

ack
9-26-74

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ZYMURGY

This is Zymurgy-e, April 1974. Zymurgy comes out a number of times a year, on a very complicated schedule that I will publish, as soon as I can figure out what it is.

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

Zymurgy can be had for locs, trades, contribs, 35¢ or 3/\$1, or because I felt like sending it to you.

T next to your name means we trade. C-contributer. R- please review.

P- you paid for it (?)

M- you are mentioned, somewhere, I'm not going to tell you where.

If you want the egoboo you'll have to work for it.

K- Mike reviewed your zine (and good luck to you)

S- sample, I am hoping for a response, please.

If there's nothing next to your name it means either I forgot to put it there, or I don't know why the hell I am sending it to you either.

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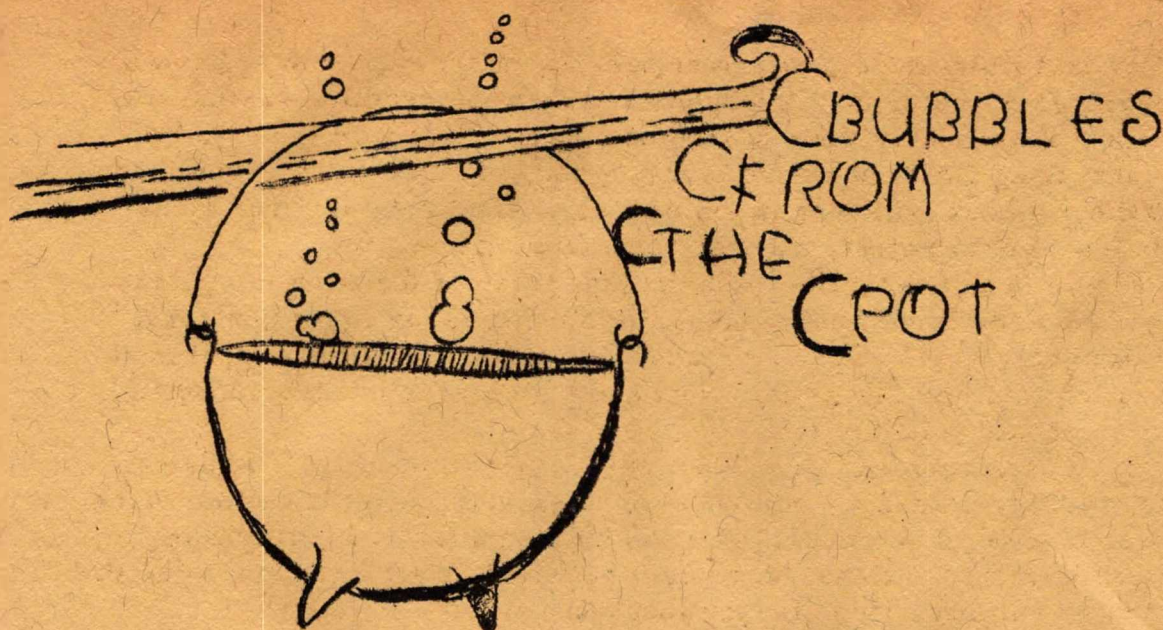
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Artwork; cover and titles by Sheryl

Minisandworm cover by Marci Helms

Kring by Ben Burgreff

This blank space is for individual comments. (That sounds better than saying I don't have anything to fill it, and am too lazy to do it myself.)



I am writing this early, early. In fact, it is only Feb. 25, something like a month or 6 weeks (never can remember my schedule) before Z-e is supposed to come out.

I have a good reason; actually I have a bunch of good reasons. Starting at the top: I was supposed to be typing a story for submission but my typer broke. I am in the business of fixing typers (plus other assorted mechanical monsters) so no problem you say. Little do you know. My tools are at the shop.

Oh well, to the book shelf. I haven't bought a new book in 2 months and I have already reread the ones worth rereading, this month.

One more try, the good ole TV. One small problem, I have it at the shop too. (No I don't sit around all day watching it.) It shorted the yoke and I am in the process of replacing it. (The yoke not the TV)

No typer, no books, no TV; what's left? I suppose the Raceway Lounge could offer a viable alternative (topless, bottomless, at least some of the dancers wear shoes ((male etc. etc.))) but that takes some of the nasty green stuff and payday is tomorrow.

What's left, ah fanac. Now is the time to write my inspired editorial. (I didn't say inspired by what.) I can even write it out by hand and maybe this time, find 10 or 15% of the spelling errors before I put it on stencil.

I looked thru my file (I'm a small operation, most fans have files, all I've got is a file) and came to two startling conclusions. I almost have enough to put out another issue. Mostly lettercol, but still another issue.

Second, this is a nasty issue. Here I am, a fat (pleasingly plump) good natured guy, (someday I'll explain why fat guys are jolly) and here comes Z-e, definitely not what I would call a good natured issue. Altho I hope most of it will be brightness and light. Vardebob is not nice to Tom. But then Bob has never been described as fat and jolly, not to my hearing anyway. Mike and Don are not members of a mutual admiration society. Altho both are admirable in their own way. (Point 10, right Don)

Also, I discovered that somehow editorial control has slipped from my sweaty paws. Not that I mind, I still edit letters and stick my comments in when I feel like it, but I don't in the slightest control what goes into the ziene.

For this I blame you, Whoeverthehell you are. I seem to have a vast shortage of material. Everyone seems to be reacting to what was written before. Luckily the contribs are good. It is nice to be able to print everything I get but where is the egoboo of rejecting? I have been rejected by almost everyone in existance. Here I have my own ziene and who do I get to reject, no one. Ah, the frustration.

Believe it or not this is my half-assed way of thanking the people who have already contributed and asking (gently?) for more contribs.

I am going to let you in on a secret---this is my first experiment with writing what ever pops into my head (stream of unconsciousness). I bet noone could possibly tell.

I have been told that I don't put any personality into Z. I have an excuse for that, naturally more than one. First; I don't have that much to spare. I have to be carefull to keep hold of what I've got. Second; I origanally wanted Z to be the perfect genzine. Well this time I decided to just talk, I figured I've already lost control so what the Hell. If I do get some of my personality into this thing that's the problem of whoever reads it.

When I was thanking people earlier I forgot to thank three people for service above and beyond the call of duty. Sheryl Birkhead, Vardebob, and Mike Kring. If it wasn't for them Z would have folded after the first issue.

I just read some of the trash I wrote. Don't get the wrong idea. I still enjoy Z. I don't really believe that most fmz editors have that much control over what they print. We exist on the generosity of the readers and while people like Ed Connor and Don Braizer have enough contributors to exercise some measure of control, I can't, and I don't think most fmzs can.

I don't think the quality of the articles in Title are any better than the articles in Z, but he is able to piece everything together in the type package he wants. Just as an aside, I don't want the same type of package as Title. The important thing is he knows what he wants and how to go about getting it. I am still learning.

//////////

I went to the Emerson, Lake and Palmer concert last night. (If Ted White will excuse me) FANTASTIC!! Those three guys put on a show. I am not going to try to describe the whole thing; suffice to say that they played for two solid hours, then did a 20 minute encore. The encore alone was worth the price of admission. It seems a shame to regulate a show like that to these few lines but if you have a chance to see them, do it! On a rating scale of 1 to 10 I would rate them 11.

//////////

As is typical (for me) the TV I mentioned earlier has more than just a bad yoke. The damn thing blew the whole horizontal circuit. At a 60% discount it still cost me \$35 to fix it. (Which is no yoke)

I have had a week that is unbelievable. It seems like every damn thing I own has broken. I heard Alan King say "Anyone who owns his own home deserves it !" I believe it, oh boy, do I believe it. The week started with the aforementioned TV and typer quitting. That should be enough all by themselves. But next the toilet broke, it didn't stop up, it started leaking (make your own lines for that I don't think I could stand it).

I ended up by replacing the whole damn thing. That's not only expensive but who wants to spend the evening bolting in a commode. Next the lawnmower thru a rod. Now the damn thing only has one so it didn't work so good. I picked up a new lawnmower at the same time I picked up the new waterpump for my car. Yeah, that quit too. When I got home I had to wait to put the waterpump in the car because the truck that came to drain the overfull septic tank was in the way.

all I can say is I'm glad the week is over, not only couldn't my nerves stand another week like that, but in a few more days I'd of had to declare bankrupsy.

