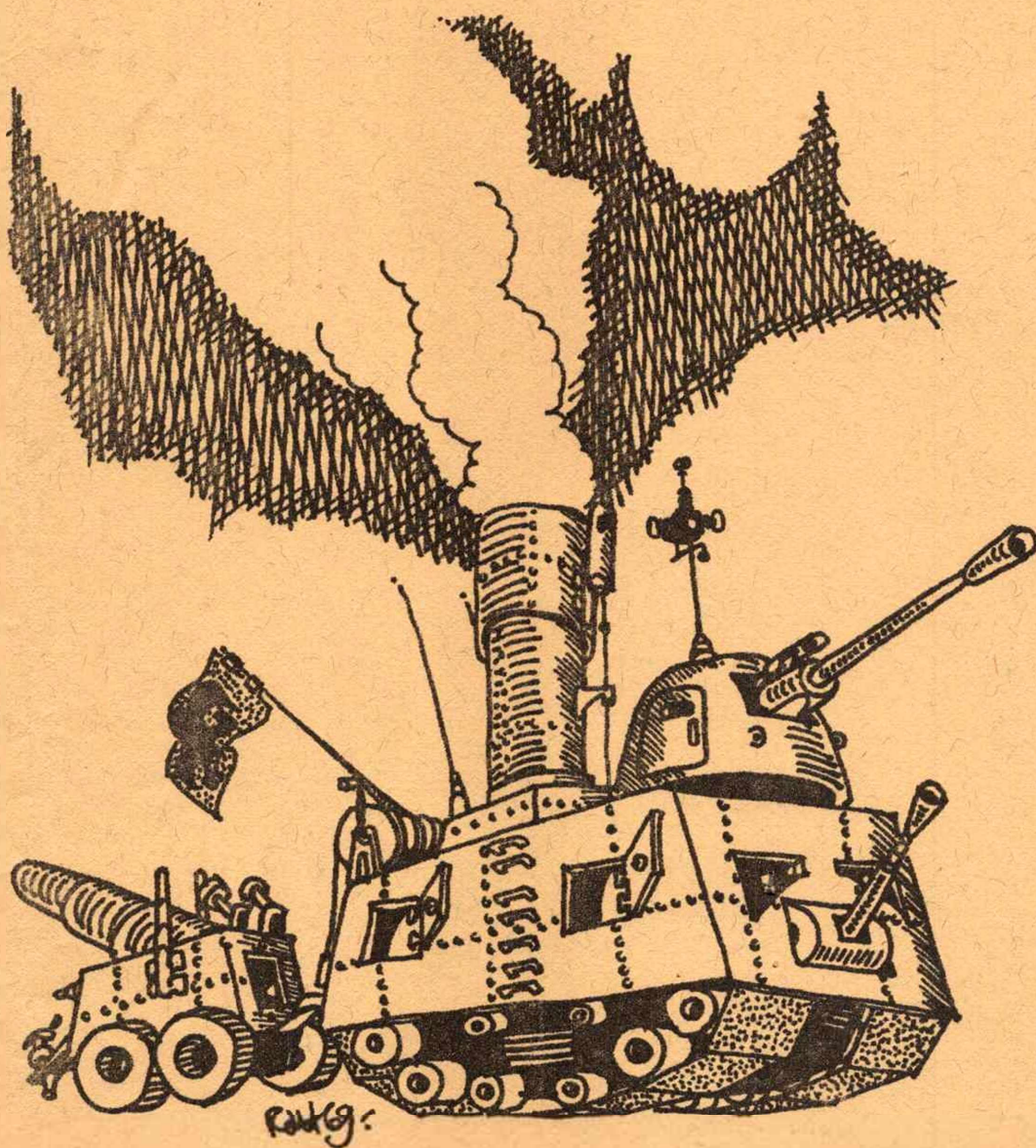
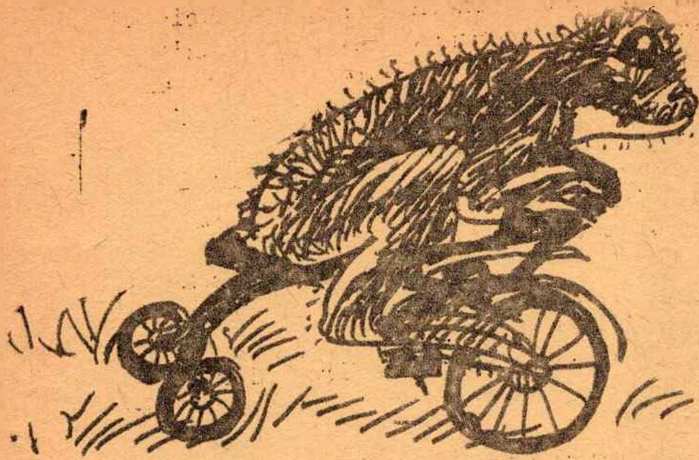


SANDWORM





Torve
the
Trog

SANDWORM #9, the second anniversary issue, is published at growingly infrequent and sporadic times by Bob Vardeman, PO Box 11352, Albuquerque, NM 87112, Arrakis.

Available for trade, comment of some length (telling me you could find nothing to comment on simply doesn't make it), a platinum hockey puck, contributions of art and written, or, if you have more money than good sense, 50¢. Yep, 50¢. I agree that no fanzine is worth that much. So dust off the typer and comment instead.

The mlg label is revised a bit from lastish. A 'P' means you've alienated me in some way and are permanently on my mlg list. I think you'll enjoy something inside and hope you'll write, but it isn't all that necessary. A 'T' means I trade. If a '?' follows, better write and tell me what I'm trading for. Otherwise, you won't see #10. A number indicates the last issue you'll get. If #9 is there, you've got about 3 or 4 months to do something. But don't count on it. Write today. A "SothM" indicates a Spur of the Moment urge on my part. Probably you or something of yours is mentioned.

ToC

cover by Rudy der Hagopian

page 1.....Torve by Gail Barton
page 2.....Fiery Fan by Alexis Gilliland
page 3.....Daring expose from the Albuquerque Journal (Edco, is your middle name Finch?)
page 4.....Marko by Doug Lovenstein
page 5.....Face by Alexis Gilliland
page 9.....Mars serpent & Earthman TV dinner by Rudy der Hagopian
page 10.....Scytale by Jim McLeod
page 11.....Alia by Seth Dogramajian ... Chani by Jim McLeod
page 12.....Irulan by Harry Morris
page 13.....Desert by Suzy Baldonado
Page 14.....Trackless Waste introducing: Buck Coulson, LM, Walter Ernsting, Rick Sneary, Mike Deckinger and Bill Atkinson

backcover by Gail Barton

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A few lines left to fill. Let me offer my opinions on the top books of 1969. #1 has to be To Live Again by Silverberg. #2 is Isle of the Dead by Zelazny. #3 goes to Silverbob's Up the Line. #4 is Ursula LeGuin's Left Hand of Darkness. #5 is Dune Messiah by Frank Herbert. #6 would go to John Brunner with Jagged Orbit. I certainly couldn't cavil at any one of these fine books winning the Hugo.

Short story:

#1 by a wide margin is Corfe Gate by Keith Roberts. #2 is The Lady Margaret again by KR. #3 is Dragon in the Land by Dean Koontz. #4 Ancient, My Enemy by Dickson. And I've probably scrambled up the novelet/ss but couldn't care less.

Best prozine:

Amazing. Slim pickings but Ted's improved the zine by a fantastic amount. Proartist: You have to ask? Kelly Freas. Fanwriter: Alexis Gilliland. Fanartist: Alicia Austin or Jim McLeod. Best fanzine: either WSAJ or Granfalloon.

GIUDICHAR



You are probably looking at this emaciated Sandworm #9 and thinking "What an emaciated Sandworm #9" or perhaps "Well, it hasn't started to snow yet" or something just as pertinent. But back to the slimness of this.

