

· SANDWORM ·

7



Spring

1969

SANDWORM #7, owned and operated by Bob Vardeman at PO Box 11352, Albuquerque, NM, 87112 at a frequency of almost 4/year. (I said almost, you purists!)

This journal is coming to you because you didn't manage to skip the country in time and/or you goofed and left a forwarding address. #8 will cost you either a first rate contribution of art or article (or a LoC) or the cash price of 50¢ this one time only. All proceeds will be donated to the Heicon bidding committee. I imagine I'll retrun the usual 20¢/ish for #9 whenever it comes out.

****FUBB Publications*****

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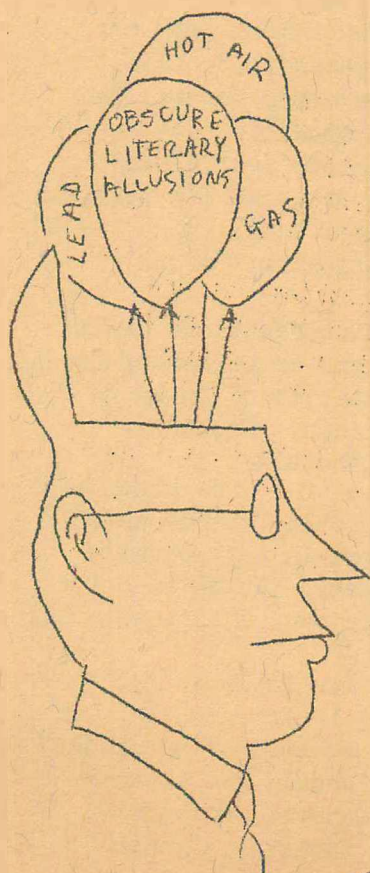
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Thanks go out to Buck Coulson, Linda Eyster and Johnny Berry for their favorable mentions of Sandworm.

Vote for "CHARLY" as best dramatic presentation - it meant something.

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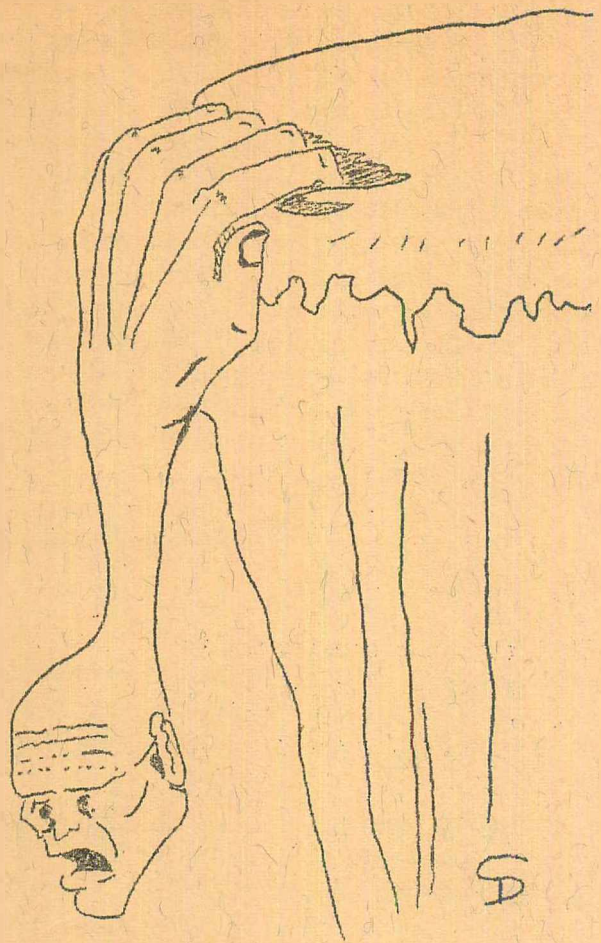
GIUDIC HAR

OR - BABY, YOU
KEEP ME HANGING
ON!

This be Sandworm #7 and remarkably enough, it follows Sandworm #6. Whether or not #7 will precede #8 is a matter of conjecture. I suppose some explanation is in order to at least let you know as much as I do about SWorm's (and my own) future.

As most of you already know, I'll be graduating come June. This leaves several possibilities open.

(1) I can become gainfully employed (and hopefully at the same time pick up another deferment) (2) I'll get drafted (3) I can enlist. #1 is my choice of the 3 but as of right now (4-14-69 or 14-4-69, depending on where you are) I have applied to over 30 companies and not heard one word from 28. Two were kind enough to at least send back definite word they wouldn't/couldn't hire me (couldn't in the case of an AEC contracted firm which has had its money frozen until July). So it doesn't look like I stand much chance of earning a living, at least at present. This leaves #2 and #3.



Again as many of you know, I have a vile loathing for the draft and the very concepts it is based on. Besides which, I don't much care for the Army way of life (I've lived amongst Army types too long I guess). So this leaves #3. While I have no great fondness for any branch of the armed forces, the Air Force is the best of the lot (which, while maybe not saying much, is true in my case). I've already passed the physical (and found out I'm stone deaf above 2500 cps, color blind and have to get my glasses changed - none of which I'd realized previous to the physical) and the Mickey Mouse tests they consider "qualifying tests" so if they give me my first choice and I don't find suitable employment before Sept., it'll be the wild blue yonder for me.

I don't have many misconceptions about military life. Still, if it comes down to being drafted for 2 yrs or enlisting for 4, by God I'll take the latter. At least there is a slim possibility of going to work for the Air Force in some capacity for which I've been trained. Doubtful, considering the military, but the possibility is greatest with the USAF.

As a somewhat idle sidelight, a friend of mine was confronted with the same problem but chose a most peculiar path, in my opinion. His degree is being conferred in astrophysics (an awesome sounding subject) and he has joined the Army artillery. Which is only a step better than the dirtiest - the infantry. But each to his own, I suppose. He probably thinks I'm slightly off, too.

But, at any rate, if the Air Force it is, I'll have #3 zinging its way out sometime in August - and that'll be it for a while. If I get a job (besides the janitorial job I hold down now), I'll be relocating almost immediately and thish will be it for about 6 months and then I should get it back onto schedule. So look forward to at least one more issue of Sandworm this year!

Or curse your luck that I'll be able to get out one more issue this year!

SIGH - Sedalia or Albuquerque's not exactly where it's at:: As mentioned last time, Albuquerque has a brand new psychedelic-type night club. Being one of the current user sorts, I naturally went to the Rectory (which is not what some of the more irreverent call the place). I suppose for Albuquerque, this place is a mind-blower but then people in Albuquerque have very little in the way of minds to blow.

I would think that putting in a 1/4 megabuck should have gotten something worthwhile in the way of a light show, but alas, no. Purely mechanical and an hour's stay will show all there is to see. The dance floor is lighted from underneath and probably soaked up most of the money - it was worth it. The music is canned being played off a juke box (in a back room) by a DJ type. The artwork gracing the walls is very good but at an M note apiece, it should be. The bars (4 in the place) are a disgrace. Simply speed bars serving hiballs and nothing else. But they do pour high quality stuff (and for \$1 a drink it should be - Cutty, Charter, Smirnoff and I never did see what gin, Seagram's I think).

In spite of the rotten service, the inept bartenders, the canned music and the lights destroying my alpha waves, I enjoyed myself immensely. Oh well, that's another story I suppose.

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Come to me, my alchholic baby !

Are bagpipes the original Scotch high-bawl?

/*/

Dirty poetry has been in the news here in Albuquerque of late. A teaching assistant at UNM was suspended and then reinstated for giving his class a copy of Lenore Kandel's "Love Lust Poem" as an assignment (I might add, freshman class). Dear President Ferrel Heady managed to summon up enough backbone to tentatively suspend the TA but later rescinded his decision in the face of an underwhelming minority opinion.

Another TA was suspended (and reinstated) for preaching homosexuality to the same class (that must have been a hell of a class)((my frosh class in Eng. was spent discussing the merits of Thomas Mann and Billy Budd)). But the English dept here has always been slightly off color, so to speak. The previous head is serving a sentence in the state pen for sodomy and the last head's sexual, hmmm, hangups? are fairly well documented by some who have decided on getting an easy A in his classes. And then there was a former school supt. who was caught making it with a 14 yr old girl (both were higher than high on LSD at the time). He has since moved on to other pastures. This is called quality education in NM and it was for this the taxpayer voted a 43% surtax this yr (let me qualify that, a majority of voting taxpayers voted it in - I voted against it and now I can cluck my tongue and say, "I told you so".)

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Teach evolution - not revolution

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Can it be true? Is Ed Valigursky back? I just saw the cover for Outlaws of the Moon, a Capt. Future yarn by Edmond Hamilton and there was a typical Valigursky-~~ish~~ robot (Grag?). Now all that is necessary is to convince Ed Emshwiller to start drawing again...

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I'm taking my girl to Florida, then I'm going to Tampa with her

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Viking in '73! Or bust!

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It disgusts me how the political hacks have cut away at the space program - esp. the Mars probe program, Viking. While only a proposed soft landing, it seems to be the terminal effort of our appropriations. No manned probe plans. NERVA is limping along on starvation funds. And yet money gushes forth for the futile ABM system which can never work. I think I paid too much in taxes this yr.

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Due to circumstances beyond our control, we continue...

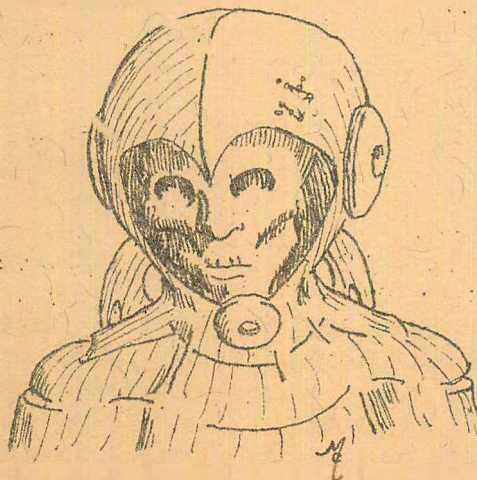
CRISWELL PREDICTS DEPT. -- or SEX, DEATH AND DESTRUCTION:: I'm certain most of you have seen Criswell - gray haired and always wearing a tuxedo. He is more or less the Liberace of the prediction world. The first time I saw him (on the Johnny Carson show) he made all sorts of wonderful predictions - like a cockroach infestation of Memphis, all the women in St. Louis losing their hair on Feb. 11, 1983 and a few more in the same vein (a cynic might say "in vain").

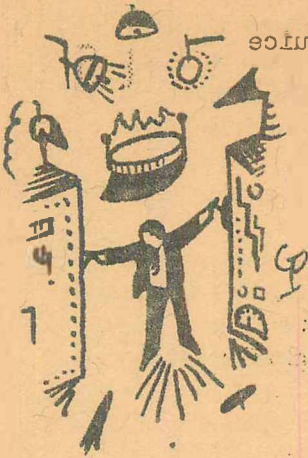
Like all good prognosticators, Criswell has a book of predictions on the stands. Called naturally, "Criswell Predicts" it has the typical "87% of Criswell's predictions have come true" on the back cover and the inflated \$1 on the front cover. Since Criswell violates the dictum of deCamp, "It does not pay a prophet to be too specific" Criswell puts his predictions far enough in the future so everyone will forget them. Here are some of his 1969 predictions (one of which is already proven wrong): One of America's largest merger conglomerates will go bankrupt by the end of 1969, America's foremost folk-rock singer will commit suicide during Easter Week, 1969 (wrong - but who is America's top folk-rock singer?), England will legalize homosexual marriages, war will be resumed in Korea by June (frightening prospect since a Navy recon plane was shot down this morning (4-16-69 or 16-4-69 depending on where you are) and the Kitty Hawk has just sailed from Hong Kong - could this be a "hit" for Criswell?), race riots in Springfield, Ill in August will destroy the Abraham Lincoln shrines & historical sites (and thousands will die state wide but primarily in Chicago as a result of the riots), massive riots in Pa for the next 4 yrs, the older sections of Charleston will be burned down in a race riot on June 27 and tragedy will strike one of America's most prominent families shortly after its most widely loved member remarries (her remarriage will be a mistake) ((how do you count that one?))

Then some of the far future ones that caught my fancy: space stations jointly estb. by US & Russia in the '70s, a spray-on aphrodisiac in May 1988 (I think I might enjoy 1988 somewhat if true), San Fran will be destroyed by an earthquake on April 7, 1975, a Negro leader named Sanders will solve the racial problems by 1972, Denver will be destroyed by a gelatinous blob from outer space on June 9, 1989, Castro will be assassinated by a woman on August 9, 1970, Regan will not seek re-election, on Oct. 18, 1988 London will be destroyed by a meteor, Mao will die in spring 1971 and this will mark the end of a unified Communist Chinese state, anti-gravity will be discovered in the late '70s by a woman physicist from Nebraska, in 1971 the Supreme Court will give most of NM back to the Indians (they deserve better than that, surely) in the next 15 yrs Wichita will become the natl. capitol, and that the world will end on Aug. 18, 1999 (all the oxygen will be sucked from the planet (Criswell mentions two oxygen ions destroying each other but whathell?))

Perhaps the most frightening trend in Criswell's predictions is toward B*I*G Government running everything. Even to imposing a 5% Fed. sales tax on all commodities. But you must admit, it sounds logical. Criswell also predicts another Hitler, whom he calls Prince of Darkness 1976-88 & who will operate in Asia. But he sounds like little Red Riding Hood compared to Criswell's Lady of Light 1985- who will be a Caucasian woman working in Asia & who will virtually make slavery a way of life (for man - Lady is a strict matriarchist and sounds like Criswell cribbed her from Rohmer's Sumuru). But according to Criswell, she'll get hers.

I find all this most intriguing even if I don't believe a bit of it. SF without a story, you might say.





TED WHITE PREDICTS -- of HE'S JUST DUNE HIS OWN THING:::

A couple issues ago, Ted White predicted DUNE would become an "underground" classic. In Parade magazine a couple Sundayssago, I came across this space filler: "Word is spreading on the West Coast grapevine about an epic science fiction novel titled DUNE."

Written by Frank Herbert, a California newspaperman, the book, a 95-cent paperback which tells the fantastic story of the rise of a political empire on a sand-covered planet called Dune, surpasses the work of British story teller J. R. Tolkien as a feat of imagination."

Howabout that? Maybe the hippies really do dig futuristic Machiavellianism.

Score one for Ted.

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Her kisses are sweeter than wine, but her face is like a whiskey sour

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Being something of a wino, I never pass up a wine tasting. The WAABI (Women's Assoc. for Allied Beverage Industries) held a wine tasting at the Western Skies recently and, you guessed it, I was there. Many of the Calif. wineries had displays and the WAABIs furnished excellent food (I lost count of how many of the Swedish meatballs I had). But what got me was the lousy quality of most of the wines. There was Ripple, Roma, most of the Gallos, Manichevitz, Mogen David, Cresta Blanca, etc. I kid you not! Ripple yet! Then there was one really God awful one called Wild Irish Rose - I nearly choked to death on it.

