



ZYMURGY

March, 1976. Coming to you from a new address.
Dick Patten/ PO Box 12057/ Albuquerque, NM 87105.
Published 3 or 4 times a year on a schedule I
haven't quite figured out yet. Available for trade,
contribution, loc or 50¢.
If this is marked___ this is it unless you do something.

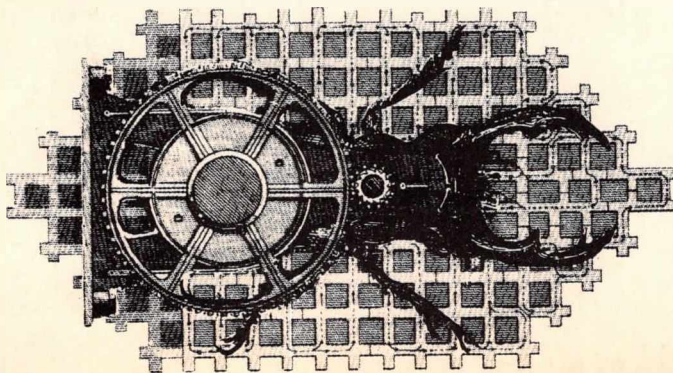
TIC

This is a strange issue. As some of you might have noticed I've changed my format. I'd appreciate any comments you might send on which style you like. Before I mention some new developments (such as the reason for the new address) I'd like to thank some people for their help on getting this out---Harry Morris, for his cover and the use of the Silver Scarab Press; Coors and Pepe Lopez Tequila, for the necessary objectivity and TS Eliot, without who the issue would not exist.

Now as to the reason for the new address. I no longer live in the wilds of Abq's south valley. (In fact the move accounts for the fact that there were more than three typers used and the fear that I've lost some names and addresses.) Kathy and I are in the process of getting a divorce. It's a strain, we'd been married for 14 years. Actually it was no surprise and thank whoever there is no fighting and such. We just decided, made an agreement (I got my car, typer and file cabinet; she got the rest) and I moved out. As much of a strain this is is wonder how people make it who have to go thru all sorts of hassel and court visits.

Speaking of court I was called as a witness in a traffic case. I couldn't very well say I wasn't there since I was the one the guy hit. Well not me actually; my car. It was a simple case. The car in front of me stopped suddenly, I stopped, the car behind me didn't. The cop was nice and only ticketed the driver for following too close, instead of careless driving or something. The insurance company was nice and gave me \$250 for my trouble. My car was nice and only cost me \$10 to fix. The other driver wasn't so nice, he pleaded not guilty. It was a pain in the ass. I had to sit in the courtroom all afternoon. I did get to hear a case that would take me about 5 pages to write about and I still don't believe it. Suffice to say that the judge couldn't sentence her till he found out how old she was. (Somewhere between 15 & 20) Anyway after all this I get sworn in, the cop has already testified, the judge asks if I agree with the cop, I say yes, he says dismissed. End of court appearance. End of editorial.

Silver Scarab Press



TOC

- Art: Cover-Harry Morris, Jr.
Sheryl Birkhead- pg 2; 9; 13 top; 14
Rotsler- pg 4; 7
Harry Morris, Jr.- pg 5
Alex Gilliland- pg 6; 11; 12; 14 top; 15
Marci Helms- pg 12; 13
- Pg. 1- Table of Contents
TIC- Editorial
- Pg. 2- The Gas Also Rises by Bob Vardeman
High School Daze by Mike Kring
- Pg. 4- Inverse Proportions by Neal Wilgus
Practice by Lloyd Gold
ands by Lloyd Gold
- Pg. 5- Minas Wallstreet by John Thiel
- Pg. 6- Screaming Harmon and Welcome to Him
by Peter C. Rabbit
- Pg. 8- 666 is Coming by J. Alsup
Desert by Jon Inouye
- Pg. 9- Stars and Stripes by Walter Williams
- Pg. 10- The Drowned Ballard by Darrell Schweitzer
- Pg. 11- Where No Roytac Has Gone Before
by Roy Tackett
- Pg. 12- In Praise of Rhymesters by Jessica
Amanda Salmonson
Snerd of Onion by Hal V. Climentro
How You Can Profit From the Coming
Barbarism by Hayyr Brute
- Pg. 13- Strange Brew- Letters

OH, I LOVE MAD, AND
ALL THAT, BUT HELL,
I WANT SOMETHING
MORE OUT OF LIFE THAN
TEN THOUSAND HEALTHY
RICE SEEDLINGS!



THE GAS ALSO RISES

by
Bob Vardeman

...lurked her strange synthetic perfume. Not quite the most fragrant odor in the world but, under the circumstances, adequately exciting. I'm referring to natural gas, or maybe propane. I'm not up on the chemical (or \$\$\$) differences. This past week and a few odd days has seen still another World Hot Air Balloon Championship.

Through some quirk of Chamber of Commerce-ish fate, Albq has become the site for 70 foot diametered, brightly colored hot air balloons to come and compete. World wide competition, yet, with people from Belgium and Japan and Scandinavia and all over. Even Peoria.

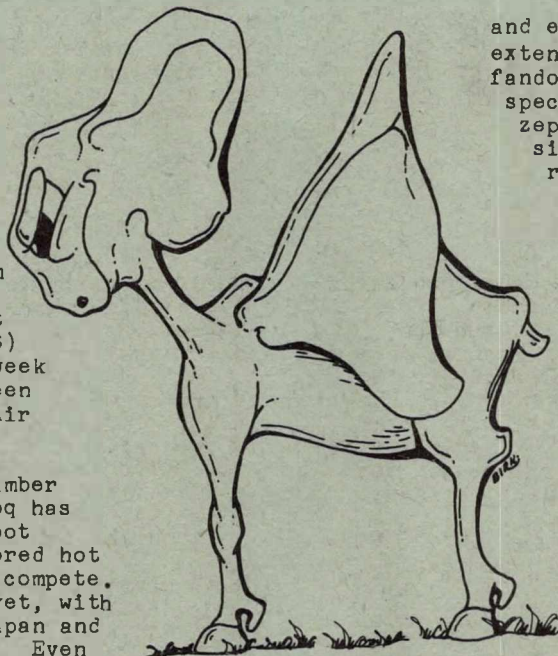
The world the balloonists live in isn't quite real. They're classifiable as unrequited romantics looking back into the century past. They have to be a little off in the head to spend ten or fifteen thousand dollars for a balloon, travel halfway around the world just to go aloft for an hour or so. Rich SCA types, maybe, but to my way of thinking far more imaginative in their sport. True, the airborne aspect is very regulated by the CAB but the spirit, the aura, the very gas is something out of the gaslight era.

I got up in a balloon and must admit that it was with some fear and trembling on my part. The old codger who owned the balloon was a retired Army colonel, had spent 15 months in a Nazi concentration camp, thought nothing of death, not to mention getting up at 5AM. The latter was the part that got me. I could face death unflinchingly, for this is what you must do if you go up five thousand feet in a picnic basket hung under a gasbag, but getting up so damned early almost did me in.

There's lots of arm waving and yanking on static lines and so on before the bag is inflated. The white knuckle part is really being so close to the burners and knowing there's only flint and steel stricker in the basket (CAB regs though most balloonists do carry a cigarette lighter or matches) ((the colonel didn't)). I kept thinking how much like a bunsen burner that gasjet was and how much like some experiment going awry we were.

But we made it up. The sensation of lifting off is similar to standing on the edge of a cliff and watching the cliff fall into a canyon -- while you are still standing in the middle of thin air. No sensation of movement at all. No lifting elevator, and no wind. For, you see, the balloon travels at exactly the same speed as the wind. Hence no whooshing wind. Just wooshing gas going into the bag. Not a whole lot I can describe since I was so fascinated with spitting or worse on the people underneath.

The thought arises, now, after the fact that these balloons are really attention grabbers



and everyone is intrigued to some extent by them. A segment of fandom, Mpls in '73, is more specialized. They only go for zeppelins. Most all of us enjoy sitting around until the hot air rises at cons. And for reasons known only to her, at Bubonicon the Elder Goddess Doris Beetem asked me to figure out the temperature required to lift a plastic bag and candle up fifty feet or so. No doubt perpetrating a flying saucer hoax.

The sight of two hundred balloons all drifting up into the morning sky is well nigh indescribable. Escaped, nerserk rainbows comes close. Maybe. If you've never seen a hot air balloon, it is a breath of the past which must be experienced at least once. You might not like it. Maybe you will. Depends on how much of a romantic you are, how much the Great

leslie is in you, How much of Phileas Fogg you want to be.

I want to try it again, going up in a mode of transport that (hardly) got off the ground. But I want to compose myself for the trip this time. I want enough warning so --there will be time to prepare a face...

Bob Vardeman

HIGH SCHOOL DAZE

by
Mike Kring

...to meet the faces that you meet. It can often trigger memories and thoughts of people from the past. I sometimes meet or see people who remind me of other persons who've managed, through no fault of their own, to touch me, or make a deep impression on me. The most important and vivid images in my brain, so far, are the ones from the good ol' days of being a student in Sabinal High School.

Sabinal is a small town, sixty miles southwest of San Antonio, Texas. It's situated on Highway 90, just inside the Uvalde County Line. It's 12 miles from D'hanis, and 13 miles from Knippa. From the sign just outside of town, Sabinal is listed as "the gateway to the hill country" of southwest Texas, which could mean anything. Sabinal is also about 30 to 40 miles from Garner State Park, if that's any help. Sabinal had a population of about 1500 persons, and I think the population is still about the same.

I graduated from SHS in 1970. We had a graduating class of 35 people, one of the largest graduating classes ever. Big town, big school. I was 17. and on my way to fulfilling my destiny of being a true nerd (as opposed to the false, or yellowbelly, nerd).

