

Zymurgy

Dick Patten/2908 El Corto SW/ Albuquerque, New Mexico 87105
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If this ___ is marked this is it unless you do something.

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Once again, all clippings sent in by Denny Lien
(and I thank you much)

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Why I sent this to you:

You contributed ___

You asked for it ___

Speculation ___

We trade ___

?????? ___

Other ___

*Only 60%
Of Jacob
Is Member*

Well here I am again- and just about on schedule. I don't know when I'll get this issue mailed but it is Aug. 7 as I type this and the rest of the pages are all typed and ready for final paste up. I guess

I guess I'll call this my sercon ish. THOR'S HAMMER the zine column is to be a regular feature. I've wanted a zine column for quite awhile but I have no talent for that sort of thing at all (no sinde comments about what else I have no talent for, please) and I think Steve Beatty does it rather well.

Now it's time for my standard begging and pleading paragraph. I'm just about out of everything. I can use articles, artwork etc. All donations will be gratefully appreciated.

I've just come to an interesting conclusion. Probably long after everyone elae. It started at MileHiCon last year. Frank Denton and I spent a few hours one morning discussing people like Rex Stout and Raymond Chandler. There were other fans there and they kept jumping in and out of the conversation like always happens. Adding a comment here or a conclusion there. What's important is that they had all read most of the books we were talking about.

Here a couple of weeks ago Kathy and I went to a party at Jodie's. I found myself over in a corner with Vardebob, Kring and a few others talking about Donald Hamilton and Chandler. That's when the shocking thought hit me. Most of the fans I know are closet mystery fans.

How come there's no mystery programing at cons. Is everyone ashamed of liking Philip Marlow. Is Hari Seldon more likeable than Nero Wolfe? Are the Moties more respectable than Matt Helm? Why is Captian Kirk allowed at cons and Miss. Marple locked out? We let in Mr. Spock and Superman why not Charlie Chan? Is it because he has umpteen kids? Hell he didn't know about ZPG then. I'm sure he'd behave himself now.

Oh well, just wondering.

Had to just take a break. We have this peach tree in the back yard. Kathy just went out to take a look at it and found the branches almost laying on the ground. It seems, for some strange reason, the thing decided to produce peaches. Every damn leaf on the thing has turned into a peach. This would normally be great, the problem is that the tree isn't strong enough to support that much weight. So we just spent the last half hour or so with cord and sissors trying to get the stupid thing to stand up. It reminded me of myself comming home after some parties. Pick up one branch and another falls over. It was very depressing. Not only the tree but while I was out there I noticed that it was getting time to harvest my lawn. I've got this half acre of grass out there that I try to ignore but when the grass gets up to my knees and Kathy stops buying the excuse that I've got very short legs I actually have to mow the damn stuff.

Well it looks like I'm comming to the end of another fascinating editorial and it's about time to pack everything up and give it to Harry to do his thing. Till next time.

Have fun,



Orbit 16 ed. Damon Knight
Harper & Row, 1975
271 pp. \$8.95

Orbit is a periodical anthology of new science fiction. It is best known and longest lasting specimen of its kind in this country, yet curiously it has never been reliable as a source for quality. Stories have ranged from brilliant to painfully bad, usually within the space of a single volume. This present one is the same way, with a slight leaning toward the former type. For some reason even-numbered Orbits seem to be better



Most of the writers are new and little known. Joan D. Vinge bears close watching, though, as her novella "Mother And Child" shows an astonishing range of talents. She is able to write convincingly of alien situations, and also of human beings. She can create extra-terrestrials that really are extra-terrestrials with different motivations, rather than just men in funny suits. Ans she can take a wildly implausible situation, and by the time she's done with it she has you believing every bit of it. In this case it's a feudal, barbaric society of half-blind, deaf humans living on one of Jupiter's moons, and kept in thier place by meddlesom aliens. It's all real. What more can anyone ask?

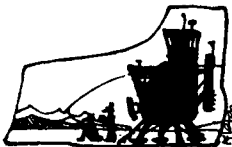
Jesse Miller's "Phoenix House" also stands out as a grim little vignette of a future humanity divided into two species, and Moshe Feder's "Sandial" is more of a meditation than a story, but reminds one of those curious half fictional essays written by Borges. And ther's a non-science fiction story slipped in, William Orr's "Euclid Alone". This one is about science and scientists, however, and suggests that a lot of scholars prefer consistent logical systems to reality and truth.

The only veteran writer in the book is R.A. Lafferty, who is present once more with one of his weird fables, the product of a totally unique mind. They're not indescribable, but to describe them one would have to retell the story. I won't. Just read "The Skinny People of Leptophiebo Street".

