



T T T L E

I LOOK TO THE NIGHT

I look to the night, to the myriad stars that shine,
Knowing somewhere in that vastness rides a star of mine;
A star of steel and glass and fire,
A star of tubes and tanks and wire;
Built by earthbound man and then cast free,
And toss'd along with it --- a part of me.
The first, so fast;
My chance is past
And all my dreams are dead or dying,
As here I stand upon the field, crying:
Who is he, within that shining dart?
Who is he, that he should break my heart?
An airplane flew, and I, I dreamed of space;
But the world continued its leisurely pace.
For twenty years or more I dreamed,
And then when realization seemed
So close --- they chose a younger man to make the flight,
And nothing more for me remains in life --- look to the night,
Look to the Night.

--- Eldon K. Everett
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Seattle, Wash. 98101

When I first entered fandom, I didn't believe all these people who were crying about the pitiful current state of fandom, about the lack of good fanwriting. Now I do, because I've been reading lots of old fanzines lately.

I wish Terry Carr had the energy to publish INNUENDO again; or lacking that, the time to spin out ream after ream of delightfully witty neo-Burbeesque faanish chatter.

Or that Richard Bergeron was not gafiated. WARHOON was a great fanzine; witty, extremely sophisticated humor. In its serious moments, and there were many of them, at least in its second incarnation, one might have become bored by all the talk of politics in the lettercol, but James Blish's and Bergeron's editorials nicely offset this.

Ninth fandom is but two years past, but I miss that, too. Especially the Brooklyn Insurgents. RATS! had man things going for it, but to me it was highlighted by Greg Shaw's articles on being a rock writer. FOCAL POINT, the newszine, was lively, enthusiastic, especially while raising money for the Shaw Fund. If you think there's a lot of furor and fannish enthusiasm going into the Tucker Fund, well, you ain't seen nothing! POTLATCH had intelligent conversations on esoteric subjects such as numbered fanzines, and was, apparently, one of the nesting places of the Fannish-Sercon War.

But most of all I miss Walt Willis.... HYPHEN is, to be sure, one of the top alltime fanzines, if not the top. Yet Willis made it seem so easy... WARHOON was rather intimidating; HYPHEN was just friendly. Walt's editorials were never long, but served as an appetizer for what was to come. John Berry... ATOM cartoons (and his fabulous covers, too), Eric Frank Russell, and best of all, Bob Shaw, whose column "The Glass Bushel" was perhaps the second finest column I've ever read.

The best column? Why none other than Walt's own "The Harp That Once or Twice". That column in WARHOON relieved my boredom at long seminars on party politics earlier this month. I'd bring WARHOON to

the meetings with me, and sit in the back and read ... and enjoy. In two of those columns he described the convolutions he went through to achieve a finished "Harp" -- simply incredible.

Fandom has nothing like him now. I wish he'd return; maybe he will, someday soon. I hope so.

In two of my columns for TITLE, I've criticized a couple of zines for limiting their circle of writers too severely. This isn't bad, per se. After all, FOCAL POINT was produced by a very few writers. But who were these writers? Arnie Katz, the editor. And Terry Carr. They were in all the issues. Plus Bob Shaw, and a few others, all thought of as being part of "faanish fandom". Now that's a small group, but the zine didn't suffer from it. They could write.

As long as your circle of close friends can write well, there's no problem. Take AWRY. Dave Locke mostly uses contributions from Petards members... Look who's in the group - Dean Grennell, Ed Cox, Milt Stevens, etc.

Now, DIEHARD, reviewed two columns ago, limits its circle of writers, mostly from the younger TITLE crowd. Nearly all of this crowd can't write very well.

When you find that a zine isn't succeeding very well, and the same writers are appearing over and over, there's one solution: get new writers, move out of your inner circle. It's not too hard; in my experience, at least, lots of fans will oblige when asked nicely for material. All it costs is a stamp. By actively soliciting from fanwriters one admires outside of your immediate circle of friends, the quality of your zine can't help but go up.

I bear no malice towards the zines I review negatively, or towards Tony Cvetko in particular. But as the man says, I calls 'em the way I sees 'em. If I come down a little bit hard on your zine, it's only because I'd like to see the zine improve. I try to be objective, though I don't claim to be omniscient - at least not all the time - and I apologize for mistakes I might have made.

Next month, some zines to pillory. I love to write nasty reviews...

Frank Denton's article on the "Chinese Caves" in TITLE 26 only bears out my earlier thesis on the Shaverian caves under Tacoma, Washington. I believe that the key to the entire UFO puzzle can be found in that city, and to that point, I want to tell you an amazing story.

In the Tacoma Daily Ledger for July 3, 1893 there was an incredible experience related about some fishermen: William Fitzhenry, H.L.Beal, W.L.MacDonald, J.K.Bell, Henry Blackwood and "2 eastern gentlemen".

On July 1st of that year, they landed on Henderson Island in Black Fish Bay, and retired for the night. One of the witnesses stated: "It was, I guess, about midnight before I fell asleep, but exactly how long I slept I cannot say, for when I woke it was with such startling suddenness that it never entered my mind to look at my watch, and when after a while I did look at my watch, as well as every watch belonging to the party, it was stopped!"

He went on to relate: "Since the creation of the world I doubt if sounds and sights more horrible were ever seen by mortal man. I was in the midst of a pleasant dream, when in an instant a most horrible noise rang out in the clear morning air, and instantly the whole air was filled with a strong current of electricity that caused every nerve in the body to sting with pain, and a light as bright as that created by the concentration of many arc lights kept constantly flashing.....the monster slowly drew in toward the shore, and as it approached, from its head poured out a stream of water that looked like blue fire. All the while the air seemed to be filled with electricity, and the sensation experienced was as if each man had on a suit of clothes formed of the fine points of needles.

"One of the men....incautiously took a few steps in the direction of the water (some of which) reached the man, and he instantly fell to the ground and lay as though dead.

"Mr. MacDonald attempted to reach the man's body, to pull it back into a place of safety, but he was struck with some of the water that the monster was throwing, and fell senseless to the earth. By this time every man...was panic-stricken, and we rushed to the woods for a place of safety, leaving the fallen men lying on the beach.

"As we reached the woods the 'demon of the deep' sent out flashes of light that illuminated the surrounding country for miles, and his roar --- which sounded like the roar of thunder --- became terrific. When we reached the woods we looked around and saw the monster making off in the direction of the (Puget) sound, and in an instant it disappeared beneath the waters of the bay, but for some time we were able to trace its course by a bright luminous light that was on the surface of the water."

