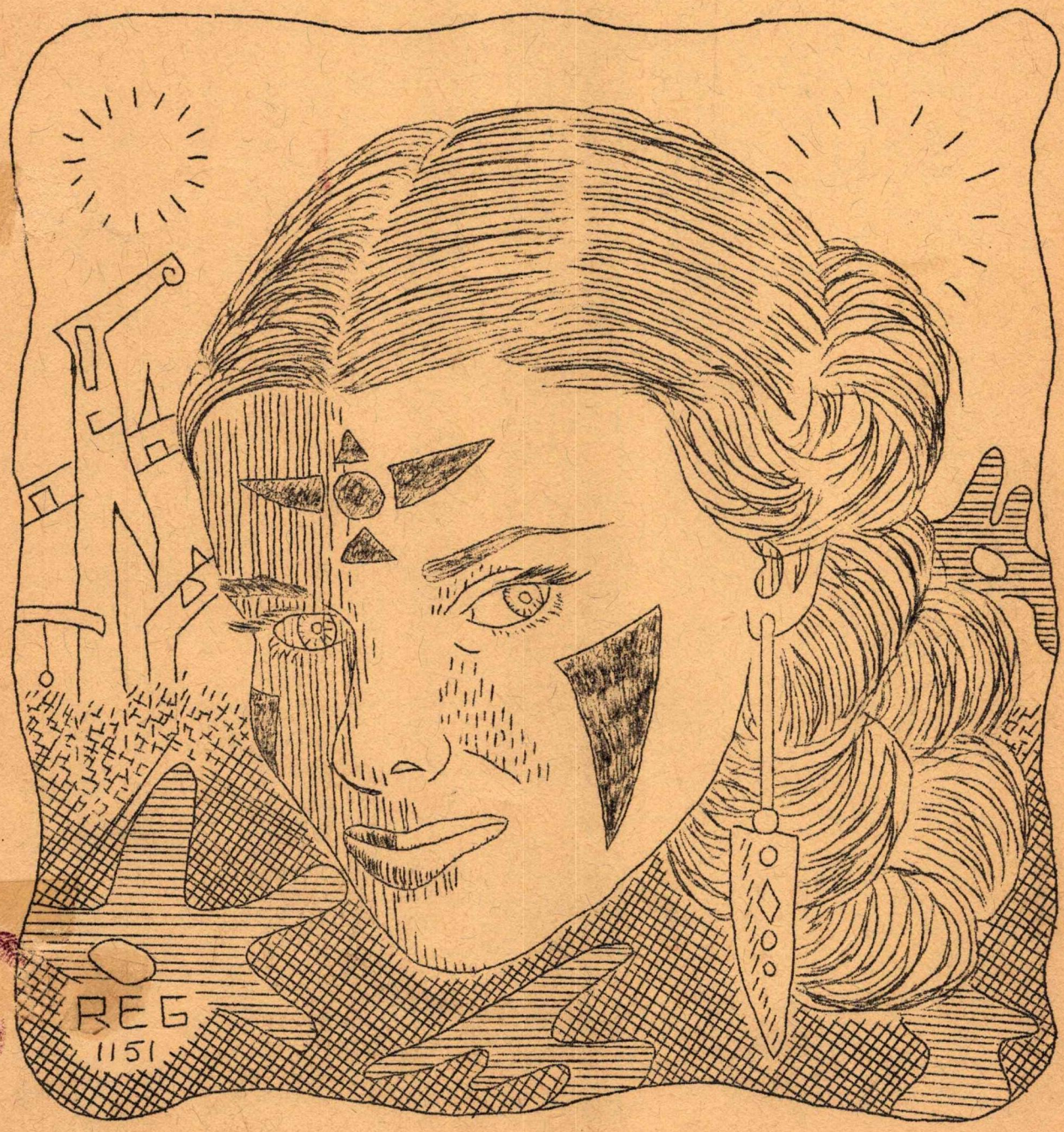
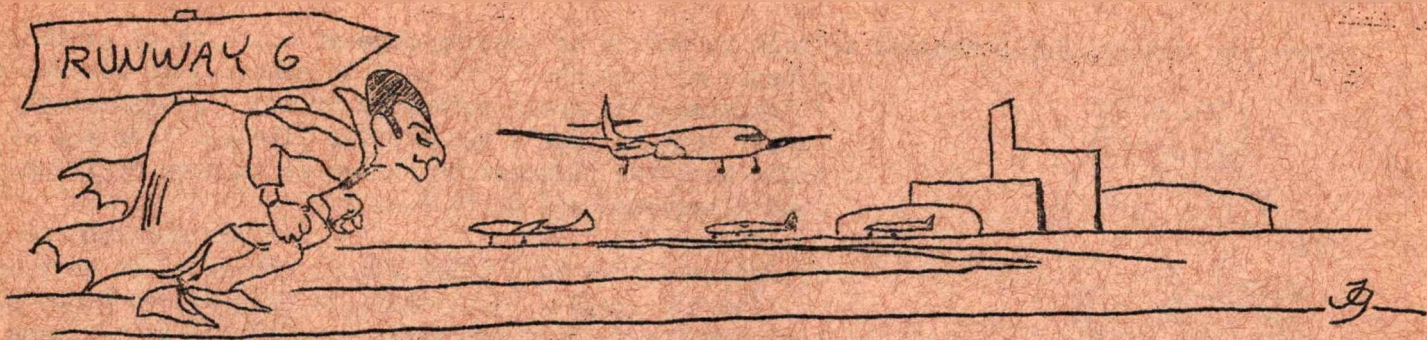


DL124

SANDWORM 4





SANDWORM #4 is being brought to you by Bob Vardeman, PO Box 11352, Albuquerque, NM 87112 and by Tough Crunchies, the breakfast of losers. This pretty close to quarterly journal is devoted to science fiction, science fantasy and anything the New Wave puts out that approximates either of these categories. Printing done under the auspices of ****FUBB Publications****

This is Sandworm #4. The lastish you will receive will be number 4 5 6 7 8 9

You got this because:

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For some reason, my not using a table of contents (ToC) has drawn more response than anything else I've done (or not done). This raging controversy inspired Doris M. Beetem to write:

There once was a fancd named Bob
 He was doing a halluva job
 But he didn't use ToC's
 So a couple of LoC's
 Panned Sandworm because of it (sob)

So I broke down and decided to run a ToC to appease those of you who lead such ordered lives that you can't stand to see a fanzine without some order (or Ghu forbid!) or direction. I now present the Sandworm Table of Contents, the

PREF-SPICE MASS

pages 1 and 2Charming and personable fan about town, Bob Tucker.....

page number 3ToC featuring a cartoon by famous proartist Jack Gaughan.....

page number 4Phoenix Under the Blade on the Edge of the Border in the Shadows, both.....
 written and illustrated by trufan Doug Lovenstein.....

page number 6Drumsand by Bob Vardeman and illustration by Garry Pullins.....

page number 9Giudichar by Vardeman and illo by D. Gary Grady.....

page number 52.....Star And Stripe Trek by D. Gary Grady and doodlings by JM Venable....

page number 87.....Wormtongue composed by that Denver femme fan Doris D. Beetem.....

page number 93.....Bewitched & Bevatched by Vardeman and illo by the Frozen Fan of
 The Cold North Country, Mike Zaharakis.....and other non sequiturs.....

page # 157Pre-emption by Vardeman and illo by Marine PFC (soon) Jim Gamblin....

assorted drawings: cover, pages 10, 13 and 22 by Robert E. Gilbert, fanartist extraordinary...
 page 25 by Ken the Fletch Fletcher, witty cartoonist in APA45
 page 69 by Jay Kinney - while he was listed last, this in no way reflects the quality of his work - only the ordering of the pages
 somewhere around page 22 I think The Trackless Waste begins - I didn't have the nerve to look.

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Dedicated to: JOHN GODWIN for dispensing the ultimate in egoboo (and doing it in writing)

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GIUDICHAR or I was too lazy to dig out my lettering guide and do the title in $\frac{1}{2}$ " letters.....

Since you crabby people managed to talk me out of an opening page of comments by putting in a table of contents, I'll have to compress my remarks to a frighteningly small paragraph or two. Frighteningly small, that is, for a verbose fan like me. For you it might be quite pleasant but allow me to keep my illusions (and allusions) and don't tell me.



Lastish two mundane friends and true ~~were doped~~ gladly consented to help me collate and staple. Many thanx to Greg Nelson (who, alas, has an olive drab future pointing a finger at him) and to Jim Gamblin who also drew (?) the Sandwormy Plaything. Jim's future isn't olive drab since he actually volunteered for Sgt. Tackett's branch of the Trained Killer Corps. Best of luck, Jim. You might come out of the Marines a fan like Tackett did.

So the Establishment has been screwing things up for years - doesn't experience count for something?

Friends and trufans, a word of warning. Disaster is about to strike a select portion of fandom. A bottle manufacturer's strike which has gone almost entirely unnoticed has shut down the Falstaff breweries almost entirely and Schlitz, Millers, and Michelob beer in bottles may soon be almost impossible to find. While there is always the lift-tab can, how about the hard liquor? Smirnoff, Jim Beam and several other brands of various stuff will disappear from the market in a very short time unless the bottle strike is settled - and it looks like another copper strike from this vantage point. While you can always buy your applesauce in tincans and your mustard in plastic containers, liquor can't be bottled/packaged this way. So, if this strike goes on for another 60 days (or longer) the liquor bottlers might just shut down entirely. The first 2 months have just about depleted their reserves and once the strike is settled, it will take 3 weeks to get the kilns reheated and turning out bottles - and the drug industry has first priority. So...a word to the wise (and thirsty) fan should be sufficient.

Alice's Restaurant serves chocolate covered cabbage garnished with garlic and a side order of candied okra for just 69¢. Just goes to show that you can get anything you want at Alice's - if the price is right.

I'm being terribly selfish in doing this editorial now. I've been overwhelmed and plowed under by mundac and people have been writing and asking when the funeral was and should they send flowers. Let me hasten to say I'm not dead, haven't been kidnapped by gypsies, and have not willingly succumbed to gafia. So all you to whom I owe letters, please be patient. Let S#4 soothe your frayed nerves and soon I'll be sending something more grating along.

STOP STASSEN !

UNABASHED PLUG::: Gather and harken to me, flock. ~~And I'll fleece you!~~ It gives me great pleasure to announce the second bi-annual New Mexican to be held by the Albuquerque SF Society. Guests of honor will be Donald Wollheim, editor of Ace Books and long time fan, and Jack Williamson. I'm certain Jack Williamson needs no introduction to fans (for that matter neither did Donald Wollheim) since he has written so many outstanding books in his long literary career.

While I am being a little presumptuous in calling this gathering of the clans a convention, a standing invitation does go out to all and sundry who would be interested in attending. A dinner will be held on Saturday, June 15, time and place to be announced later. There is no registration fee since we are a very informal crowd. If you are going to be in the area or might get into Albuquerque on June 15, you'll be most welcome. For info please write to Gordon Benson, Box 8124, Albuquerque, 87108 --- and ask about our forthcoming one-shot, too. It's free!!

Somehow, this has gotten out of hand. I seem to have accumulated more pages than I could possibly post for 6¢. *Sigh* So I may as well go ahead and add another page or so of reviews, whether they be fmz or book I don't know right now. My most generous C*O*N*T*R*I*B*U*T*O*R*S have filled these browed pages with all sorts of goodies and I hope that they will continue to do so. I urge all of you to contribute for #5 because it will be my first annual Sandworm, the SANNdWISH. I've already been promised a rip-snortin' column by Dean Koontz, have some poetry from various sources and have some very good artwork lined up. Written material as well as more artwork most piteously needed. I beg for more good stuff. I grovel. I anticipate.

And if you don't send me anything, I'll turn you into a lizard.

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Many thanx to Doris M. Beetem for the Willkie button. It was greatly appreciated (and proudly displayed at various gatherings.

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Get bingo out of the supermarkets and back into the churches where it belongs!

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While April 12, 1961 was even greater a day than Oct. 4, 1957, April 21 should not be overlooked either. For, you see, April 21 is Frank Kerpen's birthday (anniversary of his birthday, Jack). Now, I hear you asking perplexedly, who is Frank Kerpen? And why does Vardeman even mention him. Frank isn't a fan (fandom fan, that is) but he is an avid sf reader. In fact, he is the one that infected me with the sf collecting bug. If Roy started me down the garden path to fandom, Frank pointed me towards collecting by giving me several books (which I've still got around here). Return to Mars by WE Jones (a British edition with color plates), Alien Minds by EE Evans, and a pb of Who Goes There? were a few of the titles. But it was this last book that was the clincher. I started thinking, "Golly gee-whiz and wowiezowie, wouldn't it be nice to have a whole room full of stuff like Cloak of Aesir and Twilight and Blindness?" So I became a grubby hoarder of sf. And remain so to this day.

Perhaps in addition to happy birthday, I should also say thank you, Frank, for the many hours so pleasantly spent amid sf books that you introduced me to.

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Stamp out stamps!

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Richard Eney was in town the other day and he, Jack Speer, Roytac and I spent most of a Saturday afternoon discussing such varied things as linguistics, the Tet offensive and the possibility of a new Fencyclopedia. Alas, it seems that the chances for said Fencyclopedia are slim. The chances for a digested and regurgitated and revised #2 seem to be fairly good - but no #3. So if you are a believer in $\frac{1}{2}$ a Fencyclopedia being better than none at all, encourage Dick.

Also discussed was the possibility of a Who's Who of fandom and it was fairly well decided it'd be nice to have but impossible to do well. Fans ~~have~~ ~~to~~ move around a lot, change addresses and jobs and are generally a shifty lot. Besides, getting the data would be as hard as, if not harder than, compiling it. "What is your occupation? 'Beer drinker and part time ASFS ghod'".

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"Do you think Wallace will have a good shot at the Presidency?"

"Depends on what type of rifle he uses."

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HE THAT MOVES dept: I've received from many sources (Joanne Burger, John Godwin, Steve Lewis and a couple who unfortunately slip my feeble mind) the learned opinion that the unknown character was Shakespeare. Since there have been no contradictory opinions, Shakespeare it must be.

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Bob Roehm tells of a great upsurge of grass-roots interest in The Weirwoods. Perhaps Swann might have a chance for a Hugo if everyone nominates it that likes good fantasy. Swann is the only author I've never read anything bad by. While Dolphin & the Deep (short story) was not up to Swann's standards, I certainly think The Murex, Manor of Roses, Day of the Minotaur have all just cried for a Hugo. This year's competition is going to be rough so vote for Swann if you enjoy science fantasy and think he deserves recognition for his outstanding work.