//////////

Right at this point I had better mention Bubonicon 6 before I forget. It's to be held Aug. 23 to 26. F. M. Busby is the GOH. If you want any info write to Mike Kring; PSC #1; Box 3147; KAFB East; Albuquerque, NM 87115

//////////

Marci Helms and Debby Stark sent me some fine illos for this. I didn't use them because after I saw that I was no better at tracing (sorry Sheryl) I decided to wait until I could afford some electrstencils. I hope to use some in Z-f, and then you might even see the logos the way they are supposed to be.

//////////

Minisandworm was a drunken idea of mine and Mike's. I was sitting there talking to Mike about how Bob had sent me 4 pages of letter and two pages of review. Mike said something to the effect that Bob was going to fill Z's lettercol. I told him that I'd be damned if I would give that much lettercol to anyone. Somehow we came around to deciding that it was just like Bob to get me to type the stencils for his flights of fancy, so he wouldn't have to do it himself and put out another issue of SW for another yr.

I figured, what the hell, I hadn't picked on him for a couple of months about his lazyness. Hell if he won't put out another ish I'll do it for him. Especially if I have to do all the work of typing his stencils.

It was either this or cut his letter, and I like his writing too much for that. (besides he knows where I live)

So in lieu of a regular issue of SW, I present to you, complete in this issue, the first (and last?) issue of MINISANDWORM.

//////////

In case you are wondering why this page and a couple of others in this issue are done with a different typer it's a long story. And, since I have almost twenty lines to fill I'll tell you. As some of you know (if you can remember what I wrote two pages ago, which would be amazing, I never can) I fix typers for a living. Well, the IBM exec. I normally use finally gave out completely. I could fix it, but I only have a couple of pgs to do and it would take hrs. This is friday night and I didn't get to the shop this afternoon so I had a bunch of typers in the trunk of my car. Being a very lazy person I immediately put the exec on the floor and replaced it with an SCM 7000. As you can tell there was no way I could disguise this to look like an exec, but it does a pretty good job and sure beats the hell out of fiddeling around all night working on that other beast.

It looks like I filled up the empty space now, so I will shut up .-. and let you get to the rest of the zine.

SHERYL

I've been seeing Sheryl Birkhead artwork in almost every zine I've picked up for the last year or more, also she has done the cover for every ish of Z except Z-a, and I realized I didn't know anything about her, except she draws good. I have a terrible curiosity, that I had to satisfy, so I sent her some questions.

1- When and where were you born? (Gee-that's easy- I kinda thought you'd say something rough, like how or why...) I was born at 6:25 PM on Dec. 28, 1946 in the Distrect of Columbia. I was several months premature and checked in at about 3 pounds. Gads, if yoy could get a return on money the way my Mom got a return on those three pounds....

2- How far did you go in school and what schools were they?

I could go back to elementary school, but I don't think that's what you meant--by the way, I wasn't born in the sticks but we moved here when I was in the third grade. I went to Damascus High School- and the first wise guy to make a crack about that name can leave the room right NOW. One year off in the middle- it was spent in Europe---College du Lemain (I won't bother with accents) near Geneva (well you said you wanted to know what schools)--which isn't a college at all--just a school.

Went from High School to college- Dickinson College and got a B.S. (remember- no remarks!) in Chemistry with a minor in Math. I had always intended to be a vet- but somewhere along the line decided I wouldn't like having a female vet work on my horse (and I wanted to work with big animals, so...). If I'd gone into veterinary medicine the ods are pretty good that I'd never have heard of fandom.

After college I INTENDED to get a job- assuming my summer work at the Bureau of Standards would pan out and I could pay off my loan. It didn't and I couldn't. Apparently my professors simply assumed I'd be going on in school- so I did.

I entered Penn State with a prospective major in Geochemistry and switched after a year (and when I had all the required courses of course) to Solid State Science. Left school (sans degree) at the end of '70 and became one of the overqualified people out of work--- finally got the degree in '73 (or was it '72?? anyway got the M.S.).

3- When did you first become interested in art?

My sister (as I persist in telling everyone) is the artist- altho my brother has also won grand champion ribbons for some of his pastel work. I started on leather tooling- needed to make a saddle for my horse (never did) and puttered along with that. As far as becoming interested, art was always a part of the madhouse around here- as are books, music, magazines and a host of other stuff(rockhounding, cuisine and so on).

Rose Hogue is the one who "egged" me into further doodling and the drafting I had to do on my thesis- since I couldn't afford to have it done for me - helped. Blame her.

4- Did you have any formal art training?

Well. no. I did take art in high school one year- but I made a deal with the art teacher to let me do leather tooling. He'd been beating the

bushes for students and I said I would, if... So, i did- but sat back in the corner and ignored everything and everyone else and went about my banging on the leather.

5- How and when did you find out about fandom?

In graduate school a club started up just about when I was hunting for like minds-- somewhere in the end of '68 or the beginning of '69. At one of the meetings someone brought along a prozine (here they are still sold under the counter and I hadn't seen them with much frequency before then)- with a convention listing and that settled that. Off we went to a Philcon one Saturday morning.

6- About how many fmz have you appeared in?

Don't know- I don't keep track. I can tell you this. The first zine was a issue of Tb- put out by Frank Denton. I'd asked around and queried some faneds- but got firmly ignored by everyone. I had asked Frank in a letter if he wanted material but never heard from him. (Turns out that he never got the letter) I was about to stop and give up- but asked him one more time (name that tune!)-and he hurried off a reply that the N3F pub would LOVE to have anything I could dredge up. And once more- Rose was in there pushing (I was doodling on stationery at that time since I couldn't find any I liked and she, courageously, kept up the encouragement!). So, along with Rose, blame it on Frank.

7- About how long does it take you to do a cover, like the one you did for Z?

Depends- I'd have to say a couple of days- but that's made up of a lot of different times. I doodle while I'm at work and try to flesh out any specific ideas I may have and when that fails(frequently) I browse through several files I keep to see what techniques etc. I might want to try--that kind of getting-away from the grind usually works. Then, I work from apencil doodling(which nine times out of ten is erased right on through) and ink the final copy. Then the pencil part is usually destroyed. So, all in all, probably several days.

8- About how many illos, covers and titles do you do a month?

I'd guestimate that on a "good" day I can turn out a half dozen VERY simple doodlings--and maybe keep up that pace for several days a week. Perhaps two covers a week- if I'm lucky- that comes out to about 60 pieces, but I'm fairly sure I've never worked that hard in my life! I don't know- might be more, might be less.

9- I've heard you will be nominated for a Hugo this year, what is your reaction? Ulp!

10- Did I forget to ask anything?

I found there was a lot I didn't get to say-- like the fact that I was sick for months when I left grad school and that's when fandom came to my aid. It was a depressing time- no job, not even health for a while and... to come home and find letters(Rose came through again). Or that I don't wear a nametag at cons 'cause I'm scared silly of people in groups larger than one (the one being me). Or how great some of the fans have been (especially the Bowers) to put up with my shenanigans at cons. Or, the faneds who exhibit a singular lack of taste and publish the material I send! Sheryl Birkhead

COME TO MIDDLE-EARTH!

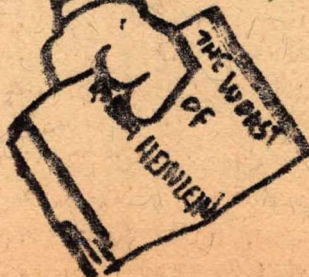
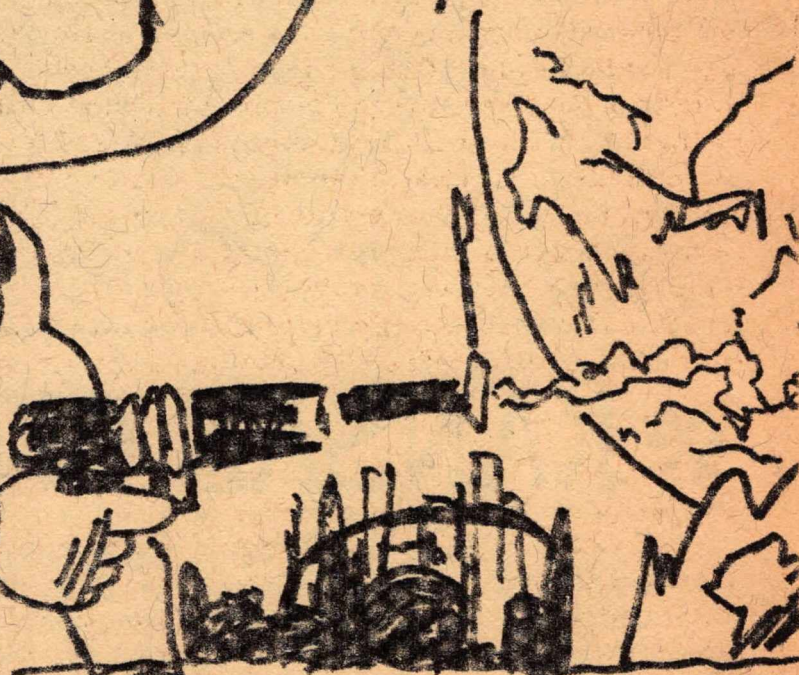


