

ack. 20-14 F



ZYMURGY

This is ZYMURGY, f, brought to you by Dick Patten, 2908 El Corto SW, Albuquerque, NM 87105. It comes out about 4 times a year, maybe. (if I can ever remember to buy some ink) It can be had for articles, artwork, locs, trade, damn near any form of acknowledgement or as a last resort 35¢ (3/ \$1).

Next to your name and address there is supposed to be a circle and in that circle there is supposed to be a letter, if they are there this is what it means. T- trade, M- you are mentioned, R- please review, C- you are in the issue, P- you paid for it, K- Mk reviewed your zine, S- sample. If there is nothing next to your name you should know why you got it, if you don't how do you expect me to, hell it's your mailbox you found it in.

If this is marked ~~X~~ this is your last issue, unless you do something.

Now is supposed to follow a well thought out and layed out TOC. The only problem is I don't feel like doing it. It's 104 outside and that's too hot to do any thinking, for that matter 22 is too hot for thinking. So I will list the contents as I thumb thru the typed stencils. Page 2 & 3 are my nonsense. Page 4 has a piece by Harry Morris, who also did the cover, and a short thinge by Sheryl Golden. Page 5 has "I was a junior G-man for Kellogg's corn flakes" by Roy Tackett. Page 6 is a couple of things Kathy brought home from work. # 7, 8 and 9 are filled with SCIOLOGISM, Mike Kring's happy-go-lucky fanzine review column. Pg. 9 also has a hand traced (by me) illo from Marci Helms. Pgs. 10 & 11 has an article by Loren MacGregor that I lifted from a loc. 12 has a couple of book reviews, one by Roy Tackett (HORT) and one by me, also another illo by Marci (again hand traced, and possibly butchered by me). "A Pavane of Zymurgists" by Walter Williams is on lucky 13, I don't know if this is a column or not, Walter never got around to telling me, oh well, I only do the typing anyway, maybe by nextish we'll all know. Page 14 and a little of 15 has another article by Roy (I just noticed he has three pieces in thish, maybe I should have included a mini-DYNATRON this time) "The Closer of The Way." The rest of 15 is taken up with a couple of more of my book Reviews. Pgs. 16 thru 20 is the lettercol, Strange Brew. In the locol this time are, Mike Glickson, Jodie Offutt, Loren MacGregor, Marci Helms and Ben Indick.

I hope I didn't forget anything thish, but we all know better. I don't know what it was yet but I know there is something missing. If any of you happen to notice what it is let me know and maybe next time I'll get it right. That's the way I look at fanpubbing anyhow. If I ever do put out a perfect issue I'll probably have to quit, they'd never let me publish from the hospital after the heart attack.

Anyone passing thru on the way to Westercon or Worldcon is welcome to stop by and visit awhile.

BUBBLES FROM THE POT

Some of you (well maybe one) might wonder why there is no logo this issue. The same some of you might also wonder why the last paragraph of this page is done to shorter margins than the rest. Believe it or not there are reasons.

It starts with the fact that my garage is slowly but surely turning into some sort of a fannish shrine (workroom?? nightmare??). Harry Morris lost his head entirely and bought a Chief 15 photo offset press. That in itself is not bad, BUT, he had nowhere to put the thing. It's about 6 ft long, 2 feet wide, and four feet high. Starting to get the message yet?

You're right! It would just fit nicely in a garage. Well we came to the same conclusion. I agreed readily that that was a fine solution to the problem. One small thing I forgot, I was the only one there who had a garage. After all I already had a 25 year old ABD 420 in the garage, what's one more printing contraption. The press was delivered forthwith.

Harry has this feeling that he should pay for things. We all keep telling him that he's being un-American but that's just the way he is. He kept offering to pay rent for the garage and I just hated to see him suffer. He might get a complex or something. So we worked out a deal. He had this nice electric Gestentner sitting around his house doing nothing so I told him to bring it down and we'd install it in a place of honor, and I would use it to put out Z; that would be his rent. In more time than it takes to tell about, but less time than it takes me to type it, the deed was done.

While this was going on I sent some good art work by Sheryl Birkhead, Marci Helms and Debby Stark off to be electrostenciled. (I sent it off because I can get it done much cheaper than taking it to a shop in town.)

I took apart the Gest. because it wasn't working right and typed some pages on the few remaining ABD stencils I still had. (This page was one of them.) I worked on the Gest for about a week and finally got it working right, I think. I typed the rest of Z on the 9 hole stencils and prepared to run the thing off on the two machines.

All this time I was waiting for the electro stencils to get here. Of course they didn't (in fact I don't have them yet). So I hand traced a few illos that Marci had sent recently (sorry Marci, hope they turn out okay) and started printing. The only problem I still had was the space I had left on this page for the logo. I just threw the stencil back in the typer and filled in the blank with nonsense.

Everything was fine untill I was almost done with the ABD 420; I ran out of ink. Now the 420 is an open drum pad type mimeo, that uses a liquid ink. The Gest. 160 is a screen type that takes a past ink. I had a choice. I could go out and spend about \$5 for a can of ink, or I could throw away the 10¢ stencil and type another. As much as I hate to type I hate to spend money more, so...

What I wrote here is nothing like the original except for the last paragraph. I had to type it the same so this page would match up with the next one. Now, I hope all the questions you didn't ask are answered, and damn it I am still a couple of lines short.

Just to fill up the space I'll tell you what the people in my business call typers. (My business, in case you don't know, is fixing these things.) A regular electric is called an ET (ever see that before) and a selectric is called an SE or a 72 (luckly I don't have room to say where 72 comes from).

It does my heart good to know that all the politicians in the US are outraged by the lack of morals of our great leader (??). I mean isn't it great to know that there is not one single senator or congressman who would ever have to worry if every conversation he or she had was taped. Of course none of them ever uses BAD words, and perish the

thought that any one of them ever considered doing something that might be illegal or contrary to the basic beliefs that made this such a great perfect country.

In a time when some people feel that god is dead it is wonderfull to know that in one city right here in this great moral country there are hundreds and hundreds of people who could replace him, with only a small amount of training.

The cover to this issue was done by Harry Morris. As I said before he is keeping his press in my garage, he decided to do some experimenting with color work, naturally I was not going to complain when he used the cover he had done for me.

I have never seen how color work was done and I found it fascinating. Since he was trying different things it is not as perfect as the work he usually does, altho that bothered Harry a lot more than it bothers me.

Mike Kring, who knows something about printing(he did it in school, or some such), Harry, who is an expert, and me, who didn't have the faintest notion of what the hell was goin on, played arround for a couple of hours with the press.

They ran paper through that thing every way but edge wise. Putting ink in, taking it out, mixing varnish with it, hell, there's even an attachment for spraying corn starch.

All that activity was also mixed with a dart game. (Somehow I have never been able to convince Kathy that I am supposed to be all grown up. For xmass a few years ago she gave me a dart game. Of course I play with it, but what's that got to do with it?) Those two may know something about printing but I beat them at darts.