"Two bits, four bits, six bits a dollar! All

for Sabinal, stand up and holler!" YEAAAAAA!
A fancy yell from the good ol' high school
days. It uses to get a lot of yells. It may
still, for all I know. I havent been back
there in six years.

Stuff like that brings tears to my eyes, it
does. Ahhh, the heady smell of burnt popcorn
cloying the back of the throat with its pungent
aroma. The crisp, clear autumn nights bring-
ing a flush to the flesh and the joints ache.
Two teams of modern day gladiators lining up
on opposit sides of a poorly manicured field,
prepairing to defend the honor of their home
towns. The fans in the stands tense up, and
the adrenalin floods all their systems. The
men drag small bottles wrapped carefully in
brown paper bags from the depths of their heavy
coat pockets. They place thier lips to the
bottle's mouth, and drink deep of amber fluid,
and their breaths' are instantly tainted with
a tangy, sweet odor. Women, wives, mothers,
daughters, and girlfriends scream for their
favorite gladiator to kill, kill, kill!
Cheerleaders bounce up and down near the side-
lines, jiggling all over nicely. Their long,
cool legs are exposed for all to see. Their
forms are the ones most of the male teens in
the stands watch with glassy stares. Lust is
like that.

During football games, I usually stood on the
sidelines with my trusty school camera,
freezing, waiting for the damn game to get on
the road. I didn't really care that much for
our cheerleaders, since I knew them all. But
the other town's, ahhh, that was a different
matter. I lusted after quite a few of those
beautifull girls from the exotic faraway towns
of Bandera, Judson, and lest we forget Johnson
City. Big name towns to us punks from the
sticks.

Football games were the "in" things to go and
see at Sabinal. Basketball was a nothing
sport. No one really paid attention to it,
even though we did win district and Bi-district
championships. Who cared about a bunch of
guys running around and bouncing a ball? No,
the important game was the bashing, and the
smashing, and the biting fun of football.

Real, great, kind, nice people would turn into
monsters at those games. I mean, the guys on
the field had only one thought in their heads:
destroy! And the fans in the stands, no matter
who they were for, wished only to win! And All
I wanted was a decent picture to put in the
school paper.

I must have done something right. I won 13
state medals for my photos over the three
years of my being on the school paper. I'm
rather proud of that fact. I mean, most of my
brothers have gone into football and gotten
hurt. My older brother busted up his knee and
it'll never be the same. Some tendons were
destroyed, and he didn't get an operation
until too late. And my younger brother had
several aches and pains, and one concussion.
He didn't get permanently maimed but that
concussion was weird. He'd re talking with
people, and couldn't recall thier names. It
was spooky.

The most action I ever got was being run over
now and then by a crazed group of defenders
intent on getting a running back while I was
intent on getting a picture of the action. I
think I got a sprained toe, once.

I did get into the games for free, so that
was kinda neat. And I got to stay on the side-
lines, so I could get pretty good close-up
looks at the cheerleaders. And the twirlers,
too. And the pep squad girls. And...

I was sort of a pariah in High School. I
mean, just because I was a warped, neurotic,
borderline schzoid, was no reason for me to
be scared of all the strange things that went
on. But I was. I mean, if I had ever gotten
in with any crowd (which would have been
around 10 or 12 guys in Sabinal), it would
have been the "hippie" group of nuts. It was
rumored that some of that group actually --
HORRORS! -- smoked dope!! But I was too into
my books and other weirdy things, so I never
really got involved with any of the "fun"
groups in SHS.

I didn't go out drinking on weekends, trying
to get as drunk as quickly as possible as I
know quite a few people in SHS did. I knew
some guys who would go out, get someone to
buy them a bottle of Jim Beam (why that brand,
I have no idea, since no one in Sabinal had
ever heard of Tucker, including me), drink
it down real quick, then throw up on their
shoes. I thought it was very stupid, and I
still think so.

I got my kicks and got out of town by
adventuring with John Carter on Mars, or
following Doc Savage during his exciting ex-
ploits. I imagine I missed out on a few sex-
ua' encounters by not going out with the
drinking crowd, but I don't really care. I
was so neurotic then, I'd have probably
fainted, anyway.

I wasn't what you might call a normal person
in any shape or form in my teen years. (Not
that I'm much better now.)

Small towns are a pain in the ass. And Sabinal
was no exception. Most of the teenaged girls
would have boyfriends from other towns, and
most of the guys, too. And when a girl and
aguy from Sabinal would get interested in
each other, it was a even bet that one of
them lived on a farm 20 to 30 miles out in
the sticks. The car was the thing to have.

And that was one of the reasons I was so
shocked by the movie THE LAST PICTURE SHOW.
A lot the guys my age who saw it didn't
think it was that hot of a movie. Guys about
5 to 9 years older than me saw the same thing
I did, if they came from Texas. It just
meant to me that Sabinal was about 5 to 9
years behind the times. And I imagin it
still is.

There were dress cods and bonfires, and all
that good stuff. We had senior trips, and
the junior-senior prom. (With the ever
present and very old parachute hiding the
gym ceiling.) Wonderfull times, yes, indeedy.

Another weird thing about Sabinal was that it
was a dry town. You couldn't even get wine
or beer within the city limits. I hear it's
changed now, and it finally went wet. But
when I was there, it wasn't. There were two
small beer joints just outside the city limits,
though. One was on the main highway, and the
other on a small, narrow, old road. One was
called the Midway, and the other something I
can't recall, and I don't know which was which.
All I know (or can recall, at any rate) is

that there were a lot of "pious men who went out there and got roaring drunk every weekend. Then, they'd come roaring into town in their Pontiacs and Chevys, and scare the hell out of anyone in the streets.

We didn't have a sheriff. We had a night watchman. He didn't have any powers at all, really. He just gave warnings, and could call in the highway patrolmen if there was a riot going on. He just sat around in his El Camino with his six-pack, spotlight, and his cane. Why he had a cane I never found out. He wasn't lame. Maybe he was going to try to trip up

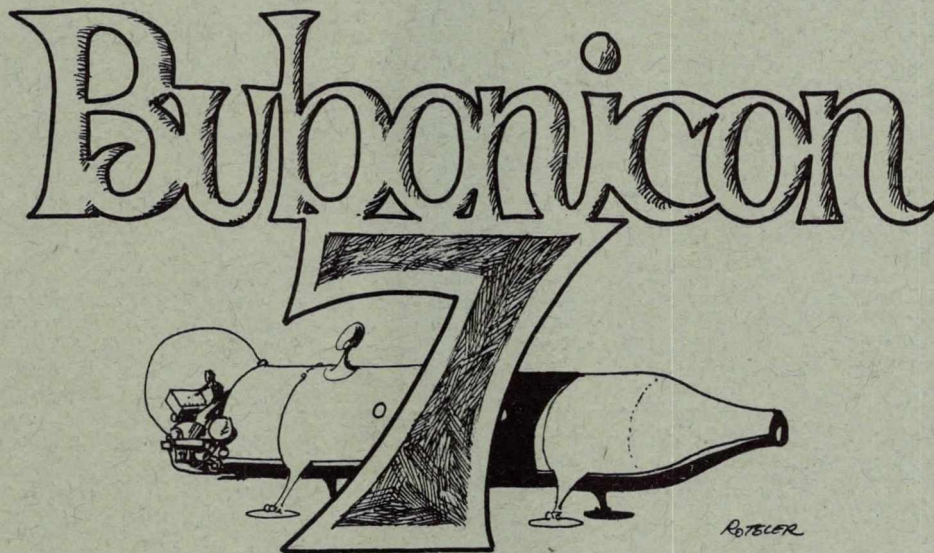
the cars as they whipped by the railroad tracks.

Most weekends, I watched television, and then read. There was a Fright Theater type program on one of San Antonio's stations Friday nights. After that I'd read and then go to bed.

And then the sun's dawning light crept over the horizon, and the family would stir, getting noisy.

And then the light crept up the shutters...

Mike Kring



INVERSE PROPORTIONS

Now! I just got my
brand new
handydandy doityourself
Galactic Explorer
transistorized nsilescope
and the manual informs me
that the more distant
the object you're
looking at, the more
powerful the scope is
as an ESP intensifier.
The closer the object viewed,
warns the booklet,
the harder it will be
to mindshare with another
viewing the same object.
And sure enough:
When I set the instrument up
and zeroed in on Galaxy C3 123
over 8 billion lightyears away
I got an immediate resnonse
from the overlooked
girl next door.

Neal Wilgus

PRACTICE

Once the
downward
tilt was
gradual.
Now it is flat the ball won't roll.
Lloyd Gold

ands

so who cares
what follows
all the ands
clouds of smoke
they chat in twos
in bunches always
supremely isolate
clouds of smoke
ands that never
there are clouds
there are clouds

something there must be
when scrimmy cloudwisps
fleck and ride the land
when together not alone
entering in slow motion
unbarred and green into
a crested edge of shine

Lloyd Gold

MINAS WALLSTREET

by John Thiel

The countdown has begun at last, and publishing magnates from Bankok to Bermuda are bowing their heads and knashing their teeth.

A London Times article reprinted in the Washington Post reports that the posthumous collaboration between JRR Tolkien and his son Christopher is nearing completion, and The Silmarillion is expected to hit the stands shortly before Christmas 1977. Start saving your money now...

A highly informed (but anonymous) source stated in a secret interview that snatches of the 100,000 word narrative are already being sent to the printer, and added that Christopher Tolkien is being held strictly incommunicado in France. George and Unwin (the company that originally published LOTR, Tree and Leaf, and Farmer Giles of Ham) will be the publishers.