At daylight, they were able to reach the fallen men and restore them to consciousness, although everybody's watches had stopped. The witness continued: "This monster fish, or whatever you may call it, was fully 150 feet long, and at its thickest part I should judge about 30 feet in circumference. Its shape was somewhat out of the ordinary insofar that the body was neither round nor flat but oval, and from what we could see, the upper part of the body was covered with a very coarse hair. The head was shaped very much like the head of a walrus, though, of course, very much larger. Its eyes, of which it apparently had six, were as large around as a dinner plate, and were exceedingly dull, and it was about the only spot on the monster that at one time or another was not illuminated. At intervals of about every 8 feet from its head to its tail a substance that had the appearance of a copper band encircled its body, and it was from these many bands that the powerful electric current seemed to come. The bands nearest the head seemed to have the strongest electric force, and it was from the first six bands that the most brilliant lights were emitted. Near the centre of its head were two large horn-like substances, though

T W O F

THE WORLD OF FANZINES
by Dr. Fredric Wertham

Some Commentary.....

LETTER FROM CHESTER CUTHBERT (April 9, 1974)

"I obtained from Dick Witter a copy of Dr. Wertham's The World of Fanzines because of the review you published; and in place of any comment on TITLE, I'd like to say a few words about the book.

I was impressed by the friendly tone of his discussion, and by his insistence that fanzines are perhaps the only form of communication left independent of censorship. My recollection is that there have been instances of censorship by the postal authorities, mainly because of obscenity or alleged obscenity, but I cannot give details of specific cases.

Age gives me the advantage of earlier experience of fanzines than Dr. Wertham's; I was a subscriber to Science Fiction Digest in 1933 and to Hornig's The Fantasy Fan in 1934. Dr. Wertham mentions the importance of the economic factor in the publication of fanzines; these cost 10¢ each and subscriptions were \$1.00 per year. I tell you frankly that I often considered dropping my subscriptions, simply because the quantity of reading material was so small by comparison with what could be obtained by purchasing the professional science fiction and fantasy magazines. In those years, economic pressures were formidable.

But the fanzines were even then priceless, because the material they offered could not be obtained elsewhere. In its way, the sf and fantasy fanzine differs only in kind from the movie fanzine, the specialist religious paper or magazine such as the spiritualist or occult publication. It pleads a special cause, rather than the general cause of literature.

It is true that most fanzines are fantasy-oriented, but there are several western fanzines: The Zane Grey Collector, The Faust Collector, and, I believe (though I have not seen it), The Curwood Collector. It is probable that these stemmed from fantasy fanzines. There are several publications devoted to Jack London, many to Sherlock Holmes, one to Edgar Wallace, and one to Sax Rohmer.

Because of his lack of access to important materials, Dr. Wertham's book is not exhaustive, but I consider it an excellent introduction to his subject."

QUESTION AND ANSWER

Question: Paraphrased, since I can't recall exactly how I said it, the question I put to Dr. Wertham was this: "Since you are a psychiatrist, I expected the book about fanzines to discuss some of the psychology of why people publish such things, and why does SF & fantasy stimulate this production, and why do people like to read fanzines?"

Answer: "...that is not what I was writing about. TWoF is not about fandom, but about fanzines. I deal objectively and concretely with what is in fanzines. That was my scientific guiding line. For example, my glossary of fanzine words includes only words that I have found in a number of separate fanzines. I do not advocate them; I report them. The point was to help readers of fanzines years from now (as well as now) to know with what meanings these words were used.

Your questions are all interesting, but these questions cannot be scientifically answered. The existence of fanzines is not a psychological but a social phenomenon. To characterize the why's of a whole group psychologically would be purely speculative because there is a complete interweaving of psychological, social and histor-

ical factors. The science fiction readers in the era of Jules Verne were totally different from the current readers of Heinlein.

You ask for the psychological reason why people have fanzines as a hobby and not cameras. ((I think, at least meant to ask, I asked why sf fans pubbed fanzines and camera buifs did not.)) Interest in fanzines means editing, writing or drawing. Photography entails a totally different activity. The fanzine fans are interested in literary and artistic things. They have to sit down and follow an intellectual pursuit. In that sense they are an elite, an exception. That is deeply connected with education, and the anti-intellectual trends in our society. It has nothing to do with personality types.

Which personality type votes and which doesn't? Your wife is a mystery fan, you say TITLE 23.11). You are a science fiction fan. That certainly is not a matter of personality types, but of inner, outer and accidental causes. I have been asked ((by other fans, I presume?)) why I didn't make statistical studies of the psychology of fanzine fans and their goals in life. But as Edgar Allan Poe says in a different connection, this is a good method but not at all applicable here. How can one get valid statistical material about fanzine editors whose fanzines went out of existence long ago? ((How about if you set out to do a paper on such a topic with the several hundred currently engaged in the activity with a year's limit to collecting data and placing the paper with a fanzine, uh, like TITLE?))

As far as very young readers of Tolkien or science fiction are concerned, it isn't only a matter of reading this fantasy material. It is that, in contrast to some of their peers, they read at all -- including whole books!

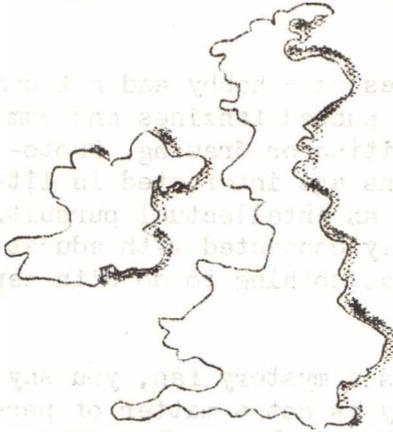
I do not believe people can be explained if we have never examined them, do not know what I have called their inner and outer life history. Our books and magazines are full of armchair (or couch) speculations about why people do things. In allegedly scientific publications playing tennis is explained as a "womb fantasy", skyjacking as "rape" and the aeroplane as a penis. Some fanzine writers have expressed the opinion that science fiction reading is a "substitute" for sexual activities. This, I think, is completely wrong; you could say that of any activity that is not sexual. We have been brainwashed into believing that there must be some single psychological explanation, an abundance of chic and glib fashionable explanations for everything. Fanzines could be explained like everything else as being due to some kind of psychological quirk and escape from reality. When a whole group of people does something that the majority does not do there are bound to be individuals with special problems. But that tells us nothing valid about why the group exists and is as it is.

TWof is about the product. Fanzines exist in their own right. That's what I tried to present. The existence of TITLE and its character confirm me in my opinion that communication, currently so watered down and Watergated, is the keynote of the contribution of fanzines. There is a continuity between my book THE BRAIN AS AN ORGAN describing the histology of the brain and TWof. I didn't speculate why some people (including myself) spend years in the laboratory looking through a microscope while others do something else.

