

RACK MONSTER....

....MAY BE MOBILE

YES, IT IS NOW BELIEVED THE ECM RACK MONSTER POSSESSES MOBILE CAPABILITIES. A CANDID PERSONAL INTERVIEW WITH IC2 LLEWELLYN HAS REVEALED THE PRESENCE OF RACK MONSTER LIKE OCCURANCES. HERE ARE THE FACTS LEADING TO THAT MOST LIKELY CONCLUSION.

LLEWELLYN: "I WAS FIELD-DAYING BACK BEHIND THE MACHINERY TWO SUB PUMP HOSE CONNECTION WHEN I FELT HIS PRESENCE BEHIND ME. I SLOWLY TURNED MY BODY AND CROOKED MY NECK FOR A PEEK, BUT WHATEVER IT WAS HAD DISAPPEARED, ALONG WITH MY FAVORITE FIELD-DAY SCREWDRIVER AND RAT-TAILED BRUSH."

LEO: "HAVE YOU EVER EXPERIENCED THIS SORT OF THING IN THE PAST?"

LEW: "YES LEO, I HAVE. IT'S HAPPENED NOT ONLY TO MYSELF, BUT DURING THE SHIPYARD, E DIV'S TOOLS AND CLEANING GEAR KEPT MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARING."

LEO: "I SEE, AND YOU BELIEVE THIS COULD BE THE HIGHHANDED WORK OF THE ECM RACK MONSTER?"

LEW: "WE HAVE AGREED THAT TO BE A PRIME POSSIBILITY."

LEO: "BUT HOW CAN THE RACK MONSTER TRANSVERSE THE DISTANCE FROM ECM TO AMR27?"

LEW: "THERE'S ONE POSSIBILITY, THE VENTILATION SYSTEM. HE REMOVES THE EXHAUST FILTER FROM

BEHIND THE WIRE WAYS IN ECM AND CRAWLS THROUGH THE BULK-HEAD FLAPPERS THEN DROPS OUT IN MACHINERY TWO AND SCRAMBLES UNDER THE RACKS OR HIDES IN THE PIPING."

LEO: "HAS CAPTURING THE INSPEAKABLE BEAST BEEN ATTEMPTED?"

LES: "YES, A FEW TIMES WITH NO RESULTS. ONE TIME WE POUNDED PIE TINS. ANOTHER TIME WE ATTEMPTED BLOWING HIM OUT WITH AIR. ONCE WE EVEN TRIED FLUSHING HIM OUT WITH WATER FROM THE AFTER FREE FLOOD THROUGH THE HIGH SALVAGE CONNECTION. STILL NO SIGN

LEO: "IN YOUR OPINION IS IT POSSIBLE THIS MONSTER COULD TRAVEL THE VENTILATION SYSTEM ELSEWHERE IN THE SHIP? IF SO, WHERE WILL HE STRIKE NEXT?"

LEW: "HIS MOBILITY IS ONLY LIMITED TO THE VENTILATION SYSTEM. THIS MEANS HE COULD STRIKE ANYWHERE."

IN CONCLUSION, THIS INTERVIEW HAS SHOWN BEYOND A SHADOW OF DOUBT THAT THIS BEAST ATTACKS WITHOUT WARNING, SO SPEEDILY AS NOT EVEN TO BE SEEN, AND COULD DO THIS ANYWHERE AT ANY TIME. ALL HANDS ARE ADVISED TO BE WATCHFUL AND CAUTIOUS WHEN POSSIBLY IN HIS PRESENCE.

"ZARDOZ"

A MOVIE REVUE

BEFORE A PACKED "CREWS MESS" LAST SATURDAY NIGHT, THE MOVIE, "ZARDOZ", MADE ITS PREMIER SHOWING (I.E. THIS UNDERWAY PERIOD) ON THE SAND LANCE.

FROM A CRITIC'S STANDPOINT IT WAS THE MOST IMAGINATIVE MOVIE TO DATE.

FOR ABOUT AN HOUR AND FORTY MINUTES

THE AUDIENCE SAT IN AWE OF THE GRIM VIEW OF THE FUTURE WITH ONLY INTERMISSION BREAKING THE SILENCE. HOWEVER AFTERWARDS, A FEW CREW MEMBERS DISPLAYED THEIR REACTION BY RIPPING OPEN THEIR SHIRTS AND EXCLAIMING,

*THOUGHTS*

AGAIN FROM A CRITIC'S VIEW, THE CREWS' PERFORMANCE STOLE THE SHOW.