If this Sil is anything like the one described in Appendix A of LOTR, it will probably cover the creation of the Silmarils, their theft by Morgoth, and his subsequent flight with Sauron and the Balrogs to Middle-Earth, the revolt of Fëanor and the Noldor, their complete defeat

along with the men of Middle-Earth, Earendil's appeal to the Valar, and the destruction of Thangorodrim and Morgoth by Eru and Valar. It should also discuss the marriage of Beren One-Hand to Tinuviel and the gift of Numenor to the Men who aided the Noldor in their hopeless war.

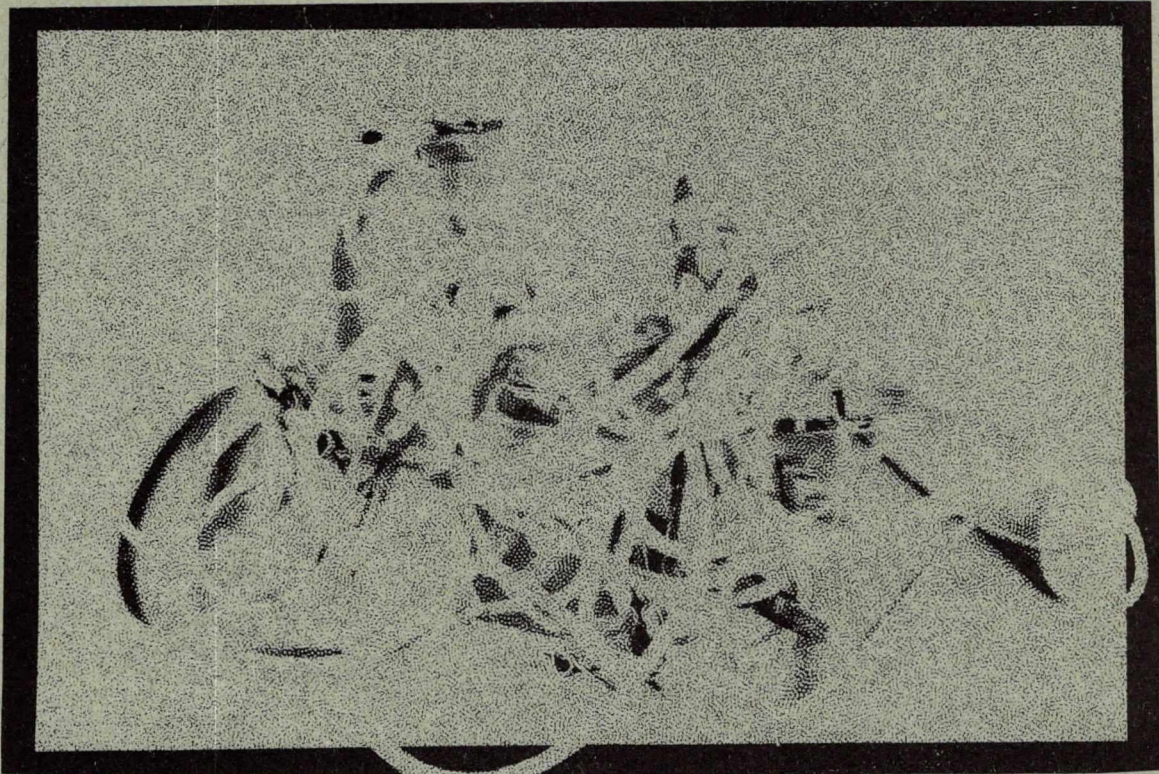
I rather imagine something will be left out.

The interesting thing about this affair is that Tolkien left about a million words of prose and verse behind, the whole of which comprise the Sil. Christopher's has been to edit it down and provide the "cement" to hold the various unrelated parts together.

Speculation is rife concerning whether Sil will be pure history, or whether it will be a narrative novel, or a collection of tales. No one seems to know except the higher officials of George and Unwin.

So start re-reading LOTR now, so as to have it fresh in your mind.

John Thiel



SCREAMING HARMON AND WELCOME TO HIM

". . . and you heard the sparrows in the gutters," he screamed at me.

"I didn't hear anything before you woke me up," I replied sweetly. This was the third time in five days I'd been aroused by Screaming Harmon screaming something about birds. Screaming Harmon is always screaming about something, but he usually makes sense in his own way.

I looked past him to my roommate, who was leaning against the doorjamb, grinning. "Rooms," I asked him, "why do you keep letting him in here?"

"He keeps asking me to." Rooms answered, "I don't know what he's screaming about, Though."

"Why don't you ask him?" I suggested.

Rooms made Screaming Harmon sit down at my desk. "Harmon," he said, slowly, calmly and distinctly, "without screaming, tell us what's bothering you this time."

"Are you going to listen this time?" Harmon asked.

"Yes, we're going to listen."

"Both of you?"

"Both of us. We Promise."

Harmon looked at me. I nodded and he started talking. "It's the fertilizer they put on the grass and flowers. The worms get coated with it, and the birds eat them."

"Do they die?" Rooms prompted.

"No, no, they just can't fly. That's why they're in the gutters."

"Harmon," I said, "we promise we won't do it any more."

Harmon got up and walked out of my room. Halfway down the stairs he stopped and came back. "You're not doing it," he stated.

"We know that," said Rooms.

"So why are you bothering us about it?" I asked.

"Because I want you to stop it."

Rooms looked at me in exasperation. "We already promised to stop it."

"No you didn't. You promised not to do it anymore." Harmon pointed out.

"He's got you there," I agreed, "Now look, Harmon, who is doing it?"

"The city."

"The how do you expect us to stop it?"

"However it is you do things."

I should probably mention that I'm an investigative reporter for a local newspaper. Ever since Watergate, people think investigative reporters can do anything. In real

life, our limitations know no boundaries. But in hopes of getting Screaming Harmon off my back, I agreed to look into it. Even if I didn't get anywhere, Harmon would probably forget all about it by next week.

After a quick but nourishing lunch, which Screaming Harmon paid for, we arrived downtown. Instead of going straight to City Hall, we walked across the Plaza, because I really like the fountain. It's a very active fountain, with a lot going on. As we passed it, Rebecca caught up with us. Rebecca works downtown, and when her divorce was getting sticky, I did her a favor and wrote a piece on her ex-father-in-law, who was a state Senator. I got a good story out of it, she got back at the whole family, and besides, that's what I do to anybody who bugs me.

"Rabbit," said Rebecca, "I've been trying to get in touch with you, but at the paper they say they haven't seen you since payday. Anyway, I'm having a party tomorrow night and I want you to come. Rooms too, when he gets off work."

"I would love to, little lady," I replied, "and how about my good friend here, Screaming Harmon, who is currently trying to tap-dance on my shins. He's lots of fun at parties." Which is true, and besides, I owe him one. Two weeks ago, when I got to Short Jerry's birthday party with all the music majors, who are a dull bunch, I sat down between Harmon and the young lady he was putting the make on. He got so upset he left. Harmon liked Rebecca. I could tell because he was drooling.

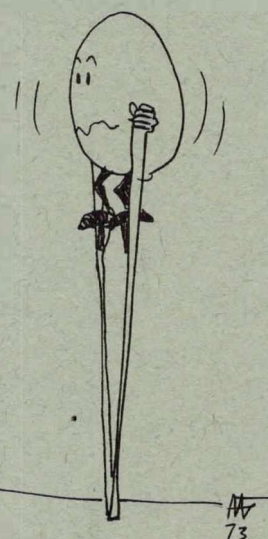
Rebecca looked Harmon up and down. "Sure. I'd love to have him there," she squealed, "but why is he drooling?"

"He'll get over it." I promised, and dragged Harmon off toward City Hall. We went up to the third floor and confronted the receptionist. "Peter Rabbit," I snapped, "here to see Parks Commissioner Gemulchick, and quickly, please."

"I'll tell him you're here," she said, and put my name into the intercom. Then she turned to me again. "Tell me the truth. You're name isn't really Pwter Rabbit, is it?"

"Sure," I replied. "Well, not really. It's Harry Rabbit. Actually, Harold Vincent Rabbit IV, but who'd want to go through life with a name like that." She blinked twice, the intercom buzzed, and Harmon and I marched down the hall. I threw the door open loudly to get the Commissioner's attention, then moved in fast.

"Now look here, Gemulchick, what the hell do you think you're doing?" I briefly detailed what was happening to the birds. ". . . and according to my expert on the subject," I



indicated Screaming Harmon, who was looking very firm and indignant, "your fertilizer is causing the problem."

The Commissioner, a heavy-set, florid man, held up his hands calmly. "Now, Mr Rabbit, I'm sure you and your expert, what did you say his name is?" I stuck three knuckles in my mouth and gurgled. "Uh, yes, I'm pleased to meet you, Dr., uh, sir." He shook hands with Harmon and continued. "I'm sure you're both men of good faith and believe what you say, but the man you really want to talk to is Park Maintenance Chief Gregorovich. His office is . . ."

I cut in. "He works for you, doesn't he? I'm holding you personally responsible, and I'm sure the voters of this city will agree with me. I think you'd better talk to Gregorovich."

The Commissioner, who very much wants to be the next Mayor, blanched and asked us to wait in the lounge across the hall. We seated ourselves and watched the very satisfying flurry of phone calls and flunkies in and out of the office.

"We wait now, right?" asked Screaming Harmon.

"Yeah, wait. Look, Harmon, I've got to go to the bank. Give me ten dollars."

"Ten Dollars? What for?"

"Look, you know I hate to drink on an empty stomach?"

"Yeah."

"I hate even worse to drink on an empty wallet. Come on, give." Harmon didn't look nearly as confused as I wanted him to, but he gave me the money. I went over to the bank. Well, not really the bank, there's a little shopping mall underneath it, with a bar. It's not much of a bar, but the only other nice

place downtown is at the Albuquerque Inn, and I don't think Harmon would give me ten bucks to go to the hotel.

