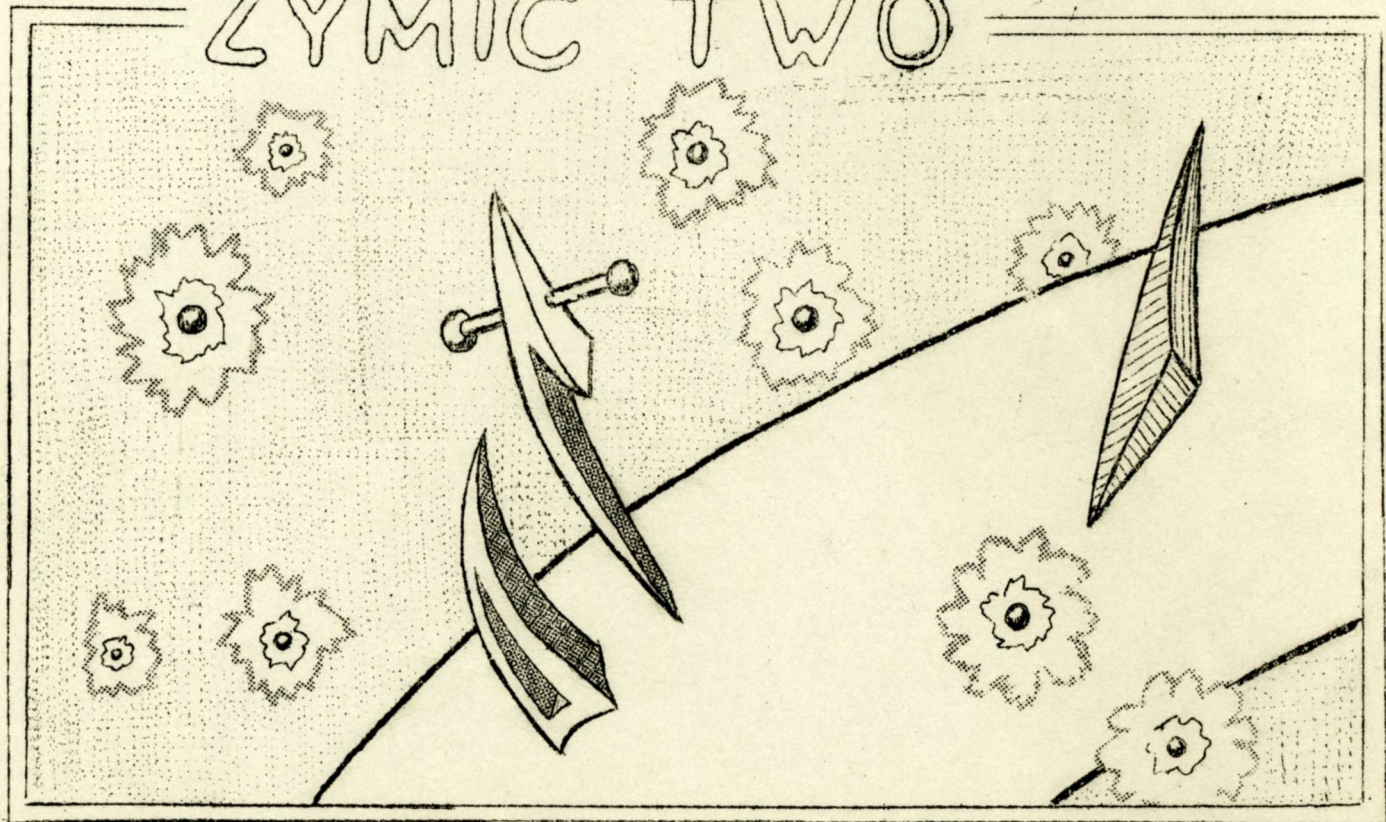


# ZYMIC TWO



ZYMIC TWO: An ompazine produced against all the Yaws of commonsense by one A. Vincent Clarke of 16 Wendover Way, Welling, KENT, for the delectation of the readers of JMPA mailing No 2, December 1954...I hope.

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AWAY WITH IT ALL!

I'll have to dispense with prettiness/a decent lay-out this issue, or I'll never produce the thing at all. What with gafia, lack of dough, and collaborating on the Xmas i, which looks like being about 120 pages in length at least, including a fantomine called FANDERELLA and her Fairy Ghodmother which looks like running into 16 pages by self, I feel like Van Vogt's Black Destroyer Couerl...do you remember, his mind revolved faster & faster like an enormous great wheel until he knew that he couldn't stand it any longer, and dissolved in a little puddle on the floor? I don't want to puddle my ergs in one bas skit.....

OH, GET UP, IT WASN'T THAT BAD

So I'll just ramble for a little, and see if I can get into the mood to start that serial story I mentioned in the last ZYMIC...some of you seem to like the idea.