THE SOCIAL SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS  
BEHIND FRAME FIFTY-SEVEN

THE ORIGINAL PURPOSE OF THIS INTERVIEW WITH PO2 BARADA WAS TO BE IN THE NATURE OF A PREVIOUS DISCUSSION WE HAD ABOUT SUNLIGHT IN THE ENGINE ROOM. HOWEVER, THERE TURNED OUT TO BE MUCH DEEPER THOUGHTS BENEATH THE SUNLIGHT THEME.

I FOUND TIM ON WATCH IN U.L. ENGINE ROOM HARD AT WORK WITH PO2 FORD NEAR THE HYDRAULIC POWER PLANT.

"IS IT ALWAYS THIS HOT IN HERE?" I ASKED.

"WHAT?" HE MOTIONED FOR FORD TO PUT DOWN HIS HAMMER AND TAKE A BREAK FORD PUT DOWN HIS CALIBRATOR AND LAYED BACK INTO THE HUM OF THE MACHINERY CLOSING HIS EYES, LEAVING US ALONE.

"TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I DON'T EVEN NOTICE THE HEAT ANYMORE." HE SAID WHILE WIPING THE DIRTY SWEAT OFF HIS BROW. "YOU HERE FOR THE INTERVIEW."

"YES."

"OK, HAVE A SEAT."

I LOOKED AROUND, BUT THERE WAS NOWHERE TO SIT SAVE THE DECK. TIM WALKED OVER TO THE PHONE TO CALL MANUEVERING.

"HOLD ALL MY CALLS," HE SAID. "I'LL BE IN THIS INTERVIEW FOR AWHILE." THEN HE NODDED HIS HEAD AS IF THEY COULD SEE THIS ADDITIONAL PHYSICAL ANSWER. PERHAPS THEY COULD FOR HE HUNG UP THE PHONE WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD. THEN HE SAT DOWN NEXT TO THE POWER PLANT.

THE STORY WAS THAT HE HAD ONCE THOUGHT HE SAW SUNLIGHT LAZILY WAFTING THROUGH THE UPPER DECK IN THE MAIN CONDENSATE BAY AT 400FT. WHEN I RECOUNTED THIS STORY, HE STARED AT THE DECK AND SMILED INWARDLY. I COULD TELL THE SOMETHING HE WAS SMILING AT COULD NOT BE SEEN BY ME. HE SLOWLY PULLED OUT A CIGARETTE AND LIT IT, STARING AT THE MATCH AWHILE BEFORE BLOWING IT OUT. HE WAS USING HIS LEFT SHOE AS AN ASHTRAY.

"YOU KNOW, LEON, THAT MAKES AN INTERESTING STORY PERHAPS, BUT THERE'S MORE TO IT THAN THAT."

"WOULD YOU CARE TO EXPAND ON THAT, TIM?"

"WELL, IT GET'S KIND OF COMPLICATED," HE SAID. "YOU SEE THIS PIPE (HIS HAND WAS ON A HYDRAULIC LINE). THERE'S 2700LBS OF DEATH IN THERE. WE BOTH KNOW THAT IF IT BLEW OFF RIGHT NOW, I'D BE DEAD. BUT WE DON'T THINK ABOUT IT. THERE'S DEATH ALL AROUND US, EVERY MINUTE, BUT OUR MIND SHOVS IT FORCEDLY BACK INTO OUR SUBCONSCIOUS. EVEN WHILE WE RELAX PLAYING CARDS OR WATCHING A MOVIE OUR BODY FEELS THE TENSENESS OF OUR SUBCONSCIOUS. THEY PUSH US TO OUR LIMIT ALWAYS, THEN STOP ON THE EDGE...A THIN LINE OF BALANCE SOMETIMES. AND IT'S ACCUMULATIVE TOO, LIKE BITS IN A BUCKET. EVERYTHING THAT BOTHERS US IS LIKE ANOTHER BIT IN THE BUCKET. IF THE BUCKET OVERFLOWS...(HE LOOKED AT ME AND SMILED)...YOU GO NUTS."

"WHAT HAS THIS TO DO WITH SUNLIGHT?" I ASKED.

"WELL, IT'S THIS SORT OF THING THAT MAKES THE AFW PUMP LINES TALK TO YOU AND THE PURIFIER SING."

"THE PURIFIER SINGS?" I ASKED INCREDULOUSLY.

"THAT'S NOTHING," HE SAID PAUSING TO PUT HIS CIGARETTE OUT INSIDE HIS SHOE.

