

Dog Nearly Itches to Death



"I thought we'd have to put Daisy to sleep, but I could never do this. I suffered as she suffered with large running, itching sores. I had almost given up trying things when I came across Sulfodene. Now her back is all healed, her hair is coming in thick. The Lord should bless you for such a fine product."

Mrs. John Burmester, New Jersey.

SULFODENE relieves the most frenzied itching almost instantly. Then it clings to the skin to go on working to kill infectious bacteria, help heal. Get SULFODENE, the specific medication for dogs' skin.

I guess this is Sandworm #16. It looks like a Sandworm (note the weird editorial intro above, the freaky last pg and everything in between), it smells dusty like a Sandworm, it tastes funny - by golly, it must be a Sandworm.

I have just been informed that the sobs in the Post Offal aren't covered by the price increase limits and therefore they are out to shaft all us "junk" mail people. I'm going to try to get this finished before the end of January to take advantage of the old rates, so this might be a bit small.

But nice.

Which

is better than I can say for some of the letters I've gotten lately. Usually I enjoy racing to the PO box, fumbling the lock open and eagerly tearing thru the contents for letters. Of late, I'm becoming more and more heistate to do so for fear of unearthing another bitchy letter.

And what really gets me is that most of the grouching aimed at me is for something I'm either not responsible for at all, or have done but done late. My mood perhaps contributes to the depression at getting such letters since I always end up depressed around Christmas time (today being 24.12.71).

Which is not to say all my mail has been of the hate variety (but, to me, a shocking amount has). I have gotten some really delightful stuff from Denny Lien which I'll use as fillers thruout (the one about the 2 Soyuz spacecraft strikes me as being almost hysterically funny) and Rose Hogue who always seems to be nice. And, indeed, most of you.

My normal Xmas depression is added to by Nixon's plan to destroy the US economy in the short run and the entire system of capitalism in the long run, a case of food poisoning I contracted eating at Pancho's (a plastic Mexican food place which specializes in cheap food -- it proved too expensive for me since I can ill afford such a thing. Advice, if you are coming to Albq, avoid Pancho's unless you bring your own stomach pump.) Work is boring as hell but I'm finagling right now to get the use of some equipment and possibly do something worthwhile before next spring (the Am. Crystallographic Society meeting is going to be here in town...I might have 2 papers to present if I'm lucky enough to get the use of the equipment)((but I doubt I will... more depression)). And other things too boring to mention.

On the lighter side, I hereby present...

ROLL, ROLL, ROLL THE RACK AROUND: A guy at work mentioned the hoopala over a toy on the Xmas market. Parents were revolted over a plastic kit which, when put together would give the young Marquis his very own "...cage, pincers, a sword, a rack, a gibbet, detailed instructions for torture and - last but not least - a beautiful young female doll to work on". Dan Cooper furnished me that particular article, for which many thanks are in order. I was talking with Mikhael "Reverend Fuzzy Face" Dobson, the noted Charlatan, later that night and he informs me that Aurora put the kit out and that it has been advertised in Vamparella. Even the kiddy torture kits have fannish sidelights, it seems. Did Forry put his brand of approval on the kit? Is Bill Rotsler filming a movie based on the toy? Will an entire new subfandom spring up and lash out, whipping itself into a frenzy of delight? When will I stop torturing you with my puns?

The Secret Masters of Fandom in Albuquerque (otherwise known as the SMOFIA) are at it again. "ubonicon 4 is in the initial planning stages. Pat McCraw was stuck with heading up this mad venture and I, greedy old Vardebob, am running my fingers thru the \$\$\$ again. All \$3 of it. But we did pretty well last yr and I suspect that we can duplicate the effort this yr. We have expanded our goals a bit and will be having a GoH, probably an art show and auction, some programming this time in addition to the parties (even these might be expanded in scope a bit if we get more people in) and general good times. Suggestions are welcome, invitations go out to all (please consider Albq. as a stopover point the weekend before LAcon (25,26,27 of August)).

Details later as we get our herds together, as we SWesterners say.

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Confusion say: Don't burn your bra unless you have something to show for it

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Movies and things that go clunk in the night:: On the one hand TV can offer us Black Noon, a superbly done witchcraft flick. On the other (the Left Hand of Darkness, one presumes) we get garbage like Earth II. Done by a couple refugees from Mission:Impossible, the whole scrip it turned out to be one impossibility piled on top of another.

Good basic idea, a space station nation. Everything deteriorates from the first 30 seconds. The station is given territorial status by a vote in the US conducted by one of the most ghodawful schemes I've ever heard of. The capsule going overhead uses a lightmeter to "count" the number of votes (a person voting yes leaves his lights on while a person voting no turns them off). Consider the consequences if one man in the light company is against the plan. Pulls a switch and out go the lights for a couple million people. Which would be a no vote. Anyway, I was unfortunate enough to have mentioned the film before I saw it to the people I work with. I really caught it the next day, believe me.

That business about "catching" a bomb as it skips in and out of the atmosphere was bad but, why oh why did they have to say the bomb was triggered by melting gallium rods? That stuff melts at room temperature (about 30 degrees). And so on. And the ending was so bad it hurt. Goodness wins because it is nicer.

Not that Journey to the Far Side of the Sun was one micron better.

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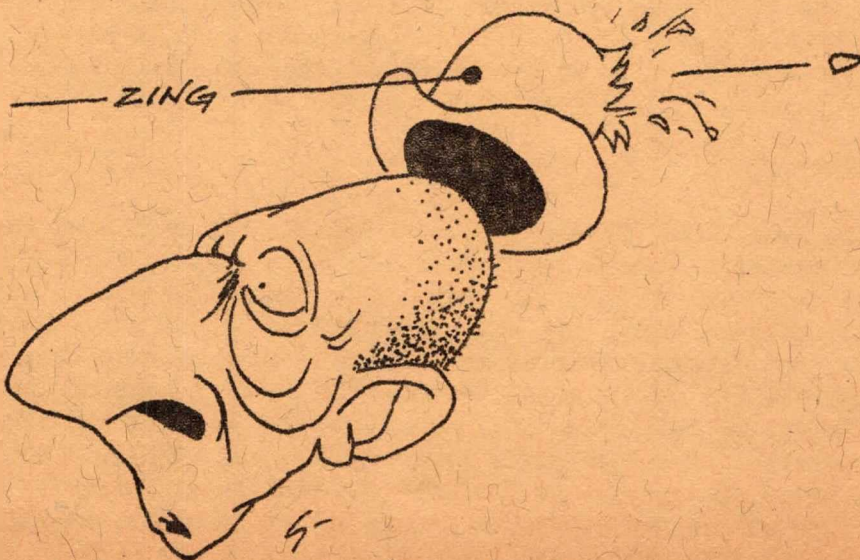
Confusion say: Topless dancers barely made a living

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I do recommend and highly both The Mephisto Waltz & the new Bond flick, Diamonds are Forever. DaF is typical of the earlier Bond movies and if you enjoy puns, beautiful women, lavish sets and highly improbable derring-do as much as I, then you'll get your money's worth out of DaF.

The MW (score by Liszt) is a satanism plot and well done, too. Goodness triumphs over evil because it is nastier. All in all, very well executed. Ahem.

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Right now, I think I'll scream if I hear Little Drummer Boy by the Hairy Simian Corral once more.

The radio...it's on...and...they...no...YE00000000WWWWWWWWWWWW!

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Now a few goodies from the Xerox file of Dennis Lien.

Moscow- The Soviet spacecraft Soyuz 11, launched Sunday morning with 3 men aboard, corrected its orbit during the day in apparent preparation for rendezvous with the scientific station salute.

It was the second time in six weeks that a manned craft had been sent aloft to dick with the orbital station...

Now we know what goes on Up There.

Strange death & section:

Elisha Janes, 57, drowned when he fell into a four foot deep vat of chicken blood at a poultry by-products plant in Salisbury, Md.

Michele Robertson, 4, of Bluevale ont. died of asphyxiation when a power window was activated in the family car....Her neck was caught and she was choked.

And in Port of Spain, Trinidad, Ramdial Kalloo was sorrowfully digging a grave for his father. Suddenly the grave collapsed and Kalloo was buried alive. He was dead when dug out by friends.

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The really ironic thing about the power window strangulation is that it nearly happened to me when I was 6 or 7. The only difference was that it wasn't a power window...my mother didn't stop cranking until I gurgled a bit.

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Confusion day: Show me a saltine that hides in a box and I'll show you a wise cracker

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I guess progress has finally come to Albq. At least everyone tells me it is progress. We've had a critical smog warning for 3 days now and everyone is urged not to drive, no fires (esp in fireplaces) and, in effect, don't inhale. This smog matches the worst I've seen in LA and considering Albq. has less than 1/3 the population of LA, this makes it all the worse.

Also, I've been told, the chemical content of the air is actually worse due to our higher altitude. Firstly we have less oxygen normally (I can still remember John Berry huffing and puffing around after coming here from Stanford). Then since the atmosphere is thinner, we get more ultraviolet radiation. And the UV attacks and decomposes some of the hydrocarbons into really caustic substances. More UV, more crud, less oxygen.

If only Tacitus had^{not} been right, "They make it a desert and call it peace." In our desert, very soon, all will be peaceful. Nothing is quite as peaceful as a dead animal or plant or human.

None dare call it treason. None dare call it anything but progress.

Yea progress. Let's hear it for progress.

*coff*choke*

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Morticians put people down

I've just about tired of the dope arguments that have been zinging back and forth in these pgs. Primarily because dope, per se, is a ridiculous thing to argue over. What I had intended is something everyone has totally avoided...namely, the laws on the books refuse to let a person decide anything important for themselves. I've long said there were too many laws on the books and I suspect I'll continue to say it for a long time. Forever, even. I don't really care if you do dope or not - this is a minor issue. What does interest me is convincing all of you that we are going to be choked to death in laws unless something is done to erase a lot of them.

Montgomery mentioned once that he figured selective enforcement was probably the easiest solution. The law can be on the books and not enforced unless the cop just wants to annoy you. This solution, and I hesitate to call it such, rankles. An objective opinion should not be left up to the cop on the beat. This is neither his job nor is he qualified to do it. Better to present it to him simply so he can understand and point him to bash in heads where needed -- this most cops are qualified to do.

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Last time I presented my theory of time travel. To date no one has bothered to comment on it. Not even Hangin' Jack Speer, altho I realize Jack has quite a bit to handle right now taking on Judge Maloney in single handed combat. Will the forces of Goodness triumph over the forces of Maloney/Barboa, et al. (including half the politicians in NM?)

But back to time travel. It strikes me that the one commodity no one has ever bothered to deal with is the conservation of energy (save for VanVogt of course in Seesaw and eventually in The Weapons Shops of Isher).

Another of my pseudo-scientific theories is in a psychological vein. Namely that most fans are either only children or first born. It seems logical to me for a few reasons. It is fairly obvious that an only child is going to be more independent because he/she has no brothers or sisters and has to fend for him/herself. Association with only older people (primarily adults) and the socialization that results casts the only child as sort of an outcast...a tiny human among big ones.

In the case of the oldest child, this independence is thrust on him/her by chance or experience. Firstly, if the child is so inclined, he/she will be the natural leader of the rest of the kids in the family. A natural leader with experience to draw on. Also, the parents would have a tendency to ignore the oldest in favor of the younger kids. An analogous position the only child is in, having to fend for himself.

