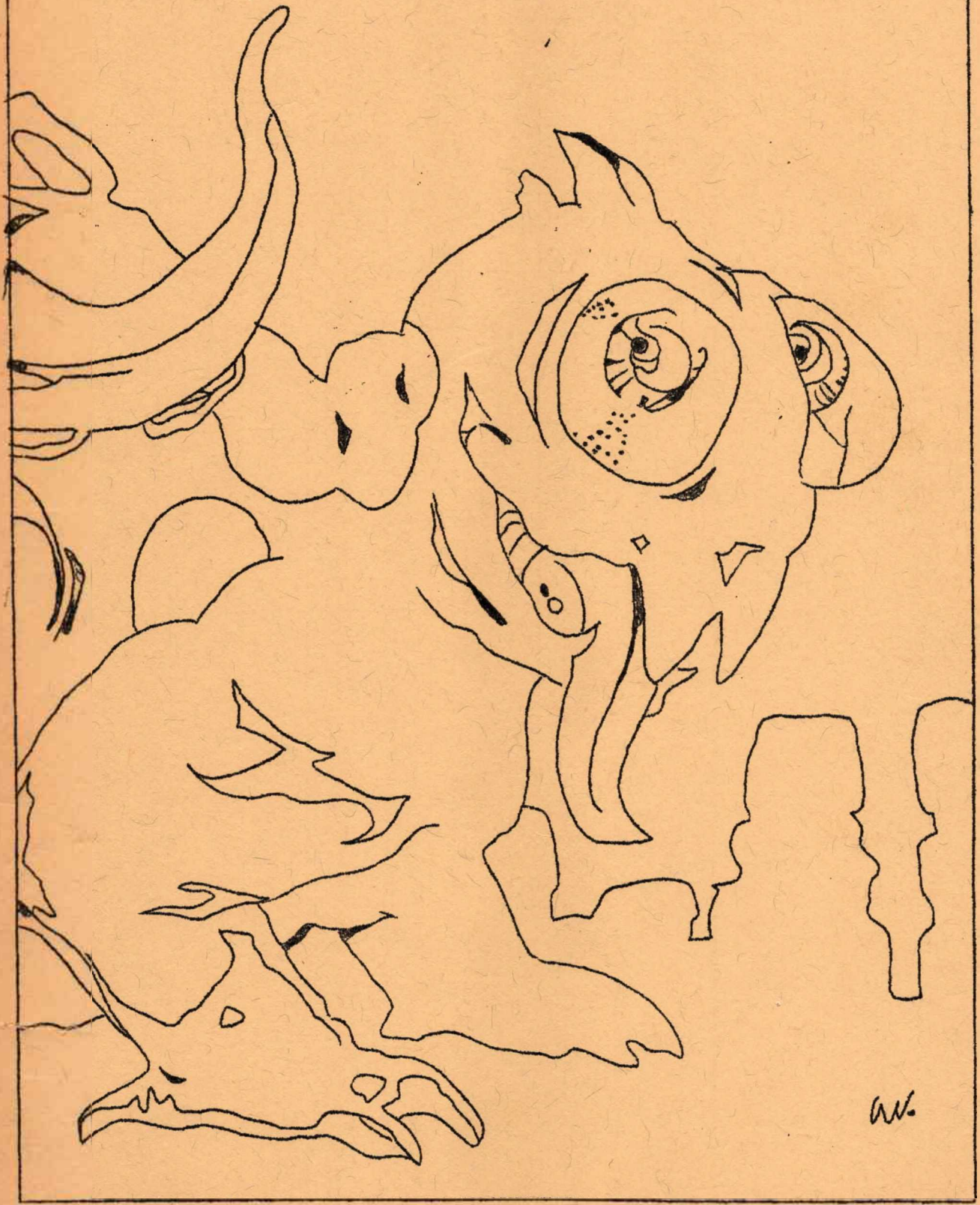


SANN DWISH



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SANDWORMS

SANDWORM #5, the sANNdWISH anniversary issue, is being brought to you by Bob Vardeman PO Box 11352, Albuquerque, NM 87112 over most of these same stations. This almost-close-to-quarterly journal is devoted to things stfnal and fannish. And anything else that happens to strike ye ed's fancy. Printing done under the auspices of

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ToC

front & back covers by illustrious Doug Lovenstein

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At the risk of sounding redundant, you too can participate in Man's Great Adventure by contributing to Sandworm #6. Thrills galore, breath-taking excitement and all that can be yours by sending some contribution my way. Just how you are going to get these thrills galore, etc. I haven't figured out yet -- but why not send me something and find out what I'll have come up with?

/*/

This is dedicated to three parties:

- (1) Frank Herbert for his most excellent DUNE
- (2) You for putting up with me for one year
- (3) Me for actually surviving to a first anniversary issue

/*/

GIUDICAR -- a rambling editorial and things

Well, fans, I have had the infernal luck of actually surviving thru one entire year of fanzine publishing. This is the SANNdWISH, my anniversary issue. As such it is longer than the usual (no I will not make each ish longer and no I will not go bimonthly).

If at all possible, thish has been more confused and hectic in its production than the previous ones. I've had to move 3 times in alittle over two months plus going to school and getting finals out of the way and working myself to an early death. But that filthy green stuff does look good. Plus the fact that two friends wre/are departing for the service (Jim Gamblin to the Marines and Greg Nelson to the Army)

We went thru a week or so of all night revels, parties and a wild drunken fling before Jim left and I'm not sure if my constitution can stand another round like that when Greg goes. Ah well. Here's to the defenders of Our Country. Jim & Greg.

/*/

The SFSF held its biannual New Mexicon June 15 and I think it came off fairly well. Jack Williamson and Donald Wollheim were the dual GoH's and each gave a brief speech. Roy Tackett acted as moderator (for some obscure reason - Gordie should have) and presented both with honorary membership scrolls entitling them to a lifetime membership in the club. Whee.

I was going to do a full-blown Terry Carr conreport but unfortunately I couldn't remember how many bites it took for me to eat my roast beef. 143 I think. With the roast beef (which was quite tender) I had mashed potatoes, peas, iced tea and a watery looking tapioca worthy of the cook on Lancelot Biggs's ship. Roy had one taco, one enchilada, a tamale and assorted other Hindu delicacies. As I said, I was going to do a Terry Carr report but I neglected to jot down what everyone else had to eat.

I hang my head in shame.

/*/

The New Wave isn't so new, methinks. Woody Wolfe gave me a couple of old pbs by Guy Endore, The Werewolf of Paris and The Furies in Her Body (that one had been retitled from something even worse). Both are prime examples of New Wave-ism. And both date back quite a few yrs. The Werewolf story is perhaps the best example of what I mean so I'll just refer to it for a while.

It seems that the story doesn't have a hero or even an anti-hero, just a poor downtrodden, throat-ripping slob kicked around by forces beyond his comprehension. There are some fairly gory scenes, indeed, scenes much better done than Harlan has done. The "heroine" lets herself be ble d slowly by the werewolf so he won't go out and kill other Paris citizens. Those few scenes are much better portrayed than Harlan's "Prowler in the City" story about Jack the Ripper. More horrifying.

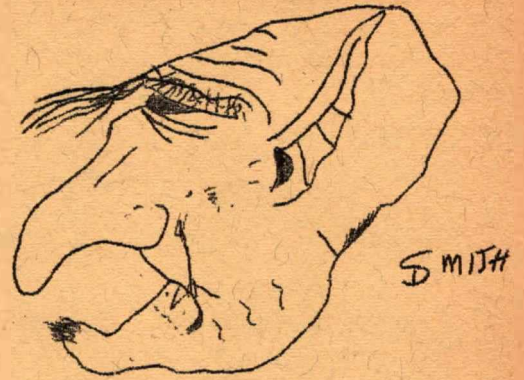
The basic treatment is not supernatural but psychological. And as such, it comes off better than the present New Wave. If the modern New Wavicles had done their research like they should have, they'd have taken a page out of Endore on how to effectively write New Wave stuff. But then Ballard and his ilk say that they like "sf" because it requires no research at all.

/*/

Give the gift that keeps on giving. Give an amoeba.

/*/

As mentioned previously, thish is being done under extreme duress. My apt. isn't quite finished yet and workmen are (right this instant) coming and going and generally trying to keep from falling all over me. My bed is up but the rest of my furniture is still crated. Like all my books. So if this pg is incoherent, blame the workmen who bug me.



Y E E D

The other night, I noticed a sign in a restaurant parking lot saying, "AMPLE PARKING". Not being able to immediately put my finger on what an "ample" was, I hurried off to the library and did some reading. It seems that an Ample is a 3 wheeled Italian car measuring some 6 meters long with a wheel base of 2.3 meters. It has a 49 horsepower fuel injected engine and is capable of a top speed of 110 km/hr. The seallin price I was unable to ascertain but it doesn't matter too much because the Ample Car Works went out of business in 1952. It seems that Amplies are now collector's items since so few were ever made and the sign declaring "AMPLE PARKING" was not put up by the management at all but by a band of clever car thieves. These thieves specialize in stealing Amplies and melting them down for the tin used in the engine valves and gear trains. They have been so successful in past yrs that one hardly ever sees an Ample on the road.

So if you drive an Ample, beware of parking lots displaying the sign "AMPLE PARKING".

/*/

Give the gift that pays for itself. Give a counterfeiting press.

/*/

My files are in terrible shape. If you were supposed to have gotten thish and didn't, please let me know.

/*/

Hugo time again. This yr presents some sticky problems for me since there are several categories where it will almost pain me to see anyone come in second place. Best novel is one; after much thot I think I'll go with Lord of Light altho Delany's Einstein Inter-section is just a skillionth of a whillimeter behind. But I am really hoping for a tie.

In Novella, I think Damnation Alley is a shoo in since its closest competition is Weyr Search. Novellette another close one with Gonna Roll the bones getting top place and Faith of our Fathers right behind. The other two should never have even been on the final ballot. Short Story, (since I couldn't have a 3 way tie), Aye & Gomorrah first with I have no Mouth next. Niven's story was very good but not the best he did in '67 (as opposed to the other 2 entries). Best drama is far and away City on the Edge of Forever. Tribbles next and the rest should never have made the ballot. Prozine Analog. (And I think F&SF for next yr). Best artist. Wish for a tie between Freas, Bonestell and Morrow. But Freas on top. Gaughan's work in '67 wasn't up to the work that won him a NyCon Hugo. Frazetta is, well, Frazetta and Schoenherr I can't remember one outstanding illo by him all year.

On the fanfront, since Baycon says Psychotic is eligible, PSY for top spot. Best fan writer, Harry Warner. (No, Harry, I didn't type in each of my subscriber's names in a blank spot there). I question Ellison & White being eligible since both are pros. Best fanartist to George Barr with Atom a close second. Again I question Gaughan's eligiblity in a fan category.

I think a revamping of the eligibility rules is in order but if such a thing ever came about, it would probably be as amendments to the existing rules. Which would be worse than doing nothing at all.

/*/

If you must go, go first class. St. Louis in '69!

/*/

Seems the Claremont is already booked solid. I guess that means I'm going to be stuck in some out of the way hotel since I have yet to send in my reservation. And I thot the BayConCom said the Calremont was a "convention" hotel. Seems like they must have to cater to small conventions (like of the Bicentennial Tasmanian Taxidermists Convention).

/*/

Apologies to all of you people who have waited (months) for me to answer our corry. I think I'll forfeit (forfeit?) the postal chess game I started 3 months agg and start a new one. I have been thinking about going to a mimeo'd letter substitute during such periods since it wouodn't take me too long to do a page or two but such things are rather impersonal. "To whom it may concern" or "Dear Friend or relative" seems ridiculous. But I just don't have much time anymore. I'm flattered some of you value our corry so highly that you can hardly wait for the next letter from me - but please, oh please, try to restrain yourselves. It is all I can do to fight off the dread creeping blackness of gafia. Sandworm will try and maintain its quarterly scheduel in spite of all. And that includes the US Mule Mail.

It seems that there is all sorts of fantasy type stuff on the boob tube as summer replacements this yr. The Prisoner with Patrick McGoochan is the best (and, surprisingly enough - it is also thot provoking) and I'd recommend it to anyone with a severe case of mental constipation from watching reruns. Then there is something called The Champions about a group of 3 people who have mysterious powers learned in the Orient (tho not from Lamont Cranston's ex-teacher) and can see in the dark and communicate telepathically and do all sorts of fun stuff like that. It is a rotten show.

Then on the laugh side of the column there is always Dark Shadows - I managed to catch one episode and could not figure out any of the soap-operaish relationships. Which isn't surprising since I don't generally watch such things. Vampires in a soap opera, yet. But then we had giant hands reaching out of washing machines and living bras devouring fair damsels so why not vampires on a soap opera?

/*/

If your analyst understands you, put him on the couch !

/*/

Just noticed I left off mentioning Bob Roehm's fanzine Iceni. A promising start on #1. Address Bob Roehm, 316 E. Maple St, Jeffersonville, Indiana 47130. Get a copy - and ask him what the title means (I'd like to know).

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Never argue with your doctor.
He has inside information.

/*/

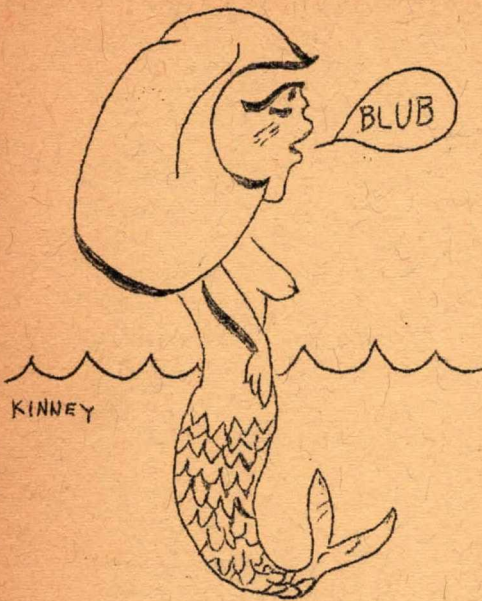
Buck and Juanita Coulson (and presumably Bruce as well) are going to be meandering thru our vast wasteland here sometime next week. Seems to be mainly vacation but after Buck's asthma attack, it might be recuperation in our dry, arid air. Just think how quickly Buck's asthma would be cured if you moved here - and how quickly you'd develop sinus trouble and hay fever like the rest of the natives. Wonderful place to live.

/*/

Mike Montgomery is down here in Albuquerque for the summer prefacing his entrance into ~~Peyton Place~~ the University of New Mexico - probably major, psychology. Mike is the first APA45er I've met and I'd like to tag along with him to Ozarkcon but unfortunately the Retail Liquor Dealer's Assoc. is having its state convention on the same date and duty calls, more's the pity. I'm certain Ozarkcon would be more fun but that's the way the fan spins. St. Louis in '69.

/*/





MARINATING

by *Roy Tackett*

Vardeman obviously disliked Robert Silverberg's THORNS. This represents a flaw in his usually impeccable (which is to say that he usually agrees with MY opinions) taste. Bob passed the book along to me as the bookstands we patronize seem to carry different selections. Bob gets things like THORNS and THE EINSTEIN INTERSECTION. All I can find is NELLIE NUSSBAUM, NIGHT NURSE.

THORNS may not be Silverberg at his best (but he rarely is) but it is, nevertheless, a good story with many valid extrapolations. The book is an expansion of the theme Silverberg set forth in FLIES, his contribution to Ho-Hum Dreams or whatever the title of the book was:

an Earthling spacer is captured by aliens, taken apart and refashioned in a different manner for purposes known best to the aliens. This is not a new theme, of course, having been done before at various times. THE REASSEMBLED MAN by Herbert D. Kastle comes to mind and I don't know who Kastle is...mayhap Silverberg in a clever plastic disguise. And emotional vampirism is not new either. However, Silverberg handles the theme well and his grotesque characters can be grasped and understood. There is a picture here of a decadent society enjoying through video the pain and emotional stress of Lona Kolvin and Minner Burris as served up to them by Duncan Chalk who visions himself as Moby Dick. The characters are grotesque but the society portrayed is not. The public has always fed on fear and pain. That someone such as Chalk should become vastly wealthy and powerful through an amusement empire is logical -- as we find our society becoming more and more automated we will find the amusement business becoming more and more important. I liked the touch of the Luna Tivoli -- merely a super amusement park, a dressed up carnival but underneath still a carnival with no basic difference in the basic "amusements" offered; rides and synthetic thrills and the lure of sex.

There is sex in THORNS but it isn't overly done and is appropriate to the story. A good story. Yes.

* * *

Buried in the back pages of the Albuquerque JOURNAL was a wire service story headed "New Light Cast on Mystery of Life" or somesuch. The wire service story (AP or UPI -- what difference does it make? They are equally useless.) went on to say that Dr. S. Fox and his associates at the University of Miami, Florida, had produced some interesting experiments in the biochemical lab. By heating "gases" (composition unspecified) they had produced amino acids and by heating these they had produced "cell-like structures" which promised to provide new answers on the everlasting et cetera, et cetera. The wireservice story, presumably in deference to the Biblical Fundamentalists among the readers, was very careful not to make any spectacular claims for the results of Dr. Fox's experiments. Except to mention that the "cell-like structures" ate, grew and reproduced. I don't know about you but in my book that's a living organism and I think that Dr. S. Fox and his associates at the University of Miami have just brought another science fiction prophecy to fulfillment: they have created life in the laboratory. Single-celled life, And didn't it all start that way?

* * *

Apas come and go. One of the more successful is the Carboniferous Amateur Press Alliance which, at the time this is being written in April, 1968, has just completed its 81st consecutive monthly mailing. And with the original membership still intact.

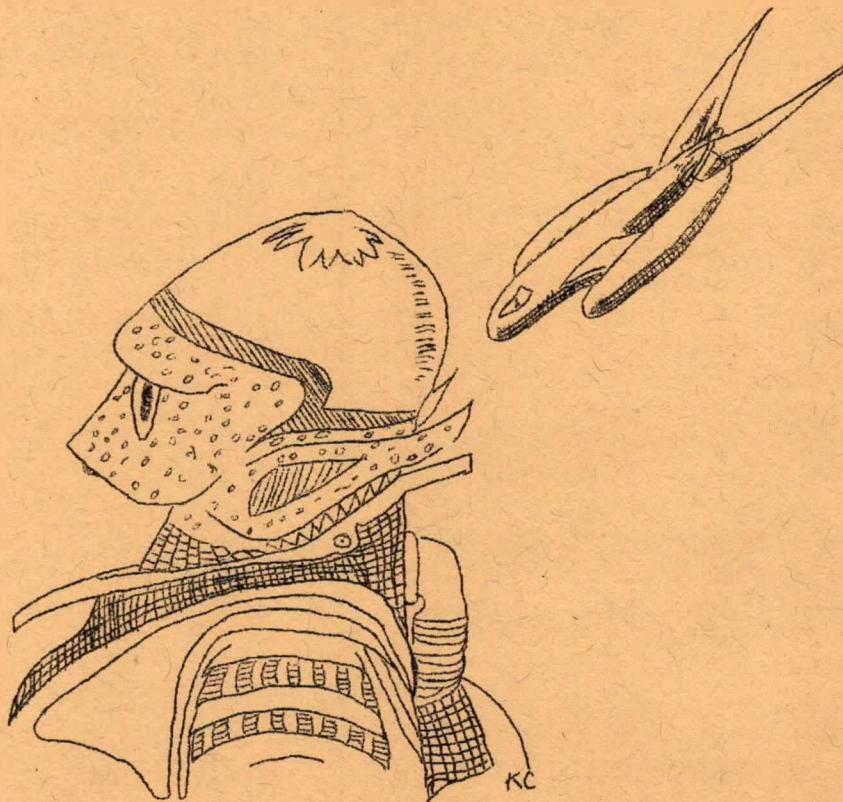
The secret of CAPA's success, of course, is the fact that it is a small organization of close friends who use the official organ, FIVE BY FIVE, to keep in touch. But FIVE cannot be looked on simply as a monthly multi-letter for its pages have produced an assortment of fan fiction (more properly faaan fiction), essays, articles and the Great Limerick Marathon which ran on and on until we got fairly sick of it and stayed away from it for months. The thing went like this: Rick Sneary furnished a first line, "There was a member of CAPA well known". The rest of us each furnished a second line and then a third line for each second line and a fourth line for each third line and, finally, a fifth line for each fourth line. Simple? Ugh! The addition of the second lines made five limericks, the addition of the third line made twenty-five limericks, and on and on. Finally we decided that we really ought to finish the damned thing and I believe we did. Art Rapp is trying to work up enough courage to compile the mess into one volume which may -- or may not -- be published and run through SAPS and FAPA and elsewhere.