"DOESN'T THAT HURT?" I ASKED.

"YOU GET USED TO IT. ANYWAY," HE WHISPERED, "WHEN THE IG'S ARE ON THE JACK, YOU CAN HEAR THEM BREATHE. AHH WHOOSH UCK. IT'S REALLY EERIE."

I JUST LOOKED AT HIM STUPIDLY.

"CAN'T YOU SEE," HE SAID, "YOUR MIND IS TRYING TO EMPTY THE BIT BUCKET. IT TURNS ALL THIS METAL AND MACHINERY INTO SOMETHING ITS FAMILIAR WITH - A LIVING ORGANISM. THAT'S HOW YOUR MIND ALLOWS YOU TO FORGET ABOUT 2700LBS OF HYDRAULIC OIL."

"AND THE SUNLIGHT?"

"AN EXTENSION OF THE SEARCH FOR FAMILIARITY. I KNEW IT WASN'T SUNLIGHT, BUT IT MADE ME FEEL GOOD TO BELIEVE I MIGHT HAVE SEEN IT. SOMEHOW SUNLIGHT REPRESENTS FREEDOM FROM ALL THIS. IT'S WHAT WE'RE ALL REACHING FOR ISN'T IT?"

"I THINK I UNDERSTAND."

"SOMETIMES I WONDER IF YOU FORWARD GUYS SEE THINGS THE WAY WE DO. (CONTINUED NEXT PAGE)

BUT I GUESS IT'S THAT RELATIVELY SAME DEGREE OF TENSION AND BOREDOM THROUGHOUT THE BOAT THAT MAKES US ALL BROTHERS."

"WELL SAID, TIM." HE LIT ANOTHER CIGARETTE.

"YOU KNOW," HE BEGAN AGAIN, WE HAVE OUR OWN VERSION OF THE RACK MONSTER BACK HERE. HE DOESN'T SWIPE AS MANY TOOLS, BUT HE CHANGES VALVE LINE UPS FROM TIME TO TIME, SLEEPS BENEATH THE MSW PUMP."

"NO KIDDING?"

"HIS NAME IS HOMER." HE SMILED AGAIN, THE WAY TIM BARADA SMILES... THE INWARD SMILE. THEN HE PICKED UP THE PHONE TO LET MANUEVERING KNOW HE WAS BACK ON THE LINE.

"YOU KNOW, LEON..." HE SAID, "LIFE IS AN EGG RACE."

WITH THAT HE TURNED TO WAKE UP FORD AND CONTINUE WHERE HE LEFT OFF. SOMEHOW I THINK, WE HAD EMPTIED OUR BUCKETS FOR A BIT.

THE ELECTRICAL SAFETY TAG HANGS FROM THE PLUG TO WHICH IT IS ATTACHED. THE COOL AIR FROM THE VENTILATION CONDUIT PLAYS A GAME WITH THE TAG - CATCHING IT, JERKING IT, BLOWING IT AWAY, AND CATCHING IT AGAIN. THE GAME IS ONE OF CONSTANT, SPORADIC MOTIONS, BUT I SENSE A CERTAIN SYMMETRY IN THE TAG'S TWISTING DEFIANCE TO BEING A FOLLY FOR THE ENJOYMENT OF THE TEASING AIR.

AND THE WRITING ON THE TAG BECOMES BLURRED AS MY MIND FOLLOWS THE ENDLESS GAME...

...I SAW YOU STANDING ON THE PIER AS WE SAILED DOWN THE RIVER BOUND FOR THE OCEAN'S DEPTH. YOU DID NOT WAVE, BUT IN YOUR EYES I SAW RESTRAINED THOUGHTS - "...WALKS IN THE PARK... A SON GROWING UP... LAUGHTER... SADNESS... TIME PASSING BY." THEN YOU WERE GONE, OUT OF VIEW. THE SHIP DOVE INTO THE WAITING SEA.

SINCE THEN WE HAVE COME UP AND WENT DOWN A DOZEN TIMES, AND LIFE ABOARD THE SHIP AT SEA HAS BECOME ROUTINE. THE REACTOR PRODUCES THE POWER THAT PUSHES THE SHIP ONWARD; THE STILLS MAKE FRESH WATER; TANKS ARE BLOWN; MEALS ARE SERVED; MOVIES ARE SHOWN; SONAR PINGS; PUMPS PUMP; ONE WEEK; TWO WEEKS; A MONTH.