I mentioned in Z1 that I was diluting the ink with Turpentine (or white spirit). I've now returned to diluting with oil...cycle oil, in fact. The turps worked all right, but unfortunately it started dissolving the paint on the duplicator drums, and tho' I like distributing little pieces, that doesn't include parts of the duper. Turps should do for most duplicators tho' and has the advantage of very quick drying; the trouble with mine was that I enamelled it myself to get a smooth surface...it took 7 coats. (Readers of BEM..and who isn't, except Ashworth and White?...will recall that a tea-cup was broken on this machine at the Epicentre, and damaged it; I had to repair it with Plaster-of-Paris and the enmelling followed) Come to think of it, I don't see why one shouldn't use alcohol for diluting the ink....maan, what a fanzine that would make. (Psychologist readers..and who isn't?...will readily trace the connection between Plaster-of-Paris, plastered-in-Paris, the new French licensing laws, alcohol...others will regard any trans-

ition to Drink as natural). You could call it HIC, the country-boy's magazine. This would certainly be the fanzine de vine. Or you could call it GRAPE, a wine-shot.

### PROGRESS REPORT - TECHNICAL DIVISION

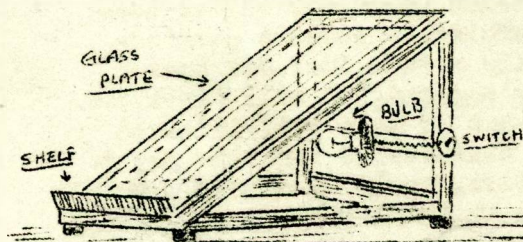
The wheel-pens made from an old watch seem to work OK once one gets used to them, and I'm currently trying to Do Something about lettering guides. How to have Lettering Guides without using money, that is. Wonderful how many fan-pubbing problems resolve into the form of 'How to have plenty of Ink without using Money!', 'How to have stencils without using Money!', 'How to put out a Fanzine without using Money!', etc. Do you think that there can be a common denominator?

UNO(pens etc.) Ltd. make a fairly large range of lettering guides cheaper than the Universal Providers, Gestetner (seems to me that you can find somewhere everything cheaper than Gestetners), but most of UNOs are intended for pen and ink...you have to cut off a strip of material running down each side first, intended to keep the guide away from the freshly inked paper. No British firm seems to carry really exotic ranges of Lettering, tho', and the answer appears to be to Make Your Own Guides. It should be possible to get some plastic material thin enough to cut easily with a lino-cutting tool, but thick enough to guide a stylus. I'm investigating this...can anyone help?..but meanwhile, if one has a pretty steady hand it's not impossible to make one's own guide. Draw your own variation of the alphabet on tracing paper, place it under the stencil, and trace over it with a soft pencil before doing the actual cutting. Here's some letters, traced from yo olde QUANDRY, that are particularly distinctive and unusual:

EPHACOSFN

I mentioned tracing paper above as I assume that as a number of you are subzine editors you'll have provided yourselves with mimeoscopes, and naturally use a transparent or semi-transparent medium for working. For those who don't have mimeoscopes, ordinary cartridge paper, or, probably better, scraper-board, would do, of course, but honest,you

haven't lived until you've used a mimeoscope. It's just a frame with an inclined top, on which one places a sheet of glass and, usually, a plastic 'drawing sheet', and there's a light underneath; an illuminated desk, in other words. It's a wonderful aid, not only in drawing (because you can see exactly how much you've cut through the stencil) but for checking over for mistakes afterwards, correcting, and generally working on. Follows a sketch of my own home-made effort:



Not shown are a couple of hooks along one side-support for winding the electric lead around, and there is also a 'floor' of white cardboard to the contraption to reflect more light. The sides aren't covered in, as I want plenty of ventilation with a 150watt bulb there, but I suppose they could be. The thing cost me something under 10/- and a couple of hours to make. If you want a snazzy one for yourself, with clamps, rules and things, they're available in gleamin' metal from Gestetner for 10 guineas. (This is wood).

PUZZLE FILLER A problem printed in an evening paper interested me enough a few months ago for me to copy it. I don't know why it fascinates me, except that altho' it's almost entirely arithmetical, with only a tenuous connection with algebra at most, it needs some very logical reckoning. Shorn of its sugar-coating: P, Q, R, S, & T each represent a different digit. The sum of PSR, SRP and RPS is TTT; the product of RQ and SQ is also TTT. Problem: What is Q?

I'll be interested to see if there's more than one way of solving it.

ODD SIZE The odd shape of this ZYMIC is due to a desire to (a) use some paper up that's been hanging around here too long, and (b) see if I can use up a complete stencil; I calculate I can get three pages from one stencil, and tho' it won't save much on a small size 'zinc like this, I've always wanted to fill a stencil from top to bottom. It's weird, seeing about 15 inches of typed stencil in the typer!

THE ZYMIC ZPECIAL ZERIALISATION Part Two

Continuing extracts from E. QUIRE WITHIN, a tome sparkling with wit and wisdom circa MDCCCLXXVIII, and the section devoted to The Family Circle rules.. "under this title a series of freindly parties have been instituted by a group of acquaintances in London...."

