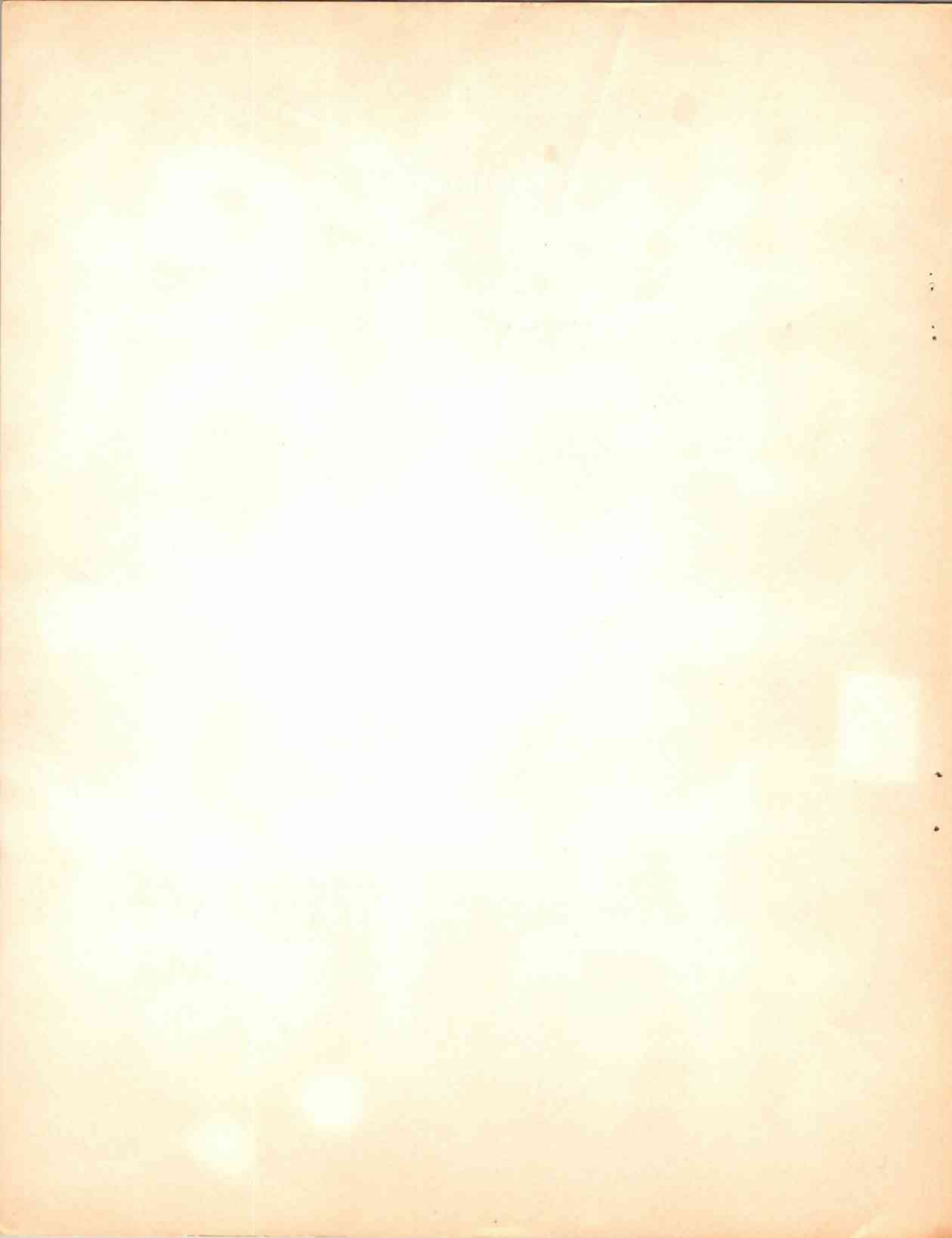


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ZYMURGY a



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ZYMURGY a is brought to you by the efforts of the Albuquerque Science Fiction Society. We are going to attempt to bring it out on a quarterly schedule. A copy can be had for the asking. All letters, comments, stories, or whatever else you want should be sent to:

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This is the first, so called, editorial I have ever written, so I asked "one who knows" how to go about it. He told me all I had to do was act as if I had someone there who could not argue back and talk about anything that came into my head. As someone who can talk at 200 words a minute for three hours without even slowing down I figured it would be easy. I got some paper and my trusty portable and----nothing.

