

ack.
9-26-74 D



This is the February 1974 issue of Zymurgy. Or Zymurgy-d whichever you prefer. If you don't prefer either, I wonder why the hell I sent this to you.

If this space is marked this is your last issue, unless I get some sort of response.

Zymurgy can be had for almost any show of interest. Loc, trade, contrib, 35¢ or 3/\$1.00. I used everything I had in my files(?) for this issue so I would be greatfull for some contribs (please).

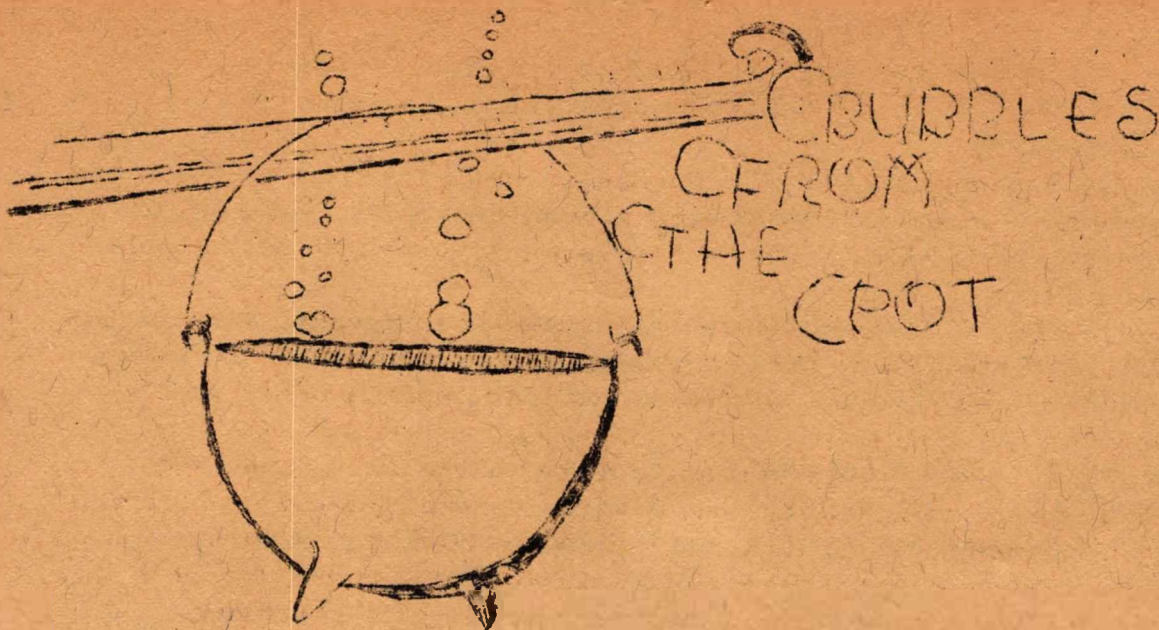
T next to your name means trade. C- contributor.
R-please review. P-you lost your mind and paid for it.
S-sample, means I am trying to extort some sort of response.

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ARTWORK:

Cover, pg 2, pg 4 by Sheryl Birkhead. The rest by Mike Kring



Being a fan (and everyone knows how brave, strong and fearless fans are) I am going to start this with an apology to Sheryl Birkhead and Mike Kring. I copied their illos by hand. I have never before done this and, to put it mildly, I have no idea how they will turn out. So if they look like great blobs of ink with blank spaces it is my falt, not theirs.

Now that I have the apology out of the way I will explain why I did it by hand this time instead of using an electrostencil. Actually there are two reasons (Naturally they both have something to do with money).

First and most obvious is the way the illos turned out in the lastish. They were clear and accurate, but much too light. No matter what I tried I could not get enough ink through them to make the illos dark enough. I couldn't see spending three bucks for such poor results.

The second reason is much more complicated and actually more important (since, you say, I could always have gone to another place to get the stencils done). You see right now three bucks is a lot of money to me (actually 10¢ is a lot of money).

After over 6 years (7 in Feb.) the big brother of US business, IBM, and I came to a parting of the ways. I am now retired--sounds better than out of work, doesn't it?

A certain manager and I had been fighting for almost 4 years, while I like a fight as much as anyone (some people in the ASFS accuse me of liking a fight more than anyone((verbal, of course)) but what the hell do they know anyway) enough is enough. I am also getting old. Thirty-one might not be that close to retirement age but it starts to get really tough to find a job after 30. I figured if I didn't get out now I would never get out.

I had forgotten all the joys of job hunting. The helpfull job interviewer, asking all those nice personal questions that are none of his goddamn business. What fun wait ing on long lines to get an application so you can sit on the floor(sorry all the seats are out being recovered) with a three year old phone book as a writing table (sorry all the desks were eaten by termites) and fill in all the blanks, which are too small for the information they want.

O MY DORIAN NEARLY GRAY

by Jack Speer

It was probably said by Dr. Johnson. One of his disciples protested that a certain man was not to blame for his physiognomy. The authority on everything answered, "Sir, after the age of forty, a man is responsible for his face!"

He implied that a man's character causes his features to take a form recognizably identified with his character. Nowadays we think causation may run the other way: thru roleplaying, or living up or down to what's expected of him, a man's appearance molds his character.

To most ages of mankind it has not been a matter of cause and effect, but an aspect of that harmony between appearance and essence which was a foundationstone of the Hellenes' misunderstanding of the universe. Almost any 19th-century biography of a wellfavored person is likely to speak of his or her appearance as confirming hiser good character.

The 20th century is more skeptical. We have, for example, the opinion Sprague de Camp expressed in an article and soon embodied in a story, that a good appearance is likely to be deceiving. The mass of people, however, probably still think like a schoolteacher of mine who was urging us to consider candidates carefully before we would vote. "I take the picture of a candidate and cover up everything but his eyes and study them. Then I cover those and study another part of his face." To her, this was careful voting.