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Some time ago (somewhere around the end of November) Joanne Burger (how she does creep in!) made mention of an article by Marvin J. Cetron on Forecasting Technology in the Sept. 1967 issue of Internation Science and Technology. Here is a partial list of the forecasts made (along with my comments on them, of course).

1. Reliable weather forecasts by 1990 (I can't see why they don't have reliable forecasts now what with Nimbus and Tiros and other satellites parroting back data on clouds, etc.)
2. Widespread and socially accepted use of nonnarcotic drugs (other than alcohol) for the purpose of producing specific changes in personality characteristics by 2000 (it will come much sooner. When a basement chemist can whip out 500 micrograms of LSD with no trouble, it is declared a crime. When "straight" people gulp pep pills, tranquilizers, and fistfuls of other pretty pink and yellow pills, it is declared beneficial.)
3. Controlled thermonuclear power by 2000 (I just saw where the NERVA (Nuclear Engine for Rocket Vehicle Application) Project had or will have its funds slashed to nothing. And the final tests were to have been made this year with work starting next year on an engine for airplanes/rockets. I'd say obfuscation like this will prevent Project Sherwood from ever controlling thermonuclear power if budget cuts knock off projects so near completion like NERVA).
4. Feasibility of education by direct information recording on the brain - 2005 to 2030 (Since memory is now thought to be electro-chemical in nature, I wonder just how this might be done.)
5. Control of gravity thru some form of modification of the gravitational field by 2020 (this sounds slightly ambiguous but if such an unlocking of electromagnetic waves occurred, gravity control just might be the least of the bunch).
6. Breeding of intelligent animals for low-grade labor around 2020 (simply frightening).
7. Biochemical general immunization against bacterial and viral diseases by 2000 (but still no cure for the common cold - at least it wasn't mentioned).
8. Chemical control of the aging process to lengthen life 50 years by 2025 (would this really be a boon to humanity?)
9. New organs thru transplanting or prothesis by 1980 (and here I've been accusing sf writers of being unimaginative!)

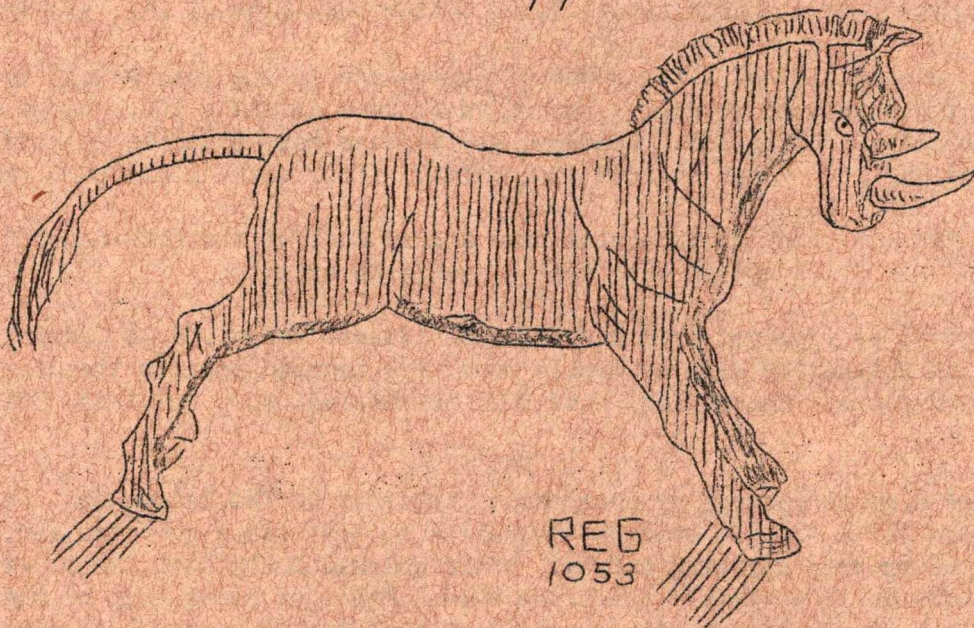
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All the way with ABJ

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Saw Isaac Asimov on the Johnny Carson show the other night. While I think he was supposed to have talked on Project Ozma and things like this, the conversation wandered to other topics. This was the first time I'd seen the Good Doctor other than in photos and must say that he and Harlan would make some team. Asimov and Gore Vidal made quite some conversational team and between the two managed to save that particular show from the dread Creeping Boredom monster.

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Crawling senselessly on the edge of endless heat
We wander, feared, on the planet of storm and sand.
Our trace is the price of empire and psionics' seat.
Its greedy grubbers' bones oft lie on wetless land.
The blue-eyed, hungry witches, the power-hungry kings
Would learn why sluggish worms give the eyes command of time.
They know not the worm-thought which them their future brings.
They cannot see its awesome reason or its rhyme.

We gather in a ring beneath the starry sky,
Hum and cogitate upon the birth of a sun.
It must grow, grow old, then quite surely it must die.
Thus we see Tomorrow, for thus it's always done.

This is the knowledge which our dim worm-traces say:
Eternity... is the knowledge of yesterday.

BEMITCHED AND BLITCHED

After I finished my reviews for #3, I started looking for some good books to review for this. It wasn't until after the first of March that I began finding them. Without a doubt, the best of the entire lot was *WITCHES OF KARRES* (Ace #13, 75¢) by James Schmitz. Schmitz originally created the idea for a novelette which appeared in the December, 1949 *Astounding*. Like so many others are doing with earlier short stories (Keyes and his *Flowers for Algernon* and Dickson with *Soldier, Ask Not*), Schmitz lengthened it beyond the original by almost five times. The first 54 pages of the book comprised the novelette and Schmitz has added 232 more delightful pages to make this a bargain at 75¢. And any book that is a bargain at 75¢ is quite a bit more than just good.

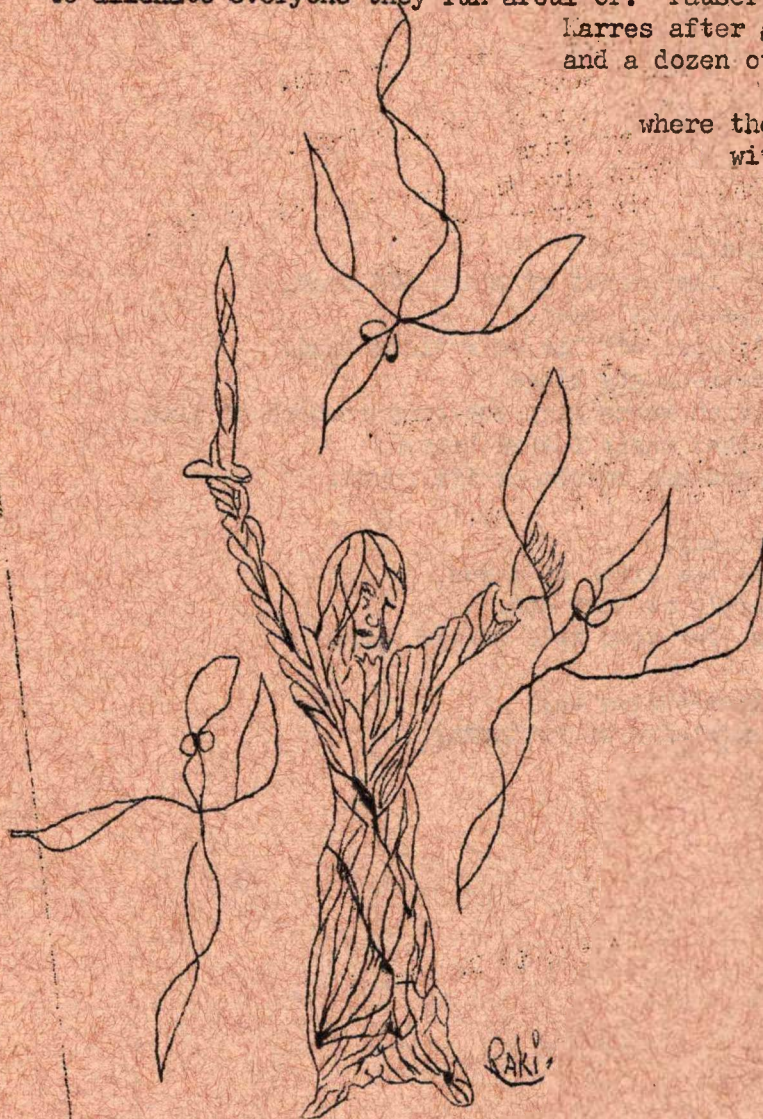
Capt. Pausert of the Republic of Nikkeldepain managed to get himself maneuvered into purchasing three young witches from Karres. Since the Republic took a dim view of such human purchases, Pausert decided to deliver all three COD to Karres. En route he finds that the witches possess a variety of talents - telekinesis in the form of a space drive, teleportation of objects (usually someone else's valuables) and other endearing traits which manage to alienate everyone they run afoul of. Pausert led a precarious existence but got them back to Karres after getting himself declared a traitor, pirate, spy and a dozen other things.

This is where the novelette stopped & where the new addition starts. Pausert rebels, teams up with Goth (one of the 3 witches he had rescued) and heads off for high adventure in a stolen space ship. From here to the end of the book, Pausert's battle against Moander, an alien computer, takes up most of the action. Such things as a vatch (a poltergeist-like blob of klatha energy), Worm Weather, Shem robots, grik dogs and the rest serve as colorful background.

Schmitz made the danger seem real and foreboding and yet maintained a light, happy-go-lucky atmosphere throughout. There are few outstanding books I'd ever want to see a sequel to (sequels are usually such a letdown) but Schmitz has shown his talent by sustaining the mood of the novelette in the book and I think he just might be equal to writing a second Karres story that would match the high standards set by the first.

In a way, it is too bad that there couldn't have been more than one Hugo awarded in the novel category. Schmitz certainly deserved more than just a nomination for this book. (*Witches* is a good example of how science-fantasy can be made more engrossing than even good science fiction - this book is far and away more stimulating to the old sense of wonder than *The Moon Is a Harsh Mistress* was.)

Ace seems to have hit on a good idea with their "Science Fiction Specials" if others in the series are going to be as entertaining as this book. I highly recommend *The Witches of Karres* by James Schmitz to anyone who enjoys well-written (and comic) science fantasy.



ANDROMEDA BREAKTHROUGH: Fred Hoyle & John Elliot: Fawcett R1080 60¢:: While I had the feeling that by missing A for Andromeda that I was missing a significant portion of the story, I enjoyed this book primarily for the hard science background. The action seemed rather pointless at times to me, but the main theme came thru strongly. Beware of strangers bearing gifts, for they may turn into overlords. Besides the impeccable science, the writing style managed to keep the story flowing even thru the occasional pauses in action. One thing that struck me the most about this novel was the British obsession for symbolically destroying the world. Ballard, Moorcock - in fact, all the British New Wavicles - delight in destroying the world by wind or wave or anything else that happens to be handy. Hoyle & Elliot try to suffocate everyone by removing oxygen from the atmosphere (the net result of a bacteria/life creation experiment gone wrong). While this isn't the best book I've ever read, it is certainly better than 75% of the stuff on the market.

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JUDGMENT OF EVE: Edgar Pangborn: Dell 4292 50¢:: After Davy, I've come to expect big things from Pangborn. I anticipated the gosh-wow, sock it to'em ending all the way thru this book and was terribly disappointed when it turned out to have a stock Stockton "Lady or the Tiger" ending. The quest of the 3 nominal heroes in the story was to find the true meaning of love to win Eve, a pure-as-the-wind-driven-snow girl of 28 who lives with her mother (65 and blind) and has a cretin named Caleb acting as a handyman and watchdog (he bayed at the moon, you see). The 3 set out on the quest, each have adventures of sorts and then return. It is left up to the reader's more fertile imagination to decide which one Eve chose. Since it is left to the reader, I propose 3 possible endings: (1) She rejected all 3 and went off into the bushes with Caleb and bogat a gaggle of halfwits (2) She couldn't decide so entered into a polyandrous arrangement with the 3 (3) She decided none were worthy of her and she became a lesbian. Don't waste your time or money on this mediocre and unimaginative book.

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THIEF OF THOTH/...AND OTHERS SHALL BE BORN::Carter/Long: Belmont B50-809 50¢:: Lin Carter has achieved a remarkable reputation in fandom as being a really bad writer. In Thief he turns his bad writing into a plus factor. Thief is an undisguised James Bond parody and is fannishly hilarious in places. Carter uses such Tuckerisms as: cursing by Arnam's Beard (a sly dig at Belmont I imagine); having planets named Wollheim and Nycon I, II and III; mentioning some Ordoviks (from the Lens books - remember?); and perhaps the best one, Chateau Moskowitz ("a charming, unpretentious little wine"). And then there are the ridiculous (and human) things like destroying a "lost" city and then having kids send in thousands of "Mr. Frosty" sticks to rebuild it. ...And Others Shall be Born by Frank Belknap Long reminded me unpleasantly of War With the Gizmos which I liked not at all. Get this double only for Carter's fannish wit which he has managed to sell as pro work.

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SPECIAL DELIVERY/STAR GLADIATOR: Neville/Van Arnam: Belmont B50-788 50¢:: The first $\frac{1}{2}$ by Neville is quite forgettable. In fact I've forgotten already what it was about - and I only finished it last week. I made a note at the time that it was a poor attempt at an "Asylum" theme. SG on the other hand was more memorable in that it was better written. The plot is a straight superman in the Roman arena theme but the protagonist seems to think for himself occasionally. Also the bisfa beast just might become one of those few memorable alien creatures - this one has a lisp of sorts and a marked superiority complex. The moral is that revenge isn't always sweet which is a pleasant change from the ordinary. The ending is happy but I would imagine the first page of the next book will create a cliff hanger. Belmont should encourage work like this - and they certainly don't by misspelling the author's name on the spine.

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WHY CALL THEM BACK FROM HEAVEN?: Clifford Simak: Ace H-42 60¢:: From others I'd heard this was a real grabber. It isn't. While it had some interesting things to say about religion and life eternal on earth, the episodic pacing ruined rather than heightened the novel's effectiveness. While I make it a strict rule to never start another book before finishing the one I'm reading, I broke that rule 3 times during WCTBFH? I read Witches of Karres, Dolphin and the Deep and The Closed Worlds - all of which are far better than WCTBFH? The ending on the book sounded a bit too much like that of Faust Aleph Null for me to appreciate much and I'm certain by now there are other books out with "God doesn't want to get involved". So much for creativity. I'd class this as only average altho I'm certain there are others who would be quite willing to rate it higher than it deserves.

