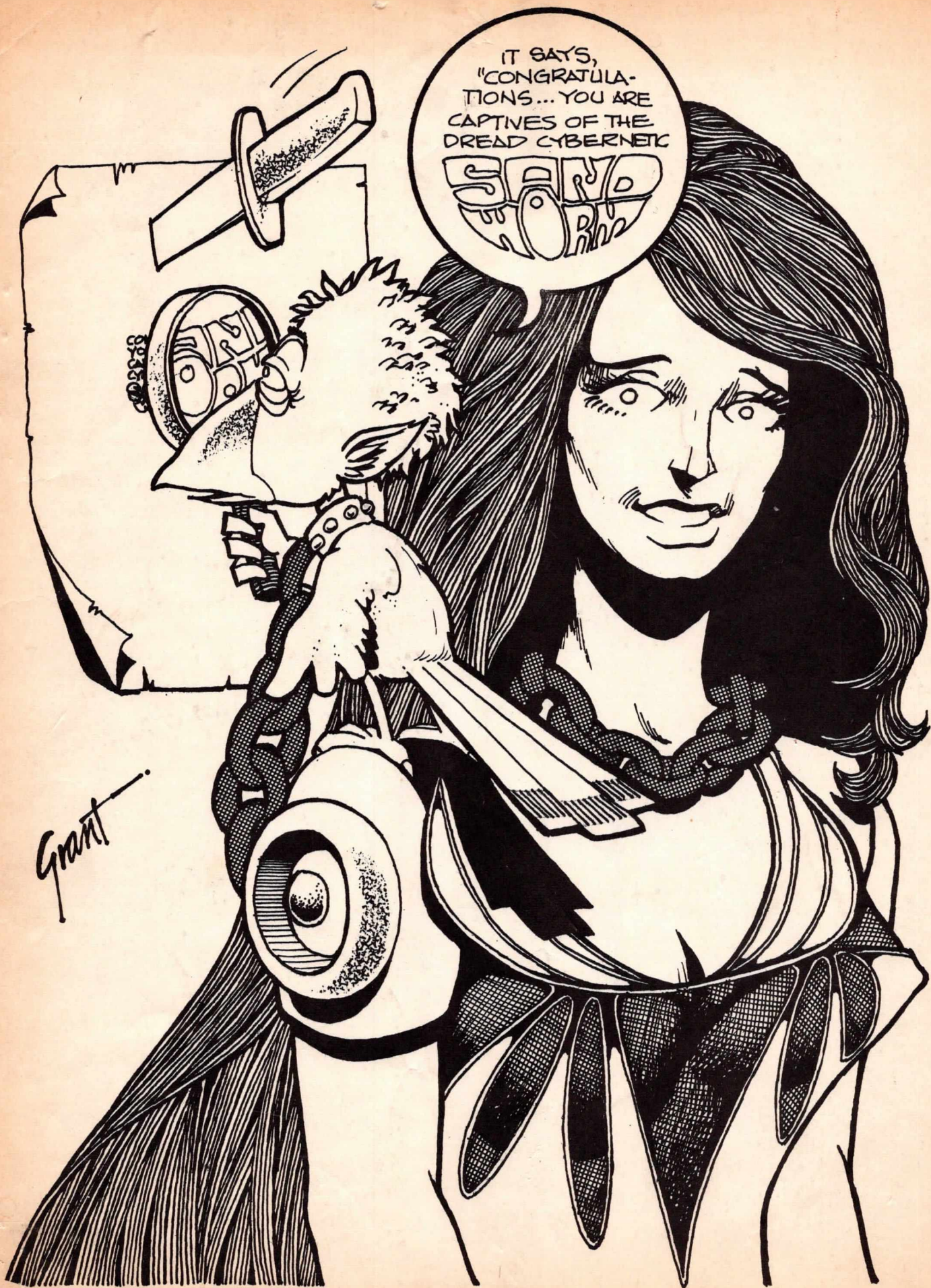


IT SAYS,
"CONGRATULA-
TIONS... YOU ARE
CAPTIVES OF THE
DREAD CYBERNETIC

SARV
SW
RIN

Grant





SANDWORM, the 18th number thereof, is brought to you by Bob Vardeman, PO Box 11352, Albuquerque, NM, 87112, Arrakis. The usual type things in trade (50¢, loc, your zine, contrib of art or written or a 40 lb. axolotl) This is, has been and will continue to be a genuine imitation

