

This is ZEALOC 1, alias ZEALOT .5 (=½). This is a special LoC zine which is meant to contain LoCs recieved after the publishing of ZEALOT 0. It is, as well, another ZEALOT, but not no. 1 yet. It is no. .5, in Scandinavian: 0,5. In other words: An issue between two progressive issues. (Et nummer mellom to fortløpende numre) Information that is not in English is for Scandinavians, and it is generally just a repetition of the information given before in English.

ZEALOC 1, as well as ZEALOT 0, was brought to thee by the postman. Before that, they were both handled by other post people. Before that they were mailed, franked, addressed, folded\*, stapled, shuffled and printed by Hooshta-Press and me (which are the same) - all in the order opposite of this. Before the printing, the stencils for Zealot 0 were made by Rune Forsgren who probably also made the stencil for this ZEALOC's front page, and I wrote the rest of the stencils for this. Layout and writing down was all done by me, after an idea by me, inspired by other Norwegian zines who(?) also have published international issues.

ZEALOC 1 will be mailed to three groups of people:

- 1) The ones who wrote ~~the~~ LoC's which are printed here.
- 2) The others who have sent me money, subscribers. (Abonner, prenumeranter)
- 3) The ~~the~~ ones who pub (utgir) zines and have agreed to trade (bytte, bytteabonnement) with me.
- 4) People writing to me later will not get this. I.E.: NO BACK ISSUES (ISHES).

Jeg har ikke nevnt det over, så jeg sier det nå. For de som ikke vet det, kan jeg fortelle at LoC er det samme som leserbrev. Dette er altså et leserbrevzine.

Ah, I have forgot to add a footnote. Here it is: \*Zealot only. (If I haven't decided later to fold the ZLc opposite of ZL, but that will be for mailing only, and it is supposed to be straightened out before reading and left straight afterwards, whilst the ZL's fold is meant to be permanent.

What more? Oh, well, the front cover was put together by me, material supplied by Henry Linder (derfor får du også dette, Henry. Dette er løsningen på det problemet jeg nevnte en gang, at den tegningen var for bred for ADV) and Reg Smythe (the latter without his knowing, and I don't know his address, so he can't get this), and some other anonymous catalog and ad designers who I don't know at all.

I have decided to start with the LoCs next page, so I will have to fill up this with some rubbish.

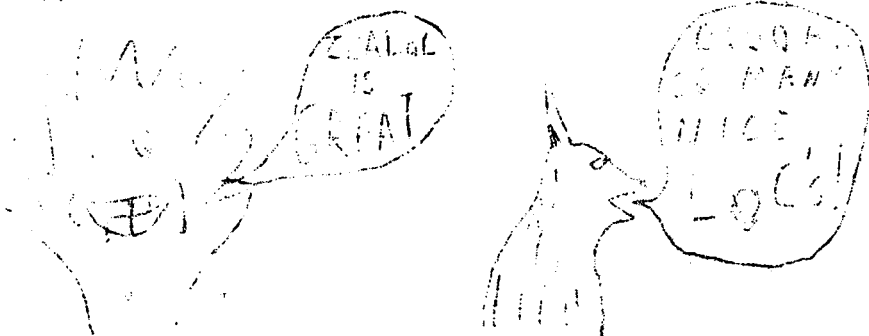
There are other English zines appearing from Scandinavia. Two friends of mine, a Dane and a Swede, both have plans on starting something. The Dane will soon start - I think he has started at the time this is published - a trade zine called Swapzine. Fans interested in facts on Danish fandom and translations from Scandinavian - generally Danish, I think - zines can get both if they send a copy of their own ~~sin~~ zine to Niels Dalgaard, Peder Hjorts vej 20, DK 2500 Valby Denmark. The Swede is thinking about something else, I think. Not only trade, and original contris in English from Scands. Write to Kristian Priemel, Myrstigen 8, S 151 60 Solent, Sweden for further details.

Other contris (bidrag, stoff) than LoCs will be used for Zealot 1. Or 2. Or 3. Or...

NO BACK MISUSE.

NO BANK TISSUES.

NO.....



((From now on, everything I say will be written inside double brackets like this.))

((The immaterial award for snappiest LoC will this time go to David Griffin, 8 Woodville Road, Baling, London W5 2SF ((Wow, what a post code for a fan!)), The country you all know. And the LoC itself will be reproduced on this page if I can decipher his handwriting. (The letter will probably be a little abridged (Not David E.!) ))

Hei Ragnar!

Takk for ZEALOT.

So you are a loony!! ((Yes. Beware! (Don't fear, I'm not a dangerous one.) ))  
 ---Anyway, what do I think of ZEALOT? It's funny you should ask that. There! zealot of things I could say about it - if you're going to use "thou" all the way through, you ought to try and get the verbs correct as well. e.g. "Dost thou not see that this is a zine?" - "Well, thou sayest, what in hell is dis?" - You are, but: thou art. It's not like Norwegian where the verb remains the same (it does, doesn't it?) ((Yes, it do. (Glmph!))) but more like Latin. ((Er... I don't know that language....))  
 ((A long interruption now. About the language I use in Zealot (but not here for some reason). I know I use a strange mixture of two languages (Old English and English). The reason is that I am used to ordinary English and have just started to pick up O.E. vocables. So I'm thankful for all advice I can get. But, when I use two languages alternately, it may be hard to avoid mixing them up (You see that I have written 'you' some times in ZLO; and other things.), especially when I use the one I am least used to use (!). But I'll do my best to avoid mistakes. Now, go on, Dave..))

Right. I really enjoyed reading ZEALOT, it seems typical of what Scandinavian produce when they ((Two words unreadable. Composer)) English, but it's a step above most of the others. Your English is better for one thing, and you seem to have a sense of humor which is about as warped (Angeldroftiskally, of course) as mine. ((Grumph.))

