

SANDWORM # 11 is brought to you by the big spendo at PO Box 11352, Albuquerque, NM 87112 who is variously called Bob Vardeman, Muad'Bob, Vardebob, secretary-treasurer for the New Mexican 3, and things so gross that the post office would never allow them to be printed and mailed. I hereby claim that I am almost maintaining a quarterly schedule having put out eleven issues of Sandworm in a 3 year period (and also throwing in 2 major length convention reports, A Requiem for Star Trek and numerous other goodies as bonus/punishment). Eleven issues in a bit over 3 years. That surprises even me. And getting Sandworm #10½ (I Drank the Water and Lived!) and thish out in one week is even more amazing to me. I've never gotten two issues out in one week before. Maybe (probably) never again either.

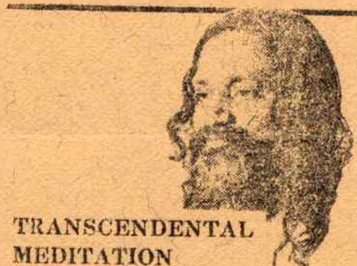
It disgusts me to say that there is a way other than trade, loc and contribution of written or artistic material to obtain this fine journal of the mentally unbalanced. Namely, filthy lucre (and no relation to Filthy Pierre). Sandworm is not, repeat not NOT worth 50¢ an issue. So don't send me money. Send me a letter instead. But if you have to throw your money away by sending it to me, feel relatively secure in the knowledge that I'm not using the money to go out and get drunk on. I'm donating it to the New Mexican 3 convention fund. And waiting until the convention to go out and get drunk on the money...

Next issue will be out (complete with the Dune Tune winners!) after I've sobered up following New Year's.

#12, just like #11, will be a genuine

FUBB Pub**

The Mahareshi say



and Sandworm will make you happy. And if the old meditation isn't quite transcendental, then maybe just Sandworm will make you happy. And then again, maybe neither will. Isn't the Mahareshi smart?

The cover is by Rudy der Hagopian and is a comment via art concerning the lastish's discussion of the feasibility of a steam powered tank. Well, Pat, what say you now?

Consumer reports dept: Ralph Nader was in town recently. I shouldn't have gone to hear him speak. Frightening thot that the "pure pork" sausage I eat probably has 15% dead rat meat in it. The "pure" refers to the pork after the impurities are discounted. I have since had a marvelous idea of killing two birds with one stone. (1) Rats are a problem in the big cities. (2) The meat packers put rat remains in their sausage. Combining 1 & 2 gives a brand new industry. Pure rat sausage! The people in the cities catch the rats, sell them to the packers who then adulterate the pure rat remains with pork. This gives jobs to those in the city, gets rid of the rats, puts a new food stuff on the market and everyone benefits.

What could be simpler. The faster the rats multiply, the larger the potential rat sausage industry. Ah, if only everyone saw things in a profit motive light!

Another idea for rat control occurred to both Tackett and myself at the same time. Import large quantities of rattlesnakes. Very large rats are supposed to be able to kill even a large tabby, but I defy you to find a rat, regardless of size, that could match itself against a rattler and win. And another bonus! The rattlers that did happento die...their tails could be used as baby rattles. Another industry born in the pages of Sandworm! Ah, the millions we'll make!!!

GIUDICAR!! The editor speaks and
speaks and speaks and...

Seems like it has been a long time since I wrote one of my editorial insanities for the old Sandworm. I can pretty well sum my momentous lapse of fanac in one word - fafia.

Now that I've explained fully about why it has been so long since last ish, I shall blather a bit about the strangeness of thish.

No letters of comment as promised. I'll have them in next time. No articles by any other than yhos. Perhaps nextish, probably #13. No art to speak of other than the cover by Rudy der Hagopian. Intentional since I want to make this a quickly done issue. I've been accumulating piles and piles of review copy books which I'd like to get reviewed and done with. Therefore, #11 (which you are holding fiercely in your scaly claws right now) is going to be short, artless (and, if past editions are any guide, tactless as well), probably commentless and totally without redeeming social virtue. But virtue was hardly my strong suit anyway.

Enough.