***FUBB Publication, coming out the last week of June 1972**

ToC

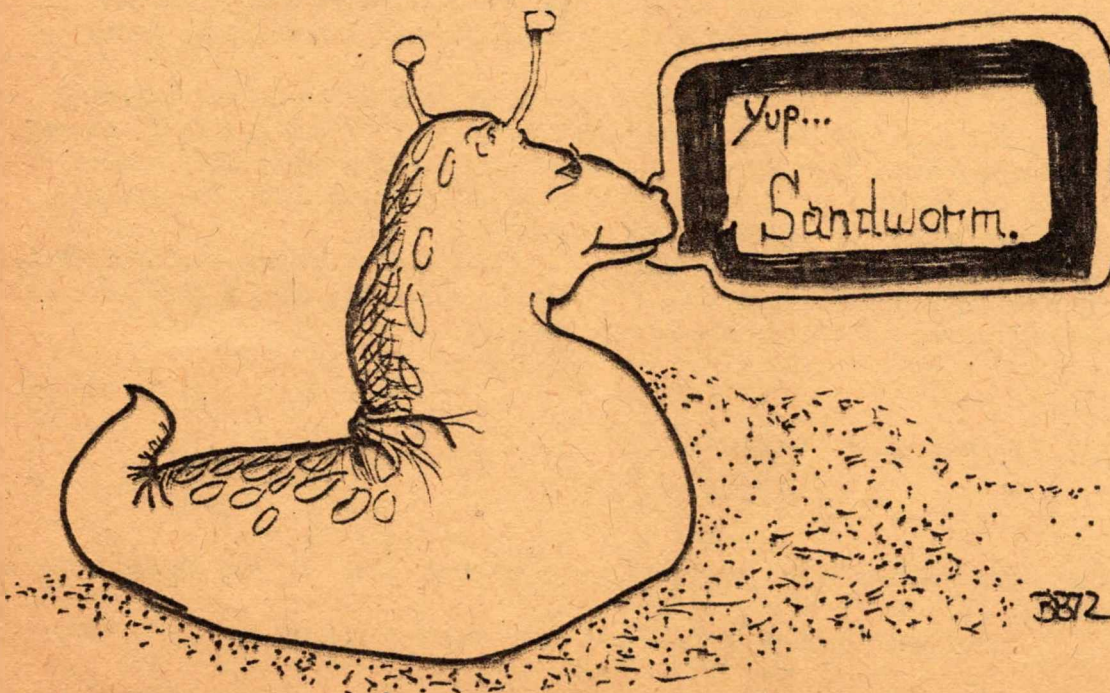
cover: None other than Grant Canfield

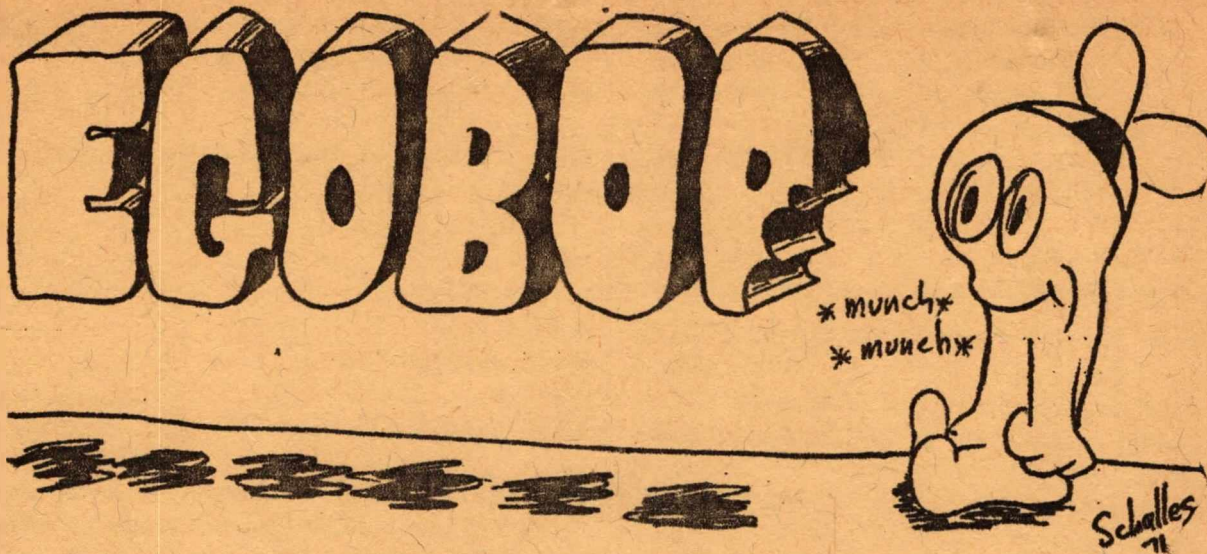
page 1.....table of contents, illo by Brad Balfour
page 2.....Editorial of sorts, illo by Jeff Schalles
page 3.....Somnolent dragon by Marta Sherbring
page 4.....illo by C. Lee Healy (how about a Hugo nomination for Lee, next yr?)
page 5.....illo by Marvelous Marta
page 6.....YOUR NAME WAS A SCRAWL ON THE WALL...by Mike Montgomery, illo by Marta
page 7.....I FELL INTO AN AVALANCHE by Jerry Lapidus, illo by, who else?, Marta once again
page 8.....just dragon around with Marta's scaly friend
page 10.....Doug Lovenstein returns to bemuse us with profound insight and esoteric cartoons
page 11.....Reviews with an illo by Jeff Cochran/Grant Canfield
page 12.....illo by Sheryl Birkhead (and such an apt comment, too)
page 15.....The Trackless Waste, aka the lettercol, illo by Sheryl
page 16.....something I took from a recent IEEE Journal
page 18.....Mario Navarro tells it like it is
page 19.....Sheryl Birkhead gives some advice
page 20.....Stephen Goble is all hung up (this is otherwise known as the bacover)

/*/

Special thanks go to Frank Denton for his services above and beyond the call of duty, and on such short notice.

and MS..."...to go on from here, I can't use words. They don't say enough."





Sandworm #18, yessir! The above cartoon by Jeff Schalles is some indication of what I feel at this moment. Really eating up that old egoboo. Many thanks to all you misguided wights who were so stoned you actually nominated me for a Hugo. Special thanks to Buck Coulson for his consistent lack of good taste in plugging me for the last couple years (got me with a .357 mgnum, he did.)

/*/

Pro Nixon campaign slogan:

Why switch Bicks in the middle of a screw?

/*/

In deference to Roytac, I won't blather on very long about the Rolling Stones. The Stones actually made an appearance in out little backwater (hah! You gotta have water to be a backwater...so...) they actually made an appearance out here in the boonies. 15kilo tickets sold out, of course.

While I rate the Stones about 5 or 6 on my personal preference list, there are a couple undeniable truths. First is that Charlie Watt is unmatched in the world as a drummer. Second is that Jagger is a first class showman and would be worth seeing even if the music wasn't all that great.

They opened up with Brown Sugar, building up thru You Don't Always Get What You Want, Gimme Shelter, On Up The Line and finished off with Jumpin' Jack Flash and Street Fighting Man. With sundry other goodies interspaced (maybe spaced, too). If for nothing else, seeing the show and hearing Gimme Shelter and Jumpin' Jack Flash live was worth the price of the ticket.

What higher praise can I offer than to say that, if they were back in town tomorrow, I'd eagerly pay twice what I did before to see them again. Fabulous show, a fabulous showman in Jagger.

/*/

A campaign slogan for the anti-Nixon proponents:

Lick Dick in '72!

/*/

With slogans like that, you can see why I probably won't vote at all. My own thots on Nixon can be summed up thusly:

Nixon was the one in '68--and he's an even bigger one in '72!!!

Not that McGovern or Humprey are all that much better. Harold Stassen where are you now that we need you? Any Mugwumps running? Oh, my aching wump...

This is going to be small (really) for two reasons. One is that I want to finish it before Westercon so I can take a few copies out and save myself some \$\$\$ in postage and the second is that I only have 4 reams of paper on hand.

Word of advice: Dig the Grant Canfield cover.

The NM primary election didn't hold any surprises. Jack Speer was nominated by the Demos to run against his commie-pinko-right-wing fascist opponent in Nov. McGovern won the presidential primary but Wallace carried Little Texas (our south-eastern section) very strongly. Jack Daniels bought his way onto the Demo ticket as Senate hopeful. Pete Domenici bought his way onto the Republican side of the same race (I'm voting for Daniels since (1) he's probably the best man for the job, which isn't saying much and (2) Domenici is a tool of the Land SubDividers and will have this state parceled out 15 minutes after his election, if things go that badly for us. We'll also end up with an airport we don't need out on the West Mesa by our genuine live, steaming volcano since Domenici and several others own large tracts of land in that area.

Me, I voted for Sparkle Plenty ("Plenty for Everyone") for Congress and Raymond E Garvey for Senate. You remember Raymond E, I trust? He thinks the Mongolians are going to invade the south, the Irish the Northeast and the Russians California.

For Pres, I voted "none of the above". McGovern will get us out of Vietnam, I'm sure and for that he deserves praise, but he's also out after my job and has some of the most screwed up fiscal plans I've ever heard. Even worse, his plan for \$1k minimum per person is a direct incentive to population growth and that's one thing this country doesn't need, more people. Too damn many right now.

But what do I really care? None of us will be here in 30 yrs.

/*/

Afternoons, I go to the library and listen to Reader's Digest

/*/

I call to your attention The Club of Rome's report on world models and computer analysis:

The Limits to Growth, A Report for The Club of Rome's Project on the Predicament of Mankind, by DH&DL Meadows, J Randers, WW Brehrens, Universe Books, NY, \$2.75 paper

It is their opinion based on systems dynamics that the world will probably go to hell in or around the yr 2000. Population growth, diminishing resources, increasing pollution, per capita industrial output, food per capita are among the 200 variables inputted. A second world model is being developed at the Technische Hochschule in Hanover and results should be forthcoming in a yr or so.

I might also call your attention to the RAND Corp's world model predictions, DELPHI I, II, & III. MD Mesarovic has an article in Mankind 2000 on the results as run at Cornell. I noticed that LAcon is going to have a limited DELPHI exhibit. I might suggest that you dig out a copy of Mankind 2000 for the background.

Sic transit gloria mundi.

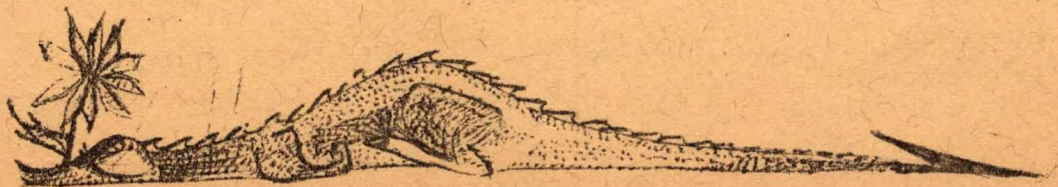
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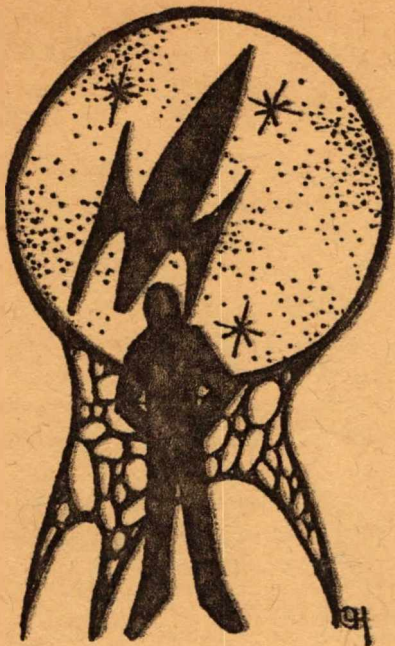
Me, I like nudity in the movies...it gives me a chance to see who has the best parts...

/*/

on a brighter note, The Journal of Irreproducible Results. Thanks to Penny Hansen for sending me a copy. Altho a lot of the articles I couldn't tell if they were meant to be funny or not... I see so much of this kind of writing and on a daily basis...Again, thanks, Penny.

/*/





Ah, yes, the movie by Kubrick. What's its name? Yes, A Clockwork Orange. I've just finished a rather lengthy set on ACO for APA45 so I won't do much more than skim the surface here.

You all, will of course, rush right out and see ACO. It isn't a movie to be enjoyed like some lighthearted(headed) comedy, but likewise it isn't some totally impossible trap to decipher (like most of Fellini).

The keys to the movie lie in the use of color and the music in the background (both, by the way added by Kubrick---the book used classical music, but did not heavily rely on old Ludwig van ad does the movie).