Do ((No, we'll stop here, rest of letter not so to Cal. Just one thing I would like to tell: In the corner of this letter was a square of which two sides were the paper edges, and the two other dotted lines. Inside it said: CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE. On the other side it said WHY DID YOU CUT THIS OFF? FOOL. Another thing: David also included something he called a story in his letter. It will be reprinted in ZL1 to prove I'm mad. A third thing: He mentioned the OMPA. That reminds me of that I have to tell that Priemel, mentioned page 2, has joined that organisation. If you don't know what OMPA is, go ask someone else and don't hang around here any more! But if you won (what was that?) want to read more zea-LoCs, stay where you are and read on.))

- + -

((Interlude:

"One o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock LoC,  
 Four o'clock, five o'clock, six o'clock LoC,  
 seven o'clock, eight o'clock, nine o'clock, LoC,  
 we gonna LoC, LoC arounde the clock..." (fade out) ))

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((Here is a fine LoC! I mean a Fine LoC. That is, a LoC from Colin Fine. ("I asked you who you are, not how!" - "Yes, and I said I'm Fine!") If anybody should want to know his address, it is 305 King's College, Cambridge, The country we all know. (Do we? Well, it's the same as above.)) ))

Dear Ragnar/Sopwith,

Me thinks thou art insane! ((So do I.)) For this reason I bid thee welcome to our select band of men of misplaced reason; "...we're all mad here. I'm mad. You're mad.... You must be. Or you wouldn't have come here." - the Cheshire Cat, in Alice's Adventures in Wonderland by Lewis Carroll. Thy prose is of strange quality ((so am I.)); mayhap would it read more freely if thou wouldst receive instruction on the use of the pronoun 'thou'. ((I will.)) (...thee; thy; thine; thou art, hast, dost, wilt etc.) ((Thanx. Thou art the first to inform me about the 'thine' form as well as the 'thy' I.e. other people have told me about 'thy' before you did (thou didst?), but nobody seemed to know 'thine'.)) Think not it is my design to criticise heavily (one day perhaps I shall produce a zine in Norsk ((That is,

Norwegian (Information to people who don't know Norw. at all.)), then may-  
est thou laugh up thy sleeve!)) (I may, but I won't. I don't think it is  
nice to make fun of people's mistakes; it's better to help them do it right.  
(When/If you make that zine, send me two copies, and you will get one back  
with a zea-lot of red marks.)) By all means give us another Zealot; I  
particularily enjoyed the numbering of the pages ((I will try to make it  
different every issue. Page number puns wanted!!)), and to put successive  
parts of an article on pages 1, 8, 9, and 2 ((As I wrote this, I noticed that  
it makes a year. 1892. What happened then?)) is surely evidence of genius  
(No, of distraction. I forgot a piece when mounting the first pages.)) so  
high that it is indistinguishable from lunacy. ((So high that it is indis-  
tinguishable from Luna.))

Thy 'refinitions' can be found in profusion in the works of the American  
journalist Ambrose Bierce (mainly his 'Devil's Dictionary'); nevertheless  
one can think of many new ones. For example ((I think I'll leave that out  
and save it for ZL1.))

I've just got back from the 40th British SF Convention (eastercon) and my  
own favorite memory of it was in the 'Mastermind' quiz competition, when  
Gerry Webb, unable for the moment to remember the title of Asimov's  
'Nightfall' characterised it succinctly as 'They all go barmy when the  
sun goes down'.

Waiting for another Zealot,  
Colin Fine.

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((I have no more interludes. Please write me some. But I can say something.  
In these times, when sf readers associate, and faneds associate, why don't  
also LoC writers assosiate? They could form a group or something and call  
it 'Eight Oak'. Why? Well, then every LoC from them would be an "Eight Oak  
LoC". . . . . You didn't understand it? I just said "eight o'clock"!))

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((According to itself, the following is something rather scarce. It's a  
LoC from Richard A. Hakes, 121 Southey Hall Drive, Sheffield S5 7PS, Same  
country as before.))

Dear Sopwith,

I would like to thank you for ZEALOT ~~#~~ 0. I enjoyed reading it (well I  
enjoyed trying to read it in any case. I was very pleased that someone  
took the bother of sending a zine to me! I don't get many, probably because  
I don't usually take the bother to LoC them. ((There are other ways, aren't  
there?)) BuP ((?)) as you are of foreign origin I have made an exeption,  
i.e. I don't have to write very often. Also I don't know you. I hate writ-  
ing to people I know. ((Odd. It's quite opposite for me. (Well, I don't exac-  
tly hate it, but. . . .))) Of ZEALOT ~~#~~ 0 I found interesting & funny in pla-  
ces, but I must admit I didn't understand some of it. The centre pages for  
example. ((Do you think anybody did? Do you think I did? (By the way, I have  
something better (i.e. by another person) for next issue.)) "That's  
wierd".

Richard.

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((This here slip of paper is, as far as I can see, no LoC. Just one senten-  
ce ("Thanks for Zealot") and some other rubbish. . . I mean non-LoCal mat-  
ter. Well, well.))

((But here. Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Road, Hoddesdon, Herts., the same country,  
wrote this (and a little more that I'm leaving out.))

. . . . I never came across a fanzine before where the editor hid his name  
so well, and had such a confusing address. Is "Asker" the town or what?  
((No, it's the . . . er; P.O. district, but also Asker is a "kommune" including  
several other POD's. What a kommune is? I don't know what it's called in  
English, but I will look it up in my pocket dictionary. . . . Hm. It says  
"communicapality". Humph. Odd word. I've never heard it before. But if you  
have, I hope it will give you an idea of what I am talking about. Wait. . .  
there is something called "Asker City", where the P.O. (and other things)

is(are),but that's a bit small for a town,rather a village.Well,well...)) I'm sure it means something to someone,but not me yet.((Well,as I said it's the district I live in))I don't even know who you are. (( I am a little green lycantroph living in a den ~~four~~ feet to the left of the world.I love dogs,carrots and good music...Er,not the same way,not the same way!)))