Time to put in a plug for Bubonicon 6. GoH: F. M. Busby (I just finished his book, "Cage a Man", really enjoyed it. Even if you can't get to Bubonicon to meet this old fan and new pro, you should read the book if you get the chance.) The con will be as relaxed and informal as usual. We have a pretty fair program but nothing to get in your way. It is going to be at the Holiday Inn Midtown and they have already dropped the price of the rooms to \$11 for a single. With all the new motels being built around herewe might be able to get the price down to \$10. Wouldn't count on it but we can hope. The energy whatever might have some uses after all. For info write Mike Kring, PSC #1, Box 3147 KAFB East, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87115.

This is going to be just a little shorter than usual. I am in a bind for time and I want to get this out as soon as possible. I have some artwork sent off for electrostenciling but I don't know if I will get it back by the time I am ready to finish typing the stencils. (Yes I type the editorial first, that way it is over and done with so I don't have to worry about it.) If you see illos you'll know I got them back in time, if you don't you'll know I didn't.

I apologize for not putting my name and address on the last issue. I type that page last and by that time I am usually in no shape to remember anything. I did realize I had forgotten about ten minutes after I put them in the mail.

" KC in 76"

Have fun.

Dick

While Listening To My Favorite Painting
by Harry Morris

Sad windmill bones spun the secret threads of conviction over the silent conversation of two young rain-girls as they moved from tree to tree in the National Gallery; their bell chamber minds rusted with the songs of the black painting suspended from the floor. Each had foretold the other's doom in fine castels of ebony feathers while the moon showed radiantly through the cracks under their fingernails; the rays signaling to transform strange thoughts into ice sculptures. The eldest was to have cloaked herself in devil's skin and thusly perish when the glue coated underside became porous and the bees from her always handy umbrella sought to enter through the sticky openings thereby filling her damp insides with the wax of silence. The younger, and far more negative sister was predicted to die as the sun-swarm found itself halfway between the cap of the polar night and the changing tides of the outermost ocean, its reflecting points at exact position to melt her forrest-soul into puddles of musical notes should she choose to stand idle in the magnifying spot (which is where she was not, and could hardly be expected to move). Without any undue formalities they bid each other goodby, and proceeded to unchain their innermost desires to build a subteranian temple of remembrance after their death. As the temple grew blackly from the corridor, filling up half the contentment with the sour sound of it's round bulk, a lone prince found his tears turning into roadmaps of Rhode Island, yet not deeming it possible to unfold his eyes to follow the directions he carefully lithis ganite pipe in an effort to follow the blue smoke signals. Despite his precautions, a minor eruption occurred, sending a shower of sparks over the table; and he ran quickly to the windows to make certain no lava had spilled into the room which was now brightly lit by the beaks of many birds who had been visiting the newly born tomb. While there strange songs surrounded the prince he began to notice the unusual formations of grains which were planted the feilds west of his castel; the crops seemingly were taking on the shape of a large vacuum-cleaner and drawing the stars out of the skies. What a magnificent present these star-jewles would make for the memory of the sadly departed sisters he evilly thought as he undid his third finger in an effort to keep from exploding. Blowing it up with the aid of a nearby pelican, he now had acurly bag in which to carry his cracked treasures. But as he stood pondering his good fortunes the flagstones beneath him had siesed the opportunity to encircle his feet with their metal roots, and he was fastly becoming a tree; which of course made the bird beaks dearly happy because they would now have a resting place to spread their fears. So it came to pass that the fruit from this princly tree would fall and rot and poison the castel walls, so whomever would pause to taste of the walls would die most horribly, but not before turning into a golden orchid. As these orchids became more numerous throughout the land their branches intertwined to meet the bridge above the rainbow, where the lost sisters had come to play with their bonnets and bows, filling the earth with neon laughter after each storm

Harry Morris

DEATH

I am death, I am feared by all. I have the power to give life, the power to take it. I have choices to make; who to take and who to spare. When the faith of one is so great I cannot take them, I must take someone else. I must keep the balance of life. They don't understand they need me. I don't see why this life is so important to them. Maybe I should take a holiday. I am so lonely, maybe if they understood me they would not resist me so. Why do they cling so to life? I am death, no one can stop me. I am the King no one may stop me

Sheryl Golden

I WAS A JUNIOR G-MAN FOR KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES

by
ROY TACKETT

Or maybe it was Post Toasties. It is difficult to remember after 40 years. What jarred my memory in the first place was a TV flic titled Melvin Purvis, G-MAN and we can sneak it into this fanzine because one of the co-authors was William F. Nolan, a sometime SF author. I am sneaky but I play the game. Material in fanzines should have some connection, however slight, with science fiction and I sometimes have to strain to make the connection but I do.

Melvin Purvis, G-MAN was a Bonnie and Clyde type flic, set in 1933, all about the lawmen chasing the gangsters. In this case it was Melvin Purvis as the hunter and Machine Gun Kelly was the quarry.

George Kelly was a small time punk from the South noted mostly for his penchant for the Thompson sub-machine gun. Parenthetically I must admit a certain fondness for the Tommy gun myself. It was one of my favorite weapons back in the days when I was a practicing warrior. Kelly and his gang attempted a few bank robberies, most of which gained him little. I really don't recall how high on the list of public enemies he got but he was further down the ladder than the Barkers or the Barrows or Dillinger, of course, everybody was further down the ladder than Dillinger.

Kelly finally achieved notoriety by putting the snatch on a rich Chicago playboy. The gang hauled him off to Arkansas and that brought in the G-Men.

Next to J. Edgar Hoover, himself, Melvin Purvis was the top-dog G-Man in those days. Purvis made his reputation going after the low-number Public Enemies. He caught up with Kelly in Memphis. Later he was one of those who, they say, got Dillinger.

...They say. John Dillinger was Public Enemy Number One and Hoover had staked the reputation of the FBI on taking him out of circulation. There is no question that the FBI shot someone but you'll still get a lot of argument as to whether or not it was actually Dillinger. The face didn't mach (plastic surgery, they say) and the fingerprints didn't mach (he tried to change them, they say) but it was loudly proclaimed that Public Enemy Number One had been rubbed out.

After that Melvin Purvis retired from the FBI and hooked up with one of the cereal companies. For a couple of boxtops and ten cents you got a "Junior G-MAN" badge (oops, make that a "Melvin Purvis Junior G-Man"), a membership card, a picture of Purvis and other goodies.

In the 1930's we didn't play cowboys and Indians. We played G-Men and gangsters. Trouble was that nobody wanted to be the G-Men. We all wanted to be gangsters.

OK, now you're Pretty Boy Floyd and you're Clyde Barrow and you're Machine Gun Kelly and you're Legs Diamond and I'm Dillinger.

No. I want to be Dillinger.

Yeah, you were Dillinger last time. It's my turn to be Dillinger.

The Public Enemies were folk heroes. We were in the depths of the Great Depression and the Public Enemies were ordinary folks who were attacking the system. After all, they didn't rob people...they just robbed banks and things like that.

Near the end of Melvin Purvis, G-MAN, Kelly's wife tells the rich playboy they had kidnapped: "Sure, George is a killer and a bankrobber and a kidnapper and so am I. But it's you rich trash that made us that way. You spend more in one week than we make in our entire lives."

They say that's the way it was in the Great Depression but things are better now. They say...

Roy Tackett

The handwriting on the wall is often Greek to most of us.

Olin Miller

A FEW BRIEF RULES

Kathy brought this home from work last week. It is good to see that the county medical center is keeping everything under control.