* KANSAS CITY IN '76 *

Despite its stereotyped cowtown image, Kansas City, Missouri is a modern, dynamic metropolis located on the Missouri-Kansas state line. It is easily the most accessible location ever offered as a site for a World Science Fiction Convention, being only 200 miles from the exact geographic center of the U.S. As an independently organized group, the K.C. in '76 Committee is composed of members of the Kansas City Science Fiction and Fantasy Society (KaCSFFS), which actively supports the K.C. bid for the 34th Worldcon. Our proposed hotel facility, the nationally known Muehlebach Hotel, has already made available its massive 51,000 sq. ft. convention center, and has also blocked 700 sleeping rooms for the '76 convention. Because the preceding only begins to outline the many details of the Kansas City bid, we invite you to write and request a FREE copy of our bidding information brochure. Find out for yourself why Lazarus Long traveled 200 years in time, and countless light-years in space, to come to Kansas City. Could he know something that you don't know? Please address all correspondence to:



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B. B. B.
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SCIOLISM

Mr. Brazier (of TITLE, reviewed last ish) has brought up a few points in his response I think I should attempt to answer. He says, in effect, he cannot understand why I like lettercols, but didn't like his use of quotes in his zine. Simply put: quotes are fine if they serve a purpose, but to use quotes from letters just because one feels everyone who wrote in should be in print is silly. Even a tightly edited lettercol (ex: Ed Conner's MOEBIUS TRIP) still has enough of the letter in it for the reader to get some sort of feel for the writer. Quotes can't do that by their very nature. As for the other points Mr. Brazier brings up: I can't say much about them, except to reiterate my feelings of last ish. I do not like TITLE because of the editorial personality in print. I will not change my opinion, but all should realize it is merely that: an opinion. (And it seems as if I'm a majority of one, so far. Ah well, you can't please everyone.)

ASH-WING # 13::Frank Denton; 14654 8th Ave SW; Seattle, Wash. 98166
::available for locs, contribs, art work, etc.

AW is one of the few zines I really look forward to, mainly because of the editors ramblings. Mr. Denton has a nice, low-key attitude toward life, and he comes across as one of the few editors of zines I'd really like to meet. (And from what I understand, he is that way in person, also.) At the present time AW is in a state of flux, for the last 3 issues have been completely different from each other in attitude and outlook. This one is a semi-return to the old AW, what with two pieces of fan-fiction. (Which I didn't read.) Michael Carlson and Clifford R. Wind both have nice fannish columns in the best traditions of the term. The lettercol is always full of fascinating people. And the repro is excellent. But like I said, it's Mr. Denton's ramblings which make the zine for me. I don't really know how to rate this zine, for it isn't a personalzine, but I like it as if it were. (In my opinion, you either love a personalzine from the editor, or hate it.) It also has book reviews which are well done.

Rating.....5 1/2

KOSMIC CITY KAPERS #2::Jeffrey May; Box 68; Liberty, MO. 64068::
40¢ each or 3/\$1, locs, trade, etc.

This has got to have one of the best conreports I have ever read. Howard Waldrop has a fantastic sense of humor, plus he gives a feel to the reader for the con he attended (and helped put on). For that reason alone the zine would be recommended. But it also has a nice (but a trifle short) editorial by Mr. May, a good lettercol and an irritating article by John D. Taylor on fanspeak. Since the conreport took up 24 pages, there really isn't much else to say. Jeffrey May does seem to have an interesting job, but a weird one, though. And he said (on a flyer included with the zine) Kansas City, Mo. is vying for the Worldcon in 1976. If he can guarantee an official conreport by Howard Waldrop, they'll have my vote. One little comment, however; the repro in the copy I saw was a trifle spotty in parts. It looked like the typer was the culprit. Mr. May, turn up the impression strength, if it's electric, or punch like hell if it isn't.

Rating.....4 1/2

OUTWORLDS # 18::Bill & Joan Bowers; PO Box 148; Wadsworth, OH 44281
::\$1 per copy, 5/\$4, printed locs, material.

I've heard so much about OW and here is the first ish I've ever seen. First, I hated the layout (though Bowers does explain why it is printed the way it is. The first real reason I've ever seen why a zine should be printed that way. Which was to use legal size mimeo paper and saddle staple it, with the thing reading like a magazine, except the print is exactly like a normal zine, but...hell, see it for yourself.) Now, I've said I like lettercols, and I do: but OW's lettercol annoyed me immensely. First, all the space taken up by SFWA matters. For a second I thought I was reading the old BEABOHEMA instead of a zine printed in 1974. (How many of you remember the old BAB?) It irritates me for pros to do all their whining and whimpering about their business affairs in a fmz, and Bowers should have never printed the stuff in the first place. Other than that gripe, the lettercol was quite good. There is also a column by Tom Collins (no, I'm not making it up) about the space program, which is okay, but really doesn't carry it far enough. Too little information is given for the reader to really appreciate all that the NASA program has done for them. Robert A. Lowndes has a column on weird stories and how they affect him. Then Dave Locke takes a turn at trying to break my ribs with another one of his humorous columns. This time it's about all the people who're trying to become nasty, filthy-rich pros. Facinatingly funny. The artwork is all immacuately reproduced. George Barr has a letter in OW which offers a glimpse into the mind of an artist, and how he feels about the reprint rights issue. (An artist has none, it seems.) All in all, quite a good issue, but...oh, I don't know. It just seems a little cold or something.

Rating.....4

STARFIRE #1::2240 Bush Street; San Francisco, CA 94115:: two stamps or a quarter, locs, articles, artwork (cover), trade, etc.

Brought to you by the Breiding clan, I guess. It doesn't say if Bill and Sutton are co-editors, or what. I do know someone should edit the fmz. I guess I shouldn't be picking on SF, since it is a first ish and everything...but, I do have a few suggestions to make. First off, the repro is spotty; in fact, in places, it borders on illegibility. Now, I think it's all typer problems, but dammit, that kind of stuff irritates me no end. (Like, I've seen how Z is published with a minimum of extra time, and I guess I expect that little extra effort in all fmz.) PRESS on those typer keys, ed (whoever you are). The little thingie at the beginning of the zine leads me to think Bill is the editor...but, I don't know. Bill has a nice humble editorial. Sutton has a nice irritating editorial (?) which I wanted to stuff down his throat. Dale C. Donaldson has a fair thingie, and Warren Johnson has a nice piece of faan fiction about the Worldcon in 1993. (Only one mistake, he gave himself a Hugo. Shame, shame.) Roger Sween has a semi-goshwowoboyoboy column on fandom. (Andat the bottom of pg 9 is a group of hand scribbled stuff. Don't know what it's supposed to be, but it seems like an ad. Another of the little irritating things I found in SF.) The zine is fair, but suffers from being new. Give it time (and better cut stencils). I have left out a few of the people who appeared is SF, but this is already too long as it is, sorry.

Rating.....2

GRANFALLOON #18::Linda Bushyager; 1614 Evans Ave; Prospect Park, PA 19706::75¢, locs, trades, contribs, no long term subs.

First off Linda says GF is going to come yearly from now on. Which isn't too bad of an idea, since it won't come into people's mailboxes but once a year. The repro is excellent, and the art work at times inspired. (But the folio in this ish has got to be the worst thing I've ever seen Grant Canfield or Jay Kinney do. They teamed up and layed a stinker. And that's one of the polite things I can say about it.) The lettercol has in it two letters by pros dealing with fannish matters, and actually shedding light on an otherwise dim situation. It even has a cooking column by Sandra Miesel. But...and is this ever a big one...but, it did contain a couple of things which put GF on my flush list. One was the article(?) by Susan Glickson on why smiling is okay, but only if she does it. (I know that's not what she said, but it sure as hell read like that's what she implied. I wrote a long loc on the thing and sent it to Linda. Boy, did that article make me see red!) And then there was the usual editorial by your everlasting neo-fan, Linda Bushyager. I've seen issues of GF over the period of several years now, and her outlook on fandom hasn't changed one iota. There's nothing wrong in being a neo-fan, but to be a professional one strikes me as being a little too much. And it's really not the outlook which bothers me, but the mistakes she makes, just like a neo-fan. (In opinion, I'll take anyone on, but in facts, I'll try my damdest to get all the info I can before trying to argue. Neo-fans seem to have trouble in distinguishing which is opinion and fact about the many facets of this wonderous (sic) world of fandom. And Linda still has that problem. After how many years of being into it all?) Tony Lewis has a nice sane article on worldcons, and a few things to say about them. This is a fine fmz for a neo-fan, it'll show him/her all the mistakes not to make.

