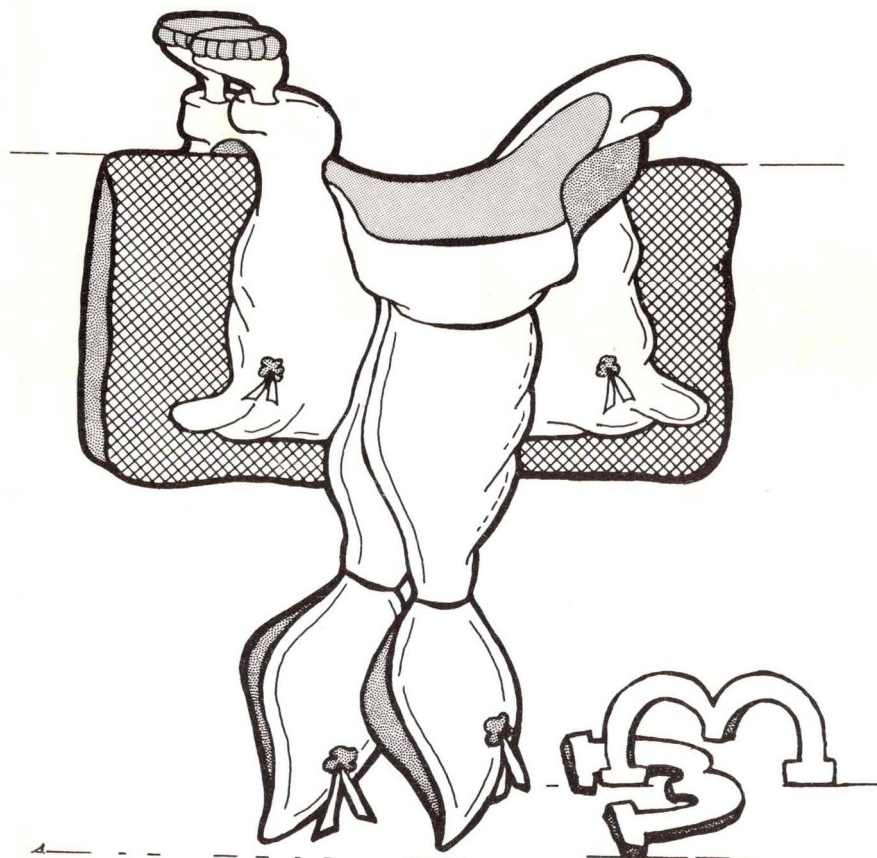


ZYMURGY



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If this is marked _____ this is your last ish unless you do something (laughing hysterically doesn't count).

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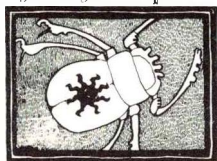
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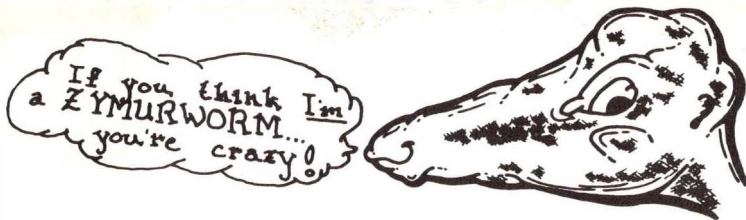
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Ken Fletcher-pg 6(bottom)- pg 10 (both)
Jim Young- pg 6 (top)- pg 13- pg 14- pg 15
C. Lee Healy-pg 9
Reed Waller- pg 8

All the press clippings were sent in by Denny Lien

Silver Scarab Press



Silver Scarab Press



Well here I am again. That you'd gotten rid of me eh? No such luck. I probably should call this thing PHOENEX it has gone down in flames so many times. Bob gave up. He's gotten involven with his normal 20 projects and is once more behind on everything. So once more, back to the old Z. Believe it or not I am going to try to get back to some sort of a schedule. Hopefully a little more often than once a year. HELP I need material.

Since I can't trust myself I am going to mention BUBOBICON now. It is only April and the con isn't until Aug. and under my schedule I am supposed to come out with at least one more issue before then I should wait to plug the con. But this issue was planed for last summer, so... Our GOH this year is William Rotsler, and the con is to be held Aug 27-28-29. I don't have the hotel yet or any other information actually. If you are interested you can probably find out something from HORT. (address; Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Rd NW, Albuquerque, NM 87107). As some of you might know I fix typers for a living. (Don't worry, this has something to do with the con) and I usually have my tool bag burried somewhere in my car. If any of you have a broken typer and lug it to the con with you I'll fix it for you. That is if I can, and have the parts with me. Oh yeah, no charge.

Actually this is the third editorial I've written for this ish. I wrote one way back in Sept 75 that was so old I threw it away. Then I wrote one last week that I was already to print. But, as you no doubt guessed, I didn't. It was a fun editorial in the last ish of Bruce D. Arthur's GODLESS there was a big fight about womans lib. I was going to start from it and take a lot of the stuff said and turn it around and start yelling for mens lib. Not that I really believe what I was going to say (nore do I believe what the locwriters said either) but I've always that it fun to do something like that in an argument. I mean after all noone especially fans take things that seriously. Then I reread the letters. There was no humor in them. The righteous indignation leapt from the page at me. I then looked over the pile of zines in my wodden box. It seems that a lot of fans have not only lost their senseawonder but there senseahumor as well. I mean, hell, if you really believe you can save the world, or something just as silly, that you can actually change what someone believes by arguing with them then you should become a missionary or politician or something.

