

SANDWORM 6



SANDWORM



SANDWORM #6 is published by Bob Vardeman, PO Box 11352, Albuquerque, NM 87112 for the sole purpose of enjoyment by the editor. If you, the reader, happen to get a few grins from the published material, well and good. This damn near qtrly is only a month late this time and is available for trades, 20¢ or because you've done something to deserve this. I WILL NOT ACCEPT ANY MORE LONG TERM SUBS PAST ISSUE #8. Any amount more than 20¢ will be returned. If you've received this you will automatically receive all issues published thru June 1969.

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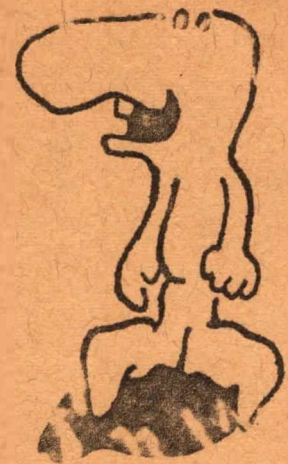
BACOVER by Gene Turnbull

As always, thish has been fun to put together but time consuming. And that elusive temporal commodity is something I have less and less of. Material for #7 is humbly solicited, both written and artistic. Many thanks to all of you who have contributed to thish and special thanks to Alexis Gilliland who had a copy of the October PLAYBOY sent to me for perusal.

While I can't claim that Madison Avenue has left me with any Christmas cheer, I do hope that you all have a very Merry Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year.

Enough sentimentality. You may start worming your way thru

GIUDICAR



AND THEY SAID IT COULDN'T BE DONE! Yes, Vardeman has survived his annish and has actually embarked on the second yr's worth of Sandworm. Somewhat belatedly for a true qtrly schedule, granted, but the fact remains that I have gotten #6 out. What's a moth or so between fans?

My publishing schedule has been delayed due to frantic mundac (what with 40 hrs a week working plus a full load down UNM way makes for a busy fan). Apologies once again to all of you whom I have missed writing to. These include (among others: Ann Chamberlain, Dean Koontz, Joanne Burger, the Beautiful Beetems, Johnny Berry and literary scores of fms editors. Sorry about it, will try to do better in the future - but, alas, I doubt that it will ever be much better than it is right now.

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Vote YES! on every proposition

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Some time ago The Cream was in town giving one of their farewell concerts in the US (Albuq. was #3 of 15 stops). While I didn't go, Mike Montgomery did and I must admit it must have been a strange concert - at least according to his report. To open things up the Cream and another rock group called the Chives started but unfortunately the Cream hadn't gotten their instruments tuned. As a result the result was sour Cream with Chives. Later on, some joker turned the air conditioners up full blast and there was cold Cream all over the stage. But the Cream really started getting hot and they virtually creamated the audience.

In spite of all this, it is a pity that the Cream is separating. With such fabulous songs as "White Room" to their credit, they should think of remaining together. But I guess vanishing Cream is still a way of life.

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Did you hear about the girl who poured Pepsi in her living bra hoping it would come alive?

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Speaking of Dean Koontz, which I wasn't, I haven't received his column for this yet. And since it is late (meaning the issue), I don't imagine I'll be seeing a Mindswamp for #6. If Dean's schedule is anything like mine, little wonder why his fan writing time is cut down. After all, I know I'd much rather see something on the order of "A Darkness in My Soul" (and I imagine Dean would too since he gets paid for it). Mayhaps Mindswamp will be in #7...hmm, Dean?

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Jesus H. Christ but Christmas is coming early this year. Here it is 2 days before one of the major holidays (Halloween) and already the shopping centers have their "Toylands# and Xmas decorations up. Xmas sales blare out over the radio and leap from newspaper pages. While I no longer believe in Santa Claus (but I still believe in the Great Pumpkin so no wise remarks), I can't help but think that today's kids are getting a warped view of the old codger. Here is some bloke who wears Pilgrim's clothing carrying a turkey who slides down chimneys on Halloween after riding thru the skies on a broomstick with a black cat perched on his shoulder. Frightening development. Help, Great Pumpkin!

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The Baycon was a real blast and enclosed with #6 should be my Baycon Report. If it isn't, write to Bill Donaho and complain. Baycon was not ideal (primarily due to the facilities - e.g. 31 pillars in the dining/banquet room) but St. Louis has promised to not have problems like this.

At this time, I'd like to thank Ray Fisher for his advice he gave me on fmz production. And if I'd taken his advice I'd have saved about 2 hrs on the Baycon report. Sage advice which I hope all you other neo fan pubbers heed (I had to learn it the hard way): "Cut expenses on everything you want - but go first class on your ink. Second rate stencils, etc. are all right but don't pinch pennies on the ink" I bought some very cheap ink and I spent almost 2 hrs cleaning out my inking assembly where it clogged the ink jets. I have since changed to a fast drying ink which is about \$1 a tube more expensive but it is worth every cent. Again, thanks Ray.

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Can you just see Joan of Arc singing "Light My Fire"?

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The other day I was in a blue funk (a blue Funk is a nifty little French auto powered by solar cells. On cloudy days, there is a special heat exchanger mounted in front of the driver and a sexy photo of Mama Cass is revealed. The resultant panting gives the car a top speed of about 49 mph.) but the following story of Halloween brought a smile to my lips (and a chill to my heart).

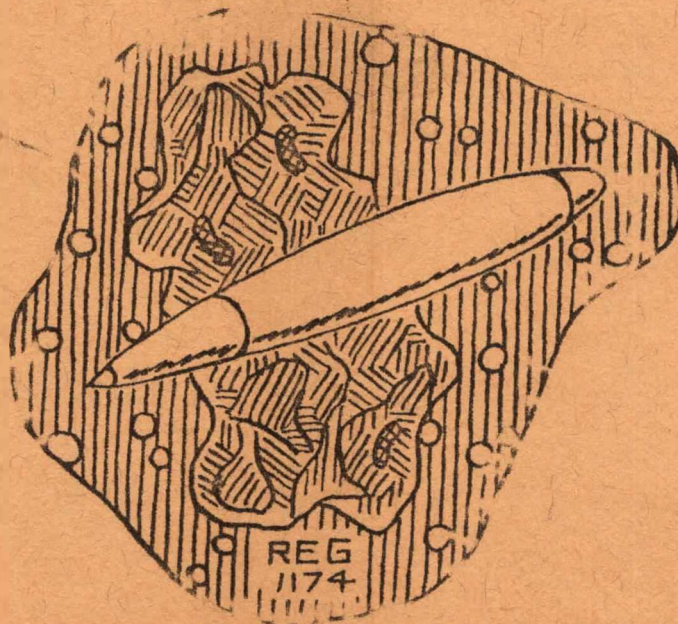
While the story may be apocryphal, I somehow doubt it. A man answered the door and there decked out in all her costumed finery was a girl of about 6 yrs old. Cute as a button and looking more like a piece of Dresden china than anything else, the man decided to give the little girl 2 apples instead of just one. "Hold out your bag." Which she did. He dropped the apples in whereupon the child started leaping around. "What's the matter, dear?" he asked. "You busted my goddamn cookies!" she replied.

Precocious, eh wot?

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Contrary to popular belief, Pope Paul does NOT lead a
rhythm band

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I'm not much when it comes to rational thought processes which might explain why I've decided to add another language in which to be illiterate. Thinking about the matter, I've decided that German is a rather useful language to learn and that the similarities between it and English are enough to merit my giving it a try (as opposed to Outer Mongolian or Tasmanian which are not related to anything). This effort on my part is another reason why this is slightly late. I've been frittering away my time trying to get some of the harder pronunciations straight (zwölf still eludes me) but I figure that sooner or later I'll start showing some progress. And then I'll be illiterate in English, Español und Deutsch.

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The seed of crime bites fruity weeds...

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It seems that Jackie Onassis jokes are sweeping this part of the country. I'd like to relate a few of the choicer ones but unfortunately the Post Office Frowns Mightily on printing things like that.

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Even if I can't comment on some of the Jackie Onassis jokes, I would like to say that it is a pretty safe guess to say that Nelson Rockefeller wakes up Happy.

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While on the subject of jokes I'd thought that the Polish jokes had just about run their course until I read in the paper the other day that Germany had attacked Poland with another blitzkreig and had totally destroyed the country causing \$37 worth of damage.

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Last Saturday night I had the good fortune to attend the Nancy Ames benefit for a dental clinic for handicapped children. On the program with her were Marty Allen and Mason Williams. While Miss Ames was show enough, it seems to me that Mason Williams came very close to becoming the star attraction himself. His guitar work is fabulous, his songs are hilarious (ever hear "Them Poems"?) and his manner is quite relaxed for someone who doesn't consider himself a performer. Maybe he's right and he's not a performer -- but he is surely a superb showman and a great entertainer.

Marty Allen pulled a telegram out of his pocket and announced that this had been delivered to him as soon as he had landed. The telegram read, "Get off my land. Signed, Reies Lopez Tijerina". Five minutes later everyone was still chuckling over that one. And if you don't know who Tijerina is, he is the biggest thing in NM since the Peralta Land Grant.

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Smog is a gas

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I've just read STARWELL by Panshin and highly recommend it. Panshin has some very pertinent observations about life in general in the book. One that particularly caught my fancy was, "It is a perplexing question why women's garments should invariably be made in such a fashion that either contortion or assistance is required to close them. It is certainly not an insoluble problem to design closures that do not interfere with the lines of the clothes and are still within ready reach. The easiest answer might be that there are advantages in being able to ask to be done or undone." That's on page 67. I must admit to looking forward to the next Anthony Villiers novel almost as much as I do to the next Keith Laumer Avengers book (or minibook what with skimpy page counts now).

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Older models cost the same but are more grateful

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For some reason everyone must list the music being listened to while typing is occurring: therefore: Both Sides Now by Judy Collins, In A Gadda-da-Vida by the Iron Butterfly, Phonograph Record by Mason Williams, Fool on the Hill by Sergio Mendes & Brasil '66.

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That ends this. Everyone getting #6 will get thru #9 or June 1969 issue without having to do anything more. Don't ask why. Be good or have fun. And of course,

BAH! HUMBUG!!!

THE "COFFEE-MATE" AT THE SONIC BOOM

by Alexis Gilliland

Doll and I went down to Georgetown the other evening to hear a new group called The Coffee-Mate. They were playing at a club called The Sonic Boom in a disreputable cellar under a parking lot. I found this hard to believe, and so I asked the owner about it.

"Like man," I said, "how is it that you are dug in under this crazy parking lot?"

"Oh my," he replied, "are you out of it. Basically, my interest is in the club, and financially I am solvent, so... I don't need tenants in the building, and with the various groups playing here... I couldn't keep tenants in the building. So --- waste not, want not as my petit bourgeoisie parents used to say -- I

reinforced the roof and razed the building for a parking lot. I don't worry about the tenants and the lot pays at least as well."

"Why didn't you just let the building stand?" Doll asked.

"Well, that's what I started to do," he said, "but after the new amplifying equipment was put in, the sound started shaking the building to pieces. Actually, it was the Stalingrads who did it -- for three weeks their sign off number "Goodnight Irene" hit the resonant frequency of the second floor and the building inspector came in one evening to condemn the whole works." He shrugged. "The ceiling is 8' of reinforced concrete topped with 2 feet of dirt and the macadam surface for the lot."

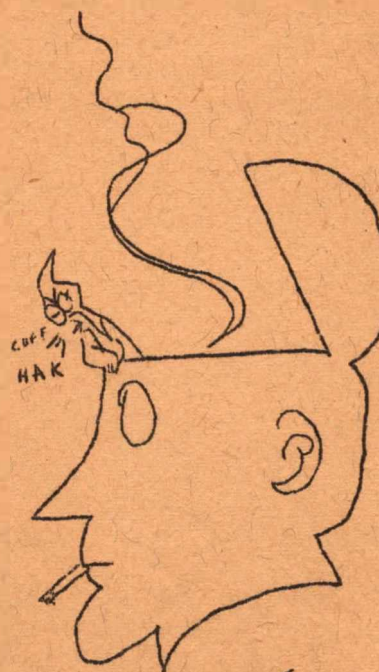
"At least the neighbors shouldn't complain," I said.

"Not about the noise," he agreed, "but little kids from all over come to stand on the lot and listen through their feet. I'll get two or three complaints a week about disorderly minors."