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All these rumors of a recession have probably been started by those malcontents and discontents and misfits who have recently lost their jobs. Yeah. Those effete intellectual snobs.

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Things political, I hear you query? Most everyone I voted for lost. Except for Jack Speer. He is now Small Claims Court Judge. Elect at least. Will be judge in January. Now all the Albuquerque fans can sue for defamation of character (all \$2 lawsuits) and bring it before other fan to settle. Sort of renews my faith in the electorate (altho I suspect that they wouldn't have voted Jack in if they'd known of his aberration — he breaks out into fanac every 3 months and is involved in that subversive group known as FAPA.)

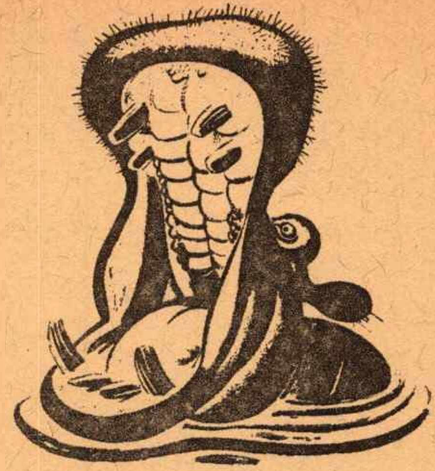
Most of the other people I voted for lost. Like the sheriff's candidate. I voted neither Democratic nor Republican but Alianza this yr. Of the 2 major party candidates, one was a crook and the other was incompetent (and the sheer horror was, the reverse was also true).

In the major races, I backed one winner - Manuel Lujan. Zilch on the rest.

Richard the Robot Nixon was in town on Hallowe'en day to boost the, uh, er, (quick somebody - who is he supporting?) candidates of his choice. Some wit (hi Roy) remarked that it was only appropriate having a professional clown in town along with all the amateur ghosts and goblins. Poor Richard managed to alienate a goodly segment of his supporters by having all the long haired hippy speed freaks tossed out. One of those tossed out helped spearhead the YR campaign in '68 to elect Nixon.

Nixon and Agnew have shown the quality of the campaign they can run. After all, they managed to defeat Goodell (but, I hear you query, wasn't he a Republican? Hmmm....) And the other people they'd like to see defeated like Brocke and Percy and Hatfield must be running scared (but, you query again, aren't they all Republicans, too? And don't they control powerful voting blocks? Like Brooke in Mass, Percy in Ill, Case in NJ? This means Nixon must be alienating the very people he needs to get himself reelected. Ah, of course! This is just a smoke screen! Nixon wants the Democrats to think the Republican party is disorganized and stabbing one another in the back. They'll be overconfident in '72. It's all so clear now.) ((I suggest you think carefully about who's nominated by the Democrats in '72. Because he'll be your next president.

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In defense of atheism: It has been said that the trouble with being an atheist is "No holidays to celebrate". Today is 21 November. For two weeks the stores in town have had their Xmas displays up, running radio and TV ads about Xmas sales (complete with Santa Hohoho-ing) and, I wish I were kidding, playing Xmas carols. I heard Silent Night for the first time on the 4th of this month.

You may not get many holidays to celebrate being an atheist but it sure seems like the ones you would celebrate couldn't be as hypocritical as Xmas has become.

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As God is my witness, I am, too, an atheist!

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which reminds me, I read in the paper today that the Boy Scouts are reluctantly awarding the Eagle rank to the atheist boy scout back east. Seems his family is one of the community pillars and all that, he earned the award legitimately and was originally denied it simply because he took his Scout oath too seriously to lie about believing in a god.

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I think it's time for something in a lighter vein....



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For those of you have missed this article, I hereby reprint it as a public service dedicated to restoring a sense of the ridiculous:

The Bunny-Man Strikes

Fairfax, Va (UPI)- A hatchet-wielding "bunny-man" is creating consternation among Fairfax County, Va., police authorities. He now has struck twice in two weeks.

A security guard at a new housing development under construction in this Washington, DC, suburb told police that he came upon a man clad in a white bunny suit with floppy ears whacking away at a porch post of one of the unfinished houses Thursday night.

When the guard approached, he said the Alerte-in-Wonderland figure warned: "You are trespassing. If you come any closer, I'll chop your head off."