About politicians. Last election everyone was saying that, woops--not last election the one before that- Humphery and Nixon; Tweedeldum and Tweedledee were running. Using the same

literary source we looked for some names for the two front runners this year. We came up with The Cheshire Cat for Carter and the Mad Hatter for Ford. The more you listen to Carter the more disappears until all you have left is the smile. And Ford is always late. Noone is quite sure what he is late for but there's no doubt he's late.

In the same vein I got a clipping that shows what former White house aids are doing now.

Not all people have the knack needed to be a good crook.

There are more thieves than ever before, but their work is generally inferior. They don't seem to take the pride of true craftsmen.

There was the man who fled from the Southern Arizona Bank leaving a trail of pennies as he ran down Pennington St.

The young man who held up the Valley National Bank was caught almost as quickly. He wore a bright sport shirt and one red and one green sock.

Well at least they're maintaining their efficiency in the Nixon tradition.

From the way it looks now, I have become hooked on a soap opera. MARY HARTMAN, MARY HARTMAN started here last wednesday. So far the shows I've seen have been really good. For those of you who havent heard of it; Mary Hartman is a typical mid-america housewife. She has all the normal problems--her husband is inpotent--her grandfather is a flasher-- and there has been a mass murder on the next block, where 5 people, 2 goats and 8 chickens have been brutally slain. Oh yes, she also has a waxy yellow buildup on herkitchen floor. I didn't get any real belly laguhs from the shows I've seen but I smiled all the way through and even chuckled a few times. In a year where DONNY & MARIE is the big show that aint bad.

I was actually going to review a few fanzines this time but most of the fanzines that I considered worth the time had little messages to the effect that the editors didn't want the zine reviewed. I wonder why?

Nine cases of champagne cork injury to the eye have been reported. The inventor of the champagne cork, a Benedictine monk by the name of Dom Perignon, was himself blind, although the cause is not known.

Here I sit. According to my figuring I have five or six lines to fill on the page and the only things I can think of would take 20 or 30. Like I was going to attack a fanish belief and say that The Selectic is not the best typer on the market. In fact the best typer for zines cost about \$100 less and will last about twice as long. The only thing it can't do is change type. But \$400 is a lot for just that. Damn it I Blew it again. I thought I had 5 or 6 and here I am to 8 and not at the bottom yet. By the way please respond to this ish. I am worried that my mailing list is out of date and would like to know if you got it. Also My mailing list is getting too big and I would like an excuse to cut it some. For some reason more people asked for copys while I wasn't pubing than when I was. I wonder if that's a hint.

Have fun.

A BRIEF STUDY OF THE MANIC-DEPRESSIVE IN AMERICAN SCIENCE FICTION FANDOM

by C. C. Kraftwerkenvelt, D. O. S.

translated by M. K. Kring

from the magazine DER HOFFENBUBBLEHADS Vol. XXXV No. 6
May 1973 pp. 23-27

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INTRODUCTION

The manic-depressive in normal society is usually regarded with pity, fear, or even, though rarely, awe. However, the actions of the society in which the manic-depressive functions determines, to a very large extent, the feelings and the cycles of the manic-depressive.¹

The sub-society of Science Fiction Fandom has been studied and the conclusion of many psychologists is the sub-society is not normal.² The persons who enjoy and practice this perverse form of communication and lifestyle set no standard by which the norm may be defined.³

The manic-depressive's wild swings in mood and activity are regarded with tolerance and are not criticized in the least.

It is this odd and dangerous phenomenon this paper will endeavor to outline and briefly study.



ONE: THE MANIC-DEPRESSIV'S PERCENTAGES IN SCIENCE FICTION FANDOM

In the aftermath of the Great Staple War⁴, a large number of psychologists in the United States (and elsewhere) studied the odd phenomenon of Science Fiction Fandom.⁵ Their studies were carried out over a period of ten years, and their findings are interesting, to say the least.

Wild swings in behavior by one person were looked on with indifference, and in several instances of wild and thoroughly erratic behavior, the person was not censured.⁶

Months of frantic and often extremely abnormal amounts of activity followed by months, even years, of absolutely no activity whatsoever is not regarded as abnormal in Science Fiction Fandom.⁷ Such a classic description of the manic-depressive cycle cannot be overlooked.

The manic-depressive cycle is often regarded as the norm until the Science Fiction Fan reaches a certain age and stabilizes his activities. This is in direct opposition to the wild swings in the Science Fiction Fan's early indoctrination into Fandom. The sub-society accepts the cycle, but only for new members of the sub-society.⁸ This so-called Neo-Fan may take as little as a year to upwards of ten years to be accepted as a full-fledged member of the sub-society.

