too horrible to kention." He shuddered. "He's one of the Good Guys."

"Throw him into the deepest, darkest dungeon!" roared the baron.

Far down under the castle Clark sat in the dungeon. He was worried, but there was nothing for him to do but wait. His stomach was beginning to growl and he wondered if they would feed him.

Suddenly the door to his cell opened. There stood one of the most beautiful girls he had ever seen.

"Quickly!" she said. "This way!" He followed down a long corridor away from the cell. Then down a long tunnel leading vaguely upward. Then up a long flight of steps. Finally they stopped to rest.

"Why are you helping me?" he asked.

"Because I think it's nasty the way they locked you up. Of course I'll really be in trouble if they discover that it was I who helped you. I'm really a Bad Guy, but I have Good Guy tendencies that my analyst just can't seem to help me get rid of." A tear slid slowly down her cheek.

"Don't cry," he said, putting his arm around her with great sympathy.

"Don't touch me! I can read your American mind. Of course I won't sleep with you. What kind of girl do you think I am? Of all the..." She turned angrily away and started walking again, farther ahead of him this time.

"This way," she said coolly.

"Oh well, you can't win 'em all," he thought resignedly, and continued to follow.

Soon they emerged into a forest. "I'll lead you to a community of Good Guys and then return," she stated in the same cold tone of voice that she had used before.

Suddenly a group of the baron's guards appeared out of the forest.

"It's the prisoner! He's escaped! Get him. Get the girl, too!"

Clark and the girl sprinted into the forest. They ran until they fell, exhausted. There were no footsteps behind them. They had eluded the guards.

"Now the baron will know I helped you. I can't go back. Oh dear, I guess I'll have to join the Good Guys".

"You're better suited for them anyway," said Clark sarcastically.

They continued to trudge through the forest. Soon they came upon a community of Good Guys. The little men, though, having heard that the baron's guards were in the area, mistook them for the guards and drove them away with rocks and sticks, refusing to listen to reason.

"Gee," said Clark. "Maybe if we find the One Wristwatch they'll like us."

The girl gasped. "I guess I'd better tell you. Before he died, my father told me where it is. It's a long and dangerous journey, though. It's worn around the neck of the wicked witch Zandamora, in the land of Glaznitch. She has surrounded herself with all sorts of magical protection."

"Let's get going!" smiled Clark, as his sense of adventure took hold.

So they journeyed toward Glaznitch, meeting first another band of the baron's guards, which they dispatched with fists and Clark's blackjack, which he just happened to have in his pocket. They were careful to take the bows and arrows of the slain guards.

With the arrows they emerged victorious from a bout with a flock of huge purple birds. Clark was slightly wounded, but the girl used her mild magical powers to heal his injuries. They continued onward.

Then they fought dragons, forest fires, giant bats, saber-toothed tigers, magic whirlwinds, junglerot, creeping insanity, and sand crabs until they came to a sea. There they commandeered a fleet of destroyers and sailed across, encountering giant clams, sea monsters, saber-toothed sharks, whirlpools, and King Neptune himself.

After leaving the fleet, they crossed a desert, dispatching giant lizards, mirages, marching cacti, three-headed vultures and poisonous flowers as they went.

The girl did all the cooking with the help of her magic, so they were never hungry. She manufactured a suit of armor, and kept it and Clark in good repair.

After many months of travel they saw a great mountain in the distance. "That's it! That's Glaznitch!" exclaimed the girl. "Oh goody," said Clark.

Through earthquakes and hailstorms, ghosts and salamanders, floods and volcanoes, they traveled to the mountain. There they met Zandamora, who was waiting for them. She had exhausted her magic on them to no avail, so she gave them the One Wristwatch without a fight. It didn't keep good time anyway.

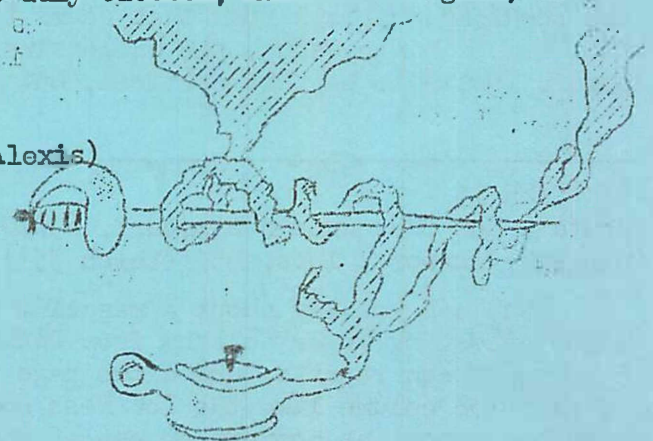
With the power of the One Wristwatch in their hands, they destroyed all the forces of evil in this particular universe.

"Would you call this talismanic genocide?" asked Clark. "I suppose so," answered the girl with a shrug.

On their arrival back at the Good Guys' community, they were lauded as heroes and accepted by the group. Clark declared that democratic elections would be held and ran for president. He was duly elected, married the girl, and lived happily ever after. Match.

THE END

(Thanks for the recipe, Alexis)



A REPORT ON THE VARIOUS IDIOSYNCRACIES
WARPS, AND WOOLFS IN THE TWISTED MINDS
OF THE SCIENCE FICTION FAN COMMUNITY
AS SHOWN BY AN INSPECTION OF THEIR
AMATEUR PUBLICATIONS.....

In Short, Fanzine Reviews

Your Reviewer, Jim Sanders

HIPPOCAMPELEPHANTOCAMELOS #6 Fred Hollander
c/o The Hill, 508 South St., Andrews Place, Los Angeles, Calif. 90005
25¢, material, trade, loc, etc. gen

Well, there is one major problem with a fanzine that makes a great improvement in early issues. You keep expecting it to improve as much every issue. Unfortunately, HIPPOCAMP doesn't quite manage that. The level of 6 is about on the level of 4 and 5. This is not, fergawdsake, a complaint. More zines like this we should have, I'm telling you. But it didn't quite hit the heights I expected. The whole issue is solid, with good layout and appearance, and the articles are all interesting, if none of them hit the level of the Jean Berman pieces in the last two. Jean has an article on her first skiing trip that has only the flaw that it is too short, a mere three pages. Jean needs at least six pages to really get going. The only problem with Tom Digby's humor piece on "The Auto-Monk", a mechanical method of getting illuminated fanzines is that it is too real to be that funny. Still worth it, but not quite up to his Steamroller Ditto. John Berry, Terry Jeeves, and Greg Shaw all have interesting articles and there is a long appreciation of Doc Smith by James Schmitz that apparently also appeared in the Doc Smith concordance. And the letter column has an interesting puzzle, a letter by "Richard A. Hoen, Jr." discussing issue #8. Ned Brooks, that couldn't be you behind those false whiskers, could it? I wonder how many people are going to explain it to Fred in the next issue.

All in all a good zine, and my complaints are only a question of the zine not hitting its potential. It still gets a

RATING: 8

ZARATHUSTRA #9 Joni Rapkin
1911½ Riverview Drive, Endicott, New York, 13760
loc, contrib, trade, 25¢ humor

I suppose fandom can always use a humor magazine. Unfortunately, each issue of ZAR continues to prove that it is not it. I could go down the table of contents with the proper labels, "dull", "trite", "why", etc., but really, why bother. Except for one long, serious poem that seems to have nothing wrong with it except a meter that reads in sing-song, the whole zine could just as well be used for doodling paper. I hate to be this critical, but

RATING: 2

SIRRUISH #5 Leigh Couch (for the Ozark SFA)
Route 2 Box 889, Arnold Missouri, 63010
contrib, members, locs, 25¢ (thish 35¢)

What can you say about a magazine that includes a 7 page Gaughan portfolio, a GoH speech by Roger Zelazny from OZARKON II, 11 pages of good, solid reviews, 5 pages of con reports, and a two page pun, combined with a few short pieces and a 17 page loc column like the LoC Ness Monster, alright, here we go. But I want to make one important comment on one of the letters. Jack Gaughan discusses the fear and awe that some fans hold pros in, and mentions that he wished that fans wouldn't be afraid to write in to a zine that printed pro stuff, for fear that their contributions wouldn't measure up. Jack explains that he is, as pros writing or doing art for zines, are, fans when they act in that capacity, and that they should be treated

as such. I know Jack, he is, to quote the editor of this zine, "One of my favorite people," and I know he wants to make friends with fans, wants to talk with them, wants to sit around and share beer with them. But they get nervous around him, as around a lot of pros. He regrets this as do most of the pros I know. I wish you would get the zine, if only to read this letter. But get it for the contents too, after, all, it does deserve a

RATING: 9

CØSIGN #11

Bob Gaines (for the Central Ohio SFC)

216 E. Tibet Rd., Columbus, Ohio, 43202

Loc, trade, material, 25¢ (a year for \$3) Club

When was it that someone said there were no more good clubzines? Well, tain't true no more, sonny. What with the ISFA JOURNAL, SITUISH, and this zine, clubzines seem to be The Thing. There is an article by Bill Conner on the trends in modern literature in which, despite certain remarks which make me wonder if he knows the examples he mentions ("Bohemian-beatnik writer Norman Mailer"? Oh really?) deserves reading, if only as a counterirritant to the propaganda of the Milford-Merrill Mafia. There are a goodly number of reviews, ranging from the standard solid type to the really biting ones of Dick Byers. Then there are a number of scattered articles none worth careful dissection, all worth glancing over. All in all, a good zine, though I always would like a bit more meat in the articles. In fact, I would like more articles. The reviews take up half of the issue, a bit too much for my taste. But well worth getting. Only the lack of substance makes me rate it as low as

RATING: 6

WARP #2

David Chute

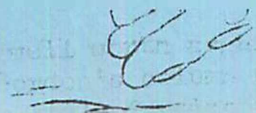
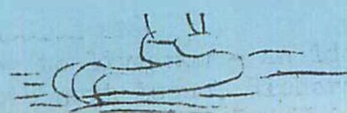
Box 101 A, RFD 3, Auburn, Maine, 04210

? except that you can get 1,2,3 for 40¢ genzine

Oh well, there is always room for one good crudzine in the field. Warp seems to fit the need very nicely. The editor has new and unique ideas about lettering. Now if they were only new, unique, and readable, maybe we could get somewhere. The issue, mostly done in a vaguely competent mimeography, opens with a three page editorial in ditto, and in such ditto that has to be seen to be believed. And if anyone you know has a copy, and stands across the room and opens it, you will still be able to see it. I am half blind from looking at it. But when you try to distinguish the words, well, seeing something like this always makes me think the pubbers father is an oculist. I gave up, thereby possibly missing great words of wisdom. You know, I doubt that I did. Then comes a section of small editorials on diverse subjects. While I tend to stand about where Chute does, politically, anytime he opens his mouth, I tend to reach for a membership form in the Young Fascist League. I wish he knew what he was talking about, at least vaguely. No, correct that. I wish he would talk about something, I wish he would say why he disagrees with the war, rather than suggesting that fans write letters to Kingsley Amis protesting his stand on it. Especially when he makes it plain that he hasn't read the Amis letters.

Onward we go into a long essay on Robert Heinlein, by Christopher Duvier, followed by a quiz. Again we get lost in a maze of superlatives, generalities, etc. There is apparently going to be a continuation in the next issue. Maybe by then we will discover why he likes Heinlein, rather than why he disagrees with Heinlein's politics. The level of his knowledge can best be shown by a quote from the quiz. Answer: "the actor in DOUBLE STAR". Question: "Who was Laurence Smith?" Any more questions?

Then we get fanzine reviews, looong fanzine reviews. Far be it from me to criticize a colleague, even though he is so goshwow it makes you choke, and even though he seems to have no idea of the field at all. So I will pass over them in a groaning silence. The book reviews are not bad. Not good, by any means, but all in



DUST TO DUST

by
Joe . Alderman

You know us:

I've been with you humans
for several million years.

Let me explain, I can, because
you won't believe.
You can't believe

You were crouching in a cave,
barely turning Cro-magnon.
I/we came to you
to this planet,
I
(will say we from now on)
/we came for no reason
That you could comprehend.