Kubrick gets his digs in at society, bureaucrats and violence and uses the original Burgess text to very good effect. Since I do not know much Russian, it wasn't always obvious

to me what the derivation of some of the slang terms were (some were: khorosho=horrorshow=nice, golova=gulliver=head, iudi=lewdies=people, militsia=millicents=cops) and my abysmal lack of knowledge of classical music I'm sure caused me to miss some of the finer points in the movie. Rossini was used at least twice with "Thieving Magpie" during the gangfight scene and "Wm Tell Overture" during the menage a trois/speeded up scene. What the significance of the bit of the main theme from Purcell is, ????

But it is an interesting movie, in just about the same way Silverlock is an interesting book. Complex threads interwoven and sort of a game involved in unwinding them.

Real horrorshow, droogs.

/*/

THAT GOOD OLD KENTUCKY BLOW GRASS MUSIC...somehow, I have classed the Record Club of America in the column of "Establishment" concerns. Sort of an unconscious appraisal, but one I'd made nonetheless. An interesting series of "extras" have started being sold along with the records. By buying xdollars worth of the following material, you too can get a free LP or tape or whatever turns you on. Literally.

Some of the merchandise (and I quote..yessir):
Candlestick stash. Protect your goodies from unannounced intruders. The secret little black mark shows you how to open the magnetic latch. We defy you to find a seam anywhere on the cube! \$6.00 /And what about the Man?/

Dynamite item! You'll be walkin' happy with super elegant, solid hardwood walking stick topped by gleaming handle that's actually a detachable chamber pipe. \$15

Scale. Cunning, collapsible, comes with its own protective vinyl carry case---all packaged in a waterproof stash bag. \$1.25 /Neglects to say how the scale is calibrated---doubt it would be good down to a mike./

The Traveler's Companion. Contains metal clip, a "permanent match" supply of fine imported papers, two waterproof vinyl stashes. \$5.75.

Key Ring Clip. \$1

Plus electric pipes, papers, The Toker (TM) which is "scientifically designed to change harsh smoke into mild aerated form that doesn't irritate your throat...since the smoke is milder, you can hold it longer...lets you reduce the amount of smoking mixture by about half..smoke it. Then turn on your stereo". They also offer metal "super straws" and "spoons for all occasions". And with a big enough purchase, you can even get a Donny Osmond record.

Looks

like the Record Club of America is going to be right in there, pitching 'n' pushin' if The Vile Killer Weed is ever legalized. And from the sound of the "spoons for all occasions", looks like they are after other markets as well, and probably in vein, to boot.

/*/

I always wanted to be a comedian but everyone laughed at

me

/*/

Con-tripulations: Off to Westercon in a couple days. Be on the SF Criticism Panel on the 4th (some ungodly hr like 10:30---there ought to be a law, and there may well be!). Me, spreading good cheer and a little oxodoyl as well.

Next on the con tripping schedule has to be Bubonicon 4. Albq. 25-27 August. GoH is Ted White. Yes, none other than THE Ted White.

Immediately after will be LAcon. You know, the Hugo thingcon. If I happen to win, please be sure to tell me (I'll probably be at the nearest Taco Bell getting some good food--never catch me dead eating a con banquet's food. And thinking on it, this might be the way all those people eating the banquet might end up...) I'll be on a future trends in fandom panel with Juanita Coulson and probably a couple others.

And carrying on still further into the con-fusion, will be MileHiCon in Denver. Those poor misguided souls have actually asked me to be the toastmaster. Little do they know that I don't like toast. But I accepted since the "master" part appealed to me.

Not

that kind of toast? Not that kind of master? I'll drink to that!

Skol.

/*/

A legal secretary is one who is over 18

/*/

Next issue, number 19 I think, is going to be my fifth annish. 5 yrs at this madness, and I am still as mad as when I started. I make more typos, but age creeps up on us all. Forgive me my typos and I'll forgive thee yours.

It should have a couple supplements with it, like the fairly lengthy article from Al Jackson and a worldcon report. I may even mention Bubonicon (and then again, maybe not...) Jerry'll be back with some more fmz reviews. George Proctor will be on hand. Maybe even something from you. If you'll send it to me.

Art work...still have some small pieces on hand. A couple Luv illos, a few from Grant and Jeff, some from Seth, a dragon or two from Marta lurking in the darkness, Mario has a few around, likewise Brad Balfour. The clippings will return. (Let me pass these two along right now: 1967 saw an estimated 16,697 illegitimate Texans born. and still further, Exobiology is the science that deals with the detection and study of possible forms of life on other planets---that's more shoes for industry.)

Til then, remember, "Nothing can bring you peace but yourself"

See you! Bob



MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN!

compiled by Mike Montgomery

/Ed note: Mike has been commenting on the quality of graffiti in the philosophy dept. John and he finally compiled it for this Augustine journal, Durant it!7

YOUR NAME WAS A SCRAWL ON THE WALL OF A STALL IN THE DEPTHS OF HODGIN HALL

Shakespeare eats Bacon

He Kant either

I Spinoza so

..Just Hume do you think you're kidding?

Howe should I know?

..This could continue untillich the wall's filled

They'll Thoreau you bums out before that

..A cutting comment, I admit. But it had no substance-- it was only a Berekeley barb

If this keeps up we'll have to Locke this room

Just Hume(or) them

..Dewey you really believe that?

You're Wright

I'm a Freud you're wrong

..You're too Jung to be a Freud

Allah you guys are nuts

Marx my words

The Camus Police don't like this

I'm a Freud you're Wright because you're too Jung to be this far Fromm Hume. Dunt you think so

..Let's not get Sartred on that subject

Donne you think we should stop this?

Wittgenstein of beer it becomes unimportant

..A Plato food is just as good

"Shaw" nuff daddyo

Nietzsche add anything else?

..Just karma down

Ipeed on my hand when I wrote this

It's Shhopenhauerd working here

..Yes, tough times in the John Mill

Ayer you going to write any more?

You're going to have to Fichte plumbing soon

Say Heidegger and she'll say to you

I Compte out on the exam

((At this point the whole thing is circled and this comment follows:

This is the cleanest graffiti ever composed. Congratualtions on a beautiful set of lyrics, gentlemen. This generation is right on! I Kant believe it!!!))

Fuck you

You can write off this generation

..Ha! Are you aware that we only sublimated our sexual desires? That children are starving in India? Of atropitiés committed in the name of Tetrahydrozoline? That Bruce King fucks dead cows?

Gov King blows dead goats

Goat power

fuck power

....and there she was, standing naked on the Moore

Somebody better Russell up some Moore wall to write on

..You're right--this Wallace shot

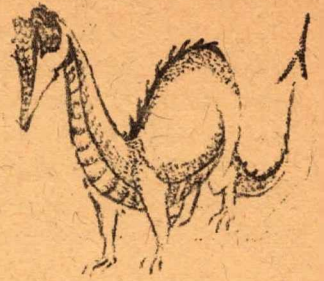


/Ed note: The lines preceded by .. are Mike's own contribs. Me, I saw the aura of my ways and adopted a full of Sophocles attitude since I'm just out to make a Schiller-ing or two.7

I F-E-L-L INTO

AN
AVALANCHE

JERRY
LAPIDUS



RENAISSANCE, vol. 3, #4, John J. Pierce

One of the funniest fanzines I've read this year came in the mail today.

Strangely, it was John's oh-so-serious journal of his "Second Foundation", Renaissance.

What's funny, really, is the lead article. The Holy War against the New Wave is over—you see, the Second Foundation has won.

You didn't think so? Well sir, you may take John J. Pierce's word for it — the back of the new wave has been broken, and the world of science fiction has been saved.

(NOW, I'm sure by this point most of you are as sick and tired as I am of this whole bit, but bear with me for a few minutes.)

What makes this even more incredible is Pierce's insistence of his "victory" in the face of a great deal to the contrary. Fandom, as a whole, has attacked and sharply criticized his goals and methods; even those who agree with his philosophies about science fiction have criticized him. He has been taken to task again and again for his inane argumentes; in the latest Algol, there's a letter from Bob Bloch, clearing up half a dozen deliberate misstatements Pierce made in discussing an article on Bloch in the previous issue. More important to the question, JJ claims the New Wave is dead. Really? You couldn't prove it by the stands.