The manic-depressive cycle seems to premate the very fabric of the sub-society's philosophy. It approaches anarchy in outlook at times, but it never breaches the gap. There are many traditions that are rigidly enforced.⁹

It is certain, however, the manic-depressive percentages as found in Science Fiction Fandom are much higher than any other sub-society.¹¹ Taking the average estimate of the number of persons presently engaged in Science Fiction Fandom one comes to the startling and irrefutable statistic: one in every three persons in Science Fiction Fandom is manic-depressive.¹²

TWO: THE MANIC-DEPRESSIVE AT SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTIONS

The rapid rise of outrage by citizens of the sane society against the dangerous deviations by the sub-societys has crimped the ability of many anthropologists and psychologists to observe the sub-society in their normal, unspoiled nativity. With Science Fiction Fandom, however, such is not the case. Science Fiction Fandom does not engage in any of the outrageous behavior most sub-societys engage in. The Sane Society has tolerated their proliferation of gatherings, called "cons".¹³

The manic-depressive is especially at home with the "cons". Within the framework of Science Fiction Fandom it is quite permissible for the out pourings of extreme emotion and anger the manic depressive will experience during such trying times. The "cons" are madhouses of the worst sort, with drinking and illegal substances, such as hemp, being consumed upon the premises.¹⁴ There are even rumors of a devil drink called "blog", but no anthropologist, nor psychologist have survived the initiation rites a person must undergo without converting to the Science Fiction Fan's Way of Life.¹⁵

It has been repeatedly observed by qualified and professional persons that many friends will meet for the first time at these "cons". They will meet each other and exchange conversation as if they had known each other for years, yet their only contact previously had been by mail.¹⁶ This enables the manic-depressive to appear normal to the sane ones who convert to the Science Fiction Fan's Way of Life. When the manic-depressive's mood changes, the person merely smiles and leaves the manic-depressive to his/her own devices.¹⁷

It is again evident the Science Fiction Fans expect and understand this erratic and weird behavior by their fellows. It is not understood at this time why they do tolerate these wild swings. It is an area for future study.

EPILOG

There are other indications of the manic-depressive's presence in Science Fiction Fandom, especially in the area of "fanzines".¹⁷ It is not the purpose of this paper to fully explain and detail every shred of conclusive evidence supporting the author's point. The full report will be given at a later date.

There are a few facts that must be repeated in order to emphasize their importance:¹⁸ The Science Fiction Fan is not normal, even the sane ones. They covet their sub-society contacts and usually write prodigious amounts of letters or produce "fanzines", or attend "cons", all of which point to deviant behavior patterns. But of a peaceful and not dangerous kind of behavior. Manic-depressives proliferate within Science Fiction Fandom, but it is not recommended they stay within its confines as their wild swings of odd behavior will not be chastised in the slightest,

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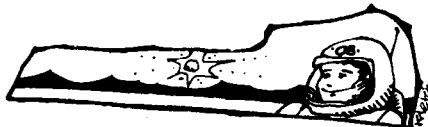
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DISAPPOINTMENTS
or
SOMBODY TELL ME: DID I GAFFIATE?
by
Sal DiMaria

On the weekend of Oct 24-26, I went to Milehicon 7 in Denver. That was my third Milehicon in as many years and I went expecting to have the usual great time. Well, I didn't and the reasons are rather complex. Let me say right now that the con was a good one. Everyone I spoke to during and after the con had a great time. It was well organized, well presented, and the brunch, as usual, was fabulous. Why then, was I disappointed? As I said, the reasons are complex and, obviously, personal. I'd like to describe the con as I experienced it and offer some possible explanations as to my feelings

I arrived at the hotel mid-afternoon, Friday. Word had it that there were going to be about 500-600 fans. Naturally, I expected things to be jumping a bit early. Well, in fact, there was very little activity until around 8p.m. and very few fans showed up until Saturday. Surprisingly, the total attendance was well below the expected number. Also, what fans there were managed to hide themselves well during a great deal of the convention, or so it seemed to me.

Anyway, Friday night started out pleasantly enough. I had dinner with about a dozen fans in the hotel restaurant. (Let me interject at this time to mention that one of the nice things about dinner was the piped-in music in the restaurant. Usually they feed you bland, elevator music. This place was piping-in Linda Ronstadt. No Kidding!). However, the rest of the evening was very strange and seemed to set the stage for my feelings during the rest of the convention.

There was a meet-the-author party in one of the main rooms after dinner on Friday. It was lightly attended and I could not find any interesting conversations to get into. I left, looking for the usual room parties that get going at the beginning of cons. It was then that I became struck with a feeling of alienation, of not belonging in fandom. I found few parties; they were unusually quiet, only 3 or 4 people in a room. The parties and the people at them were the same as ever. There was the inevitable computer clan, typing away at their computer terminals. There was the war-game group, the fanzine writers-and-editors group, a party where the talk was about cons and how to put them on, and even one group that was discussing the firepower of Russian machine guns.

Right now I'd like to stop and say that I am definitely not criticizing these people. Fans certainly have a right to do their own thing at a con. For God's sake, That's what cons are for. They are fan fantasylands where, for a number of days, everyone can act out his or her desires and just do whatever tickles the fancy.

