

THE WORLD
IS GOING TO END
REAL SOON NOW



ENZYME

The Ultimate Digest
This issue
The Son
of Enzyme

J. Harness

ENZYME
The Ultimate Digest

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Editorial Note

This issue is being stencilled under the usual pressure of time; altho it's only the 18th of Sept at this point, I have little spare time. Further, I'm wrestling with a rather peculiar problem at this time, and while I will probably think back on it with a chuckle in the near future, right now it seems pretty serious to me. Then there's this miserable excuse for a typewriter. The car I mentioned I was going to buy I didn't, and my credit isn't any good -- rather, I don't have any -- so I haven't gotten the teeth I need yet. Them I'll get when I scrape up another \$186.00. and if that isn't enough excuses -- let me know and I'll think up some more.

Mailings Comments

The Wild Colonial Boy 3/ Sheesh, what a cheap copyright department! But that means John Foyster that they won't have a copy of "Kangaroos Don't Smoke". By the way, if Nan Rapp is listening, is that classifiable as Not-Poetry or Am-So-Poetry??

"Sex in Sydney in '65" ---??? Hope you don't expect us to wait that long -- besides, I don't even have to leave Durban for that sort of thing, and booking passage to Under Beneath, who can afford it?? No, I'll stick to rump cons -- whoops -- DISCLAIMER!!!

By all means we must draw a line between nationalism and patriotism. Uh, just one question: Where?

Yeziidee 4th / While both of these have been recommended highly, I'm sorry, I The Golden Harp / just don't have the time. Hell, I don't even have time these days Diana Prince / to reread my comics!

Die Staatengeschichte, Wissenschaft, und Ich #9 / I'm going to disagree with you and Dick Schultz / Duz when you say, about Utopias, that there's no way to get there from here. The big question is: What is a Utopia?

Personally, I think you got the problem backwards, but maybe you've both been thinking along the same lines I am. In the first place, the idea of Utopia is a static one, and would not be desirable (even if it were possible) unless it was a dynamic one under consideration -- which is not a Utopia by definition and there's still the problem of getting there from here.

Let's make the problem something a little different. Let's try to make it possible to get anywhere from here -- anywhere, that is, that we ain't been before. For example, we don't wanna go back to the ancient Roman game called "panem et circenses", like Our ~~Future~~ Fearless Leader wants, now do we??? (And some people have the nerve to call a Republican a man who has been dragged kicking and screaming into the 20th century!)

Is all for the sociology lesson. See, Enzyme provokes thought as well as nausea!

page four

Spy Ray /of SAPS/ #? / it's Eney's fault / An excellent dissertation on the criminal theories of the Master; however, such a scholarly work shouldn't have missed one salient fact: namely, that insofar as Watson may have had any theories of his own, he almost certainly would have indicated them, at least to the extent that they differed from Holmes'.

Pot Pourri 30 / John Berry / The modesty becomes you, insofar as modesty can become anyone, but I'm afraid I fail entirely to comprehend how a sequel to "The Return of the Goon" could do anything but please. So please, more.

Which reminds me that local fm station KPEK has been running "The Goon Show" lately. Unfortunately, I don't have an fm receiver, but Hannifen does and I heard one of the shows on his a few weeks ago. Quite the funniest thing I can recall hearing.

The Dinky Bird 7 / Ruth Nerman / When I say I like one thing better than something else but the latter is better, I refer to the fact that my unpardonably uneducated tastes do not always permit me to appreciate something which I have reason to believe is of higher intrinsic quality -- to the extent that anything can have intrinsic value. Now, if you can diagram your way thru that last sentence, you ought to know what I mean. Sometimes I wish I did.

Sorry I haven't gotten around to reading your play. Same excuse as above. Tempus has been fugiting like crazy of late.

Congratulations on getting a vote for Director of LASFS on your recent visit to the world's only open-air Jello foundry. (I mean So Cal, not LASFS; LASFS meets indoors, folks.)

Hilfheim 4 / Dave Hulan / Whoops, you've got it backwards -- it's participles which can take objects, while gerunds are restricted to taking prepositional phrases -- no, let's give an example -- they're restricted to the taking of prepositional phrases with "of", as in this sentence. The first "taking" above is a verbal noun while the second is a gerund. Both are used as nouns; the participle is a type of adjective, tho it can be used as a noun also, just as any adjective can; but in this case, it stands for the understood people or things it is meant to describe, rather than the action itself which the gerund and verbal noun denote.