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THE DOLPHIN & THE DEEP: Thomas Burnett Swann: Ace G-694 50¢::: For my money, this is only the second anthology that Ace has published that contained nothing but good to outstanding stories. The first was Zelazny's Four For Tomorrow, the second is The Dolphin & the Deep. While the title story is the least of the three contained, it is head and shoulders above most of the short stories being printed in prozines. The best was Manor of Roses which is another story that makes me sorry that only one Hugo can be awarded in each category. Swann's cannibal Mandrakes and the touching portrayal of Lady Mary surely deserved more than a mere Hugo nomination. The Murex is the third story and is everything I've come to expect from Swann. The ending was not what I expected and yet it is so logical and touching that I can only offer great praise for it. Simply superb. And don't forget The Weirwoods for Hugo either!

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Jewel in the Skull/Sorcerer's Amulet: Michael Moorcock: Lancer 73-688 and 73-707, each 60¢::: These are the first two books in the Story of the Runestaff and strangely enough, the Runestaff doesn't even put in an appearance. Jewel introduces the characters, Dorian Hawkmoon (who has a TV camera/jewel implanted in his forehead), Baron Meliadus (general of the Dark Empire of Granbretan who is responsible for the jewel implantation - this makes him a baddie), Count Brass (ruler of the Kamarg, small independent nation withstanding Granbretan's onslaught) and Oladahn (a midget mountain giant and companion to Hawkmoon). The Warrior in Jet and Gold shows up in a most symbolic way declaring he is a servant of the Runestaff - but I suspect some type of time juggling and think the Warrior is really Hawkmoon projected back in time to do the Runestaff's bidding. Sorcerer's Amulet has Hawkmoon teaming up with one of Granbretan's most devious commanders, Huillam d'Averc, to soundly defeat Baron Meliadus. Still the Runestaff hasn't made an appearance altho the Warrior leads Hawkmoon to a Red Amulet which is a sign of a servant of the Runestaff. While these aren't up to the Elric stories, they are quite good and now that the stage setting is out of the way, the action should pick up. The cover for Jewel by Gray Morrow (for Hugo) was very good while the cover on Amulet by Jeff Jones was subpar. And I might add that Hawkmoon is "tall and lean" and has "fair hair /that/ had been bleached near white by the sun" and "pale blue eyes". Who is it on the cover?

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CLOSED WORLDS: Edmond Hamilton: Ace G-701 50¢::: The King's reign continues! King Edmond of the Space Opera manages to make Starwolf #2 just as enjoyable a book as #1 was. The most intriguing thing about both books is that it is impossible to tell which of the two main characters is the hero. Morgan Chane, the ex-Starwolf marauder, or the mercenary captain, John Dilullo. The plot was a little above the standard space opera fare and even managed to pose a philosophical question of sorts. The closed world of Allubane was shunned and even feared thruout the galaxy - even by the Starwolves who feared nothing. The mercenaries are sent to "rescue" Randall Ashton who had gone there to hunt the Free-Faring, an ancient Allubane mind transfer device. Two factions of natives are engaged in a shoot~~em~~-up over reinstating the Free-Faring as an integral part of the world's culture. The Free-Faring allows the mind to roam the galaxy instantaneously (and this soon becomes addictive and the body/husk slowly dies). In other words, the addict finds roving the stars more important than living in the real world. While Hamilton makes this sound evil, I think its Siren's lure might be too much for me. How about you? Recommended for space opera fans.

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CITY OF THE CHASCH: Jack Vance: Ace G-688 50¢::: Apparently Ace has found that series books boost sales. This is listed as "Planet of Adventure #1" and as such spends the entire 157 pages constructing colorful background and sorting out motives for future books. Due to this it read something like a travelogue (but it also read quite a bit like Big Planet - which saved it). Stage setting is necessary and if you plan a long series, quite a bit is needed but it seems to me that Vance should have tried developing it as the series progressed rather than giving it in one almost unpalatable lump in the first book. Still, Vance has a way with words that pleases. Not exactly recommended but I imagine #2 will be.

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This ends the book reviews this time. Maybe some old books next time like Nerves or West of the Sun.

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Better Red than Shirley Temple Black

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THE PHOENIX UNDER THE BLADE ON THE EDGE OF THE BORDER IN THE SHADOWS

BY **Doug Lovenstein**

Nanoc, the proud, fearless Simian warrior from Simia, the Northern Kingdom bordering the frosty Hyperbole, sat in a corner guzzling the fine, aged wine. He was alone for he was being hunted and could truss no one but himself. He'd only been in the inn a few minutes. It was midnight outside (as well as inside) the tavern. Suddenly his head began to swim - it was as though he was being whisked into a nether dimension. He stood up, for nobody would notice him fall if he just dropped from his chair.

"Shucks! Not again!" he cried, as he dropped stupidly to the floor - thoroughly smashed by the 22 proof genuine simulated grapejuice.

* * *

He awoke, an undeterminable time later, bound, chained, tied, and gagged in a dark dungeon when suddenly a beautiful girl appeared out of the gloom...

"How'd you do that?" Nanoc asked dumbfoundedly, his speech somehow unaffected by the tight gag.

"That is not important!" she whispered in almost (but not quite) unnatural tones, "What is important is getting you out of here."

"What do you care if I get out of here?" asked the Simian as the girl proceeded to free him, "and where did you get those keys?"

"Well," she explained bluntly, "I was going to taunt you with them, but at the last minute I decided to set you free. The keys have been in my family for generations."

"Oh. But why are you doing this?" Nanoc managed to say as he swallowed the lump in his throat. "What do you want in return?"

"Take me back to Amphibonia to be your queen!" she cried.

"But I'm not king of Amphibonia," Nanoc admitted.

"You're not?"

"No - come back in two or three volumes."

At this she was enraged. "You will pay for this Nanoc! You will pay for trying to fool me! Me, a witch! Yes, a witch, a witch of the desert!!"

"A sand witch?" Nanoc managed to gasp out. "But, but..."

"Crum, aid me!" she called, summoning her e-vile power from the ghod.

"No, Crum, don't do it old boy, not to me, not your old buddy Nanoc!"

Crum, remembering back to his old misspent childhood days was hit with a sudden attack of severe nostalgia idiotica. "Sure thing, Nan, I won't let'er hurt ya..."

But by this time, the witch had already stabbed Nanoc in the arm and run for it.

"Never mind, Crum..." the brave Simian coughed out as he drifted off, again, into unconsciousness.

* * *

He awoke, an undeterminable time later with a splitting headache, the wound in his arm completely healed.

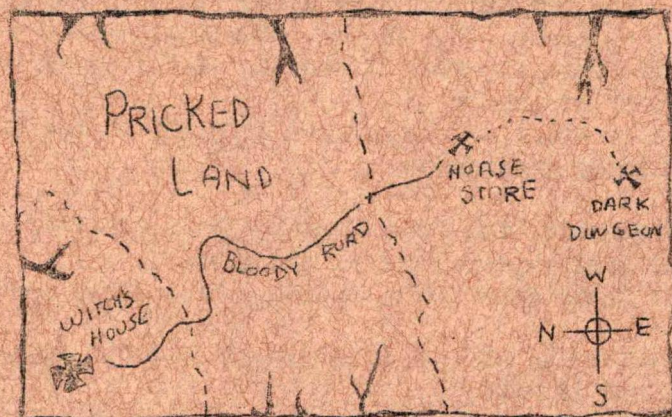
Then it came to him. "My wristwatch!" he exclaimed. "The watch given to me on my ninth birthday by the strange one called Martin Padway...it...it's gone!" He almost drifted off into unconsciousness again but somehow managed to keep his cool. "I've got to find her! I'm only half a man without my wristwatch!" he exclaimed, chuckling at his clever figure of speech.

He stood up, ran, smashed into the wall, for he was still in the dark dungeon, fell flat on his back, the wind knocked out of him. As he struggled to get up, his hand brushed against something on the cold stone floor. A piece of paper. He stowed it in his loin cloth, hoping he could give it to Ed Cox to doodle on when he finally, if ever, got back to Simia. (Edco was always complaining that Nanoc never thought of him while on his adventures.)

This time Nanoc stood up slowly, found the wall, and felt his way to the door and down a long passageway that led to a door that opened into the middle of a market place where people were busy buying and selling goods.

"I must get a horse!" Nanoc screamed and everybody stopped what they were doing and stared at him. Blushing a deep crimson, Nanoc ran towards a nearby barn-like structure with a sign on it that read: "Git Yer Horsis Heer".

The piece of paper he'd stuck in his loin cloth was now beginning to bother him, so he drew it out to find a better place for it. It was damp. Then he noticed it had some writing on it. He unfolded it and, lo and behold, it read:



"Ahha! She must have dropped this while fleeing my wrath in the cold, dark stone dungeon!!" he thought.

"You want sumpin, big boy?" said a smelly old moth-eaten old man who emerged suddenly out of a door in the back of the room.

"Yes - your finest horse!" Nanoc belched.

"Cum wit me," said the smelly old man.

They walked through a short hall and came upon a room with a series of stalls along one wall and a nauseating stench in the air.

"Now 'ero's uh 'orse you cn truss. owned by uh lit'l ole lady oo only used 'im tuh ride tuh choich on sundeez..."

"I'll take him!" Nanoc yelled as he bounded on, smashed through the stone wall, and galloped off, all the while struggling to fold the damn map the way it was in the first place.

Nanoc knew the dreaded dangers of the Prickeds and the twice dreaded prickly heat, but the knowledge didn't phase him - he had only one thought in his small mind: retrieve the wristwatch and kill the scummy witch! (Well, two thoughts, then.)

* * *

The plot sickens....

* * *

As Nanoc rode on, he began to notice the subtle clues which indicated the presence of the dread Prickeds - clues that would have been invisible to the eyes of any normal person. Every few feet his horse would stumble over the smashed and pilfered body of some hapless mercenary who thought to take a short cut but was cut short. Heads hung rotting from tall trees and screams rang out like the souls of those damned for all eternity - or at least a pretty long time.

As his steed charged along its bloody path, Nanoc shot furtive glances from side to side - for it is the way of the Sinian to always be on the alert.

"No Pricked will lunch on me," he thought grimly, as a low hanging branch smashed him in the face, knocking him off his horse and onto a pile of bodies.

He started to get up to call after his horse who was still charging along, seemingly unaware of his rider's sudden dismount a hundred feet behind. Then Nanoc felt a sharp jab in his left shoulder blade and looked down to see the stone head of a Prickedish arrow protruding from his left breast-plate. He managed to gurgle, "Shot through the heart by a darned Prickedish swampdevil!" and "Shucks! Not again!" as he drifted off into unconsciousness, taking his place with the other bloody inhabitants of the deadly road.

* * *

He awoke, an undeterminable time later, in a cave with the arrow gone and the wound completely healed. He was tied and gagged and, as his vision cleared, he saw that he was in the middle of a circle of drooling Prickededs who were hungrily staring at his massive bod.

"Should we eat 'im now or later?" one of the short pudgy Prickededs inquired of a taller one who was evidently the leader.

"Later. Roy and Bob are out getting wood for the fire. We'll string him up and roast him and tomorrow we'll feast."

"Gosh, Jack, I wish I was as smart as you," the pudgy Prickeded said admiringly.

"Sure, kid, sure," Jack replied as he walked into a hole in the cave wall labelled 'John'.

* * *

Nanoc realized that if he were to attempt a break, the best time would be when they took him to string him up for roasting. He waited.

Unfortunately, he fell asleep and was awakened by the crackling flames searing his fine, Bronzed skin. "Hot damn," he thought. But he wouldn't resign himself to death so easily. He began rocking his body and screaming and kicking, all to the sheer delight of the Prickededs.

But when the Prickededs were rolling around in unrestrained laughter, the log to which Nanoc was bound popped off its supporting beans and rolled the Simian out the cave entrance into the foreboding jungle beyond. Even though he had been burnt to a crisp, he burst the ropes (which had been helpfully weakened by the fire) and ran off into the woods at top speed. He still could hear the hysterical laughter from the cave behind, and he was angered. But he knew he must not let trivial things like this get in his way - he must remember his mission: retrieve the watch!

He didn't stop running until he was well out of the land of the Prickededs, and he was, as anyone who had just run two hundred miles would be, tired. He slept.

* * *

Finally, he came upon a small cottage with a Purple Haze hanging over it that looked disturbingly like Crum. Nanoc strode up the stone walk with the true appearance of a King and stopped at the door instead of barging right in.

knock-knock

"Who's there?"

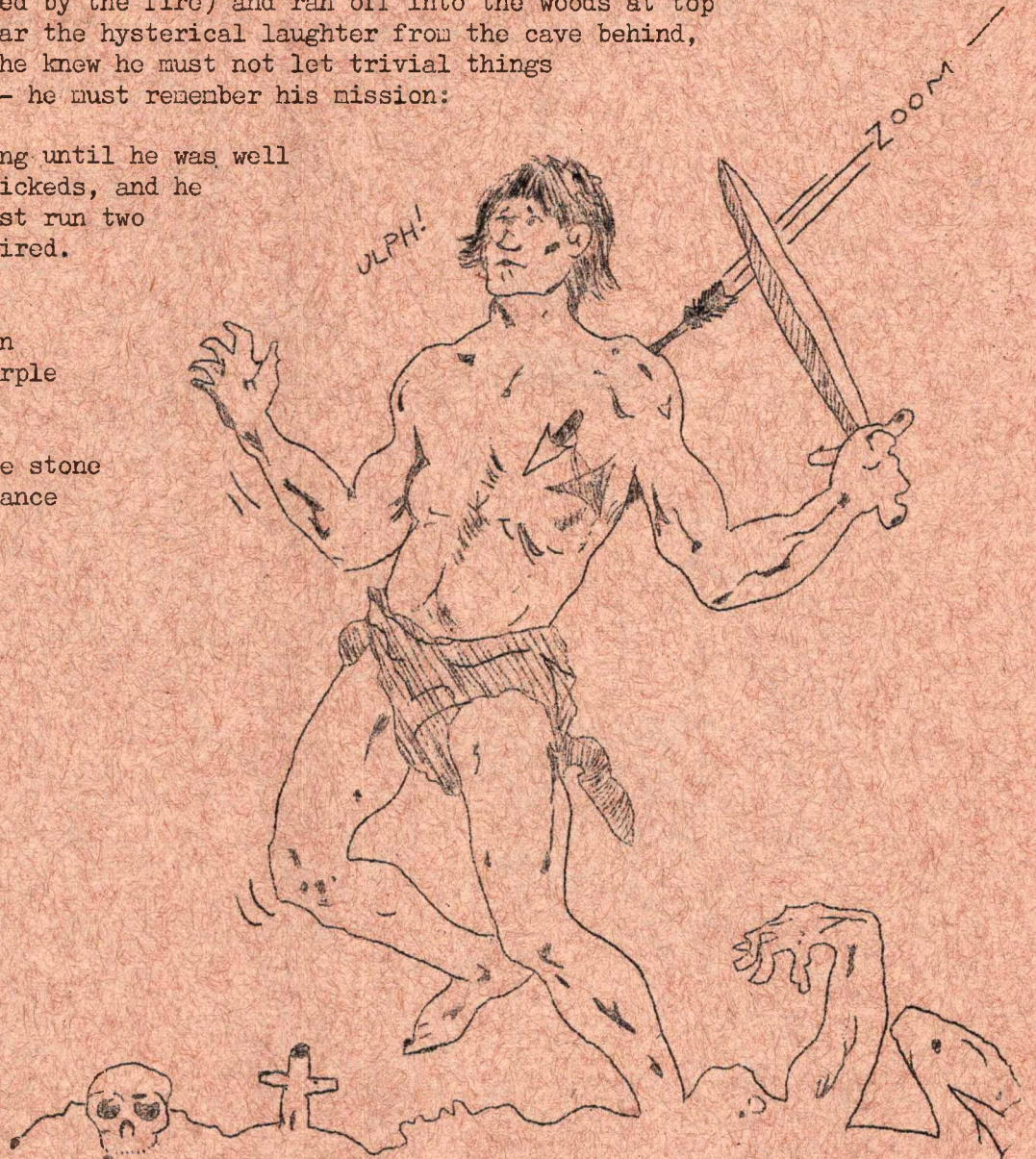
"Nanoc."