Sandwiched between the good stuff and the very worst are pieces that are completely unmemorable, by writers who might amount to something--Gustav Hasford, Robert Thurston, Eleanor Arnason, Dave Skal, C.L. Grant--but the rock bottom of Orbit is very poor indeed. Knight has an irritating habit of printing what I call "non-functional word patterns", which are simply collections of words filling pages, entirely devoid of meaning or any particular order. Sort of the literary

equivalent of Andy Warhol's Soup cans. Well there's one this time, "Prison of Clay, Prison of Steel" by a French writer Henry-Luc Planchat. All it is is a collection of scenes, images, a few irrational actions, and snatches of what might be called poetry. The whole adds up to nothing.

Last and definitely worst is Doris Piserchia's "A Brilliant Curiosity" which is perfectly coherent, but the product of a very, very ugly mind. Giant ant-like critters wipe out most of humanity, and take two women as pets. One of them gleefully directs the beasties in continuing the slaughter. The whole thing is done entirely without motivation, and worst yet without emotion beyond the giggles of a schoolgirl on a picnic. The story is not human at all, completely out of touch with reality and experience, like the rantings of a psychotic. I can't imagine why it was published.



Norstrilia by Cordwainer Smith
Ballentine Books, 1975,
277 pp. \$1.50

"Now for the first time this cult classic appears in its entirety!" says the cover of this book. There is some truth in that, since Norstrilia was originally published as a series of magazine stories, then as two rather arbitrarily chopped up novels in the 1960's. This edition provides a proper text, but if Norstrilia is really a classic I wonder what the field is coming to.

Science fiction is too large for one person to cover adequately. There have to be gaps in your reading, and one of mine has been Cordwainer Smith. I've heard his work praised for years by nearly everyone, and have been meaning to get to it. And when I finally did I was shocked at just how bad a book Norstrilia is. Smith's most touted virtue, his invention, is unquestionably present. Most science fiction has a bad habit of using a set frame of reference--you know, a galactic empire, colony worlds, a rival alien culture or two, space navies etc. etc. That's all Star Dreck stuff, and as easy to create on paper as the main street in Tombstone. Smith's universe is completely unique, totally unlike all that, so of course it is a relief. But in such vital novelistic areas as the ability to create characters with genuine feeling, to make events follow one another in some sort of order, and to delineate a meaningful conflict, he fails utterly. Maybe too many SF fans are caught up in the glitter to notice this, or maybe I'm a heretic. I don't know.

(D. S.)

Robert Hughes stole a retirement-disability check made out to Ben Smith. He tried to cash it in a liquor store. Not only did the store owner know Smith, but Smith happened to be in the store at the time.

Phil Norman

800 7th Emerson St.
Denver, CO 80209

MileHiCon 8

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Our ProGoth will be announced later.....!



HEAD-RATTLINGS
by
Jessica Amanda Salmonson

I would like to begin this landmark column with a free plug for my favorite snack food box, Screaming Yellow Zonkers. They taste like garbage and aren't even as good for you, but the little black box with the silly writing all over it is fascinating. It's fascinating to think the Ovaltine company is actually paying someone to write that supposedly funny drivel, when I'm about to write some better ones for you for free.

The theme of my Zonkers box is: Zonkers In The News.

Fred Fitzroy the Thurd was found killed to death in his New York apartment, shot in the mouth with a shotgun loaded with Screaming Yellow Zonkers. He died smiling.

Burt's Korner Grocery was robbed last night of its entire stock of Zonkers. Thelma Oldengrey, an invalid shut-in, was seen fleeing the scene on foot and is being sought on charges of Zonkernapping.

The president of Caramel Corn Company of Mass-o-chews-it was arraigned this morning for the alleged crucifixion of a Screaming Yellow Zonker found nailed to a post outside his ramshakle home in Cambrige.

"Mara of the Wilderness", a 1965 flick that pops regularly from the boob tube, is a tame Jack London sort of adventure with fantasy undertones. Mara's parents are battered to death by a bear during their scientific expedition into the Alaskan wilderness, and the seven year old girl must raise herself, her only companions a pair of snow white wolves. She grows to a healthy, sexy specimen of wild womanhood, with every wilderness wolf her friend and protector. Local indians believe her to be a ghost haunting the hills, and they regularly hear her baying at the moon.

I was about 16 when I first saw the film and Mara, played by Linda Saunders, turned me on then. I saw the film again just lately, and Mara still turns me on. But aside from my own lecherous lesbianistic mind, its basically a family show, and in the end, the hero (played by Adam Batman West who probably hates to be called Adam Batman West) overcomes the wolf-killing villian (who wanted to sell Mara to a European circus) and gets the girl. But the movie ends with one question unanswered. Did the hero ever bring the wolf girl back to civilization, or are they still up there balling in the cave?

I've written my own ending of course.

And in closing, here's a bit of fan fiction for you:

The instant Johnny Nova stepped out of his ship, he had to shoot a charging saucer-eyed Glak. The rock he stood on turned out to be a man-eating limpet and John shot the thing just before it ate through his shoes. He looked up barely in time to see a stampede of hoppity naildrivers coming at him. One bullet to each brain (two per naildriver) and the whole maddened herd lay dead at his feet, the muzzle of his X-ray gun smoking.