But
o
o
certain
o
o
n
-manifestations-
o of our visit a
o of our race did then
do now

Affect your race profoundly.

Picture::

Huddled in your cave
scratching--
flea-picking--
Tasty morsel
but
not too filling.

So creep out
To scavenge berries
o
o (the parts of an animal
t that something bigger
s didn't want to finish)
--and take 'em back
to your mate and pups.

Those were the good old days. Simple vices
virtues
animals

Harrumph.

Then we came.

Incorporeal, or

At least not visible to you.

(if you must know, we reflect light
only in the psonic wavelengths,
which are invisible to your finite
rods and cones; orthogonal to what
you call the spectrum)

Not visible, which is good; for
You might resent the intrusion.

Picking berries, scratching --

That damp and musty cave

Was the garden
the Garden of Eden.

You didn't have the word then,

But now

You would call us parasites
To your host.

We go from world to world

A round million years from star to star.

Moving in a way you can't,-- (understand),--

Taking our time.

Breathing () vacuum,
pure,
cold.

Check each planet over.

Most of them: Burned-out

-- cinders, or

o (too far from their
z sun or too close)

pebbles

Or with noxious heavy atmospheres.

None with useful hosts.

(though they had life

-invariably-

to those who would see it)

We search until we find a world --

Such as yours -- temperate, soft (oxygen) breezes,

Green with chlorophyll magic

And busy with life.

It takes a long time to find the species that will dominate

Or, as in your case, the species

That we
can cause
to
be
dominant.

Some species live on food and drink

Some go to rocks for sustenance

Or pull nourishment from the air

Or the light

Or from the fabric of space itself.

But I, or we (I/we are not individual things in your
limited sense (I=we))

Feed
and
live
on
power.

Power, but not in the sense of a turbine grinding.
Not the brooding violence of a gathering storm.

Only power in the sense of the

C
C
G
KNOWING
I
Z
APPRECIATION
N EA
G LIZ
E
F
E
E
L
I
G
ATION of power possessed.

The most powerful things in the universe,

Stars, whose mere presence

Bends and warps the shape of space,

Know nothing of their power

And are useless as food.

Only living things can provide us

And some much more than others....

In food value, a Sequoia
Ranks lower than an ant.

The ant, in turn, is lower than the beetle, who feeds on it

is lower than
the bird

The bird is lower than the cat who strikes it down on it)
The cat lower than the dog
And so it proceeds in natural order:

the more powerful
and knowing of its power.
the more nourishing.

At the top of the heap is man.
And why?

When we came to this world,
When you were more than half ape,
And far weaker than most other creatures your size,

You certainly didn't look very promising.

But I've been in this game (eating) for a long time;
I know that a little cultivation pays off in the long race.
Nature, by quirk, gave you a hand that could grasp things;
She and I gave you a mind that could grasp things.

And your training began.

Living inside of you,
We could direct your growth:

Pushing in some ways,
Retarding in others.

Without us, you would know

no
no striving for gain
no muscle-flexing
no Heaven
e
1 (and no need
1 for them)

I was Christ, in a way,
I taught you to strive
For life beyond death--

And in striving you learned
You were better, more powerful..

And I fed.

another example

More recently, I was Hitler
Because persons of a certain faith
-we won't mention any names-

of a certain faith, or race
Are inimical, for some reason, to appetite.

I've been trying to get rid of them for thousands of years.

almost
made it
that time

Even the most exotic food balls. So one

feathered

y, you will wake up
and find me gone.

Fine, you say? That would be a Good Thing?
To be rid of hate and war and etc.

And live only on love

(Which tastes of
oil of wormwood)

No.

For I am more than human and you are less than human.

And only together
do we make

a man.

Apart, you lose love as well as the bitter things
You wait, with, with animal blandness
You wait for death and do not fear it
And best you do not fear it,
For with my leaving
It will come

Swiftly to fill the vacuum.

FINAL BERTH

RON BOUNDS

The Cruiser lay in the water by the scrapyard in the late afternoon sunlight. A dirt road, winding between towering piles of scrap, led past the cruiser's bow to the tumbledown warehouse beside which she was moored. Alongside the road on a rusting railroad siding stood three gondola cars whose sides were dented and scarred, bulged from the loads of scrap within.

Six great bronze propellers stacked together gave mute testimony to the fate of other ships that had occupied the berth by the warehouse. Their bones were there on the piles of scrap: twisted pieces of superstructure and hull plating, red with rust except for an occasional remaining patch of battle-grey or aluminum paint that had resisted the scouring of the wind and rain.

The warehouse had been built on a timber pier, which was in turn founded on a shoal of oyster shells. The restless waters of the bay had reclaimed the shells one by one; the timbers, rotten, their support removed, had sagged, warped and broken. The floor of the building, bare but for several unrecognizably-rusted pieces of machinery and a thick layer of dust, sloped sharply in these places to disappear beneath the cloudy surface of the water. At many points boards or entire panels were missing from the walls, allowing the odors of sulfuric acid from the nearby chemical plants and decaying marine life to drift through.

The Cruiser was moored with her port side to the warehouse and her stern to the open bay. A ragged square hole had been cut in the bow near the waterline and a chain passed through, like a ring through a bull's nose, securing the ship to the land. A worn hawser held her stern to the pier, its arc dipped and rising as the waters gentled the ship back and forth. Amidships

a narrow wooden ladder leaned carelessly against her side. Trapped in the quiet muddy water next to the pier in the lee of the ship a dead fish floated entangled in a piece of seaweed.

In the water on her starboard side lay what had once been one of the only two battlecruisers the Nation had ever constructed. Now only the keel and some of the bottom plating were left, enough to keep the hulk afloat as it lay low in the water.

Towering above it were two gigantic black wrecking cranes. Higher even than the masts and funnels of the cruiser, they rose on skeletal legs with booms outstretched over the pitiful wreck at their feet, like vultures come to pick upon the bones of the dead.

But the cruiser was not ready for them yet. She sat in her berth, temporarily sheltered like such a few honorably retired ships of the sea have been in their decline, willing to exchange memories with anyone who happened by. Her paint was chipped and spots of rust marred her once-trim uniform of battle-grey, but her hull was still as sound as on the day she was launched. The six-inch guns of her main battery, though the muzzles were plugged and the turrets immovable, brought to mind images of mighty salvos directed at some target known only to naval records and those who served on her.

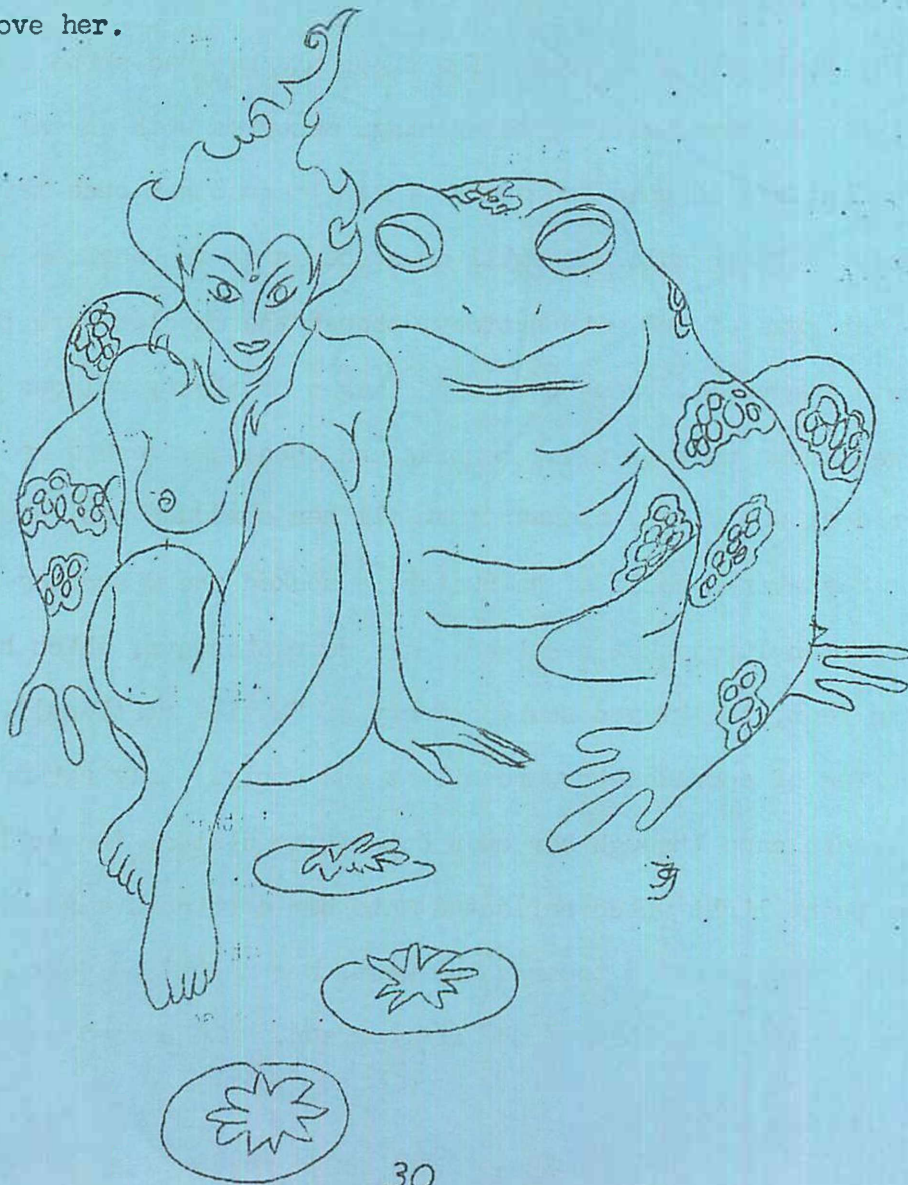
Her deck was clear, cleaner than all her surroundings, scoured by months of rain. Occasional pools of rainwater, a soaked and discarded comic book, and a forgotten lifejacket remained. Her companionways, which had once echoed to running feet, the klaxon sound and cry of "Battle Stations!", and the quiet feeling of comradeship were silent and empty. Only raindrops and the sighing breeze came through her open hatches to disturb the stillness.

The scant light which reflected into her corridors darkened as evening approached. Bow pointing towards the west, her masts and superstructure borrowed some of the red glory of the setting sun. She seemed composed and ready

to accept her fate, to embark on her final voyage -- not to the open sea and the fabled sargasso where ships of all eras gather crewless to drift and rot and rust in peace, but to be towed to a position of sacrifice under the cranes.

Her hull merged with the shadows in the scrapyard; the sharp angles and projecting slivers of metal softening their appearance in the deepening twilight. The sun lit only her foremast and funnels now, and hellishly illuminated the amorphous black bodies of the cranes above all.

The last rays of sunlight lifted, and the shadows in which the cruiser lay surged upward to engulf her entirely. She lay in the shadow of doom; her fate sealed by the twin judges, poised and waiting patiently, scaling the heights above her.



VALHALLA OF FANDOM

ED CHAMBERLAIN

They say the climate of Hades
Is too hot for the average man,
But I fear that Heaven's too peaceful
For a fun-loving fantasy fan.

There must be a different arrangement
For trufans when they die -
A kind of fannish Valhalla
Far beyond the sky,
Where they have a perpetual convention
And the bottles never run dry,
Where pleasure's pursued without tiring
And you always attain your desiring
When you've gone
To the Valkon.

The costumes are always daring
In an endless costume ball,
The program of entertainment
Is varied enough for us all,
And the greatest authors of fandom
Hold court in the banquet hall.
You can give your full attention
To nothing but convention
When you've gone
To the Valkon.

So I'll make my reservation
After this life of jolts and jars,
For the great Valhalla Convention
In that hostel beyond the stars.

THE JOURNEY

- Chuck Rein

Someday we frail and mortal men
Will journey out beyond
The cool familiar confines
Of our celestial pond,
Towards the far, sharp glimmer,
The cool and lambent light,
Of all our astral neighbors
Who watch us in the night.