I have been saved. I turned on the TV to watch the men on the moon (being able to write that always gives me a good feeling). I have been feeling bad about this mission because it is the last. This country has done only one thing to be proud of in the last twenty years and here we are about to throw it away. I don't remember which channel I was watching but Pete Conrad was on, talking about the mission he was going to command, Skylab. I had, of course, heard about the Skylab but had the vague impression it was to go up in '74 or '75. It gave me a pleasant shock when Conrad said it was to go up in May of '73. Maybe all is not lost, maybe in this case big brother actually knows what he is doing. To long range space exploration Skylab is much more important than the Moon. Conrad said that he and two others would orbit in Skylab for 28 days then two other crews would follow, each for 56 days. I have no idea of what they are supposed to do, other than the solar telescope, but with a semi-permanent lab in orbit we might just be getting ready to do some real work in space.

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GROUPie EFFORT

by Bob Vardeman

Being a fan, one expects to get weird things in the mail. Buck coulson gets plugs of chewing tobacco. Tackett gets copies of the Reader's Digest. I get what can only be construed as unsolicited reocrds. Usually from the record club but this time from a person who sounds very groupie-ish to me.

A Bill Rotsler cartoon comes to mind. One character was saying to another, "I've balled every BNF except Harry Warner...and I send him obscene locs". This record I received, you see, is called "Groupies" and was sent to me by a person purporting to be Daisy Lafarge.

Now fine and good you say. But I don't know any Daisy Lafarge. Much less a Daisy Lafarge that lives in San Francisco on Divisadero St. 1807 Divisadero. Being of trufannish bent, a hoax immediately popped into my mind. 1807 Divisadero is a few blocks from Grant Canfield and maybe a block from where John Berry lived for a while. (The reason I thot "hoax!" was the letter with the record. Dear Daisy had said, and I quote, "I hope you enjoy this record. I also hope to 'see' you again at the next Westercon." The word "see" in quotes, the very shortness of it and the tantalizing hint of more to come all scream JOKE! to me.)

But there is a problem in all this. Grant didn't write the note, nor did John. Besides, while Grant might have thot up such a prank, he isn't the kind to carry it out. And I'm not sure John would have even thot ot it in the first place. Dale Goble is the kind to both think of and do it but he is in Orangevale.

Now Mike Montgomery is the ideal candidate for pointing the accusing finger at. He could not only think it up, but would carry it out as well. After I sent him information about a Garner Ted Armstrong tour of the holy land (in downtown Muncie, Indiana) he has been trying to get even. If it is indeed Mike's dirty work, I'll consider the debt to have been repaid and more. But I know Mike's handwriting and the note was not it.

The thot creeps into my mind...what if Daisy Lafarge actually IS a fandom groupie? Has she tired of all those jaded rock stars anddecided to blaze a trail in virgin territory? (A manner of speaking, only, I'm sure) What if she is for real?

The record related some of the kinky things the biggies in the rock world were wont to do with and to their groupies. I wonder if Daisy is ready to put up with the really kinky things a fan might do?

For instance, some of my hangups...not many of you knew I really get off on running used typewriter ribbons between my toes. I once had a ribbon typed on by Bob Tucker. Such sheer ecstasy can't be expressed in mere words. But this is only the begining. A true eclat was cutting all the fourteen letter words in locs from JJ Pierce and stuffing them in my left ear...then soaking them in corflu and lighting the entire mess.

