



SANDWORM 8

summer 1969

SANDWORM #8, this is, Summer it isn't. Oh, well. SANDWORM is brought to you by the big spendo at PO Box 11352, Albuquerque, NM, 87112. The editor is called Bob Vardeman by most people, other things by people he bugs (no relation to Bug Jack Barron). Sandworm is available for a letter of comment, article, review, artwork, trade, a bottle of beer (I get to choose what kind) or the horrendous price of 20¢. I'd prefer any but the last and will accept it only As A Last Resort.

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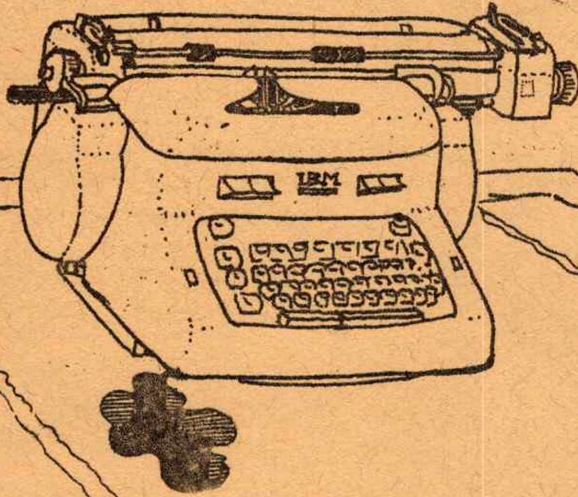
beautiful cover by Jim McLeod, artist extraordinary
bacover by Becky Warder

page numbers compliments of RAND Corporation

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Apologies to all of you whom I've unintentionally insulted. This 40 pg zine is, as always, dedicated to the creator of Dune, Frank Herbert. Color me dusty.

GIUDICHAR



Ph P

Typical Vardeman efficiency has just struck. I actually rough-drafted (*ugh* that word!) Giudichar and filed it where I could find it. I can't find it. Maybe I should get drunk again and then I could remember where I put it. But maybe not.

Much has happened since last at the typer I sat. Like Westercon. I met a lot of people there with whom I'd corresponded yet never met. Like Ed and Anne Cox - wonderful people. They actually put me up (and put up with me) the night after the con. Edco gave me a personally conducted tour thru Busch Gardens but alas, the Bud strike had just ended and they were trying to catch up with the demand. Ergo, no free beer. As Edco and I drove back thru Valhalla, we passed the perfect spot for the Tucker hotel. At the corner of Roscoe and Willis. Now where else would be better?

Other people met: Dave Locke, Dave Hulan (who looks a bit like Gordon Benson - or maybe vice versa), Al Snider once more (Al, I saw those foul lies you've been telling about me. Drunk? Me? How absurd! I will answer that base canard later.), Dick Hultz who no longer looks like a German Burgermeister (he'd lost 96 lbs), Shirley Meech, Kay Anderson, plus zillions more. And the new fen (other than the gaggle of comics/monsters fen). Jo Harbold, Alexa Gusnick, and one whose name I've mercifully forgotten. His ego was so bloated that if the ambient pressure decreased a torr, he'd explode. He was peddling his fanzine which had the very original title "Bheer!". And he thought that was unique. I hope he is. The world isn't ready for two like him.

Ah, yes, Shirley Meech. Since she wasn't registered at the con, she handed me a small black bag with some money in it to bid on the very last pair of Spock's ears to be auctioned. To say I was croggled to find \$70 in the bag is understating. Thots of Rio and numbered bank accounts in Switzerland flashed thru my mind. But I did bid and she got \$27 worth of sponge rubber. I held it in my hand. It felt clammy (maybe because one of Nimoy's ears was still attached.)

The

pros were in profusion. Bob Bloch wandered around with a shirt that just had to be ripped from an Hawaiian waiter's back - it was too garish to be legitimately come by.

(It was also straight out of GROOVYLAND, which means it was really something to comment on). Randall "I may be randy but the name's Randall" Garrett. Jerry Sohl. Dick Geis, the mad hermit himself. Ted Sturgeon. AE & EM Van Vogt. Larry Niven and Fuzzy Pink (I always thot that was what you got if you crossed a flamingo with a cop - or is that Pink Fuzz?). Bob Silverberg. George Clayton Johnson who impressed me quite a bit. Philip Farmer. Hank Stine. And Harlan.

You know, Harlan, if your TV show is just 50% as good as it sounded (I discount 50% for Ellison charisma), it should be nothing less than a minor blockbuster. Maybe even a major one, not discounting 50%. MAN WITHOUT TIME. Sounds good.

Ah, yes. You were mentioned in a local semi-professional paper. Albeit briefly, but mentioned nonetheless. In an article on underground newspapers. Albuquerque, Aug. 14, 1969:

a man named Harlan Ellison writes a column of television criticism and gives it the engagingly different name of "The Glass Teat".

/*/

Can you just see Lester Maddox singing "A Whiter Shade of Pale"?

/*/

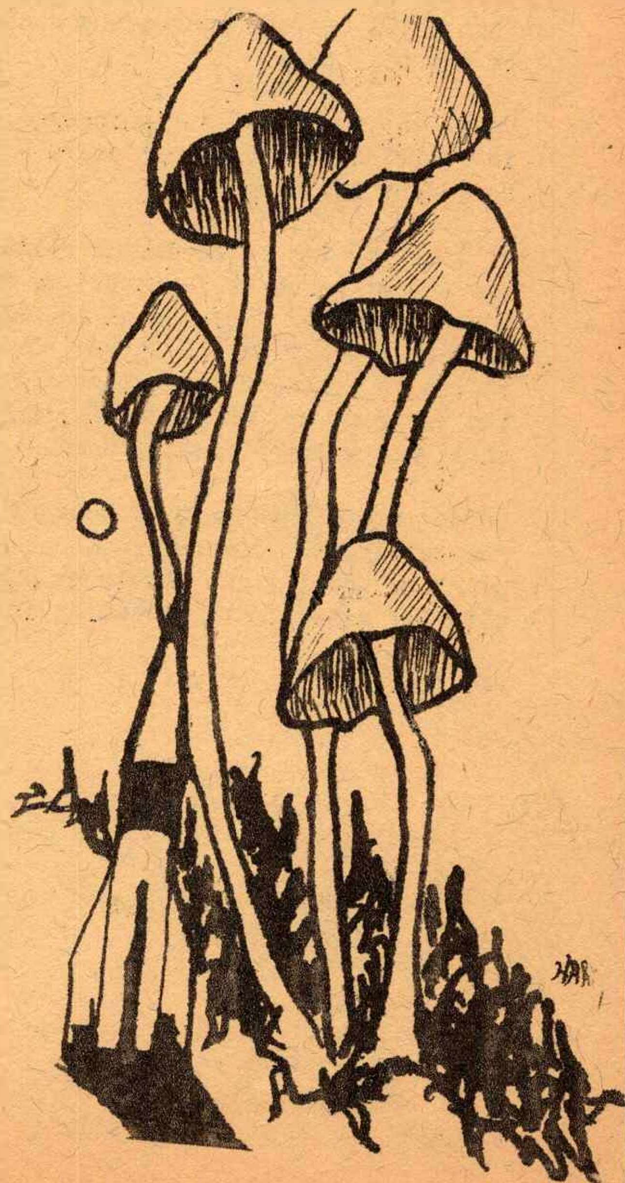
And more: My application for the Air Force was rejected due to a knee injury. My right knee locks (should I have told them all trufen have have LoCing fingers?). The Navy wouldn't touch me due to lousy eyesight. (There is a certificate on file somewhere in NM stating I am 47% blind without my glasses and 5% with). But, dear hearts, the draft would be more than willing to take me.

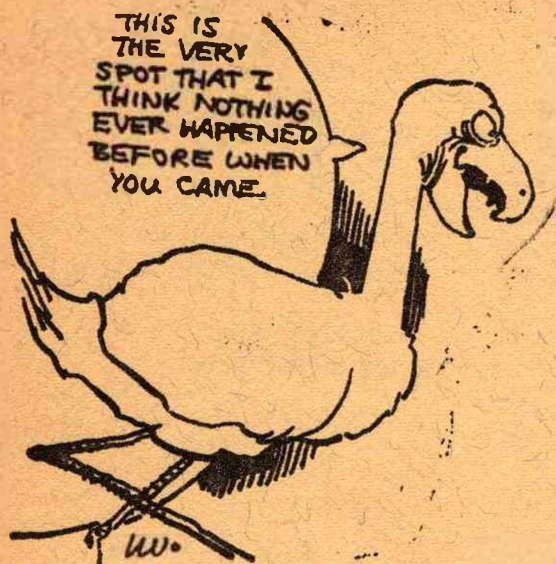
Neither hayfever ("If I saw the enemy I start to sneeze"), knee (very weak in both), eyes ("He was a Col. in our Army? My goodness."), nor fallen armpits, lousy navel or terminal dandruff kept the 1A away.

But, he cheerily says, I also blundered into a job. I've spent the last 3 months doing all sorts of things which I am qualified for. Like cutting weeds, repairing garden hose, doing plumbing work and some electrical wiring, etc. It seems that my job is in the national interest & I thereby qualify for a deferment. Good until Sept. '70. (Seem odd my job is deforable? It isn't. The town barber in Gallup is deferred since drafting him would impose a hardship on the community - essential occupation and all that. Yet the only doctor in 4 counties up north was recalled in the Natl. Guard last year. Only the draft board knows for sure. I guess.)

Sandworm #9 will be late but it will also be sANNdwISH #2, the second anniversary issue. While I've already been hacking away two yrs this month, my qtrly schedule slipped a bit.

But I've been bugged with all sorts of things. Like the draft. A job. And other things.





This is Natl Library Week - Go eat a book

/*/

Many thanks to all you who sent in \$\$\$ for thish. The money thereby collected was forwarded to Fred Lerner to help defray the Heicon bidding expenses. As you know, Heidelberg won. Sehe du in Heidelberg!

/*/

If you think talk is cheap, slander someone

/*/

Speaking of which, it seems that I am fast becoming the vortex for all sorts of swirling controversy. I understand Piers has written a 6 pg addendum to his 17 page article denouncing me (I kid you not about the lengths). Alex Eisenstein wrote a twenty pg letter telling me, yes he is one of the world's 16 greatest fanartists, but actually printing it made him seem egotistical. And finally Carol Lee got in some telling blows. I am

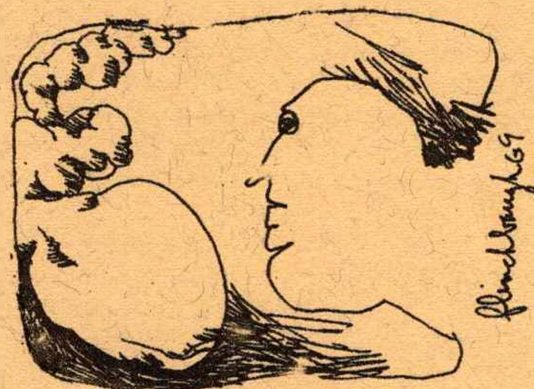
now prepared to ~~drink/old/crow~~ eat crow. Her ill showing she can indeed draw circles around REG with nothing more than a 10¢ compass graces the center of the next page.

/*/

Under our system of jurisprudence, a man is entitled to his day in court - whether he's done anything or not

/*/

If I might, let me recommend a story in the August issue of Venture. By Dean Koontz entitled "Dragon in the Land." As fine a story in its way as "Groovyland" is in its. With occasional gems like these two cropping up now and again, maybe the short story isn't totally dead.



My reading time has been limited but I've made inroads into a huge pile of books I received from Dick Witter. Just in time for his new catalog to come out so I can get further behind in my reading. Maybe I should practice until I can double my speed on the lighter stuff. I'm beginning to agree with Al Under that sf reading is a luxury and that fandom IAWOL. *shudder*

I like

sf, too.

/*/

Can you picture a spaced out hippie singing "Love is Blue"?

/*/

How about Gabriel singing "Get Off My Cloud?"

/*/

The Post Office is mad at Gen. Hershey. He is refusing registered males.

/*/

Those Canada Dry commercials last yr with the gang of lesbians were, uh, well, commentable. But those this yr featuring the Mountie (who seems to always get his man - one way or the other) is just plain queer. Weird, even.



Albuquerque's Westercon Bidding Fund is coming right along. We now have \$9.47 in it. We figure that \$15 should about do it. Unless we put out a one-shot before Santa Barbara. Then we might have to put off the bid since we could hardly strain our resources by doing both.

/*/

Many thanks to whoever sent me (or had sent to me) the reservation for the 1st moon flight.

Was that you, Carol?

The moon shot was a real mindblower. Inside thish somewhere are a series of pictures I took, at times ranging from 1962 to 20 July '69 and places from Seattle to the surface of the moon.

Thank you, men of NASA for letting us see one of sf's oldest themes come true.

All photo work compliments of BJ's Photo Service and dry cleaning. "We take your picture and then take you to the cleaner's!"

ing 3-5-0-0?

That reminds me. show to bridge the generation the Nation". Each week leading fuzz in a one hr riot. The and helmets while the rioters and picket signs. First show Chicops. Second week, dependi either Columbia or the NM State

A spinoff (we must be commercially minded about this) will be called "Beat the Press". Leading newsmen get to try their skills against determined police. John Chancellor will moderate. I wish I could figure out some way of tossing in some sex - that'd make both sure winners.

/*/

I don't know what contest Raquel Welch entered, but is apparent she won the booby prize...

/*/

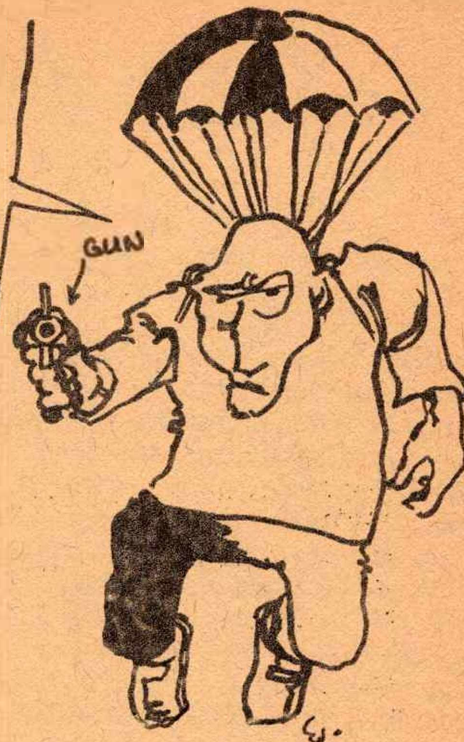
Enough. I could think of more but personal matters have thrust themselves upon me again. I'm sorry Al and Wayne I couldn't get your efforts into thish so I'll save them for the gala Sandworm #9. A really fine edition it will be too. Doris *The Elder* Beetem sends this tribute to Piers. Take the first letter of every third word.

/*/

PIERS WHO??

I must pity the poor innocuous fanzine ed
Every issue he reaches deadline time sans bread
Honesty and integrity he needs - it's a truth he learns
How to get others to observe the niceties he really yearns.
What is integrity? It's a state defined
As goodness, soundness, purity, honesty - all combined
Omniscience from Omniyore disentwined.

I'M EVIL,
AND I'M
DROPPED
FROM THE
SKY, AND
I'M GREEN,
AND I'M
TAKIN'
OVER.