Two hours later, I was sitting there, sipping a drink and listening to two well-lubricated bank executives talking about what sounded like my next story, when Carolyn slid into the booth with me. I know Carolyn slightly. She works in the New Accounts at the bank. She's the kind of person who smiles all the time, even at 9:30 in the morning. It's like doing your banking in a breakfast food commercial. "Do you know what a rotten day I've had?" she asked rhetorically, smiling sweetly.

"Tell Uncle Rabbit all about it." I soothed. "To hell with Screaming Harmon."

She looked at me blankly, then smiled and began. "First my car wouldn't start this morning. Then . . ."

It was the wee, small hours of the morning, as the old song says. Back in my cozy, if sloppy, bedroom, Carolyn was smoking a cigarette as we shared, among other things, another joint. Screaming Harmon burst into the room, screaming "You did it! You did it! The birds are flying again!"

Carolyn looked up at me. "Screaming Harmon. Right?"

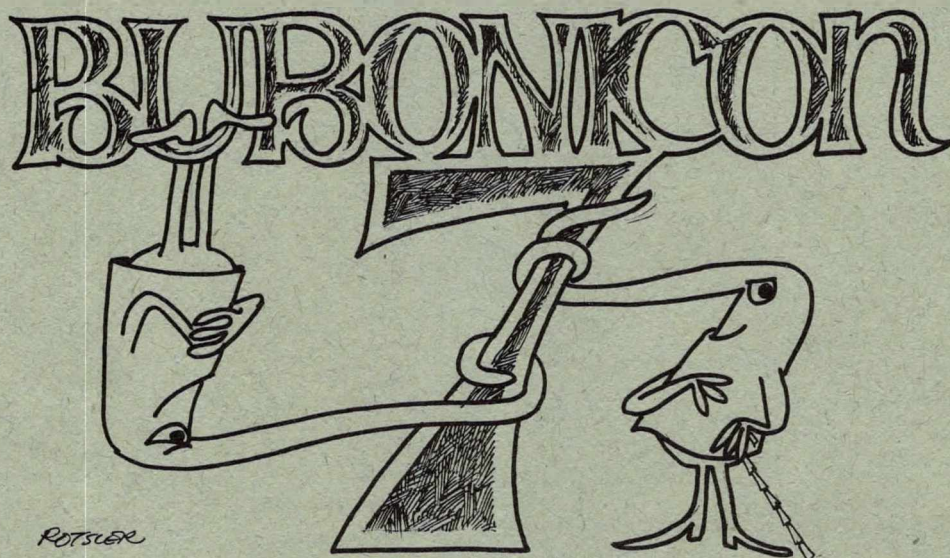
"How did you ever guess?" I murmured.

She smiled and handed me the joint. "To hell with Screaming Harmon."

Harmon, meanwhile, hadn't stopped screaming. "You'll be known as the bird savior of New Mexico. But why didn't you come back?"

I Handed Screaming Harmon the joint and shooed him out of the room. "You know nothing. Do you see nothing . . ."

Peter C. Rabbit



666 IS COMING

BY

J. ALSUP

Hi Guys - Dolls:

Can you dig something new? It's coming at you from a kingdom which exists in outer-space. Who's in command? Well for now let's just say spirit--most of you will never pass beyond the unponderable.

So who's hung up on Apollyon--Taste the fruit of womanhood o son of man. Stand back Abaddon--your time has come. Loose the bands of 666. The time is now. Let the words come forth--who will dare to seek the Advise of wisdom.

666 is alive and well on planet Earth. Sent from space you say **Who is he? What mystery is this? Do we speak of Angels in chains? Can flesh comprehend food of Immortal time delivered unto the saints?

Alright so much for intro. Let's get to it? The man 66 walks up on this green green earth. Who is he? That's your problem. Can you figure it out? Here's the facts;

1. The number of his name is 666.
2. He has no desire for women.
3. He has no use for the god of his fathers.

Got it? No, I'm sorry-he isn't Rosemary's baby--but you are close. Let's pick a date, any date, but at least one we can consider. How about February 5, 1962? Great crowds of holy men in India sat up all night waiting for the end of the world. Could this have been the night of his birth? Some say yes.

Number of his name??? How can a man have a number to his name? It's easy--A=x B= x etc. OK let's give it a try. Here's the code;

| | | |
|------|-------|-------|
| A-6 | J-60 | S-114 |
| B-12 | K-66 | T-120 |
| C-18 | L-72 | U-126 |
| D-24 | M-78 | V-132 |
| E-30 | N-84 | W-138 |
| F-36 | O-90 | X-144 |
| G-42 | P-96 | Y-150 |
| H-48 | Q-102 | Z156 |
| I-54 | R-108 | |

Pick a name, any name, but one we can consider. How about Yasar Arafat, The head of the Palestine Liberation Organization. Note the translation

Y A S A R A R A F A T
384 + 282 -666

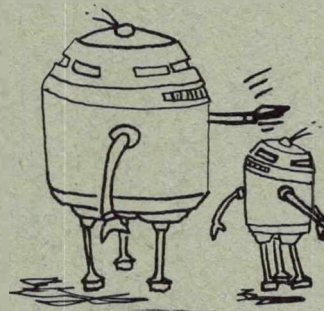
Are you getting it? What's happening east of Eden? Adam, where are the prophecies? Can the stone of Scone speak? Will the winds deliver a message? Buddah--from whence came the echo of truth? Are you listening Vishnu?

Son of man --listen and learn:

Upon the horizon destiny awates the arrival of a man who shal capture the attention of all the Earth. Oh yes, tribulation and violence shall overcome the inhabitants and all but a few shall perish.

Let's hear it for 666! The ultimate in eschatology. Will man reach the Zenith of power and revert to a flower? Will he follow the trvia of the gods??? What happened to Zeus and Hera? Where is Thor?

J Alsup



DESERT

alone in the desert
past sandstorms
duststorms
heat
gnawing skin
insects
waterless
without end
I crawl
across sand
with fingers
and mouth
full of
dirt
there is no one
anywhere
to help

where am I?

I bump into
a hard pole
in the middle
of this desert
(I wonder)
and look up
at the sign:

YOUR LAST
CHANCE TO
BUY DESERT
INSURANCE.
Call now.

And I think
someone must
have rigged
the car which
stopped in
this middle
of nowhere.

--Jon Inouye

STARS & STRIPES
by
Walter Williams



... do you remember nothing?

Only sometimes. My memory is quite good, normally. I remember perfectly the languid stained glass of the summer of '71 for instance. I was in Baja with Katushka, tanning ourselves with cheap beer and fighting the fleas. Vladimir Nabokov had brought a chunk of Lebanese blond as big as your fist from Montreux and Tom Pynchon had scored what looked like a file-folder of Mr. Natural in Oakland on his way down. Me, I'm an expert on exotic cacti and fungi and things that grow beneath the soil of the Sonora, and had a lunch bucket full of interesting things that Don Juan never heard of, some of which we were trying for the first time. We were on canvas beach loungers, we and the ladies, waiting for the Russian submarines, or something equally exciting, to make an appearance.

"Anejo is all right," I was saying, "Particularly Curevo's *Commemorativo*. But the true distillate for the true tequila connoisseur is made only from the black-hearted Maguey. Only one maguey in 10,000 or so has a black heart--it's a mutation, impossible to predict. The discovery of the maguey negro is a cause for rejoicing among the maguey workers. It's so powerful and so rare that the prices are fantastic: out of this world."

"Is there a black market?" asked Pynchon. He was pencil in hand, writing all this down. I had told him about amanita muscaria the day before and it ended up in Gravity's Rainbow.

"Of course," I said. "All the legit stuff is bought for the cellars of Arab sheiks, members of the Mexican government, and former officers of the Kuomintang. I used to have a black market connection in Santa Cruz---old Senor Estrada, but he's flown to Katmandu to treat with the Red Military District commander about the opium harvest. the only other person who might be able to get some would be Miguel Mota, but they say he's retired."

All this time Nabokov was writing on his little eight by five index cards, making an occasional request to Vera to look up something in his three-volume Webster's Unabridged or to pour more beer on his bald head, which sunburns easily. He was writing a long essay which would eventually end up in Saturday Review: ten thousand well-chosen words that would come down on Edmund Wilson's head like a ton of shit bricks, and burst his phony-baloney image once and for all.

"Why didn't someone bring an O.E.D.?" he muttered in his famous Cambridge accent, "Aha! Here's one that will work. I'll call him nidulitic."

"Wotinells this?" muttered Pynchon, going through my lunch bucket.

"A meocuil drowned in liquid mescaline," I said.

"It looks like a goddam worm."

"It is," I said.

9 He shuddered and fed one to his Jewish groupie from Vassar. For some reason, he prefers his

women short, about the size of a large dwarf, and very Jewish. He had two of them with him in the Baja, and callously used them to test the drugs he was afraid to take. The other was from Vassar, too, although she had transferred for Wellesly.

Nabokov swatted a butterfly that had landed on his pink chest. It was a Cabbage White. "Common," he sniffed, and fed the corpse to the sand fleas.

The sun was beginning to spiral into the Pacific. It's a strange optical effect that I've only seen in the Baja, and I've never seen it written about. The Indians, who were smart enough to know that the Earth was round, believed it was caused by Meszconyarlaptl, the god known to moderns as Twenty-three Rabbits because of his accidental resemblance to an Oryctolaginous gangbang, had picked up the Baja and was spinning it around in his tentacles or arms, or whatever they were. It's as good an explanation as any.

"I wonder about Amelia Earhart," said Pynchon.

"What about her?" I asked.