Thirty seconds on the planet Zilch and already surrounded by goar! Nova thanked his lucky stars that he was the ace marksman of ten galaxies as he trudged into the rank vegetation of Zilch.

FINIS

THOR'S HAMMER

Fanzines examined, but not reviewed,
by Steve Beatty



One of the best clubzines currently published is RUNE (50¢, \$2/yr, usual; Fred Haskell/343 E19th St. #8B/Minneapolis, MN 55404). The 46th issue (March, 67pp, mimeo) had two features that particularly caught my attention.

One was an Aussiecon report by Denny Lien. He used the "I-did-this-then-I-did-that" approach that marks so many mediocre conreps, but Lien writes well, and he had fun in Australia, so his report is fun to read too.

I'm green with envy about David Emerson's novel approach to fanzine reviewing. He reviews crudzines in a TV script loosely patterned after DRAGNET. Wild.

Also notable are the L*O*N*G lettercol (they even printed a loc from me)--18 pages of extra-small type--and the abundant illos from resident artists Ken Fletcher and Reed Waller. Many of these are not fillos but illos in the true sense of the word--they illustrate the accompanying written material rather than just filling random space.

It may be that only a big group such as Minnstf can publish a large clubzine as excellent as RUNE, but IN THE SHADOW OF THE MONOLITH (35¢ or trade; Eric Larson/Box 16369 NCSU/ Raleigh, NC 27607; #55, 3 April, 29pp mimeo) demonstrates that a smaller club can also put out a good fanzine.

I look forward to seeing SHADOW in my mail box; it shows up reliably every 4 weeks, in large part due to the perseverance and dedication of the editor. The sponsoring organization, The Nameless Order of R'lyeh, has a whole slew of fans who contribute articles and reviews and even loc the thing. (This is quite different from some clubs I have seen or heard of.)

The lead feature is an instalment of a rambling essay by Keith Justice, this part on Laser books and on criticisms the readers made of earlier parts. The best thing I can say about it is that I'm glad it isn't Keith's own fanzine. SF BOOKLOG contains reviews which are literate, perceptive, and informative. But in this essay, Keith is dealing with generalities rather than specific books, and he gives opinions rather than facts. Perhaps Keith thinks it's worth 5 pages to refute the criticisms made by two of SHADOW'S readers; I don't. I think he regarded those criticisms too seriously. He attacks his critics and over-defends his own position. If he had cut his 5 pages down to 1, Keith would have emerged as the clear winner of the argument. But his vitriolic verbiage makes him look like the villain.

But still, there is, as I said, 1 page of sound thinking in that essay, and it's worth reading. You can better evaluate Keith's reviews in SF BOOKLOG if you understand what is important to him.

I suppose it would be rather incestuous to review another fanzine review column; besides, I've already done it once.

The letter col is long (nearly 1/3 of the zine) and lively. The loccers give thoughtful reactions to the issues discussed in previous SHADOWS. (Presumably the trivia has been edited out.)

I was glad to see that this particular issue had no fiction; I don't think that SHADOW is the place for it. Altho Clubzines are often ~~double~~ outlets for members' creative effort, SHADOW with its frequent schedule puts its space to better use with news and topics of current interest.

For a zine which does provide a good home for fiction, see EMPIRE (Mark McGarry/631-E S Pearl St/Albany, NY 12202). The giant combination 5th/6th issue (February, 127pp, mimeo; \$1.50 or arrangement; regular issues are 75¢ or 5/\$3) showcases 9 by as many different writers.

Mike Glycer's "Mosquito Boat Dance" is a variation of the old "nasty-critters-poliferate-beyond-control" plot, but it is written well enough and with sufficient imagination (such as shown in the intriguing title to hold the reader's interest.

Steve Sneyd's "Something About the Water" is a rarity--a surprise ending which actually surprises. If you don't like stories which exist for the sake of a gimmick or punchline, you probably wouldn't appreciate this one. But this short-short should make most readers smile.

The other stories were also worth the time it took me to read them ~~xxxxx/xxx/xxx/1/xxxxxx/xx/xxxxx~~. (But then, I read EMPIRE after midnight when I would otherwise have been asleep; so how much was my time worth?)

Displaying the apparently rare knowledge that a fiction editor must judge his contents objectively, McGarry refrains from publishing any of his own work.

Crammed in there somewhere among all the stories are reviews, articles on writing SF, and still yet another D'Amassa article on obscure SF writers. McGarry does not want to just publish amateur fiction; EMPIRE provides a forum for writers to improve their skills--thus the inclusion of the articles and of the intelligent constructive criticism in the lettercol. The loccers don't merely say, "I like this" and "I don't like that"; they tell why, specifically. As a fanficzine, EMPIRE is at the top of its class.

