



# BARBECUE

P I T

\* SEND BOB (WILSON) TUCKER TO AUSTRALIA FUND.

If one tries to think of a "grand old man of fandom" one is hard put to come up with a name as illustrious as Bob Tucker. When I first came into fandom in about 1936, he already was a BNF; and others can write of Bob's early importance to fandom, and his continuing importance.

In my old fmz, FRONTIER, I once carried an article by Ralph Milne Farley on the subject of how he shaves. It was written seriously, not dead-pan, but in a style which did nothing but reveal to a breathlessly awaiting fandom exactly how Farley shaved. After that appeared I received an equally serious article from Bob Tucker entitled: 'How I Put on My Socks.'

We want to put something besides a foot in Bob's socks-- cash! Outright donations, auctionable materials, etc. coordinated through Jackie Franke of Box 51-A RR2, Beecher, Illinois 60401. I plan to carry reports of the fund progress in TITLE; and I hope other zines will do the same.

Undoubtedly there will be appeals to you from all quarters, but I wonder if you might consider paying for the next TITLE (or for past issues received) in any amount you want to give and I will forward to Jackie all cash received in the name of TITPLE (that's TITLE-people, folks!).

We need to raise \$1000 to let those Aussiefolk see what a "Bob Tucker" looks like -- smo-o-o-o-th!

\*\* Bad news. In a short time I will no longer have access to a mimeograph, and must rely on my own Ditto machine and some Xeroxing now and then. This might mean paring T's circulation even lower than it is if I find I cannot get good 100 copies from my DITTO. It may possibly mean a complete end to T as it is, and a shift to a personalzine. We shall have to wait and see.

\*\*\* However, what if T became more like an apa than some people have compared it to? What if you sent me 100 pages already mimeographed (or reproduced in any

TITLE #25 April, 1974

Editor: Donn Brazier

1455 Fawnvalley Dr.

St.Louis, Mo. 63131

other way)? The limit from any one contributor would be 100 sheets, both sides. As editor I would have to possess the right to reject material, and so if you went far afield you'd better get an OK first. But if you made loc comments, did some bregnant baragraphs, mundaniac, and things in the Title-mode, no OK would be needed.

This idea has a number of points going for it, on your side and mine. Since the points are obvious, what's your reaction? Does it give too much exposure to those people who own duplicating equipment? Is TITLE to lose its remarkable unity of design?

\*\*\*\* An editorial in SCIENCE (8 Mar.74) gives the case for ignorance as the driving force. "...our ignorance is as great as it ever was, to judge by the number of questions that can still be asked. (it) seems to be the driving force impelling us to refine truth constantly."

Then, this suggestion is made: "Why not inventory the gaps in our factual knowledge and general understanding...?"

This very same idea was the one that Paul Klingbiel and I used as the basis for the formation, in 1940, of THE FRONTIER SOCIETY and the publication of my zine, FRONTIER. The concept, as shown in the magazine, degenerated, and the zine became a "normal" fanzine; however, Paul and I kept notebooks of areas of knowledge that were still in ignorance, and we coordinated the material others sent to us. Unfortunately, the notebooks are long since thrown out.

Perhaps TITLE could have a department of IGNORANCE. If it's one thing I would like to dispel it's the idea that TRUTH is engraved in stone by man; perhaps in all things there is some discoverable truth, an engraved stone, but man must forever keep chipping away the layers of ignorance. A man who has all the answers might just as well be dead.

So, have you come upon some succinct questions science has not yet answered?

\*\*\*

## Am I Hearing Things, or Is That a March They're Playing?

by Michael T. Shoemaker

How many of you remember C.M. Kornbluth's "The Marching Morons"? You don't? Well, I suggest you go and read it before you continue reading this article.

The more time that passes, the more it seems that "The Marching Morons" will prove prophetic. I wonder where Kornbluth got such a crazy idea for a story? What prompted him to write the story? Perhaps even then, in the early 50's, he saw the devolutionary destiny that so clearly manifests itself now.

