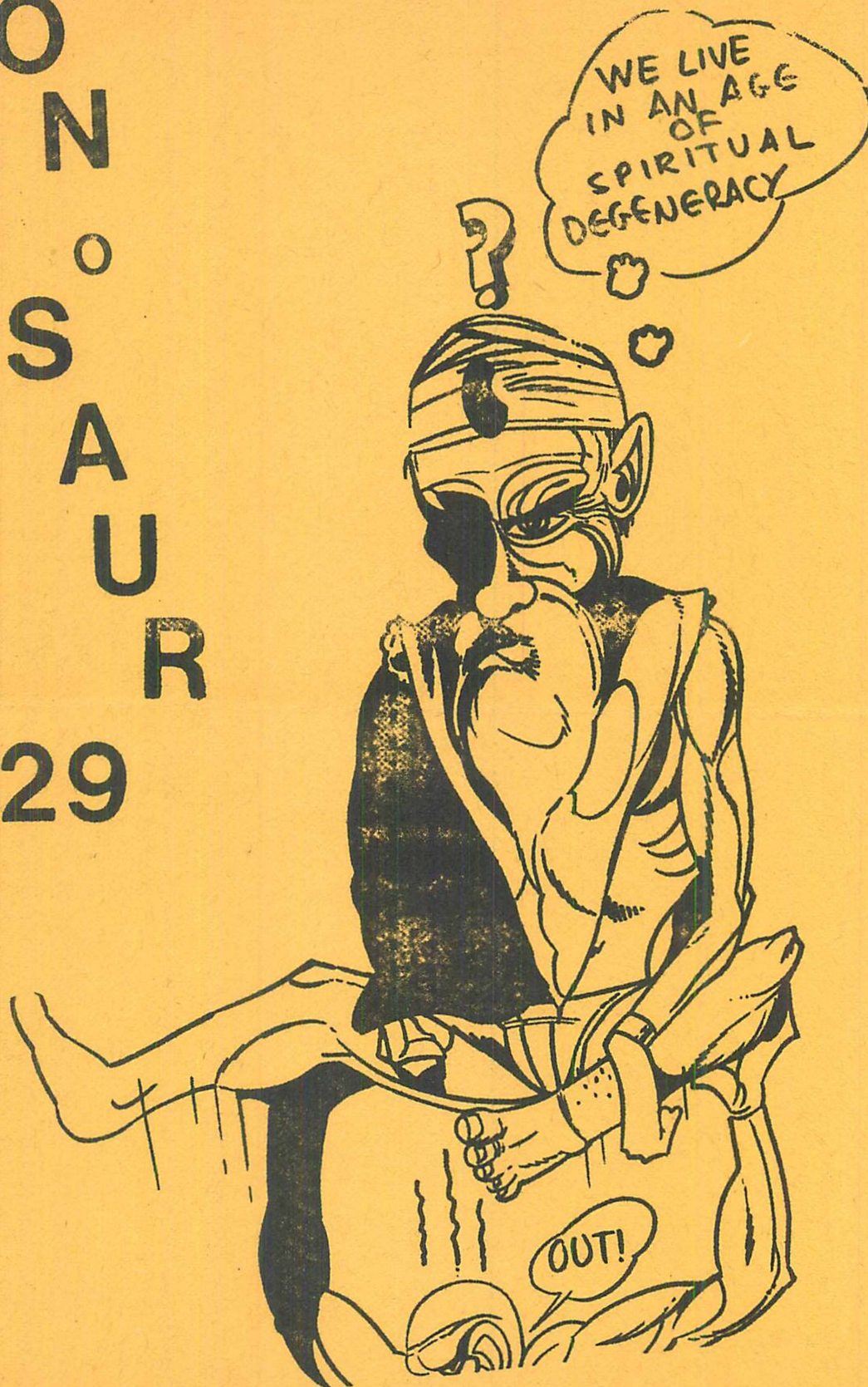


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# DON O SAUR 29







# DON-O-SAU R

February 1974

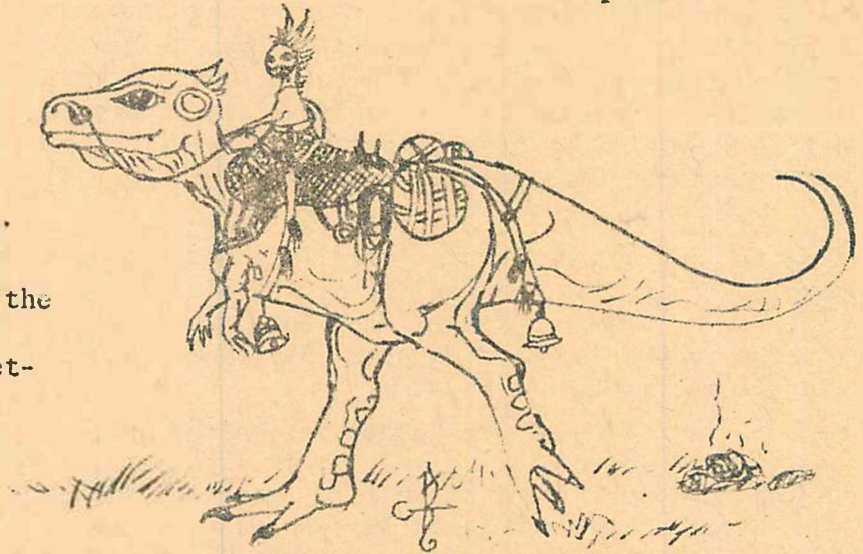
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Available for money (25¢  
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trade, locs, artwork -- the  
usual. Even a polite re-  
quest can get you a copy, as  
will an impudent demand. On the  
other hand it may take an im-  
pudent demand to keep from get-  
ting copies, since I still  
haven't gotten around to  
purging my mailing  
list. It will happen  
within the next couple  
of months ... I think.