The Dark is never-ending,
And warns of dangers great-
Of Death beast-lurking, cruel,
But then, such is our fate
To wander ever-outward
Towards the deeps of Space.
Where lies the great Unknown, 'tis
There Man always turns his face,
And the softly falling starlight
Drifts from the darkling skies,
And turns his face to silver,
And settles in his eyes.

He is coming! He is coming!
And the starry trumpet grand
Blows jeweled blade-clear song-notes
Through the farthest distant lands,
And the flame-bright soul of Mankind
Stirs within its home --
Hears its echo clarion, calling
it outward, far to roam.

We are coming! We are coming!
Though the voyage be long and hard,
Our ships are stout and ready,
Poised like cosmic swords
To conquer every danger
For the fiery spirit of Man,
If it take us a hundred eons,
Or a hundred eons again!
The bonds that have held us are shattered;
We have burst our earthly shell!
With the flame burning brightly within us,
We are off! We are gone! Farewell!

And an echo rolled out of the distance,
Like the sound of a far-off swell,
And it whispered unceasing, repeating
"We are off! We are gone! Farewell!"

THE INFILTRATOR

DON D'AMMASSA

Fallon crouched amid the bushes, peering out across the burnt stretch of grassland that separated him from the Brill fortress. For the last fifty days, local time being slightly longer than Earth time, he had been watching the Brill encampment. When his lifecraft had crashed on this planet, he had felt certain that he was out of the war for the duration, perhaps exiled for the rest of his life. This planet, habitable as it may be, was in the contested zone, fought over by the two empires of Brill and Earth, colonized by neither because of its vulnerability to space attack.

But the miraculous had happened. Not only had someone landed on the planet, they had landed within a few miles of his location.. He had initially hoped that it was an Earth ship, but had soon discovered otherwise. Although he knew it was unsafe, curiosity and an instinctive wish to share the company of intelligent beings had kept him near the campsite, watching while the Brills set up this small fortress, armed it, manned it, and then departed, leaving the small contingent behind. He had waited for the arrival of an Earthian warship to destroy it, but apparently the Brills had managed to drop one ship into the atmosphere undetected. It had happened before, but rarely, and usually meant the loss of a planet. The Brills would use the fortress to guard a matter transmitter, quickly bring in men and equipment, establish a powerful stronghold on the planet, and before the Earth could do a thing about it the planet would hold a defensive contingent capable of withstanding all but a major assault. Only once had the interlopers been detected in time to prevent them from entrenching.

Fallon would have considered surrendering had this been any of Earth's previous wars. Even life as a prisoner was preferable to life as a savage, with no intelligent companionship. But the war with Brill wasn't a usual war. The Brills weren't cruel or inhumane, they were just indifferent, and infinitely practical. Prisoners were luxuries they couldn't afford, except for information, on even their strongly held worlds. On a world as precariously held as this, they wouldn't even consider keeping an alien life form alive in their settlement. Surrender was impossible.

There was a certain degree of danger involved in staying so close to the Brill encampment. There was some slight chance of detection, though that was minimal; the big danger was that the patrolling Earth ships would spot the installation and blast it with a fusion bomb.. Any attack that would destroy the fortress would sterilize the countryside for miles around. And Fallon never ventured more than a few miles away, even in his searches for wildlife to fill his stomach.

He knew he would have to do something soon. Already the Brill were building new shelters and the number of hunched humanoid figures increased hourly. There were at least two transmitters going, and in

one section of the encampment Brills were laying out the ground for the construction of a massive transmitter chamber that would allow them to import planetary defense equipment, laser cannon, disruptors, and fusion-fission missile batteries. Already the fortress had sufficient armament to withstand a minor assault, and detector equipment had been constructed to guard against surprise attacks.

Fallon knew that he constituted one unexpected element in the plot. The Brills could not possibly know that he was on the planet. The engagement that had marooned him had been a total success for the Earth fleet. The patch of forest where he had crashed had long since turned green again; local flora had remarkable vitality. He had often wondered if he would awake one morning and discover that he was now one fibril of the root of one of the fantastically large trees on the planet, trees that towered nearly a mile high on some of the more distant stretches of land he had covered in his explorations of the planet.

He was a variable, an unknown quantity, but how could he best use himself? He knew better than to think that he could singlehandedly bring about the destruction of a Brill base. But was there some way he could give away their presence to the Earth fleet? The natural resources of the planet gave no hint. He had tried to devise some method for signalling his own presence for three years, without coming up with even a partial success. He had once tried to cut down one of the giant trees, hoping to level enough of them to form some sort of geometrical pattern, but had quickly given up the idea. No matter how hard he worked, the little progress he made in cutting through the trunk would be grown back during the time he caught up on necessary sleep.

So the only solution was to use the resources provided by the Brills. He had no definite plan in mind, but since he would have to enter the encampment to gain access to these resources, and since access became more difficult every minute, he would have to go soon. The thought that he was forced to thrust unpleasantly aside was that if he did manage to get a signal out, how would he remove himself from the attack area before the assault turned the whole area to magma and radioactive vapors.

He waited for darkness, which would give him some measure of cover on his approach across the grassland. There would be no cessation or even let-up of activity within the encampment, he knew. The Brills were gambling their lives by being on this planet undefended, and they were well aware of it. Only by completing their defensive systems before they were detected did they have a chance of survival, and they knew it. By night they worked with infrared, hoping thus to avoid detection by a chance Earth ship that might zip through the atmosphere for a periodic check.

The short run brought him to the outer wall, an embankment of soil that had been thrown up to divert drainage from rainstorms and discourage the rodentlike fauna that appeared to be the largest form of animal life on the planet. Fallon studied the cluster of squat buildings thirty yards away, convincing himself that there were no guards looking in his direction, then flung himself over the barrier and across the second open space to the rear wall of one of the storage huts.

This had been his target because he had watched the construction of the campsite with an eye toward infiltration. This particular storage hut housed the explosives that the Brills used to level the terrain. He would have liked to find their weaponry hut, but he knew that they would have few antipersonnel weapons. Discipline was incredible among the Brill; mutiny and insubordination were utterly inconceivable to their populace. Fallon had had no weapon aboard his ship, and there had been none in the lifeship for some inexplicable reason. But he did have the firestarter.

Before making his dash to the hut, Fallon had remodelled his firestarter somewhat. Rather than emit a short spurt of intense heat, it would now give off one blast of incredible intensity, sustain it for about four seconds, and then burn out completely as its casing melted and inner mechanism fused. Choosing the location very carefully, Fallon secured it to the side of the hut by means of a strip of adhesive cloth that was used to clip the firestarter to the flap of his survival pack.

He stepped back after activating it, watching to see that no one came running to investigate the flash of light, which should have been fairly well concealed by the hut itself. It burnt out and Fallon moved back to the hut, ripping away chunks of crisped plastic as quickly and quietly as possible before entering through the makeshift doorway.

He found himself facing another wall, this time consisting of piles of crates and other containers, assorted machinery, and piles of padded, sealed tubes that the Brills used as blasting equipment. From this point on Fallon's plan was completely malleable. He had recognized some of the items that the Brills had stored in this hut, guessed the nature of others, and been at a total loss for the bulk. His movements now would be determined by what he found, or did not, find, in his search.

He would have to move quickly. The Brills weren't doing any blasting at the moment, but they were still active and they might remove something from the hut at any moment. And anyone who happened to pass behind the hut could not fail to spot the melted plastic.

Fallon began opening boxes, still being careful to make as little noise as possible. Several things were of completely incomprehensible design, perhaps radio equipment. Fallon had a moment of hope that he might find a complete radio, but discarded it as unreal. There was no chance of his constructing one from spare parts either. Even if he had had time and had known how to construct one in the first place, he had no way of knowing what modifications the Brill equipment would need to communicate with the Earth fleet.

The most promising item was the explosives. He had watched the Brill technicians pressing in the lever at one end, thereby setting the timer. He might do a lot of damage to the base before they stopped him with those, but he could not possibly do enough to more than delay it. And delay was not enough.

There was a sound from the opposite end of the hut. Fallon had moved several boxes by now and quickly crossed the space to stand beside the door, clutching an explosive tube in his right hand. The door opened and two Brill stopped inside, deep in conversation.

He stopped forward, bringing the tube down on the back of the shorter of the two's head, simultaneously slamming the door shut with his free hand. The second Brill spun around, his mouth dropping open. Fallon swung again and the tube smashed teeth and lips with a soft sound of crushed tissue. His left hand swung up and struck the side of the other's head, driving him back against the wall.

Fallon turned to where the first Brill was kneeling and clutching his head. He kicked out harshly, smashing the face of the Brill, then brought the tube down again, this time to shatter the skull. Without hesitation, he turned again and used the tube similarly on the other unconscious Brill. Now his time had been severely limited. As soon as he melted the plastic he had given away his presence to the Brills; now he had set a definite time limit to his discovery. There would be someone looking for these two before long, and Fallon must have acted before then.

He had pinpointed the location of the Brill radio set-up already. It was practically unmanned, for to send a radio message now would be suicidal. Earth ships would home on it in less than one local day. Should they be discovered before they had completed their planetary defense system, they would use it to call for help from the Brill fleet, hoping that together they could hold off the bombardment until they had finished preparations. Fallon must strike either there or at the matter transmitters. Since the latter were crowded with technicians, immigrants, and work crews, the radio station became the automatic choice. Besides, it had the advantage of being a single objective, whereas there were two transmitters, one at each end of the fortress.

Quickly he stripped the uniform from the larger of the two corpses, cursing that neither had been armed. Brill discipline worked against the human race in many ways. The uniform fit surprisingly well, particularly when he bent over to walk in the hunched manner that the curved spine of the Brills made necessary. From a distance and in the dark he would pass undetected, but the lack of facial hair on the upper half of his face would prove him a human to the first Brill who came close enough to notice. Fallon would have to maintain his distance.

He emerged from the hut, closing the door behind him, two of the explosive tubes concealed in the sleeves of his uniform. He disliked the awkwardness caused thus, but the skin tight fabric would betray their presence anywhere else on his body, and they were the closest thing he had to a weapon, bludgeons if nothing else.

He made it to the radio shack without being challenged. Most of the personnel was working in the center of the encampment, setting up the preliminary terminals for the construction of the massive transmitter. He had one bad moment when three Brills emerged from one of the barracks structures right in front of him, but he stepped around them determinedly, without running or acknowledging them. They seemed to take no notice of him and he relaxed when they disappeared back the way he had come.

There was no guard in the radio room, but an attendant was on duty, making sure that the equipment was functioning and recording all radio transmissions that happened to pass through the planetary

atmosphere. Judging by the amount of tape on the recording reel, the other was rather active. Fallon wondered if a battle was being fought in the vicinity.

When he entered, the technician turned toward him. Fallon spun quickly, his back toward the technician, making a big show out of closing the door so that the other would not see his face. The technician said something briefly, but Fallon couldn't speak Brill. He waited a second, slipping one of the tubes out of his sleeve, then turned quickly, prepared to use the tube as a missile when the other spotted his face.

But the technician was apparently a trusting and incurious lot. He had turned back to his equipment, not sparing a glance for Fallon. Fallon didn't wait to ponder his luck, but crossed the room quickly, crushing the Brill's skull with a single blow.

Fallon knew he would have to work fast, but some time would be necessary to puzzle out the Brill equipment. He would like voice communication with the Earth ships so that he could tell them of his own presence, but all that was necessary was some sort of signal. The latter course was almost certainly suicidal, but Fallon realized oddly that it made little difference to him. Maybe his three years' isolation had unbalanced him slightly, he thought.

Then a sound from the radio equipment stopped him. Words, English words, formed in a human throat. He turned toward the speaker.

"Earth ship ALLIANCE to Base Three, Brill division. Please record. Radio silence may now be broken. Venturi fleets have been turned back by Earth-Brill joint fleet in this entire sector. Reinforcements from Brill and Earth report peace feelers have been received from Venturia. The Brill-Earth alliance has been successful. Venturia has been overwhelmed. Request permission to land shore parties for brief leave on planetary surface before rotation to homeworld. Over."

The second explosive tube fell to the floor from Fallon's other sleeve as the import of the message seeped in. He glanced beside him to where the radio technician's body still twitched slightly with the warm blood coursing down the side of his head onto the cold metal desk.

