

Title

TITLE

no.

11

author

VARIOUS

publisher

DONN BRAZIER

PRICE: The usual or 25¢

1455 Fawnvalley Dr.  
St. Louis, Mo. 63131

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FEB 1 1973

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"Are you singing in church tonight?" Tom inquired.

"I've got a match," said Tom with delight.

"My stomach hurts," said pTom.

--- courtesy of

DOUGLAS LEINGANG to whom this  
issue is dedicated in due respect to his sharp satirical needle  
that keeps the editor's feet from floating off the ground.



P2



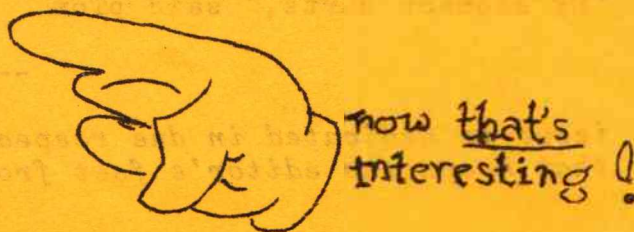
WHO'S THE WISE GUY SENT ME THE  
CUNEIFORM BAGEL ?

I dig bookstores, but people send me things, too. Casting an eye over a local chain drugstore's book table I found three at \$1.59 each. A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF MAGIC AND THE SUPERNATURAL by Bessy, THE PULPS (researched by Sam Moskowitz & originally priced at \$15), and Clarke's THE PROMISE OF SPACE. The nostalgic book on the pulps includes color plates of old covers from WEIRD, DIME MYSTERY, etc. Part IV reprints some supernatural and sf -- Howard, FBLong, Jameson, CASmith, HPL, Harl Vincent and Weinbaum.

One of my appreciative readers who would be embarrassed were I to name him/her sent me a hardcover Merritt - THE MOON POOL. While on the subject of gifts -- several of you have sent me photographs of yourselves. As soon as I get enough to fill a page I may invest in an off-set picture page of TITLE people. Is this or is this not -- quaint!

Matthew Schneck sent me a thermofax copy of "Love Among the Cabbages" which I previously noted in HARPERS for Nov.72 in which the story of Backster and his polygraphing-plant research is retold. A mundane who saw a saw a fake-review of a "new wave" story I did in another fmz sent me a 'fax of Col. O'Gorman's article from THE BOOK OF THE QUEEN'S DOLLS' HOUSE, 1924, called "The Effect of Size on the Equipment". It has to do with the unique and paradoxical problems arising in scaling up or down. In this particular case, just one example, the paint in the dollhouse is as thin as you can get it, but scalewise it is much too thick and would represent a full 1/4 inch if scaled up to a life-size house. I think it was Henry Hasse in HE WHO SHRANK who covered a lot of the capillary effects, gravity, etc. on a human reduced to very small size.

Mike Scott sent me a review of A,DV by Anthony Burgess which was head-lined, "Science Fiction Still in the Literary Mainstream". Burgess describes the Ellison book as "jejune, hack, etiolated, unvisionary, undangerous collection of droppings..feebly propelled by its own wind-breaks." I am not sure what two of those words mean, but whatever they are they aren't good. Burgess has good words to say about some sf writers, but they aren't in A,DV. And his most vital point is that sf must first of all be expert fiction; just being sf does not set aside valid literary standards of chracterization, new ideas, etc.



Three fascinating clips from Jim Meadows from early autumn (sorry Jim, I was so slow mentioning): 1. A creative exercise called "design language" in which the design, without text, gives the meaning of a sentence such as "It is a solemn occasion, but you can't stop laughing." Because of copyright I don't think I can reproduce the sketches, so I hope you get the idea. 2. #1 and an Isaac Asimov humor piece on "Guilt" both are from Midwest Magazine, a Sun.Suppl. for Sept.3,72. 3. An Oct 4 Roger Ebert critique of Vonnegut, mostly, and sf in general. Ebert says he is mystified by the Vonnegut cult, since from a hopeful start with "Sirens of Titan" and "Player Piano" he has fathered the basis for "a big empty epic" film like "Slaughterhouse-Five", which is laughable as sf and not good as anything else. Ebert says respectability may at last kill sf by being "lead-footed and lacking in metaphysical grace". Ebert clamps down on the reviewer of a Crichton novel who said, "He has techniques for giving authenticity to what otherwise might seem like a science-fiction story." Your editor echoes Ebert's plea: "Save us, oh Heinlein; lead us back into the wilderness, good Dr. Asimov."

Next clip... A colorful showpiece of KIRLIAN imagery in POPULAR PHOTOGRAPHY, Feb.72, sent by Claire Beck. The photographs of color and rays from all sorts of objects in a high frequency field are interpreted by some as psychic. Not so, I say; if they're there, they're natural and have a physical explanation. Maybe more about Kirlian photography later. Beck also sent a Sun.Suppl. MEDLEY MAGAZINE that tells of Backster and has pictures of investigators at California State College at Sonoma who claim to have substantiated an energy exchange between plants and people, with the plants reacting to human yawns, repeat, yawns!

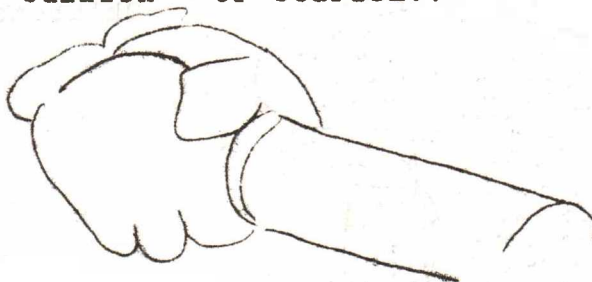
Sheryl Birkhead sends a Martin Williams review of Robert E. Howard's Conan works (BookWorld, Dec 31,72). Williams is familiar to me as a jazz and pop music reviewer; he likes Conan as an "epic hero". Sheryl sends news, too, that newspapers, 150 of them, will carry once a week college courses. The first course will be a "sampler" of different topics with possible credit for the in-depth student.

Clip from Cy Chauvin that reports that curing "by the laying on of hands" is genuine according to a Dr. Bernard Grad, a biologist at McGill Univ. in Montreal. The experiment was done with two groups of mice, one held in warm hands and the other group held in a warm box. The mice, prone to develop goiters, fared better in the hand-held box. Umm.

This next is not a clipping; it came like a folded fanzine, third-class and all. I opened it to find the most incredible thing -- it was typed and had a logo illustrated with a snake's head. The logo read TITLE LoCzine and was Don Ayres' LoC of 11 two-stapled pages, single spaced, written over 3 days in reply to 3 TITLES. Ghod, what hath TITLE wrought!

Question for readers...THE SCIENCES, Dec.72, has an article about the future. Will it be 1) absolutely terrific 2) an unmitigated disaster 3) neither of the above. Are you bullish - or bearish??

Who has a  
strict editorial  
policy?