From what I see, if there is to be a "winner" in the New Wave/Old Wave fight, it has to be the former. If there ever was a goal of the new wave, it was to allow increased freedom and experimentation in the field. And indeed, all the prozines save Analog seem far freer now than they were four or five years ago, far more willing to present different and unusual material. Many of the best authors associated with the New Wave have in fact prospered — Ellison, Disch, Saxon, and Aldiss to name a few, have been getting first hardcover publication of their work, and there aren't a hell of a lot of sf authors of any kind who get that. If you look at the host of original anthologies springing up, you'll see that the tone is decidedly new rather than old wave, with ORBIT, QUARK, CLARION, NOVA, NEW DIMENSIONS, and probably a few others very strongly oriented in this direction.

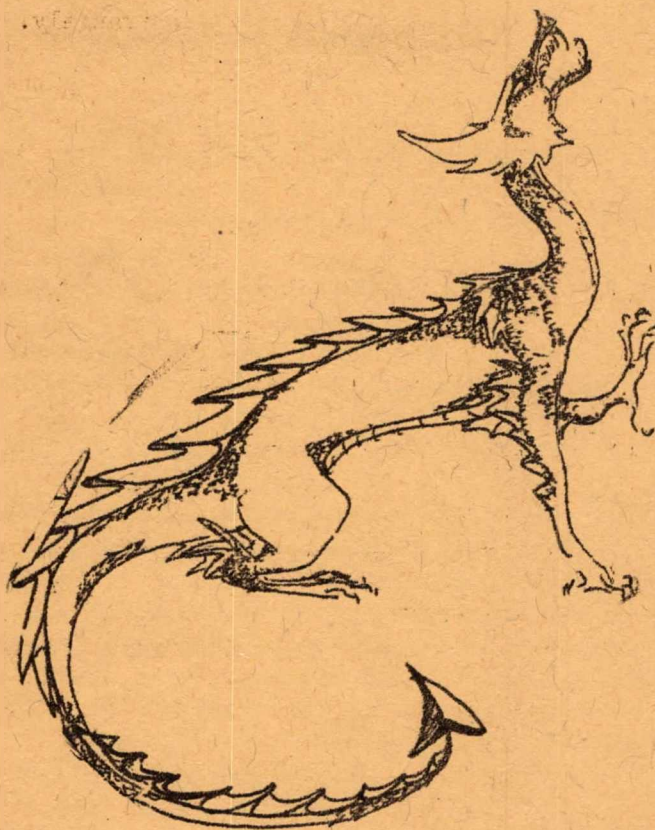
The point is that Pierce's "victory" announcement here is as ludicrous as his whole ridiculous campaign.

Otherwise, this is a considerably poorer issue than others recently available. In the past couple issues, Pierce has run a really fine discussion of "Cordwainer Smith" and his work, remarkably free of propagandizing. Pierce is capable of good criticism when he feels like it, and the magazine was very worth getting for this series. This is absent here, and the

magazine is back to its usual serious, pretentious material. Another article of Heinlein. A fairly interesting discussion of some of the flaws in Sam Lundwall's book on sf for Ace, by Richard Hodgens. (The treatment of this is notable. Hodgens spends the whole thing showing, by direct quotation, how the Lundwall book is generally mistaken and for the most part, worthless. In an afterward, Pierce defends the book as "the most valuable study of the genre ever published in paperback", largely because he claims it agrees with his old wave/new wave ideas.) Some generally good book reviews from Pierce, and some very poor one by Michael Shoemaker. A poor lettercolumn.

If you have never seen Renaissance, it's always well-mimeod on legal size paper, with virtually no layout or graphics of any kind, except for lettering-guide headings. Maybe you should try it this time--it's good for a laugh or two.

John J Pierce, 275 McMane Ave, Berkeley Heights, NJ, 07922 --- 25¢, trade ---



RATS 12&13, Bill Kunkel and Charlene Komar

Rats 12 and 13 suffer from Lapidus disease, a dread malady which strikes the faneditor who wants to put more into a given issue of a fanzine than will comfortably fit. Trying to find some sort of answer to his dilemma, he resorts to some form of tiny type, and produces a fanzine very difficult to read. In my case, I reduced Tomorrow And...7 from a 17 x 21" pasteup to an 8½ x 11" final size; Bill and Charlene have gone to micro-elite all caps mimeo. At least half of each issue is done this way, and even though I've always enjoyed the magazine, I simply couldn't read this without taking a break.

As I said, I know the problem well myself. It's very difficult to have to tell yourself, "The next issue can be only 30 pages, so you'll just have to hold that for the next issue" and

instead try to squeeze everything into the page limit. But after seeing three examples of fanzines w/ basically good material become almost impossible to read, I'm more convinced than ever that readability is vital. Redd Boggs put it perfectly in a loc to me -- "I liked #6 better than #7, largely because the latter's descent into the micro-cosm deterred me from reading everything that didn't immediately interest me." No matter how good the material is, if it isn't accessible to the reader, it might as well be crud.

What particularly hurts here is that by going into a two-column format, I think Bill could improve this immensely. His micro-elite is of the type where it's okay in just three or four inch lengths, but becomes impenetrable in a full-pg line. Those spots in the magazine where the lines are shorter -- as in page 6 in Rats 13 -- are infinitely easier to read than the full pages of solid micro-elite. But Bill doesn't like columns, Charlene positively hates them -- and thus it seems this problem will remain.

This understood, these are both fine, enjoyable issues; 12 is probably the best Bill has produced (Bill & Charlene, I mean), and 13 is still quite good. High quality fanmish writing from Bill -- a couple nice, long, meaty editorials-- as well as Greg Shaw, John Berry, Arnie (particularly with a Ted White reprint in 12), others. Good, long lettercolumns in both issues. There isn't enough of Charlene in either, particularly disappointing to me since she did an excellent fanzine review column in 11, but that's my own complaint.

Visually Bill is getting more and more into playing with appearance, but the result is still a bit sloppy. His growth as a fanartist is phenomenal and many of his illos are drawn to order and work perfectly with the text. But almost all the illos are entirely "minor" and most look pretty hurried; a lot of the hand stencilling is very light in 12 and 13 has the same problem with a number of the electrostencilled illos. An excellent Stiles cover for 13 is a glaring exception. I think the basic problem with the fanzine is that both layout and artwork are rushed -- they're trying to stick to a monthly schedule, which is great in some respects, but with both editors working, this means a limited time for actual production of issues. Most of the layout seems rushed, a great deal of the hand-stencilling seems rushed, etc. I know Bill is interested in visual appearance, but if he hopes to get the sort of results he seems to want--and I'm sure he's capable of producing -- he's going to have to take a little more time, even if this means a little less frequent publication.

To be perfectly honest, I think I find RATS generally the most enjoyable of the big three fannish fanzines. Nothing against Arnie and Joyce...it's just that if I did a fannish fanzine, I guess Bill and Charlene are printing the sort of stuff I'd like to print. If that makes any sense at all.

Bill Kunkel, 72-41 61st St., Glendale, NY, 11227 ---LoC, contrib, trade (both)35¢,3/\$1

METANOIA 9 & 10, Greg Shaw

The BOSH issue, and the latest, of Greg's highly acclaimed fanzine; both are quite good, but I think I enjoyed 10 a bit more. Although it's shorter, it has more of Greg's own work. Most of his contributors contribute to other fanzines, and you see their material here and there. Greg doesn't contribute much, and his own material is usually the best in his fanzine. These days, Greg's getting more and more into professional rock criticism and fandom; Met 10 seems to come out mainly in response to his gaining membership in FAPA, maybe FAPA is good for something useful, after all.

The Shaw issue seems one of the better Shaw issue fanzines, with Greg's own long "editorial" and Terry's "Entropy Reprint" of some classic Shaw material taking up nearly half the fanzine, and not a dull paragraph in either. The rest suffers in comparison, and frankly, I don't think would be all that good in any company. A very strange letter by Charles Upton, as part of a correspondence with William Burroughs. The first time I tried to read it, I couldn't hack it, but just now, while writing this, I was able to read it and wonder at the writer. Weird. A fairly enjoyable Katz bit; a James Wright book review; a moderately interesting lettercolumn. The tenth issue is just Greg, on a lot of different things, and a fair lettercolumn.

Good mimeo with very standard graphics and layout, but quite competent. Good Kirk cover for #9.

Greg's hangup on modern fandom as a fannish wasteland bothers me more than it probably should. Greg himself is a fine writer, and I enjoy what I read of it as much as I do that of many of the fannish greats; his work is always flowing and easy-going, with no cleverness for the sake of being clever and witty. And yet when Ken Rudolph tells him the same thing in the lettercolumn, Greg answers: "Oh come off it. It may appear that way, but to me it is another sign that things are in impossibly bad shape." Do you think things are in impossibly bad shape? Maybe for the fandom Greg wants they are, but different doesn't have to mean inferior.