"I enjoy seeing people." Here we have a verbal noun. If it were a participle, it would mean that I enjoy people who can see. "I enjoy the seeing of people" -- this may not sound too reasonable, but I'm not good at thinking up examples. Here, the use of the gerund implies that it doesn't have to be the subject, "I", who does the seeing. See?

New York City isn't all bad, tho -- give the devil his due, and like that. The air may be as smoky and sooty as Pittsburgh's used to be, but at least you don't need to carry around the handy, vest-pocket 40-gallon vat of Lurine with you. We got a guy at work whose eyes both water from the smog out here -- and one of 'em's glass.

Pot Pourri 29 / John Berry / I feel sort of embarrassed or something, being comparatively inexperienced at this fanning business, and presuming to criticize such an eminent fannish luminary as yourself; but aren't you going at this publishing thing a little out of order? Perhaps Toskey or some other SAPS mathematician will be so kind as to send a list of numerals to you, listing them in their more usual order.

page five

Outsiders #52/ That's quite far enough, Sir Wrai -- rule out anything besides stu-
Wrai Ballard/ pidity and immorality and you might as well just rule out SAPS. Come
to think of it, just ruling out those two things goes pretty far in that direction
already, doesn't it???

Dian is delicious?? Well, personally, I -- I, uh...um,
yes. I mean I don't -- well, what I mean is that I don't exactly... Uh, why did you
have to use that word, and what did you mean by it??? (How you get out of that, and
that oughta cure me of on-stencil composing. It won't, but it ought to.)

Retro Gee, Duz; what would you have said to Metcalf if you were mad at him??
F M Dusby/ Of course, with Warhoon so recently a SAPSzine and all this Covertry &
similar type fiction and now a spate of plays, I can see how Norm might have missed
the True Spirit of SAPS. Almost. SAPS isn't quite the "slap-happy apa" it used to
be, but still, with Druziver's rules concerning Stupidity & Immorality, and the tone
of the zines published by the old-timers, one does have room to wonder if Norm maybe
didn't goof. (Or are you Putting us On something fierce, Mr Metcalf, sir?)

And
speaking of old-timers, Hi, there, Duz and Art & Nan and Wrai and Tosk and Wally and
Karen and Howie and Dikini and Ted White -- it's great to be back; where've I been
all these years? (Rich Brown, I remember you, too. Lucky for you I didn't keep or
publish that letter you wrote to me for Cult PR #39, or I could hold you up for
blackmail or something.)

SAPS is in a slump on accounta only nine members have
been OE???. Well, greater love hath no fan than that he lay down his sanity, or
somesuch, so I hereby announce for OE next election. And I'll kick off my campaign
in traditional style by slanderously stating that the OElephant has embezzled part
of the treasury to pay for binding part of his comics collection. Ho, I guess that's
libel, not slander; I think slander is when you tell the truth about a politician
and libel is when you write it.

Pleasure Units #5/ Don't feel bad about not understanding van Vogt's stories the
S as in Edward second time round (not a typo, but a little Britishism I picked up
from some Irishman named Kerry or Deryy or something); I've heard va Vogt doesn't
understand all of them. Blish is deep -- vV gets lost. I like his stuff, tho,
which is as mysterious to me as his stories are.

Lichtman is more a young fan &
tired. Maybe it's his Yo-Yo (gee, I wish I could think up names like that -- that's
almost as funny as Thrilling Green Science Fiction) or his arboridemingacity (are
you listening, Duz??), but something must take a lot out of him.

Well, I never
met a girl, or even an old woman, named Herman, but we used to have this guy at work
we called Fatima. It all started with this song, "Ahab the Ay-rab"....

I think
I was eighteen before I found out that AW and AH are not, either, pronounced alike
in New York, New England, and dictionaries. And where do these dictionaries get off
saying that a final Y is pronounced like the I in "pin"??? I don't hold with dic-
tionaries except when they agree with me.

More thoughts on this Utopia jazz. If
we can't say "this is where we want to get to, and here's the way to get there", we
can say "this is an indispensable element of Utopia; let's work toward acheiving it
-- then we can go on from there". And I have a suggestion in that respect.

page six, and I don't know how I'm going to fill it, since I stencilled this page and the last one once, but I read this one over after I finished this and p seven (and I meant "next", not last" at the beginning of the last line) and have you ever had one of those days? Five times in one week???

Anyway, I'm not going to go on with the thought I started on the last page, because right now I'm not capable of expressing myself any better than I was when I tried to stencil this page two weeks ago. Maybe some other time.