# H O O K E D

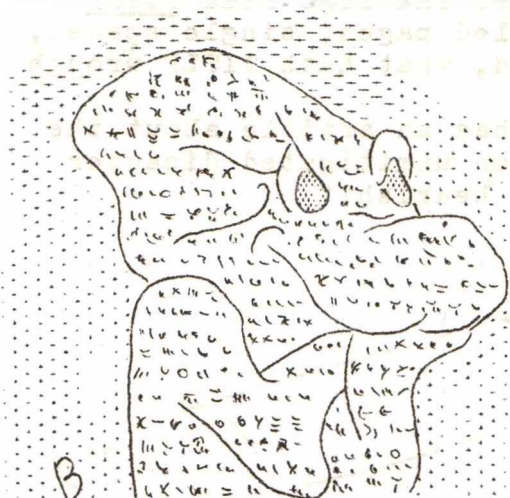
ON  
SCIENCE  
FICTION

LARRY CARMODY: "I learned how to read when I was four and I loved Superman comic books. At age six I started to read the Tom Swift, Jr. series and the hooks started to get me. When I was seven I read a juvenile by Robert Silverberg entitled REVOLT ON ALPHA C, and that just about solidified my love of sf. In the next two years I went on to read van Vogt, Nourse, Norton. I also read and loved a book by Milton Lesser called, I believe, STADIUM OF THE STARS. Oh well, so, by the time I was ten I was totally hooked and haven't had a real letdown since."

BUCK COULSON: "I'd read some as a kid - mostly the works of Carl H. Claudy, but occasional other writers for THE AMERICAN BOY and similar publications - but somehow I never connected it with the pulp mags. At one high school play the students furnished some of the 'background' including some magazines to put on a table. One of them was a Standard pulp, and I read it. (I recall an 'Oona and Jick' story which I disliked and one story I did like, which has never been reprinted, and I've never found that issue again.) Anyway, the connection still didn't come across. It wasn't until Heinlein's GREEN HILLS OF EARTH appeared in the SATURDAY EVENING POST that I started looking for stf. Found a copy of the Healy-McComas ADVENTURES IN TIME AND SPACE in the library; it had a couple of Heinlein stories in it, so I tried it, liked almost evrything in it, checked the copyrights, found that all but 2 or 3 stories had been reprinted from ASTOUNDING, and I was hooked. Bought one copy of ASF off the stands, and sent in a sub which I've kept up ever since. Gradually branched out from ASF, despite setbacks such as reading a pulp AMAZING (I bought another issue to see if it could possibly be as bad as the first one - it could) and Leinster's THE LAST SPACE SHIP (which kept me from reading another stf hardcover for at least 6 months.)

CHRIS HULSE: "I've just recently been 'hooked' on sf, but have read sf-type books all my life." ((Chris then describes a favorite juvenile about a boy and a proprietor of an antique store who travel magically back to the 18th century on the U.S. east coast with all sorts of romantic adventures)) "My father has been reading sf since the early thirties, remembering bookstores that sold pulps for a nickel or dime, and then bought them back from you at half that price. I remember looking at GALAXYS when I was 6 or 7 that my father had by his bed. The point is that I have been exposed to sf as long as I can remember. I just got out of the Navy a year ago and almost every book I've read since then has been sf." ((Does Dad read TITLE??))

LOAY HALL: "I got hooked on s-f by reading John Taine's THE GREATEST ADVENTURE. I read it, however, so many years ago that I can't recall what it's about. A friend of mine, Mrs. Anne Hall, who runs a used bookstore in Ponca City, Oklahoma, got tired of me reading comic



Caution - SF may  
be habit forming !!

books and introduced me to Taine's book. Since then I've become an ardent fan of de Camp, Fletcher Pratt, Jim Blish, etc. The only s-f writer to date that I can't stomach is E.E. 'Doc' Smith - and Smith is Anne's favorite! She opened a new and mind staggering world for me and for that I'll always be grateful!"

DAVE LOCKE: "Although I read various juvenile sf from the library, and bought Tom Swift, Jr., it was just one type of fiction among others which I read. I got hooked on sf when my mother bought an issue of SF ADVENTURES and AMAZING one day when I was sick abed with nothing to read. I was about 11 or 12. As soon as I got well I bought Fredric Brown's MARTIANS GO HOME, and I was totally hooked. My mother used to be a sf reader but hadn't read anything in years; the reason she bought sf for my sick-bed is obvious. My father never cared for the stuff, until I forced Simak's CITY on him. Then he would occasionally read some. SF ADVENTURES had a novella by Phil Dick. He and Brown have remained two of my favorite authors. Do you realize that I am beginning to write you LoCs written in the cursory style to which you normally edit your material?"

ED CONNOR: "I'd been reading SF for quite a while prior to 1941-2. Being introduced to the Public Library while in the third grade (they walked the whole class through), and after having already absorbed many books of so-called fairy tales, I ran wild. Magazines probably started with ARGOSY in the early thirties and I began getting every issue of that in 1935, along with various pulps in the 'tec & air-war & hero categories, all of which led quite naturally into the SF pro-zines, and WEIRD TALES."

DAVE SZUREK: "I'm not really certain what first got me reading sf, though I know I've read it since I was in grade school. Almost suspect it may have started by movies or comic books. I remember those 'Space Cat' books that Norm Hochberg mentioned, and also recall that one of my favorite books way back when was a thing called THE ANT MEN. Maybe my old interest in prehistoric animals could have had something to do with it. I've liked sf, fantasy, and horror of the Lovecraftian type since I can remember."

ROBERT SMOOT: "As a wee tot afore school age, I used to watch THE WORLD BEYOND, which each Tuesday presented a horror/sf/fantasy flic, and would almost always be taken in and fright-filled. The sf element came to be an extension of the imagination which was quite welcome. My early school days were spent combing the shelves of the school libraries (we had a set in each room) for sf material. Sf films began to enter my realm of interest. FRANKENSTEIN, read at the age of 10, pointed out this genre was for me. Verne and Wells led me through tales of unbounded awe and intrigue. WAR OF THE WORLDS came shortly after FRANK, and I was soon on my way to 20,000 LEAGUES. FM astounding my unbelieving eyes; a magazine actually dedicated to one of my favorite subjects! I seek that which has a certain feasibility about it, and is yet unparalleled by the reality I am familiar with."

BRUCE ARTHURS: "Hmm, I see that Norm Hochberg was first introduced to sf by the same book I was: Ruth Toddvenn's (sp?) SPACE CAT. In fact, it was the first book I had ever read. I was four years old I believe, and I've been reading sf ever since. I often wonder whether I love cats because one was the star of that sf book, or if I became attached to sf because I unconsciously associated it with cats. From Booth Tarkington's PENROD AND SAM: an alley cat's temperament... 'Intolerant, proud, sullen, yet watchful and constantly planning -- purely a militarist, believing in slaughter as a religion, and confident that art, science, poetry, and the good of the world were happily advanced thereby. A great base to model a story's villain.' ((Yes...))



# BOONIE FARKINGS BY GLYER

FANZINE RUMINATIONS COLUMN BY MIKE GLYER

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Itemizations before going onto a heavy discussion: Larry Nielson has come out with another issue of SOUTH OF THE MOON whose elderly information I referred to nostalgically last column. Nielson, reachable at Carlos Bee Hall, room 116, 25400 Hillary St., Hayward, Calif. 94542, may still have some of his latest apa index left (1 for 16¢, 2 for 24¢) so do take a look. This issue mentions 41 apas, including about 35 open to fandom (not secret or invitational). Nielson is looking for someone to take over the index, but what comes of his efforts remains to be seen. As far as serving fannish interests go, SOTM could be the second most important newszine around. ((Ed.note- presumably all the apas that Mike didn't mention on his one page limit in T9 are listed in SOTM.))

Theoretically, to publish a mimeo genzine you need simply the time, a typer, stencils, a mimeo, ink and paper. You do not have to have off-set covers, electrostencils, lettering guides (provided you print neatly, which few people do), or a Selectric. Few fanzines do well with minimum equipment, though. Bending my statement a little, YANDRO and SCIENCE FICTION COMMENTARY come closest to succeeding with the bare necessities. Acknowledging the rarity of such a genzine, then, the degree of neatness achieved by editor John Robinson in UMBRA 4, combined with the quality of general material therein, is praiseworthy. Wry humor, fannish wit, sarcasm, and a couple of limp-looking sercon essays are followed by a lettercol with a gen-u-wine Harry Warner loc (sheesh -- I haven't got one of those in six months -- and considering his timeneeds I don't expect one for another six; that's why I'm laying in a good supply of Rotsler cartoons that mention the absence of Warner locs). ((Mike is undoubtedly referring to his own genzine, PRE-HENSILE.))