Coprolites



////////////////////////////////////  
I'm getting sick and tired of the term "energy crisis" -- partly because I have to use it in a headline at least two or three times a week -- and I only work at the Rocky Mountain News three days a week. Copy editors who work full time are even sicker of it than I am.

The term offends me on purely semantic and aesthetic grounds. Aesthetic because it is over-used: it has become a cliché; it has lost whatever scare value it may originally have had. Semantically the term offends me because crisis means (or originally meant) a turning point, or a peak of intensity, or an instant of decisive confrontation. By definition a crisis is something short and sharp, not something long and drawn out.

I don't want to pursue the semantics thing too far (can't afford to); I know as well as anyone and better than some how words change their meanings through use and misuse-- and abuse. Newspapers and TV done it.

As advocate for the mass media in this case, Your Honor, I plead them guilty to the charge of corrupting the language. My defense is based on extenuating circumstances, to wit: space and time limitations.

News media people work under intense deadline pressure. Even if they were compelled by conscience or by policy or even by law to be more carefully selective in their choice of words than they are by natural inclination, they still wouldn't have time to search out the exact word or term, or (since quite often it would take an entire paragraph to convey the exact meaning) they wouldn't have time or space to use it.

Anyway, who'd want to read or listen to a detailed description of what is meant each time the term "energy crisis" is used?

It's a shorthand term referring to an extremely complex issue, just as the word "Watergate" is used to refer to events and circumstances and policies



and counter-policies of such an incredibly convoluted nature that they may never be entirely sorted out. Such shorthand terms, or labels, are a convenience both to writer and reader. They serve the purpose of all cliches (and it is a useful purpose; I can't be too intolerant of cliches)-- that of easy accessibility and quick recognition.

One of my copy desk colleagues at the Rocky Mountain News offered another defense for "energy crisis" that has some merit. For headline purposes, "energy crisis" and "fuel shortage" count almost exactly the same; both fit neatly in a commonly used headline size. Given a choice, Mike Ellis says he much prefers "energy crisis" because it is neutral. "Fuel shortage" takes sides in a highly emotional controversy; it implies that there actually is a fuel shortage, an assertion that an awfully lot of people (including Mike) don't accept. Good point.

As for myself . . . well, I allow myself to be so easily distracted by semantic and aesthetic considerations because of an apparent reluctance to come to grips with the reality of the situation. Frankly it bores me. The whole thing seems so trite in science fictional terms. I've read it before. I'd much rather be reading about Skylab and the plans for the continued exploration of the solar system.

In fact, I must feel about the energy crisis very much the way Nixon feels about Watergate: a year of it is enough; let's get it over with so we can turn our attention to more important things.

Unfortunately the embarrassing reality cannot be averted, from me any more than from Mr. Nixon, and so we just have to find a way to live with it and, if possible, deal with it.

I begin with an inward look, probing beyond the boredom, to see if I can find out what my own deepest feelings about the energy mess are.

It's surprisingly easy. One word tells it:  
Selfishness!

I didn't realize this until very recently. But then, as I've said, until recently I have been managing to avoid even thinking about it. In my non-thinking, avoid-the-issue state, if I was feeling anything at all about the energy crisis it was a sort of mild virtuousness. After all, my family drives small cars (we have two Honda 600's and an Opel 1900 station wagon; all three of them together cost no more than one of some of the big American luxury models; and the Hondas really do get close to 40 mpg, though the Opel gets only about 25); and my wife, Carolyn, insists on keeping the thermostat set at 68 (I have sneakily nudged it up to 72 occasionally during some of the more severe cold snaps, only to find it at 68 again the next time I checked).

In short, the energy crunch (a synonym for crisis much favored by us media types) has had very little effect upon me personally. I had to wait in line a couple of times last summer to get gas (but not recently) and I have to wear a sweater around the house in the winter; beyond that, nothing. I could afford to ignore the energy unpleasantness -- or to take the calm, broad, philosophical outlook, never clearly formulated in my mind, but unfolding roughly as follows (this is THE standard Calmly Philosophical View of the Energy Crisis):

The shortage is partly real, partly contrived. Demand is increasing at an accelerated rate while supplies of fossil fuel are finite and increasingly costly and difficult to recover. Even if there isn't a real shortage now, eventually there will be, and it's as well that the world start getting used to the idea and developing alternate sources



sources of energy such as nuclear, solar and geothermal. Anyway, it's good for the character of the American people, the world's most notorious wastrels, to have to cut back somewhat on their consumption of the world's resources. At the same time, the giant oil companies must not be considered blameless; if they did not cause the crisis, they have at least mercilessly exploited it to maximize profits and to pressure the environmentalists, the public, and the lawmakers into abandoning certain goals and policies that the oil firms had found distasteful. The course of action? . . .