I have a masochistic bent, too. I've found running my hand thru a ditto machine can only be beaten by running my entire arm thru a mimeo machine.

And my hangups are minor compared to some of those of other fans. Let him be known only as DK who enjoys mimeographing at 7AM after an all night con party (Al Snider says this is the gospel truth - according to St.Fantony - and Al never lies except when he wants to or has to).

So, Daisy Lafarge, be warned! Compared to rock musicians, fans are in a class by themselves. It might be better if you decided to stick to your knitting.

THE BOX

by jim gallegos

I walked down the narrow dusty road. My footsteps crunched as I walked through a pile of leaves dropped by an ancient cottonwood. The rusted barbed wire fence which paralleled my path pointed to my destination, the mountains....and the commune where I would spend the spring before I went on my aimless way through the world.

I trudged through the lengthening shadows of the chilly dusk. I decided to walk on for another mile or two before I stopped to camp for the night. I looked down at my feet as the steady cadence of my steps moved the earth beneath me.

Through the still afternoon air I suddenly heard a yell.

"Hey you, Mister, help! Help me get out of here!"

I looked up and saw a man waving to me, trying to get my attention. He was directly in front of me on the shoulder of the road and he was half bent over because he was in a box about four feet high. I walked up to him. He was jumping excitedly as best he could within the confines of the box.

"Thank goodness," he said, "I thought I would never see another person again. I've been in this box for more than two days. I thought I would die in here."

"How in the world did you get in there?" I asked him. The box was four feet square. It seemed to be made of smooth wood or plastic slats with two or three inches of space between the slats. It looked like an outsize orange crate, but there was no open side.....and no door.

"I was out hiking," he said, "and I thought I would head up to the foothills of the mountains."

I was walking on the road when I saw a guy sitting in this box. I walked over to see what he was doing and all of a sudden he looked right at me and said....."

A sly look came into his eyes and a slight smile turned the corners of his lips.

"So that's it" he said, "now I know how to get out!"

He muttered several words which sounded like some primitive guttural language. Suddenly he and I had changed places. I looked at him with horror through the slats of the box because he was outside and I was in.

"wait," I yelled, as he turned his back to me and began to run down the road in the direction from which I had come.

"Don't leave me here; you can't leave me here!"

"COME BACK HERE!!"

But he was gone. And I was half bent over into the box which was only four feet high.

UNTITLED

by Melinda Sherbring

Do some words capture your imagination, force you to repeat them over and over and over until you're dying to work them into a conversation? It happens with authors, as this zine is peripherally interested in SF I'll take my example from the periphery of that field. Edgar Rice Brroughs and his Stygian darkness. It seems every book of his mentions Stygian at least once. I never looked it up but apparently it's a deep dark (evil dark).

To return to my point - how to introduce the word boustrophendonic into causal conversation. Perhaps, "Your lintel is chiseled in a boustrophendonic friese." But who talks of lintels except architects? Then again, not often can you comment that a friend's writing is "definitely boustrophendonic" There are no synonyms for the word, only phrases that tend to be a bit awkward. It is perfect for describing, say, rope sprawled across the floor in boustrophendonic loops, or writing that

follows the same pattern that this sentence does, that is, back and forth as an oxen plowing a field.
Has anyone ever been held captive by such a word?

boustrophenon (ic) - boo-stro-FED-on

lines written alternately right to left and left to right (from Greek turning like an ox)

*****M. Sherbring***** & *

STRANGER IN A STRANGER LAND

by Herb Matthews

Dick asked me to write an article for his fan magazine because he knows I am interested in science fiction. I should tell you who I am first since I don't know you and you don't know me.

I've been reading science fiction for more than ten years now although I've never been actively involved in what he calls fandom. Bob Vardeman has loaned me boxes of fanzines (a snazzt abbreviation) and I am a bit bewildered why anyone wants to go to all that effort. Even with one of those IBM selectrics, I am a hunt and peck typer and think it would take forever to type and entire fanzine.