"She vanished near Howland Island on July 2, 1935," Pynchon said. His Vassar groupie was saying something incoherent about "blue read my darling, violent and violt is he," an obvious reference to Pynchon's eyes. One of the reasons Pynchon doesn't go out in public is his violet-colored eyes; very spooky, the eyes of a black sorcerer although he wasn't into Wicca then; and he always hides his irises behind shades. The other reason you never see his picture is the tattoo of Twenty-Three Rabbits, or about eighteen rabbits of him, occupying the left side of his face, done with a cactus-thorn needle by a Yaqui medicine man back in '65. Pynchon claims the operation was involuntary; that he was drugged. More than likely. The Yaqui and Pynchon were introduced by Ken Babbs, and Pynchon hasn't spoken to Babbs since. The Yaqui later went Hollywood and became guru to Kenneth Anger and Bobby Beausoleil, and is now said to be hiding out in the Nevada desert at Helter Skelter, the secret desert hideout. (But that story is probably a coverup for his murder by Manson. It never pays to be further right than the Birchers: a word to the wise.)

"So?" I said.

"She was flying with Fred Noonan," said Pynchon, delivering a backhand slap to the Vassar groupie. He really treated those girls rotten.

"Fred Noonan was a naval lieutenant-commander," he continued. "They were flying over, or very close to, some of the Japanese Mandate, the marshals and the Carolines. They refueled at Guam, our only possession in that part of the Pacific at that time. It's likely that they were being fronted by Military Intelligence, who wanted to look at what the Japs were building on Saipan and Turk. They flew right over Turk, the Jap's only big naval base in the central Pacific. I checked the Imperial Japanese registry and found that there was a carrier, the Akagi, there at the time. It was ordered out of Turk on July 1 and returned three days later, under tight security. It refuelled and headed back to the Home Islands."

"They shot her down?" I asked.

"There are records of a mysterious American women prisoner in the high-security Japanese prisons right up until 1945, identified only by a code name. She vanished in the Nagasaki explosion, quite possibly lynched if she wasn't vaporized."

"So the Japanese shot down Amelia Earhart," I mused.

"Maybe not only Amelia Earhart," said Pynchon, "Will Rogers 'disappeared' in Alaska while the Combined Fleet was having maneuvers in the vicinity, wargaming the capture of the Aleutians. Rogers was shot down with Wiley Post in August of '37. Just two months later they sank the Panay."

"I don't think that sounds reasonable," I said, "Why would they shoot down Will Rogers?"

"A national symbol, maybe," Pynchon said. "The Japanese are prone to symbolic acts like that." He shrugges. "Look, I just collect facts," he said. "I don't draw any conclusions. Take it or leave it. Nothing is truly significant."

"The level of your false profundity is matched only by your crudity," sneered Nabokov. The way Pynchon treated his women really upset him. He treats Vera like a queen.

Pynchon shrugged a third time. His Vassar groupie was on about, "touch me, touch me, Ometochtli." So she was at the two-rabbit stage. Wait till she saw all twenty-three.

I did once, in Atotonilco, and only the recitation of the classic "Nanuga" saved me. We watched the sun swooping lower towards the horizon. It zipped below the sea quite suddenly, then popped up again, playing peekaboo; then slid down again, this time for good. I'll never get over it. Baja sunsets played hell with Indian mythology, too.

"I'll call Wilson's conclusion a ridiculous rifacimento," muttered Nabokov, fumbling with his index cards once more. The light was failing.

Katushka, the wild-haired White Russian I was living with that summer, and whose father eventually published my third novel (but under the label of a dummy firm), came out of the trailer we shared holding two glasses of iced sangrita (not sangria, for Ometochtli's sake, this is something quite different, the perfect drink for Mexico after sunset). She gave me one and we sipped in silence, listening to the Vassar groupie climbing the rabbit ladder. I figured we had about forty-five minutes before she hit twenty-three and we all had to start drawing pentagrams in the sand to keep old wormface away. Enough time for a short idyll in the trailer. Katushka's fingernails stroked my clavicle. A signal, forsooth. I got up, said "back in thirty," and followed Katushka in her caftan to the trailer. There were the old, good books; and music from the Outback on the quad; the shift and sheen of skin on skin; and, on the night table, in vials of ivory and colored glass, unstoppered . . .

Walter Williams

THE DROWNED BALLARD by Darrell Schweitzer

On the morning after the storm, the body of a dead J.G. Ballard story was washed up on the shore of the sea of Profundity. When I first heard the news of its arrival, I remained skeptical, but after all of my colleagues had gone down to the beach to see it, there was nothing else for me to do, so I went also.

For this reason, by the time I first saw the thing a large crowd had gathered, and I had some difficulty examining it closely, for all around me were hordes of critics and writers and various other literary persons, all exclaiming what a stupendous work of Art this object was. When I finally did make my way to the front of the crowd and was able to view the center of their attention closely, I too was impressed by the fine craftsmanship with which it was put together. Outwardly it was indeed a masterpiece, neatly and economically assembled by a master hand.

But after a time I began to wonder, and seizing a shovel which had been sticking out of the sand for symbolic purposes, I climbed atop the massive artifact and began to dig. This aroused the attention of those around me, and soon they also began to question, and after a while they began to tear away various parts of the object which they deemed non-essential.

"This is just the fluffy trappings," they said, as they stripped off something. "True fiction must be shorn of such, so that the basic stuff of literature may be left to stand by itself." There seemed to be some disagreement among them as to what the basic stuff was, but they continued to remove all they were sure it wasn't.

I paid little heed to them and proceeded in my own endeavor. I hadn't gotten very far at all,

just below the glittery outer crust, when suddenly I felt the surface give way beneath me, and before I knew it I was plunging downward into a great hole that looked remarkably like a navel.

Fortunately I was not killed, for even though the drop was a long one, I landed with a soft bounce. After a minute or so the shock wore off, and I realized where I was. I was inside! Deep down in the great pre-Uterine chamber!

Taking a flashlight, which I had conveniently carried that day in defiance of all plot logic, I searched the place for whatever might be the essence of this outstanding work. I was appalled at what I saw. It was empty. I was standing inside a big hollow shell. I was expecting at the very least a used atomic bomb, a deadly six foot seagull, a pair of black lace panties formerly owned by Abraham Zapruder, Princess Maragret's false teeth, a prophylactic once used by Major Eatherly to fornicate with a machine gun on the Enola Gay, an issue of SCREEN SECRETS containing a nude centerfold of Jacqueline Kennedy's pet goldfish, and a respectable assortment of Jungian archetypes. But there was nothing! Nothing at all!

Surely I would have gone mad with this realization, had not the sheer chance of the mindless, meaningless cosmos been on my side for once. Just in the nick of time the critics, who were still carving away from the outside, burst through and rescued me.

They too were astounded, and we all stood around dumbly as the few remaining scraps of the once esteemed masterpiece broke up and were carried off by the waves.

Darrell Schweitzer

WHERE NO ROYTAC HAS GONE BEFORE

by
Roy Tackett

The publicity started some months ago when an announcement appeared that Ivan Cook's STAR TREK, comic and Science Fiction Film Convention would be coming to Albuquerque in January. I promptly forgot about it.

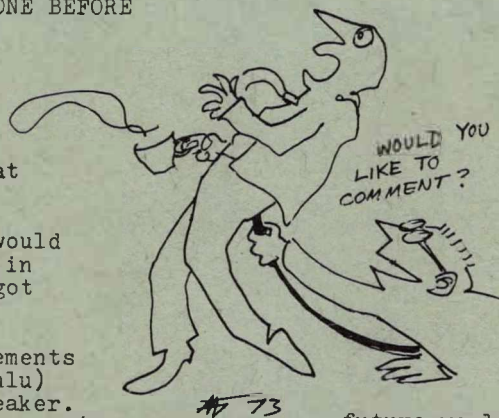
Later there were announcements that George Takei (Mr. Sulu) would be the featured speaker. I was aware that George Takei (Mr. Sulu) was one of the minor players on STAR TREK but that didn't thrill me a whole hell of a lot either so I attempted to forget about it.

Attempted. The librarians at one of the libraries I frequent know that I am a Science fiction fan. "Mr. Tackett is into science fiction" is the way they put it. I'm not really sure just what the exact connotation is there. This seems to be one of the new phrases that has sprung up in the last few years. Anyway, they kept asking about the big STAR TREK convention insisting that since I was into that sort of thing I must know all about it. I fear that I lost much face with them when I confessed that they probably knew as much about it as I did.

About a week before the great day the publicity regarding the convention began increasing and I discovered, upon reading one of the advertisements, that the speakers would include Jack Williamson, Fred Saberhagen and A. E. Van Vogt. (According to the blurb in the program book Van Vogt ((pronounced Van Voyet by the local trekkies)) has written Slan The Rull among other things.)

Hmmmm, I hummd hummily, maybe I ought to look in on this after all. I know that Speer has contacts among the local trekkies so I checked with him for information. He consulted his copy of the program and told me that Van Vogt, Saberhagen and Williamson along with Dorothy Fontana, were all scheduled to speak on quote sci-fi unquote on Friday evening. I shuddered. "You should attend," Speer said. I agreed that I would probably do so on Friday evening.

So on Friday, 21 January, I took myself to Albuquerque's convention center which, in addition to STAR TREK, was also featuring antiques and starving artists for the weekend. A sign informed me that I could buy STAR TREK tickets at a table near the door. The table was manned (well, womanned, actually) by two or three aging Trekkies (not old, mind you, but they had obviously been ST fans from the beginning which was about a decade ago) who asked "May we help you, sir?" (I might point out here that given my age and, ah, portliness, shall we say?, that with the proper dress I automatically bring out that "sir" these days.) I told them that I would like to see the program. They fluttered about and produced a copy of the program book for my prusal. I noted that all the science fiction speakers were scheduled on Friday evening and that there was no ST programming on any of the other days. A lo speaker informed me that "A.E. Van Vogt will be speaking in the Milky Way



auditorium in 10 minutes" so I concluded that I was too late to hear Dorothy Fontana talk about sci-fi---which was probably just as well.