"Nanoc who?"

"Why, Nanoc the Simian."

The door creaked slowly open and (lo and behold) it was she! The sand witch which swiped the watch!

Nanoc instinctively ran his sword through her, only he wasn't carrying his sword so he instead delivered a quick but effective



slug in the stomach which doubled her up and put her temporarily out of service. As she lay on the floor, writhing in obvious pain, her lithe form grossly exaggerated, the Simian stepped over her into the room and proceeded to ransack the place until he found his prized possession; his beloved wristwatch. He cuddled it like a living thing and walked dazedly out of the room, stepping full on the now nauseous witch and into the yard beyond. The sky was a pleasant blue.

* * *

"Nanoc! You son-of-a-Boskonian-sea-dog ! What bringeth you to this neck of the woods?"

The Simian whirled to recognize his old sea-roving buddy, Mchinntijn.

"Mchinntijn!" Nanoc attempted to say, "Long time no sea!"

"How fareth you? And, again, what bringeth you in this direction?"

"I just finished dealing death to that scummy old witch," Nanoc replied.

"Which witch?" asked the plunderer.

"Which witch? Why, the sand witch which swiped the watch!"

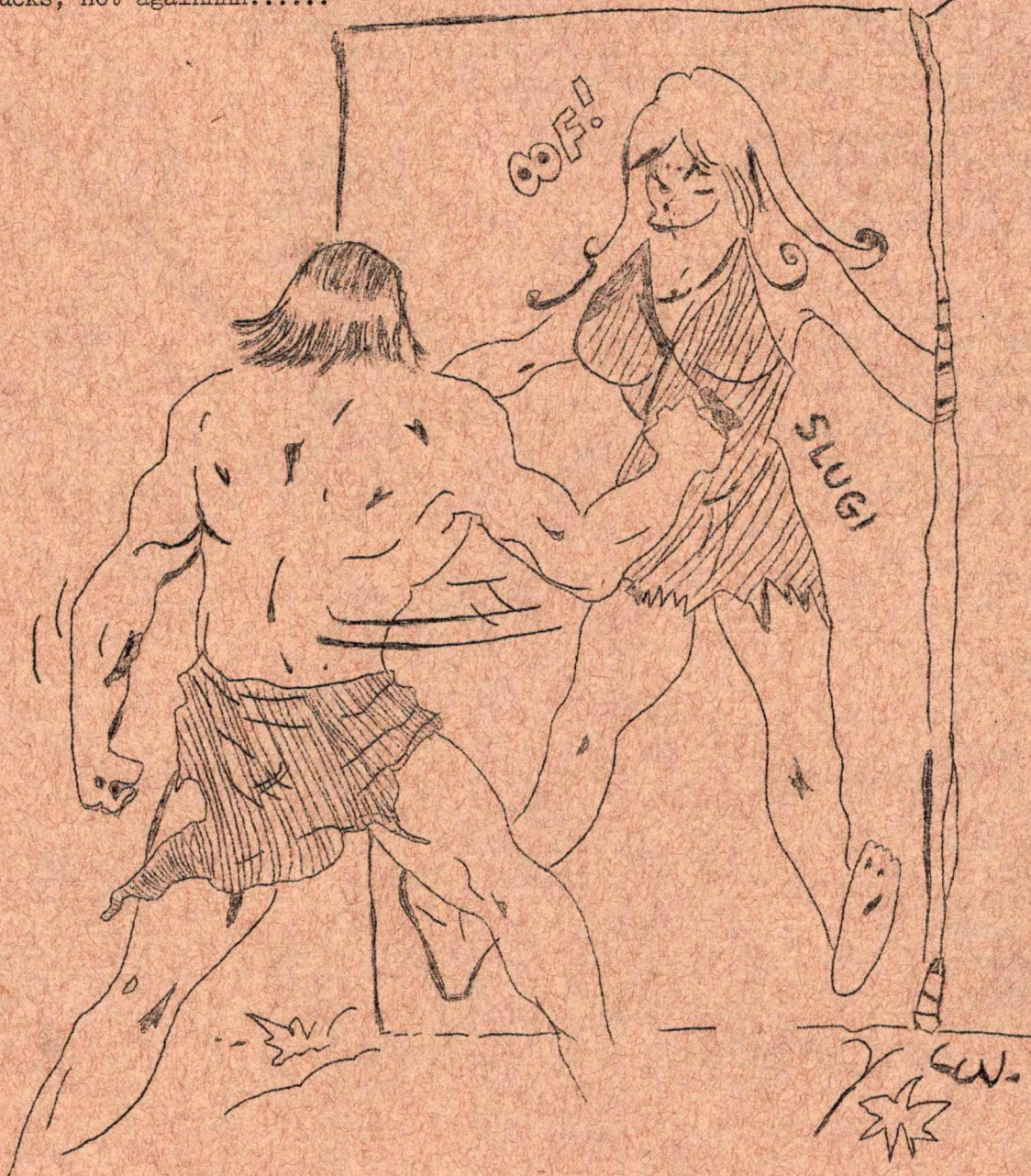
"Oh. Well, anyway, I haveth a ship on the other side of that hill over there, and I'n going plundering. Careth you to cometh with me?"

"I do believe I do," was the Simian's reply.

"Then let's go!"

Excited by the thought of plundering with his old buddy again, Nanoc tripped over a log, smashed his face on a rock, and drifted off into unconsciousness.

"Shucks, not againnnn....."



STAR AND STRIPE TREK

by **D. Gary Grady**

There is a grave situation now in existence which I must call to the attention of my fellow citizens. As you well know, most American television stations end the day's broadcast with the playing of the "Star Spangled Banner". According to a recent ratings report, the ratings of the "Star Spangled Banner" are the lowest of any program on television. There is a serious danger that it may be cancelled in mid-season and replaced by a test pattern (a pilot for which is now being filmed).

I made an attempt to justify the Nielsen rating by calling people when the National Anthem was broadcast and asking if they were watching. Apparently they didn't appreciate my questioning their loyalty. In fact, some were so vehement in making their distaste known that I suspect that they were faking it. I am having them investigated for possible subversive activity.

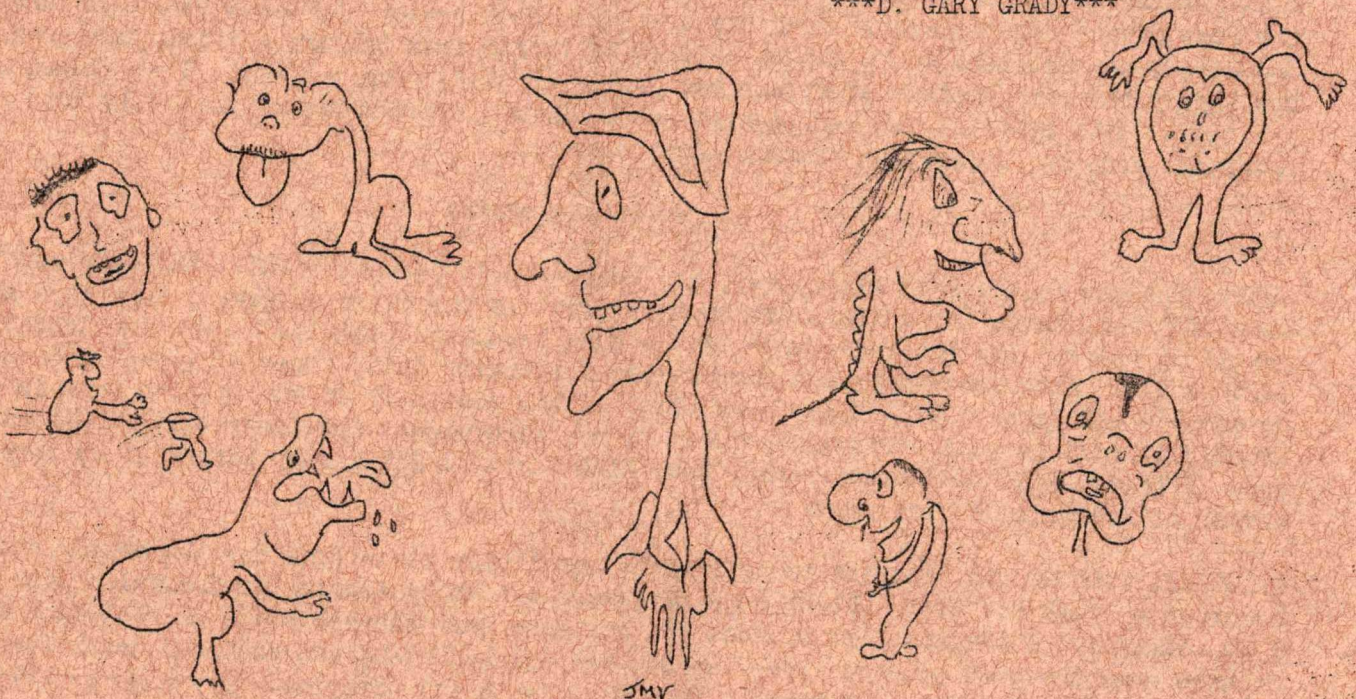
In addition, by listening very closely, I have discovered that at approximately 1:05 AM most television sets in our neighborhood go DAM-te-dah - CLICK. I would assume that "Oh-oh, say..." has about 5,000 times as many listeners as "...of the brave!" if not more.

The National Anthem's low ratings are obviously the fault of the networks. If the "Star Spangled Banner" came on in prime time, I'm sure the ratings would improve. Our only problem is locating the right sponsor.

As for a time slot, it would be best to start it opposite a program no one watches. Any program aimed at people of reasonable intelligence would meet that requirement. Guest stars, such as Phil Harris, George of the Jungle and Charles DeGaulle would make it a sure hit.

What can you do? Write to your Congressman praising the bars (of the song) you like. In the meantime, to help propel the movement, I have a Francis Scott Key fanzine in the works to be called THE NATIONAL FANTHEM. The first issue will carry the original text and those who approve of courtesy to dead authors will purchase it, and no other.

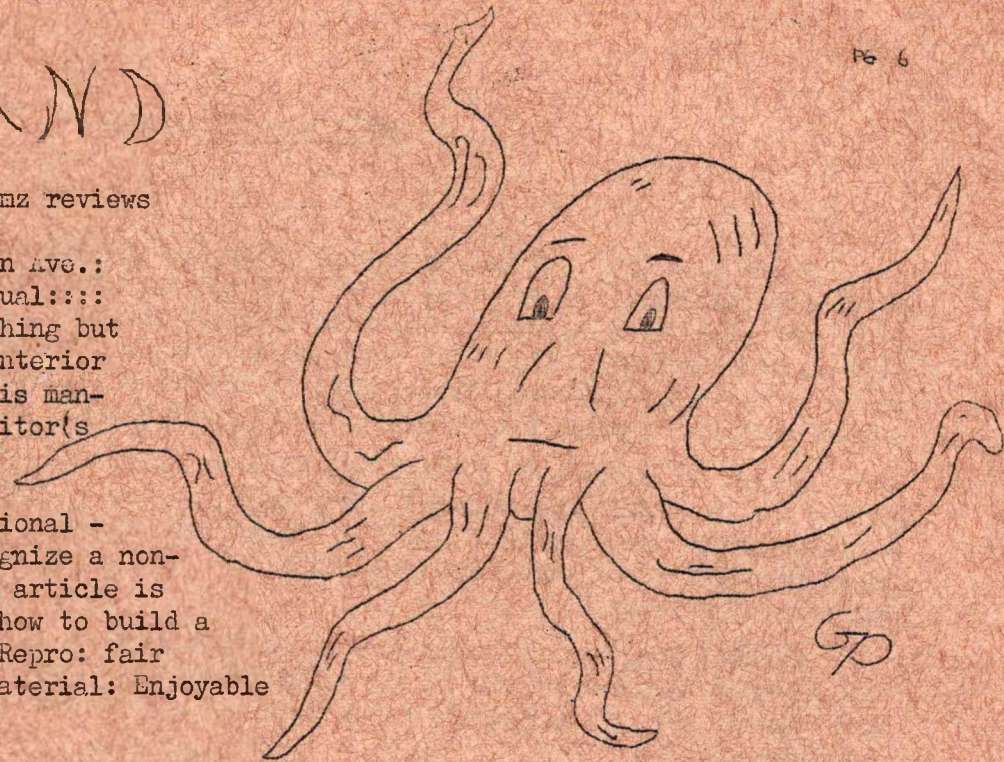
D. GARY GRADY



DRUMSAND

A page or two of unrehearsed fmz reviews

ALPHA #21:Edsmith:1315 Lexington Ave.:
Charlotte, NC. 28203: 20¢ or usual:::
Godwin, of whom I will say nothing but
good of has some fairly good interior
illos. Gene Turnbull's skill is man-
ifest on the cover, and the editor's
lack of dictionary is
apparent thruout. (The "typos"
in the heading here are intentional -
I wasn't sure if Ed would recognize a non-
typed address). Best written article is
by Bobby Taylor once again on how to build a
teleporter in your backyard. Repro: fair
mimeo Art: Fair to average Material: Enjoyable
Typos: all over the place



HOOP #2: Jim Young:1948 Ulysses NE: Minneapolis, Minn. 55418: The usual stuff::The artwork
remains good and very colorful but the written material was somewhat of a letdown after #1.
Best this ish is John Kusske's "Kusske on Apas" which is (naturally) about apas. Quite a
lot of info in this article as well as some egoboo. By the way, John, Dynatron goes thru
FAPA and N'APA so it would qualify as a genzapazine. All in all, I think I am going to like
Dimension better if you keep getting worked up over discussing science fiction. But I would
recommend Hoop, too, if just for things like "Kusske on Apas" and Fletch's artwork. Repro:
colorful and above average ditto Paper: Yellow toilet Art: better than most Fanfic:yech

/*/

It was recently brought to my attention that a certain brand of toilet paper is made by the
American Can Company. The end is near.