### Item: The Totemization of Illiteracy:

Leland Sapiro, in a recent Riverside Quarterly, had a fine polemic against illiteracy and its modern prevalence in supposedly "educated" society. I think he understates the case and uses examples that are less common, and less shocking, than some examples he could have used. Actually, illiteracy among the "educated" is so common as to almost be a norm. Everywhere I turn, it crops up. The majority of the college students I know can barely formulate their thoughts intelligibly on paper. And I have no reason to believe them exceptional. Of course, I suppose that is to be expected since they hardly teach grammar in high school any more (at least around here), nor do they have weekly composition assignments such as the ones my parents so "fondly" remember. Most appalling is the fact that illiteracy is gaining a foothold in the news media.

The biggest danger lies in mass acceptance: "Oh, what does it matter so long as people can make themselves understood?" Most of our thoughts, and all abstract thoughts, are formulated in words. How we think is inextricably tied to the language we speak. Sloppy use of the language reflects sloppy thinking. A degradation of standards of writing or common speech reflects a degradation of standards of the intellect.

### Item: "You know? You know!":

The "you know" syndrome has been sharply on the rise for a number of years. A great number of people are expert in articulating their thoughts, but are also in the habit of saying "you know" every ten or fifteen words. This is merely a matter of conditioning, of being in an environment where the phrase is used so continuously. "You know" can also be used in its original meaning, indicating a knowing camaraderie, and there is nothing wrong with that.

What is to be viewed with alarm is the tremendous rise in the use of this phrase by people who are incapable of making themselves clearly understood. In such circumstances, the phrase is a reaction based upon a primitive belief. This primitive belief, described by S.I. Hayakawa in Language in Action, is that words must necessarily

call to mind the things they represent. This primitive belief arises from a lack of recognition of the fact that there is no necessary connection between words and meaning. The speaker, believing that the words in themselves must call to mind the meaning, regardless of how the sentences are structured, reacts to the addressee's uncomprehending attitude with the phrase "you know!"

Item: Feeling versus Thinking:

For too many years I have sat through English classes, and Social Studies classes, and I have listened to people who "feel this," or "think that."

"What's your opinion on this matter?":

- a) "I feel that..."
- b) "I think that..."

I can tell you from experience that more people "feel" rather than "think," and that this number is on the rise. Not until my senior year in high school did I realize that these people unconsciously meant exactly what they said. Since then, I have observed that without exception the people who "feel" do not think, and in general they are the stupid and the ignorant. Conversely, the people who "think" show, without exception, an attempt at rational thought, whether or not they are the most intelligent or well-informed. There is too much feeling and not enough thinking going on.

Item: The Disappearance of the "Renaissance Man":

A year ago I was struck by the incredible erudition of Milton. Here is a man who after taking his M.A. in 1632, retired to his father's country house and did virtually nothing but read for five years! It shows in his writing, which abounds with historical, mythological, and literary references. This abundance of erudite references is quite common in most of the great writers of times long past. I have also been amazed by the subtle construction and depth of thought in the poems of these great writers of the past. For the past year my mind has been in this state of amazement. It is hard for me to conceive of men possessing such knowledge and nimbleness of the mind. Where are our poets to equal the genius of Dante, Goethe, Schiller, Milton, and countless others right up through T.S. Elliot and James Joyce, who were perhaps the last of the "Renaissance Men." There is either a paucity of genius or of learning (or both). Whichever is the cause, the result is a dire one.

Item: An Indicative Quote:

In Title 23 Joe Woodard said something to the effect that there is a certain type of person who is hostile to books and to literate people. I think this is true and that the number of this type of person is on the rise...all of which seems to fit in here, but I am not sure what the connection is.