#8 took me so long to mail that I decided to get back into the groove by a shorter issue. This is it.

I have some good stuff on hand but will hold off using most of it until #10. Not that the contrihs used herein and on aren't first class.

They

are.

But onward and all that.

#8 was delayed

due to Unforeseen Events gnawing away at my time (Unforeseen ate not only my wristwatch but my antique Ming dynasty cuckoo clock as well). Came Hallowe'en. No Sandworm. Came Thanksgiving. No

Sandworm (had something to be thankful for there, didn't you?). Came Christmas. Still no SWorm. And then came Firm Resolve along with the new year. Firm and I managed to get #8 into the mail so that the tired old decade of the '60s saw 8 Sandworms. All things considered, the '70s might not see many more than that either.

After celebrating (not celibating, Secrest!) Epiphany as I always do, I got hacking away at SANNDwISH II, otherwise saddled with the appellation 66 Sandworm 9.

Anyway, my time is going to be drastically reduced come Feb. since I'm going to be heading back to school (UNM kicked me out once and I'm back once more to try to do it right this time). And, folks and gentlefen, when I say my time will be cut, I truly mean it. Unlike some people, I won't have the time to write 100,000 word articles and letters telling you this. So please, just accept it.

It is interesting to note Piers is still carrying on his jihad. I started out irritated at his overwhelmingly egotistical manner. Then I shifted to thinking I had somehow read him wrong. So I decided to drop the whole matter. He persisted. Bob Tucker suggested this was all a put on. It began to look more and more like it.

But still Piers keeps pumping away. Now I'm beginning to feel sorry for him. To think anyone is so desperately needful of attention that he'll continue to thrash away at thin air (who is he actually arguing with anyway? - Remember it takes two for an argument and I dropped out of it quit a while back.). It is a shame to see such a creative writer wasting his time like that.

Speaking of good sf, I've come across a reissue of 13 Great Stories of SF ed. by Groff Conklin. (Fawcett, 75¢) Stories by Sturgeon, Clarke (minor Clarke, tho), Knight, Poul Anderson and Algis Budrys are a few of the authors there. Budrys story is a quietly moving story of rapid technological advance and the basic human stupidity when it comes to war. "The War is Over" is a story to be savored and thought about. All in all, the standout story in the book and one reinforcing my already high opinion of Budrys and the majority of his work.

LOVERS OF THE WORLD UNITE!

In spite of doing some really interesting things at the Albuquerque SF Club meetings of late, we notice that the membership is decreasing. There are a few diehards and the 7 of us attend whether or not we can justify our existence. I guess as long as a minimum of 2 remain, the club will continue.

Some of the events of recent times have included a semi-psuedo scientific ~~fake~~ experiment on dowsing for water. One entire meeting was devoted to trying to locate Tackett's well for him. Everyone bombed out. Except Trojan. Trojan struck water 30 feet down while he was digging a hole to bury my Volkswagen in.

Another meeting saw Jack Speer building a neo-baroque pyramid to the stars out of used Dr. Pepper bottles. The result was so successful that we are going to suggest the Speeramid for the foundations on the Tucker Hotel.

Next month a goodminton game is scheduled. The month after that we're all going ~~down to the Raceray Inn to watch the topless-bottomless dancers~~ to start knitting an afghan with the inscription "Ed + Tricia".

Ed, does Anne know?

Is It Romance Between Tricia Nixon, Ed Cox?

By the way, Anne and Ed, congratulations.

/*/

Money can't buy happiness but it sure makes misery more
enjoyable

/*/

Ever since the stupidity over the cyclamates, I've been wondering what will come next. Stupid panics, irrational fears seem to be the next fad in this country. Fact is that from the evidence collected, the cyclamates don't appear to be as dangerous as aspirin. (Have you tried a Fresca since the calcium cyclamates have been removed? Blech.) It seems aspirin attacks the chemical coating on the stomach wall and allows the HCl in your stomach to chew thru the stomach itself. The more aspirin, the more chewing being done. I've also heard asprin causes breaks in the chromosomes. Somehow, tho, in the face of ulcers and damaged offspring, I doubt that aspirin will be banned. And there is more evidence that aspirin does cause such things than there is for the cylcamates causing cancer. Especially in humans.

I do go along wholeheartedly with the banning of DDT. The effects are obvious when one looks at the damage wrought on our wildlife. The manufacturers of DDT say all sorts of bad things will happen when DDT is taken off the market (and it should be now - not a yr from now). What they are really saying is that their researchers are too soltish to find a replacement. Either that or they are too cheap to set up a new processing plant for a new chemical.

I guess

I'm something of a conservationist nut when it comes to dumping waste, etc into our streams and air. I congratulate companies like Adolph Coors who'll put out 10¢ a lb for aluminum cans (any kind). With the advent of no deposit pop bottles, kids have trouble scrounging around for spending money. At least now, if they take Coors up on this offer, they'll be cleaning up some of the litter around the city - and if they are really ambitious, along the highways; With the arrangement, everyone benefits. Coors makes its own cans and now has a supply of Al, the scroungers pick up some loose change, and we don't have to stare at all those empty beer cans along the streets. I doubt if it'll work 100% but it is a start.



Let me clue y'all in. I don't like the royal shafting the overseas Worldcon bidders got at St. Louis. Seems like, under the new and monumentally stupid plan, Heicon will be the only true Worldcon to be held overseas. Thereafter the Hugo will be withheld and presented at a pseudo-Worldcon in the States.

OK, that's what the St. Louis business meeting decreed. Heidelberg can change the rules and if no one else feels the urge, bighod I'll put the motion before the business meeting to make the Hugo a worldwide fannish award instead of a "worldwide" clannish English speaking only award.

Such effrontery to think that superior sf is sole possession doesn't really astound me - I've seen enough dingy things in fandom to be inured to it. But it doesn't mean I have to like it nor will I support the present plan.

In Yandro 194 both Alexis Gilliland and Bob Silverberg stated the issues well. The result of a chauvinistic Hugo will rob the overseas Worldcon of everything but the rather hollow name.

The pros follow the awards because that's where the \$\$\$ is. And the fans follow the pros.

Tackett has suggested an international committee to determine the Hugo winners. I'm a dyed in the wool conservative and I hate to see the power

to bestow the awards taken from fandom. However, such a system does have its merits. Each country could nominate 5 of the best books, say, Before February in the yr the award is to be made. Translations could be finished by June or July and I'm sure decent ones could be made if financed by Worldcon funds. (Or some publishing house. Think of the sales potential of a set of books labelled "world's best" and have the blurb be true. Also the publisher would be assured of having printed the Hugo winner.) The committee could then select the winner and the award made at the Worldcon.

This plan has the distinct advantage of letting every member of the committee read all the nominees. It further has the point in its favor that the country holding the con will not necessarily dominate the awards.

Too many Amerfen ran scared at the thot of Perry Rhodan sweeping everything. Maybe Rhodan will. Such an international committee could guarantee that the winner would have to have more than just regional appeal. It could also mean larger markets for the pros.

Just how this committee would be chosen and the number of representatives from each country are matters that would have to be thrashed out. Perhaps some omnipotent member of fandom could come up with an accurate nosecount of fen and the delegates would be proportioned accordingly. Or if the publishing houses would release the total volumes sold, the delegates could be allotted on the basis of sf books sold. Say one delegate for every million and in countries with less than one million, a guarantee of one delegate. Or weight it in favor of the smaller countries by proportioning on the basis of the logarithm of the total sf book sales.

Many plans are possible but first and foremost is to decide if a fan is really a fan or whether speaking a language other than English denies him the right of full citizenship in the fan world. Let me know what you think. Especially if you are planning on attending Heicon.

Have you seen the reissues of the old Spider stories? Now there was a true hero. Bloodthirsty, rich, cunning and hunted by the police. I don't guess the last 3 are unique (witness the stories of Secret Agent X and the Shadow) but the first definitely is. Unlike Doc Savage who saves the baddies to rehabilitate them, the Spider rehabilitates them with a bullet thru the brain or a fall off a skyscraper.