Can you imagine Mayor Daley sing-

I have a new idea for a TV gap. It's called, "Mace rioters face the leading cops get to use mace, clubs get Molotov cocktails, stones features Berkeley vs. the ing on who wins, will pit Fair cops against the victor.

MINDSWAMP

by Dean Koontz

Are you ready for a little touch of science fiction lifted right out of the REAL world? Well, you remember, surely, reading at least one science fiction novel about a massive communications network whose officers realize the power they have over society and try, usually without success, to enter into the political arena and take over the world. Actually, Jack Barron, although the good guy this time, is a moderated version of this old story. In its traditional form, I think of two books offhand: DOOMSDAY MORNING by CL Moore and THE FALL OF THE DREAM MACHINE by (ahem) yours truly. Well, now we all realize how this old story is really just a "fun" idea. It could never happen in the real world, could it? Not in the REAL world.

Well...

There have been appearing in the various entertainment trade papers, isolated stories about a marvelous scandal involving the CIA and the Columbia Broadcasting System which could, if it ever gets top play in the newspapers and television (HIGHLY unlikely) be the greatest bombshell of the decade. The latest notice of the situation is referred to in an article in the September 16 issue of VARIETY, the largest of the entertainment trade publications. It seems that a Senate Subcommittee has discovered that CBS contacted the Central Intelligence Agency and verbally contracted with them to overthrow and assume control of the government of Haiti.

Does that somehow mar the image you had of the friendly neighborhood boobtube network? Could this be the same company that brings us kiddy cartoons and slapstick sitcoms of absolutely no relevance to life?

DOOMSDAY MORNING for Haiti was to be 1966. The agreement between CBS and the CIA made it plain that if the attempted coup by CBS sponsored failed, then CBS would take all the blame and leave the CIA with a spotless reputation. Apparently, the takeover was aborted in its earliest stages, which made it quite easy for



CBS to sever most of its connections with the fiasco. Most. But apparently, again, not all. VARIETY makes it plain that these are all allegations not yet proven. In the unlikely event someone from CBS would read this and sue me, I'll repeat that these are purely allegations. The CIA refuses to present evidence the subcommittee requests.

Today Haiti. Tomorrow, downtown Burbank, then the Dominican Republic -- TOMORROW THE WORLD! But as I always say, I like to see a company branching out into other lines of business; it shows the company is healthy. And branching into dictatorship is a pretty reliable investment.

Well, this has been, in the past at least, a book review column of sorts, and I intend to keep it that way. If a detestable ramble should creep into the thing (and all rambles are detestable, the Bible says so) I am not possessed of the willpower to exorcise it. So, forthwith and herein and pretty soon, I am going to talk about some books...

First, I'd like to draw your attention (sit still so that I won't have trouble with the nose) to a novel by Brian M. Stableford entitled CRADLE OF THE SUN. This is one half of an Ace double novel (backed with THE WIZARDS OF SENCHURIA by Ken Bulmer) that grabs you on the first page and will not put you down. Brian Stableford knows how to use imagery to the benefit of a story without submitting the plot to a secondary position (which a number of recent authors seem to do). You have an inkling that CRADLE OF THE SUN is going to be interesting as soon as you look at the cover. It is definitely one of Gaughan's best pieces of work. Inside, you find that Jack also saw fit to bless the book by having himself quoted as saying: "I haven't been so struck by the vivid imagery in a book since THE JEWELS OF APTOR or THE DYING EARTH." I agree. With reservations.

CRADLE OF THE SUN is a remarkable first novel (as I guess it is) and augers a good future for Brian Stableford. The imagery is excellent, natural and vivid. But to give the reader the expectation that this is as good a book as THE JEWELS OF APTOR or THE DYING EARTH is, to a great degree, misleading. It excels in many ways, but is inferior to both those works and suffers, chiefly, from an episodic nature.

CRADLE... is the story of a dying earth where two intelligent species (man and rats) have both somehow lost the urge to continue existence. A concerned group of rats, led by a marvelous character named Anselmas, make a deal with the head of the last monumnetal library of man's works to organize an expedition to the land known as Tierra Diablo from which men and rats have been excluded for centuries by the presence of some alien object in a crater there. The story is chiefly about their journey to the forbidden land and the terrors they must battle on the way -- most of which are frightening (really frightening, folks) genetically engineered monsters sent by the being in the crater in Tierra Diablo.

This is, of course, a very similar framework to JEWELS OF APTOR, but Stableford develops it all in his own manner. There are so many cliches that it almost hurts to list them: giant worms, giant insects, flying men, bad-guy-masquerading-as-good-guy, and even as an integral part of the story, a genuine mad scientist. Yet each cliché is handled not as a cliché but as an archetype which makes all the difference.

Another writer who regularly contributes to the Ace doubles is EC Tubb, whose Dumarest series receives no attention in fandom, when, actually, they contain the most detailed future background of anything written in the past thirty years. The stories, true, are not particularly unique. But the fascinating wealth of information on such things as the musical WINDS OF GATH, the High and Low space travellers, the slow and quicktimers, the Cyclan (which is the most sinister organization I have ever read of in sf), the cybers themselves (whose talents are better explained in short hundred word paragraphs in each novel than most writers explain their espers in forty page tacts), the interesting concept of the stranded travellers existing outside the social order of the worlds on which they find themselves without funds, and most interesting of all, the CHURCH OF THE UNIVERSAL

BROTHERHOOD. This last is fascinating in that Tubb has structured a church which is the essence of Christianity (fashioned in a strange manner after the Catholic Church) but which has all of its teachings literally and lived by them. Through the church, Tubb gets in a steady stream of subtle, funny, sometimes tragic slashes at the hypocrisy of modern Christianity.

KALIN, a double backed with THE BANE OF KANTHIS by Alex Dain who is really Alex Lukeman as the copyright information reveals, is the latest in the Dumarest series and the second to be titled after the heroine. Dumarest (who, I should explain, is wandering through thousands of settled worlds in search of the forgotten planet Earth where he was born and lived until the age of ten) meets Kalin during Bloodtime on Lâgis (which I won't explain), saves her, and falls in love with her. The girl's dialog is often overly melodramatic but is balanced with Dumarest's rock hard pragmatism. There is one scene in KALIN which makes the entire book worth reading (even if the rest were not as intriguing as it is) and that is what I would call the "kiss scene" between Dumarest and the real KALIN. It is a brilliant scene, tucked away in the rest of the prose. It leaps out and strangles you. Read the book.

As a parting word and to set the two reviews above in perspective, I ought to say something in answer to an accusation leveled at me in a letter about six months ago. A fan said that I reviewed Ace doubles often and urged fans to investigate them chiefly because I had published three books there and was garnering Don Wollheim's favor or something similar. This is, of course, ridiculous. I liked to note that Delany, Brunner, and any number of other "names" started in the doubles. That should speak for itself. But, to give a serious air to the reviews above, I'll say that my last book was sold to Paperback Library, the two after that to Lancer, and Lancer has just made a deal for the next three. In short, the doubles are often bad -- but just as often good. To miss them is to miss the development of the "names" of the future.

Dean R. Koontz

/A quick note from ye ed. I've met Wollheim a couple times and he does not impress me as a man who'd buy a book simply because a pro plugged other Ace books in a review. Ace does, true, bomb out with some really bad books. It also sparkles with some real gems - more so in fact than any other sf publisher. In two yrs I've reviewed about 75 books and at least 30% have been Ace. The Special line isn't so special but it is very comment worthy and has had some very fine books like Rite of Passage and Witches of Karres. // By the way, Dean, I did a review of Winds of Gath for Sirruish way back in late '67 or early '68. Meant to review Singing Stones & Derai but never did (I don't think - tho both remain vividly in my mind.)/

SF IN ANOTHER GEIS
(or: Dirty Prose)
(or: German Shepherds get my Goat)

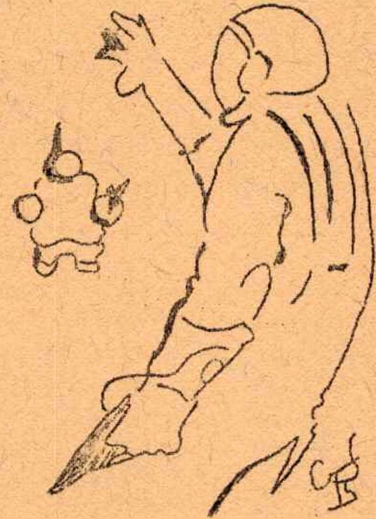
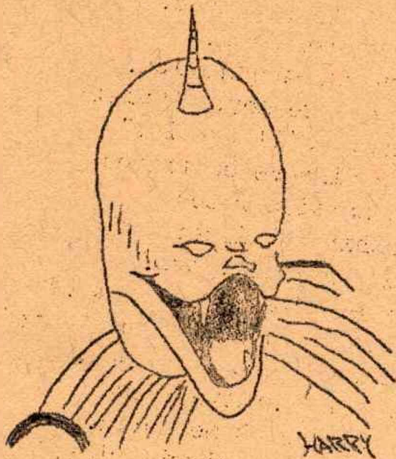
by Mike Montgomery

Alien beasties and brass brassieres
A tentacled covey of colorless queers
Luminous lesbians, hydrogen greathers
Many languaged cunnilingual teethers.

A MARTIAN CANTICLE

It takes a special breed of men
To brave the choking Martian dust.
To endure the hostile sky and sand
Bright as ice and cold as rust.

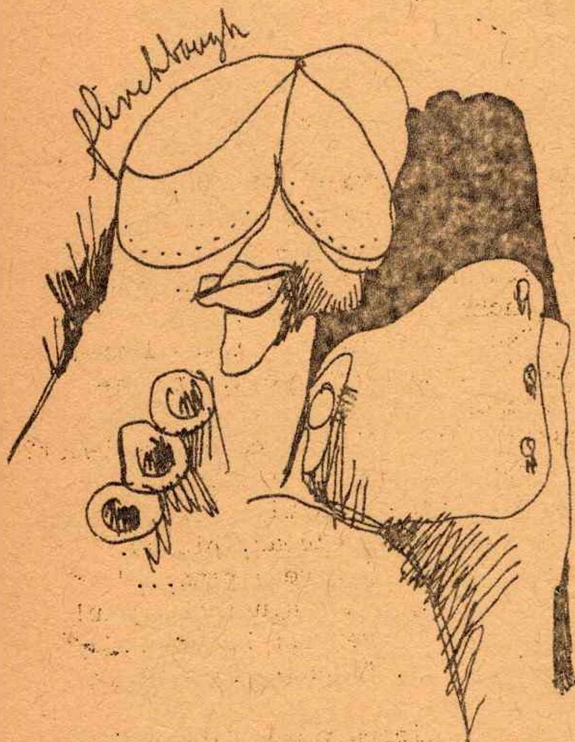
On Mars, in the summer of '93
The US established a colony.
They sent five scientific brains
(All a trifle bats, to stand the strains):
William von Brown, the group's commander,
And rocket jockey, "Jets" Alexander,
Doctors Kelly and Green, of bi- and ge-
Ology, and their medic, ol' Doc Sweeny.
Well, they'd been on Mars for half a year;
'They'd sifted through the whole damned sphere.
It was close to Christmas; they were all alone-
Tired, discouraged, dreaming of home.
Kelly was drunk when first he saw it -
Hallucination, the others thought -
Logically: for who would believe
A unicorn on Mars on Christmas Eve?



But Kelly had actually logged it down.
They were skeptical til Sweeney found
The photographs Kelly'd taken -
The five gathered in the council room, shaken.
"I found its tracks five days ago,"
Sobbed Kelly, "and tried all the lures I know."
"Such a chance," murmured von Brown, "to see
A beast from ancient mythology."
"And how," asked "Jets", "do we catch the beast?
It must have twice out speed, at least,
And can outrun our half-track with ease."
"Just so," said von Brown, "Ideas, please."
"Well," injected Green, "I have a plan..."
"Please!" cried Sweeney, "Not dynamite again!
You've used it to solve every problem yet."
"I thought," said Green, "I could blast a little
pit-

Camouflage it - the unicorn would fall in."
"Quiet!" yelled von Brown, and finally, when
The angry roar died down, "Meeting adjourned.
Call me if you think of something." He turned
And said to Kelly, "Too bad that today
We can't use the old, traditional way."
The assignment facing the five was sad:
A unicorn hunt - with not a virgin to be had.

Von Brown, nonplussed, and sunk in gloom,
 Pursued ideas withtgin in his room,
 When outside his room there rose such a clatter
 He sprang up to find out what the hell was the matter.
 Sweeney, uttering outraged cries,
 Waved a message before his eyes.
 It read: "To commander William von Brown,
 Or anyone sober hanging around -
 Re your requisition - we don't know what
 Kind of joke this is, but you're on the spot.
 Colonel Jakes read your note - between snarls
 He is climbing up the NASA walls.
 We know you'd like your Christmas pleasant
 But you weren't too smart in choice of present.
 A virgin? You guys damn well know
 We couldn't send up missile-toe."



Sweeney added in the pregnant pause
 "Be informed there is no Santa Claus."
 Von Brown pensively said, "We're sunk.
 Who let Kelly at the radio drunk?
 We had better catch that unicorn
 Or NASA'll make us wish we'd never been born."
 Back at the council room with the five:
 Kelly sober, at least half alive.
 Green said to Kelly, "I sadly fear
 NASA thought your request a trifle queer."
 Sweeney punched him. "Now, does anyone
 See a way of getting out job done?"
 Von Brown asked in desperation.
 Green replied, "I've an inspiration."
 "Not another," sobbed Sweeney. "Quiet!
 If he's got any plan, we'll try it."
 "As you know, we've discovered traces
 Of various extinct Martian races:
 City - maybe spaceship - builders who
 Might have visited our world, too.
 Might even have taken along their pets."
 "Which is leading up to what?" asked "Jets".
 "That Kelly's notion perhaps is sound.
 The ancient Greeks have written down
 That long ago, on our own home world,
 The best unicorn lure is a virgin girl."