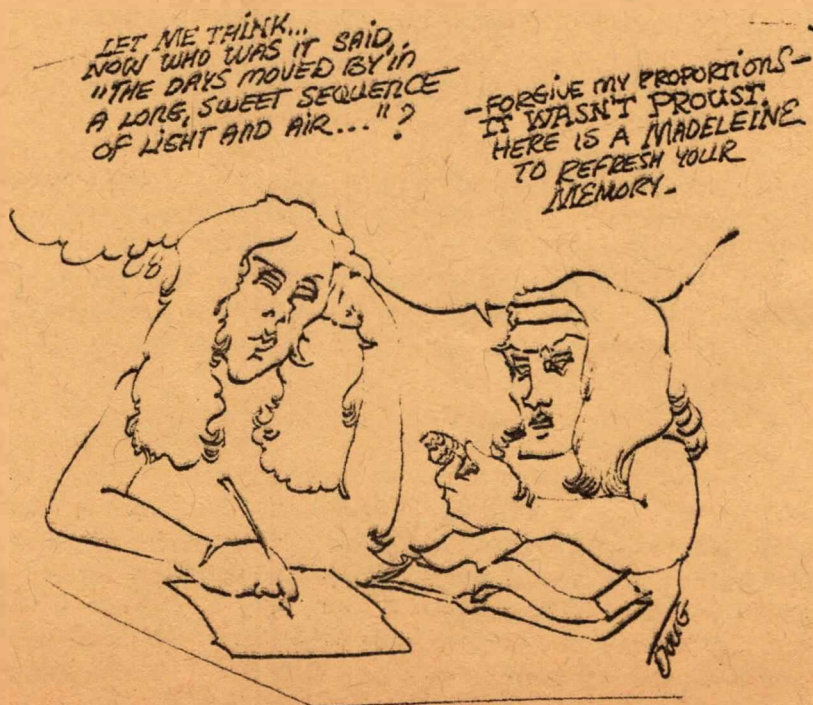
Greg Shaw, 64 Taylor Dr, Fairfax Calif, 94930 -- 9 is 50¢, for other issues, Ask Nicely.

BURGER 1, Edsmith

Burger really turns me on as a fanzine title, it really does. When I first heard ed's idea to use it from Mike Dobson, I almost wanted to use it myself (I am searching for a new title for Tomorrow and... --- all suggestions will be read and thoroughly considered) This is a nice little fanzine, something ed's putting out mainly for the hell of it; a few years ago, he edited a fat mediocre genzine called Flip, and this, if it lasts, promises to be an enjoyable light fanzine, maybe something like Pelf or Egg in its own way. Not serious, certainly; not fannish in the same way as FP, Potlatch, Rats or Metanoia are fannish; not really a personalzine, though it could easily become one. There'd be no reason to have to catalog it, but I am trying to describe it for you, and having difficulty.

As I keep saying in the fanzines I've reviewed in this two day spree I'm currently on, there isn't enough by the editor here. Ed's a very enjoyable writer, and the barely three pages he's written just aren't enough. The rest: a long thing from Sunday Yorkdale, Linda Bushyager's sister, about Baycon (I'm sure I've read this somewhere else, but it was still enjoyable, even the second time around); short columns from Ed Cox and Mike Dobson. Reproduction mediocre mimeo, layout and design (what I usually mean when I say "graphics") okay. It really isn't anything much, but it's nice and friendly and I liked it.

Ed Smith, 1315 Lexington Ave, Charlotte, NC, 28203 --contrib, loc, trade ---



"AGAINST STUPIDITY...." Reviews of Books

by Vardeman

THE GODS THEMSELVES...Doubleday, by whoel se
but Isaac Asimov?. Just writing an sf
novel after such a long time was bound to
create all sorts of stir, and doing it with
a good book is bound to create all the more
publicity.

The Gods Themselves is a good book;
I doubt if Asimov knows how to write poorly.
But this aside, the book is flawed and will
not deserve the Hugo nomination I imagine it
will get next yr.

The first part "Against
stupidity... deals with the discoverer of the
Electron Pump, a device seemingly given to
man by the Para Universe to supply limitless
and pollutionless energy. The characterization
is superb, horrendously life-like. And this
is why I didn't care for it -- the scientists are too lifelike to fit in with the rest of
the book. This is an after thought, of course, but Asimov is obviously describing people
he has known (I'm sure anyone in the science game comes across Hallam's type sooner or
later, if not to such a degree of notoriety). Lamont, the wronged revenge motivated
scientist, likewise.

The second section, dealing with the Para Universe is far and away the
best. Obvious parallels with humanity can be drawn, but Asimov handles his aliases with
an adroitness that the parallels become subtleties driving home his points all the harder.
If the other two parts matched the quality of this section, "The Gods Themselves", the
novel would have been surefire Hugo calibre.

The last part, "...Contend in Vain?" is pure
1940s sf. A minor character from the first part whips out the solution to the problems
caused by the Pump in a few scant pages, wins the heroine, unites the Earth, puts the
baddie in his place and gives mankind the stars. The pace set by this section is totally
at odds with the stark realism and obtusity of the characters shown in the first section
and the beautifully detailed aliens in the second.

Individually, the stories are better than
90% of sf on the stands now. As a whole, The Gods Themselves is disjointed, awkwardly
paced and extremely uneven both in intent and content.

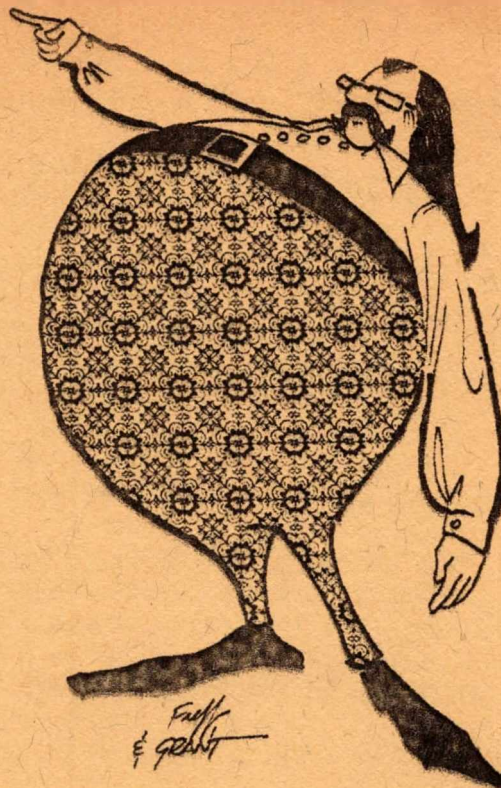
I won't go into the scientific end
of the novel since this is relatively unimportant; this novel's greatest selling point is
without fail, the characterization in the second section (and for those of you who know,
the first part, also).

In summation, a book you should not miss, if for nothing else but
the Para Universe creatures in the second section, but you should be prepared for a buffeting
in quality from one section to the next. Even a shift in plot.

However it goes, I just wish
more people could write this well. (The quotation, by the way, is from Schiller's "Maid of
Orleans")

THE STARS, LIKE DUST,...Isaac Asimov, Fawcett....75¢...Another in Fawcett's reprint series.

This book is naturally enjoyable all the way through, but for me, the last paragraph
ruins the whole book. Not totally, but it jolts me in an irritating way akin to that
ghodawful episode of Star Trek, "Omega Glory". If you haven't read Stars, Like Dust, you
really should. But Asimov has written so many books with greater impact that I recommend
starting with one of the others (Caves of Steel, any of the Foundation series...)



THE DAY STAR...Mark Geston, DAW Books, 95¢....I really should say something about Wollheim's new publishing venture. Out of the half dozen of the books from DAW I've read, not a single one has been bad or even mediocre. Wollheim is doing a fine job of selection & I only hope the venture is financially profitable enough to allow him to continue.

This book is set in the same universe as Lords of the Starship and Out of the Mouth of The Dragon. ...Dragon was too bleak for me to truly appreciate, but Day Star is a bit brighter in tone and far more enjoyable. It is very difficult to blend hard science, ghosts, ruined super-civilizations and adventure; Geston pulls it off very well, indeed. In fact, the ghost of the navigator searching for his proper niche in the universe binds the novel together in a most striking and unusual way.

After Lords of the Starship, I said Geston deserved a Hugo. Reading Day Star reinforces that opinion.

SPELL OF THE WITCHWORLD...Andre Norton, DAW, 95¢... This is a collection of 3 shorter pieces dealing with the Witch World. The first story, Dragon Scale Silver, is the best both from the standpoint of being very "Norton-ish" and from knowing when to stop. The plot did not call for one pg more, and Miss Norton definitely quit at a point which left me engrossed in the story and even wanting more. The other two stories, Dream Smith and Amber Out of Quayth are only Witch World stories by virtue of being placed in the same volume as Dragon Scale Silver. Still worth the price of admission, however.

