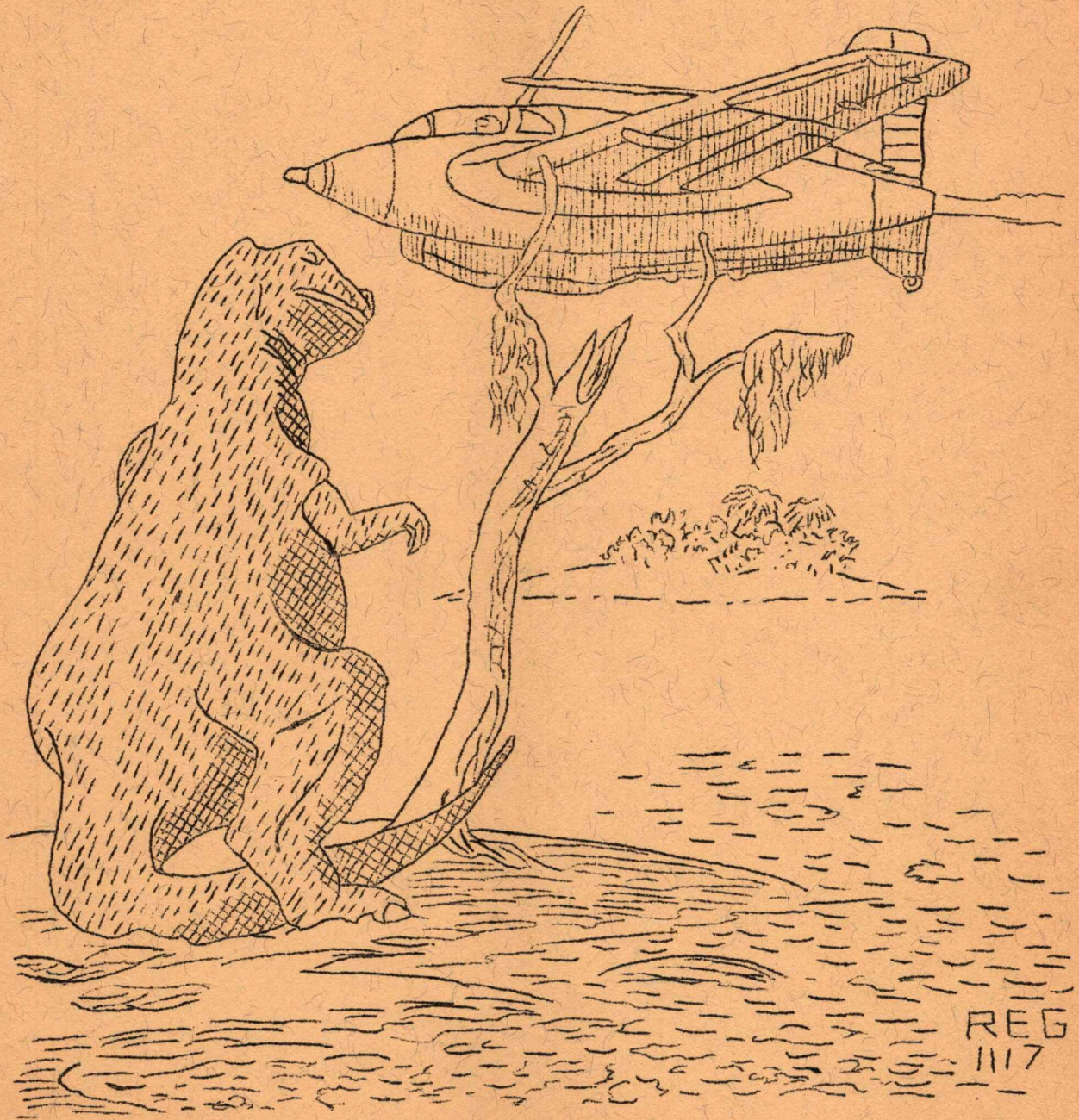
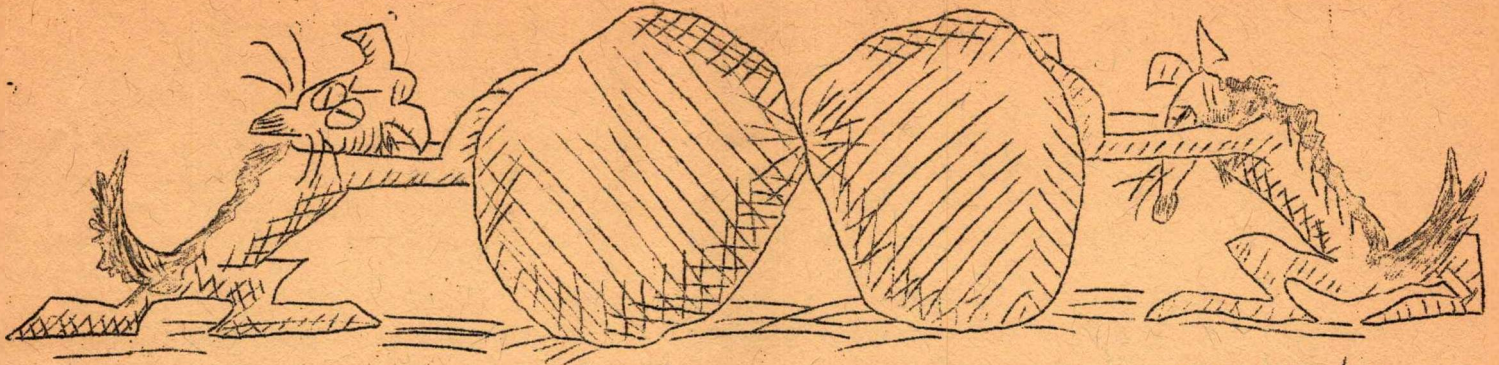


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SANDWORM 3



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FLETCHER '67

SANDWORM is being published by Bob Vardeman (po box 11352, Albuquerque NM, 87112) whenever the mood moves him to vent forth mad maunderings and other fannish ideas. This Work of Art wiggles its way to you thru various apas, the USPOD or the Albuq. SF Club. Those of you who aren't apans or local fans receive Sandworm because you are a trufan, you're mentioned herein, you've written and sent a LoC, I trade, you have contributed (THANKS!), I like you or I hate you and want a little revenge.

**A FUBB Publication

SANDWORM #3 is turned on Dec. 30, 1967 and possibly Jan. 1, 1968 (as I imagine the faned will be at that time)

DEDICATED TO: WG Bliss, dispenser of \$; Lord Siddhartha, dispenser of Light; and Dr. Pepper, dispenser of refreshment.

The Sandmaster Speaks

This is SANDWORM, issue #3 in a continuing chain of mediocrity, and is presented to you for your enjoyment, dislike or whatever mood happens to strike you. Sandworm has been described as "an interesting way to spend a dull afternoon" but I must warn you it is also a dull way to spend an interesting afternoon. So plan ahead.

Vardeman is the fan responsible and has been described as "a promising new face". True. The plastic surgeon just took the bandages off my new face and that new face is willing to promise you anything to get you to contribute an example of your fine fannish wit or devastating critical insight. Or both.

As the more observant of you have noticed, this is no longer a Sandpile Publication. The reason is that I need no longer act as a parasite and bug Roy Tackett (fan and true) to churn out Sandworm. I now have a dandy mimeo of my own and can be heard clanking away far into the night. And the machine makes some little noise, too.

Since I have changed methods of production I felt that I should also change names (to disguise the guilty). I like Sandworm as a title (Jack Calvert writes & mentions that "Dune is a dry book") but Sandpile Publication didn't seem quite right. So I adopted a governmentalese term, FUBB - an acronym for "Fouled Up Beyond Belief". Which thish promises to be. I'm too cheap to buy the right size stencils when I've still got 2 quires of the old ones left & am too lazy to retype the 16 odd pages already stencilled, so for thish only, you'll find a nauseating strip of ink down the margins. Please ignore it and be blessed by the gods.

Contributors for #3 include Robert Roehm with a review, John Kusske with a pun and a poem, Robert E. Gilbert with some artwork (like that adorning the cover), Doug Lovenstein and Gene Turnbull with some art and Ken Fletcher with illos here and there. Geometric patterns compliments of Ann Chamberlain. And of course, those of you in the lettercol. Anything else (anonymous) is by that purveyor of putrid products, me.

I can tell by how wet the page is getting that you are simply slobbering and frothing at the oral cavity to get on to Sandworm #3. So put on your Eyes of the Overworld and go, already....

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GIUDICHAR

This editorial is dedicated to all
of you who have waited patiently
since #2 to see me make a fool of myself

For me, Nov. 13th is the day Pearl Harbor came early, the day Friday the 13th came on a Monday. It was really a rotten day and nothing went right. I could go on for a glum page or two of the things that depressed me on Black Monday but I won't - it might just re-depress me. Suffice to say, I was in low spirits when I went to the mail box.

Instant happy! I, me a budding young neo and a blooming idiot, had finally Made It! A letter from Bob Tucker! Wowiezowie!! But did I rip it open and ecstatically read what that BNF had to say? Nay! I savored that moment. I anticipated. I let the suspense build. Not until I couldn't stand it any longer did I eagerly rip it open to see what Bob Tucker had to say - what words of advice he had to give.

It was only
a copy of his FAPazine. No letter - just a FAPazine.

I went out and killed myself.

It was a fitting end to a rotten day.

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STP in the oil makes a trip smoother

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Dean Koontz and I have been exchanging letters discussing current sf (we found the letters in a garbage can and couldn't think of anything else to do with them) and have reached a tentative agreement on the Hugo winners next year. Samuel Delany has the long fiction Hugo with EINSTEIN INTERSECTION - I'm afraid fans don't vote fantasy novels like The Weirwoods a Hugo. Ellison has another spaceship with I HAVE NO MOUTH AND I MUST SCREAM (altho I prefer Bob Shaw's Burden of Proof). Best novelet is a bit harder to decide but Roger Zelazny could win with DAMNATION ALLEY. But also (from my point of view) other contenders will probably be Starfog by Anderson, Radical Center by Reynolds, Weyr Search by Anne McCaffrey, The Ethics of Madness (& The Soft Weapon) by Niven. Best prozine, IF again. Fred Pohl will have to move to a bigger hanger to house all those spaceships. But it serves him right putting out the best prozine year after year.

Best proartist, might be Jack Gaughan again but I think Gray Morrow has a very good chance (but Kelly Freas is a sentimental favorite also). One of the three will be the winner (a scatterbrained Vardeman prediction. Uh, by the way, Dean. Bode is an incredibly bad artist and I see very little worth a Hugo in his work.)

Fan Hugos or whatever thell they are calling them now are harder to assess. Best fanzine: ~~Starfog~~ Yandro. Best fanartist: tossup. Maybe Margaret Dominick? Best fanwriter: Harry "Ubiquitous" Warner. What is the learned opinion of the Sandworm readership on this subject?

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Suspicious confirmed dept: The AFROTC building at UNM is designated Y I. It figures.