I think the last time I saw a fanzine like this was from Pierre Versins in Switzerland,and he used the same shape and format,and I think I would make out as much of what he meant to say as you did.((You're wrong - I don't mean it.)) I've never found such a confusing fanzine before now.. "Zealots" - Well,having seen Zeffirelli's JESUS OF NAZARETH on television over Easter I thought they were something religious but I can't remember just what.((Well,to repeat what I said before (in Zealot0),a zealot is - at least according to J.M.Myklestad and H. Søråas,who wrote the dictionary I use - a fanatic.Well,maybe it is a religious fanatic, but...ZL is not religious!)) Your "floff" stories remind me of the cannibal stories I heard recently.One cannibal says, "Am I too late for dinner" and the other says, "Yes,everyone's eaten." Or - two cannibals were talking and one said, "I can't stand your mother-in-law" and the other said, "Well,leave her and eat the vegetables"....((Hmh.)) I just noticed your real name ((Congratulations)) - it says - in the middle of the issue,I can't read the second word but it looks like "Fyvi" "Fury" ((It is Fyri)) - hmm - Ragnar is all right though,it reminds me of one of the mythological figures from the American Marvel comics "Thor" series, "Ragnarok" was the day of reckoning or something. ...Gad it's noisy this evening,the Red Baron Manfred von Richthofen is machine gunning someone while I'm trying to type. - There are Sopwiths in this film too.((I know about them.Snoopy pretends to fly one of them, and that's how I came across that name.)) I'm getting cold now so I'm going to fill my hot water bottle and go to bed now to get me warm.I have never felt so cold as in the spring.

Adios amigo,  
Alan Dodd.

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((This latter letter (not litter) had a lot of paper enclosed;I think that is covered by the group 2f on the ZFCC.(If you don't remember,the group 2 was "send me.." and f was "...something..".If you want to know,ZFCC stands for Zealot First Contact Cover.Next time you get a Zealot,it will be with the ZNCC (Zealot New Contact Cover).))

((Now,there are no more letters here to be Localised at the moment,but some to answer,and other things to do,and only one stencil left after this,so I will stop writing out these stencils now.))

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((Next day:I have bought a new box of stencils and recieved another LoC,but before that:Some of the material AD sent me,may be covered by group 4 (interesting information) as well.Thank you,Al!))

((Someone have left the asylum's gate open again.The Looney is out... M.Caulton,Air Radio Squadron,R.A.F. Cosford,Wolverhampton,WV7 3EX,the country you know,wrote this:))

Dear Ragnar,

Thank you for 'Zealot'.((Hey,you're the first one who didn't write the name with capitals only!)) I was surprised to receive it,as you might understand!((Might I?Well,when one has ones address printed somewhere..)) I enjoyed reading it but had difficulty in finding where an 'article' continued in the zine.Why can't you start something and finish it on the same page og the next page NOT page 7,8,2,5 etc.?((I've said that already.See above.)) It would be a much better zine then.((Zealot 1 will be better.))

I do not do a fanzine so I cannot send you it.((Good.I can't stand trying to read undone fanzines.)) Sopwith von Angel sounds like something that fell down the plughole (no offence meant!)((OH NO?A little warning: next time you get a heavy letter from me,better let the Bomb Squad open

it for you!))

I do not like my christian name. When I write to S.F. fans I often write 'MC', that is my initials. I have tried to find another name - no success. ((No success in finding a name!!??Where di you look for it - in a check-list?(You probably mean a name you like...OK.))) Wolverhampton is not my home. ((Not mine either.)) My home is at Derby. I am in the Air Force. I am 20 years - but that is irrelevant is it not. ((I think so. But, as we are talking about Air Forces, there is something that is not irrelevant concerning them. Er...I will return to that after M has finished. What were you about to say...M?)) I receive 2 English fanzines called 'One-Off' ((I have seen it.)) and 'After the Flood'. I would like to receive the next issue of Zealot. ((It's coming soon.))

M C

(otherwise known as  
'The Looney')

((As I were about to say: Air Force. There is one such here in Norway too, and i a couple of months' time I will be in it for a time that's disposed (not dispossessed!) to be long, and I guess that will stop my zine production for some time. I hope I can manage to get Zealot 1 printed and sent out before I get called in, if not it will probably take a long time before it is published, and you will know why. Maybe I can get time to do something about it during a leave, but I am not quite sure about that. We'll see. Another thing: When people know I will not publish something for up to 15 months, what about the trades? The 141 trades will of course stop, but they who have running trades will have to make up their minds whether they will stop then or let them run. (I hope for the last, but it's your choice) (If you don't know what I mean with 141 and running trades, you have not received (Yes, I know I have spelled that word wrong a couple of times) the green registration scheme I send out to all traders. That is because I have not sent it to you yet, or because it has got lost in mail.))

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((Then an anonymous letter. About the address, see later.))

Dear Sopwith(out).

I am not a philanthroph. I am a lycantroph. I don't know if that is covered by 'something like that'? ((Er...As far as I know, there are no coincidences between the two states. (For those who doesn't understand what this is all about, it is the last page of ZL 6. Look there and return here.)) In case you say 'Yes', find enclosed with this letter: A comb. Not the ordinary kind, but a fur comb. I use it when shedding, as it is hair attracting. I.e. it picks up the loose hairs. ((To me, it seems like it stimulates the shedding. Yesterday I needed a haircut, now I don't need it, and I have not had any.)) --- For the futural Zealots, I will offer you something that no other faned gets: Trade with my zine. I do not usually trade because it is the only were-zine in the world and thus not for ordinary humans. But you are not ordinary, are you? ((How did you guess that? Er...)) Well, here is a copy of last issue of WERE I AM, former BE WERE. Hope you enjoy it. ((I do. This LoC ends here, but I go on writing on the same line. And the next. WIA is a zine full of useful hints for 'bestantrophs' as I some times call them generally (Greek 'bestos' = animal (beast)). For example: Do you know what to do if you get a thorn in your paw and there is no Androcles around to pull it out for you? Neither did I, but now I know. This werewolf's address is unknown to me, because I received this letter not by ordinary mail, but by special delivery. A pigeon knocked on my window yesterday, and when I opened the window I saw that it was wearing a shoulderbag from which it took out a brown envelope with the contents mentioned above. But how can a pigeon find its way to a place where it never has been before? -----Hmmm - the bird looked quite intelligent to

me. Maybe it was a werepigeon?---Werepigeon??? How can that be possible? A pigeon is so small compared with a human... Well, I will probably get an explanation in next issue.))  
 ((Now, this WW sent me another letter today:)) Now I've found out! Sopwith FK II Camel is a plane. I guess that means you are a were-plane (Not an ere-plane.). Or is it spelled wairplane? I don't know. ((Neither do I.))