I've lived in Albuquerque most of my life and work for the local Coke dealer putting cans of soda pop in the machines, taking them out, putting in candy bars, taking them out, etc. Not much of a job but it puts food on the table (Coke and candy bars, mostly). My favorite science fiction authors are Isaac Asimov and Philip Jose Farmer. One of the best books I have in my collection is KING OF THE FOURTH PLANET by Robert Moore Williams. I'm not too fond of his later work, although Zanthar does recapture a bit of the early flair.

I dislike people and am not a joiner. Dick has asked me to a couple of the Albuquerque Science Fiction Club meetings as has Vardeman. But I suspect them of ulterior motives. Dick is trying to sell me a ttypewriter and Vardeman keeps

thrusting his fanzine at me. Outside of these two, I've never met (unofficially) any of the club. Officially, I did meet Jack Speer while he was presiding, although I doubt if he remembers me. I was making a claim against Apex Shipping company for cheating me out of some money.

Reading through some of the fanzines, I think I'm supposed to invent an alter ego to talk to or insult someone. I'm more manic depressive than schizoid and can't really shake the ChrCrhstmas spirit enough to insult anyone. So I think I'll try to say what I feel about the space program.

The space program is a science fiction reader's dream come true. Yet I don't remember a single author who remotely came close to telling it like it would be. Huge vacuum tubes, no computers, no count down, backyard spaceships and tremendous public support.

In reality, there is microminiaturization of the electronics to a point undreamed of by Townes & Shockley when they invented the transistor, tremendous computers millions of times faster than man can think, the old ten, nine, eight,three, two, one ignition liftoff, rockets requiring millioesn of working parts a very sophisticated "zero defects" technology, and...total public apathy.

Rome crashed because the people were too fat and contented and needed constant amusement. I feel we are something like Rome was. Too fat and contented and the glamor of the space program has worn off. I suppose all science fiction readers are attracted by the vastness, the scope, the sweeping concepts...and the promise of the stars. Right now, we are being robbed of that promise of "stardom" through boredom and through a failure of NASA.

The failure isn't technological (face it, those guys are brilliant), but one of a public relations job. They try to tell the people what spinoffs there are, but don't do a good job. I think it would have been better to hire a Madison Avenue firm to do the PR and sell the space program so thoroughly that the idiots that comprise the masses in America would have felt they could no more do without a vital and on-going space program than they could do without feminine hygeine spray, tums, and the un-cola.

The earth is insignificant. A mote of dust. Out there are the stars and I almost cry thinking that I might never see a successful mission to the stars launched. I do cry thinking I may never see a manned landing on Mars. In some small way, I can appreicate what Werhner von Braun must feel.

There is still hope, of course. Although fools like John Chancellor harp on "this is the last mission to the moon this century" with the unstated "and maybe forever", there is still hope. What if it is the last moon mission? Is that so bad? The moon IS insignificant. A stepping stone only.