A Brill-Earth alliance, thought Fallon. My God, what have I done?

DISCLAVE '68 MAY 10.11.12

GCH ROBERT SILVERBERG

THE SECRET OF GOPHER NEBULA

Chapter 23

Alexis A. Gilliland

In the preceding installments, our hero, Captain Bob Action of the Space Marines, has been following the three Lisi sisters, Beryl, Amber and Ruby, in an effort to discover their connection with the sinister Baron Vladimir von Snarkeater, who is seeking the location of Master Scientist Dr. Ugophan - the only man who has the key to unlock the "curse" - a technical term which doesn't mean what it sounds like - placed on the Super-Cybernetic Planetary Library - which is neither Super-Cybernetic, nor Planetary, nor a library - to prevent it disclosing the secret of X-.9.007 serum, long an adjunct of Imperial Power.

Before she was murdered, Beryl, a nymphomaniac, gave Captain Action the third part of a coded message revealing Dr. Ugophan's hideout. Ruby, in return for Captain Action's help in getting her out of a situation which would have brought about her expulsion from the Vegan Vestal Virgins, gave him the first third.

Now, Action, in pursuit of the ambiguous Amber, has crossed swords with Piter the Menbat, a vicious, cunning member of a savage race of intelligent giant carnivorous bats. Peter stood six feet tall on his wingtips, his horrible hairy body supported by gravity suspensors like his evil fat old master, the Baron von Snarkeater. The clever Menbat has learned to control his fantastic vocal apparatus to mimic any human voice exactly. By posing as Captain Action, Piter had gained admittance to Amber's apartment scant moments ahead of the captain.

* * *

As Amber dilated the door, Piter flowed into the room with easy grace. Amber stifled a scream and stepped back, her face ashen, her hand at her mouth. "You . . . you're not Captain Action!" she husked. "What do you want?"

The Menbat smirked - he had discovered that his leer was terrifying to soft weak humans because of his rather ferocious dentures, and while he felt the situation called for a leer, he was in a hurry. "I want you, my little one," he said in smooth oily tones he had borrowed from a long dead television star, "to have knowledge of you, and deprive the good Captain Action of that same knowledge. Come, fly with me." He forgot himself and leered. Amber screamed.

"Oh, hell!" swore Piter; annoyed.

"Stay away from me!" shrieked Amber.

"Hold on, Amber, I'm coming!" shouted Bob Action into the intercom down in the lobby.

"Ha, ha! He'll never make it!" the Menbat lied, in exultant tones. "I've gimmicked the elevators so they only stop between floors."

"I heard that!" thundered the intercom, and the sound of feet climbing stairs faded out softly.

"It's eighteen floors," whimpered Amber, terrified, "he won't get here in time."

"It's eighteen floors," smirked Piter, his ears focussed at the door. "I implore you, my dear, come peacefully and save us both unpleasantness."

Amber Lisi drew herself up to her full five feet one-quarter inch, chin out-thrust defiantly. "Never!" she said. The evil, hairy Menbat was on her with a single fluid motion, pressing a villainous spider-pistol against the nape of her fair white neck. The beautiful girl fell paralyzed, and now, working quickly but without haste, the Menbat stripped her and, reversing the spider-pistol, a marvel of miniaturized solid state organic chemistry, proceeded to wrap her in

fine silken threads that, weight for weight, were a thousand times stronger than piano wire. He had almost finished when he heard Captain Action coming up the stairs. My Gawd, thought the Menbat, he isn't even breathing hard. In order to delay the heroic Space Marine, he mimicked the voice of Gus Wundermann, Action's faithful sidekick.

"No you don't, von Snarkeater!" Biff, tsok, kapow, bam, thud, scuffle." Then in the Barons's evil bass rumble ... "So, young man, you seek to thwart Baron von Snark - ouf, ugh!" "Don't shoot, Lisi! You might hit me!" said Wundermann's voice.

Captain Action, slightly winded despite his excellent condition, paused at the door a moment to listen. Inside, Piter finished wrapping the beautiful Amber Lisi, and as he struggled with the inert lovely body of three times his own mass, seeking the window where his powerful wings could be used in flight, he continued to improvise dialogue.

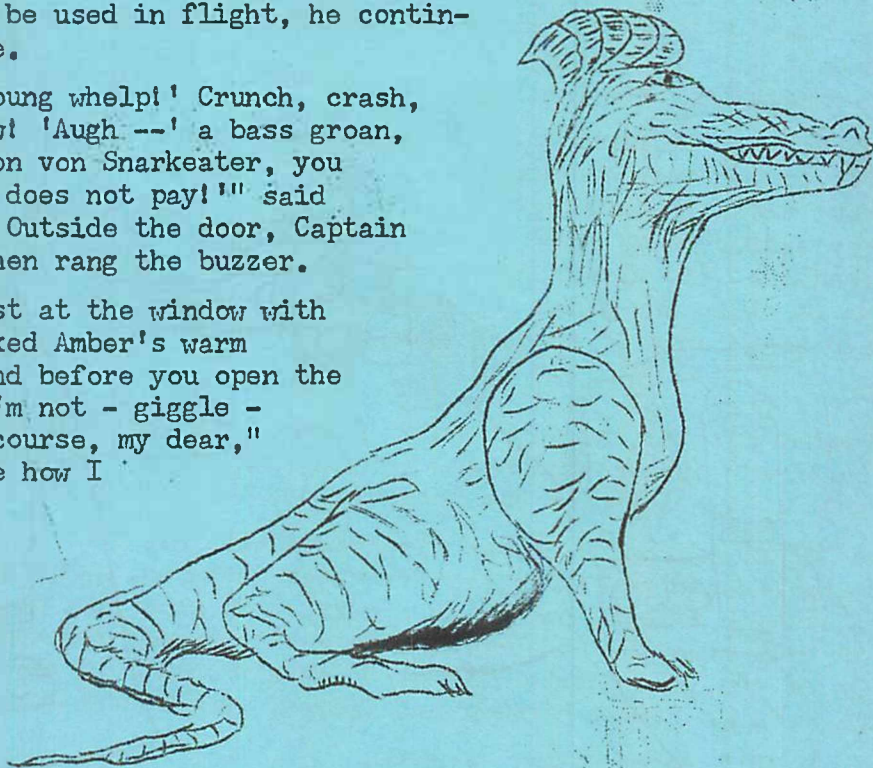
"Take that, you young whelp!" Crunch, crash, bam bam, Kapow! bam Kapow! 'Augh --' a bass groan, clatter thunk. 'So, Baron von Snarkeater, you learn to late that crime does not pay!'" said Captain Action's voice. Outside the door, Captain Action looked puzzled, then rang the buzzer.

Within, Piter, almost at the window with his lovely burden, mimicked Amber's warm contralto. "Wait a second before you open the door, Captain Action. I'm not - giggle - properly dressed." "Of course, my dear," came Action's voice, "see how I turn my manly back."

Outside the door it suddenly dawned on Captain Action that Amber Lisi was talking to him - in the room. The nasty sneering gesture of the Menbat in mocking Captain Action's

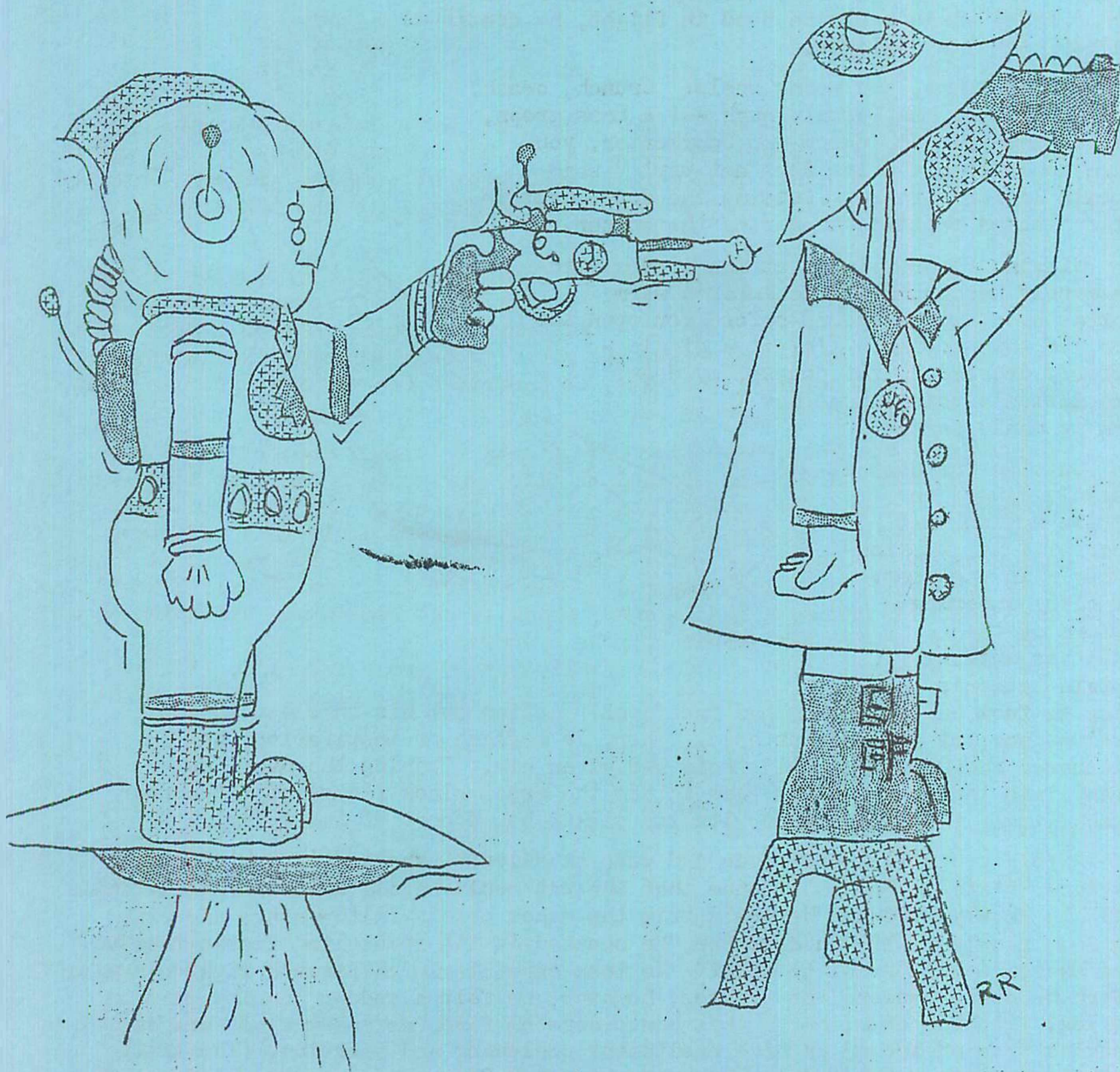
voice to fool and delay him had backfired! Action put his shoulder to the massive door; it groaned but held. Then, in a flash of inspiration, he remembered the key Miss Lisi's maid had given him. Opening the door, he sprang into the room just in time to see the great black figure of the Menbat launch itself from the window with the silken-bound body of Amber Lisi.

"Stop, you villainous rogue and peasant slave!" shouted Action, drawing his laser pistol. He saw at once that the bat could barely maintain his altitude with his lovely burden. He would trim the edges of his filthy wings and bring him down slowly. "If you drop her," he shouted at the struggling figure thirty feet away, "I will shoot to kill!" He took careful aim at Piter's right wingtip. Before he could squeeze the trigger, however, he felt a sudden burning pain in his leg. Looking down, he saw his pants were on fire, as Amber's pet dragon Herakles pranced around in high excitement, belching and snorting. (The little dragon, having met the cruel and savage Menbat before, had remained hidden while the baron's hairy henchman made off with his mistress.) Action beat out his flaming trousers, as quickly as possible, but when he turned back to the window, Menbat and woman were gone.