If the oldest child is not inclined to assume the leadership of the siblings, it seems like this role would be thrust on him/her regardless. The younger kids would almost demand such an ordering. Hence, regardless of the natural inclination of the oldest child, certain independence characteristics almost always have to follow.

I sometimes get the paranoid feeling that the world is against people who read. And people who read sf are even more shat upon. Witness the recent frothings of one pompous, egocentric ass named Prescott in Newsweek. "If it's good, it can't be sf." Reading of any sort is an escape, an alternate reality and those independent minded persons (only child/oldest) are possibly more inclined to partake of such an escape since they are misfits in their family. Reading sf leads, sooner or later, to fandom where the misfit suddenly sees he/she is among other misfits. And that these misfits find nothing wrong with reading, and even admit to reading sf. Rather than likes repelling, likes attract in this respect. Sort of a giant persecution complex binding all of us together.

This leads me to wonder if a fan-fan marriage is at best metastable. Two likes in such close proximity would have to start to repel regardless of the binding forces of outside persecutions. The most stable marriage, from the view presented above, would be of a fan to a youngest child - and one who was not interested in fandom, sf or possibly even reading for relaxation. Tolerate it yes, participate in it, no.

This in no way takes into account the case where 2 fans do have a stable marriage (eg the Coulsons) unless one or the other is a youngest child, ie one not a first or only child while the other is. And if one isn't a first/only child, what forces caused him/her to become a fan and continue to participate in this madness called fandom?



Well, this is the new yr and I promised to go over the predictions I made last yr in SWorm #12 and tell you why I made each one. Here goes:

1. A major earthquake will leave scores ~~hundreds~~ dead and thousands homeless in California later this yr...I'd call this one a direct hit. Every 7 yrs the Earth wobbles a bit more than usual and this causes stresses in the Earth's crust. In 1964 on Easter Sunday was the Alaska earthquake. In '57 were major tremors in the entire Pacific area. And so on. That the quake would hit California wasn't too far fetched due to the San Andreas fault and others nearby. The scores dead and k's homeless is obvious if it hit Calif.
2. An assassination attempt on Nixon in August...Kring said he read something like this in a Dallas newspaper (or some Texas newspaper). I don't know for sure but such attempts are probably quite common. I picked July or August because the nuts are literally falling from the trees then.
3. Stockmarket will receive a major setback in the fall...a direct hit, one ~~not even pre-~~dicted by veteran Wall St. people. To me it was obvious. The economy last yr was very shaky and would stumble after a slow buildup. That it would occur in October was also fairly apparent since most companies pay their dividends then and the price of stocks goes down somewhat.
4. Muskie's chances for the Presidency will be diminished by the ~~end~~ of the yr...his "A Black can not become President in this country" was such a goof. He has a notorious temper and I do not think he considers what he says very carefully.
5. A major Hollywood figure will disappear...a complete ~~miss~~ as far as I know. Hollywood has apparently outgrown such puerile publicity stunts.
6. War will resume in the Middle East...give me a couple months more on this one. Unless you want to count Pakistan and India. All those problems between the 4 countries could be settled if they'd only start acting like Christians...ahem.
7. King Hussein will be assassinated...Hassan was almost assassinated on his birthday. I figured the Palestinian guerillas would off Hussein. Almost a score on this one.
8. A noted sf author will die...JWC of course. Check back and every yr sees some "noted" sf author dying. That it had to be Campbell saddens me.
9. A volcano will erupt in September...missed by about a month. Etna erupted for the first time in over 80 yrs. Goes with the earth wobble.
10. A war movie will win the Oscar...Patton won. Considering the possible nominees when I wrote that (Catch 22, Patton and one more which I forget) it seemed like a good bet.
11. Major change in the Vatican...the cardinals don't have the strength I thot they did; possibly an almost score for me.

12. War in Indo-China remaining at the same level...obviously true. And it will be for yrs to come.

13. Mao suffering a heart attack...very difficult to tell on this. It certainly made the headlines that he had had one for almost a week, so I'd call this one a hit.

14. Civil War in a western South American country...take your pick between Peru or Ecuador. And I understand Bolivia is pretty close to it also. And wait a while and you'll see Chili split. I could have said "all" western SA countries and hit with this one.

15. Me writing a book if any came true...doubtful, but with the job market like it is, who knows? I may need the bread pretty soon.

In summary, then, I'd say I definitely scored on 9 of the 14, almost on 4 (or possible at least) and a miss on one (the Hollywood figure missing). That's almost 65% just counting the direct hits and counting the near ones as $\frac{1}{2}$, I'd score a 79% and if I counted like the better paid prophets do, I'd loudly proclaim a smashing 93%. Pretty good, isn't it Harry? Do you still think a score of 50% is outstanding? When I've shown that any schmuck can do better?

All it takes is some slight piece of knowledge and a science fictioneer's experience in extrapolation. Roy told me today that one mystic with amazing powers of prediction had actually predicted that Richard M. Nixon would be the Republican's nominee for President! If I'd stuck to pap like that, I could have had 100% but would you have been impressed? I doubt it. I just ran thru Jeane Dixon's predictions for '72 and she is showing signs of success -- her predictions are starting to sound like "The Republicans will nominate someone with the initials RMN" At her level of fame, she doesn't dare have any fun putting the jakes on any more; she has to keep her score up (at its 20-30% level)

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I think I'll pass over making predictions for this yr. I'd hate to bore you; better to let you live thru the yr and be surprised as each event comes to pass. Ah, such a burden we foreseers carry, knowing what the future holds can take all the joy out of living.

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Flattery is the art of telling a person exactly what he thinks of himself

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The 24% increase in 3rd class rates will probably cause Sandworm to shed its skin and metamorphosize into something a bit different. I tried the more frequent, less pages thing before but with little motivation. Maybe this time a 24% increase in mlg costs will help me along. I'd like to put out a bi-monthly 10 pg zine and mail it first class, that being as cheap as 3rd class for that weight. Opinions?

I'd also say that I've decided that nextish I'll start numbering the pages, something which so many of you have been bugging me about for 4 yrs. But...the system will be mine and if you study it, I think you'll find that it is more logical than straight pagination, at least from an editor's viewpoint.

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Stoplights and things that go flash in the night: Albq. has had a right turn on red law now for almost 6 months but I still get an almost childish delight out of swinging right thru (after stopping first - I may be childish but I don't want to be dead) a red light and doing it legally. I learned to drive (in Texas) with a right turn on red rule and had to really strain to break it in NM. And the trips I've made to Calif. didn't help in my breaking the habit. But now good ole NM is with it. (For the first month or so I ended up making 3 right turns to go left just so I could sail thru the red light...)

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Nixon has H-Bomb equipped rockets pointed at every country on Earth...
he's just found out who our friends

are.

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One last page of editorial mouthings and then the ToC and thish will come to an end.

As is usual, I'm short of material for nextish. Jerry Lapidus is going to start a fanzine review column (I haven't done any since the issue I reviewed them in 3 different languages, all totally unintelligible...Ulfr Westblom was the only one to comment and he said my German was atrocious. Which made me feel good, because he recognized it as German. You see, I've never taken a course in German, just picked up bits and pieces.) But Jerry is willing to do what I'm not, review fmz. I don't mind cutting up lousy books (and these are about the only ones I'm sent for review) but cutting up fanzines when I know the people or would like to know them pains me. I guess I'm too basically honest to want to lie about a crudzine being good, and if it is a good zine it should be apparent to everyone. Like Psychotic/SFR. Undeniably good; for a while I didn't care to read it but it was still the best fanzine around. So I'll use Jerry as my hatchet man.

Vic Boruta will hopefully be back with the 3rd installment of Primorddal Point. Jeff Schalles has some illos which caught my fancy; look for one on the first Bubonicon 4 PR. I've still got some McLeod illos. I've asked Lee Healy to do a cover. Grant Canfield will be back. Mario Navarro and Dan Osterman have illos residing in my files. Marta Sherbring has given me a few dragon illos. I still have my voluminous files loaded with strange clippings (Montgomery gave me one about a girl flunking out of Vassar because her roommate smoked pot -- the girl flunking out is suing Vassar for \$1 million.) Dennis Lien's stuff is still partially untouched. Bishop Michael "Fuzzy Face" Dobson has promised Great Stuff from a newly found writer in Charlotte. I hope the Bishop isn't trying to Rook me...

And of course, there will be puns in abundance, more than your little hearts can stand.

And LoCs. I've held over the one from Hank Davis because it arrived late and I want to comment in length due to him being the only one taking the time to find the one flaw in the time travel theory I presented last time (make that the one "major" flaw. I saw it after I wrote the piece and even mentioned it to ~~Wesley~~ Jack.)

But enough of forecasts for the future. We are all headed there so we can all see what it brings for ourselves.

#17 is tentatively planned for the end of March. Be ye warned at All Fool's Day!

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I believe in an honest, open government, but I don't think it is the right time to experiment with one

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THE PRIMORDIAL POINT: 2

by VICTOR BORUTA

This installment will concern itself with reviews of two books that are in vogue at the present time. The review, combining KING OF THE WITCHES and CONFESSIONS OF A WARLOCK will show the reader how to spot forgeries and fakes in books on the occult. There have been so many that without some discriminating tastes, the poor reader will be engulfed with reams of junk that will tend to spoil his/her further researches into the esoteric arts.

KING OF THE WITCHES...June Johns, Coward McCann, Inc, NYC, 1969. 182 pp. \$4.95
CONFESSIONS OF A WARLOCK...Curtis Lavender, Lancer Books, NYC, 1970. 190 pp. 95¢ (paper)

These two books (the former published in 1969 and the latter in 1970. This is important later on.) are very similar. Both are about witchcraft, and both describe the adventures of, respectively, Alex Sanders, High Priest of 107 Covens in England, and Curtis Lavender, who by day "works in a Madison Avenue advertising agency. His suits are expensive and well-cut, his apartment is on Manhattan's elegant upper East Side. His professionally respected and socially sought-after."

"By night. Curtis Lavender is the high priest of a witches' coven. He is the absolute master of twelve other beings. He conducts their ceremonies, their hypnotic litanies, their strange sexual rites, their satanic spells and their black masses. He is in contact with the living, the dead and the unborn." Quite impressive.

But CONFESSIONS is an almost direct copy of KING and as such, serves as a vehicle for fiction and should not be accepted as fact. The similarities are only too plain on careful reading. It is the small facts that bear out the point that CONFESSIONS is solely there to make money and not to espouse or explain Witchcraft. I intend to discuss some of these "coincidences" so the reader can himself be aware of other books like this. A note must be inserted at this point: KING OF THE WITCHES is a true, factual account concerning a true, factual person, while CONFESSIONS OF A WARLOCK is the subreptitious copy.

In KING OF THE WITCHES, Alex Sanders has a grandmother called Bibby, while Curtis Lavender has a nurse called Tanny, a corruption of the word Nanny. Both were initiated into witchcraft at a very early age, Alex at an unspecified age and Lavender at ten. Both committed certain sexual advances towards older women (their housekeepers mentioned above who were both initiated witches), and for both this was their first time.