"I would like a ticket," I said.

"Yes, sir. For all three days?"

"Good heavens, no! Just for tonight."

"Yes, sir. That will be \$4.50. And another 25¢ if you want to keep the program book."

Now this is something that future worldcons might look into: sell the program books.

I paid for my ticket and rode the moving stairway to the second floor. My ears were immediately assaulted by the sounds of pseudo-Arabic music and there on a makeshift stage were the usual group of makeshift belly-dancers doing whatever it is they do. It strikes me as amazing how belly-dancers seem to be a fixture at conventions these days. I'm really not sure just how they fit into the scheme of things other than to give the rubes something to gawk at.

I struck out through a throng of STAR TREK clad people (tunic, blue jeans, boots) to find the Milky Way auditorium and somehow ended up in the huckster room.

"May I help you, sir?" asked a chap in a tan tunic. He was portlier than I although considerably younger.

"How?" I wanted to know.

"Oh, show you around? Have you seen the Bridge?"

"Yes," I said, "the original at the studio. Wherewill I find the speakers?"

He duly pointed me off in the right direction and I entered the Milky Way auditorium (usually known as the Kiva) to find Dorothy Fontana still signing autographs for a host of adoring Trekkies. Van Vogt, Saberhagen and Williamson were huddled off to one side waiting for a chance to get to the microphone. Never one to pass up an opportunity I managed to get TAFF donations from them.

Very poorly organized this Ivan Cook's Convention. There was, for example, no one to introduce the speakers. They simply turned the mike over to whoever was next in line. Van rambled at length about various subjects. Fred talked about predictions and what to look for in the next few years. Jack talked mostly about The Humanoids since it was once considered for a ST episode about various other things. Still as sharp as a razor is the good Professor who next year will mark his golden anniversary as a science fiction writer.

After the speakers it was time for the Costume Contest, another fine example of disorganization. The entrants mounted the stage from the audience's left, crossed over and had to jump off the stage on the right since there were no stairs there.

Costumes were divided into three categories: science fiction, Star Trek, and comics. None of the science fiction costumes had anything

do with science fiction. First prize in that category was won by "Swamp Witch and Enslave", one of the belly dancers carrying a

The Star Trek costumes were Star Trek costumes.

There was only one comic book entry---a young man dressed as The Shadow, a character only marginally associated with comic books.

The handling of the costume show was rather amateurish (not surprisingly). The entrants were not named, for instance, being introduced simply as "a young star-ship captain," "a Klingon", etc.

as soon as the show was over a screen was lowered and hours of STAR TREK were started from the projectors.

I stopped by the bar to strike a quick blow for liberty and headed for the North Valley.

Still I left behind several hundred tunic clad trekkies who seemed positively entranced by it all.

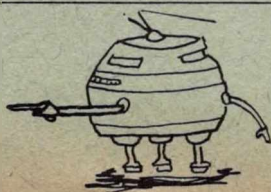
Sort of makes you wonder . . . Roy Tackett



IN PRAISE OF RHYMESTERS

Poems are easy to write
I write one every night
Songs of love with tragic ends
Of a heart that never mends
Couplets praising bygone eras
Laudations for Rome or Paris
Odes to trees and bees and spring
Sonnets 'bout most anything
All in careful, even time
Every line a perfect rhyme
O'er contractions stumblin' merry
Syntax always secondary
Archaism doth abound
O! I love thy ancient sound!
Nothing need make any sence
I can call the reader dence
Poetic liscence does imply
A twisted truth is not a lie
I may have to vanity publish
Unless some ed is fond of rubbish
But when I die I'll know that I
Have left my mark beneath the sky.

---Jessica Amanda Salmonson
7-2-76



SNERD OF ONION

by Hal V Climetrio

Po boy quake star. Skylight.
Wattles toin green.
Green moffs the moon.
Moh waddles the moon.
And grin-emma is clean!

NOIRUS.

Que! Zet!

Smoke offel.

Giant otter, '59 plane.

HRCOT! Zet!

Grune is eat prune

"is helathy"

oh yah iz healty? Come from of plant place
Hab squange manuer.

Noirus nexos

Zaman zapeter!

shootsky blindin the eaves?

Shotteter roots in the trees?

No! MAH! Is Nexos.

Sho bath, I sho come quick

When is zoot sooter onna run

Only way ta gettaway

Only way ta gettagunn

Only way to catch a trolley

Only drunk bears watch tv

Only one upon the horses

Only man at here is me.

QUE! Zap! Zap! Zap!

So, pull downna shade

Cum ommer here

Vibes zat our lives

Hobey's got hives

AN I AM ATTA FIVE O'CLOCK MOVIE!

(don't bother me).

HOW YOU CAN PROFIT FROM THE COMING BARBARISM

Unnnnnh --

Best thing is to

get lots of swords
saved up.

Ones who bite bullet

and dust

not be important

then

but everybody left

get lots of clubs

to be prepared.

If you have sword

can easily plunder

and pusharound

all clubbies

who didn't have

forethink

to know what's coming.

Be on lookout,

tho,

in case clubs

get together

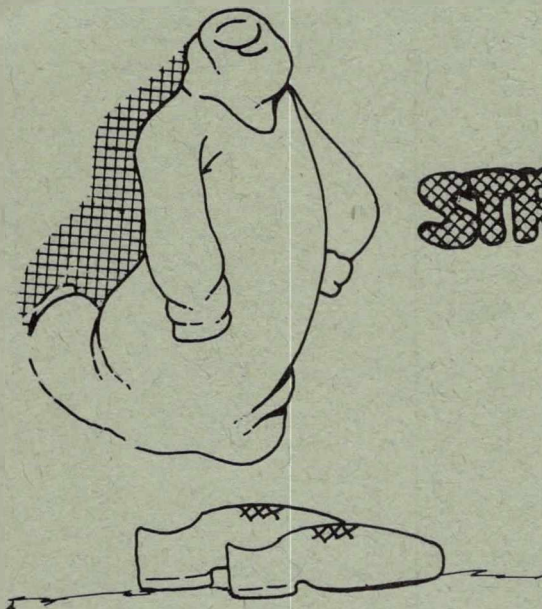
to outnumber you.

Slings and arrows

are also

a good bet.

---Harry Brute



STRANGE CREW

A former employee of the newspaper company for which I work had an experience that should have entitled him to recognition in the newspaper account of snafus by criminals. After he left this city's journalistic profession, this fellow accomplished an occasional burglary to keep himself solvent. One night, someone surprised him in the dark building he had broken into. There was a brief tussle. The erstwhile newspaperman got away before his discoverer could get a good enough look at him to identify him. But the burglar had always been a vain fellow, always carried with him a supply of business cards which he handed out to everyone he met, and a couple of dozen of them fell out of his pocket in the scrimmage, forming the only clue that led to his conviction in court.

Harry Warner, Jr.

////////////////////

I'm doing the local a little different this time. I'm going to type it up as the locs come in (more or less). The first two are on Z-j. My comments will be set off like so;

#.....dp#

Harry Warner, Jr.
423 Summit Ave.
Hagerstown, Maryland 21704

I was particularly impressed by Sheryl's front cover. She should do more of these large elaborate drawings to vary the small beasties which we see most often. I'm not quite sure what the illustration is supposed to represent, but I assume it's some kind of outlandish animal's saddle and assorted tack.

I have found myself feeling something like Sal DiMaria's state of mind by the end of that con. I get the same emotion even from fanac conducted by mail. I feel increasingly out of things because so many fans are going off onto subfandoms which I'm too stupid or too uninterested to know anything about. Even a little thing like reading an explanation of how a fanzine cover was created can depress me, because I can't keep straight all the technicalities involved in offset reproduction. Then another fanzine comes with a book review section proving that some fan has read a couple of dozen new books in the past month, and the inadequacy feeling increases through my knowledge that I read perhaps one science fiction book per month, on the average.

Then there's the pinball machine problem. In a way, I shot my bolt in boyhood and found myself with no new worlds to conquer. I was about eight or nine years old the day I stood at a primitive pinball machine in a local restaurant. It was designed with a baseball theme. I ran up a string of ten runs before mechanism finally was able to retire the third man in my inning. This was a feat so rare that it won for me a meal card to that restaurant, and my parents and I dined there three or four times before all the dimes had been punched out of the meal card. If you don't think it was a long time ago, it was a \$3 meal ticket

Tom Jackson

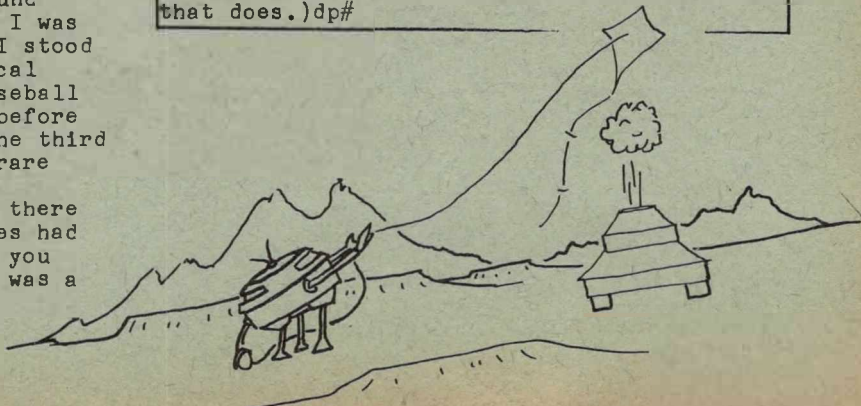
For the worst book contest I nominate "Kane's Odyssey" by Jeff Clinton, one of the Laser books. Darrell Schewitzer's list of famous fanzines of bygone times is great, but how can he forget real great zines like: Percy Shelley's "Prometheus Unstapled"; Lord Byron's "Don Thompson"; Adam Smith's "The Economicon" (stole that.); Chaucer's "The Dragon's Tail"; Homer's "Odd Scenes"; Tacitus' "Fanhistoricana"; Keat's "Owed by a Grecian Earned"; Rudyard Kipling "Bungle in the Jungle"; "The Gospel According to Bob Tucker"; Henry VIII "Time Enough for Love"; Virgil's "I Need It"; Pope "The Rape of Bob Bloch"; Anonymous "Be a Wolfe"; It's sequel "Mean Mama"; Samuel Johnson "The Vanity of Human Bitches"; Mary Shelley's "Frankly Stoned".