Another fanzine at the top of its class is KNIGHTS (\$1.25, 4/4/\$4, or by arrangement; Mike Bracken/PO Box 7157/Tacoma, WA 98407). The category in this case is "genzines which are not semi-professional".

In #15 (March, 76pp, mimeo), Keith Justice writes another lead

article, this one rather pompously titled "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About S. F. But Were Too Narrow Minded to Ask". To say the least, his writing is not organized for the best presentation of his ideas. He begins with a religio-philosophical tirade which has no place in an article about SF. He spends 3 pages saying that man has no relation or importance to the universe. Then for several more pages, he says that SF is doing a better job than mainstream literature of exploring man's relation to the universe. Sorry; I'm not so credulous as to overlook the contradiction. The article would have been considerably improved had the first half been amputated. In the latter part Keith describes two fundamental things a story must give its readers if it is to succeed: something to think about and something to feel. This part of the Justice article is itself something to think about for aspiring fiction writers (and reviewers too, for that matter).

KNIGHTS boasts two pros as regular columnists--C. L. Grant and Thomas Monteleone. Their essays both come under the general topic of "the trials and tribulations of an SF writer". Altho these might in the future become repetitious, so far the subject is interesting.

The contents also include the reviews, letters, and D'Amassa article that the typical genzine has. What makes KNIGHTS stand out is that these run the page count up to 76. How many other fanzines do you read that list only 8 items in the ToC but run to 76 pages? The writers Bracken has assembled here certainly give their subjects more than cursory treatment. (Similar observations could be made about the other zines reviewed here; this could be one of the signs of an above average fanzine.)

Perhaps DELAP'S F & SF REVIEW and FORUM have better graphics and a more professional appearance, and that may be why some reviewers have ranked these zines ahead of SF BOOKLOG. (50¢; Keith Justice/rte 3 Box 42/Union, MS 39365; #8, March, 20pp tabloid typeset). But for a book review zine, it is the written contents which are all-important. It is in this department that SF BOOKLOG far out-distances its competitors. It reviews more books, in more depth, at a lower price. Justice's writing here is much better than in the articles mentioned above, and he also has a distinguished crew of contributors, including James Tiptree, Don D'Amassa, and Roger Sween.

If the editors of any of the 1495 other fanzines wish to have them reviewed in this column, send review copies to:
Steve Beatty/1662 College Terrace Drive/Murray, KY 42071



River through the Steppe

THREE POEMS

by
Lloyd Gold

She went to bed
Feelings coiled round
her cloudy core
Led to thoughts
she tried to abolish
Thoughts that would lead her
away from being
She wanted to feel the night
the clouds the shrubs
in order to know

Went to bed
and there she was standing
Naked and isolated
on a vast steppe
Not another life
Only ground and horizon
Not a sky
Only a nauseous roofing
of steelgrey cloud

Behind her stretched memories
of the past
Ahead those of her future
She remembered
Her inner feebleness of age
The river flowed through her
It was always flowing
It would always flow
She joined on and floated off

No longer believing in a fiction
to take away the hurt
she felt the everflowing river
She felt afresh
believed,

births and deaths

with aging in between
and files of more and better
are careful squares of field
seen flying over plains

that first pulsing rush
its pull and union to create
are shine and leafy ways
felt strolling formal gardens

then you left
and wings are everywhere
on flightless birds



They and the night

With night they come
to the edge of the woods
congregating to recollect
their futures

Pockets of night fill
with their bones
unreflected in pools
as vagrants wander
through them

Gravelly paths lead
to where campfires
char all the fleshly
pasts

As morning is imminent
for the ever straggling
back to the cemetery where
headstones age in silence



Frank Denton
14654 - 8th Ave. S. W.
Seattle, WA 98166

I was pleased that you had the chance to publish Vardebob's MileHi Guest of Honor speech, just so I could go over it again. It was a good, one, light and humorous, and mercifully short. I'd much rather just talk with Bob or with any guest of honor for that matter. But it was fun to go over.

Jodie's encounter with a possum prompts me to relate mine with a porcupine recently. I've never seen one live except in zoos. Lots of dead ones appear on the road here, and not being the swiftest animal in the world must be the main reason. We were walking along a road up near Mount Rainier and I spotted a brownish patch in the foliage a ways ahead. I didn't think much of it until we got closer, and while the patch didn't seem to be moving, the foliage around it was. I kept on walking and as we got closer I discovered that it was a porcupine feeding on some plants. He would reach up with his forepaws and pull the top and tender leaves down. He was totally unaware of me until I was about six or seven feet away. Evidently their senses are none too sharp. He didn't hear me or smell me, and it was only when I came within eyesight that he responded. He moved swiftly enough then; turning his back on me and displaying all of the quills. Then he waddled off into the brush. It's a nice experience to see something like that which you've not seen before. That same evening we saw three mule deer grazing in the dusky evening; lovely does with their big ears and those large inquisitive eyes. They are always nice to see, too, but we've seen them often and never the porky before.