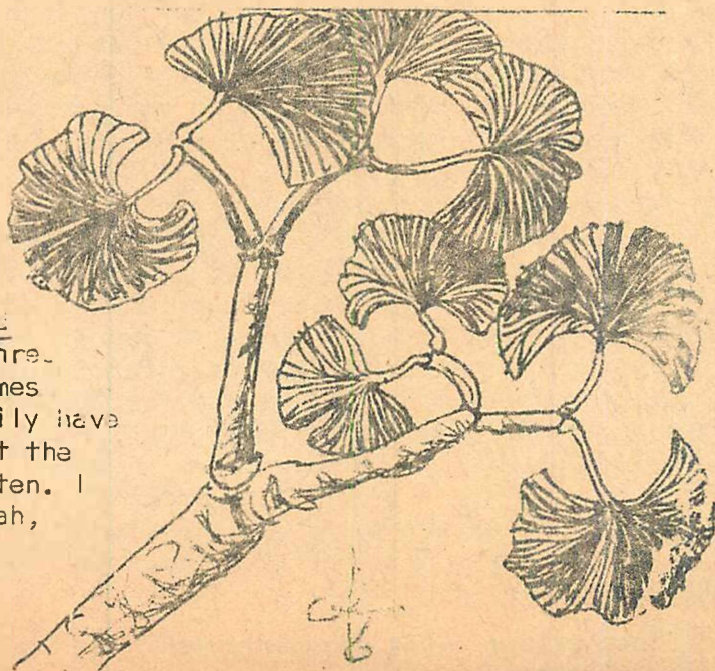
Well, that's where the Standard Philosophical View becomes a bit fuzzy. In thinking about it, I have tended to the Asimovian projection--taking the whole thing millions and billions of years into the future when the entire universe runs down, and unless that super computer bellows "Let There Be Light," everything's done for anyway.

What brought me down from this cosmic view of the energy crisis was a little item in the latest issue (#5) of Bruce D. Arthurs' personalzine, POWERMAD. The item is entitled: WHAT FANDOM CAN DO TO HELP SOLVE THE ENERGY CRISIS. The first two points on a list of four were:

- 1) Don't use electric mimeos.
- 2) Don't use electrostencils for artwork; do it all by hand.

That's as far as I got on first reading, because I was sputtering, thusly: "My wife's trying to freeze me to death and now this joker wants me to work up a sweat with a hand cranked mimeo!? He forgot to say no more electric typers, but they'll have to shut off the power entirely before I give up my Selectric! Screw 'em all! Don't use electrostencils? But I've just discovered how to use electrostencils! And I've never learned how to trace pictures onto the stencil, nor do I want to. Screw 'em! Splutter, splutter!"

Even after reading a bit further and determining that Bruce was not totally serious in his suggestions, I continued to formulate reasons why I need not cut back on my fanatic or on anything else I really wanted to do just because of some silly hysteria over an alleged "energy crisis" that probably had no real basis in fact anyway. My temper did not cool appreciably when I got to the serious portion of Bruce's little item, in which he suggested that a time may come when it will be illegal for a family to own more than one car and for anyone to drive alone --["but we need three cars; we seldom drive all three of them at once, but there are times when the three drivers in the family have to be in three different places at the same time, and bus service is rotten. I sometimes pick up hitchhikers (yeah, how come the stupid legislators don't legalize hitchhiking? They tell us to double up, form car pools, but at the same time they continue to toss kids into jail for hitchhiking.





No wonder no one respects the authorities any more). And if I have to cut down to one car, which one is it to be? The Opel, which is the only one big enough to haul groceries but gets poorer mileage, or one of the Hondas, which can carry two adults but only by mutual consent but gets excellent mileage?" My feelings on the issue were about the same as had been aroused in me a couple of days earlier when Energy Czar Simon (Simple Simon, as he's known on the copy desk) suggested in all seriousness that there should be a \$3 limit on gasoline sales -- ["Dumb bastard! If they raise gas prices to

55¢ or 60¢ a gallon there might be some way to squeeze \$3 worth into a Honda tank (I pay 43¢ a gallon now for the very cheapest grade of gas and even after the gauge has registered empty for two days, it won't hold more than \$2.50 worth). Or does he want me to trade in the Hondas on a Detroit dinosaur so I can conform with the law?]

(Yes, I know that calm and reasonable voices will tell me that of course there will have to be exceptions in cases such as mine -- that common sense will have to be applied in the interpretation of such rulings. But that's the calm and reasonable approach, and the trouble is that I don't see anyone in a position of authority acting or talking in a calm and reasonable manner or applying any common sense. If they can panic, why the hell can't I?)

I am temperamentally incapable of maintaining a hot temper for very long at a time. Eventually I calm down and start looking for a reasonable course of action or line of thought and so eventually I was able to take another dispassionate look at the energy problem. But this time, having had the disconcerting insight into my own capacity for selfishness, the view is more gloomy than before. If I react selfishly and mindlessly at even the possibility of feeling the pinch personally,

then it's all too likely that other people will too. And the whole issue could very easily boil down to just this sort of black and white choice for each individual: Either you cut back sharply, painfully on your use of energy, giving up not just a few but many of the luxuries you've become accustomed to (and you aspiring minorities must abandon hope of ever becoming accustomed to them) . . . OR . . . give the oil companies free rein; forget about ecological considerations in strip mining, oil pipelines, offshore drilling; forget about pollution controls; forget about excess profits taxes; double the depletion allowance, etc.

What would the choice be?

I like to think that I am capable of sacrifices. If we ever get a rapid transit system that can get me to school and to work on time I wouldn't mind getting rid of a couple of the cars. I'm willing to wear sweaters. God knows I don't want the pollution to get any worse than it is, and I don't want the shale and coal companies fucking up these magnificent mountains the way the gold miners did in the last century (and those bastards did it mostly by hand! They didn't have nearly the destructive potential that's available today).