"Herakles, you have done your mistress a grave disservice," Action said, sternly. "Bad dragon. Bad Bad Herakles." The little dragon's back scales drooped, and his fire went out with a mournful plume of smoke. Action refilled the little beast's water dish, put down some dried worms, and then went out to find Baron von Snarkeater, Piter the lienbat, and the beautiful Amber Lisi.

- To be continued -



UFOS ? WHERE ?

THE READERS ENCYST

complete with mundane mutterings by your humble editor

a lettercol of sorts

Ray Nelson
333 Ramona Ave.
El Cerrito, Calif.
94932

Dear Jack,

Yes, I am the Ray Nelson who wrote "8 o'clock in the morning" in the 9th Annual Edition of the "Year's Best S.F." I am still doing pro writing (First full length S.F. novel "The Stone's Rejected" is coming out from Ace this year, a collaboration with Phil Dick.) but now and then I do something which does not fall within the requirements of mass circulation magazines and I send to fanzines and "Underground Press" publications. It is strange but true that I get much more "feedback" from fanzines than from prozines, which gives me a feeling of carrying on a conversation, rather than of talking to myself in a large empty room. And of course there is the priceless freedom I find in the fanzines, the freedom to experiment, to be myself, without always wondering, "will it sell?"

I am you,

((I guess Ace must have changed your title, they have that nasty habit. THE GAFIATED TAKEOVER (plug,plug) by Philip Dick & Ray Nelson. Ace G-637, 50¢ and a bargain at twice the price. Your work in ODD, both writing and artwork, show how well you utilize fanzine freedom. Good Show. -- Thanks for the two stories. --jch))

Mike Ashley
8 Shurland Ave.
Sittingbourne,
Kent, England

Dear Jack,

By Jove, aren't I the speedy one. Sorry to be so long in replying to receipt of T/W4. I've no excuse at all. I've just not been in a letterwriting mood. There's a great pile still to get to, but now I am in a letterwriting mood, and thoroughly enjoying answering the pile. So I suppose there's some good in everything bad, or whatever the phrase is.

Hairy-nairy the less, on to loc T/W4 ((note to sleepy readers - TW4 came before TW5 and this is TW6 and England is along way away and mail is slow --jch)) for which many thanks. The duplication is 100% A1. Lovely and black and easy to read. Hmm, what's this in the pl blurb -- "Balance refundable if I gafiates". Don't you dare consider gafiating. I think gafiating should be declared illegal amongst fen, says I. Don't you? I know several people who've gafiated -- well I don't know them any more, not having heard in ages, which is one reason why gafiating should be banned. Humm, well it's a free country I spose!

The introduction to the Haldeman family was of great interest. I'll see if I can memorise it. All those Jacks and Joes all over the place. Still Confucius say: uhm. oh well he must've said something.

Ray Nelson's "Trains" was terrific. I don't mean, by that, terrifying. I just mean it was tremendous. Surely no pro-ed could've rejected it. Hmmm, if he did he musta been in an off mood. The sensation of loneliness in the story is almost overwhelming. This is presumably the same Ray Nelson who had a story in GAFIA a while back? "Food", which I regarded as the best story GAFIA's pub'd (better even than NESBIT). What with "Trains" and the very amusing "Rhinceros Story", well, let's see some more from Ray.

Not having read "Flying Saucers - Serious Business" I can't really comment. I hear tho that somewhere in the US some flying saucer commision or something has been set up. Know anything about it?

Ah, long live R.H. Robinson. You don't see many pomes like his much nowadays. That kind of rhyme is one of my favorites. Lovely rubbish it really is. Get some more.

That illo on page 16 had me in fits. Not so much the punch-line as the attitude of the bloke and the expression on his face. The lettercol is certainly one of the most amusing I've seen, ignoring my loc. The loccers always seem to have something stupid to say, that and your remarks. What with artichokes and combat boots. Very enjoyable.

I said I didn't like Chuck's cover too much. The city didn't look too right. Woulda been okay had the city been replaced by something startling (Can't think what. Perhaps a mystic object or summat), and had the alien not had pointed ears. Preferred Jay's little scribble on the last page to it. Tho me fave illo was that on page 16 of course.

I liked T/W-4 more than ish 3, due to Ray Nelson. What's lined up for T/W-5 then?

Vest Witches,

((Hope your copy of TAPEWORM 5 has wormed its way across the ocean by now. After all, it did have a story by that infamous fan - Mike Ashley. -- I hope you have the Maldemans straight now - I eat the Artichokes and my brother wears combat boots, not the other way around. Never did like the taste of combat boots, even dipped in lemon-butter. -- jch))

Harriett Kolchak
2330 N. Hancock St.
Phila., Pa. 19133

Dear Jack,

Am answering this at 1 a.m. in case I don't seem too lucid. I am tired but you are the last of some 45 pieces of mail today. Please forgive me but I would not feel right if

I left you over.

See you are going bi-monthly. ((ha ha says the editor - jch)) I think this is sensible. Why cancel anything? Just get the thing out when you can and send it to those it is still owed to. Who ever heard of a zine being on time for its deadline anyway?

I wonder if Roger Zelazny was thinking of our cats??? Hm, come to thing of it, he has never been here. Still...it sound familiar.

I also like to sit in forests and just absorb the piece and quiet.

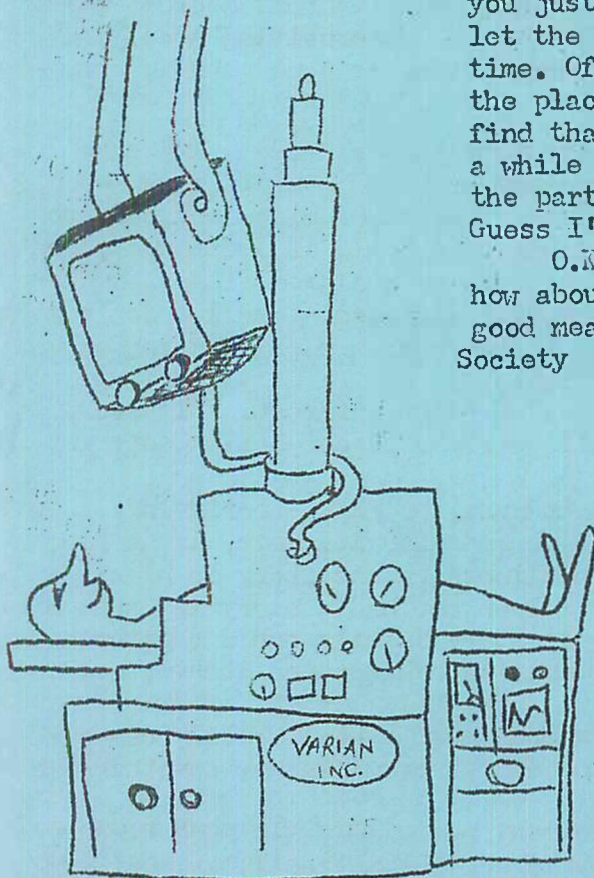
Cleaning up after the con party can be made easy. you just do what you can as the party progresses and let the rest wait till you get to it a little at a time. Of course if you have a group around that knows the place they will help as they go too. Besides, I find that leaving something of the party around for a while helps cheer me up when I look at it and recall the party. I have some leftovers here from years ago. Guess I'll just hang onto those unclaimed zines etc.

O.K. so we'll have an Asimov society and then how about a Lowndes Society, and a Del Ray one too for good measure, and we might even throw in a Maldeman Society if you keep this up. Heck, you could also add McKnight to that Jack Society.

Heck, with all the free ads you have here, how about running another free ad for the Neo-Fan-Fund?

Well now I must close this short note and get some shuteye. Thanks for the zine. I wish you could do something about getting good writeups on the cons that come down your way so I won't miss so much.

I have suggested to DeVore that I wish someone would start publishing booklets with the speeches and business from these cons, selling them at low cost, and using the money for the good of the committees involved in the individual con printed up. If they did this we could all travel to the con for about 30¢ or so and not miss anything.



AEV
67

Keep well and happy and don't worry about deadlines either. Neo-Ficially yours,

((You should talk to Alice about cleaning up after parties. She does a good job too. But she has this habit of falling asleep and things get ahead of her. But working while the party is going on helps the next day a lot. -- Glad you could make it down to the Disclave and also attend our WSFA meeting at Nycon. --jch))
=====

Don D'Amassa
210 S. Fairview Ave.
Lansing, Mich. 48912
Dear Jack,

Note new address above. MSU and I had a small disagreement as to the definition of the word "nourishment" as a result of which, since I won, I am now living at the above location and eating my own cooking.

On Tw5 (I refuse to type out TWTWTWTW), I can be complimentary. That pleases me more than it does you because I had to read it. Good fiction in a fanzine is all too rare a happening. I liked "Brief Concounter" best, probably because of a somewhat similar experience, though not at a con. "Furlough" was good, but I was somewhat disappointed at the end. I was expecting a little more incisive an ending. I might say that the bark was somewhat less than a bite. "Decision" wasn't terribly original, though it was fairly well done. And if it had been original, he never should have sent to a fanzine in the first place I suppose, which is somewhat cynical. "Warrior of Mung'd'or" was readable, but somehow failed to inspire me to solve the puzzle. Maybe it's because of my muddled brain. "WSSC" by Ron Bounds was as good as Sidney Bounds, and the latter has been published professionally. But having read SB, I'm afraid that's not as much of a compliment as it may sound.

The first two poems were good, but the nonsense poem was done to death by Carroll. I just read a similar one in another fanzine and it flopped too. Now that I think about it, wasn't that in TW4?

Guess that's it. Oh, one thing I forgot. I imagine this is just personal taste, but somehow I found the blue paper not only hard to read, but somewhat repugnant. I've had this running feud with blueness all my life though, so maybe it's just stimulus generalization.

((When I was a student at the University of Oklahoma, I had a similar clash between my stomach and a diet of scrambled sweetbreads. Hadta have my artichokes and they wouldn't allow open pit fires in the dorm. So I moved and found out that I am one awful housekeeper so I got married. Now I still can't have girls in my room after 5 o'clock. Can't win. -- The poem by Pater (pseudo for a well known writer) was a satire on the one in TW4. Some liked blue, some didn't. I'm not sure myself. Think I do. Cwell. Do think the yellow on the cover of TW4 was a mistake. -- jch))
=====

Fortunato Comunale III Dear Jack,
523 Thornton St.
Sharon, Pa. 16146

Tw5 improvement. However I would reject micro-elite type for purposes of legibility. Keep the print standard and raise the editorial standards. If you get that much good stuff you can be assured

a bimonthly - no sweat. If it swamps you, put out an occasional special issue - 7 11 are lucky #'s -- Suggestion: convention issue, protest issue, Annual best from Tapeworm issue (stories and verse) etc.

Now that I've cut my own throat, I don't suppose I'll see this letter in print. It will probably end up in the round file (file 13) as a tribute to art.

Better watch that drinking boys and girls. Skip a couple meals and imbide for the full weekend and it's good bye Tapeworm. That's how Tapeworms fade away, you know.

I can't stomach a tapeworm. I've got a father-in-law, two kids and a wife to feed, beside myself.

Did have worms of a different sort from my son & wife & father-in-law. We imbibed Algae-pop for two weeks and they vacated via submersible subway tube (sewer).

Alice, I am 27, getting older, Astronomy Enthusiast etc. experienced and love-able. Jack don't be selfish and share.

((Personally I never drink boys and girls, lean mostly towards bheer, but a small shot of most anything and water will do thank you please. -- jch))

WASHINGTON D.C.

IN 1974

Ray Fisher
4404 Forest Park
St. Louis, Mo.
63108

Dear Jack,

Paul Willis loaned me his copy of TAPEWORM 5, and I have been enjoying it...unfortunately, the time nears when I'll have to return TAPEWORM to Paul, so I had better Do Something Fast. Consequently, enclosed find \$1...and I hope I can look forward to receiving future issues... Paul, also, will probably look forward to this, so that he can keep his own.

