



# SANDWORM





I guess this is SANDWORM #10, the product of the mad mentality of Bob Vardeman, PO Box 11352, Albuquerque, NM, 87112, Arrakis. SWorm is available for such diverse things as a letter of comment, trade, art work, works of art, or \*shudder\* 50¢. Yeah, 50¢. I think it is about 30¢ too much, too. So write me a letter telling me about it - and then you won't have to enclose the 50¢ (provided the letter is long enough).

This is, as usual, a genuine imitation

\*\*\*FUBB Pub\*\*

ToC

cover by Seth Dogramajian

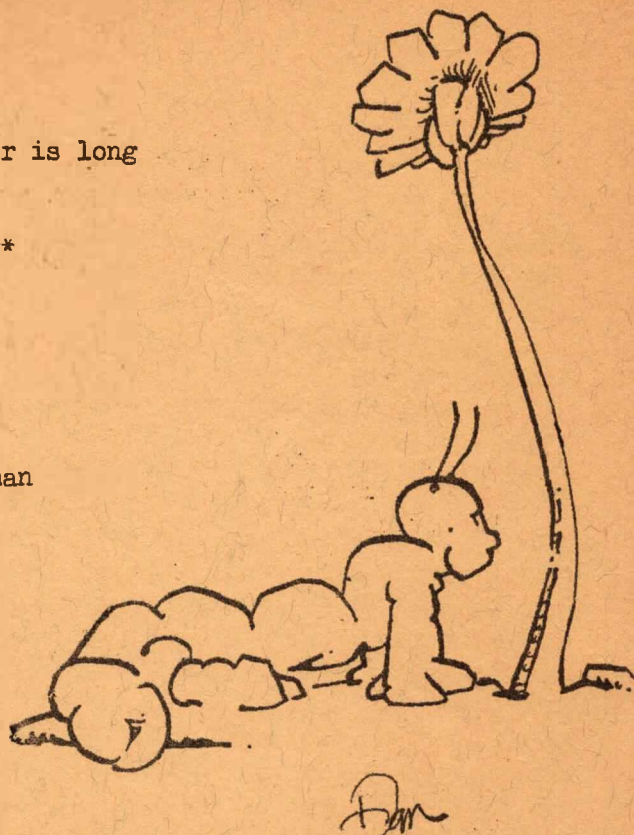
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/\*/

Compliments go out to Jim Gamblin, trained killer in Uncle Sugar's Marines, for his help in collating and even running off this monster zine. Not to mean that this fanzine is dedicated to monster worship like some I know but rather in reference to size. Yeah. Also thanks go out to Mike Montgomery for depriving me of lunch for several months by offering several dozen old, dusty, musty crumbly pulps, mostly Astoundings from the early 30's. Can you digit? He even sold one of the 1931's to me for 10¢ just so I could gloat and get Jim Young's goat. As if I'd want his smelly goat anyway. Also thanks out to each of you who've commented on this. I see I forgot many of you in the WAHF, notably Richard Flinchbaugh who kindly sent a couple more illos (he even labeled them! top) so I wouldn't print it upside-down like I suspect I did before. He was even kind enough to tell me what the illos were - they'll be in #11. You betchum, Red Rider!

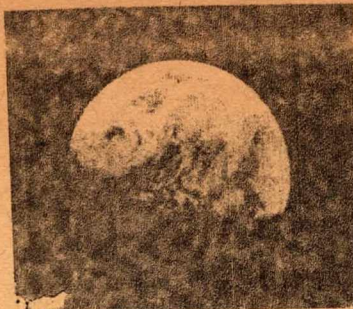
#11 is going to be small and produced after only 8 pages so you'd better get on my good side fast - comments are always welcome. But please sign your name to the hate letters so I'll know who to laugh at. See you at Heicon, or New Mexican 3 or somewhere. Hang loose. And read onward!!

Sandworm





## THE TRACKLESS WASTE



"Love it or leave it"

Another bout with the people sending in letters. Quite a few this time, really, ranging from a PoC from Bob Bloch (which card seems to have mysteriously originated at the Chase Park Plaza and escaped postmarking altogether) to a very long letter from Pat Strang on, among other things too political to go into, the feasibility of a steam powered tank as depicted on the lastish. I don't know if Rndy had read Pavane or not but it looked just like my imagination-version of the Lady Margaret. But on to the heart of the matter:

HARRY WARNER: 423 Summit Ave, Hagerstown, Md 21740::: If aspirin causes the stomach to get chewed through, I died twice of peritonitis within the last week. Isn't the danger involved in aspirin more in an irritating effect on the stomach lining when consumed in too large quantities? I don't use it except when I feel that I must because there are obligations just ahead and I feel physically incapable of doing them properly without relief from headache; if the headache comes when there's nothing to be done for many hours, I just lie down and try to sleep it off. Somewhere or other I've also read that aspirin's harmful effects are much magnified if it's taken without plenty of water. /You are right about taking aspirin in quantity. My understanding is that the aspirin doesn't really attack the lining of the stomach but rather the protective layer and when this layer is removed, stomach acid is free to chew on the stomach walls. Taken with plenty of water, the aspirin would be diluted to the point where it could be taken into the blood stream more effectively as well as safer. I sometimes wonder if 90% of all our headaches aren't psychosomatic and that taking an aspirin to "cure" the headache doesn't get to the heart of the matter. I'm sure if a person thought a placebo would cure headaches, it would - except for organically caused ones. And even then...who knows?  
I'm

not sure I follow your arguments about the Hugo awards' conversion to an international basis. There's a substantial amount of good science fiction being written today in German, Russian, and Japanese languages and probably enough for consideration also is being created in the Italian and French tongues. Do you mean that worldcon funds could finance translations for 25 novels each year? And maybe publish those 25 books just before the worldcon, right in the middle of the slowest season for book trade? And what do you do about the occasional fine novel written in Spanish or Roumanian or Polish? It might be better to approach the topic from a different direction, facing the realities no matter how unfortunate they are. Basically the problem consists of the fact that very few English-speaking fans have been educated to a reading-level knowledge of any foreign language, while most persons in Europe and some on other continents are quite capable of reading English; moreover, there is a great deal of translation of English language science fiction into other tongues; but almost no activity in the opposite direction. So one of two things will happen if there's an effort to internationalize the Hugo. It'll be an English language domination as far in the future as nationalism exists, assuming fans continue to control the decision; or a handful of linguists will choose winners from among all tongues and the English-speaking thousands will lose interest completely because books they never heard of are winning so many awards. Wouldn't it better to make the de facto situation de jure and immediately set up a completely new set of international awards in which the best books in each tongue would be chosen by fans who can read them in the original with perhaps one of these international awards reserved for the best newly translated English-original story? It would be something like the distinction between the Oscars and the International Film Festival Awards. Basically, though, the Hugo situation and the worldcon situation are the same. North America and the United Kingdom dominate both, there are so many fans elsewhere that this is no longer a fair situation, but the only way to end such



dominance is to establish something new and drop the pretense that the old are international in scope. [I agree with you in most of what you say. But what difference if the award is called the Hugo or the Grand International Potrzebie? Currently, the Hugo carries considerable prestige (and incentive in \$\$\$) - why throw all that by the wayside? Of course, it might be feasible to work out a system like this: Each country continues to choose and award for the single best book (in this country, the Hugo - other countries could work out appropriate awards). Then, from these "best" books in each country, an international award could be presented to the grand winner. How this book would be chosen would be open to debate but perhaps in this instance a committee is best. Much like the defunct International Fantasy Award, maybe (however that committee was chosen). This would allow the undeniable impact of the Hugo to remain and add worldwide recognition without really fooling around with the mechanics of the system choosing the Hugo winners. The only drawback is that the international award would be almost 2 yrs after the publication of the winner (perhaps closer to 3 in some cases). Still, tho, the immediate impact of the Hugo/whatever would remain.]

My favorite sign typo occurred by coincidence at the first drive-in theater south of the Mason Dixon line in this part of Maryland last fall. People driving down the Interstate 81 could know instantly they were in dear old southland, when they saw what was playing at this theater that week on the huge sign: TRUE GRITS.

I don't believe in these prophets. But if those percentages are as high as Bill Atkinson claims, I may be forced to change my mind. Fifty per cent is not the expectable average for many of their prophecies, because some of them are quite specific: "A serious reverse will occur in the political career of Ronald Reagan next year", for instance, or "An earthquake will cause serious destruction in Japan next winter". Even a 25% accuracy level might indicate some ability to foretell the future when the prophecies are not just the two-alternative one of which is sure to happen type, such as a prediction on whether or not Nixon will again be a candidate for the presidency in the next national election year. [I think the second of your examples is most specific but the first is exactly the kind that pads out the "hit" percentages. What do you consider a "serious reverse"? Another campus riot? Perhaps Reagan being forced to replace some regents? Orange County being devastated in an earthquake? Just about anything from a riot to the grape pickers to who knows what could constitute a "serious reverse". Chances are great for that one coming true - better than 50% I'd say. As to the earthquake, informed guessing could take much of the guesswork out of hitting there. Another Amchitka Island explosion in the middle of next winter might set off an earthquake in Japan. I remain unconvinced.]

You give me confidence that there really is a Diane Demchuck. I've had this awful suspicion that she was another Speer hoax. [Speer explained his timetable of hoaxing to me once; a genuine Speer hoax only occurs one time in any given decade.]

