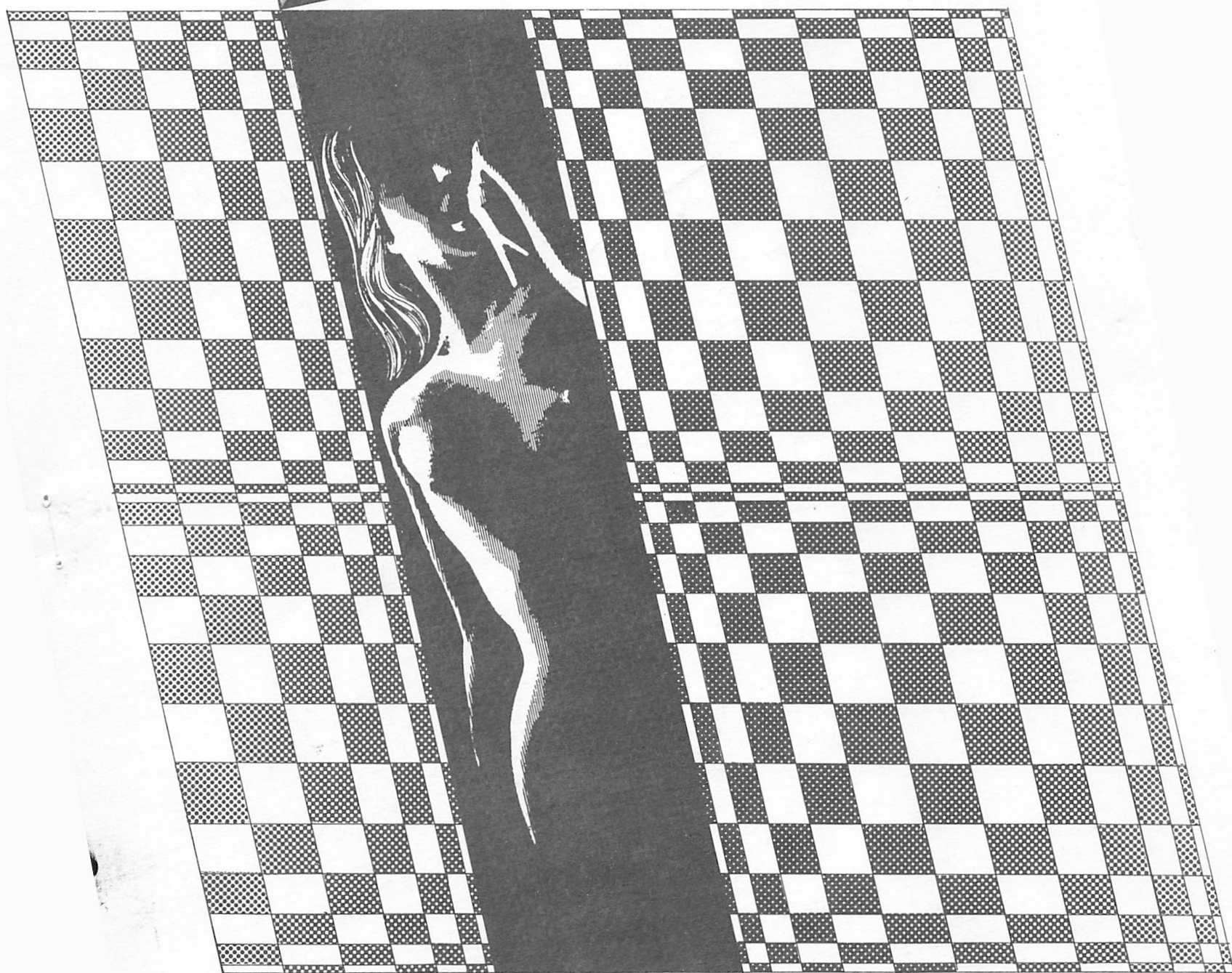


# ZIMRI-4



# ZIMRI



JANUARY - 1973

ZIMRI - 4 Edited and Produced by  
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ART: ART:

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Harry Bell page  
 40.

Sam Long page 34

David Rowe on  
 pages 2, 44 and  
 the last.

George White on  
 pages 12 and 33.

All else by the  
 editrix.

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Zimri is avail-  
 able for Trade  
 Contribution  
 Letter of Comment  
 Art or 20p for  
 one issue 50p for  
 three.

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 Special thanks to  
 Associates Harry  
 Turner and David  
 Grubb as well as  
 all contributors.  
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# Editorial by lisa who else?



Looking at the contents page I notice - as no doubt you have - that I seemed to have monopolised the entire zine. There are many reasons for this sorry state of affairs, not least of which is the fact that I have gone and lost me another co-editor. Yes friends, Andy, Ames, Andrzej or Andrew M. Stephenson was forced by a bully called Circumstances to leave me/us/Zimri and go concentrate on Prodom - at least this is what he says he's concentrating on, tho what prodom has to offer that we can't is beyond me, I think.. At the time of writing this so called editorial, Zimri-4 is all but ready for duplicating the but is an important one though; it is Andy's own excuse/reason for following in the footsteps of one Philip Muldowney, my first co-editor (Phil at least stuck it out for two issues, hmm.. A Place Prepared indeed, and a precedent set, it seems..) It's a wonder these guys are not afraid; I'm sure that 'scorned' bit applies double in the case of a woman who happens to be an editor as well - or should that be the other way round. Indeed when I received Andy's notice of quitting, I did cant me a few spells, and several movable objects in my vicinity did take flight - jet propelled fashion! But I'm of a forgiving nature and don't propose to dwell on my fate, on the contrary, I'm twice as determined now to stand on my own flat feet and "make-it" with my fanzine, to quote one know as Pickersgill the Cruel. Small and harmless Zimri might be, but its editrix is big with ideas and determination. Anyway its my 'friends' that appear frightening, with

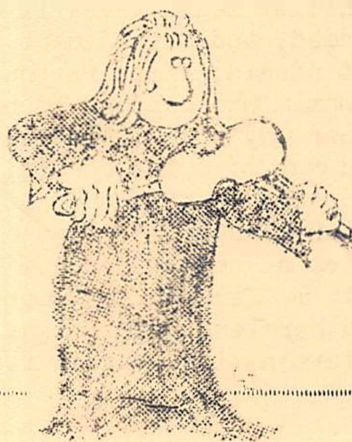


'enemies' at least I know where I am. But back to Andy for a moment. Having made his drastic decision and informed me of it, our ex-co-ed promptly took the first plane out of the country and flew to Florida USA - not far enough man, not far enough! Before he did so however, I did get a promise from him of the article I spoke of earlier, this should be found somewhere at the end of this issue. But if, IF I say, when you do turn to the back and don't find it there, do not trouble yourselves anyone to try and find Andrew Ames M. Stephenson anywhere on this planet.... Enough said?

As for the future of Zimri, its editorial policy et cetera, not much will change, the policy (if ever there was one) will remain flexible; I should like Z to have the best of both worlds, faanish and general. There is however a problem with faanish stuff; even though there is a group of fen here in Manchester, two or more fanzines already cover all that goes on within it. This means I have to reach further afield and I hope to publish more Global Reports by Rob Holdstack, though he too has had other things on his mind lately; a young lady by the name of Sheila amongst them. But perhaps next time..?

One good thing I can promise you in the next issue, for I already have it here, and that is a splendid report on a Pop Concert by Johnny Hall. I did intend to use it in this issue but it was a bit too long and to cut it would be a great shame; the article has been illustrated by David Rowe who agreed with me about not cutting it. John, by the way, is planning to produce his own fanzine shortly and would welcome any faanish type articles, whatever to help get it on the way. John's address is somewhere in the letter column.

I should also welcome fiction, poetry, articles on sf or anything you feel strongly enough to write about. By sf I mean of course speculative fiction, but please no longer than 6 to 8 pages - about the length of Rob's superb story on page 13. I have one or two excellent stories here by Andy Darlington, but the length of them means that I'll have to publish in instalments, this I'll do only when I can get Zimri out on a more frequent and regular basis. Some of you who get Zimri also used to get ISEULT. Now, it has been rumoured that I have withdrawn from OMPA, this is not strictly correct. I am in fact going to publish at least one more issue of Izzy; half of it is already on stencil; the covers are printed and material collected, but I had to leave it for the time being having to get on with ZIMRI, which is after all my first love. ISEULT will probably put in an appearance whenever I find I have enough material - fiction and poetry only - to go into print with. After Number Three however, it will no longer be an OMPA zine. End of commercial.





# THE ROMILEY QUARTET

Once upon a time I was an ordinary girl. Not a fan, or a fan-ed, not a Contessa, not nothing --- life was dull. Oh yes, there were science-fiction books and I devoured them by the hundred; kept them too and dragged them with me whenever destiny kicked me. They were 'friends'. Then I read yet another book by Brian Aldiss --- to be honest I'm not sure now which one it was, but no matter, they are all excellent --- this one delighted me so much that I wrote my frist 'fan' letter to the author himself telling him of my delight and how much I admired it and his other writings etc. Never the one to stick to one subject I also mentioned how much I enjoyed Cordwainer Smith's books and did Mr Aldiss know if any of the British Publishers intended to bring out more of his work. I had just learned of Cordwainer Smith's death and naturally wanted to have all the novels and short story collections possible in my grubby little hands -- already enamoured with Smith's work.

Never did I think that I'd actually get an answer from Mr Aldiss --- a proper author!, my question was more of a lament at the British Publishers lack of foresight than anything else. But oh wonder or wonders! Mr Aldiss replied!! More than this, as well as supplying me with the information I asked for the dear man told me of something called a 'Science Fiction Convention' which was to be held at Alderley Edge, Manchester very soon. There, he said, I'd be sure to find a lot of other Cordwainer enthusiasts. Well, you can imagine, there was this author living on my book shelves for all these years, and here was an actual letter from the same man addressed to ME! Needless to add I'd never met or written to an author in my life, muchless someone whom I admired so much. His slave I was from then on --- and he blissfully unaware of my devotion. I have the letter still, it's dated 4th May 1967. Many things have happened since, but that was my first introduction to Fandom and Conventions. Of course I didn't go to the one Brian mentioned being a coward at heart, but the fact that there was such an event stuck in my mind, and when I came across a B.S.F.A. advertisement in NEW WORLDS which also mentioned a convention which was to be held in Worcester some years later, I remembered what Mr A had said and made up my mind to go see it all for myself. In my ignorance I assumed that one had to be a member of the BSFA in order to attend, so I joined. And glad I was of it.

Dozens of letters came to and went from Manley Road; Archie Mercer became a household name, I became a proficient 'water-walker' and discovered fanzines; my first one being THE MIDDLE EARTH WORM, life was getting more exciting with each rattle of the letter-box. I met Phil Muldowney. We exchanged fannish tapes and ideas; Philip was going to the convention and promised to hold my hand if I went, so naturally I jumped at the chance and went. Now there is no stopping me; no longer am I an ordinary girl, I'm a fan! An editor and the Contessa. True I keep losing co-editors, but I've more friends all over the world who are also fen and it's lovely to be a part of something different from the mundane world around.

And if you think this is the end of the story, you are wrong; it's only the beginning. I'm here to tell you of a new discovery, the Golden Age of Fandom and the Golden Fan by the name of Harry Turner. Many of you more gilded fen will know who I'm talking about; those of you who do not, will perhaps let me take you by the hand and accompany me through a golden haze to meet my Golden Fan. Indeed I'm sure that those fen who are interested in Art, and there are many, may well know of Mr Turner's work, not knowing that he is/was also a Fan.

I have always thought that there is something very 'special' about fen, and although I do have my doubts from time to time, my faith is renewed. For who else but a fan would invite a crazy female to his house after receiving a letter begging contribs? Who else but a fan would send a sackful of Golden fanzines to someone he'd never seen before? Who else but a fan would agree to being interviewed - for a fanzine? Who else I ask you?

Thus having got myself an interview I set out one sunny Sunday afternoon with a seven inch spool of tape under my arm and Andrew Stephenson in my handbag. Coned my parents to give us a 'lift' to Romiley, we presented ourselves, with faannish grins on the Turner doorstep.

To my surprise a beautiful blonde opened the door and greeted us with a lilting Scottish-Cheshire accent - this was Marion, Harry's wife.

On entering, we reeled back stunned. From the outside, the house looks just like any ordinary semi but inside... Wow! It's like walking into another dimension. The walls seem to expand suddenly a la Tardis, and paintings on the walls, wild geometrical shapes, seem to pulsate to some alien rhythm... open up strange vistas. The paintings are by Harry himself and the nearest I can get to describe them is to compare his work to a slinkier version of Vasarely. We tottered into a nearby room. There were masses of books everywhere, the walls were crammed with more paintings, hi-fi equipment, shelves of LPs and tapes... and in the middle of it all there was Harry, looking just like an artist ought to look - tall, bronzed & smiling through his beard.

-- You ask the first questions, I say nudgingly to Andy, my knees a bit weak.

-- Okay, says he unperturbed, eying my knees suspiciously as we get down to the interview. But while Andy and Harry are being all profound about the effect of war on fandom, and vice versa, let me take you aside and show you something which caught my eye immediately I entered the room - no, not Harry, something else. On a low table by the window, beside some beautiful large sea shells of bewildering shapes and colours, is a board. Much like your ordinary chess board, until you realise that the four middle squares are all silver; there are fifteen men, all identical, made of some transparent, amber-like substance, and four in white opaque material, all about 3" tall. I'm curious, very curious, and interrupt the interview (despite black looks from Andy) to be told that it's a game, devised and sculpted by one of Harry's sons, Bill.

-- How do you play it, what are the rules? I want to know, only to be told that there are no rules!

-- Huh?, I grunt profoundly, -- but there are rules for everything, especially for something that looks like a long-lost cousin of chess.



-- Well, it's an open-ended game, concedes Harry (he's an awkward man to pin down sometimes). Some folk just see it as a decorative object with no purpose so, OK, that's what it is to them. If you see it as a game but admit you don't know the rules, well, why not make up some of your own rules? It's like everything in life that you discover and accept - you add purpose to it, give it point. -- I decided I'd think that one over while they got on with the interview...

-- How and why did you enter fandom?, demanded Andrew.

-- How many hours will the tape run? countered Harry. Well... I discovered fandom partly through the sf mags of the '30s - they seemed to be the only magazines that published readers' letters, including some from British readers. Then we had the Manchester Interplanetary Society going from 1936 on and I contacted members of the British Interplanetary Society, like Les Johnson, Phil Cleator and Eric Frank Russell in the Liverpool area, who turned out to be sf fans. In Manchester I met Eric Needham and George Ellis; in Leeds there was Doug Mayer, Vic Gillard and Doug Airey of the newly-formed Science Fiction Association group (there was a split in Leeds fandom (already!)) about this time and I didn't meet Mike Rosenblum until much later. I got to know Wally Gillings, and then, when the BIS and SFA drifted south to London, Arthur Clarke, Bill Temple, Maurice Hanson, Ted Carnell, Frank Arnold, John Craig, Ken Chapman ... oh, hosts of other people whose names I just can't bring to mind. So far as I can recall there weren't a great number of fanzines produced then (I'm talking about the late thirties) but we did have Novae Terrae, the official organ of the SFA. When it was first produced, in Leeds, it was a properly printed job - then when the power moved down to London, lack of funds meant that it was produced as a duplicated mag (8" x 6½" page size), edited as I recall, by Maurice Hanson with Arthur and Bill as associate editors. The three of them were living in the same flat at this time. It was a small narrow room and legend had it that Arthur wore a double-breasted suit one day and got jammed between the walls. I used to draw designs direct on stencil for covers of NT - there was another artist, from Leeds I think, who used to take turns with me.

Just before the war, the younger fans started producing some outstanding mags - John Burke put out Satellite from Liverpool, and Sam Youd (or Samuel Christopher Youd as he liked to be known then) put out Fantast, which became affectionally known as Fay. These kept going right through the first year or so of the war. They were different in that they were more concerned with cultural things, or at least swung away from a preoccupation with science fiction, the authors and magazines, which was typical of earlier publications.

I did covers for Fantast. I recall one cover I did of a nude standing on a column; Sam got a letter from an American fan (it could well have been Harry Warner Jr) who had received a copy with a stuffy little note from the US Mail saying that the cover contravened their code since the nude was standing with her legs apart (and this was indecent!), but as the "foreign artist" was obviously unaware of this restriction, they were allowing the mag to go through on this occasion. Times have changed ... I'm sure it was a very modest nude really. Doug Webster started publishing about this time and I did artwork for him. One of his mags was the Gentlest Art (familiarily called Gent or Tart) which I seem to recall was included in an emergency war-time chain-zine that Mike Rosenblum mailed out periodically. Any interested fan could send in a few sheets and Mike would collate them. Paper was hard to come by in the early days of the war and US fans helped out by sending us any left-over sheets they could spare; that's why some of the war-time fanmags looked peculiar. Often you'd start reading an article and then find it was on one of these sheets from the States, and you couldn't finish it - very frustrating!