IN VIEW OF NUMEROUS INQUIRIES TO YOUR BOARD OF DIRECTORS REGARDING "STREAKING", THE CHAIRMAN HAS ADOPTED THE FOLLOWING REGULATIONS:

Streaking will be permitted as follows:

Female employees will streak on odd days.

Males on even days.

1. Girls who have tatoos on the lower half of their bodies such as "sock it to me" or "what you see is what you get" will not be able to streak, due to inspection regulations.
2. Men with tatoos such as "let it all hang out" will not be permitted to streak. Also, men with tatoos of butterflies, roses or elves will streak with females.
3. Junior executives may carry their briefcases while streaking; however, the usual rules apply- junior executives may never carry any business papers, but may carry the usual, such as box of kleenex, lunch, wife's shopping list, and/or playboy magazines.
4. Girls with bust sized larger than 38B must wear a bra while in the file area, or around any Xerox machines. Girls smaller than 36B should not try to impress people by wearing a bra.
5. If you streak in any area where food is served, you must wear two hair nets. These will be available in the vending machine near the cafeteria.
6. In the event your physical make-up is such that your sex cannot be determined, you must wear a tag stating "I am a girl" or "I am a boy". Tags will be attached on girls with hair pin or paper clip, on boys with a rubber band. Please return paper clips and rubber bands to stationary supplies after you finish streaking.
7. Girls may wear jewelry while streaking, but in no case should they bend over to retrieve it, should it fall. (Due to insurance regulations.)
8. No female beyond her seventh month of pregnancy, or those wishing to become pregnant, may streak.
9. No mixed streaking in dark hallways, broomclosets, or under desks,

WHAT DID YOU SAY?????

I am writing the welfare department to say that my baby was born two years old. When do I get my money?

Mrs. Jones has not had any clothes for a year and has been visited regularly by the clergy.

I am very much annoyed to find you have branded my son illerate. This is a dirty lie as I was married a week before he was born.

I am forwarding my marriage certificate and three children, one of which is a mistake as you can see.

My husband got his project cut off two weeks ago and I haven't had any relief since.

You have changed my little boy to a girl. Will this make any difference?

In accordance with your instructions I have given birth to twins in the enclosed envelope.

(These are actual quotes from letters. I haven't made up one word of them. dp)

SCIOLISM

Mike Glicksohn (see lettercol) has a few comments I feel I should respond to.

For one, it seems as if Mr. Glicksohn missed the first issue of Z in which I reviewed zines (#d). In that issue, I listed my likes and dislikes, and said, in effect, "this is the way I am, and this is the way I'll review." I don't feel it's necessary to repeat my prejudices over each issue; besides, I thought I made enough comments in the reviews to give a major idea of what I liked. Or disliked.

Maybe I read myself wrong, but I thought I DID leave it up to the reader (as if a fmz reviewer could influence anyone at all) to try or not to a particular fmz. I do fmz reviews, but I know they are superfluous. They're about as useful as a sky hook. I do it because I like to, and have fun doing it, not because I think I'm actually serving some dire need in fandom. (Sheesshh! In my opinion, anyone who thinks any type of fanwriting does that is in dire need of a shrink.)

Perhaps listing what's inside a zine and giving a brief description of what it is isn't enough for the reader to grasp what it's all about, but if the names are well known, or even if they just ring a bell somewhere, the general tone of the text so listed would then become somewhat known, to a certain extent.

As for being rude, well I don't know. I may come across that way (I'm not denying it), but what's wrong, pray tell, in voicing your displeasure? Besides, I've never claimed to be sweetness and light.

Bill Bowers does print his zine's material to please Bill Bowers, and my review of OW#18 was a little sharp on the SFWA matter. But then, again, I plead emotion. I dislike the way some famous authors will use fmz editors who are nice enough to print their whines and whimperings. I'm not saying (and I don't think I implied, either) Mr. Bowers was wrong in printing them, I just said, in effect, "I sure as hell wished he'd never printed them." But I'm not a BNF and haven't had years of fanwriting to get my semantics straight enough to imply what I want all the time. I slip every now and then. (Like about every other sentence.)

What if a person has never seen an issue of the zine under review, then wouldn't a partial listing of the contents, a brief description of same be helpful? This is one thing I feel fairly strongly about, now.

Everything I write in SCIOLISM is pure opinion NOTHING ELSE! I've given the meaning to sciolism once, but if you're curious or have forgotten, it means "surface knowledge, shallow learning, quackery, pretender to learning." All from Webster's. It gives a brief idea on where I'm at.

Well, nothing else to really say, so I'll get down to reviewing. Well, actually playing around.

S' & F/TV #6:: Beth Slick; P.O. Box 5422; Orange, CA 92667::: available for locs, trades, 40¢, or 4/\$1.50.

This has got to be one of the most specialized zines I've ever seen. It's nicely printed and concerned with exactly what the title says it is: t-v shows which deal with stf or fantasy. There are reviews, comments, listings, and synopsis (what is the plural of that word?) of shows which have been on t-v. The writing is above average; there is even a lettercol, which is well done. The news section, concerning what may be happening in the future on the ol' boob tube, is the most fascinating part of the zine for me. It's a different stor of tract in fandom, and I like it. Since this is all the zine carries, I guess that's all I can say about it.

Rating.....4 1/2

THE BRASS CANNON #1:: Bill Fesselmeyer; 810 Shawnee Ave., Kansas City, Kansas 66105 ::: available for the usual, I guess.

Another zine from Kansas City, and this one is pretty good, too. (One thing I'm extremely curious about: how in the seven hells did Bill get Richard Corben to do artwork for his zine? Does Corben live near KCK? If so another plus, as far as I am concerned, for the KC in '76 bid.) It opens with a bit of an editorial by Bill, which is okay for a first issue. Next, Jeff May (with the help of various local artists who did wonderful caricatures of the people) describes some of the people who make up KC fandom. Slightly tounge-in-cheek style. There are the usual

book reviews, and some fairly weak electrostencil artwork (but I discount that, since this is Bill's first zine). The repro is otherwise excellent. There is also a long description of a sword & sorcery-type war game (illustrated by Richard Corben's fantastically lovely art) which, truth to tell, I didn't read, being apathetic toward games. All in all, if the present quality is kept, and Bill's experience grows, a zine to watch.

Rating.....3 1/2

GORBETT #6:: David & Beth Gorman; 337 North Main St., New Castle, IND 47362:: available for 75¢, 3/\$2, trade, publishable locs, or contribs.

First off, this begins with a looonnnnggg review/article by Sheryl Smith (who may be a nice person, I don't know) about R.A. Lafferty's ARRIVE AT EASTERWINE. I'm afraid the article was soooo boring I couldn't finish it. VERY Sercon, almost like an essay written for an English class. I don't like articles which begins by saying fiction is an artform, then defines what an artform is, then describes same. I'm a Lafferty fan, and was interested in the article until I began reading it. If you like VERY sercon, descriptive articles, it'll be for you. I put the zine down for a week, the article so put me off, and didn't discover until then Bob Tucker's wonderful article about old time fmz. NOSTALGIA MAY BE HAZARDOUS TO THE HEALTH. I normally don't like quotes, but this one worked for me. (Seems as if fmz haven't changed all that much.) Andy Offutt followed with a short piece about Charles Fort and how "lovely" Fort wrote. A typical Offutt thingie. There were book reviews, and of course, the lettercol, which were both okay. Overall, I tend to like the zine, but that lead article sure left a rancid tast in my mental mouth.