Gulliver's Travels is science fiction of a sort and it will quite possibly retain every bit of its original appeal on its 350th birthday, since it's more than halfway there already. Are you being quite fair to science fiction when you lament its ability to survive as long as Romeo and Juliet? You presumably mean the stories as they now exist, but the movie you liked so much is not what Shakespeare created. Would you be as impressed by either a stage production exactly as it was done on its first night or a film version which simply had a camera in front row center shooting the same thing? With boys playing the feminine roles, no curtain, next to no scenery or props, a half-dozen or so people pretending to be a crowd, and the dialog not spoken but half-chanted in a way that nobody knows exactly how to imitate today? In 350 years, people may be enjoying Zelazny fiction just as you're enjoying Shakespeare today. Instead of the translation from the Elizabethan screen to the resources of today's film, Zelazny will survive because the descriptive passages will be made known to the reader by some kind of direct stimulation of the thinking areas of the brain and the dialog will be heard by little wires attached to his eardrums' vibrations and the emotional connotations of the prose will be conveyed by slight meddling with the reader's glandular secretions and someone will say golly,



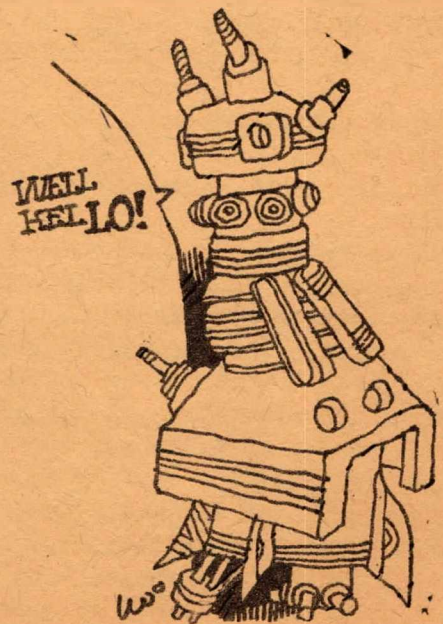
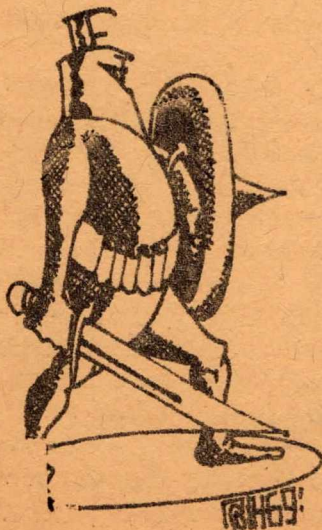
I'll bet these newfangled direct-telepathy improvisations will be forgotten in a few years while this old novel lasts another 350 years. /First off, I said I thought that perhaps only Zelazny would survive - the reason being that he writes about people, not gadgets or involved analyses of current situations. Frankly, I think the impact of, say, A Rose for Ecclesiastes would be totally lacking being plugged into your "telepathic-glandular secretion-machine". I can't relate to you in any meaningful way the feelings I got reading that story - triumph, heartache, pathos, all of those and more. Or maybe none of them. Each person has to feel a story. But that's off the track. Shakespeare was writing about basic human emotions and that is what has caused his work to survive. As long as man remains more or less the same, Shakespeare will survive. I've seen several presentations like Julius Caesar and Richard III presented in a manner such as you describe. JC on stage, albeit with female actresses instead of male actresses. RIII used painted backdrops with a more or less fixed camera. I found both to be enjoyable, also. Fact is, the scenery in R&J, the costuming, etc, is something that comes of thinking about the movie and not from viewing. Immediate impact like the photography is striking, as is the acting. But in essence, Shakespeare would hold just as much immediateness if translated into Italian or French or modern English. As to the use of women, Shakespeare obviously intended the roles to be filled by women or he would have omitted them entirely. //I fear, however, for the fate of the new version of Julius Caesar. Even though it has quite a few good actors and actresses in it, it smacks too much of the absurd super-budget flops that have crawled out of Hollywood in the past few years. I hope I'm pleasantly surprised ... but any movie that has to have a cast of thousands (all unclothed) seems to be relying on notoriety rather than quality.7

/\*/

Is a safety deposit box in St. Louis a Missouri vaults?

/\*/

ROBERT BLOCH: Chase Park Plaza, 212 N. Kingshighway, St. Louis, Mo. 63108::: Regarding Mike Deckinger's reference to my "eye-dazzling" sports shirts at conventions, I don't go to cons to be anonymous, but to meet fans and pros, many of whom don't know me by sight. Easiest way to identify me is for someone to say, "Oh, he's the jerk in the loud sports-shirt".





KENNETH SCHER: 3119 Mott Ave, Far Rockaway, NY, 11691::: Your speaking of aspirin reminds me of something that happened to my grandmother recently. My grandmother has rather painful arthritis, for which she took aspirin...12 to 14 tablets a day. She was eventually hospitalized with a severe case of anemia caused by the equivalent of a bleeding ulcer that the aspirin had given her, though it took several weeks for the doctor to realize what was making her bleed.

U think your comparison of Muad'dib with Louis XIII is not really valid...if he resembles any of the Louis, it was XIV, who "was the state". Paul "is the god" so to speak. A high priest may become the power behind the religion of a less animate god (say Baal, or some of the more modern Christian sects) but when the god is present in the flesh, that tends to produce some problems; the fact that Korba failed shows the danger. There is also the difference that Richelieu was the god's voice to the king and people, while Alia was known to be closer to "god" than Korba. [I was intent on the point that many different parallels could be found. Also, Korba had exactly Richelieu's scheme in mind. Kill the god/king, discredit the "queen" and put himself into power as a regent.]

Idaho was not a "Tleilaxu submerged being" the Idaho persona was not that of Hayt's body, but rather of his direct ancestor. What they brought to the surface amounted to ancestral memory. Considering that Paul's powers came, to a great extent, from his unique heredity, I do not think that a newly cultured ghola Paul would have remained under the control of the Bene Tleilaxu for very long. His powers make him too dynamic a personality; especially since with his power to tap ancestral memories he would have regained his original persona almost immediately.

I liked it.

/\*/  
Clean air smells funny  
/\*/

PATRICK STRANG: Box 567, Balboa Calif, 92661::: [I've cut about 4 pages of a 6 pg letter. Most of what I've cut I've already answered personally, esp. concerning Cambodia, Nixon, the space program, (oh, I forgot to mention, Pat, that teflon is not a product of the space program but of the AEC's search in the late 40's and early 50's to find something that uranium hexafluoride couldn't chew thru), cyclamates (no, a cyclamate is not tantamount to heroin - that notion is too absurd to merit further mention), and several other diverse topics. Now to print what I left in....]

Front cover: I like the steam-powered armored vehicle. It seems, however, that an armored division run on steam would have serious logistic problems. I mean, water, fuel, etc. Especially water. Armies don't usually find convenient water towers out in the boondocks. And well-water or lake water might have sludge (in our modern, wonderful society you damn well better BELIEVE that it'll have sludge in it) or leaves or floating unwanted kittens in it to gum up the inner parts of the engine. There is also the question of fuel; if the engine is to be of the coal or wood burning variety, you REALLY are going to have a troubling time supplying the bottomless maw, and the vehicle may well have to pull a coal car instead of a howitzer.

Oil on the other hand might just be feasible, but I am no expert on engines. Graphs and formulae make me dizzy. But it still seems an oil-burning engine would present fuel problems.

...

A further objection stems from the extreme vulnerability of the vehicle to enemy fire, stemming partly from the limitations imposed by the powerplant and also by poor design.

A big part of the problem is the exposed smokestack, from which, on the cover, billow large clouds of smoke, thus, advertising the presence of the vehicle far in advance, making any sort of surprise "Blitzkrieg" operation impossible. [Likewise, the clanking of a conventional tank's treads make meaningful surprise impossible unless speed is relied on.]

Also it must be pointed out that the smokestack is an opening leading down into the most vulnerable



IMPORTANT MESSAGE

#70



portion of the vehicle. I have a vision of a Stuka or similar type of aircraft coming in at about 90 degrees and laying a little bomb in the stack. [A steampowered Stuka?]

The exposed rivets, according to the experience of US tank crews in North Africa in WWII will tend to become dislodged during direct hits by small calibre anti-tank fire, and bounce around inside. A welded hull, or one cast in one piece, would be better.

I have assumed that the armament is conventional, rather than the T-ray of Burroughs or lasers. Laser weapons would seem to be definitely out, because of the power requirements, quite a bit more than the inefficient steam engine could supply. A radio seems provided for, and a whistle(?) as a back-up communications system, and some sort of thingle on the turret which is perhaps a firecontrol system, although it is in a very vulnerable position. [As I remarked earlier, Rudy seems to have either come up with an illo just for grins or one which could illustrate one of the Pavane stories. In the Pavane future, such things as airplanes and automatic weapons do not exist; altho radio does.]

[My opinion of the laser as a weapon has increased by leaps and bounds - I have changed my opinion drastically, in fact. It appears feasible to use laser weapons for knocking down ICBMs and other large scale weapons uses seem to be opening. I'd have to argue a bit with Alexis Gilliland, but a chemical laser might be possible for hand-held weapons.]

...The review [of Dune Messiah] confirmed most of my reaction to DM. It's like a rough draft. I've done rough drafts like that (Lo! The unpublished writer.) just sitting down and writing off the top of my head, and characters and complications, plots and counterplots multiply, until you either have to cut Cut CUT or else try to write a 1,000,000 word supernovel. It (DM) might have been a very good book if Herbert had taken more time with it. Maybe he needed the money.

I hope though, that he does NOT try to come up with yet a third novel in the Arrakis/Atreides universe. I mean, Olaf Stapeldon bores me, and I'm afraid that a story about Leto II and Ghanima would be a lot like Stapeldon's long-winded chronicle of superraces.

The Gholia's Hymn was really bad poetry. Even though Herbert isn't a poet, he has done better in Dune, with Gurney's song.

The review is too long and padded a bit. Was it really necessary to devote so much time to Edric and Scytale especially "Scytale's ability to change form was not used to good effect, but nonetheless it did add a bit of mystery and intrigue to an already shadowy person." [Yes, I think it was since Scytale was the principal antagonist - but I hardly think that I dwelled that long on Scytale's face-dancer abilities.]

Sounds a little like the Jr. High book-review scribbled on the back of the 4x6 file card to impress Teach. [You've read the book, how about an "opposing" view, at any length you'd wish?]



MIKE GLICKSOHN: 35 Willard St, Ottawa, Ont.::: /Mike writes about a pg and  $\frac{1}{2}$  touching on most of the points Harry Warner discussed re: the Hugo. By the way, Mike, I suspect that on a scaled method, European fandom would tend to dominate if the figures on Perry Rhodan are accurate. I quite agree about translations being generally unprofitable. You may score at least one point./

Walter Ernsting has got to be kidding us!! 450 pieces of crap considered as a whole, may be an excellent compendium of crap but they're not suddenly going to jell into a masterpiece. Besides, I seriously doubt that any writer is capable of developing a 450 book epic in his mind and then sitting down for nine years and dashing off one book a week. And if anyone could, who'd have the courage and tenacity to read 450 volumes of junk (admitted by the author junk, at that) just for a possible blinding revelation at the end. Not I, Walter, not I. /I think you are assuming facts not in evidence, as Perry Mason might say. (1) You have not read all 450 books and therefore couldn't know they are junk. I have it on fairly reliable authority that many of the later books are on a par with the best of the current US crop (that "fairly" reliable authority consists of Wollheim, and the Ackermans) (2) It is obvious you haven't read all 450 books or even a significant number since you are totally ignorant of the framework of the later books - Rhodan is only a loosely unifying character (3) To my knowledge at least 7 authors pen the books, not just Ernsting. (4) Wollheim and the Ackermans had apparently agreed with Ernsting about the quality of the first 10 books but Moewig Verlag didn't - whether further books are printed depends on Moewig.7

My own impression of Taurus horoscopes is that they are written so beautifully vaguely that a true believer could twist anything that happened to him on a given day and make it look as if the horoscope had predicted it. Perhaps this explains their wide popularity among the gullible.