Fanzines are a complex and natural phenomenon. They deal with art in the widest sense. It is in that light that I looked at them and described them for what they are and did not try to analyze them or their creators with "peering eyes". Let Edgar Allan Poe come to my aid:

SCIENCE! true daughter of Old Time thou art,
Who alterest all things with thy peering eyes.
Why pryest thou thus upon the poet's heart,
Vulture, whose wings are dull realities?

FROM THE SAFETY (?) OF THIS COL by Dave Rowe
(Continuing from T29 with British fnz)



ENGLAND, June 8, 1974

CYPHER 11. (litho:A5:46pp) James Goddard, Plovers Barrow, School Rd, Nomansland, SALISBURY, Wilts, England. US Agent: Cy Chauvin, 17829 Peters, Roseville, Mich. 48066. 60¢ each or 5/\$3. Altho' Jim can claim to have printed articles and interviews with such writers as Aldiss, Asimov, Ballard and Blish, CYPHER still rates as the most amateur of the present three UK sercons. The basic trouble is its bad layout (now being eliminated with litho printing) and a slight over-orientation to the fan. To be fair I am infuriated by fnz (like The Alien Critic) which print anything by a pro (if only a couple of sentences) just to namedrop and enhance sales to the general reader, while ignoring all fan-mail (apart from the odd BNF). CYPHER, however,

goes to the other extreme. Apart from all this adverse criticism, CYPHER 11 is worth getting for the cover alone, a scraperboard by Kevin Cullen representing Aldiss' BIL-LION YEAR SPREE, which receives no less than three reviews: by Philip Harbottle (ed. of VISION OF TOMORROW), Bob Shaw, and Ballard who uses the review as a platform for his own ideas, and spends a third of it in tribute to E.J.(Ted/John) Carnell, who is probably looked upon as a relatively small-time Editor/Agent synonymous with the 'old wave'. Yet Ballard begins with..."Carnell's role is central to the transformation of modern Science Fiction." That, and what follows, makes interesting reading.

ERG 47 (Dup:Qto:22pp) Terry Jeeves, 230 Bannerdale Rd., SHEFFIELD, S11 9FE, England. 4/\$1. Regular as clockwork, six weeks ahead of deadline. (No kidding) Full of Jeeves' hand-cut illoes and very light articles, too light to be honest. Terry's friendly personality spread throughout the zine, can't replace the feeling of void when one has finished the zine..."well, we've had the hors d'oeuvre, where's the main course?" Of note for any neo wishing to start his own zine, there's a series on duplicating, which by the looks of several neo-zines is badly needed.

LURK 6. (Dup:Qto:40pp) Mike and Pat Meara, 61 Borrowash Rd., Spondon, Derby, DE 2 7QH, England. 50p each. LURK is unfortunately (like ERG) another pannable Ompa (gen) zine. Has readable book reviews and cols, comic filk-song and editorial comments, a serene loc-col. Three fans give their impressions of Torcon and a mass of con quote cards (probably the zine's best section) and irritating one-line editorial interlineations. Nice, quiet, friendly and very average. After #7, Mike and Pat are going over to a smaller, more regular, personalzine, which I, for one, am looking forward to. (Mainly 'cause I won't have to draw the covers.) Come to think of it, the whole UK-fnz-fandom seems to be 'going over' to a smaller, more regular, personalzine, of which only the firstish appears, if any.

ZIMRI 6. (Dup:A4:70pp) Lisa Conesa, 54 Manley Rd., Whalley Range, Manchester M16 8HP England. 20p each or 3/50p. Here's the stuff to send the ~~fnz~~ US fen. Multi-colour silkscreen cover, black (but deep black) electros (Ghod, is that a rarity in the UK) and some professional standard art by professional artist Harry Turner. Heck! If it wasn't for the myriad of typos this would be close to NERG standard. And just look at Lisa's ~~letters~~ contributors, whilst Brian Aldiss and E.C.Tubb are probably well known to you, Rob Holdstock, John Hall, Ian Williams and Greg Pickersgill are all 'revered' by UK-fen. However, what do I find of any reading value...a report on the '73 Solar Eclipse Cruise by Marion Turner (Harry's wife) and perhaps Pickersgill's fiery but obnoxious fnz reviews. Out of 70 pages that's bad going.

That no-one has produced a fnz that I (the armchair perfectionist) can do a song & dance about (in my armchair?) should not put you off exchanging, subbing, or securing sample copies of the above zines. Tastes (when all is said and done) still remain subjective and after these mediocre reviews you may well be pleasantly surprised.

THE



WITHIN

by Sutton Breiding 2240 Bush St., San Francisco 94115

How to portray an extraterrestrial? Will it speak? Will it think? Will it feel, have desires, dream, weep or laugh? How can we know? No way, until we meet Them. In the meantime, we must use our imaginations, our own souls' depths...but even so, whatever is created will always be tainted with humanness. No way to escape. . . unless someday our minds are at such levels of development that we can enter into mental liasons with aliens, and record our findings. . . until the hour when humans mix freely with unhumans, outworlders, on the far shores, in the far ports of space.

It's damned difficult enough to paint pictures of people, ourselves and others. Try chronicling the consciousness of an Earthling, human or unhuman! There is little difference doing that than in attempting to describe an alien; we are ignorant in both categories.

It is you and I who are the aliens, my friend; you and I that are monstrous, strange, beautiful, terrifying, hideous, delicate. You and I that are Alien: unimaginable, inconceivable beings whose shapes are odd, if not bizarre, whose minds are beyond comprehension, analysis, or reason. WE ARE ALIENS. To them, to ourselves, to you from and to yourself, to each other.

Therefore, if we delve deeply into our own selves, and project what terrifying truths and heretofore unadmissible revelations we might find, we might come up with better and more refreshing concepts. Yet there are plenty of otherworlds right here on this planet. Look to the world of nature outside homo sapiens, and then project your findsings into an outre being. Damn, it's hard enough to know oneself, let alone a wolf or sparrow or lily. But try. Try to get into the being of an earth creature. You'll find them unknown....and alien. Deep sea creatures are awesome, if not terrifying beings to me. Could I ever really know one?

What is unknown is alien, creating a sense of wonder. Familiarity destroys awe. An alien must not be a clearly cut image. Vagueness is more impressionable. A hazy outline, a dim shape, waiting or lurking or acting, strangely, from the center of its own weird heart -- if it has one. At times in the woods, I have been struck by what occured to me at the utter alieness of nature, seemingly so far out of reach, wild and fleeting and wary, with such mysterious and spontaneous activity that I put into purely human terms of nobility, rawness, beauty, savagery, and tenderness. Do any of these terms make any sense at all, if I really knew the alienness minds whispering and ticking in the woods?

Then I come back to the city. I look around at all the humanoids and I see foreignness just as unexplicable, just as unreachable. There's a man sitting on the gutter, his head in his hands -- is he thinking, feeling? Where has he been, and where is he going? Did he ever, really, have a mother? Why do I walk by him without stopping, without a word? Where have I been, where am I going? Am I thinking, feeling?

