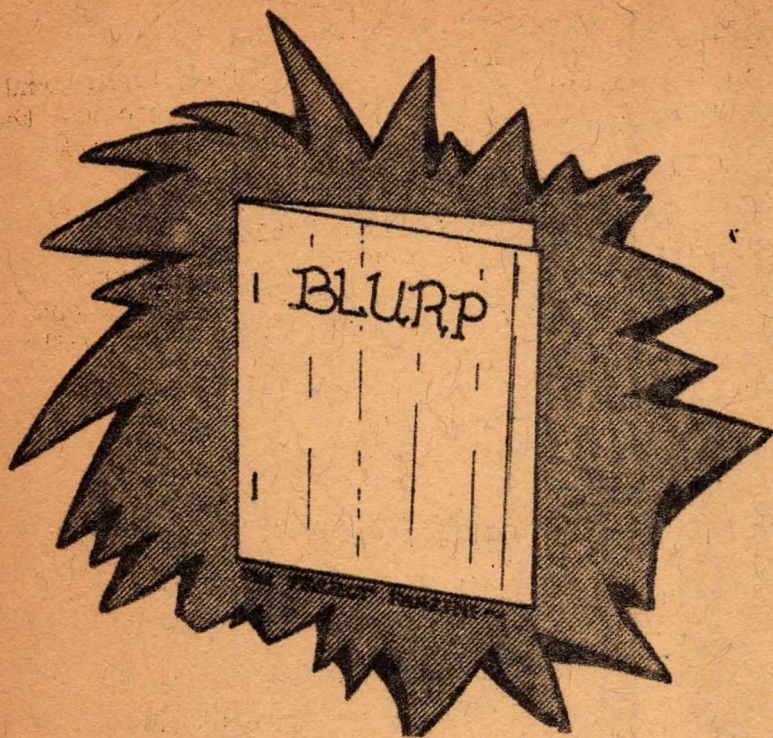


ZYMURWORM № 21 H



This is ZYMURWORM 21H, Dec. 1974. It is brought to you by Bob Vardeman & Dick Patten by way of trade, LOC, Contribution (art or written) or for various and sundry other reasons which I don't feel like going into. If this is the last this is your last issue unless you do something about it. By the way you can also get this for 35¢ (which is too much).

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TOC

Cover by Harry Morris, we had to give the zine some class didn't we?

Page 1- your looking at it.

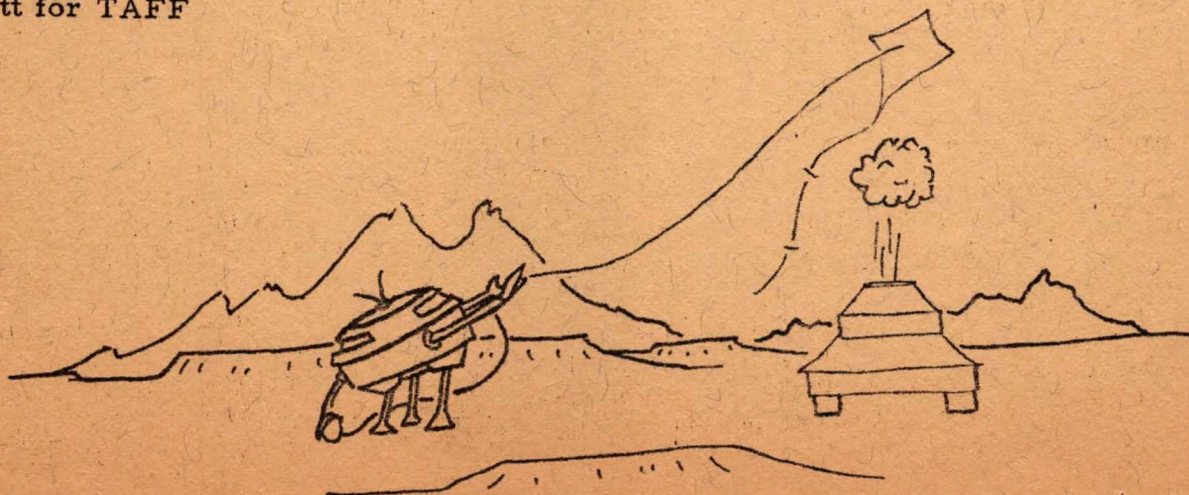
Page 2- Varspeak Pg 3- more of the same

Pg 4- the tank rumbles Pg 5- I'm still going strong Pg 6 I finally shut up pg 7 - three poems by Neil Wilgus Pg 8- reviews and such by Bob Vardeman Pg 9& 10 he continues Pg 11 starts the lettercol including- Harry Warner- Nesha Kovalick- Jodie Offutt- Norm Hochberg- Neal Wilgus- Tom Jackson- Bruce Arthers-Dennis Lien and Ben Indick.

Artwork: Pgl top Sheryl Birkhead- Bottom Debby Stark Pg3- Canfield & Freff Pg4 Sheryl pg5- Sheryl Pg6 top Debby Stark, bottom Sheryl pg7- Mike Kring(I think) Wrong. Marci Helms sorry Marci Pg9- Bob doesn't know where he got them. Pg 11 C Lee Healey Pg 12- Canfield & Freff I blew it again the illo on pg 3 should be credited to Mario Navarro. Pg17 Debby Stark.

Sorry I fouled up the art credits so bad. I would type the stencil over right but it is my last one and the stores are closed for the weekend. That is also what comes from keeping things so long.

Rusty Hevelin for DUFF
Roy Tackett for TAFF



Actually Helps Shrink Swelling Of Hemorrhoidal Tissues Caused By Infection

Well, golly gee, folks, it was either that or one asking if you had Jock Itch. And I thot it somewhat more appropriate in these times that try men's soles (because they are all heels) or something. And who can tell, ZWorm might actually help shrink the swelling of, &c.

You guessed it. Another ish of the warpozine from Patten and Vardeman. I'm Vardeman, he's Patten. I get "such" and he gets "things" or vice versa. See Norm Hochberg's letter for clarification. I suppose I should change subjects now and insert one of my nauseating interlinos. I could fool you all and not do that, but I'd hate to disappoint all the cagey cretins and flaming telepaths out there who know me all too well.

/*/

Charisma is that indefinable quality
possessed by a woman with big boobs.

/*/

Now that I've set the proper mood for what's to follow (mainly a crowd of screaming Women's Libbers intent on tearing my limbs from my asunders), I can proceed. Things in Albq have been interesting of late. I'd like to congratulate Vic Milan on his first professional sale, may it be merely the first of a long string. We keep on trying to discuss a Westercon bid in '78. What do y'all really think of having a lil ole con r'cher in Albq? But let me give you somegroundrules we've decided on if we do bid. There will be no more than 50 huckster tables, comic book sellers will be Discouraged from even attending, there will be no Star Trek programming, there will NOT be all night movies (possibly only 2 major flicks a nighth), the SCA is free to hold any kind ofgetogether they llike but it will NOT be part of the con. There will be no local publicity (big deal in a city like Albq...we have to have dead prairie dog parties instead of dead dog parties...the rattlesnakes ate all the dogs and would have the prairie dogs, except they have the plague germs on them).

So whathell will we try to do? Encourage only the really hardcore fans to come to keep it small and enjoyable. Strong programming with as many pros as we can entice. Try to catalyze as many parties as possible. Keep the expenses as low as possible to keep the membership rates low. This would be the first con to logically expect as many fans from the Midwest as the West Coast; that could not help but change the tradiational patterns. The old sf con standbys like the artshow, masquerade, probably the banquet unless we come up with a viable alternative, would all be there.