Item: A Possible Cause:

The Revolt of the Masses by Jose Ortega y Gasset is a

remarkable book. Never have I been so fascinated by, and in agreement with so many specifics of, a book whose basic premise I disagree with. Ortega's book is a typical intellectual's tirade against the masses, and lacks recognition of the "common man's" chief asset: his practicality and fantastic ability to get things done when left to his own resources. Ortega says:

...the common man, finding himself in a world so excellent, technically and socially, believes that it has been produced by nature, and never thinks of the personal efforts of highly-endowed individuals which the creation of this new world presupposed.. Still less will he admit the notion that all these facilities still require the support of certain difficult human virtues, the least failure of which would cause the rapid disappearance of the whole remarkable edifice.

But this is absurd. Actually, no one knows better than the common man of the continual labor that goes into constructing and maintaining "the whole remarkable edifice." The intellectual sees his ideas and plans spring forth from conception to completed reality, without experiencing the work of "getting it done."

As I said earlier, however, there are an enormous number of brilliant observations in this book. One in particular, which deals with the rapid increase in population in the last century, seems to me to be at least a partial explanation of some of the circumstances I am dealing with:

...that rapidity means that heap after heap of human beings have been dumped on to the historic scene at such an accelerated rate, that it has been difficult to saturate them with traditional culture....

...In the schools, which were such a source of pride to the last century, it has been impossible to do more than instruct the masses in the technique of modern life; it has been found impossible to educate them. They have been given tools for an intenser form of existence, but no feeling for their great historic duties; they have been hurriedly inoculated with the pride and power of modern instruments, but not with their spirit. Hence, they will have nothing to do with their spirit, and the new generations are getting ready to take over command of the world as if the world were a paradise without trace of former footsteps, without traditional and highly complex problems.

Item: Concerning "The Revolution":

A private school near my house, Ascension Academy, has an advertisement in the local newspaper that proclaims, among other



things, that the school teaches "old-fashioned math." The presumption was that a great many concerned parents were dissatisfied with the so-called "new math." Since the ad has been running for a couple years, it seems that there was some truth to the presumption.

I could ramble on at great length concerning the cultural revolution of the 20th. century, whose many aspects (experimental literature, atonal music, pop art, the trend to permissiveness in custom and law, etc.) I believe are closely related. I will not delve into this subject, however, because to do so would be to tread on the thin ice of uncertainty. Nevertheless, two questions which cannot be avoided do arise:

1) Is this cultural revolution of the 20th. century a result of our madness, or the cause of our madness?

2) Is the decline of traditional values and learned culture a result of this cultural revolution gone haywire, or of a physical deterioration, of a genetic pollution, as described by Kornbluth in "The Marching Morons"?

#### Item: A Quote:

Darrell Schweitzer made an acute observation in a loc that I published in Oxytocic #7. He said that the one concrete result of the New Wave was to kill off J.G. Ballard as a talented writer. I agree, and I think it is a classic example of how revolution can stifle genuine creativity.

#### Item: Hoffer on Revolutionary Change:

Eric Hoffer has theorized that revolutionary change results, for a period of time, in the juvenilization of a culture. The characteristics of such a culture include a disdain for history and the learning of the past, an atmosphere of great passion, and a general lack of rational thought; characteristics that are fitting for our own present society.

#### Item: Some Cold Statistics:

SAT scores have declined every year for the last ten consecutive years! The average national scores for 1973 high school graduates were 445 verbal and 481 math. The average scores for 1963 graduates were 478 verbal and 502 math. "The standard explanation for the sliding scores is that more students--including people who wouldn't previously have considered college--are taking the test and thus driving down the average. But a dissident official of the College Board, who asked not to be identified, said that the number of testees has leveled off, and suggested that it might be time to consider the possibility that elementary and secondary schools are not preparing students as well as in former years."

#### A Non-Conclusive Conclusion:

Friends, it seems like the band is striking up a march, and it may be the swan-song of Man.

