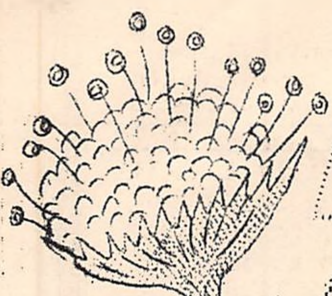


# ZYMIC ONE





# ZYMIC

No I, produced for OMPA mailing  
No I (hey-coincidence!) by  
Vince Clarke, 16 Wendover Way, Welling  
Kent, England

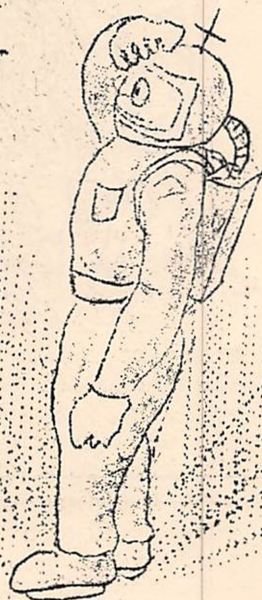
ZYMIC is produced as an experimental  
zine — scraps, bits and pieces, ideas, every  
durn thing that ferments in the Clarke  
cranium that needs a try-out or an out-let.  
ZYMIC is produced because the 'Z'  
fanzine box seemed almost indecently  
empty, and Turner's ZENITH nudes need  
something to keep 'em warm.

(Warm? Hardly the mat juste)  
ZYMIC is also produced for  
the hell of it

Vince

P.S.

THE CARTOON ON THIS PAGE IS FOR PAUL



MATTER OF FACT, the cartoon itself tries out an idea... watch wheels as a wheel-pen. I ripped an old Ingersoll to bits (found an guarantee inside dated one year from April 1914) and spent half-an-hour or so making three pens from the bits. I now have a nice watch-case, without works, and am wondering what to put inside it... it seems a pity to waste it. A miniature sun-dial? A small goldfish? An insectarium? Snuff? Seems kinda silly to start using snuff just to use up a watch-case. Now, if it was a grandfather-clock case, there is an exciting range of possibilities. Coffins and.... . now I come to consider it, a boat is about the only other thing you can make, and I don't like boats either. Nasty floating things.

Looks as tho I'm going to be left with a watch case on my hands. Wondering if anyone's tried to make a watch out of three wheel-pens and some odd springs.

\*\*\*\*\*

FAR BE IT FROM ME to advocate the import of too much US stuff into this great wet country of ours, but I'd like to see at least two more comic books around the magazine stalls. One is, of course POGO (and if you don't know POGO, just rip off the top of your head and send it to me with a 25d stamp and almost by return (or within a couple of months anyway)) I'll send you FULL INSTRUCTIONS) and the other is MAD.

MAD hasn't penetrated far into English fandom yet, and is hardly likely to. It hasn't the universal appeal of POGO which makes one overlook the frequent excursions of artist Walt Kelly into US politics; MAD is satire, tho there is a vein of madness for madness's sake too. MAD has been taken up by some of our distinguished contemporaries in US fandom... naturally... and thru the good offices (1st on the right up the stairs) of that Anglo-Irish-American gent., Walt Willis, I've laid my dirty little fingers around a couple of brace or so.



Now, if you like the cartoon on the left of this paragraph, you'll think the MAD drawings screamingly funny. They're very fond of artist Basil Wolverton, who's made this particular style his own -- you may have seen some of his stuff in a recent LILLIPUT -- and perhaps a little too fond of the glaring-eyes-and-ldling tongue caricature. But the main joy lies in the satire of ideas. MAD takes a comicbook or a film story or even a radio-show and with gleeful howls rips the living daylights from it. In the comic book satires, for instance, the drawing can hardly be distinguished from a distance as different from the original... but

read the captions and look closely at the thing and.....! Naturally, as the hero always wind in the original, in MAD he or she usually loses; 'Lone Stranger' gets burnt at the stake, in 'Starchie' the typical American teenager is jailed for life, in 'Flesh Garden' the hero decides to stay on the alien planet and sends the heroine back to Earth alone.....