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Always the first with current and pressing issues of the day, Sandworm interviewed 14 hockey puck painters, 4 flagpole sitters, 7 buggy whip makers, a practicing vexillologist, a retired dendrochronologist and a thiotimeline manufacturer and they unanimously selected the following songs as being the week's top ten songs:

- | | |
|--|--------------------------|
| 1. You Must Have Been a Beautiful Baby | 6. Umbrella Man |
| 2. Jeepers Creepers | 7. Thanks for Everything |
| 3. Deep in a Dream | 8. My Reverie |
| 4. This Can't Be Love | 9. Get Out of Town |
| 5. Two Sleepy People | 10. They Think |

You, you lucky fen, get a one way ticket to Swamp Pocket, Va. if can correctly guess the year these songs were made famous. If you can remember the month and week these nostalgic tear jerkers were hits, you receive an extra Social Security payment this month.

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I understand The Wedding was almost called off when ~~Phyllis~~ ~~of Staff~~ Capt. Robb presented Her with a Hamilton watch.

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Since I read He Who Shapes, I've been a Zelazny fan. The best novel of his to date is The Dream Master (the expansion of He Who Shapes) altho This Immortal follows closely. A Rose for Ecclesiastes has to be the best short story written in the last five years. So I try to pick up whatever Zelazny I come across. Alas, he is so prolific I don't really see much (mag distribution problems, me out of \$ or something intervening) but I try. His story in Jan. '68 IF is a good story, engrossing and that provoking but it is starting to bug me. I cannot figure out who of the prime characters in He That Moves are. Eric Weiss (the real life Giles Habibula) is Harry Houdini, Sappho is Sappho but who is Francois? Francois Villon? But he was more of a poet than a dramatist. ("But where are the snows of yesteryear?") Francois Voltaire? He was hardly as powerful a dramatist as, say, Racine. This exhausts my meager knowledge of French dramatists with the name Francois. And who is he "that would resent being disturbed"? He is a Christian so this puts some limitations on his identity but not enough to help me. Any ideas?

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Speed kills - but getting there is half the fun

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Fans - it will simply have to be St. Louis in '69. I understand the world's largest beer barrels are there - 3 nickel stainless steel tanks, each 27 feet in diameter, 27 feet high weighing 20 tons and capable of holding 708,750 gallons of beer. It will be worth the vote for St. Louis to see Edco confounded by a tankard he can't empty!

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Tackett & Speer laughed at me in Sept. when I said that I thot Stassen would run for President. Who's laughing now, gentlemen? (Answer: Both of them and me, too!)

On this

political business, the majority of press releases are aimed at Who It's Going To Be. Being a "history repeats itself, ad nauseum" type, here are my speculations. In 1868, Johnson could not control the Democratic party and as a result lost out to Seymour. The Republicans pushed Gen. Grant and won (setting the stage for a long line of Rep-Gen. Presidents). Perhaps LBJ won't be able to control the party at the convention - but who is left? Spock (Dr. Spock this time)? Stennis? And a Rep. Gen with last name beginning with "G"? Try Gavin - he's making noises like a candidate and if the others cancel each other out like I think they will, a dark horse (who is a moderate Dove & a General) would have a fairly good chance.

All this is unimportant and might not be of the least consequence. One thing that just might be of vital importance is the choice of Congressmen. With 3 candidates running (Den, Rep and Wallace - I have no doubt but that he'll run) the vote might be split enough to throw the election to the House. If so, the men elected Congressmen in '68 will have to make one of the most crucial decisions in recent times. The previous elections decided by the House caused turmoil and screams of illicit deals and so on. I don't think we can afford the luxury of such a disturbance at any time in the near future.

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Join the line backing St. Louis in '69!

The Dec. issue of Redbook (hardly an sf prozine, I know but...) had a short story by JRR Tolkien in it entitled Smith of Wootton Major. Tolkien is at his best with a didactic theme surrounded by a fairy tale setting. Smith started off slowly but soon became the type of engrossing story one has come to expect from JRRT. The possessor of a Faery star is allowed to wander thru Faery and broaden his knowledge of the world. The recipient of the star, given every 24 years at the Feast of Good Children, is decided by the King of Faery. Anyway, the story manages some insights into human nature that most writers couldn't handle in ten times the number of pages. If sneaking out and buying such a magazine doesn't bother you, why not read Smith of Wootton Major? And besides, there is an interview with Charles Schulz which gives a bit of insight into Charlie Brown/Schulz.

LET'S HEAR SOME OPINIONS !

What have you - yeah you! - done to get Sandworm #3 (besides kick that little old lady and leave that basket of kittens on my doorstep)? The ones of you that trade, contribute or (shudder) send money all know why you get it - you're appreciated and I'd like to keep you doing whatever you do to get Sandworm. But you other deadbeats, howabout responding? It doesn't take that much time to write a few comments or send in that article you've got gathering dust in a desk drawer. Or if you've simply got no time whatsoever, I'll grudgingly accept 20¢ a copy -- but I'd prefer a contribution. But at least let me know you're alive and well somewhere. Sending this crud out and not getting a response is like talking to a wall. So howabout throwing a few bricks....

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I thot TV had gone to the dogs with Lassie and started to smell a little fishy with Flipper, but Gentle Ben is a really grizzly show.

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After thinking a couple weeks more on He That Moves, I've decided Francois is not Francois duc de La Rochefoucauld. By the process of elimination, this leaves only Francois Rabelais. I don't know why this story caught my imagination (perhaps only because of the challenge it provided) since it wasn't all that good - but it did. Such is life.

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The Gourmand of the Month Club - otherwise known as the Albuq. SF Society - was over the other day devouring everything in sight including a bunch of wax grapes. I am happy to announce that the membership elected Gordon Benson the new moderator and I am even happier to announce that I ~~added him into taking~~ got him to take the secretary's job off my hands. I was getting later and later each month with the notices and was fast approaching the "meeting was held yesterday" level. Best of luck, Gordie - you'll need it.

The official club

ghod (known to fen as Edco) did not attend but his Presence was felt.

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The rain in Calcutta falls mainly in the guttah

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Thanks to all you cheery people who sent me Xmas cards - I hope you all have a wonderful new year in spite of Sandworm. One card received bore the inscription (referring to a surrealistic Xmas tree), "Thought you'd like this Mt. Palomar photoastrograph of the beautiful Atheist Nebula in Ophuichus". Some fans get starry eyed around Xmas. I guess.

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Congratulations to Gary & Kay Anderson - it was a baby. Evan Richard is to be commended on his good taste in picking such nice fans as his parents.

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Amazon Ace is OK but I don't care for him as much as I do for the Story Lady. In fact, I think KDEF might be phasing Ace out and replacing him and the beautiful Veronica with The Winged Warrior, Chicken Man.

In case you outsiders don't know what I'm blithering about, KDEF is a local radio station that can only be described as fannish. They use "interlineations" to the hilt and run 2 features unique in this stuffy town. Amazon Ace is a bumbling hero tramping along jungle trails and the Story Lady mangles fairy tales. Or invents new ones. Like this one: Today I'm going to tell you the story of Herbie the Whale. Herbie was a giant blue whale and had only one desire in life - to become a tap dancer. He auditioned for a producer like David Merrick - but who wasn't David Merrick because David Merrick would sue if I said David Merrick - and was sensational. The producer immediately starred him in a musical version of Moby Dick. After 2 successful years on Broadway, Hollywood made a film of the play. But they got Richard Burton to play the part of Herbie because he's bigger boxoffice.

I really dig the Story Lady.

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The Last Castle

My favorite writer, Jack Vance,
whose pen is as sharp as a lance
collects statuettes
for obscure novelettes.

JOHN KUSSKE

BERNIE BUGHOUSE 9

by John Kusske

Bernie Bughouse, on the planet Dubois, managed to secure the position of Chief of World Police. The people of Dubois were very patriotic individuals, and Bernie's main duties were to arrest beings who insulted the planet's customs, institutions, or politicians. In one case a Brilliant Young Scientist created a new form of moss in a test tube. It was a kind that grew incredibly fast and ate any organic substance it was placed on. The Scientist was very clumsy, however. He spilled a bit of his moss on the Dubois national flag, and within a short time it had eaten a number of holes in the flag's fabric. Bernie of course arrested the man.

The Brilliant Young Scientist was convicted on Dubois, but his employers were very rich, and they appealed the decision to the Galactic Supreme Court. Since that body did not recognize flag-desecration as a crime, it seemed likely that the Scientist would be found innocent.

Bernie, however, was a dedicated public servant. He decided to tackle the legal duties himself, thinking that his native intelligence would be able to find some loop-hole in the law.

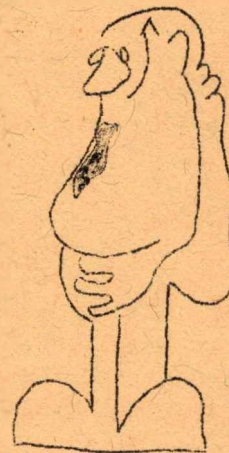
"Just what crime is this man charged with?" the Judge asked Bernie at the very beginning of the trial.

"He produce! a flag-rent vial lichen!" replied Bernie.

JOHN KUSSKE



I hate conformity



Me, too

FLETCHER 67

TO BE OR NOT TO BE... DANGEROUS!

by Bob Roehm

(Dangerous Visions, ed. by Harlan Ellison, Doubleday, 1967, \$6.95 or SF Book Club edition)

The unusual thing about Harlan Ellison's giant new anthology, Dangerous Visions, besides the price, is that the stories are all very good. It has been my experience, and no doubt yours too, that roughly half the stories in most anthologies are not worth reading; not so in this case. Included in Ellison's book -- and by all standards it is his book -- are thirty-three stories by thirty-two authors (there are two by David R. Bunch). I won't list all the contributing authors, because I'm sure most people know who's in it from reading the ads. For those that don't know...well, nearly all the sf "names" are there. Except for some very conspicuous absences, that is. I was extremely disappointed to find no Heinlein entry. And there ought to be a very interesting story behind the reason why. Ellison refers to it in passing as "the Heinlein anecdote." Hmmm.

As I said before, all the stories are quite good -- some could even be called excellent. But...they are not as Dangerous as we have been led to believe by the advance publicity. The themes of them were once controversial, but now they have lost their punch. I mean, how much more controversial and taboo-breaking is God, Sex, and more Sex (please, no letters. I am not putting Sex on the same level as God; it just seems I should write it that way.) compared to what we regularly get in books and magazines?

Nevertheless, though Harlan did miss the mark a little, I think this will be a lasting book, and not one of only pedestrian interest. Some of my particular favorites are: "The Night All Time Broke Out" by Brian Aldiss; "Auto-Da-Fe" by Roger Zelazny; and "Carcinoma Angels" by Norman Spinrad. I realize my reading tastes are probably quite different from others, so I expect everyone will emerge with his own personal favorites. It's that kind of book.

I don't usually care for Brian Aldiss, so his story came as a pleasant surprise. It is constructed around the discovery of a gas that can create any time period the users want, and it is dispensed from ordinary mains like regular gas and water. The whole thing is told rather tongue-in-cheekly and is unlike what Aldiss usually does. I don't really care for Zelazny, either (see, I told you I was different), but his story of a "mechador" who fights automobiles instead of bulls is, well, refreshing (ugh! what a terrible word, but it's the best I can do). Spinrad's "Carcinoma Angels" is about a rich man dying of cancer who tries to find a cure. He finds one, too; I wouldn't recommend it.

