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SANDWORM #2

SANDWORM is being published by Bob Vardeman (PO Box 11352, Albuquerque NM, 87112) whenever the mood moves him for the express purpose of putting the "s" back in sf. This Work of Art wiggles its way to you thru various apas, the USPOD or the Albuquerque SF Club. Those of you who aren't apas or local fans receive Sandworm because you are a trufan, you're mentioned herein, you've written and sent a LoC, I trade, you have contributed (THANKS!), I like you or I hate you and want a little revenge.

--A Sandpile Publication

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Sept. 23, 1967

The Sandmaster Speaks

In spite of Sandworm #1, here I am again. Didn't think I'd have the nerve to put in another appearance did you? Just goes to show that I don't have good sense. #2 promises to be longer... but that's about all I can promise. There is some good artwork in this issue (if the repro's no good, that's my fault but the artwork as I received it is good). Contributions include a gaggle of LoC's from people receiving #1 and a few from people that didn't. Roy Tackett has a column that mercifully breaks the monotony of my ramblings (Roy told me most of the APA45 bunch wouldn't know who George & Marion Kerby were - I find this hard to believe. After all, there was a TV show concerning these fine people and it was probably aired during the memory span of most of the members (mid '50s at a guess). In fact I even remember who was in the show. George was played by Robert Sterling, Marion by Anne Jeffries, Cosmo by Leo G. Carroll, Henrietta by Natalie Schafer and Neil by some hairy unknown St. Bernard.) John Kusska sent in a pun which received the honor of being the best (by being the only one). I like Feghoots so maybe John or some of the other Alexandria pun-lovers will send in a few for nextish. Mike Viggiano of the N3F Ms. Bureau sent along the artwork by Jay Kinney, Richard Flood, Paul Crawford and Robert Gilbert. Special thanks goes out to Robert Gilbert for sending some additional illos (which will adorn #3).

I find a distressing number of typos & outright misspellings (sometimes I can't even spell Pall Mall if half froze over). On the mechanical failure side, my poor old typer sticks, won't hold the stencils tightly enough to prevent slipping, and for some mysterious reason won't cut p,m,e,w,a or g very well. Besides this, it has a tendency to omit words like "a", "are", "in" etc. (Edco read Dune one installment a night for 8 nights).

Enough of that. I'm still very much in the market for contributions. You name the subject (I'm catholic in my tastes if not in my religion). Sandworm doesn't have a direction except for a stefnal one and this by no means excludes fantasy or things of fannish interest (or even things interesting to fans). Sorry about that, Greg.

I am initiating a code on the address (for those of you who get this via the US Mule Mail) so you can figure out why you received it. T is for Trade (if followed by ? I mean "Howabout trading your zine for this one?"), C means you contributed, M indicates that I don't have the faintest idea why I sent it to you. More than likely, if you get on my mailing list you'll stay there until I decide you have committed suicide or have skipped the country to avoid me & my insane ravings.

There has been some comment about whether or not there really is a Roy Tackett. The answer is "No". Roy is a clever hoax put over on unsuspecting fans by Eric Blake. But this doesn't affect me because his (Roy's, that is) mimeo is real enough to run off Sandworm. This might involve the metaphysical problem "What is reality" but I'll leave problems like that to Eric Blake & Chay Borsella. (Gee, Roy, I'd like to see that picture of Chay Borsella. I just hope it wasn't printed with slow oxidizing emulsion or on the tape used by the Mission:Impossible tape recorders.)

Prepare! Here comes Sandworm #2.....

GIUDICHAR

Ravings from the Sandmaster's
Sandbox

You might have been wondering about this business of putting the "s" back in sf (or then again, maybe you haven't). SF is being written today - and just as well as it ever was - but there are additions to the field claiming to be sf that I don't consider to be sf.

The first is the so-called Significant fiction. SF can have a message and still be sf but Significant fiction almost totally ignores the science. One story of Great Significance about a giant washed up on a beach comes to mind - perhaps you might classify this as fantasy but I hesitate to put such a piece of junk in the same category as Darker Than You Think, Conjure Wife, and Lord of the Rings. No real element of the supernatural or the scientific is involved - just a giant and the author isn't telling where it comes from. Indeed, the source of the giant doesn't even seem to be important. This is science fiction?

Then we come to the branch known as the Happening. I prefer this to Significance mostly because it has a stronger taste of sf - there is usually a future society involved. But the Happening doesn't really start anywhere and it usually ends up back where it started - nowhere. While the scene is sf, the plot is almost non-existent and the action in the story has little bearing on the culture depicted. Is this sf, then? Perhaps it is in the same way a fantasy like Tros of Samothrace is historical. But this involves an absolute definition of sf - which I don't think anyone can satisfactorily give.

Fiction, these two types definitely are - but sf? I propose to "disown" both schools and give them their own branches. The Significant would become symbolic fiction (which it is) and the Happening would be relative fiction (the action is usually relative to the characters but not relevant to the plot). Let these offspring of sf go out into the cold, cruel world and see if they can fend for themselves without hiding behind their parent's name.

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Hear about the football player that played deodorant? He was Right Guard. (I admit that that is pretty bad. Such things should be Banned!)

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Mrs. Black for Congress? That totally wrecks my sense of wonder. Almost. I wonder if there is anything to the rumor (which I've started) that if elected she'll rename the battleship New Jersey "The Good Ship Lollipop" and won't accept any officer to command it unless his name is "Captain January"? I can hardly wait until the House starts playing Heidi & Seek. If she is elected I'll have absolute proof God is dead.

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Anyone can stop smoking but it takes a man to face up to lung cancer!

There are so many commercials on the boob tube that irk me I'd be hard pressed to name the worst. But as a group, the "candid" interview ones are the ones that make me vow never to buy that particular product the most. I'd like to know if the ad men think anyone over six years old could be fooled. I'll continue this on the next page.

YOU MUST
BE "DAFF"

IF YOU
DON'T
VOTE

ED COX
FOR
TAFB

BURMA
SHAVE

ED COX for
TAFB promises a
whiz-bang report!
(But you have to vote,
and for him, first).....

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And I'm getting sick & tired of seeing commercials for soaps that cream & deodorize but never mention anything about getting you clean. But the one ad that has given me many hours of speculation is a bad breath commercial. "See the 'scientist'. He had BHad Breath. See him breathe into this 'scientific' breath machine. Gasp! Gasp! It registers over 100 on the meter." Now the point comes to mind, what units are used to measure bad breath? After considering the question for some time, several answers are probable. Perhaps roentgens per second? Or maybe horsepower? (A 100 hp. breath would be pretty strong!) It might be that this figure signifies the number of feet away you can smell his breath and then again it might be the number of people he can gas with one exhalation. (Dialog I'd like to hear: "Boss, you can fire me for this but you have BHad Breath!" "You're fired, Jenkins!")

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ED COX for TAFF is useful as well as ornamental. Just \$1 at all leading department stores or mail order direct from Terry Carr: 35 Pierrepont St.: Brooklyn NY: 11201. But hurry as the sale ends Jan. 1, 1968!

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Every now and then I get really disgusted with the world in general but right now just with censors in particular. I read a bit in the Denver Post about the "problems" involved in censoring pop music. All those nasty suggestive lyrics shouldn't be played for those poor babes in arms. No. If anyone really tried to prevent all that could be considered "in poor taste" or whateverthehell criterion these censorship nuts use, there'd be nothing but Lawrence Welk on the radio - and even then I don't imagine these people'd be entirely satisfied (ever read what goes into Geritol? Quite a bit of alcohol.)

Of course the current hue & cry is aimed at songs concerning drugs & chemicals (like LSD, DMT, etc.) and their use. I tried to do a quick survey of all such songs that I've heard and gave up after I reached 40 odd. The first I can remember dates back a ways (about 6 yrs). O pristine censor where were you then? The current crop of songs leave little to interpretation. Sugar Town is an obvious one but Along Comes Mary, Windy, Daytripper, White Rabbit and (of course) Mr. Tambourine Man are pretty apparent without using too much imagination. This craze is so widespread that it is idiotic to try and curb now - that is, if you're the kind that would even want to try. Let the other side get in their arguments (but of course the censors don't dare - there might be something to the other side.)