Alex was first initiated into witchcraft when he accidentally went into a room without first knocking. Inside, seated



naked on the floor in a circle, was Granny. Beckoning the boy inside, Granny undressed her grandson and incised his scrotum, thereby bonding the lad to witchcraft. With certain other words and gestures, not mentioned in the book, the ceremony was completed.

Lavender, meanwhile, also entered a room without first knocking, even though he knew he should knock first. There seated on the floor in a white circle with certain implements strewn about, was Tanny, naked as usual. Except in this case, the boy is actually induced to seduce his Nanny, after a long-drawn out process of passive sexuality. The book is replete with the latter.

Alex and Curtis likewise, lead boisterous, robust lives, with money and girls, wine and sex. Magic seems such a small part of their entire lives. They change.

Lavender, then 17, meets a girl his age, Julie. The meeting takes place on a New York street, and without any words between them, they seem to "know" they were meant for each other. He does (or doesn't do, depending on how you look at it) the same thing when he meets his friend Bruno, whom we shall get to shortly. With the few words that are passed between them, we are assured of the author's success. Sure...I believe it. When you walk down the streets of New York you see so many whores wanting a lift, they'll tell you they are Mahatma Gandhi's sister if you'll pick them up. Our young, oversexed warlock thinks otherwise. Lavender then proceeds to sex Julie so much you wonder if the witchcraft was used only for filler space.

"She began the licking. I kneeled down to make it easier for her. She started with my forehead. She went to my eyes, my cheeks, my mouth, my ears. She covered my entire face with her tongue. When she was finished, she moved down my neck. She licked my neck, my shoulders, and my chest. Her mouth moved down to my stomach and then finally between my legs where they lingered. While she was there, I took the branch which I still had in my fingers and gently but firmly cracked the branch against the back of her legs." A highly illuminating saga of witchcraft.

Meantime, Alex Sanders, while running into a problem of finance, sells some of his secret potions, but the plan backfires, and he becomes poorer than when he started. Poor, but still with his friends, he visits the Morris household and while there, falls immediately in love with their daughter, Maxine. It was while laying out the Tarot cards that a definite trend towards their uniting was in evidence. They were shortly married in a witch's ceremony, and by a conventional priest later on. He became the High Priest of his coven and she the High Priestess.

Throughout this biography by June Johns, there are many references to the books from which Alex practices his magic. Books such as THE SECRET OF ABRAMELIN THE MAGE and THE KEY OF SOLOMON. There are some fascinating descriptions, and on the whole the book presents a believable picture of a practicing witch. Lavender, though, makes up ridiculous sources and even more ridiculous ceremonies that makes one want to laugh upon reading them. He mixes Satanism with witchcraft which no true witch would do, and calls himself a warlock which is an antiquated and improper name to call a male witch. They are all called witch, and warlock is a Christianized word the true practitioner shies away from.

Whereas June Johns spends seven pages in description of Alex's encounter with a group of Indian worshippers, the Lavender book spends 110 pages, and no wonder. Half of those pages are spent with a dynamite blond named Beverly, who performs (among other acts) her own strip-tease down New York streets in a car a la the movie "The Libertine", except this time she goes right down to her Tampax tampon. She takes him home (?) and they see Bruno, naked, with the terrifying "Shoelace Warning" around his penis. Witchcraft takes a backseat to sex, and these few lines will give you the gist of the matter.

"I've never seen anything like it," she said.

"The 'Shoelace Warning' is fairly common in certain covens," I explained.

"The hell with the shoelace," she said. "I've never seen a man hung like that." (pg. 105)

Sanders is concerned with a group of worshippers who use human-sacrifice and wish Alex to initiate (against his wish) over them during one of

their important ceremonies. They come from India and are called the Kali group, after the Hindu goddess of destruction.

Lavender mixes himself up with Karimi group from Pakistan who want him to perform the exact same function at their gathering. Whereas the Kali group leaves after the death of one of its members, the Karimi group sticks around until they become part of a ritual which Lavender initiates with a little help from his coven. Their congregation is struck numb with some magic (yawn) and they leave the country quietly. Hardly fitting for so powerful a group.

Meanwhile, Bruno dies while Lavender is balling Beverly and our warlock, in some saintly moment (rare for him) says he'll avenge the death.

But up pops the first of countless contradictions. This is Curtis Lavender's description of witchcraft: "What witchcraft is all about is control. Making your will known to others. Directing their behavior in the way you want. The way that is important to you" (pg. 153)

Yet, here is his reaction upon first viewing Bruno's death in the above mentioned incident: "It was torture for me to see Being used that way. Being used." (pg. 156) (my underlings) Just three pages later he's already feeling sorry for what he's dedicated his life to do to others. He would feel no compunction to do the same to anyone else, yet those that do so to him, he can't stand. Utter trash.

Finally, Lavender sees that Bev isn't worth it (maybe too much sex), so he goes back to Julie, who has been infected with some power and wants to kill him (jealousy seems the likely reason, not any magical symbolism). With the help of a lizard, Julie returns to normal (or does she? We are never told.). So much for that exciting, "true" story.

After the Kali encounter (Alex Sanders), June Johns goes into the various troubles and problems Alex has had as head of a number of covens. Betrayal by a member, personal gain motives, misfits, personal persecutions. There is an interview with him, as well as a listing from THE BOOK OF SHADOWS the book of law of a witch. Also included are three more appendices; on the Witches Calendar, Initiation Ceremonies, and the magic inherent in some types of matter (gems, stones, plants). None of this is really revealing, but proves interesting reading (with believability) if nothing else.

The only quarrel I have with the book is the title Sanders uses: KING OF THE WITCHES. I do not believe any one mortal can be crowned so, and it would be supercilious for one to believe he is really that powerful. Even if he organized and controlled 107 covens, it still doesn't mean he controls every coven whether in England or the rest of the world. The title must merely be used for publicity purposes only.

Lavender is another matter. He uses short, staccato sentences throughout most of the book, which is childish in one way and pornographic in another (if you read porno novels you'll know what I mean.)

He talks about "evil" attacking him: "There was something that was pure and naked evil..." (pg. 151), yet he himself is a Satanist (the warlock hardly applies to 90% of his dealings). Therefore, what he is encountering is a truly beneficent and helpful force, unless of course, you happen to be a Satanist.

He doesn't know the proper use of Solomon's Seal (or at least the one he uses - pg 162).

He doesn't know the proper cabalistic signs, colors, and sounds (pg 165) yet persists in calling his orgies ceremonies.

He makes asinine and downright untruthful statements: "Bruno and I were both men and of course we could never have been interested in each others' bodies." (pg 171) I beg to differ. Homosexual magic can be quite powerful and dangerous, and is not all that rare.

On page 186 he says that he'd like to escape to another city, start a new life, a new coven. I'm afraid that this impossible in the context that he means. Once you are bound into a coven (and especially if you are the High Priest as he claims to be), you cannot run away from your obligations. You have to reconcile them or admit defeat. As June Johns said in her book: "run away from a problem and an even greater one will await you."

Finally there is the matter of the name. If Curtis Lavender were the man's real name in a past lifetime, any occultist or witch worth their weight in salt, sulphur and mercury would be able to find out who he is, by reading the akashic records. It is as indelible as a voice pattern.

To sum up: Lavender's book was most written by an author specializing in porno. It has that feel (no pun intended), as well as writing to match. The author merely combined "The best of two worlds" to sell more copies of his book.

Victor Boruta

/Ye olde editor's note: I've not read either of the books, but from the descriptions it doesn't sound as if either would be particualrly valuable for the study of witchcraft. The Sanders book, and I've come across his name in many of the Madison Avenue type books I'm sent for reviewing, might prove an interesting biography if you dig biographies. From the sound of it, appropriate noises are made about witchcraft and that these noises are apparently well researched is incidental.

The Lavender book quite possibly is meant only as a porno book. Comment, mind of andy offutt? I generally don't read stuff like that (because I'm more interested in researching on my own...) so I have no basis for comparison to other, run of the mill- cheapo-porno books.

My uninformed opinion is that the best source for the basis of witchcraft is still the book mentioned by Vic last time, MAGICK IN THEORY & PRACTICE by Aleister Crowley.

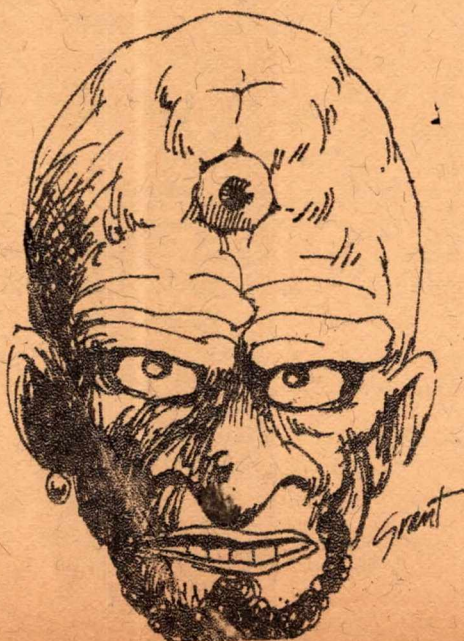
From a personal viewpoint, I'd like to get garbage like C of a Warlock off the stands to make room for better written books, regardless of the topic. But if it sells...this is justification to keep garbage on the stands.

And I'd like to squelch the rumor that Curtis Lavender is an anagram for Wilson Tucker before it spreads. Your secret is safe with me, Bob.⁷

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Women's Libbers who don't wear bras add a lot to their movement

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It's Howdy Doody Time . . . Again

A veritable deluge of books waiting to be reviewed. Onward!

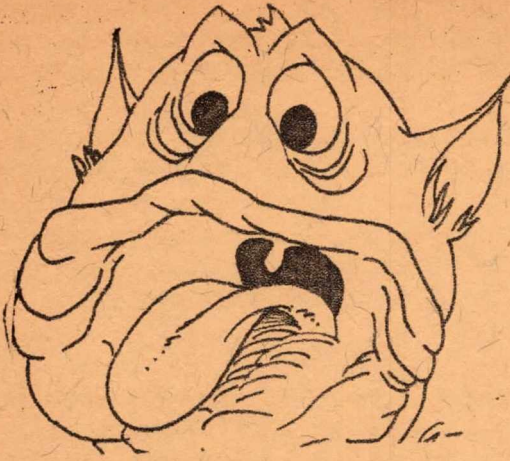
THE AGE OF AQUARIUS: Wm Braden, Pocket Books, \$1.25::: I don't often use the word "profound" because so little in this world is profound. Braden has elicited this adjective from me because his study of technology and its impact on our society is both objective and well presented. One of the more fascinating chapters dealt with the opinions of two professors on civil disorders (a riot at Chicago in '69) Bruno Bettelheim and Richard Flacks both start with the same data concerning the U of C disorders and come to totally different conclusions. The very processes of how they reach their conclusions using the same data is in itself worth the price of the book. While Future Shock tends to deal with results, The Age of Aquarius attempts more and to show how and why our cultural values are changing. Well worth the money since this is a most profound and thought provoking book.

DESTINY TIMES SIX: Katherine deJersey: Fawcett, \$1.25::: Six case histories are explored in this book - case histories from an astrologer's files. The mumbo-jumbo surrounding the stories is window-dressing; if you read between the lines you'll be able to see how an astute person can "predict" things about you especially if you are unable to face yourself. Hardly worth the price, but an interesting tidbit of insight into the astrology game.