-- You keep refering to them as 'mags' and 'fanmags' - wasn't the term 'fanzine' in use then, and what fanslang did you in fact use? I asked finding my voice at last.



-- The word 'fanzine' came over from the States during the early days of the war, so far as I recall. Most fannish slang and abbreviations originated in the States before being adopted over here, like gafia and snafu...

-- Snafu!? I enquired delightedly, what on earth does that mean? Harry pondered momentarily and confessed we'd caught him out. Aha, but my ex-co-ed was there and leapt in the breach with: Would it be Situation Now All Fouled Up? (Prothetically...?)

-- Yep, carried on Harry, it was a wartime fad to use initial-words. And we had the Tommy Handley radio programme ITMA - It's That Man Again ÷ a sort of pre-Goon Show, that started all sorts of catch-phrases. There was the answer to all complaints for example: DYKTAWO? - Don't You Know There's A War On? I've lost my time sense, but feel pretty certain that terms like Fanac, Neofan, BNF and BEM arrived about this time.

-- What inspired you to put out your own 'zine, Zenith?

-- When Marion left Glasgow and came to live in Manchester early in 1941, I decided that with an author on hand it was time to produce my own fanmag. So many fans were being hauled into the forces, and fanzines were folding as a result, that it seemed only right to make an effort to keep things going. So that was when Zenith first put in an appearance. Looking at it now, over a gulf of 30 years, it seems a trifle earnest and serious, but at least it did reflect the current reaction against Sercon First Fandom with its obsession with SF, and forming Glubs. The fans who were included in what has since been described as Second Dandom - Youd, Burks, Webster, McIlwain, Hopkins, Medhurst, Needham, Rathbone, D.R. Smith and myself - were not unduly worried about the lack of war-time sf mags because they had already discovered Art with a capital A, and had become more concerned with where the world was going and why, than what became of the SFA and Astounding Stories. By and large, they shared a strong dislike of being 'organised', and enjoyed debunking the activities of the more serious devotees of sf; they subscribed to the creed of fanarchy, the cult of the individual fan against the fan group. With the collapse of the SFA early on in the war, these fans created a selfsufficient fandom, which largely ignored sf and spent its time discussing politics, literature and the trivia of life. Until the war pushed everyone so far apart that it was impossible to carry on. Then towards the end of the war another generation discovered sf and a more sercon phase started again. The fanarchy of Second Fandom didn't find an echo until Irish fandom ushered in the carefree days of Sixth Fandom. But I get too far ahead of the story.

-- Was Eric Frank Russell one of the fanarchists?

-- In spirit, yes. But Eric Frank Russell was always Eric Frank Russell, his own man, follower of Charles Fort, leading light in the BIS, pro-writer, and entertaining letter writer. He must have left many fan-editors with the problem of deciding if they dared to print the letter in full in those rather prim days....

-- Getting back to Zenith, did you have any particular aim in mind?

-- If anything, I think it was to pursue this cultural kick. We published several stories by Arthur Clarke, Sam Youd (John Christopher), John Burke, some satirical pieces by Marion, pontificated on the post-war years and the changes that ought to be made, and ran a very lively letter section - Hot Air. And I exploited the deficiencies of a partly broken-down duplicator by printing several colours on a page in one operation. I was amused when I returned to the fannish scene after the war to find that there were fans still trying to puzzle out how I'd done it. All the illustrations were hand cut directly on to the stencils - we didn't run to luxuries like photostencils in those days. There were five issues published, and a sixth that never for finished after I was hauled into the RAF in mid-1942.

-- What happened after that?

-- I wondered around Britain for a few years on radar sites, spent some time with Arthur Clarke at Yatesbury where he positively drooled over all the potential applications of radar techniques to space navigation, and was busy converting everyone on the camp to space travel. Fandom was a sort of free-masonry at the time - if you were in the vicinity of any fen you called around and were made welcome. And it was pleasant to meet so many American fans who'd come over in the forces. All in all there was a surprising amount of fanaticism even during the darker days of the war. For me it more or less came to an end when I was posted to India early in 1945. When I got home eventually and was demobbed, I was married, had a family, and like most of my generation, was looking for a home, and coping with rationing and shortages. In those circumstances fandom faded right into the background.

-- But you published another fanzine: Now & Then.

-- That was not until the 1950's. I met up with Eric Needham again - he'd also been in the RAF and virtually educated himself during the long years, doing an intensive study of philosophy from Bertrand Russell way back to the classical philosophers. Being tied down by a young family, I was always at home whenever Eric felt lonely and in need of company. We eventually made contact with a Manchester group of neofens meeting at the Waterloo, a pub since demolished. The group included Eric Bentcliffe, Dave Cohen, Brian and Frances Varley, and Sandy Sanderson, all of whom I got to know quite well. Too well, perhaps, because I became involved in going a rescue on the club mag Astroneer, and then was coopted into organising (perhaps that's too strong a word) the Supermancan, a convention that was supposed to show the London fen that the "bloody provincials" were quite capable of running their own show. This was held at the Grosvenor Hotel (also demolished - it was a miracle it didn't collapse during the con!) in 1954. The London crowd attended armed and ready to put several sabotage plans into operation - the joke was that the official con "arrangements" proved such a shambles that any sabotage passed unnoticed. But the con was a success and everyone enjoyed themselves because it was such a free-for-all. Odd, very odd.

But I was talking about Astroneer - well, that gave me a yen to publish my own 'zine again. Under the urging of Derek Pickles, a Bradford fan, I revived Zenith, printing by offset with hand-drawn plates, but eventually decided this method was too irksome and time-consuming. And I'd learnt a little more about post-war fandom - seen some of the freewheeling publications of Walt Willis and Vin Clarke - and Eric and I were addicts of the Goon Show, the finest radio comedy series ever. So when OMPA started we decided to let our hair down and became founder members with a hastily improvised sheet, supposedly the proceedings of the Romiley Fan Veterans & Scottish Dancing Society, called Now & Then, an occasional publication.

But I'd had enough of interviewing.

-- Do you think I'm beautiful? I asked fluttering my false eyelashes.

-- Surpassingly so, responded Harry warmly. Why the hell are we wasting time with this interview, when we could be getting to know each other?

We sent Marion and Andy out of the room, held hands and gazed into each other's eyes for a fortnight. It seemed longer.

-- Where have you been all my life? I breathed.

-- Wasting time publishing bloody fanzines, he wept. But no more, now I see my destiny, clear and sure.

-- Oh, I asked, what is it?

-- Never you mind, he rejoined, sweeping me into his arms. Then everything went faint...

-- But what shall we do, where shall we go? I asked when I came round. He wrung his hands despairingly.

-- How can we two face the world together... after this? He asked brokenly.

-- Ghod knows, I said, but it's brightened up the interview...



Society, called Now & Then, an occasional publication.

Eric should have been a scriptwriter for the Goons, he came up with such marvellous ideas worked out to their logical conclusions. Every issue we came up with episodes what contributed to a consistent mythology about our life and times in Romiley - a strange mixture of fact and fantasy that confused our readers and us, too, occasionally. No one seemed to believe that Eric was a window cleaner, but he was. And he actually lived in a flat crammed with home-made gadgets that were aids to gracious living. Most of the incidents about which he wrote so well had a starting point of reality - something the kids said or did, my efforts to convert the marsh at the rear of the house into a semblance of a garden, complaints about dead flies accumulating in lampshades, things going bump in the night, Eric turned them all into something mystic and strange. He had a rare talent. He wrote verse; he invented WIDOWER'S WONDERFUL PRODUCTS and soon everyone was writing ad jingles; he had everyone remembering the Alamo; and educated us all into the mysteries of ergonomics. I strung all the stuff together, providing link copy and the occasional article and illustration and did the printing.

We had some fun weekends getting the mag together - it just grew spontaneously, and as more fans became addicted, so we got more material. By the forth issue, we had so many requests for earlier copies we had to do a special reprint combining the first three issues for American readers. We even published a glossary to explain some of the more obscure references.

-- Why then did you give it all up and retire from fandom?

-- Largely because N & T was too successful. I got requests for more copies than we could cope with, using our primitive methods. I was still using the same pre-war broken-down duplicator that I'd used for the original Zenith - it had to be hand-fed, a sheet at a time, and when the mag grew in page size and we reached the 150 circulation mark that was the breaking point. It was time consuming but, worse, it wasn't fun any more. The intervals between the last few issues grew longer and longer and then a personal rift crept in between Eric and myself; he'd already fallen out with most other fannish contacts.. And you change as the years pass by; I suppose I was approaching the dangerous age of 40 and realised that it was time to stop leaving things I really wanted to do until later, if I ever was going to do them at all. I wanted to do some serious painting, and fanning was getting in the way. So I called a halt, passed on a collection of fanzines going back to the 1930s to various fans I thought would appreciate them and that was it. I've since become deeply involved with painting and music, sorted out most of the half-baked ideas of my earlier years, and concentrated on doing my own thing in art. Everything else is just a distraction.

-- Hmm.. Including fandom? said I, kind of hurt.

-- Right, came back Harry firmly.

-- What if anything then, did sf fandom do for the two of you as people? persisted Andy.

-- Did it do much for you?, asked Harry, turning to his wife.

-- Not really, said Marion, hesitatingly it all seemed sort of childish to me eventually...

I didn't say anything as at that point I was busily choking on my gin and bitter lemon.

-- The main thing, Harry was carrying on regardless, was getting to know people. In the early days I knew few like-minded people in my immediate vicinity - it was fan correspondence and magazines that put me in touch with a lot of people who shared my interests. Though I fancy the trouble was (and still is) that I have too many bloody interests. I found I knew people who were interested in that, and a few who were interested in the other, but rarely did I find folk who shared several interests - I felt split up between them.



-- Do you still read science fiction?

-- Well, when Philip ((Son Number One)) started his collection with a few of my cast-offs, I got into trouble for throwing out all my old pro-mags years before. He's now accumulated several miles of mags and paperbacks around his bedroom walls, and I occasionally venture into his library in search of light entertainment. Usually, I just get into a story and find it suddenly familiar - yeah, it's a new title, a new cover design, but it's the same old story. Sometimes I get the impression that it's all reprints of reprints of reprints...

Yeah indeed, I was tempted to say that you dear Mr Turner could not have reached for an Aldiss or Disch or Zelazny or Mr John Brunner even, but the gin and whasit got me all mellow, it was getting late and I thought I'd save that argument for another time....

\* \* \* \* \*

At this point I should like to ~~show~~ like to show the reader Zenith and Now & Then, but short of reproducing the lot there is no way... even my enthusiasm knows its limitations. Perhaps I could describe them in part, or better still, quote some extracts. The emphasis in N&T is definitely Fannish with a capital F. There is an overwhelming editorial presence, one feels one knows the editors after reading a single issue, no wonder it became so popular. Some Letters of Comment in Zenith are fantastic!

Here's an extract from Eric Frank Russell: "Most outstanding feature of the issue was, of course, the illustrations. I could share a bed with the lissome tart on the front cover - is the model on hire? Yes, but not for all purposes! Back cover too... ..only criticism of this job is that the seated figure looks to me like a Cambodian temple dancer, while the joss more like the top of an Ojibway Indian totem-pole - and I don't know that the redskins have anything in common with the Cambodians apart from mutual enjoyment of animal functions. Still, it's possible that the redskins did have wider connections than had been supposed, espacially with the ten lost tribes. I deduce this from a letter sent to the editor of Collar's in which he was offered fine ties of genuine Navajo Indian pattern, woven in their native tepees by real Navajo Indians, guaranteed one hundred per cent pure wool, with extra discount for orders of one dozen lots. 'Signed yours truly, Chief Sitting Bullstein'."

Ghod! Why don't I get LoCs like this, the closest to this in type if not subject I think come from Archie Mercer..

And Eric Frank Russell again on the Zenith-2 covers. The back cover o. which was a mermaid with arms raised and two large swordfish on each side of her tail; the threesome about to be engulfed by a bubbling wave - lovely. The front shows two nudes: a winged male about to enfold the girl into his wings.

Mr Russell says: "The illustrations took the bun again, although I don't like the back cover so much, this time. The fishy bitch on same has an expression like ~~the~~ the chief constipationist in a jazz band. (A constipationist is the one who plays the little hard pieces). Neither am I ~~made~~ sexy by the Yiddish sardines smirking amid the bubbles. But the front cover, leaving out the guy who can't do much without hands, is - you know, Ah, she beautiful, she ravishing! I kees 'er - vat you call heem? - 'er bottum! Send me more, with extra bottums."

Thou witty, thou great Mista Russell we Love you all!

..... I could and will go on quoting, but no more for this issue, next one will contain more of the very best from Harry's Golden zines; this is after all Zimri and space prevents me from going on and on and on. ....



## FANISH AS SHE IS SPOKEN...

Some like it, some don't; personally I'm all for it. Why not invent a language of your own -- true you'll have to teach it to the rest of the world if you wish to be understood... which is why I'm about to enlighten the world (the mundane world that is) on Fannish terminology. I hasten to add that I'm in the process of learning it myself --- it and a few other languages, not excluding English --- and thank Peter Roberts and Gray Boak for supplying the information below.

Here then are some of the more amusing fannish specimens which tickled my fancy. This key to the terminology of SF Fandom is for fun only. Peter Roberts is (or was some time ago) compiling a detailed dictionary of Fanslang; anyone wishing to purchase or help with the dictionary should contact Peter whose address is: 87 West Town Lane, Bristol, BS4 5DZ.

Apa - Amateur press association. A group of people who publish fanzines, and instead of mailing them individually, send them to an Official Editor, who distributes them to members in identical bundles. There are seven or more fannish apas in existence, one (FAPA) continuously since 1937. Apas for fantasy fans are modelled after older mundane groups.

OMPA - An apa, originally all British.

Auction Bloch - At conventions, fans bid on professionals, buying an hour of their time. Named for Robert Bloch. (This I thought a particularly fantastic idea, not that I've noticed it happening at any of the cons I've attended; er... two in all...)

Blog - Mythical drink of fans; any potable consisting of an incredible mismatch of ingredients. (unlike "verguzz" a German home-made spirit, which actually does exist).

BNF - Big Name Fan. One of importance and influence in fandom; well-known and with a solid reputation. Eg: Ian Williams or Harry Warner even; note also WKF - Well-Known Fan.

Burned out - Synonym for gafia, brought on when a fan takes on more obligations than he/she can or wants to handle, and withdraws from fandom. (I wonder if Andy my ex-co-ed would fit that category... Is you Burnt out Ames?)

CRAP - Crudely Reproduced Amateur Press, originally Carbon Reproduced Amateur Press, a now defunct apa.

Croggled - Astounded, amused.

Crottled Greeps - Mythical food served to fans, unimaginably horrible. If you don't want them, don't order them.

Deadwood - Members of apas and such who are not sufficiently active to be useful to the membership.

Faaan - Fan who is interested more in fans and fandom than in sf..

Fan - Here means science fiction fan. What exactly constitutes a fan is too



deep to go into here. The different kinds of fans, such as fanzine fan and convention fan are self explanatory, while truefan and fakefan are too subjective to be easily defined; perhaps the Squire will do the job properly.

Feghoot - Elaborate pun, originated by Grendel Briarton (Reginald Brenton).

Faunch - Yearn.

Fen - Plural of fan.

Feud - Disagreement between fen leading mostly to bitter words and temporary loss of each other's friendship. Seldom Serious.

Fugghead - Stupid person, maker of asinine statements.

FMoF - Famous Monsters of FilmLand, Ackerman's magazine. There is a monster in fandom, too.

Ghods - Of fannish (joke) religions. Some fen atheistically disbelieve in Ghu, Foo or Roscoe.

Grotch - To complain; -ed, to be irritated.

Hoax - Some misguided fen have perpetrated hoaxes upon fandom, some are harmless. A phony fan is considered more devious than use of a pseudonym, and death-hoaxes or other harm causing practical jokes are taboo.

MaD Productions - Amateur movie-making group in Liverpool, UK. (MaD stands for Mersey and Deeside.) There is also a group of fen calling themselves MAD (Manchester And District) Group, it is believed to meet monthly somewhere in Manchester or district.

Mercer's Day - The 31st of April. Named for British fan who once set an OMPA deadline for this date. Now this surely must be Archie?