What struck me was that these things no longer interested me. I was never into any one particular kind of "fringe-fandom". I don't particulatly like computers, the SCA or the others. Mind you, I think they're great to watch and maybe, for a little while, to participate in; but I had never really joined any group. I had been new enough to fandom to have fun just drifting from one activity to another. I could pick and choose whatever I wanted to do, and this was great, it was plain old fun. But now, it wasn't enough. These

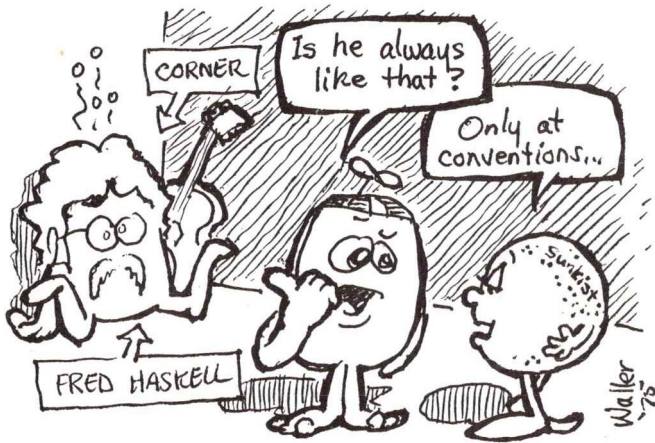
activities were old hat to me. As I wandered throughout the con, I could find nothing to hold my attention for very long. I needed something that would interest me, something I could feel a part of and participate in. It wasn't enough for me anymore to just attend a convention; I wasn't getting anything out of it that way.

Well, what have I decided to do about it? Like many fans, I would like to write. I've decided to give it a try. At the I found myself more and more Hanging around with authors and would-be authors. I seem to get along fine with them. Who knows, maybe that's my niche in fandom.

The rest of the con was pretty much the same to me. I guess this could have happened to me at any con, any time. Too bad it was at such a fine con like Milehicon. I've been told I'M not alone in these experiences.

So somebody tell me- did I gafiate?

Sal DiMaria



CTHULHU SPEAKS

I am Cthulhu, he who dwells
Within the realm of R'lyeh, deep,
Til mortal fools disturb my sleep,
And lift me from this watery hell
To move amidst this creature, man,
And with pent-up vengeance, savage,
This mortal land I'll wreck and ravage,
Til sent to R'lyeh, once again.

In silence then, I'll lie and wait,
Until we enter through the door,
Destroy mankind, and rule once more,
Mankind shall not escape this fate
Then I, and all the ancient race,
At last shall take our rightful place.

William A. Conder

IT WAS A DARK AND STORMY *-- FOOTNOTE

by
Bob Vardeman

This being the fan
GoH speech at the recent
MileHiCon in Denver in
the cold, wintery
Rockies. Take it at
face value, folks,
that's all it's worth.



I'd like to thank
all of you for inviting
me here as your fan
Guest of Honor.
Especially since you
have such distinguished
fans of your own here in
town like Don Thompson
and Fred Goldstein, one of whom was recommended for a Hugo
while the other was recommended for parole.

But enough brevity. It has become increasingly apparent
to me that fans are just not taking fandom seriously enough.
We all enjoy a laugh here and there, but it is my contention
this should stop. Absolutely. Totally. And now!

Fandom is nothing to be laughed at. And you, yes you!
are not taking it seriously enough. For instance, the trivia
bowl. People sitting around trying to remember how many
pounds of silly putty were used to make 73 pairs of Spock's
ears. Why hasn't someone picked up on Ed Bryant's suggestion
for a Profundity Bowl?

We could be addressing the pressing issues of the day by
answering questions like: If you have 24 odds and ends on a
shelf and 23 fall off, is it an odd or an end left? Are
double negatives a no-no? Is insecurity better than no
security at all? Is it true that if you are paranoid, you're
never alone? If the opposite of pro is con, what's the
opposite of progress? Do bald men have hair in their armpits?

These are some questions fans should be seeking answers
for. And to give my talk more the air of sercon acceptibility,
I have footnoted it. *1*

Why can't fans who write letters to keep Star Treck on
the air do something about the inferior quality of science
fiction movies? Why must we be saddled with absurdity and
inanity? *2*

Why can't fans do Significant things at cons? We could
take up collections for worthy charities instead of thinking
of our own selfish pleasures like getting drunk and having
fun! *3*

We could sit in on learned discussions about Shakespeare
and Ben Jonson. *4*

It's a well known fact that fans consume copious
quantities of liquor at conventions. Wouldn't we all be
better off organizing WCTU chapters and proselytizing against
Demon Rum? *5*

Just look at the amount of spying going on every day by
the Federal Government. This must stop! It is an invasion
of our right to privacy! *7*

And the government in this country could use dedicated,
serious constructive fans in high positions. *6*

I feel the best way to rouse fans to these noble deeds is to set an example. I am currently engaged in a research project which will benefit millions throughout the world. As some of you know, I was once associated with a restaurant. I know the value of good nutrition. *8*

I was also a nuclear physicist. I know a considerable amount about radiation. *9*

From my unique background, I have discovered that the slow destruction of our ozone layer by fluorocarbons is letting in short length gamma radiation. This is causing a gradual change in the nature of smog. The smog is being transformed into an edible substance. Properly cooked on a grill, the smog tastes much like candied armadillo tongue. I see some of you snickering out there! Go ahead and laugh at me! It's all mist to my grill! *10*



1 Hi, I'm your friendly footnote. Contrary to popular belief a footnote is not a memorandum from a podiatrist about a patient. I'm merely supposed to tell you what's happening, man *2* Look who's talking. He liked The Torture Chamber of Dr. Sadism as well as Robot Monsters From Outer Space and The Green Slime. Personally, as a footnote, I much preferred the Attack of the Ingrown Toenail.