We were early so we went inside and sat down at a table the size of a dinner plate. The stage was set back like a monstrous cavern, and on each side of the room were labeled amplifiers and a fancy console. The engineer, a pleasant fellow wearing a tank helmet with earcovers walked on stage and plugged a mike into an amplifier jack. "One-two-three-testing," he said, and nothing happened. Then his assistants produced a green light on the console, and he blew softly into the mike. There was a sound like distant thunder.

The manager came over and sat at our table.

"This place really wails when you get a good sitar plugged into that thing." He waved a hand at the console,



"Georgie can focus the tweeters to blow out a candle at any of the center tables".

"What about guitars?" I asked.

"There is a place for guitars," he conceded, "but give me that good old raga type music any day."

"You mean Alexander's Raga Time Band?"

Doll asked. He didn't even hear her.

"No, the best music going today is the acid rock with a superimposed 175 watt raga melodic line..."

"Wouldn't you call that half acid rock?" Doll asked. He continued without even letting her finish her sentence.

"...although one morning about 4:30 a Jap came in with an electric samisen and his buddy was on koto, and I swear they turned the raga man on like a Christmas Tree. The kotos weren't amplified, of course, so we set him up with the singers throat mike and set the treble way down. That was nice."

"How would you amplify castanets or finger cymbals?" Doll asked.

"Another nice thing is a bouzouki, but unless you handle the amplification right, it drowns out the sitar...and even if the sound is balanced, the bouzouki is more insistent."

"How would you amplify castanets or finger cymbals?" Doll's voice was pretty insistent too. That tone had cut off a two year old's tantrum and cowed an unruly class of eighth graders.

"Pardon, ma'am?" the owner turned to face her.

"You read lips don't you?"

"Have to, when the group is going. I guess you kind of get in the habit."

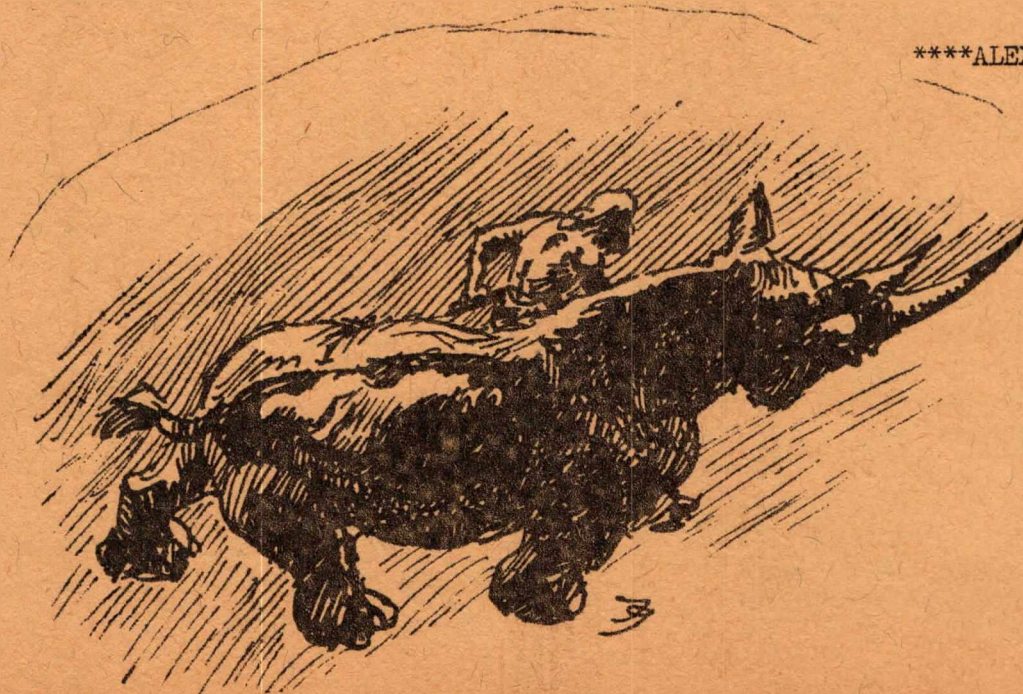
"What do the Coffee-Mate play?"

"Congo drum, snare drum, and field drum and tympani in the percussion section. Bagpipe, trumpet and sitar for the rest. Carol Jones is the vocalist. She's really great - she has a surgically implanted pick up, so she takes the amplifier jack under her shirt, turns her back to the audience and plugs herself in. She can't sing, but she makes it on personality. A great act."

"We have a light show, too," he added. "A pyrotechnic display backed up by lasers and strobe lights."

At this point, I regret to report that I chickened out.

****ALEXIS A. GILLILAND****



GANDHI
WAS RIGHT



LT BODE'S ILL

I didn't quite realize what a Pandora's Box of wrath and bad things I was getting into when I made the simple and, in my opinion, quite truthful statement, "Bode is an incredibly bad artist". Nice and simple. Straight to the point.

As even the most superficial reader of this periodical has discerned, not all agree with my sentiments.

In the interests of fair play and all that jazz, I would now like to relay the other side's views (or at least differing from my own). All of the following have been taken from LoC's on #5.

KEN FLETCHER: #1 member of APA 45 and very good cartoonist::: It has been touched on before, Bob, but a lot of the heat Bode is getting has been because his style is "different" -- 'cartoonish! would be the term used. Unfortunately, the fact that his illos illustrated the story well is disregarded in the rush to put down a style relatively strange to sf prozines.

Sad to say, Bode has two problems: (1) The art-oriented conservatism of some sf readers and fans. (Jack Gaughan has been educating us for 6+ years in the GALAXY pubs -- and I bet there are still enclaves of fans who would prefer to have the prozines illoed by a dozen robot draftsmen). ((And I like Virgil Finlay, too!))

(2) Bode does not want to sacrifice his own distinctive style just for the sake of making it easier for sf readers and fans to digest it. In some of the things he has tried to illustrate, this works against him -- it becomes difficult to convey what he wants to illustrate in his distinctive 'cartoonish' style. Sometimes he fails in such cases; sometimes the illo has turned out great because of the work he had to put into it.

Please, Bob, realize that what Bode has done is a logical progression from what has been done in the past. The 'cartoonish' style has been used sometimes occasionally, sometimes frequently by such prozine artists as Cartier, Freas, Wood, Don Martin, Finlay, Gaughan, and even your "ideel": Ed Emshwiller (illos: "Comic Inferno"- Brian Aldiss - Feb. '63 GALAXY)

And as Gaughan has influenced proart and fanart, Bode is influencing proart and fanart. Right now.

I, Ken the Fletcher, in my unhumble and semi-professional cartoonist opinion, say that Vaughn Bode is an original and great Cartoonist. By Cartoonist I mean a person who writes, scripts, and draws his own cartoons and comic strips and who creates the universes behind them.

JAY KINNEY: fan artist of no little renown::: I believe I shall now jump into the controversy over whether Bode is a good artist or not. I think that he is in the weird situation of possibly being the WORST proartist and the BEST fanartist. His work in IF was rather crude, to say the least. Not particularly polished at all. BUT, if you have seen SHAGGY or the latest ODD...I suspect that you might have changed your mind about whether he has talent or not. For the comicstrips he has in those zines, his heavy style is just right. He has more detail in those strips than in IF... and his own writing and thots are involved --- where he really shines. The problem may be that the man is a fair-to-lousy illustrator but a good-to-fine artist. Illustrating other's works he can't get too heated up...but doing his OWN...he gets inspired and turns out good stuff. I dunno...this may seem to contradict what Gaughan was saying about Bode...But I suspect that Jack has read the stories that Bode illustrated and so could say that the pictures illustrated whereas I (my lack of time being what it is) didn't read the stories but merely took the pictures in IF on their own. Which makes a difference. But regardless...Bode's work outside IF gets me excited and arouses emotions in me (and thus functions as art) whereas his work in IF serves only as illustration for another's writing---and so has to be judged in conjunction with the fiction....

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And now we come to the ultimate in defense of Bode, as Paul Walker writes as open letter:

Dear Sandworm,

A Hugo for Vaughn Bode!

Is it possible?

In this Zoom-Zoom age of Zoom-Zoom SF?

Hugos for Gaughan, for Jones, for Emsh, for Powers....

None for Bode.

Boo-hoo, I said, you smell like empty beer cans, stale and shallow.

Those Zoom-zooms share their pencils. Split their LSD. Go to the same analyst.

Zoom-zooms are good names for them. All the glitter of pyrite.

What has Bode got but what he can see?

The point -- he sees. He draws what he sees. He sees and sees. See Bode see.

Gaughan knows how to sell. He sees what is expected and sells. See Gaughan sell.

Sell, Gaughan, sell.

Bode just sees and draws what he sees. See, Bode, see.

Funny, yes. Be funny, Bode. Cartoons, Bode.

The world is mad, or kind of mad, or out of its friggin' mind.

Bode cuts, Bode frightens, Bode sees. There is a savage in Bode that sees
savage and frightens and they call it cartoons. Bode sees.

They cannot see but only know and call it seeing but it is only blindness to seeing.

It is Zoom-zooming.

It is dull.

It is cracking with age.

It is sick with fasionable decay. It is Gaughan singing his monotone. Jones
muttering. Emsh aping.

Gimme that old time Zooming, it is good enough for me.

Bode sees and what he sees is there in a special kind of way because it is a man
seeing and that is the best thing a man does, seeing, his own way, not
knowing, just seeing as hard as he can, and then showing you what he sees
and what it feels like to see and putting it down on paper. No Zoom-zoom.
No phony so-called dreams. Just what he sees and what it feels like to see
and leaving it at that.

Not good enough for Fred Pohl, I'm told.

Insulting to Vardeman, he says.

Inferior, others mumbled.

Bode outrages the shadows with the brightness of his being.

STOP Bode!

No Hugo for Bode!

Give us the dreams that ring the cash register and plunk in our pockets.

Let us Zoom-zoom about the Zoom-zoom universe.

No Hugo for Bode.

No Love for Bode.

No seeing for Bode.

Very ill advised. For seeing Bode is seeing how to see and how to see leads to seeing all the time and seeing all the time one catches sight of one's self and is blinded. Better never to see at all, but to think one sees, to live in the wonderful world of Zoom-zoom where it is all Mickey Mouse and Thumper.

Bad Bode.

No Hugo for Bad Bode.

He does not understand that it is all a dream and it is ugly to awake. He is alive and awake and seeing and nobody loves him.

Go to sleep, Bode. Go to sleep with the rest of them and never wake up and start dreaming and stop seeing and live death with the rest of them.

It is much nicer that way.

For the rest of them.

Yours,

Paul

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I guess that about cleans out the files on the pro-Bode side (see Jack Gaughan's letter in #5 for still further pro-Bode sentiments).

I would like to make a few final statements on this whole deal (naturally). It seems that what all the pro-Bode forces are trying to say is that "Bode is an incredibly bad illustrator - but as a cartoonist he is something else again." I freely admit that the material in his comic strips in Shaggy and Odd and SF Opinion are better than 95% that found in the Sunday comics. About the only strips that are better are Wizard of Id, DC and Peanuts (altho I have a warmness in my heart for Born Loser, too). The rest is pure crud. 103% crud, yet.

Bode gets his idea across well - but that doesn't change my opinion of his art work. While some (like the Shaggy strip) have shown themselves to be far better than his pro work, the vast majority of his illos are inferior to Gaughan's, Barr's and some of the newer faces (like Lovenstein). Granted that these are the cream of the fanart crop, Bode still doesn't compare well with them.

In summary, Bode can easily compete with the pro comics artists on the basis of material - but comes off second best in the art line. His written stuff is good and occasionally transcends itself to great - but his artwork? Passable at best, featureless at worst.

I never realized that one small statement could ever stir up such a hue and cry as mine has. But still, I think it is making those (both pro and con - altho I seem to be about the only con in the crowd) examine just why they like (in my case, dislike) Bode. So be it.

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AND Auntie Fannish strikes again from her creaking rocking chair....

One of the strangest tales involves the war between the two planets of Mecca and Heyjudea, the former populated by followers of Islam and the latter by neo-Jewish merchants. The war, virtually a jihad, had been raging for many years and as a result each planet had developed a corps of select and highly trained soldiers.

The True Warriors of Mohammed (known simply as The True) were fierce, proud fighting men and the Dayans of Heyjudea were equally brave but as history relates, much more resourceful.