Real Soon Now - Fannish promise of imminent activity, now meaning "far in the future." Capitals denote sarcasm.

Slan shack - House where several fen live. (Fen are slans, you know) (From Slan, a novel of superhuman mutants by van Vogt.)

Yngvi - Used only in meaningless sentences, "Yngvi is a louse," from de Camp and Pratt's book, The Incomplete Enchanter.

Zap gun - Water pistol or toy ray gun; used by some fuggheads at cons mostly.

Zine - Magazine, fanzine or prozine.

There are a variety of fanzines; such as a "genzine" which is a contraction from "general circulation fanzine". The opposite is "apazine" which refers to those publications with a restricted circulation within a specific apa. A fanzine published primarily for an apa, but with some outside circulation, may be termed a "genapazine"! A common modern meaning of genzine seems to be 'a fanzine with contents of general interest' in which case the opposite would be "serconzine" (another contraction from "serious and constructive fanzine", ie. one concerned with sf) and "faanzine" or fannish fanzine.

Zimri - A fanzine, yes; but is it faanish? No. Is it a serconzine? Again no.

I'll leave you with this profound question, what is Zimri? - I can almost hear you gasp in admiration too..

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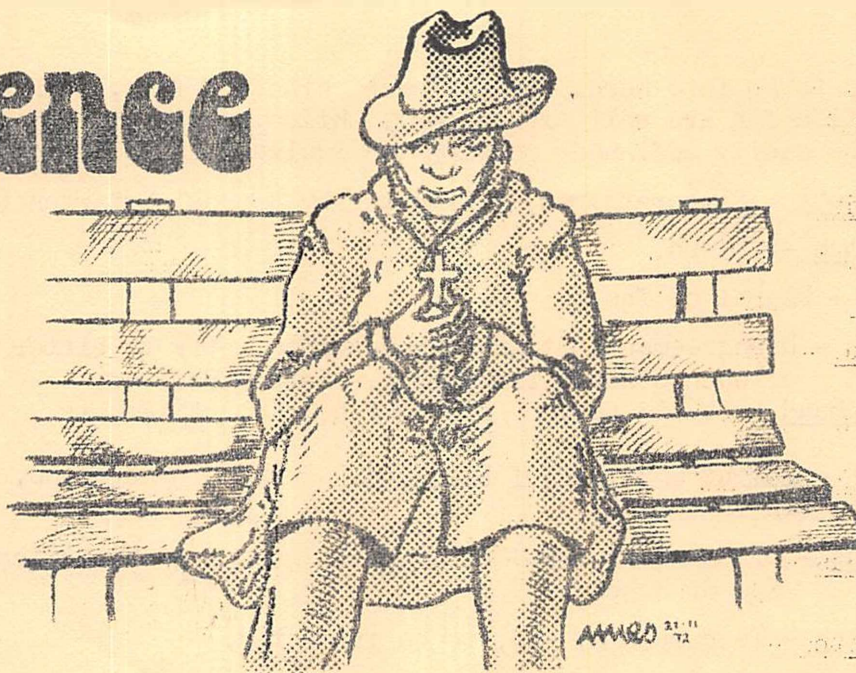
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THINGS TO COME IN ZIMRI: The everlasting question WHY ?, started off by Gray Boak in this case, has been plaguing me more than somewhat. Why do fen produce fanzines? Why they stop? And other whys... In the next issue of Z (5) you will read Jim Goddard's answers to some of these questions; in subsequent issues I intend to continue interviewing other leading editors of fanzines old and new. What I'd like to know is whether this is of interest to YOU as well as myself - do tell..?



# effluence

by  
robert p  
holdstock



When I was born I had an orange soul.

I spent several of my adolescent years asking my friends and acquaintances whether or not they too had had an orange soul when they had popped into the world. It helped my frightening insecurity to find that many of them had.

An orange soul, I soon came to realise, was not a social stigma. It was just an inconvenience and a very temporary inconvenience at that. An institution called 'baptism' got rid of this peculiar paint job. A sprinkle of holy water (fingers pressed into the back of the neck to stop the scream that looks as if it might be about to burst from parted lips) a muttered word or two, a pledge by disinterested person to protect the infant from sin for all life (I shall never be a Godfather - there's too much responsibility attached to the job, not only your own sins but your Godchild's too).

The orange colour of my neo-natal soul, I must explain, was due to Original sin. A very peculiar stain, Original sin. Perhaps the similarity between the names - Original, Orange - led to my association of the one with the other. No matter. By the age of six weeks my soul was a shining white jug, filled with 'grace', living somewhere in my guts, nestling snugly between those infantile viscera (and as far as I know it's still there, lurking in the region of my liver, moving perhaps with my painful peristalsis).

Sometimes my soul is black. Sometimes it's blue. Mostly it's black. Blue sins are venial sins.

Venial sins are the ones that are quite important but not too bad; that is, saying sorry to the Deity gets rid of them post haste. Black sins are mortal. They're bad. A mortal sin can only be removed by confession. It's no easy job. A mortal sin covers that shining white soul with messy black goo. (Bless me father, I have sinned excessively. Not so much the variety of sins, but the number of times I've committed each one.)

And those awful black ones. An absolution and a pledge not to repeat the sin is sufficient to get rid of that terrible black smudge.

Joy of joys.

Unfortunately up there (you know - THERE!) sits a big ledger and a nasty scrooge-like angel writing it all down (scratch scratch). And that sin counts against you and how. A spell of purgatory is the only way to expunge that little number.

Remember Purgatory? ("Every day is like a year, every year is an eternity.. but for those in purgatory there is always the promise of Heaven at the end of the scathing). Not so bad ?

Limbo is different. My compulsory, involuntary cold bath at the age of six weeks removed the threat of Limbo. Limbo is a place for people with orange souls. The people who were never baptised. Apparently (at least, this is what I've heard) Limbo isn't too bad a place.

It's like living on a cloud above the Heaven-Earth. You can't see down or up, but at least it isn't overly hot. And the food's good.

Orange, blue, black; sins. My good friend Matthew's sin. It may have been in the Kings of Corsica one Saturday lunch time. It may not. But I remember the conversation.

"Orange ?" he said. "Yes, I did. I always thought my soul was orange. Funny isn't it."

I nodded. "What about mortal sin? What colour was mortal sin ?"

He laughed, and swirled the flat beer in his glass. "Black. Black as soot. Speckled black, with the spots growing and coalescing to cover the soul. Used to make me shiver."

"And venial sin ?"

"Blue-green. Like a nasty growth. I don't mind venial blue sins, I don't mind them at all." He smiled as he thought back to those halcyon days of assumed innocence. Matthew was very young, perhaps twenty five. He always struck me as being withdrawn. It was certainly no effort to converse with him, but he always seemed distant. I knew, secretly, that there was something weighing heavily upon him, some problem, some worry. I didn't press too closely for, though I was always willing to listen to his passing concerns, something as big as this problem would appear to be was something I didn't want to be involved with.

He went on quickly. "The sin that always frightened me was the red sin. That's the one I can't ever get rid of. How about you ?"

Was it expectation in his eyes ? As he looked intensely at me, waiting for my reply, I could see a sudden disappointment manifest itself in his features. He had noticed my puzzlement. "Red sin? That's a new one on me."

"I thought it might be." Dully.

"Are you going to tell me what it is ?"

"Well..." he sought for words. He seemed, no, very ill at ease. "You'll think it's silly, but you've asked for it."

"Why don't we change the subject," I interjected, feeling suddenly very juvenile. A man of forty talking about the colour of sin! And there was an old lady listening at the next table and quite obviously enjoying this infancy.

Matthew looked hurt. "For Christ' sake, John, you've just brought back memories of something I'd nearly forgotten about. You can listen to my phobia and like it. Have another drink ?"

I nodded. "Don't go away," he said severely, and raced to the bar to refill our glasses. The old lady watching me chuckled. I tapped my nose and she chuckled again. I smiled with her. She looked somehow... haunted.

Matthew returned. "When I was a child I was in continual trouble with my parents. Do you know I was beaten more times for my red sin than for anything else put together ? I'd say: 'But I have got a red stain on my soul'. And they would say, 'Rubbish. Sin has no colour.' And I would say, 'And is it a sin to have seen him ?' And they would shout and say, 'That's sinful talk you wicked boy,' And I would say, 'If it's a sin why can't it be red, and why can't I get rid of it ?'.... looking at me.... "I've lost you haven't I..."

"Yes," I said drily.

Unperturbed: "What I figure happened is that something I was adamant about in my childhood so angered my religious parents that they made it into a sin. The sin seemed red to me because that was the colour I was always seeing, I guess.



The sin was in what I claimed to have seen, in fact what I did see. Seeing it was no sin, but claiming I'd seen it to devout Catholic parents was a crime. I developed a very real insecurity hang-up, I was frightened to death of that red sin, because I couldn't get rid of it. I just couldn't get rid of it."



"Matthew," I said, leaning over the table. "What did you see?"

"I saw... God." He said it simply. "I saw God when I was born. He was the last thing I saw before I came into the world. I've never forgotten it. He was saying things to me, and pointing. That's what I saw. That's what my red sin is."

I took a sip of my drink, glanced around me. The old lady was still there, looking now at Matthew. She was interested obviously. I looked back at Matthew who was staring at me, waiting for a response.

"Bullshit," I said.

We patched things up a couple of months later. I apologised for the line I had taken after he had gotten so angry with my caustic attitude. We shook on it, drank to orange and red sins, and then talked about my forthcoming divorce (and I got sad), his newly finished affair with a girl he had had strong feelings for but who had had hang-ups about sex (and he got sad), about the trends in science fiction and the new Aldiss book Plague it again Sam.

I had thought quite a lot about what Matthew had said in the Kings (?) but I steered clear of mentioning it, even though I was now quite intrigued to know a few more details.

In the preceding two months I had met two other people who also claimed to have seen God at the moment of their birth. Both felt it was a sin, and a sin they had never been able to rid themselves of. Neither would say any more about it.

There was something a little deeper about it. Obviously.

There was, equally obviously, something very amiss with Matthew. For a while I let him talk and retired mentally to watch him as from a greater distance, regarding him more objectively. He was looking, superficially, very rough. Bedraggled. And he seemed... haunted.

He was talking with a falsity that was too apparent, saying things, pressing a vitality into his conversation that he did not inwardly feel (or so I surmised). He was covering something up.

I drifted back to him and cut him off in mid sentence. He stopped talking and



looked at me, face registering a wild surprise, but no annoyance.

"Something's bothering you, Matt."

"Nothing," he mouthed. His face was blank. "What makes you say that?"

Matthew was a very introverted person. It's very hard to explain what it was about him that was so... queer. He always seemed to be fighting to keep his head above the waters of depression. Nothing was very happy about Matthew. As I watched him now it was almost as if some vital, living being were imprisoned within an expressionless cask, a corpse that was enforcing its own restrictions upon the entity within, cutting the living being away from the world it strove to penetrate.

No fantasy is implied. I didn't have strange feelings that perhaps my young friend was a mind transplant, or an alien watching me abstractly from its stolen host's body.

I'd seen many human beings with these symptoms, withdrawal symptoms of the worst sort - the sort that can almost be conquered by fighting against them, but which can never be conquered in actuality; they drag the life spark down into the blackness in later years: goodbye sanity!

"I'm older, wiser, more experienced - and I'm stronger than you," I said. "What's the matter?"

After a while: "You're astute, you old bastard. Too damned astute." He stared into his beer. I repeated: "What's up?"

Looking at me, he said, "Would you like to see a few people like me? People..." he trailed off.

"With red souls?" I finished for him. He smiled, then nodded.

"Do you remember that queer old lady who was sitting by us last time we were here?"

I did. Somehow I had known she would play a significant part in future events. "What about her?"

"After we'd gone our separate ways - I was angry remember? - she followed me. She took me somewhere, somewhere down below, a basement an underground storage unit of some sort, out near Aldgate. Ever been to Aldgate John?"

I thought back - back to the mid-sixties - a mad week - newly married, newly happy, conning myself that it would last.

"Petticoat Lane, stung for money for souvenirs, bought some shoes that fell to pieces three weeks after me thinking I'd got a bargain. Ate popcorn and whelks. Not at the same time!"

He shook his head. "The real East end, John, is a filthy place. Not in terms of dirt, or pollution..."

"People," I said nodding.

"Not even people," he said. "The tramps, the outcasts, the recluses, the beggars... a symptom, John. The filthiness is in the emotion of the place."

"Places don't have emotion..."

He cut me off. "They do, you know. Aldgate, Mile End, Surrey Docks... they seethe rottenness. Ever wondered why? The borough is rich enough to clean it up, to change it, to displace the vagrants into wider areas where they can be absorbed. Why haven't they been? The emotion of the place, John. It's a strong force. It makes a place designed for filth and decay... human decay. The tramps drift there because they reach a balance. Most of them are just normal human beings who find a comfort in that evil atmosphere. But how did that 'feeling' get there? Why? Have you never wondered? No... of course you haven't... you were hardly aware of the place, were you..."

"I'm wondering now," I said. "Fill me in."

He shook his head. "It wouldn't be right. I'd be... hah!" He laughed, slapped the bar top.

"What's funny?"

"I was about to say, 'I'd be punished'." Glancing at me.

"Hilarious," I said, blandly. "You've lost me, Matthew."

"Yes... I expect I have. John," sudden closeness. Would you like to come and see some people with souls as red as mine? Would you like to come and take your chances in a nest of sin? Eh?"

I finished my drink and stood back for him to lead the way.

Aldgate nestles by the river, very near Tower Bridge. Like a sore, it weeps those purulent materials one associates with Dickensian pauperism.

Paper and waste blow noisily along broken streets, silent streets, tarmaced, trodden down by generations of weary feet, searching the doss houses, the quiet alleyways, the street corner whores.

The filth that is too heavy to be blown creeps along the roadways following the track of the visiting human.

And just two or three blocks away - the Tower of London, white bricked, magnificent, stretched along the sparkling river, green grassed and healthily clean. And there is Westminster, and the majestic upper classness of its buildings and Banks.

There is almost a wall, an invisible wall, separating the clean from the filthy, and beyond that wall no scrap of paper will blow. Aldgate, festering, a deserted city where the people seem to move in dimensions other than the space and time of the concrete wasteland.

The vagrants move aimlessly, merging with the crumbling brick and metal framework decay. Entities, cancers, slinking through the rotting corpse.

I watched them detachedly. I ought to have felt sympathy. I felt nothing but indifference.

Matthew led the way through back streets where wild dogs scrounged month-old rubbish. High rise blocks of flats touched the drifting clouds, windows sparkling, curtains colourful and varied, little touches of colour escaping upwards, the only way out of the dead thing below them.

With almost cliched melodrama the entrance to the meeting place proved to be through the hallway of a dead and gutted house. I felt uneasy as we trod along the banging door, the scabble and screech of a cat somewhere deeper in the house.

"Down here."

Down stairs into the basement. Through the basement and into a large room, bare walled, urine-stinking. There was a door across the room and we waded through dust and rock, and bits of old chair and pram; and we came to the door and went through.

A large warehouse. Deserted, now, and smelling of fustiness and cement. All around the walls...

My heart missed a beat.

All around the walls, at the ends of their lives, were people. They gazed vacantly across at each other, some were smiling, some were crying, some turning to look at us. I noticed that the ones that were smiling were blind.

"This is my friend," said Matthew loudly. "Please come and say hello."

A figure walked across, a stooped, aged figure, dressed in a long torn overcoat. A wrinkled face stared at me. There was, within those lines, within the dulled eyes, an expression of resignation. "You've got it all to come," said the face. "If you've lived bad we'll see you here yet." He shambled away.



"That's not nice," shouted Matthew. All around the walls the human wrecks began to laugh. The laughter died.

We walked across the warehouse and sat down at a rickety table at the far end. There were scraps of food on the table, chewed bread, the remnants of meat. No rats, I noticed.



The old lady who had been in the Kings of Corsica appeared from the darkness through a doorway and smiled as she sat down opposite me. She looked quite ruddily healthy; her clothes were wholesome. A second woman joined the table, a scrawny young girl, with ratty hair and sores all over her cheeks. She was distant, resigned.

"Hi," she said. "Give me a cigarette."

"I don't smoke." I said. She looked angry, spat as she turned away from the table. "Useless sod."

"Where have you brought me?" I asked Matthew softly. "For Christ's sake, Matt, where have you brought me?"

Laughter. Someone near me began to laugh and the laughter was like a wave, rippling round the walls, hollow in the emptiness of the dimly lit warehouse. Two of the more youthful outcasts approached and sat down, watching me. I looked at Matthew. He was sinking...