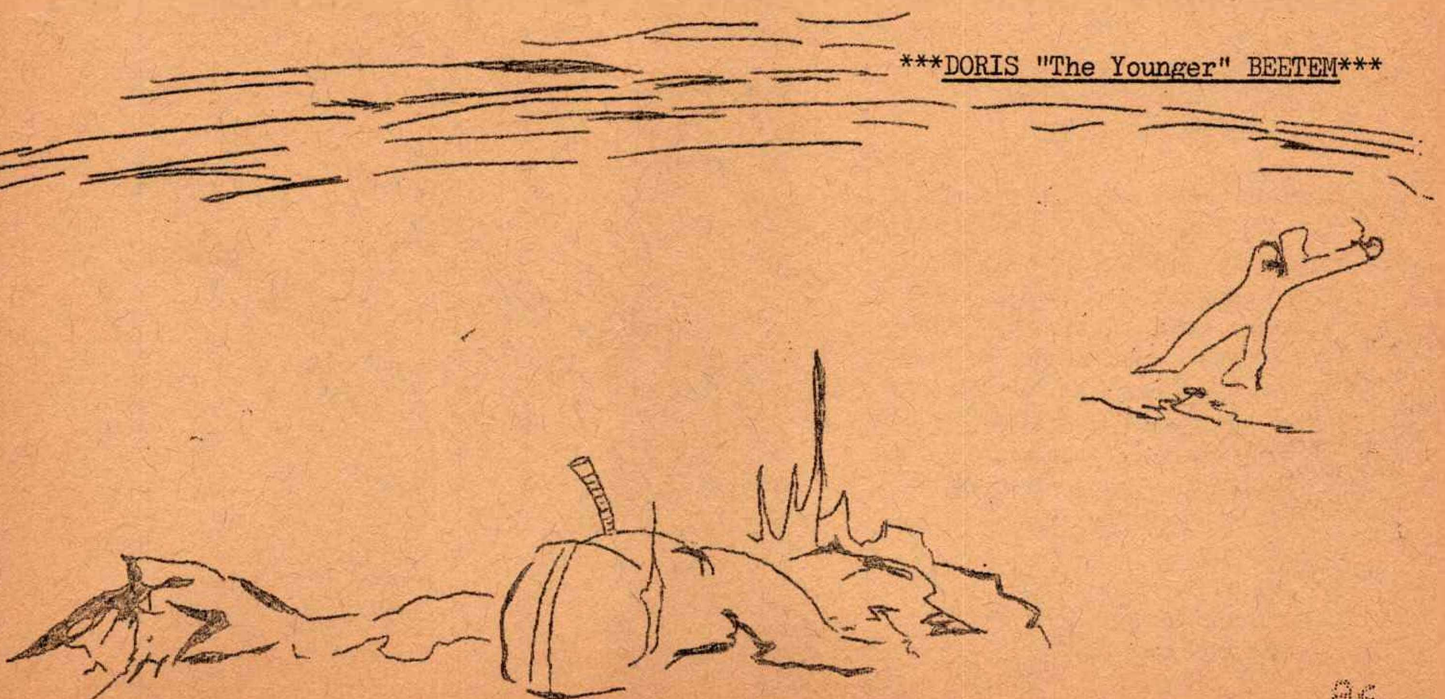
"Comments? None?" asked von Brown. "Don't laugh.
 We'll go ahead with the plan we have.
 Kelly, you're 'it' for a masquerade."
 "But I'm too tall," Doctor Kelly said.
 "You're shorter, sir - shall we take a vote?"
 Von Brown seemed to have the only hope
 That the unicorn could be deceived -
 But whether or not the others believed,
 They were willing enough to dress von Brown

In a makeshift wig and flowing gown.
They used vanilla in lieu of perfume,
Escorting him quickly outside the dome.
Adjusting the oxygen mask on his face,
He patted his girlish curls into place,
Took his position and stood very still.
Above him, on top of a nearby hill,
Doctor Kelly, Doctor Green and "Jets"
Were snickering softly, holding nets.
Von Brown soon froze blue from toe to top.
He was tired and cold and ready to stop.
Hearing jingling, he nearly fainted away -
He'd heard all the myths that he cared to that day.
He turned around with the dreadful fear
Of seeing a sleigh and eight tiny reindeer.

The unicorn, atop a rise
Was watching him with purple eyes.
It took a step without a sound,
And gracefully tripped and stumbled down.
The doctors were on it in a minute
And soon had a net with a unicorn in it.
They believe in myths now, but even so
They don't know, and don't want to know
If it was von Brown the beast was after
Or if the unicorn collapsed of laughter.

Oh, the breed of men who conquered Mars
Was a lean and hungry kind,
Like the pioneers who will reach the stars,
With a special type of mind.

DORIS "The Younger" BEETEM



CHILDHOOD'S END REVISITED

by Paul Walker

Why should one bother to review a book that is already regarded as a classic?

Because people don't bother to read classics and some of them should be read and some of them should be forgotten. It is a mighty imposition on the human mind to contend with one book as a "classic". It demands a grand gift of respect, and time and effort to muster that respect. I do not believe school children should be told any book is a classic. I think all books should be lumped together and let the kids pick out the classics for themselves. They would have a lot more respect for books that way. And get a lot more fun out of them.

CHILDHOOD'S END

by Arthur C. Clarke was published in 1953 by Ballantine and more recently in hardcover by Harcourt, Brace and World. It is a classic. Or so it is said. I remember it was called a classic when it was first issued and no one has come along to dispute it. I am not going to dispute it -- I am going to defend it.

There

are few books of any kind which should be read. CHILDHOOD'S END is one of them. It is about the decline and fall of the human race and the emergence of a superior human race which leaves Earth for the Stars. It is about a handful of Earthmen who witness this and the alien race that comes to supervise the change. That is what it is about and that is saying nothing about this grand, and I'm tempted to say, magnificent book. It is more than a story, it is a vision. A vision of man, of his world, his destiny and the book rings with a profundity that is so subtle and crafty, it is hilarious. But there is nothing amusing about the book. It is a bold, vivid account of the last days of man, told in a very readable style. Clarke is a colorful, dramatic, and exciting writer with a vivid imagination that is fully conveyed to the reader in the book's short span.

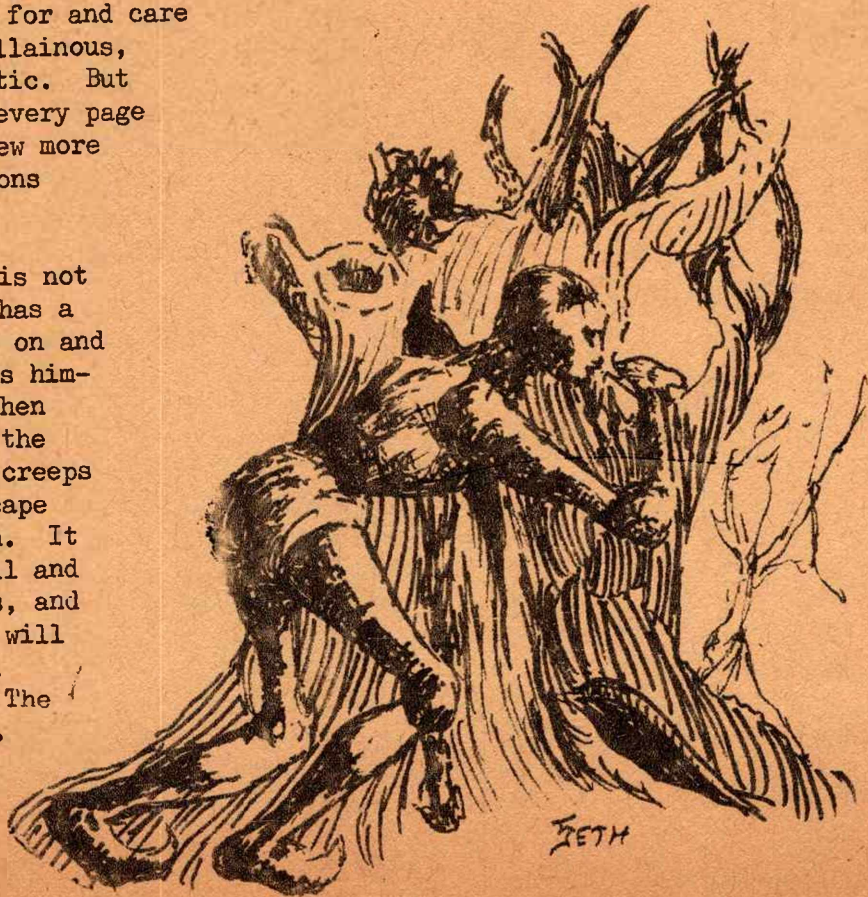
The

characters, the core of any book, are beautifully portrayed. They are living, breathing entities, who we can feel for and care about. They are warm, villainous, friendly, menacing, pathetic. But in all cases they are on every page they appear. There are few more successful characterizations in all sf than in this marvelous book.

The plot is not exactly fast moving. It has a way of coaxing the reader on and on until suddenly he finds himself inmeshed in it and then trapped hopelessly until the final, dreadful end. It creeps up on you there is no escape from its power and vision. It is all at once there, full and splendid before your eyes, and it is an experience that will stay with you for years.

The

theme of the book is man. Never has man been served so well.



ETH

THE DRUNKBOAT SAGA

reviewed by

Leon Taylor

"Perhaps it is the saddest, maddest, wildest, story in the whole long history of space. It was true that no one else had ever done anything like it before..."

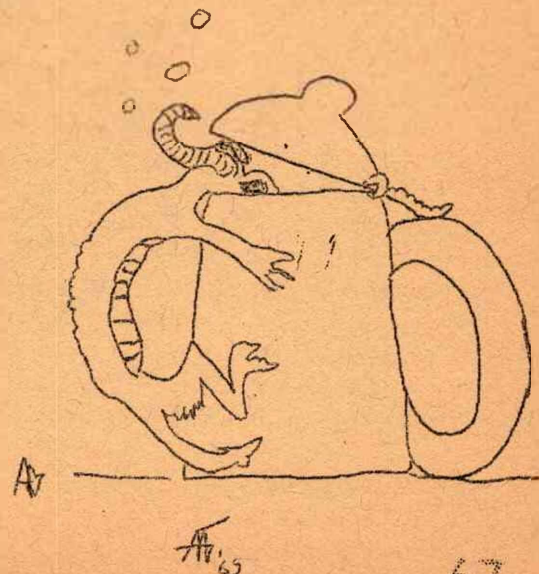
Thus opens one of the saddest, maddest, wildest stories in the whole long history of sf -- a story so packed with kaleidoscopic color that its strange, wonderful beauty hypnotizes the reader immediately. Only one man could spin a tale like that: Cordwainer Smith, and he tells it under the title of DRUNKBOAT.

DRUNKBOAT is a grand epic -- an art form which requires of its creator a genius combination of free-wheeling imagination, sweeping poetry, methodical madness and a mental condition of greatness that I must mildly term as "mindfire". It's not necessary to possess all these gifts to attempt an epic -- merely to succeed in doing so. The epic form, more than any other literary mode, demands an overpowering arrogance able to leap from the printed page and brutally force a religious awe from the most skeptical of readers.

In DRUNKBOAT, Smith passes the classic epical tests with honors. Imagination thrives -- who else would dare dream space, where one can travel in one-thousandth of a second the distance taking FTL ships twelve days? Only a poet could so recklessly blend clashing worlds and phrases and underneath weave them together so skillfully that they cannot be torn apart! And no reader who has brushed with Smith can deny the mindfire, for he cannot have avoided being consumed in that feverish flame.

DRUNKBOAT takes place in 17,000 AD, where educated men often confuse America with Australia and sirloin with turkey. Man is a more restrained creature; Lord Crudelta has to search the crudest planet of all for a man with the adventurous spirit and unquenchable rage essential in journeying space. The universe is ruled absolutely by the Lords of the Instrumentality, who can do anything to guard their conception of peace. The handful which defies the Instrumentality are feared as dangerously anachronistic; to survive they must be carriers of genius.

The man with "adventurous spirit and unquenchable rage" is Rambo, Rambo of a thousand future ballads and countless libraries of inspired poetry. But he only cares to rescue his Elizabeth from death -- outdated romanticism, but such things move man. He is 'drunkboat' and to find his love he ventures " 'where crazy lanterns stare with idiot eyes. Where the waves wash back and forth with the dead of all ages. Where the stars become a pool...where blue turns to liquor, stronger than alcohol, wilder than music, fermented with the red red reds of love...' "



Where heaven and hell meet and mesh into an indescribable entity: space³, once only a dream but Rambo makes it reality.

Space³ gives him strange, supernatural powers -- the ability to control machines, control men. The capacity to withstand the most powerful drugs known to life. The might to tear apart iron walls. In short, space³ transforms Rambo into no less than a superman, and sets into motion the next stage of homo sapien evolution.

It is strange to add that once Rambo is reunited with his love, all he desires are the legendary if unspectacular bungalow by the waterfalls and A Happy Life. Perhaps the force which propels Rambo through the exotic unknown is merely a wish to return to normalcy.

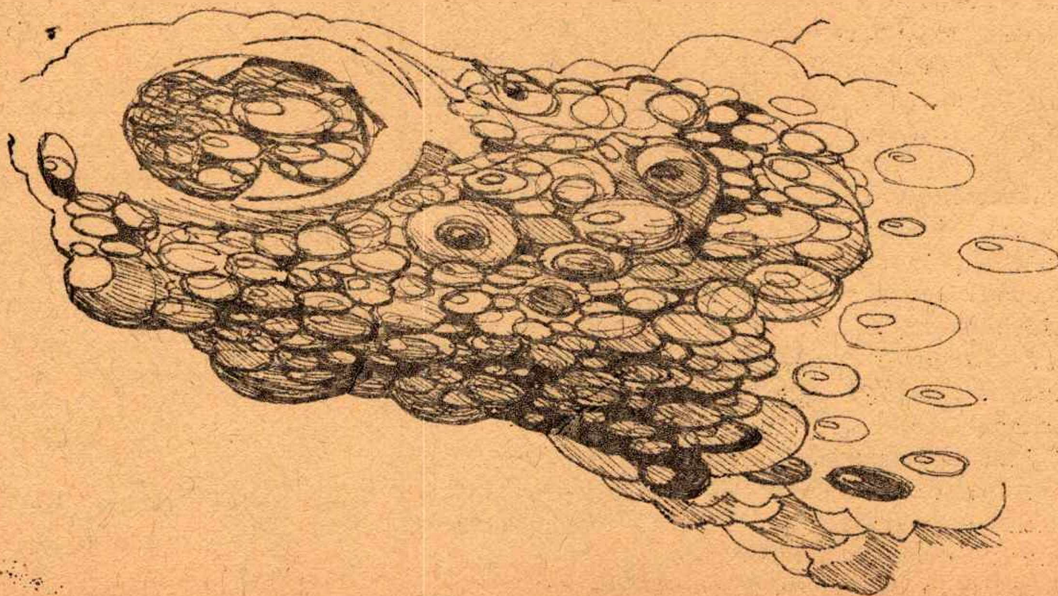
A lesser writer endowed with such characters as Rambo and Lord Crudelta would have handled them in a swashbuckling, uncontrolled fervor which the reader would dismiss as "kid stuff". To deny that Cordwainer Smith is swashbuckling would be ridiculous. But he is swashbuckling in a majestic, sweeping sense which embraces all that is good in life -- not in a cornball manner. To the eternal credit of this classic, all twelve speaking characters come through as immense fully rounded, believable human beings. There is enough material in this thirty page novella to fill a bookshelf of thick novels. As is, DRUNKBOAT is bursting with concentrated impact. Do not make the mistake of reading this story only once.

Perhaps no other writer in the history of sciencefiction has been as prodigiously blessed to write the Epic as Smith. It is lucky for us that he was thusly gifted, for the mind-expanding yarns of space and man that we have just begun to tell and live demand the services of such a master.

We now know that Cordwainer Smith was in fact Dr. Paul Linebarger, a political scientist who kept his two lives separate because -- well, because the prejudice on both sides of the fence exacted it. But it is a tribute to the mind and future of man that this person of enormous, intricate practicality could see for us such a boundlessly promising era. Very sad that he would not live to see the spark of that era just recently ignited, but I think he knew it would come to be.

Cordwainer Smith is magic; in the truest sense, he is a bard for all mankind.

Leon Taylor



YA! YA! YAWM!