Such censorship is spotty at best (or worst). Here in Albuq. they'd play Universal Soldier but not Eve of Destruction. Why? I sure couldn't figure it out so I put forth the effort at the time to find out. Eve of Destruction didn't "project a suitable subject" - but I never found out what constituted "suitable". And yet this song is the more prophetic of the two, "Even the Jordan River has bodies floatin'".

Hey, Roy. I see in Kipple your thots on pop music. Do you favor censoring pop songs so your kids won't have their sensibilities corrupted? Or maybe just prohibit a few like Louie, Louie? And which songs in particular do you like? It is hard to find anyone over 30 who admits to listening to such things. I'd like to find out what appeals to tired old fans (and I sincerely hope it isn't Ode to Billie Joe... I'd have to go back to Roger Miller to find a song I despised more.)

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Life is like a sewer - you only get out what you put in....Tom Leher.

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Robert Heinlein rates at the top of my list of favorite authors, perhaps because of his annoying habit of looking into tomorrow so accurately. Waldos are common equipment in most radiation labs (or in the ones where they don't want their fingers burned). And now it looks like any complete dictionary will have to include grok as a word. I'm not certain what definition could be used (unless Stranger in a Strange Land was entirely reprinted as the definition) but one will be required. This gets into a basic question of "How do you describe the undescribable?" Maybe grokking is self-defining or merely accepted like geometry theorems (Oops, I meant postulates instead of theorems - sorry about that) without proof. But this doesn't simplify the publishing company's problems of defining grok.

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If it wasn't for tomorrow, yesterday wouldn't be today.

RAIBLIN' FAN

When Red Buttons had his own television show--that was back in the days when a big screen meant 11 inches--he used to say: "Strange things are happening."

They

sometimes do.

I'd driven over to McIlhancy's to buy some milk. Mr. McIlhancy has a good thing going. He has this small dairy--all Jersey cows--about a mile from here at Osuna and Edith. Mr. McIlhancy sells milk. By the gallon. That's all. No butter, no cheese, no cream, no buttermilk. Just milk. By the gallon. Come and get it. It is the best milk in the area. And the cheapest. No overhead other than taking care of the cows. No trucks. No deliveries. No nothing. Except milk. By the gallon. So we get our milk from McIlhancy's. I drive over every couple of days and pick up a gallon.

Edith and Osuna is a four-way stop. I stopped and signalled for my turn onto Osuna. A horn honked. Across the intersection was a brand-new red convertible with the top down. The driver, a handsome young chap, smiled and waved and moved his mouth in what was presumably a greeting. His companion, a beautiful blonde girl did also. They pulled on ahead of me and raced off on Osuna. I pulled up behind them at the light at Fourth and Osuna. Both turned around and smiled and waved. The light turned and they sped off on Fourth Street and were soon lost to sight.

Charming couple. Beautiful people. I wonder who they were. I'd never seen them before in my life. And have never seen them since.

George and Marion Kerby come to mind--if you believe in that sort of thing. I don't. (If you have to ask who are George and Marion Kerby you are a fakefan and can go sit in the corner.) But they do come to mind. I was almost tempted to call "Where's Cosmo?"

Which brings

us to another writer of the 20s and 30s: Tiffany Thayer. Thayer was a pretty good writer although his work isn't much remembered now. His subjects were usually a little offbeat. Thirteen Women was a forerunner of McCarthy's The Group and loaded with assorted sex. Call Her Savage concerned an untamed Indian girl in the modern world. Thayer's offbeat writing attracted fantasy fans but, so far as I know, he wrote only one fantasy: One Man Show. Avon reprinted it as a paperback in 1951 and you still may be able to find it around. One Man Show concerns itself with Dane Galt, a hard-living, hell-raising movie writer whose whole life changes when he is almost killed in an automobile accident. He becomes a painter and turns out 18 of the greatest paintings ever produced. His masterpiece is a portrait of Kamlo, a Gypsy girl who appears rather mysteriously at his gate. Galt knows at once that she will be his portrait but his schedule calls for the portrait to be done some months in the future after he has completed several other paintings. So Galt, along with Jill, his secretary, take Kamlo with them as they travel about the country from one site to another. Galt knows exactly what he is going to paint and when. Jill, of course, hates Kamlo and Kamlo is deathly afraid of Jill. As the journey continues the mystery of Kamlo deepens. Galt tries to find out more about her but each bit of knowledge only serves to make her more obscure. A band of Gypsies flees when they see her. In Taos she disappears and Jill takes off for Los Angeles. She had put a wooden stake through Kamlo's heart for Kamlo was an astral gypsy. Doc Conti arrives on the scene sometime later and is much interested in Kamlo and Dane Galt. Doc Conti is a mystic, an M.D., and six or seven other kinds of Doctor. He studies metaphysics. He wants Kamlo's portrait because, he says, it is unique: a dead girl painted by a dead artist for Galt hadn't almost died in the auto wreck--he had died and Conti shows him the newspaper stories and obits to prove it.

There's more but we shouldn't reveal the ending. One Man Show by Tiffany Thayer. Good reading. Even after 30 years.

ROY TACKETT

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The Friendly World

I enjoy most sf but now and then a story comes along that is more than just enjoyable, more than clean & white and goes all the way to brilliant. Soldier, Ask Not (Dell 8090 - 60¢) by Gordon Dickson is such a story. Ordinary is transcended in a flash of originality concerning the way the Hugo winning novelette of the same name was redone. The novelette dealt with a Newsman's coverage of the war between the Exotics and the Friendlies but the novel (even though the last one-third is unchanged) shows how the Newsman brought about the war for his own ends. The viewpoint is changed and motives are altered to make a different story.

Ever since Dorsai! I have read as many of Dickson's stories as I could but the majority are mediocre at best. The ones that rise above the common are the Dorsai stories and this is no exception. Dickson tries to work an earlier book into the framework of the novel by introducing Walter Blunt's slogan "DESTRUCT!" but this is minor and could easily have been omitted. (I noticed one peculiar change from the original magazine version in the novel: pg. 43 mag version, "Who're you trying to fool?...Who?" and pg. 194 pb, "Whom're you trying to fool?...Whom?" My uneducated opinion is that the original grammar using "who" is correct).

The main point seems to be whether that part of man which is the core of the fanatic (represented by the Friendlies) should be allowed to survive. The final answer is yes although I'd be inclined toward the opposite opinion. Dickson doesn't seem to differentiate between faith and blind faith (or fanaticism). A Friendly Groupman murders 20 unarmed prisoners, a Friendly commander calls a truce and during it tries to ambush the Dorsai commander, the Friendly commander-in-chief callously sacrifices his troops to save face --- these are the traits of the fanatic Friendlies. The Newsman finds it in his power to eliminate the Friendlies and almost does only to be talked out of it at the last minute. Perhaps moral considerations entered Dickson's decision to save the Friendlies or perhaps he plans further stories about the soldier fanatics (if the latter, I can excuse the eleventh hour appeal and wait happily for the next story but if the former...) Get the book, read it, and decide for yourself. All in all an extremely good book.

THE INVISIBILITY AFFAIR (Ace G-645 50¢) by Thomas Stratton: Coulson & deWeese seem to capture the flavor of the TV variety UNCLE agents quite well. While I haven't read any of the others in this series (this is #11), I doubt if any of the others are as subtle or cynical. One of the THRUSH agents belongs to the Society of Canada for the Restoration of Absolute Monarchy (SCRAM) and uses Urban Renewal as a weapon against UNCLE. The ending sums up world politics as neatly as I've seen. Nothing to get hot and bothered about but still a good way to spend a rainy afternoon. (Besides this, help support two members of fandom - buy two copies and force Ace to reprint).

THE AVENGERS BATTLE THE EARTH! WRECKER (Bantam F3569 50¢) by Otto Binder: This atrocity is simply unbelievable - I didn't think it was humanly (or even inhumanly) possible to write such a colossal monstrosity. The comicbook type Avengers are Capt. America (who wears an American flag yet), Hawkeye (an archer), Iron Man (in a suit of powered armor), the Wasp (a female who can shrink to wasp size) and Goliath/antman (who can either grow to 10 feet tall or shrink to ant size). They try and stop Karzz from destroying the Earth with four "Earth-dooms". And so help me, the use transistorized motors (how the hell do you transistorize a motor?), plasma chains which tangle the opponent's feet and all sorts of other junk. The dialog is badly stilted and Binder seems to think by adding "ville" onto the ends of words he has probed the depths of current slang. It took six milk of magnesia tablets and a mop to ease my stomach and to clean up the mess on the floor. Do not buy this, uh, THING (words can't describe how bad this novel is) unless you are extremely masochistic or are a comics fan. And people think ERB is bad...