Other stories that will probably be recognized as best-of-book are: "Faith of our Fathers" by Philip Dick; "Aye, and Gomorrah" by Samuel Delany; "The Jigsaw Man" by Larry Niven; and Joe L. Hensley's touching "Lord Randy, My Son." Come to think of it, I should have included that last one with my favorites; it's really good. Philip Jose Farmer's entry, "Riders of the Purple Wage", is just too long to sustain interest in what it is saying. At 30,000 words, it's the longest of the book. Robert Bloch's "A Toy for Juliette" is fairly good. Evidently Ellison thought so, too; his story is a sequel to it. And then there is Theodore Sturgeon's "If All Men Were Brothers, Would You Let One Marry Your Sister?" As Judith Merrill said, "With a title like that, you hardly need a story."

Spliced in between the contributing authors, we have a lot of pure H*A*R*L*A*N***E*L*L*I*S*O*N*. A large part of the book is made up of his comments on the other authors and various other sundry items. Good as the stories are, the introductions are better. Ellison is sometimes rather outspoken (rather? Now that's an understatement!) and sometimes rather bewildering. I still don't know whether or not to take seriously his introduction to Damon Knight...

All in all, this is an admirable piece of work, and Harlan Ellison should be proud of it. But for a really dangerous vision, he should tell us about all the trials and tribulations he went through putting this one together.

Bob Roehm

MAKE ROOM! MAKE ROOM! for the LORD OF LIGHT with THE CARNELIAN CUBE

Now it's my turn to pass judgment on a few new and not so new books. (By the way, I wish that others of you would also send in reviews on Dangerous Visions. The very concept of an anthology with new stories is, in itself, worth discussing and I'd like to gather a few more opinions on the book.)

Three novels I've read recently all deserve mention and all for different reasons. MAKE ROOM! MAKE ROOM! by Harry Harrison (Berkeley X1416 - 60¢) is a 1984 type novel and is even more frightening in its way. Orwell envisioned the totalitarian state, Harrison the overpopulated one. Since the US has just passed the 200 million mark, Harrison's view is that much closer to becoming the real future instead of just a possible future.

The novel is set in NYC (with a population of 35 million) in the 1999. The protagonist, Andrew Rusch, is a cop whose main duties seem to be putting down food riots and trying to prevent farmers from shutting off NYC's water supply on the flimsy grounds that they need it to grow their crops. The story (cop assigned to track down the killer of a politically powerful gangster) is really unimportant. The background is the major portion of the book and the action serves only as a vehicle for bringing out the various ramifications of the culture. The people (who can find any work at all) are taxed 80% to pay the welfare tab for those that don't work, water is carefully rationed by the police, a piece of meat the size of your palm is enough to commit murder to get, and weedcrackers are the chief form of sustenance. And all because a wishy-washy Congress was pressured into not enacting a coordinated program for birth control.

One very fine touch was the riots. Not by students but by people over 55 (the compulsory retirement age). If you consider this point carefully, I think you'll see the beginning stages of this today. It is virtually impossible for anyone over 55 to find work unless they are trained in a skill so much in demand that the employer has to hire or do without. The senior citizens in Harrison's book aren't rioting so much for food as for a chance to work. Which, due to increasing population pressure from below, is always denied them.

Harrison makes a very strong case for nationwide birth control in this unpleasant, frighteningly prophetic book. You won't enjoy this book but if it makes you think about the consequences of letting the population grow unchecked, the time spent reading it will be very well spent.

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The LORD OF LIGHT by Roger Zelazny (Doubleday \$4.95) is a mixture of lighthearted fun and pathos. Set on another world at some future time, the story makes full use of Vedic lore and mythological characters to show that sometimes the ends do justify the means. The society is a tightly ordered theocracy with the gods controlling everything by controlling the device making reincarnation possible (a mind transfer device). The gods are Hindu as is the religion. Until Mahasamatman (Sam for short) throws a monkey wrench into things by becoming Buddha. Sam was one of the gods (Lord Siddhartha, Binder of Demons) but rejected Heaven in favor of mankind. Professing Accelerationism (giving man all the knowledge held in secret by the gods) and starting a war to gain his ends, Sam disrupts the society and frees humanity from the yoke of the gods.

The characterization is nothing less than superb in LORD OF LIGHT. Sam, a driven man/god rejecting all but the goal of freeing men from the tyranny he helped create; Lord Yama, deathgod, master of weapons and slave of devotion; Taraka, Lord of Hellwell and Demon of the Rakasha (the defeated alien race) striving to win back his world from the human usurpers. All are finely drawn and no pains are spared. In fact, all the characters are well pictured which contrasts pleasantly with 90% of the books on the market.

Zelazny is a lover of puns and has worked a few beauties into the story. These together with a sense of the ridiculous free the novel from the chains of pedantry and didacticism. LORD OF LIGHT will be one of the top contenders for the Baycon HUGO. And deservedly so.

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The third of the featured reviews this trip is by L. Sprague deCamp and Fletcher Pratt. The CARNELIAN CUBE (Lancer 73-662 - 60¢) is a satire on both the old Aladdin myth and present day society. The cover blurb says, "Ancient magic...weird dream worlds...and the wackiest adventures ever!" and, for a change, it isn't far wrong. The ancient magic is embodied in the carnelian cube of Iblunos of Nigdeh and will take the sleeper to a world of his choosing. Arthur Finch confiscates the cube from a digger on an archeological expedition and is in turn transported to a perfectly rational world, a world where an individual could be himself and finally to a fully ordered scientific world. Needless to say, not a one is what Finch (or the reader) actually expects.

The rational world is based on a caste system that doesn't quit. If a man is arrested (as Finch was periodically), he is expected to put up a token resistance and be given a knock on the head (also token) to show his innocence to the court. He is then taken to jail where (if he says he is trying for politician caste) he is given carte blanche since everyone expects a politician to be crooked. Also of note is Finch's job as genealogist. He was expected to show that Michael Sullivan (or Sullivan Michael Politician) was descended from Daniel Boone. The logic was that if you trace lines back far enough you can prove that you are everyone's descendent. I read recently of the Mormon's attempts to prove this with their world wide collection of genealogies. Times and places don't change much.

The individualistic world was a Southern planter type culture with ESP thrown in for kicks. Ghosts and mediums are accepted and are an important part of this society. In the scientific world, history is reconstructed using hypnotized subjects and watching the results when they are placed in the same position as the subject of the project had been. For instance, some poor clod would be chosen to play Alexander, others for his army, still others for the opposing armies (the Egyptians got clobbered then, too) and then they would be turned loose with the proper accoutrements. One devastating comment on the scientific community comes in the determination of status. Whoever has the more recent (not the best) theory has seniority. In other words, what's newest is best. Regardless of facts.

The 19 years intervening since the Carnelian Cube was written hasn't detracted at all from the book - in fact, this book goes a long way in showing just how accurate sf writers can be with their predictions. But then things haven't changed much in 19 years. This is a very good book and a very entertaining one that shouldn't be missed.

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MIND TWISTER'S AFFAIR: Thomas Stratton: Ace G-663(50¢):: Coulson and deWeese have done even better in this than in the first UNCLE novel of theirs. The first was better plotted (this has no plot worth mentioning) but Mind Twisters is very fannish. The heroine is R. Berman, a crack is made about "I'm all ears" --"Stop identifying with TV personalities", there is a TV station WHPL (have you heard about the R&R group called the HP Lovecraft?), a muck crop festival, rutabaga juice (or swede juice if you're British), "What does it all mean?", and an R&R group called the Thundermugs (incredible naming a group after a chamber pot). But fitting, I suppose. Enjoyable if not a classic. ((And I would like to give credit where credit is due. SCRAM was the brainchild of Derek Nelson. I'm sorry that I didn't know that when I reviewed Invisibility Affair. Send Derek a \$20 gold piece to join the McKinley Fan Club.))

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HEIL HARRIS: John Garforth: Berkeley F1445 (40¢):: I keep buying these things even tho they are really bad books. The lure of Steed and Mrs. Peel is too strong to easily break, I guess. Garforth is not inept but his books aren'tterribly good either. The sex is thrown in almost like he had been told to throw some in and didn't really give a damn about how he did it. The characterization is pathetic and the plot is pure fantasy (which, in itself, wouldn't be too bad.) I wonder whose son-in-law Garforth is. I wish Brian Clemens or whoever was responsible for the on the screen programs would try to do a really good Avengers book. Sic Transit Gloria Munday is still the best of this series.

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Just picked up a Secret Agent (the TV series with Patrick McG. oohan (spelling?)) and it promises to be quite a bit better than the Avengers series. Hell for Tomorrow (MacFadden 50-280 50¢) has small print like it was meant for people over 12 yrs old. Maybe it is.

THE GIRL, THE GOLD WATCH & EVERYTHING: John D. MacDonald: Gold Medal K 513 (40¢):: I missed this when it first came out in 1962 and now I'm sorry I waited so long to read it. The plot is simply action/adventure/escape with a poor dumb clod inheriting a watch his uncle built that has the unique property of "stopping" time for one hour. In the time stasis, the world looks red and things have an incredible amount of inertia (the fact that objects can be moved at all indicates that time isn't actually stopped). Uncle used the watch to accumulate a fortune by bilking international extortionists and nephew soon uses it to the same ends picking up a girl along the way. The book isn't profound, isn't a mystery, isn't much of an sf story but MacDonald's smooth writing makes it quite enjoyable. I understand that some Hollywood film ~~mag~~ magnate has decided to change this into a film. I hope they don't mangle it too badly because, as it stands, The Girl, the Gold Watch, & Everything is entertaining. Anything more or less would be disastrous.

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STARMAN JONES: Robert A. Heinlein: Dell 8246 (60¢):: Somehow I missed this juvenile when I was making the rounds of the RAH books in the library (El Paso library, that is). Like all his "juveniles", this book is far superior to many of the "adult" novels of other, lesser authors. The plot is typically Heinlein with the unique individual triumphing in the end after fighting the "system", the "Establishment" or whatever noun suits you. RAH is a good writer. Need anything else be said?

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I'm still in the process of reading LORDS OF THE STARSHIP by Mark Geston but a tentative estimate is that it is at least as good as I've heard. Which is very good. Geston is the first history major (he's only 21 and his first novel is this good? Watch out pros - here's a rapidly rising star!) that I've come across that understood the processes of history. Machiavelli has been condemned as a no-goodnik but he was realistic - which is why he has been so damned. Geston appreciates how history can be manipulated and how history is made - not by accident but by design.

My list for the Hugo next year (or this year) has grown. Einstein Intersection by Delany, Weirwoods by Swann, Lord of Light by Zelazny, and Lords of the Starship by Geston are all possibilities. (And Soldier, Ask Not by Dickson less likely but still not to be ignored)

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I hope you don't think all the books I read I like. I generally save the good reviews for myself and ship the ones on novels I disliked out to other fmz. Some of them were Thorns by Silverberg (an atrocious book), Agent of Chaos by Spinrad (just plain lousy writing), Doomsman-Ellison/Telepower-Hoffman (many, many reasons why these two didn't come off).