RULE X. That all personal or face to face laudatory speeches (commonly called toasts, or, as may be, roasts) be for the future forbidden, without permission or enquiry, for reasons following:- That as the family circle includes bachelors and spinsters, and he, she or they may be secretly engaged, it will therefore be cruel to excite hopes that may be disappointed; and that as some well-informed Benedict of long experience may after supper advise the bachelor to find the way to woman's heart - vice versa, some deep-feeling wife or widow, by "pity moven" may, perhaps, after supper advise the spinster the other way, which, in public, is an impropriety manifestly to be avoided.

((Free translation: If Grandma Harris gets on the gin she'll start telling poor little Cousin Mabel what she needs...))

RULE XI. (Suggested by a lady) That any lady, after supper, may (if she please) ask any gentleman apparently diffident, or requiring encouragement, to dance with her, and that no gentleman can of course refuse so kind a request.

RULE XII That no gentleman be expected to escort any lady home on foot beyond a distance of three miles, unless the gentleman be positive and the lady agreeable.

RULE THE LAST

"Always at trifles scorn to take offence,  
"It shows great pride and very little sense."

(To Be Continued)

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## THAT WHIRRING NOISE IS H.G. WELLS

Ladies and Gentlemen! You are invited to send in the next instalment of the following, as near to 500 words as possible. You may kill or create characters, but it's desirable that they be left ~~up~~ in a precarious position. And there's no reason why other OMPAzinos shouldn't run a serial too! Right; there's no title as yet, so:

CHAPTER ONE Uthbird Chagwatch drew himself half-erect, his keen grey eyes snapping with excitement. Professor Ipsotoom looked around at the sound.

"Uthbird! How many times have I told you that you must confine your artistic proclivities to after-laboratory hours? We are in the middle of an important experiment, a dangerous experiment upon which the fate of the very Universe itself may depend. Generations yet unborn may utter our names with awe because of what we are about to do, and yet you....you doodle! Doodle, Chagwatch, doodle! You should follow the excellent example of Yatterwood, here."

Porthkerry Yatterwood turned, close-set black eyes holding a curious gleam as he surveyed the others. "Perhaps Chagwatch has a discovery of importance to impart to us, though, Professor?"

"Importance! I'll say it's important!" Uthbird snatched the piece of paper from his bench and advanced towards the others, his six-foot frame avoiding with the easy grace of an athlete the crowded benches and tables. "Look at this! The equations show the radiative sphere of  $\gamma$  particles as  $\gamma$  over  $\psi$  times the square-root of the individual neurons...in other words, the effect of the Ipsotoom Radiation varies inversely to the square of the distance of the object of the experiment from the brain in control."

"Yes, yes. Doctor Armonite proved that in his paper before the Institute this spring. George knows nearly as much about the Ipsotoom Radiations as I, their discoverer." The Professor stroked his beard and chuckled quietly.

"You have discovered something new, perhaps?" suggested Yatterwood, a half-smile on his swarthy features.

Uthbird flushed angrily. "I'll say I have! Look, the original idea for this preliminary experiment was for me to think myself, by means of the amplifier of the Ipsotoom Radiations, out of the space-time Universe we know into one of the millions

of universes which lie side by side with ours, like pages in a science-fiction magazine. According to the conservation of energy equations, my departure will cause energy loss in this Universe and an energy gain in that which I enter, causing a permanent unbalance of forces until the apparatus is switched off, the forces balance, and I automatically return here to nullify the effects."

"Come on it, mate...we ain't first-year students or readers of scientification." Charlie Fenwater, the little Cockney whose outstanding brilliance had won him a Nobel Physics Prize when he was still a barrow boy grinned at Uthbird from his bench. Uthbird made an impatient gesture and looked around at them...Ipsotoom, Yatterwood, Fenwater and the silent, withdrawn figure of Feodor Bell who rarely entered into a discussion with the others. "But I haven't finished! If I stand upright when the current is switched on, the Ipsotoom Radiations from my brain will have less effect on my feet. They might remain here while the rest of me goes elsewhere! Or worse, my feet might go into one Universe and my body into another."

"You think, then," said the Professor drily, "that by assuming a foetal position you will annul the possible disparity of the radiation? What do you think, Fenwater?"

"E's got somefink ther!" said Charlie, examining the paper. "Bit o' bad for young Vanilla if you was 'alf'ere and 'alf' somewhere else, oh?"

"Leave Miss Fooderson's name out of this" snapped Uthbird. "We sent her down to the village so that she wouldn't worry about me undergoing the experiment whilst she was here. She needn't even know until it's all over."

"Which it will be in a few minutes" came the slow, sombre tones of Feodor. He made an inviting gesture. "If you will stop into the cabinet, my dear Chagwatch...."

Uthbird shrugged and, entering the cabinet which was to be the focal point of the amplifier, crouched on his heels and concentrated. The Professor stepped up the power, and a flickering blue radiance grew around Uthbird. "Now!" cried Yatterwood. As he did so, Vanilla Fooderson burst into the laboratory. "Professor!" she cried. "A flying saucer....!" Her words were lost in a tremendous explosion. (To Be Cont.)