But . . .

You're gonna ask me to give up the Selectric?

To save the mountains? (How do I know it would save the mountains even if I did give up the typer?)

Man, it's a tough choice to make! Let me think about it.





I sort of promised to do some fanzine reviews for this issue, and I like to at least sort of keep some of my promises, sometimes, when convenient. However, you're not likely to get very many fanzine reviews, because if I find something interesting in one I'll probably get into a lengthy discussion, and I intend to cut this off at 12 pages, no matter where I happen to be. (Unless I decide to go on to 14, of course). I may have to cut myself off in mid-sentence or even mid-punctuation mark. It's a matter of time again. I must finish this, as well as my D'APazine, COPROLITES, in time for the DASFA meeting the evening of Saturday, Feb. 16. It is now nearing midnight on Monday, Feb. 11. I never seem to get started soon enough. It's a great temptation to go on beyond that self-imposed deadline, especially on DON-o-SAUR, since the great bulk of my readers are now non-DASFans and would never know the difference if the zine were a week or so late. But the DASFans would know and complain, and even were it not so I probably couldn't do it. Newspaper habits are hard to break. Maybe nothing is sacred, but deadlines, by God, are inviolable, and anyone who starts missing deadlines has taken the first step toward eternal perdition. So this will be finished by Saturday, Feb. 16.

All right. I've mentioned one fanzine already, and in effect I wrote an editorial based on one small portion of that zine, so it would seem only common courtesy to do a more complete review of it.

#### POWERMAD #5

Sp4 Bruce D. Arthurs  
527-98-3103  
57th Trans. Co.  
Fort Lee, VA 23801

As I mentioned before, this is Bruce's perszine; it's available for the usual or for two 8¢ stamps. Bruce does a genzine, GODLESS, which is very good, but I really think I prefer the smaller, more casual, more relaxed zine. Bruce has an easy, chatty style of writing that slips smoothly into narrative accounts of personal experiences. A couple of issues ago he had a report on a period of harassment that he had recently undergone in the service. It added up to a moving and memorable reading experience, and there's some favorable reaction to the tale in issue 5. In addition there's an accusatory letter from Kevin Williams (accusing Bruce of being part of a killing machine). With admirable restraint, Bruce broadens the discussion to encompass the whole question of the necessity for a military force in such a country as the United States-- concluding that the military is necessary. But it's not just a bald assertion; it's based on carefully and intelligently developed arguments and a full understanding of all the unfavorable things that can be said about the military.

There's more about the energy crisis, too -- a leave spent in Phoenix, which is even more spread out and has an even less efficient transit system than Denver, with, apparently a great deal more panic associated with the fuel supplies than there is here. Denver sounds pretty good by comparison. The crisis is having a direct effect on Bruce, causing him to retrench on his fanzine production, he reports. For details on that glum bit of intelligence, I'll let you read Powermad #5 for yourself.

#### ALGOL 21

Andrew Porter  
P.O. Box 4175  
New York, NY 10017

This is the biggie, the aristocrat, the Barron's of fanzines, and the inevitable question that must be dealt with is: IS Algol a fanzine? I won't try to answer the question right off, but I'll keep it in mind during my discussion, and an answer might emerge. To begin with general appearances, Algol is the most magazine-looking of all the fanzines I know of. Oh, there are others, such as TAC, Riverside Quarterly, and Cthulhu Calls that are stapled through the center and folded,



but those look like they're trying to be little magazines, while Algol definitely looks like it's trying to look like a big magazine, such as Playboy, except for scholars. (Though, now that I check back to issue 20, I note that it had a center spread photo of Astrid Anderson which could be of scholarly interest only to anatomists). Never mind; I'm not going to evaluate the zine on the basis of what it looks like it's trying to look like. Did that come out right? Then let's continue with the description of what it does look like. The wraparound cover by Don Davis is a spectacular sepia tone depiction of a Jurassic scene, rendered science fictional by the presence of a very alien landing craft, to an antenna of which a pteradactyl clings. Really nice. Turning the magazine over in its spread-out condition, we observe that the center spread this time is taken up by an advertisement for Ballantine Books-- two full pages. It's immediately noticeable as we thumb through the magazine forward and backward from the center that this issue contains quite a bit of advertising: a quick count shows no fewer than nine full-page ads and at least 11 or 12 half-page or smaller ones. The inside of the back page is taken up with classifieds and an index to the display ads (21 entries). It comes as no surprise at all to note that the magazine is printed and lavishly illustrated (the Artwork index with the table of contents lists 18 separate artists).

Does all that give you an idea of the appearance? To sum it up in one word, it is . . . well, beautiful, is what it is, so I guess I just have to say it: Beautiful.

Ah, but what about content? It may be pretty to look at, but is there anything in it worth reading? That has to be the real test of quality, doesn't it?

Okay then, let's take a look.

Starting again with a general overview, we find the following: an editorial, a special section dealing with Ursula Le Guin, other articles by John Brunner, Greg Benford, Alfred Bester, J.G. Ballard, Jack Williamson (and a one-page segment of a comic strip done by Williamson and Lee Elias); Dick Lupoff's book review column; Ted White's "My Column"; letters (10 pages of letters); and assorted other features, including Algol's People -- pictures and brief biographies of the contributors. For a total of 66 pages, not counting the covers.