Offsetting the cheapness of some wineries, there was the Christian Bros. with a fairly good white wine Sylvaner Riesling and Inglenook with a fine Zinfandel. But the highlight was a Chas. Krug wine, Chenin Blanc. While this doesn't match some of the Rhine wines (like the toungue twisting combination Liebfraumilch Glockenspiel), it is a most excellent white wine.

There

were no crackling Roses, or indeed, many Roses at all. And certainly none of the good imported red wines (I have to sneak back to BJ's for a good Bordeaux- St. Emilion is a good, fairly cheap Bordeaux). Ah well, couldn't expect the wineries to give something away for free (especially considering how so many of the people present were guzzling away at the Ripple and Roma wines).

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Little known fact: Only one in ten women can whistle audibly (Audibly is a Bavarian beer drinking song)

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To forestall what I know will be an immediate comment from Dean Koontz about Schweitzer's "poem" concerning being "killed with a bloodcurdling cry". This was Cry #180 which contained some really bloodcurdling articles and was cleverly marked so that it could be folded into a 105mm recoilless rifle firing small atomic missiles.

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The Academy Awards have come and gone. Now I suppose I must go see "Charly" as if I wouldn't have at any rate. Really novel giving a major award to a sf movie (I hardly consider the special effects award to 2001: major). Perhaps Illustrated Man will win something since I've heard some very good comments revolving around both Steiger and Claire Bloom's acting in the movie.

I found all but Windmill's of Your Mind to be inferior and I think they picked the best of a sorry lot in the song category. But why did they pass over "A Time for US" from Romeo & Juliet? Now that was worthy of an academy award. But anyone who'd pass over "Look of Love" and give an Oscar to "Talk to the Animals" is certainly no music critic.

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Her name was Cleopatra and you should have seen Julius Caesar

I don't think I've mentioned my plugs for this yr's Hugos yet. Ahem. Best novel: Rite of Passage by Panshin, Best novella, Hawk Among the Sparrows by Dean McLaughlin, Best novelet, Custodians by James Schmitz, best short story - up for grabs since I don't remember a single one that really moved me (Among the Bad Baboons, hmm?).

Fan

categories: Best fanzine, far and away Psychotic from Dick Geis, Best fan writer Harry Warner (!), Best fan artist, Doug Lovenstein.

Best prozine: Analog (which has had a very good yr in comparison to the other zines - witness Hawk Among the Sparrows, The Steiger Effect, The Tuvela, The Custodians, the conclusion of Dragonrider, The Horse Barbarians, Satan's World and fine covers by Freas, Schoenherr, Bonestell.) Best pro artist: Kelly Freas (can I help it if I dig his work?)

And Bob Shaw for TAFF

and....

HEIDELBERG IN '70 !

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Ah, Mason Williams. What a performer! If you get the chance, listen to his new album cut J. Edgar Swoop. . Somehow I can see the Congress voting the miniature poodle as our national bird. It makes as much sense as quite a few of the things they've done of late.

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I've just invented a knife that'll cut four loaves of bread at the same time - I call it my four-loaf cleaver

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Little known fact: You can keep your hair from falling out by knotting it on the inside

/*/

Well, I guess I'll end up my idiot-torial with a few comments about what follows (immediately following is a Doris Beetem poem tendered with apologies to Bob Bloch) and then one hell of a lot of reviews by various people. Then some more reviews. Then a lettercolumn. And that's it - except for the Raymond Clancy supplement of poetry (if you don't dig poetry you can always just look at the REG illos) and of course Darrell's BEM poems inside the SWorm's covers. Many thanks to all of you who contributed.

Special thanks to Jack Gaughan for the illos he sent ("doodlings" was the word he used). At any rate, send something for #8 -whenver it'll be.

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EIGHT STAGES
of
CONVENTION FANDOM

Grandiose

Jocose

Verbose

Bellicose

Lachrymose

Morose

Overdose

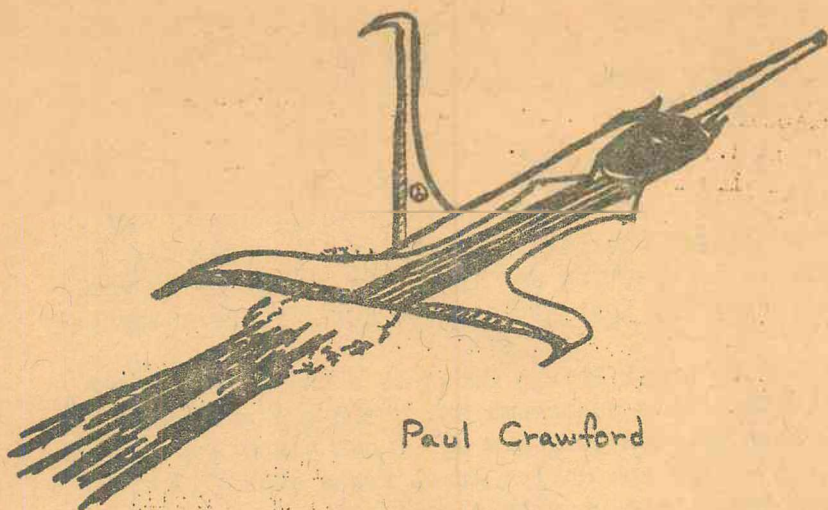
Comatose

Doris "The Elder" Beetem

/*/

I crossed an orange with a cactus and got spiked orange juice

/*/



Paul Crawford

ONCE AND FUTURE TALES

edited by Edward Ferman

(366 pages, published by Harris-Wolfe and company, Jacksonville, Ill. \$5.95)

Ed Ferman has gathered together nine "longer" stories (novelletes and novellas) which were published during the past eight years in The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction and included some of the best that F&SF has printed since 1960. They are, I think, fairly representative of F&SF's longer stories which means they fit in no particular pigeon hole and are, generally, just a bit different from what appears in the other SF magazines.

The lead story, a guaranteed grabber, is "The Manor of Roses" by Thomas Burnett Swann which furnished the inspiration for Bert Tanner's beautiful wrap-around painting on the dust jacket. In this story, dating from 1966, Swann spins another of his thoroughly delightful ales of some of Mother Earth's other children. In this case it is the vegetable Mandrakes of medieval legend. Swann has a great ability for making the creatures of myth and legend come alive and his added touches are topping on the cream. Consider the Mandrake -- an intelligent vegetable that grows as a root in the ground. Consider the Christian Mandrakes. Ah, the Swann touch. Essentially this is a story of three 13th Century youths (two boys and a girl) who, for various reasons, flee their lords and masters to seek adventure and, perhaps, to participate in one of the Crusades. They have their adventures among the Mandrakes who still lived in the England of the 1200's.. Few authors, fantasy or mainstream, have the facility for evoking the flavor of the historical and mythological past that Swann does. Comparison with A. Merritt comes immediately to mind and while Swann has not Merritt's flamboyancy or ability to make a tour-de-force out of a descriptive paragraph, he is a better writer and, mayhap, a better storyteller. "The Manor of Roses" is an excellent story and, depending on your taste, may be the best story in the book.

There is far too little of the work of Chad Oliver appearing these days, or maybe I'm reading the wrong publications. It is a pleasure to find his "End of the Line" (1964) in this anthology. Oliver is a good story teller and when he combines that with his knowledge of anthropology he always comes up with a tale that pleases. It pleases me, anyway. "End of the Line" tells of the running down of man's biological clock. Huddled in his few remaining cities, man faces the same end as the dinosaurs and a host of other life forms -- extinction. Given this theme these days many authors, who apparently cannot see beyond their own limitations, would have made this a downbeat story (and F&SF would probably print it) but Oliver recognizes that man is Man and intelligent -- too intelligent to accept extinction. What does Man do when the biological clock begins to run down? He sets it back to the beginning and winds it up again.

"The Fiftieth Wind of March" (1962) by Frederick Bland is a typical English end-of-the-world tale. One hopes there is a special hell set aside for writers of this type of story where the world ends every day just before tea. As in Ballard's "The Wind From Nowhere" the wind begins to blow. No reason is given,

of course, it just happens. Each succeeding wind is worse than the one before it until the 15th wind of March ends the world. It is to Mr. Bland's credit that his characters at least behave like proper Englishmen in contrast to the non-heroes dreamed up by the Ballard school of world enders.

Wil Mohler's "Journey of Ten Thousand Miles" (1963) really doesn't belong in this collection -- or any collection of fantasy and science fiction. Still it is a worthwhile story -- a subtle tale of madness in the surviving member of a decayed Southern (?) family. This may not be to everyone's taste but the style is interesting and the story creeps up on you. There is a seemingly tacked-on last paragraph that attempts to qualify the story as SF but it isn't.

"Fruiting Body" (1962) by Rosel George Brown is a chillingly funny tale of a mad scientist whose specialties were mushrooms and women and who finally decided to combine them. Had this been written 30 years ago I can visualize it as a typical straight-forward presentation -- dry and dull. Rosel Brown added a touch of humor and some caustic observations and came up with a good story.

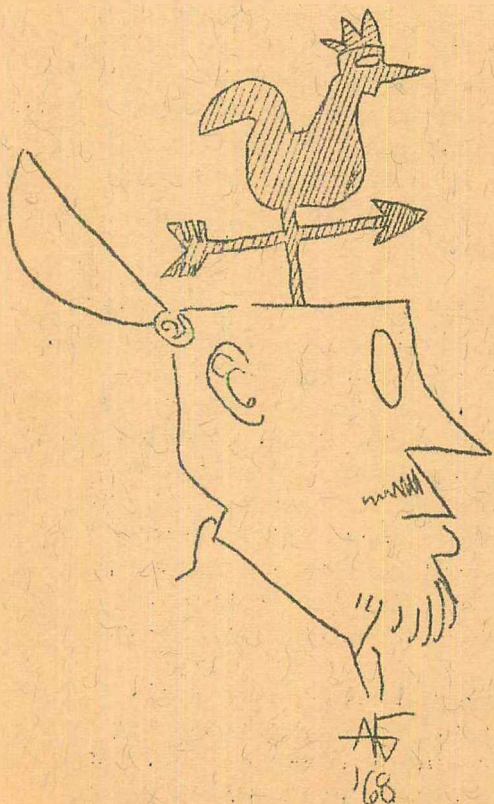
"Open To Me, My Sister" is Philip Jose Farmer's 1960 version of Weinbaum's classic "A Martian Odyssey" and is a classic in its own right, told with Farmer's insight into the hearts and minds of men. While Weinbaum simply reported on what he "saw", Farmer tells of the effect it has. This is a multi-level story touching hard on man's emotions and, since it does deal with emotion, it is a difficult story to tell. It is to Farmer's credit that he was able to pull it off.

Ever since Asimov announced the Three Laws of Robotics science fiction writers who play the game have been seeking ways to circumvent them. In "Case of the Homicidal Robots" (1961) Murray Leinster speculates on one way it might be done. Rather a complicated method but it works. This is the only straight, hard, engineering type science fiction in the book and offers an insight into spacemen: "He'd been one of those eager, urgent junior officers who compete fiercely for promotions, and meanwhile get out out to emptiness by any means and in any capacity to get space-service on their records." On second thought, that doesn't necessarily apply just to spacemen but to any young man driving for the top.

Sturgeon is here. 1962 Sturgeon which is some of his best and this is "When You Care, When You Love". When you care, when you love and your love dies, what do you do? If you are, perhaps, the richest, most powerful woman in the world, and there is even a remote possibility that the circumstances are right, you recreate him. Reviewer's note: Do not read the "Author's Note" which makes up the last three paragraphs of the story. It weakens an otherwise strong yarn.

William Tenn's 1965 "The Masculinist Revolt" is rather heavy-handed satire and not as funny as it could have been. Still, any story which advances such slogans as "Kitchens and skirts! Vapors and veils! Harems and whorehouses!" must receive some just praise.

Oh yes, there is an introduction by Judith Merrill but it can be skipped. Miss Merrill has nothing to say.





Seemingly there is a trend among publishers of fantasy and science fiction books to jack up the price. Presumably because the market is small and the publishers hopes to show a good return even from a small market. But six bucks is, I think, pushing the book out of reach of many readers. But ONCE AND FUTURE TALES is a good book, all in all, but is it a six dollar book? Not in my book.



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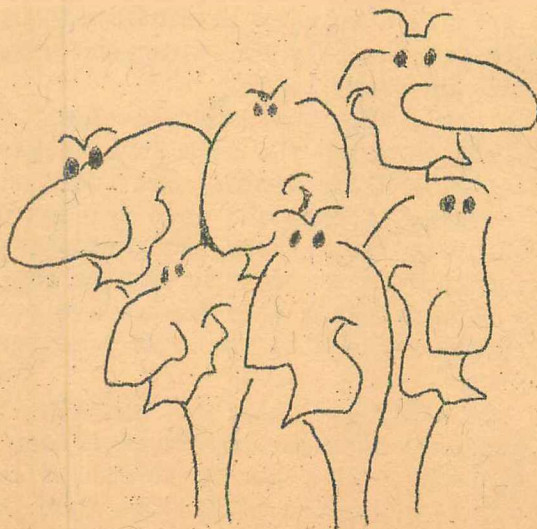
Harris-Wolfe & Company have also published, at \$5.95, A GLASS OF STARS, a collection of 13 stories by Robert F. Young.

Robert F. Young is an infuriating writer and one either likes his works or one does not. I belong, I guess, in the latter class. In his introduction, Fritz Leiber says that Young writes stories of romantic love: boy meets girl. He does that. In a way Mr. Young's stories are quite charming and now and again reveals a keen sense of observation but his style is juvenile -- Mr. Young writes for 15 year old love struck girls. He is also careless with his basic facts, which, perhaps, a 15 year old love struck girl can overlook but I cannot. As in the lead story in this collection "Boy Meets Dyevitza" which concerns the race to Venus by an American boy and a Russian girl where they meet, fall in love, marry and solve all the world's problems. At one point, in discussing the Venerian natives (Venusian natives?) Gordon, the boy, asks: "How do you know they're puritans?" to which the girl, Sonya, replies: "I didn't -- at first. I merely assumed, from their reactions to us, that they must be. And then I got to thinking about how neither the sun nor the moon can be seen through the cloudcover...." And then I got to thinking about another reason it would have been difficult for the natives of Venus to see the moon -- they don't have one. Such lapses in basics overshadow and spoil whatever merit a story may have and Young all too frequently ruins his tales this way.

Fifteen year old love struck girls might lay out six bucks for A GLASS OF STARS but for anyone else -- well, if you're going to spend six bucks on a book buy ONCE AND FUTURE TALES.

Roy Tackett

7. January 1969



FOUNDATION

revisited by Paul Walker

In the mood for a decay of the galactic empire, anyone? Oh, I don't just mean any old, run-of-the-mill decay of any old run-of-the-mill empire -- I mean The One Authentic Genuine Original Decay of The Ditto Galactic Empire. The sole property and invention of that grand old man of SF -- Isaac Asimov. Doubleday has recently published all three of the master's trilogy of the Foundation in a single volume in a very readable format. If you have not read them, you should. If you have not heard of them -- you've been on the moon.