Rating.....1

RATPLAN # 13::Leigh Edmonds; PO Box 74; Balaclava; Victoria 3183 Australia;;;\$1.60/4, locs, trades, etc.

One of the few overseas fmz I've seen. And one of the few good fmz I've seen lately (I'm not saying there are no good fmz anymore, but they seem to have disappeared for awhile as their editors sleep or something.) R is a fannish zine of the old school, I guess you could say. There is minimal interior art (though the cartoon on pg 9 by John Bangsund is a nice comment on Watergate.) The columns inside ramble on about anything in unparticular, and in a nice way. The humor is low key and subtle, which I like, and the writing is good. There are a few jokes (like the Active Apathist Newsletter by Ken Ford) which are quite well done. It seems as if Leigh Edmonds is running for DUFF. If he is anything like what he writes like, he gets my vote. Overall, quite good.

Rating.....5

Well that's all the zines for this ish, and with all the new friends I'll make with this one, I guess I should quit while I still have friends left. (I had few enough to begin with.) I don't try to be vicious, but sometimes it just slips out. *Snarl* Oh well, it could be worse: I could try to be mean and nasty and really turn out a column everyone would love. (Uh-huh, sure.) But I don't think that way. (Some say I don't think, but let's not pay any attention to those ~~sh/s/s~~ people) Keep those fmz coming, folk. Pax

Mike Kring

Degradation In The Desert

by Sal DiMaria

I found the following letter at work one morning recently. I don't know who the author is, but I thought some of you might appreciate it so here it is:

Dear Friend;

We have the distinguished honor of being a committee for raising Five Million (\$5,000,000) Dollars for placing a statue of Richard M. Nixon in the Hall of Fame, Washington, D.C.

This committee has been in a quandry as to where to place the statue. It was thought not wise to place it beside the statue of George Washington, who never told alie; nor beside Franklin D. Roosevelt, who never told the truth; since Richard M. Nixon could never tell the difference.

It was decided to place it beside Christopher Columbus, the greatest new dealer of them all. He left not knowing where he was going and upon arriving did not know where he was. He returned not knowing where he had been and did it all on borrowed money.

Over 5,000 years ago Moses said to the children of Isreal, "Pick up your shovels, mount your asses and camels, and I will lead you to the promised land." Nearly 5,000 years later Roosevelt said, "Lay down yout shovels, sit on your asses, lite up a Camel, this is the promised land."

Now Richard M. Nixon is stealing your shovels, Kicking your asses, raising the price of Camels and mortgaging the promised land. If you are one of the fortunate people who has any money left after paying taxes, we will expect a generous donation as a contribution to this worthwhile project.

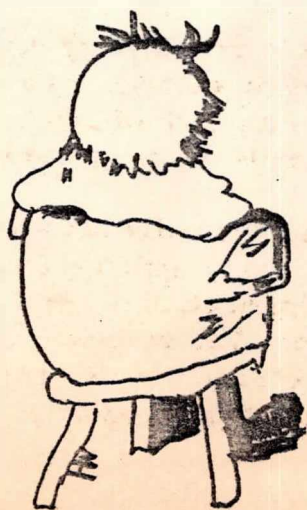
Fraternally,
The Committee for Raising
Five Million Dollars

P.S. It is said that President Nixon is considering the changing of the Republican Party emblem from an elephant to a condrum because it stands for inflation; protects a bunch of pricks; halts production and gives a false sence of security while one is being screwed!

I went to see the Exorcist. I'm normally not affected by films but this movie really blew my mind. I lost my appetite and much of my sleep. After a week I recovered, and now I'm back to normal (I think). I can hardly believe the effect it had on me. The scenes are done so realistically that the overall effect is to literally change your entire bodily rhythms. I cannot reccomend seeing this movie, but if you do go, make sure you're very stable

Sal DiMaria

MINISANDWORM



Oh, Bob, I've been
waiting sooo long!

MINISANDWORM

Feb ish Z-d. First of all you irritate me by numbering the pgs. My hangup not yours. But then you continue on pg 19 an article/editorial. I make it a point to never continue on pg 19. Besides, the way I usually read a zine is to start at the back and work forwards. Hence, I would normally have read all your punchlines before I got to the jokes. You were just lucky I started at the cover and worked my way thru.

But by the time I got to pg 19, I'd forgotten what you'd said on pg 3.

The reason for this is not Jack's gray-t article, nore Jodie's all too rational in an insane world/fanzine article, but Mr. Wind's efforts in Just Lead'em to the Water.

It's rough being known as a humorist. Everybody's out gunning for you and Mr. Wind sure gives it a try to outdo me with his absurdities. Mr. Wind not only is pulling our collective legs, but elbowing us in the ribs as well with some of his points (it's a good thing Mr. Wind didn't try to depend on logic...humor usually fails and Just Lead'em to the Water is a wonderous success).

While decrying my faulty memory about the Michigan study, Mr. Wind obviously knows exactly which one it is because he goes to great lengths reporting on the research results. Yet he fails to enlighten me as to the exact school (Uof M, probably) or the researchers.

And Mr. Wind has his fun with the old correlation vs. causation. He knows as well as I or any of the readers that all of psychology is based on correlation rather than casual events. Humans are funny animals, we don't always do the same things given the same set of conditions. However, psychology is better able to hit close to that 1.0 correlation than the non-sciences like sociology simply because it is easier to work with one human than a hundred or thousands or millions or billions.

Mr. Wind is so expert at my own game of humor that it almost slipped by me that he's taken the heart of my argument and transplanted his own heart there. Discipline is necessary for learning and it can be imposed by the teacher. If nothing else, it can keep the loudmouths who refuse to learn while those who are inner-motivated are given the opportunity to learn. He seems to have the obscure opinion that everyone should be educated.

I figure knowing tensor calculus is worthless to a truck driver. I also figure double clutching is worthless to an accountant. The basic skills like being able to add and read elementary books and fill out employment applications should be taught. If the student doesn't want to learn these (and most personality traits are engrained by the time a kid even reaches school at age 6), he can be forced to learn. If he isn't, he's going to be a liability to the society he is in. If he wants more, fine. But he should not ever be allowed to prevent another who wants to learn from doing so by disruptive behavior, etc. Hence, discipline.

Standing in a corner is humiliating only if that person so allows it, Mr. Wind. It is the peer group pressure to consider rather than the actual act. To be so punished might end up being a status symbol in a different group rather than the humiliation you seem to think it is. Again, we are treated to Mr. Wind's clever confusion of correlation vs. causal.

One instructor I had once summarized learning/education as follows. Grade school requires memorization. High school requires the parroting back of what's been memorized. College requires the use of the memorized material. Graduate school requires creation of what's to be memorized. True understanding does not have to come until college... ignorance might indeed be bliss.

I must admit that Mr. Wind's well-thought out article belies that. It can produce mirth.

The word game Mr. Wind plays with "inalienable rights" would have been as funny as the rest of his article except that it frightens me that someone out there might not take it as being a joke. Unfortunately, I doubt if most of the populace of the US would take it as a joke. Which might explain the domestic mess we are in now.

You'd better watch doing things like that, Mr. Wind. Someone might take you seriously. I shudder at the consequences of that.

I can only wait to see what Clifford Wind will do once he's out of the ivory tower of college and out into the real world. I'll bet he's going to be a goldmine of laughs with the raw material there waiting to be mined.

Shamlet: ARGH!

Hell and damnation, Kring. No one's asking you to eat Donn Brazier. You are supposed to be reading his fanzine. Which I think is a damned good one, by the way. "Stomach Brazier", indeed. Never knew you had cannibalistic tendencies.

Remind me not to accept any dinner invitations from you. (Great Ghu, what kind of pizza did you say that was we ate the other night?)