He said, "Feel it, John. Feel it seeping into your body... the emotion. It's taking me down, it's like... drowning..." he looked at me suddenly. "I don't think I'll ever leave here again, John. I'm lost." I said nothing. Matthew went on. "Everybody here saw god when they were born. Everyone."

"Is that right?" I asked the nearest youth. His face was dirt streaked, and tears filled his eyes. He seemed arrogant, but the arrogance was lost behind a mask of despair. "Yeah. True true... too bloody true. We all saw him. We all heard the words. Wait till you hear the words, baby. Wait till you... oh Christ. Look at the bastard's face. He doesn't care,

he doesn't feel..."

"Shut up, Michael," said the old lady, reaching out a hand. Michael fell silent, glaring at me. "I'm sorry," he said suddenly.

"The words ?" I queried.

"Everybody," said Matthew, as if he hadn't heard me. "We all have that nasty little red sin."

"The sin your parents inflicted by their dogmatic views," I reminded him. To my surprise Matthew shook his head. I noticed the old lady shaking her head too.

She said, "It's a very real sin, mister. A very real stain. We all have it. We all have it for years and years. We all have it..." She glanced at Matthew, looked away quickly and became quiet.

Matthew said, "We all have it forever, John." He was gazing at me with a terrifying expression in his face - he looked very afraid.

"This old lady is... how old ?"

She looked up. "I'm over three hundred years old."

"Ridiculous."

"Not ridiculous. I'll live to see London carried away by the Thames. I will, you know. And not just me... everyone here. Some of us are half a thousand years old. Some, like Matthew, are very young." She turned to Matthew and I saw the look they exchanged, in her face a sympathy for one about to die, in his sort of panic that passed very rapidly. "Wait until the years catch up with you and still there's no death."

"Don't," said Matthew softly. "I can't bear even to think of it."

"All over the world," said the old lady, "Centres of decay, as I expect you think of this place. Centres of decay just like this, all over the world."

"Remember what I said about the emotion of the place," said Matthew. "Here is the generator. All of us, the source of filth."

I shook my head. It seemed too... the word was not fantastic, but rather, nonsensical. "All because of seeing God at your birth? It doesn't make sense. There ought to be no horror attached to such a marvellous vision. I don't understand. I can't conceive of a circumstance when seeing God himself should make one despondant..."

"The words," said Michael. "I'll remember those words until... UNTIL!" He shook his head. "I'll always remember them."

"What words ? What words Matthew ? You keep on about words. What did he say ? What did God say ?"

Matthew laughed, sourly, shook his head. "He said... he said..."

The old lady cut in. "He said: Depart from me into eternal darkness. And then we were born."

In the sudden silence that filled the empty place my laugh was a chill staccato.

What a hell of a thing to find out when your life is nearly done.

Robert P. Holdstock - 19.4.72



One benefit of being an associate of the editrix of ZIMRI is that she likes to do things in style.

So here we are, one dark December evening in Lisa's room, spooning caviare on to Ritz biscuits, washing it down with Pol Roget, listening to Satie and Shostakovitch on the tape recorder, working ourselves up to a bout of proof reading.

"Proof reading" she calls it as she hands me a fat wad of red-streaked stencils. I find I am expected to read through the damned things, search out the more exotic of Lisa's variations on the English language, then hand the marked stencils to a businesslike editrix, seated at the typewriter, for immediate correction. Oh the joys of editing a fanzine in a "second" language!

I start in a suitably pedantic mood.

As the bubbles of champagne rise, my standards relax. Indeed I find some of Lisa's subtle changes much to my liking. Who can deny that "miserable" suggests a greater wash of pure misery than ever did stodgy old "miserable" ?

We work our way through a dozen or so pages, then down more drink. Lisa giggles and flutters her false eye-lashes appreciatively. It seems a good time for a break. She diverts my wandering attention to a copy of Maya in which Ian Maule gloats over his discovery of older fen. Alan Hunter and Dave Allen down. John Berry and Walt Willis to follow... It's funny. I've been to Newcastle several times in the past few years to visit Robert (son no.3) at the university. I was there only a few weeks ago when BBC2 vans recorded Full House at the University Theatre. Actually, I'd gone to sample Robert's curry and see the Futurismo exhibition before it moved to Edinburgh. But on all these trips I seem to have dodged Ian's fannish dragnet...

I console Lisa with the thought, as we drain the last of the Pol Roget, that though she's numerically well behind in the current trend of discovering Elder Fen, she must have established some sort of record for finding the Oldest and Most Decrepit Ex-Fan.

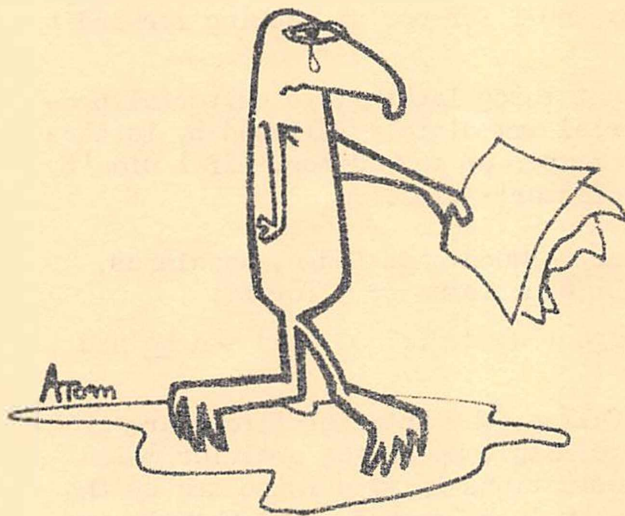
Any challengers?

harry turner





# the PERFECT JUDGE



"The Perfect Judge " or A Review of Fanzines was to have been written by my second ex (Andy Stephenson that was..) and I fear to tread these grounds especially with the title above. But it's such a lovely heading and so well executed (by Ames) and he cried such bitter tears of remorse when he was handing it over, that I'm taking my life in my hands, a stack of fanzines in my teeth and here goes... No perfect judge I, especially under the circumstances; at this very moment Andrew is in the US of A probably chatting with Sam Long and watching the last flight to the moon.

And I? Well, here I am in Manchester getting over a dose of 'flu (the English variety - the worst kind, cos it takes time...) reading fanzines and typing stencils. Guess who's having more fun? And if you are looking for fun in a fanzine you'll certainly find it in the first one I'm about to scrutinize.

MOEBIUS TRIP-15. From Edward C. Connor - 1805 N. Gale . Pretoria, Ill. 61604, USA  
Subs are 2 for 1 dollar, 5 for two; duplicated 60 pages.

I think that this is the most enjoyable fanzine in this batch; it has everything. A marvellous Caricature or The Fabled Parousie by Jack Wodhams - the punch line is superb! Donn Brazer's How to Create a Monster is another howl; likewise Walt Leibscher's A Revarticle. "What's a revarticle? Easy, a combination of a review and an article..." The book is Thank You For The Giant Sea Tortoise; it is written by hundreds of people, but to learn what it's about, you'll just have to read the whole article in MOEBIUS, Walt bought 10 copies of it to give away as un-birthday presents at his birthday party. If it (the book) is as funny as the revarticle about it it sounds like a good

On the more serious side, there is an interview by Paul Walker with James Schmitz - The Witches of Karras - Paul has a splendid idea and leaves out all his own questions concentrating on the answers which make fascinating reading. Mr Schmitz tells of his life before he became a science fiction writer, how he came to write (and re-write) various stories, including The Witches. One really gets to know and like this modest fascinating man. The interview is 9 pages long, usually I would find that a bit too long, not this time however.

The entire zine is sprinkled with lovely cartoons, neatly produced and laid out; the letter column is good, letters from British and American fans are there; book reviews are also good.... as I have said, it really is a

splendind issue nicely varied and balanced articles. The 'odd' thing about this zine is that although Ed himself doesn't write all that much, yet his personality is very much in evidence throughout the zine - what's your secret Ed? P.S. Fanzine reviews are most perceptive too.

MAYA - 5. From Ian Maule - 13 Weardale Ave, Forest Hall, Newcastle in Tyne  
NE12 OHX. Subs are 20p for one issue.

Thirty one pages of good faaanish stuff here and a superb portrait of one Professor Ian Williams by Harry Bell - having met Ian I can vouch that it is just like the man in the flesh - gorgeous! The 'zine itself is almost clinically neat, beautifully reproduced, clear layout, though nothing as exciting or adventurous as Mr Williams makes out in his comparisons in review column. Seemingly our tastes differ. The best article in the issue is by the same Mr Williams who tells how he came into fandom and met different fen; this is apparently to be continued in subsequent issues and I for one am looking forward to them.

For all MAYA's qualities I find one important thing lacking, ie editorial presence. Ian Maule opens with a short editorial immediately followed by letters of comment and that I fear is the last I remember of the editor. If I didn't know better, I'd swear it was still the Professor's zine.

CYPHER - 8 From James Goddard and Mike Sandow - Woodlands Lodge, Woodlands, Southampton, Hants. Subs are 20p each issue or 5 for £1.

EIGHTY SIXS PAGES LONG!! Is this a challenge I wonder..? Ghod and he had the nerve to grumble at my last ZIMRI !! :..

Good repro, lovely printed cover by Kevin Cullen; the interior illoes are a little bit dated, but then I suppose they go with some of the articles which delve into the past. The best interior illustrations in my opinion are by the same Kevin Cullen who did the cover and one by Jack Gaughan. Cy Chauvin is here again with his 'odd' 'creations, wish I could understand them...

There's so much in this issue, I hardly know where to start. An 18 pages long evaluation of Ted Tubb by Phil Harbottle is followed by The Early Fifties Era of Entertainment by Ted himself, which in turn is followed by a bibliographical review off Mr Tubb's early adventure novels, again by Phil Harbottle. Of the three I found A n Evaluation.. most enjoyable, especially the end where Phil tells of an incident at school when he was asked to read aloud the book he was reading under his desk. This turned out to be Space Hunter by Charles Grey (Ted Tubb); can you guess the reaction of the teacher and the rest of the class? Well, it's all there in CYPHER for you to read.

The Bibliographical review made interesting reading too, espacially since I was not familiar with all those pseudonyms Ted Tubb wrote under. ~~Whoever~~ said fanzines aren't educational obviously hadn't read CYPHER, I've certainly discovered a few things in this issue.

The book reviews are as usual good and long, and a few other not so good and not that bad articles. Gerald Bishop interviews Robert Powell; the actor who had a part in Doomwatch - amongst others. The interview is apparently 'drastically shortened', perhaps its just as well, because Mr Powell didn't seem to have all that much to say for himself, who's fault that was I'm not at all sure. Perhaps its mine for not caring what Mr Powell thinks of the characters as characters in Doomwatch..

And of course we have the Letters of Comment and the Editorial, about both I say, not enough Jim Goddard; not enough personality, not enough humour or tears even, in other words involvement. Somehow Jim's picture isn't altogether clear.. or do I need glasses? I dunno, I do know that its a good fanzine for anyone who is really interested in science fiction and that must mean the lot of us.



SFINX - 6 From Allan Scott - 4, St. Michael's Street, Oxford. Although it is for sale I couldn't find the price anywhere.

Twenty four pp printed zine which concentrates on speculative amateur fiction, produced by a group of people from Oxford University Speculative Fiction Group edited by Allan. Apart from a short editorial all else is fiction. SFINX-1 started with 250 copies, now the circulation is 1,000 ! The editor asks for contributions, stories and or artwork, no articles or reviews.

The stories in this issue are much varied; from Chris Morgan's Parallel Assassin which is a sort of dark fantasy story (O.K. speculative then); to Kev Smith's "So who needs a title anyway?" zany humorous one. Other authors are Diana Reed, Allan Scott - the ed-and Robert Jackson.

The printing and layout is faultless, but the illoes are sad and very few, even Ames isn't at his best here. Recommended to all those who write themselves or enjoy watching new talent blossom into prodrom.

LUDD'S MILL - 6 From Steve Sneyd - 4, Nowell Place, Huddersfield HD5 8PB  
Subs are 10p for one issue.

Twenty pp, printed 'zine containing mostly poetry and artwork - this is not a Williams\_type-zine... It is however experimental, vitally alive and for me very exciting. Not all the experiments with layout work, but at least the editor is not afraid to try. On first glance the impression you might get is that of clatter, almost noisily aggressive in a sort of Dadaist way; and is that such a bad thing?

But don't be put off, you'll find harmony here too; it appeals to me because its unconventional and as I have said before, imaginative. Many different poets and artists are to be found within, amongst them Andrew Darlington, Tom Bamford, David Banks, Andi Cranwell and Steve himself.

LOCUS - From Dena & Charlie Brown - 3400 Ulloa St, San Francisco CA 94116  
British agent is Peter Weston - 31 Pinewall Ave., Birmingham 30.  
12 issues for 3.00 dollars, 26 for six.

As far as I know this is the only zine that does not do the 'usual', ie trade, and the rest. It is however worth subscribing to, in fact no fan or faan should be without one and if you are a faned it really is a must. Locus comes out bi-weekly with news covering the science fiction field as well as fandom, conventions and the like. I read a report of the Novacon in LOCUS before I ever saw one overhere.

In the last issue (No.128), Ginjer Buchanan reports on Philicon held in beautiful down-town Philadelphia. Our very own John Brunner was the Guest of Honour, amongst other attendees there were also Roger Zelazny, Cory & Alexi Panshin and Ted White. Apparently John moderated a Woman's Lib in Sword & Sorcery panel -- fascinating. In this issue too, Terry Carr writes a marvellous article on Bob Tucker - recently named the No.1 Fan in the history of sf fandom - Instant Crunchy Karma. I simply can't resist quoting at least one short paragraph from it:

"Bob Tucker didn't found the first fanclub or publish the first fanzine, but his byline showed up in fanzines just a couple of years later, in 1932, and in 1935 he published two issues of THE D'JOURNAL; at the same time he was conducting the campaign of the Society for the Prevention of Wire Staples in Science Fiction Magazines in the letter column of Astounding: posing as a caricature of the demanding sf fan, Tucker professed a preference for binding the magazines with chewing gum. His campaign ended, though, when someone thought to one-up him by announcing to Astounding's readers that Tucker had died. The report was of course greatly exaggerated, but the bad taste of the prank drove the 20-year-old Tucker out of the fan ranks for a few years." There is of course much, much more, and its all good stuff.

And now I come to the fanzine I've been putting off, either waiting for inspiration or a very serene mood to come over me. No such luck, no inspiration and the mood is anything but serene for I have gone into that zine to refresh my memory and... Well, I feel like bashing those two guys, but I'll try and control my emotions somehow.

FOULER - 7 From Greg Pickersgill and Leroy Kettle - Flat 1, 62 Elsham Road London W.14 (This is the address in the zine, but I hear that Greg has moved elsewhere since; I hope his landlady or lord will forward any money sent to the above address). Subs are 10p or 50p for 6 issues.

I'm stuck in front of the typer smoking away not knowing what to say about the damned thing! I suppose it's one of the most enjoyable zines around - tho why I'm saying 'one of' I'm sure I don't know for there aren't any zines like FOULER. It's been away a long time and now it's back and I'm glad to see it back for some unknown reason. FOULER isn't the only one to use the language it does, nearly every other fanzine seems to have followed those two like little sheep thinking they too will gain its notoriety. But it isn't the language which makes FOULER so different from the rest. It is of course its vigour, sarcasm, brashness and perhaps honesty occasionally.

In seven there are some terrible verses by Ian Maule and Thom Penman, and Greg himself makes some idiotic statements; one in particular springs to my mind - well, it would, wouldn't it... Women, says this male chauvinistic Pickersgill, do amazingly well in fandom, simply because they are women! Show me one well done woman in fandom Mister Pickersgill, and I'll show you a woman that deserves her 'success' (whatever that may mean). I'm thinking of Ethel Lindsay, the only female fan who's made it, if you must - and this surely a deserved 'success'. Anyway, a woman can't stop being a woman just because she happens to be a fan, if men react to women like men, it's because they are men, and I for one like it that way.

Be all that as it may, I thought your fanzine reviews, Greg, up to your usual standard, all except of ZIMRI, where sarcasm was much in evidence.. but then you are after all only a man and men are known for their intolerance of women who can do something better than they.

You Know You're Someone When by John Brosnan started out vaguely amusing but began to be boring half way down the page: and the Letter Column was slightly dated, but there, that was inevitable under the circumstances, and who am I to speak anyway.