IBN QIRTAIBA...Even tho it is assuming a prescience akin to melange vision to determine the worth of a book still being serialized, I would like to make a few comments on DUNE MESSIAH parts 1 and 2 (July & Aug. GALAXY) by Frank Herbert. I am certain that any reader of this journal knows my opinion of DUNE. At one time, I thought it would be impossible to say any one book was my all time favorite. The publication of "Dune World" and "Prophet of Dune" smashed that belief for all time. DUNE is the single best book ever written in the genre.

It doesn't matter to me if you agree or not. But I must warn you that several scoffers in the past have been issued tahaddi challenges for their blasphemous opinions.

As I mentioned in the last issue, even the mundanes have started to notice DUNE. Parade Magazine ran a blurb about DUNE becoming an underground novel. In a way, this is slightly perplexing to me. I can see the appeal of the melange and semuta to the drug sector or our culture but the real grandeur of the book lies in Herbert's tremendous grasp of politics, religion and ecology and their interaction.

DUNE is a heavy dose of philosophy. It is a tightly plotted story about the use of religion to create a power base for a galactic empire. Paul Muad-Dib is prescient through the use of melange, true, but he is also the master manipulator of men. He twists them to his will. He uses them and makes them love - worship - him for it. In short, he is the first superman in sf to be both super-normal and yet still human.

He has powers ordinary men do not possess but the author strongly brings out the feeling of being adrift on a current that Muad-Dib cannot truly control. Muad-Dib senses he is being tossed in the winds of time and is powerless to win free. The best he can do is flow with the streamlines of change and guide them to the best of his limited ability.

All too often the "superman" is invincible. This makes any story with him as a character too predictable and even uninteresting. Who can get enthused over a superman who is never seriously challenged? Who is never in mortal danger? Who blunders through using his invincibility rather than his intellect? Muad-Dib is worshipped as a god. But the god is shown to be as much a prisoner of fate as the lowliest peasant. Perhaps he is even more closely bound to his fate because he is able to see the bloody consequences of choosing the wrong path through time. Taqwa flows both ways.

Not only is Muad-Dib human, he has enemies worthy of his greatness and must avoid the slightest error in dealing with them. In DUNE, he destroyed the Harkonnens with a flick of his hand. They were like small insects. It took much greater effort and sacrifice for his Fremen to defeat the Padishah Emperor's Sardaukar under the command of Count Hasimir Fenring.

In a way DUNE MESSIAH is a continuation of the DUNE Saga with a twelve year lapse in the narrative. On Muad-Dib's shoulders now lies the responsibility for a jihad which has taken the lives of 61 billion people, sterilized 90 planets and driven into cultural shock another 500 worlds. And yet his visions under the influence of melange drive him forward in an attempt to avoid even greater slaughter. Anyone so driven is of necessity the focal point of blind worship and equally blind hatred.

His worshippers are the Qizara Tafwid. Anyone not following the way of the Qizarate is instantly suspect, as in any fanatical religion. Muad-Dib's palace at Arakeen is a magnet drawing thousands of pilgrims from the stars like so many iron filings.

His enemies are equally devoted - to destroying him. The Bene Gesserit under the guidance of the Reverend Mother Gaius Helen Mohaim sees in

Muad'Dib the unsuccessful end of their centuries of careful genetic breeding to create a Kwisatz Haderach, amale Bene Gesserit whose powers could bridge time and space. And whom they could control. Paul Atreides was nominally under their control through his mother, the Lady Jessica. But on Arrakis both Paul and Jessica turned down their own pathes and diverged from the Bene Gesserit way. An intolerable crime.

Paul
Muad-Dib became a free agent; as free as destiny would allow. Along with him, his sister (St. Alia of the Knife) also escaped the control of the Bene Gesserit. While the Lady Jessica was pregnant with Alia, she underwent the "turning in" and drank the deadly poison of unaltered melange. Not only Jessica but Alia as well, then became the possessors of memories of scores of previous Reverend Mothers.

But other enemies appear. The Spacing Guild is utterly dependent on Arrakis and its sandworms for melange. The prescience their navigators get taking melange allows them to pilot the starships through time and space safely. Remembering Muad-Dib's dictum, "The power to destroy a thing is the absolute control over it" goads them into plotting for an unlimited spice supply for themselves.

The third part of the conspiracy is furnished by Scytale, a Tleilaux face dancer. Scytale is able to change his appearance at will but more telling is his position in the Bene Tleilax, the amoral group of scientists responsible for the training of "twisted" Mentats (Tleilax is the lone planet of Thalia). The Bene Tleilaux regrew Duncan Idaho's dead body and presented the gholia to Muad-Dib. The gholia had the aspect of Idaho but none of the memories. A point of speculation arises whether the gholia is solely for diversion from other ploys or an end in itself. If the latter, the plot is sure to fail. The Harkonnens used Yeu against Duke Leto. After the assassination, Yeu was a broken instrument. The Padishah Emperor tried to use Thufir Hawat to kill Muad-Dib. Hawat killed himself rather than betray Muad-Dib's trust in him.

Still brewing is a plot by Korba the Panegyrist against Muad-Dib. The Qizarate cabal plans to make a martyr of Muad-Dib, place the blame on the Lady Chani and thereby gain impetus in their jihad to spread the religion.

Korba's fanaticism will betray him. The Bene Gesserit plans will fail due to their agent, the Princess Irulan. The gholia can be turned into a weapon against its creators. And the Spacing Guild is but a minor irritant.

But in the battles to come, Muad-Dib stands to lose much. Perhaps his close friend and advisor, Stilgar. Maybe his sister Alia as well. And it seems that destiny has written the epitaph already for Chani. I foresee Chani's death before the end of the Saga.

Certainly
before the end of DUNE MESSIAH, Muad-Dib will indeed find his path through life like walking on the Sirat. "Paradise on my right, Hell on my left, and the Angel of Death behind."

Thus is the background and a few preidctions on the outcome of Frank Herbert's DUNE MESSIAH.



Something different on this page. The first review of a book is by Steve Goldstein, the second is by yhos. Don't get us confused even tho I think both of us are....

TIMESCOOP: John Brunner (Dell 60¢) This is a pleasant change from the world of the future/pessimistic views I have been reading by this author lately. This book is a light hearted comedy about a millionaire who brings back his old dead relatives to join a family reunion for publicity purposes -- to help ruin his competitor, but his relatives are not at all what history made of them. A fairly entertaining book.

SLG

TIMESCOOP: While this is lightweight reading, it does bring out a few good points worth thinking about. One is that the heroes of the past were, after all, just human and had human failings. Freitas' relatives were famous but history conveniently forget they were also witch burners, poisoners, madmen, nymphomaniacs and bigots. Another point is that a machine like Timescoop capable of "slicing" a chunk of existence off an object and retrieving it to the future would make such things as works of art worthless. Who'd buy an "original" if another "original" could be purchased for the price of a Timescoop? Sparky, the talking, reasoning, intelligent computer was about the only thing in the book that didn't quite ring true. A talking, thinking computer? Humbug.

REV

SECRET OF THE RUNESTAFF: Michael Moorcock (Lancer 60¢) A rather disappointing end to a promising series. This four part series started off with a bang of thunder but this book showed Moorcock is getting tired of writing fantasy novels. He rushed the ending by having the bad guys (Grenbretans) fight among themselves thus weakening themselves sufficiently for the good guys (from the Kamarg) to overcome them. For a change almost all the good guys died, but that wasn't enough to make up for the deficiencies in this book. Read his Stormbringer stories again instead. You'll be disappointed in this one.

SLG

RUNESTAFF: This isn't a novel, it is a short story with B*I*G P*R*I*N*T and W I D E M A R G I N S. The logic is lacking in why (or even what) the Runestaff gained or wanted in the first place. Everyone serves the Runestaff - and yet the Runestaff proves to be hardly more than a staff cut with runes. The Sword of Dawn calling forth the skeletal Legion of Dawn is a powerful weapon which Hawkmoon misuses time and again. The impression I get is that Moorcock signed a contract for another epic like Stormbringer and couldn't bring it off. This book flops miserably altho it does manage to grip the reader with the tragic death of d'Averc. This is not worth 60¢. Maybe 25¢ but not 60¢.

REV

THE KING OF ELFLANDS DAUGHTER: Lord Dunsany (Ballantine 95¢) This is a beautifully written fantasy novel of a King's son who runs off with the King of Elflands daughter back to earth. But the King of Elfland misses his daughter and spirits her back and hides elfland from the son. A very nicely written story only flawed a few times by the author's entering the story to explain something. Very nice.

SLG

KING OF E'S DAUGHTER: Make no mistake, Dunsany is a fine writer. He has a style that flows nicely, is captivating in its imagery and is totally fitted to this type story. It is the type story I didn't much like. Unlike LoTR or even Silverlock, this is a fairy tale for children (while the others were fairy tales for adults). I suppose a fairy tale can be gripping and all that, but this wasn't. For adults, well, you're going to be bored. But read it to your kids. They'll groove on it, I'm sure.

REV

LAST UNICORN: Peter Beagle (Ballantine 95¢) A really beautifully written fantasy novel about the last unicorn in the world who goes searching for others of its kind. On the quest she stops to talk with butterflies, Schmendrick the Magician, a Carnival of Black Creatures and others. The writing is the best I've ever encountered in fantasy....Strongly recommended. Too bad it won't win the Hugo. *SLG* (Agree on "good book" *REV*)

DEVISE AND CONQUER

A Variation on a Very Old Theme

by Darrell Schweitzer

The last man in the world sat alone in a room. There wasn't any knock at the door. He waited a moment. Nothing. He grew impatient. Still nothing.

"Where the hell are they?" the last man asked aloud. "They should be here by now. How long can it take those slimy BEMs to land their spaceship?"

He waited and strained his ears for the distant roar of rockets. Silence.

They must be up to something, he thought, as he nervously paced the floor. "Perhaps those gooey, slimy blobs plan to eat me," he whined. The walls were not responsive.

He stopped to listen.

No knock came.

He began to whimsically sing to himself, "Five and twenty humans baked in a pie! Isn't that a lovely dish to put before the king?"

He wasn't really sorry that they would have to settle for only one.

"Perhaps they want to put me in a zoo, where all sorts of tentacled horrors can gape at me and throw peanuts."

A few minutes passed, and there was still no knock.

"Perhaps," the last man suddenly thought in horror, "they want to dissect me! No, NO!... NOT THAT! They're gonna cut me up alive to see what makes me tick! I won't let them. They're probably giant insects who'll use their claws on me out of instinct. I'll spoil their fun! It'll only take a moment!"

He opened the top drawer of the desk in the room, took out a revolver, held it to his temple for a moment and then fired.

* * *

The last man in the world lay dead on the floor. There was a knock on the door. And a pause.

The door opened slowly at first as if someone were just peeking in, then it swung all the way open, and two balls of fur with long skinny legs and enormous flat feet came into the room. To a human they would have seemed unbearably cute. If there had been any humans around.

"It worked," said the first one, expanding slightly at the top as he spoke.

"Indeed, it did," confirmed the second. "Now we get the planet for free since we are the first intelligent creatures to land after the natives destroyed themselves. And it was legal, too. We didn't do a thing. We did not commit any crime of intervention. We just left the last one alone for five minutes."

"Aren't you glad humans were so imaginative?"



By golly, the editor says to himself, it sure looks like another couple pages of reviews. Is Sandworm to be turned into nothing but reviews and letters? Horrors! Serconism rears its ugly head! Fie on serconism. But that's the way the universe surrounding Sandworm seems to run.

So here are a couple more pages of reviews.

TROUBLE WITH LICHEN: John Wyndham: \$4.95 from Walker & Co.: While Wyndham was never one of my favorite authors, I consider it a great loss to the ranks of sf on losing him thru Death.

And how ironic it is that this particular book should be reprinted so soon after his death. Here is a book dealing with virtual immortality, with lifespans four and five times that of our "normal" three score and ten.

Diana Brackley discovers a rare type of lichen which acts as an anti-gerone and proceeds to dispense it via a beauty spa. The logic is rather shaky why she dispensed it only to women but it should be obvious from a multitude of other books written on immortality what casting such a secret moose onto the world would do.

Diana does not seem to consider things like feeding a horde of immortals and what such a thing would do to the world population problem. She brushes it off with the rationalisation that people would wait 70 or 80 years before getting married and having children. Even if this were so, that would mean "one" generation every 70 years with a lifespan of, say, 350 yrs. Ratio is 5:1. Present standards are only 3:1. That means an increase in the population of a factor of 60%. A brilliant biologist she may have been but she was opening a Pandora's box of famine for a world unable to support a 3:1 turnover in population.

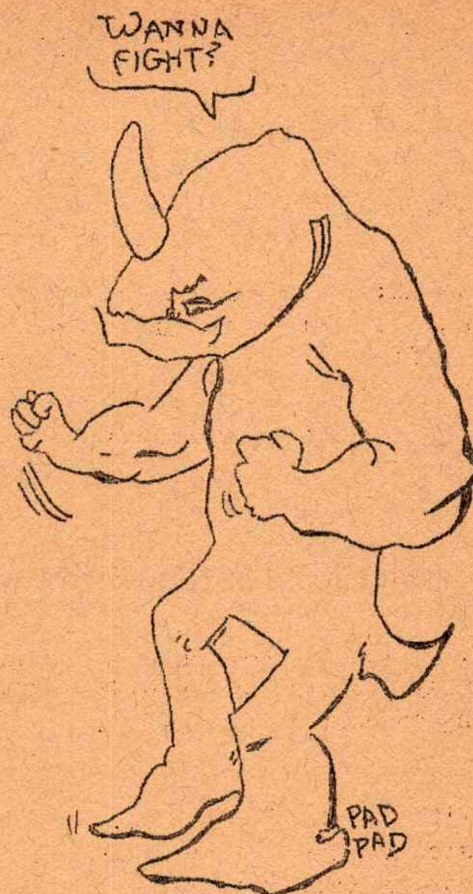
The writing is smooth and competent, even if Wyndham's logic fails in places. But perhaps the thing that most endeared this book to me was the fact that Wyndham showed that (albeit in 1960) an English author was capable of writing a story with an optimistic ending. Plus a story that did not end the world with some horribly symbolic and ridiculous agent. In today's crop of denial of human good, Trouble With Lichen shines forth as a tribute to man's idealism (even if such idealism is misguided).

While I cannot tell you rush out and blow \$4.95 on this book (it has a fine Gaughan-Rorshach cover illo), I will say this book is worth the time it takes to read it. And that is something that is becoming rarer and rarer.

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MAN IN THE MAZE: Robt. Silverberg: Avon 75¢: Tackett defended THORNS but made the comment "THORNS isn't Silverberg's best but it comes close". I wanted to know what was Silverberg's best but no answer was forthcoming. From Roy, that is.

Silverberg is coming out with his own answer to my question. Up The Line is magnificent. And The Man in the Maze is nothing less than brilliant. Silverberg has taken a current theme of alienation with society (one of the threads running thru THORNS) and blown it into



a gripping, probing look into his protagonist's mind. Why does Muller reject society to the point of hiding himself in a death-trap maze on an alien world? The agency which forces him into the maze is the "curse" (cover blurb description) of an alien race. Perhaps this "alien" entity is just Muller's private reaction to a world filled with connivers and users of men like Charles Boardman (the Duncan Chalk specter fleshed out and made real). This is a powerful novel and has, for me at least, proven that Silverberg is a topflight author and can fail with a theme (THORNS), then alter it and bring it off with a resounding thunderclap of success (Man in the Maze).