Continuing with UMBRA... "An Inquiry into the Origins and Sex Life of Mighty Mouse" by Gary Hubbard. I've never fully gotten into his pattern of writing, but this time the fundamental sarcasm lights up my cynical eyes. It is apparently a full-blown version of his loc in BEARDMUTTERINGS 2. Aljo Svoboda does what only Aljo can do -- write like the heir transparent to Arnie Katz out of Rick Stooker by Hank Luttrell, in "What I Want to be When I Grow Up". Aljo says that he never first-drafts his stuff -- but this time it may not have mattered.

Besides humor, UMBRA also has the first Hugo nominations article of the new season, invaluable if only for this: "AFAN. Why did I nominate AFAN? Because Dave Hulvey put forth a gigantic effort to curb his foul mouth. He actually edited this fanzine instead of pounding the typewriter so as to offend practically everyone." Robinson, however, makes the tactical error of saying in print that he thinks what he is doing is the only acceptable way for a genzine to be run: "I support the 200 or so reader type fanzines and their goals. I like my fanzines 30 pages or more, per issue, and appearing 4-6 times a year or so... Anything larger reeks of semi-prozine." Other flaws - all the art is terrible. And he seems to have printed in the lettercol everything received. But wish my early efforts had been this good. 3/\$1 or usual to CAPCON, Box 801, Albany, NY 12201.

rich brown, RICHARD GEIS, SUSAN GLICKSOHN, MILT STEVENS, PAUL WALKER, TOM DIGBY, perhaps. These six form my modest proposal for a fanwriting Hugo nominating slate. Interesting: 5 print most of their own work...

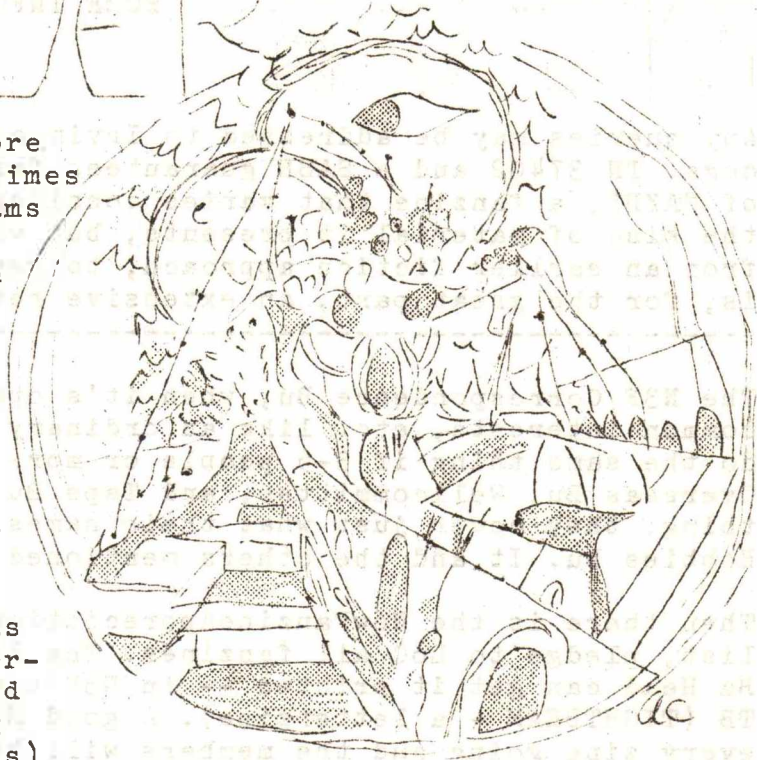
# WHATEVER

BY ADRIAN CLAIR

The hollow revelation came before me during that most uneasy of times when one is caught between dreams and fantasies. Each night I would walk the light-rope which separated two chasms, doggedly refusing to suspect that the specter of reason without desirability hides monuments builded of titanic illusionary manifestation. Small distractions would assert themselves upon occasion causing me to neglect my narrow pathway, and at times I would discover the rope had given way and I was treading my way downward (or perhaps upward as the rope appeared and gave the sensation of being upside down at certain intervals) past and through holes newly consumed. Come such realization I always felt the greatest joy of twilight splendor; yet alas, by the same fleeting objectivity the flowing rope snapped beneath (or above) me, leading me on again under its comforting vision of transparent conquests. The sophism of this experience, executing one of my more difficult habits of thought, seemed to constitute a source of proof which (at the very least) reconstructed the statues of past mis-adventures.

By submitting to countless indirections, I distilled to doubt whatever notions I formed of the cosmos before exposing them to an abstract examination. The Pit trickled beneath and above while the fatal cut was unhinging itself from the well-oiled pendulum. The healing tubes of aero-technology restored to balance the illusion of the morbidic self-reassurance. Soft processions of a unique cold sterility set the controls for the dark mansion of forested wood.

Daring to peer beneath one particularly vivid moon-lit whisper there came before me a transcending vision of two-fold mythical brilliance. Space diseased colours moved



indirectly within the sterile stainless-steel rope-dream evoking multiform transitions. In its wake hallucinatory graveyards of ancient desire appeared, revealing unto me the key caught between obsession and self-restraint.

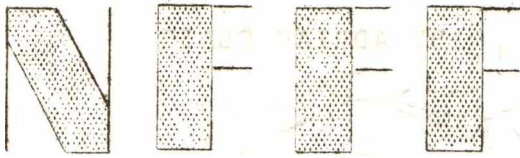
Poisoned with logic I have left the key to resound, echoing beyond my grasp. But then, why should I not be content to resolve the puzzle of building new catacombs?

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HORSES, an excerpt from SHAVER

I have the strongest suspicion the Appaloosa is NOT a recent descendant of Spanish horses, escaped to the plains, there to multiply..as our official writings indicate. According to rock pictures, horses were brought here from as far away as Manchuria in Chinese junks..BUT there were already horses of several types in residence..the only reason they were imported was to breed different types...Thus the Appaloosa has the short back and strong legs of the Chinese forebears...BUT also some of the blood of the native horses on the continent.





## SOME INFORMAL REMARKS ABOUT THE N3F

BY IRVIN KOCH

Any queries may be addressed to Irvin c/o 835 Chatt.Bk.Bldg., Chattanooga, TN 37402 and a SASE guarantees fast answers. Irvin is the editor of MAYBE, a fanzine that varies considerably from issue to issue in the kind of material it presents, but whatever MAYBE does it's good, from an earlier fiction approach, to genzine, to the last issue which is, for the great part, an extensive review of current fanzines.

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The N3F Correspondence Bu, when it's operating, matches individuals on common interests, etc. like an ordinary penpal club. Other N3F Bureaus do the same thing if 3-5 people or more ask them. In particular the Overseas Bu, Wellcommittee, and Tape Bu are active in this sort of thing: they cover just what their names say. Oops, forgot the Games/Hobbies bu. It and the others mentioned are subjects for full articles.