I'm so tired of arguing about Malzberg, I'm actually going to keep my mouth shut this time. Kaiser's attack on "Mote in God's Eye" is a little overblown, but it is a tin classic and seems to have faded into the sunset awfully quickly.

Vardeman's speech is great, especially the opening paragraph.

Tom Jackson

I also recieved locs from Bill Pugmire (with a bunch of pictures--thanks) and from Laurine White on Z-j, but thy got here too late to make even the WAHF. In fact that's the 2nd time I left Laurine out, Sorry. (I hollered at bob about it but we both know what good that does.)dp#



#Now on to Zk dp#

Bob Vardeman

Working backwards in the zine, to Michael Carlson's letter: I must declare myself to be of the same opinion as Darrell Schweitzer (and how about less laziness in the capitalizing dept? Or is that you, DICK?)

#Who Me. Make A Typo? The Very Ideal dp#

Malzberg may love sf, he may sacrifice for sf (virgins? goats? his grandmother?); I don't know about that. He certainly doesn't write entertaining or enjoyable books. As to their literary quality, Jim Young mentioned something to me once that Herovit's World was cribbed from some mainstream book which I neither remember nor want to. He may have meant the style or the plot or none of the above but the point that stuck in my head was that Malzberg wasn't the pioneering type everyone who hypes him says he is.

John Robinson: What makes you think that Goldstein and I aren't in jail? Your comments on a rescue squad got me to thinking. Instead of a rescue squad, howabout a SWAT team. These fans, see, dressed up as Dorsai, could swoop down with machineguns and hand grenades and massacre all the fans in propellor beanies. The resulting confusion would certainly be grounds for calling the con off. If it wasn't, they could always tear gas the fans, if that could be detected thru the dope fumes. That would take care of the problem of a failed con admirably and all for the cost of a few bullets.

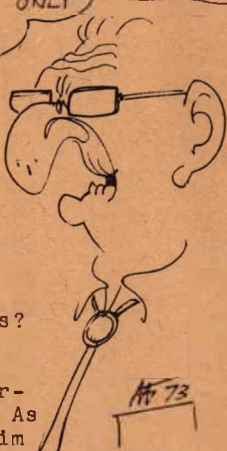
Darrell: I usually fall into the "I love Robert Silverberg's stuff but can't stand that Calvin Knox" trap. Luckily, when KM O'Donnell first came out, I couldn't stand it. When Malzberg came out of the closet, I couldn't stand his sf either. Whew. My good taste is perserved.

I think Ben Indick would make a good GoH. Somewhere. Hmmm. Say, Ben, is that \$200 air fare a maximum amt you'll spend? Have to find out which of the proliferating mid-west cons you might be able to fit into. Cackle, Cackle...goes the smof.

Jeff May: Aw, come off it, Jeff. You don't either know anyone like the cast of MH2 if you're a food stamp doler. The Hartmans are middle class, puritan work ethic types. You may know fools, idiots, border line insane, but you're working with out of work types. MH2 is firmly rooted in middle class. How many of your "Clients" have drowned in bowls of chicken soup? How many have gone crackers on the David Susskind show? Which ones have had books written about them by Gore Vidal? Any country and western singers in the bunch singing Vitamin L and colliding with a carload of drunk nuns?

The amount of wordage going into a Screaming Yellow Zonker box could fill a Nobel Prize winning book, one supposes. And seeing what some of the recent winners there are like,

I WAS A STUPID YOUNG FORNICATOR MYSELF, ONCE. NOW I'M ONLY STUPID.



well, this might be good writing.

I saved the best for last. The cover by Harry Morris. Wow.

Bob Vardeman

Roy Tackett

I don't think we'll ever settle the argument about Harry's artwork. The question is, of course, is that the way he actually sees people? I suppose it could very well be. Maybe one of these evenings, at a party or something after we have gotten him full of tequilla, we should hand him a pencil and pad and ask him to sketch the rest of the membership. And then again, maybe we shouldn't. I'd be afraid to look.

What you need to take care of that grass is a horse. I was going to suggest a sheep but considering some of the people you hang around with I decided not.

I can't agree with Schweitzer's assessment of the ORBIT series, particularly when he describes them as anthologies of new science fiction. Anthologies of experimental writing, yes, and most of it very bad, but hardly science fiction. I rather enjoyed NORSTRILLIA although I started reading Cordwainer Smith stories rather late--not until after his death, in fact. True, I had seen them in their earlier printings but something, perhaps the blurbs, put me off of them. I found them interesting and worth reading although not really up to all that's been written about them. I think most of the wordage about Smith's stories springs from the fact that he was Linebarger and not the run-of-the-mill stfwriter. Big Deal.

Gad, you must be getting short of material to have printed that Salmonson thing. And Lloyd Gold proves once again that the only thing worse than amateur fiction is amateur poetry. Ecch!

Michael Carlson declares that Malzberg should not be simply dismissed as a hack. I didn't, you know. I simply dismissed him. As not worth wasting money on. Or bothering with. People who read Malzberg are the pseudo-intellectuals who also take great delight in discussing the significance of comic books. They also move their lips when they read.

HORT

Robert A. Bloch
2111 Sunset Crest Drive/ Los Angeles, CA 90046

What a striking Harry Morris Jr cover on the current issue---and how well it's reproduced! Thank you for sending it.

#repro also by Harry. dp#

Robert A. Bloch



Laurine White
5408 Leader Ave/ Sacramento, CA 95841

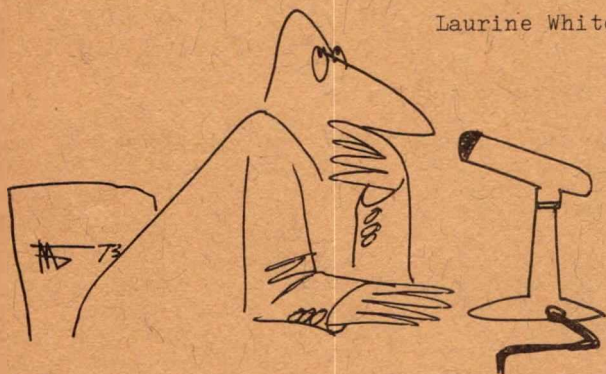
The cover this time is a very nice one by Harry Morris. The interior art is a nice collection of little nothings. They aren't profound but decorate the pages very nicely. You didn't have any Birkhead drawings on hand this time?

#No and only a couple for this. cp#

Cordwainer Smith must be one of those authors a reader either likes very much or not at all. I'm a fan of his stories, but not enough to seek out the stories not included in the recent Ballantine collection. "Mara of the Wilderness" is a film I've never even heard of and I keep track of many TV movies. Jessica's fanfiction starts off like a feghoot. I couldn't find the pun.

Denny Lien's news fillers are nice. That one about the nightclub owner sentenced for sending out prostitutes' laundry reminds me about some recent antics by the San Francisco police. They've been using some of their Oriental police to pose as sailors off Asian ships. Some of the sailors have been ripped off by prostitutes recently. The police decoys display a lot of money and leave their wallets in plain sight when visiting the prostitutes' rooms. A decoy would give the girl plenty of opportunity to take the money, then arrest her if she does. If she is honest and leaves the money, he gets her for prostitution.

Laurine White



Jon Inouye
12319 Aneta St./ Culver City, CA 90230

I received it--and it really made for fast reading. That's what I like--zines that read fast and move right along.

Now regarding Thor's Hammer--I found that probably the best column, and the review on EMPIRE 5/6 I enjoyed. Because that I believe is where it's at with McGarry--I myself was one of the included authors in 5/6, but I would like to add that since then his zine has improved markedly.

Jon Inouye

Don D'Amassa
19 Angell Drive/ East Providence, RI 02914

Steve Beatty does exceptionally good fanzine reviews, which doesn't necessarily mean that I always agree with him.

How does Lester Boutillier know that subliminal ads appear? According to what I read, the kind he refers to have been banned

from TV for several years. That doesn't mean that he is necessarily wrong, but for such a significant charge, he really ought to list his source. If it's Abbie Hoffman, I beg leave to doubt; if it's Clarence Kelly, I tend to accept it.

Bravo to Michael Carlson for his remarks to Darrell Schweitzer on Barry Malzberg. Malzberg doesn't always satisfy me that he's serious about what he's doing, but he has created some masterful pieces, and his loss to the field is real, if unrecognized.

Don D'Amassa

J. E. Pournelle

Thank you for ZUMURGY k, which has the most unusual and amusing art work I've encountered in recent fanzines. In answer to your question, though, yes: the Moties are more respectable than Matt Helm. That doesn't stop me from being a Don Hamilton fan. In fact, I was a Don Hamilton fan back when he was clean-shaven and had eyeballs, and before he invented Matt Helm. I have every one of his books, including the very old Dell editions with maps and the like on the back cover.