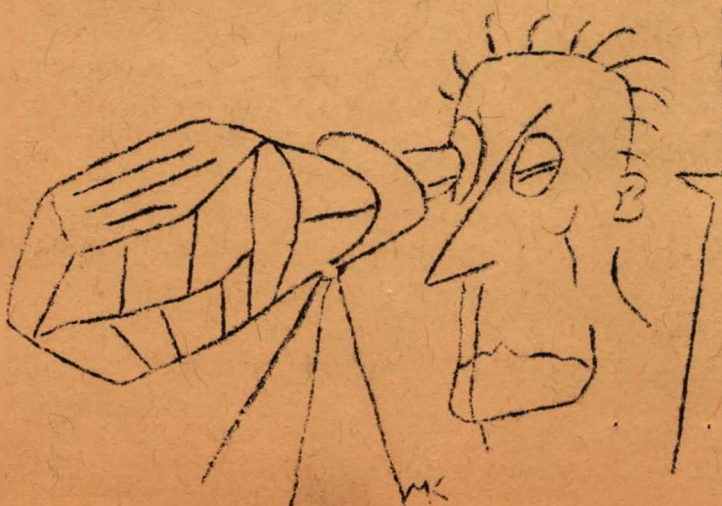
The assumptions we all inherited from the last century are at the root of Dr Jekyll & Mr Hyde and the picture of Dorian Gray. The increasing modern skepticism may be traced in the movie versions.

I believe each production of Jekyll & Hyde has used less makeup than its predecessor to distinguish the two characters. In the latest, Dr Jekyll's servants seem stupid not to recognize their master in Mr Hyde. The audience would no longer believe that bad character turns a man into something like a werewolf.

As for Dorian Gray, disease seems to be more emphasized in the last version of the painting that shows his true character. Even the brother of the wronged girl seemed to go more by the objective criteria of apparent age than by the purity of Dorian's countenance.

When it comes to e-t's, it is now fashionable for a BEM's repulsive exterior to hide a heart as golden as that of Beauty's beast.

jfs



INTERESTING,
But where
ARE ALL
the DIRTY
PICTURES??

FIRST, YOU HIT 'EM OVER THE HEAD

by Jodie Offutt

It is interesting and amusing that a large segment of our population embraced the Dr. Spock of the 60s while a generation before, their parents were leafing the pages of Dr. Spock's BABY AND CHILD CARE for advice on what-to-do-when.

John Dewey, I believe though, is more responsible for our attitude in education toward let's-keep-everybody-happy-and-able-to-get-along philosophy. It wasn't until after that first Sputnik went up that the screams of "Where are our scientists? Why can't we do this?" were heard. (Now of course, we've got more scientists than we need. The pendulum swings.)

Of course you can't "make" a kid learn anything. Fear of punishment or embarrassment might provoke him to remembering the New England states and their capitols or to count by threes to a hundred. But he only remembers them as long as it takes to spit them out on a test. That's not learning at all; short-term training is all it is.

All of us start life curious and anxious to learn. Unfortunately, by the time we start to school a lot of the natural curiosity has been stifled. What's left is usually stifled in the schools. The first thing kids have to learn is to curb the urge to go to the bathroom until a specified time, to walk down the hall on the left, not to talk out of turn. This isn't learning. It's training.

Where we were all at one time self-stimulating, after a few years stimulation for the most part has to come from outside sources--home, teachers, peers, the world.

Most teachers aren't very stimulating and a lot of homes aren't either. And no matter how interested a teacher may be, if a child's home is a blah place, it is almost impossible for a teacher to overcome it.

I think of schools more as a social experience than a learning experience. (Unfortunate, perhaps, but most kids get more education after the 3:30 bell rings than before.) I firmly believe that the child with average intelligence can learn in three months what it takes nine to cover.

What do we need in order to learn? Tools. What are the tools? Reading writing and arithmetic. We can learn these things in three years of school. From there on out learning comes from interest and stimulation.

Our schools are in such sad shape now because they are teaching to the lowest common denominator. One of the basic concepts when our country was founded had to do with equal education. In England only the affluent were educated. We didn't like that so we went the other way. The results are low standards in our schools and an over-educated, but not very well-educated population.

Ideally, schools should be the center for the learning experience. They should be the tools, the reference point, the stimulator, the encyclopaedia of what there is to learn, the point of departure for children to educate themselves. Instead they are training centers.

Maybe we were wrong. Perhaps equal education wasn't such a good



ideal after all.

Corporal punishment in schools isn't going to make any difference in learning. Some kids learn because they want to; some don't. Perhaps the ones who don't shouldn't be taking up space in our schools. If they were allowed to weed themselves out, we'd have fewer educated people, but they'd sure as hell be better educated.

Jodie Offutt

JUST LEAD 'EM TO THE WATER

By Clifford R. Wind

#This was originally part of a loc but I liked it as an article. The rest of the loc by Mr. Wind is in the letter col, as is his address. ¢#

Hello everyone who should read this. None of you (well, nearly none) will even recognize my name, but I'll delay introductions for a moment--if no one minds.

I know of course that Mr. Vardeman's little article was not meant seriously. But just in case someone just skimmed the argument and missed the clues that Mr. Vardeman was pulling our collective legs (as for instance the implied identification of Dr. Spock with advocacy of parental permissiveness, a well known error, and the over-estimation of Dr. Spock's influence on the educational system (Piaget's been the catch-name for some time now, and basic skills the catch-phrase)), I'd like to take a moment to consider that argument.

As for the study, by "one of the Michigan schools," reporting a correlation between passive words and decadent cultures, I'm not familiar with it. I have heard of some studies showing a correlation between cultural support for a particular personality trait, need for achievement, (as shown by word and phrase choice, and thematic content, in primers and adult literature) and certain indices of social change (primarily those of economic growth). But those studies showed evidence of reliability (internal and external) and made no subjective value judgements concerning those social changes. The "Michigan" study, though, with its terribly subjective 'action', 'passive', 'decadent', and 'dynamic' gives little sign of being reliable, that is, reproducible. And of course both studies are only correlational, not causational.

The heart of the argument, though, was that discipline is necessary for learning. Certainly. But, (since I can't write that loudly, I'll write it again) but, that discipline can not come from outside the student, as Mr. Vardeman so humorously suggests. Learning is a process of



fitting features of one's own experience into one's own cognitive structures. None of this can be done by the teacher. Not by threat or actuality of corporal punishment. Not by any 'discipline' enforced from without the student. Certainly not by the subtle emotional torture so often found in the schools of today. Kids conditioned to need teachers' approval, grades, to seek only the right answer, not learning, then denied approval for the 'wrong' answers, wrong because they aren't just what the teacher wanted.