THE GODS OF FOXCROFT: David Levy, Pocket Books, 95¢::: The recent novel Freezing Down by Bodelsen suffered because, I suspect, of translation problems. Gods of Foxcroft suffers from none of the faults of Freezing Down in presenting a future society depending on cryogenic storage of bodies and, indeed, existing for nothing else. The hero and heroine are frozen and awakened when their diseases can be cured. The hero finds himself in a world where death isn't permitted for any reason. Not that life isn't cheap, but a resource can be used in many ways, with or without the resource holder's permission. The levels of the society depicted showing a strict separation is well done as is most of the book. Good ideas, good writing, slight copout ending but overall worth the effort to find, buy and read.

MIND DRUGS: Margaret O Hyde, Pocket Books, \$1.25::: I wish this wasn't quite so expensive or I'd advise you all to rush out and buy a copy. Not for the wretchedly convoluted logic inside or the outright lies in it, but as a study in the techniques of propaganda. Not all the sections are like this, the most notable exception being "Youth and Drug Abuse" by David E. Smith. The rest of the book is didactic, ill conceived and warped in subtle ways. The old marijuana use leads to heroin bit is here and bolstered by the awe inspiring string of letters after each author's name. I've long since ceased being impressed by the number of degrees a person has. I know PhDs who are so stupid (not ignorant, stupid) they should be shot to be put out of their misery. On the other hand, I know truly brilliant people who cannot add all those letters after their names. MIND DRUGS tries to impress you with titles. If it had attempted to impress with facts rather than misconceptions, I'd have been more favorably inclined toward it. I'd hazard a guess that this book is not intended for the people most likely to take drugs but for their parents - sort of a pat on the back and a "Well, you tried but the little brat went wrong anyway" message.

NUNQUAM: Lawrence Durrell, Pocket Books, \$1.25::: I found this a hard book to get going in and after I'd built up a little momentum, hard to keep going. Not boring, but tedious. The plot revolves around the creation of an artificial human and is no doubt steeped in Significant Messages and Profound Social Commentary. I'm not really in a position to comment one way or the other on it, since it struck me as being very mainstream and literature-like and close to uncommentable.



THE LATHE OF HEAVEN: Ursula LeGuin, SFBC, \$1.49::To date, this is the second book I'd consider for a Hugo in '71 for LAcon. The other being Swann's Forest of Forever. Lathe uses an almost classic formula in its simplicity. What if a man can change reality by dreaming? What would result? George Orr is such a man; when he dreams the world changes. Other than this one minor talent (!), he is Mr. Average. Absolutely average in everything. A decidedly different book, well told and designed to hold you to the last period. The final solution is obvious, but watching Orr come to it is in itself a joy. The backcover to the book has a picture of Mrs. LeGuin and I was most interested in studying the books on the shelf over her desk. Several Andre Norton titles like Victory on Janus, Time Traders, Yr of the Unicorn, plus West of the Sun and

Davy by Pang born and a few doubles (one of which looks like Water of Thought by Saberhagen) Funny how such things interest me. But read the book, you won't be disappointed.

THE DISAPPEARANCE: Philip Wylie, Pocket Books, 95¢::The original publication date was Jan '51. If there has been no updating, I'd say Wylie was a remarkable prophet of social change since he so accurately predicted things like Women's Lib and the Cold War, but how Americans would feel and act in everyday lives. Maybe the daily routine hasn't changed much in 20 yrs, but I think it has and Wylie has done an admirable job of mapping it out. The plot is simple. Men and women are suddenly thrust into separate but equal worlds for 4 yrs. During the 4 yrs, the relationships between people and society are examined and at the end of the period, everything snaps back to the exact instant when the split occurred. But with each retaining full knowledge of what has "happened" during those 4 yrs. This is definitely social commentary and not adventure or even sf fiction. No reason for the time split is given save a vague metaphysical one. First rate reading.

NEBULA AWARD STORIES #5: ed. James Blish, Pocket Books, 95¢::Blish claims publishing deadlines rushed him but it really doesn't show and probably doesn't matter. Included are the Nebula winners A Boy and His Dog by Ellison (one of Harlan's better efforts since I Have No Mouth), Passengers by Silverberg (a story about alien possession a la Puppet Masters), and Time Considered as a Helix...by Delany (one of those delightful almost story fragments that tantalizes and begs for a longer format). Also included are 9Lives by LeGuin (from Playboy - just shows they slip every now and then and print a worthwhile piece of sf), Not Long before the End by Niven and the Man who Learned Loving (typo'd on the backcover as The Man Who Learned Nothing - that's more apt). Pashin reviews the short fiction field in '69 and Suvin does likewise for the novel. Panshin I believe, Suvin is unconvincing in re: Zelazny and Isle of the Dead. The only story which isn't a real grabber is Niven's - the rest make this a worthwhile addition to your library.

HIJACK: Edward Wellen, Beagle, 95¢:: Can you imagine the FBI, etc. duping the Mafia into hijacking a couple starships just to get rid of them? I can't either and Wellen does nothing to convince me it would be possible. A total waste of effort reading this one.



NIGHT WALK: Bob Shaw, Avon, 60¢:: NW is well written in that disbelief is suspended while reading the book. But after I started thinking about some of the things that BoSh had been saying, it reminded me quite a bit of the old Skylark books with their pseudo-science and major-scientific-breakthru per page. Sam Tallon, spy for Earth, has gotten the coordinates of a hyperspace gate to a new Earth type planet and must get the info back. In the process, he is blinded by the heavy, tossed in jail, invents a gadget which enables him to see, travels 1000 miles back to the spaceport, gets lost in hyperspace, does what no man has ever done and mathematically determines how to use hyperspace accurately in only 9 days, blackmails Earth and the entire inhabited galaxy with his knowledge, and wins the heroine on the last page. In spite of all that, BoSh makes it an interesting and even exciting novel - while you are wrapped up in it.

ONE ON ONE: Lawrence Shainberg, Pocket Books, 95¢:: I suppose I received this one because it almost has to do with ESP. Contrary to the jacket blurb, it is not hilarious but in fact is rather grim, not particularly sexy (unless you dig sexy scenes like smeary plaster all over a guy to make a plaster mold of him), not a tender ode to basketball (rather, it would appear to me that the NBA should be suing for defamation of character) and as to being outrageous, they may have meant the price. If so, I'll grant them that. The anti-hero is a basketball player who can read the minds of his parents and girl friend. That his parents and girl friend hardly have minds to read limits the book right away. About all that is really said via social commentary is about the psychiatrist and this is done not so much with a scalpel as with a jackhammer. One on One is not sf, fantasy or even a psychological novel; mostly, it is a waste of time.

ROCKETS IN URSA MAJOR: Red & Geoffrey Hoyle, Fawcett 75¢:: For Fred Hoyle to be one of the world's leading astronomers, he manages to hide his knowledge quite well. Or perhaps he figures he has to write down to the peons. I won't detail all the details which were botched but would like to point out one on pg 140. Two characters are talking about homing devices and Fielding, the scientist hero comments, "What I did was pass a sound wave amplified many times down the laser beam, so that its noise overshadowed ours." My, my, a sound wave in outer space being sent down a laser beam. I won't say it is impossible since so little actually is impossible, but I will say that I'd have to see it occur to even begin to believe it (and even seeing it, I'd suspect a fraud). But the plot itself is the standard Hoyle alien invasion theme replete with beautiful sexless alien heroine (named Betelgeuse this time -- this must be to show he is an Astronomer). Pure cardboard characters, none of whom I believe, a plot which has been ^{done} so many times it is threadbare and lacking in the one area where the book could have been salvaged, in the hard science. Even the 1/2 hr it took to read could have better been spent watching TV.

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I've got a stack more books to be reviewed, but I'll save them for next time since I want to make a few comments on The Hellstrom Chronicle.

HC is, first of all, marvelously well photographed. The techniques used to show off the insect world to its best advantage were hardly innovative but were well used. Extreme closeup, varied lighting effects, time lapse photography, wide angles, fade outs, editing were all top notch. As a documentary on insects and arachnids, I'd probably say it is unrivalled. But as a "horror" story, a social commentary or anything else, it flops. The mad scientist shtick didn't make it and his continual anthropomorphic characterizations of the insects rankled and he only ended up contradicting himself twice in every sentence. An unreasoning creature one second becomes a malevolent, cunning creature bent on your destruction the next. An unintelligent bug becomes a conniving conqueror plotting his forays as a general would. And so forth. Adaptation to DDT is mentioned as is saying the insect's greatest advantage is mindless instinct. Great, but why wasn't it mentioned that bugs can be killed without DDT using this instinct against them? The boll weevil is nearly eradicated and the anopholes mosquito can be also by dumping millions of sterilized males in the area to be cleaned up. The mating instinct holds whether offspring are forthcoming or not. And if we guarantee that none are... But see The Hellstrom Chronicle, not for the "plot" but for the photography of the insects.

To Hell With It

The Trackless Waste

/Lots of letters this time and most so good I'm having problems picking and choosing so this installment might be a bit lengthy. If so, so be it since I enjoy getting LoCs.7

RICK SNEARY: 2926 Stana Anna St: South Gate, Calif, 90180:: ...an interesting side light on your current debat over drugs.. Your a self proclaimed non-user, and it appears from your LoC's that you have one of the "Straightest" readerships of any of the current fanzines... I'm sure you have readers that are Heads..but I mean..those in print this issue are heavey on the clear head bit -- And there is Locke and Takkett and Speer...+ "hich brings up another point, about the number of fans that have turned on...and guess as to how many. I'd say first you would have to deside where to draw the line as to who was a fan.. As at times, many of the new faces around Fandom are not fans...and this grows truer every year.. = And naturally the more you restrict the meaning, the higher the percentage of Old Time fans gets - which automaticly cuts down the percentage of used.. (If you carry it back far enough you get near zero... but of course just as politically wild.) /What you say is true given the info you have. Let me add one further datum. I've never printed any state-ment from anyone saying they've used drugs even tho I've gotten quite a few in LoCs. Reason, I have no wish to print anything that might become incriminating. I've never known of a case where a fanzine was used as evidence against anyone, but with the way things are today, I wouldn't be surprised to see it happen. If and when it does happen, it won't be with SWorm. So, a lot of the "clear heads" are at least...heads.7

/Quite a bit cut in here...one nice line I have to relate before continuing. Rick was discussing Ringworld and commented, "Still, it was a good book, in ideas, but a little hollow around the plot"....!!7

Me write Sixth Fandom material...! I'm Fifth Fandom...along with Takkett and Cox.. Actually I entered Fandom during 4th Fandom, but was not really active or a part of it.. My trouble was I was going gafia by mid-6th. Hoffman, Silverberg, Balmer, Willis, Tucker..those are the names that I think of in regard to 6th..though if I had a few of the fanzines index by age I could think of more. It was the last days of Fandom as it was...when we were a band of brothers (you know about family fights?)..There was both a degree of polish to the best writing and a happy gayety... rather than the cynical brand of gayety we have been getting sense..