#### PRESERVE SPREAD

Peanut butter, consisting of roasted and ground peanuts, will deteriorate less rapidly after the container is opened, if it is refrigerated.

BOB SILVERBERG::: Thank you for SANDWORM & all the cheering things in it about my books. Somehow I had the impression (perhaps based on a third-hand report of your response to THORNS) that you had No Use for my work at all and while I don't exactly live and die by other people's attitudes toward what I write, it's nice to find that that impression was wrong. Wish I could understand what upsets you so much about THORNS, though. /Your work has impressed me for quite a few years. Perhaps the first that burned itself into my mind was Revolt on Alpha Centauri or some such title (I was only 10 or 11 when I read it - the title blurs but the story lingers. It's taken me quite a few years to agree that smashing the power tube was the proper action to take.) It's been at least  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yrs since I read and commented on Thorns, Dec. 1967 or so. I seem to remember that the majority of my criticism revolved around Duncan Chalk - emotional vampirism is rather interesting if very commonplace and it seemed you promised more than was delivered in Chalk's characterization. His motivation seemed far too evil for me to really get into it; he was too one-sided a character and in an area where I couldn't really understand. Why (or maybe how) did he live off the pain of others? An Overlord of Delgon? That didn't fit too well in even the Lens series (but then Smith's works are Pure Niceness vs. Pure Badness with no tinge of grey ever showing). I'll make you a deal; you don't hold my opinion of Thorns against me, and I won't hold your "failure" to deliver a convincing villain in Thorns against you. With this start, I'll cheerfully vote for To Live Again for a Hugo - and anything else you write in the years to come that match it. TLA was a much more thorough character study; the Kaufmanns and Roditis were evil but it was evil with (to me at least) a recognizable and sympathisable goal. I'd be tempted to term TLA as brilliant in a yr which had very outstanding novels.7



DORIS: "THE ELDER" BELTEM: 4161 W. Eastman Ave: Denver, Colo, 80236:: How the heck can Corfe Gate and The Lady Margaret be nominated for the short story Hugo when they are parts of a novel? Anyhow, I just finished Pavane and can't see why you're so enthusiastic. Reminded me of the Tracking With Close-ups in Stand on Zanzibar without the context and continuity features.

Couple of the things that bugged me - the paradox in John's letter "But there was no Belsen. No Buchenwald." In that world, they didn't happen so what was he referring to? An alternate time stream? No other mention of knowing such a thing. The premise that the Church could suppress knowledge of internal combustion, electricity, fission, fusion, etc. for such a long time. Why would the Church try? They could no more foresee the results than anyone else. As for the success of the suppression - huh! they can't even suppress the Pill. Pavane is a future history, post-atomic destruction story. Belsen & Buchenwald happened prior to the atomic war (our history as well as that of Pavane). The Church's rationale for the suppression was that man needed a chance to mature mentally before fooling around with such deadly toys as fusion and IC. The Church also saw a chance to keep the power it lost by perpetuating a permanent Middle-Ages, albeit with some modern conveniences like steam power and the signal towers. That the Church would once again become the depository of knowledge like it did in the Middle Ages is not at all obvious, so we must suspend disbelief on this point.<sup>7</sup>

.../Doris brings out many of the points Harry did - seems the consensus on the Hugo is that it is pure-Red-White-&Blue-flag-waving-American and should remain that way (Mike Glicksbn even went so far as to say: "Why not just admit that Hugos are for English sf and let other language groups award their own prizes?...If we have to revamp our thinking and admit that maybe the Hugo isn't quite what we have claimed it is, surely we're mature enough to do that?") Doris also thinks it is both chauvinistic and degrading, <sup>TO THINK</sup> that "unless a fan or SF author gets the blessing of American fandom that he's being left out in the cold."<sup>7</sup>

Gosh, I thought everyone knew about Rick Sneary. Always wondered if the short story on spelling reform "Meihem in Ce Klasrum" wasn't inspired by him. It sounds as though the Westercon will be a blast. /Aaaargh!/<sup>7</sup>

/\*/  
I don't mind feather pillows as long as the chicken is removed first  
/\*/

WAHF: RAYMOND CLANCE who thot there was some hidden symbolism in the cover of lastish (none that I know of)...MIKE KLAUS with praise of Freas and a yen to collect fmz... PAT STRANG several more times...MIKE KRING with a Dune Tune entry...THE BEETEM CLAN with Dune Tune entries...ED COX with a letter I'll run nextish...JOE PEARSON, ANDY PORTER, SETH DOGRAMAIJAN all with illos, DEAN KOONTZ with freebies...BUCK COULSON with a letter I'll run next time plus a supporting cast of tens...

PLEA!! I need Alex Eisenstein's current address - I owe him at least 3 copies of SWorm and have gotten all I've sent to him back. I've tried his old address, a CoA he sent, one listed in D:B - all returned. Where is he now? Anyone?

This about does it. See you at Heicon or via SWorm #11. Muad'Bob







CON TIME SPACE: TWIN RUUM

-or-

Nine Neos in Search of a BNF

Idea, music and in-  
spiration from the

Doris M&D Beetems

Prolixity by Bob Vardeman

Prologue: Once in a fair and noble city, a dread blight did descend and drive  
nine young neos to ruin. The mighty downfall of innocence is not a  
story lightly told, and sorrow and grief engold the tale.

O Terrible

Con! From the loins of the Devil must thy be spawned!

-Act 1-

Scene 1: There's a Small Hotel

Outside the Tiltin' Hilton gather the neos nine

Joe: Goshwowoboyoboy! We finally got to the worldcon! Just look at that hotel!  
Just what I expected!

Jerry: Yeah. I read 114 different conreports, too. And each of the 114 conreports  
managed to find 114 different synonyms for "flophouse".

John: Ah, you're just a spoilsport! This Tiltin' Hilton is going to be different.  
This one is going to be great. This looks like a real winner!

Jake: Looks like the Tower of Pizza to me.

Jerky: You mean the Tower of Pisa, don't you?

Jake: Nope, the Tower of Pizza. It looks really cheesy. And I bet the employees  
are crusty, too.

Jed: Cut the chatter. Now who has the room reservation?

Jack: I do. Do we have the plan all straight? Joe and I'll register while the  
rest of you sneak up your sleeping bags, suitcases, both mimeos and the  
ditto machine, our ten cases of paper and the three steamer trunks while  
no one's looking.

Jim: Yeah, but that's the easy part. We have to scrape up a tip for the bellhop  
who'll take you and Joe up to the room.

John: Well, split 9 ways, it couldn't put too big a dent in our finances. Let's  
see, 15¢ divided by 9 gives...uh...uh

Jeff: Why don't you figure it this way, John? If you've got 15 copies of our zine,  
The Eheer Ghuzzler's Ghazette, and you want to send it to 9 BNFs, how many  
copies do you send to each BNF?

John: one!

All: Right! Everyone kick in one cent for the tip!

All enter the hotel lobby singing

ConTime (Tune: Toyland)

ConTime, Contime - wonderful once upon a time  
Here we are at Worldcon  
Every trufan will be here.  
Meetings, parties - all BNF's are smarties  
No one but the big name pros  
Will get in to drink their beer.

=



## Scene 2: You Know I Can't Hear You When the Mimeo's Running

In the hotel room

Jeff: Goshwowoboyoboy, but that was some job getting those trunks up here!  
John: Yeah. It wouldn't have been so bad if Jerky hadn't dropped his on the manager's foot.  
Jerky: Ah guys, it wasn't my fault! I thought I saw Bob Tucker!  
Joe: You know Bob Tucker doesn't wear flashy sports shirts. And besides, this guy said his name was Black.  
Jim: Bloch.  
Joe: Same thing, Bob Black, Bob Bloch - he still wasn't Tucker.  
Jack: Let's get things unpacked. If I don't do it now, I'll collapse over there on that cot. Lugging those trunks up 14 flights of stairs was too much for me.  
Jed: I've got news for you. That "cot" is the hotel's idea of a luxurious resort hotel bed.  
Jim: Resort? Their manager must have transferred in from the Gobi Desert. And, say, what's the matter with those super high speed automatic elevators they'd advertised?  
Jake: I understand that it moved so slow, the cobwebs caught and held it between the 8th and 9th floors.  
Jed: Here, help me set up the mimeo. We've got to get our first edition out before registration time.  
Jerky: What's that? You know I can't hear you when the mimeo's running.  
Jake: That's not the mimeo - that is the toilet.  
Jerky: Wow, just think what it'll be like if someone flushes it!  
Jeff: Let's forget minor things like that for now. Who's going to sleep in the bed?  
Jack: Who's going to sleep at all? Besides, we can sleep during the speeches at the banquet!  
All: Right! Let's get to the pubbing!

All sing

Publish, Publish, Publish

(Tune: Music, Music, Music)

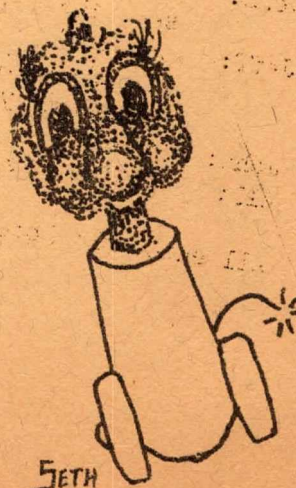
Watch that ream of paper go  
Through my brand new mimeo  
Let everyone in fandom know  
I Publish, Publish, Publish!

Clubzines, genzines, apas, too  
Even Bruce Pelz I'll outdo  
Campbell I'll interview  
And Publish, Publish, Publish!

Fanzines - how I love fanzines!  
I'll skip the banquet, parties, booze and pot  
Just to publish my one-shot

so

Give me corflu, give me ink  
With artwork I'll be tickled pink  
Let the old pros sit and drink  
I'll Publish, Publish, Publish!