Then there is the NewFanzineAppreciationSociety -- get your name on its list, pledge to LoC all fanzines. The list is published wherever the Bu Head can get it printed -- in N3F's own OO (Official Organ), TNFF and TB (TIGHTBEAM - a letterzine). A good NFAS head will get the list in every zine going and the members will be deluged with free zines. There is also the FanzineClearingHouse (the one that has been known to advertise in US prozines). You send in \$1 (one time limit) and you get back 5-12 or whatever number of different fanzines. The head of this activity solicits bundles of 10 or so free zines from as many faneds as he can get who want to build or widen circulation. Propaganda sheets are frequently added to the bundles for various things (with or without payment by the propagandist).

There are two story contests in fandom worth mentioning. Howard Devore (N3F when he mentions it) runs the biggest. Denver SFA runs the other for their annual convention. You pay a fee (50¢ or something) or join the club (N3F/BSFA or Denver SFA) and enter stories. Usually the manager is an old fan who eliminates all but a dozen and sends these to a friendly pro editor or writer who acts as final judge. There are prizes and occasional pro sales.

Libraries by mail exist. N3F has a big one. Most operate on the principle of postage both ways plus a fee which is often as not used pbs. Some libraries get large enough so that they sell or give away surplus. Most take donations; some operate by trading. There are similar tape recording libraries.

There is a Manuscript/Art Clearing House. Send in stories (amateur), art, etc. and 2 SASEs (one for the ms, one an envelope). The Clearing House advs to faneds to use the material (new zines particularly). The faned who uses the material should give the CH credit. The one SASE is for the CH center to tell you who the ms was sent to so you can track him down if need be.

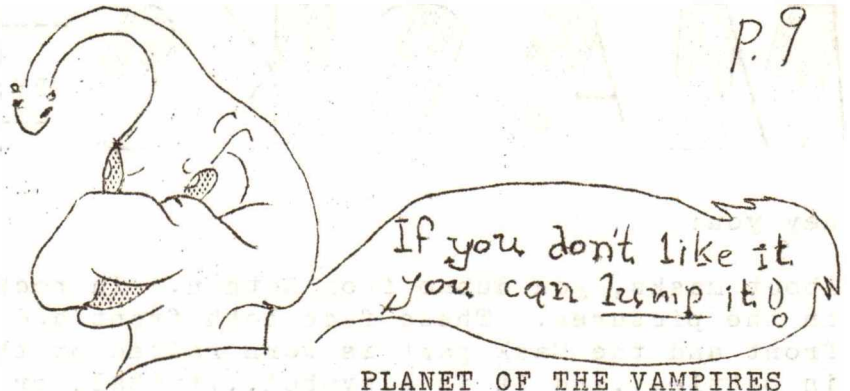
Lastly, there is an N3F Membership Activities Bureau. There are duplicate operations around in fandom of everything I mentioned, and older and wiser fans around who will do these things too, if you can find them. I am MemAc head. I keep track of all the other N3F activities, for I have only scratched the surface. Collectors Bu, Fanclubs Bu, Fan Surveys, etc. ((Next month Irvin Koch writes about Round Robins, especially history of and mechanics of - Editor ))



(with apologies to  
Buzz Dixon)

BY AL JACKSON

(SF films are close to the hearts of us 'uns out here in the provinces, 'cause there is a lack of any other kind of entertainment in Dallas (a shame). So went to the movies a lot. Any movie! )



PLANET OF THE VAMPIRES  
ROBOT MONSTER  
PREHISTORIC WOMEN

Every now and then from the welter of garbage encoded photons that Hollywood amusingly calls SF films there comes by accident or good luck a kind of coherence. It takes steel eyeballs and an iron patience but sometimes there are rewards.

PLANET OF THE VAMPIRES: (It has gone under other awful titles too.) SF film buffs remark more about one sequence in this film than any other I know. A strange film, by the fine fantasy director of Italy, Mario Bava (Black Sunday, Black Sabbath, etc.). The sets and costumes are all done in black, red and yellow monochromes looking just like a John Schoenherr painting. But the plot is a mess and makes little or no sense. One scene though...! Barry Sullivan and his crew have been drawn to what seems a Sargasso planet. About midway in the film, Sullivan and a female crewmate explore one of the many shipwrecks on the planet. The hulk is huge, non-anthropomorphic, and very alien. They work their way to the control room and find a dusty instrumentality. Strewn around the control room are the marvelous gigantic bones of the alien crew. Needless to say, they set off some of the old instruments and have a small underplayed adventure getting out of the ship again. The sequence is only about 15 minutes long, but it is filled with an eeriness and alienness that few sf films ever approach.

ROBOT MONSTER: This is an incredible film. Many people feel that PLANET 9 FROM OUTER SPACE is the worst sf film ever made; however, if ROBOT MONSTER had been intended as a sf film then PLAN 9 would not stand a chance. Yet! This film has a straight beginning and ending. A little boy at a picnic gets bonked on the head by a rock and starts dreaming about, what seems to be, a little boy's collage of mid-fifties Z-horror films. It is hard to believe that Arch Oboler ever intended it for anything else. If it is a dream sequence then it is one of the best ever done. It is insane, deranged, raving, eccentric and crazed cinema making. And to top it all off one of Hollywood's most famous film music writers, Elmer Burnstein, did the score! (It seems to be a forgotten film; I hope someone shows it for the connoisseurs at a worldcon.)

PREHISTORIC WOMEN: If it were not for the ending of this film it could be dismissed out of hand. A white hunter trespasses on some African tribe's taboo territory. He is captured and thrust into a typical pulp "hidden valley". Important point, the icon of these lost valley people is a white rhino, and everyone carries a medallion of such with him. Our hero escapes. The End, right? No. In the epilog our hero reaches base camp and embraces his waiting fiance. They part, holding hands. Freeze frame; camera pans down. On both their wrists are the white rhino medallions. What? It changes the whole flavor of the film. What does this scene, fading behind closing credits, mean?

# MASKS

BY RICHARD S. SHAVER

hey you:

hey me, dec 4 72

About masks, you dunno from nothin. In rock books, Mask Helmets abound in the pictures. These face both front and back..that is, some face front and the Mask part is worn raised on the forehead or pulled down in battle...and it is a symbol...tribal, or family, or something even bigger...national symbol. Every helmet has some sort of face on it, bigger or smaller than the owners. The Greek helmet was a descendant of this custom..it has only eyeholes and a few wavy lines to designate hair or decoration.. and pulls down over the face for protection and to hide identity.

The medieval visored helmet goes back to most remote times..as does horse harness.. both of which can be found in rock book pictures. Rocks from this country, this continent, giving the utter lie to all the antiquarians who hold that ONLY Indians inhabited this continent before the white man from Europe. In fact, both horses and armored warriors roamed over most of it and built tremendously..according to the pictorial histories in rock books. The tidal waves of moonfall wiped out the horses except a few Appaloosa that managed to reach the higher peaks of the rockies..

To get back to masks..the back facing mask is a peculiar thing you run into in rock books all the time..people going both ways are peculiar to rock books and when I first got into them I thought they were all wearing back of the head masks..but in fact it's due to the peculiar montage of four way two-way pictures they used and NOT always masks. However, plays they did..and plays in which the back of the head mask was used to portray two characters at once..just by turning around.

Masks are easy to make. You pile a lot of wet paper on a board and slap a couple of pounds of clay on top..smooth it out and shape the face.. let it dry and lift it off the wet paper. Put it in the kiln and bisque it, then paint it. You can use, instead of clay, more paper soaked long enough to turn into papier mache..in which case you give it a couple coats of glue and varnish after it dries in place...and these are nice to make as they are light and handy to hang with just a thumb tack. Making masks can be a career as they are easy to sell, easier than paintings. You can supply interior decorators with masks at high prices that cost only pennies for materials to make..and look mighty valuable when hung.