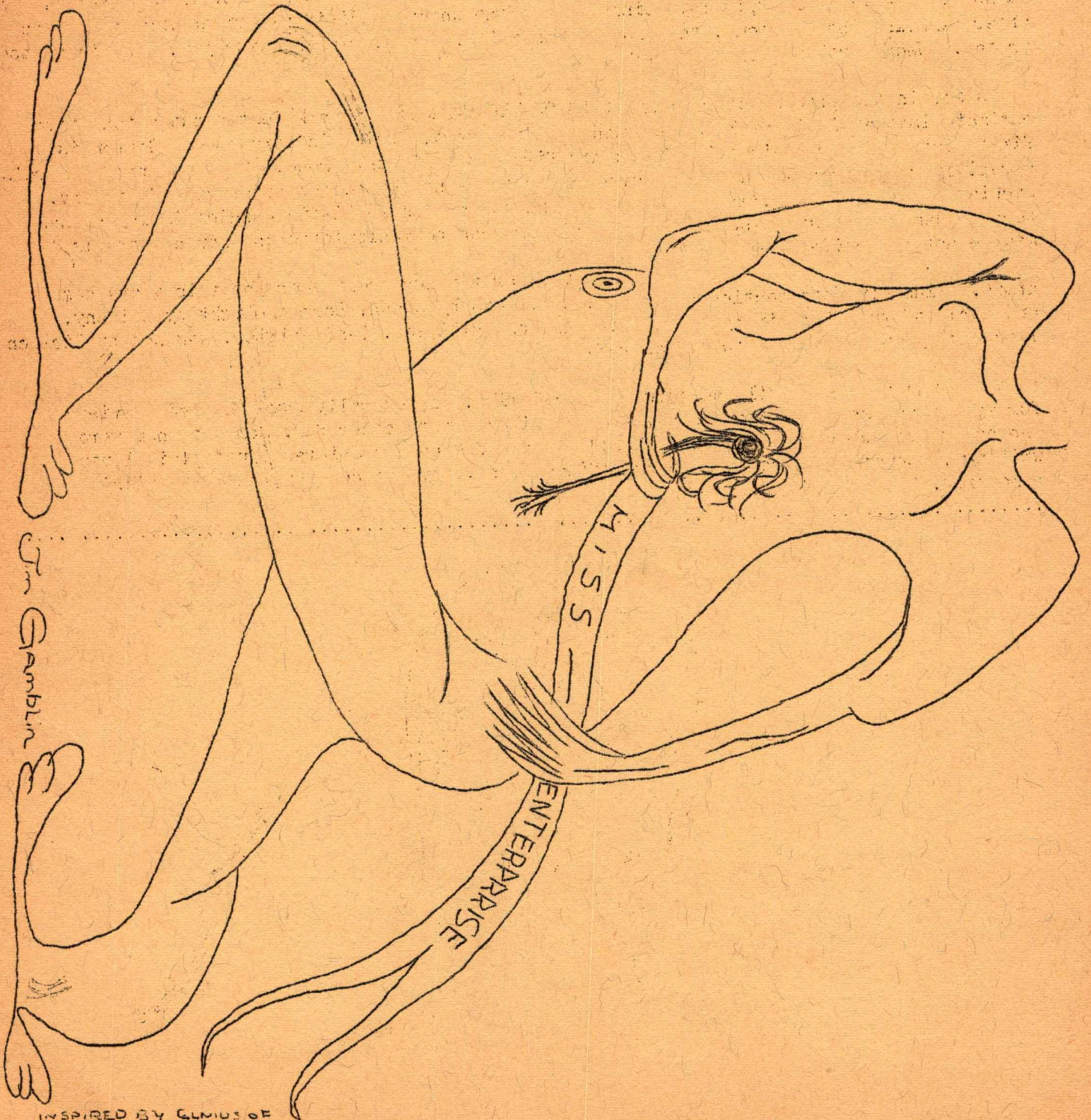
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TURNBULL

SANDWORMY

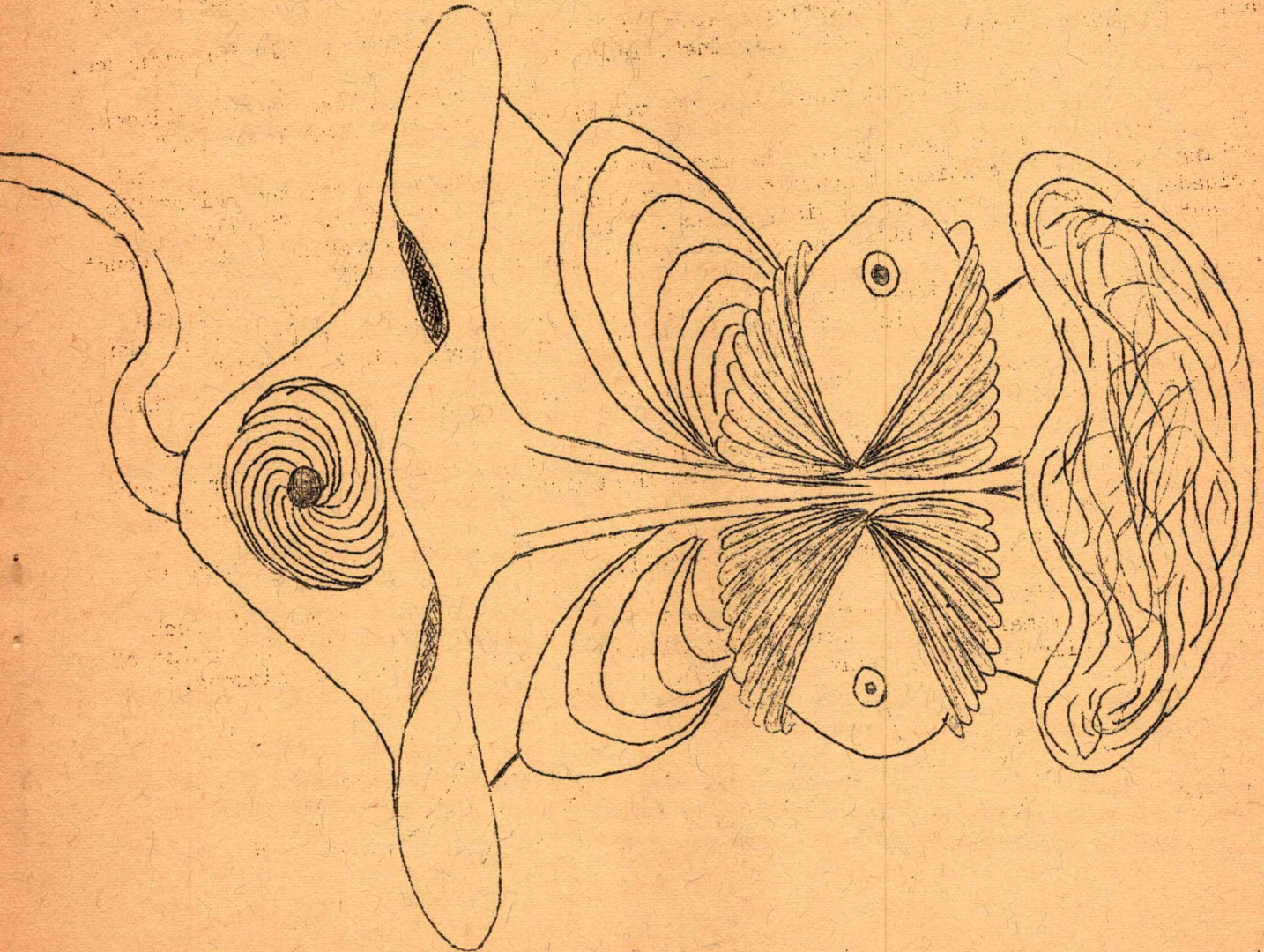
= plaything of



Jim Gambin

INSPIRED BY GIMMUS OF
NELSON
WARDEN

the Light YEAR



And now it is time once again for Auntie Fannish to bedazzle you:

Once upon a time on the faroff world of Insurrecion (which had been settled by the refugees from a Latin American revolution on the planet Earth), the inhabitants were engaged in their favorite sport - revolution.

The politics of this world were of a wonderfully diverse nature with everyone advocating a different form of government. When everyone couldn't get their own way, someone would start a rebellion to overthrow the government. But somehow the victor in each civil war always inaugurated a monarchy with himself as king.

Over the years, many powerful nobles had risen from among the peons by their skillful use of political acumen, brilliance, tact, sophisticated diplomacy and assassination. Count Donne ruled the Eastern part of the country of Avaricia while the Earl of Wells dominated the West. But both bowed down to the mighty King of Avaricia, King Confuso IV. King Confuso, being more interested in accumulating gold and jewels for his treasury than in running the country, relied heavily on his chief adviser Atrocidades to govern the kingdom and put down the weekly revolt.

Everyone enjoyed themselves immensely, riding off to a stimulating day of insurrection until Count Donne overstepped the bounds of decency and fair play. Hearing of his perfidy, his retainers captured him and handed him over to the King.

"Count Donne, you scoundrel! You've stolen the Royal Treasure! You have stolen every last jewel and speck of gold dust. We are a forgiving monarch but this is too much! Give it all back or you'll get yours!" King Confuso was even more angered by Count Donne's act than when the court jester had put gunpowder in his snuff box and he nearly blew his nose off.

"Nay, Your Majesty," replied the stalwart Count Donne. "I'll do nothing of the sort! With all that loot I'll be able to overthrow your stinking yoke of tyranny and, of course, line my own pockets."

"Gmpkztlk!" King Confuso was speechless at this impertinence. Imagine calling his yoke of tyranny "stinking". Indeed!

"Your Majesty," cut in Atrocidades, "I suggest you torture the Count until he tells you where he hid the Royal Treasure."

And so it was done. Count Donne resisted the Iron Maiden, the rack, the boot, the Scientific Breathing Bag, and 17 continuous hours of Lost in Space without breaking. Finally, Atrocidades had reached the end of his patience. "Your Majesty, I recommend that the Count be executed. That way he'll not use the gold against you in this world!"

"And not in the next either, Atrocidades. Gold melts at 1063° C. and where he's going is a lot hotter than that. How should we execute him? Burning at the stake or chopping his head off?"

At this point, Count Donne spoke for the first time since his torture began, "I'd rather have a hot stake than a cold chop!"

Atrocidades threw up and the King turned a most fetching shade of royal purple, but they decided to chop the insolent Count's head off in spite of his request.

"We are merdiful. We'll give you one more chance before the ax falls. Where is the Treasure?" Adamant, Count Donne refused to tell.

But just as the ax touched his neck he shouted, "WAIT!! I'll tel..." Squish. The Earl of Wells who had witnessed the demise of his long time enemy remarked, "You should never hatchet your Count before he chickens."

The Earl of Wells was never heard from again either.



ANN
CHAMBERLAIN

THE MAGIC MUSHROOM

The people of the US have lived with the atomic bomb for more than 20 years and still have no idea of the power of the device. After one of the TV opinion polls (10-25-67) showed that 73% of the people in Albuquerque would be willing to use atomic weapons in Vietnam, I started thinking about the issue. I am by no means a ban the bomb advocate. Atomic energy promises the unlimited power that mankind needs if we insist on squandering natural resources. I feel that atomic energy can be the greatest thing that ever happened to man if it is used as a tool rather than as a weapon. But then mankind's history is the story of turning his tools into weapons.