MINDMIX...Leo Kelley, Fawcett, 75¢... Poor imitations of better known books leave me cold.

And Mindmix is so close to Flowers for Algernon, and in a lesser way, Andromeda Strain, that I found it tedious going. Pete Bratton (read Charly) is a slightly dimwitted guy who seemingly exists to please others and be "loved" in return. In short, a patsy for every con man who comes along. Virus Y (read Andromeda Strain) has no explanation and, I guess, doesn't really need one. It is just a convenient plague to hang the plot of memory transfer onto.

The book doesn't really get into the main plot until pg 120 (and with only 176 pgs in the book...). Bratton's immunity to a plague which invariably kills is the vehicle for "saving" the minds of great men. I could quibble that memory and ability are two different things, and that even nowadays we know memory is both chemical and electrical, but quibbles aside. Bratton is injected with the mind of a cytologist/geneticist so that his mind can be picked after the brain donor dies of Virus Y. Needless to say, Bratton becomes the geneticist (who has some rather deviant sexual problems). One injection follows another and Bratton slowly loses his own identity, and ends up in worse condition than when he started.

yawn It's all been done before and so much better. And Kelley had one line on pg 53 which shows a remarkable imagination, "I went swimming in a lake near where we lived in Albuquerque." Near meaning a couple hundred miles? Irrigation ditch I could believe, lake? No way. And in the promo picture, it is left to my imagination whether the creature on the right with the lease or the creature on the left in a leather jacket is Kelley. Perhaps to the dog, an irrigation ditch would seem like a lake...



TECHNOS/SCATTER OF STARDUST...EC Tubb, Ace, 95¢...I bought this for Technos, another Dumarest story (about penultimate, I'd say). Can't defend it as good writing, but I can as pure adventure. Sort of like Jack Vance without Vance's virtuosity with words. 8 short stories in the back edition; none remarkable, none glaringly bad either.

NEBULA AWARD STORIES #6...ed Simak, Pocket Books, 95¢...This book would be worth twice the price if only for Sturgeon's Slow Sculpture and Leiber's All Met in Lankhmar. This may be a bit blasphemous, but I never liked Sturgeon's Microcosmic God---I hope fans will start pointing to Slow Sculpture now that it has come along. A truly fine story of people, not really sf but more of a blend of sf and fantasy. Leiber's is a Grey Mouser yarn and delightful. The other stories include Laumer's story of waiting to get into FAPA, In The Queue, Wolfe's Island of Dr Death and Other Stories, Lafferty's unintelligible Continued on the Next Rock, Harrison's very poor effort By the Falls, and the Second Inquisition by Joanna Russ. I am far from Miss Russ's greatest admirer, but in all fairness, 2nd Inquisition fully deserves inclusion in any anthology which even halfway pretends to be the best of 1970.

Thomas D Clareson's introduction is exceeded in its verbosity only by his lack of knowledge of science fiction. Or even science. Ringworld is not plausible? I feel sorry for Dr. Clareson, sequestered away in his literary world, for the real world of technology is leaving him behind. And Clareson is totally ignorant if he is the one suggesting that Niven's idea was "...extrapolated from the idea of a space station". Dyson, man, Dyson!

Dr. Clareson might be a very brilliant thread tracer in obscure literary movements, a superlative clarifier of the English language, a truly intelligent man, but he is ignorant of science fiction which is not of an entirely literary nature.

For the stories, you should rush right out and buy this volume. For the obtuse introduction and all its glaring flaws...well, skip it and read the stories.

TACTICS OF MISTAKE...Gordon Dickson, DAW, 95¢...Ever since Dorsai! I've been hooked on Dickson's stories of the Dorsai mercenaries. Dorsai! itself lost out to Starship Troopers, but Soldier, Ask Not won a richly deserved Hugo. Tactics, I'd place just a notch below either of the other stories, but well worth a nomination at least. Dickson writes with a depth that is not readily apparent; after a few pages, tho, when the ideas have begun to sink in, you are treated to the ahHA! Of Course! Revelation without the need of coming right out and hitting you in the face with it. Tactics of Mistake is not just another soldier story; no more than Naked to the Stars or Soldier, Ask Not.

FLESH IN THE FURNACE...Dean Koontz, Bantam, 75¢...This novel flows so smoothly to have such an abrupt ending, that I can't help but wonder if the publisher hasn't mucked it over a bit for space reasons. The furnace referred to in the title creates small, programmed puppets--you might say, androids -- which will perform a play without human supervision. The thin line between humanity and human creation slowly slips away and the puppets begin exerting pressures on the humans and finally the puppets become the masters. Dean is hung up on the idea of a soul (witness Beastchild) and the puppets are inherently Evil because they have no soul. I don't believe this, but it makes for a good storyline nevertheless. The ending happens too fast and the book is ended almost by Divine Intervention which leads me to believe it was originally a couple chapters or so longer. The means to the end is hinted at during the narrative but the deus ex machina destruction of the puppets is not a logical conclusion from what has gone before.

I rather liked the book, as well as the term "icy eroticism" used in the blurb. Read the book to see how two contradictory terms like "icy" and "eroticism" can fit so well.

WONDERMAKERS...ed. Robert Hoskins, Fawcett, 95¢...This is an anthology of "classic" sf, meaning classical more than classic, altho several like Surface Tension and Killdozer! surely qualify. Stories by Poe (The Ballon Hoax), excerpts from Flatland by Abbott, Bierce's Moxon's Master, Wells' Land Ironclads, London's Unparalleled Invasion, AC Doyle's Challenger story, The Disintegration Machine, Benet's 2 poems, Nightmare #3 and Metropolitan Nightmare plus stories from Kipling and Forster. As I said, classical rather than classic.

As some of you already know, Simon and Schuster is the parent company for Pocket Books. I have received review copies of many of the Pocket Books for several years now. As a whole, what I have received have been easily classifiable; the Nebula Award Stories are well worth the money and the occult/ESP/ghost/gothic stories aren't worth the paper they are printed on. This is a matter of taste, but S&S has continued to send review copies. In return, I review the books and send 3 copies of the review to them, 2 copies of just the review and one copy of Sandworm in an effort to show the total context I strive for rather than the rather disjointed reviews.

I received both the extra copies of my last reviews and Sandworm back via registered mail with this form letter attached:

We wish to acknowledge having received your manuscript.

For many years we have received tens of thousands of manuscripts. We have employed hundreds of people and countless thousands of dollars in receiving, reading and returning them.

Of all unsolicited manuscripts received, we have published less than 1% and that, with modest success.

As a result, we have decided to return all unsolicited manuscripts and to suggest to the authors that they endeavor to find a literary agent to handle the matter for them. He acts as a screening agent for the publishers and can be useful for dealing with magazines, film contracts, foreign sales and other publishing problems.

A list of literary agents can be found in the New York City classified telephone directory or in Literary Market Place which is available in most libraries.

Thank you for your interest in our publishing house and good luck to you in your further efforts.

Sincerely,

Simon and Schuster
Editorial Department

I can only marvel at the garbage S&S must get if they confuse carefully marked reviews for a ms. Considering the quality of the review material they have sent in the past, it appears that even going thru an agent isn't helping them greatly. My view is something like this: obviously, they do not read what is sent to them. This is the only explanation for them wasting 90¢ to register a letter and return the reviews. It might be bureaucratic foul up, and if so, perhaps they had better cut back in this area and leave those poor "hundreds of people" who appear to have been cast onto the unemployment scene in their positions as first readers.

Further, I do not consider my reviews to have been unsolicited. I naturally assumed they would like to see what was being said about their books. My receipt of their books should have a twofold motive. First is to advertise their product; to bring it to the attention of a larger readership than could be expected to just pass by a newsstand. This function I fulfill, I think. The second should be feedback on the books themselves. I have never given a good review to an occult book; on the other hand, I have invariably praised the Nebula Award winners anthologies. This feedback is not getting to S&S.

I can only wonder if I could stop reviewing their books altogether and still receive review copies. I certainly do not enjoy wading thru ponderous tomes of the ilk of Hans Holzer or Beth Browne, but I do so. I think my time has been wasted. And that irritates me.

I will continue to review S&S books, if they continue to send them, but from this point on, only the science fiction.

After all, less than 1% of all the unsolicited books I have received for review have been even moderate successes. Perhaps S&S should find an agent in the Albuquerque phone book.