Whereupon, the Harveysque threatener hippity-hopped off into a nearby woods.

A man in identical dress was reported as having startled an Air Force Academy cadet and his finance two weeks ago while they parked in a car in the area.

He smashed the window of the car, told the couple they were trespassing, then vanished.

The bunny-man has been described as seemingly in his twenties and about five ft., eight in., tall in his bare paws.

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I'd buy a Spiro watch now, but in a crummy two years it wouldn't have the VP's picture on it any more. I hope.

In case you're wondering, or even bothered to notice, the mention of the cadet's finance was strictly sic.

As is this which impressed me more than the ASU-UNM football game(I just don't dig football much...) The announcer had botched one of the player's names and therefore was apologizing for his rotten Spanish. "Please don't criticise my Spanish too harshly. I can't even say 'Buenos Noches' correct." And he don't speak the English so good neither. ((So what do you want, good grammar or good football? That night it seems like we got neither...))

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It's still not too late for all you budding filksongsters to submit a Dune Tune entry. Deadline is 1. Jan 1971. Filksong must be something relating to either Dune or Dune Messiah. First prize is copies of Dune & DM (or the winner's choice of any two other Herbert books if he/she/it already has copies). In case of a tie, which is likely, the winners will each get their choice of one of the above mentioned books.

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The Albuquerque New Mexican 3 plans are creeping along in spite of some major problems. Most major is losing Woody Wolfe. Woody wasn't so much a fan (meaning fanzine/convention) as he was a collector. He had the finest sf and fantastic adventure collection I've ever seen. Woody died of a heart attack in Artesia a few scant weeks before he was to retire. He'd had made plans for researching his collection and catching up on his reading. It is a pity that the Albuquerque club has lost such a loyal member and a double pity that we've all lost such a good friend.

Then, to add insult to injury, Harry Morris was drafted (and managed to convince the Shaft Bored that he was really 1-Y due to a broken back), George Record has moved to the Grand Canyon and Gordie Benson is in semi-gafia.

But the bid goes on since we have since recruited Wayne Vucenic to take charge of our plague cases and Bob Reini to act as stone/gargoyle at the hotel entrance. So plan on coming thru Albuquerque the weekend before Noreascon. We'd love to have you. (And shut up Montgomery, it is not just another one of Vardeman's capitalist-pig schemes for making \$\$\$). Write me for more details. A progress report will be distributed in January detailing the hotel, rates, reservation information, etc.

And if you don't come, we'll turn you into a lizard.

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Jim Gamblin, good friend and trained killer, has been sending me clippings about the POWs held in North Vietnam. Jim (since he's stationed at Da Nang now) is probably seeing first hand what a fiasco that mess is. I quite agree with him about freeing the prisoners held by the North Vietnamese - I doubt if he agrees with me, too, about freeing our troops from the confines of S. Vietnam. If you should feel very uptight over the POWs, write me and I'll send you a list of people you can write to. If you feel uptight over the war in general, write your Congressman and Senators.

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Just saw where a dog (Smokey M. Griffin aka Griffin Canine) has been awarded 2 bronze stars. His owner, a sgt major, decided they'd look good hanging on his collar (and I'm not sure whether I mean the sgt. or the dog). An investigation is underway.

But we all knew the Army had gone to the dogs a long time ago.

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Gossip dept. This is strictly DNQ so don't spread it around, but my Hollywood sources say that a certain American fanne and a British fan are going to be married In the Near Future. The wedding plans will be announced at Eastercon. Congratulations to both of you. (And I assume you know who you are...)

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Nothing is sacred anymore but a lot ^{ARE} sure scared.

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Why is it that I always run out of money before I run out of month?

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And now for quite a few book reviews
by ye olde editor.