[The price for all this, incidentally, as I should have mentioned earlier, is \$1 per issue, or you can get a six-issue subscription for \$4; it is published twice a year].

Now to take a closer look at the reading matter, I'll admit that I have not read everything yet (and maybe I never will). But I'll comment briefly on some of what I have read.

Andy's editorial is largely shop-talk, but I read that portion of it with full attentiveness, partly I suppose just because I'm interested in publication problems. When it got onto the matter of the Down Under Fan Fund or DUFF, my attention wandered because that's a cause that I somehow haven't gotten caught up in, so I skimmed the rest of the editorial, including even the discussions of recent short story collections; ordinarily I'll read any kind of book review. Maybe it seemed a little disconcerting to find them in an editorial column. I don't know.

The Ursula Le Guin section consists of an article and a story by Ursula, her National Book Award acceptance speech, an excerpt from an interview with Jonathan Ward, and a formidably scholarly review of "The Lathe of Heaven" by Douglas Barbour. The most interesting of all these, to me (I suppose it betrays my basically pedantic nature) was the Douglas Barbour review. I had read "The Lathe of Heaven" only a few weeks before and had had very ambivalent



feelings about it. I couldn't decide whether it was a poorly put-together book or whether I was just reading it carelessly and missing some of the essential underpinnings. Douglas Barbour convinces me it was the latter. I wasn't getting any of the Taoist references in the novel. But they are there, and once I became aware of them I was able to view the book in an entirely different perspective. I still don't know whether it's a good book, but at least I understand it much better now.

John Brunner's article on "The Art & Craft of Writing Science Fiction" deals with the question of what sf writers are actually doing when they write, but I'm damned if I could tell whether the question was ever answered -- not in easily paraphrased words, anyway.

Gregory Benford writes about a physics professor (himself) spending a long evening with a Hare Krishna guru and his followers. The account of the visit and of the conversations, and the descriptions of the Krishna people is factual, with a minimum of subjective impressions; the tone is almost dry. Until the devastating conclusion: "For all the chanting, there was less here than met the eye."

Very nicely done; it's without malice or contempt -- just an honest impression.

Alfred Bester's interview with Robert Heinlein, very short, is reprinted from a July 1973 issue of Publisher's Weekly and contains nothing that I hadn't seen elsewhere -- including a recent Analog editorial -- something about patriotism and "women and children first." Except that Bester notes: "At this point he actually began to break down," insisting that he was really on the verge of tears until Bester changed the subject.

"A New Metaphor for the Future" by J. G. Ballard left me talking to myself -- maybe spluttering is a better word -- because I disagree with him so vehemently on his conclusion. Here's what he says: "I think the main task of the science fiction writer is to write about his own present; and when he does this, science fiction will at last come of age."

My reaction to that was (and still is) splutter, splutter, splutter, with a few bullshits thrown in.

But the arguments opposing Ballard's contention seem to me so obvious and self-evident that I didn't take the time to formulate them, and I won't pause to do so here.

I skimmed Williamson's article on the origins of Will Stewart, the pseudonym he adopted when he wrote the "Seetee" stories, and hurried on to

LUPOFF's BOOK WEEK, which I read carefully, word for word, because I always enjoy Lupoff's book reviews. A special bonus this time was a review of Among the Dead by Edward Bryant. Lupoff calls Bryant the latest contender in the Stanley G. Weinbaum Sweepstakes. There was a session of the Writers' Workshop in Bryant's basement hovel a few days later, and I took Algol along. Ed had not seen the review. He was delighted that someone had finally written a truly perceptive, unbiased, totally accurate review of his book, but he couldn't refrain from mentioning that Lupoff had said almost exactly the same thing about Geo. Alec Effinger some time previously.

There are things in Algol that I haven't read yet, and things that I have read but won't take time to tell you about. I hope I've conveyed the idea that there is much in Algol that is worth reading.

What with both a lovely appearance and endearing contents, it is, in short, a great magazine--by far the best of its kind that I know of.





But that brings us back to the inevitable question: What kind of zine is it? Is it a fanzine? A scholarly journal? A prozine? A "little" magazine? Does it even matter?

In one sense of course, it does not. A good magazine is a good magazine no matter how you categorize it, and we should be grateful that such good magazines exist. I am. And I'm going to see to it that the Metro State College library gets a subscription to it, because no good library should be without it.

However, in one sense it most definitely does matter how Algol is categorized because the answer will determine whether or not Algol is or should be eligible for a Hugo.

Warren Johnson's editorial in PERCEPTIONS #3 (which I mentioned last issue) is an intelligent discussion of the whole question posed by the expensively produced fanzines. I go along with Warren's conclusion that a new Hugo category should be established -- that of Best Semi Pro Magazine, to include ALGOL, MOONBROTH, TAC, LOCUS, RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY, etc. Magazines which either make a profit (or even try to) or pay their contributors would be included.

If such a category were to be established, my vote would go to ALGOL.

If it isn't then my conscience will probably insist that ALGOL and others in the same class are not fanzines for Hugo purposes, and my vote will probably go to . . . well, I have no real idea yet. I'm still very new at the fanzine-judging business. I haven't even seen some of the zines that I might consider eligible, and in many cases I've seen only one or two issues of a zine that could be a contender.

I can tell you the ones that most impress me at this stage of my examinations (and I will) (remember these are true fanzines in the sense that they don't pay contributors, don't make money, don't run advertising -- or if they do it's insignificant -- and live within a moderate budget in terms of production expense).