Sad to relate, I actually enjoyed the two books. SF is more addictive than grass ever could be. But with the price of pbs soaring now, grass might actually be cheaper. (By the way, the Abominable Grassman of Albuquerque, Michael Frederick Montgomery, Esq. says that P. Lorrillard has registered Acapulco Gold as a brand name.)

Does the population explosion bother you? Buy a pair of Dr. Marvel's earplugs and you won't hear a thing. Even the Pope wears a pair.

I saw a movie the other night that was so scary I was afraid to go to bed. It was about the population explosion.

While on the topic of movies, let me highly, very highly recommend Romeo & Juliet. I think it illustrates quite well why sf is not literature. Stop and give the name of an sf story which could endure for 350+ yrs and not lose a thing - remain just as powerful as when it was written - and then look back at Shakespeare. I suppose Zelazny comes as close as any modern writer of sf to writing enduring stories since he deals with human and semi-human problems (I'm thinking in particular about Rose for Ecclesiastes & Keys to December). But I doubt if Zelazny will at least be a recognized name 350 yrs from now. If humanity doesn't kill itself off, I think Shakespeare will last.

But on to a slightly sf movie. On Her Majesty's Secret Service starring Diana Rigg, Telly Savalas and Geo. Lazenby. I think this is the best book of the Bond stories and thru some weird quirk of cinematic fate, the film version is the best of the flicks. Lazenby is not quite James Bond, at least not in the way Connery was, but GL is adequate.

Diana Rigg and Telly Savalas are more than adequate in their roles. The lovely Diana seems quite at home with this sort of nonsense and almost makes it seem natural to her. A bit of Shakespeare creeps in (which she does superlatively), plus a bit of the Avengers (likewise super good) plus just a bit of what I imagine her to be like in real life. Savalas, along with Lee vanCleave, has long been one of my favorite baddies. He just looks evil.

There was less gadgetry than usual, and this increased the believability. About the only true "Q" gadget was the computerized safecracker and Xerox machine.

The adventure scenes abounded with some out of sight skiing, beautiful panoramics of the Alps, chases and a couple downright gory scenes. Which I guess is why this got an M rating rather than G. (Do G movies allow a bit of violence and/or sex or can they only suggest it?)

An interesting point to me was the way some really ridiculous things could happen and it wouldn't really matter. Like Bond clobbering a guy with his fist - right on the chin. Try it sometime. Chances are good you'll get a busted hand. The other guy may be in poor shape, too, but you're the one with the busted hand.

Good movie. (And special thanks go out to Diane Demchuck for sending me the photos of lovely Diana.)



the sign of the times dept. has several entries this time. One dates back all the way into the last decade, circa Christmas time. This sign outside Mac's Drive-in shows that they have a budding lawyer inside hashing things up. "Santa Clause is here!"

Another food type sign of the times was outside a Dairy Queen (hmmm, that could be misinterpreted I suppose. Oh well). This sign advertised "Tenderlion steaks" I really wish I'd had the time to see what a tender lion tasted like. Roaring good, no doubt.

Another oddity was the "Huge Clearance Sale" outside an RCA dealer's store. I immediately went in and bought 3 huges since my last one wore out several months ago. My big problem is hunting for a place to put them. No sweat, tho, since I see signs advertising "Garage Sale" all over town. Just pick me up a couple good garages and...

/*/
Never hit a man when he's down. Kick him. It's easier.
/*/

Vera Heminger sent me a bundle of old newspaper clippings from the Seattle Post Intelligencer. On Vietnam. What makes these particular clippings of more than usual interest to me (let's face it, clippings don't much turn me on) was the author. Frank Herbert.

After reading his reports on land reform in Vietnam, or the lack thereof, I think I might stop carping about the crummy newspapers in Albuquerque. If first class facts like these were presented on a daily basis here, I think I could easily be persuaded to take part in a protest against the war. Huddery thought since, altho I think Vietnam is the single biggest blunder, I also think Nixon is doing his best to get us out. After reading Herbert's articles, it comes to mind that we should get the hell out now.

Herbert even took a secret trip into VC territory (probably a Saigon suburb) where he saw several land speculators he had met in Saigon earlier negotiating with the VC. It seems that it is a tossup as to who actually controls South Vietnam...the ARVN or the VC. It hardly takes an out and out statement to come to this conclusion - it is easy to read between the lines in most press releases. What really got me was even the superconfident military only rate Saigon as "C" safe - light VC activity in the day with probable danger at night.

One thing I really appreciated about Herbert's reporting is his disregard of stepping on toes. He names names and with recent happenings in the military radio network, it is obvious truthfulness is not appreciated. By the military.

Land reform isn't being hindered by people like Mendenhall ("Well, you know there may be many tenants who don't want to be land owners") it is being totally stopped. No provisions are being made for a US withdrawal. The feudalistic system is being retained for the benefit of a few fatcats in Saigon and in US diplomatic and USAID circles.

Yeah, tomorrow'd be too late. Let's get out now.

/*/
We came. We saw. We goofed. — US policy, Vietnam
/*/

Had meant to put an illo at the bottom of this page but I ran a little longer than I'd anticipated. Anticipated even. I may try to round up some help with the collating on the sANNdwISH II so this will be in the mail sooner, but good collators (meaning willing ones) are hard to find. Especially in Albuquerque.

I hope you enjoy this; I know I enjoy monopolizing things but then I dig fanzines (there is this spot out on the mesa where I dig a hole and bury them...)

Anyway, until #10 zings its way outward (perhaps by April or May) I leave you with this thought: Somebody's gotta like Spiro, anyone that funny can't be all bad.

Hang loose and don't pollute the air or water (around here we don't have to worry about the water - we don't have any to pollute). Littereth thou not!

R E V I E W ! !

and be damned anyway

This time around I decided to drop the fanzine reviews and concentrate on the sf coming out. A fan that reads sf you say? Incredible as it seems, I actually enjoy sf. And have a whole lot in this line, both very very good and approaching the excruciatingly bad, to pass along.

First a couple good ones: CRIME PREVENTION IN THE 30th CENTURY: ed. Hans Stefan Santesson, late of Fantastic Universe: Walker Books, \$5.95: This book has some real humdingers in it. Out of the ten stories 5 and one half are very good. Harry Harrison has perhaps the best with Velvet Glove. VG reads like one of Asimov's best robot/mystery stories - which is very good indeed. The styles vary but the subject and atmosphere are remarkably similar. In Caves of Steel the positronic robot is treated with fear and intolerance. Ditto with the robot in Glove. Both prove themselves capable of detective work (in Caves it was murder, in Glove it is dope smuggling) on the highest order. And, of course, Harrison seems to have his robot follow the Good Doctor's 3 Laws of Robotics. Difference comes in human protagonist. Glove has none. And the ending of the story just itches for a full length novel or a sequel. Since it was written in '56, I doubt if Harrison will follow up - but he should.

A

great surprise came with Judith Merrill's Rain Check. In '54 she could write exceptionally well and portray an alien without SIGNIFICANCE oozing out from the pages. RC rates #2

John Brunner has a lengthy Jack Fell Down which, while horribly predictable and somewhat stereotyped, shows why Brunner is starting to be recognized as a fine writer. He can drag the reader along to an inevitable end and make the reader enjoy himself all along the way. Good descriptive ability.

Party of the Two parts by Wm.

Tenn is an extremely rare item. The best of Eric Frank Russell's wit mixed with Andre Norton's ability to conjure up alien life forms. While the ending is, if you'll pardon the express, a cop out, the story is delightful up til then.

Toys by Tom Purdom

I half liked. The story was in Analog a couple years ago - and I didn't much care for it then either. The rest of the stories (which are non-sf authors for the most part (I mean, who is Edward Hoch?)) are mediocre to just plain ridiculous. Hoch's is Fraught With Significance and is perhaps the worst in the book, just on subject alone. (By the way, I see I've only listed 4½ - the fifth winner was Apple by Anne McCaffrey and concerned crime via telekinthesis).