Yeah, it's been two weeks since I had a stencil in this goddam typer. Seems like a month -- a lot has been happening in my upper story -- the first of a series of soul-shaking emotional experiences occurred a month and a half ago, and it seems like six months. Let's just say at this point that it may not be pleasant to unload some mental garbage you've been carrying around for Ghu knows how long, but it sure is a relief to get rid of it.

But it sometimes hurts to find out what you've wrapped up in a rainbow... And been stuffing inside all along since then. Things that just don't keep well.

And so now there's a vacuum left, but not a big one -- really a very tiny one; the knowledge that you have real friends who are willing and able to help you when you need it can make up for a tremendous amount.

But so much for that.

We've been having some real weather lately -- at least they tell it's real, but I find it hard to believe that it can really hit 115° Fahrenheit. For four days in a row! And I have to work outside in it! Most of the time I wasn't really conscious. Of course it's always about 5-10 degrees hotter here in Burbank than in downtown LA -- Saturday it hit 106 in LA, and that night dropped all the way down to 82!

I still don't believe it can get that hot. I mean, when the temperature could drop forty degrees and still be warm... too much is enough!

Let's fill up the

page with some LASFS-type lines. LASFS is a good place to collect them, for sure.

-
- I got an E in Mumbling from Marlon Brando 4SJ
- The NSF told me there'd be days like this JRH
- Would you like some coffee, wherever you are? PE
- Isn't that going to clash with my chastity belt? GKD
- He's stupid enough to be Captain Marvel OLH

Why can't a language be like a rubber??? anon., by request

Sorry, I don't feel ambitious enough to insert them inside appropriate texts after the traditional manner; besides, even when I work from a first draft, I rarely know if I'm going to type a large enough paragraph until I've got it on stencil. And now I have to get back to the mailing comments, to start the paragraph that concludes on the next page. My sister had a HS Eng. text with a sf piece by Westbrook Pegler! Despite some of his subject matter, his writing ranks him very high among journalists, and this was a masterpiece. This particular column was written at the start of WW2 and opened something like: "All the Jews were herded together onto one

page seven, and look Mom! No minactivity!

boat and taken out into the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. Then the ship was bombed and the wreckage strafed to make sure that there were no survivors." The column went on to tell all about how, now that the Jewish money lords and munitions barons were out of the way, peace was possible forever; and so sure enough a horrible war began and ended with two people left -- a big man and a little man. The big man took a knife and killed the little man, then drank a toast to himself -- a toast which the little man had previously poisoned. It was a beautiful piece of writing, reminiscent (when I read it many years after it had been written) of Bradbury. No one can say Pegler didn't know how to write, even if he might not always know what.

The only American Legion I've had any contact with (my aunt here in LA belongs and my late father belonged for nearly forty years) has never advocated that the USA has a "divine (sic) right to take what she wants from whomever she wants". Not that in an organization that size there aren't a few who might conceivably believe such a thing, but you must be talking about some other American Legion I never heard of. I presume, if I'm wrong in that statement, that you must then be privy to information the AL takes great care to hide from its members. Their OO does go so far as to say that this country should try to win the cold war, a statement which to the likes of, say, John Boardman, is semantically equivalent to the quote above.

Speaking of Dr Tughead, "A Statesman's Diary" sounds like something he'd write; it's such a clumsy, obvious attempt at satire that it practically satirizes itself -- something that is a specialty of Boardman. One of his recent attempts, trying to smear Jack Speer and Papa by making them out to be fascistic (on the basis of Eney's "A Sense of Papa") was so ludicrous that for a while I was actually toying with the idea that maybe he was really laughing up his sleeve at us the whole time by satirizing the type of smear that has been so successful against everyone right of center from Martin Dies to Ibis Tshombe. But no, he was really serious!

For the benefit of those of you who aren't familiar with Boardman, he's a physicist, highly intelligent, good fan and Cultist, who has this thing about "liberalism". You sort of get the impression after a while that he considers Jack Kennedy to be to the right of center.

More or less apropos of something up there, the latest bumper sticker says "Au-H₂O in '64". I hear Silverberg may sue.

Your Po'try is mostly pretty horrible, but "The Christian Fight Song" was hilarious.