/*/

ARIOCH #!: Doug Lovenstein: 425 Coolville Ridge, Athens, Ohio 45701:25¢ or usual:: By golly,
I am getting around to reviewing Arioch #1 before #2 gets to me. Miracles never cease - and
the Post Office usually does. Doug has some very good reviews by Chris Couch and Dick Byers.
Somehow, Doug also managed to extort a piece of fanfic from Zelazny - which just goes to show
how really bad some amateur stuff can be. Illos capably done by Doug. I am tinged with
jealousy. Wish my first ish had been as good. Repro: average mimeo Art: very good
Material: good for a firstish Patron devil: Arioch!

/*/

Batman has rabies

/*/

ARGH!: Chester Malon: 4413 Blair Ave., St. Louis (in '69!), No. 63107::they pay you to take
this off their hands (co-editors are numerous):: as the title suggests, this is a zine of
revolting humor. And bhoj, are some of the puns revolting (they took over the American Embassy
last month). Mike Montgomery was responsible for having this zine-of-dubious-value sent to
me and I would like to ~~kill him~~ thank him. If the next part of the Opening Game is as good
(bhad!) it will be well worth the price. Repro: good mimeo Art: very little Material: sick
puns Effect: ARGH! Enjoyment ratio: very high Advice: Get a copy before it is burned as
having no redeeming social value

/*/

TANSTAAFL:John Godwin: address in lettercol: mercifully it is free for the asking should one
be drunk and ask for it:: Unlike some reviewers who enjoy tearing ghod-awful crudzines apart,
I am merciful. I imagine I am because I'm still so near the neo stage of evolution myself.
So here come the good points: nice staples, well-licked stamp and one good interlineation.
Repro: mimeo? Art: Well... Material: Nice day, isn't it? Staples: Very high quality

and onward to another page of reviews, O gallant troops!

/*/

SIRRUISH: Leigh Couch: Rt 2, Box 889: Arnold, Mo. 63010:25¢ or accepted material::: I strongly recommend to all you fans that you consider Sirruish when Hugo time rolls around this year. It is one of the best genzines for the money and it won't be eligible in '69. Why won't it be eligible in '69? Because St. Louis is going to be the site for the Worldcon in '69! This contains fanfic (which isn't as bad as most but could still stand improvement), some poetry, book reviews of things fantastic old and new, and perhaps the best lettercolumn this side of Yandro. The artwork in this (unnumbered) issue isn't as good as previous issues but the color mimeography offsets this minor drawback. Repro: very good mimeo Art: above average Material: varied Lettercol: One of the best Hugo?: quite possible Plugs: St. Louis in '69

/*/

FOOLSCAP#3: John (the US one) Berry: 35 Dusenberry Rd: Bronxville, NY 10708:25¢ or usual::: I've had this gathering dust for some time now and wonder whatever happened to #4 which was to have been "...in the mails sometime in January."? Of course, John didn't mention which January and then again, the mail delivery has been slow of late. Best material is John's Con report. The only gripe I have against this particular conreport is this. Just why thell did you have to go into what you had to eat? John, old fan, I'm undernourished and still I couldn't care less whether you had pigs in a blanket or Lucretia Borgia Delight. Just stick to telling about the highlights of the con. Or was your ordering pigs in a blanket one of the highlights? (Might have been a poorer con than we've been lead to believe). Kusske is very observant. Anyone with as good a taste in choosing favorite (or promising up and coming) fanwriters as JFK has, is one nice guy. Repro: good mimeo Art: sketchy Material. interesting but not faanish (why not drop the facade of faanishness?)

/*/

STphile: Juanita Coulson: Rt. 3, Hartford City, Ind. 47348:50¢::: This is the best fanzine so far dedicated to the ST universe. Thick (some 50 pages) and with more than its fair share of good artwork. The material is good (good, that is, if you are a true STrekker) and ranges from the ridiculous to the sublime - you do the choosing. Roddenberry has the original ST idea as presented to NBC and it is interesting to see how the details have changed from those initially planned. Robert T. April has become James T. Kirk, Yorktown has become the Enterprise and the exec has been changed to Spock from a computer-like woman. (Ah, yes. Spock was originally half-Martian.) I don't know just what that equation on pg. 3 is supposed to mean but it appears to me to be part of the presentation's snow job. While it may not be meaningless, it sure gives that impression. Repro: good mimeo Art: very good Material: interesting if you are inclined in that direction

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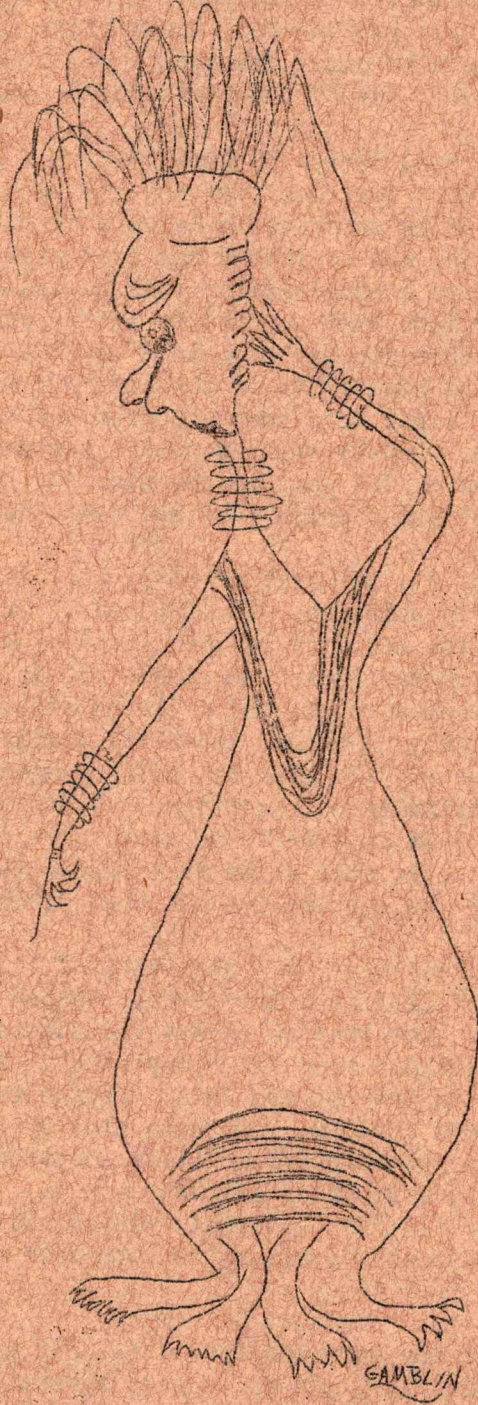
GENOOK #4: Bill Kunkel:72-41 61st St.: Glendale, NY 11227: 20¢ or usual:::I've heard nasty rumors to the effect that Bill is going to fold Genook and start a new zine based on Simon & Garfunkel and Peanuts. Now that is such a ridiculous combination I'm certain ~~that~~ someone is just out to detract from the competition. I hope. Material in this worth commenting on is mostly in the lettercolumn. Topics range from ~~the~~ ~~life~~ ~~after~~ ~~death~~ "Is there life after death" to S&G. And some clod by the name of Vardeman has the nerve to mention sf. Some people! I am still a little sceptical of the name Popular Misconceptions but as long as Bill knows what he is getting into.... Repro: fair mimeo Art: good Gaughan cover plugging ST. LOUIS IN '69! Material: not overly stfnal Prognosis: await The VW Invasion with a queasy stomach Spelling of Albuquerque: wrong (you've been around Edsmith too much, methinks)

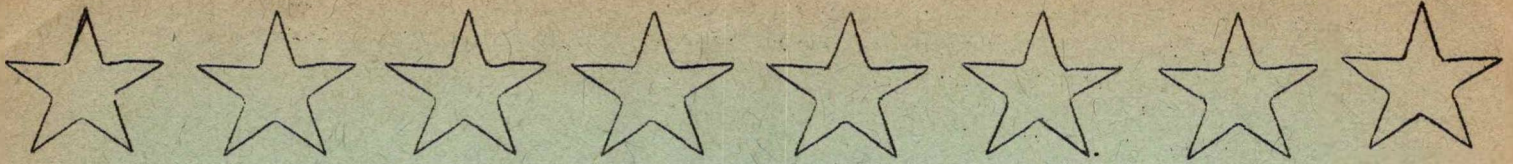
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Not enough room left for any more and I've still got piles of these fannish things around. Noted and read: Thona #2. En Garde #2 (classy covers!). Granfalloon - rare to see a neo use ditto so well. SF books of 1967 - Joanne Burger (address later) has compiled a fairly complete list of sf in 1967. Write if you want a copy or think you've come across a book she might have missed. Plak-tow #2,3,4. Paradox #8. SF Opinion #6 - I am awaiting the Ides of March and avoiding anyone named Brutus. Yandro #178 - give'em another ~~John~~ Hugo Award. If not them, then to Sirruish. and St. Louis in '69! Leftovers #2 -lots of fen(?) in here I've never heard of before. Perhaps a fringe group skulking in to partake of the politics. Lore#9. Amra, vol 2 #45 - another Hugo possible. First Draft - shudder at the title.....

AUNTIE FANNISH is being pre-empted to bring you this important word:

RATCHET





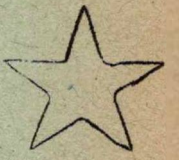
BOB TUCKER

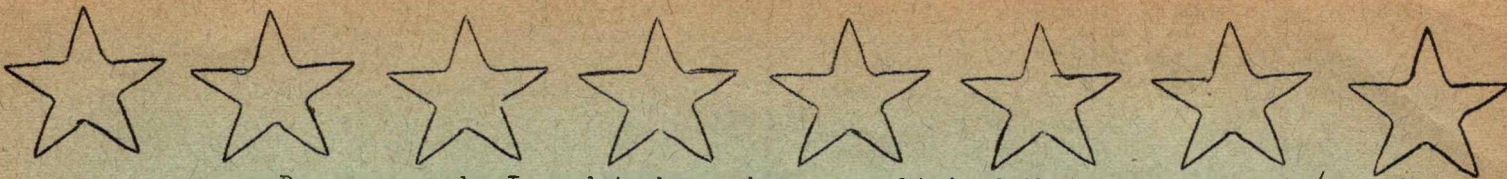
I'll admit right away that you have me hooked. I read each and every page of SANDWORM 3, including the long and dull paragraphs here and there, so you must have me hooked. /Just point out the "long and dull paragraphs" and they shall be cast out of ~~Eden~~ Sandworm! I was hooked most completely by your short article "The Magic mushroom", and at one point you hauled me up short with bugging eyes.

On the second page of that article you said: "The critical mass for U-235 is 22.7 pounds and..." Where did you obtain that figure? I really want to know; it's important to me. Is the figure accurate? /I must admit that I might have been taken for a ride on that figure. Dr. Boardman (who is a physicist compared to the armchair physicist that I am) used the figure 10.3 kg in his article in Kipple #127. If I haven't loused up the conversion factors (curse the English system and their confusion of mass and force!), this figures to 22.66 lb. This figure seems very reasonable since I'm positive of the 2.5 lb. figure. And 10% efficiency should be about right for a fission bomb. But I don't suppose anyone can actually be certain until they've tried it experimentally. Any takers?/

If it is accurate, if you know precisely what you're talking about, then I will stop this very minute and pat myself on the back for being a good science fiction prophet, for once. But on the other hand, if you don't know it to be accurate -- if you are only relying on something you have read somewhere in some science fiction magazine, then I will again pat myself on the back for being a good science fiction writer. A sneaky, untrustworthy writer, mind you, but one that has finally cornered a small measure of fame. /I'm certain you've already gained more than a small measure of fame in circles that like sneaky, untrustworthy writers./ I planted that exact figure about fifteen years ago. /I'm aware of that and I must admit I was surprised when the eminent doctor used it. But I doubt if John would speak with forked tongue concerning something in his own field - and that particular "Matter In Motion" was not one of his tongue-in-cheek articles, either./

A short story of mine entitled "Able to Zebra" appeared in the March 1953 issue of Fantasy & Science Fiction. The following quote from the story will be found on page 65 of that issue: "Right here, in Chicago, no magazine is permitted to reveal that the critical mass of U-235 is just 22.7 pounds; yet that figure is common knowledge over much of the world." /And on page 16 of Bantam's "Time:X" in "MCHLV" is the quote: "You point out that twenty-two point seven pounds of U-235 are necessary to critical mass, you describe the materials of which the bomb casing is made....and then you show the exact amount of damage that bomb will do to a given area." Your other quote is on page 130 of the same book./ Tony Boucher bought the story and asked me where I got the figure. /Probably envisioning another "Deadline"./ I answered truthfully that I made it up, after making some educated guesses about the mass. By that time, I had learned that the US Army was shipping atomic artillery shells into Germany, shells to be fired from 230 millimeter cannon. I did some prying and figuring, to establish the total weight of its various parts. In the end I decided 22 pounds was a likely figure, and only added the point-seven to make it appear authentic in print. 22.7





Do you see why I need to know where you obtained that exact figure? /Yep. It wouldn't do to have a scandal in fandom about Bob Tucker being a spy for THEM.7 I want to know if you have swallowed my plant, or did I make an accurate guess as to the critical mass? /Seems the answer to both lies with John Boardman. My quantum mechanics, being just a dabbler in the arcane, isn't up to being able to quantitatively calculate the exact mass from scratch. It would involve a rather complicated series of probability functions and a sophisticated knowledge of the metal that I simply don't possess. Well, John, are you just putting us on or is the critical mass really 10.3 kilos?7



Shame on you for not liking Bob Silverberg's "Thorns". It is an uncommonly good book and about as far removed from space opera -- or any garden variety piece of science fiction -- as can be. I applauded him for trying something different, and am pleased that he succeeded. /I, too, applaud him for succeeding in trying something different. I only wish he had succeeded in writing a good book as well.7 If you have a copy of Harlan's "Dangerous Visions" look up the Silverberg story "Flies". A study of the two will reveal how the short story grew into the novel. I think the novel would have been stronger if it had ended in the same manner as did the short, but obviously Silverberg (or his editor) doesn't agree with me. A novel as radical as "Thorns" didn't need to have a "happy" ending, anymore than it needed a protagonist who was also an all-American hero. The short version, with the abrupt recall of the protagonist, carries the greater punch. /I agree with the short story's title. It did, indeed, draw flies. The book was better and it was rotten.7



And you didn't like Hoffman's "Telepower". Tch. I don't know. They just don't make science fiction fans like they used to. /Which might be a Good Thing since all the older models show signs of wearing out. Planned obsolescence? Tell you what you might do, though: ask her for the original title of the book. That knowledge may help you to dislike it all the more. /I bet it was "RATS!"7



There may be some truth to the rumor that Coulson & deWeese are now writing "Lost in Space" books, to replace their lost market in that character from UNCLE. /Surely not under the pseudonyms "Van Arnan" & "Archer"? What does it all mean?7



What is the meaning of YI in AFROTC/UNM/YI? You esoteric and promising new fans often leave me groping in darkness. /You just might be ready for the scrap heap at that. AFROTC is Air Force Reserve Officer Training Course. UNM is the University of New Mexico. IY (notice how close to YI it is?) is the draft classification that signifies unfit for active duty except in time of war or national emergency. You do know about the draft? You do remember FDR signing the bill? And the Second World Unpleasantness?7 I was able to translate the remainder & now know that Africa has a geographic area known as Unm, but the YI stumps me. (But by now, a hundred other readers have already explained to you that the BHP runs in competition to the IRT. /I don't have a hundred subscribers that can read!7 That is, if you're willing to accept the term "competition" in its loosest form. I don't believe either T would care much how much traffic it lost to the other.