TO LIVE AGAIN: Robert Silverberg, Doubleday Book Club: Some time ago, people were crawling all over me for my studied opinion that Thorns was crummy. I still think so after rereading it. But since Thorns, Silverberg hasn't written a loser. And To Live Again is a winner in a big way. Up the Line was one of the five best books of last year. And now Silverberg has added another (and better!) book to the top 5 list. I hesitate to review books I find to be really outstanding since I don't want to ruin any of the book's impact for someone ~~stupid~~ erudite enough to follow my meanderings. I will say that Silverberg has always been gifted with the ability to tell a story well and now has connected with outstanding plots/ideas as well. TLA concerns personality transplants, hardly new to sf but Silverbob's treatment is new. The struggle revolves around the up-for-grabs persona of Paul Kauffmann, billionaire aristocrat. Nephew Mark Kaufmann tries to prevent upstart millionaire peasant Roditis from claiming the persona and therein is the story. I suspect the ending might have been changed - and in my mind for the better if true - since the groundwork seemed to indicate that Paul wanted Roditis to have the persona and then Kaufmann would overpower Roditis mentally and gain a reincarnation in fact. Anyway, a must read book. SUPERB!***

The pendulum swings the other way....

CARDER'S PARADISE: by Malcolm Levine: Walker Books, \$4.95:: I mentioned the excruciatingly bad. This is it, kiddies. Levine has to be British because no other nationality of writer could ever come up with such a hopeless book. Hopeless from the motivational standpoint of the characters. If British society is reflected in books like this, the entire country is sick mentally. All the character's actions are carefully spelled out for the doltish reader complete with Freudian analysis behind them. If you care about militaristic authoritarian cripples who masturbate or self-pitying mouse-like men or hungup sadists, this might be up your alley. It isn't up mine.

ALL JUDGMENT FLED by James White (Walker Books, \$4.95) isn't as bad as C'sP but White has done nothing new in this story about the first alien contact. Leinster's First Contact is still the unmatched classic in the sub-genre. White's aliens have long since died off and the remnants of the cargo (zoo type creatures) have run wild. The humans aren't very heroic, aren't very resourceful and end up relying on pure luck to win out. White simply doesn't have the flair or word-use-ability to pull the story off.

Another good story by Anne McCaffrey, THE SHIP WHO SANG (Walker Books, \$4.95). A collection of short stories about the cyborg spaceship, Helva. Surprisingly enough, I'd read all but one of the short stories and only vaguely remembered them. Put together, they form a very cohesive whole and one which is memorable as well. I cannot remember any other book of glued-together shorts where this was true. Perhaps AmC had such a book in mind when she wrote the stories. All are typical McCaffrey - low key, poignant and well written. Definitely one of Walker's best to date (in fact, the only one I'd put ahead of SWS would be LeGuin's Left Hand of Darkness).

THE FARTHEST REACHES ed by Joseph Elder (Pocket Book, \$.75). Just for Carr's The Dance of the Changer & Three, this one is worth the 6 bits. But in addition is a finely done story by Spinrad, A Night in Elf Hill, which just might be my favorite of the lot. A story of a siren and paradise beckoning - from a miserable mudball of a planet.

Kyrie by Poul Anderson is a different type love story and To the Dark Star by Silverberg is a different type hate story. Brunner's Pond Water is disappointing as is Vance's Sulwen's Planet. The remaining 7 (surprisingly enough, including Clarke & Laumer) are rather mediocre. Dance of the Changer & 3 and A Night in Elf Hill are where it's at with this book. Either would make this worth buying and both make it more than worth the \$.75.

SF TERROR TALES ed. Groff Conklin (Pocket Books, \$.75) has a horrendous title designed to turn trufen off and casual readers on. Lurking behind the title are two of my all time favorites - Nightmare Brother (which blew my mind when I read it in a juvenovel collection yeeeeaaaars ago) by Alan Nourse and Arena by Fred Brown. But the other stories are nosaduches when it comes to sheer enjoyment, either. With authors like Heinlein, Bradbury, Leinster, Dick, Asimov, Boucher, Chad Oliver and Sturgeon represented a worthy addition to your library is at hand. The volume was originally printed in '55 and some of the minor classics have at last been reincarnated.

Another good one before the end of the page is upon us.

ASTROLOGY ANSWERS YOUR QUESTIONS by Edward Lyndoe (Fawcett, 60¢). I never cease to be amazed at the marvelous work that goes into producing 144 pgs of generalities, double talk and double think like this. "Don't guess about your future...know what it holds" says the blurb. Of course, the hard line about the stars governing everything can't prevail in a modern free-will society so the claim is changed inside the book to "the stars don't command, they only motivate" or something like that. Still, if you are a real serious astrology follower, this book holds nothing new. But if you just want to see what all the furor is about, this is as good an introduction into the ~~zodiacal~~ zodaical preachings as any you'll find. I hesitate to say 60¢ would be wasted since this is a good book on the basics of astrology but I'm a natural born skeptic about such things.

When Fawcett goes supernatural they usually bomb out entirely. But when they stick with the sfinal, that's another matter altogether. 14 GREAT TALLS OF ESP ed. by Funnell Stone (75¢) shows that Astoundalog has had some very fine psi stories. Perhaps 8 of the best ever written are included here. Foreign Hand tie by Garrett, Belief by Asimov & Modus Vivendi by Bupp (Garrett again?) are outstanding examples of both human and psionic stories. This mixture is rare and the only other place where the blending was better that comes to mind was in Kuttner's Baldies stories.

Aratat is a People story from Zenna Henderson, Heinlein has a delightful little piece of fluff in Project Nightmare plus the Twilight Zonish I'm A Stranger Here Myself from Mack Reynolds.

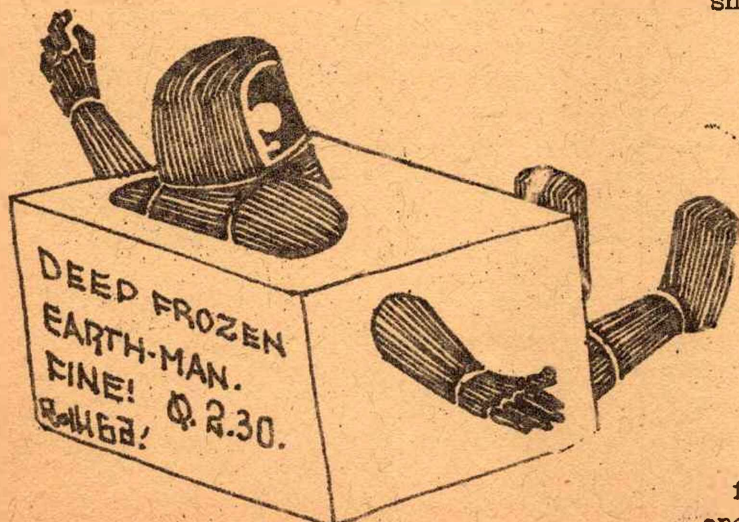
Such a massive dose of psi stories might seem over much, but these are all well done and they read smoothly. For downright reading pleasure, unless double talk by ye game, this is more than worth the extra 15¢ difference between 14 GToESP and Astrology Answers your Questions.

MASQUE WORLD by Alexei Panshin (Ace 60¢). Anthony Villiers continues his philosophical wanderings in a very realistic universe of the Nashuite Empire. Torve the Trog thurbs his way into your heart again and in Masque World, more enticing bits of knowledge are revealed concerning the mysterious alien. Villiers impresses me as an intellectual Relief; the comedy element and devil may care attitude are present in both. But Villiers is much deeper. And Panshin's chapter intros have much to ponder in them also.