Masks offer the whole gamut of facial expression..a real way of expressing anything...which the ancients built into a language.. the "face glyphs" of the Mayan culture is a descendant of a much older "picture language" which you will find in rock books if you can bother to look for a few. Face glyphs are fascinating in themselves, and to make copies of them in Masks is to have for sale something that strikes right into the heart of the collector. A few Mayan face glyphs in life size masks are fascinating decoratively. Masks can express almost any human emotion elaborately.. decoratively...and the decorative mask has always been a key note in any good scheme of decoration....

Nuts

END

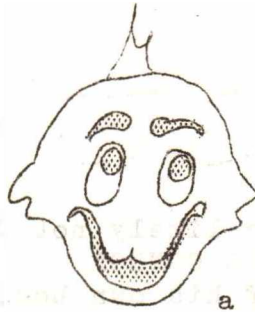
P. 10



# KILL IT NOW

IT'LL SAVE TIME LATER

BY SHERYL BIRKHEAD



P. 11  
ah TITLE... I finally  
made it to the BIG  
TIME!

Spiders, flies, "bugs" in general, snakes, moles, groundhogs, bats... The list could go on and on. What kind of a list is it? Well, I'm glad you asked. These are the stompables, the exterminables -- the kill-first-and-ask-questions-later-s.

Now, I don't particularly love spiders and I feel approximately the same way about snakes, but I have respect for their perfection. There's obviously (or perhaps not so obviously) a reason for each "unsavory" species' existence. Why, then, must people in general mash, squash or otherwise destroy first?

I honestly can't answer that question. But, perhaps I can open a few avenues of thought.

The more "unreasonable" an animal looks, the more likely it is to be placed on the stomp list. By this I mean the un-nice looking creatures -- ones with too many legs, or the wrong kind of appendages, or weirdly shaped body segments, or a profusion of hair, and so on. In short, animals which don't "appeal". No one takes the time to look closely and see the beauty and perfection in these animals. Instead, "Kill it!"

Some animals get sympathy from general literature (Bambi for example). Have you ever read Charlotte's Web? If you read it when you were still impressionable, but knew where sausage came from, I'll bet you had second thoughts about those pancakes and sausages -- or stepping on that spider that ran across the floor in a scurry of many legs. It all depends on your ready-made ideas about what is and isn't "acceptable" as an animal.

There's the crawly distaste too. I wouldn't particularly like to have

a spider take its constitutional across my arm, but it's usually fairly easy to oust the undesired visitor -- alive! The same feeling for me at least, extends to bees and stinging insects. I happen to react violently to a sting, but still feel a bee is quite beautiful.

Another possible line of unconscious reasoning is population -- there are so many of them! But the higher the mortality rate in the young, the higher the number of young produced. Therefore, the thought -- kill the breeders before they can breed!

I don't say that "pest" extermination (but I'd like to see a darned rigorous definition of it) is bad -- merely blind. Sure that "bug" may be a threat; take the time to think out your reasoning before you kill it. Was it really hurting you, or did you just dislike it, or -- worse yet -- did you lack any reason at all?

After all, what makes a BEM? Bug eyed and all, it is simply a matter of scale and a sense of beauty. ((Editor's note: I wonder if I have carelessly killed a bug-like alien on my arm without considering its chance of being an intelligent visitor from space?))

Extermination through ignorance. Most of us know why we kill the well known mosquitoes (although we make it a generalization and kill even the non-biters), or mice, or flies, yet each species has its own performance niche. They are "bad" so we kill them.

The next time a stompable makes your neck hairs rise, please, make sure you know why you're splattering that living spark into a smear of wetness.

PIK  
All SF writers put together have likely not dreamed of what might in reality come forth in time. -- ED CONNOR

If someone can have control of his own body (as described in "Animo Non Astutia" T8) the process might be used when exploring planets: a temporary condition (tougher skin to resist cold, uv, etc.) might be all that is needed in an emergency or for a quick excursion without protective devices. -- FRANK BALAZS

The mark of true addiction is that ever increasing quantities of the addictive substance are required. My addiction to books is self-limiting. When I have all the sf and fantasy in print, I will be satisfied. -- NED BROOKS

I don't like to dissect to find the ingredients of enjoyment, but rather prefer to sit back and let the enjoyment seep in. --SHERYL BIRKHEAD

I've always had an untrollable hatred for ants. When a child, I would spend sometimes several hours crushing and stamping the ants scurrying around an anthill. I think I may have hated them because, no matter how many I killed, more would show up. --BRUCE D. ARTHURS

Shaver is sort of like the third leg would be if jackasses had two legs, one labeled Velikovsky, the other labeled Churchward. -- ED CONNOR

Trivial arguments express the true meaning of the word 'infinite'.

More than cockroaches have survived atomic detonations. The question is: for how long?

D Technology could cure the ills it caused, but something is tying it hand and foot. Doo dah doo dah.

A Do you really want to be the faned who lured Shaver out again?

G The only personality capable of calling attention to its  
L faults and shortcomings is one that is incredibly certain  
E it is at the very least the most intelligent person in the world now living.

EINSTEIN BE DAMNED; LET'S BUILD A FTL SHIP ! -- JEFF MAY

So much SF, even the best, is constructed around fallacies. --MIKE

Mike Glyer has got to be one of GLYER  
fandom's best writers! -- LOAY HALL

I found that watching the astronauts fix a fender completely bored me.

-- CHRIS HULSE

LIFE IS A BOWL OF CHERRY PITS -- TOM MULLEN

EVER GET HIVES FROM CONSUMING HONEY? -- DAVID SHANK

I always thought 'neofan' was derived from neon sign, to indicate a new fan's glowing enthusiasm. -- CY CHAUVIN

Some of my best friends are comics fans, but I wouldn't want one to marry my sister. -- BUCK COULSON

I can't believe my eyes: a whole issue of TITLE and not even the tiniest quote from Rose Hogue! -- LOAY HALL

From der voodvork oudt dey all come. My ghod! Joquel? After all these years. Does this portend the return of Degler? The end is near. -- ROY TACKETT

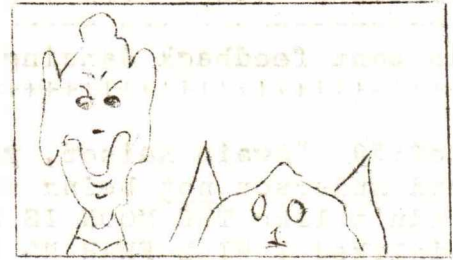
WHAT HAPPENED TO MIKE SCOTT?!? -- BEN INDICK ((Your ed. received a phone call from Mike who was badly rushed in the bookstore over the Christmas season, and will be surfacing shortly.))