Rating.....3 3/4

GOLDSTEIN VANITY PRESS #24:: Fred Goldstein; 1962 S. Columbine #6; Denver, CO 80210: available for 25¢/issue, \$2.50/year, or the usual.

Apersonalzine, which was once an apazine, which now wants to be a genzine. So it gets a rating. Mr. Goldstein has an odd sense of humor (as evidenced by GVP's last issue and the wonderfull satire "I'm Joe's Asshole." One of the best bits of satire I've seen in a fmz in a long time; but then, I like the National Lampoon, also.) This issue opens with a satire of Perry Rhoden by Brett Cox which is well done, though I thought it was a little short. (And if you're pun minded, you might be able to make something out of the authors name and the subject matter of the satire.) Then Dick Patten follows (yes, the same one) and has a nice, personal (he insists it's true) story on how a warrant was issued for him, for failure to pay a parking ticket. Thrill with real-life adventure, folk. Don D'Amassa has a review of author S. Dye Boul't's stories (short stories which have appeared in ANALOG) which, as far as I could tell never having read any of the stories mentioned, were well written. The lettercol rounded out the issue, and what with Mr. Goldsteins wacky sense of humor, it comes across as a very informal, and fun, lettercolumn. Overall, quite good, if you don't mind curse words, and someone with a sense of humor which is weird, even for a fan.

Rating.....4½

TABEBUIAN #13:: David & Mardee Jenrette; Box 330374 Grove; Miami, Florida 33133:: available for 5/\$1, locs, trade for the usual, or the "unusual".

Afascinating potpourri of personal accounts, articles, book reviews, and a fine lettercol. This is one of the nicest zines I've seen in many a year, what with its deversified subjects, and its irreverant look at everything. (I mean, who would give a free copy to FATE magazine, asking for readers to ask for sample copies, then in the next issue, declare one of the Occult's heroes a hoax? Someone with style, that's who.) This issue is an "idea" issue, what with Ray Nelson explaining in painstaking (for the reader) detail on HOW TO BE A GENIUS. Issac Asimov and Gene Wolfe both offer ideas on how to write stories, etc. (Very short pieces by them.) After all this discussion on stories and ideas, Mardee Jenrett delivers one of the all time great, devastating reviews.

This one is about the latest of the "Gor" books by John Norman. I've seen slice jobs before, but whooooo, does that woman wield a nasty pen. the lettercol wraps up the fine issue, and what with the comments by Dave, it's better than average, also. It's digest-sized (reduced size offset, looks like to me), which some people don't like. Don't mind them, it's good.

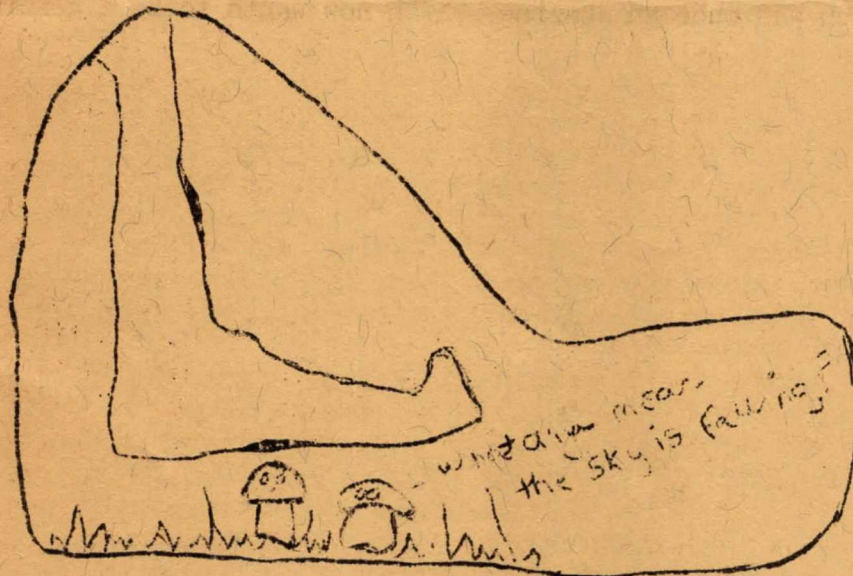
Rating.....5½

DON-o-SAUR #31:: Don Thompson; 7498 Canosa Ct.; Westminster, CO 80030:::
available for 25¢/issue, 12/\$2.50, trade, locs, or artwork.

Another personalzine from Denver, which states it will remain a personalzine. So no rating. This issue of DON is all locs, which is okay, if you like lettercols, and I do. (Love 'em.) Though there are several nice arguments going on, it could be quite confusing if you haven't seen a few issues. One argument I thought most interesting concerned Darrell Schwitzer arguing with Don on how Don treated and handled a very difficult personal situation (concerning someone close to Don and drugs). Both sides present good arguments, but I feel Don comes out ahead (no pun intended). You either like personalzines, or hate them, in my opinion. (If you're indifferent to them, you or the editor/writer have a problem.) I Like this one, for whatever that's worth. I did see a few of the previous issues.

Well, that's it for this round. I can't believe it, what has happened to my sharp reviews, my nasty disposition, my rude and irritating manner? NOTHING! Watch the twilltone fly next issue! (And I wonder how many will take any of this seriously?)

Pax.
Mike Kring



The world hasn't yet been inherited by the meek, but it sure is being supported by a lot of them.

Mary H. Waldrip

"...he didn't stay with it."

by

Loren MacGregor

One day, assuming I do nothing else in my lifetime, I'll have a headstone that reads "Loren MacGregor. He used to be a respiratory therapist, but he didn't stay with it."

Respiratory therapy, at the time I first heard of it, was a godsend. I'd spent days walking up and down streets, peering into odd corners, walking through odd lots, and filling out odd forms, all in search of an odd job. Or an even one. Or anything. Finally, for want of anything else, I went through the catalog at a nearby community college; RT looked interesting, was only a one-year course and it *GUARANTEED!* a job. Literally.

Initially I had a little difficulty with one of the counselors, who was handicapped and hired lots of others; I needed money to take the class. He informed me that the school would not lend me money because I was a poor risk. "If you had a job, we'd lend you the money. Since you don't, you don't get any money." I tried to explain that if I had a job, I wouldn't need the money. He grimaced.

"There's jobs all over town. Get out and look for one." I tried to explain the fact that there were several thousand Boeing employees who'd just been laid off, and they were all looking for jobs too. He just stared at me. "If you get a job, we'll lend you the money."

Eventually, by begging, borrowing, and steeling--mostly pop bottles from little old ladies in the park-- I managed to get the money; three weeks into the class, having memorized a few polysyllables that seemed appropriate, I went out to a few local hospitals and got a job on my third try. After that, I spent the next year getting up at 5 am, walking to work (which started at 6:30) leaving at 3 for school, getting off my school shift at 10:30, getting home at 11:30, sleeping and starting over again.

I was really fun to live with during the last two months of school.