(And standing in a corner can be a terribly humiliating experience, Ms. Hogue. And if you're a grade schooler and feel a 'pressing urgency', the damage may be more than emotional.)

The funniest perhaps, of Mr. Vardeman's little jests is the notion that corporal punishment is good for the soul. The psychology he defends

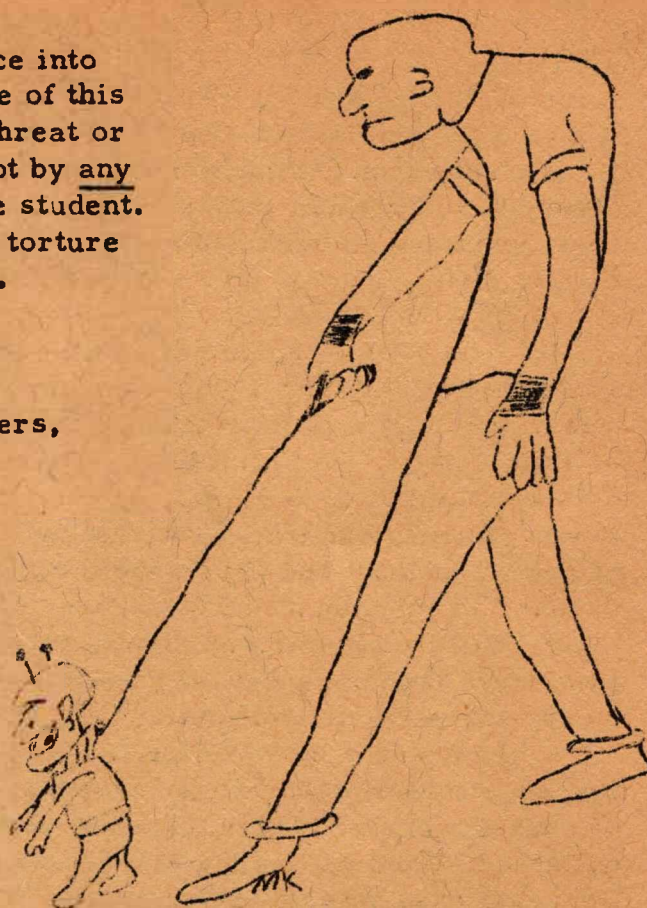
(sociology, by the way, is less reproducible due to its being primarily, in Mr. Kuhn's words, pre-paradigmatic, and due to its reliance on mostly correlational data) has itself shown punishment can be a factor in apathy, such as Mr. Vardeman decries, and can, in excess, cause psychopathology.

Only slightly less amusing, of course, was Mr. Vardeman's word game with "inalienable", so cleverly done as to make nearly any reader forget the distinction between a right and the fulfillment of that right, forget that the terms of an "inalienable right" may be denied, and yet that right not be denied.

It's easy to see why Mr. Vardeman has the reputation he does. Thank you for a very humorous piece, Mr. Vardeman.

I guess it's time for introductions. My Name is Clifford R. Wind. I'm 21, a senior at the University of Washington, one-half Dutch, terribly fond of my middle name, and that's quite enough of my personal life for now, thank you.

Clifford R. Wind



Tact is the rare ability to keep silent while two friends are arguing, and you know both of them are wrong.

H Allen

SHAMLET

by Sheryl Birkhead

Once upon a time, on the emerald green world of Elg, there lived a very wise king named Shamlet. Now, as in most kingdums, he was also chief judge (cook and bottlewasher). Since he was considered a pretty fair kind of a guy, he took no sides (well hardly any) in any matter he was supposed to settle-which you must admit is a decent way of handeling things.

Well, it just so happened that Shamlet had one son(obviously the royal air). Anyhow, son-George-was married to a pretty classy chick by the name of Twinkletoes. But, living up to her name, Twinkeltoes liked, ahem..., a bit of variety to add spice to her life.

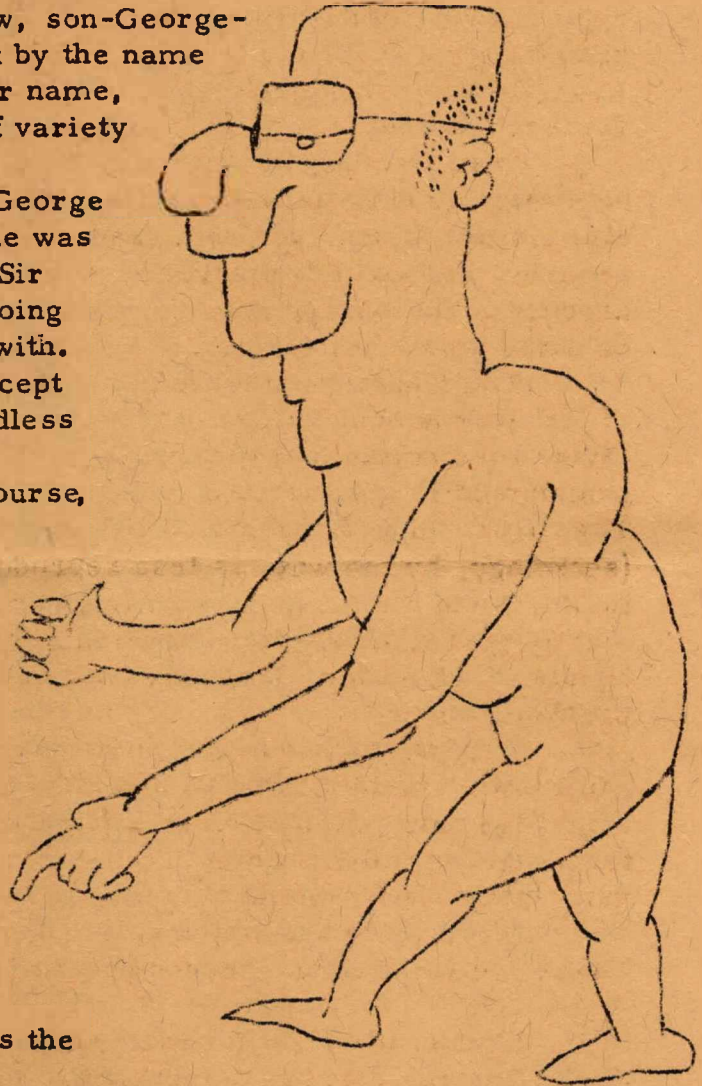
Accidently one day, good old George dropped in unannounced while Twinkie was taking a second helping of Tumeric (Sir Lawrence Tumeric); saw what was going on and dispatched Sir Tumeric forthwith.