I'm glad Sal enjoyed Xmass. I must say I enjoyed Xmass far more this yr than in recent yrs. One Xmass party in particular. But some of you have already heard about that one----if I could duplicate a party like that every month, I'd be totally wiped out inside a yr.

Sal, what's wrong with a PhD pumping gas? Beats mooching off me by collecting unemployment.

Jodie should see some of the other possibilities in a coin operated laundromat. Think of Westworld. Robots. There is even a liquor vending machine on the market now not unlike the coke machines that squirt out ice, coke and then drop the cup into the slot. Booze in laundromats.. it's comming.

I understand these places are becoming something of a social meeting place. When I do my dirty laundry (as opposed to the days I do my clean laundry), it is Tuesday afternoon. No one is ever around. But I've been beguiled by rumors of voluptuous wenches bringing baskets overflowing with lacy things and taunting onlooking male admirers. These places might be replacing the singles bars in a few yrs. Esp if the vending machines catch on.

I can see it now. Guy makes a date with his gal to go do their laundry. They choose nothing but the best, the 35¢ machine place with the rapid spin dry and the 50 lb limit dryers. They walk in hand in hand clutching their laundry in joyous rapture, lost in their lovers' eyes and dirty socks.

They sit on the Chippendale couch, munching a tidbit of chateaubriand while their clothes go thru the wash cycle. Tippling

a bit of the Chateau Lafite Rothschild (1942, of course) from their Dixie cup, they giggle a bit and gently touch one another as the washer begins its spin dry cycle.

They clasp each other and waltz away to the 12 piece orchestra playing over the Muzak system (only \$2 for 15 uninterrupted minutes). Laughing, they return to the washer and transfer their clinging wet clothing to a superpowered dryer.

He is tempted to try to inveigle her into the special backroom, use of the bedroom for an hr for only \$20 (quarters only, pull the slide back slowly) but on a first date he knows she will refuse. Instead, they put their coins into the full color, holographic TV and watch the new soap opera, Palace of Venus, all about a laundromat run by a powerful Congressman.

Just after Lynn Berkley learns of Pete Ryan's involvement, the picture fades and dies. The two daters look at each other. Those quarters just don't last as long as they used to. But wait! They might be able to get some extra change before the end of the dry cycle. The slot machines! The pair walk, hand in hand to the slots. She coyly fishes in his pocket for some change. He begins to wonder if he still has \$20 in quarters for that backroom.

Maybe if he's lucky, they'll win. Maybe \$20. The quarter slips into the machine's maw. The lever is pulled. Wheels spin. The first wheel snaps to a stop and a box of Cheer is revealed. That's good for at least 3 coins. The second wheel stops. Another box of Cheer! That means at least 10 coins! The last wheel clunks and the window reveals a box of dash. All is lost!! Dash the low sudsing detergent has wiped out the Gain made on the first two wheels. A total washout.

Somewhat dejectedly they return to the dryers. And true to form, the dryer has cremated their clothing. They remove the cindered remnants of what they had brought with them. She is irritated at him for something he has done...or maybe not done. He is unsure.

She takes her charred clothing and stomps out of the laundromat without so much as a backward glance.

He is chagrined. He feels like crying. He's not certain why fate has put such a burden on him.

His favorite pair of sweat socks is no longer a pair...he's lost one in the omnivorous gorge of the laundromat.

It's obvious that Jodie lives in the country.

I trust nothing is wrong with Andy. An EKG can be run by a monkey (I had one last month and it was...run by a monkey, that is. The rhesus monkey, at any rate.). My mind wanders down the path of what's happening in the laundromats. A hospital run on the same basis?

Oh well, so much for that. Yes, Jodie, 'tis a shame you don't know any writers. (By the way, what name'll Andy use when it's published?)

Tom Jackson: Strange that you take me to task for not defining decadent, then you say I'm all wrong, and not once do you define what you mean by decadent. A decadent society is one in which change is stifled and stultified. Whenever we become complacent and happy with the status quo, refusing to change or rock the boat, we'll have hit decadence. True, it isn't bad to be decadent because decadent societies never bother anyone. They also get walked on a lot.

You step on me and you get your foot chopped off. And likewise, I doubt if I'd enjoy walking on you because it wouldn't prove any challenge.

By the way of curiosity, why do you assume that I am white or even enjoy the nebulous term you used "white man's society"?

Strength comes from using muscles, not sitting around talking about using muscles. Yes, I'd call that Pueblo decadent. Which Pueblo do you mean, by the way? Not the Cochiti since they are screwing the white man at his own game (wanna lease some land?)(Expensive land which'll never get paid for and which the Pueblo gets back in the near future?)) I could go on enumerating the Pueblos, but they are not as homogeneous as you seem to think, Tom. Idiots put the Mescalero and Jicarillo and Navaho together at Bosque Redondo.

You seem to be lumping all indians together, too.

I know all Indians aren't decadent by the implications of the term you use; in fact, most all the pueblos are both active politically and financially in NM. I'm sure there are some that go off and are content to turn out bread in their hornos and then sell it to the gringo at 75¢ for a nickle's worth of dough. Hmmm, which pueblo did you have in mind?

Gott in Himmel, Jackson. If you like vanilla better than chocolate, it does too mean vanilla is better. Otherwise, why do you like vanilla better than chocolate? I've heard of weasel-worded phrases before, but that one takes the tinplated trophy. I don't have to agree with your subjective opinions (something tells me, I'd argue with you over your "objective ones") but what you are saying is that you are absolutely neutral. What I'm tempted to call decadent. Nothing is better than anything else. Bullshit.

And there are even different levels of bullshit. I think I like yours less than most.

By the way, Herb Matthews is quite able to take care of himself and defend his position. If he needs any help from you, I'm sure he'll ask. But I know him pretty well, and while we disagree on a lot of things, he's as competitive as I am. He lost his job recently, by the way. He no longer services coke machines. He mentioned that he was going to try to get a job with a vanity press here in town as a printer's devil. Least he isn't out wasting the money I pay in taxes...he's doing something. (I admire him for that...he's both competitive and ambitious. Stupid and overbearing and obnoxious at times, but he's my kind of people. He has opinions...none of this "I like vanilla better than chocolate, but that doesn't mean I like vanilla better than chocolate because that's subjective.")

John Robinson misses the trends in American society. The service professions are the ones on the upswing, not the intellectual ones. Physical work will never be abolished because there will always be jobs humans can do better...and hence will be able to charge for them.

Gotta go. Been a hectic week (went thru an attempted suicide, a court trial, an abortion, the founding of a new company, walking 6 miles thru the desert looking for a hot air balloon inflater fan, inventory, 4 birthdays of friends, plus the normal stuff...I begin to wonder what's normal around me. Anyway, the only one that got to me was the attempted suicide. I take too many pills.)

Later. Or earlier or whatever.

Bob Vardeman

THE LIGHTS IN THE SKY ARE FANZINES...I THINK

by Bob Vardeman

First of all, I detest long fanzine reviews. Therefore, I detest writing this because it is going to run too long for my taste. Next I detest fans who do everything but run ads saying "I want a fan Hugo because I'm so damned good". Andy Porter strikes me as being such a fan.

What is most vexing of all is Algol. Not that Porter beats his chest and howls for a Hugo, but that I pretty much have to say it is the best fanzine out now. It would be too easy to toss off an acid comment about Porter's ego if Algol were trash. It would be a trifle harder if Algol were good. But Algol #21 is not trash. It is not good. It borders on the magnificent.

The impact of the covers by Don Davis is not to be denied. I've never met Davis; I sincerely hope to be able to at some time in the future. I have simply got to know if he is a Neanderthal who saw the dinosaurs first hand (and took pictures with his instamatic) or if he has invented a time machine and sneaks back to take pictures with his instamatic. A third possibility exists. He may be one of the best artists in fandom (myself, I'm beginning to think he is not a Neanderthal. I'm sort of hoping he does have a time machine and will take me along some time.) At any rate, his dinosaur pictures are superbly executed and Porter has a nice one for the cover.

But reading the logo on Algol is sort of scary...for a fanzine. LeGuin. Heinlein. Bester. Lupoff. Brunner. Williamson. Benford. White. Ballard. Afanzine? And Porter has advertising inside.

This gets to be one of those sticky problems I'll not worry too much about. Is Algol a fanzine or prozine? Heaven only knows, it is light years better than some of the prozines in layout and artwork. In quality of writing, I doubt there is a prozine editorial or review column that can do aught but match the high level displayed in this.