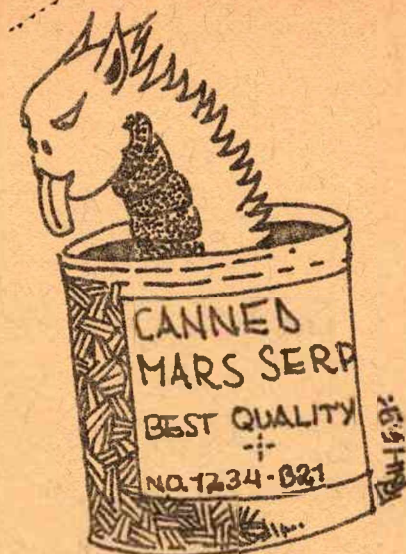
This is a quiet series - quiet like a neutron star. Visually not much happens but when you attune to the right frequency, col*sal hardly begins to describe it.

THE PALACE OF ETERNITY by Bob Shaw (Ace 75¢). The hard science is appreciated in Palace but little else is. Shaw's logic is more than offset by his metaphysics. Worldminds and eternal life and reincarnation and that bag smack too much of deus ex machina for my taste. Humanity has lost a bitter war to the Pythsyccans - and yet man snatches victory in the last pages by becoming aware of the egon/worldmind. Bah.

Slow Glass Shaw struck out.



Other books read include The Macroscopic by Piers, a Doc Savage yarn, a history of the Luftwaffe, a book on Witchcraft, 13 G.Stories of SF (mentioned previously), several Pohl reprints, Nightfall (the collection from SFBC) by Isaac Asimov plus frothy books by the score (many of the UNCLE books I got for 10¢ apiece -and overpriced they were) and so on. I still have a large backlog so be prepared for next time around. And don't say I didn't warn you....!



DUNE MESSIAH



I'm sure all of you know my feelings about DUNE by Frank Herbert. If you don't, then I welcome you to Sandworm since it is impossible to have missed my liking for the novel even under the most casual of readings.

Lastish I had read only the first two installments of DUNE MESSIAH and, due to this, only gave a sketch of the background to DUNE to prepare the way for this review.

DUNE has scope, power, highly researched hard science in the ecology, and perhaps the best characterization of a superman ever to appear anywhere.

At the end of DUNE, Paul Atreides, known to the Fremen of Arrakis as Muad'Dib, had defeated the Padishah Emperor's finest and had assumed the Lion Throne by marrying the Princess Irulan.

The marriage was for court convenience since Paul cared only for his Fremen wife, Chani.

So much for background if you didn't read it last time (or knew it already). DUNE MESSIAH starts 12 yrs after the final victory with a net of plots and counterplots surrounding Paul.

The main thrust of the book is directed towards the intricate power plays and how Paul exposes or circumvents them. As far as the court intrigue goes, if you know anything about French history, a mild parallel can be drawn between the machinations in DM and Cardinal Richelieu. When Korba's plans are straightened out of the maze of others, it is obvious he was aiming for domination in precisely the way Richelieu had done. Korba/Richelieu were religious leaders to a king, Paul/Louis XIII. Richelieu rose to power thru the regency of Marie de' Medici and Korba planned to be appointed regent for Alia after he had martyred Paul and Chani. Richelieu exiled Marie and no doubt, if his plans had proved successful, Korba would have exiled Alia. The parallels in court intrigues are probably similar in dozens of different instances. What I would like to point out is that there is nothing new in Korba's plot. It was as old as man.

The main plotters were the Bene Tleilaxu facedancer, Seytale, the Bene Gesserit Reverend Mother Paul had taken the gom jabbar test from, as Helen Mohiam, and Edric, a steersman for the Spacing Guild. The facedancer had the chameleon-like ability to alter his appearance, an ability which gained him little in view of Paul's prescience. The Reverend Mother had a useful tool in Princess Irulan but the tool broke when pressure was applied. Even pawns are occasionally able to escape their fate, and Irulan managed to side with the Empire at the last moment. The Reverend Mother lost on all counts.

Edric is another pawn in the game whose fate means little. His prescient ability was used to cloud Paul's views of the future so that Scytale and the Reverend Mother could work their schemes.

Of these schemes, the most interesting involves Scytale. The Bene Tleilaxu had rebuilt and regrown Duncan Idaho's body and given it new life. Life without the memory of Idaho. The gholia was given the name of Hayt and was programmed to kill Paul when the proper command was given.

All in all, this is an overcomplicated assassination plot since it involved the considerable effort needed to give renewed life to Idaho, plus carrying the possibility that Paul would circumvent the threat.

As it turned out, the Tleilaxu submergered being that was Idaho rose to the surface and threw off the artificial Hayt persona. The command to kill had no effect.

Even if it had been that Paul would hesitate over long and allow the image of an old friend to kill him, this would be much more complicated than just poisoning Paul. After all, Irulan had been putting sterility drugs into Chani's food undetected. Could not she have done the same, but with poison for Paul. Especially if her actions were

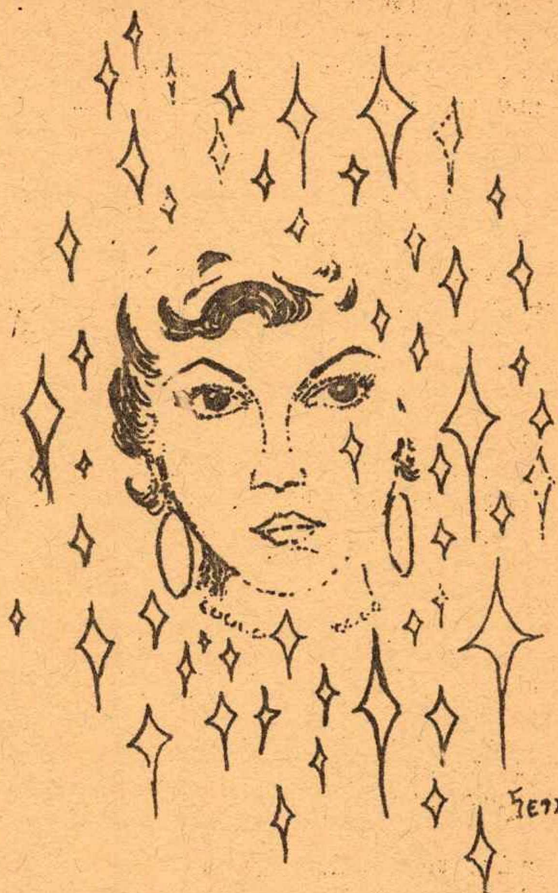
clouded by Edric?

At any rate, the plots were on the whole slumsy and ill conceived. The Harkonnens were obviously far superior to the Tleilaxu and to the Bene Gesserit in their plots.

Somehow, maybe because there are too many villains and far too many plots, none seem real and I could not see where any could logically succeed. And, as it turned out, not a one did.

There seems to be a jinx on sequels which causes them to be lesser stories than their predecessors. Herbert has not triumphed over this curse. DM, as it stands, is inferior to DUNE in almost all ways.

As I mentioned, there are too



many plots to be sustained. What is even worse, most of the plots are ridiculous, lack subtlety or are over subtle to work. None seem to really threaten and Paul treats them all with more than a little contempt. Which is deserved.

Another major mistake in the treatment is ignoring the world of Dune. It is barely background in DM. This novel could have taken place on Earth or Caladan or Salusa Secundus for all the difference it made. The finely drawn ecology, the unique beasts under the desert sands, sietch life and the Fremmen themselves are missing. These points all helped make DUNE the major work it was. All are neglected in DM.

b On the positive side of the coin, this book is still strong on characterization and the people seem to actually live and breathe. Paul was a human superman in DUNE. In DM a metamorphosis occurs and the human elements slowly disintegrate and are pushed out of the way by the inner drive to see the future and conquer it. The superman human in the last chapters barely recognizable as the young boy DUNE opened with. And no where along the path of this change did the maturing seem unnatural.