The ones I like are MOEBIUS TRIP, STARLING, AND TITLE.

In a little while I'll get around to reviewing these high quality publications, at least to the extent of telling why I like them. First, however, I'm going to put in a free plug here for a couple of my friends who accuse me of having led them astray. I deny the imputation of course, but it is undeniable that they are following much the same course I took in splitting my D'APAZine. They are D'APA members starting new genzines. Here they are:

#### SUPERAMALGAMATION

Gordon Garb  
7159 S. Franklin Way  
Littleton, Colo. 80122  
25¢ per issue, \$3/year  
or the usual

Maybe I shouldn't be telling you this, but Gordon told me that Tony Cvetko's letter to me in D-o-S 28 made him rethink his whole approach. Tony was talking about certain faneds who "try to manufacture a zine instead of letting it come naturally and easily." Gordon said he realized when he read those words that that's exactly what he

was doing with SUPERAM-- trying to structure it to fit a preconceived mold instead of letting it develop spontaneously. Now that he mentions it, I can see the flaw. The zine does lack organic unity. Its eight pages are highly compartmentalized-- table of contents, poems, editorial, story, another poem, reviews of fanzines, movies and books, and a page of "laws" -- Murphy's, Thermodynamics, and Gumperson's. The zine is an amalgamation, all right, but by no means super as yet. The cover is computer generated and the interior is expensively offset (Gordon's hoping to get an old mimeo into working order to cut down on the cost. The printing quality of future issues will probably



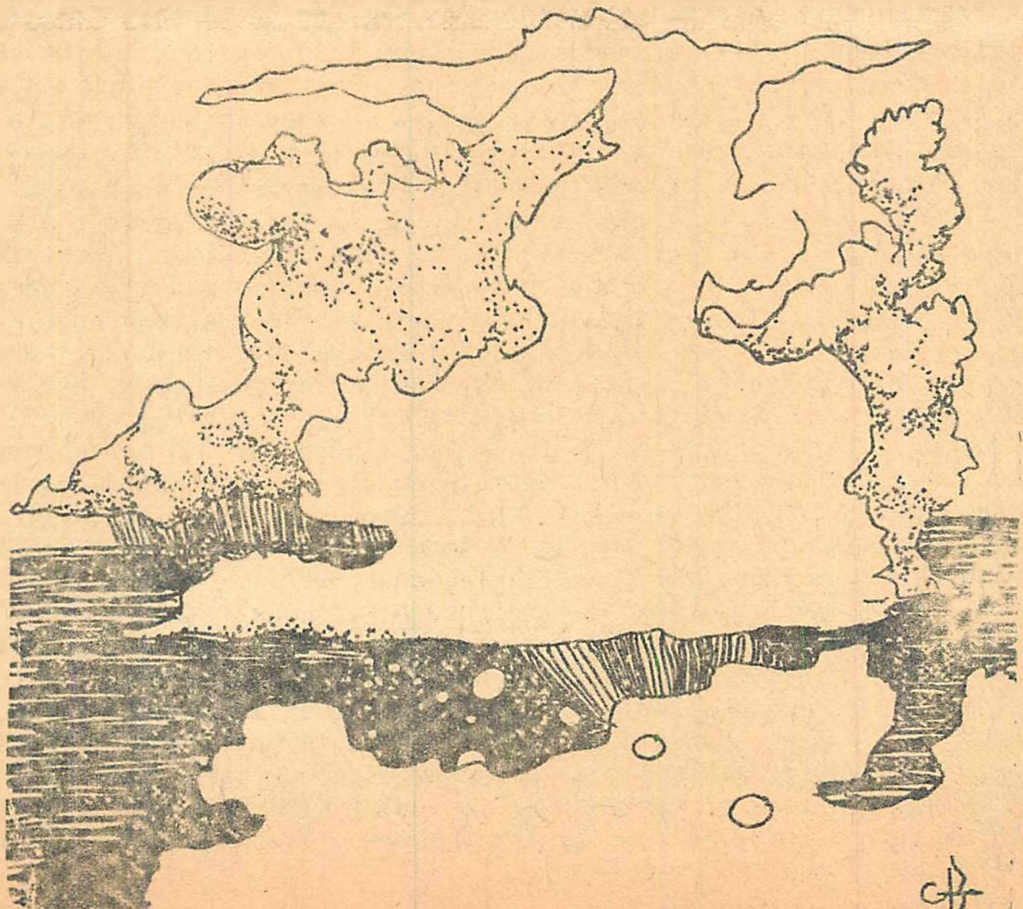
drop off as the quality of the material itself rises. Issue 2 will be out very soon. Gordon Garb is a young man (freshman at the University of Northern Colorado in Fort Collins) with an abundance of energy, enthusiasm, intelligence and imagination. I know he has the ability to produce a truly outstanding fanzine if he decides it's worth doing. I hope he does.

GOLDSTEIN'S VANITY PRESS  
1962 S. Columbine St. #6  
Denver, Colo. 80210  
25¢/issue or \$2.50/12  
or the usual

Fred B. Goldstein is a somewhat older young man (he's 27, a drama student attending Metro State College) who is also amply endowed with energy, intelligence, etc., etc. He is a veteran D'APAn, co-editor of DENFEN DROPPINGS (the first genzine to come out of the Denver area since the 1940s),

but his major ambitions lie with the spoken rather than the written word, so his approach to fan writing tends to be rather casual, not to say downright irreverent. He is the notorious pornographer of D'APA (and I mean it's raunchy porn, nothing soft-core about it, not just titillating) but he promises to spare his general readers this aspect of his talents. He won't be able to keep that promise very long, if I know him as well as I think. This introductory issue is mostly, and sensibly, an introduction. It tells what he's trying to do (actually he doesn't know for sure yet), who he is, how he got into sf and fandom; there's a Vietnam-inspired poem; and finally, a good review of The Exorcist ("do not eat before you see this movie"). The six pages are neatly mimeographed. Fred's hand-lettered cover makes it look more like a crudzine than it really is.