The Foundation trilogy has been a classic for a long time. It was originally a series of novelets and short novels in the old Astounding of the late forties, then the books were issued separately by Gnome Press in 1951, '52 and '53 and now they are together. Ace was the first to put them into paperback, but I never saw the final book. Now, I think Avon has them out.

The whole trilogy covers over a thousand years of galactic history, entering on the creation and battles and success of the Foundation. The first volume ("Foundation") chronicles the fall of the galactic empire as predicted by the Foundation's founder Hari Seldon, through a system of probability mathematics called psycho-history and the establishment of the two Foundations, one at either end of the galaxy. It is divided into five novelets each dealing with a separate, but advancing era of the First Foundation, from its inception to its war with the new barbarian planets, to the spreading of the Foundation traders into the decaying Empire. The second volume, "Foundation and Empire", is two short novels. The first is concerned with the menace of the last of the old Empire's generals who plans to conquer the Foundation. The second concerns a mutant Emperor called the Mule, the most interesting character in all three books, who succeeds in conquering just about everything, including the first Foundation. The third volume ("Second Foundation") again two short novels, is about the fate of The Mule and the search by the first Foundation for the remains of the second, which have been lost in history. All together it is an elaborate and occasionally spectacular tapestry of imaginary history dealing with dozens of characters involved in dozens of plots and counter-plots across the whole of the galaxy.

In the books' favor, they never wander or ramble. It is a straight line through history and everything about it rings true. It is science fiction and never suggests fantasy. Its plots and intrigues are never overly involved and its portraits and backgrounds are clear and believable. Its concepts of psycho-history, like its concepts of galactic politics are comprehensible without being simple minded. The SF mind of Asimov is very much on display.

As for the plot, it is fast moving and multi-dimensional. It is nicely drawn. No one can deny that the book is a beautifully outlined concept. But there I stop, for that is all the book is and the only reason anyone should bother reading the damn thing. Otherwise, it fails on every level.

The characters are one-dimensional, with the possible exception of the Mule, and him only because of his SF possibilities which the book never deals with. We only come to know the characters through dialog, endless dialog, and their direct relationship to the plot. Otherwise, we know nothing of them and what we come to know is of little interest, so little interest that their fates and fortunes are likewise of little interest. They are stock characters without passion or compassion, neither likeable nor dislikeable. As the book proceeds they become stale, one turning into another, until they all look and sound alike with the same monotonous sameness, that same odious staleness.

The backgrounds, as I said, are clear and sensible, but like the characters, they too are flat and stale and when you've seen them once, you've seen them forever.

Also, the entire action of the book, like the characters, like the backgrounds, like almost everything in the book, is described in dialogs that run on and on tunelessly. Dialog dominates the book on every page and it is stock chatter, advancing

the plot, informing, suggesting, but never really involving us in anything.

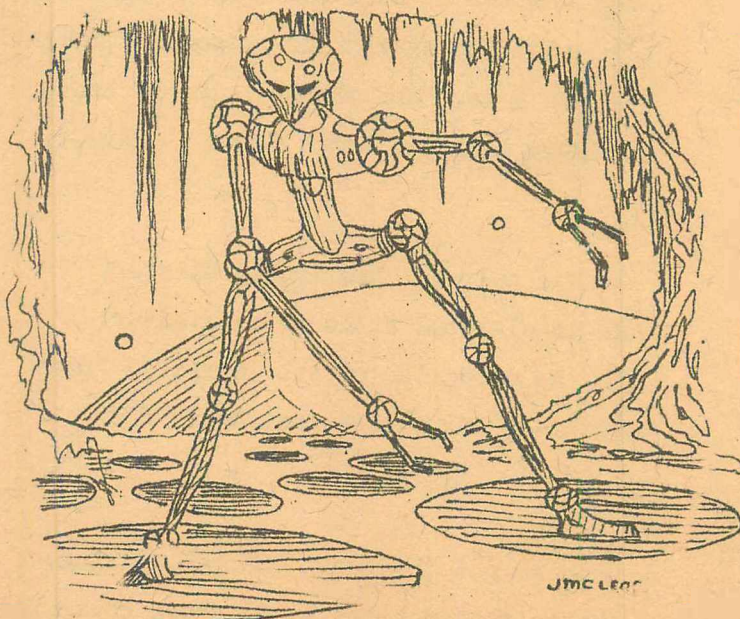
The only point of involvement in the whole book is the concept itself. The history. Otherwise, the book is a grind.

The fact is that Mr. Asimov is not much of a writer. A mind, yes. An intellect. An imagination. Yes, yes. But a writer? No, sorry. His style is flat and stale and monotonous — in short, uninspired by even one decent English sentence. His characterizations are likewise bad and uninspired. His backgrounds are never vivid. In fact, there is not a single vivid scene in anything he has written. And no such thing as color. I sense there may be some violent disagreement about his vividness and color, but only among the simple-minded. It just does not exist.

Asimov has reigned in SF for many, many years. His reputation it would seem is unquestionable. It is startling for me to realize how bad he really is. He writes like a precocious schoolboy who knows all the right things to do, but lacks the maturity and inspiration to add any real depth. He has an exciting mind, but lacks the ability to put it into print, to bring any real color or drama to his concepts. His "I, Robot" had a great influence on SF but was a bore. His famous short story, "Dreaming is a Private thing" was an adolescent's daydream. His more recent efforts have been shallow gimmickery. In this age of Zelazny, Delany and Ellison, he is a feudal anachronism. And I am not being cruel, for it would be impossible to touch Asimov's legendary standing and I have no desire to. Asimov is bad and the fact will, if it is never recognized, be established in time when he is totally forgotten as he deserves to be.

Yet I said the Foundation books should be read — why? Because they are there, that's why. They are alleged to be classics and all classics should be perused if only to instruct the young on how great the bad can become. Foundation reminded me very much of Tom Jones by Henry Fielding. It, too, is one of the most wonderful stories and the most boring books ever written.

****Paul Walker****



And now DARRELL SCHWEITZER takes an irreverent look at

BEMS

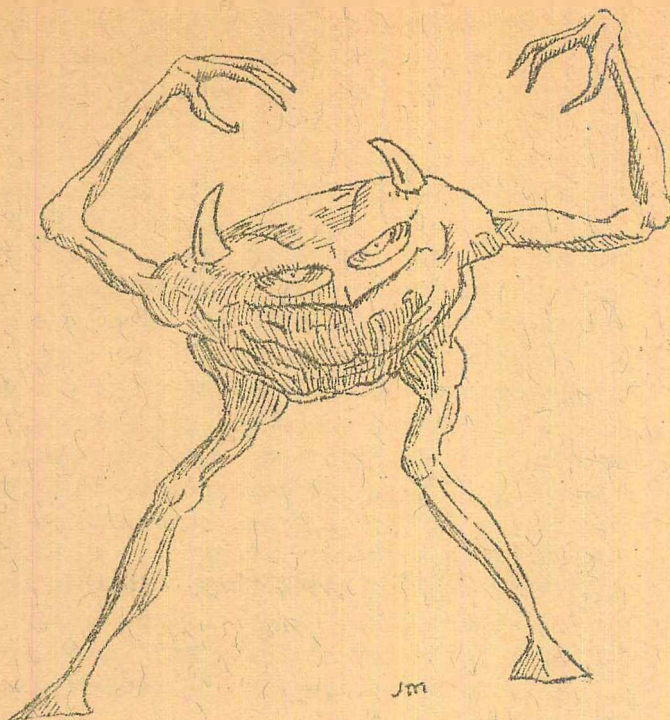
1

There once was a monster who was bug-eyed.
And one day a pretty femme he spied.
He was then possessed by carnal lust.
He ran to catch her. He knew he must.

2

She wore a miniskirt and skimpy
brassiere.

When she saw him she screamed with fear.
She fled from him but to no avail,
And he carried her off down a rocky
trail.



3

They went up the mountain to his lair.
And her face was covered with a horrified stare.
He planned to eat her and maybe more.
Like whatever half-nude femmes are good for.

4.

But Chester Q. Hero saw this awesome sight.
He heard the snarls and screams of fright.
He was a hero and thought himself brave.
He knew his duty, this femme to save.

5

At his belt was his trusty blaster.
He unholstered it as he ran faster.
In the direction of the imperiled femme,
to blast and sizzle that nasty BEM.

6.

When he got there the BEM was waiting,
A move that Chester hadn't been contemplating.
And fate ruled that he should die
So the BEM killed him with a bloodcurdling cry.

7

Now we might see what BEM will do,
When he catches himself a femme or two.
He did not rape her and all that rot.
He simply ate her. Did he not?

/And still another one by Darrell!7

1.

The hero was searching for the BEM
Who had just snatched a lovely femme,
And carried her off to a hidden valley
Where he would feast on Miss O'Malley.

2

When he came over a rise
A startling sight met his eyes.
For the maid and the monster sat peacefully,
side by side,
And this most seriously hurt the Hero's pride.

3

He came out into the clearing
And felt intense heat, searing
From a blaster held by the femme
Which to his surprise was aimed at him.

4

"Get lost!" she called,
To the hero most appalled.
"You're a show off and an idiot, too,
And the last thing I want is help
from you!"

DARRELL SCHWEITZER

"My God is in fine shape. Sorry to hear
about yours."
"Which one of mine do you mean?"



A PIOUS PEEK

DAVID
MALONE

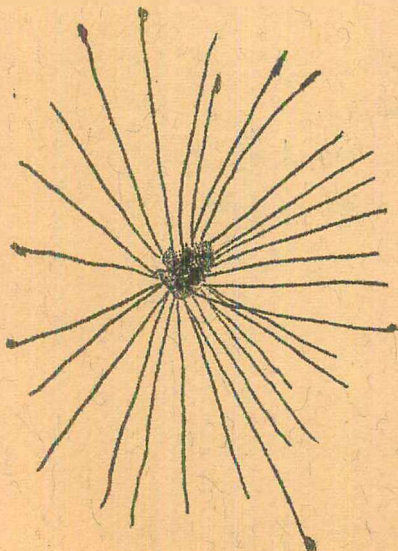
TAKES

A

PIOUS
PEEK
AT

ARTHUR
CLARKE
AND

"THE STAR"



I am not a theologian or even a theology student. I am a fifteen year old fan. The topic of religious SF has been reviewed by greater minds than mine but all the same I feel obligated to put in my two bits worth since I am a Christian who believes in a good argument to liven up a fanzine.

Take "The Star" by Arthur C. Clarke. Here we have a religious science fiction story that commits some gross errors. It is an excellent story that is tremendous fun to read, and was enjoyed by a good many fans since it went away to win the Hugo in 1956. However, it has some rather poor theology in it that may be detected by even the meanest of laymen.

The basic premise of the story is that God destroyed a planet full of good and happy people who were perhaps better than man morally and intellectually for the mere purpose of having a supernova light the birth of His son being born on Earth. The conclusion we are led to draw from this is that the God we have been worshipping all these years is no better than the vain and fickle gods of ancient Greece.

Now if all this really were to happen, things would be a wee bit different. The priest, upon being confronted with the facts involved, would not come to the conclusion that God was being frivolous or unthinking. The conclusion that he would come to would be that He was rewarding these people. When God moves in His mysterious way his wonders to perform, death is not necessarily cruel or hard even if it is violent. For any person, the body is a state where you learn to cope with life and to decide for yourself, even if unconsciously, your place in the universe. A society works in much the same manner and it would appear that the society on the planet of "The Star" had reached a point where any further progress would be merely technological. They would not have discovered "the secrets of the universe" but would have gone as far as they could go as a society in the transient state.

Tsk, Arthur C. Clarke, you are almost as bad as Robert Heinlein when he tries to use the bible in Stranger in a Strange Land. The men from Sodom are homosexuals and have no desire to rape the man's daughters. They wanted at the men. Put that in your water and drink it before you blithely go quoting the bible all over the place.

David T. Malone

MINDSWAMP

BY DEAN KOONTZ

This time, let's ramble around a little bit. From John M. Faucette to Piers Anthony -- which is one helluva lot of rambling.

John M. Faucette's second novel is, again, half of an Ace Double entitled THE AGE OF RUIN. It's a nice enough title, and the Gray Morrow cover is passable, though slightly ridiculous since it appears our colorful hero is fighting super-modern weapons with a bow and arrow. It's after you turn that cover back and leaf to the first page of the story that the trouble starts.

First of all, the story is not suited to first person viewpoint. First person is tricky, and I wrote four novels before I tried it in anything outside of short stories. But even overlooking the structural fault, there are other things. For instance, the first sentence of the second paragraph is terribly awkward grammatically speaking.

"I, Jahalazar of the purple locks, sprang awake, a sinewy arm reaching for Chernac, the Throwing Sword, as I rolled from the bed to alight upon shoeless feet crouched."

Ecch! First of all, there must have been an easier way to give the reader the lead character's name and to clue them into the fact that he has purple hair. Look how much more easily that sentence would have read if he had left these two facts out and introduced them, say, in later conversation: "I sprang awake and reached for Chernac..." Better, right? But even so, why does he "sprang awake"? Why can't he just say: "I woke..."? The first half of the sentence then, is wordy. But look at the second half. What the hell is "crouched" doing at the end of the sentence? Were his feet crouched? Or was he crouched? He is saying that his feet were.

One other problem. He cannot say things directly. Instead of saying that he reached for the sword, he says that a sinewy arm reached for it. Did the arm have a body attached? Where did this arm come from? All sorts of interesting questions here. In the same paragraph, he says: "My toes dug into the turf of the carpet..." Why not: "I dug my toes into the turf of the carpet..."? It would be more direct and would not infer that his toes were separate sentient beings with a strong will of their own. There are several more examples in this paragraph alone, but I think I've made the point. From page seven: "Patches of golden hair could be seen jutting from the edges of his winged helmet." Verbosity again. He could have, and should have, replaced "could be seen jutting" with "were jutting" or more desirably yet, "juttet".

Let's leave this sort of awkwardness and look for others. On the first page at the end of the third paragraph, we get this gem: "No one and nothing moved." For God's sake, why no just: "Nothing moved."?

Page 6, first paragraph: "...barking and snarling with a ferocity no man could match." He means that no man could match the beast's ferocity. What he is saying is that no man could match the beast's barking and snarling.

Page 6, last paragraph: "Up to their multi-colored feathers were they embedded."
Why the inversion of "were"?

Page 8, second paragraph: "Only he and I had the beast allowed near"
Why the awkward phrasing?

Page 7, third paragraph: "...and the rust-red sun shone redly from it."
Would a rust-red sun shine yellow?

Page 9, last paragraph: "The gigantic carcass twitched violently for some minutes,
finally it was still."
Both halves of that sentence have subjects and verbs and
are not separated by a conjunction. This is called a
comma-splice and is one of the easiest grammatical errors
to overcome.

Page 15, middle: "He would be at Bomb Valley is less than two weeks, alive
and well, telling embroidered tales over mugs of ale of
his trek home."
Another simple error easily corrected. That last prepo-
sitional phrase "of his trek home" should go after the
word "tales". I usually correct this problem with tenth
graders when I teach English.