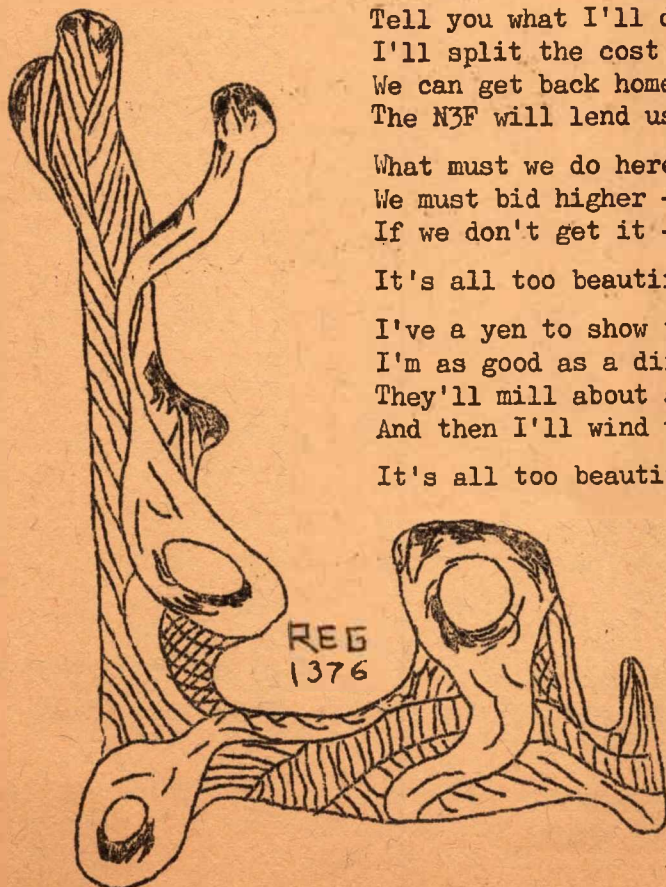
Scene 3: Baubles, Bangles and Bodes

In the artroom

Jack: Goshwowoboyoboy! Isn't this groovy?  
John: Out of sight. I've never seen so many pictures and fanzzt in all my life!  
Jim: Hey, took at this one. Isn't this an Andy Warhol?  
Jeff: No, it says Vaughn Bode.  
Jerky: And I was hoping it would be by someone famous. I don't suppose I should bother carrying this picture he drew and autographed for me, then. Gotta save foom for the Big Name Artists' stuff.  
Jed: Sure, why who knows, we might even get an original Dan Ostermann or something!  
Jery: Let's go buy some artwork. Some of it is really great. We might even put it in the Bheer Ghuzzler's Ghazette.  
All charge across the floor singing

Itching for Art (Tune: Itchycoo Park)

Gosh - the Artroom's great  
To feast our eyes on Bode and Freas  
Gaughans over there  
And Gray Morrow and Jones are bound to please  
What will we do here? We will buy....  
We will feel sad here - I'll tell you why...  
Who'll get the best stuff? Some other guy...  
It's all too beautiful - it's all too beautiful  
I'm inclined to blow my mind  
To send all the faneds some art  
They'll send it back with a dirty crack  
And I'll nurse a poor broken heart.  
Tell you what I'll do  
I'll split the cost of an Emsh with you  
We can get back home  
The N3F will lend us a dollar or two  
What must we do here? We must buy...  
We must bid higher - I'll tell you why...  
If we don't get it - I will cry...  
It's all too beautiful - it's all too beautiful  
I've a yen to show the fen  
I'm as good as a dirty old pro  
They'll mill about and bid and shout  
And then I'll wind up with some dough.  
It's all too beautiful - it's all too beautiful...



REG  
1376



Scene 4: In Outer Space

Outside the Artroom

Jed: Goshwowoboyoboy! Did I ever get a deal at the artshow! Only \$115 for an original Amazing Stories cover!

Jake: Only a \$115? That's tremendous! Who's the artist, Paul?

Jed: Paul? No, his first name's Jim. Jim Young. Just look, it's even got the original plastic sheet to protect it - doesn't look like it's more than a couple months old!

Joe: You really took that Rotsler guy that sold it to you! Bet he didn't know what he had there!

John: Say, Jim, did you get that guy's autograph? The last I saw, you were pushing through the crowd like you'd spotted Bruce Pelz washed up on the banks of the swimming pool or something.

Jim: Couldn't get over to him fast enough. Thought I saw Darrell Schweitzer - wow, to get a big name fan writer like him to autograph my beanie!

Jeff: What happened?

Jim: Oh, I got sidetracked. A couple of fans tried to snow me by telling me I'd just missed Charlie Brown. They even tried to tell me he was from New York! They must have thought I was a neo or something! I mean, everyone knows Charlie Brown is a comic strip character!

Jack: Let's go hunt some parties. I bet they're swarming with BNFs.

Corridor with fans carrying bottles into rooms. Whenever the neos try to enter, they are shoved out. Laughter within. Neos peer in whenever a door is opened.

Jeff: Do you see anybody?

Jed: What do you mean, anybody? The room is full of fans!

Jeff: I mean anyone important - like Harry Warner or Forry Ackerman or Ted White or just anybody!

Jerky: But we wouldn't know them if we saw them!

Jack: What about Leigh Couch?

Jerky: Who's he?

John: Gee - how can we meet any BNFs if they won't let us in?

all sing

Please Let Us In (Tune: Don't Fence Me In)

We see fans - big name fans  
They're all going through this door  
Please Let Us In!

Give us one big name fan  
We won't ask for anymore  
Please Let Us In!

Let us sit at the feet of some famous faned  
Hear some pearls of wisdom such as what Ted White said  
We won't drink your beer or put our feet on your bed  
Please Let Us In!

Just turn us loose - we'll be boggled & hornswoggled by the BNF's in view  
Don't be abstruse - you'll be croggled your eyes goggled by the things  
we say and do

So let us in for awhile to meet some noted fan  
Let us in tonight and we won't bother you again  
We'll be here all night so please just tell us when  
You'll Let Us In!



-ACT.II-

Scene 1: TW3: That Was the Wreck That Was; Star Wreckers Bemoan Their Loss

Jake: Goshwowboyboy! What a night! Tremendous. I never thought a con would be this great!

Jerry: It was just too much! Imagine 12 continuous hours of The Creature that Devoured Cleveland, The Return of the Creature that Devoured Cleveland, The Gas Attack of the Creature that Returned to Devour Cleveland, and The Incredible Creature that Disdained Devouring Cleveland and Had to Settle for Muncie, Indiana.

Jim: You guys can have your monster movies. I met some cool guys down in the games room. We played mah jongg until three of us collapsed from exhaustion.

jerky: : 4. And to think I wasted the whole night by falling asleep....Gee...

Joe: Tonight's another night, Jerky. But let's see what's scheduled on the Program.

John: By Klono's Vanadium Vomit! What are you, a neo or something? You know none of the BNFs go to anything on the program.

Jeff: But we're too young to get into the bar!

John: Never mind. Maybe we can find some BNFs at The Star Trek meeting.

Jake: That bunch of Trekkies? That's kid stuff.

Jack: What are you going to do?

Jake: All of us EC comics collectors are getting together in the huckster room.

Jerky: Getting together for what? To get yourself hucked?

Joe: Hey, come on! The meetings getting ready to start!

All sing:

Star Trek (Tune: School Days)

Why should we ever watch TV  
Now that the best show is gone?  
Tune in your set - What do you get?  
"Land of Giants" is on.

The five year mission is ended  
Please tell us what can replace  
Those pointed ears we've loved all these years  
That handsome Vulcan face?

Star Trek Star Trek  
I am just a total wreck  
Scotty and James Kirk and Mr. Spock  
No longer there when it's eight o'clock  
Why it was cancelled, I can't see  
I think I'll picket NBC  
It's all just a golden memory  
We'll never see Star Trek again.





## Scene 2: The Burrowing Bibliophiles

In a vine-covered meeting room

Jerry: Goshwowoboyoboy! Imagine meeting Herman Schmaltzberg! Wowie.  
Jake: Sure was. Not everyday you can meet the janitor on the set of Star Trek.  
Jim: And what stories he told!  
Jed: Yeah, but I came out the real winner. I actually got 10 grams of dirt off Shatner's dressing room floor. And for only \$15!  
Jerry: What are you going to do with it?  
Jed: I think I'll have it bronzed.  
Jerky: What's next on the program?  
Joe: Looks like the Burrowing Bibliophiles' DumbDumb. Says here they're having a discussion on "The Daring Young Man Who Flees Thru the Trees like a Breeze".  
Jeff: That sounds interesting. Let's go!

All sing:

Give Me a Man (Tune: Stout Hearted Men)

Give me a man and I'll call him Tarzan  
And I'll write you a series or two  
Put him in pants, then on Mars in a trance  
I've "created" John Carter for you

Oh - triser and triter  
Each one is a fighter  
So stalwart with sinewy thews

Gee - there's nothing in ole E R B that Caz  
don't know  
TV - and Ron Ely  
Will make his big collection grow.





### Scene 3: The Masque of the Tainted Breath

- Jack: Goshwowoboyoboy! What a hectic day! The Star Trek Conclave, The Burrowing Bibliophiles, the auction...hey, guys, I bought a genuine piece of Dracula's coffin!
- Jerry: Well, that's what the man who sold it to you said, but he looked like some kind of con man to me. A real crook.
- Jake: What do you mean? He seemed like a nice guy. A bit freaky, maybe, but in his black cape he looked just like a lot of the other fans.
- Jerry: I mean his complexion, so pale. And he kept muttering something about dawn and hating Daylight Savings Time.
- Jim: Oh, I think he was just worrying about getting something to eat before the 24 hour restaurant closed for the night.
- Jed: I bet he headed for the bar. He said he hated steaks but loved to drink bloody Marys. But I guess we can see him later at the masquerade.
- Joe: Hey, that's right! The masquerade's tonight! Lots and lots of BNFs go to the masquerade!
- Jim: But how can you tell them from the run of the mill fan? I mean, Walt Willis or Wally Weber can look like anything in costume.
- Jerky: I agree. This afternoon some guy named Geist was telling me about some chick dressed up like a bottle of corflu. But I don't much believe him, tho. He seemed to be talking to himself a lot.
- Jack: Geist? What's his first name?
- Jerky: He told me Polter. Polter Geist from Forest Lawn. That's in California near Santa Monica. But he also told me that one night Peggy Swenson kippled a Baltimore fan to death. With one hand and both feet tied behind her!
- John: Who's Peggy Swenson?
- Jerky: I think it's Carl Brandon's wife. Or maybe it's Faith Lincoln's sister - I seem to be getting all these names confused.
- Joe: Come on! The masquerade is starting!