I return to my room. I hear the sound of alien singing on lonely shores. I see a scaled, iridescent being -- he pipes on a crystal flute. The smouldering crimson of the sun is caught in its notes, and the waves of a purple sea lap and dance in a rhythm that shakes my body with beats I've never felt. There is a mingling of horror and exaltation, deep melancholy and a laughter of the heart that will not be suppressed. There is a sudden disorientation... am I imagining or am I being? Do I think or do I feel?

The alien within. . .

END

YOU AND YOUR THUMB

Soon it won't be science-fiction. The glassy eye of a computer will take a look at your thumb pressed on panel X and you will be admitted or rejected, charged with an automatic purchase, given cash by a machine from your checking account - you name it!

Have you ever wondered a little what sort of patterns were on your thumb? And on your neighbor's?

By reading mystery stories you soon learn that every person's fingerprints are his alone, that they are left on cocktail glasses, and that the police need to check perhaps 16 characteristics to be certain that the print in evidence belongs to John Doe and no one else.

The ridges on your fingertips leave marks on hard, polished surfaces because of the perspiration oils. But rather than dusting a "natural" print to make it more visible, simply press your thumb on an ink pad, then roll your dirty thumb lightly on paper.

Your print will fall into one of the groups diagrammed here. But millions of people will be in your same group or type. What then?

Well, then you must take a magnifying glass and look for distinguishing points, such as forks and enclosures. Or, if you have a LOOP print, you can make a ridge count from the end of the loop to the delta.

These points are more easily told with sketches than words. So, make your thumb print and see if you can classify yourself.



TYPE A PLAIN ARCH
1. No core
2. No delta

TYPE A EXCEPTIONAL ARCH
1. No delta
2. A recurved ridge (X)



TYPE W WHORL
1. One core
2. Two deltas
3. One or more ridges make a complete circle



TYPE T TENTED ARCH
1. Pointed arch (not rounded as in plain arch, type A)
2. Or short line with spine to make a center core.



A ridge count is the number of lines between the core and the delta. There are 4 in this example. An average ridge count is 9-10. My own count is 15 so I have an outer loop; below 10 would be an inner loop. My loop core is like type C.

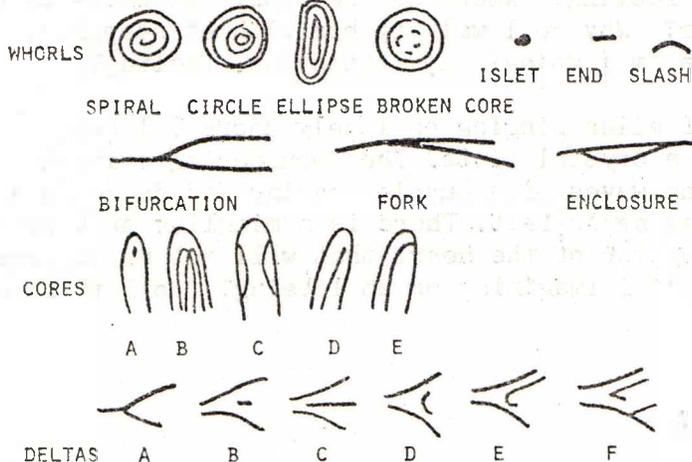


TYPE W ULNAR LOOP
1. One core
2. One delta
3. At least one complete recurved ridge between core and delta



TYPE W TWIN LOOP
1. Two cores
2. Two deltas
3. Core ridges exit opposite sides

SOME DISTINGUISHING POINTS



TYPE W LATERAL POCKET LOOP
1. Two cores
2. Two deltas
3. Core ridges exit same side



TYPE W CENTRAL POCKET LOOP
1. One core
2. One delta
3. Core ridge or ridges curve back on axis

DISTORTIONS FROM A LIFE IN PROGRESS
**** by Reed Andrus *****

There are many monsters in the life of a boy...a young boy.

Disregarding mundane horrors such as mowing lawns, getting haircuts, and an eight o'clock curfew, a child may run afoul of more exotic breeds from time to time. Take, for instance, the Rack Monster, a giant, very powerful, invisible creature that puts its hands on a person's head at the most inopportune times, like right in the middle of the cowboy show you were watching, and literally forces you to relax and drift off to sleep. Friends have told me that the Rack Monster does not follow any special age group -- it attacks anyone without regard to race, color, or creed. It apparently lurks today in study rooms at colleges, ready to pounce upon the unsuspecting student as he or she studies diligently for an upcoming exam. The evidence for the Rack Monster is overwhelming. The next time you visit a library or university, casually note the number of heads resting on desks. Yup, the Rack Monster...

But the young are particularly susceptible to fiends of this sort. I was once visited by a singularly vicious creature that has no name. I have yet to give it one. The incident occurred in the dead of night, as I slept, unsuspecting. Sometime in the dark, the creature (working, I believe, in conjunction with the Rack Monster) cut away the webbing from between my toes and fingers. My specialness, my unique individuality was gone forever. Henceforth, I was to conform, be "one of the guys", nobody special. The Thing had stolen my imagination.

Naturally, I reacted, at first with hysterical frenzy, but later with cunning and devious planning. I reasoned that the only way I could track down that abomination would be to study the literature that dealt with its kind. I became a follower of science fiction and fantasy, and, though I never did run across any references to my special monster, I learned.

And I gained weapons. However, I alienated myself from the majority of my peers. ("Hey! Here comes that weirdo Andrus. Seen any little green men lately, Buck Rogers?") I ignored the jeers and catcalls, gathering knowledge that would enable me to fight the monster if it ever returned.

I learned patience from my grandfather's third mistress. She was a young, beautiful, mysterious woman who understood my predicament and tried to aid me in my search for the lost imagination. She would place me on her lap, pull my head into her proud breasts, and talk to me. At first, I was very nervous, but the soothing quality of her voice and the fact that she always spoke in rhyme, soon diminished my fears. I spent many years on her lap, listening, until a different type of nervousness set in and I reluctantly left her.

But the credit for my entrance into fandom should be given to that wonderful lady. Her words are burned into my memory:

"Books are not the only things
From which to learn. Fandom brings
More than cabbages and kings:
There are letterhacks and....zines!"

My monster has not returned. I still quest for my imagination. I have turned to fandom as a last resort.

Have any of you seen my monster?

If so, it's doomed.

END

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Richard Brandt: "...please warn your friends that The Best of Procol Harum stinks. Not the record itself so much as the cover; after we unwrapped the cellophane we had to air out the room for several days. A new idea: biodegradable records. Just set them out to self-destruct after six months to two years." ((In my life I have yet to throw out a record; broken, yes, and that, a sad event.))