There are other errors, countless ones that make the grammar such an ordeal that the reader cannot possibly read the story with any fluency. The misplaced modifiers and the scrambled phrases are stumbling blocks to the plot. Mr. Faucette needs to study similes and metaphors, too. One place, he says: "Suddenly the wind died -- died so swiftly that it was like a gunshot." The simile is absurd. A gunshot is the violent release of energy whereas the dying of the wind is the sudden cessation of energy. The only thing they have in common in this instance is suddenness, but the simile does not make this clear. The author also has a gift for understatement. quote: "I was afraid to sleep for fear that one of my fellow prisoners might somehow get free and come upon me while I lay helpless and devour me. I could not let that happen." I COULD NOT LET THAT HAPPEN, he says! My, yes, that would be horribly distasteful, to be eaten alive while one was helpless.

One final little priceless gem before we move on to Piers Anthony. There is a place in the book called "Wang". Interesting, huh? Of course, the soldiers carrying this banner are "the men of Wang". Hmmm....

On the other side of the proverbial coin, there are few writers around who are as fluent with the language as Piers Anthony. Indeed, at times his prose is so measured and smooth that it seems to lack the essential vitality. But this is rare. For the most part, Anthony writes well and entertainingly. He has given us one near great book, CHTHON, SOS THE ROPE, a rather mediocre swords and science novel, THE RING in collaboration, and OMNIVORE. By far, the most entertaining of the lot is the last. In fact, it may be a better written book than CHTHON. It is definitely more tightly structured than the earlier epic and with a more interesting cast of characters.

OMNIVORE should get Hugo nominations, no question.

So much for sales pitches.

THE RING, written with Robert Margroff, starts out to be every bit as good a novel as OMNIVORE. But something happened on the way to the final chapter. It is next to impossible to say who is at fault, for it is also next to impossible to tell which half of the partnership was responsible for what. This means that the mechanics of collaboration worked out perfectly. Still, the book suffered. The major flaw is that THE RING is really GLADIATOR - AT - LAW spruced up a bit and dressed in new clothes. Instead of the super-houses of the Rohl-Kornbluth book, Anthony and Margroff have

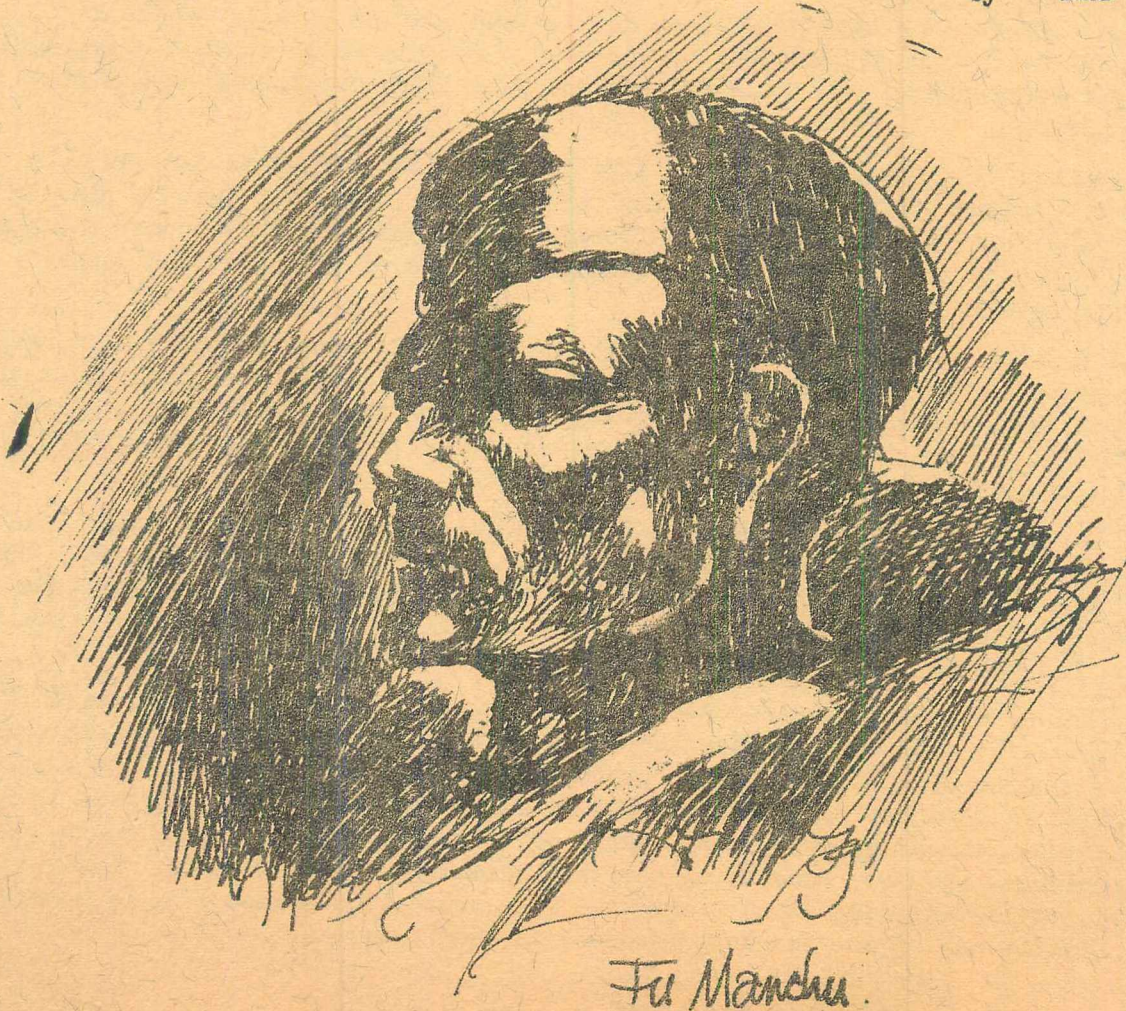
introduced the gyrocats. As in Gladiator... there is a conspiracy to keep the rightful heir from his possessions, and as in GLADIATOR... there is a desire to revenge a wronged father. Some of the scenes are so reminiscent of the earlier book, that one blushes. For instance, the city is divided into economic sectors much as the city in the Pohl-Kornbluth tale is, and the interaction between the sectors is developed along similar lines. But then there are only so many plots, and we might as well overlook this now that we have pointed it out.

The other flaw is basically a minor one, too. In this future society, the most dangerous place to go is the park. Yet our hero and heroine are forever trudging back in there to be confronted with young hoods whenever the book needs a bit of action. This is regrettable in light of the naturalness of the rest of the book.

OMNIVORE, on the other hand, is natural from beginning to end. It is splashed through with moments of rich, colorful action. Its characters are vibrant and believable -- all except for the professor-turned-vampire. The metamorphosis there is not made clear or believable. As I have noted in another review elsewhere, OMNIVORE, contains one of the best alien beasts, the manta, that I have ever read about. It is well-developed and perfectly logical.

In short, this time I have chosen to look at two of the more recent writers -- superficial look, to be sure -- and pass some opinionated judgment of my own. Too often, the field ignores those starting out and concentrates only on those who are already set with an established reputation. Delany, for instance, was ignored until his seventh book. Anthony will be established in two or three more novels and will be reviewed each time out by the prozines. Faucette has a long way to go and many hours to put in over a competent grammar text.

by ***DEAN R. KOONTZ***



OH NO! NOT ANOTHER TWO PAGES OF REVIEWS?



Yes, friends and enemies, and these are all compliments of Vardeman. Spotty and very superficial but this at least shows where my interests lie. I guess.

THE OTHERS: ed. Terry Carr: Fawcett R2044 60¢:: A series of 7 stories all having the premise "We Have Been Invaded And Only A few Know of It". Like Ray Nelson's eerie "Eight O'Clock in the Morning" and Dick's merely spooky "Roog". If you haven't read many of the stories, you won't be too disappointed with this bascially fantasy collection. Other authors are stellar, Heinlein, Matheson, DuMaurier, Knight, and Lafferty (his "Six Fingers of Time" was the only story I hadn't previously seen). You can't go far wrong with this one.

OMNIVORE: Piers Anthony: Ballantine 72014: 75¢:: Worth every cent and more. This has one of the finest drawn alien cultures to come by since Weinbaum's classics. The story must be read to be appreciated and this might be Anthony's finest yet (depending on what you got out of Chthon). Highly recommended. A probable Hugo nominee.

BROKEN LANDS: Fred Saberhagen: Ace G-740 50¢:: Quite a switch from his "Berserker" series. Quite a well done post atomic destruction story of the quest for and the reactivation of an atomic powered tank. Apparently thie first in a series. I'll be standing at the news stand with another grubby 50¢ clutched in my hot fist for the second round. Good.

THE LONG WINTER: FAWCETT R2001 60¢: This might be John Christopher's best destruction story, if you care for any type of British destruction stories at all. While a bit strained at times, I think Christopher has created a story a notch above the average. Provsionally recommended if you could believe the Framellini hypothesis explanation for the chld wave.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE: John Christopher: Avon V2243: 75¢:: I enjoyed this fantasy much more than the previous book. An interesting psychological novel but the one flaw is the lack of true depth given to the Little People. They just don't seem real - indeed, they don't do much at all for the story. Still...a change of pace from the Capt. Future and Doc Savage books.

OUTLAW WORLD & QUEST BEYOND THE STARS: Edmond Hamilton, 60¢ & Popular Lib # 2376, #2389:: What can be said about a Capt. Future novel except that it is pure escapism? Both of these are just that. Edmond Hamilton has a way of suspending disbelief and it never really matters that none of the characters are very real (or that they are cribbed from Doc Savage - that comparison compliments of Edco).

DUST OF DEATH, TERROR IN THE NAVY, MAD EYES, SQUEAKING GOBLIN: Kenneth Robeson: 50¢ all from Bantam::: Again pure escapism but I love'em! Corny, you bet. Dated, yep. But still enjoyable. Unpretentious entertainment. Certainly no Omnivore but they were never intended to be. If you haven't read one of the 35 that are now out, you should just to say that you've seen a piece of nostalgia from "The Good Old Days".

THE DEMON BREED: James Schmitz: Ace Special H-105, 60¢::: Originally "The Tuvela" in Analog. This is the story (set in Schmitz's Hub Universe) of how two marine biologists prevent the invasion of a world. Sounds preposterous? The artful way Schmitz handles the theme makes it seem not only possible but so damned plausible you wonder if it has happened just like he described it. "Full of vitality, colorful details, interesting incidents and very convincing horrible animals" said Jack Vance. Every word is true. If Demon Breed doesn't make the Hugo nomination ballot I'll be sorely perturbed. Easily one of the ten best produced in 1968. Get it.

SERVANTS OF THE WANKH: Jack Vance: Ace 66900: 50¢: #2 in Planet of Adventure Series:: While the first book read like a travelog, #2 has picked up the pace markedly. The love interest was killed off by a most unusual manic-depressive fit, new enemies were added and new allies for Reith on his quest to return to Earth. A much more mature and full blown "Big Planet". Vance has a knack for introducing alien races and making them seem really ALIEN. Escapism, too, but of a higher class than Doc Savage, since Vance is a master and not a hack.

SWORDS AGAINST WIZARDRY & SWORDS IN THE MIST: Fritz Leiber: Ace H-73 and H-90, 60¢:: The first contains two of the most intriguing Mouser yarns, Stardock and Lords of Quarmall (along with Two best Thieves in Lankmar). The second book contains a variety of only loosely related stories. While I applaud Ace for finally putting out the Mouser tales in paperback form, I do wish Wollheim would twist Leiber's arm and get him to write a new, complete Grey Mouser novel. Both of these books are some of the best S&S written.

MAGNETIC MAN & MOON EXPRESS: Norman Daniels, Berkeley 60¢, both Avengers books:: I can just barely remember the first book and what I do remember shows it wasn't worth the effort. Moon Express was badly flawed in that no one thought that it should be strange that the moon's gravity was the same as the earth's. Phooey. Daniels hasn't done as good a job as Laumer. But then I might be prejudiced.

CODE DUELLO & AGE OF RUIN: Mack Reynolds & John Fauceite: Ace H-103 60¢:: Even tho I'd read the Reynold's half in "nalog I blew the 60¢ for Freas' fine cover and to have it (meaning the story) in a more convenient form. Good story if you like Reynolds. I guess it is typical of both him and Analog. Fauceite's half has been reviewed by Dean so I'll just say it sounds like JF is not writing in his native language. From the convoluted sentence structure, I'd say he speaks German natively rather than English. If so, why the hell didn't Wollheim or Carr put the verbs in the proper sequence?

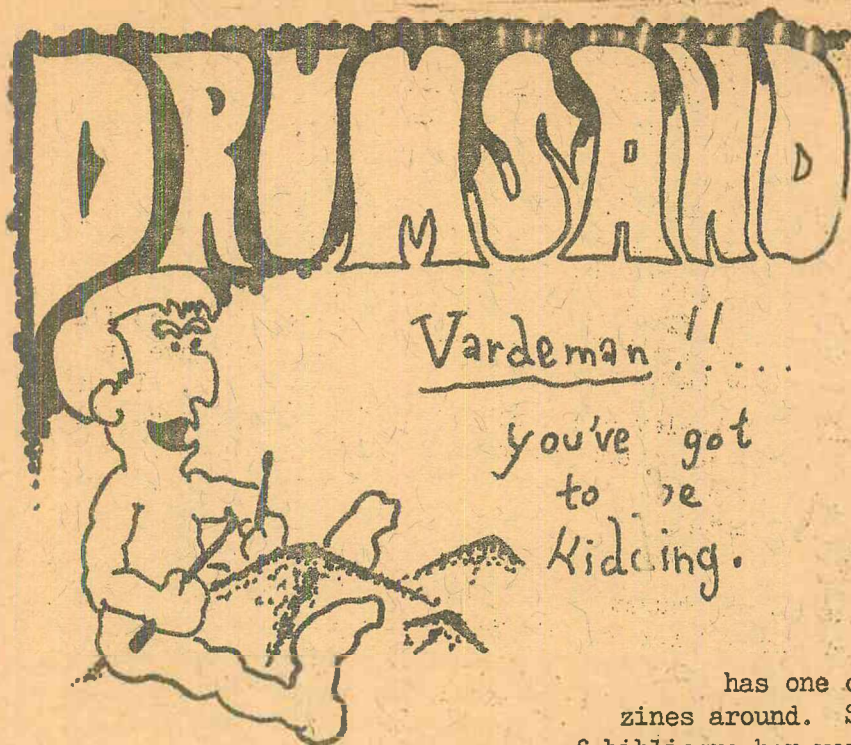
FAR-OUT WORLDS OF AE VAN VOGT: Ace H-92 60¢:: 60¢ wasted. The most recent story is 1964 and the oldest '37. The old stories are badly dated (well, so are the recent ones). Van Vogt has written some very good short stories. Unfortunately none of them are in this collection. Bass it by.

PRODUCTIONS OF TIME: John Brunner: Signet P3113, 60¢:: Just glancing at my collection, I guess I have more books by John Brunner than by any other author (with the possible exception of Andre Norton). The reason is, I like his work. PofTime is a well-done time travel story about sadistic voyeurs from the future filming their brutal dramas with the aid of junky, alcoholic, deranged, lesbian, etc. actors and actresses in our time. Looking over the humanity of today, I find this a reasonable extrapolation.