...AND THE ELECTRICAL TAG UNWILLINGLY PLAYS A GAME WITH THE TEASING AIR.

BURTON

## RECORD FALLS

NO SOONER HAD THE STANDING SAND LANCE RECORD OF FIVE PERSONS IN THE OUTBOARD STALL OF THE CREWS' HEAD BEEN ESTABLISHED, MM2 J.R. SMITH AND COHORTS WERE SCHEMING TO INCREASE THE TOTAL NUMBER OF BODIES TO AN OVERWHELMING HIGH.

AT THE STROKE OF MIDNIGHT ON 26 JUNE, PO SMITH SELECTED AND LED A CHARGE OF SEVEN MEN INTO THE HEAD. AMONG THESE WERE STS2 MCCULLOUGH, STS3 PERREAULT, MMFN POLEY, MM3 HOLLAND, ET2 LAMBERTH, AND ET2BECHTE

WHEN THE FIRST SIX PERSONS WERE TIGHTLY LODGED IN PLACE, THE DOOR WAS SHUT LEAVING ONLY BECHTEL TO SQUIRM UNDER THE DOOR.

DISAPPOINTED FOR NOT BEING ONE OF THE CHOSEN FEW, IM2 ELLWOOD THEN MADE A GALLANT EFFORT BY FORCING HIS BODY INTO THE STALL LIKE A HUMAN DC PLUG. THUS, HE BECAME THE EIGHTH AND FINAL MEMBER OF THE GROUP.

ASKED LATER ABOUT PLANS FOR THE FUTURE MM2 SMITH WAS QUOTED AS SAYING, "HOW BIG IS THE SHOWER?"

## A LETTER OF THANKS

TO THE OFFICERS AND CREW OF THE USS SAND LANCE:

WE MIDSHIPMEN WOULD LIKE TO THANK EVERYONE ONBOARD FOR ALL THE HELP AND ADVICE GIVEN US DURING THE PAST MONTH. WE REALIZE THAT WE'VE OFTEN BEEN A HEADACHE TO YOU, BUT INVARIABLY OUR MISTAKES HAVE BEEN CORRECTED AND OUR QUESTIONS ANSWERED WITH UNBELIEVABLE PATIENCE ON YOUR PART.

EACH OF US HAS PACKED A LOT OF LEARNING INTO THIS CRUISE, AND AT THE SAME TIME ENJOYED OURSELVES IMMENSELY. FOR THE REST OF OUR LIVES WE'LL REMEMBER THE SAND LANCE AS OUR FIRST HOME BENEATH THE WAVES.

YOUR FRIENDS,  
PETE SIMON

MARK FISCHER  
STEPHEN WILSON  
KENNETH REED

LETTERS TO ANNILBENIS



MY DEAR ANNILBENIS,  
SOME OF THE FELLOWS ON THE BOAT HAVE ACCUSED ME OF HAVING "UNNATURAL TENDENCIES". OFTEN A GROUP OF THEM WILL POINT AND GIGGLE AT ME, AND SOMETIMES THEY TAKE TO CALLING ME NAMES. YOU KNOW THE KIND. I THINK THEY RIDICULE ME, BECAUSE THEY ARE ENVIOUS OF MY GOOD COMPLEXION AND SMOOTH TONGUE.

BUT THERE IS THIS ONE PARTICULARLY NAUGHTY BOY WHO IS REALLY GETTING ON MY NERVES WITH HIS NASTY REMARKS. AND OOOOH I GET SO FLUSTERED SOMETIMES I JUST WANT TO SLAP HIS FACE, AND I WOULD EXCEPT I THINK IT MIGHT PREVENT US FROM ONE DAY BEING "GOOD FRIENDS". BESIDES, I MIGHT BREAK MY NAILS IF I DID HIT HIM.

MY PROBLEM, ANNILBENIS, IS HOW DO I GET THEM TO KEEP THEIR SILLY MOUTHS SHUT.

ALSO, ON WHICH EAR DO YOU THINK I SHOULD WEAR MY NEW SILVER EARRING?

LOVINGLY,  
IKE BOISSE

DEAREST IKE BOISSE,

THAT WAS A VERY NICE PERFUME ON THE LETTER YOU SENT ME. TELL ME, WAS IT "SIN OF PASSION" OR "AFTERNOON DELIGHT"?