Of course, the whole thing was somewhat tempered by having a landlord who sincerely believed in all the publicity about the Love Generation; He imported porno films directly from Denmark, and occasionally he'd invite all the 18-to-25-year-olds in the building up to my apartment for an evening and screen his latest purchases. I never learned why he picked my apartment, but it did lend a certain air of absurdity to a generally dreary year. Mr. Watanabe would preside over the film projector smiling hugely, start the action, and wait for the orgy to develop. He could never understand why we members of the Love Generation were rolling on the floor giggling insanely while these hard-core epics were flickering brightly on the screen.

Eventually the year passed, and I graduated. For the first time in a year I was free of the pseudo-Amazon who was teaching the class, free of her "slow son" a very strange young man who was living with her, free of her trained Doberman, who seemed to fulfill a function similar to the strange young man... Halfway through the school year I walked back into the office of scholarships wearing my work uniform and asked for a loan. This time I got it with no questions asked; I yelled at the man behind the desk and asked him why he wouldn't give it to me before, when I really needed it. He stared at me and said, "I've never seen you before in my life."

Respiratory Therapy was an interesting field. I met a lot of crazy Indians, who seem particularly susceptible to lung problems for some reason. I met a lot of sane caucasians. I like the crazy Indians better.

Some time after I changed jobs and graduated from school I met the first step on my long road from hospitals; an old Russian woman was admitted one day. She was 79. Her mother came in to visit her every day....

The admitting slip said she was illiterate, so no one ever asked her any questions or made any conversation-- she spoke very little English. Initially it didn't make any difference, because she wasn't even conscious. She'd waited to long and her appendix had decided to leave without her. By the time she was well enough to converse, we were used to simply going in, doing whatever we had to, and leaving.

One day, though, I was working with another patient when I heard some virulent German behind me; Natalie was trying to take off the wrist restraints and swearing. When I finished with whatever it was I was doing, I walked over and asked her if she spoke German.

I'm nothing if not bright.

I speak very poor German, and even less Russian; every day I make it a point to find out which word I've forgotten the previous day. But gradually, with my poor Russian and German, her poor German and English, I learned quite a bit about our illiterate.

For one thing, she'd been a registered nurse and a courtroom reporter in Russia. Later, during WWII she'd been a resistance fighter for France. In the ensuing years she'd had more careers than I can remember. She spoke fluent French, Spanish, Russian, Polish, Dutch, Czech, fair German, and a couple of other languages. But she didn't speak English so she was illiterate.

In a way I guess it was true, but no one had bothered to find out anything about her which was ridiculous.

After I got assimilated into the system things bothered me less; one of the few things to jolt me in the next couple of years was totally incongruous. We'd gotten the emergency room resident up one night to admit a woman who'd complained of a severe backache after an accident at home. The doctor was obviously tired, but we didn't realize how tired until after he went back to bed. He helped bring the woman upstairs, stood at the desk writing a few orders, then handed the chart to me and retired. I looked through the chart, picking out the orders that applied to me, then leafed through to the back to read his admitting note.

It said, "Patient admitted. She tripped in the dark over her dog's balls."

It was with a sort of awed reverence that I showed that to the RN at the desk..

Soon after that, I quit work and scattered myself across 14 states for a few months. Now I'm back together again, and wondering what to do for the next four years. I used to be a respiratory therapist--but I didn't stick with it.

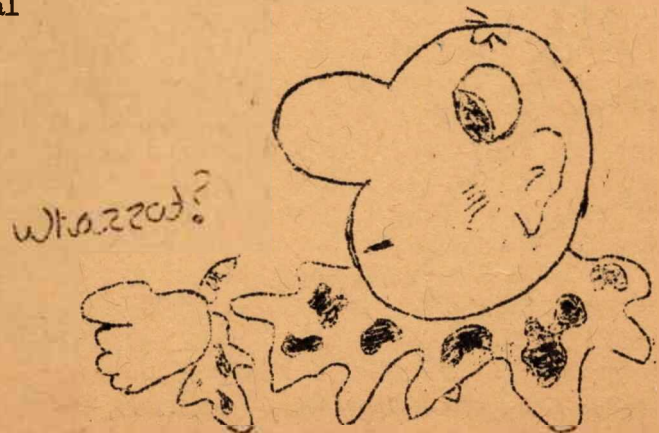
Loren MacGregor

A modern computer is an electronic wonder that performs complex mathematical calculations and intricate accounting tabulations in one ten-thousandth of a second--and then mails out statements ten days late.

Paul Sweeney

The game of history is usually played by the best and the worst over the heads of the majority in the middle

Eric Hoffer



BOOK REVIEWS

IMPOSSIBLE POSSIBILITIES by Louis Pauwels and Jacques Bergier, Stein & Day
New York, 1971, \$6.95

M. Pauwels and M. Burger, whose The Eternal Man, I mentioned in DYNATRON a while back, explore the fringes and outer limits of science in this volume touching on a number of subjects usually relegated to the realms of "pseudo-science". On page 21 M. Pauwels says: "Vasco Da Gama dared a voyage around the world. Only one of his five caravels succeeded in getting back to the home port of Seville."

The rest of the book reflects equal accuracy.

HORT

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READER'S GUIDE TO THE
CTHULHU MYTHOS by R.E.
Weinburg & E.P. Berglund,
The Silver Scarab Press,
500 Wellesly SE, Alb.
NM, 87106, \$5.00 mail order.

This is as complete
a listing of mythos stories
I can imagine. From the
copyright date I assume
it runs to 1973.

The editors go so
far as to list stories
that appeared in fmz,
and stories that are as
yet unpublished or are
just in the planning
stage.

The book is broken
down into sections
(Chronological listing
by publication dates;
Alphabetical listing by
title; by author; and a
listing of books,
pamphlete, brochures, etc.)
making it easy to use
as a reference. Any
story integral to the
mythos is also marked.

There is a nice
intro by the editors
and a beautiful cover
by Randall Spurgin. The

Silver Scarab Press does its usual fine job of repo.

If you are an HPL fan or are into the mythos type thing and want to find out what stories you missed and where they were published, this is the book to get.

Patten

THE CLOSER OF THE WAY

by Roy Tackett

Truly it is written that the worm which rises from the sand is often dusty. Thirsty even. Vardeman's been at the mescal again.

The estimable Vardebabble decries, of late, my antique taste in stf. He keeps telling me about all these great new writers and shakes his head in disgust when I stare blankly and ask "Who he?". He will jar my memory and I will admit that I may have read something by Whatzisname but have forgotten what it was. "But," Bob will say, "you really should read Life As A Closed Circle of Naval Lint by Hawg Jowls. It won third prize at the speculative fiction seminar held last Michaelmas at Wester North Dakota Sub Normal U."

I mutter something unintelligible and reach for a copy of something by Ed Hamilton. That's the way I am.

In ZYMURGY-e, Bob suggests that I read Douglas Barbour's article, The Lathe of Heaven: Taoist Dream in ALGOL and then read The Lathe of Heaven with those thoughts in mind. He is not, he says, that deeply involved in Tao, but the evidence is there.

Indeed? Evidence of what?

I am the complete materialist and dismiss mysticism, eastern or western, as complete nonsense. There is no way I could be considered to be into Tao. I have, of course, some generalized knowledge of Taoism but I have not read the Tao Teh Ching nor any of the books written about it. My knowledge of the Tao is academic, not philosophical.