Likewise, good characterizations were made of Alia and Duncan Idaho/Hayt. But outside these three, the rest of the people don't really come alive. It seemed almost as if Herbert felt the other characters were unimportant in comparison with Paul, Alia and Idaho. Perhaps so, but the book suffered in the places where others had to interact with the three.

There were nice touches to the background introduced throughout the length of DM. One was the Dune tarot which was a sub-plot to further cloud Paul's visions. Another was Edric's physical condition. Living and working in space, his legs had almost completely atrophied. To compensate for this, his arms (which no doubt were used to pull him along when in free fall) were overdeveloped and he lived in a glass tank much like a fish. Scytale's ability to change form was not used to good effect but nonetheless, it did add a bit of mystery and intrigue to an already shadowy person.

The quotations and sayings at the beginnings of the chapters were quite the equal of those in DUNE and someday I may take the time to compile a list, by reference, to all of them.

Still another interesting point was the bargain Scytale offered Paul in exchange for the life of his heirs. The facedancer was willing to give ghola life to Chani. This was intimated that the major plan of the Tleilaxu was to blackmail Paul by dangling the life of Chani in front of him in exchange for his CHOAM holdings and the throne. However, it seems to me that having Hayt kill Paul would be a superior way of resolving the problem. Especially if the Bene Tleilaxu could obtain a few cells of his body. They could then grow a "new" emperor, proclaim him as resurrected (and programmed) and control the empire in this manner.

Be that as it may, Scytale failed and the only really interesting plot in the book died with him.

The entire book strikes me as being unfinished. Paul's martyrdom at the end simply paves the way for another book. All of the characters of the first book have been disposed of except for Idaho and Alia (I doubt Stilgar would figure in any future book). While these are engrossing characters, the new protagonists have been introduced: the 3rd Dune novel (really, the second half



of DUNE MESSIAH). Muad'Dib's offspring, Leto II and Ghanima, are in a manner of speaking 3rd generation supermen. I hope that they will live up to the tradition set in DUNE of intricate background development, detailed characterization of all the major characters and believability.

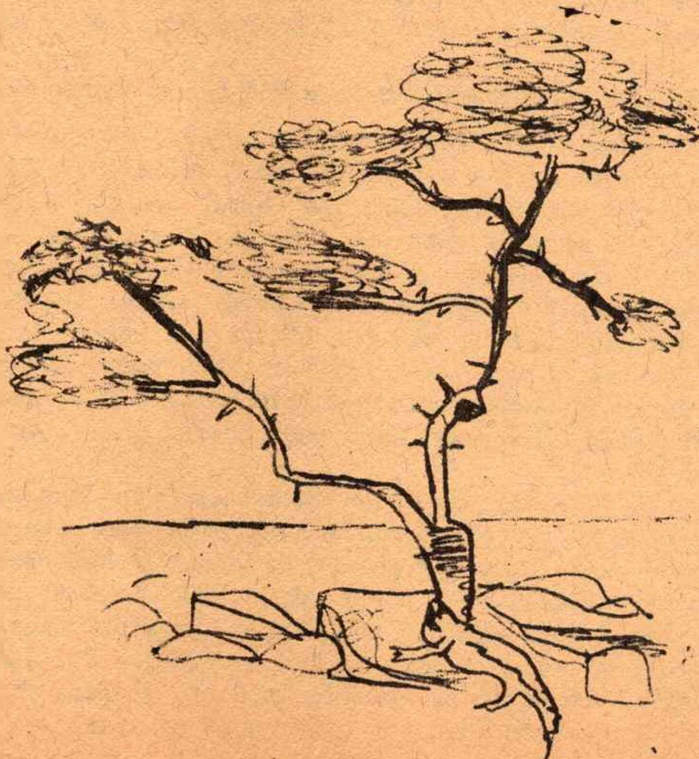
The following is the Epilog to DM and just about wraps up the entire Paul Muad'Dib person in a few short lines.

No bitter funeral stench for Muad'Dib.
No knall nor solemn rite to free the mind
From avaricious shadows.
He is the fool saint,
The golden stranger living forever
On the edge of reason.
Let your guard fall and he is there!

His crimson peace and sovereign pallor
Strike into our universe on prophetic webs
To the verge of a quiet glance - there!
Out of bristling star-jungles:
Mysterious, lethal, an oracle without eyes,
Catspaw of prophecy, whose voice never dies!

Shai-hulud, he awaits thee upon a strand
Where couples walk and fix, eye to eye,
The delicious ennui of love.
He strides through the long cavern of time,
Scattering the fool-self of his dream.

- the Gholia's Hymn



THE TRACKLESS WASTE

where the fit hits the fan

It's been about a month since I typed the rest of the zine but I've had to wait for the new stencils to arrive (from Mishek's - good, cheap material which is why I've waited instead of rushing out and forking across \$4+ for a quire of Gestecils.) I'm not putting any artwork into the lettercolumn this time. I think I've become a tired old fan and all this before my 24th birthday. I've just been thru a layoff threat (and retained my job - good janitors are hard to find) and been hacking away at school again with only a modicum of success. Many hrs and all too few for fanac. Ah well, I think if I can get this run, it'll be collated in record time. I've had two offers to help harness theSworm, one from Diane Demchuck and another from Mike Montgomery (Mike I only had to threaten bodily harm to 7 times before he relented). Herwith (herwith?) Herewith are the letters:

BUCK COULSON: Rt. 3: Hartford City, Ind. 47348:: I must say whoever accused Dean Koontz of reviewing Ace Doubles in order to get in good with Wollheim or whatever was not using his head. Koontz reviews Ace Doubles because he has no taste, and for no other reason. (However, I did enjoy his comments on CBS. Long Live Diversification.)

An engaging editorial.

Doris' poem wasn't precisely my type, but at least it had rhyme and meter. I've seen worse in fanzines.

No, DUNE isn't the single best book in the genre (it isn't even the single biggest after STAND ON ZANZIBAR). But it is good, and DUNE MESSIAH is remarkably good, for a sequel. It's a long way from being as good as DUNE, but it is better than the average sequel.

Thoroughly enjoyed "Drumsand". Photos were a nice idea, but they really didn't print very well. (I'll be running some one of these days and you can carp at them.) /sigh* Yes I agree the pictures weren't all that hot, but I guess I'm just easily impressed. I took those pictures just 1.4 seconds after the events occurred. Live. From the moon. And then I mimeo'd them. Not even half-toned. Frankly, I think they came out better than some I've seen from Goldstone but of course I'm a bit prejudiced.

/And mad at Gordon for zapping his color camera before I'd had a chance to get even one picture.7

Yes, Robert Gibson Jones did a few excellent covers. He also did an amazing amount of hackwork. I happened to notice one of his good covers first, and was absolutely appalled by the second one I saw. And the third, and the fourth and the.... but every so often he'd do another good one. Quite possibly he was handicapped by the type of cover Ziff-Davis wanted. I don't care a whole lot for Bok's work; whether he's alive or dead makes no difference. /Certainly not to the artist if the latter condition is true.7 Edd Cartier was one of the few really brilliant artists the field produced; too bad he was too early for the Hugos. /At one time I compiled a list of all the work Edd Cartier did for Astoudning - Ned, how's the compendium of Cartier's work coming? It must have been 2 yrs since I've sent the list to you.7

I agree with you about Criswell; he is an entertainer and apparently views himself as such. I saw him once on tv, and decided he must be the Liberator of prophets. In fact, I think he might be an interesting person to know. Jeanne Dixon apparently takes herself more seriously but hell, why worry about her? Look at Carroll Richter; millions of people won't make a move without consulting his stupid astrological column in the newspaper. (I check it occasionally to see if the predication for Taurus has any relation to my life - it never has yet.) In fact, judging from magazines and books, astrology has more adherents than any other cult or religion, and it's getting bigger.