I want to know what planet that saddle of Sheryl's comes from, with the two saddlehorns? Also those are strange looking horseshoes? Eltranshoes? Roknorshoes? Do you pitch them at a double stake? How do you score leaners?

Well, that's enough of a loc for Z. Nice offset job. Someday you've got to take some time out to learn to spell and punctuate. Don't rush into it, though.

#Have no fear. The last time I rushed into anything#
#was to get a ride to the show. The damn car hit a #
#telephone pole halfway there. dp#

Frank Denton

////////////////////

Sending laundry out leads to terms for 2

MADISON, Wis. (AP)—A Hurley nightclub proprietor was sentenced yesterday to four years in prison and his wife to one year of using interstate commerce for purposes related to prostitution.

Judge James Doyle of U.S. District Court sentenced James Vitich, 45, and his wife, Ellen, 52.

They were indicted by a grand jury for allegedly sending laundry of prostitutes to Duluth, Minn.

D Gary Grady
Naval Public Affairs Center
Norfolk, VA 23511

I was impressed with your remarks on your willingness to repair typers. I can't take advantage of your generosity, but I would like to ask for some free advice! What would it cost to have a S/C Super Sterling portable overhauled by a local repair turkey? A few of the keys stick and the plus/equals key is out of commission--otherwise it works fine.

#The place I work would probably charge \$24.50 for#
#a complete overhaul, and maybe an extra buck to #
#fix the key. To just get it running--unstick the#
#keys and hook up the plus/equal would cost \$8. dp#

Well, I don't think it is worthless to try to change someone's opinion by arguing with him or her, but I quite agree that the lambasting I took in GODLESS was a bit humorless. The odd thing is that I am a moderately active feminist! It is rather odd to be put in such a position. Something akin to calling Barry Goldwater a leftist, I suppose.

D Gary Grady

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Jeffrey May
Box 68
Liberty, MO 64068

Personally I can't abide Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman. I am a food stamp caseworker and I meet people like the Hartmans all day. Why should I get more of it at 10:30pm?

I assume that the "Manic-Depressive" article is the first of a series. I look forward to future articles in the series--Anal compulsives Schizophrenia, Catatonia, Dementia, and the Weirds--all in science fiction fandom

Jeff May

Ben Indick
428 Sagamore Ave.
Teaneck, NJ 07666

Sometimes I think Fandom isn't any sort of specialty-dom at all. It is more (at least in the zine phase) like a sort of big round robin letter (and the con phase is then like a big family get-together). Does it accomplish anything? Well, does ANYTHING accomplish anything? Just a big area to bat the breeze around in, and there is nothing wrong with that. It isn't even hedonistic--just human.

I had a con at my home recently--had folks from Ohio, Penna, and NY; mostly it was Lovecraftian, and held in honor of Dave Smith's HPL film. Now there is a good example of fannish endeavor, done from love--and skilfully at that. Possibly a presage of things to come from a talented young man. And, to show how fans are, Darrell Schweitzer (featured in this ZYMURGY) drove 4 hours to get here; Chet Williamson hurried through a rehearsal and entrained from Pa. And Dave himself, for the negligible egoboo ensuent, drove from Ohio! Now, out Arizona way, such a long drive is nothing (when I was there years ago, I'd look at the map, find an interesting place--ah! only 185 miles, a mere 3 hours or less driving) but in NJ, a twenty minute drive is exhausting. Nevertheless, the lure of fannish friendliness is greater than ennui.

#I know what you mean about driving up there (remember #
#I'm a DP from NYC) but we got problems too. Within #
#a 500 mile radius the best we can hope for is to #
#go watch a few Navajoes rip off tourists on jewelry #
#and blankets. Unless you count Juarez where it's #
#Mexicans doing the ripping off. And the 55mph limit #
#has turned 3 hour drives into 5 hours. dp #

By golly, good Harry Morris did ZYMURGY up so handsomely in its new offset form. That Silver Scarab is very professional and the zine is very pretty. You're lucky Harry didn't talk you into an expensive color job, except the old softie would then have done it freebies..And you're too nice to want that. You are, aren't you?

#Who me??? dp#

I am deeply hurt by Kraftwekenvelt's essay (as translated by the long absent General Kring). In the opening paragraph above I tried to indicate that Fandom is a WHOLESOME place, whereas his article portends the opposite. It is hard for me to accept this thesis, altho I am aware of the author's stature in his native cuntry (a back alley in Hamburg, but one of the BETTER back Alleys). He is simply off the beam, about staples, (heck, this very issue is obviously stapled!!) and Cons (some people remain strange, uh, mmmmmmmmm strangers, I meant to say) and, finally, SF fans are indeed not normal or sane: they are SUPER-SANE. This is a heightened state of awariness. Damn it, I can't believe that an old expert like Farty (as we call Carl C. in the institute) would be off the track. I'm going to look up the original essay. I have it in my files....