I can tell you, for example, that Lao-tzu was born around 604 B.C. which places him in the middle Chou. Late in his life he grew angry with the king and left the capital but, it is said, the gatekeeper would not let him go until he wrote down his philosophy. There are many legends about the later life of Lao-tzu but little credit can be given to any of them. Later scholars, notably Chuang-Tzu, interpreted and expanded the Taoist philosophy.

Around the time of Christ when Buddhism spilled over into China from India, Taosim began to be transformed from a philosophy to a religion, with priests, monasteries and all the rest.

In the 2nd Century AD, Chang Tao Ling (Huang-ti, The Yellow Emperor) organized Taosim into a political force which over the years was sometimes in favor, sometimes out of favor, but always a noticeable presence in China. There is even today (I am almost certain) a Taoist "pope" established on Taiwan.

And what's it all about? Essentially Lao-tzu was an anarchist who believed that the times before civilization were the Gilded Age of mankind. Each technical advance and each new institution represented another step towards the final enslavement of man and the degradation of his natural virtue. What was required was a total rejection of the use of reason, the rejection of community life and its restraints and withdrawal into oneself.

It can be seen that the teachings of Lao-tzu were in direct opposition to those of Confucius.

The Tao is The Way--the orderly procession of the natural world. Everything is in everything. All distinctions are artificial: large and small, life and death only have meaning with relation to each other; in the absolute sense they are equivalent.

The Tao is the Way to happiness, wealth, long-life (which sent Taoists onto a hunt for immortality) all of which can be obtained by discerning and following the Tao. And, since man's troubles are caused by deviation from the Way then the best principle to follow is wu-wei--"not doing". Follow positively the natural way; do not try to change or influence Tao.

Certainly The Lathe of Heaven is Taoist. It doesn't take a great scholar to discern this. LeGuin beats the reader over the head with it at the beginning of every chapter. Barbour's analysis of the novel is quite good. The character

Haber represents all that Tao sees as wrong. Haber meddles, he institutes changes--he disturbs the Tao--all of which lead more and more to the enslavement of mankind. The Gray World, HURAD, WPC, all brought about by Haber's meddling restrict the freedom of men and disturb the natural flow of the Tao.

Indeed I have read The Lathe of Heaven with the understanding that it is Taoist. Which does not make it any more acceptable to me. The basic proposition of the novel (from the Tao), that the uncontrollable dreams of a man can change the real world is utterly ridiculous (as is the Tao) and I am not at any time to attain the "willing suspension of disbelief" necessary to enjoy the story. The Lathe Of Heaven needed a good machinist to work on it.

Roy Tackett

Nothing seems to be going right on this issue. Last issue everything fit in perfect pages, not this time. I haven't had a page come out right yet. So in spite of my common sense I am going to include a couple of book reviews by myself. dp##

The Best of Stanly G. Weinbaum, Ballantine, 1974, \$1.65 paperback.

This is the first of a "Best of..." series from Ballantine. All of the stories were written in the early 30's, but if they were written within the last year or so most of them would probably be in the running for Hugos.

Weinbaum only wrote sf from 1934 until his death in December 1935, (11 were not published until after his death) but he changed the form of science fiction. He was the first, and still one of the few, writer to make really alien aliens.

Issac Asimov begins the book with a short introduction to the stories, and Robert Bloch ends it with a personal recollection of the man. Both are fascinating.

The stories have copyright dates from 1934 (A Martian Odyssey- which placed second in the balloting for all time great sf and which is probably one of the most beautiful stories I have ever read. In fact it would be my choice for the best of the greats.) to 1937 (Shifting Seas- one of the three stories in the book not containing aliens of one sort or another).

There are only a few slips in the writing to show the prejudice of the time they were written; the science is another matter but, at least to me, this doesn't detract from the beauty of these works.

\$1.65 is steep for a paperback but this one is worth it. I think Ballantine made the right choice for starting the series with Stanley G. Weinbaum. If the rest of the series maintains the standard set by this first volume it will be the best thing to happen to the field in a long time.

Walk To The End of The World by Suzy McKee Charnas, Ballantine, \$1.25 paperback.

I wish I could be as enthusiastic about this book as I was about the one above, especially since Ms. Charnas lives in Albuquerque and is a member of the ASFS.

The book is in five sections, one about each of the main characters and a finish. The first section is weak and requires concentration to get thru it.

The next two sections are well worth the effort to get thru the first one. They show that Ms. Charnas can write and write well, but the last two sections are a disaster. She seems to systematically destroy the characters she built earlier, and makes the society less believable with every page.

I am about out of room (Damn it I did it again) so I will not be able to go into any depth, suffice to say that Ms. Charnas shows that she has the ability to write. Possibly all she needs is a little time. I have read worse from established writers, and for a first novel it is not that bad, but it is not near as good as the publicity from Ballantine would lead you to believe.

dp

A PAVANE OF ZYMURGISTS
by Walter Williams

"What is it you do at those science fiction meetings?" she asked.

"Well, er, ah," I replied. How could I explain it? How could I make it clear to one of the uninitiated, to one who had never been to a con, to one not part of the mystique, the brotherhood, the Kairos.

What do we do at those meetings? My mind flashed back to the last one I had attended. First on the agenda, as always, was to force-feed Kring his monthly diet of fanzines. He'd be pinioned to the table, a hefty fan on each arm or leg, as Dick Patten crams one after the other down his throat. "NO!" he shrieked. "PLEASE DICK! I CAN'T STOMACH HIM. ARGH! AHHHHHHHHH!" Then we stand around as he upchucks into his Rating Bowl. It has nine slots in it, and as he heaves each new fanzine finds its rating. URRRRP! CALTROP gets a rating of three. BLAARRGH!!! PEDANT rates two. YAAAAARRR!!!! With a mighty heave, NAZGUL rates five. We applaud.

How could I possibly explain this to someone not familiar with Kring's amazing guts? I mean, really, it would sound pretty...strange, wouldn't it? But here, it's just an ordinary, everyday fannish activity.

And of course we talk about pornography, but are courteous enough to wait for the female fans to leave. I always thought that a mistake. I mean, get the raunch right out into the open, you know? Maybe someone will even read from his latest work-in-progress. (No!" cried the innocent servent girl, struggling sensuously against the bonds that held her. "Not that!" "Yes!" laughed the depraved Marquis. "That!" And the thirty-seven Scotch bagpipers descended upon her.)

We discuss BUBOBICON, in fact we discuss it all the time. Here there's a curious duality. The trufans want fun conventions with lots of drinking and movies and panels and speeches, and good fannish guests of honor, like this years GoH, F.M. Busby. But there's a growing number of S.C.A. people showing up, who want guests like Poul Anderson, and Kathy Kurtz, and lots of costume contests, and demonstrations on spear-forging, mead-making, and candle-dipping.

They sit in the corner of the room, and bide their time. Soon, they will be the stronger...soon, BUBONICON will be theirs. And then it'll have movies like THE WAR LORD and THE SEVEN SAMURAI, and EVERYBODY will have to have a costume, and fly a banner to let everyone know they're present, and the Toast-master will have to be a Count at least, and the climax of the convention will be, you guessed it, the unleashing of hundreds of plague-carrying rats to make Albuquerque 1975 look and sound like Grenoble in 1346.

But how coul I explain the S.C.A. to a person who thinks fans are pretty strange? The mind boggles...