/I'd comment more about Richter but his column for Capricorn today said "Be careful who you slander today." As to religion vs astrology, I think religion is slowing dying simply because it has retained a Middle Ages character while the world changed around it. Astrology is more fundamental being almost a nature worship and has all the classic elements of religion with few of the anachronisms. But I guess that might be heresy, couldn't it be Bishop Coulson? I, too, am a minister in the Universal Life Church. Isn't it great to know Hensley has also ordained a few canines into the ministry? True integration at last.

/And thanks muchly for the egoboo in Yandro. My pick for best fanwriter would be Alexis Gilliland followed very closely by Dennis Lien.7

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Is Myra Breckinridge a bisexual built for two?

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Louis Morra: 14 Grove: N. Attleboro, Mass 02760: No comment. /Next time, just send the six cents to my favorite charity. The Pleasant Valley Nursing Home for Retired Yoyo Stringers.7

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/The next letter was not intended for publication but I think it will be of interest to many of Sandworm's readers. I hope you don't have any objection to my printing it, Mr. Ernsting/

WALTER ERNSTING: author of Perry Rhodan: I have read your article about PERRY RHODAN in the German fanzine HECKMECK and think it is worth the time to drop some lines to you. Because you see the situation in just the right way.

I have asked Forry Ackerman and also Wollheim to start the American PR-serial with Nr.10, not with Nr. 1. Your reaction as an American reader of sf is normal; I would have been quite surprised if it would be different as quoted in your article AN AMERICAN VIEW OF PERRY RHODAN.

Well, sure this serial unites all sf ideas already published in the US or here in Europe, but we have tried to put them all in one plot, so we can be sure the reader gets to know all the fascinating problems we fans knew since years. And the result in Germany seems to give us the positive answer. And you are right when you say: "the books (especially the first five), taken individually are not worth the work of reading." But when you see the whole serial, now 450 books, you'll see what we mean.

I must confess, we had to write about 50 or 100 titles, until we knew all the weakness of the serial. Later Rhodan will be not more the superman, he will have his weaknesses and troubles. He must have, or the serial would be boring as you say.

The complete serial is, in my eyes, a good work of and for science fiction. Only ten or twenty books are nothing else but normal space operas. So it depends on American readers and on ACE, if PR has any future in the US or not. I wish it has, because in my opinion you, as a friend of SO (so as I am) will get to know the real Rhodan not before the 15th book.

Anyway, I hope Wollheim will continue, and perhaps just some letters of readers will help him in this decision.

Whatever happens, I have to thank you for your objective view in this case and hope you will like Perry more, when he really becomes a human being, later.

/I must confess that I am still astounded at the sales of PR in Germany. But it would seem to me that you've done something only dreamed of here in the US - namely reaching huge audiences with sound, basic sf plots. Star Trek was perhaps the most

successful so far but it failed after only 3 years and had only begun to introduce the public to what sf could be like. PR must truly be entertaining to non-fannish people so the sales would not be so high. At any rate, I will certainly look forward to seeing more PR translated (I have Invasion from Space and Base on Venus waiting to be read).

/Sie waren küssert gütig. Ich gehe zu Heicon und ich hoffe dort Sie begegnen!7

/*/

If Rome continues its ban, pretty soon there'll be twice
as many demanding birth control

/*/

RICK SNEARY: 2962 Santa Ana St: South Gate Calif. 90280: It is no reflection on you or your magazine /that Rick hasn't commented previously7 as I estimate that I read and comment on less than half of the fanzines that arrive. And quality has very little to do with it.. Nor am I vurgeing on gafia. -- though after half a Tucker age of reading the things, some of the excitement has gone out of them. There is also the fact that as I read less and less of hard core sf, much of what appears in the better fanzines becomes less meaningful.. Thus my main interest might be said to be mainly in Fans and Fandom itself.. material directly related to old friends and new faces, and what they are doing and saying. Thus the news zines are top priority in my reading (even zines like LUNA MONTHLY, which I keep feeling is reporting the doings in a similar but alternate Universe.) Next some of the personal report zines, such as SCOTTISHE, or reader involvement like CROSSROADS. (But not SFR, which is too large and too filled with bad feelings last Summer. RQ is another case, were it isn't worth the price to wade through that much bad vibration.) -- Large zines turn me off... They take longer than one setting to read, and as a result, may never get finished, or commented on. (S. is a little large) /No, SWorm is a lot too large which is why I'm having to cut down on its size.7 -- Sometimes, it is all the mood I'm in when the zine comes... Or, how old and good a buddy the editor is... -- 'hen there is my health.. It is quite a lot of ups and downs... lung and cold trouble, which frequently leaves me half-sick for a week at a time... Not ill enough to go to a doctor or bed, and not well enough to feel like anything. One of the first things that go, at a time like that, is the mind.. Or that questing, egocentric imaginative part that does most of the work in letterwriting.. -- And of course, when I feel well, there are more interesting things to do than write dumb letters to fanzine editors... /Or in this case, write letters to a dumb fanzine editor. I have long since given up trying to keep up with the biiiig zines. I just skim them to look for a little tidbit that interests me. I'm coming more and more to prefer the small personalized zines like CORR and even apas like SLANapa (this one is a bit like CAPA but we aren't overly selective about membership - just anyone who wants to rap a bit each month.)7

I seriously am grateful for all the past issues, and your continued trust that I would write some day. I suppose you labored under the belief that a friend of Roy Tackett couldn't be all bad. /Knowing Roy, I figured that a friend couldn't be all good but would be most interesting. And before it slips my mind, congratulations on being selected as this yr's Westercon FGoH.7 ... Not only does S. go into my perminate file but if I live long enough, it will be indexed as part of my fanzine writer's index...andwhen I go to the Big Convention in the Sky, it will all go to the ISL...Which by then, will not be as large as the Library of Congress, but easier for fans to get into.

I can sort of see why I didn't see (more of) you at the Con. Even if you met Hulan and Cox, you hung around people like Meech and Bloch, and our parties never crossed.. -- In my day I'd no doubt shadowed the Tacketts until I was taken as an old younger brother...

I see I still suffer from a bad case of the naive's-- I never thought about those Canada Dry girls as being lesbians...I thought they were just Camp....But isn't the Mountie a take off on old Dudley Doright?

The poem by Darris The Younger was rather fun. I rarely like poems, as I'm rarely able to find the rythem to read them, and don't have the natural grace...But this is the simple kind (which is no knock, as Kipling is too), which I was able to follow, and the story was light enough not to fall over its own pretensions. /I thot it was fun, too. I was taught a healthy loathing for poetry in high school by an English teacher and very rarely can overcome it to enjoy a poem. A Martian Canticle I enjoyed.7

The fanzine reviews were interesting, and rather fun.. My Spanish is far too weak to follow, and my German none at all, but it was interesting to see how much I could follow of what was said. Sorry there wasn't a review of the Swedish zines....I have had this feeling on looking at a page of Swedish, that I could read it if only I looked at it just right.. It seems closer to English in shape and form, than any of the other major languages. --- What really is needed is a magazine that will reprint material from these different zines..as well as reports on what the rest of the issues carry...for us block-head monolingual Americans.

I see I am in dissagreement with CAPA buddy Cox.. He like Cap Future (which I knew) and Bode. Even when I was young and Planet eyed, the Future Men were just to corny for me.. Bode strikes me as being....well, better not say it.. It might be true.. /It probably is...7

Hmmmm, so there is an anti-Bode group.. -- I'd say fans think liberally in a political sense, and on most social issues, but are conservative when it comes to changes withen fandom or their own personal envirement.. Often it is not the nature of the change, as it is the change itself that is resented and resisted.. I am frequently distressed to find this true of myself.. Though, I rarely notice it in time.. But the New Left, New Wave, Pot Heads, who insist that their way of change is THE WAY, make me want to dig my heels in and fight.. I don't mind much what other people do or like as long as it doesn't get in my light or scare the horses.. What gets me mad is when they say, after trying something new for a couple years, that what I've been doing for ten or twenty, is all wrong.. They should live so long.