Most people seem to be under the misconception that the atomic bomb is simply ~~king~~ a big conventional bomb. It certainly is bigger but the human mind staggers when just how much bigger is considered. And it has effects that no bomb has previously had. I'll try to show what actually happens in an atomic blast and let you decide after reading this whether or not the bomb's use should be limited strictly for the defense of the territorial US or whether it should be used indiscriminately.

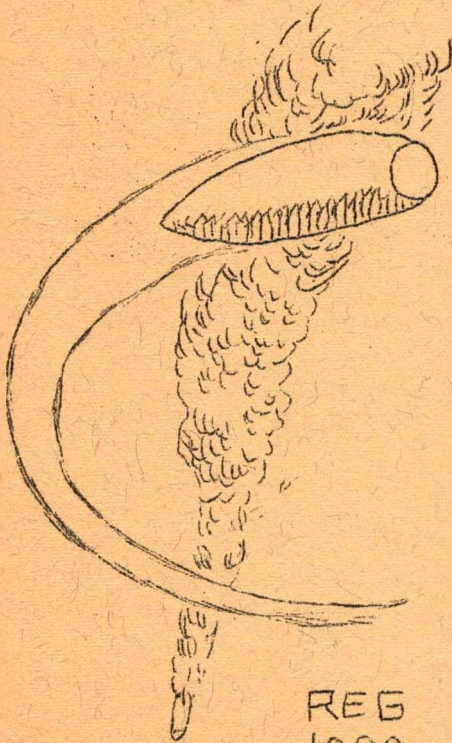
There are five basic types of detonations: airburst below 100,000 ft where the fireball doesn't touch the ground; high altitude above 100,000 ft; surface; underwater; and sub-surface. Each has different characteristics but the ones most pertinent to a discussion of the bomb as a weapon are the airburst, the surface and the underwater detonations.

The Bikini tests used 20 KT (kiloton) bombs - the size dropped on Hiroshima & Nagasaki. For the underwater trials, the bomb was submerged at 200 feet. A 200 ft thick column of water and vapor rose 6000 ft at which point only the vapor continued to rise. The final cloud was 6000 ft across and 10,000 ft high and the blast had raised 1 million tons of water. In 11 seconds, the first surface wave caused by the explosion was 1000 ft away and was 94 ft high. At 22,000 ft the ninth wave was 6 feet high. Imagine the destruction a 94 ft wave would cause to a harbor. The radioactive water and debris from the ocean bottom fell back relatively quickly since it only attained a height of about 6000 ft. The observation ships had to be scrubbed down using a continuous flow of water to eliminate radiation danger.

The airburst or surface burst, however, is the most likely to be used during a war. The destruction is caused by a number of things interacting. The thermal radiation released varies with the altitude so there isn't much that can be said without specifying the conditions. But if only 1% of the energy from a 1 MT (megaton) bomb went into heat, it could vaporize 4000 tons of solid earth or 20,000 tons of water. This heat release is accomplished in a very short time. In 0.7 milliseconds the fireball is 440 feet in diameter; it is 7200 ft across in 10 seconds. In 60 seconds, it will be at an altitude of 4.5 miles after rising at a rate of 350-450 ft per second.

By far the worst destruction immediately following detonation is caused by the blast wave and a phenomenon known as the Mach effect. The blast wave moves in excess of the speed of sound and after 10 seconds is 3 miles from ground zero. Winds exceeding 2000 mph have been recorded near ground zero and at 6 miles the winds are still traveling at 70+mph.

The blast wave is simply caused by the ultra-rapid expansion of air. The Mach effect is caused by the superposition of the blast wave and that part of the blast wave reflected back from the ground towards ground zero. An "overpressure" or pressure in excess of atmospheric pressure is created and it is this



REG
1090

that contributes the most to material destruction. The force generated is almost twice that of the blast front. An overpressure of even 1 psi (pound per square inch) will blow out all windows and knock in the doors on buildings. An overpressure of 3 psi will destroy a self-framing steel panel building. A typical brick house that is unreinforced will be reduced to a pile of rubble by 5 psi overpressure. Unless you live in a concrete reinforced house, your home can never withstand over 5 psi overpressure - and overpressures of as high as 16 psi are generated by 1MT bombs.

I should point out that the bombs being talked about are "small" and almost insignificant compared with the 50 MT jobs floating around now. A 20KT device or even a 1MT bomb is small potatoes compared with the 50MT devices since the effects are not in a simple ratio to size.

Fallout is the thing that has caught the public's eye because it is easily seen that it is different from the residue from conventional bombs. The fallout from a high altitude burst is negligible if the fireball doesn't touch the ground. But any bomb fired on the surface or underwater that can vaporize part of the surface or water will cause fallout. While fusion bombs are relatively "clean" fission bombs never are. The critical mass for U-235 is 22.7 pounds and only $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of this is actually converted into energy - about 10%. This leaves a lot of radioactive gas (the remaining uranium doesn't get a chance to fission - it is vaporized first by the intense heat) and the debris picked up from the ground becomes very "dirty".

The pattern the fallout takes depends greatly on the upper winds and other local climatic conditions but the March 1954 BRAVO shot of Operation CASTLE (a 15MT device) contaminated 7000 square miles. The area so "dirtied" was roughly cigar shaped being about 20 miles long upwind and 320 miles long downwind with an average width of 60 miles. Over 10 hours elapsed before the fallout started down at the extreme bounds of the contaminated area. This was the shot in which it was discovered that fallout can occur even in places where the mushroom cloud of the blast hadn't been visible.

The amounts of radiation it is possible to absorb and live gets to be a situation of going to a set of tables and looking dosages up. Since others in other places have gone into great detail on this sort of thing, I don't believe there is any real need to go into a discussion of this. Suffice to say that the primary causes of death are from damage to the central nervous system and to the gastrointestinal tract. The radiation burns in both Hiroshima and Nagasaki are considered "slight" because both bombs were detonated at 1850ft and no deaths occurred from radiation alone. And please remember that these were just small 20 KT devices.

While the finger of some idiot hovers over the Button that could launch hundreds or even thousands of missiles armed with 50 and 100MT bombs, I thought I would let you see what could happen in just certain small instances. I didn't dwell on the fallout or radiation but concentrated on the physical blast damages. But this doesn't mean that the idea of future (and alien) anthropologists dating our ruins by the carbon 14 created in the holocaust is pleasant. I've merely tried to show how powerful the "small" ones are. Quite a while ago Noah is said to have accepted the terms of the Covenant of the Rainbow with God - I just hope we don't accept the Covenant of the Mushroom Cloud with Death. If we do, all that will be left will be

DRUMSAND

FMZ FROM HITHER & YON (and other people too)

ALPHA: Ed Smith: 1315 Lexington: Charlotte NC, 28203::bimonthly::available for all sorts of things or 20 centavos per ish::: This was a Star Trek issue and had, of all things, a gen-yoo-wine Roddenberry letter/article. And just as improbable is a short piece by Philip K Dick (which was practically run off the page). PKD writes much more coherently in his reviews than he does in his stories. Can't agree with Ed that Miri or Galileo 7 were very good and I think he dismisses Space Seed (dismisses it? Ignores it!) too easily. The book reviews I find much to argue with but whathell (this combination compliments of Sercons Bane via Synapse). I think I like Bill Costello - anyone of the opinion that Soldier, Ask Not is "super-great" is a very perspicacious fan. Repr: fair mimeo Material: Ghood Art: average Spelling: BHAD

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/+/

OCYMET: Chuck Turnbull, et al: 301 Maple St; Kearny, NJ, 07032::bimonthly:: 75¢ per yr::: The zine seems to be basically a comics type thing but has some other stuff in it. A short piece on the fate of ST, a good dialog in fine faanish tradition, and the really bhad comic strip. The artwork (as is the case so often) is good but the story line is yech. Thank Great Zot they have decided to drop it. Book reviews include one really controversial book with almost every dirty word that comes to mind. Repr: average ditto Material: average (need contribs) Art: good

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/+/

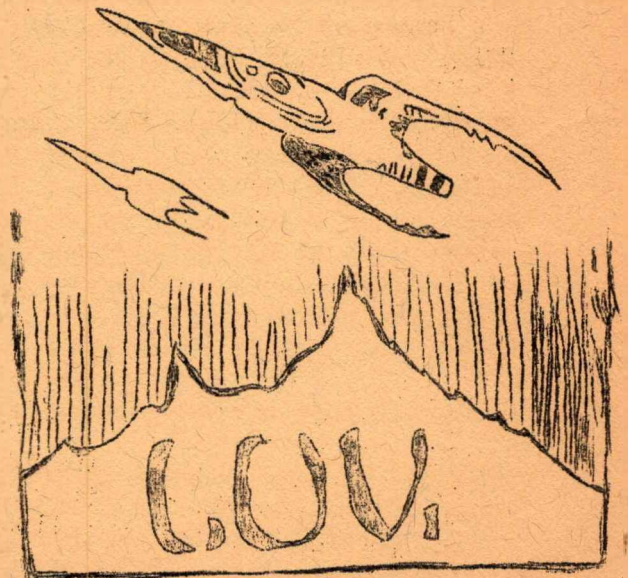
GENCOCK #3: Bill Kunkel: 72-41 61st St: Glendale NY, 11227::bimonthly::the usual type stuff::: Bill seems to dig for potboiler type articles - and gets ones that are well done. Bobby Taylor seems to think sf isn't creative and Pat Kelly goes into esoteric religious arguments that I'm not up to following (I say bring back paganism). Popular misconceptions is the title for the fmz reviews (is a misconception when your girlfriend's Pill doesn't work? And why would that be popular?). Lettercol attracts some Big Names like Gaughan, Zelazny, Harry "Ubiquitous" Warner, Ray Fisher, etc. Repr: average mimeo Material: controversial Art: Ghood

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Just noticed I left off the issue numbers on Ed's & Chuck's zines. It was Alpha #19 and Ocymet # 1.

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SF OPINION 1-5: Dean Koontz: 528 Walnut St. Apt. 5: Lemoyne Pa, 17043::biweekly: 6 for 50c/::: Dean is a honest to ghod filthy pro (Soft Come the Dragons, To Behold the Sun, etc) & even more unbelievable to me, he is also a teacher of English. Fie on you, John W. Ghod! Each ish is 3-4 pgs long and is concerned mostly with reviewing new or "recent" authors like Delany, Zelazny, Niven, Herbert, etc. If they have a story around, you'll probably see a review (& a good one, too) here. Dean also has one of the best interlineation things going. He takes a trite line from a dull book and adds his own insanity to it. Like: "He was overheated. His pores were clammy with sweat, WHICH WAS UNUSUAL CONSIDERING THAT HE USUALLY PERSPIRED KAYRO SYRUP" or "She stripped off her clothes and displayed her many charms. 'I'LL TAKE THE LITTLE NAME-TAG BRACELET,' HE SAID." Repr: ~~by text~~ ~~Material is excellent~~ good ditto Material: GHOOD Art: ho hum



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/+/

Did you hear about the streetwalker that moved to Venice and drowned?