All sing:

My Costume (Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)

My costume won't win any prizes  
I'm covered up from head to toe  
Bill's girl wearing nothing but gold paint  
Sure will steal the whole damn show.

Stand back! Stand back!  
At least let me up front so I can see  
Stand back! Stand back!  
She surely is sumpin' to see!

I thought I might come as a Hobbit  
But hair wouldn't grow on my toes  
My ears wouldn't grow pointed, either  
That's just the way my whole life goes.

Stand back! (etc.)

Bob Vardeman came as a sandworm  
And Bob Roehm came as the Coeurl  
Bjo dressed up like Amanda  
But I just want to see Rotsler's girl.

Stand back! (etc.)



Scene 4: 7½ Bucks doesn't Buy a Helluva Lot

Jerky: Goshwowoboyoboy! Was that ever a keen masquerade! I even saw Forry Ackerman!

Jim: That wasn't Forry Ackerman. That was somebody disguised as Forry Ackerman.  
A guy named Frank Sherbert told me it was really John Campbell, whoever he is.

Jack: Ah, you know who John Campbell is! He won a Hugo a couple years ago for his fanzine. He loaded it down with a lot of his fanfic and...

John: He did not. Campbell must publish some pseudo-religious stuff. I heard somebody call him God. Honest! John W. Ghd, they called him!

Jeff: Shsssh! The banquet speaker is just getting up.

The waiters pass out the entree.

Jack: You know what the entree looks like to me? Baloney sandwich.

Jim: I think you're right. I couldn't understand the French emnu when I bought the tickets. It sure smells like baloney.

Jerky: It tastes like baloney, too.

Jed: What up and listen to the baloney, uh, the speaker. He's just announcing that Gidget Meets Godzilla won a Hugo.

Jerry: I don't know. The PA system has so much feedback... I think he's just introducing the toastmaster.

Jim: You're right! That's Dr. Asteroid!

Dr. Asteroid sings

Hugos are All Right (Tune: Strangers in the Night)

Hugos are all right - I never got one  
Hugos are all right - I might have bought one  
But that always seemed a craven thing to do

=  
Hugos shining bright - those little spaceships  
When I see that sight my heart does flop-flips  
Maybe I'll own one before this Con is through

A winner once again is Harlan Ellison  
A winner once again is ole Poul Anderson  
Yandro wins with ease  
So does Kelly Freas  
It looks like IF is here to stay  
Oh, shucks, I gave them all away.

So Hugos are all right - I didn't win one  
Hugos shining bright - I'll never win one  
It all turned out so wrong - I guess I'll win a PONG!

Nine neos departing hotel

Jerry: Goshwowoboyoboy! It's sure been a blast!

Jim: Yeah, I'm sorry it's over.

Jed: Me, too.

Chorus: Us, too!

Jeff: It may be over for this year, but take heart!, there'll be one next year!

John: Right! And we'll know people and which parties to crash and...

Joe: ...and everything a BNF knows!

All chorus: And we'll be BNFs by then!

Exeunt singing: ConTime (Reprise)

Epilogue: The dread blight did leave nine young neos mortally afflicted and psychiaally scarred for ever and a day. They published a con report and sent it to one and a thousand fans! O Hideous Blight! Thy Evial Con Report is loosed on the world once again!



I met Larry Propp for the first time at Minicon. It seems that Larry is something of a lawyer and has a mental file of old, obscure and highly ludicrous legal decisions. If these two weren't so silly, I'd say he made them up. But...since they are so ridiculous, they've got to be true. The first is from Merrie Olde England and the second is from Merrie Olde St. Louis (as reported by Ray Fisher to Larry).

Case 1: In Victorian England, a mother decided to take a mid-day stroll and left her nubile daughter at home to await some deliveries from a local store. In the mother's absence, nubile daughter and delivery boy meet and nature takes its course.

The mother returns and finds both stark naked on the couch and the young man is "on the rise preparatory to the act of penetration". The horrified mother grabs a footstool and throws it at the delivery boy. It hits him on the rump, down he goes and nine months later a paternity suit is filed.

Jury verdict #1: The force causing the act of penetration was the force of the stool hitting the man on the rump; therefore, the mother was the father of her daughter's bastard child.

Case 2: It seems that there was a businessman who met a girl in a hotel bar one Saturday nite. He windd her, dined her, propositioned her, balled her, and offered to take her home. She lived in East St. Louis, so he crossed the bridge into Illinois and dropped her off. That Monday at work he mentioned the woman to a fellow employee. The second guy called the woman up and asked her out for the weekend. She accepted. The second guy crossed the river to pick her up, brought her back to St. Louis, wined her, dined her and propositioned her. However, she was turned off by the guy and refused, so he took her back home. A few weeks later the girl found out she was pregnant, and sued the first man for expenses and support.

Jury verdict #2: He managed to get off, but during the course of the trial, the above events came out. So the second guy found himself indicted under the Mann Act because he brought a woman across state lines for immoral purposes, even though he never scored. Our hero (the fuckor, in legal language --- the woman was the fuckee) got off scot free.

This page reminds me somewhat of the old Saturday Evening Post's "It's The Law" column where they dredged up obscure decisions and laws for the reader's titillation. Somehow, tho, I think Larry managed to top anything the SEP ever printed.

Larry, you're going to

make a fine lawyer.



Legal aid by \*\*\*LARRY PROPP\*\*\*

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## OF REVIEWS AND THINGS

HOUDINI: THE UNTOLD STORY by Milbourne Christopher (Pocket Books, 95¢)::: This book wins the super colossal Vardeman Seal of Approval. This is without a doubt the best non-fiction book I've read in years plus being the definitive biography of the world's greatest escape artist. Besides 246 pgs of well written prose, there are 32 pages of photos of Houdini, Hardeen (his brother) and some of the world's best illusionists. As an added bonus, the book is written by a man who is particularly adept in magic, being, in my opinion, the greatest living magician, Milbourne Christopher.

In current times, there have only been a few outstanding illusionists. Thurston, Kellar, Blackstone, Houdini and, of course, Christopher. Of these men, Houdini is grand master. He could unlock any manacle, escape from any straitjacket, win free of any restraint. But the book points out other facets of his personality. Houdini knew he was the #1 escapologist, but he never tired of creating even bigger escapes out of already astounding ones. For years, I had read of his miraculous escape after he'd leaped from a bridge in a straitjacket only to be swept downstream under the ice. He then swam back upstream under ice breathing the air trapped between the water and ice. It never happened except in Houdini's active imagination. All that happened was he "merely" leaped into the river off the bridge and won free from the straitjacket. Nevertheless, public image building aside, Houdini performed escapes from more difficult situations than anyone before or since. And possibly ever again. A true genius.

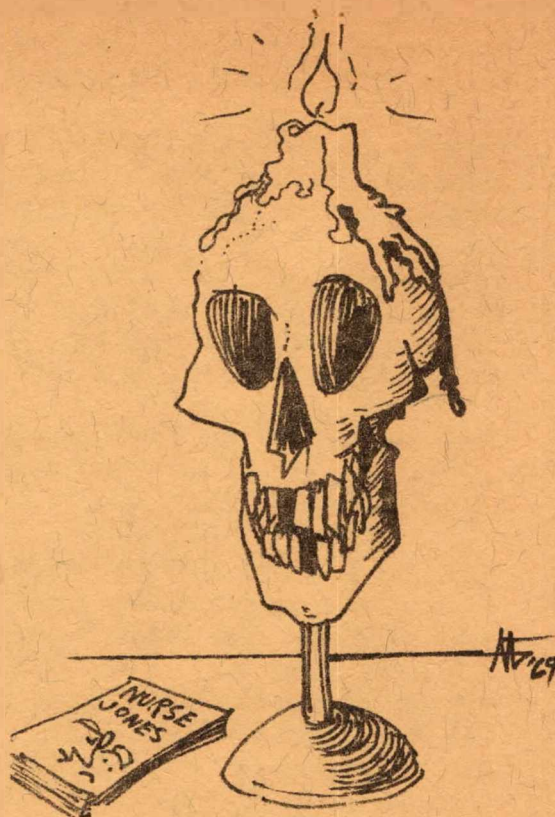
I highly recommend this book to everyone interested in fascinating people, magic or spiritualism. Especially the latter, altho I doubt if Houdini's years of searching for one honest medium, fruitlessly at that, will convince the spiritualist that ghosts and the like don't exist. His interest in the field was tremendous, his library prodigious, and his search in vain. His expose of the Margery medium is a classic in confounding fraudulent mediums, not to mention the many other fakes Houdini brought to justice.

I'm sure you'll be enthralled with this book. I was.

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FEAR THAT MAN: Dean Koontz Ace 60¢/Toyman by EC Tubb::: Dean is still trying to get a hardhitting idea across and Fear That Man almost succeeds. I say almost because of the disjointed, 3 part treatment which detracted from the smoothness and flow of events. There are two very strong plus features in the book, tho. The first is the basic premise of God being responsible for war and human suffering. History seems to bear this out, but Dean goes one step further and has his hero kill God. The complication comes in having another, higher order malevolent God take the first one's place. The society is one which I would like to see developed in some other context; a perfectly pacifist one. And one in which mankind is totally helpless when it comes to selfdefense. The second major triumph comes with a team of big game hunters. Andy, Lotus and Crazy are so real, so poignant that they deserve to be the basis of the entire novel rather than secondary characters.

Coupled with a Demarest novel, this Double is worth getting.





NEBULA AWARD STORIES, vol 1,2&3: Pocket Books, 75¢ each:: These 3 volumes should be on every sf fan's library shelf since they contain some of the best short fiction of the past 5 years. Basic volumes, as it were. Some of the many stories contained in these 3 books are by Zelazny (He Who Shapes, Doors of His Face Lamps of His Mouth), Gordon Dickson (Call Him Lord (!), Computers Don't Argue), Shaw (Light of Other Days), Ellison (Repent Jellybean, Pretty Maggie Moneyeyes) Niven (Beclamed in Hell), Ballard (Drowned Giant, Cloud Sculptors of Coral D) plus many, many more. One of these many more is my favorite piece of short fiction which has been written since A Rose for Ecclesiastes. Namely Delany's tremendously moving Aye, and Gomorrah...

For a measly \$2.25 you can accumulate most of the better stories from the prozines. If you miss these, you have only yourself to blame.