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Up with miniskirts!

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If Ed Cox (for TAFP) wants to doodle on the remainder of this page he may do so.

DOCTOR WHO IN AN EXCITING ADVENTURE WITH THE DALEKS (Avon G1322 50¢) by David Whitaker. This is a moderately good book and is an adaptation of the BBC series "Dr. Who". The good Doctor (who for some reason doesn't give a name, hence "Dr. Who?") and his granddaughter are time & space travelers from somewhen/where else and manage to pick up Ian Chesterton and Barbara Wright by mistake during takeoff. The main story is quite predictable with the Nasty Alien Daleks (who run around in animated tincans powered by static electricity) trying to kill the Noble (and human) Thals. Guess who wins. The "love interest" is strictly ERB - Ian and Barbara "hate" each other until the last couple of pages when they find out it's All A Mistake. I won't say that this is "An Exciting Adventure" but it's not too bad.

FLOATING GAME, THE LAUGH WAS ON LAZARUS, THE PASSING OF GLORIA MUNDAY (Berkely F1410, F1411, F1431 - 50¢ each) all by John Garforth. These are the first 3 books in the pb Avengers series (TV variety - not the one previously mentioned). Somehow Garforth doesn't seem to get the TV characterizations of Mrs. Peel & Steed across too well. But the action carries the story along fairly well and this criticism is more an afterthought than something that comes to mind while reading. The first two are only tolerable but the third is of current interest now. It concerns the pirate radio stations off England with a good bit of the action taking place on Radio Gloria (Radio Caroline?) The baddies are trying to foment revolt among the teany boppers by using subliminal messages during the broadcasts. Naturally Steed & Mrs. Peel don't let them. The stories aren't much but the style of writing is delightfully British. Go ahead and get a copy (I'd suggest #3) but don't expect Diana Rigg & Patrick Macnee.

ONE AGAINST THE LEGION (Pyramid X-1657 60¢) by Jack Williamson. Even though One Against the Legion is only a short novel, I think it is the best of the Legion of Space yarns. I never cared too much for the Stars, Hal Samdu or Jay Kalam - the most interesting character was Giles Habibula. In OATL, the hero (Chan Derron) is more dashing and seems like he has to work harder to get out of the tight places he finds himself trapped in periodically. NOWHERE NEAR is a new novelette added to round out the page count. Giles is here again but unfortunately doesn't play any great role in the story. Nowhere Near involves a space anomaly but the dangers are only superficial and the hero and heroine don't really participate in the action. Somewhere between OATL and NN the secret of AKKA has been spread around like peanut butter and the whole Star family seem to use it indiscriminately now. Ah well... Even if the second story isn't quite up to par the title story is worth the 60¢.

THE WEIRWOODS (Ace G-640 50¢) by Thomas Burnett Swann. As of right now, this is my pick for 1967's best novel. A delightful fantasy set in Etruscan times, Swann adeptly uses the alien characters (dryads, centaurs, etc.) and makes them alien and likable at the same time. There isn't a hero/villain conflict in the usual sense. Each of the characters has to supply both nobility and nastiness (Swann is one of the few writers that can get both sides of a personality across in a convincing manner). I simply cannot do justice to this book so buy it and see for yourself what an outstanding fantasist can do.

THE X FACTOR (Ace G-646 50¢) by Andre Norton. This book is a bit more metaphysical than other Norton stories. The hero is a bumbling, slow-witted clod with the only talent of contacting the minds of animals. A misfit is a highly technical society, he manages to escape to a wilderness world where he meets the brothers-in-fur. After fighting off a gang of pirates set on looting a dismal, deserted city that seems to flow between dimensions, the hero (or protagonist, at least) turns his back on humanity and disappears into the shifting dimensional city to join the brothers-in-fur. If the city actually existed as seen by the protagonist or if it was merely a ghost-town and he was insane might be a matter of argument. Considering the author, I think the former would be the more likely explanation.

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CAUTION: Reading Sandworm can cause hallucinogenic reactions. Eating Sandworm can cause a stomach ache. (Uh, maybe I've got that backwards...)

THE MAN WITH DYSENTARY

"Gosh, Fernie, I'm beat. I mean this is the sixth time I've saved the Universe this month. I wish everyone would learn to keep out of the way of all the Evial & Trecherous Villains that infest the Cosmos. It is almost enough to make me turn in my License." Lance Lightly, Professional Universe Saver, All Around Ghoud Guy and Agent of the super-secret spy organization DYSENTARY was enjoying one of his periodic depressions.

"Oh, no, Lance! You mean you'd turn in your License to Interfere? - you don't mean it! Say you don't mean it!" Fernbottom Hopscotch, Lance Lightly's trusted servant and constant companion, inquired desperately.

"Rest easy, Fernie. I was just kidding. You know how much I love to meddle in everyone else's affairs," chuckled Lance, going into his manic phase.

"Gee, that's swell Lance. 'Cuz I just got word that our old Archenemy and Doer of Rotten Deeds, Snavelly Sneakthief (the cur!), has just stolen some Top Secrets Vital to the Security & Well-Being of the Universe. And it looks like you'll have to get'em back or all sorts of awful things'll happen."

"Really Fernie! You shouldn't bother me with such trivial matters. What were they anyway? Some blueprints for the new super-atomic disintegrator? Or perhaps the pile of old diplomatic secrets that have been laying around?"

"Worse than that, I'm afraid Lance. They...they..." Fernie faltered.

"Yes. Go on!"

"They were all the records of our super-secret & cloaked in veils of mystery spy organization DYSENTARY!"

"That's impossible! No one could have found them in the cuspidor! Oh, this is awful! Why if those records from the Dynasty of Spies Entitled to Nettle, Torment, Aggravate, Retort and Yodel..."

"And Yodel?"

"You just try to think of a word beginning with "Y". Now, where was I? Yes, why if the records naming the spies with DYSENTARY got into the wrong hands it'd mean, uh, it'd mean..."

"Yes, yes Lance! What would it mean?"

"I don't know. But you can bet something terrible would happen or an Evial & Trecherous Villain like Snavelly Sneakthief (the dog!) wouldn't bother to steal them."

"Oh," replied Fernie, mollified. "Say Lance, can you really yodel?"

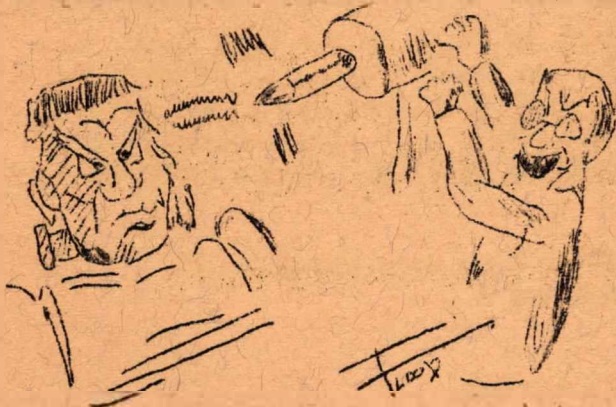
"Shut up! And get our super-secret and ultra-fastspaceship which is laden with all sorts of devious gadgets ready. I'll be there in an hour."

"An hour? You mean you're going to track down some clue left by Snavelly Sneakthief (the mutt!)"

"No, I'm not. I've been gone so much I haven't had time to do my laundry."

An hour later, Lance Lightly boarded his spaceship, lovingly named the Mary Jane, with his freshly done laundry. Seconds later Fernie blasted off - and left Lance gasping for breath. Lance managed to stagger to the control room.

"You nitwit!" Lance screamed. "How many times I gotta tell you to close both airlock doors before you blast off?" Lance went gasping away to his plush cabin with its rare armadillo fur carpet, dragging his clean underwear behind him.



Having regained his normal, suave, sophisticated manner, Lance swaggered into the control room three days later. "Well, Fernie old fink, how's everything going?"

"Just fine, Lance. We can leave orbit anytime you want."

After Lance finished thrashing Fernie soundly about the head and shoulders with a length of rubber hose, they were on their way.

Nothing unusual happened until several months later when they happened to spot a peculiar looking asteroid on their visiscreen.