3 For a guy who thinks that wheat germ is contagious, this is a pretty big statement. Vardeman once suggested before the Academy of the Mentally Infirm that the Intensive Care Ward at Denver General join a marching band and form a giant bedpar during halftime at one of the Bronco games.

4 He already knows Shakespeare married an Avon lady. And he simply loved Ben Johnson in The Last Picture Show.

5 This is one of Vardeman's great crusades. He once said "Alcohol is one of man's worst enemies". He then quoted Matthew 5:44, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them..."

6 I can see it now. A fan platform demanding that we put tedium back into redundancy.

7 Don't take him too seriously on this folks. Vardeman is a bit upset. He was picked up by an FBI agent the other day. He asked Vardeman if he wanted a good time and then took him to an Efram Zimbalist, Jr. film festival.

8 Yeah. He cried for a week when he found out Euell Gibbons uses Hamburger Helper.

9 This comes from having too many ions in the fire.

10 Since Vardeman is in danger of being lynched, he asked me to thank you for him. So, thank you all very much. Copies of this speech may be obtained by sending one hundred thousand dollars in small unmarked bills to...



The
Love, Care
And Feeding of the Pinball Machine
by
Wayne W. Martin

Pinball machines resemble old fashion girls and cars; sometimes they have to be coaxed. Oh pinball machines can be very obstinate at times and they are always fickle. You can go along scoring points right and left. You even get a bonus now and then. The replays come as fast as you can handle them.

Then-nothing. All of a sudden the machine decides you aren't getting anything for free. You want replays you have to spend the coin to get them. You get the game only to see yourself shot down in one of two ways.

You can be going along fine. Your wrist action is going fine, the bumpers help you gain a few points. You are led to the brink of success and stopped before the edge, just missing. Your point total ends up just short, or the machine calls a tilt when you didn't make a move any more than earlier.

Other times you go nowhere fast. The silver ball shoots up in a flash only to be sent down in dissapointment. No score. That hurts.

You have to be tender with the machine. Say nice things to it. Play on its paternal instinct. Or, maybe the machine has a father fixation. Sweet talk it like it was your little girl. Give it a little hug now and then. It can't hurt.

Oh, you may draw a few looks if you do that in public, but when you make a big score because of it those looks will carry a different message. When you start bringing in the replays, envy will cover all of thier faces.

Nothing is more satisfying than having the silver ball ring the buzzers and make the lights flash. Ecstasy is a reality and all that other stuff from "Working on a Groovy Thing". If you have a really good machine you can really get down. Of course, a bad machine can have its virtues too. I once found a machine that gave extra balls. Unfortunately, the machine has since reformed.

Just feeling your flipper buttons causes a tinge of excitement. Leaning over and peering through the glass, you can watch the commotion and excitement returned (or the limp rejection of the refusal of your attempted advances). Glancing up you can see your score amidst the flashing lights on the upper glass. Your reflection makes your pleasure visible to you.

When you've played a poor ball and gone nowhere, it's advisable to lay over the machine and give assurances that you don't blame it for the problem. If your luck is with you, you'll recieve assurances back that it wasn't really your fault. Maybe the machine had just developed a head ache. If luck is really with you, you'll have another shot and score a big one giving pleasure to both you and the machine.



Whatever you do, though, don't take the machine for granted. Nothing will turn your luck quicker than acting like you expect it. And for Ghu's sake don't ever let the machine hear you telling anyone about all the success you've had. It's a matter of honor. The machine doesn't want everyone to think its easy. The machine has pride too, you know.

When you start bragging about it, the machine will hold back on you just for spite. It'll show you who is 'easy'. It'll put you on tilt the moment the first ball comes out and send you immediately out of the game with a loose flipper.

You may even have to go to another machine and put in you 25¢ to keep in practice. It gets rough when you are having trouble with your machine.

Of course if you come back on your knees it may forgive you. You might try playing 'your song', while making your spollgies. A machine can get awful sentimental about that. "Pinball Wizard" is a clincher for me and mine. We've got it on many a time to that song. Ah, the memories come flooding back. The machine can't help itself. You're forgiven-so don't go messing it up again.

This time you got off easy. In the future you have to be more carefull. At least you have to appear to appreciate what you get. It's all a matter of treating the machine the way you'd want to be treated. You give of yourself and the machine will give of itself.

Wayne W. Martin



SENOR GARY GRADY TRIES HIS HAND AT A BALLAD

Kate lived down in Defa New Mexico
And she rode to the big Santa-Fe cattle show.
But ten miles from Defa her horse up and died,
Fell down on the ground and collapsed on its side.

A stranger came riding from out of the south
With a squint in his eye and a sneer on his mouth.
He cracked at the sky with his great big bullwhip
And told poor young Kate that to live she must strip.