BUT TO GET DOWN TO BUSINESS, YOU SEEM LIKE A FAIRY NICE GUY, AND I CAN'T IMAGINE ANYONE SAYING NASTY THINGS ABOUT YOU. I KNOW THERE WERE TIMES ON SEVERAL EXTENDED MED RUNS WHERE WE WOULD HAVE GIVEN OUR LAST CIGARETTES FOR A GUY LIKE YOU ONBOARD. LEAVE THEM ALONE AND THEY WILL COME AROUND SOONER OR LATER. AND TRY WEARING YOUR SILVER EARRING IN YOUR NOSE - IT SHOWS PEOPLE THERE IS A BIT OF THE "DARING SOUL" IN YOU, AND THAT YOU HAVE THE COURAGE TO STRAY FROM THE ORDINARY.

ANNILBENIS

DEAR ANNILBENIS

THIS BEING THE FIRST SUBMARINE I'VE EVER BEEN AQUANTED WITH, LET ALONE BEEN ON, THERE ARE SEVERAL THINGS I'M HAVING AN EXTREMELY HARD TIME GETTING USED TO.

AT LEAST ONCE A NIGHT, SOMETIMES MORE, I FIND MYSELF WAKING UP AND SITTING UP IN BED. UNFORTUNATELY, I NEVER EVEN MAKE IT HALF WAY UP BEFORE LAYING BACK DOWN WITH AN ACHING HEAD.

ALSO, MORE THAN ONCE, I'VE REACHED OUT A HAND TO PULL MY OL'



(ANNILBENIS CONTINUED)

LADY NEXT TO ME. THIS DOESN'T GIVE ME MUCH COMFORT EITHER, SINCE I ALWAYS REACH TOWARD THE WALL.

PLEASE GIVE ME SOME ADVICE ANNILBENIS. I'VE ALREADY BEEN CONCUSSED FOUR TIMES AND I CURRENTLY HAVE SIX BROKEN FINGERS AND A JAMMED THUMB. BESIDES RUNNING OUT OF FINGERS, THE DOC SAYS MY NEXT CONCUSSION MAY BE FATAL. WHATS MORE, MY WATCH IS ALMOST OVER!!!!

SIGNED,  
ALL BROKEN UP

DEAR BROKEN UP,

DUE TO THE CONTENT OF YOUR PROBLEM, I NATURALLY ASSUME YOU TO BE A MEMBER OF THE NON-QUAL PUKES ON BOARD. SUFFER NQP, SUFFER.

RARE IS THE CASE WHERE THE EXPERIENCED SUBMARINER HASN'T GONE ABOUT HIS DUTIES WITH A VARIOUS ASSORTMENT OF LUMPS AND BUMPS ON HIS HEAD, BUT IT IS USUALLY A GOOD WAY TO TELL THE EXPERIENCED SAILOR FROM THE NQP. THE FEWER LUMPS, THE LONGER HE'S BEEN ON SUBMARINES.

AS FAR AS MISSING YOUR OL' LADY - IF YOU GET REALLY LONESOME, TRY GETTING IN TOUCH WITH IKE BOISSE FROM THE LETTER ABOVE. IF THAT DOESN'T WORK, YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO GET A GOOD GRIP ON YOURSELF.

ANNILBENIS

SEE THE JACKALS HOWL  
AS SHE DANGLES  
ON A STRING DRAPED  
IN MISERY  
FOR HER BASTARD  
CHILD MAN  
WHO BITES AT HER HEEL  
AND BINDS HER IN  
STRANDS OF TEMPERED STEEL  
TO MAKE BETTER NEIGHBORS  
OF HIS BROTHERS.  
NO CARD DOES EARTH  
RECEIVE ON MOTHER'S DAY  
ONLY THE DEATH ANNOUNCEMENT OF  
HER PREGNANT DAUGHTER  
IN CALIFORNIA OR THE  
RANSOM NOTE FOR HER CHILDREN IN HOLLAND  
AND FOR CHRISTMAS  
THE EXECUTION NOTICE OF  
HER SONS IN SOME  
SENSELESS WAR STARTED IN  
THE NAME OF PEACE & JUSTICE  
WHICH HAVE NO MEANING  
TO HER AS THE JACKALS HOWL AND SHE DANGLES  
FROM A THREAD CALLED  
HOPE.

STAFF:	
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WALLIN	"ANNILBENIS" AND "BEHIND FRAME 57"
LAMBERTH	"ZARDOZ" AND "RECORD"
BECHTEL	GRAPHICS AND CROSS WORDS
SMITH	POET
EDRIS	ADVICE

J.R. SMITH  
30 JUNE 1977  
SOMEWHERE AT SEA