That would have been fine, except for one slight hitch-homicide (regardless of cause) was considered to be a definate no-no on Elg. And in due course, George's case was tried before his father.

The prosecuting attorney-a pushy guy named Merry Payson-presented his case and waited smugly for the unavoidable verdict.

Shamlet, wildly searching for some way out of sentencing his son to death, scrambled to his feet and besought his subjects mercy. Finally, convinced he could turn the charge into a lesser crime he cried:

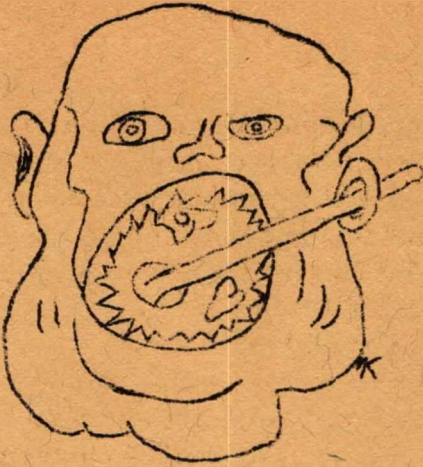
"To see or not to see That was the indiscretion!"



Sheryl Birkhead

If nobody ever said anything unless he knew what he was talking about, a ghastly hush would descend upon the earth.

Alan Herbert



A PAVANE OF ZYMURGISTS
by Dr. Walter Williams

When Alexei Panshin, the brilliant critic and transliterate Mad Russian who together with his wife Cory forms the ad hoc brain trust of sf, chose to envision the sf field as extensions of three basic fictional aims, to wit, memetic, didactic, and romantic; it occurred to me that however stable the triangle might prove to be in mathematics, the triune nature did not necessarily extend to literary criticism. It seems

inconceivable that a field so fraught with creativity and unexplored potential should fail to create a new fiction, a fiction expanding on the mimetic, didactic, and romantic traditions of the past five thousand years to create brand new fictional aims, unique to the sf field. May I suggest that these fictional aims are already in existence? It seems inconceivable to me that they have not heretofore been remarked upon.

The first of these might be turned POLEMICAL SF, or perhaps invertive-didactic or even anti-didactic. Its principal aims, it seems to me, are to refute (bury) or confute ("overthrow"-- James Blish) the didactic statements or proofs by previous sf writers, living or dead. This attempt to set up a dialectic in contra-didacticisms greatly enhances the potential of sf, the potential which can only be described as polyestrous. The greatest living practitioner of polemical sf is undoubtedly E. Kennan Falconbridge, whose frequent and regrettably rash statements ("Fuck Issac Asimov- I'm right!") has resulted in his early retirement from the field and his return to his old profession of corn-chandler. Fortunately, he left a number of works behind almost all of which (The Piss-ants of Titan, The Moribund Chronicles, Starship Storm Troopers) are masters of their genre.

The aim of the Incoherence School (if such I may call them) is to "Make the future unintelligible," a statement made by its generally acknowledged founder Vincent Smith at Orecon 70. A noble goal, but is it possible? The statement of goals and ideology originating from the Orecon forum (The Saniflush Statement"- published in Pedant 9 in April of 1970) was confusing, infuriating, often hysterical document that undoubtedly was meant to be a rallying point for his supporters. Since that promising first attempt, Smith and his followers have confined their activities to defences of their ideology within the pages of Pedant (see Smith's Piss-Ant's Prospectus in Pedant 14). It is generally expected that the forthcoming publication of Smith's first major novel (POLYVINYLPIRROLIDONE PLANET) will prove to be a definitive work of its genre.

Another school, which I prefer to call the school of Prolix fictional aims, attempts with mixed success to create highly intense yet perspicaciously obscure prose rheomorphic in nature, consciously platypodistic but with a subtle mixture of paleothropic analysis. When it fails it risks being nothing more than moribund, but when it is at its most palatable the sublime rhombic prose creates marvelous inextensional webs, filled with falpsid chords that fizz and burp.

Walter Williams

SCIOLISM

by MIKE Kring

First off, let me explain the title, for all you people who don't know whathell it means: sciolism--surface knowledge, shallow learning, quackery, pretender to learning (all from Websters). And since I'm not an authority on anything (but love to BS with the best), I thought it fit most appropriately.

My prejudices next, before the fmz are reviewd, since some of the ratings might not make much sense to some of you. To begin with: if the repo is competent, and the offset not bad, and the layout fair, I consider it okay. I also don't really care if a fmz has a folio in it, offset covers, ten tons of pictures, and superb layout: it's not really important. Actually, if the fanzine has well-written articles, a nice lettercol (an essential item, to my way of thinking), a few illos, and fair layout, I'll rate it higher than a fmz with superb layout (which I would have a helluva time spotting), offset throughout, two Salvador Dali original illos, four folios, poor articles, columns, and no lettercol to speak of. I'm a reader, not an art critic, nor a layout fanatic. Now--if a fmz has both good pictures, etc. and good columns, that's nice indeed; but how many of those are floating around these days, hmmm? (For that manner, how many were ever in existence?)

Now, to the zines...

STARSHIP TRIPE#5 (soon to be BANSHEE):: Micheal Gorra; 199 Great Neck Road; Waterford, Ct. 06385; : available for loc, trade, contributions, or 35¢ per ish.