SCIENCE FICTION HALL OF FAME: ed. Robert Silverberg: SFBC for \$1.98:: This volume is the logical successor to Adventures in Time and Space. The blurb declares the stories inside to be the greatest sf stories of all time, and I can hardly disagree. While the Healy-McComas volume has many of the more "Golden Age-ish" type stories like Farewell to the Master, Fogetfulness, and The Black Destroyer, the Hall of Fame book concentrates more on picking representative fiction up thru 1964. Perhaps this is the most valuable volume since 1946 in that it tries to bring all the newer (since 1946) classics together with the standouts from the Adventures in T&S era. Altho I had read all the stories before, I found myself trapped into reading the entire book - the stories are just too gripping to put down easily. From a Martin Odyssey to A Rose for Ecclesiastes, to Arena, to Little Black Bag, to Nightfall to The Cold Equations to all the rest of the 20 other stories...just plain good reading.

With this volume to supplement Adv in T&S (and the veiled promise for future Hall of Fame editions), all of sf history is nicely represented.

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WINDOW TO THE PAST: Hans Holzer Pocket Books 95¢: The above illo indicates my feelings for interviews (thru Sybil Leek) of John Wilkes Booth 's brother, with Viking Helmut when he landed in the new world (altho Holzer must earn one brownie point for mentioning Fred Pohl's 1952 book on the subject) plus exploring Camelot and so on. Pure psychic hogwash. Methinks Houdini would have sneered at Holzer and Leek - with just cause, too.

HEX by Arthur Lewis Pocket Books 95¢: This one isn't as bad as Holzer's book, primarily because the reader doesn't have to believe in witchcraft or spiritualism for garnering a modicum of enjoyment. While the murder described is rather prosaic, the motives are not. The murderers claimed that the victim had hexed them with witchcraft. A better psychological study here than a supernatural one. Marginal interest, ~~here~~.



HOW TO FORESEE AND CONTROL YOUR FUTURE: Harold Sherman Fawcett 75¢::: Hooboy, another one! By the author of How To Make ESP Work for You and other potboilers. In addition to the usual pitch about mind over matter, this one has an incredibly lovely chapter called Future Predictions in SF which I'd love to dissect word by word. Unfortunately it would take too much space so I'll just touch on a few of the more ludicrous points. Sherman apparently wrote an sf story once and considers this to be the ultimate in prediction of the future. Apparently it actually saw print in the April 1947 Amazing under the title All Aboard for the Moon! Some of the authors most amazing predictions (all of which indicate precognition, you see) are his prediction of 3 people going to the moon (altho one of his 3 was a woman and the other2 weren't astronauts), the moon flight was witnessed by everyone via radio and TV (now isn't that a marvelous piece of precognition?), his description of the moon as being airless and barren was verified by Armstrong (as if we didn't have eyes to see that the moon is barren), he predicts the moon's coloring to be brown, black and white (and, precognition never ceases, Armstrong found the same colors), Sherman's hero points out the radiating lines from some of the impact craters (apparently Sherman had never heard of Galileo pointing out the same thing), Sherman makes a big thing of his astronaut backing down the ladder to the moon just as Armstrong did (not too many ways to go down a ladder, right?) and a final precognition of all our pollution problems (?) with, and I quote verbatim:

"Just look up there at that earth of ours! Can you picture those little, insignificant human ants getting ready to kill each other?...If they could only see what a wonderful planet they're living on!...How terrific the universe really is!...I wonder if it wouldn't change their whole attitude- or would they just get more greedy than ever-and want to grab off a few extra planets for themselves...?"

This describes pollution? Hardly. Sounds more like the concern over the atomic bomb and man's warlike nature (this is even clearer since the story mentioned eariler setting up an atomic base for bombabdding the earth with atomic bombs from the moon). I'd say Harold Sherman has an incredible imagination if he considers All Aboard for the Moon! to be the product of precognition. Not to mention his having a total ignorance of what he really said and what was actually found.

You might get 75¢ worth of laughs out of this book. But I doubt it.

STRANGE CREATURES FROM TIME AND SPACE:by John A Keel Fawcett 75¢: This is a 288 pg compendium of flying saucer sightings, vampires, giant moths, abominable snowmen (how come no one has ever seen an abominable snow-woman?), big birds, and great serpents. Fun reading provided you take it all with a grain of salt.

THREE FOR TOMORROW: SFBC about \$1.49: This book contains 3 original stories by Blish, Zelazny and Silverberg. Silverberg's How It Was When The Past Went Away sends shudders up and down my spine. Imagine a nut dumping a memory destroying drug into the water system. Zelazny has a typical Zelazny story with The Eve of Rumoko. Super efficient man with insight on the Establishment gets involved in the creation of an artificial island via atomics. Blish's We All Die Naked, tho, is the outstanding story in the collection. This is the type of story which wins awards - and rightfully so. It deals with the ultimate pollution death. All are fine stories. Gloomy, morbid and I hope, thought provoking. Think about all of them. Then do something about preventing the futures described here.

THE WARLOCK: Wilson Tucker Avon 75¢: I don't guess this is really sf but more of a spy/adventure/mystery novel. The hero is a Tuckerized Anson Bolda who has one continuous escape in front of him. Everyone wants him dead and he has to find out why. Finding out the answers lead him into shadowy corners to meet shadowy characters and into all sorts of derring-do. The ultimate solution to Anson's problems comes in finding himself ~~to be a pawn of Hitler~~ being groomed and tested for a position he never even knew existed. A good enough time killer here unless you are super swift at picking up minute clues and gluing them together for an answer beofre the last chapter. And maybe a good book even then. Yes,definitely.





AND  
MAN  
SAID -  
LET  
THERE  
BE  
LIGHT!

THE GLASS TEAT: Harlan Ellison, Ace \$1.25:: This is a disgusting book. It is disgusting because Harlan forces the most disagreeable commodity of all at the reader - Truth. And these days, what with the monumental biases in the press and TV, that has to be disgusting. Few have the nerve to view the world as it is and even fewer have the guts to accurately mirror reality. Better to retouch the picture a bit before letting anyone see it. That way, no one will be offended.

But with these 52 articles from the LA Free Press, Harlan reaches out and grabs you by the scruff of the neck and forces the truth into your brain through any available entry point. If you're deaf and blind and constipated, he'll drill and tap a hole in your skull and screw The Word in. Because of this, I can predict one of two possible reactions. Instant L\*O\*V\*E or instant H\*A\*T\*E. Meaning you either agree or disagree with him. There simply cannot be any middle ground because of the nature of Harlan's topics.

In all 52 episodes, real gut issues are involved. Racism, pollution, politicians, free speech, dim witted TV shows. This latter topic should logically comprise the bulk of the rapping since The Glass Teat is nominally a TV review column, but this facade is just used for a springboard (and a mighty one it is, too, since so much of contemporary American life is reflected in the electronic garbage can).

Harlan professes amazement at The Common Man (#43 & 44) and the high vacuum between TCM's ears. Well, Harlan, I can't say I'm too surprised at the reactions of the super-duper All American freaks presented. The masses are asses and this small cross-section just points it up more graphically than some other methods. It's these clear headed thinkers that have 50% supporting the invasion of Cambodia and 57% protesting that they think Nixon's lying to them about getting out by the end of June. I guess, I'm paranoid, too, Harlan. I see the Conspiracy of the Silent Majority/Common Man all around us.

On the lighter side of the book (if you can call setting the von Hindenberg on fire or sinking the Titanic as "lighter") Harlan merrily deflates ego which have long needed deflating in a most amusing way. Amusing for the reader, that is. I hardly think the King Family could see the humor in Harlan's new format for the show. (I think all of you who, like me, find the All-American, milk and cookies, Fireworks on the Fourth-ish type of show unbearable will dig it.) I quote:

How I would like to see a live King Family segment after someone had dumped specially-made acid in the water cooler. "And now, all you friendly folks in the Great American Heartland, something special! Right here, tonight, on our show, you're going to see an authentic King Family orgy, with the King Kiddies and the King Kousins engaging in one hundred and thirty five vile and noxious sexual perversions, all at once...and while the King Sisters make it with (respectively) a St. Bernard, a Tibetan yak, a Sumatran black Panther, and a sex-crazed chicken, Alvin Rey will play accompaniment on his talking electric tissue-paper-and-comb; his selection for tonight is the Love Theme From Marat/Sade...." (pages 200-201)

Silverberg, when he introduced Harlan at the Baycon, must have been thinking about The Glass Teat when he said "And here's Harlan, mercilessly thrusting at us with his charisma!" From the best cover I've ever seen by the Dillons, through the 318 pages, to the fine Rotsler photo on the backcover, this is one giant charismatic orgy. It sparkles. It scintillates. It engages. And it screams. It screams at you to quit sitting on your fat ass and do something about the world around you.

As I mentioned, you'll either instantly love the book or instantly hate it. I loved it.

It's a bargain at \$1.25.



An open letter to the world from Alexis Gilliland

Gentlemen:

Paraphrasing Clemenceau, population control is too important to be left to the biologists. As a physical chemist turned bureaucrat, I feel as qualified to discuss the subject as, for instance, a plant pathologist.

The problem of reducing the population increase to zero is trivial compared to the problem of maintaining it at zero for an indefinite length of time. Legalizing abortion, free birth control clinics, and tax incentives might serve in the context of our present society and may actually bring the birthrate below the deathrate for some population groups.

However, in the United States, we have a number of different racial, national and religious groups who will inevitably have different birthrates. While the population as a whole may remain constant, we shall find that the individual subpopulations will change position relative to one another, and that as time goes on, this rate of change will accelerate. To use force to maintain an arbitrary status quo is administratively impossible in the long term. Without the use of force, the populations that practice birth control will be displaced by those that do not.

If you decide that what you want to do is hold the gross population of the United States at 250,000,000 while maintaining the 1970 ratio of whites to nonwhites, then you will have to start examining Utopian proposals and radical schemes because nothing else will serve.

There are two questions which I feel are central to the problem. First, how can a population which is psychically and physically comfortable be prevented from increasing its numbers with minimum discomfort? Second, what compensation can you offer individual men and women for not having children they want?

If workable answers exist, they will almost certainly involve the radical restructuring of the family and, of course, society. As, for instance, by making the government responsible for the conception and raising of children.

To me, at least, this raises a third question: might not overpopulation and its sequellae be preferable to the alternatives?