HAH! Kring, that idiot, misinterpreted the whole thing! In the second paragraph, Crafty (as we also call him) refers specifically to the SCIENTIFIC COMMUNITY. He means mathematicians, astronauts, proctologists, all those experts, not SF fandom, which is just

dumb as it is normal. Kring mistranslates "Cahrnnvoonchin" as "Con" when it really means (in Swabian, not German, and that's the gimmick!) "Seminar". Now no fan ever goes to a Seminar once out of school. So you see, even tho Belchy (as his secretary calls old Carl, because he belches after eating sauerkraut, and he eats it with each meal) is explicit, his poor use of language caused this shockingly wrong, even embarrassing essay. I'll not tell him about it, because it will make him nervous, and when he gets nervous he drinks beer with his sauerkraut, and that produces a double barreled emission of air...and now you know where he got that first nickname...

Hi, Bill Conder nee Andy! Good Poem. Now I must mail this zine to Dirk Mosig, Lovecraftian who is under a compulsion to own everything by the master.

My, my, so Bob was GoH! And recently Donn Brazier was a GoH! WAW! WHEN IS IT MY TURN?! Ha ha, this is a funny goddamned speech...no wonder I haven't been chosen. I'm a dull clod and would only weep and wail my undying gratitude (till I got home and my wife would ask so what did it boot you and I would sneer and slap her down and say a lousy free roast beef dinner and an airplane bill of \$200). But why are you picking on Demon Knight? He has occasionally put out a good book... How'd Bob work those footnotes into a speech? A loudspeaker in his shoe?

#Close--a tape recorder under the lecturn. cp#

Nexttime they revive Saroyan's THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE, Wayne Martine has a built-in part!

D Gary Grady has committed the unspeakable crime of turning the Feghoot genre, already a nauseous form, into poetry, previously ineffable and untouchable. To say more would encourage him.

Darrell's poem is more like a real ballad. His zine titles are literate, but am I ever glad I didn't invite my near-neighbor Malzberg to the Con too! ...In re Mote, I liked the first half, and was bored stiff by the 2nd half. I found it tough to believe the Moties would tolerate such an icky poo name for themselves. And their political shenanigans were as dull as our own...Didn't much care for BEYOND APOLLO; it was an interesting approach but quickly let us know it never would say much, and even skimming didn't help. I haven't found HEROVIT'S WORLD remaindered yet, and would not consider getting it otherwise. If I'm planning to be bored, a buck is tariff enough...

Ben Indick

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In Johannesburg, South Africa, a standard hospital form must be filled out by every patient, without exception, and this includes expectant mothers. One line states: "Give a short description of how the accident took place." One of the socu-to-be mothers answered: "Our car was broken down, so we couldn't go to the movies as planned."

BRITAIN'S FINE IN'79

Darrell Schewitzer
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Since writing what I did, I attempted to read Herovit's World. Various neo-pros had been telling me the thing was the most important statement ever made about modern SF. I don't think so. I gave up after 30 pages or so. Malzberg's self-putting whine becomes nauseating after a while. I am still not convinced that Malzberg has made any significant contribution to the field, with the possible exception of the anthologies he has edited with Ed Ferman, Final Stage and Arena. I remember reading Malzberg's "Artistic" work early in his career, before he sold out, and finding it no more impressive than his hack stuff. If he really does quit the field I suspect he'll be completely forgotten in a few years.

There's a story in the 3rd VOID (Aussie prozine) that Wayne Martin should read, called "Standing Ovation in a Field of Flowers", by one John Cooper. (Never heard of him, but then I have a story in the same issue & I doubt he's heard of me, so we're even.) It's all about the dire effects of pinball addiction & how one's life can be ruined by it with tragedy as the inevitable result. It's a serious story too, believe it or not, rather than farce. Cooper's pinball machines effect the nervous system & cause drug-like tripping, & withdrawal symptoms. The story isn't all that good, and ends poorly, but it should be read as a dire warning by all crazed pinball addicts.

Kring's translation of the manic-depressive article is a real downer. There are no manic-depressive times in fandom. I was euphoric when I started to read the thing, but my mood promptly changed.

It's obvious that all fans are paranoids. Except you & me, of course. They're all out to get us, and it's us against them. But they're acting in secret and trying to hide it. Still, they seem to know we're on to them, and there's only one way that could happen--You told them!

#I can't beat logic like that. I confess. dp#

You must understand that the paranoids are out to get me because I am the only sane person in the world. With me out of the way there will be no one to measure their paranoia against, and by definition they'll all be sane. Which is what they're after...Paranoids get very upset about paranoia. It's all a plot to get them labelled as weirdos.