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((Have I said anything about the language used here? Ordinary English, not the kind I use in Zealot. That doesn't mean I have changed my mind about the language I used. It will be back in Zealot 1.))

((And here is the faned who thinks I can remember him between all the others. I had to scan through most of my archive to find out that the following LoC (?) was from Pete E. Presford, "Ty Gwyn", 2 Maxwell Close, Buckley, Clwyd, North Wales.))

Annwyl Ragnar.

Well it arrived, whatever it was.

I don't (can't) admit that I understand it. ((Who does (can), by the way?)) But there again, is it meant to be understood. ((To be - understood - or not to be - understood - that is the question! And - "The answer is blowing in the wind.")) As to your reasons for sending me Zealot.. ((Reasons? I had no reasons for sending you Zealot, but I will need at least one for sending you the next/this.)) 1) I'll trade with you, no one in their right mind would want to swap with you. 2) A LoC is more like it.. it needs LoCing up (heh, heh)! ((Haw Haw)) 3) With a zine like this, you don't need friends. Just a head shrinker; I know a cheap one. ((I know a sheep.)) 4) 'Something interesting'? What? About your zine or life in general? ((Life, but not in general. Just in lieutenant... er... I mean.. oh, forget it)) I'm drinking a very good cider at the moment. 5) Who needs proof.. tis well known in the UK. ((--that IA is a BEM. Well, I am not in UK, am I? Please get me the proofs!)) --I was going to send you money, but I believe Groats have gone out of fashion. I could send you a goat ((No, thanks!)), but if you have a long white beard (You must have doing this zine) ((I don't)) it might start chewing it. Which just goes to show

.. that a Groat in the pocket  
 is worth more than a  
 goat in the throat...

I look forward to your second issue (in fact I can't think of anyone you can forward it to), will the next one be in English? ((Yes, this one.))

Joking apart .. if you ever do a serious copy, just drop me a line; and I'll only be too glad to write a contrib for you, all the best & keep on truckin.

Hwyl.

Pete ((squiggles))

((Groat? Groat?? Where is my encyc..? Oh, I haven't bought it yet. Well, well, off to the library some day then. But now, next LoC.))

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((Here it is. Alan J. Freeman, 23 Adelaide Road, High Wycombe, Bucks HP13 6UR, that country, wrote it.))

Dear Sopwith/Ragnar,

Many thanks for sending me a copy of thou ((?)) zine Zealot(0), which I found very interesting indeed. At first, I must admit. I thought it was David E. Bridges playing a trick on me (and the rest of fandom) by doing a zine and pretending that it came from Norway. (This sort of trick is a favourite with some fans, what they do is to get a normal fanzine ((What do you mean, a normal fanzine?? I didn't think fanzines was normal.)) from someone else and then do a funny parody of that zine, and send it out to other fans, but without telling anybody that they done it.) But as your zine was franked in Norway, and the stamp was



Norwegian, I realised it wasn't someone playing a trick ((It was, but not that trick. Hm.)), but a real and authentic zine from Norway. I think that I have only heard of one or two other zines from Norway ((Here the faned paused a little, looking at his zine collection, and doing this found out that Al is not thoroughly informed. He (the faned) was just about to start typing again when the already mentioned collection turned over for some reason and fell over him. Six days later the faned reappeared from the avalanche and went on typing.)), so it came as quite a surprise when the postman delivered it. Also my mum got to the door before me and didn't know what to make of the zine at all, but never mind.

Generally I found your zine very enjoyable, with two main points sticking in my mind about it. The first point is that it sometimes reads a bit peculiar, which I think is because it was written in Norwegian first (though I'm not sure, cause you don't say) and then translated into English, or at least your thought processes ((What thought processes??)) are in Norwegian and then have to be converted into English inside your head and then written in English in the zine. ((The latter is correct, save the floss story.)) This I think leads to the words sometimes appearing disjointedly and sometimes reading funnily. But once you get used to this, the zine become quite readable. ((###!!!))

The other thing is that the zine is very disjointed as a whole. No sooner have you read 2 paragraphs and you are told to turn to the back of the zine or a later page ((Umph! Again this error. And it probably isn't the last time either. Well, well.)). This tends to spoil the enjoyment of the zine when you have to keep jumping from page to page. But apart from this the main fault with the zine is that it is a bit thin on solid articles and seems if it was rushed. It seems to me that it would be better if you took more time over it and wrote some solid articles for it. And as you say in the zine, I hope people will send you articles (contributions) for your zine, and why not also review a few of the books you've read recently in it ((because I haven't read any books recently. Zine making and correspondence etc. takes all my time... My leisure time, I mean (I do have a job.)). But I can try to get someone else review something.)), and start a letter column with the LoCs you get from this issue. ((Here it is.))  
 ---I hope you do decide to do another ish and that you will send me a copy of it as well. And once again, many thanks for Zealot O.

Yours sincerely

Alan J. Freeman.

((In the morning of Sunday 25. April 1976 I decided to make an English zine. In the evening of the same day I had Zealot O ready. The reason why it was not published before, was that I didn't get any foreign addresses before much later. Well, the next Zealots will also be produced from morning to evening on Sundays - I have decided that - but they will have more pages because I will have collected some material on beforehand, what I hadn't done when making ZL O.))

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((As for zines received, there are lots of them. Zealots. The reason why I will not review them: I make a Norwegian zine which is a newsletter on zines and other publications in Scandinavia. There are zealots of reviewing connected with this publication - more than enough for me. Besides, there are other zines that have reviews. I recommend a look at them. In them, I mean. And just telling which zines I get? Hm.. as you will have to look in the reviews to find out about the zines anyway, I don't see what interest you would have in knowing which zines I receive. They are all in the other zine.))