"The Great Stf Holocaust" was a 15 part (I think) story that had its moments. As with anything of that sort it was good in places and not good in others. Mayhap someday we'll publish it elsewhere, too.

Currently FIVE BY FIVE is mostly natterings but one expects that at any moment Rapp or Ed Cox or Len Moffatt will come charging out with something called The Great Stf Catastrophe and we'll be off and running again on a marathon of writing, with each month's contributor trying to leave the one who follows him in a hole that will take all sorts of ingenuity to get out of.

CAPA is, theoretically anyway, an open apa within certain limitations. Membership is limited to five (hence FIVE BY FIVE) fans who were active during the 5th Fandom period which is roughly the period between WWII and the Korean War. (FANCY II dates the beginning of 5th Fandom as Philcon I.) The idea was Rick Sneary's and he sent out the original membership invitations. The four of us who joined Rick in CAPA are still there and it appears that we will be for quite some time. Maybe we'll publish The Best of CAPA or somesuch for our 100th issue.

Roy Tackett



THE MARTIAN

by Ed Cox

A cool breeze wafted thinly down through the barren hills and souged out across the canal, out to the desert's vast waste bathed in the faint moon-glow of Phobos. This moon, I thought, wasn't very bright. Not like on earth. There... home...it was different. Though that moon be still as bright, I could not see it. It was a million million million miles away and I couldn't even spot it from where I stood by my hot-dog stand.

I put the cover back on the mustard jar and racked the napkin dispensers. Didn't look like much more business would come this way today. Of course, nobody had been this way today. I looked down the long curve of the canal-side road. Nobody.

Not even the Martians. I saw some of them once in their silver-sharded city of shadows and pastels. Gossamer streamers of being they were, flitting like colored cellophane through the soaring arches, wind-whipped and scattering at my approach. They whispered among their towers, fading into darkened vents of their dead buildings, sighing an unheard song of nostalgia for the glory that was now dead.

They hadn't resisted the coming of the Earthmen. They had barely acknowledged our existence. Not that there were many of us here. Not since the first ships came and disappeared. But we came, a few of us, and stayed. A whole new planet for us. A great vast spread of world to fill up with home-things. The Martians didn't seem to care. So I opened my hot-dog stand here, by the canal.

It was beautiful...as beautiful as the city over the hills, but just as sad. I looked back along the curve to where it disappeared in the frosting mark. To where it faded to nothingness in the dusk, toward the far distant ice-cap. Once there had been life and the Martians had lived, played, loved along this canal. But now...

I had to get inside my VacuHut since the night was rather cool and the air thin enough to cause me difficulty after so long outside.

I went inside reluctantly. I was afraid of the dream again. It started just a few nights ago and now it came almost every night. I remembered it as I lay down on my cot.

"Frank?" My mother's voice came sharply through to the sitting room where I was sitting. "What are you doing?"

"I'm sitting, Mother," I replied.

"Go to the drug store for me and get some aspidistra."

I went from the dry, dusty sitting room where beams of sunlight fell slant-wise onto the floor, dust-motes briefly entering into the golden beam for a short flash of being. I went to my mother in the kitchen. Mother! A warm, smiling face, apple-cheeked, hair graying a little. Always a smile and a cheery word.

"Here," she said, "take this and get the aspidistra. With the change you can buy an ice-cream cone." I took the money.

"But Mother, why get aspidistra in the middle of summer?"

"They always have it in stories like this, dear. Now run along."

I clattered out of the house, down the wide flag-stone walk to the gate. I swung it open, passed through and then let it slam. I looked down the street. It was so cool under the trees. Maples and chestnuts, they spread their branches overhead shutting away the hot, hard rays of the sun. I picked up a stick and let it clack along the white pickets as I walked down the road. The lawns were cool and green and I smelled a honeysuckle bush in the Jones' yard, heard the heavy hum of bees winging toward it.

I walked down the street toward the drugstore. I passed the firehouse with its red-painted wagons, the damp hose smell and the horses. And the horses' smell. At the hardware store I slowed down. The kegs of nails smelled metally and cool. Brass gleamed and the odor of warmth and tarred things came out of the store. I waved to Mr. Butler inside. He smiled back.

The drug-store was cool. I wondered about tombstones every time I went into Mr. Weber's. It was all marbly. The counter and the table-tops, the floor. It was so cool and smelled clean and funny. I asked Mr. Weber for the stuff and paid him. It smelled pungent and made me feel like I should have a cold.

"Does somebody in your family have a cold?" he asked me, smiling. "It's so warm for July and a long way til October."

"No," I replied. "My Mother said that they always use it in stories like this."

"That's right," he smiled, handing me the cone of pistachio ice-cream.

I said thank you to him and he went back to the rear where all the odd odors came from and I could hear him start grinding something up. I left the cool smell of the drugstore and went back up the street. I came to the stretch of sidewalk in front of the brick bank and here it happened. I dropped my ice-cream cone. One minute I had it and then, somehow, it slipped out of my fingers. I always remember that. It lay there, the cone sticking up, melting on the sidewalk.

Then I jerked up and jumped out of my cot. "It's happened again! The dream." I rushed out of the cabin into the--

--warm sunshine!

"I'm HOME!" I cried. "The warm earth! The dusty street under the trees!"

I looked around. "The firehouse and the drugstore and the smell of honeysuckle. I'm home!"

Then I stopped. "But how...and where's my cabin?"

I turned back and there it was. My small metaloid cabin perched in the parched desert by the dying canal.

"But where..."

Then I saw the Martian. A faint slip of being wavering in the wind in the edge of the dusk. A thought came to me as it hung there looking like a Napoli illustration. "Go, Earthman! Go back and stay home."

I ran to the cabin but the Martian slipped off into the night, across the empty desert, fleeing through the moonlight, wisping off into nowhere. I turned back. Only the darkened bulk of the worn hills met my stare. Above were the hard glints of stars. No maples. Cool, thin air sighed by and carried not the honeysuckle nor hot brass screws. Back to earth, I thought, I was back on earth and now I'm here. Then it struck me. I should go back! The Martians didn't want us here.

I closed up the hot-dog stand and took the next rocket to earth. And after the unending loneliness of space, I was back. The ship landed and I ran out.

"Home!" And it was. I looked around me and I was home! The town, the square white houses and the neat picket fences under the arching chestnut trees. I ran down the street.

"Mother! Mother, I'm back!" I cried and clattered down the dusty street. And then I saw her. "Mother!" She was down by the hardware store. There was Mr. Butler. And Mr. Weber, all of them, by the store. And they were looking at me. So strangely.

"Aren't you glad I'm back?" I laughed under the warm July sun. "Oh, it's wonderful to be back!" They frowned. "Where's the firehouse and the dogs that chase the automobiles?" I smiled at them under the hot July sky. "Mother, what's the matter?" I questioned her under the fiery July sun.

"What are you doing here?" she asked sternly. I backed away in shock.

"But Mother, I've come Home," I said, hurt. They looked at me.

"But you don't belong here," said Mr. Weber. "This isn't your home anymore."

"What?" I fell back, haltingly, as they advanced toward me. More people, familiar faces joined them. "What do you mean? I came back on the rocket! I am Home!"

"We know you came on the rocket," they said, "but you shouldn't have."

I backed away from them. "What do you mean?"

"You should go back to Mars with the rest of the Martians!" somebody yelled.

"But I'm not a Martian," I protested. "I'm an Earthman and I've come Home!"

"Look at you," said Mr. Butler. "Look at yourself."

I raised my arms and barely felt the sidewalk under my feet. My arms were green! I stood there in the hot July sun...green arms...but that couldn't be! I raised shocked eyes at the people. "Something's wrong!" I smelled the dry, hot bricks of the bank and the dusty hot sidewalk under me.

"Go back, Martian!"

I retreated. "No, I can't!" I cried.

"GO!" And the pale moonlight and the wisping Martian. "Go."

"Leave here."

"I can't!" The sun blazed down.

"Stay away, Earthman," the Martian had said.

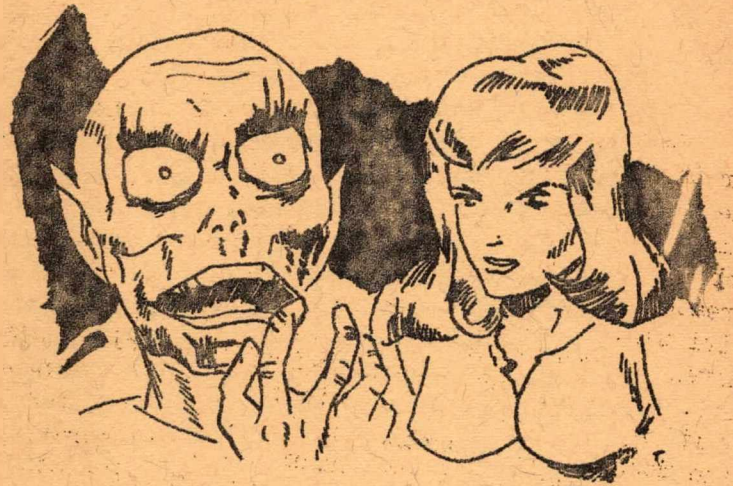
"Go away!" I felt the July-bright glare on me.

"But Mother, I can't!"

"GO!" And I stumbled and fell to the sidewalk in front of the bank.

I crushed.

Through a green blur I saw that the sidewalk extended away from me in some crazy angle. People's feet receded and the hot sun blazed down on me. I was all green and I was melting on the sidewalk.



ED COX

/*/

TASTY BUT OBNOXIOUS

by Raymond L. Clancy

Yes, human beings are tasty
As any Venusian would say,
But when you chomp on these creatures,
You must turn your face away.

They're very good both boiled and fried,
And make a delicious stew,
But you have to keep your mind a blank
From remembering what they do.

They're best eaten with dark glasses on
Your eyes, and your nose well-stopped,
And most prefer not to look on
As in the grease they're dropped.

Raymond L. Clancy

/*/

DUST STORM

by Shirley Meech

The wind is howling savagely
He bends the bush and beats the tree
He shouts he'll tear them limb from limb
Unless they bow the bough to him.

Across the beaten, cringing land
He trails a cloak of dust and sand
And in its gritty, whipping folds
The nearly-smothered sun he holds.

Shirely Meech

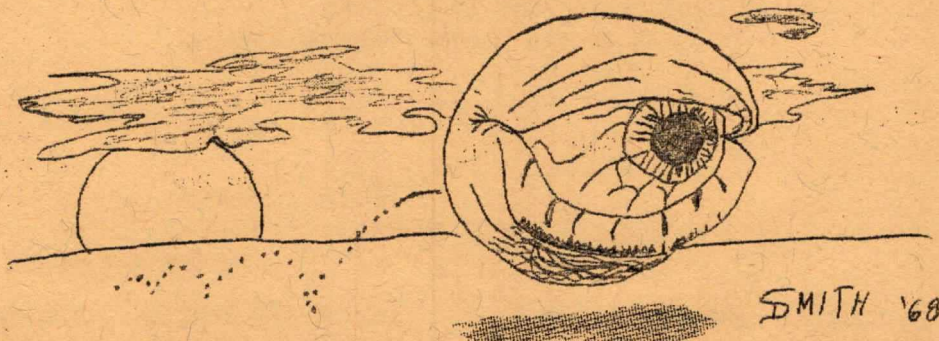
LINES OF POWER BY DELANY

reviewed by *Paul Walker*

Delany is a hippie. Not a hipster, a hippie. The old hipster exploited the world for the experience it brought him. The hippie remoulds the world into new experiences. The old hipster retreated from the world or into himself, the hippie uses the world and himself to create a new image of the meaning of self in the world. The hipster was a rebel, the hippie is a reformer. The hipster destroyed to make his point, the hippie creates a self to advertise. But this is oversimplifying Delany for he is a total individual, a self-made, self-conceived, self-created individual who functions on all levels of consciousness of reality and his stories are multi-level structures which are, at their core, psychologically autobiographical. By that I mean that Delany is writing about his own consciousness in its growing awareness and his perspective on the modern consciousness itself. He is the most consciously aware writer of our time and his writings are so stunningly contemporary, so strikingly incisive, as to be prophetic of the possibilities of our emerging conscious.

In "Lines of Power" (May, 1968 F&SF), he explores one aspect of human freedom, the power which it takes to be free. The story concerns Blacky, an agent of the Global Power Commission (which has united the world and brought about peace through consolidating world power), who is sent to Canada to install power lines into a small community of Hell's Angels types who live in retreat from the world and oppose it. Blacky's job is blocked by Roger Z., the leader of the gang, who sees the power lines as a threat to his own power. Blacky is sympathetic and, at first, supports Roger but is later overriden by the authority of Mabel, his GPC superior. Roger makes a final stand and is killed etc. But the story though well written and plotted, is minor in comparison to what it suggests of the workings of Delany's mind.

In order to be free, one must have the power over both himself and his environment to express his freedom. But here we have two freedoms, the individual represented by Roger, and the freedom of mankind represented by the Global Power Commission. Roger's freedom is expressed in violence and thrill seeking, of impressing his image three-dimensionally on the world. The GPC, through its power lines, its generators, allows man to function more comfortably and ably. Delany does not make it easy for us by favoring either side. Both Roger and Blacky are strong men, both are intellectuals of their own kind, both are incisive, both are basically good. But only one can win. Power in this technological world is centered in the Commission, and Roger's power, his breed of freedom, is dying out. He realizes if the lines are installed his freedom will die out altogether. He revolts against this, for with it the last of his world and ultimately himself will die. Yet his death is not so tragic. It is merely an event. We are left to choose which freedom we prefer for Blacky is left alive functioning wholly in the world.



Delany sees technology replacing the world of the individual's values, freedoms, etc. He sees it creating illusion and decadence in place of reality. At least, he suggests this in both THE EINSTEIN INTERSECTION and his latest novelet "House A-Fire". Yet he sees the individual's only hope in recreating himself within the context of this new world, of moulding a new freedom in the materialistic, mass-minded culture technology is bringing upon us.

Too, here we have an interesting suggestion of a relationship between two writers, Delany himself and Roger Z. (Zelazny, anyone?) What Delany is saying is not too clear to me but I suggest he sees Roger Zelazny as the biographer of the days that are passing. Zelazny has often been compared to Hemingway and Hemingway as the soldier poet, the philosopher of the hunt, the hipster in search of new experiences to explore his relationship to life, a man of primitive freedoms (hipster as opposed to hippie). Self-reliance, courage, integrity, artistic truth are Hemingway's game of life from which he draws purpose and meaning. Delany, on the other hand, creates purpose and meaning from the significance of the moment. He refuses to see reality as black and white, good or bad. He sees it as what it is, what it might have been, what it suggests, what it will be, and how it relates to both himself and the world and this he converts into a perception of immediate reality as an experience in itself. He finds the same fascination in a man's search for his girlfriend as Hemingway found in an old man's battle for a marlin.

Zelazny, like Hemingway, is discontented with reality. His characters are troubled and confused, brooding and angry and often they lose sight of reality and are destroyed by it. Delany sees his characters challenging reality and remaking it or dying in the attempt. Both are existentialist in that they accept reality as reality and do not impose any abstract meaning on it, but Delany is the activist, the Rebel in the Camus sense, who infiltrates and undermines. Blacky survives, Roger dies.

This is what I gathered from "Lines of Power". It is a strong story with powerful moments, filled with Delany's self-conscious poetry and deliberate suggestiveness. Like most everything Delany writes, it is intensely, intimately personal. A communication from Delany to Delany's concept of the mind of mankind.

by *PAUL WALKER**

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And now, breaking the onslaught of sercon stuff, we once again bring you AUNTIE FANNISH!!

Once upon a time on a faroff world called Maharishi by its inhabitants, there was a cult of assassins and thieves, devotees of thuggee, who worshipped the goddess Kali. In the temple of Kali was a solid platinum statue of the goddess with a giant, melon-sized ruby in its forehead. Each evening, just at dusk, the thugs would gather and pay homage to the idol, each worshipper giving 15% of his day's take in offering. Then the night shift would come on, after receiving their goddess' benediction to steal and kill.

Dirk Dagger, bon vivant and interstellar jewel thief, heard about the idol with its tremendous melon-sized ruby and immediately started plotting how to steal it. He soon decided an audacious, straight-forward theft would be most likely to succeed. And soon after the theft, he'd have a fine new doorstop.

Dirk disguised himself as one of the thugs and slipped into the temple of Kali with a voluminous satchel. Realizing that a gaping hole in the idol's forehead would be a dead (very dead) giveaway, Dirk had brought a mock-up of the ruby to put in place of the real one. And being a cynic, Dirk had painted a watermelon red to use as his substitute.

Staying at the back of the temple until the night shift had left, Dirk prepared his fake ruby for the switch. Seeing no one, Dirk raced forward and began to pry the ruby loose. Hearing a shuffle of feet, he turned and saw 50 thugs enter and slowly pull out their red silk strangling cords - the trademarks of their profession.

Dirk was trapped! But all was not lost. He still hadn't switched his red melon for the ruby and maybe, just maybe he could outwit the thugs. Dropping to his knees and raising the melon high over his head, Dirk shouted, "Here's my melon, Kali baby!"

Dirk's estate went mostly to the Interstellar Revenue Service leaving his heirs pennyless. But each, at least, received a piece of the broken watermelon.

The PLAYBOY Book of Science Fiction and Fantasy

reviewed by *Bob Roehm*

When someone mentions PLAYBOY magazine, you don't ordinarily think of science fiction, or of fiction of any kind for that matter. What you think of is.... well, never mind that now. But, as this book amply demonstrates, PLAYBOY has published some very good science fiction and fantasy work. Included in this gigantic anthology are thirty-two stories, covering the period of 1955 to 1965, by twenty-five different authors.

The book opens with a bang with George Langelaan's oft-anthologized but still classic "The Fly", and closes with an Arthur C. Clarke story, "Dial 'F' for Frankenstein", a rather slight and trite story, but representative of most of what he has done recently. In between these two stories are others that run the gamut from Good to excellent, with perhaps only two or three that I didn't like. As usual, the stories from the SF "names" are the best. The various mainstream authors here (Bernard Wolfe, Bruce Jay Friedman, etc.) that have attempted science fiction (or what they think is science fiction) have succeeded only in writing good stories, but not in writing SF. As would be expected, the emphasis is mainly on style rather than content, so even the SF writers get caught up occasionally. JG Ballard's "Souvenir" ("The Drowned Giant") is an example of this stylistic treatment. Of course, there are those who will debate the point that Ballard is really an SF writer in the first place. I reserve my opinions on that issue. In any case, that particular story has been heavily anthologized for so recent a story.

Among the highlights are Robert Sheckley's very funny "Spy Story", Charles Beaumont's very strange "The Crooked Man" and William Tenn's very very "Bernie the Faust". And there are several others worth mentioning, but rather than take up more space I'll just say that nearly every story is at least worth reading.

I recommend, however, that you skip over the preface and introductory blurbs. It seems that the PLAYBOY editors have a superiority complex of the highest degree. They modestly give themselves credit for practically single-handedly bringing science fiction up out of the pulps, "with their arcane, in-groupish attitudes and...overttechnical, picayune pickiness." Gee, if it weren't for PLAYBOY, science fiction would be nothing today. Thanks, fellows, I don't know what we'd have done without you. (I'd like to challenge their statements, but PLAYBOY's Word is Gospel. Or so we're led to believe.)

Another reason to skip the editorial remarks is their annoying habit of referring to science fiction as "sci-fi", an abominable term that should be thrown back to the Hollywood producer who coined it. That word always conjures up images in my mind of the Monster that Devoured Cleveland.