AMPHIPOXI #7: Billy Pettit: c/o Mrs. Grant Harmon: 3211 Uvalda: Aurora Colo, 80010:: irregular - nextish in 1968:: available only for trade or contrib - no subs:: This is a fanzine devoted to fanzines, fanzine collecting and the history of these glorious bits of fannish lore. Juanita Coulson has a reprint of a synopsis of the first 2 yrs of Yandro and John (the Irish one) Berry has a very ghood piece on "The Early Days". Letters in the lettercol include, Red Boggs, Harry "Ubiquitous" Warner, and FM Busby. Repro: GHOD mimeo Material: ghood Art: ghood Name: hard to spell

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PONG IS A FOUR LETTER WORD #2: Bob Tucker: Box 506 Heyworth Ill, 61745::?:FAPazine:: I suppose I shouldn't feel so broken up about not getting a LoC from Tucker - after all, he did dedicate this zine to me (& about 4 others, I suppose). I know next to nothing about the feud he is talking about so I asked Jack Speer and he said he didn't know either. Great help, these FAPans. But he did say, "Tucker is an honorable fan." And from the description Tucker gives, it seems that Speer speaketh not with a forked tongue. The LA crowd seems rather petty if they are actually accusing anyone of switching alliances. From all that I've heard from other sources, they simply didn't carry thru with their bid. Pity cuz I'd've preferred LA. But since Baycon won (& by all accounts) honestly, I see no reason to hash over all this. But I bet Roytac is one of those wlers that profited. Repro: ghood mimeo Material: ghood or bhad depending on your viewpoint. Ghood from mine. Art: none

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FOOLSCAP #2: John (the US one) Berry: 35 Dusenberry Rd: Bronxville NY, 10708:: bimonthly (well, his intentions are ghood):: available for practically anything but a dead cat or your unwashed laundry:: I see this as a substancial improvement over #1. The Ethereal Duckshoot (had to watch myself on that one) is John's natterings on Nycon 3 and NY fandom in general (Ted White doesn't scare you, eh?) and is the best thing in the zine. Still would like short (faanish if possible) character ~~sketches~~ sketches of various NY fen or perhaps Barea fen now that you are out there. Hmm? LoC's include ones from, Buck Coulson, Harry "Ubiquitous" Warner, Arnie the Katz and Bjo Trimble. Still needing faanish material to make a first rate faanzine. Howabout it fans? Repro: average ditto Material: improving Art: good cartoons Postage: first class. (John, you should have sued those clods at the PO for damage done to your tongue licking all those stamps).

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SIRRUISH: Leigh Couch: Rt. 2 Box 889: Arnold Mo, 63010:: quarterly:: accepted contribs or 25¢ an ish (35¢ thish):: This is so big the staples couldn't hold it together. Ghood artwork thruout with a Jack "The Hugo Winner" Gaughan folio. Con reports from Ozarkon II and Midwestcon. Not to mention book reviews, a bit of fan fiction and a lettercol that is better than most zines. (It's called the LoC Ness Monster - howabout that, Roy?) Letters from people of renown like Jack Gaughan, Harry "Ubiquitous" Warner, Buck "Nearly Ubiquitous" Coulson, and some not quite so prolific others. Repro: Ghood mimeo Art: GHOD Material: good Plugs: St. Louis in '69!

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AMRA: Vol 2 #44: George Scithers: AMRA, Box 0; Eatontown NJ, 07724::?:10 for \$3:: THE S&S zine - bar none. Harry Harrison has an article on modern space weapons entitled, "Take That, You Alpha Centaurian Swine!". His "modern" weapons include a power driven space ax, a rotary blade dagger, an electrode knife and a soot shoot (which ought to be self-explanatory). All devices (inspired by Doc Smith's spaceax) are designed for use against spacesuited enemies. A book review column by L. Sprague deCamp, an article on Leiber's Tarzan by Dick Lupoff and scores of tidbits on other S&S themes. Repro: GHOD litho (of course) Art: GHOD Material: ghood

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See that I left another number off. It was Sirruish #5 -- and St. Louis in '69...

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RATS: Bill Kunkel: address above:: monthly:: 5¢ or a stamp (probably 6¢ or a stamp in Jan.):: Two pages of odds & ends with just enough worth commenting on to finish this page. "Psychedelic" is spelled with an "e". Superman stinks and it couldn't have been TV's Golden Age. Gomer Pyle had yet to come on. Shake & rattle all the time - Bob could care less (he already has your money for the records). RATS comes with Genook and so everything I've said about it goes for RATS, too. I think.

And now descending from
Olympian heights into...

THE TRACKLESS WASTE!

[/comments thusly/]

Ed Smith: 1315 Lexington Ave: Charlotte
NC, 28203:: The first thing to meet
fanreader's eyes is the cover. Well,
it was...well, er, ah...

Not surprising
that your fmz follows Tackett's in
appearance and layout - you write for
Roy, he writes for you, and you pub on
the same mimeo.

Tackett was okay [/Just OK?/]

I enjoyed the book reviews. I like to see
books reviewed that I've read, and, since
I read (and can afford) mostly pbs, I've
read about one half of them.

DYSENTARY was
real cute. Sounds like a lot of sf we
have with us even today, especially on
teevee and in the movies. However, the
printed word is not completely free of

this sort of thing. Try some of Belmont's all-star lineup. (But Belmont has been
improving of late / not so that I can see?...maybe just a rush of good stf. They
would probably not reject THE COSMOZOIDS for publication if it were sent today, it's
just that they're getting good writers at last, I guess.)

Now we come to my favorite.
The Bernie Bughouse was rather silly, but Chan See and the Detective was superb!
/ And people say I have bad taste - ha! / One of the best things, serious or humorous,
that I've ever read in a fanzine. Boy-foot bear with teaks of Chan...

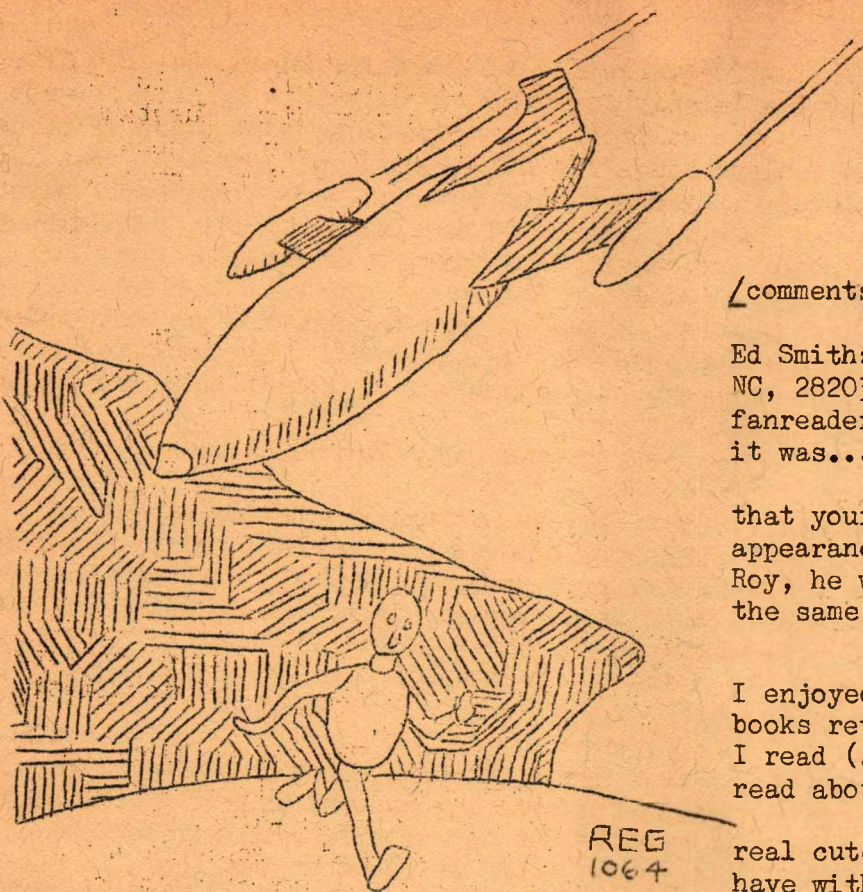
Lettercol had
great things to say about life, ditto about fanzines as for the fmz reviews, the
poem was awful, and the concluding comments were good. / Translation, please! /

Also
see that you're plugging Edco for TAFF. / How did you guess? It was supposed to be
a secret. / Tsk, tsk. After the August LIGHTHOUSE, too.

/ Not having seen the August
LIGHTHOUSE, I asked for further enlightenment and Ed sent along this reply. / About
Edco in LIGHTHOUSE: T Carr told of an incident when he visited a house at which Ed
Cox was also visiting. All Ed could do was to stare at the house's antenna and
asking the other other two if they wanted to put out a one-shot. They had to hide
the stencils in the trunk of Terry's car. / Groan! / I guess Edco is all right if
you want to send him to England. Just don't let him get near any teevee antennae
or stencils, that's all. / I wish some one would let Edco near some stencils so he
could get AUSLANDER going again. /

You're a cheapskate! / Never denied it. / Tackett
gives Edco lots more doodling space than you do.

/ NOTICE TO ED COX: The remainder of
this page has been donated to you for doodling by that most gracious of fen, Ed Smith.
Use it wisely. /



REG
1064

John Kusske: Rt. 2: Hastings Minn., 55033::: Say, SANDWORM 2 surprised me. Are you sure you're not Roy Tackett? /I'm not sure of anything./

Saaay...you've given your secret away. You shouldn't have printed that "Man with Dysentary" thing. I've been wondering who that Larry Maddock (who does the "Agent of Terra" monstrosities) guy really is and now I know. You, Bob Vardeman, actually are Larry Maddock. (You dog!) How much does Ace Books pay you for them, "Larry"? Do you get royalties? How well have they been selling? And...oh yes...better not let Terry Carr know that you're publishing your plots in fanzines, "Larry", he jumped on Ted Johnstone for doing the same thing that you did. /Let's stop this before it gets started. I am definitely, absolutely NCT Larry Maddock. The whole idea is absurd and I totally deny it. Uh, by the way, John, Webley sends his regards./

Boop to you. Boy Foot Bear and all. Uggh!

(Congratulations.)

Boy, you sure attract some Top Names to your lettercol. How is it done? /I send a copy of SANDWORM to Ted Pauls and he has his alterego Bismo Nussbaum send along all the letters from BNF that are just gathering dust./ I haven't seen a Bloch LoC in years, and Tucker is hard to induce comments from, too. / Sigh. How true? Good work, sir. May your tribe increase. / Tribe or bribe? /

If a person played the cymbals, would he be cymbal minded? /

Steve Lewis:2074 Pauline, Apt. 1A:Ann Arbor, Mich. 48103::: The hairy unknown St. Bernard who played Neil was known as Buck, if memory serves. /Buck, you say? Is that the same one who?... no, it couldn't be. Could it?/ It is still running here on Channel 50, 2:30 weekdays, but I'm not about to watch to check on it.

I knew Roy Tackett was a hoax. I wrote for a copy of DYNATRON some months ago, but then maybe DYNATRON's a hoax put over by Ethel Lindsay. / You fans are exceptionally astute at guessing secrets./

"Whom're you trying to fool?" is correct, but must agree that it sounds like hell. "Whom" is the object of "fool", or at least the object was to fool someone./Sure fooled me./ You see, there are two cases, objective "whom" to be used for direct objects and such and subjective "who" to be used where you want to; i.e., highly individualistic in nature. "This is he" is also correct, as "is" is intransitive.