((Concerning my difficulties about the Presford LoC page 7: Everybody who write to me, please include your full name, readably written, in all your letters to me. Thanx.))



((Who's next? James T. Parker, 18 King William Street, Old Town, Swindon, Wilts. SN1 3LB, the same country as before, is. 3LB? That was rather light..))  
Dear R.F.,

Many, many thanks for Zealot. Very enjoyable; very unexpected. It's not every day I receive a fanzine from Norway. I like your approach to fanzine production ((My approach to fanzine production??? You mean my approach to international f.p.! My a.t.f.p. took place on 17.Oct. 1974.)); in a word you appreciate that it is basically fun, and doesn't even have to have anything with science fiction.. (sic). I like this concept of fanzine production. Too many editors try to compete with the professionals, which is rather silly because most editors of fanzines don't even begin to boast the considerable resources of pro. editors. ZEALOT works as a fanzine because, one: it is modest without being impoverished of content. ((Oh.)) Two: because it is the voice of one guy, and is a true reflection ((Hmmm...)) of your own character and - hmm - eccentricities. Yes? ((Yes!)) Three: It has humour and strongly conveys a sense of spontaneity. ((See the paragraph following Freeman's letter previous page.))

I enjoyed the piece of fiction "Once Upon a Corridor". Was it SF? Who cares? ((Not I.)) Really. Writing fiction, any kind of fiction, is purely an exercise of imagination: the ability (gift?) to create and populate a world ((or two.. or three.. or...)) that exists only in the writer's brain. Even the writer of, say, a modern political drama (espionage etc.) may believe he is basing his ideas on happenings in the 'real' world, but he isn't, you know. He is simply taking aspects of the 'real' world and embellishing them, distorting them, filtering them through his own subjective view of reality ((And sometimes just ignoring aspects that will disturb his plot.)). The result being a novel of 'imagination' every bit as much as, say, Tolkien's "Lord of the Rings" or Asimov's "Foundation" trilogy. A writer simply has to 'believe' in his own inner world ((because nobody else do, hehe.)), whether that world is full of fantastic incident and exotic personages, or drab, grim vision of a world stripped of romance and enchantment. You see, it's all a dream anyway. Our imagination is a vast space that takes its life from the raw materials of reality -- that everyday, workaday world.

Trying to define SF strikes me as a hopeless exercise. SF is basically the most limitless of genres; the whole universe is its territory; it's backdrop. For this reason, every other literary tradition can be encompassed within its area of activity. This is its strength as well as its weakness. This very width of dramatic territory imposes an awesome responsibility upon the shoulders of its practitioners.

My own approach -- in my fiction -- is to purposely set limits and try to get the maximum effect from the minimum of material. I try to evoke the wonders of the physical universe rather than actually explore them imaginatively. I enjoy satire, too ((so do I)), and try to put this in my work. I call my work 'cosmic satire'... Whether it's an apt description or not, I don't know.

Once again, many thanks for Zealot. Keep up the good work. Any fanzine from the land of the Vikings is always most welcome...

All the best..

JTP

(Perpetrator of the  
'Prince Nova' trilogy  
and other cosmic  
dreams.)

((Well, what now? Shall I start a new letter here or go to the next page and start there?))

((Think, think, think...))

((I think I will start here with the letter from Andrew Rawling, 5 Snowden Heights, Chard, Somerset TA20 1QY, you-know-the-rest.))

Dur Sopwith,

Many megathanks and much joy and icecream for Zealot O. I'm still trying to work out who gave you my address... ((Solution: It was Brian Melted.. er.. you know what I mean)) not that I mind people giving you my address, for

all I care everybody in England could give you my address and it wouldn't make any difference ((It would for me - if I received a letter from every person in England there would not be much space left for me to live in here)), it's just that it could be unpleasant for me if the wrong people found out where I was living, like the CIA, or the Mafia, or the tax collectors. ((Relax, I am none of them.)) Anyway, that is unimportant. ((Yess.)) What is important is the small piece of printed cardboard which I have enclosed. I decided that I had better send you something in return for Zealot O. Well, I thought and I thought. Then I thought some more. I thought of sending you my alarm clock, but you have probably already got one ((More than that, I have got two.)), and I could never afford a replacement, anyway. I thought of sending you my cat, but he's such a fat animal that he would never fit through the letter box, and I don't think stamps will stick to fur. ((Good thing these obstacles appeared. What could I do with a cat? Anyway, I would have preferred a cat to a goat (See Presford's LoC page 7))) Finally I had a brilliant idea; I will send you a Beare Mat! Now then, listen carefully. A Beare Mat, or Sydur Mat as it is sometimes known, is an item connected with the drinking of certain alcoholic liquids, and has been used in Somerset for countless thousands of years ((It doesn't look that old...)), obviously the remenant of some ancient lost civilization. They can be found in many other parts of the world as well, all over the place, in fact, but it is only here in Somerset that the correct way of using them has been remembered. This is the proper way to use it, whatever you have been taught:

A bottle or jug containing Beare, Sydur, or some other alcoholic liquid is suspended at some point high on the wall. A string is fixed to it, the other end of which is held by the drinker, who stands below (see diagram) ((which I am not able to reproduce here.)) The Beare Mat is placed in such a position, and at such an angle that when the string is pulled, the alcoholic liquid pours from the bottle, rebounds from the Beare Mat and enters the mouth of the drinker, who becomes very happy. That, believe it or not, is the correct way to use a Beare Mat. It looks difficult, but it's really quite fun if you practice.

Now you may not think that has anything to do with sf. You may be right. However, Von Daniken has a theory that the costum of drinking Beare in this way derives from natives watching a group of alien visitors engaging in sexual activities in 4000 B.C. Who knows? ((Not I.))

That seems to be all. Do I have anything else to say? How about goodbye? Shall I say it? All right, then, I will...