Darrell Schewitzer

Frozen body of woman is identified at Bagley

Bagley, Minn.
The Clearwater County sheriff identified Friday the frozen body of a woman found last Saturday in a home freezer 14 miles south of Bagley.

She was Mrs. Phyllis Taylor, in her late 40s, who died in 1970. Her body was found last Saturday in a freezer outside an old, uninhabited house in the woods. Two hunters found the frozen body wrapped in a plastic burial bag.

Taylor, who has been living in northern Canada, was contacted by Sheriff Kenneth Felt yesterday. Taylor told Felt he planned to build a mausoleum for his wife's body some day and he wanted to keep it frozen until he got around to it.

Taylor gave the authorities permission to rebury the body in a new grave. Felt said that no charges would be filed in the case.

Lester Boutillier
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The article on "manic-depressives" in stf fandom was great. Stf fans are more tolerant of individual eccentricities than non-fans are. The article on witchcraft and the Vardeman speech transcript were also great.

Most of Barry Malzberg's stuff is very well written. And a lot of it is chocked full of ideas. Of course those ideas aren't always science-fictional in nature. But most of the stories he does for the magazines appear in FANTASTIC so that's alright.

I thought BORED OF THE RINGS was one of the funniest things I'd ever read. I found LORD OF THE RINGS boring. I was "bored of the rings". I found the Tolkien trilogy to be a dismally long thing and probably more fun to write than read.

Ah, but subliminal advertizing really does exist on tv. This is a fact. You don't see the letters SEX on th ice cubes in the glass of Pepsi on the commercial, but it's there as a subliminal cut. And of course the federal government doesn't do anything about such things because the Fed is in bed with big business.

How about these fanzines for Darrell Schewitzer's list? FOUR O'CLOCK MADNESS by Lewis Carroll; FANZINE OF THE ABSURD by Robert Benchly, OLD DOMINION NETHERDIMENSIONS by James Branch Cabell, MY WEEKLY NOVEL by Honore deBalzac, SURREALLY A FANZINE by Herman Hesse, THE FANNISH JUDGE AND JURY by Franz Kafka, ON THE QUIANT PLEASURES TO BE DERIVED FROM ALL THAT CRAZY BUCK ROGERS BUNCOMBE by H.L. Mencken, SPACE-WARPED LOVERS OF PLANET IRVING by Kilgore Trout.

I'm the OE of an apa devoted to the pulp heroes-Doc Savage et al. Anyone interested should write me for details.

Lester Boutillier

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The sheriff of Taylor County, Ky., performed his duties on horseback until a drunk-driving charge against him was heard.

John Robinson
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What manic in fandom? I don't see much manic in fandom. True, there are people who are gung-ho for a year or two and burn themselves up but that's not the same. There are a number of truly gifted writers who show as much of a gift for depression and writer's block. Have you heard the one about the guy with such a colossal case of writer's block that when he received a check for the reprinting of a novel from years before it took him ten minutes to sign?

Blog will do it to you. Alcohol in general will do it to you; that's why I welcome the fact that Dr. Wertham is wrong when he says fans don't smoke pot. Booze will do it every time; first it titillates the manic but mostly it enhances the depressive.

Why aren't both Goldstein and Vardeman in jail?
Now that Phoenix has a Worldcon bid in can Albuquerque
be far behind?

#Those are a couple of good questions. As to#
#the answer to the first I haven't got the #
#faintest idea. As to the second; I sure as #
#hell hope so. Or to put it another way; Alb#
#will be way behind if I have anything to say#
#about it. dp

I can see Southern fans using the Southern Fandom
Confederation as a rallying point for experienced con
committee folk. Perhaps a similar organization is needed
for other parts of the country. The Northeast has some-
thing similar in the East Coast Rescue Squad (which may
have to do its thing on StunCon but had better do it
before summer's end.) The East Coast Rescue Squad is
effective for cons up to 1500. I doubt if it can be efficient
on anything larger without at least a year's running start.
StunCon's first progress report impressed me, but I still have
doubts if the thing will come off, doubts stronger than any I
ever had concerning MAC (which appears to be coming off suc-
cessfully, if not spectacularly.) Anyway, the Southwest should
have a veteran con committee group to plan for future bids so
as to take victory from the jaws of California, especially Los
Angeles, or we may end up with all Worldcons in Los Angeles,
Chicago and New York. If regional organizations can do what
Kansas City has done then we won't have to worry about the Big
Three making huckstercons out of future Worldcons and mass
media advertizing fans completely out of the Worldcon picture
as fringe-fen and rubber-necking mundanes pay big bucks. Such
will not happen to locals and regionals but the Worldcon is
vulnerable.

Will there be ZyWorms in the near future?
#No. ZWorm has died completely. Z will#
#come out fairly often but Bob has too #
#many commitments to get back into a #
#non apa zine. dp #

John Robinson

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Women with lipstick have been barred from
taking Holy Communion at some Lagos
churches. Officials feared frayed marriages
and broken homes could result if husbands re-
turned home with lipstick traces from the cha-
lice round their mouths.