The /÷/ markings at both beginnings and ends make it difficult sometimes to determine which is letter and which is comment. If you were to make the end ones backwards or upside-down, the improvement would be great. / I was looking for something to use that I wouldn't have to shift to do. It seems that there isn't anything that would be an improvement so I took Jack Speer's advice and example and converted to half-brackets./

After experiencing the disaster with the Undergraduate Library, so the story goes, the U-M administration decided the name of the proposed Student Organizations Building would be the Student Activities Building. / At UNM, it is called the Student Union Building or SUB and this causes all sorts of problems when visitors start looking for the SUB theatre./ The new building for the Astronomy & Physics departments also had a name change. Are college students more inclined to use abbreviations than the general public? / I doubt it but in our hurry up and wait age, it is more economical verbally to use acronyms. It might also be due to governmental influence. They abbreviate everything./

Seen on a bathroom wall: LEAN P ASTY ALK. / You don't say. Howabout "Gentle Ben for Congress!"/

The Nielsen ratings came out last week, did you see? STAR TREK was 73rd of 81. Or the competition, HONDO was 74th, and Gomer Pyle was 6th. Is that representative of those people who stay home Friday nights? / Yep. -- I might add that ST will at least finish the season. NBC couldn't find anything to replace it that could do better. But the MAN from UNCLE got the ax and will go off at the end of January. There goes the old Stratton bank account.../

Devra Langsam: 83 Lincoln Ave.: Newark NJ 07104::: Yes, we got SANDWORM #2. A nice zine! (though we do miss a table of contents). /And you will continue to do so. I figure that a person will preselect the bits he wants to read and forget the rest if there is a table of contents. I hope that without a ToC I can trap you into reading the whole thing.7...

Yes, we know we are ethnocentric. Pure objectivity is impossible. We must interpret Vulcan in terms of our own culture because we are products of our culture and have no other eyes to see with. /There are always the Eyes of the Overworld.7 We hope we are sophisticated enough to realize that our culture is only one of many, and to avoid making value judgments. We think that where we did judge, we indicated it clearly by statements such as "If Spock were human..." (Part of the problem was that I had almost no data on the Vulcan culture, and so had to try to find something to prop up the scanty information we did have. I used a framework based on my (few) anthropology courses to do this, and naturally had to make frequent comparisons to Terran culture to make the thing go - otherwise, there'd have been no article at all. I did try to indicate, however, that the comparisons were not judgments, but just - well, comparisons).

We thought of the 7-year cycle of weather on Vulcan, controlling the pon far. You must realize we wrote this during the summer, before "Amok Time" was shown. We have since rejected the weather cycle concept. /Might not the Vulcan's artificially control their weather?7 None of the other Vulcan males, including Stonn, seemed anywhere near pon far; nor were they treated as such by the women. /Perhaps the cycle is determined by when the individual is born.7 A weather cycle would require planet-wide (or at least region-wide) synchrony, and no one would have been uninvolved enough to perform the complex, highly controlled ceremonies. (Therefore, there is no indication that there was synchrony historically, either.)

Vulcans may claim their minds are not seething pits of emotion, and they are probably much less so than ours, but much of the difference in behavior patterns lies in control, rather than absence, of emotion. /After seeing Journey to Babel, I concur7 Nimoy has said this many times. Stonn clearly responded emotionally before the ritual reminded him of his control. Therefore, since their minds are not completely controlled as they wish (no culture ever lives up to its mores completely) they would value their mental privacy. Also, the writers' guide states that when Spock is in mental contact with someone, or using his mental powers, "the physical and emotional cost of it is quite high." /Still haven't convinced me that Vulcans don't engage in mental contact or at least, emotional contact among themselves (as, say, between man and wife).7

If vegetarianism is cultural, their ancestors could have been felinoid carnivores. The ancestors were fierce. /Vulcan must be a fierce planet if teddy-bear like creatures have six inch fangs.7 (Nimoy has said that emotion was intentionally bred out by the Vulcans, after a series of destructive wars, as a desperate effort to keep from racial suicide...) /Must have been fairly logical to agree to have both sides do this. We can't even agree on the time of day much less anything of that magnitude.7 Herbivores are generally less fierce, except when in actual rut. The vegetable matter on Vulcan could be high in protein, and perhaps they use diet supplements. /I don't consider it logical to trade a nice, juicy steak for a peanut butter sandwich and a vitamin pill.7 The effects of such a change in diet is interesting to think about. Remember Rogue Queen? If you are thinking about vegetables not being suitable as diet for a carnivore - length of intestine and all that - remember that in parts of China, where they raise dogs for the table, the animals are fed on bread and rice, and grow quite well. /Not a logical conclusion. The animals never live their full life span and do not have to live long enough for their basic nature to catch up with them. Vulcans live to be 100+ yrs and would show the lack after a decade (maybe more, maybe less). Vulcans are not dogs.7

If Vulcan and human strains were both planeted by a single ancestral stock, it is quite long enough for evolution to have produced two highly incompatible genetic strains. /But Vulcan and earth are similiar - to a surprising extent. Atmosphere, temperature, gravity, etc. are all within the limits of human tolerance. And Vulcan cannot be far removed from earth spacially either. In Metamorphosis, Cochrane knew of Vulcan (tho he might not have seen one) and this after only just discovering the

warp engine. We have a pretty long archeological history here on Earth, even if you ignore the related pre-human forms. We believe that the current estimates run between one half and 1 million years, by carbon dating. /But how far back can they go with carbon 14 dating? Say one half million to Pithecanthropos - a definite precursor. We like John Boardman's suggestion better. He says there could have been some cellular engineering performed on the gametes (and then the zygote would have been implanted in the mother artificially. This artificial, cross-specific implantation has been done today, but of course the zygotes were of a single, non-hybrid species). /Logical/

Yes, Bob. We're quite aware of the all-or-nothing principle of neuron conduction. As long as Pike was using more than one neuron, he could send Morse. The principle only applies to a single cell, and volleys within a nerve (made up of hundreds of neurons) can be of different lengths because the nerves need not all fire at once (nor do they necessarily have the same refractory period.) You seem to be confusing the terms "nerve" and "neuron" (using "nerve" for both) even if you aren't confusing the actual objects. /I'm just naturally nervy, I guess/ Pike could clearly send impulses of different lengths. When he was asked, "Guilty - yes or no," and he sent one pulse - "Yes," it was much longer than the others he had sent - showing what a horrible decision he had to make. /Did you have a stopwatch on it? Time is relative. Five minutes of enjoying one's self pass much more quickly than five minutes of being bored to death/ Also - even if Morse would be slow and tiring, his message when he kept blinking "no" was so important he was exhausting himself anyway. He had to tell them. Roddenberry just found it necessary to eliminate Morse Code by ignoring it. A serious flaw. /I am still not convinced on the argument presented. But, be that as it may, why couldn't a computer have been hooked directly into Pike's brain and reacted to the speech stimuli sent and then converted it into a mechanical voice?/

Your suggestion about different simultaneous levels of recording on the tricorder is excellent! It answers another, very annoying flaw. /Did the flaw ever exist, except in your mind?/

/-/
The Strawberry Alarmclock is a bunch of ding-a-lings
/-/

Robert E. Gilbert: 509 W. Main St; Jonesboro Tenn. 37659::: Yes, you had good duplication on SANDWORM /Credit goes solely to Roy/, and my drawings turned out well. I didn't care much for the cover. Such dreadful hands. Even better than the bad breath machine on TV is the Scientific Breathing Bag. That's what they call it, the Scientific Breathing Bag. /It breathes scientifically?/ I don't listen much to the radio, so I probably haven't heard many of these censored songs you mentioned. Anyhow, I can't understand what they're saying when they sing the lyrics and don't know what there is to censor. /The postal regulations forbid me giving you a few examples/ I have a copy of ONE MAN SHOW by Tiffany Thayer and have read it several times. It's one of my favorite novels. I see you've read the INVISIBILITY AFFAIR. Have you read Coulson & Dewese's latest, THE MIND-TWISTERS AFFAIR? /Yep./ It's nice that John Kusske had a cover by me for SAPSAFIELD. Looks like he would send me a copy. I sent him some drawings in 1964. /I'm certain it was just an oversight - unfortunately such things happen to the best of us/ All together, I thought SANDWORM was a good job. I read the entire zine and enjoyed it. /See, Devra & Sherna - I hooked him into reading the whole thing. Very definitely, I won't have a ToC/

Recently, I read ESP IN LIFE & LAB by Louisa E. Rhine. It was mostly about experiments at Duke University and dealt with such things as extrasensory perception, psychokinesis, psi, clairvoyance, telepathy, precognition, dreams, intuition, and hallucinations. It seems to me that even if psi does exist it's such a weak, unpredictable, uncontrollable trait that it's hardly worth all the time that's been spent on it. /I would think that if psi actually existed, it would be possible to surgically implant electrodes in that area of the brain controlling these functions and artificially induce them. As far as I know, there has never been anyone claiming to have found such an area. Of course, such a power might lie in the appendix or tonsils (don't laugh - I read a story a loooong time ago that was based on psi powers centering in the tonsils)/

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Jack Speer: 1301 San Pedro NE: Albuquerque NM 87109:: I don't understand the story-telling cover on Sandworm #2, but it's sort of intriguing. /I found it sort of paranoid/

God is not dead. He just doesn't want to get involved. /And I thot he was just vacationing on the Riviera/

I hate to show my ignorance, but i don't know what DMT is. Probably dimethyl something, but it reminds me of BMT and IRT. /It is dimethyl tryptamine and is one of the more potent chemicals - something like 250 times as strong as LSD. It is called the "Businessmen's Trip." because the effects only last 15 min. to a couple hours. But what are BMT and IRT?/ "While i don't care one way or the other about hophead songs, it isn't exactly accurate to speak of them as "arguments". If they are a kind of persuasion, it's one of the kinds that bypass the intellectual process. /I forget who it was but some astute observer once remarked that a man convinced intellectually isn't convinced at all./ " I've heard Universal Soldier, but not Eve of Destruction, and the latter sounds like an interesting song, from your comments.