Passing remarks on Lacon..uf there is even a 10% chance you are coming -- and I hope there is more than that -- the friendly word is, send in a room reservation as soon as the cards are out (with the next PR, after the first of the year). There are only 600 rooms and when they are gone, the over-flow hotel is $\frac{1}{4}$ mile away (the nearest, too). Also I'm working for Len Moffatt in the Auction Dept. My job is to write and ask for Auction material, then catalog and store whatever turns up. I would like to look to other fans for ideas of people to write, outside the normal circle... Names and addresses that is...A lot of space art is being used in advertising these days...I hope I can get a lie on some of it...

/If you people out there can help . Rick - and Lacon - and ultimately yourselves - please write him at 2962 Santa Ana St, South Gate, Calif, 90280 rather than the butchered adress I used above. They are both supposed to be the same, but this one is closer to reality.7

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I received a letter from The Imperial Travel Service addressed to: The Residents
PO Box 11352

Which makes me feel kind of small...

Buck Coulson: Rt 3, Hartford City, Ind. 47348:: Crusader Service Center, Horses Fueled, Hooves checked, Visors Cleaned, Armor Vacuumed & Deloused::: I go along with you on minding one's own business. The fact that I stand to benefit from a particular action of another person does not give me any right to compel that person to act for my benefit. Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin died, and that's their hard luck, not mine. They had a perfect right to do whatever they wanted to themselves. Or on another plane, a singer I was particularly fond of, Glenn Yarbrough, retired at age 40. Does Stooker have the incredible gall to say that Yarbrough's fans have a right to compel him to continue working his ass off for their benefit? Up yours, Rick; the world does not revolve around your inconveniences. Sure it would affect the whole damn world if Nixon committed suicide, but what's that go to do with it? Your attitude - that the majority have the right to compel anyone to any action that they feel benefits them - is the most incredibly totalitarian philosophy that I ever heard of. You could give points to Hitler.

Nothing like changing from comment-through-the editor to direct-comment-to-the writer in one paragraph. I must have been worked up; well, I just took a Haysmax and it heightens what few emotions I have, as well as lousing up my typing.

/A sage philosopher once commented "If a man can't act like a bastard every now and then, what fun is there in life?"

I agree with Muldowny on drugs - anybody who has to expand his consciousness via LSD doesn't have a very big consciousness to start with. Same thing, of course, for those who have to "loosen up" with alcohol at a party before they can enjoy themselves. (If the party isn't enjoyable when I'm sober, I leave and find one that is.)

Yes, but, Rick, I don't think watching violence on tv contributes to violence in the streets, either. Somewhat to the contrary, in fact. What contributes to violence in the streets is a combination of boredom and ample evidence that criminals and rowdies do not always come to a sticky end, as we were taught as youths, but quite often live to a vicious and profitable old age. /One look at the government - any government - bears that out.../

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HORRIBLE OLD ROY TACKETT: 915 Green Valley Rd NW, Albq. NM 87107::: If Dublin can have a Jewish mayor then why couldn't there be a Jewish leprechaun? Ha!

I was sort of dozing my way through Sandworm, nodding my head and chuckling lightly and muttering un-huh when I came to Victor Boruta's third paragraph. You should have warned me he was writing a funny.

"...beneficient for hunting and assorted practices, which was the livelihood of the people some 15 centuries ago." Indeed? He is talking about Europe? Ah, yes, he says so in the next sentence.

Except for the far Arctic fringe, the last hunting culture passed out of existence in Europe around 3000 BC. Which is a lot closer to 50 centuries than it is to 15. Agriculture was the livelihood for the people 15 centuries ago -- hunting was supplemental. Further, Boruta implied that the Mother Goddess is a fairly recent development of "witchcraft".

The Mother Goddess is one of man's oldest religious figures whose worship can be traced back to what is called the Gravettian culture, hunters who ranged Europe between the Alps/Carpathians and the ice some 25,000 yrs ago. The Mother religion can pretty well be traced out of Europe and around thru the middle east and then back to western Europe via the Mediterranean. So far as we can tell when man first began to get ideas about religion the Mother Goddess was one of the first deities. She survives even today in Christianity.

Suggest that Mr. Boruta needs to do a great deal more research. Maybe if you prod me enough, and are really interested - which I doubt - I'll do you a paper on the origins of witchcraft and satanism. /Where'd I put that electric cattle prod? It's around here somewhere.../

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RICK STOOKER: 735B Hudson Hall, U of Mo., Columbia, Mo, 65201::: Death is tragic no matter in which form it comes. But Hendrix and Joplin didn't die in car wrecks, and chances are they'd be alive today if they hadn't done smack. Agreed, we couldn't stop either of them from what they were doing, but personal decisions, made by talented people, do affect all who appreciate their talent. One man died, one woman. How many future albums? Two so far for Hendrix - Cry of Love and Rainbow Bridge, Pearl for Joplin and I've heard rumors of another. Shouldn't their deaths make you appreciate them more? You're hung up on a variation of "the world owes me a living". The closest I can come to agreeing with such a sentiment was expressed in one of the JAirplane songs in After Bathing at Baxter's...the line went something like "...I'd rather have my country die for me..."

They made their choices and if life was such unbearable torture for them that they couldn't see any alternatives, I wouldn't be the one to play Inquisition just so I could hear more music -- but I'm trying to make you see that these choices affected many more people than solely Hendrix and Joplin. And I'm agreeing that their choices did affect their fans - what I vehemently disagree with is that their fans have one iota of right to choose how JH & JJ should live...or die.

Bob, an addict isn't Phil Dick on acid or Ted White (who hasn't made a secret of this, I think) blowing grass at Fanoclast meetings. You realize that in both cases what you are saying is merely hearsay? An addict physically needs so much of his narcotic (smack, snow, morphine, etc. Not acid or grass) a day. And that amount keeps increasing, as his body develops a tolerance. And the addict must have that hit. And it costs money. Could Zelazny or Delany make fifty dollars a day by writing? Probably not, but Hendrix and Joplin could. And your contention that coke is addictive like smack is untrue. Coke is closer chemically to speed than it is to heroin.

You see, Bob, no one "wants" to become an addict. We couldn't stop Zelazny or Delany from experimenting so much they did become addicts, but I'd rather see them become truck drivers, for that, at least, would be a decision voluntarily made and not forced on them by their physical dependence on a chemical substance. From what I've been told, one hit does not make for physical addiction. It does feel indescribably great and this is what brings a potential addict back again and again until he does become an addict. And this is a decision voluntarily made - I think most addicts can see what getting hooked will be like and they choose to get hooked and feel good while they're up. But this decision is made before physical addiction.

....Contrary to what I said in my last LoC, I am in favor of legalizing grass, not so anybody can go to ~~hell~~ their own way, but because I don't think anyone would go to hell on grass. I am not in favor of legalizing narcotics, acid, amphetamines or any other drug currently not available without a prescription.

And I hope yo do see now that no one (especially famous people, as we were talking about) can choose to do hard dope without affecting other people. If your best friend died of an OD tomorrow, would you be quite so complacent? Considering one of my very good friends is currently trying to kick smack and another says he does smack every once and awhile, the question is fairly pertinent. I'd hate like hell to have to go to either one's funeral, but the decision is entirely theirs. In the former case, he knows what I think about it but it was his own determination to kick that'll carry him thru, not my disapproval which might have conceivably guaranteed he'd never stop. In the latter case, I respect his knowledge of how far to go. In both cases, tho, the decision is not up to me in any way, shape or form. If I wanted to shoot up, the decision would be mine, not theirs. And a few months ago an acquaintance of mine did OD. The people he was with appeared to have just dumped him in a field when they found he'd offed himself. Most regrettable, but again, nothing I could do and more importantly, nothing I had any right trying to do. TANSTAAFL works more ways than one, a person has to pay the price for everything including living.

Speed kills but getting there is half the fun

Enough heavy stuff like that. And heading them offutt the pass is...

andrew j. offutt: Funny Farm, Haldeman, Ky, 40329::: Your envelope started it off by making me laugh aloud. That stamp cost Vardeman maybe 2 bucks and what a ball he's having with it, stamping, "bah humbug" on things. Outtasight. /Really, my parents gave me the stamp for Xmas last yr. This yr they gave me a case of wine. Practical people, my folks.7

Reading along: Oh-oh. Somebody's on to Project Gobi-Rip-off. Put him on the list. (Have I ever gotten Sandworm before? Why? Why not?) "Hey, this stuff's getting funny. How DO you properly interfere with a corpse? Don't know. You don't catch me interferin with no corpses nohow, man. No necrofeelin' for me. But if I did I'd certainly do it properly. I'd have a chaperon. Van Helsing would be cool. /Reminds me of the 2 necrophiles passing by the cemetery. One turns to the other and asks, "Got time for a couple cold ones?"7

Re the elections in Saigon. I spose you know the final result. The score between people and politicians was Thieu to nothing. /Well, a lot of people wanted to lock up Saigon and throw away the Ky...7

So glad you saw The Assassination Bureau. Wasn't that a delight? Pre-technological secret agent thriller. Fast in my memory is the big marvy mind-blowing secret turning wall, straight out of SMERSH - except that it was hand cranked by the butler!

I'd like to respond to your "Let's hear it for apathy". But it's just too much trouble.

How do you feel about priests getting married, Vardeman? (I think it's OK so long as they love each other). /I'd heard that the priests had been told it was all right to kiss a nun as long as they didn't get into the habit...7

Leafing through--ohmigod.

HERE's why I got this thing. God, it's that awful dragge George Proctor, the one that showed up so ucking late for our picnic in the Martha Mitchell Suite in Dallas. Dumb creep. Can't even spell my last name right. /Mea culpa typo.7

Damn him!

This is really nasty, calling Jodie the hairy-faced offut (T,godd mmit, t, two t's, you Tterrible Ttexican!) Just because she got the Lafferty Curse. And Proctor's got it wrong. Friend artist Mayes wasn't fondling a bottle of tequila while his wife Barbara sat by his side. The bottle sat by Mayes' side, and Mayes was (is this a Family Fanzine?) /No, the Mafia does not finance SWorm...7

Den of gluttony! That is the funniest thing that dumbhead Dallasite ever said (I take it back. I distinctly remember that he said 'Spiro' once.)