Don't miss either

Man in the Maze or Silverberg's Up The Line. Both are standouts.

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MARTIAN WAY: Isaac Asimov: Fawcett 60¢:: This contains two of Asimov's better short stories, the title story and Sucker Bait. Sucker Bait was part of a challenge issued by JWC quite a few years ago. Given: a Lagrangian star system. Produce: A story. This is Asimov's contribution and I believe Virgin Planet was Anderson's altho Campbell never printed it. An intriguing set of concepts run around loose in Sucker Bait, that of a Lagrange system to start with and then there is Mark Annuncio, boy mnemonic. The plot is simple, hated member of crew saves expedition but Asimov does a nice job on it. Well worth 60¢ if you don't have a previous edition.

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OUT OF THE MOUTH OF THE DRAGON: Mark Geston: Ace 60¢:: If sheer, unadulterated morbidity is for you, then so is this book. Seldom have I read so depressing, blackly pessimistic a book. Lords of the Starship was quite good. ...Dragon has the blankets of despair so heavily piled on, the book is suffocating. I highly recommend this book if you are planning on committing suicide. It will certainly put you in the mood.

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PREIDCTIONS, FACT OR FALLACY?: Hans Holzer: Fawcett 75¢:: The author comes to one conclusion in the book about the question the title poses. I come to the opposite. This book is crammed full of bunk, misguided and extremely unscientific notions and perhaps even a bit of outright deception. Psychic phenomena is more laughable than provable. And this book doesn't even try to "prove" anything. Belief is either there or not. With me it is not. Good for a couple laughs - or moans. Nothing more.

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QUICKSAND: John Brunner: Bantam 75¢:: "Who was she who walked naked out of nowhere???" That's the cover blurb, folks. Carefully covering up the photographic subject's anatomical assets. And that is about the best the book has to offer. Pessimism is a definite trend and unlike the comedy-with-a-message of TIMESCOOP, Brunner goes the "paint it black" route with the protagonist killing his girl friend from the future and then himself. As he subaqueates himself, he is thinking, "Screw the world. It is not worth trying to save." He is a quitter - but he is also batty as a loon. Perhaps Brunner was being subtle. He doesn't present the protagonist as being insane; this is my own conclusion from his persecution complex and hideously contrived explanation of the girl walking nekkid out of the woods.

Get TIMESCOOP instead. This one is depressing.

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HERE AND HEREAFTER: Ruth Montgomery: Fawcett 75¢:: More spiritualistic hogwash.

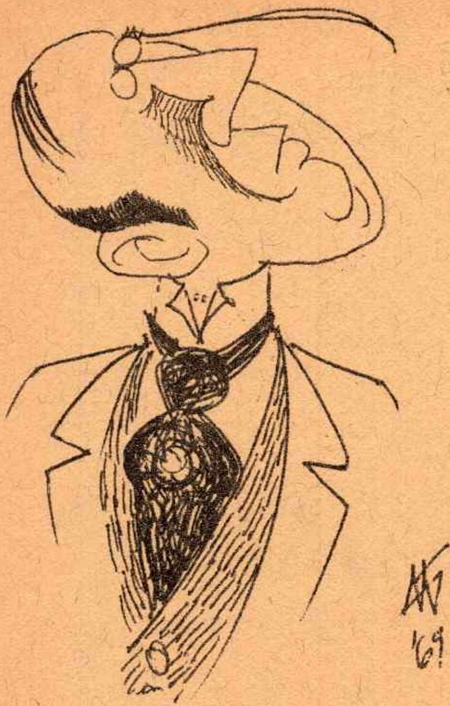
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LOGAN'S RUN: Wm Nolan and Geo. Clayton Johnson: Dell 75¢: Youth reigns supreme. Suicide before 21 or execution at 21 is enforced. Supposedly in this way, there will be no older generation lousing the world up for the next. The story revolves around an executioner turning 21 and finding that there is more to love than just sex. Naturally there is a haven for those not willing to accept death at 21 and his search for it while trying to avoid execution himself is the story. Don't read this book so much for what it says but for what it implies. This is a real dead-end world. Think about it.

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The only song Eldridge Cleaver knows is "Paint it Black"

drumsand



It seems that I just can't please everyone. So I usually don't even bother to try. Like my fmz reviews. Jerry Lapidus called them useless & now I get the following statement from Lisa Tuttle concerning Drumsand. "You only reviewed the Best-Known, Best-Loved fanzines (ah-hah--- left out SFR) and as a result I already knew they were/are good, so they weren't much use."

Since Lisa is much prettier than Jerry, I'll accede and try to please her. This time I have reviewed zines that might or might not be reviewed elsewhere. You may or may not have heard of them. But since the prime egoboo goes to the faned and the reviews are going to be useless to anyone else, I think this system might be considered for use in other zines.

The only criterion for review this time is for the zine to be published outside the Western Hemisphere.

IMPRESSIONEN #12: kein Preis: Dies fanzine ist die amerikanische Ausgabe und sie hat vier Seiten auf Englisch. Die beiden Herausgeber geben Auskunft um Perry Rhodan, Moewig-Verlag (der Münchener Verlag hatten, gefeiert das tausendste Sensationsblatt) und "Perkeo-Con". Wenn ich gehe übers Jahr zu Heidelberg (ich hoffe!), ich muss Vurgusz trinken. Vurguzz glaube ich deutsche blog sein.

Heyne Buchen haben neuaufgelegt „Die Todeswelt“ von Harry Harrison. Die Romane sind ausgezeichnet und der Held, Jason dinAlt, ist mehr lebensgetreu als Perry Rhodan. Zwar, Perry Rhodan ist die grösste Science Fiction Serie der Welt. Rhodan ist auch künstlich. Er ist ein Übermensch. Im Gegenteil dinAlt ist ein Schurke aber mit einem Mut dass ist ungewöhnlich. DinAlt kann ich glauben. Rhodan ist zu perfekt.

Impressionen ist leserlich und lesbar.

„Sehr interessante“ wie Arte Johnson sagen würde.

Ich ^{VER}gesste auch, Impressionen ist von Hans-Werner Heinrichs, 129 Franfurter Str., 6079 Sprendlingen, BRD und Harald Fischer, 14 Waller Str., 28 Bremen-Walle, BRD.

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Transcendental meditation will set you free

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ARGENTINA REVISTA DE CIENCIA FANTASIA: Hector Pessina, Casilla 3869, Correo Central, Buenos Aires, R. de Argentina: cuatro por dos dolares: Esta revista de Hector es muy excelente ~~pero~~ ^{pero} el tiene una tendencia para creencia en la platillos volandos (?flying saucers??) El editorial de UFOs y flying saucers tomó más espacio que sería en fanzines Americanos devotiá a otras cosas. Yo comprendí que Hector se ~~se~~ ^{se}interesé en este y deseo que escribiría más a la flying saucers y la gente que miranlos. Y menos de la generalidades. Yo oí mucho de la subjetiva en large y muy poco específicamente.

En otra lugares, Hector he balanceado su forma con finura. Ficción incluyendo "Blue Theme and Fugue" de Robert Wells, y tiene una columna de letras de muchos fans en Gran Britan y Los Estados Unidos.

39

Ned Brooks escriba contra la posibilidad de viaje en tiempo. Y él está incorrecto. Viaje en tiempo es una probabilidad que no nosotros podamos desatender.

Vds. podrán pasar un buen rato con esta revista. Muy bien. Obtened vosotros.

Mi español es falto de uso. Hace cuatro años desde que yo escribí algo. Perdonome, si me hace Vd. favor.

/*/

But so will prune juice

/*/

Я никогда не видел Русский
любителя ский писателя-фантаст журнал.
Не могу здесь вклучить рецензию никогда
никогда не видел такого журнала.
Будь бы очень благодарен о времени
такого изданий. WHEW!

/*/

And both produce the same end result

/*/

HECKMECK #21: im Austausch oder DM 1,00:: Manfred (Glückwunschen für den Weltcon gewinnst!) Kage, Ach ter den Winkel 41, Schaesberg, Niederlande und Mario Kwiat, Stettiner Str. 38, D-44, Muenster::: Manfred macht fein fanzine Kritiker. Sein "Hetze" oder "Der Splitter im Auge des Nachbarn" ist beiden interessante und beschreibend (mein Leser sagen Drumsand ist weder interessante noch beschreibend -- *Seufzer*). "Tratsch über Nachbarn" gibt das Bild Nederfandom. Und zwei versen von Margot Kage beweisen überall fans sind fans.

Ich sehe SLAN ist noch verlegt.

Ich bitte für eine Abschrift aber erhielt keine Antwort. Vielleicht war ich unverständlich weil auf Deutsch schreibe. Doch wollte ich eine SLAN bekommen. Eine fanzine dass bietet "...ein interessante und buntes Bild kaleidoskopartig geschilderter fannischer Begebenheiten" ist zu schön keine Notiz nehmen! Manfred macht SLAN unerlässlich schiene!

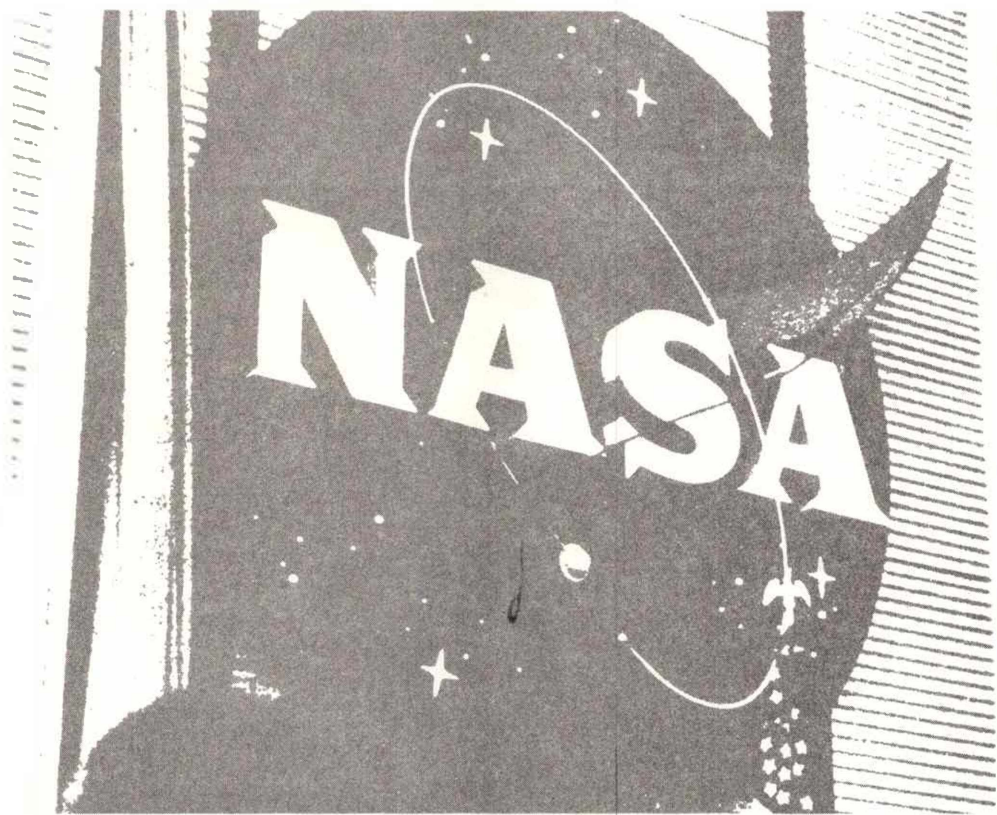
Sende Manfred DM 1,00. Heckmeck ist wirklich mehr wert.

/*/

Also received but not reviewed include Time Bender and Dionysos from Rudy der Hagopian in Stockholm (hey, Fred, want to do some reviews in Swedish?), Forum International from Per Insulander, Speculation from Peter Weston (the rival of RQ for the title of "Sercon King of the Fanzine World"), have glanced at a copy of Uchujin from Takumi Shibano (I hope to find - corner- an acquaintance to do a bit of translating for me from Japanese), Rataplan from Leigh Edmonds from Down Under. And that just about raps it up from Up Over. Until next time, ponder all these fmz and mayhaps send me some new ones to be reviewed (or review a couple for me...)