Automobiles have been known to travel hundreds of miles when powered by static electricity emanating from the back seat.



Perhaps you will be delighted to know that new researches have outdated several astronomy textbooks, and that the sidereal rotation period for Mercury has been established at 58.6462 days which is precisely two-thirds of its orbital period. Where does this leave Vulcan and Mr. Spock? /Ghu knows. In hot water?7

I once drove thru Albuquerque. Funny I didn't see you. /Tackett still had me locked up in a high castle turret. But I made it out, I guess.7



And now into the
Sounds of Silence in

THE TRACKLESS WASTE

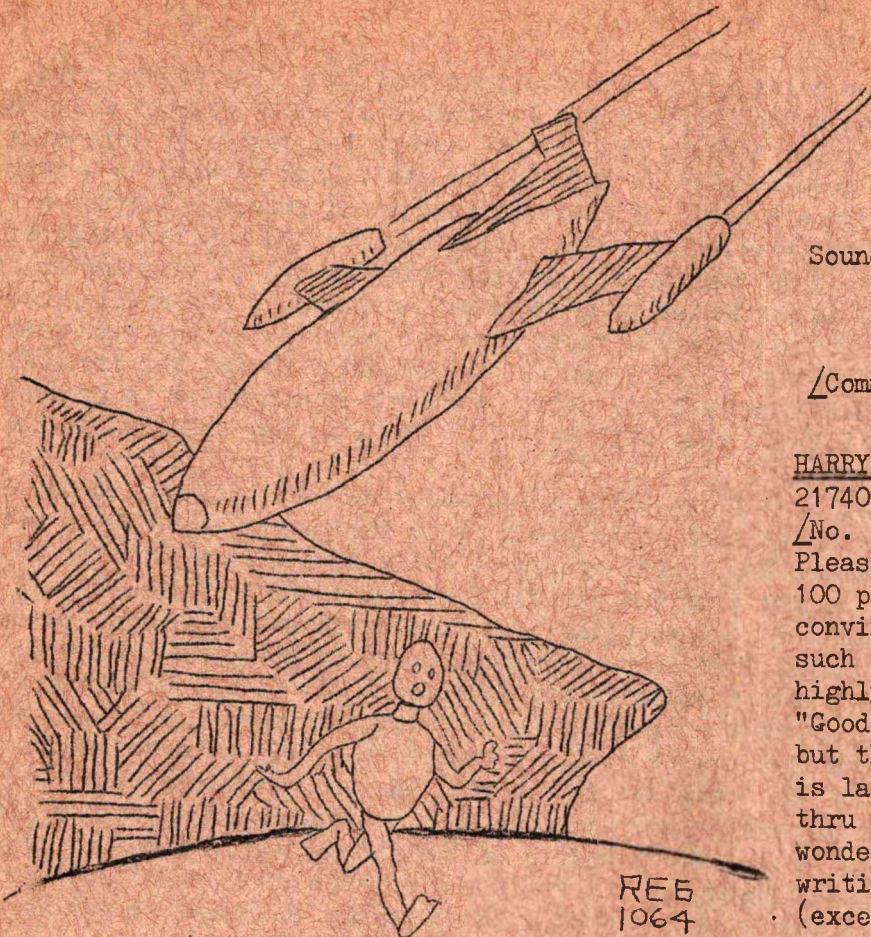
[/Comments by ye ed thusly/]

HARRY WARNER: 423 Summit Ave.: Hagerstown, Md 21740:: So there really is a Bob Vandeman? /No. I'm another hoax put over by Roy Tackett. Please send all requests for the forthcoming 100 page weekly fanzine to him. I am fairly convinced that he exists, even though he's such a non-conformist that he thinks so highly of me as a fan writer. /I debunk the "Good old days" fallacy every now and then but the "good old days" had one thing that is lacking today. Good letters. Looking thru the old ASF lettercols, I can't help but wonder whatever happened to the art of letter writing. They were good. Today's LoC's (except in a few cases - you for instance) just aren't with it. Perhaps McEwan can explain it. I can't. So I cherish the few

fans who can consistently write letters. / If this were a few years further into the future, I would suspect another Speer hoax. But Speer apparently creates synthetic fans only at 20-year intervals, and as I remember the course of events, it'll be another dozen years before the next one comes along. Anyway, I appreciate the third issue of Sandworm and I'm giving you the benefit of the doubt by not even suggesting that you might have skillfully inserted into that line on the first page of the editorial the name of each recipient as best fan writer. /Honestly, the thot never entered my mind. Thanks for the idea. /

Otherwhere in the editorial, I have been in fandom about twenty times longer than you, but I can still feel the excitement inspired by the sudden arrival of something from Tucker. /You've been in fandom 70 years?/ It happened to me again just a few months ago at the Nycon when I answered the telephone in my room and heard him asking where in the world I'd been hiding myself. I experienced an immediate disappointment, too, comparable to your discovery that there was no letter in your envelope, but my disappointment consisted in an aching back that prevented me from hurrying up to the room party from which he was calling. It takes a severely aching back to cause reason to hold sway over your heart in such circumstances. /Especially in someone who has been in fandom for 70 years. / I would place the songs I recognize in your list somewhere in the late 1920's or early 1930's, but my personal memories were just starting to coalesce in that era, and right now I'm more excited about some intriguing songs that recently came to my attention: "My Tears Have Washed 'I Love You' from the Blackboard of My Heart" and "I Caught a Rose Between My Toes While Running Thru the Garden of Love to You, Dear". /You strike out on the dates. January 28, 1939 was the proper date. As to song titles, howabout "Does Your Chewing Gum Lose Its Flavor on the Belpost Over Night?" /

Most of Bob Roehm's reviews deal with books I haven't read. /A slight confusion of Bob s here. BR wrote the review of Dangerous Visions - I wrote the others. / But I can fully agree with his remarks on the John MacDonald novel, and I can predict personal inability to enjoy Make Room! as much as Bob enjoyed it. These "prophetic" stories that reproduce precisely present conditions in exaggerated detail represent the type of science fiction that I dislike most. /You must admit that Orwell hit close with "Big Brother is watching you". I understand that a



REB
1064

supersnoop device focuses a laser on a glass window and the pane acts like a microphone diaphragm and sends back any conversation in the room to the listener.7 It seems somehow cheating intellectually to set up a future in which nothing has changed except the degree of intensity for present day problems. Moreover, novels built in this manner can't look forward to a very good reputation in the future. They have a habit of becoming quaint and provincial after a decade or two when they are pressing new problems to worry about and the old ones are beginning to work themselves out. /When you get right down to it, nothing holds up well. Watching an "sf" movie yesterday filmed in 1953, I was astounded at their "modern" weapons. I can still remember when the last B-36 was scrapped and yet in the movie these were the backbone of the Air Force. But what dated it the most was the clothing. I like miniskirts and after seeing the Victorian ankle length skirts in the movie, I like them all the more. Whenever anyone tries to project into the future, something is always left in that will date it. The only way this can be done away with is a Speer Time Machine.7

The most frightening thing about nuclear weapons, to me, is not the statistics on how many square miles each would decimate or the percentage of kill within a given distance from the point of detonation. What scares me silly is the fact that the US and Russia really did cut back on their testing programs without fighting a war to persuade each other to do the cutting back. /That is the most peculiar form of a death wish I've come across. You would probably be fallout in 14 states right now as Washington would have rated a couple dozen bombs. Of which some would have missed and effectively removed Md. from this plane of existence. "If the button is pushed, there's no running away. There'll be no one to save with the whole world in a grave."7 Both nations are obviously governed by people with overwhelming stupidity and lack of imagination. If the bombs are so powerful and so potentially destructive that even these government leaders could comprehend what too much testing could do to the planet, then I don't need anyone's statistics on what would happen if the things were set off for deliberate destruction. /I would willingly trade Earth for a workable stardrive and if nuclear power will give it to us, I think I'd gamble we'd get off planet before we committed racial (human racial, Ted, human racial) suicide.7

I'm on your side in the argument about whether the editor or the reader should decide what the fanzine is like. It's impossible for the magazine to develop its own personality or distinctive nature; it can only represent a transformation into print of human personality and idiosyncrasies. /I gave a copy of #3 to a mundane friend (the one who did the SANDWORMy PLAYTHING lastish) and he remarked, "You write just like you talk." And I might add, just like I think.7 If the readers govern, there will be a mishmash, a little of every reader, and the fanzine will be as memorable as the face of one doll in a toyland collection of a hundred dolls. Of course, it isn't as simple as the equation, one editor's personality = the personality of a fanzine. What usually happens is that the editor's peculiar interests and abilities strike fire with a handful of his readers and contributors with corresponding natures, and the fanzine partakes to some extent of both the editor and these special readers and writers, instantly recognizable as emanating from them yet not attributable to any one person's influence. When you think of Quandry you think first of Lee Hoffman but almost instantly of Walt Willis and Max Keasler and several other key fan factors; there has never been another Quandry even though each of these people has published other fanzines, because they didn't form quite the same combination in any other publishing venture. All this, naturally, assumes that the fanzine editor did not deliberately decide to publish a magazine that will fill some vacancy in fandom. Obviously, ERBdom wouldn't be a success if it were filled with violent denunciations of Burroughs and essays on Lovecraft's mythology. /A fanzine in my mind is almost like a matrix. Set up the same elements in a different order and you get a different result.7

Your centerfold pinup is the best of the artwork. But the Fletcher sketches are also amusing. I always feel guilty when I finish a loc without mentioning the Robert E. Gilbert illustrations. It seems as if I'm taking them too much for granted. But it's hard to think of new things all the time to be said about an artist who is so prolific and sticks closely to the same basic style of sketching and subject matter.

/*/

There would be no trouble in
the Mideast if the Arabs and
the Israelis started acting like
good Christians.

TED PAULS:1448 Meridene Dr.: Baltimore Md.: 21212:: Sandflea #3 is at hand, and a few brief comments in the 20 minutes or so before dinner (or, as the lower classes call it, supper). /I must be militarily minded because I call it a gas attack.7

Radio station KDEF sounds interesting. The Chicken Man series is apparently syndicated -- I've heard it at various times on several stations east of the Big Muddy Father of Waters. /Pete Seeger has gotten to you.7 Baltimore's AM stations are fairly staid, running more toward the usual deejay chatter and contest announcements between records. /Lannigan, on KDEF, placed 15th on the Playboy Top DJ list - quite good considering the size of Albuquerque.7 We don't have a Story Lady. /My condolences.7 About the best stations receivable hereabouts are WBX in Boston and KBKA in Buffalo.

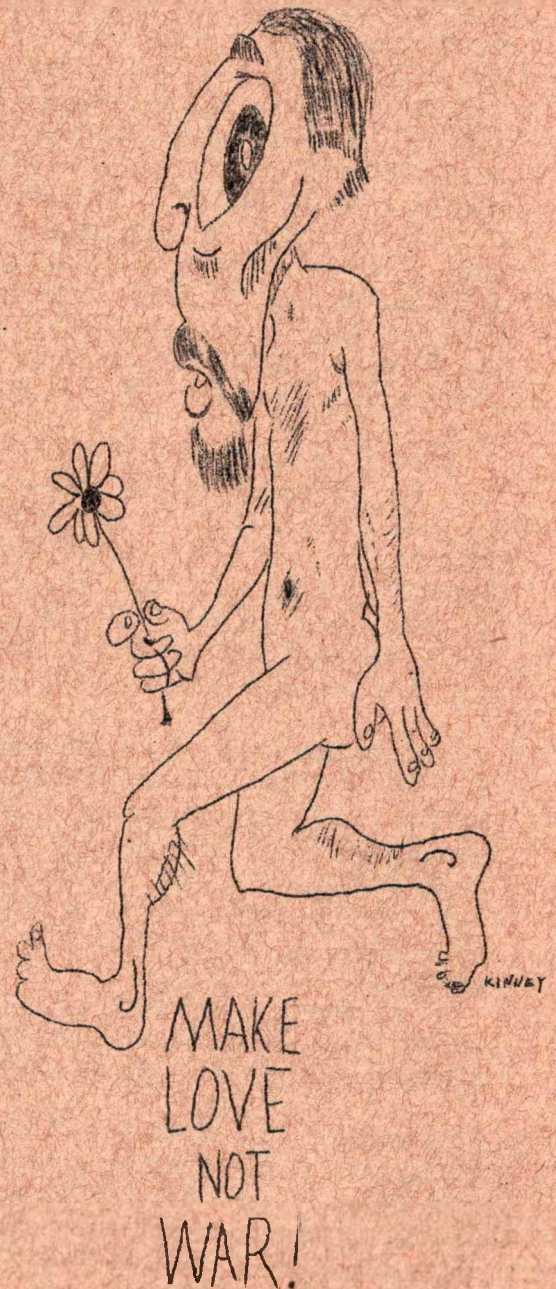
Your centerfold looked pretty good to me, which ought to give you some idea what kind of problems I've got. /I'd say bad problems if Albuquerque's entrant in the Fire Island Kumquat Queen Fruit Festival looked appealing.7

Your article on the Bomb was interesting, but one query: Does your statement "A 20KT device...is small potatoes compared with the 50MT devices since the effects are not in a simple ratio to size" mean that the effects are greater than the size ratio would indicate? I thought it was the other way around -- that, for example the destructive capacity of a 50MT device would not be 50 times greater than that of a 1MT bomb, but more like 10 or 15 times greater. In fact, I'm certain that's the case. But maybe I'm misconstruing what you said. /I meant "even tho" instead of "since". I saw that after I'd finished running off the page and was too lazy to try to correct 150 copies by hand. You are, of course, right that the bigger Bombs would not have the same effect as two Bombs one half their size.7

Kusske's reference to letters from "Top Names" in the lettercol and your reaction to not getting a letter from Bob Tucker stirred memories of the time in my life -- it seems like a 1000 years ago -- when getting letters from people like Tucker, Bloch, Boggs and Marion Z. Bradley was a thrilling part of my life. A letter from Tucker was as important as an invitation to the White House /All things considered, I'd prefer to have the letter from Tucker.7, and a letter from Walt Willis was greeted with the same joy I would now reserve for a notice that I had been chosen to escort Senta Berger on a ten-day tour of National Parks. /Are you sure you liked the SANDWORMY PLAYTHING?7

Ah well, the time has come to get a few mouthfuls of supper, so as the sun sinks slowly in the east, we leave this happy island with its joyous, unspoiled, lecherous natives. As we sail slowly from the golden beach, we hear the natives wave us off with a lyrical "Aleoha-wahaka-lami-kilaha", which means "You bastards didn't pay the hotel bill!"