In SANE, the hero wind a gun-fight at the end by substituting glue for his opponent's gun-oil... while the killer is struggling to free his six-gun from its holster, 'Sane' fumbles with his, drops it, it explodes and kills the other..... and there's another movie parody called FROM ETERNITY BACK TO HERE. MAD was threatened with legal action when it published 'Superdooper Man', but it still goes on. It has a companion, PANIC, and there are one or two imitations floating around. But all, alas, in America; there's no British Reprint as yet. Apparently, like POGO, it is considered too local in appeal for us, and, also like POGO, is aimed at the adult reader. Here, of course, adults don't read comic books.....

\*\*\*\*\*

EXPERIMENTS on the previous page included using a very cheap stencil with a different backing from usual, diluting the ink half-and-half with turps substitute, seeing how long I could carry on justifying the end of each line as I came to it....I've a theory that, if one isn't imitating a style, the words one puts in a line will always come out about equal length on a long line... isn't the classical method of estimating the words in an odd-spaced manuscript based on an average...something like counting the number of words on the 7th. line of 7 pages and multiplying up from there?

\*\*\*\*\*

A PASSING GLANCE at a wandering newspaper brings me face-to-face with a tiger. Springing, claws out, thirsting for blood. It's the trade-mark of ESSO or some such cheap-jack purveyor of solidified carbon-monoxide. Stuart or someone.... tell me. I realise that a startling ad. draws the attention, but what psychological justification is there in identifying a product with a fear-situation? Don't tell me that all these cigarette ads and coca-cola ads and damn-near-everything-else ads have been wrong for featuring a lovesome wench in their adverts for years?

\*\*\*\*\*

## Do You Speak Jaan?

Currently (August, '54), there's a hoo-ha raging over the publishing of a BRE type FANCYCLOPAEDIA....see ORION. When the adverts concerning the same first appeared in Ken Slater's OFFERATION PANTAST, I thought it would be interesting to see how much the guy who wanted to compile the thing knew already, as well as working a successful ploy and intimating that I could help....triple-barrelled Clarke they call me. So I sat down at the typer and composed the following, straight off:-

Dear George,

Noted with interest KFS's blurb re. PROJECT ENCYCLOPAEDIA. This sounds like a Daugherty project, but think that Ken is too s & c to pull something like that on the fringe fans ...and the fake fans too for that matter.\* As CRH remarks in the next '- ', I felt like someone who had experienced Efore ceilings when I read about it, as in one or two recent tendrill-sessions I said I thot we needed a BRE of Duckspeak<sup>®</sup>, even if 6th. Fandom is decomposing (on stencils, natch). In fact, I've just cut the first 3 pages of ESOTERICS OF FANDOM for the new LC 'zine EYE, which with ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR, SCROOGE ON ICE and the '- ' bacover wild-hair stuff should start a return to True Fandom here, and your project should help a lot. Mal Ashworth pectsarcoded me recently, saying, "Alas, my hapless plight -- I can't even tell the difference between a Grunch and an Eggplant, the Poo and the Yobber mystify me and yet worse I find no referent to Pogo. Wish to Ghu someone would publish something equivalent to the FANCYCLOPAEDIA in Britain...." Apparently Ghu is the Only True Ghod as his prayers have been answered. But don't forget the wk Speer effort took 6 actifans about a year to do, and since then there's been enough crud exuded to fill a couple of Tuckerotels, even if a lot of interlineations have been mostly boilerplate, and it's likely to get even thicker....what with neo-fans, 7th. fandomers and the remnants of the QUANDRY clique all active. You're going to need some help, I think. Especially if we start a BRE of the BAVC & Fort Mudge Steam Calliope stuff in Britain (in Ashworth's projected 'zine). Anything I can do?

With Roscoe's purple blessings

\*Would be a good ploy tho.

@ My mistake...should have been Fanspeak.

(Do you speak Faan? Cont.)

Of course, this bears about the same resemblance to reality as those example letters of Sorvico slang they used to publish during the War, but it does make sense. Or as much sense as fan letters usually make. The only term that Willis found strange was 'wk', which, said he, wasn't in the original FANCYCLOPAEDIA. I checked up, and found that, in fact, it was, but only in the body of the text, and was not defined. It was so well known, it must have slipped by! It's a contraction of 'well known', used in the sense, usually, of "you don't need telling", such as "At the Con we saw Norman Wansboro', wk poet."

?????????????