A TRIBUTE

TO



The Man Who Made It
Possible

Dr Wernher von Braun

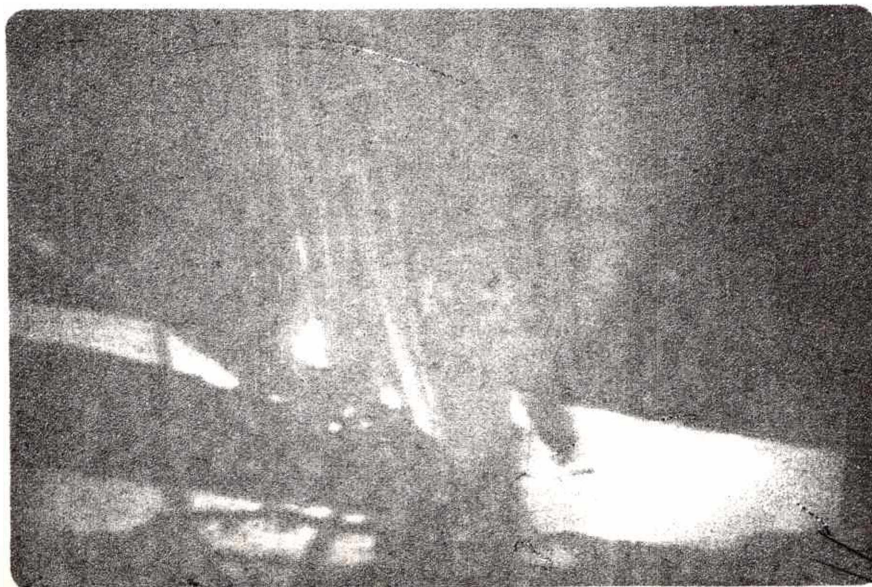


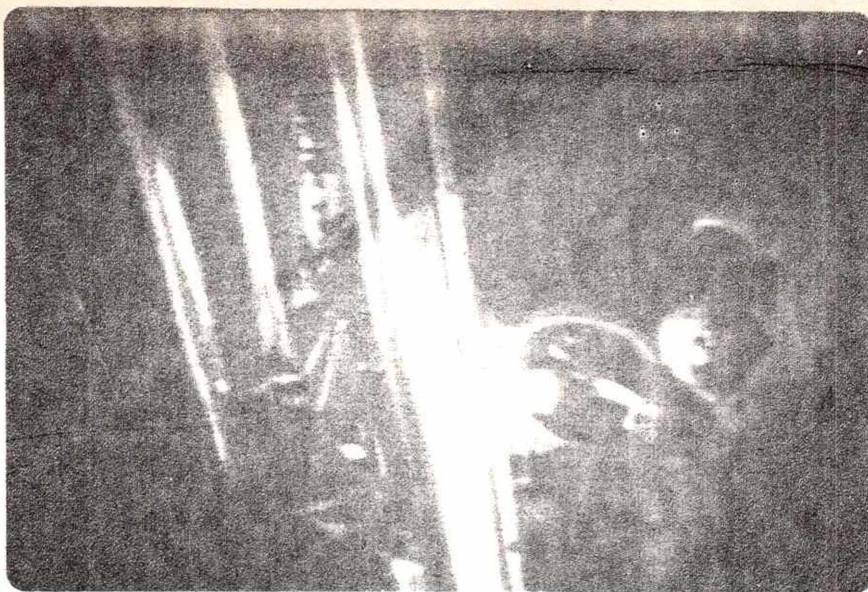


John Glenn

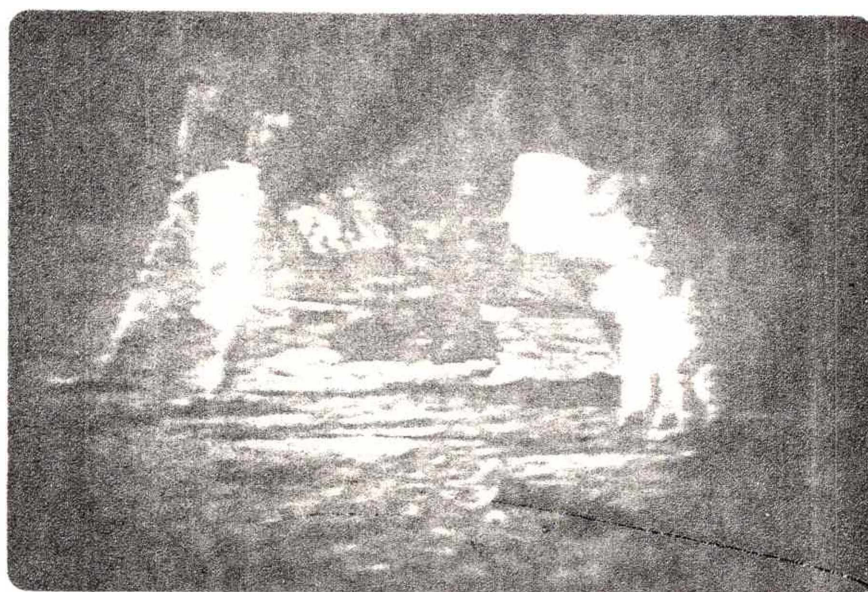
to

Neil Armstrong





20

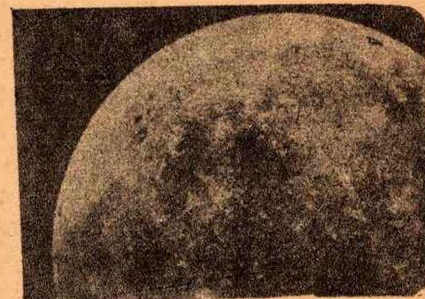


JULY



1969

THE TRACKLESS WASTE



"Magnificent Desolation"

ROBERT BLOCH: straight from Groovyland::: Yes, I'm over the flu, thanks, but now I've got puns in Ron Whittington's letter to worry about. And your future status, too.

I do hope matters resolve themselves for you as you'd wish. /Thank you for your kind thoughts. I've been going around with my fingers crossed so long, it is starting to seem like a normal condition. And typing with crossed fingers is rather hard, too.7

Guy

Endore definitely doesn't write his works in French. Old film buffs will recall his credits on some of the horror movies of the thirties: he still lives in LA -- I met him some years ago and he is a charming guy. With or without the capital "G".

I note your Hugo plugs.

Since I hope to be announcing the winners in St. Louis, I can possibly arrange to make your selections receive the awards -- for a small fee, of course. I am also getting bids from the nominees themselves and hope to amass a nice piece of change. That's one way to pay for a convention trip. /I hereby offer a lifetime sub to Sandworm if you'll give the novel Hugo to TOM SWIFT AND HIS ELECTRIC NOSE-PICKER. I might be convinced that seeing my pick win would be worth not sending you a lifetime subscription to SWorm, but I hold that out as a last ditch bid.7

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CAPTAIN FUTURE IS ALIVE AND WELL IN ARLETA

/*/

ED COX: 14524 Filmore Strasse, Arleta, Ca., 91331::: Yea, CAPTAIN FUTURE and the Future-men! Wowee, kids, be sure to drink Garnk-fizz and send four labels and two bucks in for your secret decoder (a powerful magnifying glass as the code is printed in English, but in very small print, on the inner portion of Joan Randall's navel...)

I've

noticed two newer pbs of CF on the stands which I don't have yet, considering 60¢ a bit steep for a pb of that thickness. But I suppose I'll pick them up. /Thin pbs with H*U*G*E print and W***I***D***E margins seems to be the motif for 90% of all pbs on the stands now. And they sell for 60¢ and 75¢. I must really be getting old -- most of my pbs have narrow margins, itsy-bitsy print and only cost 25¢ or a ghod-awful price of 35 whole cents. And they are getting a bit yellow around the edges, too.7

Re the covers.

Yes, they are new for the pbs. Roy is quite correct about the original covers. You may feast your eyeballs on them when you're here since I have the 17 CF magazines, not to mention all the STARTLINGS in which subsequent adventures appeared. I'm trying to remember that one EDH novel that appeared in SS earlier which spurred on the advent of CF. It was written up in a fanzine or two of that day and I subsequently got hold of it. Guess I'd better look through the zines for it. Then again, maybe it wasn't in

SS. The first CF mag was Winter 1940 and the first SS was Jan. 1939. So... However, now isn't the time to ponder that profound problem. /Quite so. Now is the time to ponder what drinking Garnk-fizz will do to your stomach. Especially since Garnk-fizz only comes in 50 liter bottles.../

Let's see, the CF cover for OUTLAWS OF THE MOON (Spring 1942, Vol. 4 #1) is an underwater scene, the background being an undersea green, I guess. /Underwater? I read the pb and the closest CF came to being underwater was slogging thru a bog in the heart of the moon. Hmmm, I suspect that the undersea episode might have been cut in the interest of scientific accuracy./ In the mid-background under the title logo, in a sort of riveted iron bell, is Grag, Otho and Joan. Scaled undersea baddies loom off to our right (of the bell). In the foreground, left, is good ol' Cap'n Future in his familiar red suit (longjohns maybe), leather boots and glass (or a reasonable unbreakable facsimile) helmet firing his proton pistol at a close, green, finned-one in the lower right foreground who has "featuring OUTLAWS OF THE MOON, A Startling Complete Book-Length Novel by EDMOND HAMILTON" in white letters on his back. /I suspect that if I saw a green, finned creature with all that written on its back, I'd be tempted to fire my proton pistol at it, too./

It is in the next issue, Summer 1942, that THE COMET KINGS appears. A different artist this time (who did a lot of covers for the Thrilling group). Cap has a tattered blue outfit on this time, and, again, like Doc Savage in the present era pb covers, besides the tatters, the leather boots. Joan is with him and they are both on an anti-grav type platform above purplish waves of mountains. And the good Captain (he never touches Joan, hardly) is firing his proton pistol at rather out-sized bats. The pistol is different but fires the same multi-color rings. They may be onion rings inasmuch as the bat's mouth is open, almost to the muzzle (with a silencer it appears like) of the gun, and apparently is swallowing said rings.

The difference in covers is rather tremendous. Today's illustrators and artists are pretty much ahead of the old styles. Except, of course, the older stuff is what was wanted to sell the zines off the stands. Anyway, there is absolutely no doubt that these are new covers on the pbs.

The last bit re Harry Warner's letter /in Sworn #6/ interested me. For a long time, I used to religiously watch the "science fiction" movies on the local tv. /How else but religiously would a ghod watch TV?/ These were especially on the local channels 9, 11, and 13 which, one or another, would have a Saturday afternoon series entitled "Chiller" or some such title. On this, especially during the summer, there would appear and re-appear an endless string of so-called stf movies, plus horror, etc. It was after I was married in 1961 that I started this. I didn't own a receiver before then! /The truth comes out! You married Anne for her TV set!/

To fully document all stf films shown on television, with complete particulars (Producer, Director, Writer, etc., studio, year) with a capsule review became a project. This went onto 3x5 file cards. I poured hours into this project witnessing many a terrible movie and often an exasperated wife. I used to have a stack of TV Guides published by the local paper (now known as the Herald-Examiner...it had better blurbs than the straight-laced LA Times TV Guide people...some were really hilarious). I have probably over 100 cards, which is where I stopped years ago when I discovered that book issued by somebodyorother which encompassed all stfilms, etc. with full particulars. I may someday utilize my cards, and the 3x5 card-size reviews but I haven't spent much time watching tv since then!

/Since it is my duty as a local followe to keep you posted, here are two movies ("sf") which recently made the

13 MOVIE—Science Fiction

"Captain Mephisto and the Transformation Machine." (1954) In this feature version of the serial "Manhunt of Mystery Island," a girl searching for her missing father enlists the aid of a famous criminologist. Richard Bailey, Linda Stirling, Roy Barcroft.

14 MOVIE—Science Fiction

"Neutron Battles the Karate Assassins." (Mexican; 1962) Neutron goes after a gang attempting to take over the country. Wolf Rubinskis, Carlos Lopez (1 hr., 15 min.)

ANDREW PORTER: 55 Pineapple St., Brooklyn, NY,

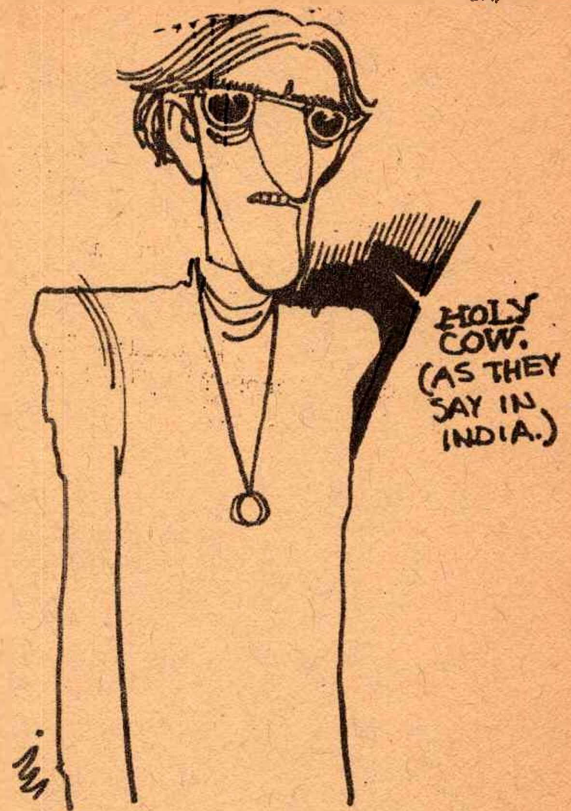
11201::: With all respect to Ed

Glass, who may be a wonderful architect, the cover looked terrible. Glass used press-type (or a variation thereof) and got carried away. Seems to me the simplest thing about design work is that things should be simple. To prove my point, enclosed is a heading for the next issue /which appears on the ToC pg -- many thanks, Andy.7 I was never very big on Olde Englishe, and the use of all them "o's" seems silly and a waste, to me. /The illo was never intended for a cover and as such lacked suitable borders. As the illo stood, my eye wandered off the edge of the page -- with the "silly 'o's'", the eye was forced to stop and look at the drawing itself. I am no design expert, but I assure you that Ed is. I think the cover came out quite well.7

The cover for OUTLAWS OF THE MOON was done by an Italian hack. It's a common thing for Italians to swipe US artwork for their magazines. Lately, an art agency here has been selling reproduction rights to cheap American publishers at \$30 a throw. The result is that in addition to Ed Hamilton not getting a cent for the Captain Future reprints, the covers cost the art department only \$30 instead of \$150-300 per book. Another example is the cover for the June 1963 Analog, which was swiped by an Italian. The swipe appeared later in this country as the cover for the March 1968 Fantastic; and now it's appearing again as the cover of "Captain Future's Challenge". Three times for the same basic cover (altho the first time it was done by Schoenherr, so that doesn't count really...)

From what I understand, John M. Faucette is/was a Black (Negro) writer who lives in Harlem. He sold his first story to Ace about 1½ years ago. It was extensively rewritten by Terry Carr and published as CROWN OF INFINITY. The second novel was not rewritte, because Terry would have had to redo the thing entirely. /This might seem like a rather stupid question, but why the hell was it purchased if it, in the editor's expert (and quite accurate) opinion, needed such a massive rewrite? Looks like it should have been rejected and if it showed any possibilities, have been sent back with a note telling what changes would have to be made before considering it again. I must be out of it but it sounds like Terry is knowingly buying and publishing inferior material. Is the market that lucrative?7 For a while Faucette was submitting stuff to F&SF (Black Hero against the universe; 4 fight scenes and no dialog in the first 50 ms. pages) but he stopped after a while, when it became evident he couldn't write his way out of a pay toilet. A poor man's Samuel Delany, with lots of ego and no talent.

Your comment on page 22 "sometimes I think the editor cuts off some of the bottom as surplus taking the artist's chop with it" was interesting. Actually, this may be done by the Art Director, or the Production Manager, or perhaps by the printer. The editor is responsible only for the words in the interior; sometimes he, or an underling, will write the cover, back cover, and 1st page blurb. But all other details are in the hands of the art and production departments. In many instances, the editor never sees the cover artwork, nor does he see the design (type, text, illo) of the covers before the book comes out. /I stand corrected. But someone (production manager?) should see to it that the artist is credited - twice if the artist's name isn't cut off the cover.7



I like Vaughn Bode very much.

Okay, I go on record; I don't like REG's work. And I think of myself as a competent designer and fair fanartist. Howzaboutthat? /I've always said everyone is entitled to their own opinion, even if it is wrong -- in your instance, only half wrong. You are a pretty fair fanartist but since you don't agree with me about REG, you must be wrong. QED.7 From my point of view, there's good sf illustration and bad. REG does mostly bad.