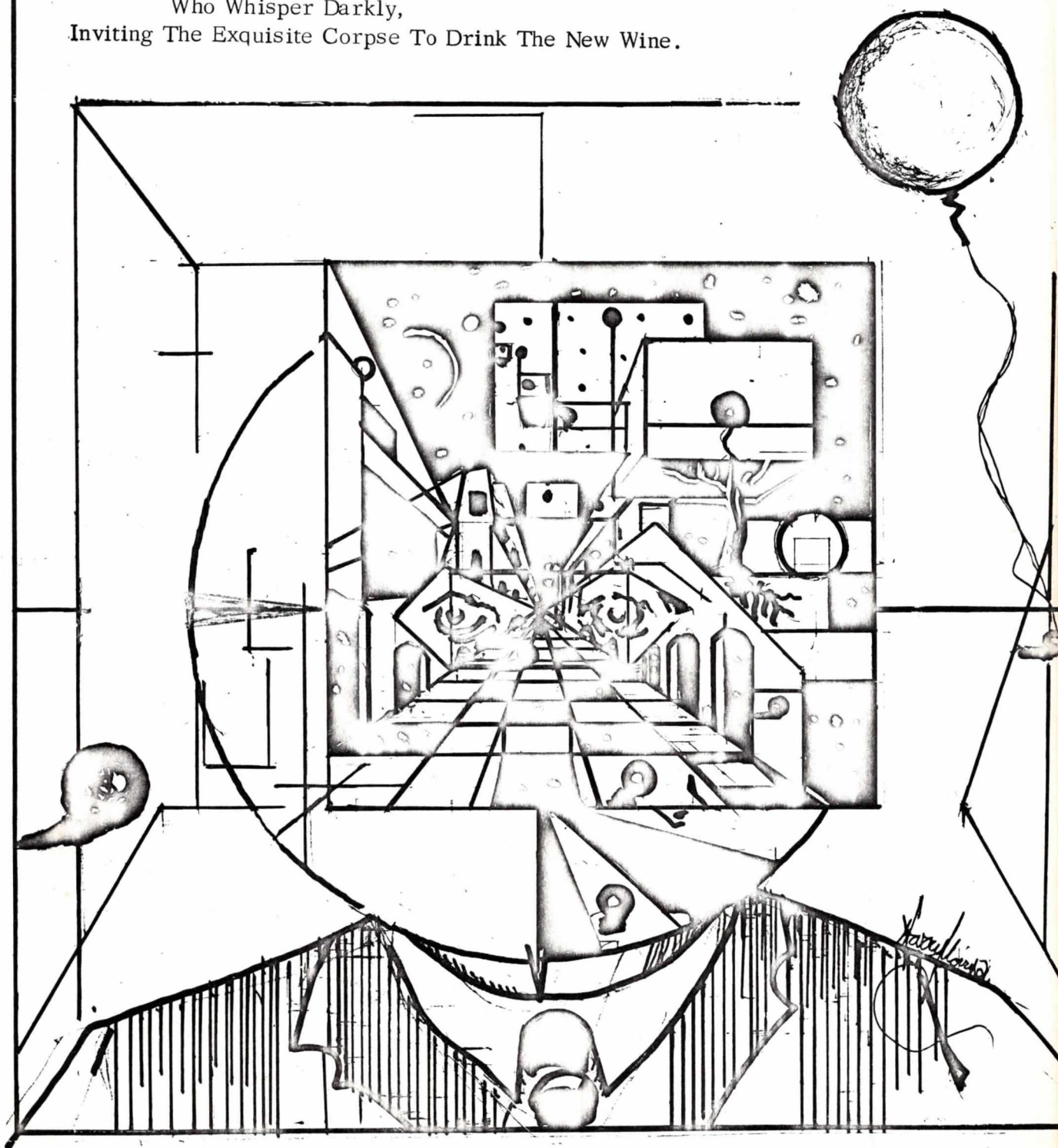
The orbiting lab might convince the government that scientists are willing to give their right arms for the research that can be done in space. A shuttle might develop low cost orbital vehicles for assembly of a Mars probe. Maybe the governemtn will wise up and put some money into developing atomic power instead of shutting down experimental stations like the Argonne reactor at Idaho Falls. With atomic powered engines, Mars is close.

With fusion powered engines anywhere in the solar system is close. And maybe someone will figure out a stardrive. Maybe it won't be very fast, but I can hope.

I can even hope that man will reach out for the stars in a significant ay before I die. If so, I think I would die a lot happier.

*****H. Matthews*****

Casting Past Conclusions Above
 Stoney African Strangeness
 The Unhinged Quicklight
 Echoes Past The Inner Sight
 Of Dreaming Specters
 Who Whisper Darkly,
 Inviting The Exquisite Corpse To Drink The New Wine.



THE EXQUISITE CORPSE DRINKS NEW WINE