SNOW WHITE AND THE GIANTS: JT McIntosh: Avon S347, 60¢:: Same general theme as The Productions of Time but not as well done. These voyeurs come to see a national disaster rather than to create one.

ISLE OF THE DEAD: Roger Zelazny: Ace Special 37465, 60¢:: My bet for the novel Hugo in Heidelberg (Heidelberg in '70!) Everything And Call Me Conrad.... was and more. A moving story of a fantastically wealthy, nearly immortal human/god. Simply rehashing the story would not do even a fraction of the justice it deserves. So read it. And think about it. I'm certain you won't be able to keep yourself from liking it.

Various and sundry other books: 17X Infinity by Groff Conklin, ed. Not a very representative anthology, I fear. Conklin's put together much better. TOWER OF ZANID & DRAGON OF THE ISHTAR GATE by L. Sprague DeCamp. Historical fiction is deCamp's forte and Dragon is one of the best non-sf books I've read in some time. TOWER is lighter weight but still enjoyable. SIDESLIP by White and Van Arnam. I couldn't help thinking this was a clever re-write of Jewels of Elsewhen with a few new and old characters tossed in. BELL FROM INFINITY by Robt. Moore Williams. Lightweight space opera. SUBSPACE EXPLORERS BY Doc Smith. After the Lens series, all I can say is "Blech!". THE RING by Margroff & Anthony. Solid story with a cop-out ending. But read it anyway. Nebula Award Stories #2. Best stories are Call Him Lord (!), Light of Other Days and Last Castle (the first and last of which won Neublæ Awards). Enough for now. READ ON!!



Well fans, here it is Once More - Vardeman's Spotty & Totally Useless Fanzine Review Section. This time I picked out just the best (and once again I mean the ones that were on top of the pile - ah, that I could review all of them --- but then Jerry Lapidus would really scream and rant and roar and carry on. Poor thing. It isn't good for his pancreas so I'll reduce the strain on him by only reviewing a few.)

PEGASUS #4: Joanne Burger, 55 Blue Bonnet, Lake Jackson, Texas, 77566: no price: Joanne

has one of the nicest, best repro'd ditto-zines around. She is also about the only complete sf bibliographer working on new stuff as it comes out.

For a listing of all the sf pubbed in '68 write Joanne and see if she has any copies left. Thish contains some very good letters/comments from the likes of Piers Anthony (who hasn't the time for such things - this is a 4½ page letter), Leigh Edmonds, and a host of others. Also contained is a listing of all sf published in Nov '68-Jan '69 plus some that are supposed to be out later this year. A bibliographer's dream come true in Pegasus. Dry data plus witty comments.

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Perihelion: Sam Bellotto, 40-46B 77th st., Elmhurst, NY 11373: 50¢: Bode wrap-around cover plus Bode cartoon strip TUBS inside. Dean Koontz has a start on a novelet, The Face in His Belly (well, Jim, you can't win'em all....) but the highlight of the ish is Robert Toomey's excellent analysis of Sex in SF. Perihelion is beautifully repro'd and Derek Carter's artwork pleases me muchly (and if Bode's pleases you we both come out ahead).

/*/

SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES#75: Ken Rudolph, 745 N. Spaulding, LA, Calif 90046: 50¢ or the incredible price of 4/\$2 (just can't see how Ken Ru figures): available for usual other stuff:: The shining piece in thish is Len Bailes dissection of The Prisoner and several possible ideas on What It All Meant. I had missed most of the final episodes and was very glad to see a brief synopsis along with the interpretation. (The Prisoner was very definitely John Drake - remember Johnny Rivers' theme for Danger Man? "They're givin' you a number & takin' way your name") Artwork is superb. George Barr, Mike Gilbert, Bill Rotsler, Alicia Austin, et al. with drawn and Dick Bergeron with a photo-montage that is gosh-wow. Written stuff other than Bailes' "The Village Storybook" is by Bergeron on Fangdom, Laurence Janifer's "Laugh, Clown" and John Berry mutterings. Spotty repro in some places but majority of zine is very legible (and readable!)

/*/

I tried to write a song about drinking but I couldn't get past the first two bars.

/*/

WARHOON#25: Richard Bergeron: 11 E. 68th St, NYC, NY 10021, 60¢ or usual: A good photo-montage cover announcing "Bob Shaw for TAFF, of course". Of course. Ted White's review of DV concludes and Harlan has the last word (of course). And there is Walt Willis, Harry Warner, Lowndes (Aufgeknöpft was misspelled - fout on you, Dick), Blish

and The Mortal Gael by Bob Shaw. A most stellar lineup and, of course, very well written. And just think, this is just a FAPazine....

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CRY #180: Elinor Busby, 2852 14th Ave W, Seattle, Wash. 98119 and Vera Heminger, 30214 108th Ave SE, Auburn, Wash. 98002: 40¢ and tradezines to Vera and material to Elinor:

Thish has fewer Star Trek wanderings but comments on ST manage to take up a good bit of the lettercol. The one outstanding thing is the cover - in a class with an ATOM cover I saw repro'd by Wal-2-Wal press earlier in my fannish days. Written material isn't stupendous but is good, solid entertainment. By the likes of John Berry, Roytac, the Busby's, Vera, et al. Chreat Ghu, but that is some cover art!



WRR: Wally Weber & Blotto Otto Pfeiffer: Box 267, 507 3rd Ave.

Seattle, Wash. 98004: free or for usual: Some incredible stuff contained herein in the form of fannish humor but it is buried beneath things like a 12 (yes, twelve) page comic(?) strip Star Wreck which is poorly drawn, a 7 pager by Steven Muir (which, while it had its moments, wasn't exactly thrilling or titillating) and a fair poem by Betty Knight. Highlights were Art Rapp's "Beware of the Grapes of Rapp" thingy, another John Berry article (he doesn't seem to be able to write a boring article if he tried) and Wally's "Banana Split" with some fine, faanish comments on Dean Koontz's use of "corrosive froth" from lasers in STAR QUEST. It seems CORROSIVE FROTH is an acronym for "Canon Originated Radiation Reaching Outlandish Super-Intensity Viciously Emitted, Formidable Radiation Obliterating Targets Horribly". Spotty issue rising to great high summits and sinking to lowly swamps in others.

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Hear about the nuclear physicist who swallowed some
plutonium and got. atomic ache?

/*/

WSFA JOURNAL #65: Don Miller: 12315 Judson Rd, Wheaton Md, 20906: 3/\$1 or free for contribs - no trades::: Robert Moore Williams has a very thought provoking piece on writing - should writing be for just stybe or for fun (meaning reader enjoyment). His conclusion is that the latter should prevail and for this to happen the writer must pour himself into his work. RMW also takes a swack or two at the SFWA along the way. 10 pages of fmz reviews might seem like a lot, but Doll Gilliland somehow manages to find good points in every zine she reviews (beyond statements like "He used high quality staples thish" that is). Lettercol and a Bob Rozman article on Physicla Medicine in SF balance the reviews. Banks Mebane dissects the yr's prozine output while Don relates the happenings at the WSFA banquet. (Panshin won a Nebula for Rite of Passage and Anne McCaffrey won a Nebual for her novella "Dragonrider"). All in all a most interesting issue even if the staples couldn't hold it all together.

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I used to kiss her on the lips - but it's
all over now.

/*/

Sorry if I only hit the high points this time thru but I feel I'm turning SWorm into nothing but a review zine + a lettercol. *Sigh* Ah, yes. One of the B*I*G faanish type fanzines deserved to be reviewed but the clod that mailed it sent it with 66¢ due (it's a long story why I ended up paying the damned 66¢ but AK has been removed from my mailing list for his stupidity (or his mailer's stupidity) and as such will no longer be mentioned in the pages of this zine. Snarl. Sometimes I scare myself, I'm so vicious...)

"WHERE THE FIT HITS THE FAN"

Mike Deckinger: 25 Manor Drive: Apt.12-J: Newark,NJ
07106::: Your "Baycon" report was a
solidly produced compilation that
offered enlightening reading. I
stayed at the Claremont for the convention and was
given a room as prehistoric as yours at the Shattuck
was. I assumed that all Claremont guests were
lodged in these crude niches, while the fortunate
individuals staying at neighboring hotels had the
comfort of more modern surroundings. So everyone
suffered equally.

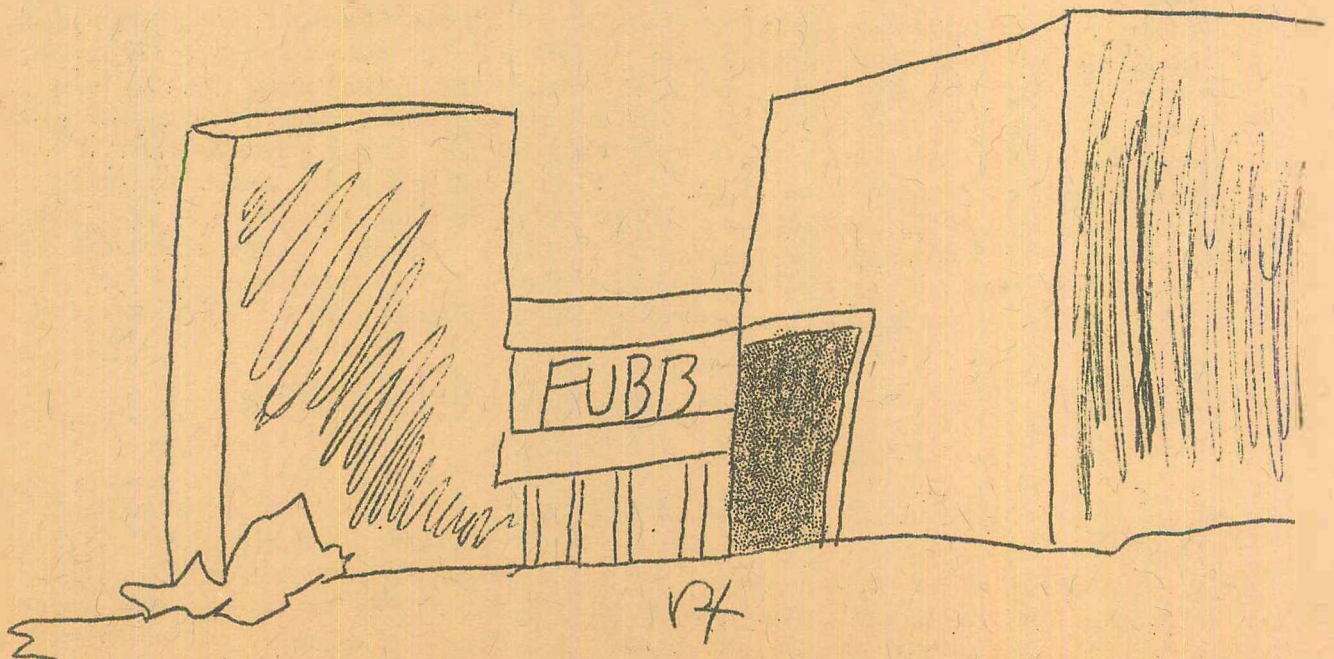
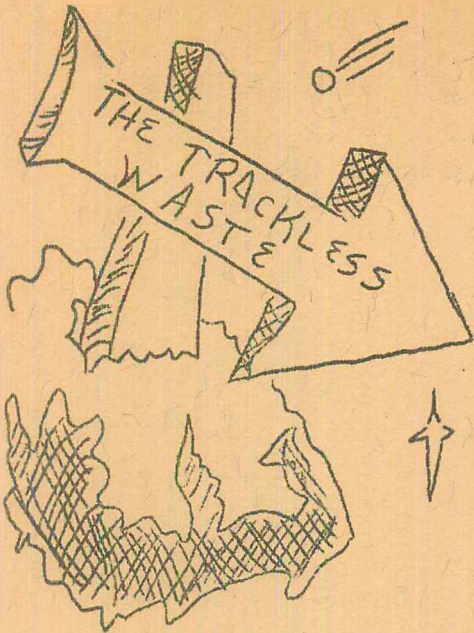
You are also the first person to
announce the ability to distinguish between the
raucous rock groups that "highlighted" the masquerade
flop. Could you really tell the difference between
"The Mad River" and the other imitation earthquakes?
I'm surprised that anyone would try. /I thot I was

able to tell but, alas, I seem to have been mistaken on several counts there. I have
been told by Hank Luttrell (one of fandom's real rock experts) that what I thot was the
Mad River was really "Food Dancing & Entertainment" - their title, not mine. I think
it is fairly clear how I got such a name confused what with the rotten acoustics in the
room and sundry distractions.7

Norman Spinrad's first book was "The Solarians". His
second was "Agent of Chaos", his third "The Men in the Jungle" and his fourth "Bug Jack
Barron", unpublished as yet in the US. His fifth will be a sequel to the last and
titled "Bug Ted White".