It has been known for many centuries that the bagel was a weapon of war (Cf. A Critical Analysis of the Bagel as a Weapon in Modern Warfare by Ted Pauls published in Kipple, a mid-twentieth century fanzine), and the Heyjudeans used it to great effect. "Mining" the space around Mecca with bagels and then decoying the Meccan ships off planet had the desired result. The Meccan ships were instantly holed and put out of commission when they blasted thru the bagels (a bagel, after all, is at least as hard as a meteoroid).

The terms the Heyjudeans proposed were very stringent and caused The True much anguish and loss of face. Either The True would publicly denounce Mohammed and Mecca (and burn their prayer rugs in front of a US embassy) or the Heyjudeans would start a space bombardment of Mecca with bagels. And without an active spaceforce to stop the bombardment...it would mean the annihilation of Mecca.

What choice but to accept the Heyjudean terms and denounce the Prophet? Well, children this ends Auntie's tale but if you want to read more about it, just look up The Shaming of The True in any history book.

A BOOK REVIEW OR TWO

To start things off, I'd like to review a few of the ACE Specials which have crossed my path in the past couple months. I've already reviewed Why Call Them Back from Heaven (only a fair book), The Lincoln Hunters (good Tucker) and Witches of K arres (merely delightful) missing only Past Master. Why I happened to miss Past Master is beyond me - simply an oversight since I've found that the Ace Specials - while not each and every one a classic - are fairly entertaining reading and are, for the most part, well written.

THE TWO TIMERS by Bob Shaw: Ace H-79, 60¢:: I am usually turned off by parallel worlds and doppelgangers and stuff like this but Shaw handles these trite topics so well I found myself engrossed in the book almost in spite of myself. This is a most hard book to give even a sketchy plot outline on since practically everything in the story is so well tied together to form a complete and straight to the point whole. Shaw's characters are finely delineated and the science isn't too improbable (Jack Speer would say it is quite possible but that's another story). This book isn't Hugo quality but it has a soundness about it that is almost too rare among sf today. A good solid story worth reading.

THE REVOLVING BOY: Gertrude Friedberg: Ace H-58, 60¢:: This one was just barely worth the price of admission. It concerns a boy born in free fall who orients himself towards some point in space. As a result of his moving around and the motion of the earth (and one presumes, of the sun itself) he must twist and turn to maintain an absolute orientation in space. Blech. The story totally is a loss as is the ending but the characterization (while nothing great) makes the book. And strangely enough, it isn't the main character that is well depicted but the supporting characters who come and go - more's the pity. Buy The Two Timers before this one if you have to choose.

PICNIC ON PARADISE: Joanna Russ: Ace H-72, 60¢:: Again, here is a story strong on characters and weak on everything else. The heroic trek didn't come off, the dangers were purely deus ex machina and the motivation for placing a BC Greek in the far AD on another planet was flimsy. I certainly don't know of any human like any described here (altho I do remember reading the case history about the boy who thought he was a robot). A basically ho-hum book.

RITE OF PASSAGE: Alexei Panshin: Ace A-16, 75¢:: Now this is a book I considered for a Hugo. I've since re-read it and decided that Niven's Slowboat Cargo is better but this shouldn't detract from Panshin's achievement with Rite of Passage. Reviews of this book that I've seen seem to realize that Panshin was using Heinlein's technique but fail to appreciate how well Alexei has copied the master. This book is everything that Heinlein has tried to do but done well without many of the flaws (such as the syrupy "cuteness" so many of RAH's juv characters display). Panshin has written a didactic book preaching Heinleinisms all along the way until the last chapter when the characters have a turn of opinion - and, presumably, become adults. Flaws, yes. One of the worst is Panshin's 14 yr old girl's behavior patterns - very un-14 yr oldish. But then Panshin is dealing with a Heinlein individual - an unusual type person. The story involves the coming of age and the primitive "rite of passage" required of all members of the starship community (here is part of the plot from Tunnel in the Sky and, to a lesser degree, that from Orphans of the Sky). Earth has destroyed itself amid overpopulation and avariousness but a few starships managed to escape the final and absolutely destructive war. The starship crews set themselves up as distributors of knowledge (piecemeal) to the planetary settlers in exchange for raw materials. The point Panshin is making is that the starship crews are parasites on the settlers. When it is found that one of the planet's internal policies are identical to that of Earth's (with a goodly bit of totalitarianism thrown in) and that the inhabitants of Tintera are willing to murder to attain their goals (of unlimited population expansion and military domination of other planets) it is decided to destroy the planet. And so it comes to pass.

Bad says Panshin. What he should have been trying to say was that it is possible to learn from history. But that isn't too humanistic an outlook. I believe that the starship was quite justified in destroying the planet, a curative surgery to remove the cancers of overpopulation (or rather unchecked birth rates), military conquest and dictatorial ambitions. Were we wrong in stopping Hitler? Was the starship wrong in preventing a planet of Hitlers? The other view (which is Panshin's) is that the starships had arbitrarily set themselves up as gods dishing out bits of knowledge to the good and withholding from the bad (meaning ones they didn't approve of). Face it, Nature is a blabbermouth. The planetary people could have built up a technology to meet their own needs if they had wanted to. Slow? Sure. But wouldn't that have been better than begging from the starships? But back to the point, was the starship justified in destroying Tintera. Panshin says no because this is a policy of maintaining the status quo. Period. Maintaining the status quo is bad. Period. The obvious fallacy is that the starship members could see that the new order was not going to be benevolent and had proven itself to be quite ruthless.

Get the book.

Read it. Decide for yourself.

WINE OF THE DREAMERS (Fawcett R1994, 60¢) & BALLROOM OF THE SKIES (Fawcett, R1993, 60¢) both by John D. MacDonald:: The first is my favorite of the pair of reprints from the early fifties. Wine concerns a Arthur Clarke-ish City and the Stars society and its influence on earth. No profound points raised, good solid story and a most entertaining book. If you haven't read it previously (as Planet of the Dreamers, too) don't miss it this time around. Ballroom reminds me of Leiber's Change War stories - two groups of beings fighting over, around and sometimes thru human beings and without homo sap's knowledge. Another enjoyable book which make a dull afternoon pass quickly. Both are good buys.

WORLDS TO COME: ed. Damon Knight: Gold Medal R1942, 60¢:: I would say that this is what an sf fan should give to a non-sf reader for a start. A bit of Bradbury Mars is Heaven!), time-honored Asimov (Martian Way), RAH (Ordeal in Space) plus stories from such notables as Jim Blish (His Sunken Universe is among his best short story efforts), Kornbluth, John D. MacDonald, Dudrys, HB Pyfe and lastly Arthur Clarke. I say lastly because his Sentinel ("...the germ that grew into the smash motion picture 2001: A Space Odyssey") is the poorest in the collection. I would guess that it was tossed in as a selling point when just about any of the others could have been used just as easily - altho not as effectively outside sf circles. One good point about this collection is that Knight has slyly added a list of books by each of the authors at the end as "Suggested reading". Almost all of the books he lists are very good representatives for the field of sf. While probably nothing new for the sf reader of some standing, this is a dandy intro to the field for a newcomer.

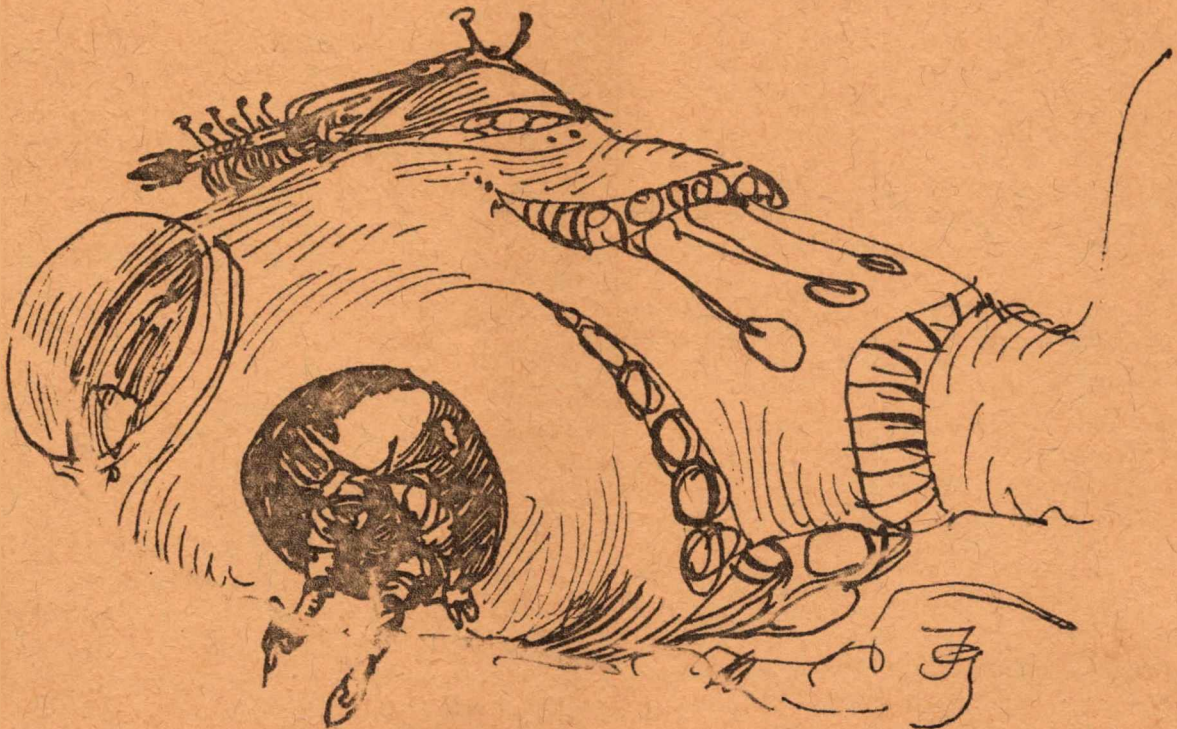
DANGER PLANET: Brett Sterling: Popular Library 60-2335, 60¢:: As much of a space opera aficionado as I am, I still think 60¢ is a bit steep for a Capt. Future book. The plot is pure corn as is everything else about the story. Nostalgia just isn't what it used to be, I guess. The cover by Jones (I think it is by Jones - no credit given) shows he does astronomical art far better than he does people.

TIME MACHINE/WAR OF THE WORLDS: Fawcett T384, 75¢: HG Wells:: Both of these books are standadr sf library stories and any sf library without both of them isn't really much of a library. 256 pages of good reading (I enjoyed re-reading The Time Machine especially since it is my favorite Wells story). If you haven't gotten a copy of Time Machine/War of the Worlds, you can't be much of an sf collector.

STRANGE BEASTS & UNNATURAL MONSTERS: Fawcett R1166, 60¢:: In spite of the title, there are a couple very good stories included here. The classic The Birds by Daphne du Maurier, Wells' tale of AEpyornis Island plus some stories by Bradbury (Skeleton) Bram Stoker, Conan Doyle and some unknown character named Will F. Jenkins (whoever he might be - he be the recipient of the First Fandom Hall of Fame award next year, I bet.)

STAR QUEST: Dean Koontz: Ace H-70, 60¢ backed with DOOM OF THE GREEN PLANET by Emil Petaja::: After reading A Darkness in My Soul and a couple other shorts by Dean, I figured his first novel would be a wowser. It wasn't. Panshin and Geston both turned out first novels that were far and away above the average; Dean seems to have taken a more standard route and turned out a novel with potential and little else. He wraps some of McLuhan's ideas up with Delany mutants and Laumer fighting machines (and tosses in a Saberhagen-like mechanical library) and came up with just pieces of a story. The society is rather unbelievable but this isn't much of a hindrance. What put me off was the All-American hero in his armed and armored fighting machine. That machine was simply too much to be believable. A cyborg is fine - but why put a complete tissue culture to grow a new body for the brain? Answer, so the hero can grow himself a new body. Ah well, maybe that the traumatic experience of the first book is over Dean can go on to explore his own themes with his own characters. The cover by Morrow was also disappointing. I think some mixup occurred and Jack Gaughan sent me the cover illo by mistake (which is reproduced below). Morrow is a good artist but his forte is not color work. Doom (on the flip side) is not even worth commenting on. And the Podwil cover is below par even for Podwil.