Thanks for printing the review by Jim Sanders, of ODD #14...I appreciate his remarks. But one mistake I'd like to point out (if it matters) is that ODD is not professionally printed...in fact, it is very, very amateurishly printed by (namely, blush,blush) me. #14 was something like an A. Merritt novel, where the printing is concerned...you see, we purchased a Multilith Model 1227 Press...and Multilith stopped making that model in 1938, which should give you some idea as to the type of equipment we're using...but, failed to get an Operators Manual. (Multilith also stopped making that model of Operators Manual in 1938...right now, a manual on the 1227 would be worth to me, oh...only slightly less than a first edition Alice.) As I am not a professional printer.. in fact, I'm a full-time insurance adjuster... the printing of ODD #14 had somewhat nightmarish aspects. I hope that Jim liked #15 better. (I am assuming that he saw your copy, which we sent as a free sample...by the way, ask him how a free copy can be over priced..) All that aside, I do appreciate the review..and especially the nice rating he gave ODD.

TAPEWORM #5 is a good-looking, highly legible and neatly laid-out zine... specific comments: The Zelazny poem.. yeah, yeah..I like...also compliments to Chuck Gwin for the attractive border illo. The Barbara Dodge illo, page 10, was 'eye-catching'...The Joe Haldeman illos were very effective...Seems a goodly number of your pages are devoted to letters; however, have no objection to this..enjoy snooping through someone else's mail.

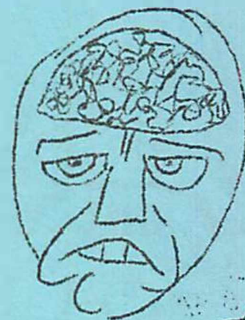
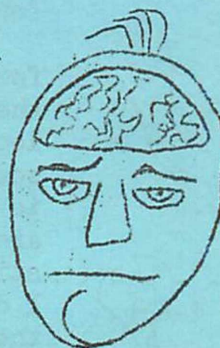
I'm sorry that I must cut this letter short, and that it is not possible for me to go into the detail that TAPEWORM deserves...however this is a very busy time for me. We (Joyce and I) are just finishing preparation of ODD #16...should be ready to print by this weekend; may be able to get it finished in two weekends... so really have our hands full.

Looking forward to future issues of TAPEWORM.

P.S. What are anthelmintics? Might help me on bi-monthly sched. too.
((Enjoyed meeting you and your wonderful wife at Mycon. Also the rest of the St. Louis bunch. Fine ST. LOUIS IN 1969 party you threw (free plug). Also must really compliment you on the very fine job you do on ODD (50¢ an issue, 6 for \$2.00 and a damn fine bargain). (another free plug) I had lost track of your dollar when I stole one from you at N.Y. Will return it to you along with my sub money. I like the free copies, but us faneds ought to stick together. Money is nice. -- Note to all you readers out there.....get ODD. (or get *****ed) -- jch))

Hilton elevator operators double as dumbwaiters. Just ask Ted White.

We grow too soon old.



Judi Sephton
2486 Elm Place.
Bronx, N.Y.
10458

Dear Haldemans,

Enclosed find a clipping on what to do with artichokes ⁶⁷
before you eat 'em. That's my only contribution to artichoke
fandom.

As for TAPEWORM, I mentioned, at Balticon, or shortly thereafter, that what TW
needs is a drawing of a tickertape worm and when I get some time, I shall send it.

I also mentioned that TAPEWORM deserved a very special kind of LoC and when I
can get my ~~to-be-happy~~, I mean my friends and those goodly (?) souls who owe
me favors, together and have access to the biology lab at my college (not much
there) and at the Hospital - Beekman Downtown where the Day Session Nursing School
and Lab Technicians Program is taught as well as several other sources, YOU WILL
ONE DAY FIND A PACKAGE OF 35 TAPEWORMS AWAITING YOUR ACCEPTANCE! Now, what could be
more appropriate?

I enjoyed reading TAPEWORM #5, Mark told me so much about the TW and I just
had to see one for myself - skeptical, at rare times I am selective about my reading.
I like quality material and TW IS quality material.

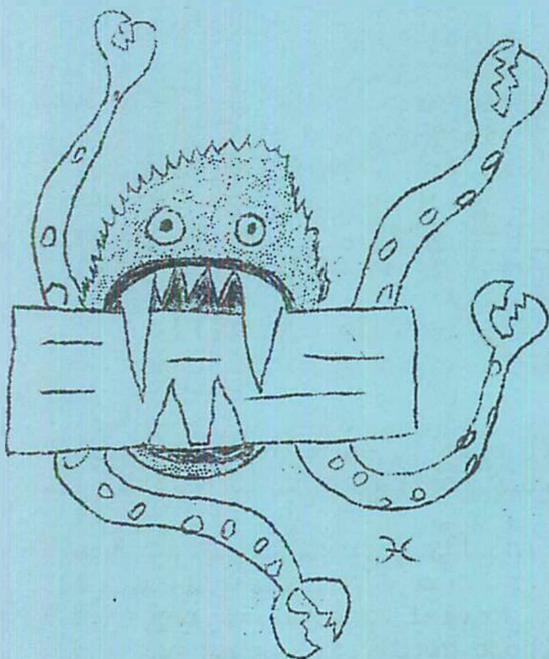
"Brief Concounter" by Banks Mebane was rather pleasant humor...but, then, I have
a rather fiendish mind and I do appreciate a good story or dirty joke, etc.

"Furlough" by Joe Haldeman and "Decision" by Michael Ashley were quite good
for shorter pieces. Better than most things seen in fanzines. I read through the
other stories and the poetry. Roger Zelazny's was the best insofar as style is
concerned.

After reading through the lettercol, I wish I knew about TW earlier. I would
have loved to see TW #4. As for UFO's - I don't know why the hell the U.S. Government
is supressing information on them or giving out a lot of CFB.

A note about CFB - it's legalese or business-slang for a Madison Ave. term.
CFB is Certified Pure Bullshit - now, pardon, s'il vous plait, ma Francois. You'll
have to excuse my spelling too, I spell French as pronounced not as written - my
Grandmother taught me some Canadian French and that's been a long, long, time back.

UFO's of course, do exist. I noted a sighting of my own back in 1957-58 (time
Arend-Roland comet was visible) when I was with an amateur astronomy group. As a te
teenager, I was very interested in science. After all, it was one way to meet boys.
But after seeing some of the characters that made up the scientific scene, I just
resettled myself back to being the bookworm that I was. Anyway, about the UFO, the
group that observed it along with me didn't report it and the leader wanted everyone
to destroy their observation log. In the case of the kids in the group, they wanted
to collect said logs. HellsBells! I mean, they didn't get mine. Somewhere in all the
~~my~~ vast accumulation of books, notes, and things, those observations and calcu-
lations are reposing. Not that they will do any good, but it's nice to know they are
intact. Being a rebel at heart and a little shrewder than the other kids, I pretended
to destroy the data, only I tore a few pages of blank paper rather than the informa-
tion, which was adeptly palmed into my purse. When something gets into my purse,



ain't nothing gonna find it less'n I wants it found.

At college, I took pre-med chemistry for a few terms (roughly three years evening study) then dropped out for awhile. I returned to college and am now in psychology with pre-law and social science electives. The college I attend is a business college but has expanded in the area of the liberal arts and sciences. I am still an evening student. Still a bookworm too. I did read INCIDENT AT EXETER and it is one of the honest books on the UFO matter which are rare.

I read a lot of sf and many other books too and I do get to some fan meetings. I will be attending a lot more regional cons and the DISCLAVE information was duly noted, as I will be at that.

To get back to TW, the art work was good but I'n not overly enthused. I did like the blue paper as it was easy to read. I am getting over

the after effects of an eye infection which persisted for several years. These things have a way of clearing up very slowly and that blue paper made it easy to read the smaller type used in parts of the zine.

In summation, (I will be attending law school after graduation), I must state that Haldeman's Exhibit #5 adds to the prima facie evidence that the trufannish tradition still lives and has a high survival index. Hoping to see more of this 'wormy material'.

Devilishly yours,

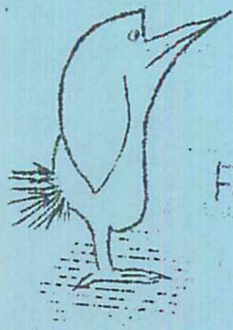
((Glad you could make it down to the DISCLAVE. fun. -- Thanx for the 'choke info. First time, though, I ever read that an artichoke was "pleasing to the eye, with a nutty flavor", sounds like some femme fans I know. -- jch))

Phil Walker is a teatotaler

Mike Montgomery
21 Washington St.
Denver, Colo. 80203

Dear Jack,

Somehow, being marooned in a "14-ft speedboat" strikes me as being funny, although it probably wouldn't be if I were in it. I don't know why it should, but it does. Maybe it's the part about the speedboat; that seems kind of a paradox, with you being in the Arctic. (What in the hell were you doing in the Arctic anyway?) Yes, that must be it, because I can visualize nothing less useful than a speedboat in the Arctic. My mental picture is of an icelocked boat, in a fantastic snowstorm, with people in big



For the Birds is coming...

the Birds is coming...



furry parkas huddling together for warmth. Something like the scene in "The Great Race" when the Villainous Villain fell through Tony Curtis' roof. Oh well; I guess I just have a ~~perverted~~ weird sense of humor.

See Fahrenheit 451 ! !Great!

Ok; you're Jack, she's you wife, he's Joe, and Gay's his wife. Where's my Honorary Haldeman button? Still haven't gotten my plastic kips.

By now everyone knows that all the major advances in science and in fahdom have been made by men of great vision, who were ahead of their time. And even the ones who didn't succeed at least prepared the way for others. You, Jack C Haldeman II, are one of those latter people. Even though you made no progress; you have helped other faneds immeasurably: Warning! DO NOT USE FLANNEL AS STENCIL ! The thing that looks like a 1st grader's impression of someone in a dress is actually an 'A' with a roman numeral II under it.

Thank you for the lighter paper. (I am a Neffer.)(what's the GUSABDFFWGPPPA?) (We also trade literary masterpieces. I send you my LoC, you send me TAPEWORM)

See Dr. Zhivago! Fantastically GHREAT!

Anyway the fmz reviews were just like what I find in other fmzs. Listing of contents, with opinions on each. OK, though. Needless to say, I'm a Zelaznyac and enjoyed the poem muchly. OK, the only kind of fan fiction I like besides Ray Nelson's stuff is faaaan fiction. All such in TW5 were well received by myself. More? Joe did well with his fiction, as did Mike Ashley. I don't know what to think (or say) about the Warrior of Mung'D'Or, but I'll be interested to see the solutions to the hellish puzzle that come in. Robert Whittier, well,ok. Put beer and scholarly advise on your list of things owed to me along with 100 plastic kipa and an Honorary Haldeman button. When I first saw "To...RHR", I thought mow pater was more patter, but upon rereading it, I see it isn't. The micro was a very good idea.

For Jay Kinney: $\text{H}_2\text{CrO}_4 + \text{Ba}(\text{NO}_3)_2 = \text{BaCrO}_4 + 2\text{H}^+(\text{aq}) + 2\text{NO}_3^-(\text{aq})$ even though I'm not sure of that without the solubilities.

I was beginning to worry there after not seeing TW for so long; I hope you can keep up a bi-monthly schedule.

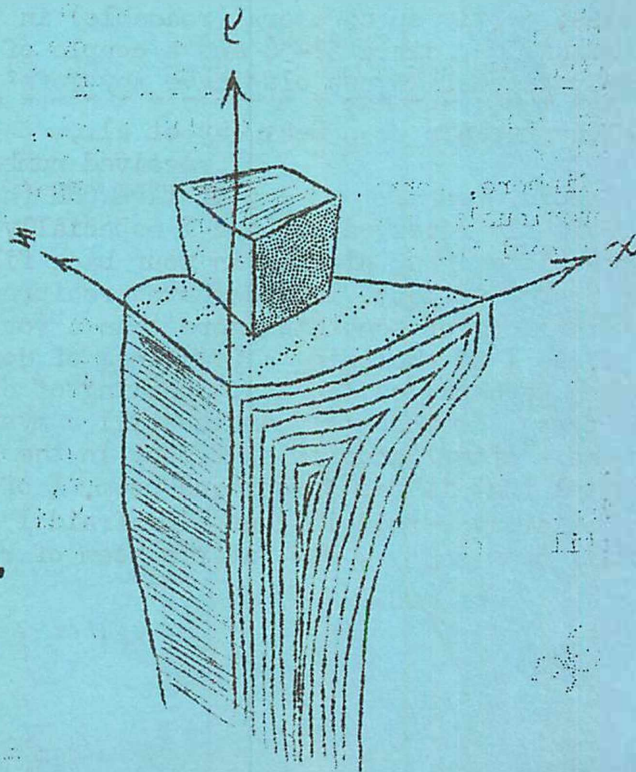
Has Daniel F. Galouye written anything besides "Dark Universe" and "Lords of the Psychon"? Enjoyed them both muchly and would like to read more of his stuff.