A Foulner Public Service went to a lot of trouble to bring to light some obliterated page in WADEZINE. I wonder if Orr Dree guessed you'd do something like this and left it for the hell of it. If not, she certainly deserved all she got (woman or no) for she should have known you lot better...

And that is all I can say about FOULER-7, for all its faults - and there are many - it made me laugh, smile or fume with rage, which I suppose is better than nothing.

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this space is dedicated to the aesthetic  
Ian Williams  
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UP IN LISA'S ROOM: 2

- Checkmate says Lisa, decisively.  
It is, too.

- Another game? she asks sweetly.

- Yep. Masochist, that's me.

And she's off again, with a  
smart P - K4.

It's cosy in Lisa's room. We sit  
under soft lights, supping hot  
black coffe. The stereo blasts  
out the rhythmic complexities of  
Stravinsky's Sacre and drowns the  
fitful lashing of rain on the  
window panes.

I reassure myself. Haven't played  
for years, of course. Not since  
the kids started licking me, comes  
the black afterthought. I crumble  
inwardly: I mean I can anticipate  
the hoary traps of Fool's Mate  
and Scholar's Mate, but such  
esoteric matters as the Catalan  
System, the Minority Pawn Attack  
on the Exchange Variation of the  
King's Gambit Declined, and the  
Fegatello (Fried Liver?) Attack  
are beyond my ken. And there's  
lots more I've found in the rows  
of chess books lining Lisa's  
shelves. The day she referred to  
Bird's Opening, I naively supposed  
she's heard one of Charlie Parker's  
scintillating intros. Will I ever  
live that one down?

I return to the game to find  
Lisa's King Bishop on a menacing  
diagonal. Chess-wise, my only  
hope seems to be distraction. I  
attempt a prime ploy.

- How did you like my latest painting?

- Lovely, she says, but what is it  
all about?

I cope with the immediate threat  
before replying.

- One of the cardinal principles of  
geometry is that a point has no  
dimensions, and that a curve is  
one-dimensional and can, there-  
fore, never fill a given space.

- That figures, she muses, pondering  
over her next move.

- This iron conviction must be shattered  
I continue, warming to my theme.

There is a pathological curve  
supreme - the space-filling curve -  
which can only occupy the  
interior of a square, but gobble  
up the space in an entire cubical  
box. Select any point in a square

or cube. It can easily be shown that eventually, when the curve has been completed, it will pass through that point. And since this reasoning extends to every point, it follows logically that the curve must fill the entire square or cube.

- Checkmate, says Lisa.

- You weren't listening, I complain.

.....

Next day, I call in the bookshop and come out with a copy of "How to improve your chess - 100 illustrated tactical situations."

So watch out, lisa conesa.

harry turner -'72



# BOOK reviews

BEYOND THE FIELD WE KNOW - by Lord Dunsay - Introduction by Lin Carter - 299pp.  
Pan/Ballantine ISBN 0 345 09744 0 @ 40p

DON RODRIGUEZ - by Lord Dunsay - Introduction by Lin Carter - 274 pp.  
Pan/Ballantine ISBN 345 09743 2 @ 40p

Reviewed by GEORGE HAY

What is Lin Carter up to? The best Dunsay's work lies in the Jorkens series, and there's an end on't. In those tales the noble lord brought to perfection his gift for balancing wit with beauty, and both with tragedy. In these two books, now, there is much beauty, some tragedy, and the occasional touch of wit--but hardly ever the three together.

Clearly, there is a parallel between the development of, say, Yates--both started up to their necks in Celtic twilight; both finished with works from which you could not subtract or alter one word without ruining them. Come to think of it, this must be true also of many writing around their time--Arthur Machen would be another such. This is, of course, why they were not in the very top rank, or comparable with such men as Cabell, whose works can be read and enjoyed with complete disregard to the order on their writing--though not to the order in which they fall.

I do not wish to be churlish. One is grateful to Lin Carter for making these books available, and particularly for his research on the author, benefit of which he gives us in his introductory notes, in 'The Naming of Names', an Afterword to Beyond The Fields We Know, in which he usefully traces the influence of Dunsay on Howard, Lovecraft, Leiber et al. Even so, there is that in these books which is reminiscent of the worst of William Morris and eke of Lovecraft.

"And besides the flowers of Pegana there shall have climbed by then until it hath reached to Pegana the rose that clambered about the house where thou wast born. Thither shall come also the wandering echoes of all such as charmed thee long ago".

Tush!

In evidence of what I say, I refer you to 'The Kith of the Elf-Folk' and 'How Nuth Would have Practiced His Art Upon The Gnoles'--both from Beyond The Fields We Know, in which the author introduces us, not only to the Elf-Folk and the gnoles, but also to Mary Jane and the young curate, Mr Millings, to Tommy Tonker, and even to Belgrave Square. Magic has to transcend something, and that something must be the hum-drum, else the whole thing of its object. Magic has an object, you know, the distancing of that which we know by that which we do not. And how can you distance something if you do not even mention it?

And yet--and yet--the Dunsay who wrote these tales did have magic, if but unleavened. So I do recommend that you read at least the stories. As for

Don Rodruigez, I think you will have lost little if you pass it by. The stories are something else again.

Read them. And then--and it will not be easy--lay hands, by whatever conjuration you can manage, on the Jorken tales. Read, for example, 'A Princess of the Pharaohs'. After that, I think, you will be prepared to forgive the young Lord Dunsay all the tushery in the world, for the sake of what he was yet to write. And if the same be said of any us, in the days to come--why then, we are fortunate indeed.

George Hay.

CITY - by Clifford D. Simak - 255pp  
Ace Books no.10621 @ 75¢

Reviewed by EDDY C. BERTIN

One of the greatest classics of SF at last again available in this new Ace re-issue. CITY is one of those books which should never be allowed to go out of print. First published in 1952, it received the International Fantasy Award at the British Convention in 1953, with Takeoff by Kornbluth as 2nd, and Piano Player by Vonnegut Jr as 3rd. I suppose most readers know CITY, or have at least heard about it. If they haven't yet read it, I envy them the hours of pleasure a first reading will give them, even rereading it is an enjoyment compared to many recent SF novels. CITY contains eight connected episodes in the rise and fall of human civilisation and its replacement by an intelligent canine race. Old Webster, the human robot Jenkins, Lupus, they all come alive again when rereading these pages, told with the uncomparable skill of Simak, and his deep feeling for the essence of what it means to be human and to be civilised. Some of the stories, such as "Huddling Place" and especially "Desertion" may have a familiar ring from the anthologies but here at last they are in their correct perspective.

This book really doesn't need comments. If you haven't read it, you simply MUST. And if you don't own it, here's your chance to get it in an inexpensive paperback edition.

SCIENCE FICTION HALL OF FAME - ed by Robert Silverberg - 672pp; 26 stories.  
Avon Books @ \$1. 50

Here is one of those cornerstone anthologies reminiscent of the famous Adventures in Time and Space and the Crown editions of Conklin's huge anthologies. For once this big, fat volume lives up to its subtitle "The greatest SF stories of all time". The stories in fact have been chosen by a number of SF Writers of America, the official organisation to which almost all pro-authors who have ever published in the English language, belong, and out of the choices of 75 authors, 132 stories made the final ballot. From this selection finally these 26 stories were chosen as the top of the crop from 1934 to 1963. This is supposed to be volume one, novelettes and novellas are to follow. To the aficionado, many of the stories will be familiar, almost all of the names surely are: Weinbaum, Campbell, Del Rey, Heinlein, Sturgeon, Asimov, Bradbury, Leiber, Van Vogt, Keyes, elazny.. must I go on? Most of the stories are already established classics; again for once a back-cover blurb tells exactly the truth: "a basic one-volume library of the short SF story". An anthology every SF fan should own, and the ideal lending title to someone who still doesn't know what SF is all about.

Eddy C. Bertin

100 YEARS OF SCIENCE FICTION Book One Ed. by Damon Knight - 226pp. 10 Stories  
Pan Books ISBN 0 330 02982 7 @ 30p

100 YEARS OF SCIENCE FICTION Book Two Ed by Damon Knight - 179pp. 10 Stories  
Pan Books ISBN 0 330 02983 5 @ 30p

Books One and Two first published in one volume in 1969 by Victor Gollancz. Of the 20 stories in this collection - a collection which to my mind does not represent



the years between 1870 and 1970 - there is only one from the 40's - a rather poor Fritz Leiber story: SANITY. There are no 'new-wave' or adventure stories and only one - BLACK CHARLIE by Gordon R. Dickson - is set on another planet than Earth. No story by Cordwainer Smith, Aldiss or Zelazny... no, not representative at all. All the stories are easy to read tho and vary uniform in type.



Ballard is here with his VOICES OF TIME, as is Clarke with his NINE BILLION NAMES OF GOD; & the terribly long and terribly mathematical exercise: A SUBWAY NAMED MOBIUS by JA Deutsch. BLACK CHARLIE by Gordon R. Dickson is about an art 'expert' <sup>who</sup> travels from planet to planet 'discovering' objects of art, but fails to really examine foreign culture... Black Charlie is eventually executed for making an image of a man, by his own otter-like people.

Other stories are: Poul Anderson's THE MAN WHO CAME EARLY; Norman Spinnard's THE EQUALIZER; Kornbluth's THE MINDWORM; Algis Burdys' NOBODY BOTHERS GUS; Theodore Sturgeon's THE OTHER CELIA and THE SHAPES by J.H. Rosny aine and so on... All are divided into subtitles such as "Aliens on Earth and Elsewhere" or "Mutants and Monsters", do not expect to be astonished or surprised by any of the themes in these stories if you already read SF, if you don't I would recommend the next Knight collection for your initiation to the genre.

TOWARDS INFINITY - Ed by Damon Knight - 284pp 9 stories  
Pan Books ISBN 0330 23431 5 @ 35p

Every and each story here is a gem and a reminder, to me at least, of what it was that attracted me to the genre in the first place. RESURRECTION by A.E. van Vogt. The future earth has been whiped of life by some unknown disaster. Aliens arrive and try to resurrect some people in order to find the reason, the results are not what they expected... Bradbury's THE EARTH MEN; the Martians treat some visiting explorers from earth as lunatics who have imagined everything. This story is humorous and witty as is Ford McCormak's IN HIDING. In this collection you will find that lovely WITCHES OF KARRAS story, by James H. Smith; THE MAN WHO LOST THE SEA by Theodore Sturgeon (the only story by Sturgeon that I've never been able to finish, perhaps because I've read so much about it..); WHO GOES THERE? by Don A Stuart NOT FINAL by Asimov and Katherine Maclean's AND BE MERRY... Like the previous two books this one was first published by Gollancz in 1970.

THE LAST STARSHIP FROM EARTH by John Boyd - 188pp  
Pan Science Fiction ISBN 0330 23176 6 @ 30p

One of very few science fiction love stories that really work. Haldane IV a young mathematician, falls in love with a poetess, Helix. Marriage is impossible because the society is one of specialists where unions are determined by genetics and the Pope. A computer is Pope. They are discovered and Haldane is sent on trial, eventually sentenced to be deported to Hell; a distant planet. It's a facinating book as is the society which Boyd invents. Read it, it really is a must.

THE SPACE-TIME JOURNAL Ed by Judith Merrill - 206pp 21 items  
Panther Science Fiction 586 03837 X

"First British publication of a dazzling SF anthology" says the cover; "Explore new levels of multiplex mystery in inner and outer space in these stories by some of the brightest and the most..." etc, etc., boasts the back cover. What we in fact do have here, is a selection of stories from Miss Merrill's

anthology ENGLAND SWINGS SF, published by Doubleday in '68. Most of the authors here are British and include Brian Aldiss, Chris Priest, Ballard, and Keith Roberts amongst many others. The styles are impressionistic and sometimes surrealistic. If you enjoyed New Worlds sometimes brilliant modern poetry, William Burroughs or J.G. Ballard this book is for you.

Also received:

From PAN SCIENCE FICTION:

THE PALACE OF ETERNITY by Bob Shaw - 172pp ISBN 0 330 02962 2 - 30p  
GALACTIC POT-HEALER by Philip K. Dick - 156pp ISBN 0 330 23337 8 - 25p  
THE PRESERVING MACHINE AND OTHER STORIES by Philip K. Dick - 286pp - 35p  
THE WITCHCRAFT READER edited by Peter Haining - 219pp ISBN 0 330 23335 1 - 30p

From PAN/BALLANTINE:

DERYNI CHECKMATE by Katherine Kurtz, Introduction by Lin Carter - 302pp - 40p  
DERYNI RISING by Katherine Kurtz, Introduction by Lin Carter - 271pp - 40p

From PANTHER SCIENCE FICTION:

TIME AND STARS by Poul Anderson - 169pp - 5 stories - 25p  
E.E. 'Doc' Smith's classic Lensman series GREY LENSMAN - 256pp - 35p

From PANTHER HORROR:

THE HUNTER OF THE DARK and other stories by H.P. Lovecraft - 256pp - 10 stories  
plus Introduction by Derleth.

Some of the above will be reviewed in depth in the next issue of Zimri.

lc

## POETRY

### SO MANY

times we strain and groan  
trying to produce emotions  
before death or  
our children or  
our loves  
we think they think that we should have

like Waterhouse  
convinced the public wished him to  
rebuild star-bright and thousand-turreted  
Atlantis

who have the world the  
Town Hall, Manchester

steve sneyd - '72



JOHN HALL JOHN HALL JOHN HALL JOHN HALL JOHN HALL JOHN HALL JOHN HALL

WHEN YOU HEAR THE THUNDER ON THE HORIZON GET YOU OVER TO ALDGATE EAST

Hard running,  
We lay at the foot of the hill,  
listening to the gunfire in the air.

Televisions in front rooms,  
showed pictures of burning Rolls-Royces,  
and gunships cruising low over Soho,  
picking off snipers on the rooftops.

So, hijacking a Circle Line train,  
just behind the Grays Inn Road,  
and clattering into Aldgate, we  
looked down the road and saw them.

They stood, automatics at their hips,  
waiting for the barricades to be completed,  
while old dears loaded 'ZIP' firelighters into prams,  
and the dockers drank glasses of black stuff in pubs.

Later, in sight of the Tower we perch,  
on the roof of the Mint, guns loaded,  
armoured cars with slitted lights look,  
out at us from the makeshift barriers.

"Corporal, put that light out!"  
and the green uniform bashes at the street light,  
with a rifle butt, succeeding and falling,  
to the street in a pool of blood and intestines.

Flashes of gunfire lighting up the highway,  
as we retreat along it with corny jokes,  
about not far to Essex soon, only fewer,  
laughs at the punchline now.

Now, on my own, running up flights,  
and evermore flights of stairs in the block,  
of flats, I can hear you crying in my head,  
"Help me, you sod ---HELP ME !!"

Hard running,  
we lay at the bottom of the hill,  
listening to the gunfire in the air.

\*\*\*\*\*

## ORATORIO

The flower of winds has gone mad  
swept by currents of air  
some created by screaming multitudes  
demanding bread  
change of factions  
or someone's throat  
Gone mad  
swept by currents of air  
some pierced by flying missiles  
some trembling with bullets

The flower of winds has gone mad  
swept by currents of air  
created by voices  
asking for mercy  
and voices of the condemned  
whispering of the desperate  
Air currents  
from the flapping of arms  
which thought they were wings  
and lips thirsty for water  
drowning in sand  
Currents created  
by contentious speakers  
the weeping of despots  
scraping of pens on cheque books  
the playing of trumpets at dawn  
the reaching for injections  
through the stammering of morphine

The flower of winds has gone mad  
swept by the currents of air  
by faithful vows  
giggling of the harnessed  
gestures pushing visions away  
and from placing of hands  
on tight bellies  
That's where the currents came from  
and that's why the flower of winds has gone mad

### 1st Soloist

Shall I be a new Simon  
and on a steel mast  
be the witness of time  
live in a plastic and glass basket  
and like radar sweep with round eyes  
over the withering bodies below



2nd Soloist

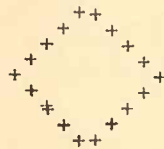
Darling your apple-round hips  
a peeled apple throwing white light  
The only light in the darkness of night  
I'm hurrying towards it like a lost soldier  
Next to it I'll melt  
to be born again  
and know peace  
in the black night

1st Soloist

To be a fountain of flowers  
cascading perfume  
on the body of a man  
who is tired and sleeping  
touch him with a petal  
he'll wake lazily  
to drop a kiss  
white at first  
crimson  
to reach black ones  
Then to drop down  
and to be the damp earth  
cut by a spade  
Steam with a scream  
and then with silence

Chorus

The flower of winds has gone mad  
over a peaceful place  
ornamental hills of crystalised salt  
rivers flowing with blackness  
like a shining loud-speaker  
with gestures of a dancer  
circles a space-ship  
and a child's voice is asking  
where to where to



lisa conesa - '72

# A COMMERCIAL CLOCKWORK BANANA

by: john brady

"A terrifying novel", it says on the cover of the Penguin reissue of Anthony Burgess' A Clockwork Orange... 'Now a terrifying film'; to which the most apt reply to my mind is ROTTEN FRUIT and a commercial banana into the bargain.