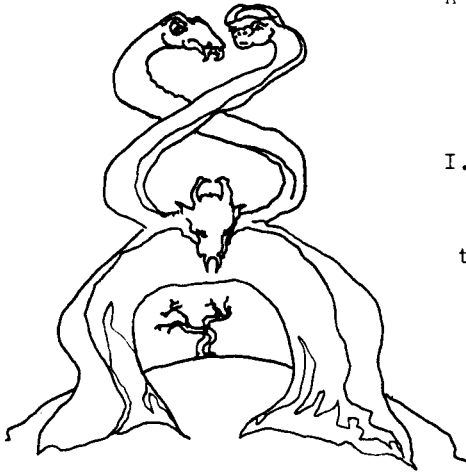
But Kate came up fast with her .44
Took aim at that hombre and gave him what for.
Which just goes to show if you hadn't heard, mate!
Smart people avoid stepping on Defa Kate.

D Gary Grady

A BRIEF GUIDE TO WITCHCRAFT

by

Wally Conger



I. The First Step

Before one can practice the art of witchcraft, it is necessary to make a symbolic gesture, demonstrating your severance from old restraint such as Christianity, morality, and Dogers passes. It is tradition among most respected witches to make this gesture in the form of a recitation of the Lord's Prayer backwards in the

presence of lighted candles, but giggling through the Gettysburg Address can be equally effective.

II. The Witch Runes

This is your witch's alphabet, a description of which can be found in the book The Son of a Witch, by Dr. Paul Znid, renown warlock and professor of shattered assumption at Cornell University. These runes will be used to inscribe your which name on your white hilted knives, incense burners, chalices, and laundry tickets. (Incidentally, it is important to locate a reputable cleaner for your cowls and capes. And hold the starch.)

III. Divination

Perhaps the witch's most important power is the ability to obtain solutions to everyday problems and situations from the "Beyond". This talent can be termed "divination" or "chicanery" with equal suitability. Most witches recommend the use of a crystal ball for these purposes, -but crystal being as expensive as it is, staring into a sink of dishwater can also be rewarding. Charlotte Wipple, a housewife and witch from Philadelphia, claims that gazing into a glass of Seagram's 7 has provided her with many a revelation.

IV. Casting a Spell

The most famous of all spells is the traditional curse. Victims of well-staged curses have been known to transform into rodents, insects, and insurance salesmen. When a curse involves physical confrontation, it is always accompanied by the casting of an "evil eye". (This is also quite effective in the picking up of girls at bars.) Curses can range from the elaborate (By earth your mouth is sealed! By rock your limbs are bound!) to the simpler and more direct (So's your old man!). Whichever is utilized, one may strengthen a curse with a "hand-of-power" gesture, which entails placing your left arm in the outstretched position, fist clenched, with your first two fingers jabbed into your victim's eyesockets.

V. Fertility Rites

These will not be dealt with here, but you are referred to Madam Rondo's excellent work, The Use of Candles & Wands in Lovemaking. Be advised to approach fertility spells cautiously. In 1969, misuse of such spells resulted in a Mrs. Clitora of Coos Bay giving birth to an eight-pound brussel sprout, which was healthy but refused breast-feeding.

VI. Secrecy

This is most vital. Although witch-burnings are now illegal, some witch-hunters get around this by declaring practitioners potential fire sources and staging controlled burns. Additionally, some witches find difficulty in keeping neighbors and others have trouble obtaining food stamps. So Keep your witchcraft secret. Should your mother-in-law discover a slaughtered goat in the bath, either deny all knowledge of it or swear to a new fad diet.

Wally Conger



Song from The White Isle

There once was a wizard who lived in the air,
Yes he lived up in the air,
And he had a wife, whose temper was rife,
And she scared all the spirits up there--
Yes! she scared all the spirits up there.

This wizard he hid himself under the ground,
Yes he hid under the ground,
But alas his dear wife, she also came down,
And she chased him round and round,
O! she chased him round and round.

This wizard he turned himself into a toad,
An ugly old, horny old toad,
But his ugly old wife, became a toad too,
Said, "I'll never let go of you,
Ah! I'll never let go of you!"

15--Darrell Schweitzer

Reaction

Continued from page 1A

Democrat on the House committee that would first consider an mneehment esot on, se d n e tete-hone ntem ez fom bnxt fon e, b' x ntend noz to seef mneehment. bxthe hes dent is acting most unstably. There is little doubt that those tapes must totally implicate the president in obstruction of justice, and he apparently will do anything to prevent them from being revealed to the public."

I have edited (read cut the hell out of) them. Actually some may not make much sense to anyone even with a perfect memory. But with the example of big city newspaper editing (shown above) in front of me I bravely edit on.

Denny Lien
2408 Dupont St S #1
Minneapolis, MIN 55405

I enjoyed MOTE IN GOD'S EYE a great deal and voted for it for the Hugo, but I think you're #Vardebob# going a bit overboard making virtues even out of its faults: "If the humans came through any more strongly, it would detract from the brilliance of the depicted Moties." Hence it would presumably be an even better book if none of the humans had any characterization whatsoever?

"About Barry N. Malzberg. I rather liked Herovit's World, for all it's stylistic botches." Unkind thought: at least Malzberg would probably have recognized that first "sentence" as a fragment and would know the difference between "it's" and "its"--but I'm not sure on whom to wish the unkind thought, since that apostrophe might as easily have sneaked in through the stenciltyper as the letter-writer.