There is an article in the new issue of KNIGHT (vol 7 #4) called "The Amazing Cult of SF Fandom" by Norman Spinrad. Read it and chock (choke?) /That is very interesting. Does he mention any other apa besides the CULT? Ahem.7

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Pyromaniacs burn me up

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HARRY WARNER, JR.: 423 Summit Ave, Hagerstown, Md. 21740:: /Congratulations, Harry! You winning best fanwriter was one of the few I agreed with this yr. And with All Our Yesterdays a 1969 product, perhaps another Hugo is forthcoming! You certainly deserve it!7

I keep wondering what I'd do if I were in this position during this war, and I frankly can't decide what my actions would be. I passively let myself go to a preliminary physical examination once and to an induction station on another occasion during previous wars, and got rejected both times for physical reasons. But I thought differently about those wars than I do about Vietnam. Maybe my opinion of this war and my hatred of military life would have combined to make me take the prison route; a person of my constitution and habits would probably be better off in jail than in the army, if it wasn't one of the really bad jails. / Both jails and the draft are similar in that they serve to keep disruptive elements of society in check. Jails keep criminal misfits from disrupting society while they are locked up while the draft is a more fundamental part of our culture. "The basic authority of a modern state over its people resides in its war powers. ... As a control device over the hostile, nihilistic, and potentially unsettling elements of a society in transition, the draft can again be defended, and quite convincingly, as a "military necessity." The draft is designed to prevent organized dissent in the younger members of society - but of late this function is breaking down and the draft is coming under fire. Indeed, it is focusing dissent rather than controlling it. An alternative might be slavery again, but whatever develops, it'll still have all the earmarks of a violation of the 13th Amendment. I hereby make a Criswell-like prediction. The draft will continue. It cannot be eliminated since, by Parkinson's law, it has reached the point where its existence is justified simply by existing.7

I still hope that the space program will continue with no serious cutbacks. /!!!7 Remember that the program to get us on the moon came about without any real backing by political leaders; obviously the world situation and what Russia was doing made it imperative to get busy on space travel and Kennedy listened to this advice. Mars wouldn't have the military advantage that the moon would have meant if we'd dropped out of the race and let Russia take it over. But countering that difference, the next decade should bring other factors to encourage a manned landing on Mars. There should be a few more shortages and happenings like the silver-for-coins disappearance and the off-shore drilling messes to cause even politicians to realize that we're using up the resources of this world very fast and must be able to reach other worlds before long. If Vietnam ends its battlefield status, space flight might take up some of the unemployment slack that would result. /Possible, but I can't picture what job a kid whose only "job" has been firing a rifle at shadows moving in a jungle could perform in the space program. Besides, the entire moon landing program cost \$23 billion since Kennedy started it. Last year, Vietnam cost \$26 billion. Of course, I wouldn't mind seeing the space program stepped up 10 times to prevent all that war industry from becoming unemployed.7 And I can't get rid of the premonition that a few more years will produce some kind of scientific breakthrough that will make

the Mars trip less difficult. Of course, I have more reason for wishful thinking than most fans. If the timetable calls for reaching Mars by the end of the century, my chances of being here to hear about it are not too good; if we try to get there in a dozen years, I'll make it unless I die short of the normal lifespan. I can't quite get over my astonishment that most fans who want to see 2001 will not yet be ready for social security payments when that year arrives. /I suspect you are right about some interesting breakthrough. v. Braun has said 10 years or less with the actual trip taking only about 3 weeks. If he is thinking in terms like that now, in just 5 years what'll scientific reality be like? I still snarl when I think how the Project NERVA funds were cut, tho. A nuclear power plant would be a major step forward in space exploration.7

Paul Walker should get things going good in the next issue of Sandworm. He is wrong in most of what he says, and yet he says a lot of things that have a lurking backdrop of truth. The whole trouble, I suspect, is noth that Asimov is too greatly admired, but that he hasn't really been thought about as fans have discussed Heinlein and Tolkien. If a lot of long, carefully, reasoned articles had been published about Asimov, we would have seen mention of things he does less well as a writer, and we wouldn't feel the outrage that Paul's exaggeration of Asimov's faults arouses. The faults aren't serious, Asimov is among the dozen finest science fiction writers whom the pulps produced, but the very absence of real Asimov criticism has caused some readers to assume a conspiracy of some kind to make him the Great American Novelist and their reaction takes on Walkerian proportions.

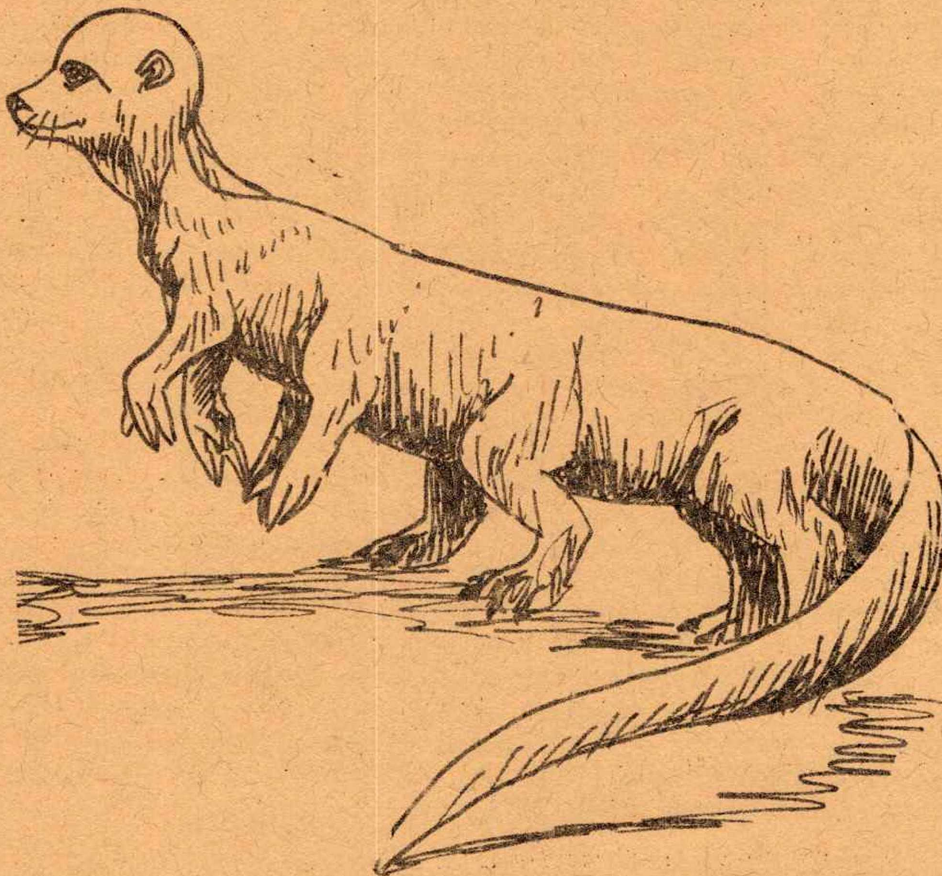
The letter section was excellent, although I still feel more comfortable when the editor's remarks are lumped at the end of each letter. In my letter I meant literally kids in Asia. I know about the existence of poverty in the United States but I suspect that the vast bulk of the hard core poverty people in this nation have a standard of living far above that of the poor people of India and China, and have you seen the latest statistics on how many people are starving in Biafra? /Quite so, but I'm afraid I have little sympathy with any of the cases you mention. Better to give the aid to the Amerinds whose standard of living is a close match to anywhere in the world. India: I understand some American scientists are trying to figure out how to make wheat taste like rice since the Indians won't eat wheat. They don't like the taste. China: Red, any country that figures it is more important to have a steel mill in the backyard rather than a small garden deserves no sympathy. The people should revolt. Nationalist: their standard of living I know very little about. I suspect they can take care of themselves. Biafra: Any country that has \$400,000 to pay a California PR firm to improve its world image while letting its citizens starve deserves to be placed in the "total loss" column in my book. Let's give some of that \$\$\$ to the Amerinds.7

The lettering and other doodads on the front cover set off splendidly the fine illustration. Normally I don't like much lettering on a fanzine cover, because there's no real reason for putting there the date or price or other information that a newsstand magazine needs; but the contrasting calligraphy in this case has an eye appeal of its own, over and above the information it carries. I can't figure out if the back cover pictures are original with Sandworm or part of the Heidelberg campaign ammunition, but whatever the truth, they're splendid too, making me wish I could see much more of the worlds which they show in such limited segments. Inside, I was particularly taken by the tiny sketch at the top of page 14 of the editorial, where you were talking about DUNE if there should be several pages 14 in this issue. /Jim McLeod did the 2 bacover illos. While the ad was original with Sandworm, it was also distributed in sundry other places.7

I didn't care much for the Raymond L. Clancy poetry on first reading. Then I looked over the supplement again and this time I began to see excellencies that weren't there the first time through. I'm still not sure that this is first-rate poetry but I'm also not sure that I'm very good at reacting to poetry, and my limited enthusiasm may reflect more on me than on Clancy. He has the virtues of writing very compactly, and he creates lines that seem to be unoriginal the first time they're read, then suddenly turn out to have little

unexpected twists when looked at more closely. And now that I've given him some of the benefit of the doubt, I'll risk the criticism that some of the verse seems to emanate from circumstances which can't mean as much to the reader as they do to the poet because he doesn't give any hint about these circumstances. I'm sure there must be some underlying unity to the three items under Nearing Christmas, 1969, beyond the obvious contrasts of life and near-death, speed and immobility, and so on, and I imagine that the effect would be greater if I knew what Clancy knows. In any event, I'm happy about this recent trend to lots of poetry in fanzines and I try to make allowance for the fact that I've been in a bad mood for a year or two which has probably caused me to be less enthusiastic than I should be about a lot of this poetry. I used to like poems much better when I wasn't chronically grouchy and disillusioned with things. I must admit that you hide your grouchiness well.... I, along with you, Harry, am not much of a poetry fan. Some of RLC's poetry I liked and some I didn't. But I didn't feel that I was really enough of a critic to edit out the ones I didn't like. So I printed a large number of those I had on hand. -- By the way, thru some collational quirk, I managed to mail out quite a few copies of Sandworm #7 without the RLC Circuits. Any of you wishing to get a copy who didn't with #7 (or those just wanting another copy) please let me know.

/*/
Hypochondriacs make me sick
/*/



MIKE DECKINGER: 25 Manor Dr., Apt. 12-J, Newark, NJ, 07106::: Your commentary following my remarks elevating Bode to a higher position over Jack Gaughan in the art field is puzzling. They seem to be directed my way, but I wonder where you get the notion that I am labelling fandom "conservative" in my position. /The statement did not specifically refer to you or your comments. Fans in general seem to pride themselves on their liberalness. If this is true, then the pro-Bode forces who scream that fandom is too conservative to appreciate him must be, in the main, wrong. I personally am not a liberal sort and their comments re: me are fairly true.7 I reject labelling, as it tends to over-simplify complex issues, but I suppose I could be called "liberal" in nature, of the moderate brand of liberalism, not the John Boardman brand, whatever you may choose to call that. /I have yet to figure it out...7 My position in reference to Gaughan vs. Bode is that I strongly believe Jack Gaughan is a helluva nice guy and also a helluva miserable artist who has won three Hugos primarily because of his close contact with fandom and his amiability towards fan-ed's who ultimately vote on the Hugo ballot and feel obligated towards Jack for noticing them. /This seems to oversimplify...Jack might sway a good many faneds but enough to win him a Hugo so consistently? I doubt it. His work has a wide enough appeal to win him the awards.7 Bode appears to be far more talented, employing an outre style that is quite different from the mediocre pro-art dominating the field today, and therefore not worthy of mention.

Consider the all time top pro-artists that at one time or another have graced the field. Heading my list is Virgil Finlay, followed (in no particular order) by Freas, Emsch, Paul, Orban, Valigursky, Bergey, etc. If this list was compiled on a qualitative basis Gaughan would be somewhere uncomfortably close to the bottom. Admittedly some of his covers done within the last six months have shown remarkable improvement over the other crap that allegedly deserved a Hugo, but it will still be quite a few years (if ever) before he reaches the point where he will deserve a Hugo solely because he's a talented artist and has had the most attractive output of the year.

It occurs to me, as I reread the last paragraph that I've gone over this topic before several times and it must be awfully repetitious for most readers to hear me bitching about Jack Gaughan again. Some people may get the impression that I am uncommonly obsessed with a desire to knock Jack Gaughan when the opportunity is presented. (This hypothesis is most assuredly not true.) That being the case, and conforming with my desire to maintain reasonably pleasant relations with as many folk as I can in this god-damned hobby, I will henceforth control my remarks and cease belittling Jack's efforts.

Harry Warner makes a very good point about fandom's relation towards the good proartist. I've always been in love with a number of paintings done by Robert Gibson Jones for the old AMAZING STORIES, FANTASTIC ADVENTURES, and OTHER WORLDS. Yet I wonder how many fans of today have ever seen Jones' work, or even heard of the man. He did some superb interplanetary covers, undoubtedly assisted by the fact that many appeared on the Ziff-Davis pulps so they did not suffer a clarity-destroying size compression. Both Cartier and Bok, whom Harry also mentions, did some beautiful artwork that has never been equalled by contemporary scribes. As Harry points out, it's ironic that it took Bok's death for persons to suddenly realize what an extraordinarily gifted man he was, and being to accord some recognition to a name that was frequently overlooked. Edd Cartier is still alive, but disillusionment with the unethical practices of a magazine editor and a hardcover editor forced him to withdraw from the art field, along with the realization that he could not support a family on what a pro-artist makes in the field. (The full story is DNG but it shouldn't require much mental muscle flexing to guess who the editors are I'm referring to.)

I saw Criswell once on a local interview show and my reaction was to find him as unbelievable as you do. People are still gullible enough to put their trust in every flamboyant seer who comes on the scene. (Jeanne Dixon, who prediction score is no better than Criswell's has a column in most major newspapers which is faithfully read by people who are just as sane as you or I /?7 but are willing to temporarily discard their rationality in the hopes of hooking into a direct line to future events. Hitler was a firm believer in astrology -- you

shouldn't be surprised at this if you didn't all ready know it.) /I knew it but so what? Hitler might also have believed the Earth was round./ I remember Criswell's crackpot articles in the old SPACEWAY, I used to read them, chuckle to myself and think "this guy is really full of shit". Nothing has caused me to change this opinion.

Criswell,

and others of his nature, are not the ones to worry about and deliver prayers for. They are professional showman skillfully bilking the public in such a way that no laws are violated. Shed a little pity on the millions who are responsible for the success of Criswell and Company. /C. and Company are mere entertainers and in my mind no different than the wrestlers on TV. Everyone knows they are a fake, but that doesn't really detract from enjoying either the grunt and groaners or Criswell. But I will agree about those few people who believe seers like Jeanne Dixon - she has an air of respectability about her that Criswell would scorn. I suspect she might even believe her own predictions./

As long as you are questioning a few of the stupidities of the 1969 Oscar Awards, suppose you tell me how "Yellow Submarine" was ignored as best feature cartoon? /Simple. Sheer stupidity and lack of enough intelligence to comprehend a good and rather sophisticated cartoon./ The awards instead went to a prosaic Disney short. I suppose the was to maintain the Academy's image of being a stodgy, backwards group of people unable to recognize contemporary talent. /See, you knew the answer all the time./

I'd like to

argue with Paul Walker's review of Asimov's "Foundation" series, but except for some extreme opinions at the end, I think he offered a faithful, and basically honest appraisal of the series. But he should bear in mind that the stories were written in the intervening years between Asimov's 21st birthday and his 28th. He was just learning the craft, and if he had tackled this project today (with over a hundred books in print) he would have handled it with far more sophistication.

/*/

Aichmophobes make me very edgy

/*/

D. GARY GRADY: 318 Forest Hills Dr., Wilmington, NC, 28401:: Walker on Foundation I find shallow. How could he find all the characters the same? (eg., Arcady and Salvor Hardin.) Oh well. All of it is opinion and I cannot argue with that since he does not use evidence to support it. (Nor does he have the duty to provide evidence.)

BEMs was good, but why didn't CQ Hero get to rape the girl?? /Because he was pure of heart, strong of will and utterly stupid?/

Ah, yes. Koontz. Koontz,

I am really astonished. This article here is nothing but nitpicking and rubbish. And in too many instances your criticism is invalid. Our and out invalid. I do not understand someone with Koontz's brain could possibly write the following: " '...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." Oh??? Isn't "with a ferocity no man could match" a prepositional phrase? /I suppose I should stay out of this since my grammar isn't the best in the world. But I fail to see your point, Gary. Yes, that is a prepositional phrase and it refers to the barking and snarling - not the beast. And this is exactly what Dean pointed out./

Why does Koontz condemn the writer's having the hero's toes dig and then recommend he have his (the hero's, not Koontz's or the author's) hair jut?