"What is it Lance? It looks like a deserted asteroid - except for all those gun turrets and rocket launchers and stuff."

"Of course, Fernie! That's it!" Lance shouted excitedly.

"What? What?"

"It is NOT a deserted asteroid! It's an inhabited one!" Lance smiled his superiority over his slightly stupid trusty servant and constant companion. He also dislocated his shoulder trying to pat himself on the back.

"But Lance. What does it all mean?"

"It means that you have blundered onto my secret fortress. You see, I'm planning to conquer the Universe and I can do it very easily with the information I stole from DYSENTARY!" Snavelly Sneakthief coldly informed them, having entered the airlock and having made his way to the control room while the Ghood Guys were figuring it all out.

"Snavelly Sneakthief (you canine!!) You won't get away with this!" shouted Fernie as a clever diverting tactic.

"You've had it now, you Evil Villain! Fernie's clever diverting tactic has allowed me to whip out my DYSENTARY issue 8.769 mm blaster, Model Lsd-25, equipped with infrared scanners, ultraviolet filters, electric toothbrush, powered by three penlight batteries and made by Nitro Solvent, the Universe's most competent gunsmith. And I'm going to ZAP! you but good!"

"Go ahead Lance, hurry. ZAP! him!" cried Fernie.

"I can't find the trigger!"

A few days later, Lance Lightly thought he had discovered how to escape from the Archfiend's dungeon.

"Fernie, this is my plan. You'll get Snavelly Sneakthief (the whelp!) involved in a discussion of Ghood vs. Bhad. And when his back is turned I'll jump him and we can escape."

"Golly, Lance. That's wonderful. Do you think it'll work?"

"Don't be silly! Of course it'll work. The rules say that regardless of how asinine the Ghood Guy's escape plan is, it's got to work!"

Whereupon the guards who had been listening to the entire conversation came in & dragged Fernie out of the cell by his heels.

"Good-bye, Lance..." came the faint, but cheery words. The echoes had barely died when an awful gush of water was heard, followed by a gurgling noise.

"I don't believe Mr. Hopscotth will be back, Lance Lightly," came the mocking words from the Dastardly Archfiend and Bhad Guy, Snavelly Sneakthief. "Oh really, Lance. You shouldn't sulk just because your plan didn't work. We all have our off days. Why don't you yodel for us? It might cheer you up" the villain taunted.

"What have you done to Bernie, my trusty servant & constant companion, you fiend?!" screamed Lance after he had finished trying to yodel Das Rheingold, Mr. Tambourine Man, and selections from Lawrence Welk.

"To be truthful, Lance, I've flushed him head first down the commode. I think he found it slightly incommodious, though. Seemed like a fitting fate for an agent with DYSENTARY!"

"Whwhat're you going to do with me?" Lance could feel the hot flush cross his face.

"Nothing! You're to be set free. Where else could I find such a worthy opponent and one so stupid? If I killed you, DYSENTARY'd assign a competent agent and that would ruin my plans for conquering the Universe!"

Lance was set free and safely made his way back to Earth in the Mary Jane. The day after his return Lance ran the following ad in the Daily Dyspepsia, DYSENTARY's secret newsletter: Wanted- trusty servant and constant companion for a Professional Universe Saver & All Around Ghood Guy. Moderate salary, 3 days paid vacation/year. Must be able to hold breath underwater for long periods of time. Apply, Lance Lightly Agent with DYSENTARY immediately! (Or sooner!)

Be with us next time when Lance Lightly battles King Gong and the most fiendish device ever invented !

/+/-

Crime doesn't pay --- but the hours aren't too bad.

JOHN E. KUSSKE

PROUDLY PRESENTS ANOTHER ASTOUNDING ADVENTURE WITH BERNIE BUGHOUSE (VIII)

In Central America Bernie had engaged in archeological activities of various kinds climaxed by his discovery of an entire, undisturbed school of the ancient inhabitants of this region. Everything was present in its original condition --- slates, desks, chalk...even yardsticks. But the most significant discovery Bernie made was an unspoiled report card.

Noting that the card contained only one kind of mark, an assistant asked Bernie what name to give this type.

"Mayan A's" he replied.

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And now from our favorite busybody comes another Auntie Fannish fable!

Once upon a time on a far off world, there lived a well-known dealer in Chinese antiques by the name of Chan See. On this world, called Apazine by the natives, theft was totally unknown. There were no locks on the doors or in their fanzines and they didn't even have a police force.

Imagine Chan See's surprise when he came to his shop one morning and found many pieces of valuable teak carvings gone! He was horror-struck! He didn't know what to do. He visiscreened all his friends (and they weren't many) inquiring of each what he should do. One of his friends suggested that he call on a visiting outworld detective. And so he did.

"Oh, Mister Rex Alibys, I hear that you are the Universe's greatest detective. Can you help me recover my lost property?"

"Yes," replied the great detective. "I'm sure I can. Let's go to your shop and carefully scrutinize the area for a clue to whom the culprit might be!"

They hurried over to the shop of Chan See and the great detective immediately went to work. He spent almost four hours studying every nook and cranny and finally he was ready to present his case.

"My findings are as follows: (1) the culprit was a very small barefoot boy (2) he weighs over 400 pounds (3) he is covered with fur (4) you overcharge for your wares (5) your sign outside has a misplaced comma."

"Oh, thank you, great detective Rex Alibys, but what does it all mean?"

"I'm not certain what to make of the first three clues but the fourth and fifth show that you are an illiterate swindler. But I'll soon have this case solved, never fear!"

And so it came to pass. The next day the great detective took another off worlder (from the planet Snokeybear III) into custody. The alien was found with the stolen teak carvings in his den but most important, he fit the requirements set forth by the first three clues. Natives of Snokeybear III resemble 400 pound bears but with one major exception - their feet are those of a ten year old human lad.

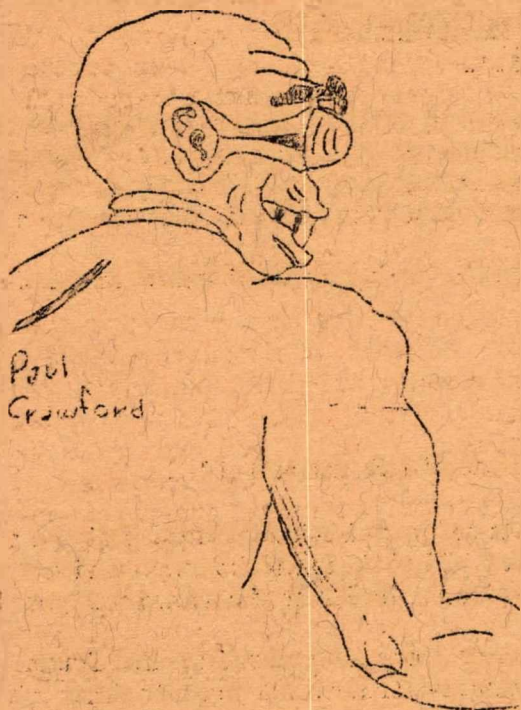
"O mighty detective, you have my deepest thanks for your profound work, but please tell me. How did you solve this most puzzling problem so quickly?"

Answered the great detective, "From the clues, I just knew it had to be a boy-foot bear with teaks of Chan!" Whereupon the greatest detective in the Universe left for his next job on Feghoot II. Chan See also lived happily ever after, but only after marking up his wares 20% to pay the great detective's fee.



DRUMSAND

Comments on a few fnz that dropped in



INFINITE HOOPLAS #1: Jim Young:: 1948 Ulysses St. NE:: Minneapolis Minn., 55418:: Available for all sorts of things. Jim mentions that prior commitments required the name Infinite Hooplas but the zine will henceforth be known as Hoop (I'm not too good at names - did someone else use the name Hoop?) #1 was the finest first issue that I've ever seen (not having seen too many that doesn't mean as much as it might) and has very good (and colorful) artwork by Ken Fletcher & Jim. The material is in a light and bantering vein for the most part with a more serious book review section. I like puns & Jim has included an excellent one. But the lousy toilet-grade paper has too much show-thru for my liking. Everyone send Jim a piece of good paper & if he gets enough #2 will go out on better stock. ADVICE: Established fnz should be so good - by all means get a copy.

QUAY-BERTH Q : Billy (don't call him Tex) Pettit:: c/o Control Data:: 1010 Holcombe Blvd. Houston Texas, 77025:: Available for LoC or trade. This is a four page minizine & has a very complicated system of chronology (I got the Jan. ish in Aug.). One article really shook me tho. A new moon of Saturn was discovered in Oct. 1966 and named Janus (that makes 10 moons for the ringed planet). I hadn't even heard of Janus & must have missed the notice in Scientific American. Pettit points out that WH Pickering of Harvard tho he'd found #10 around 1900 but couldn't prove it (but he named it Themis anyway). I tho't & tho't and finally came up with a story set on Themis. It was one of the Lancelot Biggs stories by Nelson Bond. Not that this has anything to do with the minizine. ADVICE: I tho't it was informative way out of proportion to the number of pages. As long as Pettit can keep me informed on new moons & things I overlook it will be well worth a LoC or trade. You might just find it informative also.

SAPSAFIELD #7: John Kusske:: Rt 2:: Hastings Minn., 55033:: Available for the usual or 10¢ for the first copy, 25¢ thereafter. John is a trufan enamored of puns (see his Bernie Bughouse VIII thish) and has a pair of clever ones in #7. John is also guilty of the rank Middle Urrth stories of which a very rank one is included. Somebody must like Tolkien parodies (but I'm not even certain that's what these are!). I couldn't tell if John liked The Genetic General (Dorsai!) or not from his review but it was obvious a certain NY fan doesn't (I hear a faint voice - from the direction of NYC - whispering, "What does it all mean?" --- if you don't get that, never mind. It's a local in joke.) A very good cover by Gilbert. ADVICE: I think John is eager to increase subs & have more LoC's, so after you've written your LoC for Sandworm write John for a copy of SAPSAfield.

QUIP #6 Arnie the Katz & Lon Atkins + a cast of thousands: (Katz) 98 Patton Blvd:: New Hyde Park NY, 11040:: Available for substantial LoC, contrib, trade (no monsterzines) or 50¢ BUT NO SUBS! Lastish was a Quish (annish) and nextish is one also (They love annuals I guess - besides having their schedule in fine fannish disorder). #6 is another really biig issue (66pgs) and contains two pieces that are quite enjoyable. Arnie's editorial (Katzenjammer) comments on the trials & tribulations of a fancub plagued by a saucer nut (who didn't seem to be playing with a full deck of cards) & he manages to jerk a modicum of commiseration from me with it (no easy task, that). The Pong section debates (or presents) both sides of the Pong Award mess - but all

this is water under the bridge as the fanzine Hugo will be reinstated next year.

I want to digress here for a few editorial /:comments/+/ on Greg Benford's fmz reviews for Quip. I don't care much for "in-depth" reviews - especially fmz reviews - but the idea that a fanzine's primary function is to entertain its readers is what bugged me the most. A fanzine's main goal should be to give the faned enjoyment - if a large number of readers enjoy it also this is of course gratifying and adds to the faned's pleasure but it isn't absolutely necessary. To worry about what others will think about your zine is stupid to say the least. No one likes everything - that's impossible. This is an amateur field and can exist on a minimum of readers (it is not a professional one where readers have to be lured in or a company loses money). In fact, I don't know that it isn't possible to get more enjoyment out of a handful of readers who actively participate than a large number that just send in money.

Benford tries to impose professional standards on purely amateur endeavors and even then the criteria he uses wouldn't be accepted by too many fans. So what if a fanzine lacks direction? Isn't the faned allowed to put in whatever appeals to him? And can't publishing all sorts of odds&ends be just as entertaining as one specializing in just one direction? Benford might like to go to "... " fanzine and find "... " type of material but I don't think most fen do (or at least don't in a prozine). JWC has been periodically condemned for doing just this to Analog - its direction is pro-psi & never deviates one iota from its course. If Ben Solon wants to print semi-political stuff what harm is there in that? The only "harm" I can see in printing on a variety of subjects is that it prevents anyone from putting the zine in a nice, comfortable category for that and every other issue. Such classification lends itself nicely to computerizing fmz (A "Do Not Fold, Spindle or Mutilate IBM punch card fanzine would be a new low - the worst crudzine would have more flavor).

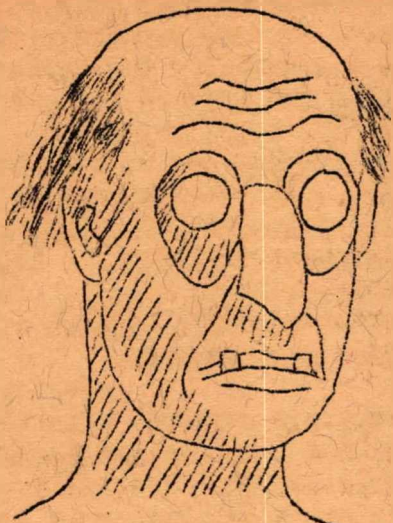
I'm afraid I'm not the stuffy sort with limited interests that can't stand to see things that aren't easily categorized sneak into fmz. I don't care if a fanzine has an article on eliminating Wednesdays an editorial on the cultivation of Cannabis sativa, a piece on the care & feeding of pet clams or a political tirade. As long as the general direction is fannish or sf oriented, this should be all the direction needed. And I most assuredly wouldn't want to try to force a formula on a faned by waving the All Knowing flag of Public Opinion. "Your people, sir, is a great beast" - and a fickle one, too.

In short, my disagreement with Benford is that he thinks that every good zine has to have a pat formula, a direction. I think the faned can print general stuff on a myriad of topics and still have an interested readership. But under no circumstances should the reviewer criticise the faned for not fitting the zine into some classification. The review should be done on the merit of the material presented (i.e., the reviewer should give his opinion as to the quality of the material) and not on the type.

ADVICE: Quip has so much material some of it is bound to appeal to the majority of fen. Try a copy.

SPOCKANALIA: Devra Langsam & Sherna Comerford: (Langsam) 250 Crown St.: Brooklyn NY, 11225::: This one-shot is (maybe was) available for 50¢. The rest of this isn't going to be a review as much as my opinionated comments so if you haven't read Spockanalia they might not make too much sense. (Not that I make too much sense at best anyway). Dorothy Jones has a nice form in the ni var but I wasn't much impressed with the quality of the thing. Maybe a little more practice is needed due to the newness of the form. I hope to see much better ones from Dorothy in the future. The most scientific presentation was Juanita Coulson's Vulcan Psychology. She really psi-choanalyzed Spock.

The major flaw throughout was a most regrettable ethnocentrism. At each turn there is someone trying to project human qualities and values into a non-human culture. The seven year mating cycle could be explained in several ways. Couldn't it be due to some quirk in the planet's climate? Maybe for 6 yrs the climate is too inclement for a pregnant Vulcan woman to survive. Perhaps there is some animal that is (or even was) so dangerous that it required the full abilities of all Vulcans to survive but for some reason the danger lessened every 7 years and births were possible in this period. It would, of course, be necessary for a strong drive to reproduce to be inherent in each fertile adult Vulcan or the race would die. Even after the danger was eliminated by



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the use of modern technology, such a drive would remain.

The business about the Vulcan empathy could stand a little more thought also. Isn't it possible that Spock is just avoiding the charge of mentally eaves-dropping when he says his telepathic powers are limited? And would a Vulcan like to enter an undisciplined, emotion ridden human mind? On the other hand, Vulcans need have no repulsion by doing this among each other because their minds aren't seething pits of emotion. In fact, in "Amok Time" this was suggested by the ritual statements about being separated but remaining one. Socialization of the young could start early (at birth or possibly before) by using this empathy (the infant would be able to "see" and "feel" the way his actions affected others & thru this could be trained.)

I noticed one bad contradiction; if the Vulcans are descended from felines they'd be carnivorous & not vegetarians. As to the viability of human/Vulcan strains, let's go back to the old theory of col-

onization in the distant past by some star-going race. If both Vulcan & Earth were "planted" with the same "seed" type, the chances are that the distant descendents would be able to have offspring. Any differences between the two races would be due to the different conditions each sub-group had to adapt to to survive. Chances are that neither Vulcans nor Terrans would exactly resemble the ancient "seed". But even if this were true, it is still illogical to impose human standards on a race with different reference values. (Take the lack of emotion for example. Perhaps the lack is a needed survival trait on Vulcan - there might be a beast that was attracted (or killed) by emotion. Maybe in their warlike era Vulcans discovered some weapon that caused their emotions to turn against them. The best defense - eliminate emotion.)

The most obvious reason why Capt. Pike couldn't use Morse Code is the way the afferent-efferent nerves are set up. The signals are on a binary system - the nerve either fires or it doesn't. The varying responses are caused by the rate of fire and the number of nerves firing - but each pulse is the same length. A code could be devised but a yes-no system would be less tiring to a severely injured man. As to how Spock recorded the two time levels, I imagine all possible pasts were being shown at the same time (one on top of the other like onion skins with the "real" past on top, the next "most probable" past just under it, etc.) An advanced tricorder could easily separate these levels by scanning a different molecular level on the recording film (I think that this is possible now to a limited extent). As to the other point about "Operation: Annihilate" I didn't see it but I imagine there is some logical reason (tch, tch - the limits illogical people go to just to discredit others).

The Young Vulcan's training handbook sounds a bit like the old null-A business with the integrating pause before reaction/response. A mass of 61 kilos in the female crewmembers seems to indicate a bit of an overweight problem. Fifty kilos would be more like it (but then Dr. McA might like them on the plump side). The problem of Spock generally losing in his chess games with Kirk is dismissed too lightly. Kirk is not as outclassed as Vulcan Gambit would lead us to believe. Kirk didn't get to be commander of one of 12 Enterprise class starships by being either slow or dim-witted. Granted Spock is better mentally but Kirk is (of necessity) just barely out of his class. The deciding factor comes in Kirk's will (and necessity) to win. A commander simply can't allow his exec to constantly beat him at tactical games or he would lose the respect of the crew. It is the high motivation (while not always helpful, motivation is needed) coupled with his superior ability (for a human) that allows Kirk to win consistently.

I enjoyed this excursion into the realm of Vulcan quite a bit & hope that the editors are "insane enough to try this again" in the future. I hope the next one will be a little less ethnocentric in tone, however.

/+/-

Ever wonder why Senate Office Building is never abbreviated?

STORM

Beneath the merciless visage of blazing Canopus,
The sands of Arrakis endure the anguish.
A giant wreaking his vengeance on the planet
Punishing all mankind with hellfire.
All submit to the domination of Canopus!

An unnatural death-like calm, a godly challenge!
In the distance towers a pillar of dust.
Coriolis forms his dervishes, charts a route
And sage Fremen scurry for a sietch.
The battlefield awaits the opening move!

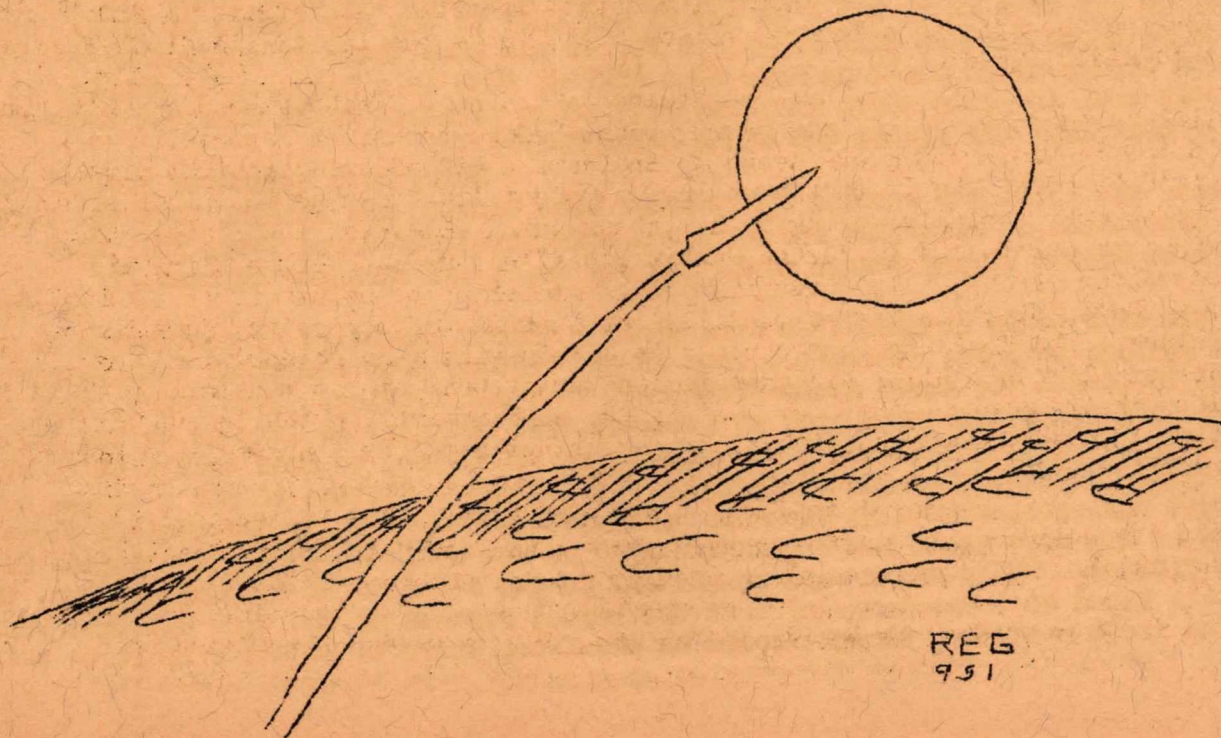
From the motionless air springs a gentle breeze,
From the breeze Coriolis creates a gale.
Leaping, swirling, striking notes given form
Screaming a deep hatred of all life.
The god-challenger Coriolis now attacks!

The minions of Coriolis pluck lives from mortals
Siccating and blasting bare their bones.
Defying the gods, Coriolis veils the heavens
With a blinding dust concealing all.
The eternal warfare of two Titans rages!

Canopus pours limitless energy into the struggle
Sucking lifeblood from withered Arrakis.
The vortices of Coriolis endeavor to escape;
Canopus smashes them back into dust.
Coriolis blunders: Hail Emperor Canopus!

The dunes of Arrakis are again plunged into heat
Coriolis having departed for the moment.
All that remains of Coriolis are some mystic
Cuneiforms scrawled along the sands.
The incandescent god resumes his duties!

Man timidly emerges from his subterranean burrow
Squinting at the visage of the merciless
And soul-searing thermal god ruling Arrakis.
Arrakis, the burning furnace of gods
Tempering the nettle of humanity afresh!



THE TRACKLESS WASTE - Many thanks to all of you who wrote in commenting on #1 and also thanks to Bismo Nussbaum from Baltimore who sent in seven (7) LoC's in addition to his own. Anyone knowing the present addresses of these 7 (listed later) please let me know so I can inflict SANDWORM on them. /+/- means editor's comments/+/-

ED COX::14524 Filmore::Arleta Calif., 91331:: When you first mentioned SANDWORM I had an idea that might've resulted into a page or three of useable copy but I figured you'd already had the stencils all cut. (That sentence is a Jack Speer Special) /+/- I'm not certain even Jack Speer can figure out that sentence!/+/- I also figure that Dune immediately jumped into a comfortable spot in the all-time Great list of science-fiction novels. I read it in the 8 installments in ANALOG, one night for 8 nights shortly before the Westercon in Long Beach two years ago. I did not start reading said installments usually until I went to bed that night (around 10 or so). The first thing Anne said to Frank Herbert, whom we met almost as soon as we arrived at the con, was that it was all his fault that our marriage almost broke up! What a way to greet a guy!

At any rate, I've often thought about various facets of the world of Dune. Which also ties in with an item you could give some thought to. When and where do you think? /+/- I don't think too often - it is very tiring/+/- You know, a time when you are not otherwise occupied with anything that requires a lot of thought and your mind can roam free, to come up with solutions, ideas, problems... I find that one of the times that I come up with a lot of ideas is in the shower. It is a sort of automatic routine & as invigorating as it is, as opposed to a hot bath, one is usually stimulated. I've come up with more story and article ideas while in the shower than in any other situation. Also with loads of enthusiasm, especially if I don't have anywhere special to go after I come out of the shower (like out to a show, dinner, a party or fan-gathering...). I can usually come out and shortly get to the typer and blast out something pretty readable /+/-Howabout taking a shower now and blasting out something for SANDWORM #3?/+/-

It has been a number of times while the water comes needling onto my hide that I've thought, holy cow! (like Renny would say), during this shower I've seen more water blast out onto me and swirl down the drain than a whole sitch would use in six months!

But it is interesting to note your list of similarities between AlbaQQ and Arrakis. When we were there two years ago we noticed the gushing concourse of the river...and the other climatic attributes of the area. But then, don't sell this here San Inferno Valley too short. While it isn't too sandy, it is a bit warmish. It is about twenty to five in the pm of this warmish day and the thermometer in the patio (screened in roofed type yet) is a firm 102° and has been for some time. In the sun I'd hate to say what it is but I'll bet it was 120° in the car (white at that) when we came out of Busch Gardens this afternoon /+/- Do you live there or something?/+/- There is a good breeze which can't be more than 100° so that is a help..../+/- Really, it is relatively cool in Albuquerque compared with other places. In El Paso the temperature would go over 100° for almost two weeks straight./+/-

Hmmm, most audacious whopper of a tall tale, eh. Will get special treatment. Like burning and staking thru the heart at the crossroads at midnight? /+/- That was considered./+/- Speed Trap, NM. That wouldn't be Grants by any chance would it? /+/- No, I had Moriarty in mind./+/-

In "Giud-ichar" you echo (only because I've said similar things recently) my sentiments re the SCIENCE fiction of late. There's a crop of new writers with technical backgrounds who hesitate to breach the known state-of-the-art in their writing. Even worse, they are not even good story-tellers. Look at Leinster, for example, as long as he has been writing, he has been a story-teller. Science or otherwise, he does tell a story which, at least, is entertainment and is, usually, good science fiction if not a medium for some great new revelation a la Campbell and Skylark Smith. It is doubtful if there can actually be any more great new "breakthroughs" in the realm of physical sciences in science fiction. While there were departures in the old days of SCIENCE fiction, they were still based on a knowledge of what the actual science of the time did encompass. They then wrote what they thought could be possible. There is almost a limit to this with the door open to further discoveries opening new ways to further speculation.

But the hard sciences aren't the only ones kicking around. The psychological sciences are still there and while they have been rather fully used in the last decade, there is equal opportunity for more work in that line since as sciences, there is a lot to be learned yet. /+/. But even small things in the physical sciences are being overlooked. Remember "Fireproof" by Hal Clement? A story about lighting a match - and yet it took almost 20 years to prove that he was right. Smashing new discoveries are all right but they are based on the old science - why aren't the commonplace things in the hard sciences investigated more fully? I have nothing against the psychological sciences but too few of the stories are exciting (at least to me). /+/

I think the major trouble is that a blend of both the hard and non-physical sciences combined with good story-writing ability is needed and not many new writers have the ability. /+/. But there are good writers just as there are quite a few hacks. Let's not get started on the "good old days" fallacy. /+/. And, probably even worse, as Bob Silverberg pointed out quite a while ago, most of the new writers know little or nothing about the science fiction field & its legacy, lore, or what d'you call it? They don't know what's gone on before and jump into the field with no hold on where they can go because they don't know where the field is...at what point it is from what kind of a start, etc. /+/. Experience & knowing the history of the sf field doesn't instantly give ability. I can think of quite a few rotten authors who have been in the field for 15 or more years. /+/

Yet, the science fiction writer with little or no technical background can't really write an sf story with great new departures or what-have-you because he could look pretty foolish in the light of what might come...even rather soon after he wrote it. /+/. Campbell in 1947 or thereabouts predicted there'd be an American on the moon by 1950. And he doesn't let anyone forget his technical background. "It doesn't pay a prophet to be too specific" /+/. A lot of stf written after the war (II), especially that concerning Man's ol' effort to attain The STARS, turned out to be pretty cardboard, short in imagination, restricted as to scope, of what all it would actually entail in a myriad of areas, a whole spectrum of effort, all way out in left field. It doesn't read good in this day and age, as opposed to a lot of other, even older, stuff. It looks like the safest bet, in the writing of salable, readable, entertaining (after all, that is the prime requisite of any of this biz!) fiction, is science-fantasy. In fact, that is probably what is being written for the most part these days, especially outside of ANALOG. And the latter is mainly, in late months, an extension of the IEEE, SCIENCE & TECHNOLOGY, etc. magazines!

I guess my earlier reference to Grants in relation to your Speed Trap, NM was probably in error. Better it would be Grants, NM as Road-Block NM... /+/. True. The Chamber of Commerce is going to really hate me but NM does include fleecing tourists as a major industry. /+/

....But regarding inventions...that toilet seat that spewed forth pleasant perfumes when flushed is actually only a refinement, evidently without the basic attributes, of the (American) Bidet. This job, which you can have installed at some fantastic price, washes & dries you off! I have never used one, of course. The day when I can't even...well, anyhow, they advertise in the, of course, Women's section of the LA Times a lot (around here). /+/. Maybe this is the answer to those people who worry about Mankind's end. /+/

John Kusske::Rt 2::Hastings Minn., 55033::...Sandworm is an enjoyable effort, but it's rather insubstantial. /+/. #1 was only supposed to be a public notice that I was alive & publishing & that I need material. It was insubstantial due to lack of artwork but primarily due to such a limited lineup of material. Hope this is more "substantial" /+/. I like your attitude toward puns /+/. then you the only one! /+/. in Alexandria we daily try to outdo each other in pun telling and consider a good pun to be the Highest Form of Humor. /+/. I suggest you read "Jokester" by Asimov. The pun is the only human form of humor. /+/. Also liked your fmz reviews. I thot Foolscap was better than you did. /+/. So did everyone else. I'm just a mean old fugghead, I guess. Mistakes tend to haunt you and this one on my part is starting to come back again and again. Berry's material (esp. his faan Western) was good but limited (there just wasn't enough of it). With a bigger selection of stuff Fool could rival Quip (which seems to depend on a shotgun technique - if a lot is printed you're bound to like something). But I shouldn't be the one to criticise John on limited material in a firstish, should I? /+/

ELSMO NUSSBAUM:: "Happy Acres Asylum":: 1448 Meridene Dr.:: Baltimore Md., 21212:: I was profoundly depressed to receive the first issue of Sandflea /+/. You weren't the only one - and it is SANDWORM - the Sandmaster is the one with fleas. /+/. and note that your letter column did not contain any letters. So here are some letters. /+/. Enclosed were LoC's dating back to December 1959 from David Rike, Burnett R Toskey, Bob Bloch, Bob Tucker, Phyllis Economou, Peggy Rae McKnight & Chick Derry. Bob Tucker I think I can find an address for but the others...wherefore art thou? Suppose Ted Pauls would know? Anyway, here are excerpts from some of their letters. /+/

DAVID RIKE:: Getting beat up in the mail can shorten a fanz's "life". But, given good care and storage, I don't see why most fanz shouldn't last for 50 years. /+/. Assuming that you'd want to keep a fanzine for 50 years, that is. /+/. I have an almost 30 year old leaflet published by the Communist Party, run off on cheap mimeo paper, and it's in good shape, tho the pamphlet which it was folded up in passed thru many hands & read countless times. ... On the other hand, I have a Jack Speer fanz published 13 years ago /+/. and the date on the letter is...OOps, no date but it must be late 1959. /+/. on second sheets that shows no wear /+/. it was never read? /+/. In fact the only fanz that have fallen apart on me were those that were too close to a bottle of fuming nitric acid that exploded when the sunlight heated it up too much. They really turned to powder. A 1934 Fantasy Magazine that was printed on cheap, thin newsprint is getting a little frayed around the edges, but that's all.

The vital factors concerning fanz's "life" are bright light (keep it away), moisture, and handling. Any reference work on the care and handling of rare books will contain good suggestions applicable to fanz.

ROBERT BLOCH:: Naturally, I want to oblige by answering your request for a reply to John Magnus who states that some of us on your mailing list... "specifically... Tucker, Bloch, Boggs" are "has-beens compared to five years ago".

It would be presumptuous of me to speak for Tucker & Boggs, both of whom are quite articulate and remarkably spry despite their advanced years.