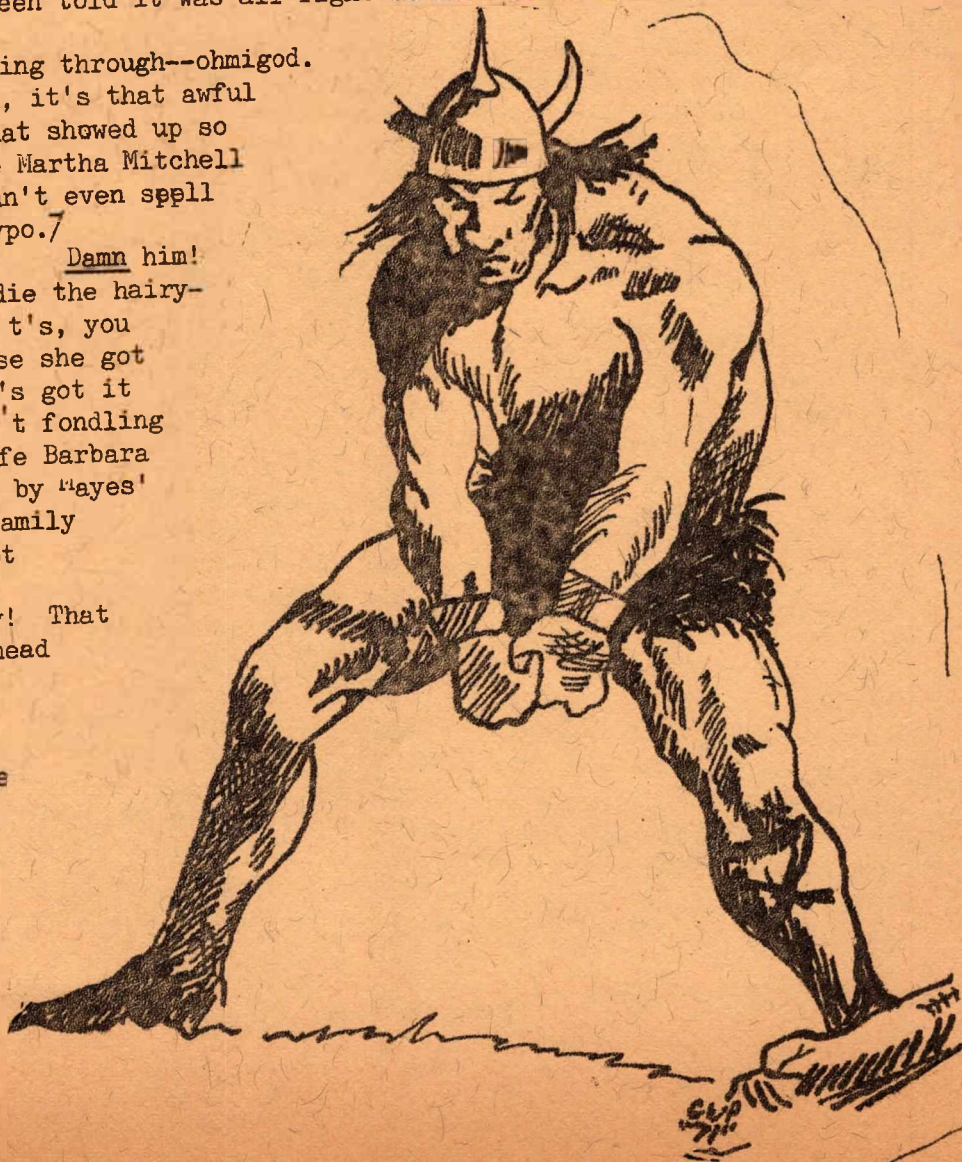
There

were NO Vienna sausages. HATE those godawful things, you Western Winklehead.

Q. What's more tasteless than a viennasausage?

A. Martha Mitchell.

Offutt don't call his Jodie 'dear'. It's either 'Jodie' or 'D.C.' or



or 'Sexqueen', you Dallas dingbat. And Jodie would NEVER use the plural verb 'are' along with the singular 'one of those', in the manner of some nauseously nincompoopish newspaperman. I beat all the dumminess out of her years ago.

YOU MEAN THAT'S ALL HE WROTE?

Gor, I was just beginning to get interested in his fictive meanderings!

Seriously folks, delightful. I'm not too interested in all this sercon pap Vardeman uses to fill in the empty space between the marvy hoho clever interlineations. Sandworm is fun because Vardeman possesses a — hopefully — irrepressible sense of humor. Even if he does let that egregiously illiterate Proctor foist off on him his morbid little slice-of-life dream phantasies. Wonder if it's friendship or blackmail? /Neither. Friends I have in fandom, ~~blackmailers~~ I have in fandom also (hi, Kay), but in George's case it is sheer terror. He sent me several letters telling of how Frog ate the postman for brunch, carried off a Greyhound(bus) and once playfully uprooted a telephone pole. Then George casually remarks that he has a con report that I might be interested in. He can either send it to me or have Frog bring it. I consider the case and decide cowardice would enable me to carry on my sordid existence for a while longer.

/As to my having an irrepressible sense of humor, I once considered working as a good humor man but my humours were all wrong for it. It would have been a bile job anyway./

/*/

Nymphomaniacs screw around a lot.

Is it true offutt writes under a pseudonym?

I once met an erotic telepath who gave me a piece of her mind

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The VI Wives of Henry the 8th is currently being rerun, uncut on NET. Much better not having to sit thru all those feminine hygiene spray commercials, preparation H demonstrations and admonitions to buy war bonds. Does make it a bit sticky, tho, trying to figure out when to go get another glass of wine.

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BOB BLOCH::: Many thanks for Sandworm #15 and the con-reports - all enjoyable reading. My personal favorite among the reams is Wally Conger's book review of STEAL THIS BOOK, plus the editorial comment which follows. This is one of the most incisive analyses of the field I've yet seen. ie, the "Anti-Establishment" writer, musician, film-maker, composer, artist, etc. who gets rich by using the very capitalistic tactics he is supposedly opposing. I don't condone violence, but I have a good deal more respect for a street-fighting militant than for a "protest singer" who howls noble sentiments on cue, for half a million a year. Anyhow, Merry Xmas to all --- including you!

/*/

TERRY HUGHES: 407 College Ave: Columbia, Mo, 65201::: /From a couple letters, the first being from a letter in August/ You echoed my own thoughts about the FCC anti-drug song actions. They had been getting more and more reasonable in their rules regarding profanity, and then they drop this bomb. I guess it is just too much for them when country stations started playing "One Toke Over the Line" by Brewer and Shipley. I doubt if it will really do much good, though, other than eliminate a lot of good songs from getting airplay. It will fail in its mission regardless of what it does, there's no way straights (those that run the FCC) will be able to keep up on all the various slang names for the various "assassins of youth".

Yes, indeed, that ad proves you're hooked on smack if you wear long sleeves is irritating, but I just laugh at it; it's almost as funny as the ad asking "Why do you think they call it dope??" Around here we throw that question into conversations or in lulls of talking, but only when its inappropriate. My favorite answer is "...well, the word mayonnaise was already used...!"

...Speaking of Jesus rock (Schweitzer

mentioned the Vatican and JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR in his letter) I recently saw Dick Clark that ghost of the fifties that haunts us still, on an insipid talk show talking about

current rock music. They touched on Jesus rock, particularly a song called PUT YOUR HAND IN THE HAND OF THE MAN FROM GALILEE -- top 40 radio is not worth listening to nowadays, it's filled with BAD songs, this is one such. /Yet the bubblegummers bought it - it was one of the 40 best selling records all yr long. #35 or so. The top 10 sellers (singles) shows how powerful a market the sub and early teens have. Witness: 1. Joy to the World 2. Maggie May by Rod Stewart 3. It's Too Late by Carole King (should have been #1 in my book - either this or I Feel the Earth Move) 4. Wanted by the Osmonds 5. How Do You Mend a Broken Heart by the BeeGees 6. Indian Reservation by the Raiders 7. Go Away Little Girl by the Osmonds 8. Take Me Home, Country Road by John Denver 9. Just My Imagination by the Temptations 10. Knock 3 times by Dawn in the next 20 spaces are only a couple I even remotely liked. 11. Me and Bobby McGee by Joplin, 17. You've Got a Friend by James Taylor 20. Night they Drove Old Dixie Down....out of the "top 40" there are only a handful of any quality.7

Clark

said he liked the record but that he wouldn't play it on his American Bandstand show because he didn't want to risk offending a biblebelt viewer who might get pissed if he (she) saw kids dancing to a song about Jesus. Just thought I'd share that informational gem with you.

...Roy Tackett and Bob Tucker did two really fine pieces for this issue /#157. Why don't you feature them every time? (How? You ask. Why, threaten them with the Use of Force and Other Unmentionables.) /Threaten Tackett with force? He's a retired sergeant of Marines! Besides, he has a BIIIG dog and I'm easily intimidated by BIIIIIG dogs. I'm not sure how Tucker would respond to being offered an unmentionable. I guess it would depend on the type of unmentionable and if anyone was still wearing it. But the idea of having them, even on a semi-regular basis pleases me. Roy? Bob?7

I agree with George Proctor's comments on how actions to half the flow of cannabis has increased the sales of speed. It also helps heroin, for when Nixon really got going strong about border checks for grass, thing's got so bad in the east that a lid was going for \$23 in New York City while the cost of a fix was dropped to \$3 in an effort to recruit more users. In this part of the country, there is a heroin trade, but the Mafia makes its money selling speed and Associated Amphetamines. Abbie Hoffman or some other Yippies wrote recently that the drug scene has changed very much. Now the in things are the rich folks drugs -- cocaine and heroin -- instead of the poor people's drugs-- marijuana and LSD. There is a liberalization of drug laws going on now, B D Arthurs. Mo. recently made it a misdemeanor to possess under 35 grams of grass or under 5 grams of hash for a first offense. Of course, the number of arrests of users is up now since they are more open about it now. And it is a felony on the second offense.

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Let's find out what's really meant by Margo Lane being Lamont
Cranston's friend and companion

/*/

Let me make one thing
perfectly clear: ONE
THING--contemporary GOP
leader.

As you know, this is the worst
storm that has been recorded in
the one hundred years of
recording storms in the United
States, and that means that it is
probably the worst in terms of
damage, physically, that any state
in any area has ever
suffered--Richard Nixon,
Gulfport, Miss., 1969. (Thanks for
clearing it up Dick.)

2nd St., #21, Phoenix 85008: In your comments to my letter in Sandworm #15, you say that I have "...just condemned better than 70% of the US population to the shrinks..." That is absolutely correct, although I would estimate the figure to be nearer 90%. The mind is the measure of humanity. I am proud of my mind, of my intelligence, of my power to reason, because that is what raises me above the state of an animal. I try to keep my mind working properly at all times. This precludes the use of drugs, stimulants, sedatives or other mind affecting substances, except for medical use, and even those should be used as little as possible. If this means that I must experience grief, anger, shame, alongside with happiness, pride and the other joyful emotions, so be it. When I see people taking drugs, alcohol, smoking (nicotine), it frightens me. It frightens me horribly. I cannot understand their viewpoint. It is totally alien to me. Your opening statement sounds suspiciously like "Everyone, save me and thee, is insane....and I am not so sure about thee." Hope you don't feel too persecuted. As to the alcohol, drugs, tobacco, etc. it sounds like something religious. The Mormons believe somewhat the same; is your belief of a religious origin or is it merely a personal view? If it is religious, I won't try to argue with you. However, if it is personal, how do you get your kicks? Granted, you can have fun without booze, drugs, etc. but don't you ever unwind? A movie title comes to mind, what's so bad about feeling good? Have you ever tried liquor, grass, cigarettes to see how you'd like them? Or are you somehow afraid you would enjoy yourself?? I'm afraid your attitude is alien to me. And I know I don't have a green complexion, stand 3 feet high (often much higher than that) or have a pair of antennae growing out of my head.7