/Since Ted ended the letter with those remarks, I can only guess that it was ciao time.7



DEAN KOONTZ: filthy pro and English teacher::: Well, SANDWORM #3 rolled in today and devoured my mind for an hour or so. /Wasn't too hungry, was it?/ You've been promising this for weeks now, and though you said it would be in January, I have been sitting on the edge of my seat since November. As a result, I have blisters on my ass that you wouldn't believe. /You're right. I don't believe it./ SANDWORM has a few things going for it that some zines don't. Firstly, a good portion of it concerns sf, which qualifies it as a zine and not a gossip sheet or personal rostrum for pontificating on the world situation. I am driven crazy, frinstance, by some issues of Dave Van Arnam's FIRST DRAFT (the ones that say things like "I'm, therefore, a Nixon man all the way blah blah blah, but that's another story"). Now don't get me wrong. I like to see political awareness (Is Nixon aware?) /There is considerable doubt since he isn't a Radical Centerist./ in zines, but I like intelligent arguments, not emotional outpourings. Secondly, SANDWORM had humor. /Some have remarked "gallows humor" but each to his own./ I enjoyed a number of the jokes, though jokes themselves usually turn me off; and the informal humor was often not just good but very good.

I would like to disagree with some of the praise heaped on LORD OF LIGHT. /You mean that you would like to disagree but can't? I'll accept that./ The best thing he has done to date is THE DREAM MASTER. /No argument there. And second best is LORD OF LIGHT./ That book was so superb, he will have to try like hell to top it. I'm talking about the Ace edition, not the magazine serial. The Ace version had a complete chapter not carried in the magazine, and that chapter is possibly the best part of the book. But LORD OF LIGHT is a case of style somehow intruding on the story, which is something that can easily happen when you have a writer like Zelazny whose style is all his own and very different to begin with. /The flashforward he used put me off at first, but after I caught on that the first chapter was the penultimate chapter, everything fell into place beautifully./ Too many short paragraphs here for easy reading. Short paragraphs, for emphasis, are excellent, and I use many myself. But one can get carried away. /And anyone who dislikes LoL should be carried away - faaaar away./ Various other things irked me in LORD OF LIGHT. But perhaps it is just that I like his sf more than his fantasy (and this was near fantasy at least). Howcum, I wonder, does no one mention "This Moment of the Storm" when talking of Zelazny? I cherish it as one his most superb stories -- holding an almost perfect mood from beginning to end.

Agreed, THORNS is not an example of Silverberg at his best. It sort of reads like a Silverberg-hops-on-the-Zelazny-bandwagon story. /Don't insult Zelazny./ Too, too arty with little attempt to bring real art into the piece. LORDS OF THE STARSHIP, on the other hand, will not let you down. This is an excellent first novel. I advise anyone who is going to read it to peruse Delany's first book, THE JEWELS OF APTOR, for comparison. Some of Geston's inspiration must have come from the Delany piece. Both are beautiful books - in my book. /I think Lords of the Starship was far superior to Jewels of Apor. Delany didn't hit his stride until the last book in the Toron trilogy, City of a Thousand Suns. I just hope that we don't suffer a dreadful letdown with Geston's next book./

I can guess the year those songs were popular, the month and week too. They were popular between three o'clock AM and four-fifteen AM on April 2, 1764 at Water Bottom Settlement along the Susquehanna River -- as sung by the Pre-Revolutionary Rabble Rousers (a group of 318 drunken Prussians biding their time on the advice of a prophetic (sic) friend). /Do you mean "prophylactic friend" perhaps?/ So send the ticket to Swamp Pocket, Va. like you said you wud or I'll cum out thar and bust yer haid open. See, I've even taken a crash course at Berlitz to ready me for the trip. /I think you've already crashed on a trip - at least, that last sentence sounds like it. Hope the mental damage is only temporary./

Maybe I should send you some of my "Little Goody Two-Shoes" to go on the facing page before "Bernie Bughouse". And then on the page following those two, you could staple an air-sickness bag. /I just might anyway./

I don't think Bode is really all that bad. /You're right - he's worse./ His stuff for IF and Galaxy may not be representative of his major work. He is different. /Personally or artistically?/ He is definitely better than Castellon and up there with Gaughan and Morrow in my book (My book, by the way, and since I keep mentioning it, is a little thing in which I list likes and dislikes so that God can have some competent record of this period of the world to look upon when making his Final Judgment). /I am capable of making up my own mind, thank you. So the book isn't really necessary./ His February cover for IF is

very exceptional. /I assume you mean exceptional in the way elementary school teachers use it. Like retarded - which is why I don't like Bode's work so much. It looks like a retarded 3rd grader did it. / And have you seen THE MAN? It is a book of cartoons that got him the illo job with the sf magazines and is possibly the best comic strip I have ever seen. /Even better than Wizard of Id? / His Masked Lizard series is also good. /I bet. / In Vaughn, we have an artist who is actually more of a writer than anything (he is in SFWA) and experiments to the point of exhaustion with art and the printed word. /Maybe that's his problem - he's exhausted. / Besides, he's nice as hell. /And how nice is that? Thinking about it, the best comic strip I've ever seen was done by a really stacked blonde in Las Vegas. Her jokes weren't much but I wasn't paying much attention to them. Yes. That was definitely the best comic strip I've seen. /

Well, when Ace publishes my first novel (hopefully, please oh please) maybe next year, you can tear it to shreds in your column and that will balance out the favorable reviews so that everyone realizes you don't always give good reviews. Rair enough? Then I will personally come to New Mexico (Land of the Lizards, Wasteland of Wastelands) and claw you into tiny shreds of bloody flesh that Harlan Ellison wouldn't even dare to describe in one of his more horrid stories. /Glad you are planning to come out this way next year. /

Princes^z /

Enough. Be good. /How dull.../. Sweet Dreams /Sweet

for: DEAN KOONTZ, winner of the Sandworm guess the year contest -- Congratulations, Mr. Koontz!

ONE WAY TICKET TO: SWAMP POCKET, Va.

via Fly-By-Nite Airlines - The Airlines that cuts costs by removing the useless frills like radar & landing gear....!

Flite #13 departs on the Ides of March, 1968 and offers coffee and milk -- the pilot has already smoked the tea

Have a pleasant flite
you'll be the only one

JOHN GODWIN: 2426 Belvedere Dr.: Wilmington, NC: 28401::: Golly, you mentioned my name in Sandworm. I'm famous. /Just about as famous as all those guys that get their pictures hung in Post Offices. /

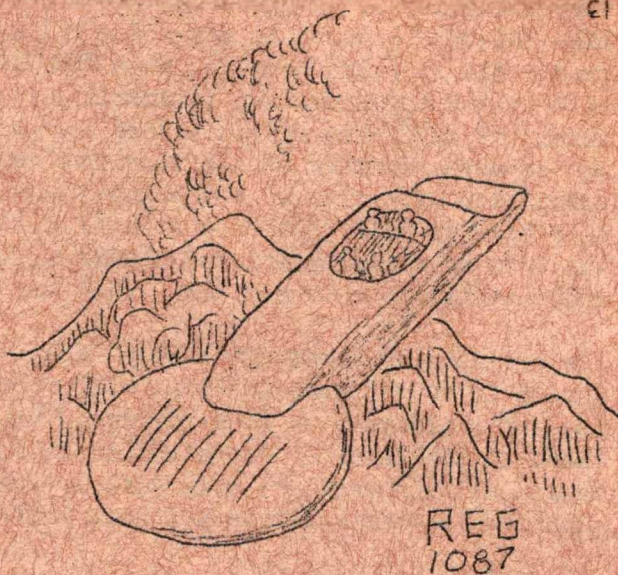
The only fmz I've ever seen are Yandro, Plak-tow, Alpha, Amra and a piece of real crud (ghod, talk about crud) /What do you want Edco to say about it? / called Coniclub. Hmmm, maybe they are subversive. /Subversive to good taste but whathell? /

I would rate SANDWORM as almost equal to YANDRO, especially considering it is almost entirely the work of one person. /In my mind's eye, I see Buck turning purple and ranting and raving and throwing his Hugo out into the trash can. And then mailing you a ticking parcel. For pure egoboo, I don't believe I have ever had anything said to me that equals this, John. But in all honesty, not even I can delude myself into thinking Sandworm is anywhere near as good as Yandro. After you've been kicked around in fandom (and I suspect the first boot will come shortly concerning that lovely piece of egoboo) you'll gain perspective. From the list of fmz you say you've gotten, you combine the best with the worst. You'll find that the vast majority are somewhere in between the two extremes - and I kid myself into thinking that this is about the part of the spectrum where Sandworm is. Nothing outstanding but nothing really rotten either. But you are my friend for life for actually putting such a beautiful thot into print. /

Bode is NOT REPEAT NOT an incredibly bad artist. /You're right - he's worse. Ooops, used that line already. And the margin slipped. *Sigh* / His style is just such that he uses one line where another artist would use twenty. /That's what I said. He's simple minded. / Personally, I like it. But then, almost all art is a matter of personal taste.

REG's letter: I read the same story about the psi powers centering in the tonsils. The title was Starship on Saddle Mt. It was a juv and was not really a terrible book. Ofcourse, it wasn't a very good one either.

KAY ANDERSON: 234 Shangri-la NW: Albuquerque NM: 87107::: Do recall reading your bit on the Story Lady before Carnie got off with the zine, though. I am glad you're a fan of the Story Lady, too. One of my favorites is the story of Sleeping Beauty. Once upon a time a beautiful princess was spinning wool in her father's castle, when she pricked her thumb on the spindle and fell into a deep coma-like sleep. An evil fairy had put a curse upon her and she would sleep til a handsome young prince kissed her. Seventy-five years later a handsome young prince happened to be in the neighborhood and heard the story of the Sleeping Beauty. He hurried to the castle and into the princess' chambers and fell to his knees beside her bed. But he couldn't bring himself to kiss her because the princess was 94 years old and looked it. I'm looking forward to coming attractions: What They Found in the Bath-tub at the Mad Butcher's House /Harlan Ellison researching for his forthcoming novel?/ and The Story of the Fairy Prince and the Fairy Prince /Ronnie & Clyde?/ Stay tuned, hmn, Bob? /Sure thing - and sometimes I'm even turned on./



By the way, have you heard the KDEP soap operas, "Florence Flapdown, Airline Stewardess" ('Can a girl so pure she would be considered a fanatic in the Virgin Islands find happiness with a man who gets excited by a naval orange?') and "Return to Paper Plates"? /Only occasionally. I did hear Capt. MacKenzie of the Royal Peruvian Navy recently, tho./

Hugo possibilities....I rather like CHTHON for the novel. I'm not entirely sure what Anthony said, but he sure did say it and I rate it above E INTERSECTION, which I also liked. /Roy suggested that I try rereading Chthon skipping chapters. He seems to think it will give a different story./ On the novelettes, I was much taken by "Weyr Search", but I'll read your suggestions that I've missed before nomination time. Unfortunately, I was so taken by "Weyr Search" that the later DRAGONRIDER was a let-down. McCaffrey switched to a man's POV for part of it and she doesn't do it nearly as well as a woman's. For proartist I'm tempted to say Schoenherr because way back in '65 he did the Analog cover painting for "Goblin Night" and the thing absolutely stoned me. /Please resist the temptation and, while I remember the cover without looking it up, I didn't think it was all that good. Certainly not as good as the covers for Prophet of Dune./ But Gaughan, Freas, Morrow all are very good indeed. /Have you seen Morrow's cover for Jewel in the Skull? Very good illo of Count Brass./ I haven't even begun to read a fair sampling of the short stories in '67. Ellison's story is a powerful one, though. I certainly like it better than "Repent, Jelly Bean, Said the Tick-tock," or whatever. Fan awards... I'll go along with you for best fanzine: YANDRO. I'm not all that fond of DEA (s work, but I'd have to look through some back issues of various things to remember who the Whatsisname I like better is.)

Love your gatefold, but where did you get my picture? /From Ted Pauls. He seems to like such things and has an extensive collection of them./

I want to get into the exchange between you and Spear. My Aq is down in the colorful authentic North Valley. /There's an imitation somewhere?/ The winds pass over us for the most part. During that windstorm last month the tops of the trees down here were whipping around but it was merely breezy on the ground. People I talked to in the heights were running around lashing their VW's down and propping trees up. I read in the paper that the average annual percipatation around here is 8" ... and it's quite entertaining the afternnon it falls, isn't it? Our widdshield is pitted, too.

For crying out loud, don't give SANDWORM a direction or a purpose! First the sf club gets a standard meeting date, now someone wants you to have a purpose...where will it all end? /The proper question should have been What does it all mean?/ For a fellow publishing something called QUIP, Benford is awfully serious, isn't he? /Greg only reviews fanzines for QUIP. Arnie Katz, et al. (and the et al. runs into the thousands) are responsible, er, guilty, uh, the publishers./

Saw why I SPY is science fiction last week. Nine buff guys with walkie-talkies, rifles, flashlights a yard long, ~~Sherman tanks~~ and a tracking dog cornered Kelly and Scott in a rickety wooden farmhouse. Our heroes not only held them off, they killed them every one, with only a .22 rifle, a 30-30, half a box of three-year-old blasting caps, six cigars and a Dalmatian dog. It certainly sounds like a plot of a PK Dick novel. /You can't fool me! PKD doesn't use plots in his novels. Tell me, did Ted White write that script? And I'm still waiting for the promised Harlan script where the Flying Nun meets Jack the Ripper in the City on the Edge of Hellandgone on Cimarron Strip.7

Won't comment on the loc from Devra and Sherna. My finger gets tired if I type more than eight or ten pages at a time. Carmie says they seem to have a morbid fear of reference books. Books...they could have checked some of their statements in NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC. But I imagine she will write you at length.