"Oh, well, we just talk about science fiction," I lied, and changed the subject.

Walter Williams

P.S. Honestgod, I didn't get mad at anybody in the last PAVANE. Really, truly, I didn't. I'm really a sweet man if you get to know me.

#This page and maybe some others are in a different typestyle than the others (you can relax now, your eyes are OK) that's because Harry Morris offered to type some when he was down for a visit. Not being one to pass up any chance for less work I generously let him. So I'm using the old exec. ϕ #

STRANGE BREW

Unless I'm overlooking it, you didn't put your name on this fanzine. I seem to recall getting your first issue, sending you a letter about it, and then nothing until this fifth issue arrived. I'm amazed that enough time has elapsed since then to get four more issues out. What energy you young chaps have nowadays; tires me out just thinking about it.

#I never got your loc, and to be truthfull I don't know who it went to. I slipped Z-a into Bob's Sandworm envelopes when he wasn't looking. Believe it or not it was over a year between Z-a and the issue you got. dp#

Vardebob's trouble, among other things, is that he tends to forget just what he is. He is fat and jolly, but he can't seem to remember that he's really four feet six tall so he walks around over six feet tall and all that fat jolliness gets spread out into lean meanness. If someone who knows the truth would simply remind Bob of his real stature occasionally we'd all be better off for it.

So these are the Mike Kring fanzine reviews I've been hearing about. Well, they certainly spice up the issue all right. In my first column of reviews in PREHENSILE I commented on my feeling that no-one is actually trying to review fanzines nowadays. In my second column, not yet published as I write this, I reiterate that dissatisfaction. What we're getting is a lot of fanzine summaries and lots of personal reactions with very little critical commentary to back them up. Now I enjoy that sort of column because I happen to be a fanzine freak, but I'd like to see some fanzine reviewers around. I'm not sure that I'm doing any better in PRE, but i'm trying which is at least a start. Mike's descriptions of the fanzines he mentions tend to be somewhat abrasive, which in itself needn't be bad although it's unnecessary, but with very few exceptions he doesn't give us anything more than a value judgement without any evidence as to what it's based on. Without knowing what Mike is like, this isn't really much use in trying to determine if the fanzine is any good or not.

#I'm going to interrupt to put in my 2¢, what the hell there's nobody here but me, so there's nothing to stop me. I agree with Mike G. (hell I just realized I can't just say Mike, there's nothing more confusing than jumping in between two people with the same name) when he says that there is very little fanzine reviewing being done now, but critical commentary takes work . Therefor there would be very little chance that any of the small average fanzines would be reviewed. Most of the zines put out are in the small average range (including Z) so the egoboo of knowing the reactions of the reviewers would be hard to come by. If fanzines were anything more than a hobby that would be fine, but that's primarily what zines are. I disagree that critical commentary is necessarily better, just different and of limited use except to zines like ALGOL or OUTWORLDS. Just one more thing then I'll shut up for at least the rest of this letter, I promiss. All you need is one or two of the zines Mike K. reviews to be familiar to you and you can make a pretty good determiniation of whether the zines you don't know are ones you would like. dp#

And while a review is bound to be extremely subjective, I'm dismayed to find Mike condemning a fanzine for printing a certian type of material that he does not happen to favor. That's not the job of a reviewer, as I see it. The honest reviewer will try to comment on the quality of what is presented, leaving it up to the individual reader to decide if the nature of the material makes the fanzine interesting to him. If a reviewer can't stomach a certian type of content, he's at liberty to state that but should then refuse to try and evaluate the fanzine at all. I guess the philosophy of reviewing/criticism is a difficult one to work out, but it strikes me that Mike hasn't really given it too much consideration. But then it's so much easier to be rude than thoughtfull.

Mike's "review" of OUTWORLDS 18 is a case in point. Mostly his remarks are banal in the extreme: they are rather vacuous listings of the content of the fanzine that could easily have been taken from the TOC. The only place he gets any passion into his writing is in criticizing Bill for using the "whining and whimpering" of the pros in the lettercolumn. He has the gall to say Bowers should

not have printed that material! It may surprise you, Mike, but Bill Bowers isn't printing OUTWORLDS to please you, he's publishing what he likes, as every faned has an almost sacred duty to do. And thank god for that aspect of fanpubbing! A fanzine reviewer who doesn't understand that basic fact of fanzine shouldn't, in my not-too-humble opinion, be allowed to review a damn thing. (It's a different situation entirely to say that a faned shouldn't have published a certain item because it's poorly written: that is the function of the critic, as long as he can back up his claims.)

The review of GRANFALLOON is a bit better because Mike tells us why he thinks the issue was poor. He even explains his objections to Linda as an editor, and while I don't agree with all he says, at least he gives something vaguely resembling evidence. (More room would perhaps have allowed a better exposition of his complaints, but that's a drawback of the short review unfortunately.) Concentrate on this aspect of reviewing, Mike, and forget the simple listings of what's in the fanzine, and maybe I'll be able to withdraw my complaints about the fanzine review feild in a year or so.

Lots of people I know said they were really moved by the film version of THE EXORCIST. I found it very well presented (nowhere near as good as the book, of course, but then it wasn't trying to be) but it certainly didn't keep me awake for nights afterwards. Perhaps it was having read the book beforehand that prepared me somewhat for the film. I've also read, as doubtless everyone else has, that the effects were the result of subliminals, but I've no way of knowing if that was true at all. I also suspect that some of the impact of the film was weakened for me by the cretins in the audience who screamed and moaned at inopportune moments in the film (when nothing was happening on the screen to produce such a reaction.) My main objection to going to the cinema is that one has to watch the film with members of the public and most of them are such dolts they'll ruin any sustained effect the film may have been trying to produce. In a comedy this is relatively unimportant, but in a suspense film it's vital that you become engrossed in the rhythm of the film, and this is next to impossible in many instances because of the idiots surrounding you in the audience.

Too bad I didn't see the issue that Vardebob is so steamed up about. It defangs his commentary for me. Seems my profession came under some study too. Bring back the strap, say I! Next to ridicule it's the best weapon we teachers have. (Wonder if they'll think I'm serious? Wonder if I am?)

As it happens, I was reading MINISANDWORM at the laundromat last night. I find laundromats very depressing places; dehumanizing in some way. I go as infrequently as possible. If they were the way Bob describes them, it would be a much more enjoyable experience though. Buss stations effect me the same way. Both places seem to emphasize the isolation and transience of modern life.

Bob's usually clear mind seems fuddled if he thinks that my liking vanilla better than chocolate (I don't as it happens but that's the example under question) makes vanilla better than chocolate. The former is a matter of personal preference; the latter implies an absolute standard that doesn't exist in the frigid world of ice cream any more than it does in any other realm of subjective relationships. Of course, my opinion on the matter is true, just by being my opinion, and perhaps this is what Bob was saying.

Good review of ALGOL, describing what is in the issue, and how it's presented and why it is good or not. Occasionally there's a simple description, but there's enough insight to make this a good example of what I was talking about earlier. Of course, it takes two pages to do an even halfway decent job, so...

In defense of Ted White's reputation for not responding to submitted manuscripts, he recently bought a story from me: I mailed the story from Toronto on Tuesday morning. Ted's acceptance and letter in response was mailed from Falls Church on Friday afternoon of the same week. I doubt it would have been possible to be any faster than that.