I'll settle the question of fanzine/prozine by saying that since Porter is willing to trade, it is a fanzine. Set aside the fact that he peddles it through bookstores, etc. From the sound of his editorial, he doesn't make money off it and that sounds a good bit like a fanzine.

The article by Ursula LeGuin is, to be very trite, fascinating. Writers must communicate; this is the heart of LeGuin's article. How she manages to communicate thru her writing. Douglas Barbour does a review of *Lathe of Heaven* I hope Roy Tackett reads. Barbor says things about LH that I've tried unsuccessfully to get across to Tackett for years. Perhaps I am not that deeply involved in Tao, but the evidence is there, Roy. Read it. And try reading *The Lath of Heaven* again with it in mind.

Brunner writes about his writing. Brunner is a most competent writer and where some pros come off being insufferably obnoxious, John entertains while he explains.

Gref Benford relates his trek into the heart of the Krishna movement in LA. I doubt if the Krishna people would take the article too well, but I find it descively penetrating. In any exchange of information, both sides can profit or neither can profit. In this instance, Benford seems to have been the only enlightened one. But fans vs. dogma usually sees the fan emerge triumphant.

Alfred Bester has an interview with Robert Heinlein (I suspect

RAH wants a Hugo for Time Enough For Love and is campaigning to get it. I feel about the same way on this as I do about Porters attitude about Algol. It is incredible conciet--but an opinion I must agree with. Time Enough for Love deserves a Hugo.)

Jack Williamson relates personal anecdotes about his storys from the 40's.

Lupoff writes the definitive review of Time Enough for Love. (He says he loves the book...and it's the worst science fiction novel of 1973. I have to agree both times. Heinlein violates every rule of good writing and I don't give a damn because the sheer power of his personality so permeated the book.

Ted White's My Column is really about the first breath of fannishness in the zine. Up to page 50 it is all truly pro work. He raps a bit about Torcon and why it was so enjoyable in spite of its size, the past history of Algol, then gets into the SFWA boycott of Amazing/Fantastic which has now been settled (or will be by the middle of march). The proposed boycott sounds a bit fantastic, not to mention amazing, but in keeping with what little I've seen of Jerry Pournelle. I can believe all of the things stated by White were close to being verbatim. However, I do think Pournelle has the right idea in that, if the SFWA is going to be more than just an N3F for pros (which is what it is now), it is going to have to have some clout. History has shown that the only real power labor unions have is the boycott. For a literary guild, this is highly impractical and probably unworkable. Hence, they are going to have to strive more for diplomatic settlements than forcefull ones. It would be nice if the SFWA could force response to submitted ms. after, say, 6 months of nonresponse from the editor.

I suspect that would anger White more than Pournell's boycott. Ted has never been known for speedy response; indeed, quite the contrary.

The truefannishness of a fanzine finally comes out in the lettercol. Some pros mixed in there, but mostly fans discussing sf. A rare thing these days.

All in all, this is an incredible hybrid of professionalism and fannishness. And like most hybrids, I hope it proves to be a hardy one.

I started out by saying I dislike it when a fan comes out slavering at the mouth telling everyone how ready for a Hugo he is. I still don't like the attitude. That is not going to stop me from nominating Algol for a Hugo this year. (in a more subtle way Heinlein is doing the same thing...after years, all of a sudden there are interviews and columns and abysmal short stories popping up all over the place in what I interpret as an attempt to keep his name in print and people's minds when the Hugo nominations come around. I don't like that attitude (which, admitted, might be one I'm reading into a chain of coincidences) but that's not going to stop me from nominating Time Enough for Love for a Hugo, either.)

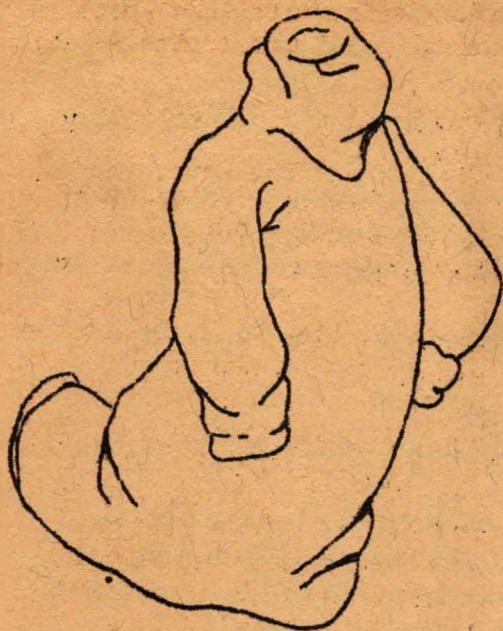
Personalities aside, look at the product. Algol deserves a Hugo.

Bob Vardeman

END OF MINISANDWORM

If we had a penny for every word said about pollution, we'd have enough money to eliminate it.

D. Maclean



STRANGE BREW



Don Brazier
1455 Fawnvally Dr.
St Louis, MO 63131

Mike Kring's review of TITLE 20 (probably the best issue since it began and including 21-23 following) sent me scurrying to the zine to see why he didn't like my personality and could not stomach me. You might get a kik out of my findings.

1. I'm CHEAP. I limit the circulation, I sold an index for 25¢, Vertex did not get my subscription renewal, and I made a remark that since editors pay for everything about their zine, why should the authors holler?
2. I'm serious SERIOUS. I remarked that people don't laugh at mashed potatoes. #depends on where they are & #
3. I BRAG like hell. This was in connection with Jackson's article which was kind of a scoop. I also conceitedly remarked that I had things in balance.
4. I'm prudish. I asked that contribs be in relatively good taste and I said that sex was commonly a repressed topic.
5. I'm a PRACTICAL JOKER. I sent Ed Cagle a soap pickle from a distant city and without signing my name. I also love secrets, I said, since one went down the drain. I made up the car thing about Shank and Birkhead.

6. **OPINIONATED & DOGMATIC.** I expressed a belief that editors may act on their whims and with perfect right since their zine is their zine. I dogmatically stated that an editor should be tactful, I "stated flatly" at one point, and I said an editor ought to have the right to set his length requirements for contributions. I said I didn't like Tolkien.
7. I'm cussedly **INDEPENDENT.** I printed a contrib drawing and omitted the gagline.
8. I'm a **QUITTER.** I resigned from the answer-all-fanzines-society.
9. I alibi **ALIBI.** I copped out by saying that I'd do the best I can. I minimized fanac as a "journalistic hobby". I said I needed a good jump on **TITLE** so I could get it finished.
10. I'm **WISHY-WASHY.** I said I'd print something whether I agreed or disagreed with it.
11. I'm **CARELESS.** And I so stated that I was.
12. I'm a **HEDONIST.** I stated that I hoped business would not interfere with my pleasure.
13. I'm **IGNORANT.** I didn't know what **CAP KENNEDY#1** was; nor did I know what Kingsley Aims had written; nor did I know if Alma Hill is a member of the Cabell Society; I said I'd never heard of "Silverlock".
14. I'm a **LIBRA.** That could be bad! #So am I, and it is. ☐#
15. I'm **ILLOGICAL** or perhaps overly **OPTIMISTIC.** I said that neos become BNFs. And I remarked that Norm Hochberg was a champion; that Betty Stochl was a nice woman.
16. I'm a **TECHNOLOGIST** as opposed to the ecofreak concept. I stated an idea for hooking up home with office by electronic communicators. Well, Mike has every right to dislike me, and since I put a lot of myself into my zine, I guess it could make the zine as bad as he seemed to find it. However, there's a lot more of everybody else in the zine and to dismiss their words as "quotes" and then turn around and talk about a fine lettercol (in another zine) seems illogical. A lettercol is a "quote" of whole letters; is it bad to work hard to pick and choose from a hundred letters so that every writer can make a brief appearance? He doesn't like the system, and that's OK. But I wonder why he's taken such a dislike to me on personality grounds? I should add #17 to the above list: I'm **THIN SKINNED.**

Don Brazer

#Mike's comments on the above paragraph are at the head of his column ☐#

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Roy Tackett
915 Green Valley Rd. NW
Albuq., NM 87107

"Corporal punishment in schools," says Jodie Offutt, "isn't going to make any difference in learning." Perhaps not. Capital punishment would, though, is it not? Johnny isn't with us anymore. He didn't do his homework.

Gad, Jodie thinks of school as a social experience. Al Snider, in one of the annual monthly issues of **CROSSROADS**, said he thought of it as a spiritual experience. I'm reminded of an article in the **NMLOEO** wherein it was stated that "Chicano" (whatever that is) students were dropping out because UNM failed to provide them with a learning experience.