/And sure enough, she did.7

CARMIE LYNN TOULOUSE: 1020 Adams SE: Albuquerque, NM: 87108::After glancing hurriedly through your last issue of Sandworm (I had to sneak a look at Kay Anderson's as I don't have a copy of my own) /I hope that won't happen again - I'm going to increase my run to 155 with this.7, I noticed a few things in one of the letters that I wanted to clear up.

The first is Carbon-14 dating. Carbon-14 is very useful to us archeologists I must admit, but it has its limitations. Mainly it works for a range of from about 45,000 years ago to the present. Anything older than that will not date, there simply isn't enough radioactive carbon left in any sample to register after that. Therefore, C-14 couldn't possibly date any of the 1,000,000 to 1,750,000 year old human ancestors. There are other methods for doing this such as potassium-argon (which is what Dr. LSB Leakey used to date his Zinjanthropus finds at Oldive at 1,750,000 years) which I haven't the technical knowledge to explain in detail (it has something to do with the rate at which potassium present in lava flows changes to argon gas, I think).

Another thing about C-14 is that it's easily contaminated. You can't use samples from the surface, for example, because of fallout, modern roots and other present day organic material, etc. These will all make it date too recently. Material which has been in a swampy area may be contaminated with old carbon being brought up by the water and date much too old (at one of the sites on our project we have dates which are as much as 5,000 years too old, artifact material which we know from other sources should date 1000AD is dating 4250 BC, etc.) /Are you referring to the Anasazi Origins Project?7

The second thing I wanted to bring up was culture, and interpreting it. Each one of us carries a slightly different culture. None of us can pass it along intact or see the complete culture of another person. However, from observing a group of individuals it isn't hard to make generalizations concerning the shared content of any culture (this can be done without including value judgments; it's interpreting this shared content where the ethnocentrism of the observer may appear). At the same time all culture as we know it, has many items in common within all groups. There are a limited number of choices which can be made; is descent going to be traced thru the father's side, the mother's side or both for example. /Or neither. There is always the communal, ant culture.7 This elimination of choices is what gives us a base for interpreting.

Obviously no one can completely step outside of the culture in which he was socialized, but by throwing out the notion that "our way" of doing things is best, and thinking instead that other people may have a point, too, it isn't hard to draw an acceptable picture of another culture (if you've had enough individuals to observe especially in their interaction with one another under the rules set down by their own culture). /So it seems to be presumptuous to assume that another culture can be described solely on the basis of one admittedly uncommon individual. But how is it decided that the group of individuals interacting are truly representative of their culture? If a flying saucer landed at Los Alamos, the LGMs would hardly get a true picture of American society - at least not the same picture as if they landed in Watts or Muncie, Indiana. It seems that a limited selection of individuals for study will leave huge gaps and as a result, the person doing the studying will get a shock when an "exception" comes along. It looks to me like random sampling can't fully give a comprehensive picture. Only looking at the culture in toto could reveal all the various ramifications that a society could evolve. While looking at the royal, ruling class of Egypt could possibly tell you immediately that it was a slave based culture, it couldn't tell anything about the slave culture (or at least nothing like could be gained by studying the fellahin.)7



FLETCHER '67

JACK GAUGHAN:artist of great renown and generosity: Somehow it does my old heart good to think that there really IS a place called New Mexico. It calls to mind (whether accurately or not makes no nevermind) hot Sun and ochre sands baking thereunder. A high blue sky and toasted people under the hot, hot Sun.

Yesterday it was twenty-eight below zero here.

Today it is comparatively warm. Fifteen below.

The fuel-feed lines from my oil storage tank to my voracious furnace have frozen. They cannot be thawed out. We are heating our house from a fifty-five gallon drum in the back of the kitchen. It must be filled once a day. /Why not move out to this part of the country? Today (2-5-68) the high was 55 and the low about 35. And it has been getting up to the low 60's with some frequency this year. No frozen fuel lines for us. Just wind./

Oh, toasty, toasty,

ochrous, yellow-orange New Mexico.

You comment on Dangerous Visions as has everyone I've talked to who has read it. /It was Bob Roehm that did the review but I agreed fairly well with him in his opinions./ Everybody was expecting to be shocked out of their skulls. I don't know what the Hell people were expecting. /Grove Press a la science fiction./ Harlan, in person, has managed not so much to oversell the book but to persuade us that by god he'd do it. Whatever it was. Well, he produced (insofar as I have read) a fine book and one to be proud of. It was also one which did not need to keep harping at me that I was reading significant stuff. /Which is a good thing since there was little of significance in the book./ I mean I read the Ellison intros first, man. Naturally. They were steaming there and smoking and crying to be read. I read them and was alternately goshwowed and embarrassed by and for Harlan. Which, since he ISN'T embarrassed, doesn't bother him at all. So....what we have here is tantamount to having Harlan in person on our shelves between hardcovers jumping up and down amusing the heck out of us but not producing anything I'd call a Dangerous Vision. /The only dangerous vision was the cover. That eyeball could only focus at infinity and it would certainly be dangerous trying to drive with a vision like that./ I don't think it can be done. Unless the whole world suddenly becomes a little old lady in Kansas or Ohio. As it happens the world is not a little old Kansan or Buckeye. I don't think you can shock anybody significantly...not anybody who has access to the communications which flood around us and tug at our sleeves and make our ears ring with raucous noise. You can annoy'em but you can't shock'em.

Recently a young lady-artist suggested that I join in with her and help her produce some drawings that might shock (like Dangerous Visions). I said "OK". But I've tried and can't do it. Not to my satisfaction. If I were sixteen and knew less about what other people know I'd go ahead and draw pictures of snakes crawling out of peoples' mouths or other apertures or do some horny porny stuff. But that doesn't shock me any more. Nor does it shock any "aware" cat. Besides who can compete with a "mouth that has (mmmmsmack) sex appeal"? Or a gang of Lesbians (they are female and have a blonde, female moll) with machine guns selling Canada Dry Ginger Ale? The list is almost without end.

So you can't really shock people much. And you cannot criticise Harlan for being unable to shock (stupefy, puzzle, you name it) you. I don't suppose that you could run up to somebody and say, "Hey, Charlie! I'm going to surprise you the Hell out of your skull. Ready?" And then do it. If goof it is then this is the goof Harlan made in touting the book and writing the intros. I doubt, however, that it hurt sales. /The only thing that didn't ring true was the allegation that these stories couldn't have been sold anywhere else. Niven's theme, for instance, has been expanded by him into a novel and is currently running in IF. Some (like Sturgeon's) were just funny - I mean blaming non-incest for everything from nationalism to water pollution? Dangerous, no. Entertaining, most decidedly./

uebonnet Ct.: Lake Jackson, Texas 77566:: I read Bob Roenn's book review
s and decided to read the book myself. That was four hours wasted. After
ok I was glad I got it from the book club rather than paying \$6.95 for it.
find one story out of the 32 worth keeping. The introductions by Ellison and
y the authors were the best part of the book. All in all, I was disappointed

by the book.
I like stories that tell a story with decent style, but when the story is all style
I can't force myself to read it. So I didn't read the stories by Farmer, Leiber or Dorman.
/You did well not to read Farmer's since it was the worst in the collection - I like puns but
to depend so heavily on such poor ones isn't my idea of even literary sf. The story by Leiber
wasn't outstanding but it wasn't bad either.7 In fact, almost one-third of the book was com-
posed of stories with such advanced (modern) style that all I did was skim the story. I can't
say I read them. /The obvious comeback, if I were a sarcastic sort, would be "If you haven't
read'em, don't knock'em". But I would say that Delany's "Aye, And Gomorrah" was worth more than
just a skimming. Spinrad's "Carcinoma Angels" is undoubtedly the best piece of fiction he has
ever written. While this isn't saying too much, "Carcinoma Angels" was a most entertaining
story.7 The story I liked best was Damon Knight's "Shall the Dust Praise Thee?" It is also
one of the shortest, and one of the 6 in the book about God.

Dangerous Visions was touted as a
book which is a revolution. I didn't find it such. /From your above comments, it sounds like
you did find it revolting, tho.7 I felt that most of the themes had been handled better in
other stories. And some of the themes had been handled better in non-science fiction stories.
For example, compare Poul Anderson's story with Mary Renault's "The Last of the Wine" for a
story about a Grecian man's love for another man.

One point I noticed. All of the stories were
pessimistic about the future happiness of man. We either killed ourselves off, regressed or
were controlled by machines or aliens. That can make a book depressing. In almost every story
the people in it had lost more of their freedom, either physically or psychologically. /Then I
would say Dangerous Visions is representative of the New Wave. This is an aspect of the New
Wave's British authors I find most interesting. Why are they so hungup on destroying the
world? Obviously we don't live in very pacific times, but their obsession (to the point of
excluding other themes) is quite strange. The other New Wavicles don't go for worldly des-
truction so much as for personal destruction but I find this to be a terribly unimaginative
theme. Especially when it is possible to crib your storyline out of the morning's newspaper.7

Rodman's story was about one man's inability to cope with his changing world. Niven's was
about the effect of organ transplants on our mores. It is likely that when organ transplants
become commonplace, that criminals will provide the organs, and the death penalty will be
applied to what are now minor crimes(eg, jay walking). This is not necessarily good. /I find
the "crime" of jaywalking to be ridiculous - but then I'm not for laws that are aimed at pro-
tecting a person from himself. If the law was intended to try to prevent the motorist from
damaging his car or getting blood on it, I might go along with the law. But the law is aimed
more at ordering society and keeping everyone in a predetermined groove than it is at anything
else. I personally liked Niven's story and think Slowboat Cargo will be in the running for
next year's Hugo.7

One story I liked somewhat was Philip Dick's "Faith of Our Fathers". It
an extrapolation of the LSD fad combined with a Communist victory. From what I know of the
Communist society, the story is an accurate enough portrayal of that kind of life. Any
story is about a rising official who is suddenly supplied with the antidote to the LSD
drugs that are in the public water supply. It did not have a happy ending. /So what? I
of always having the cowboys beat the Indians. My complaint with the story was that it
an original theme. Ray Nelson, in F&SF in 1962 (I think) used the same idea in "Eight O
In the Morning". Altho he used hypnotism, the jump to hallucination isn't too far and
Ray's story, I think he had the drug idea in mind altho he did not. And as far as
ings go, I liked Ray's unhappy one much better.7

I am afraid of Danger
in this book. The themes got lit than a "ho, h
/*/

WAHF: Robert Bloch who thinks learning to spell Albuquerque would be a t
a kid (I don't know - I started to school in Indianapolis!). L. Sprague
"If any writer tells you he doesn't like to hear his stuff praised, he lies
and here I thot you were supposed to take your bridgework out at night - but
knows his writers better than I do. Jay Kinney contributed some illos since
on #2 described as "Well,er,ah" by Edsmith, "paranoid" by yours truly and "intrig...oy
Speer. So to spite us ingrates, Jay sent the illos just for Jack's sake (he also sent 10 rec
club tokens for some reason). Bill Kunkel would never be at home on the range with his dis-
paraging words. Robert E. Gilbert replied that he started numbering his illos on June 7, 1961
and has now done 1175 fillers and covers. John Ulrich praised "Damnation Alley" and damned
Sandworm's artwork. Robert Willingham remarked (and Dr. Ladonko please note!) "God is not dead,
true; he, was never alive. He has blown a fuse and no one has bothered to replace it." Maybe
electrical energy is alive. Bill Costello wants to know if anyone has read Obruchev's Plutonia
or Sannikov Land (and I want to know if anyone would want to with titles like those). Nick
Grassel said he only slobbers and froths over peanut butter & anchovie pizza. Alex Eisenstein
wrote telling me that he was one of the 16 greatest fanartists in the world. Illo by Alex
nextish will be open for evaluation and we'll see if fans think he is one of the best 16 (why
not send in your list of best fanartists?). Bob Roehm praises TB Swann and Lord of Light (that
makes four fans with impeccable tastes - Roy, Buck, Bob and me). Bismo Nussbaum sent in some
old PoCs (Postcards of Comment) from Larry Shaw, Terry Carr, Juanita Coulson & Dick Eney - that
Bismo is really generous. George Scithers with some info on BMT & IRT and some good advice for
irreverent necrophiles "Be raunchy on Rhadamanthus day".

And then there all are the people who
contributed - your work will be printed sometime before the end of the year (I hope) either in
#5 (contribute to sANNdwISH or I'll send a plague of sandfleas!) or in #6 or #7. I plan ahead.
I might also comment on some of the poetry I've been getting. The Dorises Beteem both have
sent some Ghood stuff, Shirley Meech with a dust covered poem, Raymond Clancy from far off
Staten Island sent a few which were quite good, and Janet Jurgensen did one which was untitled
(she also sent along some illos - much thanks). Illos from all sorts of people. A column on
Harlan Ellison by Dean Koontz zinged its way to me for #5 - look for it.

If you wrote, contribute
or otherwise brought yourself to my attention and I didn't make note of it sorry. It was the
Post Office's fault. Blame them for everything. Like halitosis. And crabgrass.

If #4 is your
last ish of Sandworm better do something about it because you won't want to miss #5. It will
be longer than normal (Yes, Virginia, #5 will be abnormal) and hopefully will have some top-
flight material, both written and drawn. Do a couple more Jack Gaughan illos entice you? I'll
a bsolutely, certainly have at least 2 more. How about a Roy Tackett article? I may have to
twist his arm, but I'm certain he'll demand to contribute a sample of his wit and witticisms.

And so it goes. I hope my dropping in (to see what condition my condition was in) has
brightened that dull afternoon. I apologize for the paper (Albuq. Duplicator Supply had
GHASP run out of fawn Twiltone so I accepted a cheap imitation) and I blame the insanity on
myself (altho Doug and Gary did help along those lines).

Enough for #4. Don't miss seeing The
Graduate, vote for The Weirwoods, come to the Albuq. SF Society's get-together June 15, ask
our forthcoming oneshot and contribute to *The Necrophiles of Transylvania Gazette* that
t unpretentious of fanzines, S*A*N*D*W*O*R*I**!!

SFarmishly, Bob

T. LOUIS IN '69**ST. LOUIS IN '69**ST. LOUIS IN '69**ST. LOUIS IN '69**ST. LOUIS IN '69**ST. LOUIS

om: Bob Vardeman
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