There is absolutely nothing wrong with a comma splice. It is very helpful in writing rapidfire action. The idea is as valid as the use of a semicolon, except that not so great a separation is indicated. I use it deliberately all the time.

I

think also that Koontz misses the point that the book's style is supposed to be flowery. The hero is not supposed to write like a tenth grade English student. /And hopefully he should also write understandable and concise sentences. There is a

significant difference between flowery style (such as Merritt's) and just poor writing. I suspect that you haven't read Age of Ruin. Do so if you can. Usually I can just sail thru a book without having too many hangups as to meaning -- this one managed to stop me every few paragraphs and set me to wondering "I wonder what he really meant to say". I gave up after the first five or six chapters.7

Incidentally, I pity Mr Koontz's English students. I've had teachers like that myself. They condemn anything resembling decent, creative writing. They require that one write like this. They do not like contractions or "sentence fragments". Anything a grammar book says is law. ~~To hell with them~~ (sent.frag.)

Incidentally, Bob, war is not an integral part of the American economy, it tends to hurt it. (Note the current inflation and compare it with the earlier sixties.) /Assuming your statement to be true (and it is demonstrably wrong, by the way), let's say that peace broke out tomorrow. True peace requiring no standing army. No defense system. Where would that lead? With our economy so highly dependent on war and war related industries, I imagine that anywhere up towards 40% of everyone holding down jobs connected with the federal government would be out of work. And I think the government is far and away the largest employer in the US. The current defense spending is around \$80 billion a yr (give or take \$10 billion). Where would that money go? If you can show me that the economy would survive without war related industry, I might retract my statement. Inflation is just a minor nuisance in the total scheme of things - it is certainly minor compared to the depression of the '30s.7

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Kleptomaniacs get my goat....

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KLAUS BOSCHEN: Neptune, NJ 07753 (oops, also 304 Monmouth Ave.)::: One of the more unpleasant aspects of fandom is there is always some obnoxious fellow who insists on attacking one's most favorite and cherished authors. Paul Walker is an example with his attack on Isaac Asimov. The insolent young pup! /Paul? Isaac?7 Other writers may have more inspired style but Asimov's style is adequate. "His characterizations are likewise bad and uninspired." "His backgrounds are never vivid." Hell, man, you invoke in me the same emotion as do those that regard Lord of the Rings as a mere fairy tale. That is pity. I'll agree with one of Paul Walker's statements. "His more recent efforts have been shallow gimmickery", tho I'll wager that will change with his latest Susan Calvin story in October 1969 F&SF.

Isaac Asimov

along with Jean Shepard is the most logical, most "sane" /? I couldn't read that word but I think "sane" is close to the intended meaning.7 person I know of. This can be seen in The Foundation Trilogy, which reminds one of a finely played chess game and gives the same pleasure -- which only logic possess. /Really, the Foundation stories are a small part of the whole Asimov "universe". I consider all the stories like Stars, Like Dust, Pebble in the Sky, Currents of Space, etc. to be a part of the Series. It takes some fitting, but then so does the Future History. By the way, Jean Shepard hit a real classic with his "The Night People vs. Creeping Meatball-ism". I can't even put a date on that but I still remember it.7

About Delany - I ordered Fall of the Towers and some of his other works from Ace only to find out there were none left. Hopefully, these works will be reissued. /I hope so, too. The Fall of the Towers, while no landmark in sf, is certainly one of the finest constructed and most thought provoking stories I've ever read.7

Bode's work is always very pleasant to look at. /I find both style and subject to be brutal rather than pleasant. I will say that Bode's work reflects our time more accurately than any other illustrator.7 His, Gaughan's and Finlay's interior art for Galaxy and IF have the distinction of being the only I can look at without wincing.

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Xoanthropes simply drive me batty

That just about wraps up the lettercol for thish. WAHF: Vera Heminger who I am considering elevating to a minor deity in the pantheon of the Albuq. SF Society for services rendered. Thanks again, Vera for that address. Doris "The Elder" Beeten sends both a contrib for #9 (a move some of you out there should consider) plus BORED OF THE RINGS. This has to be the funniest and best written spoof I've read in many a yr. \$1 is steep but it's worth it - well worth it. Read of the adventures of Frito, Spam, Goodgulf and Legolam as they fight Sorhed in the land of Fordor. Superb. D. Gary Grady was renumbered by the city. Klaus Boschen, again, sends a copy of a clipping concerning the teaching of guerrilla warfare in the Scarsdale schools. Sic transit gloria mundi. Carol Lee talks of the moonshot. Jeff Sover is confused by my economic policies. Ken Scher hits the target when he says I enjoy publishing Sandworm. Lisa Tuttle not only likes Mason Williams (he has 3 albums, now Lisa) but is made sick by Joe Pyne. Just listen to MW; JP is for emotional vampires. Jim Young trying to get me to violate the Mann Act. Bill Marsh with kind words and a confused attitude about today's world (I'm somewhat puzzled by the world, too). Alex Eisenstein with a 20 pg letter which he says he'll print in Trumpet. And certainly not the least by any means, Wayne Vucenic sends the following (I did get it in-- surprise! And watch for Al Snider's Fannish Tale in blockbuster #9):

TITLES OF THE "ALFRED HITCHCOCK" SHOWS

compiled by Wayne Vucenic

ACROSS THE THRESHHOLD	COMING HOME	ENOUGH ROPE FOR TWO
ACT OF FAITH	COMING, MAMA	EQUALIZER, THE
ALIBI ME	CONTEST FOR AARON GOLD, THE	ESCAPE TO SONOITA
AMBITION	CONVERSATION OVER A CORPSE	FATAL FIGURES
AND SO DIED RIABOUCHINSKA	COP FOR A DAY	FATHER AND SON
AND THE DESERT SHALL BLOOM	COYOTE MOON	FINAL ARRANGEMENTS
ANNIVERSARY GIFT	CRACK OF DOOM	FIRST CLASS HONEYMOON
APEX	CRACKPOT	FIVE FORTY*EIGHT
APPOINTMENT AT ELEVEN	CRAIG'S WILL	FOG CLOSING IN
ARTHUR	CREAM OF THE JEST, THE	FOGHORN
AVON EMERALDS	CREEPER, THE	FORTY DETECTIVES LATER
BABY BLUE EXPRESSION, THE	CRIME FOR MOTHER'S, A	GENTLEMAN ? AMERICA, THE
BABY*SITTER, THE	CROCODILE CASE, THE	GLASS EYE, THE
BACK FOR XMAS.	CROOKED, ROAD, THE	GLOATING PLACE, THE
BACKWARD, TURN BACKWARD	CRYSTAL TRENCH, THE	GRADUATING CLASS
BAD ACTOR	CUCKOO CLOCK, THE	GRATITUDE
BANG, YOU'RE DEAD	CURE, THE	GREATEST MONSTER OF THEM ALL
BANQUO'S CHAIR	DANGEROUS PEOPLE, THE	GUEST FOR BREAKFAST
BELFRY, THE	DAY OF THE BULLET	GUILTY WITNESS
BETA DELTA GAMMA	DEAD WEIGHT	HANDS OF MR OTTERMOLLE, THE
BETTER BARGAIN, A	DEATH SENTENCE	HAT BOX, THE
BIG KICK, THE	DECOY	HEART OF GOLD
BIG SCORE, THE	DE MORTUIS	HELP WANTED
BIG SWITCH, THE	DERELICTS, THE	HERO, THE
BLESSINGTON METHOD, THE	DESIGN FOR LIVING	HIDDEN THING, THE
BOTTLE OF WINE, A	DIAMOND NECKLACE, THE*	HITCHHIKE
BREAKDOWN	DIP IN THE POOL, A	HOOKE
BULLET FOR BALDWIN, A	DIPLOMATIC CORPSEM THE	HORSEPLAYER
BULL IN A CHINA SHOP	DISAPPEARING TRICK	HUMAN INTEREST STORY
BURGLAR PROOF	DON'T INTERRUPT	I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF
CANARY SEDAN, THE	DOOR WITHOUT A KEY	I KILLED THE COUNT (3 parts)
CASE OF MR. PELHAM, THE	DOUBTFUL DOCTOR, THE	IKON OF ELIJAH
CELL 227	DRY RUN	I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU
CHANGING HEART, THE	DUSTY DRAWER	IMPOSSIBLE DREAM
CHILDREN OF ALDA NUOVA, THE	END OF INDIAN SUMMER	IMPROMTU MURDER

INCIDENT IN A SMALL JAIL
 INDESTRUCTIBLE MR WELMS, THE
 INSOMNIA
 INTO THIN AIR
 INVITATION TO AN ACCIDENT
 I SPY
 JOHN BROWN'S BODY
 JOKESTER, THE
 JONATHON
 JURY OF HER PEERS, THE
 KILL WITH KINDNESS
 KIND WAITRESS, THE
 LAMB TO THE SLAUGHTER
 LANDLADY, THE
 LAST DARK STEP, THE
 LAST ESCAPE, THE
 LAST REMAINS, THE
 LAST REQUEST, THE
 LISTEN, LISTEN...
 LITTLE MAN WHO WAS THERE, THE
 LITTLE SHEEP, THE
 LONG SHOT, THE
 MAIL*ORDER PROPHET
 MAKE MY DEATHBED
 MALICE DOMESTIC
 MANACLED
 MAN FROM THE SOUTH
 MAN GREATLY BELOVED, A
 MAND WHO FOUND MONEY, THE
 MAN WITH A PROBLEM
 MAN WITH TWO FACES, THE
 MARIA
 MARTHA MASON, MOVIE STAR
 MATCHED PEARL, THE
 MISS BRACEGIRDLE DOES HER DUTY
 MISS PAISLEY'S CAT
 MME. MYSTERY
 MOMENTUM
 MONEY, THE
 MORNING AFTER, THE
 MORNING OF THE BRIDE
 MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED
 MOTHER, MAY I GO OUT TO SWIM?
 MOTIVE, THE
 MR BLANCHARD'S SECRET
 MRS. BIXBY AND THE COL.'S CAT
 MRS. HERMAN & MRS FENIMORE
 MURDER ME TWICE
 MUSEUM PIECE
 NEVER AGAIN
 NIGHT THE WORLD ENDED, THE
 NIGHT WITH THE BOYS, THE
 NONE ARE SO BLIND
 NO PAIN
 NOT THE RUNNING TYPE
 NUMBER 22
 OCCURRENCE AT OWL CREEK BRIDGE
 OH, YOUTH & BLAITY

OLDER SISTER, THE
 OLD PRO, THE
 ONE FOR THE ROAD
 ONE GRAVE TOO MANY
 ONE MORE MILE TO GO
 ON THE NOSE
 OPPORTUNITY
 ORDERLY WORLD OF MR APPLEBY, THE
 OUR COOK'S A TREASURE
 OUTLAW IN TOWN
 OUT THERE ** DARKNESS
 PARTY LINE
 PEARL NECKLACE, A
 PLAN PAL
 PERCENTAGE, THE
 PERFECT CRIME, THE
 PERFECT MURDER, THE
 PERSONAL MATTER, A
 POISON
 PORTRAIT OF JOCELYN
 POST MORTEM
 PREMONITION
 RELATIVE VALUE
 RETURN OF THE HERO
 REVENGE
 REWARD TO FINDER
 RIGHT KIND OF HOUSE, THE
 RIGHT KIND OF MEDICINE
 RIGHT PRICE, THE
 ROAD HOG
 ROSE GARDEN, THE
 SAFE CONDUCT
 SAFE PLACE, THE
 SAFETY FOR THE WITNESS
 SALVAGE
 SANTA CLAUS & THE 10th AVE KID
 SCHARTZ*METTERKLUME METHOD, THE
 SECRET LIFE, A
 SELF*DEFENSE
 SERVANT PROBLEM
 SERVICES RENDERED
 SHOPPING FOR DEATH
 SILENT WITNESS
 SILK PETTICOAT
 SIX PEOPLE, NO MUSIC
 SORCERER'S APPRENTICE
 SPECIAL DELIVERY
 SPECIALTY OF THE HOUSE
 STRANGE MIRACLE
 SYBILLA
 TEA TIME
 TEST, THE
 THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN
 3 DREAMS OF MR FINDLATER, THE
 THROWBACK, THE
 TOGETHER
 TOTAL LOSS
 TOUCHE

TRIGGERS IN LEASH
 TRUE ACCOUNT, A
 VANISHING LADY, THE
 VERY MORAL THEFT
 VICIOUS CIRCLE
 WAXWORK, THE
 WEST WARLOCK TIME
 CAPSULE, THE
 WET SATURDAY
 WHAT FRIGHTENED YOU,
 FRED?
 WHODUNIT
 WOMAN'S HELP, A
 WOMAN WHO WANTED TO
 LIVE, THE
 YOU CAN'T TRUST A MAN
 YOU GOT TO HAVE LUCK
 YOUNG ONE, THE
 YOUR WITNESS

The above is an
 alphabetical
 list of 238
 Alfred Hitchcock
 television programs.

Good grief! An entire blank page to fill up. Must I be forced to blather all the way to the bottom? A fate worse than just about anything - for you, dear readers, not me.

Speaking of you all (y'all in certain parts of the country), look to the address label on the envelope. If your name is followed by an "X" you are marked for life. Nothing you can do will get your name removed from my mlg list unless you leave town under an assumed name. And even then I Will Find You.

If there is something else after your name other than a smudge mark, say a 'C' then you're going to get the next issue. #9, that is. So start sweating.

But if nothing follows your name, you aren't going to get #9. I'm human, I make mistakes. If I should have put something after your name and didn't, let me know. If I shouldn't have and didn't, you'd better consider writing a LoC or an article or review or doodling some art or even *shudder* sending 20¢ in coin of the realm. If you want #9 that is. If you don't, bless you. My circulation has gone up 20% over the last 2 issues and my blood pressure has gone up 40%.

I've written a couple of you explaining why this is later than I'd hoped (like a month) but familial affairs are not easily ignored.

/*/
I should also include Paul Crawford in WAHF. Paul sent the titles for Science Fiction Theater (remember?), plus some more for Twilight Zone. Coupled with the others, I'll try and have a complete listing next issue.

Bill and Rose Hogue have a new addition to their family, congratulations. The new fanne's name is Lenore Rei. And it has taken me so long in mentioning it, she is almost ready to celebrate a first birthday (almost).

Mike Dobson, bless you, sends very nice words.

Michel Barnes is up in Santa Fe at St. John's College. And Pat Clifton is over in Portales taking Jack Williamson's sf course. Carmie Toulouse says "Sepawa, everyone" from far off Farmington, NM where she is ~~on welfare~~ with welfare. NM fen unite!

Almost the end of another yr, folks. Howabout the Hugos? (Lord, not agian,!!, I hear you cry). Novel length contenders include Isle of the Dead by Zelazny, Up the Line by Silverberg, Left Hand of Darkness by UK LeGuin (who has a short in the Nov. ish of Playboy), & probably, you guessed it, Duna Messiah by Frank Herbert. I keep feeling that I've missed a couple - which I probably have - but I'll leave it at these for the moment.

That great religious holiday is almost upon us - Hallowe'en that is. May all your spells, potions and imprecations work until next I bewitch you with Sandworm.

Hal Yawm!

Bob

EDCOX
MAY DOODLE
HERE