There's hardly room here to begin another fanzine review, so I'll use the space to mention that THE Don Thompson, of Cleveland and comics fame, sent me a copy of his FAPAZine, BALLAST--the one containing a great deal of personal information. A warm thanks to whomever notified Don of my existence. I think we'll manage to get ourselves sorted out yet. Perhaps we'll meet at Discon.





## SYNDROME #3

Frank Lunney  
212 Juniper St.  
Quakertown, PA 18951

Am I cheating? This is not one of the three zines I mentioned previously as being of potential Hugo quality, is it? But I burrowed through the 30 fanzines stacked up here at my desk once more and ... (actually I burrowed once more through the

fanzines; they've been stacked up for a couple of weeks), decided this one had to be added. My very first impression of SYNDROME, as I thumbed through it, noting the quantity and quality of illustrations (Kinney, Canfield, Steffan, Fletcher, Rotsler, Staton, Nelson, Kunkel, Bathurst!) was quite favorable, of course. The first thing I read in it aroused an equally strong negative reaction. It was a letter from Ray Nelson (yes, one of the artists) in response, apparently to an article by Gary Hubbard. It's on the matter of Black pride. I considered Nelson's views blind and bigoted; the letter angered me, and in my mind I started composing a long reply to it, but I couldn't decide how to use my ideas -- whether as a loc to SYNDROME, which would be the logical and fair thing to do, or as the basis for an editorial in D-o-S, which would be easier for me but not really fair. Anyway, I set SYNDROME aside and it wasn't until much later that I picked it up and read some of the really good stuff in it. Particularly, there's a thing by Darrel Schweitzer called "The Difference Between Men and Women" that kept me chuckling and shaking my head throughout. Schweitzer, I've decided, is probably the funniest fan writer around. Isn't there a Hugo for that? Then there was a narrative account by Jay Kinney about being stranded in Wyoming. That really tore at my heart strings, because I could identify with it, having been stranded in Wyoming for the first 20 years of my life. (I was born and raised in Laramie-- a fact I seldom boast about).

Frank Lunney puts together a pretty impressive zine; he doesn't say anything about price.

## THE SF ECHO

MOEBIUS TRIP LIBRARY 19  
Edward C. Connor  
1805 N. Gale  
Peoria, IL 61604  
75¢ each, 3/\$4  
or 5/\$3

If TAC is trying to look like a little magazine and ALGOL in trying to look like a big magazine, then MOEBIUS TRIP is trying to not look like a magazine at all. Connor insists it is not a fanzine but a fan-tome. Its 160 4¼ X 7 inch mimeced pages are bound in paperback book format. (If Walt Liebscher's Spoonerized summary of Wagner's Ring cycle, or "The Gaga of the Sods" had taken up the entire

issue, it would have to be called The Fantome of the Opera, but I suppose Ed was hoping no one would mention that). I was so intrigued by the size of MOEBIUS, and so engrossed in trying to figure out the mechanics of its production, that I haven't read everything in it, and that is making it very difficult to get this review written because every time I pick it up I start reading something I hadn't noticed before--like the fact that Fantasy House is offering Alien Carnival by Walt Liebscher for \$1. (I've got to get that!) Philip Jose Farmer's review of Time Enough For Love is better than Lupoff's in ALGOL: longer, deeper, more detailed, based on a clearer understanding of Heinlein's works. Paul Walker's Unofficial Unpopularity Poll report was fascinating. (He had asked a long series of questions such as "What is the worst novel by your favorite author?") and Don Ayres' Torcon report gives some intimate glimpses (well, in a manner of speaking) of people I know only through letters or fanzines -- including Mike Glicksohn's snake. Lots of letters; and illustrations by Terry Jeeves, Sheryl Birkhead, Bill Rotsler, Jeff Schalles, DEA and Dave Rowe.

Moebius IS a Trip!



## STARLING #27

Hank & Leigh Luttrell  
525 W. Main  
Madison, WIS 53703  
75¢ or 5/\$2

I neglected to mention that ALGOL is celebrating its 10th anniversary, and I intended to let the oversight pass, but now it seems relevant to note that STARLING is celebrating its 10th anniversary so in the interests of fairness it becomes necessary to mention ALGOL once again,

to the distress of everyone except Andy Porter.

STARLING is one of those legendary zines that

I had been hearing glowing reports about for years before I ever saw a copy.

(YANDRO, believe it or not, is another fabulous zine that I have never seen a copy of:--but no...you don't believe me; I can tell. Don't blame you). The

most immediately distinctive thing about STARLING is the use of different colors ink -- blue for editorials and editors' notes, red for some title headings (and some illustrations), and black for everything else. Nice.