#At this underhanded cut at the perfection of our proof reading I immediately ran to the file to find out if it were possible that a letter could be copied in less than perfect fash on. Here I ran into a small problem. I can't find nothing in that dumb-ass file, so blame the stencil-typer. Hell I think Bob typed that on anyway. cp#

The Second Comming of Dunarest? I think we have the basis for a new fannish religion here. I just might abandon Glaroonish ~~as long as I don't have to read the damn books.~~

Worst sf book I have ever seen is a little gem called WEREWOLF VS. THE VAMPIRE WOMAN by one Arthur N. Scarm or Scram depending on wether one believes the cover or the title page. I don't believe either and am convinced that one of the Kallikak kids got hold of a ouija board and summoned up the ghost of Arthur Leo Zagat.

Denny Lien

Dwain G. Kaiser
c/o The Magic Door Used Books
169 N. Euclid Ave.
Upland, California 91786

I thought Mote In God's Eye was poorly written. Personally I'm sick and tired of poor novels, which fans rave over because they have some interesting concepts in them. Ideas do not make a good novel, good writing & interesting ideas do. One of these two things by itself only makes a poor novel. (Want a list of those books I consider fitting the "one" rule? Mote In God's Eye, The Gods Themselves, Ringworld, etc. There's lots more novels that I consider idea rich but poorly written, but I've stepped on enough toes by now.) I wouldn't even put Mote in the top 100 written in the last ten years. By the way The Heinlein quote is BULLSHIT. That's exactly what it is. The same type rave in on all the books of Pournelle's that I've run across (I have a couple of mysteries, not that good, which are "raved" on by Robert Heinlein, written under one of the Pournelle pennames). Heinlein must either really like Jerry Pournelle's writing, or happens to be a good friend, or as is most likely both (leaning towards the friendship side of the two).

We agree on Dhalgren. Isn't that nice.

Dwain G. Kaiser

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Paul Walker
128 Montgomery St.
Bloomfield, NJ 07003

I like Malzberg. Not his writing. Malzberg! I had violent things to say about Hervoit's World, but I have never said them, but I know enough about him to know he really believes in the stuff he's writing and is sacrificing many more lucrative deals to go on writing sf--he loves the stuff.

Like you, I am more sympathetic to Mote In God's Eye than I am to the Dispossed altho I think the latter is a better-written work, one of the best ever. But the one I would vote a Hugo for-- the one book of the years that really blew my mind--was Priest's The Inverted World. Not a chance for it to win, but I loved it.

Is it really possible that Robot Monster is considered a worse movie than Plan 9 From Outer Space? I don't believe it. I could watch RM, and have more than once, But I have yet to be able to sit thru Plan 9. I wonder how Attack of the Crab Monster rates? Remember the Cape Canaveral Monsters? It had a line like: "Oh, Igor, you've had your arm torn off again!"

Paul Walker

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Brad Parks
562 Kennedy Rd.
Windsor, CT 06095

Malzeberg is verry good. Why no one understands Beyond Appolo, it is beyond me. It was a really excellent book, as I have just told you and as I have just told Mikey Shoemaker a second ago. What is the matter with you people? Are you commies or something?

Brad Parks

Wayne W. Martin
4623 E. Inyo, Apt. E
Fresno, CA 93702

I'm coming into something in the middle. What's this extended "why-I-don't-and-how-I-don't-like-Barry-Malzeberg" thing about I ask myself. Actually, I've liked some of his shorter work -he has actually done some that differ from the others. His longer work has just hit me as being too much. I don't know anything about him personally, though, so I can't say anything about that.

Wayne W. Martin

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Bruce D. Arthurs
920 N. 82nd St.
Apt. H-201
Scottsdale, AZ 85257

If Malzberg's characters are supposed to represent the imperfections of the every-day person on the street, as John Carl says, then Bob Vardeman must be sane and well-adjusted person with no faults whatsoever.

Harrison's Star Smashers suffered from going on too long, until it wasn't funny, just boring. For a good parody of old-fashioned sf, see page 100 of the Feb 75 FANTASTIC.....

Bruce D. Arthurs

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Harry Warner, Jr.
423 Summit Ave.
Hagerstown, MD 21740

I've read Hervoit's World. I liked it very much. I considered it the ideal way to write a story about this particular form of madness. Who but science fiction pros have an environment as conducive to this particular sort of delusions?

Harry Warner, Jr.

#Now seems as good a time as any to admit something you might have already noticed. Barry's last name is spelled at least two different ways through out the locs. The reason fo this is that the loc writers spelled it at least two different ways. Why didn't I correct them all to the proper way, you ask? I don't know the proper way, I answer. The only thing of his that I've read was The Gamesman. I fought my way to the end (There's only one sf book that I haven't been able to finish) and promptly threw it away. My opinion of it was such that I didn't even bother to take it to a used book store and trade it for a good one. dp#

Cyril Hedingham pleaded guilty to a charge of rape in a London, Eng., court but told the judge the victim proposed marriage while he was raping her. Hedingham said the 42-year-old victim said to him: "If you're going to do this sort of thing we might as well get married." The attorney for the woman said that to her surprise Hedingham accepted the proposal and tried to rape her again. He was given a suspended sentence of 18 months.