I, ROBOT (Fawcett, 75¢) and THE MARTIAN WAY (Fawcett, 60¢) both by Isaac Asimov:: The former book has been thru many reincarnations and deservedly so. If there is any fan who does not first think of Asimov's robots and the 3 Laws of Robotics when the term "robot" is even mentioned, he is not only a callow neo but has also missed out on some of the finest stories in sf. I, ROBOT has 9 vintage yarns which are virtually all classics. If you've missed the Gnome edition or any of the 4 or 5 Signet reprints, don't miss it this time. THE MARTIAN WAY, likewise oft reprinted, is not in the same league as I, ROBOT. Competently written as is all of Asimov's work, I somehow find a certain zing! missing. The title story is both the longest and best relating of the bitter life endured by Martian ice-scavengers in space. Youth is a gimmick story while The Deep is a fairly well done alien contact story. The final story is Sucker Bait which was Asimov's contribution to JWC's challenge to several authors to write a story concerning a Lagrange system.

THE EXTERMINATOR (Pocket Books, 75¢) by Patrick S. Catling is not sf or fantasy or even fringe fiction of a weird nature. It is a rather broad satire on the military, people in big cities and people in general. The story revolves around Christopher Weston and his association with Sanikill, a rat exterminating company. Catling handles the humorous elements well but it is a grim, almost black humor that fails to come off in the last chapter. The blurbs on the book are misleading as usual, but I would recommend it as a change of pace in your reading.

OPERATING MANUAL FOR SPACESHIP EARTH (Pocket Books, \$1.29) by R. Buckminster Fuller. Fuller is the world renown architect-designer of the geodesic dome. In spite of how much I agree with what was being said in this book about ecology and pollution control, I found the book to be disorganized and bordering on the incoherent in places. For instance, the chapter on "Integral Equations" starts with a financial survey of slavery, goes into toolmaking in India, then into banking theory, then into a discussion of war just to point out that mass production has become one of man's tools. And all this in just under 2500 words. Also, the writing is itself obfuscatory and difficult to follow. One of the major points is a definition of wealth. "Now we can account wealth more precisely as the number of forward days for a specific number of people we are physically prepared to sustain at a physically stated time and space liberating level of metabolic and metaphysical regeneration." That sentence makes sense but it isn't good propaganda. Which is what this book should be. Propaganda to sell people on the necessity of conservation and maintaining our resources in a responsible manner. It is really a shame this book isn't better written and more convincing.

A GRAIN OF MUSTARD (Pocket Books, 95¢) by Jeanne Gardner as told to Beatrice Moore (as rewritten by her third cousin twice removed on her grandnephew's brother's side). Another great prophet who has found that a slightly different spelling is to be had by publishing (to wit, profit). Jeanne Gardner is supposed to have predicted JFK's and RFK's assassinations (do you get the idea that everyone knew about this beforehand except you and me - and the victims?), predicted Nikita's ouster from the Kremlin and so on. She even claims to have named Oswald as the killer before the event. Future predictions are hardly as specific as her past ones. She declines to say who our allies and enemies will be in World War 3 (which will come after we are at war on 5 fronts - but she declines to say what those 5 fronts will be) and so on. Intertwined with all this is a strong religious undertone (what else could it be when she claims it is God or at least Jesus speaking to her?) and that The Voice has told her to build a cathedral. Not a scrawny little church but a cathedral. So send money if you believe, but I'll have to take A GRAIN OF MUSTARD with a grain of salt.

ARE YOU SUPERSTITIOUS? (Pocket Books, 75¢) by Lore Cowan. The cover blurb is right on for a change. "A fascinating collection of popular superstitions..." If you've ever wondered how silly things like it being bad luck to light 3 on a match or getting out of bed on the wrong side or any of hundreds of other everyday things came about, this is the place to find out. The author takes none of the superstitions seriously but points out how many she observes out of training and habit. This is a worthwhile book, if just to see how far back and how irrelevant some superstitions are to our present day society.

YEAR OF THE QUIET SUN (Ace 75¢) by Wilson Tucker. So far, this is my choice for the Hugo in 1970. Year is a grim, suspenseful and tightly plotted book dealing with a time travel project designed to foresee the future. Tucker is a good writer who has churned out merely competent (albeit entertaining, also) books for quite a few years. He has finally hit a plot precisely suited to his talents and produced the outstanding entry in Ace's Special line for 1970. Left Hand of Darkness was a quiet, almost serene book. YEAR OF THE QUIET SUN is forceful, hard hitting and above all thought provoking. Are Tucker's extrapolations so far wrong that they could never happen? Pick up today's newspaper and find your own answer. But also pick up a copy of YEAR OF THE QUIET SUN - it is far and away the best from Bob Tucker. Which makes it very good, indeed.