THE LAST STARSHIP FROM EARTH: John Boyd, Book Club edition::: A totally strange book and, just for the writing style, worth the price. The wordage and syntax is almost unbelievable and just this makes it seem like it might be possible. On another time track (yes, another one of those - and this one is a Wandering Jew story, too) the State controls society by controlling the genetic matings. Nothing new in this 1984 outlook but the style in the first couple chapters is so stilted that I found myself enjoying it more than the story (which is pretty standard). Such witty sayings as "Proof of the pile is in the protons" and this from a priest, "My son, they tell me you lost your head over a bit of tail" make the book. You may not like it. It doesn't have much else to recommend it (but if you do try it, you just might find yourself liking it, too.)



While the editorship of Sandworm does not condone this sort of thing, we feel that the message contained in the following missive stolen from the desk of one John Doe by Robert Willingham should be imparted to SWorm's readers. Therefore, thru the auspices of Robert Willingham's sticky fingers, the letter is reproduced:

ATTENTION: Board of Directors

From: You Betcha Advertising Co, Inc. Ltd.

TO: Mansfield's of Monroe, Pennsylvania, Garters and Brassieres Manufacturers

Gentlemen:

We are pleased to have MoM become one of our clinets. From now on, your company will receive the finest modern advertising available from our agency. An increase in sales is guaranteed within a few months of this date. If not sooner. You betcha!

For now, we'd like to go over a few preliminaries and see what form your campaign will take. Our computers have firmed up some hard-hitting lines that seem to us fitting for your product and worthy of your consideration. Any one could skyrocket sales and produce amazing results when given the full exposure on all media. Please examine them and see how they shape up. They are:

- 1) You're in good hands with MoM
- 2) No one should be without a MoM
- 3) You'll look five pounds heavier in a living s-t-r-e-t-c-h MoM
- 4) Anybody can build a bra. But only MoM builds them like Mom.
- 5) MoM helps you feel at home -- fast!
- 6) Don't send flowers. Send MoM.
- 7) MoM -- if you want more than support in your bra
- 8) It took careful planning to put MoM where it is today
- 9) MoM: the bra bra-wearers wear
- 10) It's not how big you make them, it's how you make them big
- 11) Instructions for self-defense included with every MoM
- 12) MoM won't let you down
- 13) It's what's up front that counts
- 14) MoM's : so round, so firm, so fully packed
- 15) The Grabber

Please let us know how you like these preliminary suggestions. Some of them are obviously winners. If any of the enclosed slogan's strike your fancy we will immediately begin organizing your campaign.

Also, please let us know how much \$\$\$ you are willing to spend as this is an important factor in determining which mode (PLAYBOY, radio, boob tube) will be used to disseminate the Big Lie.

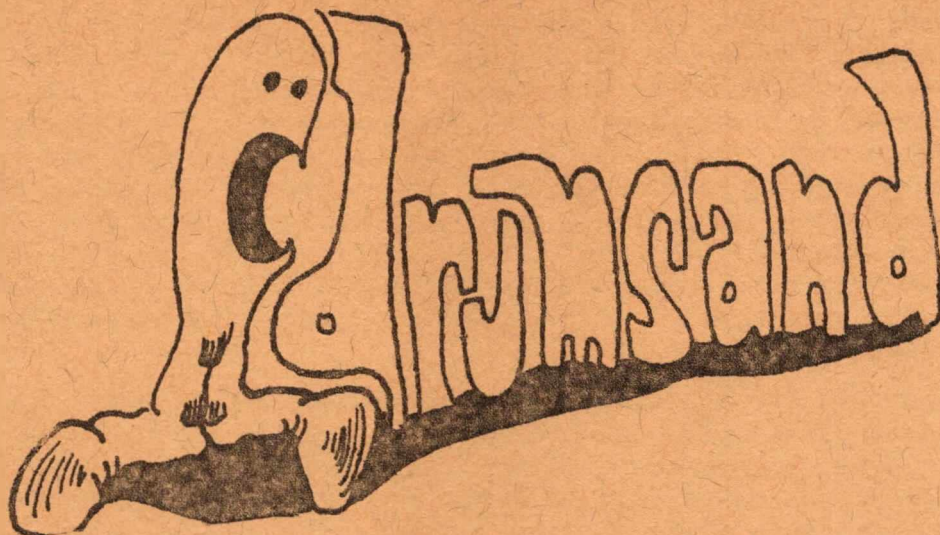
We all think that ours will be a most successful campaign, profitable for both MoM and You Betcha. You betcha!

Sincerely yours,

John Doe,

Pres, Y.B. Ads

JD:rw



Fmz review time again and I must admit that I've been getting more zines than it is humanly possible to read. My criteria for review this time are simple - the zine looked interesting (and was) and it was/is worth the price of admission. In other words all the reviewed zines have my stamp of approval (my stamp of approval and a dime buys you a cup of coffee in most places - in higher class joints you need 15¢).

GRANFALLOON #5: Linda Eyster & Suzzane Tompkins: 4921 Forbes Ave, apt. 103, Pittsburgh PA, 15213: all the usual::: Gf has turned into one of the most meticulously produced publications that flop into my mailbox. In addition to being well laid out, the artwork is fabulous and the written material is quite good. Most interesting is the series of letters between JWC and Steve Lewis concerning Harrison's Horse Barbarians and censorship/editing/revision. Assorted other things round out the issue. If more zines were like Gf I might actually take the time to read more from cover to cover (from Sea to Shining Sea, too, maybe).

NARGOTHROND: Alan G. Thompson, Box 72, North Aurora, Ill. 60542::: I got this copy from Rick Brooks who is listed as editor so I don't know what kind of two-handed deal they have going for them. Rick comes thru with the two best bits in the zine, his analysis of Tolkien and his book reviews. I particularly enjoyed his book reviews, not the reason reason for which being that his tastes and mine run parallel. Well mimeo'd and with a bit more artwork and material could turn into a fine zine.

THIRD FOUNDATION: LeeKlingstein, 1435 So. Dundy #4, LA, Calif. 90025: In spite of all the reviews that pan this zine, I think it is delightful and has run some real honest-to-Ghu sf oriented material in the past that merits more than passing notice. F'rinstance, Lee's The Doomed Lensman - while this ended too abruptly it is still a surprisingly well-done culmination of the Skylark/Lens series. The sf quizzes remind me somewhat of the old column that used to run in IF and other neo-pulp zines of the last decade. Thish has one on Planets in SF: anyone who instantly (or even sooner) doesn't get Nikkeldepain, Ray-See-Nee, Solaria and Mt. Lookitthat is a fake fan. Wing IV might present some problems for many newer fans since The Humanoids/With Folded Hands.....And Searching Mind by Williamson doesn't seem to be as widely noticed as it should be. While the repro tends to be a bit on the careless side at times, 3rd Foundation does print sf oriented material which is a nice change from the multitude of zines that pound on the table for my attention. (I sometimes feel my grip on sf slipping in SWorm - but then again sometimes I feel my grip on reality slipping too. Like Now!)

/*/

If all men were kings, who'd pay the taxes?

DOUBLE BILL 18:Bill Bowers, 3271 Shallhart Rd, Barberton, Ohio 44203:: DB is very hard for me to comment on since I didn't really find one bad or even mediocre thing about this. Everything (and I mean everything) was so good that I'm almost afraid I might try and take the rest of the page describing it (it is much better getting it first hand - avoids the staleness of regurgitation, I assure you). Perhaps the very tip-top article was by Sandra Miesel who did a fine job analyzing Randy Garrett's Neo-Plantagenet stories. While I can't see that the fact that Garrett's is a fake alternate time track detracts from the story line, I greatly appreciated such a careful and thoughtful article. Again, I say, superb. Buck Coulson takes his swack at fmz and does it very entertainingly (really, Buck, I do have a lot of gall - the surgeon couldn't remember whether I needed a new heart or gall bladder and, you guessed it, he put in an extra gall bladder. So you might say I have twice as much gall as most people - and when I get stoned...)

AVERNUS: Mike Dobson, 214 Lafayette, Decatur, Alabama, 35601:: Mike's Fire and Brimstone was most interesting to me primarily because he sounds as Machiavellian as I do. Anyone interested in Nietzsche can't be all bad. (I once horrified an English teacher in high school (who was rather staid - meaning both the teacher and the HS) with my defense of Machiavelli and Machiavellianism as a sound foreign policy.) There is a thing by Matt Venable (whom I was sure had been kidnapped by a female ocarina player from Boise about a year ago) plus several poems, a few of which are even good. Bob Roehm has a review entitled A Night for Knights (which brings to mind the old saying, "Once a knight always a knight, but once a night is enough") which praises Damon Knight. I just noticed in Mike's editorial he disparages "Gne Autry and the Thunder Riders" which is one of my all time favorites - I never miss a Frankie Darrow movie.

BE A BOHEMA: Frank Lunney, 212 Juniper, Quakertown, Pa. 18951:: Pa. seems to be a hotbed of frantic fanaticism right now. Anyway, Frank has copped a really gorgeous G ughan cover for his first ish. While the material inside isn't much, it shows great promise of becoming something worthwhile. Ed Reed has a nicely done article on Spinrad which brings up some interesting thoughts. And the primary one seems to be answered (telepathically?) by Harlan Ellison in the lettercol - why don't all the authors who gripe about censorship and not being allowed to do their thing put out a magazine for their own. Elsewhere I don't agree with Ed that F&SF is the best Am. sf zine but he wouldn't agree with my choice either (or probably yours, dear reader).

L'Ange Jacque: Ed Reed: 668 Westover, Stamford Conn, 06902:: Ed seems to be something of a New Worlds fan since he said he voted for it for Hugo. And yet he can't be a Complete Loss since he likes Zelazny (I, too, thought Keys to December was a fine story) and Delany's Aye, and Gomorrah.... Frank Lunney has a review of Men in the Jungle (seems both Frank and Ed are hung up on Spinrad - I will say this for MitJ, tho. Considering Agent of Chaos was Spinrad's first book, he has shown more improvement in his writing than any other author I can think of). A fairly good critique of Koontz's use of dream sequences is presented by Ed as a finishing piece.

SPECULATION: Peter Weston, 81, Trescott Rd, Northfield, Birmingham 31 UK: 3/\$1:: Pete produces a nicely balanced review zine with such varied things as Bulmer's 3rd Mancon speech and yet has such goodies as The Aesthetics of Evil: Thomas Disch and the Faustus Theme and thoughts about galactic gangsters (this puzzles me since it is mentioned in the ToC and not in the article - the article brings out some points about the tide turning against the New Wave).

Many other fine zines include Algol, Sirruish, Amra, a couple Trumpets, HeckMeck, The Proper Boskonian, Perihelion, Warhoon, Odd, Quip and a couple Cry (which runs its lettercol like the old Astoundings - with a little teaser before the letter). Plus an unmentionable fanzine from one who lives at 72-41 61st St. in NY state. I paid 12¢ postage due on this one and I refuse to say anything about it due to this. I would have sent it back (or rather refused it) but it had a lovely Lovenstein cover and monetary considerations were monetarily forgotten.)---enough for now. Sorry if I passed over mentioning your zine. But space is limited you know.

"WHERE THE FIT HITS THE FAH"

PARTICK STRANG: Box 567: Balboa, Calif 92661:::

I was really surprised by the quality of the artwork and the layout (except for the page numbing system) as well as the length of SW. Length for some zines I get is no virtue, but for SW it is.

Especially the art!