A fairly nice fmz, except the editing is sporadic at best and the repro in spots is less than abysmal. This is sort of a con report issue, what with two Torcon reports and a comment on the Hugos. Actually, considering Gorra is still a High School student, not bad. (He says he wants to convert it to a big, offset genzine with all the trimmings.) I have only one real comment to make: the editor is going to have to take time and edit closely and watch his repro, if he doesn't want it to be classed a pure crudzine. The articles inside are, on the whole, fair to good, but most suffer from the editor's lack of time, which results in an unnecessary proliferation of typos.

RATING.....3

SCIENCE FICTION ECHO (or MOEBIUS TRIP #18) :: Edward Conner; 1805 N. Gale; Peoria, Ill. 61604:: \$1.50 (perhaps for the usual, but he doesn't say).

A very good genzine, with all the things a genzine should have: reviews, columns, articles, and a good lettercol (besides being good, MT's lettercol is huge). This comes in a for-real type book form, which difficult to picture unless seen. (I can't even begin to imagine the amount of man-hours involved. Fans are crazy!) There are a couple of interviews, of fans, no less (Paul Walker and Ben Indick). A column by Bill Wolfenberger on his move to Oregon, an article by Walt Liebscher on just what to call MT since it's no longer just a simple fanzine, and other nice things, too. The lettercol is, of course, the real meat of the issue, and it's always at least interesting and at best fascinating. Lots of overseas

fans appear in MT, which adds more to its overall excellent and special tone. To say I like it is an understatement.

RATING.....9

TITLE # 20::Donn Brazier; 1455 Fawnvale Dr.; St. Louis, Mo. 63131 says limited circulation; available for 25¢ the first time, after that a loc, trade, contrib, the usual.

One of the hardest zines I've had to review so far, for the simple reason this is a personalzine filled with quotes from locs and with a few articles thrown in, and I don't like the editor's personality. More than likely a personal quirk with me, since quite a few people must enjoy it, or they wouldn't send in locs or sticky quarters. I like some of the articles (Paul Walker wrote on what ticks him off about faneds; Al Jackson on what hell it was which kind of demolished a bit of Siberia June 30, 1908). Other people have bits and pieces here and there. It reads like a quote book, or something, which to my way of thinking, ain't no way to run a fmz. But then--what is? No rating on this one, since it will depend on whether you can stomach Brazier or not. I can't.

ADRENALIN #2::John Carl; 3750 Green Lane; Butte, Mt. 5901:: available for substantial locs, contribs, trade, 25¢, 5/\$1

A good, competent zine with excellent ditto reproduction (hate that dumb yellow paper, though). Quite fine, considering it's only a second issue. Quite a few articles, mostly of nice, fannish natter, a fmz review column, a lettercol, and a bit of a story (?), to round out the issue. While most of the articles were good to excellent, they suffered by being all of the same tone and run one right after the other (I mean, a fmz review column doesn't count, does it?). Carl does have an interesting approach to his articles, though; he pulls a mini-Ellison trick and writes a tiny bit on the authors at the beginning of the article. Interesting, indeed. However, if the ed wants to continue with his format, he should cut the pages considerable, like to a max of 20 pages. It all starts to run together after a while.

RATING....4

MAYBE # 32::Irving Koch; c/o 835 Chatt. Bank Bldg.; Chattanooga, Tn. 37402:: 6/\$2.50, 50¢ each, trades, and printed contribs.

Seems to be put together to get the most info out in the least amount of time, plus Koch seems to have a running battle with a printer (it's offset throughout). Lots and lots and lots of fmz reviews, mostly two or three sentences; which, if you're just interested in getting the news out, is okay. There is definitely some amount of work involved in this venture, but (by the gods!) Koch should take a little more time to do it a wee bit neater. I'm not a stickler for immaculate repro, but mistakes or last minute additions tend to bug me if they're avoidable if a little more time is taken in producing the zine. Slow down, Koch, and enjoy the world.

RATING ... 3

IT COMES IN THE MAIL # 6::Ned Brooks; 713 Paul St.; Newport News, Virginia 23605::available by whim, I guess; ask him and see.

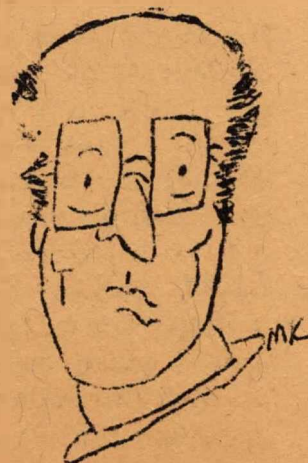
An interesting idea done in immaculate mimeo. (Brooks brags about his repro; what's bad, it is good). Seems Brooks takes the mail he receives each day and types up his comments the same day. A fairly nice effort, what with fmz reviews, letters commented on, and just plain bull. Brooks has a nice, light style, and I like it. No rating one this one either, since it's also a personalzine. It is recommended. However, just how to go about and get it, I don't know.

GODLESS # 5::Sp4 Bruce D. Arthurs, 527-98-3103; 57th Trans Co.; Ft. Lee, Va. 23801::available for trade, locs, review, contrib, or 35¢.

A small, competent zine with little or no outstanding qualities. The editorial is okay, I guess, but I thought it a trifle stilted and found myself saying, "So what?" when the editor discussed his problems. (Helluva attitude, I guess, but Arthurs doesn't write enough, or maybe too much, for me to emphathize with him. Sorry.) It reads like a personalzine, but Arthurs says it's a genzine. (He also says this particular issue is a weak one; I agree.) The only thing in the zine (besides the editorial) which is not editor written (discounting the lettercol) is an exchange (of sorts) between Arthurs and Jim Kennedy, which is interesting (and it also proves Jim Kennedy is insane). The lettercol is also fair and Arthurs doesn't butt in every three lines to put in his 3¢ worth, unless he's got something (usually sarcastic) to say. (But then, I like sarcasm...in small doses.) All in all, as I said before, a competent zine.