## A=ZYMIC=ZPECIAL

I've decided to serialise a story in ZYMIC. Palpitating with heart-throbbing suspense, it will not only entertain you but educate you yet. And what pleases me more than anything...besides the pleasure that I'm bringing to the hearts of my readers, natch...is the fact that, as the thing is dated MDCCCLXXXVIII, it will be quite new to everyone. Dipping in here and there as in a treasure trove, I bring you extracts from:

ENQUIRE WITHIN UPON EVERYTHING .....58th Edition, 725th thousand.....

The Family Circle ..A Series of Friendly Parties...Rules .

The following brief rules are suggested, in a hope to show the way to a more constant, easy, and friendly intercourse amongst friends, the writer feeling convinced that society is equally beneficial and requisite -- in fact, that mankind in seclusion, like the sword in the scabbard, often loses polish, and gradually rusts.

RULE I. That meetings be held in rotation at each member's house, for the enjoyment of conversation; music, grave and gay; dancing, gay only; and card-playing at limited stakes.

RULE II That such meetings commence at seven and end about or after twelve; and that members and guests be requested to remember that punctuality has been called the politeness of kings.

RULE III That as gentlemen are allowed for the whole season to appear, like the raven, in one suit, ladies are to have the like privilege; and that no lady be allowed to quiz or notice the habits of another lady; and that demi-toilette in dress be considered the better taste in the family circle; not that the writer wishes to raise or lower the proper standard of ladies' dress, which ought to be neither too high nor too low, but at a happy medium.

RULE IV That any lady infringing the last rule be liable to reproof by the oldest lady present at the meeting, if the oldest lady, like the oldest inhabitant, can be discovered.

RULE V. That every member or guest be requested to bring with them their own vocal, instrumental, or dance music, and take it away with them, if possible, to avoid loss and confusion.

RULE VI That no member or guest, able to sing, play, or dance, refuse, unless excused by medical certificate; and that no cold or sore throat be allowed to last more than a week.

RULE VII That as every member or guest known to be able to sing, play or dance, is bound to do so if requested, the performer (especially if timid) is to be kindly criticized and encouraged; it being a fact well known, that the greatest masters of an art are always the most lenient critics, from their deep knowledge of the fooling, intelligence, and perseverance required to at all approach perfection.

RULE VIII That gentlemen present do pay every attention to ladies, especially

Rules Cont)

visitors; but such attention is to be general, and not particular -- for instance, no gentleman is to dance more than three times with one lady during the evening, except in the case of lovers, priveleged to do odd things during their temporary lunacy, and also married couples, who are expected to dance together at least once during the evening, and oftener if they please.

RULE IX That to avoid unnecessary expense, the refreshments be limited to cold meat, sandwiches, bread, choese, butter, vegetablos, fruits, tea, coffeo, nogus, punch, malt liquors, &c., &c.

(To be Continued)

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# \* I \* REMEMBER \* SECOND \* FANDOM \*

Whilst compiling ZYMIC's sister-zine LAUNCHING SITE, I had to look up a yarn in GALAXY. Believe me, I had to look through nearly the entire collection before I hit on the right copy. Yet it's one of the better issues, with Poul Anderson's 'Inside Earth', 'I, the Unspeakable,' 'Nico Girl with 5 Husbands', 'Betelgouse Bridge', 'Field Study', and the story that I was after, 'Marching Morons'. A good issue...very good, in fact. Yet I couldn't remember when it appeared. But...once upon a time, I could rattle off year, month, cover artist and Ghod knows what about any story in any issue of a magazine over about 10 years. Admitted, the magazines referred to were mostly pre-war, and had been road time and time again during the war years, but this odd 'not knowingness' has crept steadily up on me for the last 3-4 years. Is it because I'm gradually losing interest in s-f, or because, now 'zines are so easy to get they are psychologically devalued, or because the yarns were outstanding in the old days, or because they're all of a sameness now? Do any of the younger fans remember the yarns that appeared during the last couple of years in GALAXY and ASF and the MofSF&F with an accuracy that enables them to reel off year, month, artist, etc.? Older fans...do you remember details of, say, "Black Destroyer" and "Crucible of Power" more than "That Share of Glory" and "Enough Rope" ? Or am I just growing o-o-old and tired and dim-witted??