Perhaps they should have gone to class instead of wandering around campus looking for a "viable alternative to a degree." I don't know what that means either.

Being anti-social and anti-spiritual about all I got out of school was an education of sorts. The search for "experiences" seems to me to be simply excuses for stupidity.

Admitted the American educational process leaves much to be desired turning out as it does millions of young people with just the bare rudiments but at least the young savages have some knowledge and that keeps us stumbling along. Considering that the quality of the population decreases as the mass increases it is about all we can hope for.

And the slacking off of discipline in the educational process has contributed to that, too. When kids know they can get by with anything in the schools without being called to account the incentive to learn is diminished.

A note for Tom Jackson: a society which does not encourage competition is decadent. It will not long survive. Our society seeks more and more to wrap us all in cotton-wool and protect us from harm. I am reminded of Jack Williamson's The Humanoids. Check Kate MacLean's Torcon remarks. Personally, I applaud the trend towards competitionless protectivism. It increases my chances for survival. Because I don't go along with that program.

Roy Tackett

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Jodie Offutt

Funny Farm

Haldeman, KY 40329

From John Robinson's letter: "When the last garbageman gets his PhD, it will be a verry different world." How intriguing! What a great opening line for an article or short story!

"Shamlet" is funny.

Sciolism is a good word; I've not heard it before. Bet i'll agree right down the line with Mike K's reviews because I feel pretty much the way he does about fanzines. Except for TITLE. But I can understand that anybody who hasn't been in on TITLE since the first few issues would feel like an outsider reading somebody else'smail. Sort of like reading an APA to which you don't belong.

Sal DiMaria writes a good column. The first two paragraphs, saying he didn't know what he was going to write about are extraneous and should have been pitched. Then he got into it and the rest was very good and entertaining.

Clifford Wind shouldn't think too little of Bob Vardeman. If he could meet and talk with him sometime, I'm sure he'd understand the man. Bob is quiet, mild-mannered, polite and easy to sit in a corner and talk with. Close friends know that Bob is a sadist with a penchant for young children. He collects and reads the porniest of pornography, mostly S&M, B&L and

deg novels. And he owns one of the most erotic art collections this side of the Vatican. Bob's a nice guy, and his sexual preferences shouldn't influence one's over-all opinion of him.

Jodie Offutt

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John Robinson
1-101st Street
Troy, NY 12180

Jodie Offutt's suggestion to educate those who wish to be educated is also one of my favorites, if it were not for the Self-Fulfilling Prophecy.

It works this way: The teacher classifies the student and the student is off and running in a group. This is fine for the excellent students, placed in A group, who are compulsive achievers. It doesn't work so well for the others.

If I am labelled a dunce I shall probably behave as a dunce. If I am called dull I shall evolve into a dull person. If they say I am the class clown I'll clown in class. If they tell me I'm YOUNAMEIT I'll do YOUNAMEIT. That's the S-F P.

So how do you tell each and every kid "You're bright!" and make it stick. That would be a great school system.

Permissive behavior is more expressed in kids whose parents ignore them than in kids who got everything they wanted. The key element in true permissiveness is not material rewards but personal caring. A lack of caring on the part of the parents implies the development of permissiveness. Lack of discipline and guidelines is permissive.

What are you going to do when you run out of letters of the alphabet to code your issues of Z? #Vol. 2?? ☐#

John Robinson

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Ben Indick
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With Sheryl B. around, any zine is just not to be ignored. When I read Sam Moskowitz' intro to his book of ancient c libkers, WHEN WOMEN RULE (the contents are mostly as dull as the intro) about how SFandom had few or no women, I have to laugh (ha ha) because, at least for you young'uns today, there's the Sheryls, Jackie F's, Rosie Hagues, etc. Great girls, and every one very feminine sounding. When is a Zine going to do an article on Sheryl?

#I interrupt this letter to bring you a commercial announcement. Due to this letter (and, believe it or not, because I was wondering the same thing, somewhere in this issue is an interview with Sheryl. ☐#

Like how she is a nacheral Cartoonist? Note the fella on this cover has the appropriate 4 fingers betokening his animal nature! Straight from Disney, but only recently, POGO had fun with this same thing. #So that some of you will not think that Ben hasflipped

I had better explain something. Most of the last issue of Z had the cover that Ben refers to, but about 20 had the same cover as Z-c. I had too few covers made. Both were done by Sheryl. ☐#

(In the pharmacy, we had an eyebrow-raiser the other day, in re digits. A woman called up, puzzled. Her MD had told her to bring a urine sample to the office, "about three fingers worth." She wanted to know, so help me, which knuckle he meant. We told her to bring a bottleful, and then downed a few fingers of Old Grandad ourselves.)

Good thing, anyway, you did offset Sheryl's pic, and not recopy it. Alas, Dick, you'd better find \$\$ for electrostenciling... Can't judge Mike Kring by the cartoons.

Mike makes a thing about neatness in his review of Mike B'gorra's zine. I must say THAUMATURGY is a fine neat zine. (Or is it Dramaturgy? Zyzygy?) ZYMURGY, whateverinell THAT is! Your own care makes it easy to read. (I should add that while this is important, really, the contents still make the show. Maybe sometimes, till a new editor finds himself, typos and lack of neatness may be forgiven.)

If you think you, at 30, are old for jobhunting...well...hearken to this half-century man. I have been getting fed up in our place, as the paperwork mounts (much pharmacy today is third party payment plan) and

w



I spend several nights a week on it. It is an invasion of my privacy, dammit! Just when, in my dotage, I am into fanzines and enjoying doing stuff for you young fellers, I have no time! And this paperwork is like a river, unending. If it were to increase substantially, we could get a secretary, but

not yet. So--I asked a young friend who is in hospital pharmacy, which is lighter yet more professionally rewarding, about the openings. He hemmed and hawed, and finally opined they wanted "young pharmacists." Well, Dick, by J.H.C. I'm a VERY YOUNG fifty! All our 55 year old customers tell me, and I tell them, and we turn from each other and snicker. Anyway, get a good job, or win a lottery or something, 'cause sure as hell they don't give away pate de foie gras on streetcorners.

Jack Speer is certainly right about the fatuity of reading someone's character from his puss. It is, probably, just chance, that the President always has an unshaven scowl, and his vice-prez possesses the physiognomic dynamism of an Alfred P. Newman. And, Linda Lovelace is known as a big talker because she's got a big mouth. And I've got these here bumps on my head denoting...oh well...

Jodie, in Teaneck, my daughter was unable to take some Honors course because the program was dropped. Some townspeople, miffed because their kids hadn't the background to qualify, demanded cessation of the courses. Too bad. Instead, the PARENTS should have been given the courses. Eddication, like charity, begins at home. Plus the realization that people do have different abilities, irrespective of anything else (a teacher of mine used to tell us "All men are NOT created equal."

However, some of the inequities may be compensated for by some solid work.)

Jodie and Cliff do well to knock spankings and such in school. If a kid is a vexation, it is a matter for Home or Correctional places, not for some refugee teacher from GREAT EXPECTATIONS to take care of. There is NEVER an excuse for a 42 year old teacher to take a 15 year old student into his own hands unless he is running away with her. THAT is different. By the way, Cliff's mysterious middle name is "Rueessterherr."

Sheryl's Feghoot can't trick us. George could not avoid seeing the act, flagrante delicti. The indiscretion, therefore, was his wife's, and that old roue, Turmeric's, not George's. Therefore, I say, STRING THE JEALOUS LOUT UP! It so happens George is a well known habitue of Cockeyed Jennies anyway.

I'd have liked Walter's satire more if he hadn't gotten so angry. He should've kept it ALL tounge-in-cheek. Gosh, once I doted on avant garde, but, as I get old, I'm less paitent; I would urge young fans to be patient. Even if 9 out of 10 new wave stories are unreadable, that 10th may well succeed just because of the style. Vonnegut sometimes is a good example of this, often weltering in self-indulgent dithering prose, but sometimes knocking you right down.

Mike's fanzine reviews are succinct, and very direct. I don't always agree with him, like the grump is missing the pleasure of good companionship with TITLE. There is only one Brazier and he is Brazier! However, one must keep in mind that some folks hate ice cream too.

Ben Indick

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Sheryl Birkhead
23629 Woodfield RD.
Gaithersburg, MO 20760

More fanzine reviews! Let's hear it for the review column.