I suppose my annoyance is primarily directed (n.p.i.) at Stanley Kubrick - whose Dr Strangelove and 2001 A Space Odyssey I found to be pathbreaking efforts, which largely succeeded in broadening the scope of science fiction cinema. With Fahrenheit 451, and now the magnificent Soviet Solaris, the only thing necessary to complete an outstanding decade of SF films seemed to be Kubrick's latest and, one fervently hoped, best. Sadly it was not to be and I doubt if Burgess' book, which went practically unnoticed in SF circles back in '62, can be blamed. Neither can Malcolm McDowell who gives one of his best performances as Alex - the chief character.

Perhaps Kubrick is happier with the flimsier artistic structure that was developed in Space Odyssey. At any rate he seems to have opted for a straightforward realisation of the narrative (including the fairy-tale ending), albeit without quite so much of the so-called NADSAT language. I say so-called because it seems to me that both this, together with 'therapy' in the story and the film, are incorrectly used to describe a simple argot or slang on the one hand, and - far more serious - to suggest that a brainwashing onslaught on a human psyche (however evil) could be considered as therapy by any future medical profession. on the other.

Even if you scoff at the concept of evil, remember that Burgess has made a central issue - in his book - out of man's free will as understood in the Judeo-Christian ethic. I quote: "A Clockwork Orange was intended to be a sort of tract, even a sermon on the importance of the power of choice.....

Theoretically, evil is not quantifiable. Yet I posit the notion that one act of evil may be greater than another, and that perhaps the ultimate act of evil is dehumanisation, the killing of the soul -- which is as much as to say the capacity to choose between good and evil acts." \*(<sup>1</sup>)

All of which I find as subversive as that old song by Flanders and Swan entitled: Eating People is Wrong! And unless you are a stanch follower of Skinner, Eysenck et al, you can't be terribly uptight about a human race which still numbered cannibals among its members at the same time that that Beethoven was writing his Choral Symphony with its all-embracing vision of the Brotherhood of Man.

Which brings me to the music chosen by Kubrick to accompany the cinematic images or is it the other way 'round? Recalling Cocteau's remark about not being sure whether the music is driving the images forward or vice versa as criterion for a good synthesis of both, and you may agree with me that after the tour de force of 2001, A Clockwork Orange can only be regarded as backsliding. Apropos of which the celebrated scene of Alex 'putting the boot in' while he is 'singing' in the rain' has nothing like the artistic impact Kubrick achieved with the final nuclear holocaust in Dr Strangelove and 'We'll meet again'. Also the effect of juxtaposing Carlos' moog synthesised 'Nineth' and the original was a gross miscalculation, as was the replacement of Burgess' fictional music by the same piece



which Alex uses as an aphrodisiac. Some aphrodisiac! Incidentally, the description of his feelings at this point in the story ("Oh, it was gorgeousness and georgeosity made flesh.." etc) is one of the most poetically brilliant passages in the book and oddly enough one of the least dependant on the ubiquitous NADSAT.

More generally the chronology of atmosphere and decor in the film seems confused. Having got off to a cracking start with Alex in massive close-up imbibing with his droogs in the Korova Milkbar which quickly leads into the controversial 'ultra-violence' ending with Alex being caught; Kubrick seems to abandon any further attempt to create a continuing future and the rest of the film, especially the prison sequences, struck me as decidedly old-fashioned with crude caricatures substituting characters, and the director playing straight to the gallery. What, for example, was the point of the chief guard asking Alex "Are you, or have you ever been, a homosexual?" in a prison practically bursting at the seams.. Apart from a laugh, that is. At least Burgess is more consistent here in portraying the prison as an even more violent system within society although his idea of a chaplain could have come straight out of Joyce's Portrait of the Artist. Godfrey Quigley - appropriately named actor in the film - couldn't help but draw attention to this possibly unconscious spot of plagiarism.

Another crucial departure from the original is the episode when Alex picks up two 'devotcheas' in the disc boutique which Kubrick turns into the 'fastest fuck alive' a la William Tell by Rossini. As Burgess wrote it, Alex is so completely himself that one of the girls ends up by screaming "Beast and hateful animal! Filthy horror!" Similarly what is one to make of Kubrick's version of Alex's assault on the cat-woman with a large phallic sculpture - symbolically or otherwise. Again, crude sexuality is my verdict and the fact that the cinema audience lapped it up is only further proof of the director's bogus intentions.

So, if I may flog my metaphor one more time, the glossy skin of Kubrick's Orange peels away to reveal an artistic disaster which gave this writer the pip, with the exception of one brief sequence which you may remember. Before Alex is shown the Nazi war atrocities under the Ludovico Treatement, Kubrick shows us an excerpt from that infamous Nuremburg Rally precisely cut to the march from Beethoven's Choral finale. For thirty seconds I was rivetted with the horrible realisation of good and evil mingling together via the sight and sound of German genius. Memorable irony, but only achieved thanks to the artistry of Leni Riefenstahl and (as they say) a cast of thousands.

John Brady - '72

\*(<sup>1</sup>) Quoted from Clockwork Marmalade by Anthony Burgess in THE LISTENER, 17th February '72, No.2238.

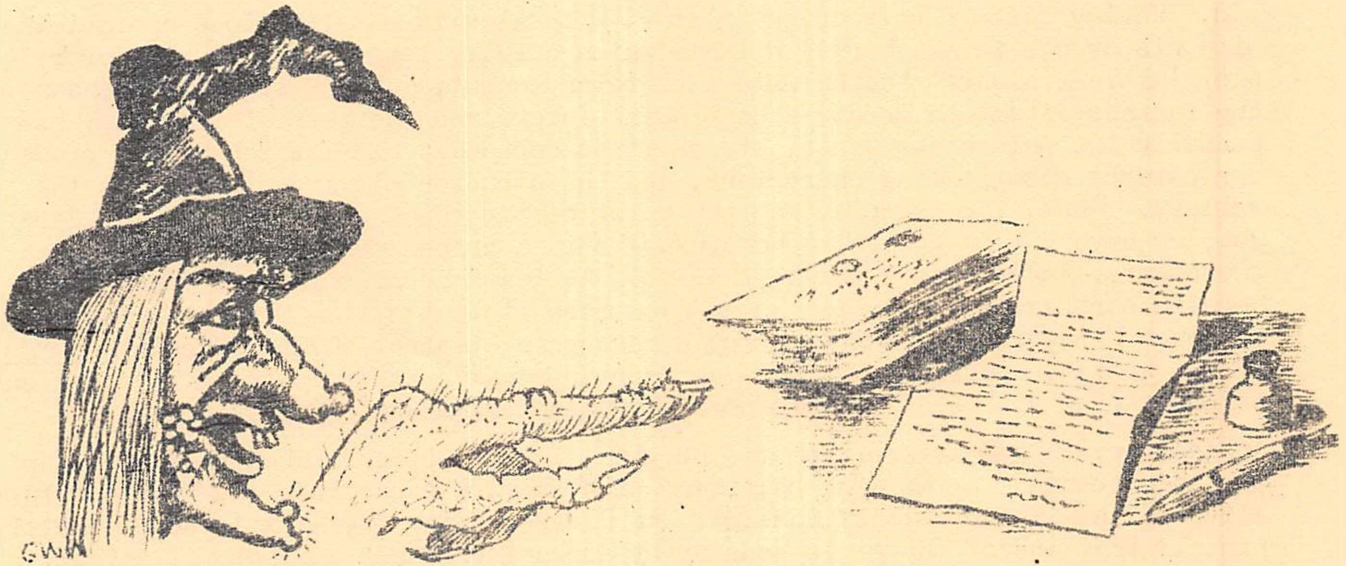
=====

In the next issue of Zimri John will discuss SOLARIS-U.S.S.R., Cannes Film Festival 1972. Directed by Andrei Tarkovsky; screenplay by: Friedrich Horenstein and Andrei Tarkovsky, based on the novel by Stanislaw Lem; produced by Mosfilm Company, Moscow ('scope and colour).

"Russia's answer to 2001, not in its display of space hardware but in the speculative quality of its ideas. . ." --Penelope Houston, Sight and Sound.

and

Your editrix here will attempt to review and compare the book, both in English and its original language - Polish. SOLARIS you may remember was first translated into French and then into English, much must have been lost in the translations. All shall be revealed in Z-5 !



JIMINDIRA GHRANDI, "HOUNDEL" - Somewhere in England. . . . .

I am delightful to receive by courtesy of British GPO Postal Service and person or persons unknown a copy of "This Space Reserved IMRI" , no letter enclosed but "R.S.V.P." in green ink on envelope (A Pakistani friend informs me means in other European language, reply is appreciated. Excuse abyssmal ignorance of european language).

I am delightful to comply and thanking you very much for your kindness in sending magazine of which I had already heard. In fommenting on your magazine I am disadvantaged by ignorance. This must explain why in 30 pages of LoCs no-one seems to say anything! /=Well, now that you are here Jain '! ' s might start looking up for ZIMRI =/

Yes, I have elucidate 'LoC' and understand that in 'Fandom' such abbreviation is necessary to cope with speed at which 'fen' have so many valuable things to say. . Buy why spelling is distorted as in 'Ghod', 'faaan', I do not understand. AT first I think RACIALISM is policy of your magazine to prevent non-British persons understaining. But then I think this cannot be so, since in Sleeper Revived Charles Partington is "nauseated" by racialism of H.g Wells (once ~~thought~~ to be of mercury). This, of course, is very good and in accord with fashion to expose. I, personally, will not sleep easy in bed with my three wives in Volverhapmton until the national news is read by 'coloured' persons and the abominable BLACK & WHITE MINSTREL SHOW abolished. /=Not that anyone could blame you for not sleeping easily in bed wiff your three wives Sir. \*/

Excuse question, please. Your magazine is edited by Lisa conesa, elsewhere called editrix and Contessa (not British?)? I had heard that this lady does not exist and is HOAX ! Elsewhere, I hear rumour that this femafe fan is 'hunched backed, swarthy, thick-set and thick-lensed spectacled fe-male and mouth and finger-nails stained with duplicatiorgink and a nervous twitch', (And 'thick') like all female 'fen'. Yet now I hear that she is very beautiful blonde lady with green eyes which play chess and have many suitors. Tell me, please, which is true? I think perhaps more likely she is elaborate hoax, since in all 79 pages of magazine, no single IDEA, of Lisa I. Conesa, or signed article emerge. I think that Andrew M. Stephenson is editor, ( or i: not, does all work involved , and should give conesa a ROCKET!). /=Hah! Give me the rocket, did y-er say? It ~~seems~~ that Amee



has jumped on the Racket himself and gone to prodom away, away... As to whether I'm a "HOAX" et cetra, let me put your mind at rest. I am in fact the most beautifully delightful creature you could possibly imagine; warm and sweet, a nymph prancing around my garden with flowers in my hair and between every other tooth --- I can boast there at least. A rare sight for mere mortals to behold, for between the odd parabasis (I sing too, in most melodious of voiced, or so I gather by the number of pussies who join in the choruses), I slink over to the ivory chess set under the fountain, flash my one green eye --- the other one being shocking pink --- and make my next devostatingly cunning move... And at n-i-g-h-t.... but there, why go on, I doubt that you - or anyone else here - could take more ~~centy~~ at one sitting, your three wives might find it ifficult to compete... I should ruin a perfect relationship...



A STACK OF FANZINES UNDERNEATH THE BOUGH,  
A TUBE OF INK, A MIMEO, AND THOU  
BESIDE ME TYPING AT A WORLDCON ----  
AH, WILDERNESS WERE EGOBOO ENDOW !

Samuel Long '72

SAM LONG - BOX 4946 PATRICK AFB, FLA, 32925 U. S. of A. ....

I take issue with Andy on one word only: 'gymnocrat' means 'ruler of naked men' in Greek. 'Myocrat' from 'myocracy', the ruler of muscle, might be a happier coinage, despite the fact that Sword and Sorcery book cover paintings are notable for the absence of clothes there in.

Jack Marsh caught Heron Books' cameon excellently. Most people would find those books such as you find offered on the back of the Sunday Times Magazine a frightful bore, and rightly so. And they would definitely not be wafted to distant shores and sights of bare-breasted babes by the good Capt Cook or Marco Polo. They wouldn't even be amused.

Is cannibalism repugnant to you -- either to eat or be eaten? What about eating the Body and Blood of Our Lord? I should not like to be ~~slaughtered~~ for food, but if I were to be killed and eaten as a religious rite whereby the partakers would mystically gain my courage and virility and so forth, I would go to my death less unhappily, for so to die is to be enroyaled, even deified. And if I were an esteemed visitor at such an occasion and bidden by my hosts to eat of the victim with them, well, I'd do so, tho without enthusiasm. They say human flesh tastes like pork. I wouldn't know.

Jack missed a chance by not dreaming up some Heron Book-type come-ons for SF books:

Stranger in a Strange Land 'Read about Jubal Harshaw's extraordinary harem--be there when the Man from Mars learn the Facts of Life...etc.'

ANDY DARLINGTON --- 44 SPA CROFT ROAD, OSSETT, WEST YORKS WF5 OHE . . . . .

Slight disagreement with Charles Partington about THE SLEEPER REVIVED. The novel is great - but as analogy. Criticising the means that Wells utilised to get the character into the future is like criticising Orwell for writing about pigs and horses that talk in ANIMAL FARM. Such criticism is meaningless and irrelevant. Does he really want writers to go back to the '50 thing of taking six pages to describe the method of star-travel used by the hero? Is it not better to just take up a few lines, as Asimov does, and just mention 'hyper-travel' in passing? Back to Wells - he wanted to put an 'outsider' into the future society, so that the reader could identify, to gauge the reaction by his reaction to that society. Wells wanted a conventional critic to be thrust into that unconventional society. Does it really matter how he does this? The principle of such literary nit-picking is irrelevant. Criticize what Wells said and how effectively he said it by all means, but keep it in perspective to the motives behind the story.

Despite the criticism I enjoyed the article, and the magazine. /=Ta.=/

. . . . .  
CHRIS MORGAN --- 405 BANBURY ROAD, OXFORD, OX2 7RF . . . . .

Maybe you printed every item you were offered, or maybe you rejected piles of cr\*p (see, I'm trying to help by doing my own bowdlerising), leaving Zimri-3 high and dry as the tip of a paper iceberg. Either way, the result is patchy, showing that you just didn't have sufficient good material to run to 79 pages. /Thankyou for bowdlerizing at least, even if it did cost me half a bottle of corflu before I got it spelled right..!/=

The front cover was really good, while the inside art varied from excellent to poor. Andrew your pics are infuriating (as I know you have been told before). Some things you draw are gorgeous, while others (like faces) you never seem to get quite right. Even allowing for the fact that you must have dashed off certain pics very quickly, in cartoon style, there are several in that Z-3 could have done without. The same thing applies to the other artists, all of whom seem (I can't read all the signatures) to have dropped the odd bollock. (Sorry, my bowdleriser slipped on a patch of thin ice as I was urging it on to greater things.) /= Hope it didn't do itself a mischief, I was getting quite fond of the thing.=/ The best bits of artwork are by Dave Rcwe on pp. 23,49,71 & 74.

Book reviews: as one might expect, George Hay writes an excellent short review (perhaps too short) of two Bradbury collections. --- Thanks for printing that Bradbury intro, Lisa --- /= My pleasure Chris, you are the only one who mentioned it, thus I'm thrice rewarded that I'm not alone ... ..=/ Roger Johnson wastes a page on Phoenix, concluding that it isn't worth buying, though he writes quite constructively. On the other hand, Alan Burns crams three books into one page, doing justice to none of them. He writes shallowly and shows himself up as a literary philistine (and a cretin, to boot). (I am prepared to deal thus with anybody who refers to one of R.A. Lafferty's best stories as "totally incomprehensible".) May I suggest Andrew and Lisa, that you commission book reviews in future, rather than printing any old rubbish that happens to come along. /= You may indeed suggest Chris (to me at least, Andy ain't no more, no more..), but your suggestion is late cos I already commission book reviews; ever since copies started arriving from publishing houses, my reviewers get sent their books and I ain't having no for an answer. 'Appen you'd like to review some for me lad..?/=

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It would be nice if the Purple Flash, that faanish superhero extr'ordinaire, could solve the mystery of Clive, but I'm afraid he, even he, would be unable to. Who's the Purple Flash? He's Ghu's earthly Agent. - Sam Long.