I will try to clarify my views on criminals. Now, the guy who smokes grass knows he is committing a crime. He should therefore be ready to take the responsibility that goes with such an act; namely, if he is caught, he should go willingly to jail. If a person drives a speeding car into a brick wall, he should be prepared to have some broken bones. A few years ago, I was driving in a strange section of town, looking for an address, and I stupidly ran a red light. Fortunately, it was late at night and there was only one other car around...a police car. I got a ticket, of course. The ticket was due to my own carelessness and I took the responsibility of my carelessness and gladly paid the fine. And I've been a more careful driver since then. (Incidentally, you might be interested in to know that, as far back as I can remember, I have never knowingly broken any laws. I admit I may have without realizing it.) Correction: once, in grade school, I cheated on a test. I put down answers that I knew were wrong because I was afraid that if I got too good grades, I wouldn't have any friends. But that incident gave me such horrible guilt feelings that I never did it again. That's what I meant. Willingly go to jail? Hardly - that's what lawyers are for. I guess from my unenlightened, plebian, janitor-like view of the world, I've been far too independent about the laws. If I'd been caught for everything I've done, from simple things like running a stop sign up thru my more heinous crimes against humanity, I'd be serving a 20 to life up in Santa Fe. That's running everything consecutively. Concurrently, I'd only be up there for about 5 yrs or so. It is interesting to note that the only time I was ever busted for anything, I was caught in what is euphemistically called a set-up. Entrapment is the legal term. The clown up in Santa Fe needed some \$\$\$ for his coffers then, and entrapment is an easy way to get it. You'd probably be sorry I didn't get 6 months for it because, at that time, I was dealing in booze and other fine potables.7

As for the Dallas ordinance you mentioned, I doubt if it's enforceable, because too damn many people do spend their time "walking about aimlessly, without apparent purpose lingering, hanging around, etc." And yes, I would obey that law because if I'm not doing something (even if it's only reading an issue of Sandworm) I tend to turn into a gibbering idiot. Anyone who spends his time "walking about aimlessly" etc is a fool. Life's too short to waste it. Also, what if the loiterers were blocking pedestrian traffic? Wouldn't that justify removing them? The fool, Vardeman, here. I actually enjoy walking about aimlessly. In fact, I spent about 3 hrs this weekend doing it. I just set out towards the mountains with no goal in mind. Just walking and enjoying the sunshine, clear sky (smog's been bad) and the feel of just walking. I'd say life's too short to pass up such beauty by filling your life with meaningless activity (perhaps SWorm falls in there). I find it relaxes me or even sometimes, lets me think of things other than mundania. As to blocking traffic, if enough fools like me were to wander about aimlessly, then there'd be fewer people driving and the problem would solve itself. I've even been known to stand and just watch people. Sad, how a good boy can go bad like that, isn't it?7

221,451

NOVELTY PISTOL

Marvin C. Hewett, 5273 Independence Road

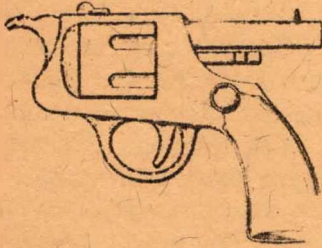
Boulder, Colo. 80302

Filed Mar. 10, 1970, Ser. No. 21,838

Term of patent 7 years

Int. Cl. D21-01

U.S. Cl. D34-15



One further comment. Are you saying a law is unenforcible if too many people ignore the law? There may be hope for us, yet.

As for toilets: There already is an ~~Ann~~ Rand toilet. You have to pay a dime to get in.

Just heard this on the radio: Santa is Satan spelled sideways.

As to how to properly interfere with a corpse, one should wear a black suit and a solemn expression.

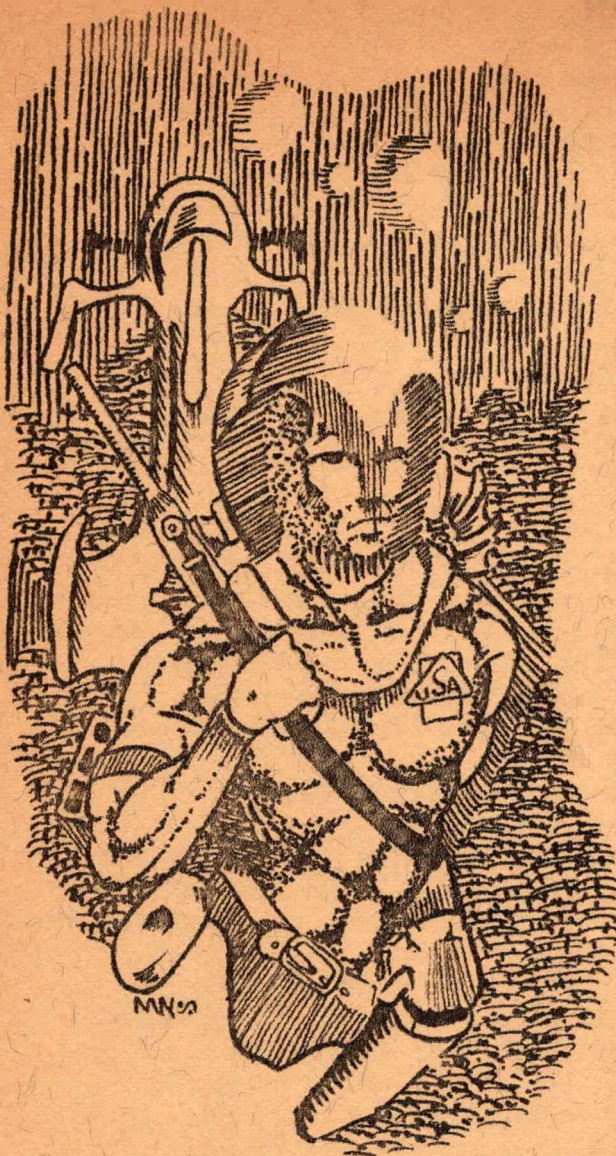
A few words on American prison systems: American prisons, for the most part, are best suited to keep vegetables in. Most prisoners go off their bean from nothing to do. Boredom is certainly no aid in rehabilitation. There are two possible courses to correct this: One, activities can be established to give the cons something to do. The problem with that is the cons might misuse the activities, like the

three guys who built a tank in the metalshop and crashed thru the gate. The other possibility is to shorten the sentences to about two or three weeks, but really give'em Hell. A snake pit is good for this sort of thing. It's not too bad when they crawl over your body and hiss at you, but when snakes begin to nibble at your toes, one really swears off crime in a hurry. Is this what happened to you? Snakes nibbling at your toes? I'd say snakes are most unsuited for nibbling activities, rather they swallow their prey whole. Rats, now, there are some great nibblers. Remember Winston Smith? He didn't like rats. But he liked Big Brother. Finally. He was rehabilitated.

I joined the army and report for basic training January 24th. I could give you my reasons, but I doubt if you'd understand them or approve of them if I did. Strange thing, though, a lot of my friends and family tell me they assumed I would be a conscientious objector. I don't believe that I've ever said anything to give them that impression. I believe that as long as there are conflicting ideologies, there's going to be conflict between them. In a very short while, all your philosophies will cease being conflicting because the Army has ways very similar to those mentioned above in stopping people from thinking. I trust your vaunted intellect isn't too destroyed by the prospect of being turned into an animal. But what do I know; I just build atomic bombs for a living.

Phosphate vs. low phosphate detergents: The government is taking a ridiculous stand on this. They say that if a kid eats some low-phosphate detergent, it might kill him, so people should use the old polluting phosphate stuff. Does this mean that phosphate detergents are okay to eat? Besides, I always thought that detergent was used to wash clothes, not as the entree for dinner. The obvious solution is to use a low phosphate detergent, and keep the stuff out of the kid's reach, like you do with insecticide, floor cleaner, and other potential poisons. Better yet, don't have any kids and help fight the population explosion. You overlook the fact that phosphate detergents are more efficient and you have to use far more of the low-phosphate detergent for the same result. Besides, if the children eat the low phosphate detergent, that'll serve the same ends as not having any kids won't it?

Amchitka: Buncha asshole conservationists shouting their heads off over nothing. I knew that there wouldn't be any earthquakes, etc. The bomb was only five megatons and that ain't near enough powerful to cause the effects the conservationists were hoping for (and they were definitely hoping for a disaster, to show what inhuman monsters the AEC is made of. Shee). Likewise, I doubted any of the dire predictions from talks with people who are experts in the field of nuclear detonations. What really pisses me off is that these selfsame conservationists said not one damned word when the Chinese set off their atmospheric blast and dumped a thousand times more fallout on Japan, Canada and the US than a thousand yrs of underground testing could cause. They are most silent about all that strontium falling down on us. And what of the French and their testing in the Cameroons? Somehow only the US can be cast as the villain in this play.



STEVE JOHNSON: Gen. Delivery, Tangent, Ore, 97389::

Agree with you very much on "social crimes" as discussed in Giudichar in SW 14. I'm constantly amazed by the number of people who think like Rick Stoker on the subject of nasty and evil drugs and self-destruction. I can understand their argument that the individual's actions should be restricted so as not to go against the cultural mores and hurt the feelings of family and friends, but I guess I'm too hung up on the individual's having as much freedom as possible for me to buy their line. I realize that any "social crimes" I might commit can very well cause other people a lot of genuine pain and grief. I suppose it could be considered heartless to say "it's your bad trip, not mine" to a mother who freaking out 'cause she found a joint in her son's laundry and thinks he's going to wind up a junkie...but it is true.

Or to be more concrete, some of my friends of years past are getting into the smack scene, very mildly but into it: a couple junk weekends a month or so. (They'd probably be doing it more often but the closest source of smack is usually forty miles from here and even there it isn't a regular thing -- yet.) I won't be too surprised if they wind up full fledged smack heads.

Now these are honest to ghu friends, one of them very close to me in the past. I personally dislike the scene they're getting into but I see no point in trying to talk them out of it. They're intelligent people, all of them, and they've made their decisions, and I'm not

about to bum myself out because of the way they're living, if for no other reason than I think my own life is enough to worry over, when I'm inclined to worrying about things.

This sort of thinking isn't going to console X's mother if X OD's; it wasn't intended to, either. And at this point likely nothing is going to console her.

Maybe I'm making an uncalled for inference from Stoker's letter, but when he wrote about Joplin and Hendrix, saying that rock fans are "poorer" for their deaths, he seems to say that they made themselves some sort of social property by being artists, with the attendant obligation to run their lives for the benefit of other people. That appalls me, as you could probably have guessed.

About Contac and belladonna: my mother once took three Contacs within 6 hours, which came close to freaking her out, I think. She described it as an incredibly bad headache and hallucinations so bad she couldn't see more than a couple feet in front of her; from what I've heard of belladonna trips from other sources, that is understating the matter considerably.

...I find the position of the US Army on drugs most interesting. It used to be that any potential draftee who admitted to using weed or any other illegal drug was given an automatic 1-Y or 4-F. More recently the army seems to have changed its opinion of dope. At my pre-induction physical last February, anyone who mentioned drug use to the examining personnel was asked if he had shot speed, smack or methadon in the last two weeks; if no was the answer, the individual was said fit for service, other things being equal.

A couple months ago an acquaintance who had fresh tracks on both arms was said to be fit for service;

the two week rule has evidently been dropped. I've since been told -- and how true this is, I'm not sure -- that to be rejected for service for drug use a person has to have enough scar tissue to account for a year of more of shooting up plus fresh tracks.

Does this mean the army's lowering its standards due to shortage of troops? Or decided that the old standards eliminated people who would be as good as the soldiering game as their non-drug using brothers? /Maybe they just figured it would save some time after they sent them to Vietnam...they would already have a habit and wouldn't have to acquire one on Army time.7

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Laws, like cobwebs, entangle the weak and are broken
by the strong

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MILT STEVENS: 130 S. Oxford Ave #8, LA, Calif 90004:: In Sandworm #14, I think Rick Sneary has a point regarding civil rights laws. If it were accepted as a general legal principle that no crime could occur without injury to a victim, many civil rights laws would not stay on the books. Presuming that people still wanted to pass civil rights laws, the principle of injury would have to be extended to include injury to the public. Then you could not only pass civil rights laws but also illegalize all the things which are now illegal.