By conventional grammar, your uneducated opinion on "Who're you trying to fool?" is mistaken. /It must be my unconventional grammar that is mistaken. If it were conventional, it would be the accepted norm. "When in Rome, shoot Roman candles"/ The way to unravel such sentences is to turn them into normal word order: You are trying to fool who/m. However, if my theory is correct, the tendency of English is to use a disjunctive form when the nominative pronoun is disjoined from the verb or follows it. (As in "C'est moi" and "Lui et moi sont...") The disjunctive form is usually the same as the objective in English, e g "It's me", but for the interrogative-relative it seems to be "whom", except in the anomalous constructive "than whom". So "Who're you trying to fool?" represents actual usage, and i was being technical when i tagged you for "who to blame?" I question your theory that you use "whom" as the object of prepositions but not of verbs. If you use "whom" at all, you are probably as likely to say "I'll visit whom I please" as "I'll talk to whom I please". /Agreed. You've convinced me that a schism exists between the ivory tower grammarians and we common folk. But what about the question "Whom?" Recalcitrant that I am, I think it should be "Who?" to be grammatically correct. If so, both versions were wrong, at least in part./

I didn't notice all the goofs in Sandworm 2 mentioned in your pcard. /The I'll stop mentioning them/ Perhaps i spotted what you referred to as using the indicative instead of the subjunctive, in "sometimes I can't even spall Pall Mall if hall froze over". /Please elucidate. I fail to see the error in that statement. Granted that it has an awkward construction, but an error in mood? Alas, English isn't like Spanish in this regard./ Spelling mistakes include "non-existant" ("e"), "dysentary" ("e") /No, no and no! You, sir, are confusing the super secret spy organization with the intestinal infection. They are two different things. Yes./, "regretable" (double t), "descendents" ("a"), and others that are probably mere typos. Other nits include "Tom Leher" which i suspect is not correctly spelled /I spotted the typo after that page had been run off. Apologies to Prof. Lehrer/ "laying around", "mouthsful" /Surely not "mouthfuls"? This violates many of the precepts I've been taught on forming plurals./, failure to close "Do Not Fold, Spindle, or Mutilate, "wherefore art thou?" ("wherefore", sometimes pronounced "whuffo", means "why") /Gosh, I changed that from a simple request for addresses to a profound metaphysical question. How intellectual of me./, "excerpts", kpt. /?/

Is it possible to power any kind of vehicle with static electricity? /I doubt it. And going back to the question of viscosity for a moment, viscosity does not depend on pressure. This seems to indicate why there was no rise in temperature in the hose./

By the way, a commendation for corfluing the K from "O mighty detective".

I don't quite go along with the principles on which you criticise Benford's criticism of fmz for not fitting into some classification. Your specific point may be right -- i haven't read the reviews in Quip /For shame!/ -- but i think a fanzine reader is justified in crit-

icizing a fanzine for anything that doesn't suit him. /About Synapse. Howabout indicating who is responsible for the zine you are commenting on? Howabout some more artwork? Could you run a couple pieces of fan fiction? As you see, I can gripe all I want about Synapse - make any comments I please - but I doubt if you'll change your established pattern. No matter how badly I (or even all those in FAPA) wanted you to turn out a zine devoted entirely to discussing time travel, I doubt if you would do it. You appear to like to comment on the other apazines, make remarks about the Civil War, run things like "Tricolor Chess", etc. and wouldn't want to give them up just to concentrate on time travel. And yet I'm certain you could find someone who wouldn't be pleased until you gave it a "time travel" direction. I don't think the faned should be overly concerned with criticism - unless he can see that it is pertinent (e.g. advice on reproduction clarity, how to get better artwork). He should publish a fanzine because he likes to. If you don't enjoy pubbing a fanzine, I doubt if it would be possible to garner enough egoboo to make it worthwhile. But if you enjoy publishing, does it matter how much egoboo you get? Maybe the faned shouldn't be much concerned with criticism (unless he wants to gain more popularity by making his fanzine more nearly what the readers want), but on the other hand the reader is justified in trying to make the fanzine suit him better.

You speak of all possible pasts being arranged one on top of another, in order of probability. I haven't read Spockanalia, but such an essentially one-dimensional arrangement seems impossible to me. There are infinities upon infinities of possible pasts; infinite numbers of pasts with probability 99, infinite numbers of them with probability 98.9, and so on. (Probably probability in this connection ought not to be expressed by such numbers as 98 and 99; i use them only to indicate comparative probability, whatever that means). /You seem to be using infinity like a number. It isn't. All your "infinities upon infinities" is only an infinity. The tricorder is of an exceptionally advanced design and operates using a transfinite recording tape; one tape recording aleph null pasts, the second aleph one, etc. /

I notice Gilbert's drawings have numbers such as 951 and 1002. Does he number them all serially? /I believe that this is the case. /

Uh, do you mean your Albuquerque is more like Arrakis than Seattle or NYC is like Arrakis, or do you mean your Aq is more like Arrakis than your Aq is like Seattle or NYC? /The latter. / My Aq, possibly a little more verdant and paved than yours, gets sand but only a few times a year, and i haven't noticed any windshield-pitting. /You are luckier than the insurance co. that had to replace that pitted-windshield. Your Aq is very different - I remember having to move 7-8 wheelbarrow loads of sand before I could get the garage door open after a gentle spring breeze. Obviously, you are not troubled by mundane things like dusting. Ask your wife about the quantity of dust perpetually suspended in the air. / "To call this a desert is first of all to mislead the naive. / My Aq gets less than 10 inches of rain a year - compare that to the 150 in Seattle. What's your Aq get? My Aq has extremely low humidity - if it gets over 40% it is "humid". And yours? / I think it was An Enemy of Knowledge that had the neo-barbarians pulling their automobile-wagons westward across arid country until they encountered the edge of the sands, apparently in Eastern imagination a stretch of dunes from Canada to Mexico. / That was a misnomer for the plains states and has nothing to do with this discussion. ---I've deleted the next paragraph on vegetation types found in deserts. /....

I took that mid-way ride you mention, with Eddie B. For a second or so i was reconciled to a messy death as we swirled around the outside, but the only injury i sustained was a deep gash in the thigh muscle, from some unknown metal projection in the cockpit. Naturally i thought of suing, but decided against it. The scar sort of balances one on the other thigh that i received in becoming Buddy Deering. /? / " I wonder what feats might be accomplished athletically if drugging of humans were permitted. / I understand that one of the Russian women athletes was barred from competing on the grounds that she didn't have enough female hormones in her. Perhaps she had been injecting male hormones into herself? / "What's this about St. Louis in '69? I thought 1950 was the original objective. / Time has a way of slipping by. It is now St. Louis in '69 /

Greg Benford: 874 Juanita Drive: Walnut Creek, Calif. 94529:: I think we have a disagreement, but I don't know how much of it is real. I don't think the primary function of a fmz is to entertain the readers, if you're looking at it from the editor's point of view. /And I am./ But the readers certainly think of it that way, and one doesn't produce a well-liked fmz without pleasing readers. There is more to say on this, but it's all so simple I don't think it's worth repeating. /Again we come back to the point whether the faned intends to influence readers to win a Hugo or prints the zine for his own entertainment. I distinguish between someone that wants a Hugo and does whatever he can to win one and the person that publishes, not to win the acclaim of fandom, but just as a hobby./

I don't think I impose professional standards on fmz, either, in my reviews in Quip. I just expect some minimal level of ability, a simple talent for using the English language without doing it bodily harm. /This is a sticky point. What do you consider "bodily harm"? Misusing the subjunctive or just simple things like properly using "who" and "whom"?/ Of course a fan editor can publish whatever he likes -- did you seriously think I felt it evil to do so? But if you want your fmz to elicit some response, it better be good.

You say "My disagreement with Benford is that he thinks that every good zine has to have a pat formula, a direction." Wrong. I was just noting that, in most cases, the fanzines that are edited by people with a set of values, an idea of the effects they wish to achieve, are good fanzines. Fans who throw 20 pages of stuff together and mail it out, or indulge themselves in boring 5-page editorials about their mimeographs shouldn't be surprised when they are not clasped to the bosom of fandom.

"The review should be done on the merit of the material presented, and not on the type," you say. But a fanzine is more than the sum of its parts. Part of the quality comes from the total impression a fanzine can create, its atmosphere, its gestalt. That's why Quandry and Psychotic were popular, even though some of the material in them wasn't especially fine. /What you are saying, then, is that a fanzine with a boring 5-page editorial on mimeographs can be good./ I think a fanzine editor (especially a new one) should realize this, and I spend some time on it in my Quip fanzine reviews. To deride this as "fitting the zine into some classification" is to miss the point.

I found Sandworm quite interesting, but God! the layout is terrible. Improve it by using a little white space /On fawn Twiltone?/ and please stop getting your art from the n3f mss bureau. /I wonder if that last was an inquiry as to whether or not I'd accept your artwork. The answer is yes and if it is better than that I can get from the Ms Bureau, I'll certainly use it. And it would be appreciated greatly as it is difficult getting people to contribute anything. But all the art in #3 is from outside sources./

I agree largely with Ed Cox and yourself about technical elements in stf. The newer authors who're making a splash are more stylistically advanced than, say, Heinlein, but don't know a damn thing, really, about science. Ellison, Disch, Aldiss (and he's quite old), Ballard, Delany, etc are using the same old stuff that stf has been using for decades. The important point is that science is valuable as an atmosphere creator. /This is why I think Dune is such an important novel. It combines science and style without slighting characterization and the result is outstanding. But how many authors that write to keep food on the table can expend the time and effort that Herbert put into Dune? Or more important, how many would want to?/

/=/

"The US is the only government that pays its farmers
for not producing and its single women
for reproducing"

John Barbour

WAHF::: WG Bliss who talks of TV repair; Doug Lovenstein who plugs ARIOCH! and then has the effrontry to mention the "abnormal amount of typos present" in Sandworm (How many goofs constitute "abnormal", anyway?); Jack Calvert who is underway at present; John Godwin who begged and pleaded for a copy of #3 (Being soft ~~headed~~ hearted, I'll oblige - but all I ask is for you to REACT!); Ann Chamberlain who points out that "this" generation is going to be just as shocked by the "next" generation as the "older" one is with the present (or something like that - it was a looong letter); Joanne Burger with some predictions that I might just print next time if she be willing; and Bill Kunkel who is going to be as pleased with Sandworm as I was with Genook (or else).

/*/

FMZ received since I wrote Drumsand include: Ad Astra #3; Arioch!; Ocymet #2 (the Turnbells have a CoA so send requests, etc. to Charles Hutler, 9 Sheridan Ave, Kearny NJ, 07032 until they get located again); thousands of Kipples (and all different); Perihelion (formerly Seldon Seen); Trypod #1; Synapse #Who knows?; Rigger Digger #1; Dynatron #34; SF Opinion #6 (six ish since Sandworm #2 - I call that prolific and possibly fecund); Riverside Qtrly; and probably a bunch I've already filed away in some dark closet with my collection of dead bodies (I'm a necrophile in my spare time).

/*/

I suppose I shouldn't be surprised by people's reactions when they are placed in a new or unusual position. But I always am. Last spring, a friend was throwing a Buddha's Birthday party and somehow or other I'd been talked into becoming a werewolf at midnight (it was full moon that night). So, trying to keep my end of the bargain, I went into a novelty store and asked for a werewolf's mask. The clerk got the strangest look on his face and then mutely shook his head "No" indicating that he tho't I was some kinda nut or something. On impulse, I then asked if he had a propellor beanie in stock - color didn't matter but I preferred cerise- and the poor guy turned chalk white and started furtively looking for the nearest exit. So I saved him the trouble and left. And yet if I'd wanted a poster of Chou En Lai he would have had that nothing of it (there were 3 hanging from the ceiling alongside WC Fields and Che Quevara).

/*/

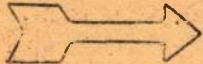
All for now. Support the ISL, TAFF (Good Luck, Edco!), TOFF, AT&SF, the radical center, ST. LOUIS IN '69, Star Trek, the Society for the Preservation of Plasmodium Vivax (the Annual Quinine Ball will be held in Saigon again this year), BayCon (by joining now), BMT & IRT, OE's, and, naturally FUBB Pub which brings you the Witty and Charming Fanzine Called Sandworm.

Ghod rest ye merry, gentlefen....

Yrs. &c. Bob

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Crushed Corn causes senility

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