I may just be getting crudzines, but I don't think so. Or at least I didn't until I saw your cover. I've seen worse ones on some of the big name zines, and Doug Lovenstein is to be congratulated, despite the fact that the curve-lined effect effects are a bit reminiscent of the illos for the L. Frank Baum OZ books that I used to read about a thousand years ago. /I had originally asked Doug for a Sandwormy Plaything but when I saw that incredible monster he sent me, I decided to use it for a wrap-around cover instead.7 Whether Kinney's sagging mermaid intrigues me because of her comment on Western Civilization and Things in General or for some other reason I cannot tell, but it was a funny drawing. Humor is one thing that a lot of fanart I've seen only tries for, but trying is just better than drawing pictures of grimacing alien faces with outsized ears, noses or what-have-you. /I think I hear an outraged cry rising from the Star Trekkers out there...7 There is one of that type on the same page thirty that displays Raymond L. Clancy's fantastic TASTY BUT OBNOXIOUS, and there are some others scattered about the zine. Doesn't the BEM like curvy earthgirls, or is it just an attack of the spinning fever? /Must be the latter since, if you have ever seen a copy of PLANET STORIES, you know that all BEMs like curvy earthgirls.7

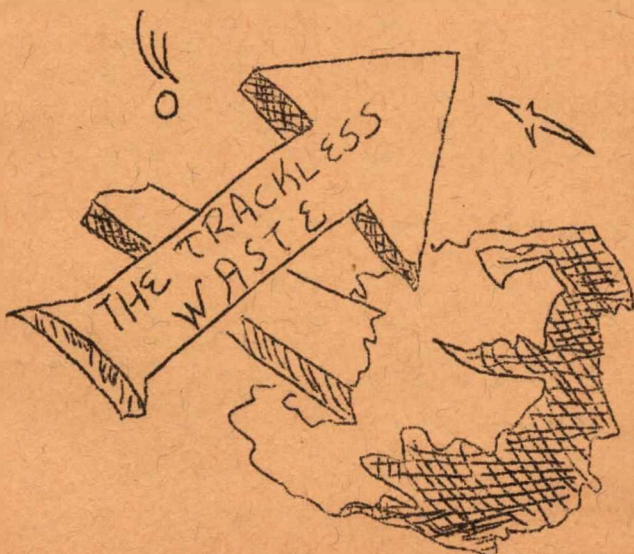
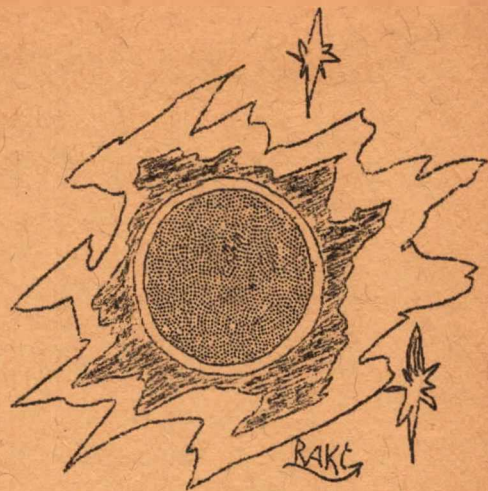
Since Jack Gaughan is the only "Jack" listed on the credits of your title page, he must be the one who drew the triumphant little mouse peering out of the vest pocket. This is labelled rather cryptically "Paxjack" and the artist should be drawing for the pros. /He is - JG is Jack Gaughan and he signs all his letters with "Pax, Jack". What intrigues me about Jack is the fantastic quality of the fanart of his I've seen (or rather, the pro work he sends to us poor faneds). Simply superb - and some is even better.7

As for Robert E. Gilbert's girl (?) on another page 30, he must have gotten heads mixed up or something. NO body beautiful should have such a face on it. With a crew cut? /Your ethnocentrism is showing, methinks.7

The first time I read THE MARTIAN I was filled with scorn for the editor that couldn't spot such an obvious plaigerism on Ray Bradbury. Then later on in the lettercol I read that it was supposed to be a parody of him. Herewith I tender my apologies. Too serious to be a true parody (perhaps more of a pastiche) but that last line was beautiful -- "I was all green and melting on the sidewalk." Since I seem to be making all sorts of unreasonable demands in this letter, I might as well keep up the tradition and point out that Ed Cox writing as Ed Cox ought to be really something. /Agreed.7

Raki is a character.

I used to get INSOMNIAC, in which there were also many wailings and lamentations and gnashing of teeth over the deplorable lack of sunlight in North Dakota. COME ON, NOW! But other fannish attempts at humor should be so good. Smythe should continue his travels and hopefully in the same semi-



biblical style. (King James?)

I will now commit the ultimate heresy for one who received his copy of SW with a ball-penned notation "Dune Fan!" Which I am. But I think LOTR is just as good, if not in some subtle ways, better. At least that's my 'umble opinion. /Perhaps I should clarify my previous remark. I meant to imply that DUNE was more enjoyable to me as LOTR is merely an adult fairy tale. A complex and well done fairy tale, but still basically meant to moralize. The moralizing in DUNE is of a more sophisticated nature leaving it up to the reader to form his own evaluation of the various situations.7 The argument for DUNE may contain objections that LOTR is "unrealistic".

Before relegating LOTR to the nursery, or the hippies, it might be a good idea to wonder whether rejection stems from Tolkien's use of such words as "dwarves", "elves", etc. in LOTR. They don't bear much relation to these same words as used to describe the gossamer-winged creatures of JACK AND JILL MAGAZINE and such books as JENNIFER GOES TO BROWNIELAND or (ugh) Lewis's NARNIA series. Perhaps if Tolkien had used his own names for the peoples of Middle Earth, Kud-Duken (hobbits) Dwerroes, Khazad (dwarves), Sindar, Eldar (elves) and Istari (Wizards) his book would not be so looked down upon. But he didn't thus creating a stumbling block to potential readers. /I don't think this would be much of an impediment to a fantasy buff and, indeed, I think it may have helped draw in non-sf/fantasy readers by using names familiar to them from childhood fairy tales. That these names don't bear a one-to-one correspondence doesn't matter since, by the time a non-fantasy reader finds out that elves aren't little people, he is totally captivated by the story or the style or both.7

I might point out in relation to DUNE that the immense series of coincidences that lead up to the rise of the prophet Muad'Dib are pretty incredible, and such people as Piter deVries and Baron Vladimir Harkonnen are a little hard to believe, none of which interfered with my enjoyment of DUNE. /All fiction necessarily depends on coincidence to a degree, otherwise you'd have a prosaic story about prosaic people. But deVries and Harkonnen I found quite believable - it was Duncan Idaho that I found a trifle unreal. Perhaps I'm too Machiavellian but characters like Count Fenring are positively delightful to me.7

Despite what both the editor and Sherna Comerford said, I think there is a great deal of similarity between Tolkien's style and that of Frank Herbert. Many of the elements of both LOTR and DUNE are biblical, and not a few of the elements of Herbert's other great novel, DRAGON IN THE SEA. Examples of religious elements in LOTR are numerous. The king that returns, the ring-bearer, (at times Frodo is so Christ-like it's irritating) who bears all the woe and evil of mankind. /JC with hairy feet - a brand new concept!7 That Herbert is also aware of religion can't be denied. DUNE is the story of the rise of a new religion; characters such as Gurney Halleck constantly quote the Bible (Orange Catholic) and in DRAGON Sparrow, the skipper, is bothered by the morality of war and the image of "the dragon in the sea".

Which I think is a good rebuttal to the idea that Herbert writes "hard science fiction", which to me implies an obsession with gadgetry and technological development. /Not necessarily so. Look at Niven and his Puppeteer stories or his organ bank cultures. Both explore the impact of a particular "hard" scientific development on people - an extrapolation of science and the changes generated by the "What if this were so..." idea are, to me at least, quite valid "hard" themes. You seem to take your definition of "hard sf" from Papa Hugo's Amazing.7

Incidentally, there was a Wormtongue in LOTR, Grima Wormtongue, adviser to Theoden, King of Rohan. He was also a spy for Saruman.

Which about sums up my worthless impressions on SW. My big disappointment was that DUNE, and such subjects as Calladan, Arrakis, Giedi Prime, and other matters pertaining to the Umma Regent are largely absent. What gives? /I, up till now that is, seemed to be about the only one interested in Dune. As always, I will gleefully accept any contrib concerning Dune be it art or written. How about something, Pat? For #7? /

ROY TACKETT: 915 Green Valley Road, Arrakis, Albuquerque.

New Mexico, 87107::: Of a certainty it is that at this late date running off Dynatron I should be. However, I am already too late for the FAPA deadline and N'APA isn't until Sept. so what the hell? Well, of course there are the paid subscribers but they should know better than to subscribe, ne? /Si/

Anyway I am having on hand the SANDWISH (Ugh!) and being the olde letter hacke that I am I feel an urge to hack a letter. If the urge gets strong enough I may even write an LoC to IF. Speaking of which, back on page 30 in the lettercol you have an interlino which you stole from Geis and no matter how many times I say it I can't seem to relate it to anything. Ell Oh See it to me, baby. Nah. /You tired old fen should be LoC'd up - maybe I'll LoC on to Dynatron just to get even./

Ah, well, there's nothing for it but to start at the cover and work to the other one. The semi-wrap-around by Doug was enjoyable however the application of a bit of shading would have helped. The stark outlines remind me too much of Bode.

My congratulations to you for actually getting through a full year with SANDWORM. It is a rare thing for a fanzine to last that long and I think it even more remarkable when one considers that you also publish a 100 page weekly. /Lasting out one full year definitely shows that I have more perseverance than brains./

So Jim Gamblin did take the plunge and sign up with the Marines. You realize, of course, that after his training being a defender of Our Country will only be an incidental thing with him. A Marine doesn't really fight for country or mom's ice cream sodas or chocolate apple pie at the corner saloon with his best girl next door and all that crap. A Marine fights for the Corps and that's it, baby. /Jim did mention that he was going to a new basic training base -- Salusa Secundus he called it./

The original title of Endore's The Furies in Her Body was Methinks the Lady. One wonders -- since I haven't seen the pb edition-- how Endore's explanation of the title of the book--on the final page--was gotten around. I'm not at all sure I would classify it as a "New Wave" type. It is a psychological thriller akin to Bloch's Psycho and an assortment of others of that type: full of Freudian references and analysis and references to dreams and sex and mother-fixations and all that crap. /You are, of course, referring to the anal stage of development with that last remark.../ I didn't know that Extreme Duress lived upstairs from you. A Frenchman, no doubt. /Yes, it was his blue Funk that I was driving the other day./

Strange that you should mention "Ample Parking". But it is only one example of the strange things that one finds in Albuquerque. For instance, last week I had occasion to make one of my infrequent trips to the downtown area and saw a sign which said "Downtown Park'n' Shop." Now it just so happens that I was in the market for a new Park'n' as the one I have now is getting a bit frayed around the edges, not to mention having a greatly diminished centerwheel. However, I was disappointed. I asked for a green one, it being my favorite color, but the attendant was unable to furnish anything in green. Alas, I shall, I fear, have to make my current Park'n' last a few more years.

The title of Bob Roehm's fanzine, Icení, is a Tasmanian word meaning "taxidermist".

Roy Tackett's column was rather dull, however, the banner of CAPA was served well by Edco whose Martian chronicle could very well have been written by Brett Sterling himself.

Here's my melon, Kali baby was a honey. /A honeydew melon, you mean?/ Do print more.

The, ah, poem by Doris the Elder Beetem (is there a younger or

ALBUQUERQUE
FOR THE '71
WESTERCON?
YOU GOTTA
BE KIDDING!



something?) wasn't much but the message came through in all of its truthfulness.

Dean

Koontz, in Mindswamp (in a Dunezine? Tsk.) desires reader reaction and there's not much I can comment on. I haven't read Nightshades and Damnations although some of the stories Dean mentions are familiar and I have read them elsewhere. Kersh is, as he says, an excellent writer and his weird fantasies are too often overlooked. I do not think that Kersh's habit of telling the reader that he is telling a story is any great flaw. They are, after all, merely stories which is all that any fiction writer gives us. A story is a story...something to pass the time a bit. You know it is a story and I know it is a story and Dean knows it is a story and if the author wants to assure us that it is a story there is no sin in that. I would agree with Dean that Harlan Ellison leaves much to be desired as an editor and that Dangerous Visions is a flawed book although we would probably disagree as to what constitutes the flaws.