JOHN BROSAN --- Flat I, 62 ELSHAM ROAD, KENSINGTON, LONDON W.14

I rarely let faneds who don't even trouble to send me a copy of their fanzine, but don't let it worry you too much. / = No, it doesn't - not too much. =/

A nice looking issue of Zimri. Very nice indeed. A pity that the contents don't measure up to the appearance, but finding written material to match artwork of the quality that Andrew and Dave produce can't be easy, I'm sure. Firstly the editorial, possibly one of the best things in the issue though I disagree with most of what Andrew had to say.. Also he gave the impression that he considers sf to be divided basically between Analog type stories and sword & sorcery. As for Analog...it has stunk, stinks and will no doubt continue to stink. It would be marvellous if, as Andrew claims, Analog was a magazine of pure ideas but it is far from being that. Campbell may be dead but his mental straightjacket goes marching on. Analog takes ideas and spews out in a Campbell-approved form...you read an issue of Analog and the whole thing could have been written by one person. There's no individuality within its pages, no experiments, no feeling, no soul. Just the same boring theme about wily engineers (preferably American) outwitting the dumb ol' Universe. Fine if you happen to be a wily engineer, I suppose. / = Great pity Andy isn't here to give you what you deserve - a good argument; unfortunately my views the not in total agreement with yours, I do agree with you in part - much as I dread to admit it. =/

.....

ALAN BURNS --- GOLDSPIKE LANE, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, NE2 1NQ .....

I'm still trying to sort out what Andy Stephenson is trying to say in his editorial, mainly that he likes what he likes. / = And knows it? =/

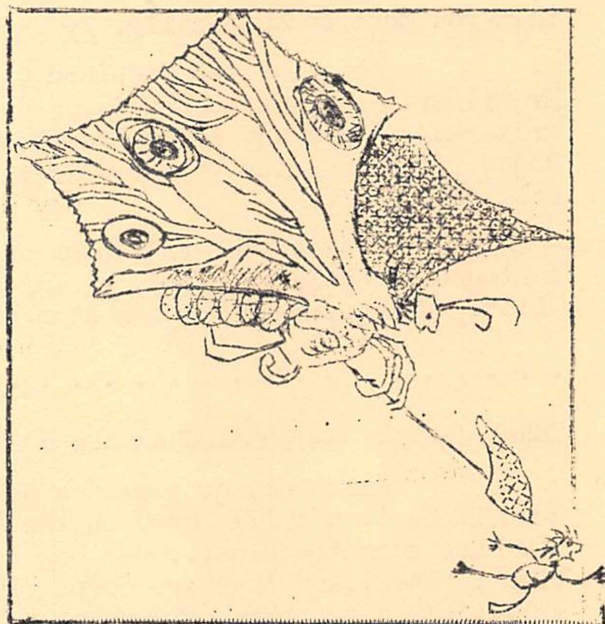
Freedom by Glynn, hmm "Oh for the wings of a swallow, and the filthy backside of a crow, I'd fly over hill and o'er hollow, and bomb all the people below." And the Mercurial poem should be inserted up the author's left nostril and ignited.

.....

ANDY NORTHERN --- 33 ELIZABETH STREET  
WAKEFIELD, YORKS, WF1 5NE

The whole sf scene, or rather the small bit of it I've seen, is very much more lunatic and light-hearted from others, though at times this light-heartedness does have a tendency to spill over into an excess of inane ranting and rambling with nothing really 'creative' forthcoming. Some of the language used honestly evades me: what the hell's an OMPazine? Ghod, talk about esoteric!

/ = Ah well, Y'see it's all a part of not being part of the mundane world and isn't it wonderful man! Every faction, be it those interested in pop, jazz, Art what-have-you. has a lingo of its own. Look at the medical profession (the most respected) even they have a language of their own... Anyway OMPA means Off-Trail Magazine Publishers' Association, an apa, originally all British. There is more information on Faanish Terminology elsewhere in this 'zine; and I hope you find it all as fascinating as I did. =/



In my ignorance I always thought sf zines would be full of articles

on rockets and Flash Gordon - all very neat and very sterile. But my illusion is shattered! What do I find?: a motley crew of beer-swigging thugs, perverts and baddies hell bent on expanding their egos and writing about orgies in obscure hotels, themselves and very little else. Not sterile at all.

/= All this makes me feel like a gangster's moll without a gangster. But you are right we are not a bit sterile and yes bheer is a faanish drink, ain't we lovely tho...? As for fanzines being more science fiction orientated there are some which are, CYPHER and SPECULATION to name but two - see 'The Perfect Judge' in this issue. =/

.....  
JOHN SPINKS --- FLAT 4, HILLSIDE CLUB, 50/54 MILL HILL RD., NORWICH NOR 16G ..

Zooming In. Christ, more bleating about the bush (or rather Globe) from Holdstock. Obviously a follow-up in his attempt to become No.1 black sheep by ramming home his message, and fleecing everyone of their self-esteem. If yew know what I mean.../= Aauuuch, and I thought Sam was a master pun-maker! =/ However, anyone that writes as well as that deserves success.

Kevin Hall's Lady Of The Morning is definitely worthy of a mention. Can't remember when I last read anything so beautiful. He's obviously a veritable blank verse Tennyson.

.....  
ROJE GILBERT --- 14 COPLEY CLOSE, MURTON, SWANSEA, SA3 33L .....

Once again, enjoyed Rob Holdstock's Globe piece. Would have been better written by me, as people would read much more nasty things into it if my handle was appended, even if the words were unchanged. /= Like the seal of approval of the Good Housekeeping Institute? =/

I'm afraid Holdstock is too much of a nonentity to make any lasting impact. /= !!! you must be after a feud Roje, I'm partial to feuds and know the outcome of this one before it starts/

Thankyou, Terry, for seeing the point of The Advantages Of Infamy; thankyou most enERGetically. /= What's this, a terrible pun epidemic? =/

Who is Peter Presford ? I've never heard of him. Inform him that Mr Gilbert is my form of address until I've made him into an enemy, then he may write Roje. /= Who is Mr Presford? A difficult question to answer. Tell me Roje, if your enemies call you Roje, strangers Mr Gilbert, what do your friends call you? =/

"Goldspink" is a form of logical paradox. Since it is a condensed sentence of "gold is pink", a blatant untruth, so "Goldspink" is a synonym for "Lie". Which probably means Alan Burns doesn't live there at all.

.....  
TERRY JEEVES --- 230 BANNERDALE ROAD, SHEFFIELD, S11 9FE .....

Muldowney on prozines was pleasing, entertaining, and also very good.: even if he is a trifle hard on the 'bad distribution' complainers. Many mags DID have such troubles...even now I have to chase Analog's sub department every time I renew..and they are currently sending me two copies of each issue (luvv-erly). Even so, his basic point is very true. Before all else, you must have a saleable product...and for my money, the Moorcock New Worlds was never that. As for VOT, well, sadly I must agree that the artwork was its best feature.. but I continued to buy it to give my two cents worth of support in the hope that it would develop...and still I regret its passing. /= Funny, I did the same with New Worlds which I didn't always enjoy but thought it to have some brilliant features from time to time. It was fresh, new and alive. It should have lived



longer and with a little more support it might have grown and allowed to develop, but... The present form is not as alive I feel, besides the size denies experimental layouts and artwork. Its all very, very sad..=/

.....  
DAVID BRITTON --- 33 COOPER LANE, BLACKLEY, MANCHESTER,9. ....

How do fanzines differ, from the Daily Mirror?

Is it not a dilemma?

Who are these well intentional souls, those soporific thinkers who purloin the pages, who haven't a clue as to what's actually happening, but mince into print at the first flash of a stencil? A fresh coat of paint and here they come, all the Mercers and the Jeeves, all the no talents pontificating away just like they did ten and twenty years ago. Will nothing but death cease their mediocrity? How depressing.

The aimless five year cycle seems to have begun again with a new brace of fans equipped with the same blunt heads worrying that nursling of literature into a state apoplexy. Who gains? Who cares? Limping on crystal crutches MACROCOSM claims that, with a bit of inspiration and complete ignorance of the good quality 'speculative fiction' mags around, maybe he will save the day. Would Rob Holdstock have the courage of his convictions and be so quick to rush into print with this dreadfull stuff if his mag was all litho and costing him a £100 or so, I doubt it. And for everyone who knows nothing about fantasy there's that bastion of good taste and authority SHADOW. Can they really believe it? Really.....One thing these mags do is raise a laugh - albeit an hysterical one.

ZIMRI does not set itself a particularly high standard on all fronts and consequently one can not take it seriously. There have been thousands like it before and no doubt an equal number will follow. The kind of fans attracted to a zine like ZIMRI are not the type to initiate change. Quite the contrary in fact they are probably the kind who keep large areas of the genre in its permanent moribund state. One reviewer in ZIMRI informs his readers that Carnell's latest 'joke' book can be highly recommended, and the co-editor goes on to cite ANALOG as a science fiction magazine valid in the nineteen seventies. You get more serious SF ideas from one page of RUBBER NEWS than in a dozen copies of ANALOG.

ZIMRI started off with some interesting pointers, indicating that it could have transended its more fannish items. Articles on Stravinsky and comments on Ballard, fantasy, etc. You still possess contributors capable of extending ZIMRI'S points of reference, but not if you allow the zine to follow the lines set out in the editorial.

The sad thing is that you could, and probably will, go the way of all the other myriad fanzine editors and drop out disenchanted in a year or so.

.....  
PETER WESTON --- 31 PINEWALL AVENUE KINGS NORTON BIRMINGHAM B38 9AE .....

I think the one item I enjoyed most in the issue was the Clive Aldiss revelations. I have no idea how you managed to get involved in this heart-breaking exchange of letters but it showed a new side of the Aldiss character. No wonder the poor chap has committed suicide, what with his family wiped out and then seeing all my own snipping at him throught the pages of SPECULATION. Of course, you haven't heard that Brian had committed suicide, had you? I have a full report in my forthcoming issue. / = Ghod! Pete, you gave me a real scare, icy fingers reached my very marrow the first time I read that..wow.!=/

Otherwise... there's a lot of Rob Holdstock in the issue, isn't

there? I found his CHESSMANCOON report better than his fictionalised account of Globe meetings (or as the In-Crowd call them, ever since a famous typo in an early Speculation, Glob-meetings) perhaps he had more to say about Chester. Some bits of that con report are hilarious; I'm thinking of Rob's mention of the BFSa AGM, and Ken Eadie "squirming.. in the front row". Mind you, I do think Rob might have mentioned me; when my super radar-vision scanned through Zimri looking for mention of my name (or of Spec, which is the same thing) I stumbled upon Rob's reference to Cypher and the fact that we 'fight tooth and nail for top billing!'. Really, I am surprised - there's never been any contact between Jim Goddard and me, we haven't competed for material, and I suspect we send our fnz. to largely different audiences. On the other hand, Rob's memoirs of the Globe are more consciously stylistically written; and they demonstrate that Rob is fast becoming one of the most accomplished writers on the fan scene. I fully expect him to 'go professional' any time now. /=But haven't you heard/read Pete, Rob has 'gone professional', or do you mean by that a full time pro? =/



I would like to pick up Grey Boak's contention, that British fanzine is still infested with crudzines. I disagree; and in fact if I might generalise a little, and switch from the subject of Zimri /=! =/ to the state of British fandom as a whole, I think the situation is far more promising than it has been for an awful long time.

When I entered British fandom at the end of 1963, the order of fanzines was crumbling. At least it seemed an 'old order' to me - although perhaps to fans of even older vintage, those very titles of 1963 were themselves Johnny-Come-Latelys. There was Ron Bennett's SKYLARK Newsletter, which admittedly lasted until about 1965, and there was Ethel's SCOT/HAVERINGS combination, which as we know is still going strong. And there was LES SPINGE, although this had by now adopted a very infrequent schedule. That was almost all there was - aside from a dying OMPA.

No wonder the sudden influx of newcomers set up shop in isolation from the existing fandom as it was. Because this wasn't a particularly healthy situation, feuds were begun, people dropped out before they'd properly started, and an awful lot of rubbish was published because, I think, that there was little around in the way of Good Examples. In other words, I'm saying that British fandom went through a sort of unhappy rebirth in 1964 or so.

This activity didn't last, and from then until the last year or so I've shared Gray Boak's depression with the state of British fanzine fandom. At a time when fandom has been growing rapidly in numbers - the size of conventions is a pointer to this - the number of fnz titles has remained fairly static, and most of those have been poor.

And yet there has been a quiet revolution taking place, one which I must confess I had not noticed a month or two ago. One by one, a number of talented people have been emerging, each in their individual ways, until suddenly we find that once more - Hurrah! - we have an independently viable fanzine fandom over here. If this continues I think that before long we shall have something to contribute to the World Fanzine Scene, something that has been lacking too long.

Not convinced? Then look around. Aside from Zimri itself, we have fanzines like TURNING WORM, MAYA, LURK, EGG, CYNIC, MACROCOSM, Malcolm Edwards with his revived VECTOR, VIEWPOINT, all of which are not yet perfect but which each show talent in their own ways, and all of which are far from being



crudzines.. This is not even counting 'zines with which I'm not personally familiar, such as CYPHER and HELL, and which I'm not therefore competent to judge.

In human resources, we suddenly have new artists again, people like Andrew, Dave Rowe and one or two others. /- Er.. like lc for instance? .. ego, ego go away..=/ Writers like Rob Holdstock, John Brosnan, Fred Hemmings (he's good - read that Blancmange Bashing thing in V-8 ) and lots of others.

As for the place of Zimri in all this? Well, I don't agree with Graham in that it has no backbone. Perhaps he is more correct to say that its editorial policy is rather undefigned... and this is the way I think you should keep it. There will always be a place for the non-specilaised fanzine, and in many ways they are the life-blood of fandom, bringing in new people from all over the place who might perhaps be turned-off by a diet of serconism or fannishness alone. I see Zimri as a counter part to the currently most successful US fanzine such as Granfalloon or Energumen, with perhaps a similar slant but a lot more life than Yandro. As such your competition is going to be with MAYA and LURK primarily, and perhaps with EGG; thus leaving CYNIC, TURNING WORM and VIEWPOINT to fight it out (tooth and nail of course) for the more in-group fannish reporting.

/- No, I don't think I agree there --- MAYA is far more in-groupish or faanish than ZIMRI is ever likely to be, so I've lost that round before I start. As for LURK, well, maybe... I would have thought that VIEWPOINT is much more like ZIMRI in its editorial policy so far, but then my editorial policy changes with each new co-editor, now of course a n y t h i n g may happen. =/

PETER COLLEY --- 2 BRISTOL AVE  
LEVENSHULME MANCHESTER M19 3NU

Dear Lisa & Andrew (& Grey)

I think Roy Kettle's favorite saying is apt here. You utterly silly fucker Boak. /- Tut, tut. =/ Why don't you read before you comment. I did not say British fanzines are the best in the world, or anything like it. If you like hurling insults make sure you know what you're talking about first, instead of just telling me to know what I'm talking about when criticising your zine.

Zimri Eds: If you do not print the above, at least, do not bother sending me another copy of Zimri again. Do not be so stupid enough to print what is in the bracket here. ( \*\*\* )

Dave Rowe tried something a bit too hard with the Fancy Dress illo. I know it is difficult trying to draw faces from photographs but he hasn't got the faces right on many of the people, notably Pauline Dungate, Marsha Elkin, Dave Rowe, and that is definitely not Linda Lewis, in face or body ! Not very good at drawing women are you Dave ???



" If this young man express himself in terms too deep for me,  
Why, what a very singularly deep young man this deep young man must be! "

GRAY BOAK --- 6 HAWKS ROAD KINGSTON UPON THAMES SURREY 1KT 3EG . . . . .

You claim to be editor, so must accept a fair part of the comment. In short, if you're an editor, THEN BLOODY WELL EDIT, WOMAN! Z-3 ran off the mouth. Layout was a shock - cramped and boring to look at. Contents were inferior - Rob's two and Jack Marsh's being the outstanding exceptions - and reviews uninformative. I feel that unless you can say something critically important about a book, or unless the book is exceptionally bad or good, then don't do a

review. The letter column should have been Z3's highpoint,

but.... You and Andrew said too much, you drowned the letter-writer in a sea of verbiage. The Golden

Rule here is to keep your comments until

the end of the letter - if it cannot

easily fit there then it most probably

isn't worth saying anyway.