The concept of injury to the public is the foundation of most of the laws against what might be considered social crimes. The principle is not a bad one. I think that it could reasonably be argued that both doping and drinking are injurious to the public because they destroy productivity of a considerable number of citizens. However, a really effective enforcement program against these two vices would cost a society more than the vices would. So it is economically impractical to avoid all of the social costs of doping and drinking. That does not prove that some of the costs may not be avoided. /Our basic philosophies are widely divergent... you seem to be saying that the individual exists to produce for the good of the public, and I say screw the public good if an individual wants to do something to himself. I don't look at myself as being a servant of "The Public" even tho, I suppose, everyone is in some way or another if they perform some service. Why should I care what the public good is when the public obviously wouldn't shed a tear if I mysteriously vanished right now?7

At least some of our laws regarding alcohol seem to have been framed with the idea of lowering the social cost of drinking. Thus drinking is limited to adults and alcohol is heavily taxed in order to reduce the volume of alcohol demanded by the public. Any legalization of drugs will probably be quite partial for similar reasons. Marijuana will probably be legalized for adults with a fairly heavy tax attached. Seconal (reds) is possibly the most lethal drug, although it is legal with a prescription. The solution there would not be a user tax but a producer tax. Make it unprofitable for the pharmaceutical houses to flood the country with the stuff. LSD and the other psychedelics will probably remain entirely illegal. It might be reasonable to legalize heroin for licensed users. In other words, if you're already using the stuff the government will sell it to you for cheapsies to avoid the crimes you would commit in order to pay for the stuff at street prices.

Of course, my reasoning presumes that economics will be the deciding factor in the legalization of drugs. Economics isn't the only deciding factor for everything, but about 75% of the time it is. Once upon a time, large families were an economic asset to both the individual and society. During that period, there were laws against homosexuality, prostitution, abortion and birth control in general. Now that large families are no longer an asset it's a little hard to imagine why such laws were ever passed. If our population continues to increase at the present rate, citizens of the year 2100 may find it hard to understand why laws against cannibalism were ever enforced. /Are there laws in the US against cannibalism? However, the crux of the matter isn't so much that the laws exist but getting rid of them once they are on the books. But I think there are too many laws anyway.7

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cover by potential Hugo winner Grant Canfield

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backcover pertinent and impertinent newspaper clippings

This has been SANDWORM #16 totally published, partly written and poorly executed by Bob Vardeman, PO Box 11352, Albuquerque, NM 87112. SWorm is always available for things like contributions of written or artistic nature, trade, letters of comment, or you rich capitalist robber barons, 50¢ (6 eight cent stamps will do, provided you haven't slobbered all over them first).

Tackett once did this to me and now I'll pass the favor along. All you faneditors wanting to contribute to the downfall of an otherwise normal human being can send your zine to Sal diMaria, 3405 21st Ste. SE, Rio Rancho Estates, NM, 87124. Sal actually had the nerve to ask me about fmz. Hoboy, is he ever in for it now.

Should list the WAHF here: ROSE HOGUE, DOUG WENDT, SCRATCH BACHARACH, BILL WOLFENBARGER, RICHARD SMOOT, weird HAROLD WILSON, DORIS 'the elder' BEETEM, good old ED SMITH, FORKED TONGUE LAWYER LARRY PROPP (who is preparing a model contract for small, regional conventions), LANE LAMBERT (whom I have neglected sending anything to...sorry), LORD DANIEL SAY OF THE NORTHERN MARCHES, ERIC LINDSAY FROM DOWN UNDER, PAUL ANDERSON from the same place, JERRY LAPIDUS many times, JOANNE BURGER, BILL 'SWAMPY' MARSH, RAYMOND L CLANCY, ALJO SVOBODA, NED BROOKS, HANK DAVIS as mentioned, MIKE KRING, ANN CHAMBERLAIN, C LEE HEALY, VINCENT DI FATE, HAPPY MIKE HORVAT, KAY ANDERSON, ALEXIS GILLILAND (who likes chili in his beans) and KEN SCHER for the NFAS of the N3F. I think that's all. If not, sorry.

Dedicated to MS who brings light into an otherwise dark universe

Poland and New Mexico are about the same size. Which explains a lot of things if you stop to think about it.

The largest nude sea- and sunbathing camp in the world is Montalivet on the west coast of France, which has a population of up to 10,000 naturists.

Cancer cures smoking.

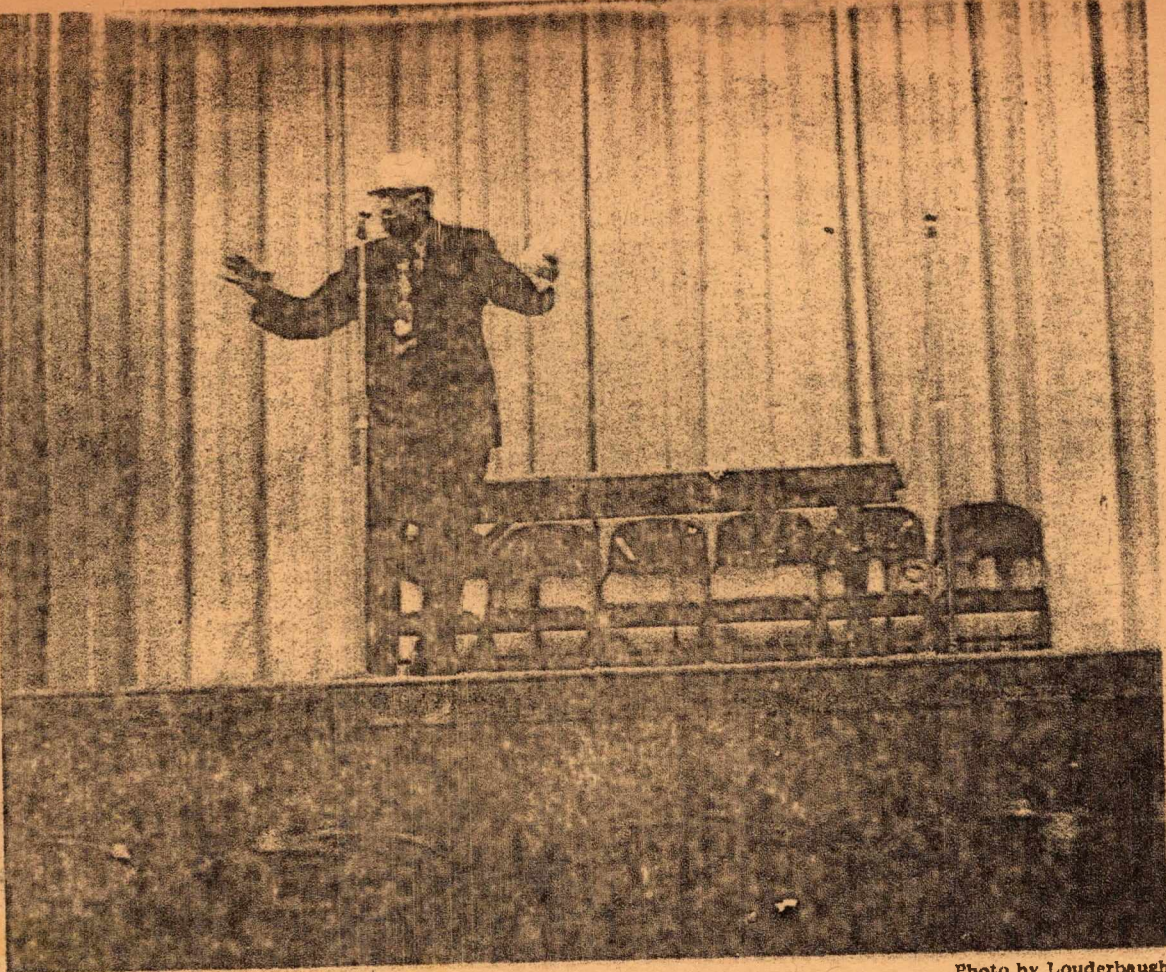


Photo by Louderbaugh

City Commission candidate Raymond Garvey (shown above) and his many opponents gathered for a forum with students Thursday in the Union Ballroom. ASUNM sponsored the gathering in an attempt to bring the issues closer to the students and vice-versa. Somehow, it didn't come off as well as it might have. The candidates were there. The public address system was all set up. The floor was covered with folding chairs. But almost no one showed up to listen.

Pep Rally

Another candidate for the four-year term, Raymond Garvey, would also fire Wilson "over the garbage mess." Beyond this, however he would also fire Chief of Police Donald Byrd "because he is not training the police to repel the impending invasion of this country by the Russians."

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

Additionally, Garvey said that the County Sheriff is the only police officer who has "any" constitutional authority to enforce the law.

Two-Year Terms

He also said the city's news media are controlled by the "city's enemies and we must find some other ways to get the truth out." One such way, he suggested, is to place bulletin boards in City Hall which can only be used by private citizens.



Guerrilla Sabotage Fails

Judge Fines Iowa Man \$50 For Assault With a Cupcake
CEDAR FALLS, Iowa (AP)—A youth has been fined \$50 in Municipal Court here for assaulting a grocery store manager with a cream-filled cupcake.
Jerry Lytle Dutcher, 18, entered a guilty plea Friday to a charge of assault with battery which arose from an incident at Ronald Hughes, the manager, said in asked Dutcher and other youths to leave the store Aug. 25.
Dutcher refused and smeared the cupcake on his shirt.

Personal Notices
WANTED: ex-cheater and machine sculptor to run New Mexico Consulate in Bath, England. Anti-Career Placement Center, Albuquerque, N.M.
WE Buy hand and power tools for cash. Also some to rent. Bring your equipment and machinery in and let us put it to work for you. 377-5139.
STEAM Bath, massage and shower, Monday, Wednesday, Friday by appointment. 236-1834.
INCREDIBLE Bible prophecies, involve this generation. Small group sessions. 247-0331, 198-2688. Christian Christian Counseling.

Martha Washington Complained in Letter About Air Pollution

FORT WASHINGTON, Pa. (UPI)—A letter complaining about Philadelphia air pollution causing "sore eyes in many people, including my husband and myself" was auctioned for \$3000 Saturday.
The letter was written by Martha Washington to a niece, Fanny Washington, on April 13, 1794, and was part of rare documents auctioned for a total of \$41,740.

Bruce and Bernard Gimelson, of nearby Chalfont, Pa., declined to name the buyers of the nearly 250 rare autographs, letters and books.
At least five of the Revolutionary War vintage letters were written by or signed by George Washington.
One Washington letter sold at \$2500 attempted to barter "25 barrels of flour for a she-ass."

This is the place to be

SPLENDOR IN THE GRASS

Apathy is... oh hell! Why on his wedding night after his marriage to a girl named Lidico. Apathy is... oh hell! Why explain it and nobody will read this stupid thing anyway.

STATE OF THE UNION

The filler reserved for this space as abducted by a band of rignands. A ransom is being offered.