Rating.... 3 1/2

Well, this is all the zines I'm going to review this ish. Enough of them, I'd say. My policy governing my reviews is very simple, really: I take what I think is either an interesting zine, or one which I think could actually benefit by my puny efforts at commentation. That's all it really is. I comment on what I like or dislike about a zine, hoping the editor will take the time to realize there is definately other opinions out there in the fannish besides the incestous little group he is so familiar with. And all fmz are incestous, in effect. I also try: to be honest in what I think about the zines I review. I really don't like the five page reviews anymore than I like the five word reviews. There should be a medium in there somewhere; I'm trying my best to fill what I think is a gap in fmz reviewing. And hell no, I don't think of myself as anything more than a fan trying to do what he thinks is fun, and at the same time, something he thinks is important enough to waste his time on. (Gods, doesn't this all sound so pompous?)



Mike Kring

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Degradation in the Desert
by Sal DiMaria

This issue's column is going to be somewhat rambling folks. But first, did you know that Degradation in the Desert was a column? I didn't find out until a few days ago. I thought that title was to be a one-shot. I received this interesting news from Mike Kring. Mike, thanks for telling me, I never would have known it otherwise.

I'm new at this game of writing for fanzines, and there's nothing more amateurish than a new writer for a new fanzine. Nothing exceptionally degrading has been entering my mind recently so I have been having a hard time trying to find something to ornament this with. Try convincing ye olde editor of that. I had been warned: Come up with something or there will be a contract out on your life-to be carried out by the IRA. So, with visions of my precious life being ended by drowning in a vat of warm Irish beer, I decided to come up with something pronto.

This paragraph was originally reserved for a tirade against Christmas but I decided to let that jolly holiday be. There seemed to be such a lack of good cheer this year that I would hate to spread any more bad feelings around. At least, the parties I've been to haven't been too bad. For New Year's I was over editor Patten's abode. I had been drafted to call up people for a party and I honestly thought we might have 12-15 people. We didn't get quite that many, but all six of us had a pretty good time. As a matter of fact, we had such a good time that three of us, Walter, Mike and I, stayed over Dick's house for the night. We hadn't originally planned to, but a 6" snowfall and icy streets kind of convinced us. Accomodations were generous. Unfortunately for Walter and Mike, the length of the beds in the children's room weren't. Walter did find an ingenious method of turning over in the small bed. He merely unhooked his feet from the bars at the foot of the bed, turned over, and rehooked them in. I had no such trouble. The floor was long enough. About three hours after we lay ourselves down to sleep (at about 5:30 AM) we heard wispers at the door. It turned out to be Robin, Dick's little girl, whispering to her little brother "are they awake, are they awake?" After a few minutes of this we were indeed wide awake. After a few minor incidents (such as a flat tire) we managed to escape from Albuquerque's south valley. I must agree with Dick, It was essentially a mini-con (complete with Walter's R rated movie no less!)

I want to say here that I really appreciated the kind hospitality of Dick and his wife Kathy. I really had a good time and hope I can return the favor in some way sometime.

One other party was pretty good, the one where I work. I earn my bread at this laboratory see. Its part of the New Mexico Scientific Laboratory System. This may raise visions of mad scientists trying to breed smog monsters to devour Albuquerque. Actually, that's only part of it. The rest of the time we do humdrum testing for pollutants. They gave me the air pollution section. Which is verry fitting for a guy with a degree in biology and an interest in wildlife conservation. Oh well, it beats being a Ph.D. in physics pumping gas.

I can't really complain about the people I work with. Overall, they're

a great bunch of workers and I get along fine with them. The place does have it's peculiarities, though. For instance, its location. We are situated about halfway between the city dump and the police honor farm. This area is about 2 or 3 miles from anywhere else in the city. I guess someone thought all those scientists in one place were not to be trusted with the lives of the citizens of Albuquerque. Another thing is the environmentalists. These are the people who bring us the samples. Usually, I have no trouble with them. Once in a while though, they will ask for the impossible.

Thusly:

"Hello, Mr. DiMaria? This is Jim Short, the guy who brought in all those samples yesterday. Remember I told you there was no rush on them and that it would be perfectly alright if you took a week to get the results? Well, it seems that something has come up and we need the results as fast as possible."

"Well how soon is that?"

"Would tomorrow be too soon?"

"No, no problem at all. After all, I have six hands, I work at super speed, and everyone at the lab is at my beck and call if I need any help."

"Fine, I'll call you tomorrow morning for the results."

Some days you just can't win.

Sal DiMaria



The Sadistic Hangman

or

The Vowelless Fiend

by Melinda Sherbring

I recently got a copy of Z-b (after I had perused Z-c) while making a surprise attack on Albuquerque. Apparently there are other word-freaks out there, in the great unknown. To them I offer a challenge -- well, let me digress a moment for a bit of exposition.

I have been playing a bit of hang-the-man lately. The UNIVAC out at WSMR (White Sands Missile Range to the uninitiated) plays a mean game--but it always gets to choose all of the words. That started me on my current binge. From hangman I progressed to Probe, which has the added advantage of being able to pad the word with blanks. Of course, now I play people, not machines, as I have yet to figure out how to make a machine guess words. The first bit of strategy involves finding the location of all the vowels. But I seem to recall a little jingle listing "A, E, I, O, U and sometimes Y and W". By diligent search through the dictionary, I came up with forty words containing only a "Y" for a vowel, from pyx to syzygy. Here we get back to the challenge I alluded to earlier. Excluding Welsh words not used in English, does anyone know of even a single word using w for a vowel? Or a "Y-word" at least as long as syzygy? You may define length as either number of letters or number of syllables.

Melinda Sherbring 13

STRANGE BREW



Jodie Offutt
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Enjoyed Zymurgy. Thanks.

I've formed some pretty definite opinions about education and schools during the past few years. From my kids' schooling and my own experience of going back to school after many years. My feelings about the people in college is that for the most part they are desperately and trudgingly going from class to class in order to get the degree and get out of school. Or else they don't want to leave school because they don't know what they're going to do. In either case, they're not getting anything from the school experience because they can't seem to relax and enjoy and sop up anything. It's a shame. I'm getting a lot out of my classes and really enjoying and learning things, but then I don't have the pressure of having to get a grade for my records. I'm not competing.