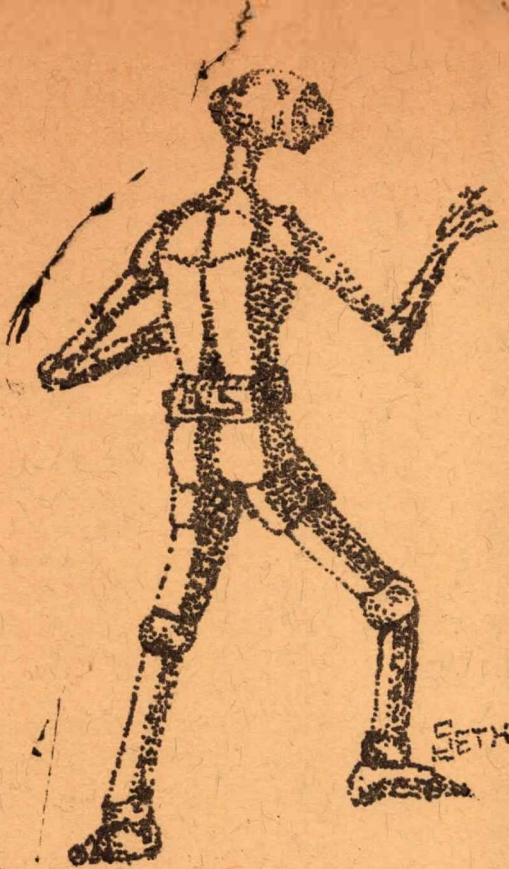
Alexis A. Gilliland



/Ed note: Make the government responsible for the conception of children? Good Lord, haven't they screwed up enough things already?/

FREE LOVE DOESN'T PAY





## GIUDICAR!

Another issue of Sandworm has finally wiggled out of hiding. #10 it is, too. And an expensive #10. Paper went up. Ink went up (ouch). Stencils went up. Amount of time remained more or less constant; I just don't have too much. My income effectively went down. 6% or so due to inflation, plus about another 6% cut. But I'm more than happy to take a pay cut and keep my job (jobs, really since I wear so many different hats during any one week). When school starts in September, I'm going to get another 20% cut out of my income. Prices up, wages down.

And with the noises of a postal hike...friends, I suspect that Sandworm is going to undergo a metamorphosis and shed its ungainly outer shell. I'm not going to cop out (which is not to be confused with a police strike) like Tackett did and crawl off into some obscure apa (like FAPA) to die an inglorious death. Rather, I'm considering cutting SWorm down to first class postage size which is about 6 or 8 pages, and just sending it out whenever I get 12 stencils cut. It may all be editorial, reviews, letters or articles. It may be a mixture - it'll just depend on what I receive and how often I can sit down and type it.

I'm hoping it'll be more frequent, hardly monthly but more than the absurd qtrly I've been trying to convince you I'm sticking to.

#11 is going to be the first excursion into the realm of microzine. I doubt if it will contain too much more than my Heicon report and assorted letters I've received on this. But, you will fear the evil, Sandworm will continue. In #1 I mentioned that I hoped this sandworm would have the longevity of its namesake, and I still have hopes that it will. But these are troubled times...

/\*/

Should a convicted prostitute be delayed?

/\*/

I am pleased to announce the first contest ever run (into the ground) by the ~~sap~~ staff and management at Sandworm. Namely, a Dune Tune Contest. Filksongsters, arise! Any filksong with Dune, Dune Messiah, or anything mentioned therein is considered fair game. First prize: copies of both Dune and Dune Messiah. In case of a tie, the winners get his/her choice of either book. And if the winner(s) already has a copy, then he/she will get their choice of any other book by Frank Herbert. Deadline for submission to ye olde sandmaster is \*\*\*\*1. January 1971 \*\*\*\* The first issue of Sandworm after that date will contain all the submissions.

And I must warn you - the meisterfilsänger Beetem have sent several dandy ones in already.

/\*/

Should a thieving secretary be defiled?

/\*/

The best things in life are free, but they won't go out with you if you don't have any money.

/\*/

Can a Siamese twin be departed?

/\*/



Donald Wollheim, Jack Williamson and their wives were in town on the 13. of June. The ASFS, instead of the usual gorging we indulge in when these stellar personages are in conjunction in our sphere of influence, decided to hold a cocktail party instead. (It seems we've outgrown our childish dependence on food as a crutch and moved up to a more adult need for alcohol as a crutch).

I was summarily elected as the host for the bash, and since I'm soon moving to cheaper quarters, I decided to get the last possible use I could out of the apt facilities. We had about 20 people in attendance with some of our primary figures being absent. Roy Tackett was off in the Gila Wilderness hunting greeps for crotting and Harry Morris was in the heart of the NYC jungle. In spite of their momentary defections, we still had a good crowd.

Wollheim seems quite enthusiastic about the Perry Rhodan series, altho the returns have been marginal. Whether or not Ace will print any more depends on Moewig Verlag who insisted on Ace publishing the series from #1 on (apparently Ackerman, Wollheim and Ernsting all think this was a mistake. Wollheim says that the Ackermans consider some of the later, much later, books to be on a par with the better American sf hitting the stands.) Also, Van Vogt is doing 6 novels to be printed in the next year. Wollheim says he's seen the first 3 mss. and while no Weapon Shops of Isher, they are worthwhile reading.

Jack Williamson has a collection of short stories to be printed later this year and seems quite enthused about attending Heicon (I guess NM will have 3 attendees, the Williamsons and myself - not bad for a state which has lost population over the last ten years.)

/\*/

Kissing a girl because she lets you is like  
scratching a place that doesn't  
itch.

/\*/

I finally managed to conjure up enough gumption to tackle Stand on Zanzibar. While it looked ominously large and boring, it was fast reading - and rather chilling. Brunner seemed to me to be experimenting with his techniques in Jagged Orbit; he hit home with SoZ (I don't even know if SoZ was written first or not. It just didn't seem that way since it is a much more polished version of J6.)

The ending is rather "so what-ish?" but he has some nice cultural speculations(?) along the way thru the 586 pages. His idea of brainwashing by the military seems rather old fashioned, but more on the military later on. The government being nothing but a war machine is hardly speculation, but it hasn't come down to the point yet where GM really runs the country. Perhaps the one idea that hit me the most was the sabotage-for-a-hobby group.

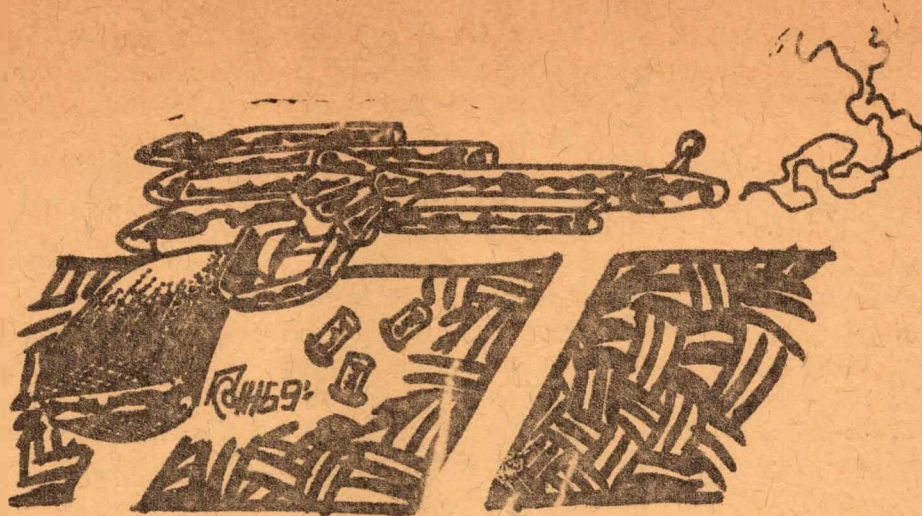
They didn't have any real political motivation for their destruction. They just derailed trains and blew up bridges for the hell of it. Nothing but a game to see how much destruction could be done with the least possible effort. Of course Brunner used some stfnal gadgets like a bacteria which could turn steel into cottage cheese, "Winston Sanders" monofilament wire and so on, but if you stop and consider just present day household devices which are potentially as deadly -- it might give you the shivers. I know I've been waiting for the violent pacifists (you know who I mean "There's nothing quite so peaceful as a dead man") to use some of these gadgets. Imagine them laying down a curtain of phosgene or homemade tear gas inside some of the big corporations or ROTC buildings.

And one more speculation Brunner hit with are the "muckers". Berserkers who just go ape killing anyone and everyone around them. Whitman and Speck could just be the forerunners of a new public menace.

SoZ is heavy on the genetic side of population control (which should be apparent from the title and cover blurbs) but never comes to grips with the heart of the matter like in Harrison's Make Room, Make Room. Still, Stand on Zanzibar is a massive compendium of ideas and speculations and deserved the Hugo it received last year.

/\*/





The University of New Mexico is hardly a typical university in the US. Perhaps the major factor separating it from most others is the apathy in the students created by so many being townies. But times change. Five years ago, a sociology professor (the head of that dept in fact) said that nothing could ever stir up the whelming apathy.

The Kent State murders coupled with the Cambodia invasion finally set off the growing unrest here. While a gross overgeneralization, one of the primary sources for the students' contempt of the administration at UNM has been the appointment of Ferrel Heady as president. Ferrel Heady, bed wetter and full time chicken, has constantly refused to face up to either the students or the state government. He is a perfect example of a Charlie Brown character in a responsible public post. This is to take nothing away from Heady - he apparently had a distinguished career as a professor at Michigan State. But it is a big leap from professor to administrator - and conciliation is hardly the path to untroubled waters when people on both sides are trying to sink your boat.

Heady is primarily responsible for 3 stabbings, and numerous bayonettings by the National Guard due to his abrogation of authority. I'll skip Mike Montgomery's mishap since he'll probably be relating it in Grude and you've probably seen it in Focal Point or Winnie. Heady should have realized trouble was brewing around the flagpole and had all the Unicpps there to prevent the free-for-all that ensued when some students tried to lower the flag to  $\frac{1}{2}$  mast. (It is interesting to note that all the parties involved in this fiasco are PE majors - and all are on the football team.) 3 were sliced up with straight razors and sundry bruises and abrasions resulted from the scuffle.

This was just minor, altho a prelude to something far worse. Heady refused to face up to the situation and about the only positive action he took was dictated by the governor, who closed the school for 5 days. After this happened, it seems Heady did nothing but cower in his office while the military leaped at a chance to show off their shiny new equipment.