Placing your comments at the

end of a paragraph is an

acceptable compromise, if

done in moderation - commenting

in the middle of

a paragraph is an unforgivable

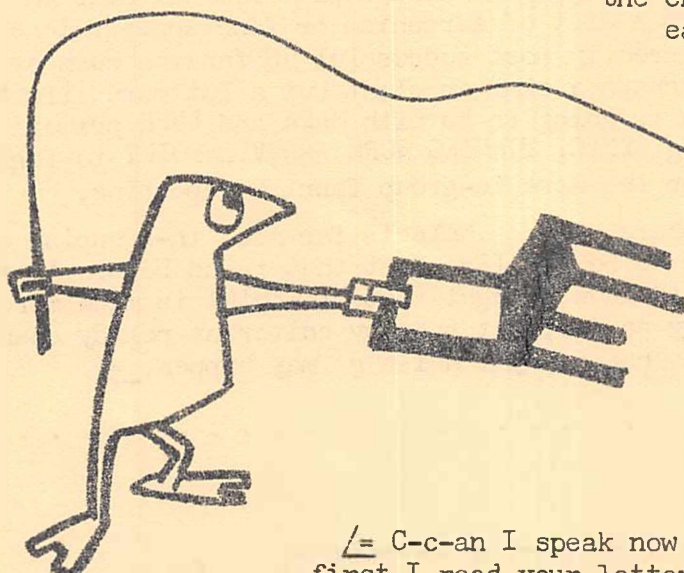
sin. ~~WAAAA~~. Fortunately

you didn't do it to my

letter - else my wrath would

have curdled the milk of every

cow in Cheshire.



Ames

/= C-c-an I speak now Sir? I agreed with you Gray when first I read your letter and thought at the time that I'll take your advice but in practice..well, you've seen for yourself, I just can't keep quiet, especially when people are having fun with me. Though I do try to listen in silence when someone's being serious, will that do for a start? =/

ROB 'BUGS' HOLDSTOCK --- 15 Highbury Grange LONDON N5. . . . .

Hi there, and this, as you can probably detect, is my LoC on your MAMMOTH zine! I approach the task, I must admit with some trepidation. It would be easier to criticise the Holy Bible, but its too late for those guys to change their direction, so with gritted teeth...

Report on Plague A. Suffers from one thing. Editorial impatience. Sorry folks, but it has to be said. The CRUCIAL letter, that from Prof Hopkirk in the very first instance, was not printed. Reading the series I could not say with honesty that I would have followed it if I had no previous knowledge of the 'orrible events disclosed within. The cartoon illustration, though, was quite one of the best Ames drawings I've seen, and managed just about to drag my disappointed and depressed depths due to the lack of Ames drawings of any excitement in the magazine. I imagined that between you you'd wrap up the artwork, stun the readership visually with some pieces of pen and ink compositions par excellence. What happened to them??? The Fans cartoon in the middle of the letters, on recollections, was tremendously clever... Back to Plague... I'm glad you ran this because some of the letters are funny on their own, and of course I mean the Clive A letters. It was nice of Clive's 'agent' (I wonder if he took ten percent) to allow you to publish them... a sort of tribute, or should I say tribube? Alright, alright, it wasn't THAT bad. /=Oh no?! The letter you mention was - as you know - lost, then found but too late for printing. I enjoyed the whole thing so much whilst it was happening it never occurred to me it might not



be clear as to what was going on. But yes some folk were a bit confused, on the whole though it was much enjoyed, judging by the comments received. \_=/

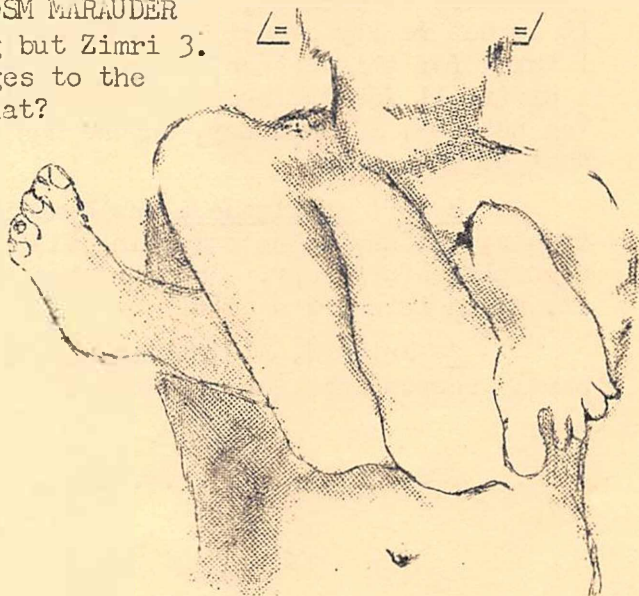
I'm not sure if 'old 'try-and-shoot-me-down-if-you-can' Roje Gilbert is condemning the 'focussing on insignificant things' of fandom or saying that this is good. I suspect the former, in which case he is struggling with logic and being defeated. Quite obviously fan writing DEPENDS on insignificant data, events, sayings, trivial things etc. because this is where the fun is. If I write a Gon report for the Sunday Times I write about the programme, criticise the format, try and decide where the conversational emphasis (at the Chester Con it was Pollution, I'm nauseated to say). If I write a report for Zimri I write about the smaller people, even so small as Kettle and Pickersgill. I pick on idiotic things and blow them up, I quote out of context. I try (I emphasise TRY) and make people laugh. Laughing not so much at the person I'm jibing at, but laughing with ME. Nobody suffers from fanzine con reports, or Globe analysis, or anything, not if the author has his responsibilities right. I might crack at Roje, but if he takes that to heart then he's paranoid. If he tries and comes back with force at me, then he's even more paranoid. I see a lot of this occurring in the letter columns. Everybody has got to have the last word, and it weighs heavy on their minds if they can't. I suppose I'm trying to do that now, but to show my good humour I'll give Roj the last word. Roj: You're a nauseating, small minded, unfunny, cretin Holdstock. There! don't say Rob Holdstock doesn't ever do anything for people.

/= I bet you two really love each other to destruction. \_=/

.....  
JAMES GODDARD --- WOODLANDS LODGE WOODLANDS SOUTHAMPTON HANTS. ....

The most unforgivable fault in Z-3, one that should have been corrected - but wasn't, one that should never have been allowed to occur, and one that is glaringly obvious. Ahhhh, what? She asks. Yes what indeed. I almost didn't write a loc when I discovered this fault, almost; but then I decided it was better to correct your stupendous failing than let it pass, after all, IF I correct it, you Lisa, can take personal responsibility and make sure it never happens again, can't you? Then if it happens again, I can ostracise you can't I? Or even worse, CONFISCATE YOUR CHESSMEN; and how would you like that? /\_= Just you keep them hands off me chessmen Ghodot...=/ What is this fault? Ahhhh, shall I tell you? 'Shall I? /\_= Jeeez! this guy believes in dragging it out, can it really be the Jhim we know and love from CYPHER...?=/ Well, answer me this, will you (and no excuses), Why, Why, does CYPHER only merit about 13 more mentions than the Bible: There's something seriously wrong here, correct it.

A more apt title for this issue would have been ROB HOLDSTOCK, or THE TERROR OF THE MACROCOSM MARAUDER or THING HOLDSTOCK RIDES AGAIN, or anything but Zimri 3. Do you realise that you devote about 14 pages to the sproutings of this man. Did you realise that? And how much more in the issue was by him, published pseudonymously? I'm even beginning to think that Lisa Stephenson and Andrew Conesa are Holdstock pseudonyms! Is there a corner he hasn't insinuated himself into? I see it all, it all shows between the lines, THE LIBERATED FEMINIST by Alan (side) Burns Holdstock SLEEPER REVIVED by Charles Holdstock Partington, THE GOURMET by A. Gramam Holdstock and J Holdstock Wilson. Your perverse plans are foiled LISA HOLDSTOCK. /.. \*tsight\*=/



There are a number of contradictory facts in Phil's Who Will Kill The Prozines? that should be brought up. Phil points out that the original anthologies sell quite well, and so does ANALOG; and then later he said that the other magazines don't do as well "because they lack reader appeal"--and not because of poor distribution. Yet, if one compares the original anthologies and ANALOG, there are really no similarities--the type of stories and authors in them don't overlap. Yet, if one compares the anthologies with the other magazines, you find a great deal of overlap. Is it "reader appeal"--or distribution? Also, while the magazines don't sell well, the stories and novels published in them do, and are often reprinted many times, indicating their popularity. Very few stories are reprinted from ANALOG anymore. The "Best From--" anthologies issued by various magazines do very well--F&SF's has been in existence for twenty years! Again, is it reader appeal --or distribution? If it is reader appeal, then why these contradictions? Why do AMAZING's reprint magazines sell nearly as well as its present magazine, when their obvious crudity is apparent almost to anyone? Another thought: it has been estimated that half of the readers of a magazine buy it once, and that's it. They're "non-repeat" buyers. "Reader appeal" (unless you are talking about Big Names and good cover paintings) won't work on them--but distribution will still be very important.

Why should magazines survive? If you view them purely as packages of short stories (which I think is mistaken) it won't matter to you if they're taken over by things like ORBIT. But I don't view them that way -- I view them as a gestalt, as a synthesis of serials, artwork, reviews, features, plus short fiction, all rolled into a single package with a unique personality of its own. That's why (for me) AMAZING is so good -- but ANALOG operates this same way, while ORBIT definitely does not. I think their unique appeal is worth preserving, don't you? Many people have remarked how much they enjoy the artwork in AMAZING, and I'm sure Andrew would be disappointed if ANALOG quite publishing all of the art they do; and so would I.

PHILIP PAYNE --- UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OXFORD OX1 4BH . . . . .

Seventy six pages! What the hell are you trying to do, cripple the postman? I dread to think how many hall floors had to be replaced after that monster fell through it. Still it was probably worth it.....

I don't think Andrew's idea of how a fan judges a story is quite accurate. He seems to imply conscious selective blindness, b t it is more an unconscious thing. If you read a story, you look for meaning and for interesting new inventions or societies, right? So if you pick up a book like, say, The Rune-staff, you don't ignore the action and adventure because it's not what you like, you ignore it because, to you, it is irrelevant in the judging of the story. It is not really selective blindness, just a different way of looking at things, I think for this reason, Andrew (or anyone else who thinks like him) will have a difficult job trying to meld 'hard' and 'soft' sf, but good luck in the attempt. The nearest, I would say, anyone had come to it was Zelazny in Jack of Shadows. What do you think?

Report on Plague A was beautiful, but who the hell wrote it? Whoever it was, get him to do something else for you. By the way, I hope you sent BWA a complimentary copy. Only trouble with it was, there wasn't much to say about it, which is why I didn't.

/= Brian W. Aldiss did indeed get a complimentary copy since he was partly responsible for the Report.



ARCHIE MERCER --- 21 TRENETHICK PARC HELSTON CORNWALL. . . . .

Regarding the word Zimri - it reminds me slightly of Zemmary. Everybody should know what the Zemmary Fidd is like, what happens there - and what once happened there. / = Well, I'm afraid I'll have to plead ignorance once again, even Andy didn't know... does anyone? =/

I have decided to disapprove of Heron Books, having read Jack Marsh's thing concerning them and their oughsome works. Not that said works hold water in the light of day of course. (Metaphors mixed while you wait.) They produce some splendid-looking "either;or" categories, for instance, which exclude me altogether as outside the human race. Other things being equal, I'd far rather enter a room with a blazing fireplace than one with central heating - but the idea of having to endure "a day of skiing" first does not appeal! (Rather go water-walking.) Also, Heron's advertising is in fact degrading - devaluing, if you like - some excellent books. Adventures of Marco Polo, ~~fastest on the sea~~, is an enthralling book, and I am quite prepared to believe that Capt. Cook's Voyages is likewise. The casual reader of this Heron-ad, however (heronde?) could be forgiven for running a mile or more to get away from the prospect of either. /((A nautical mile of course?))/

H'm, quite a lot of lettercol. Re Terry the Jeeve's "congratulations", I seem to recall that once when I was editing VECTOR I asked him to do a heading reading NOT-~~J~~MPETITIONS. Terry then passed the stencil straight to the duplicationist, so it was not until too late that I saw what he'd put - NOT-~~C~~OMPETITIONS. If you ask him, he'll probably explain that that was not really a typo either, simply the standard Jeeves-way of spelling "competition". / = It seems I'm in excellent company here... =/

. . . . .

DAVID ROWE --- 8 PARK DRIVE WICKFORD EXXEX . .

.. SIN in Space is not a reprint of Gunner Cade. Sin in Space originally appeared as MARS CHILD in Galaxy during 1952, then as SIN IN SPACE, "An Expose Of The Scarlet Planet" by Galaxy's Beacon Books in 61; then as OUTPOST MARS on 4-square in August 66.

GUNNER CADE was also serialised in Astounding 1952 and printed over here by Vic Gollancz in 64 and Penquin in 66. And for all their 'Golden Age of Pulpishness' they make better reading than LOTR !

. . . . .



Excuse me Miss Conesa  
I heard you were in need of a  
co-editor, so if Brian Aldiss hasn't  
got the job . . . . .

JOE PATRITZIO --- 7 OAKWOOD ROAD BRICKET  
WOOD ST ALBANS . . . . .

Brian Robinson mentions Gunner Cade being sold on its sex content; sex content?? I read it in Astounding and I can't remember any sex -- I must have been very young.

What Rob writes about Greg Pickersgill is very funny. I've never met Greg Pickersgill. I'm glad.

Bernard Shaw didn't agree with Cy Chauvin (no funnies please, it's too obvious); Shaw reckoned that only fiction worth writing was didactic.

JOHN N. HALL --- 53 NASSINGTON ROAD LONDON NW 3 . . . . .

I think we have hammered this LOVE STORY bit into the ground BUT Andrew's comments after my LoC leave some room yet, I regret. Firstly I have read the offending bit again and will concede that I might be the thickest sod that walked the earth, but it was not at all clear to me, Lisa, that the exploitation of emotion was what was upsetting you.

/= As you say John, we hammered the subject BUT just so you won't think I'm running away from the argument I'll just add that the thing bothered me most was the fact that Segel exploited the emotions of the public by pandering to it. That this sort of melodrama was not representative of "our day", and that it did not deserve the publicity and public interest it got when there are other much more important works gathering dust on the book-seller's shelves. More I cannot add since I said it all in that editorial...=

I thought that Alan Cocker of three lines was amazingly good. It reminds me of that epic piece by Adrian Henri:

FOR DIEDRE

I've just about reached breaking point  
He snapped.

. . . . .  
JON HARVEY --- 18 CEFN. ROAD CARDIFF CF4 3HS . . . . .

I am purely a fantasy fan - I used to read SF and still do in the cases of Delany and Disch, but I found the field very restrictive in its thought. What do I mean by that? Well, for example, take Brunner's The Dramaturges of Yan which I read in its magazine printing. I disliked it because it bored me, as well as falling at the end with which, I think, both SF and fantasy fans would agree. It bored me because Brunner introduced concepts of fantasy which he treated as if they were totally new. He knew. Because this was SF, he treated them as being 'ultimate', restricting their use so that they did not become implausible, categorising and analysing them where possible - trying to give them explanation so that they would sound plausible to the fault finding mind to the "technoctacts".

Because my own work is tied up too much with science, although it does allow me a bit of free thought, I prefer to let my imagination run free, as it should, to know no boundaries, and this is the attraction of fantasy - there is no 'impossible' in it. In one of Joan Aiken's A.A. Milne-type children's stories, there is a girl who follows a talking owl's flight on a bicycle only to realise after a while that she has followed him in his flight up into the air. She comes to a large, ornate doorway in the sky, through which she cycles into an imaginary land of great heroes, meeting heroes from fiction as well as legend and fact. This is free imagination which is let to flow at its own rate, not slowed down by trying to answer stupid questions like, "How can an owl talk like a human being, when its vocal chords will not allow it to?", "How can a bicycle and girl, both of which have greater densities than air, float etc.," and "How can an ornate doorway be suspended in mid air.." and "How can one explain the principle of teleportation that allowed the girl to travel into a land where non-existent people exist?" Who really wants to know, as long as it is happening and imagination is running free? It is like someone coming up to me and asking why I use imaginary numbers and how can I use them in something like the wave equation of the electrons in some atomic or molecular system when imaginary numbers cannot exist in any material sense?

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\* Archie Mercer: "Toth Phenman's aphectations of style I phind phaguely  
\* oph-phutting."  
\* . . . . .