Good luck to you, S&S, in your further efforts. With a bureaucratic structure like you have, you'll need luck to ever find a good book. Or even recognize a book, for that matter.

the Trackless



Time for the good ole lettercol again. Still. Yet. As usual, all my comments in The Trackless Waste are set aside thusly.7

MIKE GLICKSOHN: 32 Maynard Ave, Apt 205, Toronto 156, Ontario, Canada::: First, naturally, the cover. It's tremendous!! Certainly the best piece of C. Lee Healy's work I've seen and a striking cover by any terms. SW has never been famous for its appearance or its production values but this must rate as one of the better covers to appear on a fanzine this year. (Now if you only would learn how to put in electrostencils properly...)

Just wondering, do you write your editorials easily or do you have to work at it? They come across extremely easily and naturally but I find that sort of sustained humour takes real effort. I can't just simply sit down and fill stencil after stencil with the great puns you

are always coming up with. Which is why I'm not known as one of fandom's great humorists, I guess. Although most humorists admit that comedy is the hardest form of writing. I can sit and write several pgs of puns when I'm in the mood, and sometimes do. Usually, tho, I just write the editorial when I'm in the mood or have something I want to say. In between typing the editorial, I do the rest of the zine which doesn't require the same type of concentration. But, no, I don't find writing puns to be all that hard. My mind works in a strange way (churning puns when I'm not coldbloodedly analysing things like the death dealing properties of tetrahydrozoline). But I suspect it is like anything else; if you practice enough at it, puns start coming naturally. Or unnaturally. I rather pity the people in Slanapa since I foist my puns off onto them each month.7

The number of open-pit mines in America is oreful! Yes, it is a pit-y, but I don't mine. Dig?7

A quibble or two about your editing of Jerry's column, Bob. Either he didn't send you his review of Twas Ever Thus or you didn't print it, but wither way, you should have deleted the reference to said review when Jerry was talking about Lizard Inn. And when Jerry reviewed NERG without listing both Susan and I as editors, you ought to have corrected this. You Hugo-nominees gotta take care, right? Hmmm, my copies of SWorm all say "Energumen 10, Mike and Sue Glicksohn" which sorta indicates to my warped outlook that Jerry meant you both as editors.7

I think Andy's got a damn good point about inability to communicate but I also think that a specialized jargon is often essential and can aid communication as long as both sides understand the jargon used. In the hard sciences, in computer installations, in just about any specialized field, there are terms that are understood by those in the field but are completely incomprehensible to outsiders. It is only when jargon is used to obfuscate, rather than shorthand, that the effects Andy describes so vividly can occur. Far too many people generate an air of specious erudition by the employment of a plethora of superfluous polysyllabic communication units and the simultaneous generation of a prinnipally redundant nomenclature. I'll be super-amalgamated!7

In your answer to Buck Coulson's comments on fan marriages that first line is infuriatingly poorly corflued out. It's rather sadistic to leave in just enough of the first few words so we can figure out what you're going to say and then to eliminate the kicker entirely. I changed my mind about what I was going to say---best leave it unsaid. Lousy stencils don't take corflm easily, I'm afraid. But cheapness is...7

As usual your lettercolhmn has its standard mixture of the insane and the profound and your comments to Rick Sneary about your feelings towards "society" relect my own beliefs to a "t". I naturally find them rather profound because of this. I'm sure Rick issincere in his concern for you/us, but I

find his attitude as alien as he finds yours. It amazes me that anyone can live in this world and deal with its people and still have respect for "the man in the street", and yet there are such people. They call us "cynics", we think of them as "blind", and who's to say who is right? Very well put, Bob.

I see you took Nesha Kovalick to heart and adopted an even more incomprehensible numbering system than before. You shouldn't be so easily swayed, Bob; stick to your guns...do what I tell you and ignore those others. /That's a good point/like. I think I won't number my pages. Of course I was mistaken before, but I was wrong then, too.7

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6655321

I am, 2, a number!

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NED BROOKS: 713 Paul St, Newport News, Va, 23605::: Radio (FM) just had an ad for "Riverside Funeral Home, where the doors are always open" I wonder if I could get the for fraudulent advertising? /It might be their Eternal Rest Room, they are referring to. One of the local planting concerns runs ads "Serving the living since 19.." Makes me wonder what they do to all those living people...7

Trouble is, most of the Trained Killers never get a chance to and get all frustrated and like that... They really ought to revive the gladiatorial games to allow an outlet for the murderous rages of the Trained Killers -- also it would get rid of the incompetent Trained Killers. /Sweet Dreams, Sweet Princes...7

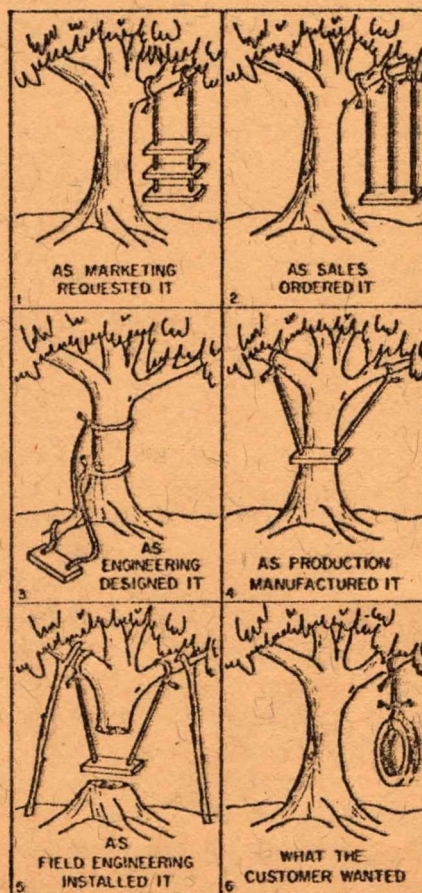
I think Offutt is quite right... Maybe I'm getting old, but most of the new jargon adds little to communication. The standard sf terms did not arise out of any desire to be exclusive or to sound cute, but rather as a convenient shorthand. "Apa" is quicker than "Amateur Press Association" and conveys the same to an outsider, anyway. Likewise, "multi-apan" "genzine", "LoC", etc. and even "gafia" -- all are shorthand for a complex concept. To say "lay some bread on" for "pay" is not shorthand but mere gabble. And the examples that Offutt quotes from PSYCHOLOGY TODAY are little better, the writers seem to have gone to a great deal of trouble to pick words that most people would have to look up in favor of more common terms.

And "Arlan K Andrews" - note the initials are the same as Also Known As -- must be the Ex-Good Doctor himself in a clever rubber disguise...

/At least you're right about the "doctor" part...hey, Arlan, got any more articles in the mill? If so, howabout shaking off the coffee grounds and sending one or two this direction?7

I don't know about time machines, but Davis is wrong about refrigerators -- all known heat engines increase the net entropy. /Yes, but the local entropy inside the cooler is constant--you can't get something for nothing, but this doesn't mean you can't get something if you're willing to pay the price.7

Mrs. LeGuin does indeed show an amazing strength of character to be albe



to keep a constant number of books on hand-- a really Draconian solution to the crowded bookshelf problem. I would prefer one of the infinite pokcets that Silverberg invented for NIGHTWINGS, but until those become available, I guess I'll have to keep building bookshelves. Especially as long as Mrs. LeGuin keeps writing books - I really can't imagine getting rid of what I have by Leiber, Lewis or even Lindsay. /Didn't know Mayor Kindsay wrote sf...7

I wouldn't miss Allen Ludden at all...

Proctor is probably right about why people become fans, as far as he goes, but what he fails to see is that fandom is a far superior "peer group" in comparison to what is available to most people.

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6655321

I am 2. A number!

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HARRY WARNER: 423 Summit Ave, Hagerstown, Md. 21740:: My favorite disc jockey remark occurred a month or two ago when he was reading a commercial for a movie then playing in Hagerstown: The Crotch and the Switchblade. And you ought to watch that habit of writing letters on computer printouts. The nostalgia buffs will be wanting good unmeddled with printouts for their collections in the next generation, after computers have become something that died after the good old days. I thought I was being pretty smart during my early years on the job by writing letters on the back of press releases from one source that was particularly prolific. They were NBC radio press releases, and if I'd saved them all I'd be an instant BNF in old radio fandom. /Ah, the computer will never die out. It produces so much paper so fast, the bureaucrats love it. And it'll take them at least 20 years of filing away the proper forms before the computer would be allowed to die...7

You

know, I'm coming to thin' Jerry Lapidus really likes good layout in fanzines. But I like this column which seems more befitting the way fanzines should be reviewed than some of the other columns Jerry and other highly critical fans have been writing. I've about decided that format and layout in fanzines are like poetry in one respect; if the reader doesn't get it instinctively, he might as well give up trying, because all the teaching and preaching in the world won't make him understand why statements should be rhythmic or why pictures should occupy certain areas on some pages and different areas on other pages.