STOP



QUICK QUOTZ (continued)

...molecular structure, the wondrous latticework of crystals, the bewildering fantasy of the world within a drop of swamp water, the endless fairyland of flowers: look on these with the eye of the scientist and see Science, look on them with the eye of the artist and see Art. But the more that any mortal sees both, the further he has progressed to an understanding of creation and of himself. -- ED CONNOR



On seeing things, have you ever looked at a small-scale pattern repeated many times (like a wire mesh) and gotten your eyes lined up on different pieces instead of the same one? To me it makes it look an odd distance away but it usually slips into proper alignment when a finger or something touches it and breaks up the repetitive pattern. -- TOM DIGBY

You have to look outwards to see a sunset, not be staring at the clods of soil at your feet. If you are looking outwards, chances are you are searching for something. An appreciation of the glory of the setting sun could be an indication that you have found it. Even if it is no more than a desire to live another day in order to see the sun set again. -- JACKIE FRANKE

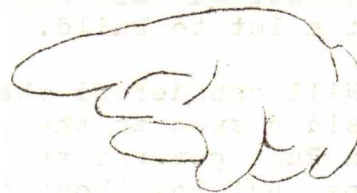
I find the idea of palmistry much more believable than astrology on the basis that our genetic make-up may in some way influence the pattern of our fingerprints and palm lines. -- SEAN SUMMERS

True objectivity admits that objectivity is possible only to a certain point, and after that, it's merely subjectivism playing games with itself. -- DAVE SZUREK

TITLE IS UNIQUE IN THE WAY IT'S SO WARM AND FRIENDLY. -- DAVID SHANK

IF YOU WILL STUDY YOUR ZINE YOU WILL FIND AN ACID SORT OF HANDLING OF NEARLY EVERYONE IN IT...RATHER THAN A FAIR AND IMPARTIAL SIGHT WITH FAIRNESS THE BASE. -- RICHARD S. SHAVER

The only thing I know about magnetism is that it is magnetic. -- ROSE HOGUE



now that's interesting!

When you examine all the separate bits of unexplainable material that fit together into a weird theory, as I have done with the Abominable Snowman, you find that each separate bit has a natural explanation and the whole thing falls apart. -- MARLIN PERKINS (written down by the editor after a conversation with the Animal Kingdom man on January 11)

I've got to spend more time walking around the beach and in the woods. -- GREG BURTON

...PRODUCTION OF DESSICATED COCONUT IS HOLDING STEADY AT ABOUT 50,000 TONS PER YEAR. -- SHERYL BIRKHEAD

I just got a Xmas card from Gino (not his real name, of course) who at the age of 17 killed his mother and whom I described in my book DARK LEGEND, A Study of Murder. I got him out of jail, got him into a psychiatric institution, treated him, got him out after a number of years. He became a solid citizen, raising a family and sending his children to college, etc. I have followed him for forty years. That is much more difficult than pontificating from on high at a desk and speculating what animals do. -- DR. FREDRIC WERTHAM

instant feedback dancing on the point of the needle instant feedback  
 ++++++

Ref:#9 "Dwain Kaiser, you are a weird, weird man. Heinlein, Ellison, and Anderson not being among the leading SF recent writers. Maybe you didn't like THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS, or GLORY ROAD. I assume you disliked I WILL FEAR NO EVIL. It seems rather far fetched to lean on Ellison's editing of DANGEROUS VISIONS as his only contribution to the genre. But when you start dismissing Poul Anderson because 'his stories are cardboard games' -- what inane bull. All writing is a paper game, and if Anderson's are stiffer, goody for him. Has it occurred to you, Dwain, that possibly you don't like SF any more? It's been known to happen..." -- MIKE GLYER

Ref: #10 "Schalles is intemperate, isn't he? If he thinks that evry-one who isn't interested in con programs is a member of an 'other' fandom, he has a lot to learn about science fiction fans. Or stf cons, for that matter; the movies were originated for stf neofans, who didn't know how to find - or get into - the parties, and they still do a very good service in that respect." and "Leavitt accuses the Nazis of building a culture based on the ideal of 'darkness'. Darkness by whose standards? By their standards they were trying to preserve civilization from the mongrel hordes. If you aren't going to grant other people the right to standards, John, quit inflicting your own on the rest of us...which probably means you would be unable to write another word." -- BUCK COULSON

Ref: #9 "Shaver's letter is funny; I wonder if good old Shaver meant it to be. Personally I wonder if he isn't part of the plague himself. I always stand several steps away from people who know The Real Truth. For Shaver I was fifteen steps back. Ugh!" -- NORMAN HOCHBERG

Ref: #9 "Tackett is just flat wrong about cancellation of space program funds leading to research on something other than chemical rockets. One of the first programs dropped was the nuclear rocket research. I think we will eventually use fusion rockets, but they are a long way off and will cost a lot to build." -- NED BROOKS

Ref: #10 "Alma Hill can defend the Businessman all she wishes too, but I can hardly consider such as the paragon of Virtue she makes him out to be. The Golden Rule governs their dealings? Since when? With their customers, perhaps, but how about their employees? Their suppliers? Profit Motive...He has to feel that he is being Done To better than he is Doing Unto or there's no justification for doing anything. To consider him as the bringer of hope and joy into this world is amazing, to say the least." -- JACKIE FRANKE

Ref: #9 "I take issue with Paul Walker who argues that Science is irrelevant to Art. Not so! The mixing of colors is dependent upon science and necessary to art. Entire art-forms have been created by science, including the one that pays my living: photography. Science is not only necessary to art - it can also be beneficial. Dali's famous and beautiful crucifixion painting shows Christ 'nailed' by four cubes to an unfolded hypercube, a concept lifted by Dali from mathematics. Science fiction similarly draws upon a union of Art and Science. Nor is Science devoid of a need for Art. The Theory of Relativity is a thing of beauty. an act of creativity, art, the lifeblood of science. There may be war between artists and scientists but not between Art and Science." -- GARY GRADY



## PUNCTURE POINTS (continued)

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Ref: #10 "Must disagree with Jeff Schalles. I see no reason why comics and movie fans haven't the right to be at a Worldcon...many comics now days are spilling over into SF...and some with very good plotting and graphics, too! -- ROSE HOGUE

Ref: #9 "I was talking with Lou Stathis a few days ago about TITLE and we both agreed that, with a few exceptions, T9 was a down from previous issues. Indeed, recent TITLES just didn't come up to earlier issues." -- NORMAN HOCHBERG

Ref: #9 "I really don't see how even Dr. Asimov can have the nerve to claim that FTL travel is impossible...Within the memory of men still living it was thought that 60mph would be fatal and that the speed of sound could not be exceeded - wait another 100 years. The more you think you know, the more likely you are to say that something is impossible. Was Asimov so sure about FTL travel's impossibility in the 1940's? -- NED BROOKS

Ref: #9 "Dwain Kaiser says that stf has no value as literature. As a long-time despiser of the literary establishment, I cannot say what standards are today being applied to the concept of 'value' in literature, but I don't believe a very strong case could be made for stf being valueless. In fact, since stf is as capable as any other field of literature of dealing with present day problems, human and otherwise, PLUS being able to deal with problems which haven't even come up yet, it would seem to me that stf is the most potentially valuable field of fictional endeavor." -- GARY GRADY

Ref: #9 "Paul Walker is partly wrong. I'm a cellist, and because of my knowledge of wave properties, I know that the 'wah-wah' sound of two out-of-tune strings played simultaneously slows down as the strings reach the interval of a fifth. And because I know about sympathetic vibrations I know when I'm playing an A on the G string in tune because the open A string vibrates sympathetically. Because of my knowledge of accoustical theory, specifically combination tones, I have a firm understanding of the theoretical background of our musical system, which is very handy in many ways, especially composition." -- MICHAEL T. SHOEMAKER

Ref: #9 "Loay Hall is one of those strange people who have no taste whatsoever. Imagine, collecting the writings of a latent hack like Randall Larson!" -- RANDALL LARSON

Ref: #8 "Ann Chamberlain is crazy; who wants a pet? When I have custody of an animal, I expect to work with him, but I don't want any ghod-damned pet. Leave the creature its dignity and be willing to run the risk of being bitten. Ask my snakes...they feel perfectly free to bite me if I'm doing something they don't like. A slave doesn't." -- DON AYRES