WANTED: "Lucky Starr" by Paul French (I. Asimov). Name your prices, but make them reasonable. Also condition.

What did the populace say about the fighter pilot named Bob when he dropped nuclear devices on Kosher pickles?.....

"Look, Tom bombed a dill!"....please accept my apologies. Norainly,

((What else could I be doing up in the Arctic - collecting Tapeworms (it's true). Also freezing and catching whales (true). Hmm, let me see now, You mention I'm married, but you don't say to what. Sorry, take the exam again. Plastic kips weigh about 43 lbs apiece and I sent you 100 of them Railway Express Collect in the mail yesterday and you should get them soon. -- Thanks for the movie reviews. You have now been appointed TAPEWORM's movie reviewer. Get to work. -- As for the beer I owe you, the bacover of your issue has been soaked in Colt 45, if you place it in a glass of water you will get one hell of a soggy mess. --jch))



Jan Slavin
6308 Lenox Road
Bethesda, Md 20034

Dear Jay (I wonder how your wife likes me writing "Dear Jay")

I just realized that I had to LoC quick or I might have to
SHUDDER pay SHUDDER for the next ish of TAPEWORM.

Sorry I missed the last WSFA meeting. I was reading a paper
at the (take a deep breath) Maryland Junior Science and Humanities Symposium. Mostly
Science. I found several people who read SF but no fen. The Lord Baltimore Hotel is
crummy. Other than that, it was great.

I, as you know, (I guess you weren't too drunk) am publishing a zine for the
high school group. It's called TESSERACT. Mostly because we are all obsessed with
the 4th dimension. Or hadn't you noticed we
warp to meetings? Incidentally, my paper
delt with 4-d math, rather geometry.

About tapeworm 5: its uh..well..you
see....its unique.

Keep it up, or down as the case may be.

Do you want me to contribute my left-
overs, etc? ESpecially,

((Ahead Warp Factor One...pay for the
next issue. I can't read your letters...
Did you enjoy your first Worldcon? Did you
survive??? -- jch))

Join Diplomacy Widows and Marching Soc.

ATTENTION MIKE MONTGOMERY.....

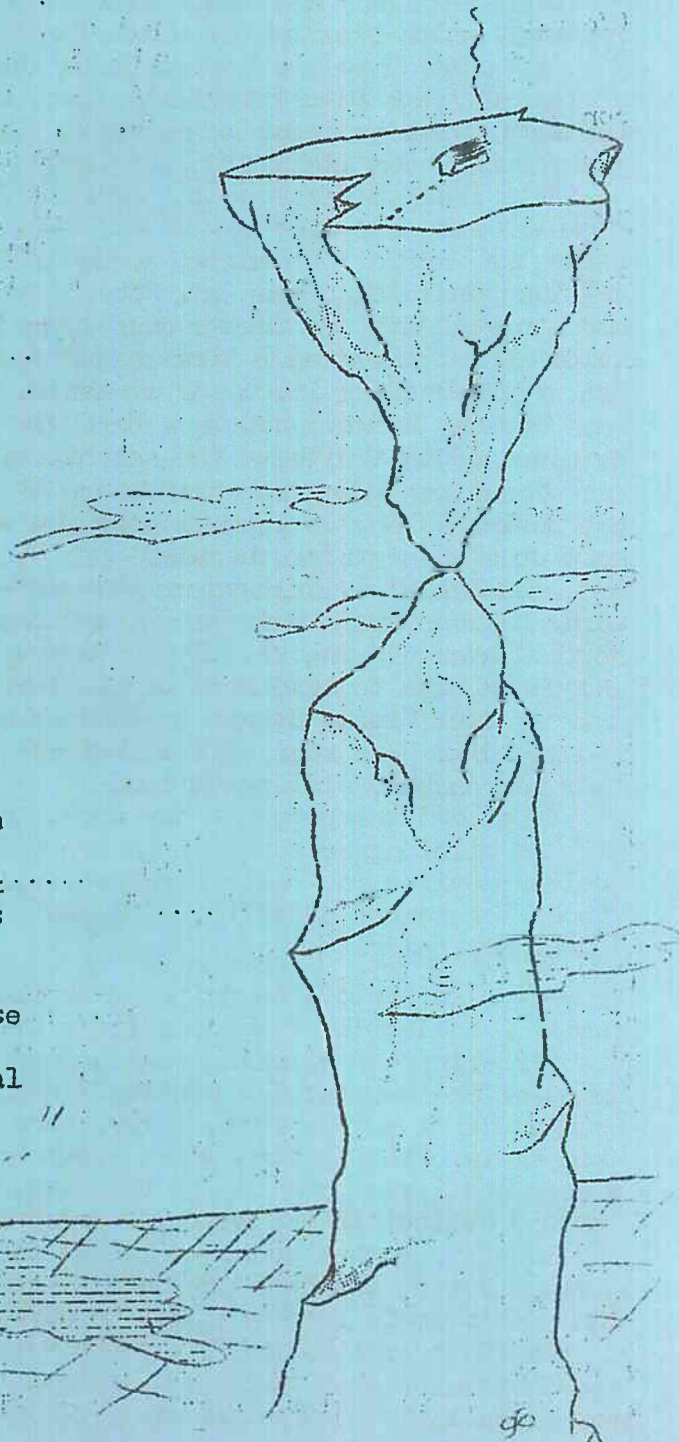
Jim Sanders just walked in and told me that
Galouye wrote some 10 or 15 expanded novel-
ettes, mostly space opera (readable) in
IMAGINATION, circa 52-56 and a couple of
other places. Anyone else have any info?

Ed Chamberlain
RD #2

Dear Jay et al.,

I received numbers
3 & 5 of TAPEWORM (having
previously received #4) and I especially
appreciated your digging in your back files
to dredge up n0.3. This deserves reciprocation
in the form of something more than a (or an)
LoC, so I am enclosing a few lines of doggeral
which perhaps you can use. Speaking of efforts
at poesy, Robinson's poem is still a mystery
to me - after Sander's statement in the let-
tercol that it was an obscene poem, I of course
immediately reread it, but I'm afraid I still
still draw a _____. Now Pater's poem of rebuttal

"Security is..."



was a bit easier to understand if you happen to think of Poe while reading it.

Best single item in #5 was "Warrior of Iung'd'or" by Gilliland. Trucble is, I wasted hours trying to figure out how to weigh those damned gollum balls. I eventually came up with two basic plans of attack, both of which give Bogdan odds in his favor of 5 to 1, or about the same odds as Russian Roulette. The worst he can do is narrow it down to two gollum balls.

I don't know what happens when you open a gollum ball, but if you can get "seriously killed" (that was a great line - I liked it) opening one, why couldn't Bogdan after one or two weighings, use some of the known gollum balls as hand grenades, and thus purchase time for a forth weighing, which is all he'd need in case the alternatives ended up with the choice narrowed down to two instead of one at the end of the weighing?

I'll be waiting eagerly for the next installment, for the next issue of TAPEWORM, and for the next Worldcon. Best regards,

((Thanks for the poem, which is really a song and I wish I had the music. Also, too, the party which started off Nycon for me. hoo boy. Did you get your copy of the fanish song sheet? -- NOTE TO READERS: The fanish song sheet I speak of is a collection of some 59 songs with a fannish slant. I don't sell them, I don't make any money from them; but I can get anyone who wants a copy one, if they send me one dollar bill and some stamps - say about 15¢. -- jch))

BALTIMORE IN 1970

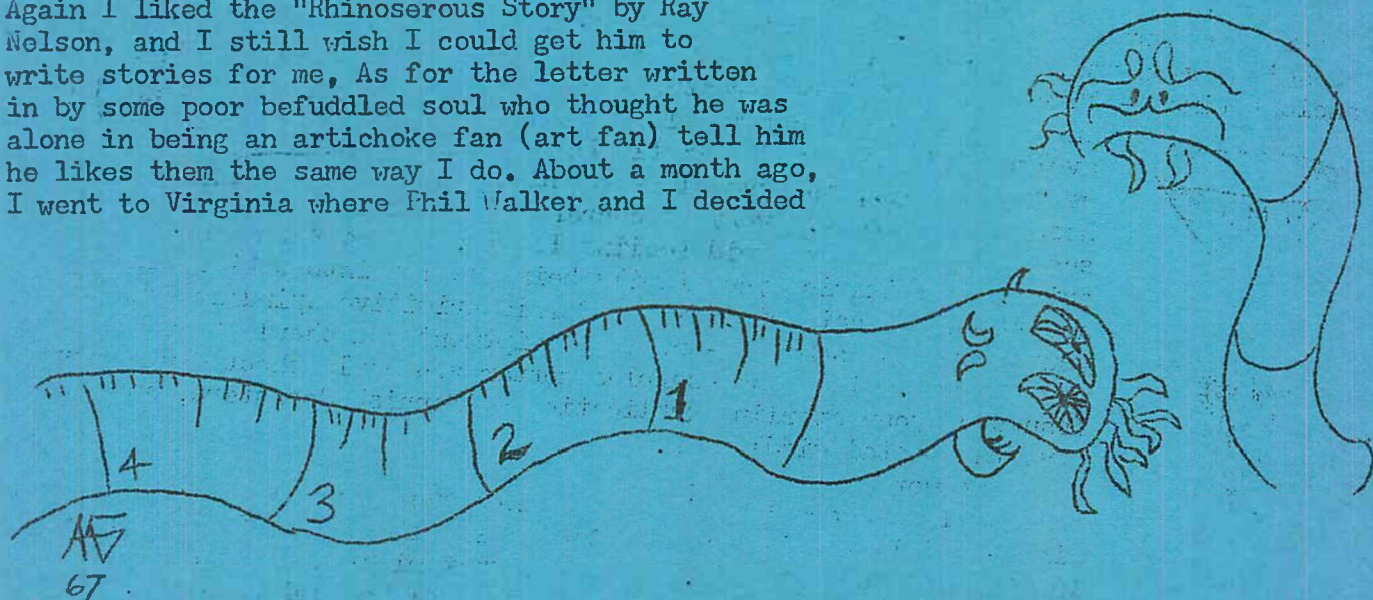
Rikki Patt A belated reply to TFWRM 4

6106 Westcliff Dr. Dear Jay,

Balto., Md. 21209

I never thought this could happen after (shudder) TAPEWORM 3 but it did, I'm actually sending you a complimentary LoC on a TAPEWORM, gah. First off, the 28lb paper was an improvement, from the crud on no.3, so was the artwork. Chuck's illo on the cover was nice, but the alien seemed sort of alien, didn't he? "Trains" by Ray Nelson was one of the best stories that I have read in a while. I much liked the melancholy (who's he??) ending. Flying something or others, by Joe, I didn't read. (hi there joe hehehehe) Concerning that poem by R.H. Robinson, tell him I already read the Jaberwolky in Tasmanian.

Again I liked the "Rhinoserous Story" by Ray Nelson, and I still wish I could get him to write stories for me. As for the letter written in by some poor befuddled soul who thought he was alone in being an artichoke fan (art fan) tell him he likes them the same way I do. About a month ago, I went to Virginia where Phil Walker and I decided



Never get mixed up in the garment business, Harry.

to send you an artichoke through the mail, but all the stores were closed and it was raining melted butter. We were going to write a page of a one-shot on each leaf, and poison you. Did you ever try apple cider and vodka? wheee ---good zine---

((Let me see now, if an artichoke has , uh say 200 leaves big enough to print on, that's more than enough one-shots from Phil to poison any living organism. -- jch))

Stan Woolston TAPWORM Masterminds,
12832 Westlake St. The Haldeman Crew has Done
Garden Grove Calif. It Again. I liked the cover
92640 for No. 4 the best; the one with

with the tapeworm on the cover wouldn't have been bad except I am "down" on "females in distress" covers. But if you had STARTLING STORIES type material, I'd not complain; I miss that old plup.