Capt. Vigil of the state police activated the Guard since Cargo (our dear lame-duck governor) felt he, meaning Vigil, was in a better position to evaluate the need for the Guard being on the campus. As far as I can see, this is reasonable since Vigil was on the scene and should be more competent in contending with problems of this nature than the governor.

The SUB was occupied, the 130 or so students were told to vacate and when they didn't, a warrant was issued for their arrest. The arrests were going peacefully when all hell broke loose. The Guard had been called in, with bayonets gleaming. They scored an impressive victory over the unarmed students (who were all, without exception, trying to get the hell away from those Guardsmen). They even managed to bayonet (3 times) a newsman from KOB-TV. He received one  $2\frac{1}{2}$ " deep wound directly above his heart, and if the



Guardsmen hadn't been in such a hurry, his aim might have been better - and more deadly. Norlander is a bonafide reporter, had KOB-TV stamped all over his camera and shouted repeatedly (as he was retreating in front of the Guardsmen) that he was a reporter.

Other students who were threatening the Guard included one guy on crutches with his entire hip in a cast. When one of the strike marshalls tried to pull him away from the Guardsmen after they'd knocked him down, the marshal was bayoneted. It seems that the Guard instinctively went for the people with cameras. Besides Norlander, a teacher at St. Mike's and an amateur type reporter was bayoneted so severely that he required 16 pints of blood and emergency surgery. He had been stabbed from behind. The school newspaper reporter, Steve Part was taking pictures of the marshal (Daniels) trying to drag the one on crutches away from the Guard when he was stabbed in the back (only 3 to 4 inches deep). A graduate biology student saw nothing but the Guardsman coming at him in the viewfinder - he's one of the few that got a picture of the miscreant doing the dirty work.

But I'm being unfair. You see, none of these people were really stabbed. They fell into a rosebush. Yep. That's what our Adj. Gen. said. Some rosebush with 3 or 4 inch thorns. Later, Jolly admitted that he was "probably untruthful" when he'd said the Guard was on an arranged routine training maneuver. I wonder, tho. Maybe this is a routine training maneuver.

As far as I can see, there was absolutely no reason for the Guard's presence. The arrests were peaceful and the cops had clearly spelled out to the student body president what constituted resisting arrest and he had informed the people inside the SUB. The only violence came from the National Guard on this occasion. They issued no commands previous to forming their lines and attacking. The gathered students and reporters had no way of knowing what they wanted - other than the obvious desire to see blood spilled.

I've seen pictures Norlander shot prior to his being stabbed. In slow motion, it is obvious that the student on crutches was knocked down, the marshal trying to help him get up and out of the way was bayoneted and that the Guard broke ranks to accomplish this. BUT - he says - Gen. Jolly has refuted all this. It seems Flowers stumbled and the bayonets at his throat weren't really there. Daniels was not really stabbed helping Flowers - it just looked that way. Dressman (the one requiring the 16 pints of blood) impaled himself on some ironwork (which was strangely free of blood). All this is true because Jolly says so.

All I can say is that KOB has no reason to present doctored films - indeed, Jolly has never denied that these were accurate films. He just interprets it differently. I'd say if a Guardsman with a bayonet lunges, a student grabs his arm and falls back, this would tend to indicate something more drastic than "falling into a rosebush".

The only act of overt disobedience from the crowd came one onlooker (neatly dressed, clean shaven, crewcut) ran forward and threw the contents of a paper cup into a Guardsman's face. Urine it was said Jolly. That guy has most peculiar logic since everyone else says it was lemonade. Even the Guardsman on the receiving end said it wasn't urine. Of course, with a gasmask on, he might be mistaken. This was the only case of an attack on a Guardsman. And it came after the bayoneting had started.

Army regs, Manual FM-19-15 state: "Riot control formations are used to disperse mobs which do not react to orders of the forces instructing them to disperse and go peaceably to their homes". Even better, don't issue any orders. Then you can disperse to your bloody heart's content. And what about the students who live on campus? Mesa Vista is about 50 ft from where all this happened.

"Individual soldiers may be shouted at, insulted or called abusive names. They should ignore these taunts and not allow personal feelings to interfere with the execution of their mission..." Or the execution of anyone trying to document their behavior.

One Guardsman makes the point that these injuries had to be accidental since a bayonet, once it starts in, will just zip thru minor obstructions like arteries, etc. Well, folks, since all the injuries occurred from behind, it looks like the Guardsmen were having to run to keep up with their victims. Civil suits are now pending with each of the injured parties (save Norlander) suing Cargo, Jolly, et al, for \$350,000 per litigant.



At hand is a copy of The Pig Society by Dean & Gerda Koontz. Aware Press, \$2.95 - which is bound to be worth it since the illos are by Bode and Lovenstein (if you're like I am, you'll flip thru the book first, look at the pix and then start down to serious reading having gotten the tone of the book.)

I hate to say it, but I can't really find anything to put down in the book. Well written, obviously well documented, and \*shudder\* informative.

First off, I might as well make a policy statement which strikes me as being somewhat ridiculous. I more or less consider myself to be a libertarian conservative or what Boardman once termed "a philosophocal anarchist". I intensely dislike the idea of a law just to have a law - I feel the only laws should be those designed to protect a citizen from his neighbor. Catch the implication? I'm very much against any law designed to protect a person from himself or a law intended solely to impose someone else's idea of propriety on the individual.

Dean

& Gerda obviously consider themselves liberals. Since our ideas correspond surprisingly closely, I can only guess that the big difference lies in why we hold the opinions we do.

Like, it is quite appalling to me that the Army would even consider keeping files on "subversives". Even tho they have ostensibly destroyed those records, I have my doubts. One of the set jokes about the Army is having to have everything filled out in triplicate - twice. One computer's memory may have been erased...but are there others?

Spiro Igloo's

recent statements concerning grass and liquor would make excellent additions to the chapter on "Wit and Wisdom of the Pig Society". Does Spiro honestly believe that liquor has been known longer than pot? How could anyone, faced with facts and statistics from all sides of the question, say that grass is more harmful than booze? Outside of the proven fact that overindulgence of liquor will turn your liver into a yellow brick and liquor can produce withdrawal symptoms (ever hear of the DTs?), liquor is perfectly harmless. But on the other hand, overindulgence in pot will cause (maybe) emphysema or lung cancer. (But, consider, such things are likely to be gene-linked. My father has never smoked anything and ended up with both emphysema and lung cancer - but no doubt ~~the~~ Spiro would attribute this to thinking bad thots or something.) But Spiro's final triumph of coldly logical absurdity came with saying liquor was good because it is legal and grass is bad because it isn't.

And 50% of The Common Men think Spiro's a great guy.

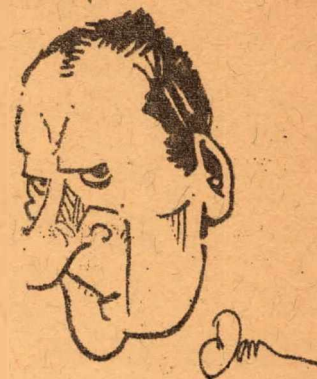
I hope he leaves his brain to science so the scientists might be able to find a cure for future cases of congenital stupidity.

Another nicely frighthening thing Dean & Gerda mention is that the FBI has records on 191+ million Americans. Why? Surely Big Brother has better things to do? But I guess not (I know I'm listed - I'd love to see what they have to say about me, too. But getting access to a copy would be tantamount to having a mistake removed from your credit records...ie, impossible.)

Enough on this disguised review. Since Dean & Gerda no doubt get some kind of a cut on the total sales, I urge you to hunt up a copy of Pig Society and buy it. The book is severely depressing much like Easy Rider. And for most fen, I doubt if you'll come across anything new. You might consider the book as a gift, tho, to some of Those Common Men composing the Silent Majority.

Yeah, you might consider that - the reaction would be worth observing.

Just give  
me a  
little more  
time...





My, but this is a deadly grim editorial this time. Oh well, deadly grim times are all around us. But never fear, I'm sure the tone'll change before the end of the page.

Like  
can you think of anything more laughable than Albuquerque putting on a convention? Hehehe, funny thought, that. Our treasury is in the best shape it's been in in the last 5 yrs; we have a bit over \$10 now. A con? Funny.

But, if you're intent on really laughing why not stop by Albuquerque the weekend before Noreascon? New Mexicon 3 will be held then. Roy Tackett is the Con(chair)man, Jack Speer is our Legal Advisor, Harry Morris is our PR artist, Mike Montgomery has promised not to say nasty things about people driving VWs and I'm the secretary. I kept trying to get them to put me in charge of the money, but they felt my going to Heicon put me too close to a numbered bank account in Switzerland. So, feel free to direct any enquiries to me at the Arrakis address - and if you want to send some \$\$\$ or negotiable bonds, I'll give you my thanks in return (but please don't send any amount less than \$100,000 since the cost of bookkeeping is so high...)

/\*/

If you don't like the  
high cost of living -  
try something else...

/\*/

Albuquerque is rapidly replacing Muncie, Indiana as the crossroads of America. First came the Wollheims and Williamsons, then came Richard Schultz from far off Detroit. Imagine, one big time editor, one major writer, and a fan with a sword cane all in one week!

Dick

proved to be the most interesting fan that's been thru in some time (John "the US one" Berry being the most penultimate one, I guess). A mini-ASFS meeting ensued and we spent a fine time rapping about such diverse things as LASFS, sex, Detroit fen, sex, the unemployment situation and Wally Weber, sex, Howard Hughes, Las Vegas and Garmisch, sex, the Avengers (of course), the Mafia, and cons. And this is just a partial list, I'm sure.

As I

sit here typing away, Dick has departed for far off SoCal leaving only a couple posters of Diana Rigg, a  $\frac{1}{4}$  bottle of Irish whiskey, a trashcan full of empty beer cans and the memory of a most intriguing fan.

I trust our  
pathes will cross again sometime soon.

/\*/

As most of you know (or may not, depending on whether or not you know), I work at, can you dig it?, at Sandia. Like most good bureaucratic anarchies, they come up with some groovy stuff at times. "Please report to the security division, if you, or anyone you know, has attempted or committed suicide." I was thinking about reporting that I'd successfully committed suicide last Thursday but, well, they don't have too much in the way of a sense of humor.

/\*/

What follows  
is not exactly clear. Maybe a back cover, maybe nothing. Certainly #11 will follow as soon as I get 6 or 8 pgs together. If I can get it together first, that is. Until Heicon, ich bin Dein!

/\*/

Just remember: mafia families cement relations