"Goodbye!"

Which seems a little silly, because I haven't finished my letter yet. Not quite. I hope I'm confusing you. If I'm not then let me know and I'll try harder next time. ((You don't need to. I do not need people to confuse me. I can confuse myself very well. Huh? What am I talking about? (See what I mean?))) Talking about time, I see it's 6.30 and my stomach is making hungry noises. ((Well, let the noises have something to eat them!)) Not that you would be interested in what my stomach is doing.

Well, I'd better go now, anyway. I hope you find your house. Does this mean I qualify for the next issue of Zealot? ((I guess so, and say I'm right.))

Yours etc.

Andrew Rawling  
and "Goodbye!" again.

- + -

((Grumph! It looks like that if I had changed to this stencil before I started carving this letter, it would have finished this page. But how could I know??))

((But now, I will start next letter on next page - if there is any next page.))

((And now the results of an attempt to interpret the handwriting of Pamela J. Boal, 4 Westfield Way, Charlton Heights, Wantage, Oxon. OX12 7EW, still on the island. (IGU, when it appears, is put in instead of a word I couldn't read. It means 'I Give Up'.)))

Dear Ragnar,

---thank you for your zine.

I refuse to call you Sopwith for in my mind the word can only be associated with Camel ((That's how mine is too.)), while if someone so wishes I don't mind regarding them as a light aircraft, I do draw the line at thinking of a new friend in terms of a rather IGU Beast. ((There were other Sopwith aircrafts as well, for instance Gnu. But they don't live in Norway. (Neither do the camels. (And as we are talking of animals, I would like to deny an old myth. Polar bears do not live in Northern Norway. But we (think we) have other bears, and they say the wolves are returning. WAAAAOOOOUUUU!))))) (Is this enough of closing brackets?)) (I think so)))

I expect by now you have been told that the possessive forms of thou and thee are thy and thine. ((Have I? Well, hm... I don't think I will be able to forget it again. But nobody has yet told me that they are called possessive forms in English, so it was some new info after all.))

((And now we are closing to the point.))

Zealot is fun, nice size and shape, simple amusing illoes. OK now you've introduced the concept how about a little more meat in the next edition? ((OK, I'll enclose some bacon.)) ((Not Francis B., he is dead (isn't he?))) Since you are kind enough to write in excellent English ((What? Oh...)) it is an opportunity for we insular islanders ((I think it was)) to find out about Norway and Norwegian fans and SF. ((Hm... if there's going to be anything about that I will need a special columnist. But I already have a translating assistant who also writes things, maybe he. I'll ask him.)) Being nosey I'd like to find out more about yourself (apart from the fact that you have a sense of humour), age ((20 (birthday 12. jan))), how you earn your IGU ((Making heat elements)), what your hobbies are (apart from fandom & breaking cassette recorders) ((I make some publications with no connections to SF (though that is often discussed by my readers), write bad poems, get and publish crazy ideas, read non-SF, write (sometimes) non-SF, try to catch every crazy program on TV & radio, shuffle cards & play patience (do you know any?), daydream, enjoy certain music and fine weather, collect 10- and 5-øre coins (these are the two smallest coins in Norwegian money since the 2- and 1-øre coins were abolished), draw strange drawings, forget to renew my UFO magazine sub (I discovered it yesterday, guess who was fast in writing out a giro form!)).... Well... what more? I don't know, this looks like more than I have time for, but yet I do it all. But not every day. That must be the explanation... Pam adds an 'etc.' after the last paranthesis of her, but I think I will leave it out because we have come so far away from the place where it should have been.))

Yes I like the definition of SF as fable prose ((Hm. I must try to tell B&B that. (Two pros who invented the definition.))), of course there are as many definitions as there are fans, an argument often tediously pursued but not one worth pursuing. ((Right. Talking of SF definitions, a Danish fanzine lately brought a pageful of definitions to SF, but those were from different dictionaries.))

Looking forward to the next Zealot.

best regards

Pamela.

- + -

((And that was nearly the end of the page as well. And, strange enough, it is also the end of this day. Bedtime is here again. Yawn. But that doesn't mean I have used the entire afternoon typing this, I have written a letter and leafed through and in part read some other mail and wrapped up some stencils that I'm going to send to a friend who needs them for writing a list of books he is going to sell to get some money which he needs for... OK. Why I tell you? Just to fill up the page, and here is the end of it. Good night.

WRONG ((No more LoCs received for some time now. I guess this is the end of the wave of response to ZL 0. At least from England. Maybe there will be another wave from more remote areas later, but I don't know if they will arrive in time to get into this issue. But you will soon find out that. If they do arrive, but not in time, they will appear in ZLc 2/ZL 1.5 instead. (Grumph. I start getting tired of that term. Can anybody give me a synonym to 'instead'?) Now, I want to tell you why you obtained this zine. I have written a letter code on your address label (on this zine's back), and here is the meaning explained:

[illegible]

That was that. And now... Well, what more can I write? I can write about ZL's new columnist. His pen name is Fast Breeze, and he is going to tell you about Norway and fandom etc. here. He is also going to review zines for me. Any faned who read this and want to send me your zine, I hope you don't mind sending two copies of it? One for me, and one for FB to review. Then I don't need to lend him my copy. If you do (send him a copy), mark my copy with DUP to tell me. And, oh yes, you need his address. I will write it on the next page.))

((And here is Fast Breeze's name and address:

Morten Harry Olsen Esq.  
Kirkegaten 10 A  
N 8500 NARVIK Norway

He reviews books as well, so if you happen to have published a book lately, you may send it to him and maybe he will review it. (I only say maybe.) Or you may send him a review of a book you have read. (A.D., I have sent him your 'response'.))

- + -

((And now? Nothing more to write. I will wait a couple of days and see if any more LoCs arrive, but if not, this is the last page... the last but one, I mean. There will be a back here too.))

- + -

((I have put a new ribbon in my typewriter. Can you see any difference? Er...uh...))

((By the way, eat St. Michaels Oatflake Cookies. (They're not our sponsors, but they are good (and cheap here at the time being.)))

((As I were about to say, I have received another LoC, but before that I would like to hand out a couple of apologies to people whose letters I have not answered in private, which I usually do. That is because I didn't have anything to say. Some of them were LoCs and have been answered enough here. The unlucky writers are: Brian Tawn, Don Miller (but that was hardly a letter either, just a photocopy with a few sentences added by hand. Yet, I have filed it as a letter.), James Parker, Andy Rawling and Pamela J Boal. And...er...looks like there is not so much to write a private letter about in the following either.

But you may always try again.))

((And now, the letter of Terry Greenhough, 183 Hurst Rise, Matlock, Derbyshire and we are still in the same old country.))

Dear Ragnar,

Thankyou for sending me Zealot, which had me walking along the ceiling with laughter. ((You wiped your feet first? I mean, footprints in the ceiling look rather...)) It's a wonderful zine, friendly and funny, one of the best I've ever received. ((!!!)) I don't know where you found my name and address (You guessed right in the part of your letter I'm not printing - it was Brian Melted), but I'm marvellously glad you did find it. Otherwise, I would never have got Zealot and another link in the worldwide SF chain wouldn't have been forged ((Oh no??!!), a link, this time, between you in Norway and me in England. And I really do think it's great that SF people should communicate ((Not only they - ALL people should!)), spreading their thoughts, ideas, hopes and interests all around the globe - a friendly pastime which perhaps the politicians and warmongers would do well to copy. ((Hear, hear!))

When I picked up Zealot from where the postman had slid it through the letterbox, I had no idea what it was. I glimpsed the postmark and the Norwegian stamp and I wondered what on Earth it could be. Then, strolling through to put the kettle on, I idly glanced through the zine, discovered it actually was a zine ((What else? A frog??)) (from Norway, no less, which thrilled me enormously) and was laughing before the water was quarter-way boiled. I smoked my first-thing-in-a-morning Park Drive, but I scarcely noticed it; I was too intent on Zealot to pay much attention to the fact that I was poisoning my lungs.

I must congratulate you on your command of English ((Er...uh...thanks)) You express yourself very well and show a mastery of my native language which I can't equal in regard to any foreign (to me) tongue. (By the way, the genetive of 'thou' is.. ((I KNOW!))). It would be nice if I could read fanzines in other languages, for instance your own in Norwegian and those of your friends ((Friends???)), but I'm afraid that's utterly beyond me.

PAGE FOR TEEN(agers?)

((Here is a possible backover. The rest of Terrys letter would cover it, but I just remember that I'm going to leave out parts, so maybe. And then, again, maybe I get more LoCs... The problem is when to stop. Well, I can start printing the first pages and publish the zine when I'm about to overtake the writing?))

((Terry goes on)) You list five things to do if people want more Zealot, which I do ((which I guessed))(the more the merrier). I can't draw ((Neither can I, but yet I do it. And, according to science, bumble bees can't fly)) and I don't edit a magazine, but I can send you a letter (enclosed), and I trust that part of this letter will count as a LoC ((I don't know how LoCs count... "One, two, free, bore, live, mix, serenade, mine, friend.."?)); also I can pass on the names of a few English SF fans who would appreciate hearing from you. ((They have already. Or, at least, I have got their addresses. But your additional facts count as 'Interesting information'))

Also, I can't prove that Isaac Asimov is a BEM in disguise. But with references to number 3 on your list, well, I hope I've done that already: that is, become your friend. ((At least you've made a good start. Go on.)) Until today I didn't know I had any friends in Norway, but I definitely consider myself to have at least one now.

I hope everything goes well with you and with Zealot, with your friends and relatives, with all you plan and all you achieve.

Best wishes,  
(squiggle)

((I have to add something I forgot to insert above. Terry's second meaning on this page sounds a little confusing. Enclose a letter with the letter? Well, in his letter, he had first written 'story', but then erased it and written 'letter' instead.))

((And now, I'm half way down this page. I will stop writing and print a couple of pages, starting with page 2 as the front page electro hasn't arrived yet (I hope it will in time))))))))))(((

- + -

((This is not the bacover. I have received another LoC, and one of my friends (old ones) have promised to write me one. Hope it'll arrive in time... But now, to the (handwritten, thus *Salvo Errore Et Omissione*) letter from Coral Clarke, 6 Christchurch Road, Surbiton, Surrey KT5 8JJ, guess where...))  
Dear ~~Ragnaro Rany~~.... Sopwith.

Many thanks for Zealot. Please accept my humble apologies for the late loc - I get write's cramp every time I see a fanzine! ((It's all right.))

I think you deserve an award for the design - whenever I receive a zine which has been stapled together, I invariably succeed in removing the wrong ones, and consequently, the whole lot (Zealot?) falls apart. So you can imagine my delight on realising that I did not have to grapple with vicious staples which lie in wait between the pages, lurking lasciviously, ready to leap out and attack my hands, tearing my nails, stabbing my fingers, sapping my life-blood. ((Have you tried with a small screwdriver and a pin-cers? Concerning this zine, I will try to remember to tape your copy instead of stapling it.)) Incidentally, I notice that your staples are stained with a blood-red substance! ((It's paint. The staples are marked this way because they are Hotis Red-Stripe. Why they are painted such? Well, if they weren't, they wouldn't be Hotis Red-Stripe... er.. uh... To be serious, what is special about Hotis Red-Stripe is that they have a 'Sollbruchstelle' (That's German, I use that word because I like it, 'shall-break-point' doesn't sound well) in the middle, which makes them easier to remove. Bend them up and down a couple of times, and they snap, and the halves may be pulled out.)))

Zealot also has the professional touch - at the most interesting point possible, you are directed to another page. This gives the reader those few interminable moments of suspense while he(or she!) frantically tries to find the next thrilling instalment, carefully concealed, hidden between two apparently innocent paragraphs! ((Ironizing, eh?))

One of the things that puzzles me whenever I receive unsolicited mail such as fanzines, is from where did they get my name and address? ((It fell



down from the sky. Dum-de-dum...)) Now, I know all (well, nearly all) about Reader's Digest/Time-Life/A.A., since if you once buy something from one of them, you are then pestered for years by all the others as well, who seem to think that if you are foolish enough to buy something from one of them, then you can surely be persuaded to buy from the others! (How's that for a long & complicated sentence! (Fine.)) I have come to the conclusion that in Fandom, there exists somewhere a similar system. Someone, someplace, is silently, surrepticiously, secretly selecting notable ((Oh come on, only six S-words following each other (don't look at the 'is')? You can do better?)) names in fandom - famous, infamous and forgotten, and feeding the data into his (or her!) clockwork computer which he ((or she!)) winds up every night before he goes to bed. ((Hm... sometimes I do wish I had a computer.))

I have now read Zealot from back to front and front to back ((Back to front and front to back Zealot read now have I)) (that's why I have taken so long to reply - I am a slow reader and writer - 3 words per day is my maximum ((Reading or writing?))) I must say how much I admire your lyrical literary style, the wondrous words that flow from your magnificent mind to reach such exquisite exotic heights of eloquence that I am left breathless. What more can I say... mere words cannot express my emotions... so..

Regards & Cheerio!

Coral Clarke.

- + -

((One thing I just got to think of. Are there any subscribers to the sf mag VERTEX out there reading this? In case, may I borrow the Feb. 76 and My 76 issues from you? May, I mean, not My.))

- + -

((Yippee! At last, an American letter! Roy Lavender, 2507 East 17th Street, Long Beach, Calif. 90804, I've already said where, wrote it. And I will print parts of it. I guess this is a 'Z' letter (like the letters from BT, DM, JP, AR, PJB and TG mentioned page 13.)) ((But I may be wrong if I come across a day with nothing else to do.))

Hello Ragnar,

Thy question ((Which of them?)) puzzles me as I peruse thine ((!!)) fanzine. Perhaps thee ((!!)) will find a bit of wit in this as ye read on. Or then maybe I'm half right. ((Me guess that's what him is.))

First off, why did you? ((Yes)) Publish Zealot, that is? "Well, just because I want to". That's not reason enough. ((Well, then, how about "I have an ungovernable desire to get known" ?)) All that wear and tear on the hapless Facit, the horrid taste and dry tongue from licking all those stamps --- surely simple "want to" is insufficient. ((Not for my decision. Are you suspecting me to be a masochist or something? Besides, what you have described is only part of the procedure of making a zine. And other parts are attractive. And, one thing, my typewriter is new with lots of hap.))

Actually this is a Facit also, rather the worse for the past ten or twelve years of beating out letters, various publishing efforts and two kids through high school and college. Actually I've become moderately expert at poking around in its innards. Never have gotten used to the Swedish idea that any screw not tightened within 99% of breaking strain is just too loose to be permitted on a typewriter. ((Well, but... do you know the word 'compromise' ?)) ((And here is a question I have never heard before:))

And where did you pick up my name? ((From the floor!)) I do not publish fanzines any more. Deedee and I go to as many conventions as we can ((You wouldn't have had much to do then if you had been Scandinavian...)), but they never publish addresses. ((You're right, but your address has been published somewhere, otherwise I wouldn't have found it. (And now I publish it as well...))) I correspond with perhaps a dozen fans around the world, read s-f as I find the time, fix house, car and kitchen appliances as they fall apart ((How hard do you tighten the screws then?)), go to work, take a few pictures, study a bit in the field of primitive religions, pet George Pussycat, water the lawn, do a bit of silversmithing -- but no more fanzine



publishing.

((Then follows a long piece about cons, but I think I will leave that out. Maybe I can use it as an article, he-he..))

Me? I've been reading s-f since there have been magazines devoted to s-f. Collected most of the English language ones at least twice (my mother junked one set while I was away at school and I sold the second set to outfit our first apartment. Since then I've collected only a few authors I particularly like and such other paperbacks as happen to catch my eye at the second hand bookstores. Those where I know the author, for instance. Our library has perhaps 1500 s-f, 200 books in witchcraft, magic and primitive religions, 500 on engineering subjects and 500 in detective stories. Oh yes, about another 100 on backgrounds to wars.

((Why do I print this? Is it interesting? I don't know, but I know that I have to publish this soon if I don't want to wait until I come home from A.F. (I don't mean the day when I'm all through it, but the first day off). AND I DON'T WANT TO DO THAT. Which means this is last page. Pity that I don't have time to wait for the front page. It will have to be left blank, and everything I have said about it before is herewith denied. It will be used for ZLc 2/ZL 1.5 instead.

((Now, I will type on until I come to line 59, then leave the rest of the page for addresses, stamps etc.))

The den is lined with books, the garage has shelves all along one side and the living room table is always piled. My desk has a continuous five feet of books across the back that I haven't had time to read yet.

My trade since world war II has been in the aerospace world, mostly with North American Aviation, which became Rockwell International. It's a crazy way to make a living, but generally fun. I'm currently with the Space Division, in what is called the unmanned spacecraft advanced design section. ((Hm, that is probably either a section for adv. des of unmanned spacecraft, or an unmanned section for ad. des. of spacecraft. Right? Which?)) Meaning, please, wouldn't you like to buy a satellite? ((Yes, but I have not enough money. What's the price?)) One of the nicest features of this area to work in -- it is not NASA or the manned spacecraft world.

The spacecraft that is currently in production is Global Positioning Satellite (GPS), otherwise known as Navstar. It's intended to be used for navigation and when the whole flight of satellites is up in space, a navigator should get information good enough for him to locate himself within about 30 ft. anywhere on earth (including vertical location). ((Insufficient! My door is only three feet wide!))

Naturally, since it is in production, we no longer have anything to do with GPS. That's the way the company rewards you for getting a multimillion dollar contract -- a wark sweaty habdshake, a pat on the back and a hearty "well done" as they start you out on the trail of the next contract (They're so good at getting contracts, let's keep them on that job.)

No, I'm not really that bitter -- ((But you are out of lines. This is 50))

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