Probably the main reason for Burroughs' socio-anthropological ideas' being what they were was that "...they were even expected in pulp fiction", as you point out. Further, his basic ideas (aside from the formula ideas he used) may not even have been completely thought out. In addition, they may not have been exactly as they appeared for a different reason; I, for example, do not believe that the intellectual potential of a human being depends upon the type of body he happens to possess; nevertheless, it is true that for practical, here-and-now purposes, the actual intelligence level of the Negro is, on the average, below that of the average Caucasian. So what are my race ideas?

Toroidal Test #1/ I've seen nearly all the Frankenstein and Dracula movies, tho I saw some of them when I paid 9¢ and adults paid 21¢, which is twenty years ago (Great Ghu; is it possible!). One I know I missed was the original "Frankenstein"; of the rest, the original "Dracula" is probably the best, tho the English remake was quite good, in fact I saw it twice. "Son of Dracula" was rather poor -- nothing in it quite came off -- but it's worth seeing for the ending where

page eight & probably the last

my favorite villain finds his coffin a mass of flame — the terror was so real, I was surprised.

Resin #14 / Norm Metcalf / What in the whirled is SAPS coming to, with all these discussions of sf in the mailing???

from Pillar to Poll / Norm Metcalf / You've got to be kidding, Norm. Aw, c'mon, tell us ypu're only kidding. Please tell us you were only kidding...

Flabbergasting #27 / Burnett R Toskey / Yeah, you got a problem there with women, all right. I sympathize, tho I've never had the same kind of trouble. Sorry I can't blab all, but there's more people than just me involved — actually, that's not quite strictly true, but in another sense it is -- yeah it's kinda complicated in a way — well, see it was a little weird from the start -- oh the hell with it.

You should do like Bing Crosby does with his income tax; he just calls them up once a year and asks them how much they need. Seriously, he runs his fiscal year from July 1st to June 30th, so they have to do all the work. I forget just why this is, but try it and let me know how long they put you away for.

Yes, anytime a communication goes thru people, there is likely to be a certain laxity in conserving the bulk of the message. Like, a certain POLITICIAN (oh this typer has got to go!) started pushing Gen. Lucius Clay for Pres. in '64, so in the July 16th National Review there appears this letter from an R J Arbuckle of LA: "Is there any truth to the incredible rumor I have heard that former Congressman Hamilton Fish is supporting Cassius Clay for the Presidency in 1964?"

At the bottom of p 12, the last sentence says "Watch this space." I watched it for half an hour and nothing happened. Didn't I watch long enough, or did I get a faulty copy??

I drove a cab for about 2½ years back in Pittsburgh. I won't go into detail now, but I'll give you an idea by mentioning that during that time I belonged to the United Mine Workers of America.

Enzyme /the Return of/ / Philophile Q Hydroman / A big load of egoboo for Redd Doggs for making readable copy from the stencils cut on this antique typer. I will get a new typer soon as I get my teeth.

And Jack Harness is a Good Man for coming up with superb covers for me. Oh, Jack, I'm sorry about the nasty things I said about your shirts, but I couldn't think of anything more appropriate — the word "indescribable" does not do them justice. And what's this I hear about your getting a ticket for wearing one within six blocks of a hospital zone???

The Pink Platypus, the Green Giraffe, and the Polka-Dotted Panda #4 / Tom Armistead, boy kook / Your title may not be funnier than "Thrilling Green Science Fiction" (which makes me chuckle every time I think of it), but it's certainly nuttier. In fact, the only title I can think up that would be nuttier is "The Carmine Cashew, the Beigs Brazil, and the Sky-Blue Pink Pistachio." I have a Thing about weird titles, tho I rarely use them myself; I'm the democratic kind.

Wrai Ballard would never make a good Cultisit—

page nine, and I might just get thru the whole mailing after all.

there is no such thing as a good Cultist. (But which one did you think he'd be most likely to make?)

When the Gods Would Sup/ Alan J Lewis Gee, I don't have any comments on this. So I'll let every-
one know here that if they want to see a picture of Julius Schwartz, olde tyme fan and discoverer of Ray Bradbury, all they have to do is pick up a copy of the comic book "Strange Adventures" and look for a little man with a nose, glassas, and receding chin and hairline. (Panel 4, page 3, first story, in the Nov '63 issue.)

Collector Howard DeVore "Lawyers" for "lawyers"? You could give Duz lessons -- that's better than his "legislocture".

I'm sorry, I just don't believe it. I can see people collecting stamps or matchbook covers or comics -- yes, even fanzines. But old telephone directories -- that's just a wee bit beyond the bounds of credibility.

Would like to have seen your Midwescon report expanded a bit -- say, a couple dozen more pages.