Alexis Gilliland's article/story was neatly handled and shows
that unlike most writers, Gilliland does not needlessly overextend himself. He knows
the proper place to end both sentences and the article/story as a whole instead of over-
inflating a minor incident by inserting irrelevancies. /Yes, I agree. Alexis would never
make a good TV script writer.7

It's almost comical that fen will assemble to denounce
Bode with such vindictive epithets as "cartoonist" and "untalented" and then vote Hugos



two years in a row for Jack Gaughan's very mediocre scrawlings. /What I find amusing about the whole thing (not meaning JG's richly deserved Hugos) is that fandom as a whole is fairly liberal politically and yet the first argument trotted out by pro-Bode is that fandom is conservative. Perhaps the liberalism is just skin deep.../

The cover for "Danger Planet" as well as the two other Capt. Future novels reprinted by Popular Library was by Frank Frazetta. Jones usually sticks his signature somewhere near the bottom. /This may be so, but sometimes I think that the editor cuts off some of the bottom as surplus taking the artist's chop with it. It should be standard policy to print the artist's name either on the back cover or on the printing history page./

By "Gene Autry and the Thunder Riders" aren't you referring to the old, old Republic serial in which Gene battles invaders from an undersea kingdom, led by a ruthless queen? The name "Lurania" or "Lurane" comes to mind, but I don't recall whether or not that's the correct name of the land. The serial title was "The Phantom Empire". /The kingdom was "Lurania" but it wasn't undersea, just underground. I suspect that the name was changed when the original serial episodes were spliced together into one movie (I don't remember ever seeing it on US TV - I saw it with Spanish subtitles over a Juarez station circa 1957 or '58. I still remember the ending. Evil prime minister is thwarted by the evil queen-turned-good-guy and a super-duper ray turns everything and everybody into melty-gooey butter. They just don't make 'em like that anymore. -- Thank Heavens./

/*/

Please lower your voice
What you say is going over my head

/*/

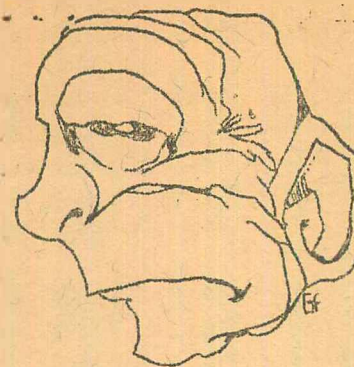
Jerry Lapidus: 54 Clearview Dr.: Pittsford, NY, 14534:: I think I'd have to (heaven protect us) agree with you in your total appraisal of Bode. Your original statement, "Bode stinks" was rather unfair. and enough of the readers have taken you to task for it. /Your quasi-quote implies something that my original statement, "Bode is an incredibly bad artist" did not. Namely that I do not distinguish between what I think is "artistic" and what is "cartoonish". Minor point, perhaps, but with such a touchy question, implications seem to mean more than concrete statements./ If you qualify the statement and say he's a poor artist but a good cartoonist, I can easily see your point. His strips have been fantastic; his illustrations good in some cases, poor in others; his covers poor in general. /No arguments with your statements since I agree./ I'll add Tumbleweeds to your list of decent comics; often they come up with a real goodie, and in fact I like them better than Hart's stuff. But Peanuts takes first place by far.

thing was worth it tho, as it inspired Walker's excellent "opus letter". Truly a masterpiece of fannish sentiment. The whole

Find it difficult to agree with most of your book reviews, which for us is a common situation. Particularly in the case of Picnic On Paradise, I think you demand too much in the line of action/adventure. As a pure character study, I'd put this on the level of Shaw's book at least, and while I was never held by it, I certainly wasn't bored. /I've been told that Picnic is more or less the continuation of a series of short stories. By missing out on most of the background probably hurt my appreciation more than anything else. It just seemed to BE, without rhyme or reason. But I do think that sequels should hold enough of the background in individual stories to fill in the uninitiated - something that is hard to do without boring the long-time reader/fan./

I don't like what you do with fmz at all; if you're going to review, REVIEW! If you really don't want to bother with a fmz review column, that's up to you. There are enough around to keep most faneds

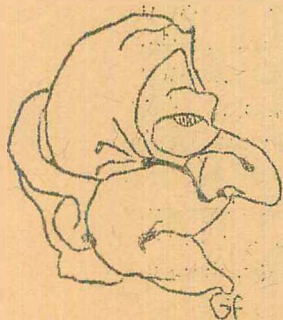
happy, and your 1.5 pages doesn't add significantly to the rest. But if you want to review fanzines, you really should make an effort to discuss most of the decent things that come in, just as a courtesy to the editors if nothing else. Or, if you don't want to do that, then discuss two or three in detail; be critical, and you might succeed in improving some of them there things that come around. But what you do now is useless. /Unless to whom? To you, maybe. I somehow cannot see myself in the role of crusading boy fanzine editor out to clean up all those crudzines. Neither can I see myself getting tangled up in terribly erudite sercon discussions over things which were probably better said in the original article. If I think this is the case, I say so. No need to beat a living horse if it is moving. Likewise, besides pointing out a true, cruddy effort, I don't see how this'll help much unless the fanned involved sees eye-to-eye with me. I, unfortunately alone, feel it is better to direct someone to a fanzine in question and let them form their own opinion rather than forming it for them. 7



No one's saying that ANALOG MUST print all New Wave-type stories. The thing is, Campbell used to have all types of stories in the mag. Now, with a very occasional exception, everything is very much the same. J.C knows what he likes, and now he prints only what he likes. While I can't blame him, I still can attack him for it. For variety, Pohl probably does better than anybody. There is an F&SF type story, too; I happen to like it, but I realize that many don't. But Pohl seems a bit more willing to print unusual stuff than the others-- at least stuff unusual to him. I like Moorcock's things, too, but he suffers from the same problem -- tunnel vision, one type of work. /I'm not really certain what you mean by "all type stories". Perhaps if you could give an illustration of when Analog (or ASF) did so, I might see your point more clearly. I find great diversity in such things as DUNE, Weyr Search, Hawk Among the Sparrows, Trader Team, Too Many Magicians, etc. That Campbell harps on psi stories is a minor hangup - there are plenty of non-psi stories in Analog. While I agree each issue seems the same, when I sit down and think back over all those "same" issues, I find surprising gems oozing out. This just doesn't happen with Pohl's zines too often. I might read a story I like, but somehow it sinks into the morass rather than rising above it. Obviously, we structure our reading differently and get different things out of it. In essence, Analog is deceiving diversified. 7

Your "Put up or shut up" response to Carol's criticism of REG is most uncalled for. This is like saying, you can't write, so you have no reason to criticise someone else's writing. You've just about come out and said that she shouldn't criticise REG since she can't draw as well (7) as he can. /Didn't she just about come out and say she could? I seem to remember something about a five year old with a 10¢ compass doing better - I declare such a statement is patently untrue. I disagree with what you drew as a conclusion from my statement - criticism

is fine as long as it doesn't descend to a "Anybody can do better than that" level. This is nothing more than name calling, and as such isn't worth much. When I said "Bode is an incredibly bad artist" I followed this up with a list of specific reasons why I tendered that opinion. I never said I could do better. I can't. Carol is entitled to her opinion of REG, but when she says a 5 yr old could do as well with a 10¢ compass, well, I'll gladly send her a 10¢ compass (since she is obviously older than 5, she should do all the better). I consider it a matter of principle that if I ever make a statement with the implication "anybody can do better", by God then I think I at least can do better. Perhaps Carol is not implying this. 7



Basically, tho, I think she's right about Gilbert. 'ho I've never met the fellow, I find 99% of his work dull and particularly uncreative. /At least you give some reasons for disliking his work; even if they are subjective, you seem to have some more concrete basis for your opinion than "anybody can do better than that",/ Your REG Auntie Fannish girl is one of his best I've seen in a long time, and even it doesn't compare with Gaughan, Lovenstein, or a host of others. /I never said it did. I merely said that REG is one of my favorite fanartists and that it wouldn't pain me any to see him get a Hugo. That Jack and Doug are as good as or better than REG has little bearing. I find it very hard to say any one artist is "best"./

MIKE

Gilbert is a different story, for my money he's one of the top fanartists around. /Agree - see my list of favorites./ No offesne, Robert (both Vardeman and Gilbert) but I just can't take most of your stuff.

It's YOU, Bob, who say that Ballard, Aldiss, Zelazny Delany, etc. are doing the same thing. /Wrong. I make it a point to exclude both the latter writers since they are involved in telling a story first, and secondly worrying about stylistic points. Don't believe me, then read Delany's Fall of the Towers or Zelazny's Isle of the Dead. It is you, Jerry, who are putting story tellers in the same category as pure stylistic New Wavicles./ As far as I'm concerned, the New Wave is nothing more than the relatively simultaneous emergence of a number of writers all more concerned with style than most of the sf field. Dick's been writing it for years, as has Jack Vance. The point is, we now have a number of authors all concerned with style as more than the easiest way to tell the story. It's a logical progression in the field, very similar to what the "mainstream's" been going through for the last forty years. If you want to call these people New Wave writers, it's your privilege. But don't condemn the field on the basis of a few experiments! The fact that Ballard IS doing a completely different thing from the rest should force you to consider his work as something completely distinct from the rest. If you don't, you'll miss a few unsuccessful experiments; you'll also miss a hell of a lot of great stuff from the likes of Delany, Zelazny, Aldiss and others. /I am simply at a loss to puzzle out how you ever got the mistaken impression I wasn't a delany and Zelazny fan. If you remeber back an issue or two, I was even involved in a knock-down drag-out fight with Dean Koontz concerning the quality of Lord of Light. He thought it was better than 90% being written - and I took issue with him. I thought it was better! Delany, for some reason, has had his Towers of Tornn (Fall of the Towers trilogy) almost ignored. I thought it was magnificent. In fact when you get right down to it, Delany is passed over more often than not to discuss some insignificant piece of fluff like Men in The Jungle. Most strange. But then he doesn't try to sell his stuff. He doesn't really have to, I guess. People are able to recognize its quality without being told first how good it is. The same with Zelazny./

/*/

Don't try to think for me - it's hard enough trying to explain my own mistakes....

/*/

Bob Shaw for TAFF

/*/

Frank Lunney: 212 Juniper St, Quakertown Pa, 18951:::I secretly snicker to myself when I see you don't have the time to write to the people you list in GUIDICHAR, yet you still pour yourself into the locs. But then you say you don't have time for a great many fnz editors, and I know that I'm seeing people perpetrating a hoax on fandom. There is no Bob Vardeman! /~~the faked out~~/ How absurd!/ It's all a Cox/Tackett hoax. They thought of the whole thing in that package store you say you work in. They stood around getting drunk at the sight of all those bottles on the walls, and decided that they must do something to keep them from falling into a fannish rut. Thus, Bob Vardeman was born. It's easy to see how they thought up the name. Roy to Bob was accomplished by bringing the final loop down on the bottom half of the R and the Y was changed to B by shifting the alphabet

I THINK I'LL HAVE ME A

SANDWORM

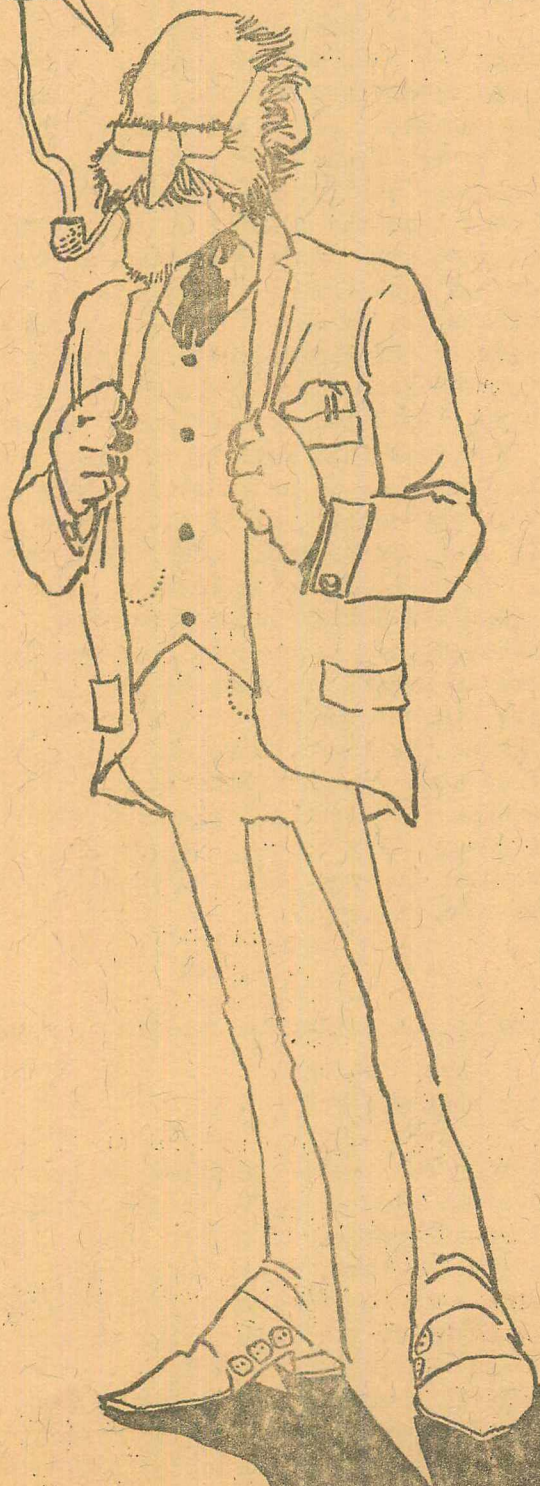
FOR BREAKFAST, ON THIS FINE DAY.

MMM... AIN'T HAD ONE O' THEM SINCE AH'Z

LEZZ'N A FOOT TALL... FINE DAY FOR A

SANDWORM... FINE DAY! FRY AN' EGG ONNA SIDEWALK...

OBLADI OBLADA... LIFE GOES ON... Mmmmm...!



SHADOW
OF A MAN!

(W.)
IS ALL
YOU
NEED.

HERE ARE SOME SCENES FROM
THIS WEEK'S CHILLER TO BE SEEN
SATURDAY AT 11:30 P.M. ! →



by three letters. Varde came from Cox by using an ingenious transposition of the letters of his name -- the hard way, of course -- and he was supposed to be a man, so his last name was Vardeman. Simple. Yeah...

You thought the Polish jokes had run their course until I made up another one, right? Well...we all know that Edgar Allan put a Poe lock on his door every night to keep out robbers, don't we? Tsk... /Argh! That was a very Poe-er pun...7

It may be that the fanart of Bode has been reproduced better than his work for the prozines. I think the only work of his which hasn't been at least electrostencilled has been the WSFA JOURNAL, but even here he had Alexis Gilliland tracing his work on stencil. And it has, for the most part, turned out beautifully, albeit a bit light in some of his solid areas. But the prozines run off on presses can come out bad or good. And to take into account

that most --all!-- of his pro work has been for the Galaxy pubs, when it is known that mags like ANALOG reproduce the work perfectly. Would Bode have made it big in ANALOG? Of course not. JWC would never see such a thing. You said it yourself: JWC prints for money. But even Campbell must be damnably optimistic with the statement that he prints what sells, as the prozines are in sad straits today. Anyway, he thusly wouldn't print anything by Bode. /According to Andy Porter's SFWeekly (previous incarnation) it seems that Analog is one of the few (only sf) zines that had increased subs. While not any record breaker of a circulation, numerically I'd bet Analog has a bigger distribution than any other sf zine. As to Bode's pro work, I think he is one of the unfortunate pros who look better in black and white than in color. Gray Morrow is another (I think his color work is discordant while his b&w is quite good). Freas comes thru strong in color and B&w. Jack Gaughan is exceptionally good in both media, but color seems to be the better of the two for him.7

You stated in DRUMSAND in your review of L'Ange Jacque, that Norman Spinrad's first book was The Men in The Jungle which was, of course, his second book. The first was The Solarians which it seems everyone has been puking about. /Correction. I said MitJ was #2 and it was apparently #3 - Agent of Chaos (Belmont B50-739, 50¢) seems to have been #2.7 But to see the big improvement in his work look at the difference between MitJ and Bug Jack Barron, the Book of Gut Sex Fandom, or whatever you should happen to want to name it. It's an amazing story to say the least, and I doubt if many people will really believe the thing was written as a novel in the first place when it's finally published in April. SO...Spinrad should be--to your mind--the most fantastic writer of this decade. Well...it'll either be Spinrad or Piers Anthony. /Gag! Cough! Putting Anthony in the same class as Spinrad is like comparing Confucius to Atilla the Hun. Anthony is a philosopher, an artist. Spinrad is heavy handed. Simply because I say Spinrad has improved his writing ability greatly doesn't mean I like his work. I don't. But when you read Agent of Chaos and notice all the crudities of style and then see how he has polished them off for MitJ, I suspect you might agree that Spinrad has, indeed, improved muchly. But where he started from...7

Yeah, Piers Anthony. He's a fkae you know, in the way he's been bombing all the poor faneds for sending him their fanzines. Secretly, he's hoping he gets a copy of everything from everybody, and then he can quit writing altogether and become a fanzine bibliographer. His postcard was also a bit more tame and reasonable, it seems. I have a feeling he was pacified by your annish...a monster 'twas.