Glad to know something about the Haldemans. Which reminds me of the Couches: one of them asked if they were the only "fannish" family. Theirs encompasses a couple of generations, and are quite a group because all have their varying emphasis of interests.

Joe Haldeman's review on the flying saucer book reminds me that I've read very few of these books. There is a difference between seeing something and having it catch the imagination and knowing scientific truths - still sincerity and ignorance can go hand in hand. I prefer Charles Fort or some of the books on occult subjects for light reading to saucer books.

Definition: a complete verse written by me is a STANza.

Experimenting in poetic forms can be fun, though. How about converting prose to poetry - as Shakespeare and some Bible-writers did - and Omar K.? The form of Anglo-Saxon minstrels could be borrowed with initial syllables having sounds and rhymes that combine to form a tripping-on-the-tongue sort of expression.

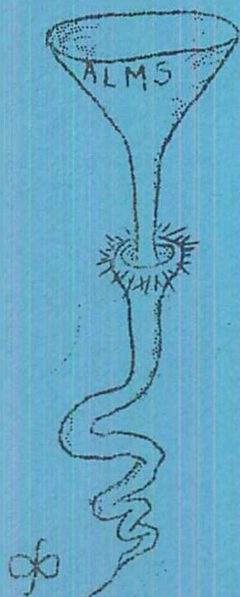
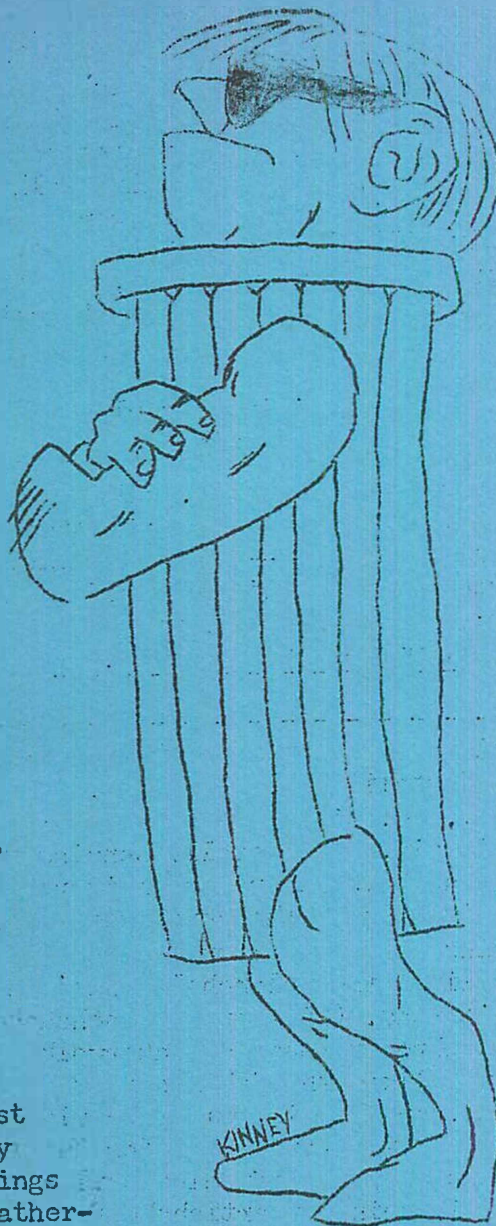
I am thinking of starting the Society for the Protection of Drunken Tapeworms. Not having a taper, it doesn't have worms. Before there were tapeworms - in ancient times - there were primitive creatures best known as apeworms but in time they evolved into the cuddly little things we know today., the symbol of togetherness and all that. Every spacecraft should have one to avoid feeling lonely, at least for one-man ships. I can imagine your family being hurled into orbit, with an assortment of cats etc. With a fairly primitive spindizzy under your abode and some war-surplus equipment you should be well on your way. With a war-surplus mortar you could shoot down future issues of your storling publication on fannish doorsteps, and save the postal middle man.

Tapeworm is way out.

"Brief Concounter" is a look into mundania - the mundane mind - and if the illo had spiked heels might have fit by twisting the end suggestively. But then, that might have been a form of subliminal editing. I pretended the gal had spiked heels.

After reading them over twice, I think Zelazny's poem is probably best.

Michael Ashley's storiett is like an anecdote: you don't have to have emotional empathy for an anecdote. Motivation and a bit more attention would probably have made it too long for the space you wanted to provide, but then it might have been too long for F & SF too...but if he tried to do something longer he might like



to extend or write more than an anecdote. Next step, pro writing?

Alexis Gilliland's "Chapter 53" opus reminds me of the chain story with the main idea being to involve The Hero so the next person will find it hard to extricate him before burying him again. This can be fun to write but as for something that is a bit more apt to help a person develop writing skill I'd suggest 2-man collaboration or individual short stories where the extrapolation and coordination of idea and characters make something suspenseful for the reader and not just the author. If I did Chapter 53 I'd probably have the Gods of Tellus arriving, arguing what should be done, and getting into each other's way - in the process bollixing up things either so bad it's impossible to rescue the hero or at least passing the buck without doing the prescribed "rescue him, then bury him again" motif. Bog down Pogdan good: it would be better suspense to have it become practically desperate

-- then perhaps it would be time to bring the "story" to an end as swiftly as possible. Yes, indeed --

Chaos and order are mental concepts or related to mental concepts. Too much gay flightiness would have kept people from watching their surroundings enough to realize apples fall some and earth moves some towards the apple too. They might be willing to assume all the magic mentioned in medieval times works, and the chemical reactions are really just spells that impose a relationship humans can live in. Well, fictionally speaking that theme has been used -- but TAPEWORM is not a sercon paradise and I'd be amiss to emphasize it too much. But then I don't feel suitably oriented today (the sky is clear for a change but I've been "thinking gray" because it HAS been overcast) to relax into chaotic patterns. Think I'll create a universe (or galaxy, or plenum, or world-line).

And I hope you are the same.

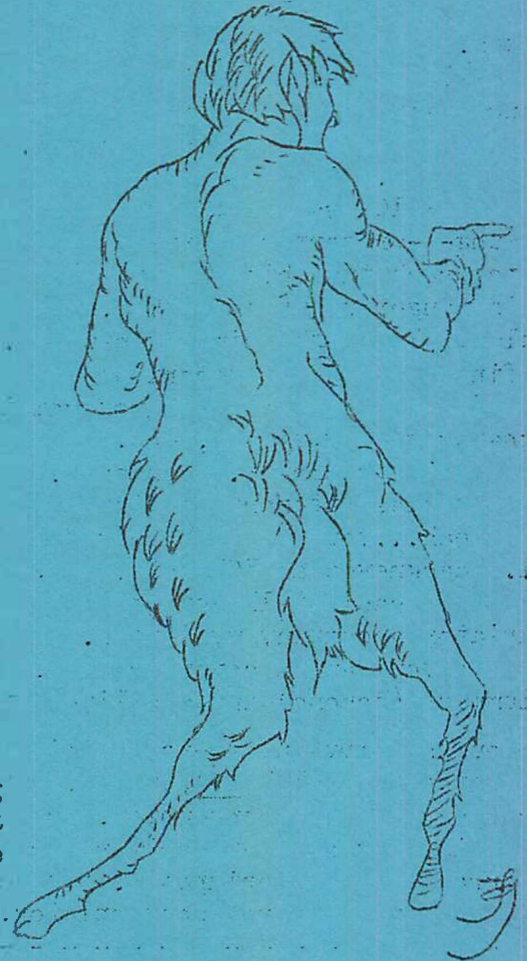
((Saucer books generally turn me off and, for the most part, I have avoided them for the last few years. They tend to be overly biased - pro or con. -- Your idea for an orbiting abode seemed OK on the surface, but we ran into problems. We got a second-hand spindizzy alright, but the war department wouldn't let any of its surplus mortars go. sigh. Another fannish project shot down. We did chrome the spindizzy and it makes a very fine ashtray. -- jch)) -----

Jay MacNeal Kinney
606 Wellner Road
Naperville, Ill. 60540

Well, I'm finally getting around to LOCing
Tapeworm 5:

Twas longer than #4, twas it naught? A hearty SO WHAT? is heard from afar.. Yeah, well you certainly had more letters thisish which may or may not be a good thing -- mainly may not, as I gave up reading all of them after a while.

Well, first off we have a nice and gross cover by the old navel-contemplator himself. oh joy. Well at least the broad wore a space helmet. Not much else



other than a rivited bikini and white gloves. Ahha. Who says hack-stef art is a thing of the past. All seriousness aside, though, it is a medium-to-well-done piece of satire. But you MUST throw out these tapeworm pictures. Glug.

Liked the lettering on the Dittolgorp page.

Hm. Hooks and Barbs isn't as interesting this time.

Zine reviews were mildly interesting as I have 2 of them and the other two reviewed have been reviewed quite a number of places. hahohwell.

BRIEF ENCCOUNTER was quite neat. Especially if its true. It rings true enough. Tho I've never been to a convention.

Zelazny poem was mildly mystifying with a few nice phrases in it. Furlough, though plotless was sort of vaguely attention-holding.

I am not of the Hobbit habit, so I'll pass POEM by.

Ch yes, nice to see electroed Kinneyart. Yeah.

DECISION was pettily sort of typical, well done enuff, I suppose. Warrior of Mung-D-Or sort of turned me on. My solution to the gollum ball problem is to crack the things over the heads of the guards trying to get in. Since it is dangerous to open them, such action would only hurt the guards' heads, yet would yield up the ring eventually. But, I await the chapter 54, especially to find out how the technique of the White Apes is.

I know that you are just waiting for me to ask;;; please explain you initialed signatures on your art, Joe.

WSSC was clever. Hahahaha.

Special Literary Section was crummy. Hahaha.

Yeah...you see? There's that word Farb again in another poem.

Go! Hackneyed at YOUR age, Now!

Oh I can't tell you how much I appreciate having a detailed navel contemplator accompany my letter. I may just do one in rebutal.

So you want a cover from me, eh? You'll have to settle for a picture of a columnist (hohoho) and a belly-button-buff.

((You and umpteen others didn't read Bank's story close enough to notice that the title was BRIEF CONCOUNTER, referring, as it did, to a gathering of science fiction fans at a convention, or con. You do know what a fan is, don't you? -- Joes signatures on his artwork are a combination of an infinity symbol with an integral sign superimposed. It has some personal meaning. -- Sorry, I already used my monthly navel contemplator. -- jch))

Med Brooks
713 Paul Street
Newport News, Va.
23605

Dear J,

Got the excellent TAPEWORM 5. I trust you got THE NEW NEWPORT NEWS NEWS. Maybe Tapeworm was sent as revenge?

The Jim Sanders that wrote those reviews doesn't sound like the guy I know, or used to know, I haven't heard from him in some time. I like ZARATHUSTRA! These are not reviews but subjective criticisms. Grrrr!

Your 20# blue paper seems quite adequate to me, I can't see why you ever wanted to use anything heavier, except for the cover.

Chuck is doing much better art now than the border for the Zelazny poem, which was much-like the TNNNN cover. I've given him some red, blue, green, black ditto carbons...

Seems to me I've worked that puzzle of finding an off-weight ball among twelve in three weighings... I love Gilliland's writing! Let's see now:
1st weighing - any four vs any other four. Either they are:

the same

or

not the same

Throw all 8 away, leaves 4,
2nd weighing: any 2 of first 8
vs 2 of remaining 4. If the same,
3rd weighing of either of remaining
2 vs previously weighed ball solves
problem. If different, weighing of
one against the other does it.

FOO! This is giving me a
headache and is probably
incomprehensible anyway.
See below for a neat symbolic
solution.