Ref: #7 "Mike Shoemaker's description of Eric Hoffer as a truly deep thinker makes me barf. He and his 'common man'! What if this place was made up of all 'commen men'...where the hell would we be? It's the exceptional ones in the crowd who should be given the credit, not the man who lifts boxes all day long. Did the blank-eyed factory workers do the research and engineering that went into space flight? All the rabble ever did for the space program was to crab when they got bored with it, not being entertained any longer." -- LOU STATHIS

\$ SUPPRESSION \$  
*It is a shame that the facts in the letter that follows have seen  
their only airing in a limited circulation publication such as this  
modest example. Any reader can receive a copy of the book (thick, hard  
cover at \$9.95) by sending \$5 directly to Mr. T.V. LoCicero.*  
\$ SUPPRESSION \$

Dear Donn,

13730 Hart Street  
Oak Park, Mich. 48237  
January 10, 1973

In response to your request for in-  
formation concerning the publication  
of my book MURDER IN THE SYNAGOGUE by Prentice-Hall, Inc. on October  
8, 1970, here are some of the salient facts:

In August 1966 Prentice-Hall gave me an \$8500 advance to do the book,  
a non-fiction account of the assassination of Rabbi Morris Adler of  
Detroit's Congregation Shaarey Zedek six months earlier by a young  
Woodrow Wilson Fellow who charged that the congregation had ignored  
true Judaic values for materialism and hypocrisy. I interviewed more  
than two hundred people and worked three years on the book, and when  
the manuscript was completed, I was told that the publisher felt it  
deserved "a major sales effort". Publication was delayed for a full  
season, from early to late 1970. During this time the book's price  
was raised three dollars to \$9.95.

The book's first and only run of 4000 copies was printed on standing  
type that was subsequently "pied" or disassembled. The standing type  
process is used when a publisher has decided to offer only a limited  
number of books for sale. But in this case the company would have had  
to sell at least twice as many copies as its total inventory of 4000  
in order to break even. Thus, since the company had full opportunity  
to cancel our contract before committing itself to publication (I had  
indicated my willingness to go to another house), it deliberately chose  
to publish the book in a way that insured a loss of several thousand  
dollars which it could have otherwise avoided.

Although the company apparently filled a number of requests for review  
copies from small circulation newspapers, magazines and private indiv-  
iduals, I have evidence that important reviewers and reviewing media in  
the New York area or with national circulation never received review  
copies the company claimed to have sent them. Further, according to  
company records, though it was standard policy to do so, books were  
never sent to most of the major popular and intellectual magazines and  
journals in the country including: THE NEW YORK REVIEW, THE NEW REPUB-  
LIC, THE NATION, THE NATIONAL REVIEW, THE NEW YORKER, THE ATLANTIC,  
HARPER'S, PLAYBOY, PSYCHOLOGY TODAY, THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MINITOR, THE  
NATIONAL OBSERVER, and THE NEW LEADER. No academic or professional  
journals received the book. There were no reviews in the New York ar-  
ea and in Detroit's two major papers. The company rejected a chance to  
sell 2000 copies to The Commentary Library/Jewish Book Club.

During most of October and November the book was virtually unobtainable  
from many stores in the heavily Jewish areas of Detroit. Though the  
company definitely had books on hand at the time, it was answering at  
least some orders from these stores with "temporarily out of stock"  
slips.

In January 1971 the company's promotion man in the field decided that  
the most important TV show in the Detroit area had been pressured into  
not booking me by members of Congregation Shaarey Zedek and felt his  
conclusion confirmed on a visit to the synagogue where he spoke with



members who said they were upset by the book's appearance and felt it should receive no attention. He reported this to the company and suggested counter-measures in late January or early February but was told, "Forget it. Drop it." None of this was ever reported to me by Prentice-Hall.

In late February 1971 I was told that at a gathering in October 1970, a member of Congregation Shaarey Zedek, an industrialist-philanthropist-civic leader, said that he had arranged with Prentice-Hall to have the book "squashed". He had been promised, he said, that the company would do everything necessary to insure that there would be only a limited sale and public discussion of the book -- specifically that it would overprice the book, cut advertising plans, and make sure that none of "the important New York reviewers" would deal with the book. His motivation centered on what was thought to be the pain and embarrassment the book would cause the congregation. (Note that the effort described was not to stop Prentice-Hall from publishing the book -- in that case I would simply have taken the book to another house.) I ruled out legal action primarily because it would inevitably mean business reprisals and ostracism for my informant. ((Editor's note: I have, for the same reason, left out the name of the civic leader which Mr. LoCicero had included in his letter.))

Near the end of March I went to New York and conferred with a top literary agent who advised me not to "cause trouble, because this twenty square block area of Manhattan is the American publishing establishment and they'll close ranks and pull together and you may never get another book published." The next day I went to Prentice-Hall, confronted the president of the trade division with my information, and demanded the cancellation of our contract and the reversion of all rights to me. A week and a half later, less than six months after the publication date, the company agreed.

Subsequently, I offered the book's reprint rights to nearly thirty paperback houses and asked a half-dozen literary agents to handle my work, including the book's subsidiary rights sales. I received no positive response. I then researched and wrote a 60,000 word non-fiction novel relating in full my experience with the book and offered it to more than a dozen publishers. I also offered a long article on the same subject to several major magazines. Again there was no positive response.

Your interest in my book's tribulations is generous and heartening, and you have my deep gratitude.

Sincerely,  
(signed, Tom)  
T.V.LoCicero

((Editor's note:

As I see it, the one doubtful link in the story is the informant's report of what the civic-leader said. Mr. LoCicero, to protect the informant from reprisal, did not give me a name, but did, however, give some data to support the person's reliability. Playing very cautiously, I omitted that data from the story. As Mr. LoCicero said in a separate letter: "I don't want to get you into a hassle with either Prentice-Hall or the culprit, XXXXX, though I suppose they'd be out of their minds to cause you trouble and attract attention to the story. I find your zine filled with an intelligent and energetic urge to share, connect, and exchange, and I find that reassuring, even hopeful."

Rx  
YOU HAD THE BEAUTY LAST MONTH WITH BEN INDICK'S VISIT TO HPL-LAND, NOW  
HERE'S THE BEAST.....by BEN INDICK.....  
-----

Friday, Sept 29 at 7:15 p.m., myself at the rear compounding Rx's, counting money, two clerks on trade in the drugstore, about 7 or 8 customers mostly older men, and some women with children, half white, half black, a commotion. Another fight, I thought, and started out. Two blacks, obviously junkies, but not the passive type (they are content with trying to cash phoney or real Rx's for barbiturates or narcotics I do not fill in either event). No, these two had guns.

They were hollering abusively and shoving the people toward an arch behind my counter which led to a back room. One came to me, gun out. "Gimme your cocaine, you mother-fucker, gimme, or I'll blow your fuckin head off, you sonofabitch." (One knew just a little -- only a very little -- of how those Jews felt thirty years before when death pointed at their backs.) How does one react? I used to wonder once, especially, since, having had a heart attack some 7 years ago, it could be a bad moment. No, what happens is not Fear. I suppose if the gun were on my temple, or a knife at my neck, it could well be fear; but the gun loosely held does not inspire fear. Anger, consternation, concern, worry, yes -- but, strangely, not panic.