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## INSTALMENT PLAN

One of the most flattering things that has happened to me in fandom was to be invited to take part in a serial story, each part being by a different fan. I've always had a liking for this particular kind of ingenuity, from the days when one of the pre-war British fanzines...was it FANTAST?...was running a thing called THE ROAD TO FAME in which most of the characters that had made their mark in the s-f field were incorporated, and I believe it was D.R. Smith who got them into such a jam that he had to finish off the serial all by himself. Most of these multi-authored serials have featured fans.. "If I Were Wolf" in SPACEWAYS had US fandom discovering a stone which would change fans to were-creatures, and one running around the '40 period had British fandom installing their own dictatorship in the far future after having been in suspended animation, and it seems to make a more successful story than a pure fiction effort like the recent SPACE DIVERSIONS Round Robin. One really good variant, tho., ran in a very early US fanzine, and consisted of a space-opera told by 6 different professional authors. The gimmick was, though, that the first author..

(Instalment Plan)

...I seem to remember it was Edmond Hamilton...wrote the last part, and the next wrote the next-to-last, and so on, until some unfortunate had the job of tying up the threads in the very first part!

We've tried a straightforward serial once or twice at parties, and several OMPAfans had a typing-finger in RING AROUND THE MEDCON in BANG! but no one has ever tried my pet idea yet. I wonder if it's worth while to have a go in OMPA? The idea is that one person starts a story in a normal way, tho' preferably with plenty of leads, and the readers are asked to send in their ideas of the second instalment. Two, or perhaps three, of these are published, and readers are again asked to continue, on any of the two or three unfinished pieces, and again two or three of the third instalment are published. It would be interesting to see how much they diverge by about the 5th or 6th part... and to make things really complicated you could start trying to gather the threads together to a common end.....

! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

HE WAS AN O-O-OLD AUTHOR DEPT.

"The usual trickle of cloth-bound fantasy novels continued to appear, such as James Stephens' rewrites of the sanguinary myths of pagan Ireland, or the massive novels of the British government official Eric Rucker Eddison (1833-1945)"

De Camp SCIENCE FICTION HANDBOOK

IT WAS AN O-O-OLD STORY DEPT.

The literary-tea-party weekly, JOHN O'LONDONs runs a question and answer column for readers, and occasionally an enquirer wants to know something in the s-f field; Mike Rosenblum, old-time enthusiast I.O.Evans and myself have all had our initials under various answers. A couple of weeks ago, tho', a query appeared which stumped not only me, but bibliophiles Fred Brown and Frank Arnold when I asked them. Any OMPAites come across the following?

"Does any reader know title and author of a novel our reader read about 50 years ago about a journey to the moon. The hero builds a wonderful machine in his back garden and flies in it to the moon. There he meets the delightful light blue inhabitants. On shaking hands with a light blue lady he discovers to his embarrassment that shaking hands with the opposite sex is an offer of marriage. Fortunately they fall in love and he brings her in his machine to earth."

I presume the Lunarians weren't descended from some Cambridge astronauts; they were just cold. Sounds as if it might be an interesting yarn for the laughs, tho', if nothing else.

SUBLIMATION IS NOT ENOUGH!

# WHERE IS SCIENCE NEWS? FANTASY NEWS?

MILLIONS OF FANS HAVE BEEN PARADING ON EVERY WORLD OF THE GALAXY DEMANDING TO KNOW THE ONLY PEOPLE WHO HAVEN'T ASKED --DEMANDED --IMploRED-- BEGGED-- THREATENED --HAVE BEEN THOSE MILLIONS PARADING IN 'WHERE IS SLAM?' PROGRESSIONS!!

THIS IS TO GIVE YOU DUE WARNING. YOUR QUESTION MAY BE ANSWERED AT ANY TIME!!

THIS IS AN UNPAID NON-ADVERT

## YOU TOO CAN LEARN THE SECRETS OF THE AGES! DEFY OLD AGE!

CURE ALCOHOLISM!



RECEIVE POC TSARCDS FROM GHOD!

Write now, instantly, for a free copy of a free YES FREE sealed booklet which will show you the Way To A Fuller Realisation of the POSSIBILITIES inherent in EVERY human being.

LOOK AT SOME OF THE CHAPTER HEADINGS! :-

- "How to auction like Ted Tubb"
- "How to pronounce 'poc tsarc d'."
- "How to behave at Conventions!"
- "OOGOO, a False Ghod!"
- "How to open sealed booklets!"

SEND TODAY! IT IS YOUR ONLY CHANCE! TOMORROW.....HAH!