Coconino 3 Owen Hannifen Are you kidding or something Owen?? Jesus may have been a "nut" depending on how you define that word, but he wasn't convicted of treason by his own people! He was framed on this charge by the high praests because under Roman law he couldn't be executed for what he did that under Jewish law was a capital crime, blasphemy. And the reason the people went along was that they were accorded a choice of the Nazarene (Nazirite?) or Barabbas; they chose the Jesus (which means savior) they thought would be more effective -- J Barabbas was in the hoosegow for inciting rebellions and the people were looking for someone to lead a revolution against the Romans. The other Jesus was a nice guy and all, but he was ag'in violence, and first things first.

Son of Saproller #30/ Carter Hall And the SAPS-vs-Jane Ellern feud continues unabated, unrestrained by any considerations of honor, decency, or the innate dignity of the Spectator Amateur Press Society, Norm Metcalf vice-president and chief Dignitary. Shame on you, Jack! You knew that to tell the Real Truth about Lady Jane would be a fate worse than a Fate Worse Than Death, fouler indeed than all the vicious lies spread about her heretofore -- yet you went and did it natheless. (I don't know what "natheless" means, but if it's good enough for Walt Kelly to use, it's good enough for me.) You know what punishment you deserve, don't you? That's right -- turn in your Supermen of America membership!

Hey,

SAPS -- Jane Ellern is a Good Fan and True -- why don't we pick on somebody more deserving. Like -- uh, well, let's see now; there's...who? Oh yeah, there's -- hey! Not me! I had enough of that lastime with Eney and Gerty Carr. Besides, I asked for it then.

Slug #5? Wally Weber Well, since you asked, I always say "You're some kind of a nut!" Tho lately I've taken to saying "The Justice Society of America LIVES!" Of course, to prevent others from addressing the former remark to me, I usually say the latter under my breath. My boss is ready to ship me off to the local Jello-foundry already; having the courage of your convictions is one thing,

page ten, and this is what you call pushing the deadline. I may push it right thru the next deadline. I get one day off a week, and this week I had to work most of it.

but discretion is the better part of holding your job.

Spinning around in an upholstered tub is certainly the cheapest drunk I ever heard of. Last party I was at (I mean real fannish party) was at Harlan Ellison's pad in Delair a few months back. Two nuclear fizzes kept me ~~staying/staying/staying/staying/staying/staying/staying/staying/staying/staying~~ pretty much with a glow on all night. Admittedly they're pretty potent, but not that potent. I dunno, Wally, I guess you and I don't have the real fannish spirits.

Mistily Meandering #5/ Enoooooonono, Fred! it's Dick Eney who "thinks furiously" (ask Jack Harness). Ed Baker more like meditates furiously. (Hey Jack, what do we got to do to get some more of that hilarious fanaticism out of you you used to do???)

Thank for the Westercon report Fred -- and you others, too. After reading the various viewpoints, you get ~~to wondering/hey/why/wondering/there/hey/why~~ the feeling you were really there.

Amazing Adventures/ "The Endless Frontiers" is a good title, but fer Chrissakes Ed NeSkys don't let the Democrats hear about it!

Speleobem 20/ One thing puzzles me about Madeleine's fabulous "The Disturbing Side"
Kent Nelson/ -- is she familiar enough with certain US idioms to have meant to say "Ted ((Johnstone)) and Owen ((Hannifen)) were gay companions...." the way an American fan would have meant it??

Next 14
Alan Scott/

Hieroglyphic #3/ That typeface looks like the Deputy Serif type on a half dozen
Lenny Kaye/ typers Ted White bought in '57 for a total of \$50. He sold them for half what they were worth -- \$20/each.

¿Porque?
Doreen Webbert/

Stumping #5/ Wally and a girlfriend are petting in your living room? What -- the
Jim Webbert/ dog? Wally is a Good Man and really quite human, but somehow after reading his S&Pazines it's hard to think of him as familiar with such things as sex.

Spectator 64/ That, sirrah, is a dirty, sneaky, underhanded, toadstabbing, Cultish
OElephant/ trick to record the serial numbers of the Dividends! Boy, are you a nasty OE! Now I can't spend it or I won't have a complete copy of the Spectator. Next thing, you'll probably -- never mind, I'm not going to give you ideas; besides, I'm saving them for when I get to be OE.

Stop the World -- I want to get back on!

Roger Carroll

cover printed by Grishnakh House -- drawn by Jack Harness, of course..