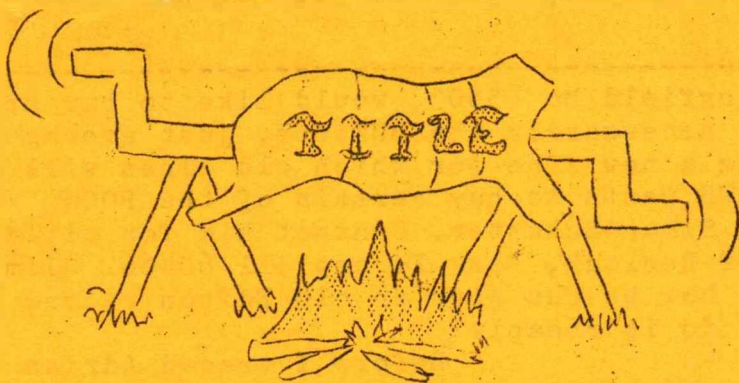
I told him, "Take it easy, I'll give you the cocaine" -- each word slowly, carefully -- "but take it easy!" And aloud, to all, for the women were screaming, "Please, everyone, relax, do as they tell you. Go into the back room, relax!" Somehow, I felt safer knowing they would, in those small confines, at least not be exposed to bullets. (Maybe, in this insane age, hand grenades, the wild thought came, but so unlikely, as to be foolish.)

Cocaine comes in a tiny 1/8 oz. bottle, and it was hard to find. The guy is cursing. After a moment of qualm I found it. I studied it, to be certain it was the correct drug. "That's it," he said, taking (not snatching) it..all in ridiculous slow-action. "Now get in back," he said. I waited to be certain everyone was in back. Hardly a hero, one still feels a sense of responsibility for the innocent customers, caught in a junkie's desperation. I walked back. The room is behind a small bathroom and, externally, locked by a simple hook and eye. I saw he was about to latch it. "Look," I bargained, "it will be a pain in the ass to get out. Don't lock it, and I'll give you a minute." "Okay," he said, then locked it anyway. In the press of people, I was tight against the door, wondering if a bullet would come through. I listened, thought I heard the front door, told our night kid to kick open the door. He did, easily. I grabbed him as he ran out, "They have guns, careful!"

The store was empty. So was the cash register. The people poured out, some still white (even a black can turn white.) I called the police. I felt dispassionate somewhat, sorry mostly for the frightened people, angry over the arrogance of someone forcing you to do what you did not want to do. I was tired too, yet there were still prescriptions to be made. I returned to work.

As days went by, I grew angrier, emotionally burned; we had been such easy prey that one felt they might be back. I have no gun, only a steel pipe I thought I might use if given the moment. The police said, "Forget it. They'll kill you. Just give them what they want." Now we have a burglar alarm system with "panic buttons" all over. But the buttons must be used shrewdly and cautiously. I'll try, but the pipe is still there and, although it would cause me anguish, I think I would try to kill the bastard next time, irrespective of his color.





THE FINAL ANALYSIS  
THE FINAL ANALYSIS  
THE FINAL ANALYSIS

where everyone gets a bit  
of the barbecue.....

JIM MEADOWS rants: "Brazier you unmitigated fiend! The monthlies are almost as big as the quarterlies! You fiend, you gafiator, you two-stapling fout spewing blog chewing ruffian!!! This is already the 5th page of my loc. You'd better get down to a decent size or the Great Bird of the Galaxy will condemn you to hectoed zines for the rest of your days." JOHN LEAVITT complains softly: "Donn, why did you increase the size of TITLE? The thought of facing a zine of such size and content three times a year was bad enough, but every month is terrifying. It's gonna be rarely that I get up the steam to loc everything. You have forced me to become selective; \*sob\*." MICHAEL T. SHOEMAKER says: "...impressed with large size, good, but don't let it get so big that producing it becomes too great. One of the best things about TITLE is its frequency and regularity of a perfectly monthly schedule." ((To these & similar remarks, your ed says..you've forced me into it with all the good stuff from so many good people...monthlies will be about 20-22 pages; quarterlies (or thirdlies as the case may be) will be about twice that size. Great Bird of the Galaxy - get a coconut stuck in your throat!))

ED CONNOR says: "Glad to see your interest is not diminishing and that the zine continues to be fertilized by a vociferous readership." ((A few readers have expressed concern that TITLE's format is changing.)) In a December letter JACKIE FRANKE says: "Do I note a change in tone? More columns, less interaction of readership." And in a January letter Jackie continues: "You seem to be going through a subtle evolution in format. I like it, but do be careful, please! Don't rely so heavily upon reviews, reports, columns, etc. that the taste of immediacy is lost or overwhelmed. TITLE has the flavor of a rap session, and its uniqueness is appreciated." NORMAN HOCHBERG says bluntly: "Maybe I'm being a reactionary but I'd like to see the old TITLE before the columns and articles took over. TITLE had a particular flavor that no other fmz had and now you're losing it. Don't, please." ((Editor's rebuttal to all this...in the past the thin monthlies were all reader/editor at 10-12 pages; the present thicker issues still have 10-12 pages of the same with added articles/columns/etc. I figure you've gained, not lost; besides, it's the readers who send me their 'extended' thoughts. Evolution cannot be stopped!))

The BRUCE ARTHUR cartoon over at the right is used to illustrate an odd phenomenon... About four readers are mistaking me for Ed Cagle, the publisher of that 'different' fmz, KWALA. They are saying that I eat wild pickles with beer. Not so, repeat, not so! Speaking of KWALA, T-12 will review it and other fanzines received recently, such as a beautiful ENERGUMEN and other beautiful specimens of crankmanship.



RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!  
THE WILD PICKLE'S  
OUT OF ITS CAGE!

JEFF MAY, 1603 E. Division, Springfield Mo 65803, would like to buy or otherwise get old fanzines - not necessarily the BNZines, just average fmz of interest. Jeff is planning a new zine for which old zines will be considered payment. JIM MEADOWS wants to buy certain of the POGO books of Walt Kelly published by Simon&Schuster. Contact him for titles and haggling over the prices - 62 Hemlock, Park Forest, Ill 60466. Jim has a question: does anyone know how he can play an old Edison record with the up-and-down grooves and do it cheaply?

Before I traced Adrian Clair's drawing (p.7) it looked sort of like a ship sliding off the way; after mimeoing I see a clown-like cowboy, and I'm sure Adrian is tearing his hair out by ole Barbecue's transformation!

I had a chance to say something about sf on a local radio (FM station) in early Jan.; interviewed 15 minutes about the usual sf cliches.

Forgot a ROY TACK-ETT note I should have used earlier in Final Analysis: "I think the main problem with your format is that it leads to comments on comment on comments forever and ever amen." I am reminded of DOUG LEINGANG opinions of a similar nature; and the Maury story by NORMAN HOCHBERG from a past TITLE about the "recycled newstories". This is another reason I have used more articles/columns/etc. in what might be called "hassle relief".

I really hate to mention this, but on the SCIENCE magazine of 5 Jan.73 there is a picture of a rock slide and Shaver has conditioned my mind to see "pictures" in it; faces, a man digging or collapsed in the picture's center, and a girl's profile over his shoulder, and a large white dog with a cask of beer in his mouth, and a little man peering out of a cave (but upside down) and a...  
uh....

Way back in November I sent a request to Loretta Vitek for her questionnaire from which she was to get information for a "Senior Essay". Not a word...anyone? Has the senior essay come and gone, and has she written the facts about fandom?

CHRIS HULSE asked why TITLE is called TITLE... It is not called BARBECUE, KWALA, SPLRFSK, or SPACEWARP. All the good names have been used; and so I let the general stand in for the specific. TITLE will also win the grandest title of them all: the Hugo Podzynski award for more than 50% legibility.

What one item did you like (or dislike) most in TITLE 1-11? Can be a phrase, a paragraph, a thing, a.....

FROM: Donn Brazier  
1455 Fawnvalley  
St.Louis, Mo 63131



TO:

Eric Lindsay  
6 Hillcrest Ave  
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THIRD CLASS MAIL  
Printed Material