Mike Glicksohn: "Gene Wolfe ought to be more cautious than to expose himself in print about fanzines. What is he going to do if some unscrupulous fan starts up a fanzine without a name, doesn't put his own name on it, reviews mythical fanzines by several people he knows to be friends of Gene's, repros it badly, threatens to cut Gene off if he doesn't send lots of sub money, writes an editorial about having nothing to write about because all he's done lately is go over to Gene Wolfe's house and drink beer, and declares the whole thing to be a one-shot while actually doing a second issue simultaneously which will be called a special Gene Wolfe symposium issue only the Wolfe material will get squeezed out at the last minute by an in-depth study of slip-sheeting techniques in the emerging undeveloped countries. I ask you, what will he do then?" ((This kwot went beyond the kwik because I think it's the funniest thing TITLE has ever printed since issue #1.)) ((And what faned will rise to the bait??))

Robert Smoot: "You contradict yerself. You call Roger Sween's 'zines to libraries project' an admirable one, but then you said 'no' to him because you 'don't think fanzines are all that important.' Why, then admirable in the first place?" ((I said 'admirable' because I was thinking then of Roger's passion and the faneds who share it, and admirable it is for those who care to make fanzine preservation part of their hobby. I do not collect on a long term basis what I consider fine conversation in print; enjoy it today, tomorrow there'll be some more. Understand, I'm judging from what I do with TITLE; other zines may well have more permanence. And for the editors & contribbers to such, the idea is, indeed, admirable.))

Miller Hahn: "...because I'm working on indexing SF from TV, one would feel that I'm fond of what the media has presented. In a sense, this is true; only I would say it is more of an appreciation for what has been attempted..."

Ruth Berman: "Ben Indick's 'I Love You' was charming and a little sad. I wonder if 'I Love You' is ever said as it is in the movies -- the spontaneous outflow of emotion. For me, the moment when I feel a strong emotion is the moment when I'm least capable of saying so. On the occasions when I've said 'I love you', it was something I had to rehearse in advance."

Jeff Smith: ((He's moving to 1339 Weldon Ave., Baltimore, Md 21211)) "One of our best fandom poets is Paula Marmor, who writes fantasy poems. I don't like poetry much myself, but the poetry I do like is the kind that I can read aloud, like Coleridge. At her best Paula is one of those and I feel fortunate to be able to publish her work in PHANTASMICOM."

Jeff May: "Title's unique style and format have, I think, had a greater influence among active fans than you think. Ephemeral? It all depends on the zine, and its readership's reaction. I congratulate myself on being among the Titled elite of fandom." ((I blush, yet I have to admit I like it. Ephemeral, but good??))

Bruce D. Arthurs: "THE PHOTO PAGE.. Say, that Szurek is one damned sinister looking fellow. I can see he's smiling, but it looks like the smile of a man who's wondering if he'll have more fun putting you on the rack or burning you at the stake. Thank god that, in this case, appearances are deceiving. I hope."

Jim Meadows: "Your rambles on Shaver was very good. It was about time you let go with some full comment on him, and you were much kinder and much more fair than others who have written about him." ((Only two people, I believe, 'got' the reason for my running Shaver's portrait upsidedown.))

Richard S. Shaver: "One thing I will give you, you're fair enough to give the matter and controversy sufficient space so someone else can get an idea what it's about...which is more than anyone else has done for it. BUT your reactions and thoughts on it seem totally obscured and blocked to me.." ((Richard, even with all your letters and cards to me since you received that photopage devoted to you... not even you saw the remarkable portrait of yourself (an identical copy of the one run upside down) which appears on the photograph of Mars!))

Richard C. Newsome: "That Martian photo would turn a believer into an atheist and an atheist into a believer. The notion of Richard Shaver's likeness carved into the sands of Mars kicks the slats out from under the foundations of reality, no matter which reality you subscribe to. This picture is the equivalent of a full-length Philip K. Dick novel. Of course, you and I see Shaver - but a Communist would see Karl Marx and a Jew would see Moses, an intellectual see Tolstoi..."

Kevin Williams: "I MAY BE RELATED TO BOB TUCKER!! I think it works out that if Bob is related to somebody named Pink Tucker, then he's related to my cousin's mother, and therefore to me. Amazing." ((So why haven't you made a bid of more than the high of \$2.17 for Tucker's purple sock? If the bid doesn't get any higher than that all you people are gonna lose out to me. Therefore, I hereby make my bid -- now high -- of \$3.00))

Eldon K. Everett: "Education doesn't consist in knowing everything, it consists of knowing how to find out about everything."

Eric Mayer: " 'Ah, another fuzzy brained English Major...spent four years reading books...' thinks the potential employer. I have a BA in English. What I've spent four years doing is learning to think. That's what a liberal arts education is all about. But now I'm faced with the possibility of being limited to jobs where I have no opportunity to use my mind at all. I am not so much discouraged as angry."

William Wilson Goodson Jr.: "The more I think about Paul Walker's story, the more I think it emphasises the ridiculousness of the idea that God is man. God is not simply a man with the powers of God, but something apart and above any other reality. How the God of this story behaves proves the foolishness of trying to define God except in terms of Godhood. This is not a criticism of the story; it is simply an evaluation of its value to me."

Roy Tackett: "Did you see Blazing Saddles? Delightful scene where the railroad workers offer to assist the townspeople if they are allowed to settle in the area. Hasty consultation among the townspeople. 'OK, we'll take the n [redacted] and the chinks, but not the Irish.' We'll take the BEMs but not the Indians? Will the aliens really be alien? There is one school of thought that holds that any higher form of life must, of necessity, be humanoid."

Terry Floyd: "Unfortunately, I turned to Ellington a little late in the game. I did not realize his genius until last October when I was assigned to do a research paper on him for history class. That research paper has probably done more for my admiration of the man than anything I've ever read about him." ((If I were asked to name a non-ephemeral artist, I'd name Duke Ellington above all others.))

Art Hayes: "As for King FanPubber, with all that equipment, you still need the personality and that is something I've tried to buy but found I couldn't. As for Queen FanPubber, I'd consider Joanne Burger a good substitute, if she isn't one."

Harry Warner: "Fandom has grown so much that there are as many BNFs as the number of generals that the nation suddenly acquires during a big war."

Frank Balazs: "Since I am at the bottom of this page, I shall forego making intelligent comments until page two."

Paul Anderson: "You prune your locs down to the bare essentials. Afterwards, the meat of the zine can then be referred to as T(itle)bone steak! So you could be said to be a butcher." ((Many's a fan will so agree with the latter!))

Chris Hulse: "Following the rules of James Hall, I compose a poem:

Ned Brooks: "I'm sorry to see that Aldiss thinks he 'suffers' from the label of 'science-fiction writer' -- he should realize that people who attach that kind of importance to labels are probably incapable of rational thought anyway."