ICE CROWN (SFBC) by Andre Norton. Andre Norton has essentially one story, one hero, one set of villains and one gimmick. But she is a competent enough writer that the backgrounds created carry the story. Ice Crown is similar in all ways to everything else she has written. The protagonist is female (but could have been male just as easily), the plot revolves around intervention in a primitive planet's government and the ending is more indicative of another series than a real, definite finish to the story. In spite of the basic similarities of her stories, tho, I find myself liking each one as much as the last and almost eagerly awaiting the next (and to be eagerly awaiting a sequel to A Key Out of Time for Almost 10 years is to be hooked.) I'm hooked. I enjoyed ICE CROWN quite a bit.

THE DEVIL'S SHADOW (Washington Sq. Press, 60¢) by Clifford L. Alderman. This is historical fiction concerning the Salem Witch trials. Alderman has done considerable research into the trials but somehow his vehicle of telling it in a dialog setting detracts. The first thing I noticed was that all the characters spoke quite modern English. Better, in my mind, to have presented the material without resorting to narrative techniques. Be that as it may, the background is rich and full of detail and as far as I am able to tell, accurate.

IN DEFENSE OF GHOSTS (Essandess Special Edition, \$1) by Herbert B. Greenhouse. Mr. Greenhouse feels that ghosts have been slighted over the years and that their public image has been tarnished. Ghosts, he argues, can be nice guys as well as evil things that go bump in the night. Scores of stories are related here detailing how ghosts have either helped people or wanted to and simply been misunderstood. I don't believe in friendly ghosts any more than I do evil and nasty ones, but if you do, I'd suggest this as a good source book on ectoplasmic manifestations.

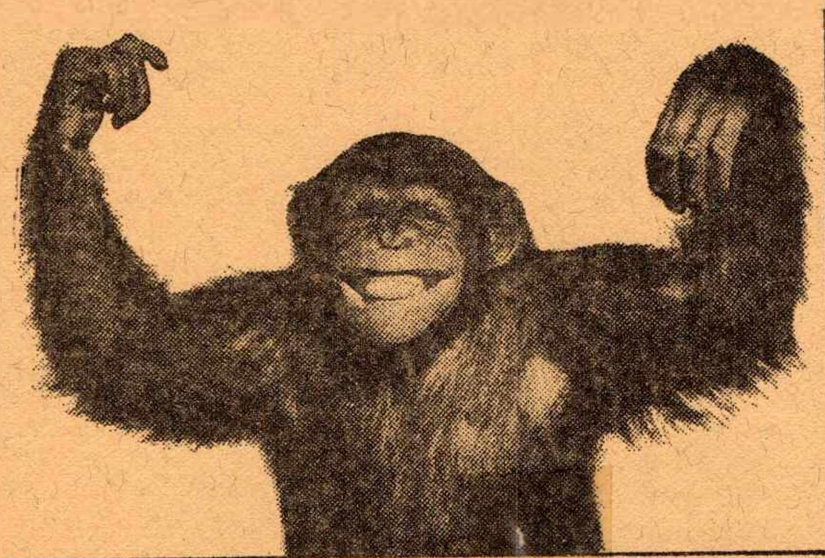
THE FIRE-EATER (Ace, 75¢) by Ron Goulart. I've never read anything memorable by Goulart before and I guess I'm still waiting. THE FIRE EATER reads like a book in a series about Soldiers of Fortune, Inc and their arch agent John Raker. Raker reminds me of at least 2 other characters current in sf - Retief and Flandry. Goulart doesn't make Raker out as anything but a slightly picaresque rogue, he doesn't really create more than a predictable story of the escape-rescue kind but he does manage to glom onto the reader's imagination strongly enough to drag him all the way along to the last page. Not worth 75¢, but worth reading if you can get it any cheaper.

WHERE IS THE BIRD OF FIRE? (Ace, 60¢) by Thomas Burnett Swann. This book has a fine cover by Schoenherr which is more than worthy of the contents. The title story, Vashti and Bear are all reprinted. I suppose Bear is my favorite. The whore with a heart of slightly tarnished gold has been told many times in many places but Swann handles it well and his characters are skillfully drawn as both human and animal. A fine collection worth the price.