But like I say, if you ignore the introductions you'll have a lot of good reading there. Still, I can't help feeling that Arthur C. Clarke is a traitor....

by ****BOB ROEHM****

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THE NATIONALISTIC ATTITUDE

or

HOW TO GET AHEAD ON ANY WORLD

by *Doris "The Elder" Beeten*

Beyond our own Terra
Lie innumerable constellations, kaleidoscopes
in new galaxies
Perhaps alien youths sing
"O Fomalhaut Forever!"

/Editor's note: Take the first letter of each word and you'll find that the message spells
success!7

AND STILL ANOTHER PAGE OF REVIEWS

but this time by Vardeman*

I've managed to read quite a few books in the past couple months by reading them piecemeal at the store. As a result, I haven't found a single outstanding one (or then again maybe I just haven't read any really good books during that time). I've tried to stick with anthologies so continuity in the book wouldn't be too badly butchered even tho I can put a book down and start in again a month later without appreciable loss (I started at a young age on magazine serials, you see....)

SEETEE SHIP: Jack Williamson: An olde time yarn from the thud and blunder along the spaceways era. While not Williamson's best by a long shot, few authors could even approach the sheer grandeur of this type space opera. Plot consists mainly of Hero Drake finding a stable base (alien built) for building matter-antimatter machinery. The plot is mussed a bit by a time paradox which just confuses the issue - but it is good fun if you're a space opera buff like I am. (Lancer 73-732, 60¢ -- a good buy)

SEVEN TRIPS THRU TIME & SPACE: ed. Groff Conklin: Conklin has put together "my" kind of anthology - namely, "hard" science stories. Niven's lead story is one of his better Puppeteer stories and one I think should have been in place of his Hugo nominated Jigsaw Man. Cordwainer Smith's yarn is perhaps his second best story (Alpha Ralpa Blvd I'd have to place first) and is almost worth the price of admission by itself - but not quite. Overproof by Jonathon Blake MacKenzie (Randall Garrett in a clever disguise?) I nominated for the Hugo last year (or rather at Tricon - how time flies!). The type story typical of JWC's Analog with a moral; this moral is that things aren't always what they seem. I think Overproof should be required reading for anthropologists with ethnocentric tendencies. McIntosh & Neville have minor yarns, not badly told but not outstanding either. Frank Herbert has a story reminiscent of Eric Frank Russell about a department of sabotage and dirty tricks designed to keep the government from being too efficient. Good story with well portrayed alien life form. H. Beam Piper ends the anthology with one of his Sword World tales (set in the same universe as Space Viking). (Crest R-1924, 60¢ one of the best books printed in the last 3 months - don't miss it or you'll be missing one hell of a lot of enjoyment)

BRING THE JUBILEE: Ward Moore: The South has won the Civil War, or rather the War of Southron Independence. The North is a pitifully disunited and poverty stricken area pushed around by all of the more powerful countries. Some very good extrapolation as to how prominent people and their roles would be altered (President Bryan winning over McKinley, for instance). While the logic of going back in time and altering the future is suspect in my mind, the ending of the book is exceptionally good. (Ballantine 38, 35¢ - one of the time travel classics which should be eagerly read and filed for future reference (reference to what I'm not sure, but that's your worry)).

AVENGERS #6 --THE DROWNED QUEEN: Kieth Laumer: Laumer has finally hit the right note in the printed form for the on-the-screen-but-not-in-the-book Avengers fans. I could visualize the witty repartee between Steed and Mrs. Peel without the slightest trouble (well, one trouble - Laumer has used Tara King instead of Mrs. Peel). Quite true to form. (Berkeley X1565 - 60¢ -- better than Garforth's poor imitations. Now I just wish I could find the Afrit Affair....sigh)

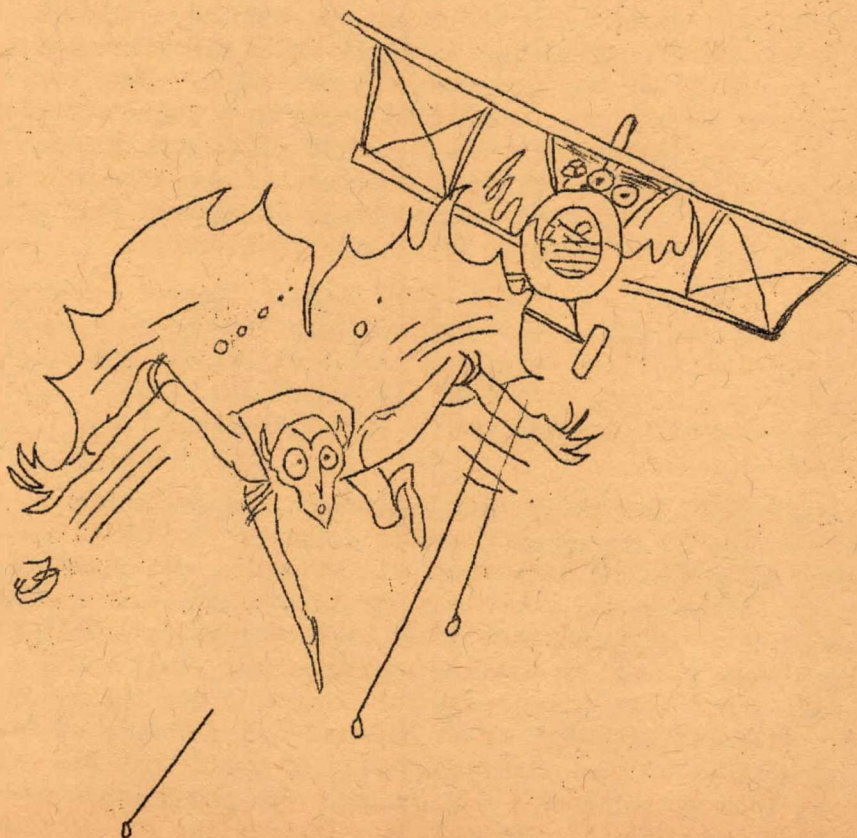
TWO TALES AND EIGHT TOMORROWS: Harry Harrison: A collection of moderately entertaining, if trite, stories by one of my favorite authors. The usual run of the mill JC type stories with victim being crucified to prove his Divinity, the clash of mores between cultures (The Pliable Animal is the weakest story in the book - if a cannibal plopped an arm (cooked) on my dinner table my first thot would be to regurgitate what I'd already eaten - not kill him. And I find it hard to believe vegetarianism could be more deeply ingrained than the thot of eating a fellow human being for supper.), and the cyborg-like conditioning of a spaceman. This latter story, Capt. Bedlam is my favorite of the 10 showing how far man will go to conquer space. The personality of Capt. Bork was split into 3 pieces after finding out that space drove a man insane. One ground-type personality, one space-type and one emergency survival personality. Interesting but not logical. (Bantam F3722 - 50¢)

SURVIVAL MARGIN: Charles Eric Maine: Another British destruction story. This time by an amok plague germ. I suppose there might be characters like the anti-hero but I must admit I've never found one. Cold, calculating, entirely mercenary both in love and business and totally unfeeling about everything. My tastes run to believable characters - ones mixing mercilessness and compassion, ones showing occasional flashes of humanity. I don't think this is an especially good book either in plot or characterization. The former has been done by better authors in a more effective way and the latter, while consistent, is not very believable. (Crest R-1918 60¢ - Save your money. There are much better books on the market)

FINAL PROGRAMME: Michael Moorcock: Strange book in many ways. The plot is a wandering beast finally ending up better than I thought it would. Moorcock seemed to have something to say - namely that England is one hell of a perverted country both sexually and morally. If his portrayal of English society is one one-thousandth correct, I can see why the sun has finally set on the British empire. Moorcock also seems to have padded out the book with what must run to several thousand words describing the protagonist's clothing - and about every two chapters he seemed to be changing his garb. I don't know what meaning should be attached to having the feminine(?) counterpart of the protagonist being named Miss Brunner if any at all should be. By lopping off $\frac{1}{2}$ of the book and rewriting more tightly, Moorcock could have written a fair book with Final Programme. (Avon S351 -60¢ You might like it, I didn't especially.)

LINCOLN HUNTERS: Wilson Tucker: Another time travel story filled with Tuckerisms (Bobby Bloch is one of the time travellers, albeit drunken most of the time). Again the logic is shaky but this is true of most time travel stories. Men go back to record a lost speech of Lincoln's and find themselves tangled in an anomaly. (Ace H-62 - 60¢ While I can't say this book is actually a classic, it is much more entertaining than such things as Survival Margin)

TOMORROW PLUS X: Wilson Tucker: A sequel to Time Masters and another time travel story. This one deals with sending "time" bombs thru a temporal dimension to eliminate your enemies (or political undesirables). Not up to Lincoln Hunters but still good. (Avon T168 - 35¢)



Being an Account of the Faanish Sabbat of
the Fans Dwelling in the Northland commonly
called North Dakota.

From the Journal of
Smythe the Traveler

I came to the land of North Dakota about the first day of the fifth month of the third year of my journey in fandom which is called May of 1968 in the common tongue and did perceive before me a vast multitude of what I took to be buffalo.

I readied, therefore, my staff to do battle with these beasts as they were fearsome in their shaggy countenance. Fearlessly I approached them brandishing my weapon and seeing this they arose as one mass on their hind legs crying, "Peace brother! Fandom is a way of life!"

At this ancient shout I gladly dropped my staff to the ground as I now recognized what I had previously thought to be buffalo as fellow fen enwrapped in skins to prevent the terrible cold from seeping through to their bones.

"Brother!" cried the foremost. "Wherefore are your skins to prevent the cold from entering in?"

I replied of course that my amulet of faanish power which was blessed by Ghu and crafted by Roscoe's Smythies protected me from all the elements, even the snow which was then about me.

They took me then to their city called Minot (My-KNOT) and shewed unto me the marvelous works which they had wrought. In this city they had caused the mundanes to praise their works and I found them to be a hardy people,

Yet one thing troubled my mind as I saw the evidences of their fanac for there were no fanzines or prozines stored in any great profusion about them. I asked why this was so and forthwith their leader spake these words unto me, "We are the fans of the Northerese. In our hands is the top of the earth and all the snow and cold therein. Our year is divided into three seasons, June, July and Winter. To welcome the coming of the warm season we hold a sabbat each year to aid the God of Warmth to triumph ever so briefly over the God of Cold.

"To do this properly we gather fannishly at the highest point in our city to offer and make glad song. Stay with us a space for that time is almost upon us."

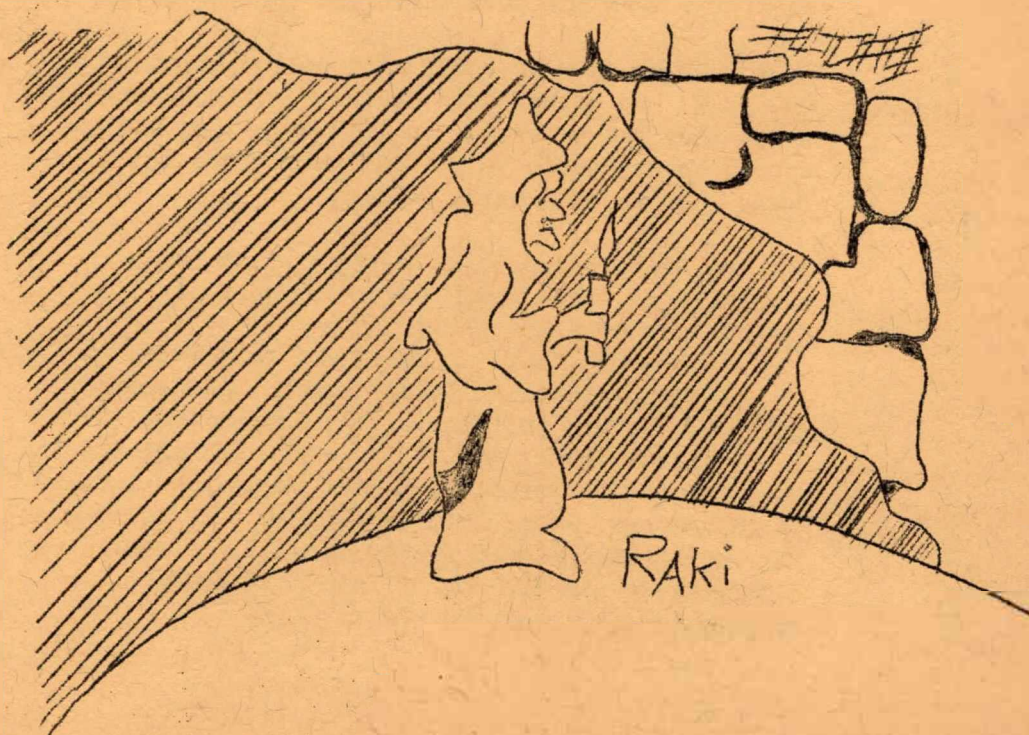
I stayed until the sabbat and we gathered together upon the highest hill of Minot. They brought many barrels of blugnurp with them and I then saw what they would do with their fanzines and prozines. They gathered them a great pile together of the zines and doused them with Ditto Fluid and lit them into a great fire. And they danced about the fire to the beat of many clackity clacks of mighty mimeos.

They then all of them threw off their buffalo robes in a great frenzy and smeared their naked bodies with black mimeo ink and threw all evidences of their fanac into the great fire chanting: "Fandomisawayoflife -Ghube praised!"

And I departed me from them pondering on the things which they had done to greet the warm weather of their area....thank Ghu for my sanity.

-30-

submitted by *Mike Zaharakis*





A column by DEAN KOONTZ

When I severed my relationship with reality and offered to do a column for every issue of SANDWORM, I was faced with one major problem. It was not the problem of what to write, but it was out of the area of subject matter that the problem arose. I planned a column of commentary on new writers and the work of the old pros. The problem was this: by setting myself up as critic, I risked the danger of enraged fans rushing to my own stories, picking out my mistakes, and saying things like---"See here, Koontz! You accuse Isaac Rodger Delany Ellison of meaningless surrealistic passages in his book I See a Lollipop in a Man's Mouth, and the Man is Giving It a Hum Job, and yet you use the same device in your rotten story 'Blah-blah-blah'!"

In other words, I was afraid my points of criticism might be applied to my own work--- and that my own work might be found wanting. With several novelets and two novels bought but not yet published, this risk will grow through the coming issues of SANDWORM, not diminish.

But, as the French are wont to say, "C'est autre chose". Which doesn't have a great deal of bearing here, but you know the French.

Edited by Harlan Ellison -- Beware.

Every Ellison-edited collection should bear this banner in red letters across the top of the jacket. If Harlan Ellison is a bright, interesting, marvelously talented writer (which he is), then he is an equally frustrating, clumsy fingered, narrow-visioned editor. These are strong words. But the purpose of this editorial/column is to argue that the time Harlan Ellison spends editing could be of much greater value to SF if it were used as writing time. His stories give us such a tantalizing taste of what a true, well-wrought Ellison novel might be like that it is truly horrifying to see him compiling books of other peoples works instead of turning a full-length novel loose on the public.

I would, first, like to turn to a recent collection of stories by Gerald Kersh as edited by Ellison. Nightshades and Damnations (Fawcett - Gold Medal/ 231-01887/060/ \$.60) contains a con-man's dozen (11) weird tales by a writer who is not particularly well-known in this country, though he has appeared in The Saturday Evening Post, Esquire and Playboy. Admittedly, Kersh is an excellent writer. His passages of description are rightly praised by Ellison in the introduction to this volume. But if these stories are typical of Kersh, then there is also a major flaw or two in his work which Ellison has not noticed or has chosen not to notice. On the other hand, and I suspect more likely, Ellison may have given us an unbalanced collection here -- one containing the stories Ellison likes the best and -- subsequently -- stories too similar and

with the same glaring flaws.

Kersh uses a very clever and standard ploy to begin a story. He tells you it is a story, then he recounts it. Zelazny has used this a few times and with moderate to high degrees of success. But in N&D, we have the device used much too often. The author almost never tells us a story without prefacing it with some comment to let us know it is a story. He starts, then, by putting distance between his characters and the readers in a manner that is highly reminiscent of the Victorian Age. By the time the reader is really beginning to feel an empathy with Kersh's heroes and villains and has gotten over the stuffy introduction, the story is drawing to an end.

The first piece in the book, "The Queen of Pig Island", begins with this sentence: "The story of the Baroness von Wagner,..., was so fantastic that if it had not first been published as news, even editors of the sensational crime-magazines would have thought twice before publishing it." From this point, Kersh enters a several paragraph introduction which uses a stock character to lead us to the real people in the story. The people are fascinating and before long, one has been able to forget the first two pages and is involved.

The second story in the book is really not a story but a sketch whose purpose is not entirely clear. It is called "Frozen Beauty" and begins: "Do I believe this story?" It is too similar to the beginning of the last for comfort. The reader wiggles in his seat a little, then plunges into the next paragraph, only to be put off a second time: "I don't know. I heard it from a Russian doctor of medicine."

The third story, "The Brighton Monster", begins with: "I found one of the most remarkable stories of the century...in a heap of rubbish..." For a moment, one is tempted to toss the book into a heap of rubbish. But one swallows and goes on. One has to go on. Ellison has told you it is good. You respect Ellison. It is difficult not to agree with him, but...

"The Brighton Monster" is a Fortean type story with some scientific justification but too late and too little. In it, Kersh tries a neat little trick of using himself as a character in that the colonel, in the end, addresses him. Then we are to accept that these are all stories told to Kersh and he is retelling them to us. Fine.

But the very next story destroys this premise. If a scientific discovery, such as "The Boneless Man" deals with, were made, Kersh would have been in on the ground floor of the most fantastic find of the century -- any century. And so, if the story is considered in the this-is-a-true-story-told-to-me framework, then it completely wrecks that framework. Besides, when one of the lead characters dies, he can do nothing more than say, "Oh dear me, dear me." Granted, he may have been a stoic, but his dedication to science (in his last moments he cares only about being sure the discovery will reach civilization) becomes a little too much to swallow easily.

The rest of the stories vary in quality but are of the same sort. "The Ape and the Mystery" is a bad joke about DaVinci and The Mona Lisa (she smiles mysteriously because she has bad teeth and is afraid to laugh out loud). "The King Who Collected Clocks" begins with: "Secrets such as Pommel told me burn holes in the pockets of the brain." It is of like ilk. "Bone for Debunkers" is passable. "A Lucky Day for the Boor" combines the worst faults of the previous stories in this volume. It is told indirectly -- and it is cased in a clever Poe-joke that is not as clever as the author might wish us to think.

In short, Nightshades and Damnations suffers from incest. Each story turns to the last and breeds with it to form the next. We don't get hemophilia but we get something quite close to it.

Ellison's Dangerous Visions is not of the same breed as N&D. It has a wide variety and a great deal of good stuff in it. It suffers, however, from what I shall henceforth refer to as the Ellison-Hollywood-All-Or-Nothing Syndrome -- or, simply EHAONS. DV could have been a superb collection. Had Ellison stuck to those he knew would produce some interesting stuff, he might have been better off. A slim volume -- two hundred pages -- with the trash weeded out, would have been far more significant. Instead, we have stories by writers not particularly fam-

iliar with the field and therefore awkward within it. We have the Old Wave trying to write New Wave and generally failing. Oh, you might cite Philip K. Dick and say he succeeded. But then I would say Dick has never really been an Old Wave author and was anticipating the New Wave five or six years ago. But, back to the point (whatever it may be). EHAONS had its sway over common sense. We got a big budget, razzle-dazzle collection -- half of which fizzled. Again, as with N&D, Ellison gets so enthusiastic, that he often misses the general picture of what the collection is shaping into. His boundless energy carries him swiftly along, never looking at the monster that has sprung from his mental loins and is loping after him.

And then I pick up a book like From the Land of Fear (Belmont/B60-069/ \$.60), and am even more frustrated than ever. If Ellison can write stuff like this, if he can turn out stories as enthralling as most of those in this book, it is not just a shame he wastes his time editing, but a damn crime! He should be chained in some dank cellar and not be allowed out until he has written us another group of stories like From the Land of Fear.

Fear... is a strange book, to say the least. It starts with a jumble of forewords, preambles, and introductions, then blends into a series of story beginnings and fragments that Ellison never finished. These are fascinating. It's a glimpse of a writer's filing cabinet, a look at some wondrous beginnings that could never be finished simply because they are so wondrous and any continuation would of necessity be a let-down. From these we go through a series of stories, only a few of which I have room left to mention. "Time of the Eye" is a fascinating, grotesque, wondrously wrought story which manages to be excellent and yet not original. There are two versions of a story called "Soldier". The first is a short story as Ellison originally wrote it. The second is the television script as Ellison adapted it. It is extremely interesting to follow the script process and rewarding to see that the television version is as superb, in its own way, as the short story was.

Yet, if there is any reason why you should kill your aging grandmother for money to buy Fear, it is for the single story "Battle Without Banners", one of the most perfectly wrought stories I have ever read. Really. I cannot praise this piece too much. If there is any story which offers proof that Ellison is a writer of stature, then it is this moving, detailed account of a group of prisoners trying desperately to make some stand against the world about them and against the growing doubts within their minds about the value of their lives. Beyond a critical review -- at least for this critic.

Thus, I beg of Harlan Ellison. Harlan, if you are listening, if you are not now engaged in some total media book that talks to us and presents odors to accompany the stories, if you are out there, please heed this cry: GROK. Grok that you are a very talented writer but not the greatest of editors. Grok that there are great things lying in your fingertips. Give us a book of your own.

Well, one part of my soul is cleansed.

Cleanse yours. I need reader reaction to MINDSWAMP. Let's hear your opinions, your maniacal ravings. If you can refute anything I've said, I'll use your view on a future column, credit it to you, and buy you a beer the next time we meet. A small beer.

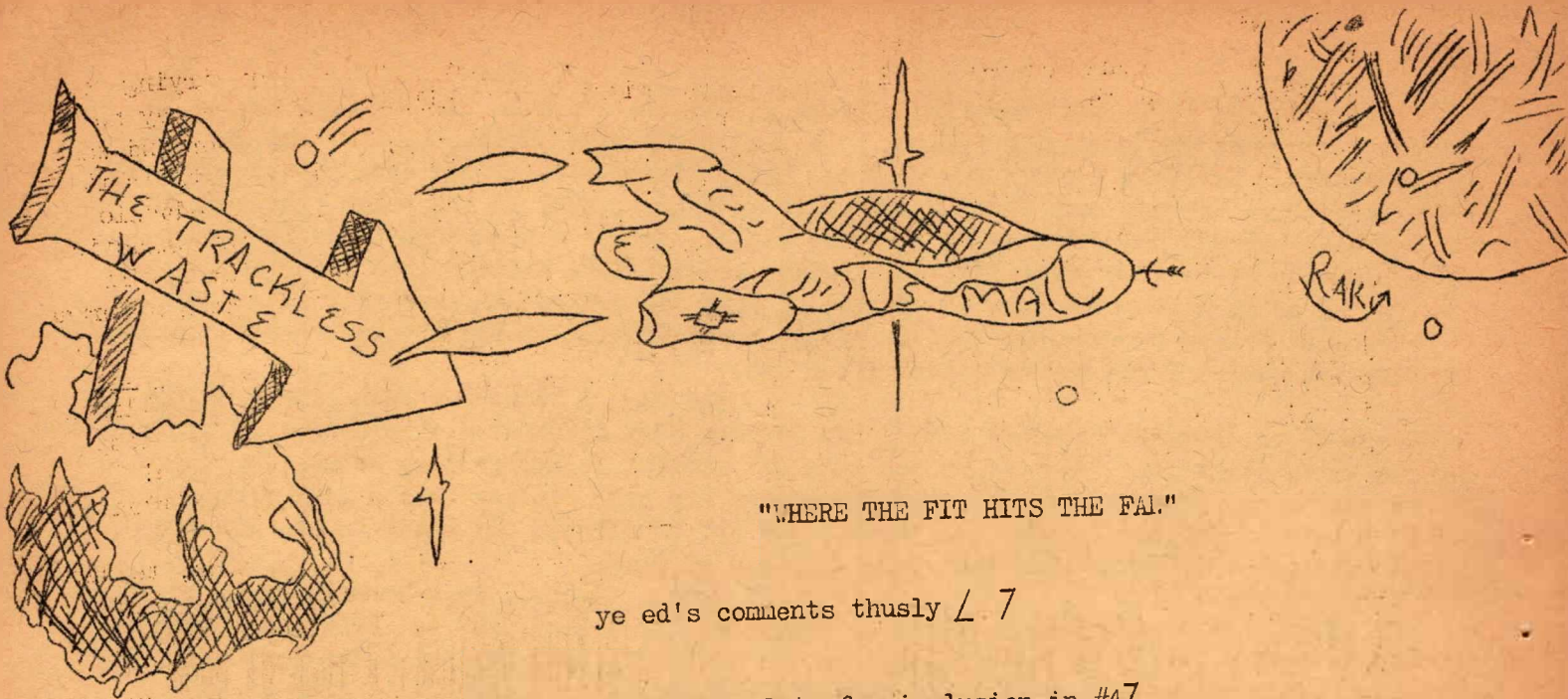
DEAN R. KOONTZ

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Why doesn't the Gostak distim the Doshes anymore?

Better find out or it could happen to you!

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"WHERE THE FIT HITS THE FAL."

ye ed's comments thusly / 7

/First a couple Loc's on #3 which arrived to late for inclusion in #4/

BILLY PETTIT: Control Data Holland IV, Stadhouderslaan 114, The Hague, Netherlands:: I have a SANDWORM here on the table. No, don't swat it, ~~it's dead~~ It's only a fanzine. But a good one, and I have enjoyed reading it. There is a slight delay getting it over to Holland, but being used to wonderous (?) Boys-in-Blue of Uncle's very own P.O., you shouldn't mind a loc after the fact. /I don't mind if you don't mind being an accessory after the fact (or at least semi-fact)/ Actually you become so used to bad service that it shocks the hell out of you to send a letter to London, it arrives, she writes an answer, and you get it two days after you mailed yours. One day service to any place in Europe. A week on fanzines. It's great. /It must be. I can't even get a letter across town in two days.7

Love your ed-

itorial. It's so damn relaxing to read about something other than wayward mimeos, non-existent contributors and the low quality of stf being published. And suh... you ~~slander~~ criticise the name of muh fanzine but come up with an editorial name that reads like a Dutchman sneezing. Literally. If I try to say it in Dutch, complete with highly guttural g's and ch's, this happens: with lots of spit in your throat say ggut i schhhh are. Speak deep in your throat. There now, don't you feel better knowing how you really pronounce Giudichar? /No, but I do feel better that I don't have to speak Dutch - not that it would really matter that much since I'm in Dutch most of the time anyway.7

I too got one of Bob

Tucker's little fanzines after sending him stacks of fanzines mit letters. The fanzine broke my heart, but even worse he sent the second issue and I'm a collector and didn't have the first and ... Oh hell. It was a good fanzine and explains that often missing locs from essary second side. And I really can't complain too much having recently gotten locs from both Ackerman and Willis on that fanzine. /And all I get are 3 page letters from Piers Anthony telling me he doesn't have the time to write...*sigh*7 I do hope you're right and see Delany or Zelazny getting a Hugo this year. /I'd say Delany will walk away with two - one for THE EINSTEIN INTERSECTION and one for "Aye, and Gomorrah".7 It seems incredible that two such talented writers could show up close to the same time. Puts a real kick in the teeth of people who say that stf is dead. Hmmm. Did you ever read the little gems that Roger wrote during his brief contact as a fan in the middle 50's? Edco mentioned one of them being in the last issue of THURBAN I. It's a fanzine so bad nobody can forget it and ten years from now it will still be spoken of with awe and a stutter. That's one way to become a fannish great. Produce something so bad that no one will be able to forget it. Then leave fandom fast. Ever seen a copy of E. E. Evers' ZEEN? Now that was a fanzine you could get your teeth into during a review. That's the trouble today. Not enough crudzines. Everybody either has good repro, good material or is hiding

out in an apa. Wish we could talk some of those cats in apa L into coming out into general fandom. Really miss those crudzines. Why I haven't seen a Dwain Kaiser zine for a year! /You just might get your wish about seeing the apa L crowd erupt into genfandom. From your remarks, tho, I'm not certain I'm overjoyed at the prospect. But I do suppose the crudzine has its place in fannish society. It gives everyone something they can feel superior to - unless, of course, they are the ones producing the crudzine.7

You've been in the brew again

or maybe you just like puns. /Right on both accounts. I don't think it is possible to really separate cause and effect with respect to being 'in the brew' or liking puns. Both contribute to the other.7 If so, I hope someday you are locked in a room with Lon Atkins for a few hours and he is in his punny mood. Real grizzly show, indeed. What an unbearable joke. Why fur did you do it? You know your readers will growl at you. It had no bearing on the editorial and no one can be expected to bear such a grisly form of humor. And och! my typer just bit me. It doesn't understand me. Just remembers Wally Weber and Lon Atkins spending a whole weekend this way. Did you ever see the very nice Phil Harrell pun about changing the theme of King Kong to Gorilla of My Dreams? Stop it stop it damn it down down

I'm tempted to get even with you for publishing more Bughouses. But the only way I know to really get at them is to write a really bad one and publish it as somebody else's contribution. Then they can deny it all they want and everybody can see why they would deny it but wouldn't believe them. Lovely ploy. Let's see. One of the Germans asked me today about what one-eyed monster meant. He understood a one-armed-gangster okay. Now what can we do with pulling the legs of some one-armed gangsters? Or bandits as we would say. And now with Blaiburg alive, we could have things like "If I Gave My Heart to You" would you give me two kidneys and a gall bladder? Heartily the sort of thing to be popular. Heartaches could have slightly different lyrics concerning the poor availability of hearts. And they will become expensive so we'll see people singing "Dear Hearts and Gentle People". For the absentminded people, "I Left My Heart in San Francisco"; "Hearts and Flowers" for your botanist friends. Think of the ploys with phrases like Richard the Lion Hearted, Hearts of Stone, (that sounds fannish, stoned), real heart, and most of all for the LASFS and Hank, Hearts could have an altogether new meaning. You should be glad I don't like puns or I would leave you with heartburn and a hearty chorus of Heartaches, Heartaches, Why Must I Keep on Having Heartaches? (The Doctor forgot the forceps). /Yes and just think. Valentine's Day might take on an altogether new form - exchanging real hearts instead of those pallid paper things. "Dearest Valentine, I gave my heart to you but you aren't going to get my navel!"7

Nice to see a favorable review of The Lord of Light. I haven't been able to read it because of the price tag on getting it to Europe. But I did read the parts that appeared in F&SF and enjoyed them muchly. Hope somebody will put it in paperback soon so I can read it over here. As for being on the Hugo list, we can only hope so. I'm still terribly disappointed about Babel-17 being sidelined by a minor essay disguised as science fiction. And I've got to read Lords of the Starship. I keep hearing how good this is and I'm faunching to see it.

Not much can be said on fanzine reviews. I intend to order SF OPINION tonight. Looks like the kinda fanzine I like to read. /SFO is quite readable and I didn't mind at all waiting until April for the Ides of March issue it was so good. Hope you enjoy Dean's contrib to this of Sandworm. He promises to be a regular columnist.7 I could grotch about you saying my title is hard to spell, but then I did typo the title on the previous issue and this doesn't leave much room for maneuvering. Either I'm a dumb clod or it is hard to spell. So you win. It's hard to spell. /As Spock would say, "Logical deduction."7

Again I see this idea about publishing to relieve an urge or as one faned put it, a body function. On his fanzine it looked like it. But the popular idea that publishing is for egoboo just doesn't hold true. As I remarked in another letter, consider all the neo-fans whose crudzines take such a shellacing from the reviewers and nobody else comments. Yet you see ten or more issues of many of them. And there are the limited circulation fanzines that only have 15 or 20 copies and you never hear about. If they wanted egoboo, they would make more copies. Or maybe they are afraid of negative egoboo. In Discord, Redd Boggs once perused this and he came up with the conclusion that seeing your words in print is one of the finest joys on earth. It does explain why we see much of the crud that does

sometimes crawl out of an envelope. But I still don't think there are enough crudzines. Let's start a crudzine of the month club, send a copy to all members and help the editors get some comments. I know one or two fanzines we could start with.... /Sounds like you are advocating a monthly crudzine apa. A fitting name would be CRAPA - CRudzine Amateur Press Association.7

Not at then end of the page yet, but definitely getting the urge to - well, never mind. Say I could ramble on toilet paper over here. The French are wild, using wax paper. /Maybe that's DeGaulle's problem - he is faunching for US gold so he can buy some decent toilet paper.7 And the Dancs have a slick polished paper that would make some wild fanzines.

/*/

Man does not live by bread alone

/*/

ALEX EISENSTEIN: 3030 W. Fargo, Chicago Ill. 60645::: /A word or two of explanation first. I've taken part of an earlier letter from Alex in which he listed the world's 16 greatest fanartists and printed it and then printed his answer to my incredulous query about some on the list.7

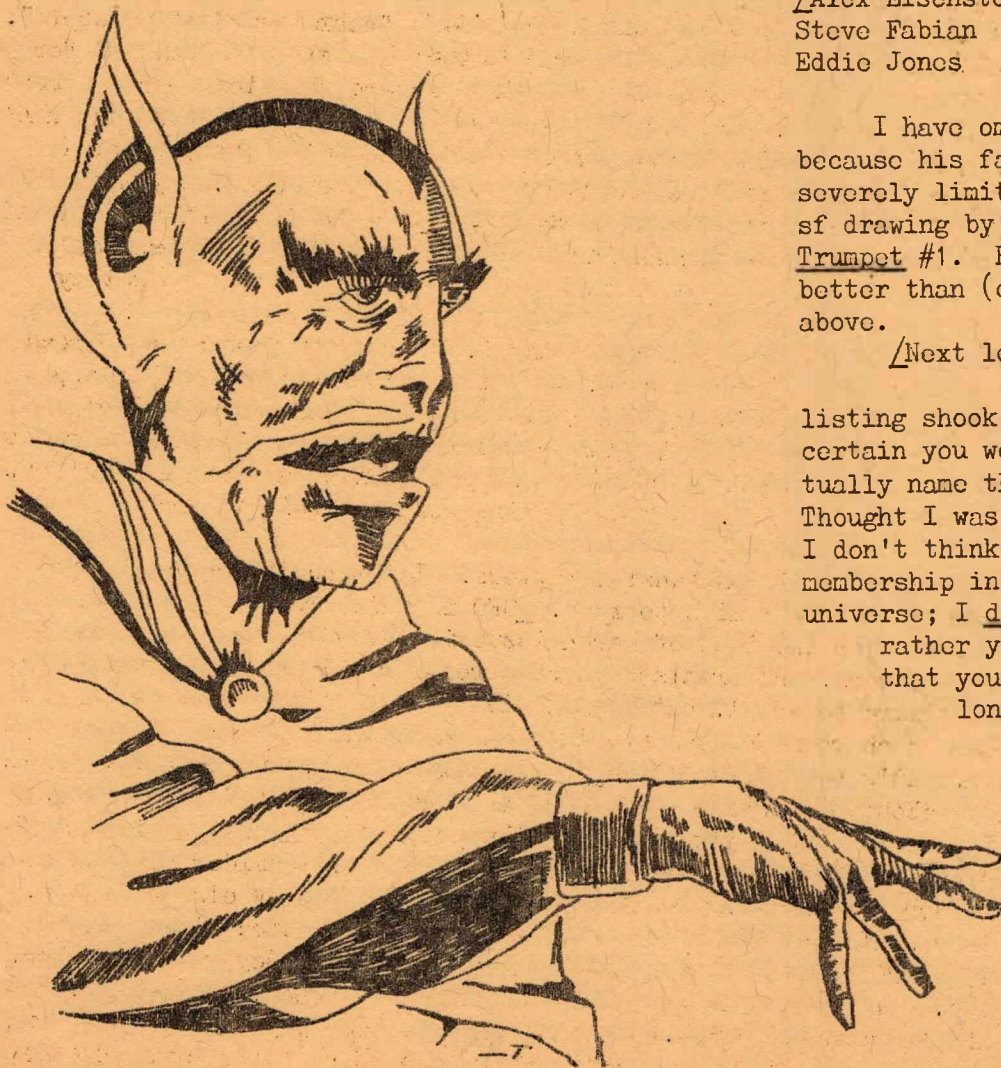
The other fifteen greatest fan-artists /not counting Alex - his instructions were quite explicit that he was to be included on the list7, exclusive of such as Gaughan who have been pro sf illustrators for many years now, are the following:

George Barr	Jeff Jones
Colin Cameron	Dave Ludwig
Jim Cawthorn	Dave Prosser
Landon Chesney	Don Simpson
Sylvia Dees	B.B. Sams
/Alex Eisenstein7	Dennis Smith
Steve Fabian	Arthur Thompson
Eddie Jones	Berni Wrightson

I have omitted Tom Reamy simply because his fannish output seems to be severely limited -- I only know of one sf drawing by him and that the cover of Trumpet #1. However, he's potentially better than (or equal to) most of the above.

/Next letter from Alex7

I'm glad my listing shook you up a bit: I was fairly certain you weren't expecting me to actually name the "16 greatest fan-artists". Thought I was joshing you, cy? However, I don't think my list is evidence of membership in the fandom of an alternate universe; I do think it indicates (or rather your reaction to it indicates) that you haven't been in fandom as long as I have (which surprises me, since I've only been in since 1962), and that your APA involvement diminishes and limits your contact with genfandom.



I imagine I'm a bit more familiar with the various splinter groups (comic-, film-, Burroughs- and other S&S- fandoms) than you are. /Without a doubt that's true. I have no contact - or even any interests in common - with comics and monsters fans. My ERB contacts have faded now to just receiving ERB-dom having gotten fed up with various things in Burroughs Bibliophiles. My only (tenuous) contact with S&S fandom is thru AMRA. But these, to me at least, are just sidelines and don't really have a thing to do with science fiction fandom except in a most general way. When you get down to brass tacks, I'm more interested in sf than anything else - which seems to be where we depart company since you seem to go in more for the ("lunatic?") fringes than for the mainstream.7

Of course, certain artists on the list have not been widely published: Steve Fabian has appeared only in TWILIGHT ZINE so far; Dave Ludwig is a Chicago-area artist who uses monster-film fandom as an outlet for his practice pieces - before TRUMPET engaged his talents, film fandom was his only domain of activity; Landon Chesngy, though an avid sf reader has stuck to comic fandom making most of his appearances in Bill Spicer's FANTASY ILLUSTRATED; and Berni Wrightson made his initial fannish appearance at NyCon last year - I practically dragged him into the Art Show room after I saw some of his work. So far he hasn't appeared in any fanzine, though he's quite willing to and I have one nice illo from him which will be in TRUMPET #8 or #9 as part of an HG Wells folio. /Do you cheat at solitaire, too? It seems like you stacked the deck by throwing in people you knew I could never have seen published - simply because they never have been. As I remarked previously, I only get something like 40 (now closer to 50) fanzines - and these are the non-apazines. So I think I've seen some (at least a few) fanartists' works - but please remember that not a one of those 40+ zines is (1) comics (2) monster (3) film and only one S&S and one ERB.7

However - anyone who remarks "Jin Cawthorn, maybc" (emphasis supplied)/and I might add, not in the way I'd have done it7, to a mention of this British artist as one of fandom's all-time greats, simply must be a fan of recent vintage - else he is an aesthetic philistine if he knows of Cawthorn's past work for CAMBER, YANDRO, and the old LES SPINCE but will not acknowledge its grandeur. /The aesthetic philistine here. I haven't seen his work (yea, verily I am a new comer to this portion of the Universe) in any but Yandro and on the basis of this, I'd place ATon far and away ahead of Cawthorn as being the outstanding British fanartist. ATon's cover for Carol Ballard's FRINGE was really great. Of course Wally Weber and his 3 color separation helped a bit too.7

But how can you plead ignorance of Colin Cameron and BB Sans when you receive both HABAKKUK and AMRA? (Uh, you do get HABAKKUK, don't you? Well, if you don't, you should - as well as DOUBLE:BILL.) /My \$\$\$ is tied up in too many ventures now and such zines generally don't trade for rags like this. They are greedy and prefer money or contribs. The money I'd prefer to spend elsewhere and working close to 40 hrs a week (sometimes more) plus going to school full time necessarily cuts down on my time for writing. Witness my tardiness in answering correspondence - I'm only about 3 months behind.7 And I don't understand the omission of any mention of the Jones cover for AMRA in your review - it was certainly an excellent rendition of the rough-hewn Conan image. /There were too many other, better, written things to comment on and I am somewhat limited in the number of lines I can spend on any one zine the AMRA is certainly deserving of any praise given it.7

Speaking of Jeff Jones now - I haven't seen his covers for SWORDS OF LANKHMAR and CITY OF THE CHASCH; all I've seen of his pro stf work are two sets of illos for two new stories in Amazing - I'll grant that they weren't astoundingly good, but then I know what Amazing pays for original art (a pox on all Cohen productions!). I personally think Jeff Jones is very hot, and I'd advise you to suspend judgment until you've seen the cover for TRUMPET #7... /So Cohen is a skinflint - does that mean Jeff Jones will prostitute his talents by doing less than his best work? Frankly, the only really good work I've seen by Jones was his cover for Jewels of Apor. Quite good and it is a tossup as to whether the original Gaughan was better (I'm inclined to give Jeff a slight edge). But his work for Sorcerer's Amulet was ghastly. Check my comments in #4. His interior art isn't too hot either but about the only examples I've seen have been in IF - and IF's artwork has deteriorated to such an extent as to be almost unbearable at times. Even Jack Gaughan's work there seems to have declined. But I'll look forward to the cover on T #7.7

As for Jeff being as much of a pro as Jack Gaughan (!) -- I hardly agree. Gaughan appears in every issue of GALAXY and IF and on the covers of numerous Ace paperbacks; he has been illustrating in the sf field for over 10 years and has been prolific - meaning he makes his bread and butter from sf - for well over 5 years. /I recently came across an illo of his in an issue of Astounding circa '51 or '52.7/ Jeff Jones's professional sf work started last year and his pro appearances can still be counted on the fingers of one hand (give or take two fingers). He makes his livelihood not from pro sf illustration, but from professional comic-art production, mainly for KING Comics, I believe. /Read what I said, Alex, not what you thot I said. You admit that Jones makes his living as an artist (for King Comics) and yet you don't consider him a professional? I never said a thing about him being prolific in sf artwork. I just said that he was a proartist. And as such I don't feel he should be eligible to compete against amateurs to whom illustrating is just a hobby - or at most an occasionally profitable sideline. Take this for an example, would you think it fair for you to compete against some one who periodically ran the 220 in competition in a mile race? While (assuming that you are in fairly good condition) you could probably do all right, someone who has trained (in a related area) would outclass you without much effort. Similarly a pro artist working primarily in another field should have quite an edge on an amateur even tho he (meaning the pro) is attempting to cross over into a different sector of art. So, even tho a pro like Gaughan or Jones, may contribute extensively to fmz, I don't think it is crickot for them to compete against amateurs.7

Yes, I've seen Vaughan Bode, and much of his stuff strikes me as unadulterated drek. But Jack Gaughan has done hardly anything passable since the "Dragon Masters" illos for GALAXY (most of those were better than passable, but a few were drek-drawings even in that bunch.) I'd say that most of Gaughan's output, including cover paintings, for the last several years is simply execrable; his interiors for GALAXY and IF, both this year and last, are every bit as stale as the worst of Bode, and many, many of them are so much more sloppy. /I wouldn't go that far since Bode never seems to finish an illo; he leaves them almost totally without the detail so necessary to good sf illustrating. But I will agree that both Galaxy and IF have had an incredibly bad string of illustrations. Some of Gaughan's best recent artwork has been on the Ace covers.7 I dislike Bode - his style; the usual lack of solidity, the emptiness of his figural elements; his crude delineation; his rare and oh-so-limited use of texture; his cartoony avoidance of anysort of rendering or of any shades and shadows (not even chiaroscuro rendition.) But some of his goofy illos are only half-ass bad, they have occasional touches (I said touches) of what might hopefully be termed accomplishment - a rock that looks solid; a glimmer of appropriate texture; a junkyard-machine that might stand in 3D, that might be more than a cardboard flat of stage-property. You might say I have a qualified dislike for Bode - I wouldn't go so far as to label it a qualified liking; just an observation of his minimally-perceptible potential. Nothing more.

/Alex continues for another 3 pages on his being bored with DUNE (literary philistine!), his lack of admiration for "Rose for Ecclesiastes" and DREAM MASTER but he said he liked Conrad so he isn't too far around the bend, and he agreed with me about DAVY and A MIRROR FOR OBSERVERS (both quite enjoyable).

I think that should just about end the (lengthly) rehash on #3 so we will diligently press on to LoC's on #4.7

/*/
LoC it to me, baby! (plagirized from Dick Geis's PSYCHOTIC)
/*/

JACK GAUGHAN: handy man with a Speedball pen::: This is our first year up here in the foothills, or whatever the Hell they are, of the Catskills and I must say the winter was a surprise and we hope to lick the problem by next winter. Spring, however, is a joy unless you are, as I am, a volunteer fireman (put that in your Bradbury and smoke it ((but be sure the dottle is out before leaving the area))), and live about 125 feet from the loudest goddamne fire-siren you ever heard. Right now its raining but the past two weeks have been brush fire time. We put out a dump fire last week. I tell you the life of an (as you put it) "artist of great renown" is an exciting and glamorous one! /Also slightly dangerous, I'd wager. If your fires are as bad as some around here, I don't envy you at all.7

Look, there are nice things in Sandworm 4 to comment on but forgive me if I stick to the letter column (in spite of the gabby nature of

this letter I'm on a kind of rush-schedule right now). /Aren't we all?/ I don't know Vaughn Bode (but we correspond by sending each other nasty cartoons) and there is a lot of what he does I dislike as I'm damn sure there is a lot of what I do any number of people dislike. But let me try to present you, sir, with the positive side of the coin you react so violently to. Bode's drawings are individual and well-crafted and do illustrate the story. I don't like cartoony, funny drawings in an SF mag but Bode has done some really good decorative drawings and I must defend his individualism in a genre which for years (and still here and there exhibits the influence) has been obsessed with imitating Virgil Finlay and now is rife with Frazettas. But here comes an artist entirely his own man and with a unique vision. That you don't like his "vision" doesn't make it bad. It happens I don't like his color work at all but I think there is room for it in the field. He's an honest craftsman and an SF enthusiast; not another hack illustrator who may be a more realistic draughtsman but who has no feel for the field. /It seems to me that Bode's work is not well-crafted (of course, if you are right and he is to be considered unique, it can be said all of his work is well-crafted simply because there is no reference point). His lack of attention to detail, his 'un-people-like people' and mainly his lack of "aliveness" in his work all detract. I dislike Dali's style but there is no doubt that he is a good artist (or, if you prefer, a "craftsman") since the evidence of his ability as an artist is manifest in whatever he does. Dali chooses most peculiar subjects but his results are obviously the result of painstaking attention to detail and perspective. Frankly, I wish Enshwiller could be persuaded to returning to sf illustrating. And Bonestell does too, too few. But I guess we're stuck with the Bode's, the Harry Bennett's (seen anything by him? He's worse than Bode), etc. Some like Brand and Brock come up with redecoring illos now and again and should make good illustrators some day. Oh well.7

I know I'm

not going to change your mind but look at it this way - we need to introduce all the styles and influences we can into science fiction. Otherwise SF (which is expanding its outlook recently) will just sit here and stagnate.

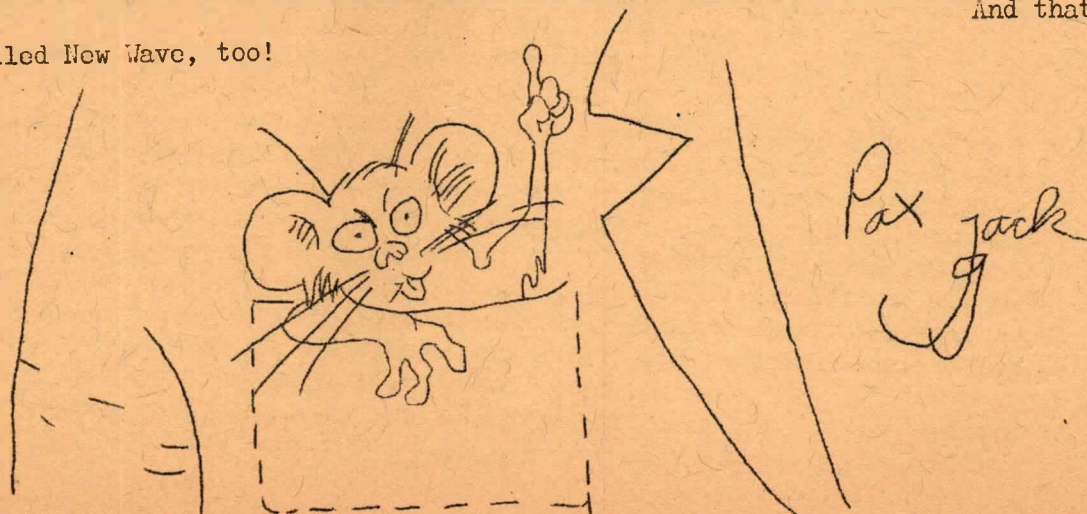
Recently I did, for my own enjoyment, a set of 3 watercolor drawings for LOTR - I did them in what you might call a modern style - they were, in my judgment, good contemporary graphic works of by-god-art. So when I let Al Schuster auction them off at the Lunacon he had to turn them this way and that to see what it was. And what it was was texture and line and color and the play of tones - it wasn't a goddamn picture but a graphic reaction to LOTR. His reaction was not the only such...all of the people who saw it just didn't know. Now, dammittohell, this was no far-out piece but it was one which used a graphic language any half-way cultured cat would have been familiar with OUTSIDE the limited and conservative field of science fiction. /Sounds more like it was your subjective impressions of LOTR you put down on paper. And as such (since other people aren't you and your inner feelings) it is hardly surprising that they didn't react in the same way you did.7 By and large the sf audience has not gotten much beyond Frank R. Paul in its art tastes. I think this is criminal in a field which is supposed to be looking ahead and beyond the stars and all that jazz! I'm not saying we are all clods, us sf people, but perhaps it might be time to look up from Spiderman and see what's been happening since 1920.

I don't want to CHANGE the field - merely to enlarge its vocabulary of graphic language.

So I say let us be kinder to those few individuals we have and keep an open mind for new or different ideas. If the new thing is no good -- don't worry, it won't last.

And that

goes for the so-called New Wave, too!



/And this next, most strange, contribution was part of a multi-letter to Jin Young, Dean Koontz and myself. Since about 2/3 of the letter was comment on Hoop and SF Opinion, I'll not steal their blood and thunder and will just print the part of the multi-letter (the first of a series I've started getting - is this the coming thing in fandom?) that pertains to Sandworm.7

/*/

PIERS ANTHONY: insufferable fan turned entertaining pro:::In the space of a week I have received 4 fanzines. Now my situation is this: I have sold 20 pieces amassing a little over 400,000 words total, and have similar wordage that hasn't found a home yet. By the time I have drafted, revised, researched and typed, I figure each hundred words has taken me an hour. If I make two cents per word for the half that sells, I am in effect earning a dollar an hour for my labors. This is not what you might call rich living. In fact, since I am a full-time free-lance writer, that rate means that I must put a great deal of time into my fiction. I mean it: my time is very precious to me.

My wife works (did you expect her to stay home and bathe in champagne on my \$/hr?) and that means that much of the care of our cute little girl-baby falls to me. Have you ever tried reading a fanzine while a hyperactive six-monther scrambles for it, eager to crumble it up into bite-size swatches and cram it into her open mouth? Not that I value the fanzines that much, but I don't want her chewing on ditto dope. We have enough problems, without adding dope addiction. Guess how much science fiction I'd get written, locked in a jail cell for contributing to the delinquency of a minor. (Then again, perhaps my output would increase...)

So fine, if

FUTBB or Dragonfart Publications has learned I'm a pro, penetrated a once sacrosanct pseudonym, and concluded that I must be desperate for fannish attention or for zero-cent-per-word markets for my material. But much as I appreciate the kindness, any time I devote to such efforts comes straight out of my bloodstream, and I'm underweight already. Nevertheless, I do appreciate the enormous effort that goes into such fanzines (assuming that your time/output ratio is similar to mine), and I am flattered that you are willing to spend your money on top of it to provide me with free issues in the mere hope that I will give you the time of day (at the mark: 10:05 AM....MARK!) or an arrogant letter of comment or (may you take a flying fuck at the noon) a contribution of rejected fiction/narrowminded opinion. I am flattered because I have spent many frustrated years having my own heart and gut efforts ignored by editors, and I know perhaps somewhat better than any of you do exactly how it feels. /If you can find one, just one, word where I solicited material - any material at all - from you, you win a lifetime subscription to Sandworm. I thought you might be interested in certain topics currently being bandied about here since we are the ones you have to sell to - not the editors. I would think any editor that ignored his zines readership when it came to supplying them with what they wanted would soon be out of a job. Naturally certain zines cater to certain segments of fandom/sf readers-in-general but the editor is still in the position of buying what he thinks will sell his magazine. And who buys the magazines? Frankly, you can keep your rejected fiction and let it gather dust and fallen tears in your files since I'm only looking for humorous (faan) fiction. It seems to me a pro's fanfic is just as rotten as a fan's (if it wasn't it would be gracing the pages of some magazine - prozine, that is.) So, since I know that it is hard-bordering-on-the-impossible to get good, serious sf for Sandworm, I prefer to try to get good, funny satires or parodies on the styles/topics of pro authors. Clear?7

Unfortunately,

I swore, with magenta villainy and plain black depression, that should I ever achieve fanedon as a writer, I would not deposit upon the eager faces of my following the same intestinal refuse I had had to run my own tongue over during my nother wallow through the editorial stoop. I am a creature of my word. Thus I needs compromise. I must accomplish some pro writing; I can stand the hunger pangs of non-sales for a while, but I can't endure the thought of my baby growing emaciated. If I take the trouble to comment/contribute at length to every fanzine I may see, I will have no time for professional activity. No joke: I indulged in fandom five years ago, using my own name (I was pro then, but kept it secret -- and you know, it is amazing how fannish attitudes change toward the identical arrogance, when it comes from a known pro. As a fan I was insufferable; as a pro I am entertaining -- yet I have not changed.) and I have some idea how the system works.



SANDWORM, you had the immense perspicacity to mention my work in your pages, and that is another very good way to gain a response, particularly when the reference is favorable. My novel Chthon has had, as far as I know, just one pro review in a magazine and one fan review. (In AMAZING and YANDRO, if you want to know.) Possibly it has been discussed elsewhere and I, with my determination to protect my time from fandom, simply haven't seen it. Anyway, just as you fans like to get some feedback on your efforts, so do I. When I learn that somebody has actually read my novel and been moved by it, favorably or unfavorably, I am glad. That does not mean, of course, that I would be pleased to receive a deluge of cards saying "I have read Chthon; send me a letter of appreciation". But if something meaningful is said -- if it is reviewed, for example, and I see that the reviewer did have some inkling of what I was trying to do -- well, that swells my ego a trifle and gives me the illusion of success. /You are backing yourself into a corner. If you don't read the fanzines you are reviewed in, there will be no way for your ego to be swelled. And if you read the fanzines, you are getting yourself involved in time consuming fanaticism which you want to avoid. Sounds like a nasty dilemma.7

Actually, your mention was just a sentence or three in a letter, but the principle is there. /I was really referring to previous comments I'd made about Hugo possibilities (of which I had listed Chthon as one of the top five books of last year. Since #3 is forever out of print, I'll list (and mayhaps change a bit) my choices for the Hugo ballot. Weirwoods by Swann, Lord of Light by Zelazny, Einstein Intersection by Delany, Lords of the Starship by Geston and Chthon with Soldier, Ask Not by Dickson a possibility (altho, on general principles, I'd never nominate it since it has ... once already in a shorter form). As to outright discussion, I've done more via personal correspondence than I have in Sandworm. Why? Who knows?7 Maybe some writers are interested only in the money they get for their work; but there are some who really care, or maybe they see the money as only part of the payment, I am among the latter.

You don't fool around with color, except in your sheets, and I don't see much that excites me, otherwise. /Using color on a Gestetner is fantastically costly since you have to have a separate screen (\$8) for each color. And to do it right -- meaning without having a mixture of colors -- you should have a separate inking pump assembly (\$40). It is tedious work cleaning out the ink from the pump on the machine and to do this for many colors runs my day into 20+ hrs. I like to sleep sometimes so I don't foresee any color mimeography in Sandworm (assuming I had the money for the screen).7 I note that you review Sinak's WHY CALL THEM BACK FROM HEAVEN? and find it nothing special. Since Sinak's CITY really wowed me when I was in college and was (and may still be) my all-time favorite novel of SF, I read this more recent one with interest. Like you, I was disappointed. (That's why I say may still be my favorite; sometime I'll have to reread CITY and find out whether Sinak was better then, or whether I was more impressionable.) Yet SF OPINION rates it number 9 on their list of the best of the decade. This is a case where my fan attitudes and frustrations remain: I feel that my novel Chthon is better than this one, but nobody ever listed it on any best-of-decade chart. Matter of fact, I saw a listing of what must have been several hundred writers in YANDRO, and I was not mentioned therein either, though numbers of old-time hacks were. Maybe the lesson here is that such frustrations don't end with prodon; whoever you are and whatever you achieve, you will find yourself ignored. /I carried on a lengthy written battle with Buck over that list in Yandro since I felt that some of the newer authors hadn't been anthologized/printed/publicized widely enough for their true merit to be judged. I think this is particularly true of short stories (it was primarily his ss poll that I took issue with when he said that the last 10 yrs was almost void of stories worthy of mention -- needless to say, the "dispute" was never settled.) I still maintain that they do write 'em as good as they used to -- maybe even better.7

I gather you did not much like Harlan Ellison's collection of DANGEROUS VISIONS,

and that you thought "Riders of the Purple Wage" was the worst of it. Fine: I can say something pertinent. You are a damn ignoramus. Get lost. /I'd say it was impertinent but, be that as it may, I did NOT, repeat NOT, dislike DV. It is probably the best anthology since Adventures in T&S. BUT, it is a most uneven book wrt quality and Harlan doesn't help much in that line. His intros paled into insignificance on the very good stories, they so far outshone the poor stories that I felt he was detracting from whatever merit the story itself had. This might be all right but it seems unfair to the author to be upstaged by the editor. I haven't the foggiest how you came up with the mistaken notion that I disliked DV as a whole. Certainly there were stories (like Riders) that I didn't like just like there are stories in Adventures in T&S that I don't care for, but I'd hardly class that as "not much liking" the book.

/Dean Koontz also wrote a multi-letter commenting on the multi-letter from Mr. Anthony (I will respect your pseudonym unless you otherwise decree, sir) which I won't print since I already have a letter from Dean on S#4. I will make one quick comment tho, on one thing Dean said about me being high when I publish Sandworm. I'm not. I'm dead sober when I publish. It is when I am typing the stencils that I'm in a condition you wouldn't believe. I think.7

/*/

Experience is what makes you recognize a mistake when you do it again

/*/

DEAN KOONTZ:from a castle in high dudgeon::: This letter is written in a moment of venom-filled disgust. If I did not like you so much (no wise remark here, Vardeman), I would crawl out to that hole of a state you live in and bite you with my nine-inch fangs (my ten inch fangs being away at the local smithy's for tin-plating). You are such a fine funny fellow that it is hard not to roar at SANDWORM (roar! See?) and yet you are unbelievably rude about some things. For instance, when I mentioned Vaughn Bode in the letter you published last issue, you began to -- not so subtly undermine what I was saying without giving the reader a chance to go on for himself. You say that you will think what you will, and you sort of cut me up for a remark earlier in which I protest those that don't like Bode, saying that you will make your own decisions. Fine. But then, please, do not flood our letters with your own diatribe, thus not giving us our own say. Humorous inclusions are fine. Some of the others... In fact, when I say his Masked Lizard cartoons are good, you say -- with your tricky little intrusion lines -- "I bet". Ghod Ghod is this ever infantile! (Time for an intrusion). You should never comment on anything until you have seen it: snide little cuts like those slashing those few paragraphs of my last letter are something for the letter cols of Fantastic Startling Mysteries for Teens or similar publications.

Next, the entire tone of the paragraph on Zelazny was changed by your interlineations. I was not saying that Lord of Light was a bad book. I was simply stating that it was not his best, and it was not. LOL is still better than 99% of the rest of SF and certainly better than anything I've ever written. The fact still exists that for the first time style has begun to intrude here. It's good, but it isn't the second best thing he has ever written (as you claim) unless you want to sluff off "A Rose for Ecclesiastes", "This Moment of the Storm", and several other novels and novellas which are all more polished than LOL. Once again I will say it (in case it has been so mashed beyond recognition by Vardeman interlineations): LOL is not one of the best things Riger Zelazny has done -- but it is one of the best things done in the field. May I have this opinion -- please? (Time for an insertion, Bob).

I agree with you on your campaign to stop Stassen. I mean, he's a major threat after all the developments of the past few months. And while we're on the subject of politics (we were; notice the tricky transition -- a tricky transition, by the by, is a soft, furry animal that smells like sour goatsmilk), why not start groups to push Peter Heath for President? Maybe if we get him into the presidency he will stop writing that SF of his. I myself (that's me, only more so) am voting for Mael Vortex, a Druid priest who is operating his campaign from the back of a burned out grocery store in Pawtucket-Oshkosh, Idaho.

Well, I trust in your integrity to print this letter and let your readers see that I am not some tasteless, bitter recluse as your chopping seemed to make me the last time. Actually, I am a tasteful (full of what! Hah, beat you to the punch, Bob Vardeman!), bitter recluse. But there isn't much future in

reclusing any more.

/I'd dissect your letter line by line, word by word, but I unfortunately left my scapel sticking in someone (and he crawled away with it - drat the luck!). So I'll just go thru the notions of adequately responding.

/I somehow get the impression that you don't so much object to the fact that I "flooded" the letter with a diatribe (I do that all the time) but that you don't agree with my sentiments. Okay. But what's this about not letting you have your say? I usually have to edit the letters down a bit (in some cases extensively) but this is purely for spacial and temporal reasons. I don't remember ever cutting out anything from your (or any other) letter so that you didn't get your chance to pour forth with a "flooding" diatribe of your own. Please state specific examples.

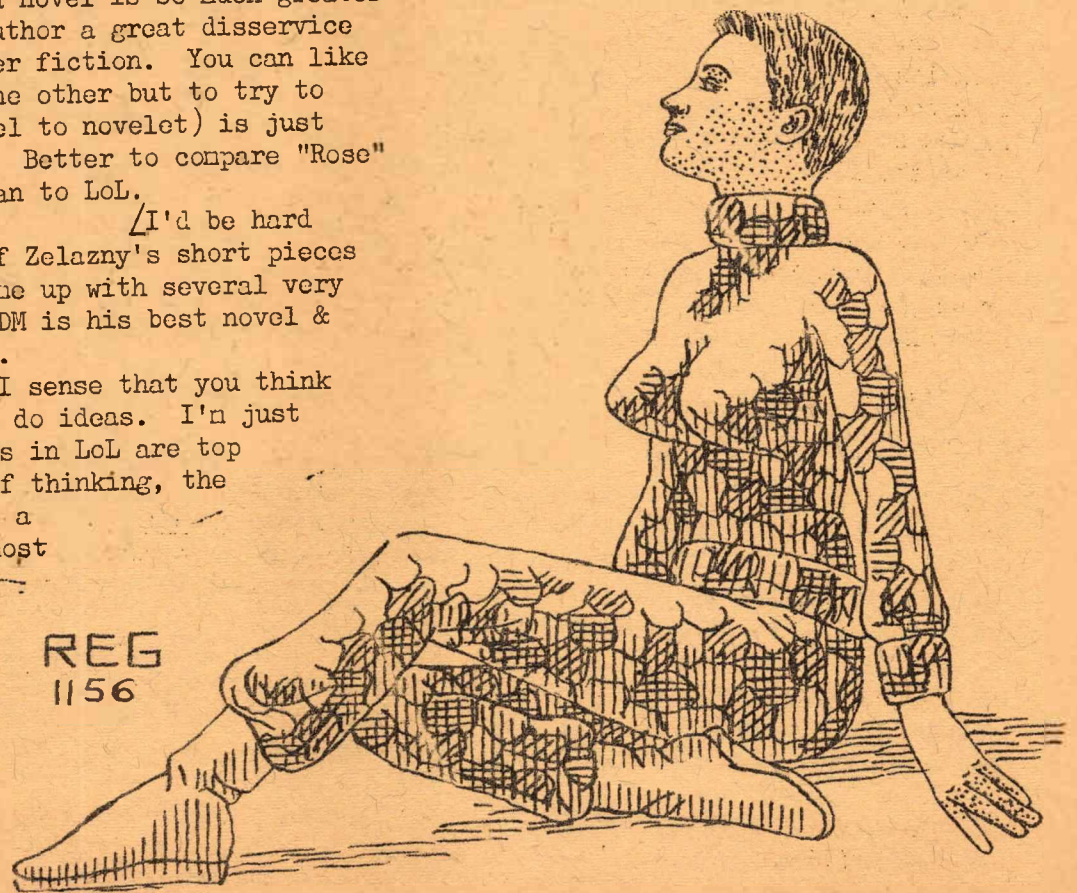
/Next, I can, with very few qualns, (qualns, by the way, are small, pulpy gray-green fruits that taste like pickled eel) say that I doubt that the Masked Lizard comics are well drawn. This is more of a reflection on comics in general than in specific since I have only come across two (count'em, two) strips that I thot were well drawn (I, like you, am referring only to artwork - not content. Many strips have very good content with only simple art (eg., Peanuts, BC, Born Loser, etc.)). These 2 strips are Prince Valiant by Hal Foster and George Barr's Broken Sword (which, by no means, appears regularly). And of these, I find the subject matter in Valiant to be quite boring - it's well drawn but boring otherwise. On the basis of past experience in seeing what comic art has to offer, my statement "I bet" stands. Andy Porter mentioned that those that don't like Bode are lacking in moxie. I can't say that this bothers me a halavah lot.

/As to letting the reader go on for himself (?), I see no problem there since most seem to know where they are going to the extent that they all are willing to tell me where to get off.

/Now about Lord of Light. When I compare a novel, I try to use a suitable standard (another novel). Dean, you probably know better than I that a novel isn't merely a long short story. The novel has the time and opportunity to develop ideas more fully, delve into characterization without recourse to stereotypes...but why go on? Suffice to say that the scope of a novel is so much greater that it is doing the author a great disservice to compare it to shorter fiction. You can like one form better than the other but to try to compare them (say, novel to novelet) is just a trifle presumptuous. Better to compare "Rose" to "This Moment..." than to LoL.

/I'd be hard pressed to say which of Zelazny's short pieces I like best since I come up with several very good contenders. But DM is his best novel & LoL is his second best.

/I sense that you think more of style than you do ideas. I'm just the reverse. The ideas in LoL are top notch and, to my way of thinking, the stylistic treatment is a secondary (indeed, almost minor) consideration. To me, the style in LoL was not so bad that it ruined the story. LoL is Hugo calibre. Period./



REG
1156

TED WHITE: 339, 49th St. Brooklyn, NY 11220:::

Thanks for Sandworm #4; it has the look of many of the fanzines published in the early fifties, even to the fading around the edges of the cover of my copy. On the other hand, I guess with the DUNE-orientation of the title and department-titles, you'll be in the vanguard if DUNE becomes the next underground classic (after STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND) as it is rumored it will be. /That is a most shuddery thot - being in the vanguard of any underground movement. I'd prefer DUNE to just remain an sf classic (except of course that Herbert would get more \$\$\$ from further printings); if the great unwashed underground movement needs something to occupy themselves, they can go frelk - which would probably be more to their liking.7

I see "You are mentioned" is circled, but if you sent the issue to me purely because Kay Anderson is wondering if I wrote an I, Spy script she didn't like, I'd be disappointed. /You are the first one not to notice that was mineo'd on and not hand circled. I sent S. to you hoping to entice some comments about NY fandom in general. Seems like we (out here in the boondocks) hear about Fanoclasts, Lunarians, the Hydra Club, etc. but nothing else (except for occasional mentions of things like Lunacon). And what about all the college sf groups in NYC? What about saying something about NYC fan groups, either in article or letter for us?7

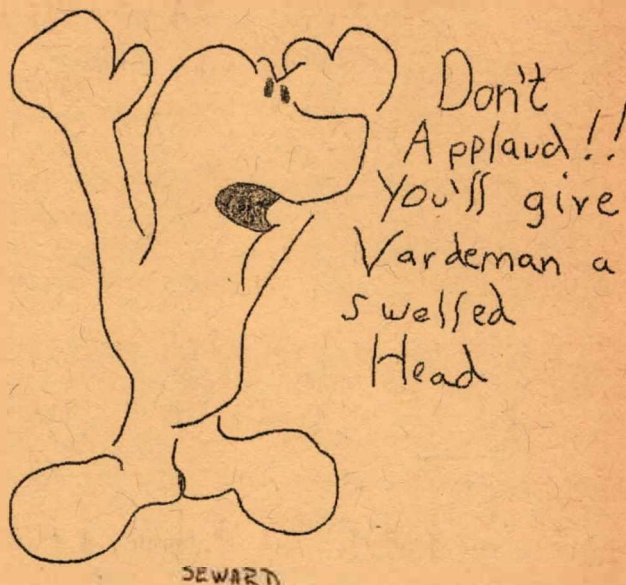
I can't agree with your review of JUDGMENT OF EVE (any more than I could with your review of Lee Hoffman's TELEPOWER /in Sirruish7). Pangborn never wrote a "mediocre" or "unimaginative" book in his life.; or, if he did, it hasn't been published yet. I can understand your disappointment in the ending (it strikes me that polyandry is hinted at), since it made me none too happy myself, but the book itself is marvelous. Like a journey to a disappointing destination, what one should look back upon is not the letdown of the destination but the pleasures of the journey. EVE is one book I can easily imagine reading a second time (unlike DAVY, by the way, which struck me as the first third of what promised to be an interesting book), and I admired Pangborn's way of handling the story. Basically he is describing a grim situation: life some 25 years after plague has brought civilization crumbling down into ruins. And he does not really stint on background details of exactly how grim this can be. But he focusses, in the foreground, on the positive qualities of the people whose viewpoints he follows. He makes them warm and alive and each, in his own way, a joyous celebration of humanity.

This is a talent and ability uncommonly rare in a writer of science fiction -- rare, indeed, in any writer. Don't knock it; appreciate it.

I hate to be always contradicting you (although disagreements are the best -- easiest -- comment-hooks), but neither THE DOLPHIN & THE DEEP nor FOUR FOR TOMORROW are anthologies. They're single author collections. Nit-picking, perhaps, but I think a certain amount of precision in writing is a necessary thing. /Too bad Webster's Unabridged Dictionary doesn't quite agree - it says nothing about an anthology having to be composed of stories by different authors.7

I read Lovenstein's story through just to see if the "Phoenix" in the title referred to my PHOENIX PRIME. If it did, I missed the reference. /It referred to a Conan story - indeed, I thot it apparent that the whole story was a Conan parody. Just as Edco's story thish is a Bradbury parody.7

SIRRUISH is not a crudzine, yes, but Hugo calibre? I can't agree. The letter column is still too full of neofans writing in to say "I liked this and I didn't like that", and the material is still on the first plateau of competent mediocrity -- worth printing, but unmemorable. There are

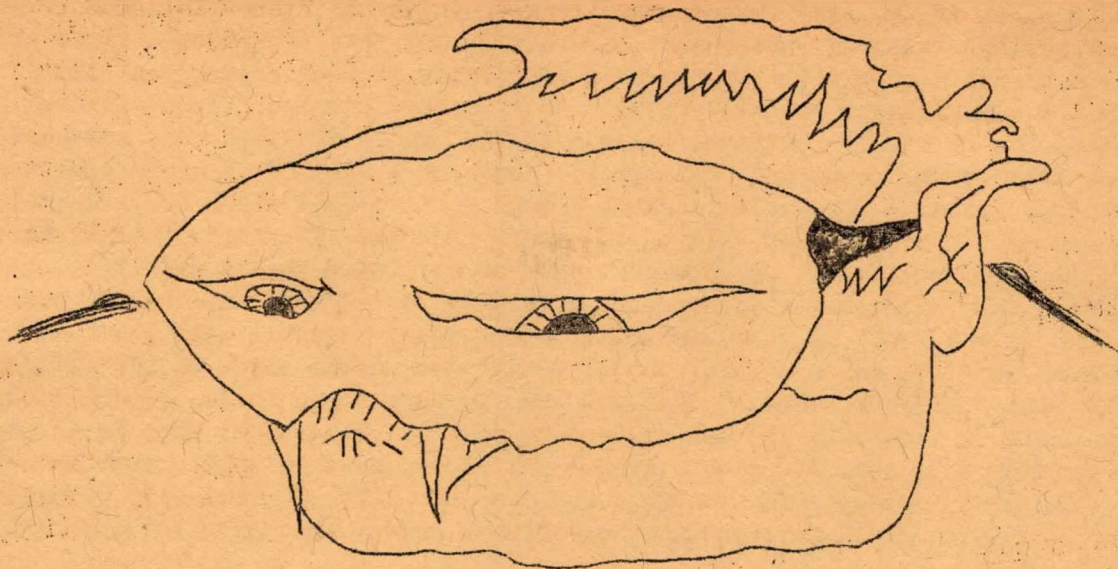


a lot better fanzines around, and the one that'll get my vote is PSYCHOTIC. PSY is head and shoulders over all but the very infrequent (LIGHTHOUSE) and very specialized (like ASFR). /So what do you expect neofan's to comment on - especially if they follow your lead? You are certainly not a neofan and yet all you've done is agree/disagree. Your statements sound much too elitist for my taste - perhaps, being a neofan myself, I think that neos can (and often do) rise above your "competent mediocrity". But, as I said, I might be somewhat prejudiced in this matter. For fandom's sake, I hope you are dead wrong because there won't be any Tuckers, Carrs or even Whites - 40 years from now, if what you imply is true. As to PSY, it'll quite easily get my vote next year at St. Louiscon but this year, no. Geis (to my knowledge) only published 2 issues last year after a very long hiatus. I don't think I'd award a Hugo on the basis of just one or two outstanding issues - Geis has (and had previously) shown that PSY was a natural "focal point" now on the basis of (4?- 5? issues) this string of hits, deserves a Hugo. What you seem to want to do is to present a Hugo either on the basis of his prior PSY run or on this year's. Otherwise, what is to prevent a faned from putting out, say, 3 mediocre issues and a couple years latter putting out one whopping big (and good) oneshot and winning a Hugo on the basis of previously publishing? I look at the Hugo as an award for continued excellence rather than excellence in a limited quantity.7

I can't say I thought a great deal of your insertions in Tucker's letter. Or rather, let me say I didn't care for the tone of your comments. I squirmed a little in embarrassment as I recalled how I too, as a neofaned, delighted in little sarcastic rejoinders to the letters I printed from people like Tucker and Grennell. Your rejoinder to Tucker's bemused "They just don't make science fiction fans like they used to," "Which might be a Good Thing since all the older models show signs of wearing out," strikes me as just plain bad taste. You have a ways to go before you can make that statement without inviting an unflattering comparison of yourself with the "older models". /I thot I had committed a terrible blunder if Bob Tucker had some physical deformity or infirmity that I didn't know about. I asked both Jack Speer and Roy Tackett and they say Tucker is fit as a fiddle. Then I thot I might have misjudged Tucker's age - again, no. I'd say, Ted, that if you consider a man who is in good health and a good 15 years away from collecting his Social Security (I guesstimate that 15 yrs is about $\frac{1}{2}$ your lifespan to date) you are going to be in a sad condition when you start to approach his present age. I see absolutely nothing wrong in growing old - after all, it is a privilege few get to enjoy in this world. All things considered, Bob Tucker stands a very good chance of outliving me (I had said something similar to Roy and he remarked, "Why not? Tucker has outlived most of them.") Now, Ted, I would like to apologize to Bob if I have offended him and say that I am sorry. But before we drop the whole topic, I'd like to know what sort of "unflattering comparison" you were referring to. I'd say any comparison at all of me to Bob Tucker would be flattering (to me - not necessarily to him, tho.)7

It was fascinating to see a letter from Ted Pauls again, particularly since it's far more fannish in tone and content than I would've expected. I'd heard, somewhere, that Ted no longer thought much of fandom and fannishness, and I'm pleased to see it's not entirely so. /Indeed it's not. Ted writes some very good pieces of faaan fiction in KIPPLE.7 Why, it's been ten years since I first met the young Ted Pauls, and he's run through the entire career in fandom in the first half of that period. But he still lives at the same address, I see. Well, as Papa Hugo used to say, "The more things change, the more they stay the same". /Did Papa Hugo really say that? Incredible.7

I don't think Kay Anderson understands the Hugo awards very well. It may be quite true that Schoenherr did an ANALOG cover "way back in '65" that "absolutely stoned" her. But this year we're nominating and voting upon work done way back in 1967 -- not '65. If she thinks John's 1967 work deserves a Hugo, then by all means she should vote for it. But the Hugo is an award for annual achievement, not all-time best (well, with rare exceptions, anyway...). Personally, I nominated Richard Powers this year. Powers set the style for everyone, back in the fifties, and never received any recognition for it. Now he's back in circulation again with new work, and once more we have the opportunity to do something about it. I hope we will, this time around. (And you might consider the Dillons' work on the Ace Specials next year about this time...) /As much as I like op art, I'd never consider them since their work isn't Hugo quality.7



FLETCHER 67

KAY ANDERSON: 4530 Hamilton Ave, Oxnard Calif. 93030::: A quick comment on Ted White's LoC on SANDWORM 4. With his usual perspicacity and passion for accuracy in all things, he has managed to attribute your editorial comment to me. I know very well he didn't write that I SPY episode...can you imagine his not writing fourteen articles and giving six speeches on it, if he had?

I see he squirms in embarrassment for the poor taste of your comments on Bob Tucker's letter...what did Tucker himself have to say? /Nothing because (1) if I had (albeit unintentionally) insulted him, he is too much of a trufan and gentleman to mention it and (2) if I didn't insult him, he would have nothing to say because he would have not found reason to get mad. The third possibility is that I have slighted him and he is ignoring me - but I hope not on both accounts.7 If I liked Ted at all I'd doubtless be writhing about the things he says.

Recently someone's comment that Harlan is perfecting the art of opening his mouth and making his head disappear. I notice that Ted has a different method, and I award him a glass belly-button so he can at least see where he's going. /Aw, come on, Kay - Ted's not that bad!7 He says "I don't think Kay Anderson understands the Hugo awards very well. It may be quite true that Schoenherr did an ANALOG cover way back in '65 that absolutely stoned her. But this year we're nominating and voting for work done way back in 1967 -- not '65". Then he muddles on to say, two sentences later, "Personally, I nominated Richard Powers this year. Power's set the style for everyone, back in the fifties, and never received any recognition for it". Now I ask you, isn't that beautiful? A lovely gem of contradiction like that doesn't come along every week. One should hope not.

Since he

states it maybe true that a cover of Schoenherr's stoned me, I take it that some doubt exists in his mind. Since he thinks I don't understand the Hugo awards (who does?...NYCon certainly didn't) I assume that some doubt is on his mind about whether it actually stoned me, or it it was a Schoenherr, or maybe if it was a cover or a contents page or something. Maybe he'd like to do a little research and let me know whether my statement of subjective reaction was accurate in every respect.

Let's see. He nit-picks your misuse of anthology, if misuse it is. My enormous Webster's New World defines an anthology simply as a collection of stories or poems, with no qualification about whether they are by one author or several. Later he misspells calibre, so I guess you're even there. /I try to correct all misspellings as I go - so any that pop up are simply mine. But in all fairness, the misspelled words in Ted's letter seem more to be the product of not proofreading rather than not knowing how to spell.7 Then he says that the lettercol of SIRRUIISH is too full of neofen writing in to say "I liked this; I didn't like that", and goes on to say "I don't agree with your review"

and "DAVY struck me as the first third of what promised to be an interesting book"... I guess SIRRUIISH comes out even on that one, too.

I saw "Phoenix" mentioned on an Arizona highway map. Wonder if it refers to PHOENIX PRIME?

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Most of the Great Open Spaces are under somebody's hat

/*/

ROY TACKETT: 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, NM 87107::: I am but shortly returned to the glorious North Valley from the general vicinity of Woody's garage and the latest Latesy? How cutesy? meeting of the Albuquerque Science Fiction, Hot Air and Gourmand Group with 40 & 8 (not to be confused with any American Legion splinter organization) copies of SANDWORM 4 in a MICHELOB box. Are you realizing what Edco (bow towards Lubec which is ghod's original home) would be saying to emptying a case of Michelob in order to haul fanzines? He am saying pass the opener. I'm wondering what the neighbors am saying about you. First dragging in on a Sunday afternoon with an Old Stag box, then a bit later (once more on a Sunday) with a Michelob box, and most recently (on a Sunday) with a Wolfschmidt Vodka box. I betcha they am saying, "There goes HORT, again. The little ole ~~W~~ professional consumer".

Nevertheless, as Prof. Irwin Corey would say...I saw Prof. Corey on the Tonight Show a few days ago. He had been invited to explain the significance of recent events in the national political campaign and, I must admit, that his explanation made as much sense as anything else that has been, or is likely to be, said in the quest for a dip into the taxpayer's pocket.

Nevertheless, as Prof...never mind, we've been through that, I rushed to read SANDWORM 4. Ah, Vardeman, now I know what Frankenstein felt. But I never sent Victor a copy of #4...

Allow me to say that I am fascinated by your rather informal page numbering system. I call it a "page numbing system". If you have no objections I will introduce it to FAPA where it should cause a sensation. I will introduce it to FAPA whether you object or not, you realize.

Ah, but Tackett was a fan before he went into the Corps... Then you must have been a fan when you came out since you are still a fan....
Candied okra? Oi! Sounds like the Galaxy Room.

I thought that the weather forecasts (we're on page 10 now, Bob) were fairly reliable around here. I check the Channel 7 Weather Wigwan and if they say frost I uncover the fruit trees. If they say fair I grab my raincoat. No witty comment here. Fooled you, didn't I Koontz? That I'd say something about a heat wave keeping Channel 7's wig warm...

Controlled thermonuclear power? Ha! Bigger bangs is all. I could say a few thousand choice words about the cancellation of such projects as NERVA but that would get us involved in a whole vast socio-political discussion which would probably bore the readers. Stiff. I may save it for KIPPLE. Ted's readers are stiff anyway. Last I'd heard, NERVA will be around for another year but on a shoestring budget - more's the pity. "There ain't no such thing as a free launch".

Control of gravity? Last I heard assorted scientist and engineer types were still trying to figure out what gravity was. Mayhap you or some other physicist in the audience could give a few choice words on the subject at ASFHAGG -- if you could get anyone to listen. About all that is known about gravity is what Newton discovered. In his famous words, "Don't sit under one of those damned apple trees".

Breeding of low intelligence animals to do low grade labor or some such? Hmmm. Jerry Was A Man. Slave Ship, too.

A lengthened lifespan by 2025? I should be gone by then. For which we give small thanks. Or large even. A point to ponder is that we all might be gone by then.

WORMTONGUE by Doris D. Beeten (whoever she may be) She be the talented poet who wrote WORMTONGUE lastish. was quite enjoyable. Yes.

At this current stage of my life -- yes, I would probably succumb to the lure of Free Faring. I am, certainly, on the far side of the hill and afflicted with a mild case of what got Evelyn Cyril Gordon after the return of the Egg of the Phoenix. /Is that a reference to PHOENIX PRIME?/ Yes, I think it would be a mighty temptation to go Free Faring.

Lovenstein's

yarn was delightful.

By ghod, Tucker, do you mean that you are admitting after all these years you guessed at that figure of 22.7 pounds for the critical mass of U235? And here I had taken it as gospel and, indeed, had performed several experiments using that figure. Oh, I tell you it is getting to be a sad day when you can't trust the material you read in your favorite stfzine. BUT! On the other hand, you can for it seems that the figure Tucker arrived at was correct. Yes.

Of course, being a true scientific type, I had to check Tucker's findings by experimentation. You realize, of course, that at that particular time in history it was next to impossible for a private citizen to get hold of the necessary amounts of uranium. The government monopoly on the substance was clamped down tight. However, I remembered some equations in a story by Leinster and combined them with an Idea that I got from the Summer 1940 issue of PLANET STORIES -- it was in the Vizigraph -- and computed that I could do the same job by substituting 22.7 tons of chicken fat for the U235. I selected a suitable site a few miles up river from St. Louis and constructed two large vats each of which contained 11.35 tons of chicken fat. At the appropriate moment I had two small boys push the two vats together and the resulting explosion scattered chicken fat over half of Illinois -- which was what slid Tucker out of Bloomington and into Heywood -- the mushroom cloud (mushrooms are great with chicken) later condensed over St. Louis and this was called StLouisCon... /Are you related to the Story Lady?/

How does PLAYBOY determine the ratings for its dj poll? /Don't really know - altho someone mentioned that "6 and 7/8" came in fourth./ Like, there are a couple of thousand radio stations around the country each with its own quota of commercial readers. Do they have scouts listening to each station or what?

I think Koontz and Godwin have the wrong idea about Bode. Or his art, perhaps. What I mean to say is that, in the final analysis, when all of the factors are considered in all their ramifications, when we get down to, as Harlan Ellison would put it, the nitty-gritty, it is just that Bode is an incredibly bad artist. /I don't know what office you're running for, but you've got my vote./

The shockingest picture I've seen in ages was that thing in YANDRO a while back where the critter was eating its own arm -- with relish. (And possibly onions and mustard, too.) Brrr.

I note you have a "Robert Bloch" in the WAHF. There was a fan by that name who was active back in the 6th fandom days. Right promising fellow, too. I guess mafia got him, as no one has heard from him in years. That's the way with fandom... they come and they go.

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Who says "Nothing is impossible"? ...I've been doing nothing for years

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And Fifth Fandom strikes once again!

/*/

ED COX (ASFS ghod): 14524 Elmore, Arleta Calif. 91331:: Here is SANDWORM 4 already, I thought under my breath. /Do you breathe up? I can't imagine any other way you could think under your breath./ Holy Bheer, and I haven't even written to YANDRO #174 yet, which came out whenever #174 came out. /Knowing The Coulson's methodical minds, it was probably after #173.../ Of course, that is no doubt why I didn't get YANDRO. Or probably a lot of the other fanzines I'd like to. The stack of zines here measures at about four inches... and that's only the "current" stuff up to three months old. The "old" stuff that didn't get filed in despair of ever writing measures three more inches. You can subtract (I hope you can) /Nope. I'm a lowly, snake-in-the-grass adder./ 3 or 4 APA L distributions which aren't filed yet. But they don't take much space considering how anemic they've been up to the time it got folded.

I think all of this is leading up to the fact that after SANDWORM 4 arroveled, to which I wrotled, nothing, but Nothing out of PO 11352 for ages. Then #'s 2 & 3

popped into the mailbox all at a time. Before I could recover from such a traumatic experience like that, #4 swiftly followed in what no doubt must be pretty close to a quaterly schedule.

So I read Number 4. And after reading the egoboo scattered hither and yon and in print even, what else can I do but write? /Change your name or maybe move to Patagonia?/ If there is anything a part time ghod loves, it's ~~fresh~~ ~~fresh~~ ~~fresh~~ ~~fresh~~ ~~fresh~~ seeing his name in print.

ghod's doodle space

So that you may full well realize of what stern stuff (no wisecracks here!) the ESFS ghod is made of... the news of the bottle strike strikes not fear or even anything already into my ~~stomach~~ heart. Tappers are made out of glass? /Can't get 'em in NM - the wholesaler (who I won't bother to name) refuses to carry them. Several attempts have been made to get them here but state law forbids anyone but a licensed wholesaler to sell to a retailer (and with only one Schlitz wholesaler...)/ Even so, though the Schlitz brewery down the street (a mere few blocks) may dribble to a halt, the Anhauser-Busch brewery is only 10 minutes away and has more cans and bottles full of beer (and empty ready to be filled with beer) than I can easily drink in months. It gives me a warm feeling of security (much as when I think of my complete run of PLANET STORIES). /And knowing that there are people like you in the world gives me a warm feeling of (monetary) security. Be that as it may, the bottle strike was over before I finished mailing #4 out and (except, for some reason, for Black Jack) everything is readily available again./

And though I do appreciate hard likker and do indeed drink it now and again (though not to the amounts I used to in my younger, foolish and unmarried days), beer and wine serve to suffice my thirst. Now that you are filled in on that state of affairs, mayhap we return to the subject at hand.

Well,

it's a glass with beer in it.

How about the fanzine?

How about that...

Reading thru GIUDICHAR, I get the definite impression that if you keep this sort of thing up, plus keeping SANDWORM going at its present rate, you are very likely to be voted Best New Fan of 1967 or something. 1968 even. If they still have the sort of fan-polls that used to blossom forth across the land in limited numbers (depending on the circulation of the fanzine sponsoring them.) Yes. /Thanks muchly for the kind words. And if you ever pass thru Albuq. I'll be sure to have some Bud/Schlitz/ you name it chilled to perfection for you./

I fear greatly (in fact I'm pretty damn sure) that I won't be able to make it to the June 15th bash. /The Second Biannual New Mexican, that is./ It would be a kick to go but in addition to the fact that that is Petard meeting night (which we will probably host) but air-faire by the cheapest non-stop is 71 bucks round trip. Not bad, really, but at this point I can't afford twice that... the Owl Goddess would never submit to being left home... Hey, did you know that TWA appears to be the only carrier from LA making regular flights in there? I find that hard to believe, though. /So did the ICC. I imagine recent hearings here will open up the Albuq. air routes to a modicum of competition - tho only a modicum, mind you./

WORM#

TONGUE was rather well done. I like 'em a little more rare. Seriously, it was a good effort in my unprofessional opinion and certainly kept well into the Dune context. Do you perchance send copies of SANDWORM to Frank Herbert? /I would if I had his address./ He'd probably be interested, at the least. /Probably mortified would strike closer to the truth/ We sent a copy of the first STOBCLER mlg to Christopher Anvil and he survived it. /He might have just thot it was an escapee of Pandora's Planet (which, of course, it would be)./

Where do you get all the time to read all them Buks? I haven't even finished a book this month. I'm behind schedule in my effort to finish one a week. /On a slow day at the store, I can finish an entire book and sometimes even two. While school was still in session, I was only averaging about 10 books a month but now that I'm "on vacation" I should be able to churn thru at least 30 a month until my backlog is cut down to size.7 However, your reviews are well done and interesting. I do tend to skim lightly for fear of finding out too much about the plot of one or more of them that I hope to read sooner or later. Of all you review in this, I have read only the Jack Vance. Which I enjoyed immensely. It was a good story if no more. I don't yet own any of the others you review but am considering trying some Thomas Burnett Swann one of these days Real Soon Now what with all the comment and hoopla about his stuff in SANDWORM'S pages. I have DAY OF THE MINOTAUR kicking around here somewhere.

And being an Edmond Hamilton fan from eons ago, I look forward to getting around (what enthusiasm!) to reading the Starwolf series. I'd better. I bitched and badgered at Don Wollheim at least a couple of times trying to get him to reprint the CAPTAIN FUTURE series. /Capt. Future? Sheesh.7 He replied that that was no go but he had signed Hamilton to do a new space opera type series. So I oughta find out if this stuff stands up to CF...

"The Phoenix Under the Blade, on the Edge of the Border in the Shadows". Now that I got the title out of the way, I'll comment. It was fun stuff. I enjoyed it... even before I came to the part with my name in it. It was sorta uneven, taken as a whole, but it had its moments. I still haven't recovered from "A sand witch?" Aaaarrgh! /But Aarrgh! is Malon's fnz...no free advertising for a rival punzine!7 I do dearly love wayout, broad slap-stick parodies, satire and the like. I suppose it's like those who love to stay home Saturdays and Sunday afternoons watching old horrible "science-fiction" movie re-runs on television. It's sort of like an addiction. I kicked that one... /I sometimes wonder if it wouldn't be better for everyone to kick their TV habit (and maybe the TV, too.)7

"Star and Stripe Trek" suffered a lot by coming after Doug Lovenstein's bit but on its own, it still was a bit weak. The concept and aim were okay but it didn't have much to work with. Or does that make sense without being downright unpatriotic?

DRUMSAND shows that the fan-publishing scene is healthy and pouring reams of paper into the mails. Gad, I haven't even heard of half of these zines before. /Fans come and fans go.7 Gives me the impression of frantic fanac transpiring throughout the known universe while I sit peeping in on it from a hazy window from far off exotic Arleta. /It is only fitting that ghod be elevated from the common herd of fen and not blow his cool in the midst of all the franfanac.7

One thing I've noticed in the letter-column, not to mention thruout the whole zine, is the talking up of the Hugo nominations/voting. If this is also common to other fanzines, maybe there is more enthusiasm and interest in the whole bit this year than a lot of previous ballots. /I think this might be a reaction to the way the whole Hugo scene was screwed up last year wrt fan Hugos, eligibility in the pro/fan artist categories, etc.7 With me it is a lot like the Academy Awards. After they are given, I got out and see some of the movies to see what all the shouting was about! /I think one of the ones that will be shouted about this year (non-sf, that is) will be The Fox. All in all, the movie scene seems to be improving after such a long string of beach movies. (Tho they are still around, I suppose).7 I sometimes go back and read a lot of the Hugo nominees/winners after the fact. Mainly because I never have time to read the whole field from which they are selected. I wonder how many voters have read the whole or a significant portion

of the sf media before voting/nominating? /Very few/

In any event, it is a healthy sign. And so is the lettercol in SANDWORM. A genzine often lives by the rate of enthusiasm displayed in its letter column,

LEN
MOFFATT
for

TAFF!

Unpaid semi-political advertisement by
The Fannish Anarchists for Moffatt Com.

often almost totally divorced from what other material may appear in the zine. /True. Look at PSYCHOTIC - but dammit, Geis has good articles, too. Just as long as something discussable /or cussable/ comes along from time to time to keep the ball rolling. You seem to be well on the way to a continuing, cohesive letter-column crowd. It is the lack of this that somehow drags down QUIP plus its oversize and lag between issues. If it were to come out more frequently in smaller (by half) issues and get a continuing discussion going in the letter-column, it'd jump up into the top strata of fanzines. But I guess it won't.

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For exhilarating exercise, roll in money

/*/

HARRY WARNER: 423 Summit Ave, Hagerstown, Md. 21740::: Either this fourth Sandworm was an exceptionally enthralling and exciting issue or I'm finally getting my full mature strength. I pulled some of it asunder from the staples, and it's a long time since that happened to a fanzine. It probably symbolizes the intense excitement and uncontrolled emotions which caused my fingers to clutch the pages so convulsively that mere matter yielded to the combination of the intellectual and the emotions. /I'd better confer with JFS before I attempt to comment on that. Anyway, I didn't twist any of it into the tworp dimension and I had better write a loc right away, just in case I really am getting so unduly strong that the fanzine won't survive another day's handling.

Some of the predictions listed in your editorial are puzzling. Would it really be economically feasible to breed intelligent animals to do common labor? /No. Remember Kapek's War with the Newts? In another 50 years, it should be possible to get most of this sort of labor done by mechanical means. /It is probably possible today but the economy isn't geared to full mechanization. No matter how skilfully they raise the intelligence of animals, I doubt that they'll be able to eliminate the fact that it's more costly to have animals do work, because they eat so much, require long periods of rest, suffer sicknesses, and have quite short adult lives before they grow old and feeble. /Sounds like you are describing Homo sap from a robot's viewpoint.... Ask any farmer why he continues to buy tractors now that the initial cost is so much greater than the price of a couple of work horses. "Reliable weather forecasts"? Wouldn't these imply some control over the weather producing factors of nature? The weather experts can't explain after the fact why a snow front stopped at such and such a line instead of proceeding another 50 miles east. I doubt that they'll be able to issue good forecasts without experiencing some great revelations about the weather-making machinery accompanied by mechanical means of controlling the movement of air masses.

The Phoenix Under the Blade on the Edge of the Border in the Shadows was amusing and impressive. Impressive because Doug Lovenstein has picked up so much fannish lore during his brief stay in the field, and because he has written a story that has a hero with nearly as great physical prowess as the more celebrated professional heroes.

I also liked Star and Stripe Trek, and I hoped against hope that it might slacken the epidemic of appeals to fandom's letterwriting powers to save again Star Trek. (Maybe this is why letters are so much scarcer than they used to be for fanzine editors: nobdoy has time to do anything but write rescuing missives to television networks and sponsors regarding Star Trek). Curiously enough, the National Anthem really is an example of something that should not have survived by any conceivable form of logic. It's hard to sing, the mating between words and music is bad with accents from the tune placed on several unimportant words, the melody has dubious past, and the words are not appropriate to today's geed for good diplomatic relations among nations. /I assume you are referring to the fact that the music was swiped from an old English drinking song - Ripley really created a stir with that revelation. Especially with the DAR, etc. Just how it has survived, I'll never fathom - how many people do you know that can just recite the lyrics? Not many I'd wager - and the music, well, it is pitched too high for a man to sing well. I wonder if anyone has ever written a thorough book-length study on how the song survived all these disadvantages and finally got congressional approval as the National Anthem? It might be possible to interpret the whole history of the nation since the Revolution by recounting the ups and downs of the Star Spangled Banner in public and official favor.

In the letter section, I was particularly interested in the words of Joanne Burger. Her informal remarks

on Dangerous Visions really represent a better, more informative review than most of the formal critical discussions I've seen on the collection. But I like to speculate on how fandom would have reacted to this Ellison anthology, if he'd adopted a softer approach and simply publicized it as a group of stories that the authors have always wanted to tell, or the kind of stories that the authors have always wanted to tell, or the kind of stories that he enjoys reading the most -- anything except this challenge to the reader that he's going to be dazed and startled by the daring nature of these stories. Incidentally, you used a bowdlerized form of the title of that song in your comments on my letter. Originally it was: Does the Spearmint Lose its Flavor on the Bedpost Over Night? It was popular under that title in the era before song pluggers would get accused of payola for mention of commercial products. /I wonder how many fans in the mid-teen age group could give a workable (or rather acceptable) definition of payola. I can't remember having heard it used in the last 5-10 years (well, since whenever everyone was eagerly hanging on every word about such shows as \$64,000 Question (wonder how many fans remember the 64 dollar question?), 21, etc.)/ Thus, we have such other successes as In My Merry Oldsmobile and Take Me Down, Down, Down Where the Budweiser Flows, Flows, Flows.

I enjoyed the reviews in this issue but again I've read few of the works under discussion. This, despite the fact that I've been reading recently much more science fiction than at any time in the past decade or longer. I've been trying to catch up on old and famous books that appeared during the era when I was reading little sf, so I'm unable to find time to read the new stuff. This could lead to a paradox something like the famous argument over whether an arrow can ever hit its target because it must continually halve the distance to that target an infinite number of times before arrival. /Since you are ahead of Jack Speer, you might have already come across Gotthard Gunther's 3 part "Achilles & the Tortoise" in the July-Sept 1954 ASF. If you have, you then know that no paradox exists, thanks to Gorg Cantor.7 In a year or two when I'm fairly well caught up, I'll face another spell of catching up on the books that are appearing during the present catching up period, and so there'll be a few more months in which I'll fall behind on the new novels and collections, and in theory at least I'll never be freed from the chain of progressively smaller periods of alternation between reading old stuff and catching up on the stuff that was new during the former phase of the cycle. /Ah, but if you make a note (written or mental) from the reviews you see of stuff you think you might like, you won't have to wade thru a goodly portion of the total sf output. Assuming of course, that you won't want to read each and every piece.7

You didn't mention the best reason for not publishing enough pages to require 8¢ postage. That face of Gen. John J. Pershing just doesn't mesh with the personality of any fanzine I've received lately.

/*/
Anyone that's well adjusted in this world is sick

/*/
Lee Klingstein for the 3rd Foundation: 1435 S. Bundy Drive #4, LA Calif. 90025:: About the Judgment of Eve. Actually, it's fairly easy to pick out the lucky (?) guy. It can't be the muscle man, because he (we are told) gets killed only a few years later, and Eve (we are told) has a long marriage. It can't be the older man either. His diary is written from the viewpoint of a loser. Besides, it's rather improbable that he'd live as long as Eve's marriage (we are told) will last. So it's got to be the charmer, the guy who knew he could get the girl -- and did. I agree with you on other grounds, however, that it's an awfully disappointing book to get from the author of A Mirror for Observers.

/*/
Mike (Mhad) Dobson: 214 Lafayette, Decatur Alabama 35601:: The poem by Doris D. Beeten is good. Everything so far I've read by her is. /Yes, indeed.7 The Phoenix Under the Blade on the Edge of the Border in the Shadows was one of the best pieces of fanfic I have read in some time. TPUTBOTE OF BITS was funny, a ghod spoof of the Conan books, and I've never seen that kind of spoof used better.

Star and Stripe Trek was well done; I enjoyed it. It was carried out just a little too much, I think. But the whole thing was very funny.

/Sorry
to edit your letter down to almost nothing, Mike, but I wanted to be certain your egoboo reached the right people before the end of the page.7

/Back again quite a bit later. Seems that cutting stencils is like eating salted peanuts - the more you type/eat the more you want to type/eat. So, I am hopeful to hold this to just one more page but all things considered....7

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SHERNA COMERFORD: 83 Lincoln Ave., Newark NJ 07104:: Loved that Gaughan on the T of C - & congrats on having one. Now if you could whip your page numbers into line...(Sandworm is the only zine I ever saw with page numbers that act like hippies). /That last statement gave me the idea for thish's page numbing system. Thish all the pages are numbered like hippies.7

I like the poem WORMTONGUE. It's very descriptive. I don't understand, tho, why the title had to be borrowed from LOTR. It brings in a whole unconnected set of thoughts for the sake of a pun. (And don't tell me LOTR is enough like DUNE to justify it, 'cause I disagree). /I agree with your disagreement - DUNE is far better than LOTR. But I must admit my incapacity to see any pun. I've read LOTR but don't remember any Wormtongue. Sure you aren't thinking of the Worm Ouroboros (or however it is spelled)?7

Special compliments

on your book reviews. I usually thumb thru them quickly in any fanzine I read, but I found myself reading yours attentively. /Thank you muchly.7 Our tastes seem to be quite similar and I agree with your reviews 100% on the books I've read: Karres, Dolphin, Closed Worlds, Chasch and a couple of others. I'll be sure to look up the Moorcock -- Elric left me gasping as not many stories do.

By the way, I thought DANGEROUS VISIONS was terrific. Can't win them all. I enjoyed it as much for the chance to watch the personalities involved -- mostly Harlan's -- as I did for the stories themselves.

What does Mercury's rotation have to do with Spock & Vulcan? /This is sort of an in joke. An astronomer (I misremember exactly who) misplaced Mercury once and "discovered" a new planet inside Mercury's orbit. He named it Vulcan for the Roman god of fire and other things hot. If the motion of a planet is known, the perturbations can be computed and the influences thus calculated can show whether or not other planets are near. This was how Neptune and later (maybe just) Pluto were discovered. -- Which reminds me, is Neptune now our 9th planet and Pluto our 8th? Help from our astronomer readers appreciated. So the reference was not entirely to ST.7 From all I've heard I think Blish puts it around 40 Eridani but he's not regarded as an authority after what he did in his two "novelizations". /I am separated from the necessary references but I think 40 Eridani is a poor choice.7

Hmmm - perusing the lettercol now. I like Bode.

I don't think he's in the same class as pros like Freas & Gaughan but he may be some day. /I wish I'd gotten Donald Wollheim's permission to quote him on what he said about Bode, but alas I did not. I think his comment (somewhat like daming with faint praise - but more so) might quell that annoying "Bode for Hugo" thing.7 He has a spirit to his work that's fun to see (and I'm sure you'll think of 8 or 10 remarks to make about that, but they aren't going to change anyone's mind). I suspect personal opinion and taste in such things is a bit hard /Nay! Impossible!7 to argue constructively.

Most interesting of course are the comments on our last LoC concerning Spockanalia. I wasn't aware of any morbid fear on our part of reference books or anything else. On the other hand, we don't pretend to be anything like fonts of universal knowledge. We are making an honest effort to be accurate though, and if Kay has 8 or 10 pages of comments on the errors of our ways, we'd be honestly grateful to have the chance to improve ourselves. One comment like that really does no good and, just the opposite, makes us a little scared to publish at all for fear that everyone's laughing at us. /Nonsense. You've got to learn to cull out the criticism you think is pertinent and to hell with the rest. For instance, I doubt if I'll ever really go to a page numbering system (unless, at some time in the future I decide I need to) in spite of all the comments. On the other hand, I have given Greg Benford's comments on my layout serious thot and am trying to improve on this since he was quite right. I don't care if people laugh at me or with me, tho I'd prefer the latter. So I'd say don't worry about public reaction so much - you put out a lot of effort and produce a readable and interesting zine. Those that don't think so will fall by the roadside. Those remaining will be in two categories - the ones that truly enjoy your work and tell you so and the ones that do but can't bring themselves to say so. But I've found

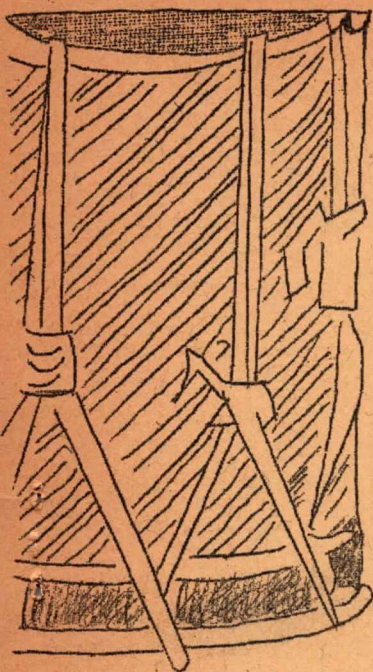
that the best results are obtained by accepting the egoboo from the former and trying to force the latter into saying what they disagree with. I can't really formulate ideas well until I've debated/agrued/what-have-you with someone that doesn't agree with me. If I find I can't defend my position to my satisfaction, then retrenching is in order. And hopefully a better position will develop. But hang loose and don't let criticism bug you too much.

Carmie Lynn Toulouse had some verypertinent comments and we appreciate them. (Maybe she'd like to write to us directly & elaborate? Apparently she has more to disagree with than was actually printed). Yes, of course we can't get anything like complete accuracy in observing a limited or random sample. We are quite painfully aware that we could be completely off base in Spockanalia. The problem is that we only have one subject to observe. With extremely limited exceptions (which we've milked as dry as we're able) Spock is the only clue we have to Vulcan. It's a choice of doing our best using him, or not doing a zine at all. And we wanted to do a zine.

As for value judgments - we are not trained anthropologists. Cultural relativism is an incredibly difficult thing to apply consistently. You're right, your interpretation of another culture can never be uninfluenced by your own culture. /See my comments on "Overproof" by MacKenzie this/ What determines the classifications - the very words you're going to use to make your generalizations? /This was (to my mind) quite well brought out in Vance's Languages of Pao. I think that language can influence your thinking to a great extent. Why has Germany been so aggressive militarily this century? Might it not be tied to the harsh, guttural language? Likewise, why has Germany produced so many first rank scientists? Heck, the very concept of a culture-free description is a product of our culture. However, Carmie may very well know more about the techniques used in solving such problems than I do. (I don't know her except thru Sandworm). /I'm certain she does - see her most excellent article in Dynatron #36/

Bob, you yourself know how hard it is to generalize a whole universe from what we've seen on ST. You wrote a very clever and ambitious article for ST-phile and we enjoyed reading it. It also contained several goofs. These were mostly the result of the fact that you hadn't allowed for the fact that Paramount not fandom, is the chief world builder here. In Spockanalia we can speculate on what's going on but we're trying to avoid as establishing as "factual" anything which the perfectly human, 20th century Hollywood-type writers may later contradict. Therefore, we must keep one eye on the TV production itself, while doing our darndest to be accurate in all the sophisticated and intertwined sciences which go into the building of a universe. Under the circumstances I think we've not done too badly - and we are glad for a chance to improve. /About my article. My approach to the whole thing is totally different than yours. I approached it with a "Anything unstated is fair game to speculate on as long as it does not contradict anything stated" principle. As such, I took the gadgetry we've seen and elaborated on how it worked. I don't care if my explanations are scientifically accurate - as long as they are plausible since in 200 yrs the science will have made today's impossibility an everyday occurrence. Then I thot about likely stuff (such as the dream chamber thing) and tossed it in. Not stated - not contradicted. Ergo, fair game for speculation. The way I look at the whole thing, the writers can only provide a skeleton and it is up to anyone interested in the basic idea to flesh it out, give it form. To restrict yourself to just what the writers (who have shown themselves to be highly unimaginative at times) is to take all the fun out of the thing. To me it is a game, a hobby, where I try to see how active I can let my imagination be in building the ST universe. This is basically the way I approach all sf - let the author sketch out his ideas and then I (usually mentally) fill them out to as much detail as I want. If the ideas seem sound (such as Mack Reynolds and his "credit card" futures or Geston's Lords of the Starship tale) I try to envision a more complete "history" by thinking about ramifications. Like, is the ST universe run democratically or by a benevolent dictatorship? Or is there any coherence at all? To me it seems like a giant UN with everyone getting together to disagree on everything and accomplishing nothing. Speculation, pure speculation. What is Earth like in the ST universe? What does a Rigellian eel-bird look like? What are its habits? Use your imagination - don't let the writers shackle you to their ideas alone.

Anyway, I hope you see how I try to approach the whole thing. I don't try to agree so much as not to disagree. And even then, this isn't too realistic. Just look around you and you'll see thousands of contradictions in everyday life.



DRUMSAND

FANZINE REVIEWS

The criteria I just decided on as to the selection of which fmz to review this are (1) never having been reviewed by me before (2) being able to find your zine in the mess I've created moving around so much. Therefore, if you've been passed over (not to be confused with that religious thing) and I didn't mention you below, sorry. I know Jerry Lapidus and the Chicago crew have been overlooked but maybe next time -- provided I can find their zine.

SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES #73: Ken Rudolf:745 N. Spaulding, LA, Calif, 90046::50¢ or usual: bimonthly::The last reincarnation I saw was the Jan. 1965 issue (#70 or so) headed by Ted Johnstone. Shaggy has improved a thousand-fold since then. 90 pages thick, litho'd and crammed full of interesting stuff. I personally liked the reviews and the lettercol best, the former mainly by Bill Glass & Ted White (Ted White? But this is the LASFS OO...) The artwork is done by Dian Pelz, Bjo and almost a score of others with the first installment of a serio-comic cartoon series by Vaughn Bode. Highly recommended and wistfully hope it doesn't depart like it did last time.

WARHOON: Richard Bergeron: 11 East 68th St, NYC, NY 10021: 35¢, FAPA or usual:qtrly:: This is #23 and is another giant of the past being resurrected (SHAGGY, PSY, now Warhoon... hey, Weber - what about Cry? Get on the stick, man!) Bergeron rambles on in a manner that I like editorial-wise altho I'm not overly fond of his artwork. Material consists of reprints from earlier issues - The Harp that Once or Twice by Walt Willis, and the lettercol. New material from Walter Breen, Robert Lowndes and Jim Blish. Quite a lineup. Aside from the depressing colors (purple covers and blue pages) and the art there isn't a whole lot I dislike about this zine. Try a copy and if you aren't satisfied, get off the FAPA wl.

CAVORTING BEASTIE #3:Mike Gilbert:1419 Donald St, Waterloo, Iowa 50703: 20¢ or usual: I suppose this is a clubzine with its members just discovering fandom. Art not too good and the material is virtually non-existent except for fanfic and a couple poems (only one of which showed much promise - A City of Faerie by Gilbert). But then they are having the usual problems about contriubs. Suggest that the CB-ites go to the N3F Ms. Bureau - it certainly wouldn't do any harm to the quality of material. If you like to gamble, you might try this one. Chances are it will never bemuch more (but who knows? ((The Shadow knows! heh, heh, heh))).

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Don't brag about your degrees. I have 98.6

ALGOL #13: Andy Porter: 24 East 82nd St, NYC, NY, 10028: 75¢ or arranged trades:::Thish is most impressive compared with other fmz I've received of late. I have no basis of comparison with previous issues of Algol but if they are half as good, Andy puts out one fine zine. Best from my point of view in #13 are Banks Mebane's analysis of Zelazny's imagery and Delany's "Some Architectural Sketches For 'The Towers'". Ted and Robin White have articles and rich brown and Dick Lupoff have contribs. A, if you'll excuse the reference, stellar lineup. The bacover by Gray Morrow is simply fantastic while the rest of the artwork ranges from fair (some of Stiles' isn't too good - yet he comes thru with one of the better illos on pg 46) to good (Chamberlain's cover. While the price is steep, even for a quality fanzine, it just might be worth it to you to get a copy of Algol.

PHOTOGENIC ONION 2: George Foster Jr.: 7140 Linworth Rd, Worthington, Ohio 43085:::George has Doug Lovenstein as his art editor and yet Doug only has contributed random doodlings/cartoons. Disgraceful - LUV should do one of his really mind-blowing pieces for PhotOn everyish (or maybe he's saving up for Ariocho! - which might be a selfish thing to do but I can't blame him one bit). Other artwork by Jack Gaughan and Gene Klein. Material by George & Doug is slight but readable while the rest of the ish just exists - and nothing more. At 6/¢ I doubt you could go wrong so why not zip off some \$8 to George for #3 - with some good material on his drum George might turn this into a very readable zine.

CEPHEID VARIABLES #2: Annette Bristol, 306 Francis, College Station, Texas, 77840: no price listed:: I imagine I got my copy because I'm a Texan altho nothing was checked on the "reasons" page. Faintly ditto'd (but just on one side of the page) and slightly hard to read but with one feature that made the trouble worthwhile. John Mansfield relates an interview with Hal Clement at the 1967 Phillycon. Finally I get some info about Clement (alas, he is a prep school instructor in astronomy, chemistry, general science, and physics -- I'd've thot he was interested in high pressure physics or hydraulic engineering. At any rate, he, to me at least, seems quite well versed in extreme pressure physics). The rest of the zine is mostly what you'd expect from a clubzine. Hard to say one way or another whether anyone else would be interested in getting this type of fanzine. If you are, by all means write to Annette - I'm certain they'd like to have their club more widely publicized. And "foreign" subscribers means publicity.

MONSTROSITIES #1: Doug Smith, 302 Murray Lane, Richardson Texas 75080: 20¢ or usual::: I suspect that this is mainly a monster zine altho Doug does rattle on about Doc Savage (I suggest you wrangle Edco into commenting - he is a real Doc Savage Fan). Quite a few so-so reviews on movies, books and fmz and one terrible piece of crud disguised as a "comic" strip. I like some of Doug's illos (eg, the cover illo) but Hiatt's work is pitiful. A gen-yoo-wine crudzine. Outside of Billy Pettit, Doc Savage enthusiasts and CRAPA members, I doubt if you'd want to get Monstrosities (but one never can tell).

HUGIN & MUNIN: Richard Labonte, 971 Walkley Rd, Ottawa, Canada, Ontario: 25¢ or usual::: Another clubzine which shows some promise of good material in the future. I have #3 & 4 (which I never got around to commenting on) and I assume #5 must be out by now. #3 has a good article on European prozines by Labonte plus some ramblings by Zelazny on possible changes in the public's view of sf. #4 has an irritating article on H. Beam Piper by Ian McNair and an article on time travel by Earl Schultz which gets into such esoteric fields as parity and relativity (both of which I suspect Mr. Schultz has only a passing knowledge of -- very few people I know (few, hah! - one!) could even begin to hash thru parity arguments on a nuclear level and really know what he was talking about). Hugin & Munin seems to have its moments, albeit one per ish. so I'd advise you to get a copy and see if that one moment is worth the effort of continuing to subscribe.

ETHERLINE II #3: Leigh Edmonds, 175 Moray St, South Melbourne, Victoria 3205 Australia::: 10¢ or usual:: Half size clubzine from Down Under. Leigh publishes mostly reviews and fanfic with only a minimum of stuff about the Melbourne SF Club. I think he should plug his club a bit more and let us stateside-type fen know what's happening under our feet. Enjoyable, if just to gloat over book prices. Send for a copy.

TITLES OF "THE TWILIGHT ZONE" TV PROGRAMS

compiled by Wayne Vucenic

Listed below are the titles and authors (when known) of 85 of the programs. This list is not complete, but it is at least a representative sampling. The following abbreviations are used for the authors' names: CB (Charles Beaumont), RM (Richard Matheson), and RS (Rod Serling). All of the programs are one-half hour, unless otherwise stated.

AFTER HOURS, THE
ARRIVAL, THE
BARD, THE (one hour)
BEWITCHIN' POOL, THE
BIG, TALL WISH, THE (RM)
BLACK LEATHER JACKETS
BRAIN CENTER AT WHIPPLE'S, THE (RS)
CAESAR AND ME
CHANGING OF THE GUARD, THE
CHASER, THE
COME WANDER WITH ME
DEATH'S - HEAD REVISITED
DUMMY, THE (RS)
DUST (RS)
ELEGY
ESCAPE CLAUSE (RS)
EXECUTION
EYE OF THE BEHOLDER, THE
FEAR, THE
FEVER, THE (RS)**
FIVE CHARACTERS IN SEARCH OF AN EXIT
 teleplay by RS based on a story
 by Marvin Petal (spelling unsure)
FOUR OF US ARE DYING, THE
FROM AGNES - WITH LOVE
GAME OF POOL, A
GARRITY AND THE GRAVES
HOWLING MAN, THE (CB)
I AM THE NIGHT - COLOR ME BLACK (RS)
INVADERS, THE
I SHOT AN ARROW INTO THE AIR
IT'S A GOOD LIFE
JEOPARDY ROOM, THE (RS)
JUDGMENT NIGHT
JUNGLE, THE
KING NINE WILL NOT RETURN
LATENESS OF THE HOUR, THE
LONELY, THE (RS)
LONG-DISTANCE CALL, A
LONG LIVE WALTER JAMESON
MASKS, THE
MIGHTY CASEY, THE (RS) **
MIND AND THE MATTER, THE
MONSTERS ARE DUE ON MAPLE STREET, THE (RS)
MOST UNUSUAL CAMERA, A
MR. DINGLE, THE STRONG (RS)**
NERVOUS MAN IN A FOUR-DOLLAR ROOM

NICE PLACE TO VISIT, A
NICK OF TIME (RM)
NIGHT CALL (RM)
NIGHT OF THE MEEK, THE
NINETY YEARS WITHOUT SLUMBERING
NOTHING IN THE DARK
ODYSSEY OF FLIGHT 33, THE (RS)**
OLD MAN IN THE CAVE, THE
ONCE UPON A TIME
ONE FOR THE ANGELS
ONE MORE PALLBEARER
PASSAGE FOR TRUMPET, A
PEOPLE ARE ALIKE ALL OVER (RS)
PERCHANCE TO DREAM (CB)
PURPLE TESTAMENT, THE
QUALITY OF MERCY, A
QUEEN OF THE NILE (CB)
SELF-IMPROVEMENT OF SALVADORE ROSS, THE
7th IS MADE UP OF PHANTOMS, THE (RS)
SHADOW PLAY (CB)
SHELTER, THE
16-MILLIMETER SHRINE, THE
SPURE OF THE MOMENT (RM)
STILL VALLEY
STOP AT WILLOUGHBY, A (RS)
STOPOVER IN A QUIET TOWN (Earl Hamner, Jr.)
THING ABOUT MACHINES, A (RS)
THIRD FROM THE SUN
TIME ENOUGH TO LAST
TO SERVE MAN (Script by RS from story by
 Damon Knight)
TROUBLE WITH TEMPLETON (E. Jack Neuman)
TWO
UNCLE SIMON (RS)
WALKING DISTANCE (RS)
WHAT'S IN THE BOX?
WHERE IS EVERYBODY? (RS)
WHOLE TRUTH, THE
WILL THE REAL MARTIAN PLEASE STAND UP?
WORLD OF DIFFERENCE, A
YOUNG MAN'S FANCY

** The length of these programs is not known,
because the information was obtained from
a "Twilight Zone" book

WAYNE VUCENIC