Sewing machine, not plugged in,
Cover off;
Keeping generations
Slaved.
Unmerciless
Ly
How many have died?
My heads ache
My mouths scream.

Bill Breiding: "More Wertham*** I enjoy all the stuff that I've seen by him so far** Threaten him** Whether it be rhyme or letter or article."

Hey, that's fun! "

Denis Quane: "If the soul is found to have a weight, most theologians will be surprised, since the soul is generally considered to be a non-material entity."

Gary Grady: "When you put a group of people together who agree with each other, you can produce some damned nice arguments but the group is not worth a damn at solving problems."

Milton F. Stevens: "Most of the things you'll ever learn are irrelevant and there is no sure way of identifying the material that isn't irrelevant. The knowledge that Krum, the king of the Bulgarians, made a drinking cup out of the skull of a Byzantine emperor is something you can live without. But if you do like learning odd things like that, you can always justify it as adding a little color to your life."



Claire Beck: ((This is a complete, fully quoted letter.))
"Dear Donn: Thanks for TITLE 28, good issue, rec'd a couple of days ago. Everything else in this letter DNQ. (signed) ((naturally I cannot indicate the signature without violating the DNQ.))"

Chet Clingan: "This is what fandom means to me: people who will help others they do not even know just because he or she is another fan."

Brett Cox: "The only decent thing to happen to me has been my semi-active involvement in fandom."



AN SCA TOURNEE by Lord Jim Khennedy, Mesa, Arizona

I've recently come in contact with the SCA through one of the members of my fanclub, OSFA. Jim Seiber, a Creative Anachronist, had been telling me about the society for a while, and invited me to come to their 'Tourney' on the 21st & 22nd of March. This was the SCA equivalent of a con... not large, when you think of World- and Westcons, but a fascinating experience.

The tournee was held on an island in a small lake of Scottsdale's El Dorado Park. There, isolated from the populace (mundanes), the Lords and Ladies of the Society for Creative Anachronism gathered - all in medieval garb - to socialize, indulge in their archaic pasttymes (Court of Love, Bard's Circle, Lying Contest, etc.) and, most importantly, choose a new Crowned Prince thru Trial by Combat. The current King of this kingdom - Adenveldt - is near the expiration of his term. He will be replaced by the Prince... the champion of a series of duels held during the tournee.

When I arrived - after 45 minutes of searching for El Dorado - I was almost immediately captured by a lady in a long, flowing dress and outfitted with a Period tunic. She was one of the 'hospitlers' ((?)), those charged with making sure that all the 'tourists' were properly dressed.

Everyone on the island wore Medieval clothing: my mind boggled as I tried to take it all in... the ladies in L - O - W cut gowns with sweeping skirts, the 'lords' in robes and tunics... all of wondrous velvet blacks & crimson, emerald greens, sea-blue, and fiery oranges. Many of the lords also wore authentic home-made chain-mail, and there was one wandering about in gold-coloured armour... topped with a cowboy hat. This is, after all, Arizona!

There were also piles of weapons (rapiers, battle-axes, broad-swords, maces, etc.) everywhere, and a small village of tents for those who would be spending the night on the isle.

I came back much later...in fact, at 12:30 a.m., on the way home from seeing a much over-rated movie, Woody Allen's SLEEPER, to wander through the silent camp after all had retired for the 'eve. A very eerie feeling, knowing that I was surrounded by dozens of 'sleepers', hidden by the thin walls of their tents.

I couldn't stay for very long when I returned on Sunday afternoon because of an OSAF meeting going on at the same tyme, but I was there long enough to get involved in a fascinating theological debate.

It seems that there exists wythin the SCA an odd cult worshipping a 'Father Scrump'. I couldn't resist introducing myself as a High Priest of Herbangelism to their Arch-Bishop, and politely calling him a heathen.

"Pagan!" he replied.

"Infidel!"

"Heretic!"

"Atheist!"

"Pantheist!"

"Skeptic!!"

Wouldn't it be nice if Catholics and Protestants got along that well?

My plan now is to learn the techniques of sword-fighting, apply my karate to it, then join the Society and issue an open challenge to all the pagan Scrumpits. I may never become 'King', but how does 'Pope of the Society for Creative Anachronism' sound for a title?



MINA GIE

ERIC MAYER

Perhaps it is meat.

Methodically, the one called Craddock cuts a corner off the flat, nearly colorless rectangle and his fork moves from plate to mouth. His features move in a grimace, as if he finds this food distasteful. Nevertheless, his fork descends immediately and he plies his knife at what now appears as an irregular pentagonal shape, reducing it further to a hexagon, creating a rectangle somewhat smaller than the original. He continues in this manner.

If it is meat, it is very dry. Only a trace of moisture can be seen on Craddock's knife.

The table is made of some white material which faintly reflects the movements of Craddock's fork. An empty foil packet lies to the right of Craddock's plate. Craddock has snipped open the top of this packet with a small pair of scissors he has replaced in a drawer at the side of the table. He has then, meticulously, peeled back the gleaming foil in order to remove his meal. In doing so, he has concealed the packet's label, making it impossible to determine, from a distance, exactly what that meal is.

Occasionally, Craddock pauses to exchange words with Wilson who is sitting opposite him at the table. Clothed as they are in identical, loose fitting blue shirts and trousers, the men might be - except for the reversed NASA insignia - mirror images of one another.

The conversation concerns the excavations being made in the Martian desert, approximately one quarter mile from the base. As Craddock talks, Wilson continues to eat, his knife clicking against his plate that seems to be composed of the same material as the table. Craddock makes repeated references to certain "odd features" revealed by the east-west trench.

"...in which case we should look for the lower end of the south wall."

"... the south wall..." Wilson agrees. "That would be around B-6 or B-7."

The crumpled sheet of paper - the sheet Craddock has torn from the calendar - falls into the wire basket that sits on the floor directly beneath the calendar, against a side wall of the combination dining-bedroom that makes up the living quarters. The basket is already half filled with similar papers. The calendar must have been Craddock's idea - it being ridiculous to assume that the base lacks more sophisticated time keeping equipment. Moreover, the basket creates an obstruction which the planners of the compact base could never have intended.

It may be that Craddock enjoys tearing the sheets off day after day. His expression might indicate as much, though it is hard to understand why this should be so. The relief ship's arrival time is, after all, determined by gravitational laws; not by Craddock's tearing off

calendar sheets. There is something slightly ominous in such an irrational manifestation of impatience. It is, of course, impossible to predict what effect, if any, this attitude will have on the mission.

The whole purpose of the mission remains obscure.