Let's hear some opinions: Albq finally has the convention facilities to handle a con of any size up to around 2000. We'd prefer a quarter that number. What do y'all think? Pro? Con? Why? Why not? It's a long time and you can still talk us out of it if you try hard enough (I'm just giving the negative side equal time, Len. And best of luck to you and June on your con.)

/*/

My, how depressing, all this talk of actually putting on a Westercon. Far more fun attending than throwing one, I suspect. But whoever said the hot desert sun hadn't long ago cooked our brains?

/*/

I could comment on what a sorry state of affairs the world is in, but that should be obvious. My hat's off to Clifford Case, of all people, for tacking on a rider to the foreign aid bill cutting off all the US contributions to the UNESCO, apprx 25%. Now if we could just get all those Arab countries interested in moving the UN so we would not be footing the bill for that white elephant...

But the economy. It has long been my contention that most economic indicators are not valid. Fallacious, possibly specious and probably wrong, too. Why, just look at some of the names! Standard and Poor's...did it ever occur to you it actually was Poor? And who really wants to keep up with the Joneses anymore when it is the sinking Dow Jones you're talking about?

And sure, you've all heard of EF Hutton, but what's become of his wife, Betty? No, fans, there is only one true indicator of the state of the US economy. It's not the GNP (pronounced geh-nup, for those non-economists among you), no sir, madam or critter as the case may be. It's not whether Hank Kissinger ordered eggs or Post Toasties for breakfast. And, yes, I know, as fans you might be tempted to say it was the total staple production used in the fanzine industry.

No, it's none of these.,
The only true indicator is the number of hamburgers sold by McDonald's. Are those arches really golden or only gilded? That is the question that should cause us to lie awake nights and sweat. I began to really worry when, after an incredibly long time of almost seven months, M-D (as it's known to us hamburgers) had not sold that 15 billionth hamburger. SEVEN MONTHS! What was wrong? Was the entire US going down the old tube? (Not to be confused with tube steaks sold at Wienarschnitzel stands). At long last, the 23rd of last month (Nov.74) that 15billionth M-D hamburger was finally logged. If there is a turnaround in our economy, it will be reflected in how soon that 16 billionth one is sold.

I'm not overly patriotic, but maybe we should "bite the bullet". Come on, gang! Let's all get out there and bite on those M-D's! It's the same thing! Help out the floundering US economy. Bolster our pickle crop. Push the ketchup sales up! It's up to you, yes, you! Who could have faith in a country that couldn't sell hamburgers faster than a billion every 7 months? No one, that's who! So do your part. Show those chinks and gooks and arab oil maggots and Third Worlders what it means to be an American/
Consume! Consume Conspicuously! Consume Conspicuously Constantly! Bring back the good ole CCC and out with this WIN idiocy.
You can do it. Go out there and win one for the old gypper.

/*/

President Ford decided it would be nice to do some genealogical research. He asked his mother about his forefathers and she told him she had it narrowed down to three, the postman, garbage collector or paperboy.

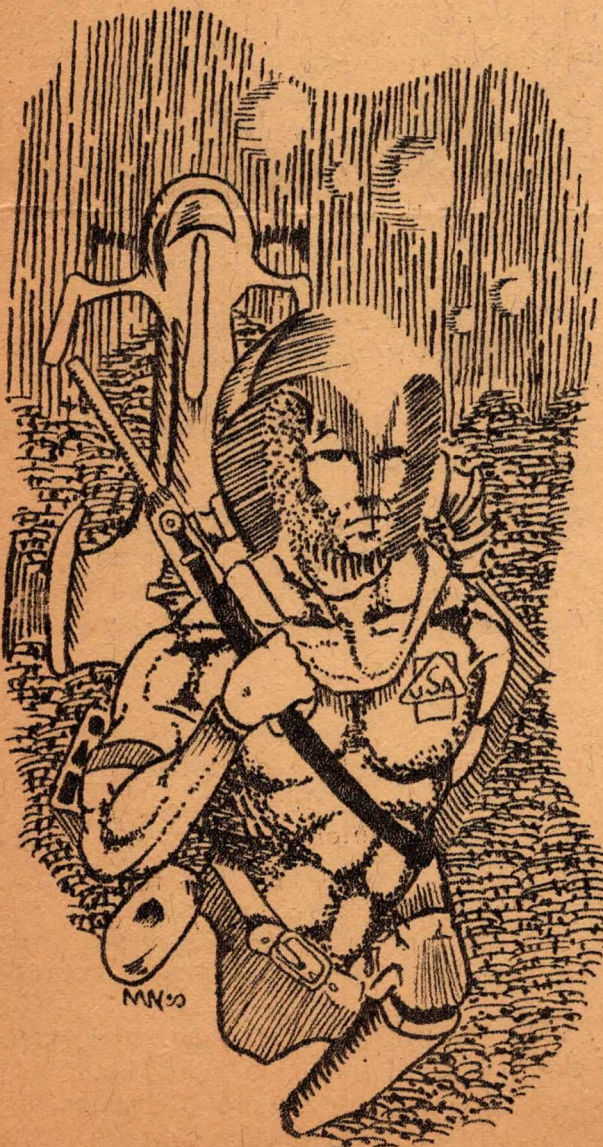
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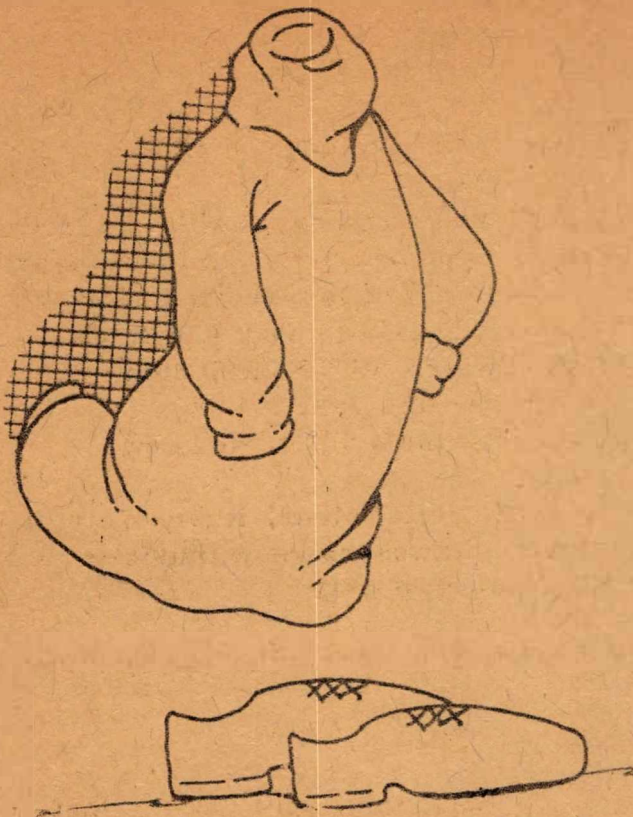
Seems like we're finally getting into the true Xmas spiritis around here (Bah, Humbug!) The ASFS had a "Welcome back from the Slime Pits of NYC" party for Dick Patten and our next one, the 14th of Dec, will be in commemoration of Geo. Washington's death. I have personally held Adolph Hitler and Dan'l Boone birthday parties (ordering the Happy Birthday Adolph cake was an interesting experience). If we don't have a true Xmas party, I suspect we'll throw a "Discovery of the Hangover Party" on Jan 2.

/*/

I think Dick's foaming at the mouth and wants more space on his $\frac{1}{2}$ of the zine. I shall henceforth and forthwith and without the pause that refreshes cut this off till 1975, sometime. In spite of by Bah Humbugs and the fact I didn't send any of you Xmas cards or gifts, SEASON'S GREETINGS!

Bah, Humbug, too. Love and xxxxs, Bob





I have been saved!!! At the last minute the calvery, in the form of a six year old girl child, came to my rescue. Oh the joy When the great burden of fear was lifted from me.

Something tells me I had better expain before everyone is sure I flipped entirely.

In case you can't tell this is the heavier side of the partnership bringing this thing to you(that's Patten for any of you who have never seen either of us. My right leg weighs slightly more than all of Vardeman.). Anyway, Bob ordered me (yes ordered, we get along fine, but not together. Besides he goes to school for Kung Foo or something, and also plays games with sabers and sowards and such. Me, I never got beyond dog choaker collars and tire chaines. How did I get inside this long parens. I hate long parens. I'll just close them and get back to whatever I was talking about.) to print a letter He had gotten from George Proctor (that

cap H on He was a typo, really it was.), that had come too late to be included in the letter col. When I was typing the letters I put in I was all ready to include George's letter when I came to the startling discovery that I had lost it. Instant panic. But due to the faned's motto "The Zein Must Go On" (somehow that doesn't look right) I took my fear in hand (Goldstein behave yourself, I said fear) and continued.

Just as I sat down to write this, an apology all ready im my mind, Robin, the aformentioned girl child, came into the den with a paper in her hand. She calmly asked if I needed it. It was, as you have no doubt guessed, the missing letter. So, released from fear, and with hands no longer shaking on the keys, I present the letter:

Geo. W. Proctor
506 Alaska
Arlington, TX 76012

Bob V. and Dick P. or if you prefer
Dick P. and Bob V. --

Hey I just noticed Bobby V. -- oh shit, you'll never live that one down.
Do you realize this is the first fan letter to a fanzine I've written in over two years-- since May 1972, when I put CITADEL into hibernation. And I realize, that you, Bob Vardeman, have brought SW out of moth balls to beat me to the punch.

However, I realize that the reasoning behind sending me SW and Zgy was to receive another letter from me. Christ I would think that one in six months, or was it nine, would be enough.

And I knew, I knew
I loved you Surfer Girl
That folks was an excerpt from Ray Wylie Hubbard's smash hit.

I'm a truck driver

I drive big trucks

And that was the complete lyrics to Clovis' (he's one of the Cowboy Twinkies) smash hit.

Do you realize that half of those fannish types think you're nuts--Cowboy Twinkles-- little do they know what stirs in the hearts of Texans-- or what stirs deep in the heart of Texas, that being Austin, if one can believe a graduate of the University of Texas. Yes, folks, Ray Wylie Hubbard and the Cowboy Twinkies do exist, even though his most popular song, UP AGAINST THE WALL YOU REDNECK MOTHERS, didn't even get an honorable mention during the Country Music Awards this year.

#Believe it or not one of the AM stations here in Alb. has picked it up and now plays it a bunch. What's the world comming to? ¢#

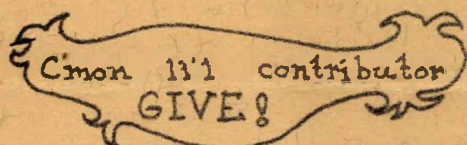
As a matter of fact, neither did Michael Murphy, Jerry Jeff Walker, Rusty Weir or Willie Nelson, which only goes to show how much them shitkickers know music-- woops, forgot Lester (Roadhog) Moran and his Cadiallac Cowboys.

By the way My beard is complete.

Have you noticed how this letter sorta fits the format of your fanzine (or fanzines)? Where is Mike Glickson when you need him?

George Proctor

//////////



Well that takes care of that.

Now that the chances are that

I will live for a few more days

I should get on to other things.

Like figuring out what I want to say for the next stencil or so.

One thing is the matter of art

work. I have been accused of only

using pieces that fit the text where I put

them. Actually I try to but not this issue.

I have some nice stuff from different people that I like and want to use, so I am going to, wether they fit the text or not. The one above could fit anywhere but since it is here I will make the text fit it. Help!!! Bob has his reviews to fill his half,, (He can also ramble on for pages and pages ((ever read Pleasure Planet? Whew.))) but I can't review worth a damn, besides who wants a zine with nothing but reviews. I also have a little more trouble nattering, so I would like articles and such from you and you and you. With thish we have also gone back to using illos so...

//////////

I should change subjects with a nice quote here but all of them are burried under 40 pounds of Christmass wrapping paper and I don't have the energy to dig then out.

//////////

I think it is time to plug the con I was asked to. LEPRECON LEPRECON Now that I plugged it maybe I should give the address and such. Ah, now there is something interesting. I have a flyer here and there is no address on it. (Almost as bad a as when I sent out an issue of Z with no address.) Tim Kyger sent them to me so I guess his address is good enough. 702 E. Vista Del Cerro Tempe, AZ 85281. The con is in Phoenix with Larry Nivin as GOH. It looks interesting. Any con that has a fan-pro drink off can't be all bad. The dates are March 14, 15, 16 at a quality inn. None of the prices are on the flyer but I'm sure Tim knows them. Don't let it scare you but right now it looks as if some of us New Mexicans are going to wander over. Anyway it seemed like 5 or 6 voices were heard at the last party saying something like that.

Ah I have arrived. Last page to type the feeling of success, the joy of a job well done (well, done anyway). Harry has been looking over my shoulder and just reminded me I have the TOC yet to type. There's got to be one in every crowd, even if the crowd is only made up of two. In case you can't tell typing is not my favorite passtime. (Especially when I am typing directly on stencil and trying to figure out how to spell at the same time.)

Right now Harry is sitting over in the corner listening to records (no Bob not Del Shannon, he brought his own). Harry has a collection that is weird. He gets things sent to him from Germany (for no other reason than they used some of his stuff for the album cover) he also seems to pick up great things that I have never heard. (Being too poor to own nothing but an AM radio might account for my lack of knowledge) Right now he has Magma on and just finished 666. They both fit my mood perfectly.

I had better get off music and talk about something I know about. Woops, strike that last statement. I don't want to leave the rest of the page blank. Before I forget. I met this guy when I was up to that school in New York. He reads SF and for some reason has decided he wants to see what fandom is like. Try as I could I couldn't diswade him (afterall why expose someone who likes SF to people like us) so if any of you can would you send him a copy of your zine. He says he'll loc'em.

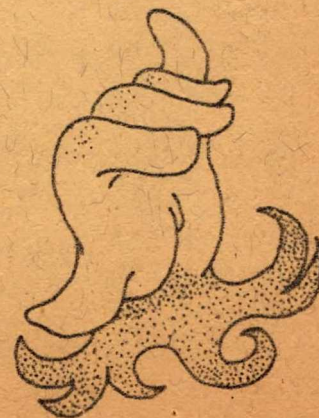
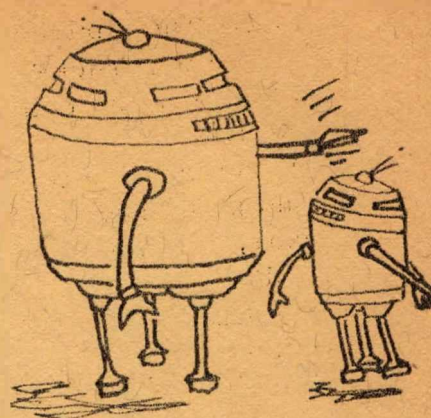
Kyron Lee John Gustafson
4519 11th Ave. C
Moline, Illinois 61265

Winter time in New Mexico. Every year I forget how bad most of the drivers are here. Every year after the first snow I am forceably reminded. (This is a few hours after the above, in case you are wondering about the subject change.) It snowed Christmass night and going to work the 26 was a disaster. I met this nice lady (before I am yelled at, it could have been a man but it just so happenes that it was a lady) on a turn in the road. I was in the right lane just cugging along when she came up on my left, going about 30. She tunned her weels but naturally the car had no intention of going around the curve at the speed. As she slid into the side of my car I could see her yelling something, but since both our windows were closed I couldn't hear what. Her car gently nudged mine and in no time we were both sitting in someone's front yard. When we climbed out to inspect the dammage she stomped over to me. faced and angry. It seems that the whole thing was my fault, you


see she had been hollering at me to get out of the way and since she could tell that I knew how to drive in snow and she didn't it was up to me to avoid the accident. I am not usually at a loss for words but that form of logic shut me up quick. I mean how could I argue with that. After I stopped laughing and saw that there was no real dammage I went home and went back to bed, which I think I might do now.

Have fun,

Dick



Dr. Loomis



One day Dr. Loomis woke up
to the fact
that there were Gnomes
living in his cellar.
"What are you doing here?" he asked
They explained that they had been there
for several years.
They had found no place for themselves
in normal society
and so had dropped out
and come to live beneath him
with their long beards
and red eyes.
Was there anything
they could do
for him?
Dr. Loomis stumbled on a bone
and cleared his throat.
He never goes into the cellar
alone anymore.

poems
by
Neal Wilgus

THE TRIP

Down to the
sea of symbols
we went,
confident we could
manipulate ourselves
anywhere in the
wide universe.
But our bookboat
was soon seized
by strange currents
and before we
knew it we were
out of sight
of land.
Alas, adrift,
and at the mercy
of any abstract
seaserpent
which might grip us
in its mystic jaws!

1985

When the magic rites
were over
and the
new spirit
had at last
emerged from
its mother's womb
a government
representative
stepped forward
and placed
an official seal
on the little one's
forehead,
saying,
"We mark you thus
to show
how surely
we shall
guide your life."

**What you may be calling
"just dry, flaky skin" could be
the Heartbreak of Psoriasis
Ask your doctor.**

REVIEWS & SUCH

perpetrated by Bob Vardeman

WAR OF THE GURUS: Howard Reingold: Freeway, \$1.25:: This is the 2nd in a series of really bizarre books. Lousy plots, idiotic characters and purple prose that radiates into the far ultraviolet. Redeeming value: A Freas cover. If you have strong masochist tendencies, you might even enjoy watching the author put out sentences like: The thunder-bolt effect of the pronouncement seemed to reverse the massive irrevocable machinery of collision for an instant: the Tacts, for the first time in their bloody history, started to retreat (inducing a spell of apoplectic bellowing in livid Marshall Law high atop his cherrypicker); the stampeding saffrons began an orderly silent dispersal from the precipice of cataclysm; even the cifused, lase-whip brandishing ranks of Organizers stood their ground uncertainly and waited for the next olympian pronouncement by the odd new oracle. End quote.

HEROVIT'S WORLD: Barry Malzberg; Pocket Books, 95¢: I dislike Malzberg's roman flueve style; he does nothing with it to make it effective. Every book reads the same & this is no different. His hero s aren't. They whine, they whimper, they lose. The heroine s are even worse, some even surpassing the descriptions of "harridan" and "shrew" and going all the way to "bitch". This is about an sf writer who drifts off into his own little fantasy world. Malzberg obviously lives there, also with neat non sequiturs like on pg 83: ...the questions ratcheting around his stomach like Ping-Pong balls. There were some other, lesser, ones I saw but this illustrates the quality writing inside Herovit's World (just as the mention of earth orbiting a class B sun in Phase IV illustrates Malzberg's scientific acumen). I don't believe a writer writes what he knows best, not all the time, at any rate. I certainly hope Malzberg isn't projecting his own personality into that of Herovit. If so, I fear I might have to forgo the pleasure of meeting him someday...from people who have met Malzberg, I've heard only glowing words of praise.

PATRON OF THE ARTS: William Roessler: Ballantine, \$1.25: This is a lengthened version of the novella of the same title. Unlike most transformations to a longer format, Rotsler has not merely padded out existing sequences but has added new dimensions and insights into an already superlative story. It is truly unfortunate that Rotsler stands no chance at either a Hugo or a Nebula with this novel because it is far better than winners of both awards in previous years. I recommended it for a Nebula; that might give some insight into how powerful and finely written I consider this book. Few books can actually bring a tear to my eyes, yet Rotsler has done it by pouring an artist's soul out into words. Such a rare event depicting a sensitive, human person deserves far more recognition than it seems to be receiving.

STAR SMASHERS OF THE GALAXY RANGERS: Harry Harrison: Berkeley, 95¢: This might just be the ultimate Doc Smith parody. Harrison mutilates and otherwise destroys every single space opera cliché in one of the more hilarious books I've ever read. Every pg has its own little gem. If slapstick isn't for you, neither is Star Smashers. If you can sit back and enjoy seeing all the foibles of space opera carried to their logical, uproarious extreme, this is it. Buy, enjoy, but be prepared to have a sore side... from laughing!

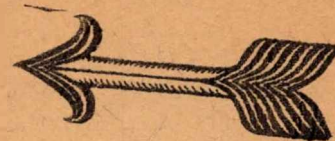
THE MOTE IN GOD'S EYE by
Larry Niven & Jerry Pournelle:
Simon & Schuster, \$9.95:::
You might wonder why I said
Rotsler's PATRON OF THE ARTS
didn't stand a chance in the
balloting for either the
Nebula or Hugo. This is the
reason. Every now and then
a true "instant" classic comes
along. DUNE was such a book.

While DUNE remains my favorite novel, MOTE IN GOD'S EYE is, without a doubt, the single best book written since DUNE. Niven and Pournelle have done what can only be described as rare in the field of sf. They have created an alien culture which is truly alien, yet understandable. In addition, the human culture is not merely that of the present; it is human enough, but...different. The hard science in the book is impeccable, yet they avoid the pitfall of launching into 60 pg discussions of some gear and grommet. The book has no less than four exceptionally fine characterizations in the humans. Unfortunately, none are the two main characters who appear pawns being tossed around at the whims of other;

stronger characters. This is the single fault I can find in the book. It is tightly plotted and written and both men have gone out of their way insuring no niggling, annoying loose ends to bother the reader. Everything mentioned in the book gets used, no waste motion or wordage. I must strongly object to the cover design that places Heinlein's name and his glowing praise for the book in letters scarcely smaller than the authors' names, but it is the material between the covers that truly shines. 537 pgs worth of intricate, exciting, fascinating detail about the Mote civilization make this, even at the horrendous price, a bargain for all the hard sf freaks, the sociology fiends, the psych nuts, the action/adventure readers and just plain old folks who enjoy a good story. I think I can safely say this book makes everything else by these two writers pale into insignificance...I doubt they can top a masterwork like MOTE, but I certainly hope they try!

THE DISPOSSESSED: Ursula LeGuin: Harper & Row, SFBC: I'm an avid LeGuin fan and have been ever since Left Hand of Darkness which, before Mote in God's Eye, was the definitive "alien" civilization book. In D. LeGuin has written a powerful book, but one that bothered me. Perhaps the worst thing I found wrong (and yes, I mean wrong) is that she has managed to confuse anarchy with pure communism. How that happened, I'll never know. The book deals with one man's struggle for intellectual freedom against the aforementioned communism and the rival state capitalism of the parent world. The book goes into long polemics of background material which I found worthwhile, but might tend to become boring if you prefer straight action/adventure rather than a more intellectual approach to storytelling. This is a quiet book, powerful and thought provoking. In comparison to MOTE, however, it is flawed. When D. is compared to 99% of the other sf books being written and published today, it must be counted as a major work. The old expression, "When it rains, it pours" is all too true. The D., PATRON OF THE ARTS and MOTE IN GOD'S EYE all appearing in such a short time after a long drought is heartening, yet disappointing. When the metal kudoes are passed out, two excellent books are going to have to lose. A true shame when, in other years, good books weren't even nominated for accolades.

TEXAS-ISRAELI WAR: 1999: Saunders & Waldrop, Ballentine \$1.25: I think the title tells quite a bit about the plot. Israeli mercenaries in another Texas war of succession. The basic plot I find ludicrous but Saunders & Waldrop have quite a knack for description that places the book above the common hordes on the stands now. One or two made me shudder, most I could nod my head in appreciation at the verbal virtuosity. Ignore the cover and appreciate the writing.



TRANSFORMATIONS II: ed. Daniel Roselle: Fawcett, \$1.25:: The subtitle on this collection is "Understanding Am. History Through Science Fiction". It is a companion vol. to one "Understanding World History..." etc. I shudder at the crass attempt to make a buck off the forthcoming 200th anniversary of the US. What is even more unfortunate is that there are some excellent stories in this book, foremost being Dickson's "Computers Don't Argue". van Tilburg Clark's story was interesting, especially in that it is the only other story in the book not done by a contemporary writer (Irving is the other). A progression of works would have been nice; the editor chose to force stories into molds. I sincerely wish this had been presented as an anthology of good sf stories. Period. Not one purporting to "study" or "survey" Am. history through sf. What is even more frightening is that this is intended as a textbook for (high school?) students. On that level, let me recommend the vol. by Asimov.

THE TEACHINGS OF DON JUAN : all by Carlos Castenada: It is a matter of conjecture if
 A SEPARATE REALITY Pocket Books, all \$1.50 these are sf (Sturgeon says yes)
 JOURNEY TO IXTLAN apiece and a bargain::: or if they are serious anthro-
 pological work (Joyce Carol Oates
 says yes) or if they are just fascinating, engrossing books (I say yes). Castenada relates his meetings with a Yaqui sorcerer, his discovery of peyote and eight "other" worlds in these volumes. The philosophy is a mixture of Zen Buddhism, common sense, mysticism and, in all probability, a drug induced nonsense world that is totally subjective. Castenada adopts the question/answer mode of writing like Socrates with his students, but manages to keep interest through all 3 volumes. The 4th and last, Tales of Power, should be out in paperback shortly. I personally think Castenada is possessed of a fertile imagination, these are not in any way representative of a real Yaqui sorcerer and that they are lots of fun to read.

THE EARLY ASIMOV, book 1: Isaac Asimov, Fawcett: \$1.25:: This contains 13 of the good Dr's earliest stories, along with descriptions of the events that preceeded the writing, the ideas that spurred the writing and the trials and tribulations selling them. The stories are all pretty bad, dated naturally, but just not good stories. This is one reason why I highly recommend this book to anyone just starting out on a career in writing. It shows the metamorphosis of Asimov's talent from a pupal stage to that of a full-winged, gloriously talented pro. All too often, the impression exists that superlative writers like Asimov never wrote a turkey, they sold every single word they penned and their road to success was obvious from the start. The stories don't make this book, Asimov's descriptions of the stories assuredly do.

OMEGA: ed Roger Elwood, Fawcett, 95¢:: Out of 13 stories, I found 3 readable which is not a good track record. Poul Anderson's "Serpent in Eden" Geo. RR Martin's "Slide Show" and Phil Farmer's "After King Kong Fell" aren't much to brag about, but they are done competently by competent writers. Others from whom I would expect better work (Jim Sutherland, Anne McCaffrey and RA Lafferty) simply do not deliver. Oh well, they can't all be winners.

PURPLE ZOMBIE: "Kenneth Robeson", Warner, 95¢:: This is the 3rd Avenger book done by Ron Goulart, if my count is correct. Enjoyable for the little touches Goulart puts in like having one character wave to a friend at a party. The friend is Lamont Cranston. The heavy in the book is FJ Ackeroyd, aka Jack Forrest. Nice if you want nothing but escapist action.

GWEN, IN GREEN: Hugh Zachary, Fawcett, 95¢:: Every now and then I come across a nice, scary horror story that doesn't make me snicker in spots. GWEN manages to maintain an eerie, spooky feeling throughout. Not with the expertise of a Shirley Jackson or an HPL, but there aren't many people writing pure horror stories today. This one gave my spine an appropriate shivering, avoided some of the sillier cliches that pass for "horror" and finishes off on a nicely chilling note. No classic of the field, but far better done than most. Highly recommended if you happened to have a green thumb...

More next time from...Bob Vardeman

A LIBERTINE UNMANIFESTED

In visions...

An eye staring through cracks in the sidewalks. I mentioned to my friend that I was sick. He laughed. Strange I thought. The meaning of the symbolism of that period. Visions.

"Supposidly," he said to me, "we are all..." and then he stopped. My mind was spinning. I did not understand what he was doing to me. She was smiling next to me, while he on my right was now in an uncontrolled laughter. His eyes. His fear sickend eyes and his laughter that did not fit.

Sentenced! I heard him say. Doomed! Doomed! cried a voice. Destined to terror and agony! screamed a third voice. Dancing on strings of light the voices came. Music...and his eyes screaming and blood filled. I could look no longer. Pain and burning entered my lungs. My heart and mind were aflame. It pounded. Fear! Horrifying and unstable. Realization...I was solo.

"I'm alone!" I screamed. My god someone help me. I am alone.

There was no rescue from the horror filling my body with trembling. My throat dry. I stopped.

Relaxed now because I had become aware of another voice. Another pair of eyes looking in my direction. I touched them with my own. She sensed me immediately. Her eyes were soft. She spoke but I heard only indistinguishible wispers. I was aware only of her eyes.

I began to flow. The world was returned to me.

Their eyes like glistening memories tied together somehow by a thought stream of my consciousness. What he had done to me that day there on that hill. And her eyes.

In visions...all just in visions. And I am still here.

But I am still alone.

Steve Parks

Now I've gone and done it. Steve's piece was supposed to come out to an even page. I haven't got the faintest idea what I am goin to fill the rest of this page with. So much for lay-out. I suppose I could tell you the Kathy is madder than hell at me right now. All I did was yell at her for messing up the last two pictures on my camera, but I don't think you would really be interested. I know what I'll do. Kathy brought a thing home from work. It looks like a regular parking ticket but it is to be used when you run up against someone taking the last available two parking places. It has room for license number and all that at the top then the following is printed below.

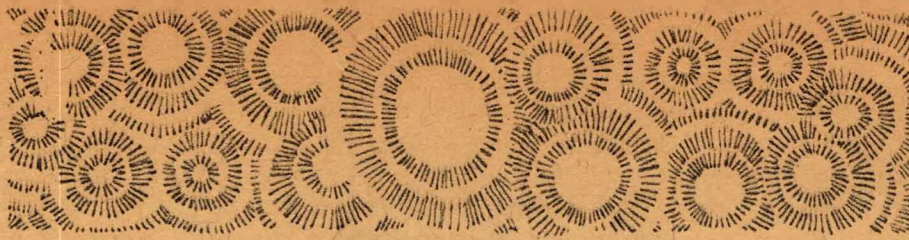
This is not a ticket, but if it were within my power, you would recieve two.

Because of your Bull Headed, inconsiderate attempt at parking, you have taken enough room for a 20 mule team, 2 elelhants, 1 goat, and a safri of pygmies from the African interior.

The reason for giving you this is so that in the future ycu may think of someone else, other than yourself. Besides, I don't like domineering, egotistical or simple minded drivers and you probably fit into one of these categories.

I sign off wishing you an early transmission failure, (on the expressway at about 4:30 p.m.). Also may the fleas of a thousand camels infest your armpits.

Just thought I had better mention (to keep out of more trouble) that the above was not on Kathy's car. She got it off the bulliten board.



LOC'd IN AGAIN !!

Vardeman doing the lettercol this time around. I hope Fred Goldstein writes a loc for some future ish. I've got an entire series of real clippings to scatter around a pg of his priceless words. No one else, I fear, due to the X rated nature of all these clippings (you might remember what a clipping freak I am...send me any really warpo clippings you have or see. I've still got a stack Denny Lien sent Way Back When but I enjoy new ones all the time). Editor's comments thusly and all blamable on Vardeman.

HARRY WARNER: 423 Summit Ave, Hagerstown, Md. 21740:: Bob's editorial was notable for the feeling of kinship it imparted. I had always assumed that I'm the only fan kooky enough to watch for Brenda Vacarro's name in TV Guide cast listings and then watch shows on the basis of such discoveries. I also think I've spelled her name differently from TV Guide.../Correction to TV Guide Standard Usage adopted for use in copying.../ It's odd how she;s failed to become a first-rate celebrity, when she seems as vivid and eccentric a person in real-life as the superstars of the great age of the movies were. Newspapers and even magazines seem too sophisticated today to build the newer generation of performers into international figures because of the way they behave in real life; they just concentrate on the ones who have grown long in the tooth like Elizabeth Taylor and Frank Sinatra. /I'm sure Brenda Vacarro could get as big a press if she'd called all the women in Australia whores and insulted the pressmen there or divorced Richard Burton. On the other hand, she seems quite happy with Michael Douglas and who wants to read about happy un-marriages? This is the old sensationalism routine again. You don't report "There wasn't a murder today" but rather "There was a ghastly, gory, horribly bloody murder by a depraved Latvian, who is allegedly left-handed."/

I started reading Al Jackson's article with foreboding, because I was sure I wasn't understand enough of it to be worth mentioning. So I was doubly pleased to find it didn't depend on an expert's knowledge of math, and that it was very amusing in parts as well. My only quibble involves the suggestions on what to look for as evidence of civilizations elsewhere in the galaxy, assuming that some of these suggestions are meant seriously. To seek clues from the very latest theory of what an advanced civilization could do strikes me as resembling too closely what the old fellows who used to worship whatever god was most popular in the particular region through which they were travelling. The odds that there is a separate god with his own special requirements for every valley aren't any different from the odds that mankind at this particular point in its development has just guessed the very characteristics possessed by supercivilizations everywhere else. /Quite true, but if we are to even bother looking, we have to start somewhere. The assumption that space is isotropic is one start, eg the laws of physics are the same here as waaaay over there. Another assumption is that the advanced civilization will do something that is not likely to occur naturally, hence will be detected by us as evidence that nature is being manipulated for some purpose. One of, I think, George O. Smith's books has been niggling my mind for some time lately. His novel postulated that the Cepheid variables and RR Lyrae stars were artificially caused and, at ftl speeds, acted like street signs and stop lights. Greg Benford had a nice article in Vertex some while ago about the various "artifacts" another race could have left as "obvious". Things like minute perturbations in the Moon's orbit, or for that matter, the fact the moon always has one side facing the Earth. If we are to look, tho, we have to assume something, and that manipulation of natural phenomena is the most logical place to start.7

Dave Locke was amusing. He makes me wonder if this situation of a half-dozen spectators for a showing of a movie is the general custom everywhere in the nation. It has been happening in Hagerstown quite regularly. Nevertheless, three brand new indoor movie palaces have just opened in a new shopping mall on the edge of town, and I presume that this will cause the average attendance to drop to three or four persons per showing. Only the old movies seem to do well nowadays. Gone with the Wind ran three weeks and actually had a filled house a couple of evenings. I felt rather disoriented, the day I looked at the lineup of movie advertisements in the local newspaper, and found one after another the blurbs for GwtW and Animal Crackers.

Anyway, I keep wondering about that girl who applauded when John Wayne got his. Are there masochists of her kind, who go to all the other John Wayne movies in which he emerges triumphant in the end just because they enjoy the way they feel miserable at his triumph? When her breed multiplies sufficiently to control the entertainment industry, will there be a wave of horror movies in which John Wayne rises from the dead and causes terror in the audience by rectifying the pledge of allegiance to the flag or putting on a white hat? Will the new revolutionaries of the future era symbolize their love for the old ideals by celebrating each week a Waynesday? /If they are as devoted as you make them sound, they would be forced to spend all their time watching the old JW movies...there must be millions by now...and wouldn't have the opportunity to breed at all./

This fanzine had a surprise ending, I note. The Washington, DC postmark shocked me (and simultaneously provided proof I read every word in the fanzines I receive). It seems like an odd place for a couple of New Mexico fans to take their fanzines to the post office in. /Would you believe we discovered a little known postal regulation dating back to 1789 which allowed us to save almost 7¢ total postage if we could mail all 125 fmz in DC at twelve o'clock midnight? You wouldn't? Would you believe 1AM?/

/*/

I have to keep this short. Dick told me to economize at any cost...

/*/

NESHA KOVALICK: 1004 14th St: Boulder, Colo 80302::: I like Barry Malzberg, but since Bob and I have already argued over this, I won't go into it. I just don't think that several of the things Bob finds technically wrong with HEROVIT'S WORLD are really such crimes. I find his use of the present tense throughout gives a more personal sense than narration, rather than being a weakness.

TheElder Ghoddess' poem was great!

Jackson's article was very readable. It makes sense to any sf reader -- but I think we use a different set of assumptions than many people. The article seems to be based on popular science theorems and is greatly open to being picked apart. /Speculating about tomorrow is open to being picked apart...who's to say Al's projections over the next ten millenia will be wrong?/

No, Dave Locke's piece was not at all dated. In fact, it was the best of Z/Worm. ...Dave catheches the attitudes of the pseudo-freak very well. More and more speople seem to be thinking that way. Up here, they're all sociology majors - pseudo-people in a pseudo-science.

The repro was fine but my staples fell out. /Gee, I hope you got your staples back in...going around unstapled could get you stared at.../



JODIE OFFUTT: Funny Farm, Haldeman, Ky 40329:: I was reading along, word by word, thinking it's nice that Bob is back into it again, but also thinking that I'll miss the old Z -- I liked it the way it was...when all of a sudden KLOB!

What do you mean the "now defunct Moody Blues?? Are you sure? How do you know? Why? When? /Yes, I'm sure, sniff, sob. I heard it on a news report, I believe it was mentioned in Rolling Stone and I saw it just yesterday (1 December '74) in the Denver Post's Roundup. I've since heard a single album from Edge and it was abysmal. I think I also heard cuts off one by Pinder and it was, likewise, bad. Flat, lifeless. As to why a group that was so successful after being together more than 10 yrs broke up, maybe it was success. That seems to happen quite often. The only album of theirs I do not have is "Go Now" and the only reason I'd buy that would be the title cut. I've seen the Airplane, CSN&Y, Clapton, the Stones and had only Steeleye Span, Jethro Tull and...Moody Blues to see in concert for a pretty close to complete roster of my favorites. I hope they'll get back together, but would it be the same?/

My God, the Moodies are my favorite anything (Dr. Hook, Johnny Cash & Santana all in second place...I have weird tastes) and they're the only people whose every record I have. Are you sure about that? Gee, what a shame. All that nice music.... /Solace: Go listen to your favorite album, then play "I'm Just A Singer (In a Rock and Roll Band)" Again, *sigh* The world's truly going to hell in a handbasket./

This is the second outer spacer article I've seen tonight. These fanzine people are taking themselves too seriously. I didn't read the other one either. As a friend of mine said to me--not too long ago when I thought I'd burned a home in his new couch, "Well, if you did, you did." If they're there, they're there. /But if they're there, are they friendly. Who knows, they might hunger after our smog and rip off our entire atmosphere getting to it. They might need millions of tons of cigarette butts and be willing to kill us for them. Wouldn't you at least want to negotiate first?/

You, you ought to be ashamed to hold something as good as Dave Locke's column for so long. On the other hand, as you said, Bob, it still holds up. All the Bond movies are one long blurry movie to me anyhow. And John Wayne? If you've seen one, etc.

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Inflation has us all behind the nine ball

/*/

NORM HOCHBERG: CoA, 69 Fifth Ave. Apt 4D, NYC, 10003:: You guys! "Trades or such" go to Dick while "threats of things" go to Bob??? Is a loc a "such" or a "thing"??? /Yes, I think you can safely assume that./

Personally, I like the name ZWorm for the zine. It sounds like the name of an ET from an early Silverberg story. Or should that be an XT?

Which lead's me to Al's paper. First, it's rough to comment on one part of a series of articles since I really don't see where Al is leading. He just seems to cut off in mid-thought. Still...

The frightening thing about Al's theory is that it is all too "iffy" The entire chronology is based on the supposition of a "world consensus". Right now, there ain't no such thing, there's too much nationalism. And I can think of no time in recorded history when such widespread agreement existed. The peoples of the Alexandrian "Empire", the constituents of the Ptolemaic Egyptian Dynasty, the ruled in the Roman Empire, even the peoples under Hitler, all were riddled with disagreements and dissension.

Because of this (and the near total failures of the Far Eastern political divisions as well) I cannot believe that Fremlin's postulate ("a large complex self-optimizing artificial intelligence which runs the world") could ever come into being, much less by 2100. Individualism would have to be subverted and I see it increasing, not decreasing.

Besides, we could never read a ZWorm. I'm sure there'd be no place for one in such a world. Whereas, here in New York, your brand of artificial intelligence is welcome.

And Dave's as well, even 2 years late. Change The Cowboys to another film and there'd be no problems. Diamonds are Forever is still playing in some theatres. "Throbbing pimples" indeed!

/Well, think about this for a minute. The increasing nationalism destroys everything except the truly primitive countries which pick up the pieces of the old technology and build the computer by 2100. I suspect it is easier to rebuild than invent. But the one thing that fascinates me the most is that the "What if?" principle seems to be dead. Who really gives a damn what it'll be like five hundred years from now? Except for our own enjoyment right now. We're sf fans, we create our own worlds. What if all this were true...I can populate the worlds with all sorts of freaky people. One of these days... the famous phrase which equates quite often with sometimes never...I might do a story about such a thing. I have 2 other, more pressing projects in the works. And the big question on both of them is "What if" they'll sell?/

/*/

Forcible rape crimes increased 14.6 per cent during the 1967-68 period, 3 per cent more than aggravated assault.

The Greek Orthodox Church celebrates the circumcision of Christ on New Year's Day, and the decapitation of John the Baptist on Aug. 29.

1967 saw an estimated 16,697 illegitimate Texans born.

The era of the \$2 bill drew to a close in August 1966, with announcement that the U.S. Treasury would discontinue printing the bills because of a "lack of public demand."

Exobiology is the science that deal with the detection and study of possible forms of life on other planets—that's more shoes for industry.

NEAL WILGUS: SS Rte. Box 175A, Corrales, NM 87048:: ZmuryWorm? Why not Sandmurgy -- it makes about the same sense. /That's nonsense, Neal.../ But whatever you call it, I enjoyed seeing your combo zine and look forward to seeing more. However...

I can't really say that SW#20g lived up to expectations. Your editorials, after all, both seemed to anticipate a long issue with lots of material -- but except for the editorials there was only Beetem's poem (adequate, limited), Jackson's article, Locke's story/review and one letter. I guess you know that, right? But it does leave the reader wondering if he took a wrong turn somewhere and missed a couple dozen pages. /Damnation, you mean you didn't get the special supplement pages with Arthur Clarke's new story, the in-depth interview with Isaac Asimov, the first installment of Heinlein's serial, andy offutt's analysis of the Crusades, Phil Farmer's interview with Tarzan or the expose that James Tiptree, Jr. is really the president of IT&T? And double damn, all those are gone, too. Better luck with this.../

The problem, I guess, is in the Jackson article since it took up so much space. Too bad it wasn't printed on both sides, but I guess you know that, too. /Yes, but IBM doesn't...never hesitate if you can get something copied for free is my motto.../ The article was interesting, by the way, but somehow I expected something more after the big build up. Okay, that only part one, right? When do we get the rest of it? /After we see how well Al's predictions on the first part come true.../

Locke's piece was amusing but again I finished it wondering if I'd gotten my money's worth -- which is ridiculous considering I didn't pay anything...

/*/

Rusty Hevelin for DUFF! Roy Tackett for TAFK! Dick Patten for ARFF!
(an unpaid political announcement brought to you by TSTSOA...The Society To Stamp Out Acronyms)

Minneapolis in '73!
Zymu-Worm, the progressive fanzine!
Win With Willkie!

TOM JACKSON: Box 1016E, 1400 Asp Ave, Norman, okla, 73069:: /The following is taken from two letters, both about Malzberg which I am printing and about the Jefferson Airplane/Starship which I've answered via letter...unless, of course, any of the other of you want to make your comments on the Starship or Blue Oyster Cult or Zappa or Uriah Heep or just music in general...I gotta warn you, tho. Dick is the only other person in the world with a complete collection of Del Shannon records and he still thinks the Big Bopper's the greatest.../

I can't agree with Vardeman's assessment of Barry Malzberg. Sure, the man is in a rut stylistically. THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TEMPLE is written just like BEYOND APOLLO was, only it's worse -- but when Malzberg tries he can write pretty good stories. His F&SF chess story is clever, and his A,DV story and BEYOND APOLLO are darn good. PHASE IV is very probably a very bad novel -- I haven't read it, it looked so bad I was afraid to buy it -- but after all, it's an adaptation of a screenplay and he probably did it for the money. Writers have to eat too (probably no surprise to Mr. Vardeman...)

.../next letter/...I'll agree that Malzberg virtually writes the same novel over and over again: THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TEMPLE is a crummy version of BEYOND APOLLO, stylistically and even plotwise. I'll even agree that his protagonists are stereotyped whiners (Why did you think I'd disagree?) Personally, I think Malzberg's style is an interesting change of pace at times: if you hate it, there is nothing to discuss for it comes to a matter of taste. I would not attack Malzberg for having unconventional prose, for he is trying to write in a style very much his own.