The

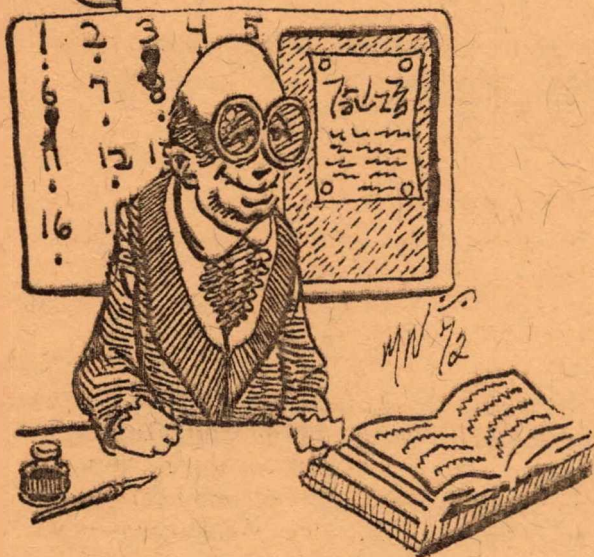
worst thing about encoded syntax quoted by Andy Offutt is the attitude some of the purveyors take. They often come out with the side remarks about how they shouldn't be talking or writing in just this style, and they go ahead and do it anyway. My job takes me into the meetings of one local board of elected officials who often laugh at themselves during adjournment time at the number of times they've repeated "input" "guidelines" and various other popular words, just as other people joke about their inability to stop smoking or drinking.

That Roald Dahl story about the leg of lamb was dramatized for an Alfred Hitchcock Presents episode, I'm pretty sure. There's a television series that is ripe for some powerful nostalgia pretty soon. When it was current, everyone was scornful because its name was its only immediate connection with Hitchcock. But it had many neat little dramas that approached the quality of real Hitchcock direction. After all these years, the half-hour episodes are still being telecast from Baltimore every night and curse the luck, I can't get the picture, just the sound from the station's puny UHF transmitter.

You and Hank Davis

would be somewhat beyond my comprehension on one of my good days and this is a bad day so the best thing I learned from his remarks and your remarks was your inadvertent new word. I think "disawowing" should be in the dictionary immediately as a word that deals with the debunking of something sensational, in contrast to disavowing which can continue to refer to refutations of unsensation stuff. /I disawow all connection with this zine!7

SURE SONNY ~ A SF WORLD
 CON WITH THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE.
 NOW GO PLAY IN THE STREETS
 AND LEAVE ME ALONE.



Maybe you could consider in your future trends panel whether there really is any danger of a worldcon coming to Hagerstown. People keep talking about it. There would be one advantage. It's almost impossible to find a policeman here when one is needed, so fans wouldn't need feel so nervous on that score. On the other hand, the only really big meeting place here is on the courthouse pavement where there are at least a dozen big benches for people to sit on. There wouldn't be much of tourist interest for mundane spouses of fans, like the Freedom Trail in Boston. The most exciting sightseeing would have to be a trip to the grave of Hiram Maxim the inventor of the firearms silencer, who was buried in Hagerstown after a non-mechanical silencer was used on him. It would be the only worldcon in history where steamers would be the main course at the banquet. They're a delicacy known only to a few lunch counters in this part of the Northeast, and are best described as pre-digested hamburgers. Hagerstown has a swimming pool, but it has been condemned by the Health Dept. because its filtration

system permits a change of water only once during each heat wave, so maybe it would be better not to decide that a worldcon here is feasible until something else can be worked out for skinnydipping.

A fine cover, good interior illustrations, but has anyone ever produced a fanzine without even one Rotsler illustration before this?

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6655321

I am, 2 a number.

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D GARY GRADY RETURNS!:: 520 Orange St, Wilmington, NC, 28401:: Normally, I avoid arguments about "rights" since I'm more interested in what works in terms of producing the most livable society for most (and especially the most intelligent) people. But that's a tad dogmatic, too, so let me jump into this with a question.

You say laws should protect us from other people but not ourselves, right? You also say ss should be voluntary. Well, do you think that you, right now, are the same person Bob Vardeman will be in 40 yrs? Put another way, suppose I want to go and commit suicide because I'm depressed. That would (a) hurt my wife and (b) probably my future self, whatever it might have been. Saying you can't enforce laws against suicide or drugs avoids the real issue, ie if you could should you? My answer is no, of course not. As to your "potential" suicide example, you seem to be considering the effects on others as well. Which is something only you can do, and indeed, should do if you are thinking of suicide. That action would affect others, but it would be up to you to determine to what extent and if it really mattered to you that you were affecting others. And no, I'm not the person I will be in 40 yrs since in all probability I'll be wormfood in 40 yrs. But, to the point, no I'm not the same person I was, say a yr ago. Many things have changed, but I still feel the individual should be the one to chart his own course. I suspect that will remain fairly constant, too. In its way, to me at least, it is an undeniable truth of the universe. That others deny it, even go out of their way to prevent free choice, is just the way the yarrow sticks have fallen. It's up to someone to pick the sticks up and recast... By the way, there is a bill in Congress now to allow both employed and self-employed people to set up their own retirement plan (doesn't affect ss, but it does a good many insurance company run plans). I, for one hope it will get thru. It won't, of course, since the insurance companies will be against it (never give a sucker an even break, you know.) But a step in the right path...7

Many other fine letters, some of which I'd said I'd print (notably the continuation of Hank Davis') but I'm still wanting to get this doen before Westercon. Which means, with just the things in front of me, I have to do all the fmz pgs of Jerry's, plus a pg or 3 more editorial. And I've Promised Articles to So Many of You. George Proctor gets a Westercon report, pity George. Roy Tackett gets something for his 50th fanzine/12th annish. (That's qtrly?) Bubonicon calls, albeit weakly, but...

Since I m unsure of when the next issue will be out (maybe Sept in time for my fifth annish) maybe not til later. If not, please be advised of MileHiCon in Denver over the Veteran's Day weekend. Write Judith Brownlee, 1556 Detroit #1, Denver, Colo 80206 for more info. Tell her, the MileHiCon's toastmaster sent you.

WAHF: Gary Grady with some Lorentzian squiggles about time (gads, but when am I going to learn to not argue astronomy and arge about something I know something about? Hey, Gary, how are you on diffusion and permeation? Activated processes? X-ray structure methods? Oh well. To hell with the Schwarzschild limits.)...Grant Canfield a couple times, with some dandy illos in collaboration with Jeff Cochran...WG Bliss with a lengthly letter on some of his recent inventions (did you see the July Analog with its articæ on IC engines and turbines, Bill?)...Jerry "apidus many times...Sean Summers a time or two...Alexis Gilliland with an article I'm saving for next issue on boondoggling the govt way... the entire offutt Funny Farm crew, andy and Joñde, plus a rather grave illo from Chris... Wally Conger with comforting words on a Non-Voters League...BD Arthurs now at Ft Monmouth... Mike Kring recent Air Farce joinee several times (he got sent to Monterey, the lucky devil!) ...Jay Cornell with some thot-provoking comments...Sheryl Birkhead several times, with illos and info on aluminum corrosion...Doris Beetem with some sensible advice and cppyies of articles on black holes and a contest : I will win, become rich and retire...Mike Glicksohn once again with gloomy words about his chances of attending Bubonicon after all...any time, Mike, fan GoH or not, you are welcome (but this time, you'll have to bring your own water and salt tablets--we won't supply them)...Al Jackson with an article on ET civilizations which I'm thinking of printing as a special supplement...Michael Dobson...good old Edsmut...Ulf Westblom saying he, Per Insulander and John Agren will be thru the first of August....Kay Anderson who is learning to add, and sometimes even come up with the right answer...Ed Cox inviting me to be on a panel at Westercon...Milt Stevens's letter particularly enthused me; he, too is starting to use the backs of computer printouts (but I felt like a spy or something---his don't give lattice parameters or Fourier coefficients but train wæcks and bogus money and assault and batteries, and one column I'll have to have explained to me which read:

Gagged 113
Gift 13
Gloves 110
God Satan 1
Gypsy 6
Halloween 5

...Lemme see, who else has written? A gaggle of people from "Down Under, like Ron Clarke, Paul Anderson. I'm sure there have been others. So refresh my memory and