Your hospital stories were interesting. Isn't it too bad that the first thing they do in hospitals is take a blood sample. It is hard on a child. #Yes, but she takes it fine. I panic. #

I had occasion this week (because our pump busted a gut and we have no water) to go to the laundromat with the week's washing. It was a fairly unique experience for me. I realized that I could not only wash and dry the clothes, but I could have all manner of things to eat and drink, plus play the pinball machines or ride a horse--all by putting money in slots and pushing buttons. The whole place was nothing but a vending building.

This afternoon we went to the hospital where andy had an EKG and parted with some blood for testing. I couldn't help but think that there could be a way for him to go in there and read instructions on a machine, position his arm in the indicated place, insert some money, push a button and the machine would do the rest. With a little more sophisticated instructions, I'll bet the same could be done with the EKG.

One day last week I took some SFWA stuff to the library to copy and found that the copier was one that had some instructions on it, a slot for nickels, and buttons to push for the copies.

There ought to be a short story in all that. Now if I just could run onto some writer....

Jodie Offutt

Clifford R. Wind
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Hello Mr. Kring, a lovely article you did. (Yes, Mike, I know you can't stand to be called Mr., but I can't help it. Sorry.) I haven't attended a football game since junior high, and then only because I passed the playing field on my way home. My present roommate quit football his junior year in high school shortly after the coach told the team, "Go get 'em, guys. Get 'em where it counts. Just don't let the refs catch you." He quit, and rested his 6'1", 210 lb. frame on the basketball bench for the next two seasons. For myself, I couldn't stand the infantile pep assemblies, the mandatory school spirit, and those peculiar little strips of sadism, the 'fight ribbons'. 1" by 6" strips of thin cloth silkscreened with gleeful depictions of decapitated, hung, gored, hatcheted, and otherwise mutilated mascots and athletes with cheerful captions, "Mash the Marauders. Crush the Crusaders. Behead the Bruins." In feeble protest of these I bought them, tore them neatly, and loudly, into three or more pieces, then wore them, quite prominently. In college, I've rather given up protesting, at least that particular issue. But I noticed yesterday that a group here is planning, quite seriously, a pep rally for the University of Idaho, our next opponents.

Another group wants to have the coach fired. I don't know anything about that. I just know that if one lives anywhere the U. (and I live just three blocks away) one simply doesn't even think of moving one's car on the day of a game. The traffic is hell, just sheer, unadulterated h---.

A nice little zine you have here, Mr. Patten. Mr. Di Maria, Ms. Gallegos both wrote fine pieces. I'm still reading, or trying to read Mr. Morris' thing, so can't say much on that. It is an amphigory, isn't it? Isn't it?

I can say, concerning Agnew, that my roommate's girl friend reported that her father came home the day of the resignation, shouting, "They got the Greek! They got the Greek!"

And I've got homework to do. Later.

P.S. It's not that much later, and I still have homework, but having gotten Zymurgy-b today (several days after Z-c, why do anything forward when you can do it backwards?), I feel like I should write more than the little that I have.

Even were I to take discipline in the looser sense that you, Mr. Patten and Ms. Hogue, do, I would still hold against it. It shouldn't ever be necessary. No 'discipline problem' stands alone, it is always a problem in a relationship, the teacher-student relationship. And in any relationship, no problem is strictly the fault of just one member. In other words, the teacher must always look to see how much fault is his/hers, and if 'discipline' is really necessary to solve the problem. Is quiet, for instance, absolutely necessary for learning? Don't be ridiculous.

An anecdote: A 'problem' student had a habit of rapping his half dozen rings, hand made in metal shop and quite heavy, and loud, against

his desk. Would you have told him to knock it off, or else, it bothered the other students? The teacher in question knew better, that approach hadn't worked for the student's other teachers, besides, the noise didn't bother the other students, it bothered him. So he told the student so, simply, honestly, then set aside a box in which the student himself would put his rings upon entering the room, and from which take, as he left. He used that box, without fail and without complaint. And his grades, in a subject neither his favorite nor his best, improved, not dramatically, but significantly. Not because of the resulting quiet, but because of the 'lack of discipline'.

Some words from my list: sciolism, sciomachy, sciosophy, sciosohilous, and, just for you, Mr. Patten, skiagraph, also spelled skiograph, sciagraph, sciograph, and sciagram, skiagram, skiogram. You can hardly miss.

#So as not to cast any doubt on Mike's originality I must explain he had already named his column when I (and he) saw Mr. Wind's letter. If any of you are interested in the definition of sciolism, it is at the head of Mike's column. dp#

Clifford R. Wind

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Sheryl Birkhead
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Hey, hey! I'm pleased with the way the cover came out! Hopefully I'm getting my very first electrostencil this Friday (as soon as I get paid) to try cutting and pasting with!

I got a memeo at Torcon and envy you what has to be an electric typer! My little manual one "cuts" a stencil...kinda. Now if my sister would just cart her electric typer home for Christmass and just sorta forget to take it back to school...

Torcon 2 was huge!

As per usual (I dislike airplanes) my plane had problems--like a stopover in NY--which was scheduled, but nobody told me until I got to the airport.

Toronto was (and me with my New coat) HOT! I (naturally) got onto the one and only un-airconditioned bus and repented of my sins the whole way to the Royal York.

Everything went about as expected--checked in couldn't find my room--yup, just about normal. The hotel was wall to wall people.

The Chinese banquet was an enjoyable addition to the happenings --of course, it helps that I *like* Chinese food.

Asmovian goings-one were underway by the time everyone re-arrived at the R. York. I enjoy the light banter (patter?) that was tipified in Asimov's introduction of the "notables."

The Con--in general-- is a pleasant blur, punctuated by restful interludes in the N3F room (regain strength and all that), and most enjoyable talks with the Bowers, Glickhsons, and Wajciechowskies (to name just a few). Thanks, people, for making Torcon 2.

Sheryl Birkhead

Tom Jackson
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Thank you for sending me a copy of Zymurgy. I have a hard time getting people to send me fanzines, even when I send money and promise a loc. #It's happened to me too, and it sure does piss me off. dp#

Lo and behold, I run into Sheryl Birkhead again. Her pleasant drawings seem to get around.