I can't really agree with a wholesale condemnation of the USPOD/ /Howabout a retail one, then?/ Service is spotty. It seems to depend on where one is. For instance, a letter which Shibano posted to me from LA on Friday afternoon was delivered to my mailbox the next day. Ted Paul's KIPPLE is consistently delivered to my mailbox two days after he posts it in Baltimore. Mail going out of Albuquerque is something else as witness that it takes two weeks for DYNATRON to reach the east coast. I am not all sure just what the hold up is -- surely Albuquerque doesn't have that great a volume of outgoing mail. /But you are forgetting my 100 page weekly going out to 739 subscribers.../

The question

that comes to mind in reading Alex Eisenstein's list of best Fan Artists is: what does he mean by fan artist? I get the impression that he refers primarily to fanzine illustrators as opposed to artists who, say, participate in the annual Art Show. Such being the case I would have to challenge his listing of Landon Chesney, Sylvia Dees, Steve Fabian, Dave Ludwig, BB Sams, Dennis Smith, and Berni Wrightson. The volume of fanzines that pours thru my mailbox is rather large and, except for Sylvia Dees whose fanzine artwork is minimal that I can't recall seeing any in many many months, they are complete unknowns. Ah, I see that Fabian's credits are listed as TZ while Ludwig has appeared in Trumpet. Chesney draws for a comics zine and Wrightson doesn't draw for anything. Very amusing selecting a fanartist as one of the best because he doesn't draw for fanzines. Rather like the particle physicists proving particles exist because they don't leave any traces. /Yer skating on thin ice there, pahdnah. Watch it!/ Of those remaining on the list only Prosser, Simpson and ATom show any individuality in their work. Sorry about that. Must include George Barr who is doing some excellent work. Cameron, Cawthorn, Eddie Jones and Jeff Jones are members of the bulge and bicep school and their work is all similar. I was not impressed by the Jeff Jones portfolio in TRUMPET. /Neither was I - rather prosaic. But his cover for Leiber's most recent Mouser yarn was almost as good as his for the reissue on Jewels of Apor./ I would add Gilbert to the list of best fanzine artists. /YES! and Mike Gilbert is another Gilbert to watch./

Jack Gaughan also comments on art which is, of course, to be expected. I really can't comment on that as I have not gotten much beyond ~~the~~ Frank R. Paul or Finlay. Or maybe even Bergey or Belarski. /I still like Edd Cartier and Schneeman so I guess I'm a lost cause, too./ ("I don't know anything about art but I know what I like...") Let me say this, that, yes, an artist should be able to work however he wants to express his ideas and, ah, feelings. I am appreciative of graphics and mobiles and collages and montages although I do draw the line at garbages and the obvious put-ons. I can appreciate photo-like realism and dream-like abstractions BUT it seems to me that the function of an illustrator is to illustrate.

I can judge Piers Anthony only by his letter. I have read CHTHON and enjoyed it and intend to read it again for I feel it is a book that one must read more than one time to get the full flavor and feel of. I have read a couple of his short works concerning an interstellar dentist which struck me as being a fine idea for a set of stories although I was somewhat turned off by his ambulating oysters and talking trees and the like. They remind me of the type of thing done by popular television comedians whenever they perform a skit about ancient Rome or Greece and are not, from

9

my point of view, particularly funny. So I can judge him only on the basis of three or four stories and his letter. He says, "As a fan I was insufferable; as a pro I am entertaining..." Taking only his letter into account I would say that as a pro he is likewise ~~insufferable~~.

CHTHON was good. No argument at all. According to the blurb, Piers Anthony worked on the book for a number of years and it shows. An excellent story and an excellent example of the writer's craft. "Getting Through University" was something else. Piers Anthony writes a letter as if he were doing you a favor by writing you a letter. I suggest that Mr Anthony's perch on the ladder of literary success is not as high as he seems to think. One successful novel and a handful of mediocre short stories does not make a writer. Neither does writing insufferable letters.

Tsk, Dean Koontz, 'tis not a hole of a state but a hill of a state. Cry not about editorial interjections into letters. That is the editor's prerogative and the chance the letterhack takes. Some are more reserved, of course, but others are, hmmm, otherwise, I guess.

Vardeman is otherwise. He is fannish. That's the worst kind.

Hey,
it seems that our gal Kay got under Ted White's skin there for a moment. Have heart, old Ted, she's not really that bad. Best thing to do with Kay is to get her started talking about old movies she's seen on television. She forgets everything else. /I have to agree with you there, Roy./

Well, no, what Uncle Hugo really said was "In saeculorum saeculorum" which means "When you visit Saecula be sure to sample the native rum." /And here I thought he said, "Soc et tuum"./

Sherma Comerford's question concerning Mercury's rotation is typical, I think of the bulk of Star Trekkers. They are greatly attracted by Spock's ears and Kirk's bare chest or Uhura's legs but other than that they haven't the faintest idea what it is all about.

Why does she switch from "I" to "we" midway thru her letter? /She and Devra Langsam usually write dual handled letters and I guess she forget she was doing this one by herself./

Dum vivimus vivamus

Roy

/*/

Death is Nature's warning to slow down

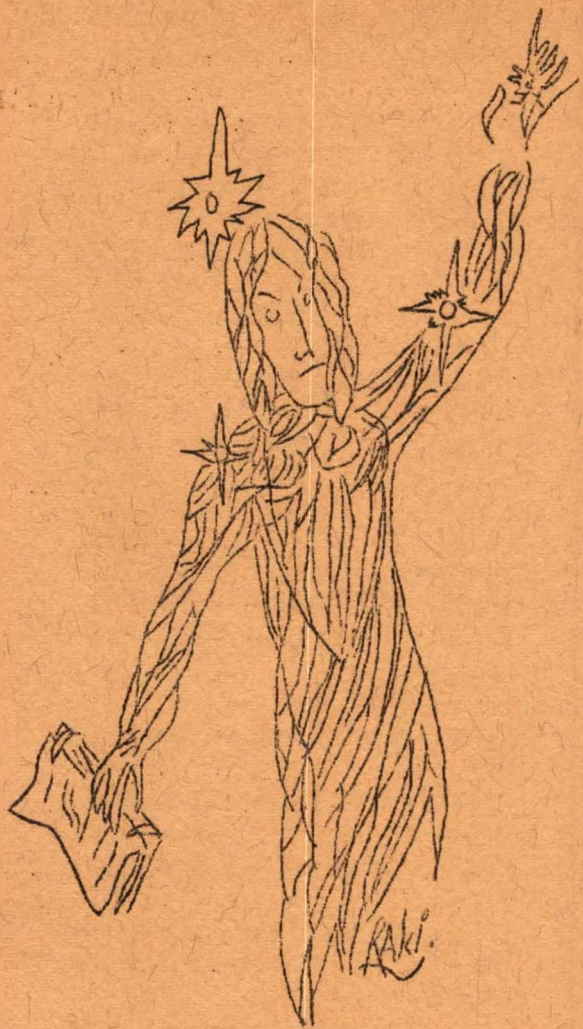
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PIERS ANTHONY: whom I quote in full:: Bob Vardeman: ignoramus turned fanned::SANNNDWISH arrived about three weeks ago, and seems much improved. I'm almost tempted to make a serious comment, but since you don't want it, will confine myself to refuting your mis-statements. #5, p.30a (my letter)like 35: see #4, p. last, lns. 25, 46. #5, p. 30a, ln. 38: And I'll bet you also think political conventions nominate the people's choice. Chances are that long after you have gaffiated, I'll still be selling SF--to editors. #5, p. 30c, ln. 8: see #4, p. 25 (Gaughan letter), lns. 31, 36. Clear? It is a time-honored tactic, setting up straw men to knock down when you have no real ones you can handle, but not my idea of integrity. Thanks, anyway, for honoring my pseudonym. May you receive much material from those you deem worthy of contributing it.

Sincerely,

Piers A.

/I think John Campbell answered your arguments best with his comments to Norman Spinrad at Baycon. JWC said he prints what sells. Period. He is, whatever else you might think of him, one of the living legends of stf history and has proved over a 30 year period that he is a successful editor. And he candidly says he prints what sells. If he started printing material such as in New Worlds, Analog's readership would drift away. And in all probability JWC would be out of a job as editor. I imagine the like is true of Pohl and Ferman and their zine's readerships./



CAROL LEE: 91-46 80th Street: Woodhaven, NY 11421:::

With a zine like this I've discovered that before I can write down my comments, insults, requiems, indignations, eulogies, blasphemies, condemnations, and epitaphs, I must assume the proper frame of reference -- that of a pompous hyper-intellectual snob with an unabridged vocabulary and a superiority complex. Ahem. Perhaps even puff on my brother's pipe and sneer a bit in Harlanesque style.

Why should I bother with such rigmarole? Because half way through the ish I realized that by the time I finished reading your vindictive, over-blow /sic/, hoof-in-mouth verbiage, I'd have to add my own scathing views to those already scorching the leaves of your construction paper zine. /You dare malign Twil-tone? Ghu save us!/ Like the rest of the LoCers, I don't wish to exhibit my emotions in public (are we all Vulcans?) and therefore don my cloak of cheesecloth dignity and proceed to annihilate everything in sight -- namely Sandworm. My only regret is that as a member of the female sex I cannot say all that I think and still remain a lady. Nevertheless, now that I've inflated my ego, I shall commence.

SWish is the first zine I've encountered in which the LoCs actually compete with the zine itself. /But the lettercol is an integral part, even the most important from one point of view, of any fanzine.7 Twenty-one pages of LoCs (and bagels) in #5. That's almost half the ish! Speaking of ishes (or was it knishes?), your abbreviated slang, or sub-literatims, gave me a cosmic cramp in the psyche. All those ishes, ToCs, LoCs, fans, fens /Fens?/, egoboos, stfnals, thishes, Blishes, thots, zines, illos,

cons, fan fics, ye eds, Sandwormishnesses, not to mention words that are spelled inside out, i.e.: GIUDICHAR, faanish, and a book entitled "Chthon". (Pardon while I hcterw.)

At the risk of causing you to write a catehism, may I ask who the Sam hill this ghod character is for whom you've reserved a doodle space on page ____ (ha ha! I won't tell you what page it's on. You didn't number them.) /If you are referring to the doodle space on page 30 (and I did enumerate each page in the ToC), it was Edco's. If you had bothered to read the line after Ed's name, you'd have known that he is our club ghod. Perhaps you just skipped over that bit of information (which all trufen should have known anyway).7

Sherna Comerford, of Spockanalia (one of the only two females to appear in #5) /Just what are Doris Beetem and Shirley Meech?7 is right about your unpagination. What goes anyway? /Usually the page numbers since so small a zine has little use for them.7 Do you have a letch (hctel) /??7 for the number thirty? It appears twenty times in the ToC, and six more times throughout the zine -- on pages 7, 8, 12, 18, 44 and 45 if you count the cover as page one. /No. It was page 30.7 The real page thirty is not even indicated, however. Could this be some sort of code? In journalism and various other places, the number thirty indicates "the end" of a story or news flash. Are you trying to tell us something? /Maybe that #5 was the end of a year of publishing and the beginning of the next.7

And another thing. What is a Sanndwish? Is it something to eat or something one gets from his fairy beach nymph? /I wouldn't touch that last

line for anything. Let me ask you, what do you get from your fairy beach nymph?/

While I'm slandering names, is the Frank Herbert you refer to any relation to the Frank Herbert Wind of KBT infamey /sic/ /I can't say. What is KBT? Any relation to ktp.? Jack Speer will be proud of me for this one: note, one nit to be picked: You may be libelling names but you didn't slander any in you LoC.7 And since I've gone this far, I might as well commit some more libel. /Good, you're catching on.7 I cannot look at the in-artistic perpetrations of REG without thinking of a Regular Bloodworm. Why any five year old with a ten cent compass could draw circles around him. On second thot, perhaps that's a compliment. After all, I haven't met REG so I couldn't say. /Needless to say, I couldn't disagree with you more. As always, if any of the readership thinks they can do better than any artist (or writer) appearing in these pages, they are more than welcome to make a submission to me. So, Carol, unless you can put up...7

As for your reviews, I question their validity to the Xth degree (Yes, I know you have 98.6 of them.) Recently I had the dubious pleasure to scrounge up a copy of your "Requiem for Star Trek", the title of which, after intensive investigation, reveals that you've a strong desire to become an under taker (or at least a taker of unders). /I always did hold a fondness for the under dog in my heart. Perhaps that's why I'm sticking with ST until it ceases its death agonies and finally dies.7 Once again we are blessed by REG and his misinterpretations of artwork, along with those amusing little code numbers of his. /I bet you laugh yourself silly over Social Security numbers, too.7 Back to your reviews. Apparently you judged each ST episode on a mother goose standard. If a show was flashy, full of colorful scenery, and had a Mickey Mousekaplot, you gave it a passing grade, i.e.: Catspaw, Who Mourns for Adonis /sic/, I Mudd. If there was any indication of a more mature theme where the characters are developed, you gave it a thundering flunk, i.e.: Amok Time. /I also voted for City on the Edge of Forever for the Hugo after such worthies as Devil in the Dark and Space Seed were passed over.7 In your criticism of the Deadly Years you get up tight because the characters use adrenalin to counteract the aging process. However, you fail to criticize the fact that even if adrenalin worked (which is absurd to begin with), it could not reverse the aging process. And, even if we went along with that theory, how would McCoy know enough not to give an overdoes and turn himself, Kirk, Spock, Scotty et al into infants? /I figured that after pointing out that adrenalin couldn't work, any intelligent person could carry the arguments from there. I never claimed to totally dissect every episode - I'd still be at it if I had tried. You fail to mention that adrenalin would probably speed up aging. And that Spock's metabolism is Cu based and adrenalin probably wouldn't be of the same chemical make-up. With that particular episode, it is a lost cause trying to go much further than I did since it is almost too easy to find the flaws. As to your seeming condemnation of I, MUDD let me ask you this. What did you think of Williamson's THE HUMANIDS? I, MUDD was very loosely adapted and had the further benefit of being funny - something that happens too often on ST (and unintentionally for the most part).7

There are strong indications that you are unfit to pilot a CoC (column of comment) and I respectfully suggest that you relinquish command to your first officer before disaster befalls the entire zine. Under such circumstances, where do you get the cheek to stand in judgment of other zines? /I got that particular cheek from Bob Bloch after he had finished dissecting the little boy that wandered into his castle one day.7 (Judge not that you may not be judged...etc.) /And what may I ask, are you doing?7 Just because you are lucky enough to have a decent mimeograph machine doesn't make your zine any better than anyone else's. Mayhap you are publishing a crudzine and don't know it?