He's not a favorite of mine; I'm not on the Harlan Ellison level of admiration. Philip Jose Farmer is; where is RioCon? /Answer to that first. RioCon will be in El Paso sometime around Easter. I'm still waiting for some positive word as to the date, etc. The chairman of said con was supposed to be letting me know about the itchy-bitsy details like that since I'm the fan GoH. Unfortunately, I don't have an address I can reach him at...I'll pass along the info as soon as I get it to any of you who want to keep in touch...the nextish of ZWorm will probably have more info. Now, as to Malzberg, it appears he does what he does because it sells. I can't fault him for that. I believe I can for not attempting anything else but churning out the same thing again and again. Keep peddling the stuff that sells, but it seems to me he must enjoy writing what he's writing or he would be attempting other things. I heard something that was, for me, sage advice. If an artist wants to paint blotches and call it art, any such exhibit should also contain a still-life, a portrait, perhaps a landscape to show critics like me that the artist is capable of doing something else but prefers to let earthworms crawl thru paint on the canvas. All I have seen from BM has been identical...let's see something of his that shows he can do something else, then I'll shut up. I probably will anyway because Malzberg is, currently, not worth discussion any more than Lester Dent or Edward Stratmeyer, except that U enjoy the latter two gentlemen's work far more than Malzberg's because they weren't pretentious about it./

/*/

BRUCE ARTHURS, 57th Trans Co, Ft. Lee, Va. 23801::: TOO SHORT! TOO SHORT! /That's no way to talk about....oh, you didn't mean, I thot, golly, sorry.../ Not particularly the entire issue of Zymur-Worm, but in particular the lettercolumn. One of the main reasons I remember Sandworm with so much fondness was its meaty lettercolumn. /Yeah, there were a lot of meatheads in it, weren't there?/ Say, would the lettercolumn in a fanzine for fetishists be called the leathercolumn? /Beats me.../ Only one letter? I'm sure a lot of good stuff could have been found in the other letters, even two yrs old. Why, I remember that my own letters (Ah! the true motives come to light!) was one of my better efforts, and here I've been waiting for two years so fandom could see how inspired and witty I was...and it doesn't even appear. Sob sob whimper, and all that. /That was the problem, Bruce. It was too good. I decided to save it for a Special Issue. If you ever receive ZymurWorm fastened with platinum staples, you'll know that something Earth Shaking has happened and that'll be The Issue./

/*/

WAHF: Jack Williamson, Doris Beetem, Frank Denton, Gracie Slick, Kay Anderson, the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, Tim Kyger, Jim Morrison, Jerry Ford (too many times) and others.

Bob that he was going to do the whole lettercol this time but there is no way that I am going to let him get away with being right, so I am going to add a letter or two. My comments will be set off like so #....#

Dennis Lien
2408 S. Dupont Ave. - Apt. 1
Minneapolis, Minn. 55405

There ought to be something to be said about a new zine which seems to have mutated out of two ongoing entities, if only "Who are you, really?" #That would depend on whether you asked Bob or me. #

So, I have this copy of SANDURGY g20 (or should that be "these copy of...", and if so why?). And I ought to do a/two LOC(s) on it/them, so this/these is/are it/them:

Dick, you fix typers for a living? Do folks come up to you at fannish parties carrying their portables and say "Doc, Oliver here has this strange problem in his power space." #As a matter of fact no one has ever asked me to fix a portable, but at the last party I had a strange office machine showed up with a bad case of intermittent space bar. I had already killed about a fifth of Tequila (a little Tequila, a little coke and a twist of lime will keep a party going) so the job looked interesting. I know I worked on it for about an hour, and I remember Bob and Mike Kring taking bets on whether or not I would knock the thing off the counter, but I haven't got the slightest idea if I fixed it or not. #

As for the mailing list, I've moved since Bob last published a WORM, but the address you have for me is correct. Somebody's obviously been following my movements (a revolting thought in and of itself). #Isn't the CIA wonderful. #

Ah, Bob, welcome back from whatever. Will send you funny newspaper clippings, if I haven't already done so, RealSoonNow. (Too drunk to go looking for them now; I'm not even sure where it is I keep my Funny Newspapers.)

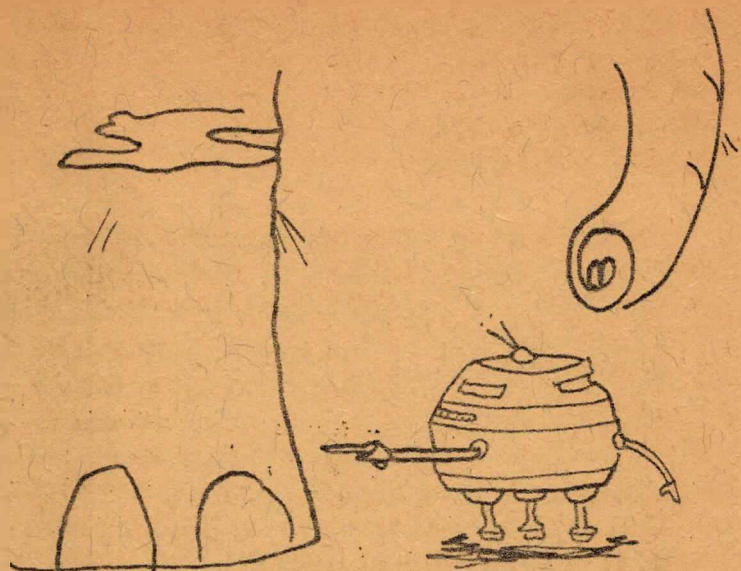
Roy Tackett has a pet cemetery? Some people are really desperate for love; I thought his pet tapeworm was a bit beyond good taste already, myself. (Myself?" Yes, I think I'm a bit beyond good taste, too.)

Welcome to ptui-on-Malzberg fandom; Al Kuhfeld, Buck Coulson and I (and now you) really ought to get together and have frat jackets made.

I remember CRUSADER RABBIT; I just never saw it, is all.

Doris Beetem's song is a clear in-joke; ya hadta be there, and I wasn't. But I enjoy filksongs and song parodies, and I enjoyed this (I enjoyed it, in fact, enough to not try singing it to anybody--ever hear my voice/) and may even steal/adapt some of the verses(giving credit if so) someday at a drunken Minicon party (insofar as that's not redundant). Nice.

As for Al Jackson's piece-- "Long ago the main body of science fiction writers gave up the idea that there might be sentient life in this solar system." Think about that for a while. I mean, I'm a bit of a misanthrope too, but--. An advanced civilization may be capable of anything, and I mean anything. I'll settle for them being able to create a stone so heavy They cannot lift it.



Take me to your....

Dennis Lien

Ben Indick
428 Sagamore Ave.
Teaneck, NJ 07666

By the way one of your favorite SF writers lives but one block from me! Barry Malzberg no less! I blush to say I've never looked him up, but then he hasn't looked me up either! I wouldn't know him from Robert Silverberg or Bob Vardeman.

I was delighted to see your mention of that giant bunnyrabbit flick. If it weren't so stupid, it might have ranked for me with my favorite dopey THE DEADLY MANTIS. I especially liked, however, when the great bunnies leaped upon horses and humans with a lion like roar. The slow motion schtick to give them a ponderas feeling didn't help either. I am reminded also of MOTHRA, whose chief danger to us was that he (she, it) might eat up our wolly underwear. After the bunny, I was in no mood for frogges, who might at worst give us warts.

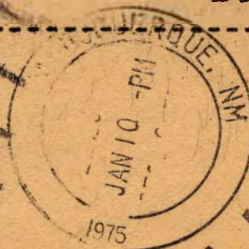
Your musical tastes are interesting. However, I do not blush to say that seeing Beverly Sills in two appearances on TV in three weeks I was so knocked out that nothing and no one can touch her. She even combines the best of two worlds- sings superbly and looks like Harpo Marx. I wonder if Beverly plays the harp....

Deris' poem may not rival Edgar A. but it's a refreshingly different conreport.

I'm glad to see Dave Locke is a conserative old fart like me (but younger). I've never cheered John Wayne's death yet, mostly because I don't go to his flicks. My favorite usher (and wife) annoying trick is to applaud the commercial short subjects presented as "entertainment", crap by Western Electric & other companies. Once I even went to the manager to complain. Where are all the Academy Award shorts we hear about and never see?" I asked. She sighed, "They're too expensive, and we show these only to keep the audience quiet while people find their seats." I returned to my seat and snearing spouse. I was just in time for the end of "The Housing Problems of Hong Kong." and I applauded and stomped my feet till my wife threatened to leave.

Ben Indick

Dick Patten
2908 El Corto SW
Albuquerque, NM 87105



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