On Jack Speers article-one good reminder that you can't tell a book by it's cover is to meet a fan you've been corresponding with and see how well the mental and visual images click. Beneath that crappy pen, lies a...?

You do have a problem spelling don't you? #Aw gee, you noticed dp# Read a kid's book wherein Donald Duck simply could not spell. All the kids picked on him so badly that he finally flew into a rage and screeched that he didn't need to know how to spell. When he grew up, he was going to have a typewriter. Hmm... #as an expert in the field I can state that typers are even harder to teach to speel than I am (tho admittedly not much) dp #

Sheryl Birkhead

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Marci Helms
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Overall I liked Z, though, at times, I felt as if I'd walked into a strange room, in the midst of a conversation between strangers. The articles were good, but I think they would have been of more value to me if I had read the comments, or previous articles which inspired them.

I note, from John Robinson's letter that Z is a fanzine grown from a club. Perhaps this accounts for the feelings I have described.

Two articles (well...) stand out, in my mind. FIRST, Mike Kring's fanzine reviews- SCIOLISM. I am enthusiastic about his column because he gives, before his reviews, his opinions on reviewing, and what he thinks makes a good fanzine. This makes his comments different from many(innumerable) other similar comments. His are written from within a framework, a framework he allows his readers to know. I like this.

A copy of Don Brazier's TITLE arrived today. He reprinted Mike's review of TITLE, and mulled it over, to some extent, however small. Donn, at least, took "the time to realize there is definitely other opinions out there in the faanish besides the incestous little group he is so familiar with." I think all editors do, some, however, never admit it.

However it seems everyone reviews the same fanzines. (I know this is mainly because people review what material they have at hand, or what material interests them, but I am partial to variety. And I often look for it in fanzines new to me.) I did not find variety in Mike's reviews.

SECOND, I liked Sal DiMaria's Degradation in the Desert. I found his writing full of wit and Humor.

On the question of grubble, (J Robinson-letter) I have several theories. A) No one walks around with grubble in their pockets because grubble stains (chocolate smears, melted hard candy, frog slime, shedded snake skin, ground in graphite, inkstains, etc.) are practically impossible to get out of permanent press pockets. Mothers/wives/ and other varieties of laundressess have been harping mercilessly at grubble carriers until they've given up in self defence, and stopped carrying it. B) The fine art of grubble (locally grubbage) carrying and packing has become lost. People today no longer have rumped partners in crime to show them how to stuff coins, papers, candy, yo-yos, pens paper clips, etc. into their pockets. ((The amateur grubble carrier usually ends up with a mess in his pocket, instead of the well catagorized litter that is the mark of the grubble carrier par excellence.)) C) Pockets have gotten smaller. D) Clothes are more body hugging and thus there is less room in each smaller pocket for grubble.

In the hope that all your grubble may always be organised, farewell..

Marci Helms

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Rose Hogue
16331 Golden Gate Lane
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Really am enjoying the profusion of the fanciful Sheryl Birkhead covers---they really are nifty and came out well--did she do the xeroxing or you? #actually it was Kathy, my wife. ¢# Her winky fella on D was most charming and looked like a candidate for a Disney toon or some such. I to was sad to see the interior artwork not come out so well but hopefully you'll get better at the tracing and things will work out better from now on!

Enchanting was the Jack Speer piece and hope you can coerce more stuff out of his nifty mind. He reminded me of the fine Jean Cocteau movie--La Belle et La Beate---fine movie it was too.

Jodie takes a dismal view of our educational system and alas I'm

not in complete agreement with it. I see changes in the system already. At the local elementary school the kids are allowed to work at more or less their own pace.

Until a child learns to like to learn or sees there is some profit to learning as a rule they'll rebel against it. What are we supposed to do, let a distraught 5 year old drop out of kindergarten to go climb trees and never again darken a schoolroom door..or to let him hug the hem of his mother's dress for the rest of his life?

Self-discipline is something you learn...you sure as heck ain't born with it or knowledge...intelligence you may be born with and common sense to some degree--your ability to think you have to be born with...but what you do with this ability is something you learn..and you learn by discipline and love or discipline that results from love...in fact to get right down to it everytime you say "No" that's a punishment. I've yet to see a society which doesn't have "NO" as part of it's vocabulary!

Sheryl really has a classic there with SHAMLET !! I really did enjoy it. And hope it gets a far wider circulation.

Alan Herbet said a mouthful !

Somehow I find Walter almost coherent...I think it's time for my 1,000,000 word tune up.

"Sciolism" is fun and glad to see it'll be permanent...but methinks Mike was a bit mean to Mike Gorra--I didn't find STripe all that bad at all and rather enjoyed it. And I most fortunately can more than stomach Brazier--I have him on my Hugo Ballot even! I think he does a tremendous amount of work and I get lots of enjoyment from reading all the contributors as well as Brazier's meanderings.

Hope that Mike doesn't give up on the reviews before he just barely gets started even...have a feeling with time he'll have to mellow or else Brazier, Koch and Arthers will take a buss trip to NM just to string him up and I might be providing the rope.

I don't think you will have to worry about Mike giving up, or mellowing for that matter. As his editor I will defend to the death his right to express his opinion of any zine. (His death not mine, just wanted to keep that straight.) ☐#

Sal's column has potential...now if you could just organize a strike at the police farm and have some of the city dump refuse get up and walk into the lab...and have the kids sneak into his room after his next party and wisper, "Do you think we should wake him?" he might come up with something.

With my spelling I like your spelling the way it is. Vanilla ice cream is good but chocolate's better...that's about all we have in common, Tom.

Rose Hogue

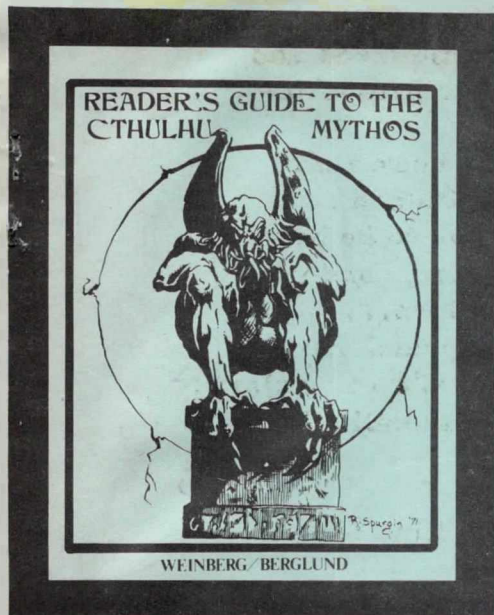
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I blew it. I cut the hell out of Rose's letter so I could fit in a short note from Bill Breiding. It all goes for naught. I don't have enough room to fit it, so I will steal something from Donn Brazier and just use a quote. (Mike don't read this, or if you do make like you didn't notice, please?)

"I'm hoping that this was an off ish. Some of the cols sounded like a first ish."

On that happy note I close this ish. Have Fun. *Dick*

THE READER'S GUIDE TO THE CTHULHU MYTHOS



The first edition of the Reader's Guide to the Cthulhu Mythos was published in July '69 by Robert Weinberg. The limited edition booklet indexing some 90 Cthulhu Mythos stories quickly went out of print, and is next to impossible to find today at any price. Two years later, in England, David Sutton published a 100 copy edition of Bibliotheca: H.P. Lovecraft. This important work contained chronological listings and indexings of Cthulhu Mythos tales as well as addenda and corrections to already published indexes of HPL's work by E.P. Berglund, Eddy C. Bertin, and Ted Ball. Needless to say, this book was also an instant sell-out, and copies can't be found today.

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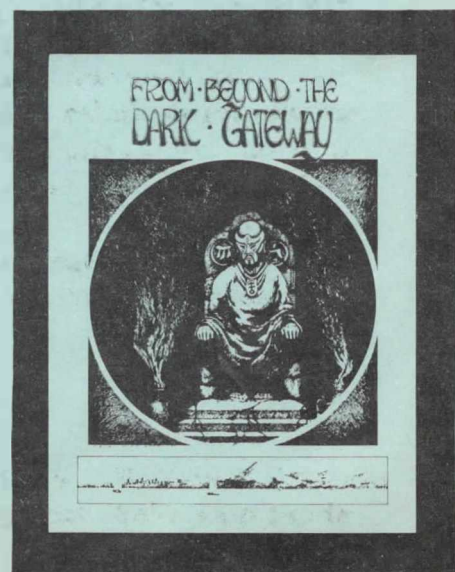
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