Furthermore, you've got a heckofagaul to charge 20¢ per ish and sell a four ish subscription for \$1.00. Anyone with an elementary knowledge of an abacus knows that it should be five ishes for a buck. Prithee, (I typeth with a lithp) you aren't a Klingon, are you? /Only my hairdresser knows for sure.7 Then again it may only be a typo. /It wasn't. I don't want any subs past #9 and that was the most effective way of preventing people with more dollars than sense from sending in a sub for 99 yrs.7

PS:

Well, you asked for it. /Indeed I did and thank you. I find much too much hypocrisy in this old world and you are a refreshing blast of hot air. Again, many thanks.7

/*/

15

BOB TUCKER: Box 506, Heyworth, Ill. 61745:: I was greatly puzzled by your note on the contents page (page 30) of the current Sandworm, and I wondered what in the world you were talking about. Eventually I worked my way back to the book reviews (on page 30), read the double-feautred billing you gave my two literary masterpieces, and still wondered why you were apologizing. The reviews weren't that bad. But it wasn't until two or three days later that I finished the fanzine, and then (on page 30) I discovered the point of reference: Ted White's letter.

To put your mind at ease quickly, no, I wasn't slighted, or hurt or anything. I didn't respond to the last issue because I'm eccentric, you know; I only write letters when I feel like it, or when there is no other diversion at hand such as women or booze or *work*. (That's a four letter word, so watch it.) If I had been upset at your remarks in the previous issue, I would have mailed you a nasty blank postcard and you could have filled in the scolding you thought you deserved. (Like "Fout on you!" which causes the recipient to cringe and cower.) You would have been well punished. So relax, and tell Kay Anderson to do likewise. She had better take cover. Ted White is a wrathful man when aroused.

Piers Anthony seems to be a most angry man. I wonder why he doesn't just throw the 4 fanzines in the wastebasket, if he doesn't want to waste time on them? I know of two full-time SF writers who also have time to publish their own fanzines and contribute to other fanzines (one of them appears in your letter column, Bob). And I can think of another who contributes letters and verse to a few of the fanzines, after spending the daylight hours on his manuscripts. I guess Anthony is just angry, and impatient. /I might also point out Jack Gaughan's generosity and prodigious output both professionally and fannishly. The work he sent me for thish could as easily have been sold as given away.7

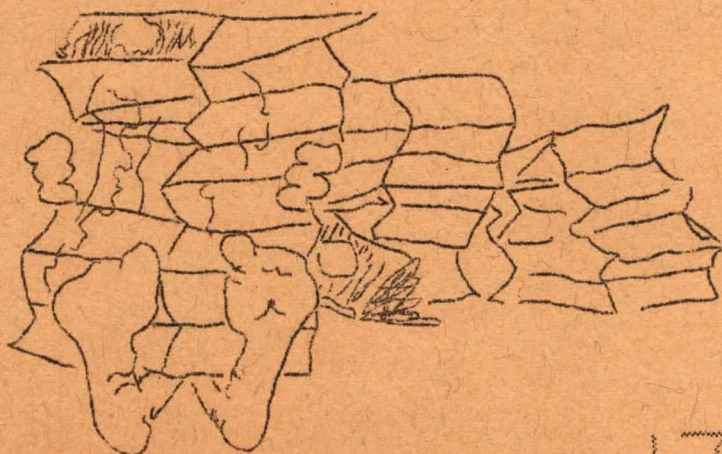
Roy Tackett will be pleased to know that I voted for NELLIE NUSSBAUM, NIGHT NURSE as the Hugo novel this year. I got mad at the Daycon committee because they neglected to list my favorite on the final ballot (TOM SWIFT AND HIS ELECTRIC CHAIR), and so voted for NELLIE to embarrass them. The author of NELLIE doesn't dare appear in person to collect the award because "Delores Dell" is a pseudonym. Those nurse novels are really written by Dick Lupoff. You can discover this for yourself if you compare the words in any nurse novel with the words in Lupoff's ONE MILLION CENTURIES. Would you care for a ten-page article on my deductions and the revealing results? /Why not? Might as well have Lupoff mad at me, too. But tell me, did NELLIE have anything about decoying man eating butterflies away with kumquats on arrows (or however that ran)? It would seem that would be a sure giveaway if it did.7

/*/

Note to garbageman: Please don't leave any garbage
this week

/*/

I've been through
all of these damn
Arizona road maps
and I can't
find any reference
to Phoenix Prime!
Cecilia and Bob Anderson





UNKNOWN
HIPPIE-PEOPLE
FROM CEDAR-
RIVERSIDE,
MINNEAPOLIS

JIM YOUNG: 1958 Ulysses St. NE, Minneapolis
Minn, 55418::: I mostly like
the SANNdWISH. Most of the illos
were okay, some I thought were really nice.
The Lovenstein covers were nice...too bad
you couldn't have thrown in some color.
(Us ditto fans will take over the world,
nya ha ha...!) /Shudder!/?

Dean Koontz, you
and I, Bob, really should have started
one of those super-small apas. Called
"The PIERS ANTHONY PRESS ASSOCIATION".
Then we could join with another similar
apa for Philip Jose Farmer fans, called
"The 'MOTHER' AMATEUR MAGAZINE AMALGA*
MATION". We would then instantly become
"The MAMAs and the PAPAs".....

Bob, I
really would follow Dean Koontz's
advice re throwing in your comments
throuout letters. You pull off as a
snide, somewhat fuggheaded bastard in
several instances, by doing this. /Have
you ever stopped to think that I might
actually be a snide, somewhat fuggheaded
bastard?/?

/*/

There was an alarm the other night reporting
a fire in a lingerie factory. Fortunately
it turned out to be a falsie alarm....

/*/

TED PAULS: 1448 Meridene Dr, Baltimore, Md,
21212::: On to Sandlouse #5. That
portrait of Harlan Ellison on the
cover was quite good.

Give the gift that
keeps on giving. Give a Jewish dinner.

I

can't comment on the substance of your
choice for Hugos, since I haven't read
much new sf in the past couple years,

but some Speer-like quibbling on a matter of style is in order. You really ought
to use quotes or underlining or something to set off titles, or failing that at
least pay more attention to capitalizing words. Phrases like "close one with Gonna
Roll the bones getting top place" and "with I have no Mouth next" get a bit confusing.
/It figures. I'm usually a bit confused./ Sorry to criticize, but I am a stickler
(stickler: one who stickles) for accuracy, not to mention being in favor of God, Mother
and Apple Doodies.

You have a point about letter substitutes tending to become imper-
sonal. The mailing list tends to grow (for one reason, publishing the letter sub-
stitute gives you less time to write letters), and the impersonal air grows with it.
Eventually, you wind up with the fannish equivalent of Col. Cathcart's ultimate
form letter (in CATCH 22): "Dear Mrs., Mr., Miss, or Mr. and Mrs.: Words cannot ex-
press the deep personal grief I experienced when your husband, son, father, or brother
was killed, wounded or reported missing in action."

Dean Koontz's column disappointed me.

I thought he was going to offer an in-depth critique of "I See a Lollipopin a Man's
Mouth, and the Man is Giving It a Hum Job" (a sure Hugo winner), but then he digressed

to the inherently less interesting subject of Harlan Ellison's recent works. /But you just said you were in favor of God, etc.... Hypocrite!/ I've never particularly been a big Ellison fan. /I think I'll let all you readers figure out what comment I'd make here./ I know I've enjoyed some of the stuff he's written, but I can't for the life of me (as Aunt Effie used to say) remember a single Harlan Ellison story that I've read. I conclude from this that Harlan Ellison stories aren't memorable. /But everyone remembers "Repent, Jellybean".../

Incidentally, Ellison's recent output also includes a non-sf collection, "Love Ain't Nothing But Sex Misspelled", which is noteworthy chiefly for the introduction in which Mr. Ellison discourses on his great talent (as he modestly calls it). The book was reviewed recently in Baltimore's good newspaper, the Sun, and "Mr. Ellison's book leaves a bad taste in the mouth" was one of the kinder lines.

Dean Koontz's criticism of "Nightshades and Damnations" may be justified (I haven't read the Kersh collection) but I think he over emphasizes the repetitive openings. A lot of one author collections reveal similarly annoying tendencies. Short story writers not only employ the same story structure over and over, but sometimes use scenes they especially like or particularly trenchant phrases or stylistic touches in three or four different stories. This usually doesn't matter, because the stories may be published over a period of ten or fifteen years, in different magazines, perhaps even for entirely different audiences. But then when a bunch of that author's stories are collected in one volume, the repetition practically jumps off the pages at the reader. /And then again, some writers experiment with one idea using slightly different treatments until the story finally suits them. Publishing several such experiments together could lead one to the conclusion that the author has a one track mind - or has only come up with one idea in his life and is bound and determined to make the most of it./

Man, Eisenstein doesn't give his opinions on the best fanartists, he offers pronouncements etched in granite by the third finger of Baal. /I don't suppose you'd believe that I got his letter from a burning bush?/ And if you disagree, it's attributable to your limited exposure to genzines and the fact that you haven't been in fandom as long as he has. Yeah. Offhand, I can think of a number of fan artists who are as good as some of those on Eisenstein's list (including Eisenstein): Bernie Zuber /Yea, verily./, Steve Stiles, R. Edward Jennings, Bill Bowers, Philip Canning. Most of your readers can probably add other names to the list. /A couple that Jack Gaughan added and I concur wholeheartedly with are Bill Rotsler and Doug Lovenstein./

If you can read a book or even two on a slow day at the store, I hope your work at "the store", whatever store that is, isn't very demanding. I really hope it isn't a drug store you work at. After all, it wouldn't do to have you get so involved in the latest Jack Vance novel that you would hand out vitamin pills to somebody who asks for contraceptives, and vice versa. /At least the kid would be healthy...The store is a combination gin mill and package store (where did that misnomer ever come from - I sell bottles of booze, not packages) but the fact that I read fast helps (I finished John Christopher's "The Little People" in about 40 minutes if that gives you any idea of how much spare time I have./

Harry Warner is right, of course, about the general musical shittiness (as we music buffs say) of our national anthem or, as the more patriotic prefer to say, National Anthem. The anthem of the state which Harry and I love so deeply has a checkered history, too. The tune of "Maryland, My Maryland" is a German Christmas carol, "O Tannenbaum" and also, in another incarnation, the theme of the British or Scotch (I'm not sure which) Communist Party. The words come from a violently anti-Union poem written upon the outbreak of the Civil War by James Ryder Randall, a Baltimore native then teaching English at Poydras College in Point Coupee Parish, Louisiana. It was first published in the April 26, 1861, issue of the New Orleans Delta, I forget on which page. (Ask Tackett; he was acquainted with the editor of that inflammatory journal). The words were matched to the music by two Baltimore ladies named Jennie and Hetty Carey, who are otherwise famous around here for having engaged in such seditious activities as crocheting a portrait of Jeff Davis on the inside of a pair of Hetty's pantaloons.

I am a positive fountainhead of such fascinating information. /Hmm, yes, I suppose it might be called that./

HARLAN ELLISON: The "Dangerous Vision" of fandom::This is addressed to both you and to Mr. Dean R. Koontz, a gentleman whose work draws considerable admiration and, hence, whose opinions deserve serious attention. I refer, of course, to SAND-WORM #5 and the comments anent my work therein by Mr. Koontz and yourself.

I'll address myself to your comments first, Bob. Then to Mr. Koontz's.