CURSE OF THE UNDEAD (Fawcett, 75¢) edited by ML Carter. This is a collection of pieces rather than entirities. 4 of the 11 stories are really just excerpts (from Justine by deSade, Carmilla by leFanu, Dracula by Stoker, and I suspect, altho it isn't mentioned, The Vampyre by Polidori). The stories are well representative of the subgenre of weird fiction devoted to vampirism and for the interested, a bibliography is included in the back. It is interesting to note (in the appendix) that so many of the authors are well known to sf fen (Stoker, of course, Doyle for "The Adv. of the Sussex Vampire", Bloch for "The Cloak", Matheson's "I Am Legend", Frederick Brown's "Blood" and ..heheheh Marilyn Ross with "Barnabas Collins".) In the collection itself, Bloch's "The Bogey Man will Get You", Evelyn Smith's "Softly While You're Sleeping", Brown's "Blood", and Poe's Morella are of particular note. The cover art is abominable but the stories are good.

MAN IS THE PREY (Pocket Books, 95¢) by James Clarke. This book goes into great detail concerning animals that have killed men (which runs the gamut from a rogue elephant to a honey bee). In addition Clarke tries to make a case for man-eating creatures like the big cats in Africa and sharks under the briney. I must say, tho, after reading all 265 pages of text, that my conclusion is that man is still his own worst enemy. Many of the deaths occurred while men were hunting the animals in question -- in other words, the men went looking for the trouble they found. As far as the arachnids go, I've never known a case where they would with malice-aforethought hunt out a man just to sting/bite him. In fact, of all the tales related in the book, the only ones which weren't human caused or simply accidental were those of the tigers (usw.) getting hungry and hunting for a few tasty villagers. Man is not the prey; man is the hunter and in spite of what the book tries to get across, this is the message.

QUEST FOR THE FUTURE (SFBC) by AE VanVogt. Someone once asked me if I understood the A books. I croggled him with the answer that I did. If the same question were asked concerning QUEST, I'd have to truthfully admit that I don't know whathell happened. Peter Caxton is a paranoid (VV's definition) who bounces in and out of time thru suspended



**meet one
of your
distant cousins!**

animation, cryogenic freezing, time machines, time folds and who knows what else? I rapidly lost track of where Caxton was in relation to anything else and even more sadly, lost all reference points as far as a story went. I think the bad guy got killed, I think the hero got the heroine, I think the story ended happily. But I don't know. About all I do know is that, for a physicist with a master's degree, Caxton is inutterably ignorant of even the most basic physical principles. But beyond this...

NIGHTFALL AND OTHER STORIES (Fawcett, 95¢) by Isaac Asimov. In innumerable polls, the title story has finished first as the all time best short fiction. You may not agree that it is #1 but I don't seriously see how you could deny that it is one of the top ten of all time. This was a selection of the SFBC last December (1969) and if you missed it then, now is your chance to get the title story, Breeds There A Man...?, What If-, Insert Knob A in Hole B (very short - and very true!), and all the other 16 fine stories. All by one of the masters in the field.

LAST HURRAH OF THE GOLDEN HORDE (SFBC) by Norman Spinrad. Spinrad's major fiction seems to reside in his short stories. His novel length fiction borders on the ridiculous at times and all too often crosses over into the pointless. His short stories, tho, are something else. This could almost be billed as "The Best of Spinrad" with such fine stories as Carcinoma Angels, A Night in Elf Hill, Outward Bound (which is very Old Wavish), Technicality (which is very New Wavish), plus a goodly number of the others. The title story is perhaps the least of the collection altho it does have a rather intriguing title. Put this collection on your "Don't miss" list.