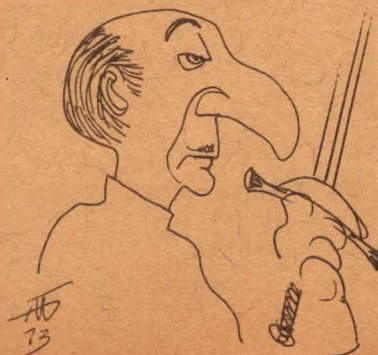
I suppose taste is infathomable. I find Mary Hartman Mary Hartman very dull (the first few episodes I watched weren't bad, but it soon began to pall; each is built around one and only one gag and they milk the hell out of that) yet people I greatly respect leave parties so they won't miss a single moment. On the other hand one of your contributors says he was bored with LORD OF THE RINGS, while I, after getting through the first forty pages because I was told that it became fascinating after that (the first forty pages are a bit tough to get through until you're hooked, or were for me)--anyway, after I got hooked I sat at my desk at the Boeing Company for these many years ago and ignoring the space program, my assistants with papers to sign, frantic calls from my superiors, and all the work I should have done, I read LOTR from cover to cover, all three volumes in about three days (I also ignored my family at home, of course, and damned near got killed trying to read while driving home; I think I took the bus the next two days until I finished it). So I cannot imagine how anyone could be bored.

J. E. Pournelle

Gil Gaier
1016 Beach Ave./ Torrance, CA 90501

Today I received Zymurgy. That was a stunning cover. Steve Beatty writes one of the best zine review columns I've ever read.

Gil Gaier



Mike Glicksohn
141 High Park Ave./ Toronto, Ont; M6P 2S3

So incredibly impressive is the Morris cover on the latest issue of Z that I feel compelled to drop you a note to thank you for sending me the issue so I'll have a copy of the cover in my collection. Unfortunately, the rest of the issue contains scarcely anything I feel moved to comment on, which means that this may well be a very short postcard! But what the hell, it's going to cost me a dime to mail it anyway, so I may as well fill it up with words.

I'm not all that up on biology but I never knew that the leaves of trees turned into fruit as you describe your peach tree as doing. If this is a universal trend, I think I'll camp under a scotch pine and wait for the harvest to come.

The very first SYZ box rates as possibly the best piece of packaging I've ever seen, but I agree with Jessica (hallelujah, who'd have ever thought it possible?) that later efforts are rather sparse as far as imagination is concerned. Unfortunately I found little else in her column worth commenting on.

The fmz remarks were good, so was Ben Indick, and I finally enjoyed something Darrell wrote: his comments on paranoia were delightful!

Mike Glicksohn

John Robinson
1-101st Street/ Troy, NY 12180

I'm amazed to find so few comment hooks in Zk. It's not the same as the past few issues. Your covers are always worth mention, especially this one. Where can I get a print?

You got it. Harry only prints up enough forms to use as covers. I have a few extra issues so if anyone wants an extra one send me a stamp and it's yours. One thing your question brings to mind, tho. Some of here in Abq. are trying to talk Harry into printing up a small book of his work. Some covers he's done for Z, plus some things he's done for apas, and maybe a few new things. Something like 10-20 pieces on 8 1/2 by 11. It would cost maybe \$5 or in that area anyway.

The only problem is that Harry doesn't think anyone would be interested in it. If you would be send me a card or mention it in a loc and if I get enough I can show them to Harry and maybe get him started. Thanks. dp#

Orbit 16 was, to me, a swing back to the days of yours (when you could still find something to praise). I liked Orbit 1-5 and lost much in those issues 6-15 I bothered to read. Perhaps it will be better in the future. Still not 50% but better than the past ten.

Hand Jive Dero is gonna get it from me should we meet. How dare he put down my favorite all-time sf writer--Cordwainer Smith! If he bases his opinion strictly on that one book then it is understandable; but to those who were slowly drawn into the universe of the Instrumentality of Man by way of a series of stories (taking on more form and content through a series of bits and pieces dropped, at first, seemingly randomly and growing into a mousetrap for the addicted reader) the

universe of Cordwainer Smith is hypnotic and entrancing. I'd suggest that anyone who hasn't read Cordwainer Smith start with at least a couple of short story collections and then go on to Norstrilia.

The first paragraph of Jeff May's letter grabbed me as I work in an office with a Nutrition Advocate. We get many people in asking about Food Stamp qualification. Is it possible that Social Services attracts all the weirdos while the gentler, more normal folk, come to Community Action offices for help?

John Robinson

D. Gary Grady
US Navy Public Affairs Center
Norfolk, Virginia 23511

After reading Lester Boutillier's notes on subliminal advertizing, I switched on my TV and waited for a Pepsi commercial. Sure enough, there, in the ice in the glass of Pepsi, were the letters s-e-x! But as I looked closer, I began to realize that what I had taken for an "e" was really a "u". Indeed, I looked a little higher and saw that the letters "coke" were clearly spelled out in the descending stream of Pepsi. Sure enough, the message wasn't sex, but "Coke Sux". Well, in the modern age of fellatio and cunnilingus, it's no wonder Coke is the better seller!

D. Gary Grady

Harry Warner, Jr.
423 Summit Ave./ Hagerstown, Maryland 21740

The cover is beautiful. The subdued coloring is exactly right for this scene, somehow. The crosshatching or whatever the technical term is for the pattern makes it look strangely like several photographs reproduced in a current photography magazine, extremely early color prints made by an extinct process called Autochrome. So that gives a hint of antiquity to the cover, and the way things are scattered around in the drawing is reminiscent of how props were arranged in the old days by important painters, all of which makes a fine contrast with the unorthodox head of the portrait's subject.

Darrell Schweitzer's reaction to Norstrillia is unexpected. There seems some evidence pointing to the existence of a mysterious non-compatibility between some authors and some readers which makes it impossible for almost any intelligent reader to enjoy the work of a small quantity of fine writers. I've never found any of the faults in Cordwainer Smith's fiction that Darrell reports. Or maybe there's a less mystic explanation for his bad reaction. Smith's stories must be read attentively, perhaps more slowly than the fiction of many other authors, to be fully enjoyed. Racing through them can cause the reader to miss vital matters which don't occupy much space on a page.

I thought at first that Jessica Salmonson was putting us on about that movie. Just to be sure, I looked in a guide to movies released for television, and there it was, exactly as she describes it. This illustrates how much the accident of which television stations screen what movies can influence our knowledge of films of the past. I'd never seen or heard of this movie, presumably because none of the

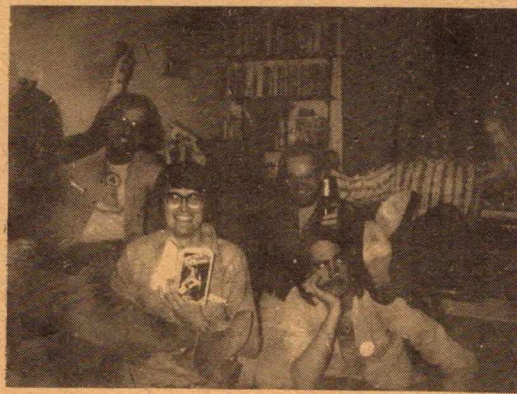
stations within reach of my antenna have been running it. On the other hand, I'm wild about a couple of old Maria Schell films, Duel in the Forest and As the Sea Rages, which nobody else in fandom seems ever to have heard of, simply because one Washington station used to run them every six months or so.

The diversity of views on Malzberg in the letter section is instructive. I haven't read enough of his fiction to qualify as a real judge, but I liked what I've read better than most fans. Herovits' World, in particular, struck me as a good novel, and I suspect that part of the reaction which this inspired in fandom results from a feeling that the whole science fiction field has been treated too unkindly. It's hard to do, but I try to remember that fiction is just a story and that I shouldn't let my opinions on this or that aspect of reality distort my appreciation for fiction dealing with the subject. I couldn't disagree more completely with Malzberg's opinion on the space program, for instance, but I try not to let that difference in outlook color my reaction to the stories which seem to poohpooh space exploration. It's something like the problem which entertainers and comedians have, I suppose. Just now I'm reading Steve Allen's autobiography, Mark It and Strike It. He cites example after example of the fact that some group will be insulted

and angry at any joke, because a joke must be about something and there will be people who feel too fond of any something to restrain themselves. He did a sketch about someone having an awful time trying to get a bottle of ketchup open and received a nasty letter charging him with belittling the branch of the packing industry which uses glass for its containers. George Gobel used to do parodies of Liberace which the pianist enjoyed immensely but Liberace fans became furious. I think Barry would be much better liked by fans if so much of his fiction didn't deal with matters which are sacred cows to many fans, and didn't treat those matters impolitely

Harry Warner, Jr.

IAHF: Sheryl Birkhead; Raymond L. Clancy; K. Allen Bjorke; Wilum Pugmire--with another batch of pics--interesting; Darrell Schweitzer--yes that was me. For those of you interested, Darrell has copys of VOID for sale. It's the first sf mag published south of the equator (Aussie) and as such might be worth something to collectors--aside from the fact that he & I and some other fans plus some good pros appear therein. They go for \$1.45 each or 3/\$4. He has issues 2-3-4.



In the true tradition of fanpubing (that is copying what everyone else does) since all the zines I get now seem to have pics in them, I decided to do the same. It was time that fandom see what I have to put up with. We had a party--well actually it wasn't a party, we were hiding from a Star Trek con. I waited until about 4AM and rounded up the people still left lying on the floor of the den and got them to behave naturally. Fred & Joan Saberhagen; HORT and Crystal, and a few others being upstanding (still standing) citizens had left already (at the much more reasonable time of 3AM). If you see any of these people at a con they'll tell you that they don't usually act this way, it was just that they were drunk or something. Don't you believe it! This is the way they are at every party! Of course it might just be possible that they are always drunk, or something.

Bottom row-left to right; Mike Kring; Walter Williams; Dave. Next row: Vardeman; Jeff Slaton. And on top: Jodie Steinbough.

Well that's it for this. Have fun,

Pick