Wilson has just come in from the computer room. As always, instead of turning to his right and proceeding around the table to his seat, he has taken a straight path which involves stepping over the basket blocking the narrow space between the table and the side wall. He has made his usual comment about Craddock's "garbage" and Craddock has as usual joked about having "the biggest dump in the solar system". The men seem to find it humorous. At any rate, they laugh loudly. It is possible that Wilson shares Craddock's impatience with this place.

The men are eating again.

The knife descends, slicing the trapezoidal end from the flat, vaguely colored hexagon on Craddock's plate. At the edge of the knife, a hint of moisture flashes momentarily as it catches the light. The light is greenish, having filtered in through the large aquarium that forms one wall. Possibly, the aquarium is part of an experiment. The algae which clouds the liquid in the aquarium seems to indicate that the experiment has gone awry.

Two bunks sit, one atop the other, against the opposing wall. Apparently, the only function of this wall is to separate the living quarters from the storage section. For reasons of economy, no doubt, it has been constructed from a thin sheet of metal, punctured with round holes about one inch in diameter. If a light were on in the storage section it would be possible for Craddock, seated at the table in the living quarters, to look through this wall, as if through a coarse screen, to see the various tanks and crates piled on the other side.

But the storage section is dark.

There has been an accident there - a short circuit, according to Craddock - and the lights no longer work. Craddock and Wilson plan to let Martin's relief crew re-

pair this inexplicable damage. So the storage section remains dark. It doesn't matter. The men seldom find it necessary to go there.

The men are laughing now. It is an explosive sound.

Craddock's knife hangs above his plate, faintly reflected in the glossy tabletop. The shape on his plate appears to be tinged with pink.

"... in which case we should look for the lower end of the south wall," he says, referring to the excavations the men are making in the desert.

If not for the fact that the base is in a depression, the excavations would be visible from the window of the egress room, on the opposite side of the murky aquarium at Wilson's back. The east-west trench would be revealed and it might be possible to see the "odd features" mentioned by Craddock. However, the sand outside the window forms a small dune which screens the site from view.

"... the south wall," Wilson agrees, "About B-6 or 7. . ."

Craddock resumes his eating. To the right of his plate lies an empty foil packet. He has slit the top of this packet and peeled back the foil in order to remove the meal. Quite possibly it is meat. The roughly rectangular shape seems to have a distinct reddish tinge, though it is hard to be certain of this since the light that filters through the algae filled aquarium tends to give every object in the room a greenish cast, subtly altering the true color of things.

Wilson is making a low noise. His lips are compressed and he makes this noise without opening his mouth. Since Craddock is not present, having gone out to the excavations alone today, the noise can hardly be interpreted as a form of communication. Wilson's eyes are half-closed. His gaze may be directed at the large red numeral displayed by the calendar, or it may be directed at the wall beside the calendar.

The noise Wilson is making may be a mechanism designed to cope with the boredom which is suggested by the vague tapping of the fingers on his left hand on the glossy table top. The man's expression: the compressed lips, the half-closed eyes reveal nothing.

Wilson, sitting in his accustomed chair, appears in profile. He opens his mouth wide, an apparently involuntary gesture. Rows of teeth show. He closes his mouth. The low noises - the noise he is making again, without moving his lips - could easily be interpreted as a growl.

Now Craddock's voice can be heard, coming from the computer room. It is devoid of inflection, flat. Its emotions can only be deduced from its verbal content, and from the fact that it is loud.

"Damn. . . the translators. . ." The last portion of this sentence is interrupted by an abrupt metallic noise, as if Craddock has thrown some tool - a screwdriver perhaps - against the floor or against the translator console.

Wilson moves to stand in the doorway between the living quarters and the computer room. He says, "So much for our Martian graffiti..." Wilson seems unconcerned about the translator's inability to decipher the few fragments of writing discovered in the course of the excavations...

Both men are far more interested in uncovering something that they suspect exists at "the lower end of the south wall."

"The hell with it," says Craddock. He moves away from the far corner, wiping his hands. He lowers his voice so that he is no longer shouting. His words grow indistinct, then can be deciphered again as he crosses the control room on his way to the living quarters. "... acting up ever since we got here...let Martin fix it..."

The one called Martin is commander of the relief ship. It is hard to understand how Martin will be able to repair the translator (and the supposed short circuit in the darkened storage section) if Craddock and Wilson cannot.

The men are laughing.

Wilson has barged into the basket, nearly filled now with crumpled papers torn from the calendar. He has made the usual joke about Craddock's "garbage". And the men are laughing. Since this sound possesses no verbal content, it is only possible to guess at the meaning it holds for the men. It is a frightening sound. The men open their mouths wide, displaying long rows of glistening teeth.

Now they are sitting at the table. Clothed as they are in identical loose fitting blue uniforms, they might be mirror images of one another. In addition, their long proximity seems to have led to a homogeneity in their mannerisms so that when Craddock, having finished his meal, slumps forward, leaning his elbows on the table, Wilson will do the same.

The table top reflects faintly the movements of Craddock's fork and knife. He works the knife at the reddish slab on his plate. The knife comes away wet.

A thin line of liquid, glistening greenly in the deceptive light filtering through the aquarium, originates at the place where the slab has last been cut. This line extends to the edge of the plate, nearest Craddock, where the raised lip impedes its progress, forcing it out into a crescent.

The conversation concerns the excavations made in the desert. As Craddock talks Wilson continues to eat, his knife clicking against his plate. Craddock refers to certain "odd features" revealed by the east-west trench. He says something about "dislocations" or maybe "disturbances". The word used could very well have been "destruction". He slurs this word because he is speaking rapidly, as if excited, though his voice is flat.

The crescent of liquid at the inside of Craddock's plate is lengthening at both ends, becoming a semi-circle. As he speaks, Craddock holds his fork and knife poised over the plate. Impatiently, he says "... so there's no doubt... none at all... we'll have to...". At this point Craddock's words are obscured by the

clicking of Wilson's knife against his plate.

There is a reddish tinge to the liquid which now forms a ring around the inside of Craddock's plate. Light, filtering through the murky aquarium, tends to give the liquid a greenish cast. Nevertheless, the liquid is red. It continues to ooze, almost imperceptibly, from the cut end of the slab on Craddock's plate.

"... so there's no doubt..." he says in the same hurried, but, paradoxically, monotonous voice. "...none at all... we'll have to..."

But at this point Craddock's words are obscured by the clicking of Wilson's knife against his plate, so there is no certain link between this murky phrase and the subsequent reference to "the lower end of the south wall."

"...none at all...we'll have to..."

But at this point the clicking of Wilson's knife.

It can only be meat.