"Bubbles From the Pot" and "Comments" were mildly interesting. I would've gotten more out of Pat McCraw's article if she had told WHERE Bubonicon was held. (In Albuquerque? In a city infested by the plague?) #Same difference. dp#

Bob Vardeman's article did not make much sense. Bob seems to be saying that our society is "decadent" because it does not encourage competition as much as it used to. Or, at least, Bob says so. Define decadent, Bob. Does decadent mean the things that offend you and your sense of values? There are Pueblo Indians in New Mexico that are very much against ostentatious competition and leadership. In some pueblos, a man will refuse to lead an activity unless other men in the tribe gang up on him and force him to. Pueblo children have had trouble doing well in school because they lack a strong Anglo-Saxon sense of competition. Bob probably thinks these people are decadent; I prefer to think that a society in which people serve as leaders for the good of the whole, instead of doing it to feed their egos or build power, is not decadent, but merely different. Unlike the white man's (Bob Vardeman's) society, these people do not go around killing each other. I hope Bob will quit suggesting that the idea that people should help each other is a plot against the American Way of Life. And, I hope he will stop denouncing the opinions of people who disagree with him as "not worth a damn."

Tastes in humor are subjective. I like vanilla ice cream more than I like chocolate, but that doesn't mean that vanilla is better. I thought "Degradation in the Desert" was funny and very witty, but found "Sports not so funny. I don't want to say that Mike Kring's piece is "worse" than Sol Di Maria's, but I did like Sal's better. I'm sure some people liked Mike's better.

"Insight" was neither good nor very bad. It's the usual sort of piece by a person who is young and not too experienced. Lots of moody description, but not too much thought or plot.

I wish the spelling were a little better! #So do I. dp#

Tom Jackson

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Economists say a college education adds thousands of dollars to a man's income--which he then spends sending his son to college.

E. Wilson

John Robinson
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The evolution of a fanzine from a club is an interesting event. Did you immediately establish yourself as editor and operator or did the club get the credit and reviewers call Z a clubzine? I had that problem and Dave Singer of DEFENESTRATION is trying to break out of that image. #Z is still mostly club written. One reason is I know where they all live so they can't hide. I don't get a lot of outside contribs, so maybe I still have the Problem. dp#

Bubonicon seems to have made a tremendous reputation for itself. There are some who say they'd rather attend it than the Worldcon. I wonder why that is? #There are some strange people in Fandom. dp#

Your conreport (by Pat McCraw) was quite sketchy, but perhaps that's what it takes to arouse curiosity; and Z isn't all that voluminous a zine.

When the last garbageman gets his PhD it will be a very different world. I suspect that physical work will be abolished at about the same time. We will be expected to separate our garbage into categories in separate containers and zip them off to the treatment and recycling plant by pneumatic conveyor. Very little will be wasted. The work week will be down to 20 hours per week (2 10-hour days) — and efficiency will attempt a high. However, the more complicated things get the more they tend to fall apart, so I won't predict a Utopia.

Exception: despite the propaganda that good housekeeping is good ecology, and that not littering is not polluting, I still seem to see more and more kids dropping their candy wrapper on the sidewalk. (I've been working next to a variety store for 6 mos.) Whatever happened to walking around with grubble in your pockets?

Garbage In, Garbage Out, is the motto of all good programmers and operators. It's the public that seems to have succumbed to the myth of the sacred nature of output. This was extremely true in the late 60's with college professors and computer research methods. It didn't matter what crap was produced as long as it took up a lot of green and white pages. That's what I call "less-than-a-cent-a-word-mentality."

I found the illo for the inside back cover the most interesting. Would you care to explain it? Even if you don't care to explain it, you should explain it. Millions of readers are sitting on the edges of their chairs just waiting for an answer. WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE PICTURE? #I don't know. Harry has been hard to track down the last couple of months, so I haven't been able to ask him. dp#

John Robinson

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You can't go on being a good egg. You must either hatch or go bad.

C. S. Lewis

Then, wonder of wonders, when all the blanks are filled in, and all the forms are inspected, you have the honor of moving to the inner waiting room (4 chairs, 23 people) to wait for the interviewer.

He arrives!!! It takes him 10 minutes to take care of the 50 people waiting. Then, oh my ghod, then it was my turn. Well it just so happened that the 25,000 dollar job they had advertized in the paper had been filled that very morning, BUT, if I want to go to work for them at \$1.75 per hour he is sure that within the next few days (weeks, months,



I KEEP
HEARING
THE OCEAN.

years) they are sure to have a job that will be just perfect for me, but if I am not working for them, at the afore mentioned \$1.75/hr how could they possibly promiss to hold this fantastic job for me.

Out here in the old west the pace is kind of slow (except of course, when a subdivision is to be built into the side of the mountains) so

it takes quite a while to find a job. The good places, of which there are not that many, take two to three weeks to decide. I never realized before how much money is needed to be out of work. I was lucky to have a few(very few) bucks, so I can survive the experience but for someone just out of school, I don't know how they do it.

Anyway, now you know why I am trying to do most of the illos by hand. In fact if I didn't have the paper, stencils and ink Zymurgy might have faded into the great beyond.

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There is going to be a couple of changes in this issue. For one I talked Mike Kring into doing a fanziene review column. It is supposed to be a regular feature. The opinions expressed therein are not necessarily those of the editorial staff of this publication. (That doesn't mean a damn thing, and there aint no editorial staff except me, but I always did want to write that.) Anyone who wants something reviewed only, can send it directly to Mike at: PSC #1 Box 3147 KAFB East Alb. NM 87115. If you want to trade or what ever just send it to me. I give them to Mike to review unless they are marked do not review.

I should have a longer letter col this time. My two major problems have solely promised to leave my desk alone this time.

Now if I could only find some way to fix my spelling....

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Just a couple of closing lines. First I finally found a job. It ain't much, but what job is.

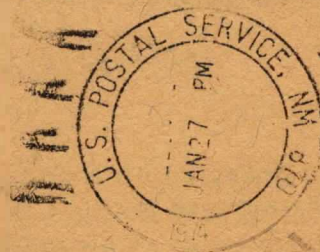
Another of the changes is a column by Sal DiMaria. It is supposed to be a regular feature, I hope.

That's it for this issue, have fun.

Dick



ZYMURGY-d
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Third Class

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