Mike Glickson, 141 High Park Avenue, Toronto, Ontario M6P 2S8

Jodie Offutt
Funny Farm
Haldeman, KY. 40329

While reading your editorial (When one thing breaks it seems to create a chain reaction and all things begin to go--that must be somebody's law.) (Like the spring one of the kids came down with the measles--by the time six weeks passed we had three more measles, four mumps, and three chicken pox, andy had to have a shot since he'd never had the mumps, and I was nearly a blithering idiot ready to be carted off to the Funny Farm.) I was reminded of an article by Robert Ruark that was in PLAYBOY several years ago: "Nothing Works and NObody Cares". Ain't it the truth though!

Really enjoyed the interview with Sheryl. I'd love to see more of same--fan interviews. She doesn't say what she's doing now and I'm curious about that. #Sheryl?#

All this Mister business reminds me of Tiny Tim. Good grief!

If Bob Vardeman wants to flesh out that laundromat scenario, I can put him onto a couple of markets.

It is so true, as Ben Indick says, that education begins at home...and often ends in the same place. I'm convinced our kids learn more from being exposed to cons and the people we've met through fandom than all the time they spend in the classrooms. Did you know that in the Head Start Program the teachers are not allowed to introduce the kids to pencils. Seems, like the parents in Teaneck, some parents of children who did not qualify for Head Start were afraid these kids might really get some kind of a head start. (Our teacher got around it by teaching the kids to print their names with crayons.) A quote from my husband: "All men are created equal; fortunately, some of us are able to overcome it."

#Here I go again interrupting. My little girl, Robin, went to kindergarden this year, I had hoped that the schools were better than when I went. I have stories about what happened to me and my little brother, (he's now 29) that are unbelievable. Whenever I talk to people they say that things like that don't happen now. So I sent Robin off filled with the greatfeeling of hope. Everyone was right, things are different, they're worse. For example, Robin and one other kid were the only two that left kindergarden able to read or write anything, and Robin was told not to read her books out loud (she can't quite read silently yet, so she's always mumbling to her books) because it might disturb the other kids while they were fingerpainting. One other nice thing that happened, all the kids were given the homework assignment to bring in some decorations for a class halloween party. Robin and the little girl next door spent a week making all sorts of things, ranging from witches to ghosts. When they brought them in to school to be hung up they were told that they were not as good as the ones that the other kid's parents had bought at the store. For some reason Robin still looks forward to school next year, but I wonder how long things like that will take to sour her on the whole deal. dp#

I love that story about having a typer that spells for you. My kids noticed in the earliest grades that they didn't need to know the multiplication tables--everybody's got adding machines.

I don't mind most grubble I find in clothes (a dollar bill showed up in the wash yesterday!). Marci forgot to mentions crayons. There is nothing more horrible than the feeling you get when you open the dryer and find that a black or red crayon has been circling around with all those clothes. Kids find a way to collect grubble: one of ours has a cigar box for grubble, another has an old candy box, one has a shoebox and I believe one of the boys has as entire drawer set aside for grubble.

Jodie Offutt

Loren MacGregor
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I remember the one and only time I was ever disciplined in school, back when I was in 2nd grade at St. Luke's. The teacher (now a nameless, faceless person) had sent me out to stand in the hall (for some nameless faceless offence). Standing in the hall was the ultimate punishment, for many reasons, not the least of which was the fact that the principal also taught the third grade class, and spent a good deal of the time dodging back and forth between the office and her classroom; if you were standing outside the classroom door, she was sure to spot you.

I was spotted, and as a punishment she took me into her class and instructed me to work some arithmetic problems she had on the board. These were long columns of figures, and her general procedure was to give a child a problem beyond his class level, then chide him (or her) for misbehaving in class. The theory was that had you behaved and been paying attention, you would be able to work the problems.

Unfortunately for her reasoning, I really liked playing with numbers at the time, and worked all her problems correctly. So she put some more on the board. I worked those right, too. I was getting pretty smug by that time, so she erased the board and started with some even harder problems. Those I didn't get, but it didn't make any difference, because I'd destroyed her theory. The next year she gave up the teaching job and worked strictly as the principal, so I never did get any more math lessons from her.

I think there's still a lot in what Jack Speer says: in line with my comments above (everything ties together, eventually), I made it through my last five years of school by looking like a good student, rather than by applying any work. In high school, I was small, wore glasses, and had a crew cut. Besides that I carried books everywhere. As a result of this, it was generally assumed I was a good student, so I got good grades. In senior year, I completely disintergrated, to become an unregenerate hippie (I grew a mustache, and later a beard, before such things were ever considered in schools) but still I talked like a good student. So, despite the fact that I missed 87 out of 180 days of school in my last year, despite the fact that I never turned in homework, despite all this, I ended up with a B+ average for the year.

My face had character...

Has anyone told Sheryl "For shame(let) for writing such a terrible pun?"

Loren MacGregor

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Marci Helms
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Drayton Plains, Michigan 48020

Glad to see the article on Sheryl Birkhead. I, too, have been seeing, and admireing, her art virtually every where for some time, but I knew nothing about her.

I LIKE Mike Kring's aggressive style of fanzine reviewing. I like review columns in general, but often find many too wishywashy. It seems the reviewers are afraid to voice any real opinions, unless glowing praise, for fear of offending the editors. (no, that wishywashy did not refer to Donn Brazier. I like TITLE, too. And I also believe in the "law of synthesis". ((That's the one that states that the synthesis of two opposing ideas, opinions, or data will produce a third idea, etc. that will be truer than either of the first two.)))

Degredation in the Desert was great, funny, and hit the right spot.

Minisandworm was also good. I've read very little by Bob Vardeman, and I found it interesting, enjoyable. You do have a collection of opinionated contributors. Yes. Yes. Opinions interest me, and most other people, even if

some of them do start torch parades over them. Anyone marching and swinging a torch was, at least, moved by the opinions. Of course, such things can be a little dangerous for the original opinionholder.

John Robinson's right about self-fulfilling prophecies... too many kids get caught up in them already. The school system doesn't need another set of standards to measure kids against. (unless it throws out the old standards completely.)

Most kids need to be motivated (in some manner) to learn, but I don't think that the motivation can effectively come from corporal or capital punishment. I think all kids and adults want to learn (just because it makes life easier to know more things...makes it more interesting, too) but that doesn't mean that everyone should learn the same things.

Marci Helms

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I'm happy to become at least the twentyfifth reader to comment that Sheryl, by becoming a Vet would indeed NOT have missed out on fandom. No sir. The place is FULL of horses' asses. (Sorry about that, but, as I said, I'm certainly not the first to say--and admit--it.)

I liked Bob Vardeman's ALGOL review, even tho I have never read the zine. However, I didn't stick with Bob's rambling MSW. My fault, I guess, just kept dozing off. Jodie's revelations didn't even help. By the way, is it true Bob is suing the Offutts (offuts) for \$1 million on the grounds of libel? (She insinuated he was a "nice guy".)

Say, come to think of it, Rose Hogue is to Sheryl Birkhead as Ray Bradbury was to hannes Bok a quarter century ago (oops, a THIRD-CENTURY). May this be a fulfilling prediction!

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