Viciously, the one called Craddock tears another chunk off the thick, red, slab which can only be meat. His fork moves from plate to mouth in a convulsive, violent gesture. He chews with obvious relish, smiles, displaying rows of strong, sharp teeth, then plunges his fork back into the meat. He does this with such violence that the prongs of the fork are thrust entirely through the meat and hit the plate beneath with a dull click. He hacks at the thick, red oozing slab. He gorges himself like a starving animal.

Now the one called Craddock turns his face away from his empty plate. He looks straight at the perforated metal wall behind the bunks.

But the storage room is dark. He sees nothing.

The blood on his knife is clearly visible.

The light filtering through the murky aquarium subtly alters the colors of everything with a greenish cast. It out-

lines the back of Wilson's chair.

A person entering the living quarters from the egress room would perceive immediately that this chair has been shoved against the wire basket with some force. Crumpled papers, obviously shaken out of the nearly overflowing basket, are strewn on the floor beneath the calendar. The basket is dented and the chair leans against the basket at an odd angle as if the left front leg is fractured.

A thin line of liquid runs along the wall beneath the calendar; runs behind the dented basket and the broken chair; stains the bottoms of several balls of crumpled paper. In the corner formed by the aquarium and the side wall the liquid runs into a small, triangular puddle, then continues along the base of the aquarium, growing gradually thinner until only the narrowest thread extends out past the far end of the aquarium into the egress room.

The end of this thread is rounded, droplet shaped. The surface tension of the liquid seems to have reached an equilibrium with the gravitational forces here, because the droplet quivers but remains stationary. The liquid glistens greenly in the deceptive light filtering through the aquarium, though, obviously, it is red.

Scum covers the surface of the murky liquid in the aquarium. On the inside surface of the glass, above the greenish scum, a dry residue indicates that evaporation has taken place. Perhaps this is what has thwarted the experiment, if there was one. Obviously, the experiment has failed.

As Martin approaches from the relief ship the vertical lines of the airlock are increasingly distorted by the curvature of his helmet, facepiece darkening to the Martian glare. This distortion, coupled with the darkness of the reflected image, makes it impossible to determine whether a vague shadow behind the aquarium, upon which the light shines, is anything more than a trick of the brilliance coming in off the desert to struggle with the relative darkness of the base's interior.

Martin enters the airlock without difficulty. His footstep communicates a subtle vibration to the floor. At the end of a

thread of liquid - running along the wall beneath the calendar, running past the aquariums - a droplet shivers, shatters . . .

. . . spattering the floor in front of the door with the microscopic beads of a liquid which glistens greenly in the deceptive light.

Obviously the sudden (and no doubt unexpected) cessation of radio contact with the base has not fully prepared Martin for what he finds. His loose-fitting, blue uniform cannot conceal the shudder that runs through his body.

Wilson's expression might be interpreted as a grin. His lips are drawn back, away from his teeth. He is lying at an odd angle against the partition separating the living quarters from the computer room. His eyes are open, as if to stare at something - perhaps to stare at Martin who is standing just behind the doorway to the egress room. But the eyes are glazed. They see nothing.

Martin turns away almost immediately.

He does not even pause to examine the other thing heaped in the doorway.

Now the one called Martin, returned to his relief ship, is dictating his "official report". He sits in front of the radio and words come out of his mouth. "...terrible misfortune... tragic accident... inexplicable... renewed dedication." Though they connect grammatically and maintain a semblance of sense, his phrases fail to describe the true situation.

Martin's left hand moves along the control panel. Its destination is concealed by the computer banks protruding from the back wall. He seems to confer with someone over what must be an intercom system. He makes references to a "localized power failure" which presents no problem. It has merely put the lights out in one or two unimportant areas of the ship.

"... inexplicable... terrible misfortune... tragic accident ... renewed dedication."

"... renewed dedication."

Neither his immobile features nor his toneless voice gives any indication of what, precisely, is implied by those concluding words.

The exact purpose of the mission remains obscure.

Somewhere, below, the engines growl.

THE END

((I toyed with the desire to put an illo here; I conquered that desire. That story -- and don't tell me it isn't better than most prozine stories! -- proves to me that Eric Mayer refutes his BEM article. However, each reader, I am sure, will have his own idea of the menace and what actually happened. Perhaps that's the way it has to be... And I apologize to Eric for having to cut his story from about 5,500 words to about 2,500 or less. Perhaps that's the way it has to be....))

7/2/74

Tony Cvetko, a little upset at Gorra's review of DIEHARD because Tony is serious about his zine-intentions, asked me on June 7: "How seriously do you take TITLE, Donn? I'm interested in how other faneds think and I'd really like to know how you feel to harsh, and good, criticism of T. Would you get upset if someone called T 'horrible'?"

Well, Tony, I take T seriously. I spend about 30 hours/week on it and about that much or a little more in \$ per month. A serious matter. One bad word and I'm in the dumps; a good word and I'm back on the heights. If the bad words outnumbered the good, I'd quit the fanzine. Frankly, one letter from Ben Indick makes it all worthwhile -- maybe I wouldn't quit after all. This applies to all my other good friends, unknown to me before TITLE.

Since I am the chief of the NFFF Mss Bureau would all you contribbers of articles and stories plainly indicate one of the following: FOR TITLE ONLY, FOR TITLE OR

the MSS BUREAU IF YOU DON'T WANT IT, or FOR THE MSS BUREAU ONLY. Thank you; it's beginning to get confusing here. The Mss Bureau needs some short articles. You do not have to be a N3F member to participate as either contribber or faned.

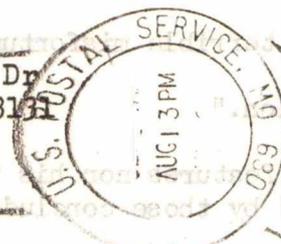
My co-editors don't know this yet, but I am bowing out of the SIRRUIISH staff. With TITLE and the NFF Mss Bureau, I have more than enough to do.

It is rather pleasant to know that some People think of either T or Ol'Bone when reading the newspaper, etc. They often send things without much sf connection, simply because there's been a note in T somewhere that reminds them. Case in point are three from Rose Hogue: a skunk deodorant (is there more to that one than meets the eye?), an exorcist medal, and prehistoric artifacts found in Maryland. Oh, another from Rose on Australians going to sea in beer cans. My son, Brett, saves beer cans, you see...

Reed Andrus sent a photocopy of an Ellison article out of GENESIS, "a fairly lousy skin mag." It's all about STARLOST.

THE UNPARALLELED ADVENTURES
of SPOT THE CAT
GARY GRADY

TITLE
DONN BARZIER
1455 Fawnvalley Dr
St. Louis, Mo. 63131
USA



TO: Eric Lindsay
6 Hillcut Ave
Faulcumberg NSW 2776
Australia



HEY! DIDN'T I TELL
YOU TO PUT OUT
THE CAT?

THIRD CLASS MAIL
PRINTED MATTER
RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED