

(Tune: The Pink Panther song(?))

Think of all the magazines  
you ever heard about:  
SPELLING ACTION, INTERCEPTED,  
TWLL-DDU...

There are lots of funny magazines  
in all this world,  
but did you ever see  
a ZELCT that is

**blue?**



A ZELCT that is positively

**blue!!**

NO, I  
HAVEN'T!

Well, now you see one, ~~add/add~~  
~~add/t~~..

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

IT'S DE...

**BLUE**

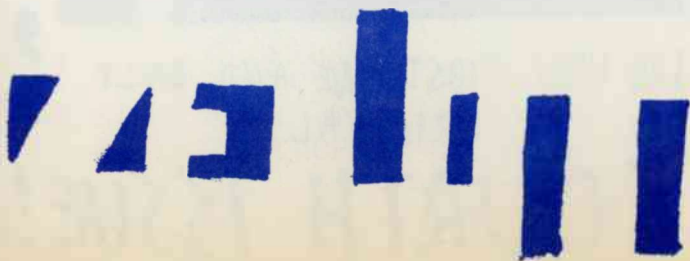
**ZELCT**,

THE VERY FIRST, ONE AND ONLY  
ORIGINAL

**FOURTH ISSUE!**

Hello, hello, and welcome back and all that ~~stuff~~. It is the first day of February 1981, and once again I sit down to at least start assembling the bits and pieces I've got on file for the fourth fifth issue of ZELOT. In other words, two months since deadline. Time to get started. And for a change it doesn't seem I am threatened by running out of material either, firstly because I've got a handful of stories on file, as well as a lot of crazy fillers, secondly because the enclosed Zelook is thicker than usual (=last time), so I can only have 16 pages of Zelot without exceeding the weight limit of 100 g. -- So why don't I cut this intro and see how much I can fit into what is left of those 16 pages? Good idea.

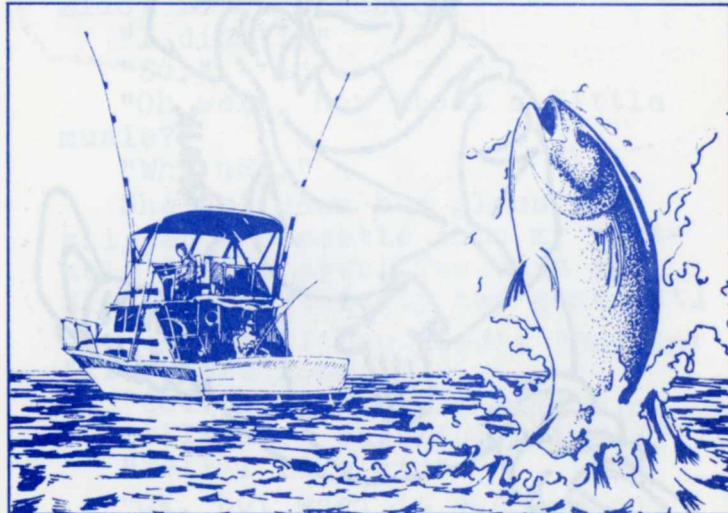
By the way, I have kept practicing my shapeshifting, and as you can see, I've advanced quite a lot... (hehehe..)



NOTE:

Among the hundreds of fan and other people whose addresses I have gathered since this started, there is a little coven of Old Faithfuls who have been loccking ever since the first issue they received. You should know best yourself whether you are on that list. Now I just want to know if you would mind being officially declared an Old Faithful? That is, I plan to set up a list of these regular locckers and either publish it or turn it over to a couple/handful of faneds I know so that they may try to get a loc from you too. Note: this implies no obligation on your side, you may still loc or bin as you like. Neither does it necessarily mean that you will get more zines.

Consider yourself on the list,  
you have to write me to get off.



L'ARTICE PARTITIF DU CODE  
CANAL PUNIT DE LA REFLEXI-  
ON OCCASIONELLE A PERPETU-  
ITE CEUX QUI AURONT CONTRE-  
REFAIT OU FALSIFIE LES  
BILLEVESEES DE ZELOT AUTO-  
RISES PAR MOI, AINSI QUE  
CEUX QUI AURONT FAIT USAGE  
DE CES BILLEVESEES CONTRE-  
FAITS OU FALSIFIES. CEUX  
QUI LES AURONT INTRODUITS  
EN FANDOM SERONT PUNAISES  
DU MEME PAIN.



But now...I sed fiction, didn't I? Right, so let's get started. And let's be a bit different(?) and start with the end...

# FINIS

- a story by one R. Golden, submitted by Sean Klein, the editor of Fwump, in which this appeared in the first place. © 1980 Fwump Productions and reprinted with what I take to be the permission of sed Klein. Got that? Good...



I sat on the edge of the bed and looked at the beginning of the last dawn that the Earth would ever see. It was only four in the morning and already the sky was beginning to turn red. I turned around and saw that Jeanie was still sleeping.

"Hey, you, wake up," I sed. She rolled over.

I leaned over the bed and rolled her off, covers and all. When she hit the cold wooden floor she was awake.

"Thanks," she sed.

"Come on. Take a seat and watch the world end with me."

"I'll be there in a minute." She walked into the kitchen and came back with a glass of warm orange juice. She sat down next to me.

Outside we could hear the noises of people panicking, screaming, murdering, partying, and whatever someone did on the last day of the world.

We had decided to watch the last dawn quietly in the privacy of my own apartment.

"You know," she sed, "actually it's quite pretty."

"Yeah."

"I wonder how we'll go. Will it be slow and will the world just simmer to deth or will it be a big boom?"

"T.S. Eliot sed the world ends with a whimper insted of a bang."

"I never was much for poetry."

"Neither was I. We had to read Eliot in high school."

"I didn't."

"So."

"Oh well. How about a little music?"

"Why not."

She put down her glass and slipped a cassette into my portable tape player. Two days ago all the electricity had gone out. The lyrics of Lou Reed's "Berlin" filled the room.

"Couldn't you pick something a little more cheerful?" I sed.

"Well I like it."

"OK. But when it ends we put on something I choose\*."

"You won't be around stupid."

"Shoot. My last hour on Earth shot to the most depressing record made in the last one hundred years."

"I wonder where Mike is right now?"

---

\* This statement has two possible meanings. While I agree that it would be hard to put on a new cassette after the world had ended, there would be no problem to do it after the cassette had ended - that is, unless the world ended first. Editor's remark.

"Knowing your brother, I'd say he's probably screwing his ass off with three voluptuous chicks."

"Maybe even four."

"Probably."

"Oh wow, look."

The sky was almost covered by red. The sun hadn't even appeared on the horizon. Everything was casting red shadows in red light.



We sat in silence for a few minutes. Outside we could hear the sound of screeching tires and screeching people.

"I wonder how many writers have written about this," I sed.

"I don't know. Lots, I gess\*\*. How much longer?"

I looked at my watch. "Fifteen minutes." The sun appeared on the horizon. It was enormous.

"It is quite pretty."

"Yeah."

"I wonder what's going to happen tomorrow?"

"There's not going to be a tomorrow."

"I mean is evolution going to start agen or what."

"I don't know."

"There sure is a lot of stuff we don't know."

"Yeah."

"And we'll never know, right?"

"I gess so. Look." I pointed out

the window. The sun had just expanded to almost five times its size.

F I N I S

According to Sean this story consists of 415 words. Just to put that very interesting information to use I started counting the SR1 words (people sometimes do that). I found 11, including six "sed". The others are "agen", "Alredy", "gess"(twice) and "deth".

- 0 -

Now I've started printing fiction that has appeared in other zines before I might as well accept the offer made by David F. Nalle once and reprint a story by him (From his mostly FRP-oriented zine Abyss).

## THE ICE DREAM

by David F. Nalle.



A curl of green earth in the harsh, grey sea, crowned by a ring of mountains: the isle of Skuld. On the north coast of the island above a sea-shore cliff, in close-grazed fields was a lone, thatched cottage set back from the high-road. There dwelt a shepherd and his son.

They spent their days herding the flocks on the lower slopes of the mountains. Each dawn they set out, and at dusk they returned, the same each day.

From the south, from Verthanda, seat of kings, passing north on the king's road came a Skjald, with a worn, blue cloak, and a harp of fine-carved oak. He was a teller of



tales of gods and heroes, to shatter the patters of the days, there by the sea, beneath the shadow of the mountains.

For a meal and a bed, the wanderer sang for the old shepherd and his son. He spun a golden tapestry of dreams, gleaned in his travels through southern lands and from the books of skjaldic lore. Herulf, the youth, listened raptly to the fables of far Illarion and the sea-sunken Hesperides. He thrilled to the legends of the heroes of the lost ages: Sineward, son of Seldunne, slayer of the dragon Vadrayne, and Ossik of Urthr, who went viking down the shores of Dark Alfhiem, to return, his coffers empty, his crew gone, and his mind unhinged, after a year of wandering the waves.

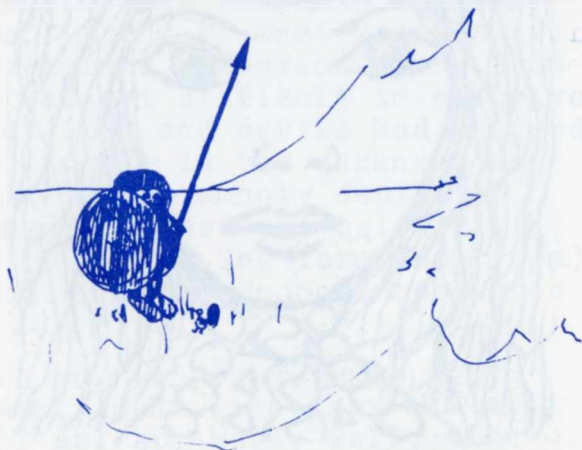
All these tales, sad and spectacular, feuled a spark which grew in Herulf's brest. This light spread into an all-consuming flame of desire. A lust for adventure; to go forth viking as his father had, to seek strange places and monsters to slay.



With the next dawn, the wandering Skjald had gone northward, seeking new tales and more alien sights. Herulf remained, tending his father's sheep, and watching over them on the steep mountain slopes. The days continued to pass as before, but now Herulf was restless. He ached to go out and see the world, and spent his evenings gazing at his father's long sword which stood in a corner of the house, glinting in the firelight.

One chill morning, before his father awoke, Herulf took up the long, straight blade, and with a store of food to last him several days, and his best cloak, he set out on the king's high road, leaving behind the sheep, and abandoning his dreams for adventure.

Noon found Herulf lunching on the high mountain road, miles south of his father's home. His stomach full, he set out along the road where it took a pass through the coldest peaks, where an ancient clacier had dug itself a valley to rest in, and the sky was bright with the glare of the sun mirrored off the ice. The stone-ringed valley of white light was a fey place, where the spirits of the cold danced in swirling mists.



Here, the road was rarely traveled, and Herulf was the only one abroad on it that day.

As he made the circuit of the glacier, Herulf's ears were teased by a strange whistling call, which echoed off the mountain walls around him. The mists from the valley were climbing up along the road, and in them he seemed to see an alluring figure. It looked like a pale-skinned woman, clad all in white, who beckoned him into the mists, which had surrounded him, and now were drawing back into the valley. The calling whistle-song seemed to come from her ivory lips and her white arms reached out for him.

Here was adventure, mystery, and romance: an enigmatic apparition worthy of investigation. Loosening his sword in its sheath to reaffirm his bravery, Herulf scrambled down the shill after the mist, following it onto the ice.

This was another world, carved in white and silver, shining in the afternoon sun. He was drawn deeper into the blinding light, where the movements and tides of the ice had thrown up sharp needles and spires, like an alien citadel of points and angles.



She danced on the ice, gliding between the towers and blades of cold, guiding Herulf to their center. Then, in an instant, she was gone and he was alone with the chill wind in a field of sharp-horned swords of cold crystal.

Panic at the cold which was seeping into his blood and bones seized him, and he ran for the road, dodging and leaping between the ice-spires which seemed to move to bar his way. He drew his sword, and the steel smashed through the brittle bodies of his frozen foes.

His sword arm grew heavy, and there seemed to be more of the ice-spears clustering about him, and the mist gathered, frosting over his eyes. His tired feet stumbled,

tripped on the slippery ice, and he fell. Thronging all about him, beneath his feet were hundreds of iron-ice knives, which pierced him, and shed red-crystal blood from myriad wounds: a frozen army to end his brief adventures.

On a north-bound road by the leaping sea, a blue-cloaked Skjald whistled his way to another home-sted, another meal, and another evening of dream-filled song. His cloak flapped behind him in a chill wind from the mountains.

e n d

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

"At each turn of the stairs were vacant niches in the wall. Perhaps plants had once been set within them. If so they had died in that foul and tainted air. It may be that statues of the saints had stood there, but it was not difficult to conceive that imps and devils had dragged them forth in the darkness and down to the unholy depths of some furnished pit below."

(O. Henry: The furnished room)

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

And now we... Hey, wake up! Hmmm, looks like they are all half asleep. Well, well, time for a little (?) shock that can wake them up then. The following song should scan the tune of "I can't get it out of my hed"...

Roaming / like a noodle,  
I met / a female poodle.  
She had such a charming wail,  
she was like a fairy tale  
with a tail.

Now I can't get her  
out of my bed,  
no, I can't get her  
out of my bed.  
She has no mate,  
and wants me insted,  
so I can't get her  
out of my bed;  
but I don't want to.



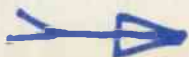
# Feelin' BLUE

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-- This Isn't exactly what I had
in mind when I decided to make
this issue blue on white, but
at least this part is blue in
more than one sense of the word.
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I suppose you've all heard about John Lennon by now. What you haven't heard yet, however, is this song I have written in memory of him (isn't that the right term?). It's supposed to scan "Strawberry fields", except for the last line, where you are supposed to improvise or recite if you try to sing this (and if you don't try to sing it, why bother?)

We will miss you, John,  
now that you are gone -  
gone to the land  
(of) your Nowhere Man.  
We hope you've found eternal  
peace  
Now you are gone forever.



Heard it on the radio  
that you were gunned down by  
some guy.  
Who he was I do not know,  
and neither will I e'er know why.  
You have crossed the final firth,  
but something else is also true:  
You have frends all over Earth,  
and they will always think of you.

He who wrote this song  
wonders - have you found  
(your) Strawberry Field?  
Say, is it real?  
Or was it just a fairy tale  
we shall believe forever?

Now you are gone forever.

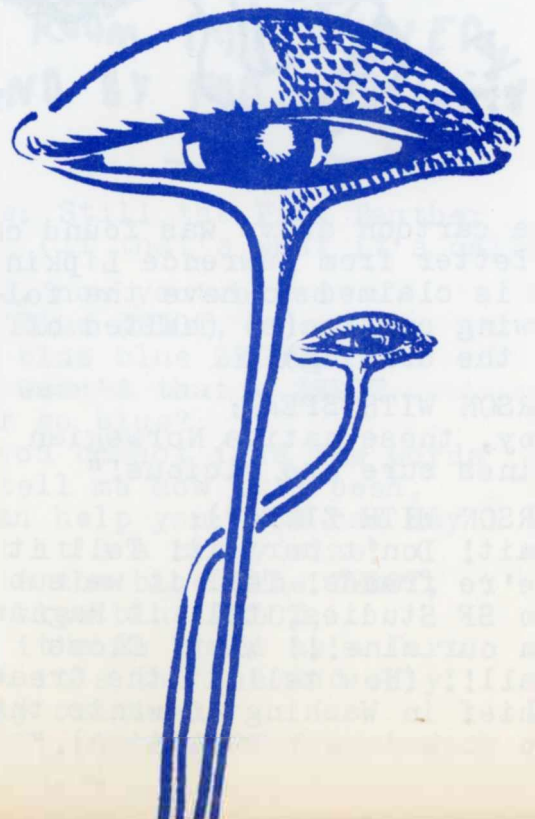
Now you are gone --

Farewell, John!

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000000000000000000000000000000000000
"The concept of gun, bullet
and target was a very simple
one - just point, pull the trig-
ger, and the target is ded or
disabled. The bullet didn't
think at all, the pointer didn't
think enough, and the target...
suffered."
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(James White: Hospital  
Station)

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The cartoon above was found on a letter from Lawrence Lipkin as is claimed to have the following caption(s) (edited off of the drawing):

PERSON WITH SPEAR:

"Boy, these native Norwegian 'zines sure are vicious!"

PERSON WITH ZINE(?):

"Wait! Don't hurt it! Tell it we're friends! Tell it we sub to SF Studies, tell it Ragnar's in our zine!!! Whew! Close call!! (Now tell it the Great Chief in Washington wants them to move to a reservation)."

..Well, here I am agen, at the other end of the zine, and it's still the 1. of February, so it looks like I can mail this to the printer tomorrow and get it published - when? Well, time will show.

Art credits time. The cover was cooked up by me (Hope that trapeze artist gets well through the printing). p2 is stolen from the zine Algernon (the copy I got happened to have two of that page) and is drawn by...er...can't remember. p3 has a clipping from some magazine and that copyright(?) note under it was copied from Et Blad (I think the editor, Sigurd Hasle, made it, but I'm not sure). 4: Frank B. Madsen. 6: Leonard Borgzinner. 7: Charlotte D. Liedman (Mika Tenhovaara?). 8: Frank. 9: Niels Petersen. 10: Oddvar Brekkan. 12: Leon. 13: Richard Bancroft. 14: Lawrence ~~of the~~ Lipkin. And now for another filler if there's room for it...For a change I have a handful of material left over, so I don't need more desperately, but if you want to send anything, dedline is

S e p t e m b e r 1 .

(NO ROOM FOR FILLER,  
STAND BY FOR CLOSING THEME

(Tune: Still the Pink Panther Song (if that's what it's called)

Well, now you've red  
the blue ZELOT,  
the blue blue ZELOT;  
now wasn't that a ZELOT  
ever so blue?

If you cannot find the words  
to tell me how it's been,  
I can help you: You can say  
that it's a crazy zine!  
It is the blue blue ZELOT,  
the blue blue ZELOT,  
and it's as plain as a fart  
that it's the one and only  
truly original  
ZELOT, blue ZELOT from end  
to start!





By Appointment to  
Her Majesty the Queen  
Pest Control and  
Fanzine Publisher

ZELOT is an irregular publication  
— a so-called fanzine — from

Bactrianus Enterprises  
Solliveien 37  
1370 Asker  
Norway

It is available for various  
reasons, reasons like:

1) Contributions to the contents.  
This should be considered first  
if you want more issues, because  
without contents there won't be  
any next issue.

2) **TRADING** with other fanzines.  
Note: This is not automatic. Send  
me a copy of your fanzine, and I  
will let you know if I want to  
trade. If not, try something else.

3) Letters of Comment (LoCs)  
are published in a special LoC-  
zine called War of the Words,  
and if you are in it, you get  
that issue and next Zelos (so  
you can 'loc' that too).

4) Use your imagination and come  
up with something new. If I like  
it, it will bring you more Zelos.

5) If everything else fails(?)  
you can try to subscribe. Send  
a handful of money to Post Giro  
Account 3 56 69 81 (Forlaget  
Bactrianus) or, if you live in  
one of those uncivilized domains  
where Post Giro service is non-  
existent, send an International  
Check or Money Order to Forlaget  
Bactrianus. No IRCs, no SA(S)Es,  
no cash, no stamps.

**I USE SRI**

*I Write 'e' for the clear  
short vowel-sound as in 'bet'  
regardless of present usage.  
(Eny, redy, sed, etc.)*

HELLO!

IGH

HELLO!

LVES

HELLO!

IVE

HELLO!

ONG,

HELLO!

H YES

HELLO!



By now you should have noticed that the supplement ZELLOOK, mentioned a couple of times here & there, isn't enclosed with this copy of ZELOT. The reason for this is that as ZELLOOK is a simple stencil zine I ~~am/abandoning/it/its/abandoning~~ have found it too much work to print and collate and staple enough copies of ZELLOOK to enclose with. all ZELOTs -- for me as well as for the stencils that don't like high print runs. Besides there is some postage to save by mailing a thinner mailing to everyone who might not want it. But if you do want both zines, you can give this to a friend and ask nicely for another. All mailings sent out on request are complete, and I usually have a handful of back issues for mailing to people who turn out to deserve it.

A few randomly chosen of you who get this incomplete mailing with this note in it will also find some other supplements enclosed. They are leftovers from the last mailing.

And in case the fact I've forgotten to mention in Zelot 4 should interest you, the editor of this is Ragnar Fyri aka Sopwith.

May the Folks be with you.

Just in case you didn't know, this is an(other) issue of the infamous fanzine ZELOT, and if you don't know why you are getting this, have a look at the address label and check the list below.

SAM: This is a free sample.ACT.  
(And don't ask me where I got your address!)

CON: You have contributed to the contents of this misery.  
Good dog..WAIT.

LOC: You wrote a LoC (Letter o'Comment) that was reprinted in last issue of WotW. ACT.

SUB: You have subscribed. WAIT.

EXP: As SUB, but your sub is expired. ACT.

AFA: We trade fanzines, All (mine to you) For All (yours to me). WAIT.

141: We trade 1 For 1. ACT.

OUT: I have received your zine and want to keep trading with you. Complete and return the form I have sent you.

NON: I have r.y.z. but don't want to keep trading with you. Try something else. ACT.

WHIM: You had the imagination to think up some brand new way to earn a Zelot. Congratulations. ACT. (If \*: Your idea was so good it will get you next Zeloc too. WAIT.)

If no address label: SAM.  
(Unless otherwise stated)

Subcodes (seen above):

- ACT: You must do something (else?) to get next issue.
- WAIT: No need to do anything to get next issue. Relax..

The rest of this page: Draw something nice...

*Squirt*



# PRINTED MATTER

This is for →

Dave Locke SAM  
3650 Newton Street 15  
Terrance CA 90505  
USA

LOC 50

LOCKE

2813 DEM

LOUISVILLE KY 40219

LOC 13 89110/E1 05/11/81

LOCKE

4215 ROMAINE DR #22

CINCINNATI OH 45209



I USE SR1.

I write e  
for the clear short  
vowel-sound as in bet  
regardless of present usage:  
eny, redy, sed, etc.

USE IT YOURSELF,  
ENCLOSING THIS SLIP.

If undeliverable as addressed  
please return to

**Zelot Department**

Bactrianus Enterprises

Solliveien 37

N-1370 ASKER, Norway.