Your comparison of Guy Endore's brilliant "Werewolf of Paris" to my own "Prowler in the City at the Edge Of the World" strikes me as both ill-informed and pointless. It is very much like comparing Melville's "Moby Dick" with Wylie's Crunch and Des stories because both deal with fishing. Endore was telling a story of meance. I was making a rather more subtle philosophical point: that evil is a relative and highly subjective quality: that what may seem evil in one culture, may be merely ludicrous in another. I quite agree with you that Endore's heroine allowing the werewolf to bleed her slowly is infinitely more horrifying than my clinical description of the disembowelment of a Spitalfields slut. But what has one to do with the other? They are vastly different attacks on vastly different themes. Let's not confuse battleships with glazed doughnuts. Despite Hemingway's admonition that "What a writer in our time has to do is write what hasn't been written before or beat dead men at what they have done", I do not consider myself in competition with other writers. I write Harlan Ellison stories, even as Hemingway wrote Hemingway stories and Endore writes Endore stories. I would suggest you consider this simple reality when attempting to apply critical standards to what you have read. /In spite of how simple reality may appear to you, I got quite a bit different picture of Endore's story than you did. You seemed to have missed the big point in the book. Was the "werewolf" really a werewolf? Here seems to be an extremely subtle and philosophical point, much more so than questioning the subjectivity of evil. It still seems to me that your primary effect was to shock, to horrify since what you state was your purpose was buried under the gore. In Endore's story, the horror contributed to the story rather than becoming the story.7

And you greivously misquote Ballard "and his ilk" (whoever that may be) when you report that he said that he liked sf because it required no research at all. /It turns out that I attributed Langdon Jones' statement to Ballard. A thousand pardons. But I (from what I've read of Jones) class him in the Ballard school.7 I suggest you read Ballard's "The Wind From Nowhere" or "The Crystal World" (as well as Disch's "Camp Concentration" or Aldiss' "Cryptozoic!", if I interpret your reference to "ilk" correctly) to disabuse yourself of that erroneous belief. /I have read "Wind" as well as "Crystal World" altho the other two I haven't. If they aren't any better than Ballard's efforts, I can more profitably spend my time doing more entertaining things.7

It would seem to me, Bob, that like many other fan with something that looks like tunnel-vision, you persist in lumping a dozen different writers doing different things -- "simply, doing their thing" -- into something you call The New Wave. There is no New Wave. There are, again simply, a great many emerging writers who have found new voices, and have chosen to tell their stories utilizing these new voices, and in some cases, new languages. The similarities between Ballard, Aldiss, Disch, Spinrad, Anthony, Delany, Zelazny, Russ, Lafferty and myself and even, yes, Dean Koontz, are far less than the differences. /You seem to be making my point for me that there exists a new, different school of writing called The New Wave, The New Thing or whatever appellation you care to hang onto it. All the writers you have named (and lumped together for me) have at one time or another been put into the New Wave corner of the ring. It seems to me that if the majority of the voices "simply doing their thing" are all doing it in the same way, then it is justified in procaliming a new school in SF writing.7 Stop thinking in compartmentalized, constipated terms of categories and literary jingo-ism, and you may find that what you thought was a concerted New Wave is something closer to many individual waves, suddenly breaking on a shore that has for man too long been encrusted with silt and debris of forms and restrictions. I realize individual assesment is much more difficult than lump-

categorizing, but you really do owe it to yourself, if not to the writers and your readers, to develop a more cultured taste. /I've run into this kind of thinking before - 'if you don't agree with me you're uncultured and a slob'. Quite frankly, I would be the last to say everyone wasn't entitled to their own opinion since I have so many of my own, but just because you don't agree with me doesn't necessarily make me (1) lacking in culture or (2) lacking in taste. It boils down to the fact that we have different tastes - nothing else. What I have characterized as The New Wave, to me, represents a point of view that sees man as being entirely stupid and quite willing to be kicked around by "Forces Beyond His Understanding" -- and do nothing but sit there and take it. For instance, in the bulk of Ballard's work the protagonist seems to be totally ignorant of modern day technology and when the disaster strikes (be it wind or wave or whatever) the message comes out the same, "To be alive is to be insane". I have always held the contention that someone who thinks everyone else is nuts is the one who needs help. Perhaps if Ballard sees non-existence preferable to existence (and it certainly doesn't project any message but this in "Crystal World") then spiritualism is more of his bag and all the quakkery that entails. If so, he should be appearing in Fate and not in Science fictional realms.⁷

Bob, the word is drowned, not "drownded". /If that is the only typo/misspelling you found, I'm doing much better. I admit to be a very sloppy typist.⁷

Now on to

Mr. Koontz.

I won't argue about your opinions as to my editorial capabilities re: "Dangerous Visions". It is a matter of taste. For every comment that says I am ham-handed, I have received plaudits from men I respect and whose taste I admire, praising the job done. Not the least of these latter expressed in an editorial in The Magazine of Horror by Robert W. Lowndes, a man I consider a brilliant and imaginative editor, who went so far as to say that he was so impressed he would like to give me a million dollars to edit a magazine in my own way, without restrictions. This is currently being implemented, incidentally, in preliminary talks with Donald Wollheim, who is exploring the possibility of my doing a magazine for Ace; I would have carte blanche, and would edit the magazine in my own way, with full responsibility for success or failure in my hands. But, as I say, you are more than entitled to your opinion, where "Dangerous Visions" is concerned. I can only point



out that the book seems to have become more controversial, more read, more boundary attacking than any anthology since the Healy-McComas "Adventures in Space and Time", so it accomplished precisely what I intended for it to accomplish. So you see, by my own lights, I did the job I set out to do. And as of this writing the book has sold somewhere over 50,000 copies in both trade and book club editions, received the third highest paperback advance of any book in the sf field (at the time it was purchased, it was the highest) and has been so influential -- Nebula and Hugo nominations are merely one indication of this -- that Doubleday has asked for a second volume. I can only hope that the follow-up book -- containing writers who did not appear in the first volume only -- will please you more.

And to this end, Mr. Koontz, I challenge you to put your typewriter where your opinions are, by submitting a story for "Again, Dangerous Visions". The pay scale is rather attractive, and the only requirements are that you write a good story, that it be the best story you've ever written, that it be "dangerous", and that it be free of all the qualities you found odious in "Dangerous Visions". I await word from you on this.

As to the Kersh book, on the other hand, you are 100% wrong. Good taste and personal confidences forbid my exploring in print the reasons why you are wrong, but if we ever meet face-to-face I will explain in detail, and I feel to your complete satisfaction, why the book was A) edited by me, B) edited the way it was, and C) did not delight you as you felt it should have.

Suffice it to say, I am not, in my own mind, primarily an editor. I intended to edit only one book -- "Dangerous Visions". Circumstances over which I had very little control made it necessary to edit the Kersh book, and are currently making it necessary for me to edit "Again, Dangerous Visions". But set your mind at ease. I do not intend to pursue the craft of editing any further. If a magazine for Ace materializes, I will take a whack at that, because I might be able to create a new kind of sf magazine that would dazzle and delight the readers. But that would only be till I could find an editor or editors who could carry on the project with life and vitality, after which I would return to my own occupation, which is writing.

At which point, I say thank you very much. The kind words a good writer expresses for another man's writing are the best kind of words. I would like to shake your hand and buy you a beer. At Baycon, if possible. Mayhaps at St. Louiscon, now.7

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What did the Pontiff say upon hearing of Joan of Arc's execution?

"Holy Smokes!"

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HARRY WARNER: 423 Summit Ave, Hagerstown, Md. 21740::Apologies # 57, 225B, 34² apply to the fact that this loc comes more than a month after the fifth coming of Sandworm. Not to mention a month after the drinking of the fifth that got SWorm #5 run off on time.7

I hope that Roy Tackett doesn't kill CAPA by writing about it. Those small, intimate apas in fandom seem unable to withstand even the faintest rays of the limelight. I've never been in one of the miniapas, but I've been on several tape chains that lived for years until someone inadvertently mentioned them in print, and bingo, that was the end of the chains. The success of CAPA and its long life makes me wonder how a large apa would fare, if organized with the express intent of keeping its membership selective and agreeable to everyone, a true blackball group where one dissenting voice could keep out a potential member. The closest thing fandom has ever had to that concept was VAPA a couple of decades ago. I imagine that an experiment of this type today would fail as miserably as VAPA failed, for the stagnation that results when everyone is chosen because he's similar to everyone else. But it might be worth a try, in view of the success of one apa where the one common element is simply age or lack thereof -- no members with birthdates before 1945. I might add that I'm a proud member of APA45 which is quite successful. Right now there is an 8 member wl -- and we have the prettiest OE in the country. Which is more than quite a few apas have to recommend them.7

Ed Cox's story was highly amusing. A funny thing happened on the way to this e loc, though. I just recently read for the first time The Circus of Dr. Lao, and that had almost the same effect on me as The Martian. /You melted?/ It obviously exercised an enormous influence on Bradbury's writing style and subject matter and even philosophy, and when you read the Finney book so long after you've read and re-read all the famous Bradbury stories, it sounds like either a parody or an un-inspired imitation of Bradbury fiction.

Bob Roehm slanders an unidentified Hollywood producer. Sci fi was coined by Ackerman, who is closely associated with Hollywood but hasn't produced any movies. It's the only bad thing he's done in a long career in fandom and prodom, and it pains me as a result to be forced to point out this fact.

Fanzines are piled up in such frightening quantities that I feel sympathetic for Piers Anthony's plight. I can't do a lot of things that I might be doing, if I didn't feel that obligation to write locs on them, no matter how tardy those letters may be. But I'm glad that he doesn't quite go all the way and order all fanzine editors to cut him from their mailing lists for evermore. Some fans-turned-pros have done that, and every time I hear about it, I suspect that the request derives from something deeper than unwillingness to give away free words. I've always found writing for fanzines and publishing fanzines a relaxation and an outlet, in my years of newspaper work, even though a bad day I might turn out four or five thousand words for the newspaper before coming home to my own typewriter and cutting a stencil or writing a loc. /Spoken like a Trufan./ A few years back, I sold some stories to the prozines, and didn't feel any inclination to halt fanac during that time, either; I stopped trying to sell to the prozines because I'd proved to myself I could do it and because the income was so puny compared to the time it took, after deductuons for agent and for federal and state tax and after recognizing that some stories would remain permanently unsold. Tentatively, I suspect th_t the pros who insist of cutting every tie with fandom are either ashamed of their amateur output and fear it will somehow influence their current writing ability if they continue to mess around with their spawning ground, or have an irrational sense that pros and amateurs shouldn't mix in science fiction, possibly through a confused thought about the way an athlete becomes ineligible to compete in amateur events after he starts accepting money for his ability.

Something tells me that the penultimate page of this Sandworm /page 30, that is./ will be as valuable to future fans as the gospels are to Christians. The Twilight Zone is still being syndicated around here, but it'll vanish completely before long, as the tube completes its conversion to all-color programming. Then will come the nostalgia for the era of black-and-white TV and all of a sudden everyone will try to remember those old Twilight Zone programs, just as they now scurry around frantically trying to locate the scripts for the old radio shows. I wish now I'd organized a rescue expedition when a very elderly lady died in the block where I used to live. She saved TV Guide and must have had most issues published during the 1950's. They would have been a treasure trove someday but by the time I remembered she'd saved them, she'd been gone too long for the magazines to have survived. /Those would indeed have been something to have. I tried to research an article for Trumpet on sf on TV since 1960 and nowehre in Albuq. is there even a partial set going to 1960 that I could find. The U. library was some help in TV Yearbooks and the like but info was sketchy and generally only told how many episodes were filmed giving nothing about individual shows./

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This positively and absolutely ends the lettercol. WAHF: Alexis Gilliland who discovered SWorm #5's secret. "Figured out page 30. The staples fall out, the pages separate, and are scothhh taped together in a scroll - the Talmud Sandworm". Robert Bloch who has just finished some scripts for Journey to the Unknown. Robert Willingham who wants a poll run, "Do you like Bode's work, yes or no?" How about it? Jerry Lapidus points out that Jeff Jones. can't draw hands. Jack Gaughan "loved Lovenstein's cover" - high praise, Doug. Jack Calvert is still adrift. Richard Mills sends a clipping on Jack Williamson - many thanks, Richard. And Steve Goldstein m akes a pg of corrections/additions to Wayne's Twilight Zone listings.

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