Hank gives a capsule history of the zine that I appreciated; being so new to the zine, I was made to feel a little more at home thereby. Leigh neatly balances Hank's editorial with a speculative forecast of STARLING's future. Bob Tucker (THE) has a nostalgic piece about movies that I would blush if I confessed I haven't read, so I won't. "Crush" by "G.J. Mallard" is a short but merciless and absolutely crushing satire by Angus Taylor--as deft a job of demolition as I've seen. Jerry Kaufman's review of The Lathe of Heaven is better than Douglas Barbour's in ALGOL--longer, deeper, more detailed, clearer, lacking the footnotes, and it made me feel even more stupid for missing all the Taoist philosophy. Illustrations by Staton, Balfour, Berry, Canfield, Lovenstein, Pearson, Rotsler, Shull, Steffan, Boxell and Fletcher.

## TITLE 23

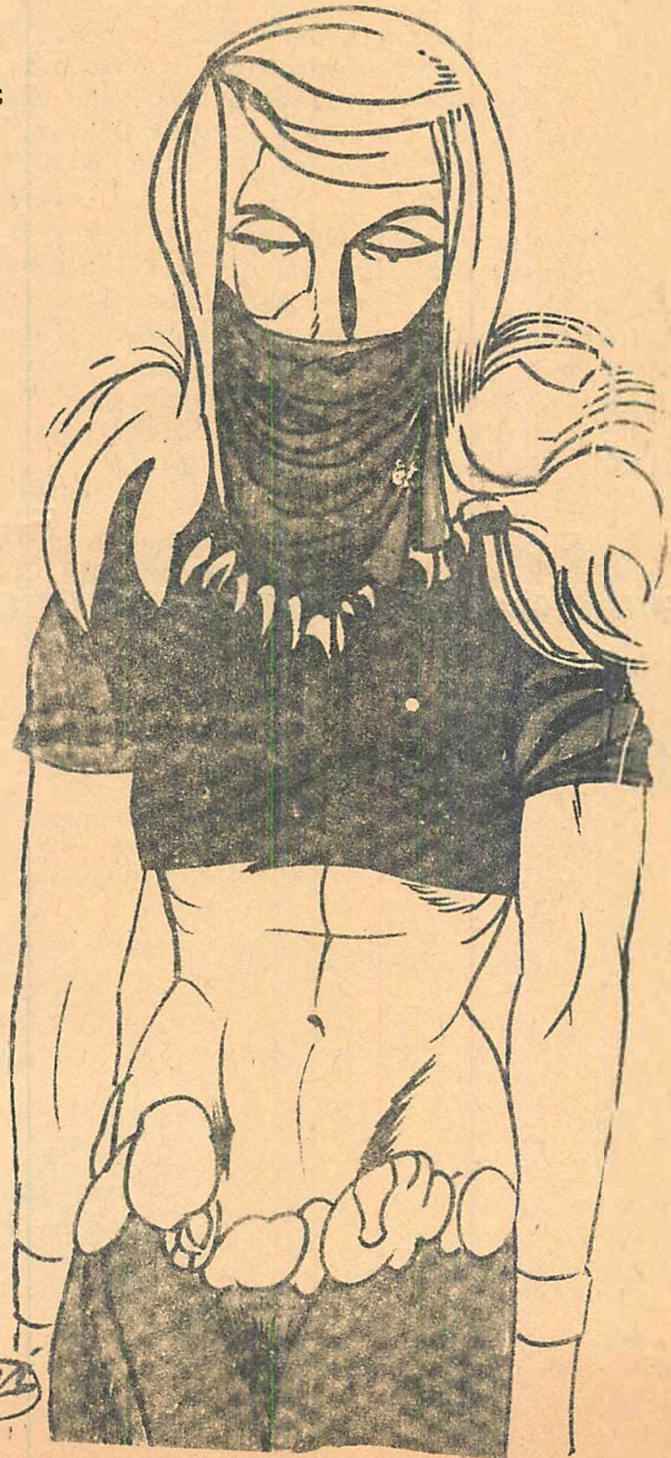
Donn Brazier

1455 Fawnvalley Dr.

St. Louis MO 63131

It is my understand-  
ing that  
Donn limits  
circulation

to about 100, so I consider myself fortunate indeed to have received issues 22 and 23 of





this much-talked-about fanzine. I think I would have to see a few more issues before I could pinpoint succinctly and exactly what it is that makes TITLE so special. Well, of course, it's the personality of the editor permeating it, but that doesn't tell very much, partly because Brazier's personality is not easy to define -- witty and astringent are two words that come immediately to mind, but "complexity" must be added. Reminds me of something I said last issue--about revelation and discovery. I enjoy reading TITLE to discover the different elements of Donn Brazier's personality. There's also the fact that a lot of weird and fascinating people write letters of the same ilk to the editor, and he prints portions of them. Fredric Wertham and Richard Shaver are among his correspondents, to name only two of the most widely recognized names. Issue 22 contained a long (and excellent!) report by Jeff May on MileHiCon V, in the "Lost City of Denver." One of the less significant items in issue 23 is a flattering mention of DON-o-SAUR.

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I've definitely decided not to try for 14 pages since it is now 3:15 p.m. on Saturday, Feb. 16, and even if I did two more pages I wouldn't have time to run them off. Sorry about the total absence of letters this time, and I regret not reviewing more fanzines. I would promise to do better next time but I have just this minute adopted a new policy of not making any promises regarding future issues. I never know what I'll feel like writing until I start doing it, and I hate to commit myself to something I might not feel like doing. Does that make sense?

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ART CREDITS: Russell Parkhurst -- front cover; pages 4, 7, 11  
Gail Barton -- pages 1, 3, 9

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