Speaking for myself, I'm afraid Magnus has hit the nail right on the finger. During the past two years I have been to only two World SF Conventions; won only two fan awards -- an NFFF trophy and the EE Evans Memorial Award; maintained a regular correspondence with only a few dozen fans; contributed stories & articles to various fanzines in a piddling amount -- perhaps a mere forty or fifty, in all. This, plus skulking in the background at various fangatherings in Chicago & Los Angeles, and maintaining a membership in FAPA (where old fans go to die) /+/. Any comment on that, Roy? /+/. constitutes my total fanac of recent date. All I can say is that I'm ashamed; I've been busy; and I'll just have to be content with my memories.

BOB TUCKER:: ...But Bob Tucker is also an evilly busy little man who is (figuratively) working 25 hours a day to feed his family and keep a roof over their heads and also do a dab of fanac now and then. ... Want to peep into my parlor and see what's doing now? Or rather, what has been doing recently and what is doing now and what will be doing in the near future to keep him away from his beloved fanac?

a) a novel (space opera) has just been finished and shipped off to New York; b) another novel is coming in from London any day now and when it arrives it must be butchered by the deletion of 25,000 words and shipped back to them posthaste; c) a novelette is in the working stages; d) a children's book is in the talking stage, with some research going on; e) a sixteen page fanzine for the next FAPA mailing is being typed; f) I'm working seven days a week at the theater; g) Christmas is coming and my wife demands that I spend some time (and some money) in town with her.

Perhaps I should explain "g": we live in the country, almost. Technically we are within the town limits of a tiny village near Bloomington, but actually a hundred acre field is just 80 feet from my back door so I insist we are country-folk. And my wife wants to knock around the Big City, blowing money I don't have and wasting time I can't spare. It's maddening, I tell you. Stay single, or get rich -- one or the other.

JACK SPEER::1301 San Pedro NE::Albuquerque NM, 87110::: Comments on Sandworm one.

Your "300 miles of desert surround me" and Roy's talk about sandstorms are going to confirm the misconceptions people have about this part of the country. But maybe you like being thought of as living in a romantic Arrakis-like place. /+/ Maybe you live in a different Albuquerque but the one I live in is more like Arrakis than, say, Seattle or NYC. As to the sandstorms, can you deny that they reach 100km/hr? If you have ever driven a car that has been out in the gentle breezes prevalent in this part of the world you might notice the sand pitted windshield. Perhaps you've never had to walk very far during a strong wind (which is practically tantamount to sandstorm in my Albuquerque) but I have and don't recommend it to anyone if shelter is handy. I've had too many mouthfuls of grit not to head for the nearest building when the sand kicks up./+/

While you were cleansing your soul on page 1, you should have looked to the spelling of Coriolis. (I think; the 1910 dictionary in the office doesn't mention it.) /+/ Coriolis is correct - Coriolus was a typo./+/ ' While i'm nitpicking: on page 2, "returned to the CIA" implies that the ticking parcels came from there. /+/Right./+/ "my High Quality, Hugo Calibre Fanzine" -- which one is that? /+/ Another typo. I omitted 3 words. The sentence should have read, "...I doubt if I were you I'd want to trade..." /+/ And "who to blame?" /+/ Maybe it should have been whom but I class this (wrongly, perhaps) with "This is he". "This is him" would be equivalent to "whom to blame". Who may be the object of the verb to blame but I tend to use whom only when it is the object of a preposition (that is, I use who as the object of verbs but not of prepositions)./+/ On the first page of Drumsand, you also omitted an F, unless "ST buff" means a secretary-treasurer buff. /+/You, sir, are a fake fan! ST refers to the television program Star Trek./+/ ummm...and a questionmark after "do you feel that I am for Ed Cox for Taff". "I join with Juanita..." is something like "meet up with" or "face up to". /+/ I use all of those in addition to "this here"./+/ And on the last page, "connect...together" is a bit redundant too. There are some other minor nits, but these should do. Actually, your score isn't bad; you are obviously literate as well as intelligent. /+/ Flattery will get you everywhere. ---After looking at the cut stencils of #2, you might think I use the same proofreader that Arnie Katz uses for Quip./+/

Now back to more substantial matters. (Or back to substantial matters.)

The occasion for "sincere attitudes are a dime a dozen" was that some FAPANS said in defense of some stupid remarks by young rebel Andy Main that at least he was sincere.

In reference to the Lensman series, you say "These ideas caught on and soon all sorts of imitation Smith began appearing." Time has a way of telescoping things, but i believe it was after the appearance of the Skylark of Space that all sorts of imitation Smith began appearing; i think some theoretician of the First Transition, which was before the Lens, considered SoS a turning point in the writing of space opera. Since i had read considerable later space opera before I read SoS, i can't say how much that i took for granted in space opera originated with the Smith-Garby collaboration. /+/ I think all the Skylark stories (except Skylark DuQuesne) were written before Galactic Patrol. But Smith remains the originator of many remarkable concepts while others merely imitate and do not create on their own./+/

Thanks for your comments on Resilient Time.

No, i don't know what the Orange Catholic Bible is, though i'm an Orargeman./+/Then I'll take two large orange drinks. --- The OCB is the "Accumulated Book", a religious text containing the teachings of many religions. The prime commandment is, "Thou shalt not disfigure the soul." /+/

I thought that reducing the caliber of water pipes increased the pressure psi./+/ It does. Venturi tubes make use of this (Bernoulli's equation)./+/ However, i suppose with sufficient internal drag, a nozzle might cut down the pressure, converting the surplus into heat. Don't electric heaters cause a voltage drop?/+/ The viscosity of the liquid (or air) isn't quite the same as electrical resistance. Besides, this nozzle was only two inches long and had a small hole (rather,opposing holes) in the tube. I didn't feel any difference in the temperature of the nozzle and the feeder line. I was under the impression that the 2 holes would create more pressure instead of less but that just shows what I know.../+/

The NM State Fair is currently running (or limping along) so I went to see what it had to offer. I must have picked a bad day to go (2 days after it opened) because a sizable number of the entrants hadn't arrived. The livestock barn had two rows of dairy cows from a local dairy and a few pigs & hogs. Wandering around the almost deserted arena, I heard a plaintive bleating so I went to investigate. One row of pens (entirely empty except for two stalls) seemed to be the center of the disturbance and the goat making all the noise was named Selima, the entry of one Rene Tackett, Tack's Sietch. In the next pen was Buckhorn's Shambe, the entry of Diana Tackett (if I have the latter goat's name wrong, I'm sorry. I don't recollect names too well). Roy told me Selima came in 7th in a field of six but I didn't see any other entrants that looked like goats (there was one attendant but I don't believe he was entered...)

The midway had more rides and sideshows than in the past and really drew the crowds (we're a big city now - we had a riot at the Fair the other night). One ride caught my fancy but I was smart enough to stay off it. Picture a hollow tube rising about 40 ft. straight up with a spiral track down the outside and you have a notion of what it looked like. The car went up (vertically) in the tube and was released at the top and came swirling down the track. Three people with weak stomachs tried the ride (with unfortunate results) and one girl fainted. Needless to say, it was the most popular ride on the midway.

The horsemen tried to boycott the races but were coerced into entering their horses by threats of banishment from all NM tracks. The main complaints haven't been alleviated and the same horsemen (with the others entering the horse shows and rodeo) are planning a more comprehensive boycott next year unless the officiating is better (drugged horses are allowed to run in the races - it's not legal & that's what they're griping about), more tack rooms are provided and better facilities are built for the grooms & trainers (not to mention the horses). Next year's fair won't be the same without the horses.

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NyCon finally broke the veil of secrecy surrounding this year's Hugos and I must say that the results are better than I had thought they would be. Heinlein probably had the best novel (which isn't saying much amid the reprints and second runs in the group). Larry Niven probably edged out Shaw by a slim margin but Neutron Star was a worthy story. Jack Vance's Last Castle wasn't all that good (it was a poor Dragon Masters in my opinion) and either Call Him Lord or Manor of Roses was better. In fact, Roger Zelazny had a pretty good story in the running. I doubt if anyone can complain about Jack Gaughan winning the Hugo (but Fan Award as well?) He has done some wonderful artwork for fmz but it hardly seems fair to allow a professional to compete against fans who earn their livelihood in other endeavors. Oh, well. Star Trek's Menagerie won (Space Seed for Hugo next year!). How Baycon won I'll never fathom but I'm certain I'll enjoy it (I hope TOFF manages to raise enough to bring Shibano over).

I've got to cut this short. ED COX for TAFF, support TOFF, St. Louis in '69 and contribute lots of stuff to Sandworm...Fannishly yrs...Bob

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