Another trend in fandom seems to be rearing its head: that of branding Robert E. Gilbert as a bad artist. Johnny Berry doesn't like him, Dick Geis says he hasn't changed in ten years (which may be a compliment, if he was regarded good ten years ago, but of course I wasn't around), and Carol Lee doesn't like him. That last is really a hard blow. I mean... Carol Lee must be the ghoddess of Woodhaven, NY. A sort of female Ed Cox; that wasn't meant as an insult, Mr. Ghod. But the complaint always springs from those who can't draw at all, or simply draw cartoons and can't do anything else, as Berry is recognized as doing. Cartoons...? I take that back. They would have to be called faanish drawings, and nothing else. But it would seem that REG is too stfnal for them. Who wants some of that sf crap in a fanzine? Yeah!!

Ted Palls? Ted Pauls?
Isn't he one of the sons of one of the Daughters of the American Revolution? /Yes, and he has tried to hide his disgraceful past from fandom, lo these many years. How did you happen to uncover his secret?/

Give the gift that keeps on taking! A General Ky. /Lock up Saigon and throw away the Ky?/

/*/
I think my body has rejected me
/*/

ROGER ZELAZNY: The Lord of Light, himself: Thanx for Baycon '68 and Sandworm 6. I must this minute finished reading Baycon 68, and I wanted to tell you something. I was very flattered when I read the place where you said that you came off to congratulate me on the Hugo, but couldn't find me. I appreciate the sort of posthumous congratulation contained t.erein-- and I want you to know that I was honestly not trying to slight anybody. As I reflect back upon the scene, I know precisely what happened. See, Anne McCaffrey got rushed off to the side into a little room where there were very few persons present, and I saw her go. I decided I had better follow, as I wanted to bestow upon her my -- ugh! -- kiss, of congratulations upon her achievement as first woman-author to pick up a Hugo (altho I feel Andre Norton has deserved one several times in the past, and has gotten a bad deal each time around). However... I went into the little room, where I found Alexei Panshin and some others arrayed around the lovely lady -- with pictures being taken like mad -- and I ran up to her and kissed her and said, "Congratulations!" So, that's what I was doing about the precise moment you were missing me -- I was kissing Anne McCaffrey. All things considered, I think I got the best possible deal out of the evening. As much as I like you and SANDWORM, both, I have to confess that I did not consider that particular moment wasted. No! Goddamn it! I'd do it again! It was worth it. So that's howcum.

I hope you understand, and I thank you very much for the compliment that I find enclosed in your comment. Thanks. Greatly. If you ever get a chance to kiss Anne McCaffrey you will know why I think I made the right choice. /After seeing your statements, I have no doubt but that you did the best thing possible. And I most definitely can't blame you at all! Perhaps I'll get my chance to meet you and congratulate you on another Hugo (For Isle of the Dead) in Heidelberg.

Perhaps it would be possible to vote a special Hugo for Andre Norton as the best woman author of the decade? I heartily agree that she is long overdue for recognition.7

Just listen to the Pei'ans of praise for Isle of the Dead!
/*/

DEAN KOONTZ: 4181-E King George Dr: Harrisburg, Pa. 17019:: I was glad to see some room given to those who like Bode's work. He is undoubtedly one of the greatest comic artists ever to set pen to paper. I have seen more of his work, possibly, than anyone else in fandom, being as we are personal friends. And I am not just plugging a friend when I say this man is a genius and has developed some techniques that could eventually revolutionize comic art -- and maybe other branches of art as well. For instance, did you know that all his cover work is done with felt tip pens? Stop and think about the shading used on the Nov. '68 issue of IF, and the idea that he did that with felt tip is more than a little startling. The fact is, the time this could save artists if they could learn the technique is overwhelming. He also comes as close as you could possibly come to reproducing a three-dimensional effect on flat cover printing. He will soon have his own comic magazine which should please fans that appreciate his style. /I've heard it said that fmz are the last bastion of the free press in America in that almost all are willing to give both sides a say. "Straight" or "Establishment" papers most assuredly don't present both sides of the news and neither do the "New Left" rags. So that just leaves us faneds, I guess.7

Harlan, I didn't mean to infer, and I don't think I did, that Dangerous Visions was a bad anthology. I simply meant that it was not the anthology that was expected. Perhaps the only way I can clarify this is to say that, in the Nebula ballot, I voted for some of the book's works. Higher honor than that, I cannot bestow, and I will not try. I hardly ever bother to explain myself, and this is no different. Any book that contained "Faith of Our Fathers" and "Aye...and Gomorra" has to be one of the best things in years, though it wasn't all that dangerous.

On the Kersh book: I didn't find it strange that Harlan edited the book. And I didn't find it strange, because it seemed just right that Harlan should edit it, because some of his and Mr. Kersh's visions are of the same brilliant, open artery throbbing. I would like to meet Harlan at St. Louis so that he can explain why I am "100% wrong" -- and so that he can buy me a beer. We all heard his promise. I don't always stick to my promises, but I will cajole, embarrass, and badger him into keeping his! I have re-read some of the Kersh pieces and feel the same way. They go down fairly well singly, but as a group they leave a bad taste in my mouth (I guess I'll stop eating books).

I think the prospect of an Ellison-edited magazine for Ace is exciting. No, change that: EXCITING! I think the time has been here for a while when the field could sustain more magazines than it has. F&SF is bringing back VENTURE now, and that is a start. An edition of an Ace sponsored Ellison thing would be just the balance the field needs in its magazines. I wish you luck, Harlan, and I hope it gets off the ground and doubles Campbell's circulation. With Ace distribution, it should have a headstart already.

/Tis I, with a thought on Ace vs. Analog distribution. Ace (at least around here) is somewhat spotty and even if they managed to hit every stand where they sell pbs, they wouldn't match Analog's distribution. Conde Nast (as has been pointed out in other places) can say, in effect, "Put Analog on your stand or you don't get any of our other magazines". And I'm almost positive Analog has the largest subscription readership of any sf prozine. So, while Ace has the outless, they'd be up against a formidable opponent in Analog.7

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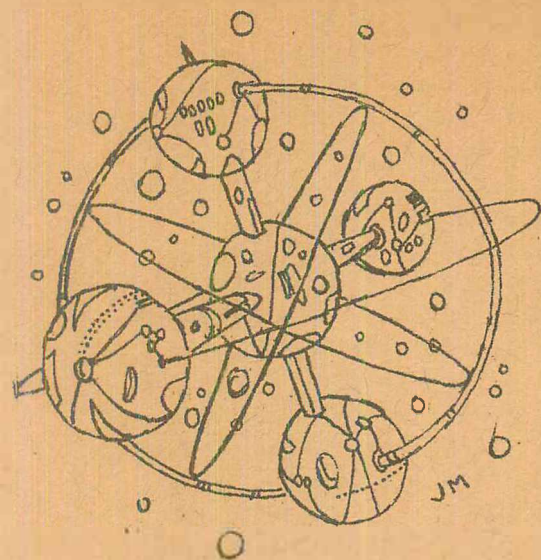
"Vardeman must be off the Beam."

"How can you be so positive?"

"He sounds like he is sober."

/*/

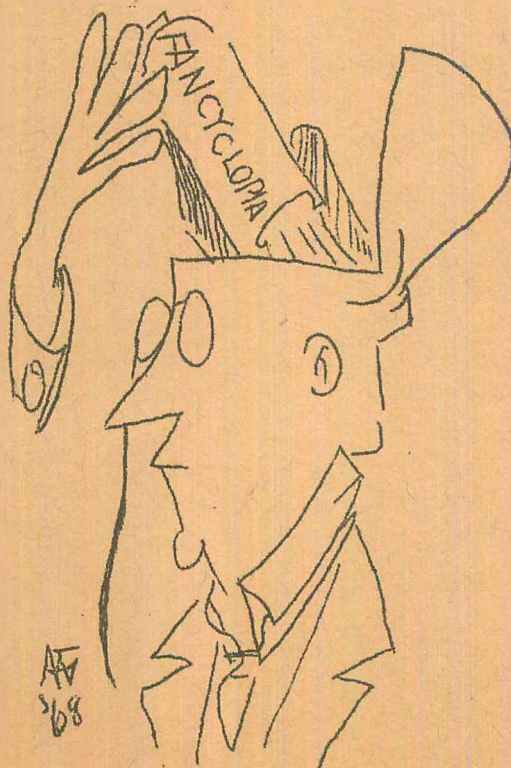
HARRY WARNER: /For Best Fanwriter!/: 423 Summit Ave, Hagerstown, Md, 21740:: You make me feel guilty, through the conreport. Here I've been grouching over the way a local institution sent me one of the credit cards you needed after I refused to return the form requesting it, then later sent another of the same type despite my failure to use the first for any purchases, and has just now begun to whine and beg me to start using the credit card in a most undignified manner, even resorting to bribery: if I use it, I'll get a dollar discount on whatever I buy. Meanwhile, you



were in all sorts of problems in San Francisco because you didn't have the very thing I disdained. There's only one consolation. If you can start me to worrying about such things, maybe I can forget for a while the more serious contrasts like the way I'm hoarding away money for retirement while kids in Asia would have a better chance for life if I sent it all over there. Anyway I enjoyed the conreport very much. Every account of the Baycon that appears proves the truth of a fan who wrote to me a day or two after its conclusion, predicting that it would get the most conflicting reviews of any con in history. /My thing with the BankAmericard system seems to be at an end. I used the card (which I received and perhaps foolishly kept about 2 weeks after returning to Albuq.) once and promptly paid when the bill came due and now they've cancelled the card on me. Whether it was for non-use, or for the rather nasty letters I sent while they were trying to figure out where I lived,

I can't say. But this I do know, I have always paid cash in the past and by God if this is the way the biggest credit organization in the world works, I'll continue to pay cash just for the privilege of having nothing to do with them. Re: your remarks about "kids in Asia" - if you mean Asiatic kids, remember charity begins at home. As long as we have places like Appalachia, we shouldn't be overly uptight over some other country's problems. If you mean by "Kids in Asia" our troops in Vietnam, no amount of money is going to get them home. If not from Asia, then somewhere else - but war is such an integral part of our economy that we couldn't do without it. So don't feel too guilty. /

I'm not familiar with much of Bode's professional work. But I'm afraid I must side against you on the quality of what I've seen of what he's done for pay, and the material he's contributed to fanzines. I think of him as an authentic genius of a distinctive sort, the kind of artist who is almost certain to become a big fad some day, a year or a century in the future. You must remember that fandom almost never says many good things about the professional fantasy artists, until their main activity period had gone by. Cartier and Gaughan are the only two major exceptions to that rule that occur to me. How many times can you find any mention of Schneeman in fanzines during the years when he was doing most of his prozine illustrations? He's turned into a minor cult today, with good reason. Bok was taken for granted until his death started all sorts of projects to give his memory the recognition his reality should have received. I still think that Paul will become a discovery some day in fandom, maybe even in the general art world, as a sort of futuristic primitive. /I can't dispute what you say about Schneeman but most of the ones like me who really groove on his work weren't even on the scene yet when he was most active. Which tired old fen dig Schneeman, hmmm? /



The original title of THE FURIES IN HERBODY was METHINKS THE LADY? But isn't Endore a Frenchman who writes in his native tongue and has his works translated? Then METHINKS THE LADY could hardly have been a correct translation of his title, unless he used a direct quotation from Shakespeare for the title in English, because there's no construction in French known to me which resembles the archaic subject-predicate word in English. /For all it's worth, here's what I could find out about Samuel Guy Endore. Born 4 July, 1901 in Brooklyn, studied at the Elizabeth Gymnasium in Vienna until 1914 and went to Carnegie Tech and Columbia and secured an MA with the intent of teaching French. He is a vegetarian, a teetotaler, doesn't smoke, leans towards communism and is something of a mystic. He is a translator, yes, but does not seem to write his works in French and then translate to English. / And the title is vaguely taken from Shakespeare: "The lady doth protest too much, methinks." /

Isn't it a rule in some states that you can't take unwrapped bottles out of a package liquor store? I've always assumed that to be the origin of the name. / Sounds logical. Each state has so many screwed up laws concerning liquor it is hard to know. IN NM it doesn't matter if the booze is in a sack or not. But then we can also sell miniatures (which can only be done in 6 other states and on airlines. /

Your note about the right of coincidence in fiction to live is interesting. Remember how Wells used to allow one fantastic element in a story, so that the science fiction story could exist? Maybe then the mundane story should have the right to one coincidence, on the theory that without it nothing interesting enough to write about would have happened in the plot. But that doesn't excuse the misuse of coincidence, when it's dragged in just to save the author the trouble of thinking up logical reasons for plot elements to move forward. Take the place near the beginning of SLAN, for instance, where the tendriled boy jumps on a moving car and discovers after he's aboard that it contains his bitterest enemies. It's a hundred thousand to one shot, without any reason for happening except that it was an easy way to keep the characters intermeshed. In mundania, coincidence is the thing in Dickens that comes awfully close to spoiling some of his novels. They go on quite convincingly until the last chapters everyone turns out to be related to someone else or plays a key role in another character's fate after they'd been isolated from one another all through the first eight hundred pages. I get the impression that Dickens kept a stock of endings on hand and whenever he felt that one of his novles had gone on long enough, he simply tossed it in, inserting the names of the characters he'd been using in the blanks he'd left for just such purposes, so there wouldn't be any loose ends which a rival novelist could grasp and write a sequel about. / I seem to remember hearing something about the sequel writing business back in those times - much like the TV game today. Have a hit book/show and suddenly you are deluged with dozens of books/shows with nothing but the characters' names changed. /

Most of the artwork is excellent again. I liked best, I suppose, the front cover of Sandworm and the Jack Gaughan beast on page 25. I hope it's page 25, that is, and I also hope that you didn't drive anyone out of fandom by asking him to collate this issue for you. Getting the pages sorted out by the help of numbers would be quite an experience. / A real mind blower, yes. Glad you liked Godwin's cover - he's an artist I'd like to see more from. /

And season's greetings to you, too. I'm a little late, but the Hagerstown Almanack says January 19 will be the Second Sunday after Epiphany, so I suppose that the Church is stretching out the yuletide as far in one direction as the merchants are pulling it out at the other end. / I always try to celebrate Epiphany - especially since it coincides with my birthday. And for the past two years, the celebration has lasted until the Second Sunday after Epiphany.... /

/*/

A whole bunch of cheap plugs: Harry Warner for best fanwriter
Doug Lovenstein for best fanartist
Rite of Passage for best novel
Psychotic for best fanzine
Heidelberg in '70

and, naturally, Bob Shaw for TAFF

ED COX: A letter from ghod: 14524 Filmore:

~~Yallah~~ Arleta, Calif, 91331:::

Ghreat Ghu! Roy has revealed the secret existence of CAPA! I'd always wondered about it.... Yes, maybe in 1969 Art Rapp will unleash the great, terrible CAPA Limerick compendium upon all fandom. Or at least all FAPA and SAPS and anybody else rash enough to pay the postage or something for it. And again, maybe he won't. One of these years, probably in 1969 also, I'll write the concluding installment on the space opera! And one of these years I'll write Chapter III in the current monthly marathon going on. Maybe in time for the 100th consecutive monthly mailing coming up in November 1969. Yes.