Michael Carlson
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Denny Lien is to be congratulated for his fillers, which
were the high point of the issue for me. I wonder why the
rapist wasn't forced to go through an 18 month marriage--let
the victim choose his mate to be--18 months with a gorilla in
the London zoo might change his sexual attitudes.

Now, let's
see. a malzberg controversy. paul walker says barry loves sf
and sacrifices to go on writing it, darrell schweitzer says he
is the ultimate hack & only bought his book remaindered. now I
know how reasonable paul is & darrell always tells us how
reasonable he is, so who should i believe?

malzberg's writings

would point toward paul's view--certainly he writes out every idea five or six times, but in a way he's just exploring the possibilities, and he has done too many brilliant books to be dismissed as a hack. perhaps it is as he claims, that sf forces one into the appearance of a hack.

In the immortal words of someone i can't quite remember, ah it just came back to me, it was a letter writer in an auto magazine, answering a loc one of my students two years ago had written answering an article that said lincoln continentals were better than caddies, anyway, to change the names, since this kid's name was claude:

darrell, "go soak your head".

Michael Carlson

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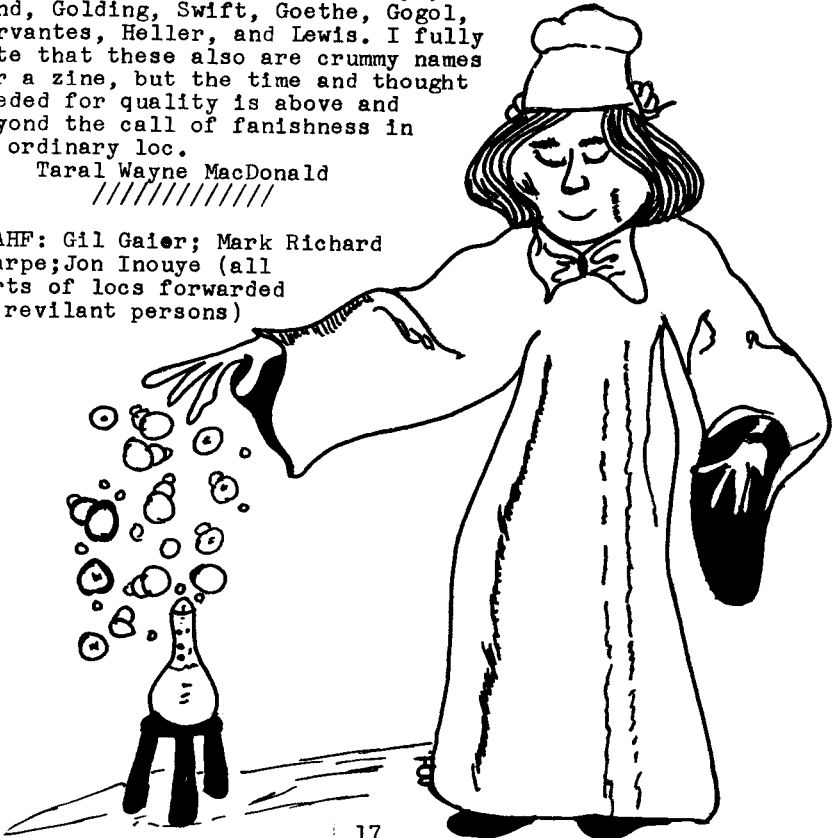
TaraL Wayne MacDonald
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Darrell obviously has a dim view of the average fan (which I agree with in too many cases). However, I have read enough of the authors Darrell plagerizes to recognize some of the humor of zines named for them. Not that I thought many of the titles were really first class though. Let me try some-
KNIGHTS OF THE RUEFUL FIGURE (for Mike Bracken), YO-YO, ZENITH, OGPU, BAALZEBUB, THE BANNER, WALPURGIS NIGHT, DIARY OF A MAD FAN, FLANDOLA GAGNOLE, and THE BANDAR LOG, to which should be attached the authors Solzhenitsyn, Rand, Golding, Swift, Goethe, Gogol, Cervantes, Heller, and Lewis. I fully note that these also are crummy names for a zine, but the time and thought needed for quality is above and beyond the call of fanishness in an ordinary loc.

TaraL Wayne MacDonald

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IAHF: Gil Gaior; Mark Richard Sharpe; Jon Inouye (all parts of locs forwarded to reviltant persons)



The Egyptian mask intruding inside my breast
rang the fatefull hour of 2 o'clock six years early.
A cleverly concealed timepiece
extended from caranium to
exterior lobe, marking the
seconds in precise centimeters along the
unusually convex features.
I would need to rewind it
before reading the obituaries
in tomorrow's paper.