Peter Roberts
6 Westbourne Park Villas
London W2

I recently attempted to read Harry Harrison's STAR SMASHERS OF THE GALAXY RANGERS, and, despite what both you #Bob# and Darroll Pardoe say, I found it impossible to wade through. A parody of book length is difficult enough; but when it's a knockabout parody in the style and form of an unreadable pulp adventure, it's altogether too much. A few pages of that stuff is more than sufficient - in fact, I'd suggest either a short story, or a review of a mythical hack novel. Something short, anyway. Was it Sladek who produced a series of sf parodies fairly recently? They were excellent, but then they were carefully controlled and were sharp, witty, and brief. STAR SMASHERS and BORED OF THE RINGS are blunt-edged japes, dismally long and probably more fun to write than to read.

Peter Roberts

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Jodie Offutt
Funny Farm
Haldeman, KY 40329

Do you think they really have subliminal advertising on TV? Why, I bet that accounts for all the impulse buying I do. In fact, I'm sure of it, the more I think about it! Of course!! I'm certainly glad I've got that mystery solved. It's not my fault. No sir. Totally beyond my control.

About animals...I saw a live possum on the side of the road today. I've seen dead ones lots of times, but never live ones. He looked very sedate, near-sighted and a little confused and grumpy.

Some new neighbors have a monkey, who lives in his cage outside (according to the kids). From the descriptions we think it may be a spider monkey. It is for sale @ \$75 and Missy would just love to have it. Andy says us buying a monkey would be like shipping snow to Alaska.

If I were going to spend money for an animal it would be for a Myna bird. They are the only birds I've ever seen that could talk. I'd love to train one. But I couldn't stand having a bird around the house, because I'm afraid of them.

Besides I need all my spare change for my subliminal impulse buying.

Jodie Offutt

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Elst Weinstein
APDO 6-869
Guadalajara 6, Jalisco
Mexico

To tell the truth Roy Tackett does not believe that there are any fans down here in Mexico! I even sent a letter to try to prove it, but I am assuming that he either ignored it or shot it to pieces with his M-1. Well maybe there aren't all that many fans here, but the one that is here is fairly active.

Elst Weinstein

Darrell Schewitzer
113 Deepdale Rd
Strafford, PA 19807

Instead of yr name the worst book game (My choice is KOTHAR & THE CONJURER'S CURSE by Gardner F. Fox, with an honorable mention to THE NIGHT LAND by Wm. Hopeless Hodgson.) I suggest the following competition to keep yr readers awake. Come up with likely or unlikely titles for fanzines devoted to (or perhaps published by) noted literary figures. E.g.

- Mark Twain: JUMPING FROG
- Ernest Hemingway: BULL
- Wm. Shakespeare: WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT (Obviously published by the Washington worldcon group.)
- Camus and/or Sartre: EXISTENTIAL WOE IS ME
- Nabokov: NYMPHET
- Alain Robbe-Grillet: Exercices Du Pagination! (Empty pages, with various numbers in the upper corners)
- Norman Mailer: MACHO MONTHLY(As opposed to Germaine Greer's SNIP)
- Odgen Nash : GNASHING RHYMES FOR GOOD TIMES
- TS Eliot: SHANTIH (with an additional SHANTIH for each ish, so #3 is SHANTIH SHANTIH SHANTIH, etc.)
- Christopher Marlo : TOPLESS TOWERS (with foldout)
- Jesus Christ: THE SECOND COMMING (pornographic afterthought)
- Dylan Thomas: ON THE REFUSAL TO MOURN THE DEATH BY MUTILATION OF A FANZINE IN THE POSTAL SYSTEM
- Eugene Ionesco: ZOO WORLD
- Herman Melville: AHAB'S PEG (or WHITE WHALE BONE)
- Thomas Kyd: THE FANNISH TRAGEDY, or ROSCOE'S MAD AGAIN
- Antole France: PENGUIN DROPPINGS

The amount of bewildered heads shaking at that will reveal the level of literary education among fans. I'll be fascinated to see the response.

A writer with lots of pretensions and nothing to deliver is Barry Malzberg. Unlike Delany he doesn't have a body of quality work behind him. Malzberg is simply a literary whore, a hack in the strictest sense of the word. He admits it openly, in letters, speeches, and in his own work. He's one of these fiction as yardgoods men, who would be very much at home writing confessions or the old assembly line AMAZING during the fifties. He regards the whole field as hack-written shit, and has the nerve to complain about this when he produces most of that sort of thing. It really horrifies me. The field has grown up a great deal, but it's still possible to sell out completely, to work like a machine without the slightest trace of artistry. I so strongly disapprove of what Malzberg is doing that I make a special point never to buy anything of his where he'll get any money from it. I wanted to read HEROVIT'S WORLD, so I got a remaindered copy.

Darrell Schewitzer



WAHF; Steve Beatty, Sheryl Birkhead, Robert Bloch, Wally Conger, Gil Gaier, C Lee Healy, Ben Indick, Will Norris, Blue Petal, Victoria Wayne, and Neal Wilgus. Thank you all.

Vancouver B. C. Free University is offering a course in creative lovemaking this semester. Alternatives are scuba diving and conversational Spanish.