Gad, there's "The Martian", once part of the Science Fiction Forever series I wrote ages ago and which started in CRY, continued in Shaggy and in DYNATRON and finally fizzled out with many unwritten and uncompleted during a period of fafia. I guess this was my favorite, if not so frenetic as most of the others.

Don't laugh about CAPTAIN FUTURE! We may be getting the series anyhow. /As most of you've guessed by now, this LoC is just a trifle old - but could I let a letter from ghod (and one praising Curt Newton and the Futuremen - go unpublished? ...Well, I guess I could have.../ By now you've no doubt seen DANGER PLANET in a Popular Library pb on the stands. It's from a full length CF novel that appeared in STARTLING STORIES (Spring 1945) as RED SUN OF DANGER some time after the CF mag folded, and wasn't quite as good as those in the magazine. If it sells, we might have the whole series appearing since I'm sure most publishers have noticed the success of the DOC SAVAGE reprint series. And let's face it, CF was patterend pretty closely after DS. Observe the fearless leader of a group, two of the group always haggling with one another and each having a pet. Yes. I'd like to see the series appear if only to have it in a more handy and less fragile form than the 17 pulpzines residing carefully in this den. I may start reading the series from start to finish (like I didn't do 25 years ago) just for the hell of it to see how they stand up. /They don't seem to stand up as well as the Doc Savage yarns, probably due to the extra super science tossed in. DS made his escapes thru pure brute strength many times, while CF whips out a super disintegrator and defragilates the villain's frammis to pieces. / Probably won't be able to resist a series of reviews of same in my SAPSzine if I do. See how they stand up (in answer to Don Wollheim's question, "Have you read one recently?" or lately, something like that.)

All in all, a meaty solid letter-column. Just keep the zine appearing as often as you're able and you'll be all right! /That's the same thing my headshrinker said: "Just take out your agressions and verbalize your idiocies in Sandworm from time to time and you might survive to a ripe old age like Bob Tucker." But then Mike Montgomery is always telling me things like that.

May CF smile on you, 6 mighty ghod of the Albuq. SF, Hot Air & Gourmand Society!7



The person to blame for instigating all that follows is RON WHITTINGTON:308 Park Dr, Festus, Mo, 63028::

The Russians invaded Czechoslovakia last week. "Say, Bob, do you have any relatives in Prague?" / Naturally, they'd heard the weather was very healthful. And my great uncle, twice removed on my mother's left side, was told by his doctor that he would live to a ripe old age. That is, the doctor's Prague-nosis was favorable...7

It only goes to prove my idea that the Russians are a strange and unfriendly people. Did you know they have an open-to-the-public mausoleum in which they keep the body of their dead national hero, Nikolai Lenin? It just lies there year after year, collecting dust while Russians come to see it. I think it's fine and dandy to honor departed heroes and leaders, but I draw the line when it comes to airing one's dirty Lenin in public. / I quite agree, especially in light of recent historical finds concerning Comrade Ulianov. It seems he did not lead a very clean life - in fact, his propaganda boys had to work over time to keep the fact that he was an acid head from becoming public knowledge. You might say he was the world's first Red Head.

But his successor, Stalin, was even worse when it came to purges and keeping this from the public. He converted one of Moscow's ancient mosques into a torture chamber where thousands of his enemies met their death. In Party circles it was known as The Mosque of the Red Death.7

Jack Gaughan's comment ---"...put that in your Bradbury and smoke it..." -- reminded me of a question which no one around here seems able to answer: When Ray Bradbury was in fandom, did he or did he not belong to a whole bunch of amateur press associations? I am one of the few who believe that he did; I think he wrote a book about it also, The Golden Apas of the Sun...or something. It's part of the continuing ~~story of fiction~~ argument in this area about whether multiapanism is/was healthy for fandom. I don't think that too many apas caused apathy, I don't think that multi-apanism was unhealthy. Hell, everybody knows that an apa a day keeps the doctor away.. Yes. /History seems to support your conclusion. Both Generals Lee and Grant were in Apa Mattox. And look at how many of our present day astronauts, yes our modern day heroes!, how many of them pass thru Apa G.

/And I've heard rumors that the doctors that are kept away by an apa a day are forming a protest apa called Dectomy. They'll be known as Apan Dectomies, then.

/After reading all the garbage that has been stencilled onto this page, complinets of both Ron and myself, I think I've lost my apa-tite. (It should be in my APA45 mlg, but I can't seem to find it...?)

/*/



WAYNE VUCENIC: 1925 D 24th St., Los Alamos, NM 87544::: Here is an addendum to:
TITLES OF "THE TWILIGHT ZONE" TV PROGRAMS

DEATH SHIP (One hour)
HE'S ALIVE (RS) (One hr)
I DREAM OF GENIE (One hr)
IN HIS IMAGE (One hr)
JESS-BELLE (One hr)
MIDNIGHT SUN, THE (RS)**
MUTE (One hr)
NEW EXHIBIT, THE (One hr)
NIGHT OF THE MEEK, THE (RS)
NO TIME LIKE THE PAST (RS) (One hr)

PARALLEL, THE (RS) (one hr)
PASSAGE ON THE LADY ANNE (BB) (One hr)
PRINTER'S DEVIL (On hr)
RIP VAN WINKLE CAPER, THE (RS) (One hr)
SHELTER, THE (RS)
SHOWDOWN WITH RANCE MCGREW (RS)**
30 FATHOM GRAVE, THE (One hr)
VALLEY OF THE SHADOW (One hr)
WHOLE TRUTH, THE (RS)

plus two more titles

THE SILENCE

A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

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BILL MARSH: Box 785: Sparks, Nevada 89431::: ...I am mildly dismayed when Mr. Ellison appears in your letter column with the contention that that group of writers within the genre who are consciously and loudly oriented towards experimentation and innovation in their work do not constitute any sort of movement or school. This all strikes me as somewhat analogous to the paradox that might have occurred had Lenin bugged off for Buenos Aires in the midst of the Russian Revolution and then wired his lieutenants a query wondering what all the bloodletting was about.

It seems, though, we are not to consider the most palpable evidence of the attempts at such literary revolution in sf as any indication of a unified movement against the traditional modes and strictures. Sonofagun! You could have fooled me! Just a diverse and multi-hued series of individual artisans doing their thing, each in splendid isolation. Okey doke, Harlan baby, if you say so!...Just a series of individual wavelets, remember that Bob! Maybe we ought to more properly adopt the term Recurrent Ripple in r& relation to the non-movement. But then you know we "paranoicacally gibbering" rabid fan types. Picky picky! /Non-movement...hmm, I like that. The Recurrent Ripple as a treadmill. Might make a good name for a fanzine for Mike. Sure better than, "Donald Schnepf's Amazing 'Imagine-- That's The Ultimate Sound His Brain Can Make!'"". Sorry about the "", Jack. I know I put two "r's" in it...7

/Bill's letter goes on for another 3 pages and I don't want to, altho it is a most interesting letter. Many thanx, Bill, and sorry to decimate your letter so scandalously. See you in Vegas for the Westercon...7

/*/

Just remember! - Clean air smells funny!†

/*/

WAHF: Lisa Tuttle praising Dune (you betcha!) and plugging Rite of Passage for Hugo (!). Bob Bloch who has the ~~King Kong~~ Hong Kong flu - hope you're over it now. I know firsthand how miserable it is. Buck Coulson who "Enjoyed Sandworm 6 immensely but couldn't come up with any comments..." Ginjer Buchanan with a report on her hour with Harlan (Just keep the \$ and apply it toward my membership fees whenever Pittsburgh fandom wins a Worldcon Bid). Bob Roehm who is willing to see a couple of episodes of Journey to the Unknown nominated for a Hugo. D. Gary Grady who defends the USPOD, Carol Lee, and promises to tell me about "The Strange Case of My Self-Declared Fiancee Who Left the Party Very Early with Another Man Who Returned in 15 Minutes After Having Taken Her Home So He wouldn't Have to Miss the Rest of the Party and other Stories. By the way, Gary, Adonais is Hebrew for "gods" while Adonis is a Greek god. Rose Hunt (who seems to have gone off and gotten herself married - congratulations!) comments on LASFS and Federico Garcia Lorca (who must have been present at one of the meetings....) Pat Strang who contributed a LoC of Hair, ahem. and several others whose letters I've ~~lost~~ filed somewhere else.

Here's hoping to see you all again soon! Heidelberg in '70!!!!

Herzliche Grüsse von Bob

Heicon '70

Why should you support the Heidelberg in '70 bid? Just because such people as Banks Mebane, Takumi Shibano, Lon Atkins, Leigh Edmonds, Archie Mercer and Roger Zelazny do? Hardly. But there must be some reason they support a truly international science fiction convention. Perhaps it is the program, to be held 20-24 August, 1970.

A cruise on the Neckar River. A genuine Bavarian night. A tour of famous student taverns. A wine tasting. A banquet in the Heidelberg Castle. And of course all the traditional convention happenings like a masquerade, parties and the awards presentation.

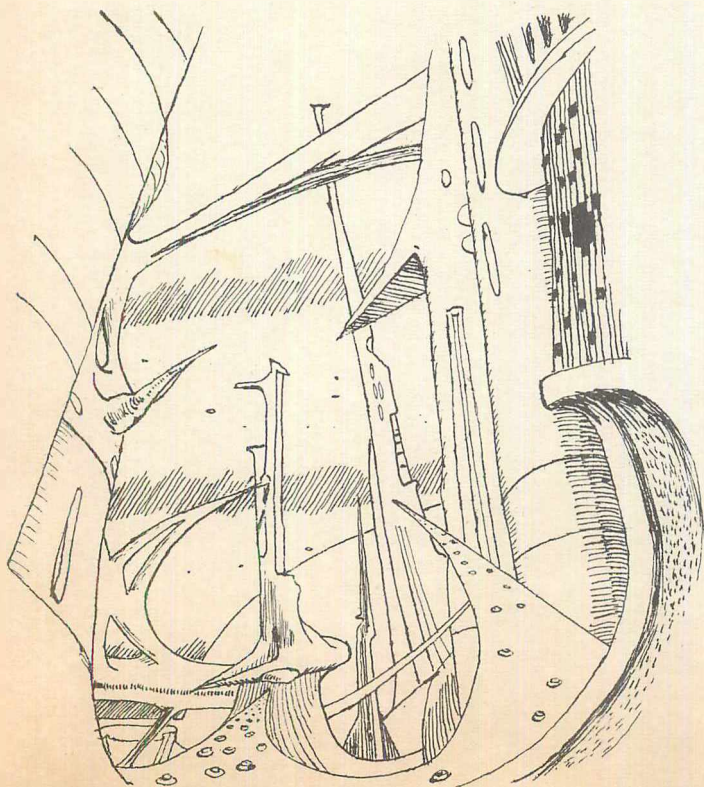
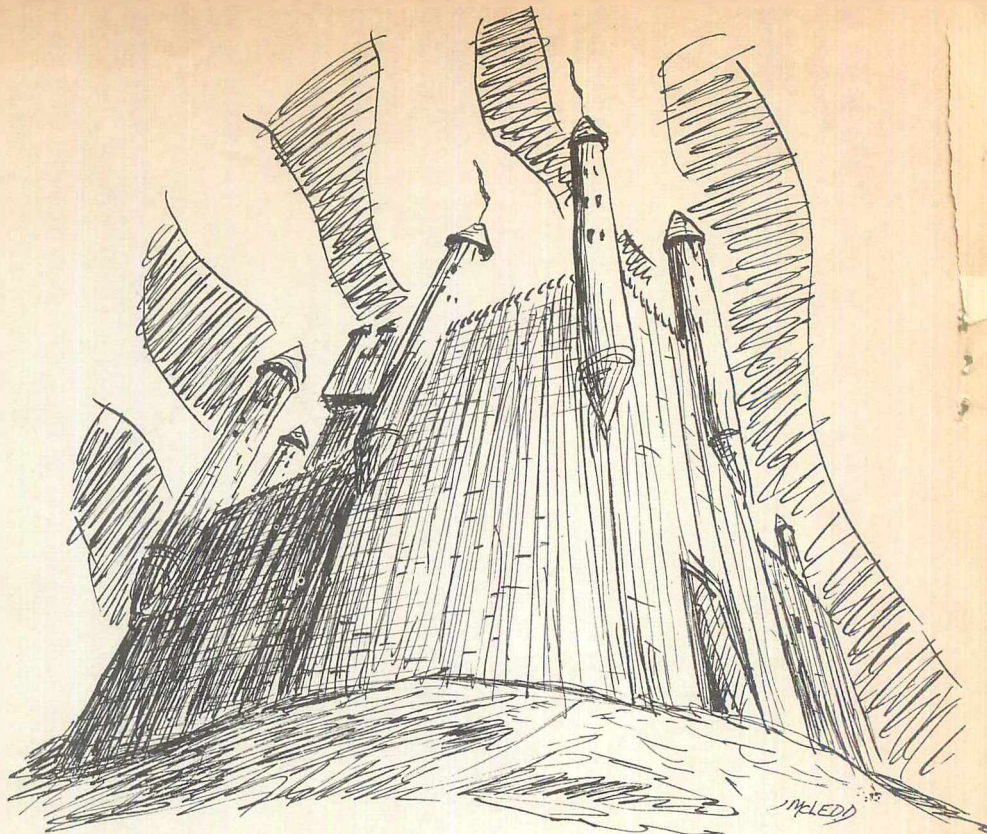
But you say you don't speak German? The program will be bi-lingual and English-speaking fans (whether they be from the US, England or Australia) will have no problems in this regard.

While a convention in itself is enough, what does Heidelberg offer the visitor? The Old University (founded 1386) is the oldest in Germany. And then there is the famous Castle with its Big Barrel capable of holding 49,000 gallons. And what is the quickest way to reach the Castle? The Funicular Railway (which goes all the way to the top of the Königstuhl Mt.) gives not only an entertaining trip to the Castle but a breathtaking view of the mountain chains of the Odenwald and the Rhine Valley. But these are only a few of the sights. What of the tempo, the way of life of the city? To quote Gert Zech: "... [There is] time enough to eat comfortably, and have a fine glass of wine or beer with it. Time for a glance over the very nice looking Neckar River in sunshine, with all these little or big boats full of life and colour. ... Although Heidelberg is a city, everybody seems to have this time during a nice summer day."

But all this points to the past, you say. Quite so, but the fans who are working so hard to plan a successful World Science Fiction Convention are looking to the future. Regardless of how attractive and distinctive a convention city is, it is the diligence and the experience of the convention committee that makes or breaks a convention. And Manfred Kage, Thea Auler, Tom Schlück (1966 TAFF Winner) and the others of the committee are tried and true conventioners. They know how to make a convention succeed. And, with your support, they will make the 28th World Science Fiction Convention the most memorable in fanish history.

For further information concerning the Heicon '70 bid, please contact the US agent, Fred Lerner, 98-B The Boulevard, East Paterson, New Jersey, 07407.

See you in



HEIDELBERG