If I was not just about to branch out into a four-drawer card file, to handel all my indexes and memos, I'd say something dumb about making a list of TV shows. /Not about actually printing them?7 - I knid of wishgiven the half column you had left, that you had mentioned how he did it.. That is, did he watch Hitchcock re-runs untell he had all the names, or did he cheat, and get hold of a printed reference list..

I see from the back page that you swim in other seas than I am used to.. A whole raft of good folk who I've never heard of.. It is a Red Queens Race for sure. /Isn't everything anymore?7 I don't know what I'm going to do in Santa Barbara.. The people I know are so old they are no longer impressed by seeing me; and the rest will wonder who the ghu I am.. I should have died in 1959... It is a sad and lonely thing to be an Old Fan and Tired....

/It does seem like Santa Barbara is going to be a very modern convention. Riotcon II? If the program gets too dull folks could wander out onto the beaches and get well oiled. Or maybe join the crowd in town and burn down a bank or something. At any rate, I think you are greatly underestimating your reputation in fandom. Surely being selected for the fannish honor of St. Pantony indicates past deeds of High and Noble Worth. And being chosen FGoH at a Westercon should indicate future deeds of High and Noble Worth. Perhaps our pathes will cross at some future con.7

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"To be or not to be, that is the question."

Answer: "Let it be..."

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MIKE DECKINGER: 25 Manor Dr.:Apt12-J, Newark, NJ 07106::: I'm uncertain whether the delightful A MARTIAN CANTICLE (oh he can't can't he?) was by Doris Beetem "elder" or "younger". The contents page and story page offer contradictory reports. Whatever the case, it was a fine and wacky bit of poetry; short, snappy and unexpected. Hats off to her for providing the stand-out of this issue of Sandworm. /Apologies to Doris"The Younger". It was her poem & should have been so listed on the ToC page./

I can't raise a sweat over Leonard Nimoy's real ears, much less a pair of sweat-laden fakes, so I can only intolerantly wonder how anyone can be prepared to spend \$70 for a pair of the latter. I wonder what the Trekkies will do now that Star Trek is no longer with us, except for syndicated re-runs that will be vanishing themselves once the supply is exhausted. It would be interesting to learn what effect Nimoy's joining the IMF will have on Mission Impossible. And I wonder if it some date grimy fragments of his disguises worn while on his new show will be offered to frantic admirers. Will Mission Impossible scripts start being blackmarketed at extortionistic prices, while the faithful fans sit before the tv with a ready browine to snap blurred images of their hero? /I am rather naive about such things. I thot that ST going into syndication would kill off the Trekkies. Their persistence (obstinance?) is fantastic. I received a trade thingy the other day about swapping ST clips which indicates that this portion of ST worship still abounds. Flourishes, even. I got a charge out of the questionnaire attached to the zine. Questions like "What fanzines do you receive?" of course and the usual about what cons have been attended. But a couple inquiries really got to me. I quote, "Are there any persons in fandom you feel should not be trusted..." and "Please list..." Hmmm, it looks to me like this is part of Dr. Wertham's campaign to clean up all of us "underground newspaper editors" and our salacious publications. Just think of the dirt to be collected if only 10% were stupid enough to answer such a question. I'm almost tempted to fill out the thing and put my own name in. For, you see, I trust no one and cynicism should begin at home./

I've seen Bloch at several Worldcons and it seems to me that he invariably will appear clad in an eye-dazzling sports shirt. And they say pros seek anonymity, and the opportunity to blend in with the corwd and reamin unrecognized... We know better. /Sure we do. But who is "they"? I've come across "them" in all sorts of contexts and never found out. "They say..." Is "they" experts? Like Prof Corey?/

The notion that CBS would play a key role in the palnned overthrow of Haiti is a fairly startling conjecture, althouhg not at all unthinkable. CBS was accused not too long ago of staging a pot party in order to record what went on and then present the results during a later news show. I don't know the outcome of the charge, but I do know the network did little to deny the claim, in effect silently acknowledging their guilt. And we all are aware of how the three networks contrived to cause all the trouble at the 1968 Democratic Convention during the time that the poor overworked police were so horrendously mistreated by the sinister newsmen. /Sinister?/

In any case, a CBS special on the overthrow of Haiti would undoubtedly have resulted in a large audience and greatly pleased the sponsors.

One defence of Ace Doubles might be that they have been responsible for the development of a number of prominent new authors, Samuel Delany and Ursula LeGuin as examples. They offer the promising writer the place to secure publication before an audience that is basically aware of the unven nature of the product, and is not expectdng a masterpiece of sf every time. No editor stays in business very long if he expects to issue top quality every time. A developing ground is needed for beginning writers, and the Ace Doubles serve this purpose. /And I'd say the Ace Specials are as good as anything being printed today. I just finished Pavane by Keith Roberts and would like to second Buck's admiration for both The Lady Margaret and Corfe Gate. Superb./

Paul Walker handles CHILDHOOD'S END

quite well, although with all the recent argument over "2001" I'm surprised he does not go into the parallels of the two works. Equally surprising is his infatuation with the "living breathy" characters. I thought CHILDHOOD'S END was a brilliant book, one of the few classics we can point with pride to, but hardly on the characterization. The concept, the plotting is what makes the book stand out. The characters deserve their purpose, but none of them seemed to be overwhelmingly lifelike; they were better conceived than the average book, but no more. I do remember the alien with fondness and the final scene in the novel is a particularly powerful and moving one, creating precisely the effect Clarke was aiming for. /Alas, I am a tardy faned. I've had Paul's review on file since before 2001 was released. In fact, it's been so long a moulderin' in my files, he'd even forgotten that he'd sent it. As to the characterization, Stormgren sticks in my mind, as does Karellan. Any story I can remember the characters' name from has to be more than a cut above average in the characterization.7

It almost seems wasteful for Leon Taylor to lavish so much praise on Cordwainer Smith's DRUNKBOAT. I couldn't agree with him more, in his appraisal of the story or the author, but if this one short story blew his mind he should read Smith's entire series, that will put him in orbit.

I wonder why Andy Porter says that "John H. Faucette is/was a Black (Negro) writer..." (underlining mine). Surely Andy realizes that Faucette's blackness is not a temporary condition.

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Just look at it this way - oil slicks keep the ocean
from squeaking

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BILL ATKINSON: 2411 Rhomberg, Dubuque Iowa 52001: I enjoyed your comments on Criswell. These "Prophets" always make fantastic claims as to the percentage of their predictions that come true. Well, I've kept track of a few of them and their predictions for the last 3 yrs and here are their accuracy percentiles as I've computed them:

Malva Dee:	50%
Jean Dixon:	44.4%
Paul Twitchell:	43.6%
Dorothy Spence Lauer:	41.7%
Irene Hughes:	23.5%
Criswell:	0.3%

As you can see, Criswell doesn't fare too well, even in comparison to his fellow "Prophets".

/I figure you've got to be some kind of a nut or something to try and follow any self-styled prophet. Mayhaps you'd care to comment further on the subject since I've only heard of Dixon and Criswell on your list.----It is interesting that the best was only 50%. Theoretically, given a heads or tails situation, this would be the figure for just random guessing. And coupled with sure fire things like "A nationally known political figure will denounce crime in the streets" or "A well known political figure will/will not seek reelection" it would seem that even educated guessing doesn't make up many of their guesses.7

/-?/

Enough for this. Hang loose and hold tight. But don't get caught holding. Or something. WAHF: RAYMOND CLANCY who sends thanks out to Harry Warner for the latter's comments. KENNETH SCHER. MIKE GLICKSOHN sends 2 pgs of comments. Yep, Mike, there are French zines but I've never seen one. Maybe Ed Reed will write me a review. HARRY WARNER I'm sure wrote but I've searched high and low and can't find it. Gasp. Sorry, Harry. A chain letter wanting money. Which was properly filed. Not much else.

Vardeman over and very out of it