CREATURES OF LIGHT AND DARKNESS (Avon, 75¢) by Roger Zelazny. I am a confirmed Zelazny fan and have been ever since I read A Rose for Ecclesiastes. It saddens me to say that this book was a real downer for me. I'm not sure if the fault was in Zelazny in not presenting his usual smoothly flowing, well ordered (or rather, obviously ordered) story or whether it was in my not getting into the story, not approaching it in the right frame of mind. I found the background promising but the battles which should have been heroic seemed petty. The dread "time fugue" didn't impress me and that was obviously what should have seemed impressive. The intrigues of the mythological characters were not cosmic in scope but transparent while the worlds themselves did not strike me as real. I'd suggest that you read the book for yourself and decide. I can hardly put this up in the same class with Isle of the Dead, Dream Master or other fine Zelazny books.

DOOMSTAR (Balmont, 50¢) by Edmond Hamilton. This book came out almost exactly 5 yrs ago and I've just gotten around to reading it. I'm sorry I waited so long because it is one of Hamilton's best. The story verges on space opera but this is Hamilton's forte and with Doc Smith's death, the only living author who can match EH is Jack Williamson. Wrecking entire suns with aplomb, threatening star clusters full of people, reliance on the one man - a roguish type - are all smoothly handled and made into first class entertainment. Not significant, perhaps, but one helluva good book for pure reading enjoyment.

ORBIT 7 (SFBC) edited by Damon Knight. I'm an inveterate book nut/collector and sorry ^{AM NOT} to buy a book. Usually. This time I'm sorry. Out of 12 stories, I really only moderately liked one. The Island of Dr. Death and Other Stories by Gene Wolfe. The rest gave me cold shivers that such nonsense could be sold (and it gave me even colder shivers realizing that it had been sold to me). Wolfe's story is based on a child's fantasy and one which I can see most sf fans creating for themselves (I know I could conjure up Dr. Death fighting it out with Ransom and having me interact as in the story). The rest of the stories? Terrible is one of the nicest comments I can devise. And it is a shame when that adjective is applied to authors like Laumer & Rafferty. Just to say something nice about the book, the cover by Lehr is striking, even if the human figures are out of proportion to everything else.

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I think I've cleaned off my shelves for this time. Next time, fmz reviews? Who knows?
The Shadow do!

That wraps up the book reviews. Howabout a quick movie review? Beyond the Valley of the Dolls? I thot the movie was marvelously well done black humor. Bitingly satiric and in places hysterically funny. Sexy, yep, gory, ditto. I imagine that this film has a little something for everyone. Blatant sex. Grisly gore. Witty dialog. Snappy satire. Beautiful but not garish sets. Even fairly good music. I'd say Russ Meyer is going to hit it very big with BtVotD. I wholeheartedly recommend it to all you fans. And maybe to anyone else.

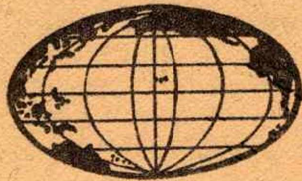
There are still a few copies of Sandworm 10½ left (translation: Vardeman printed too many of the crummy things and wants to unload them). A copy is yours for free if you send in a 10¢ donation to the New Mexican 3 convention fund. For a buck, I'll send you all the con reports I've got left for free. (Statments like that make you wonder if Madison Ave. has really gotten to me -- the answer is yes.)

Speaking of sweet idiocy, the electronic garbage can has outdone itself this season. Even my 79 yr old grandmother is commenting on how rotten the shows are. The only show I watch with any regularity is Mission:Impossible. Tonite's episode was really beautiful. No cop out ending...Peter Graves & crew rescue beautiful girl (Julie Gregg) from behind the Iron Curtain. Girl + agent = romance. And she didn't get killed in the escape just to make things nice for next week. John DF Black is to be commended. Outside of MI, tho, the scene is pretty grim. Flip Wilson brightens the picture as the only good comedy show but 2 shows out of how many? It is worst than a mere vast wasteland.

I don't know if this is the new format for Sandworm or not. Maybe so because it took me just one day of typing, I've gone to anew addressing/filing system which should prove more efficient in the long run and eliminating most of the mlg envelopes not only cuts costs but speeds things up.

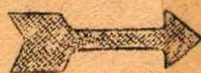
I bid thee adieu until next year. Happy Thanksgiving, Chappy Chanukkah, (and yes I realize just now that I misspelled it), and a sincere Merry Christmas. As they say around here, ¡Feliz Navidad y Prospero Año Nuevo!

Bob Vardeman
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Peace ?

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