A Postscript Written a Day Later (Second Thoughts and All That)

God! A lot of the above sounds terribly self-righteous and elitist, but please believe me it isn't. The terrible danger of a book like The Revolt of the Masses is for the reader to smirk knowingly with a feeling of superiority, when really we are all (most of us) nothing more than "common men." You, I, all of us, we are the masses. To think otherwise is to live in an illusion, like some character out of Pirandello.

Some may not understand the itemized style of this essay. Basically, I believe in what Charles Fort called the "intercontinuous nexus" of all phenomena. This itemized style is not contrived. This is the way these events impress themselves upon my mind: as individual items which take on a deeper meaning when juxtaposed with one another. I view human existence as a jigsaw puzzle of phenomena which I am trying to assemble in a dense fog. And I keep getting the feeling that one of the pieces is missing.

It may seem laughable, but I find it exceedingly odd that Shelley died before completing "The Triumph of Life," whose last two stanzas are:

"Then, what is Life?" I said...the cripple cast  
His eye upon the car which now had rolled  
Onward, as if that look must be the last,

And answered...."Happy those for whom the fold  
Of

The poem contains immense power and was obviously written under a powerful inspiration. I cannot help but feel that Shelley possessed a truly visionary revelation, the missing piece of the jigsaw puzzle, but was cut off before he could disclose it.

-- Michael T. Shoemaker

THE GOURMETS, a short-short story, by Eldon K. Everett

The scaly Akkadians peered into the tank of water filled with what looked like polliwogs the size of goldfish.

"Remarkable, Doctor," said one. "By placing the human sperm in the nutrients you have been able to grow them to this size!"

"And --" said the other, "when broiled, they are absolutely delicious!"

# MY TRIP TO DENVER by JOE WOODARD

---

I had gotten wind of the Twelfth Night revel to be held in Denver by the Society for Creative Anachronism by means of the Kingdom of Atenveldt's Southwind and contacted the seneschal of the Barony of Caerthe, Charles Hansen, for details. I scrounged an early quitting time Friday, January 4, 1974, and set out for Denver by bus from Fort Carson.

The revel was to start at seven o'clock in the basement of the Unitarian Church at 14th and Lafayette. At the bus station I asked for directions, got them, and set out walking. I reached the door at approximately 8:30 and knocked. I wore my SCA costume under my Army green overcoat. It was my version of a 10th Century English costume, consisting of a long-sleeved, collarless shirt with tails cut square and made of cream-colored linen. Long trousers of grayish brown unbleached linen with a button-through fly with wooden buttons and a drawstring in the waistband to keep up the trousers completed the costume except for flesh-colored Tensor elastic bandages spirally wound around my trousers from ankle to knee.

My knock at the door answered I took off my overcoat and overshoes and went into the party. By this time the Collegium Musicum had finished its first session and the guests were lining up for supper, cold roast turkey, salad, hot spiced beef with bread, plum pudding and cherry pie. Coffee, tea, and cider were there to drink. The seneschal made some announcements of appointments; mention was also made of the Milehicon. I can now elaborate on what Jeff May had to say in TITLE 22. It seems that a Lady of the East Kingdom was present at Milehicon and had written a report of the demonstration tourney and Court of Love held there. This report had been committed to stencil and would soon be available to the members.

When the supper mess was cleared away, the Collegium Musicum regrouped and they and the audience sang several Christmas carols. "The Twelve Days of Christmass" was quite appropriately the finale. The main attraction, the Court of Love, then followed and went on until just after midnight. My general impression of this is not favorable. I admire the ability of the participants to think on their feet, but the cases were too much alike and the process too long and drawn out to be good entertainment.

The court was adjourned and the party broke up. I put on my overshoes and coat and walked out. Instead of going back exactly the same way to the bus station for my duffel bag, I took a different route on a better lighted street. If I had not done this I might have avoided a certain piece of trouble.

As I was going past a Red Barn eatery, I heard a "Hey, you!" A policeman about seven feet away was pointing at me. "What are you wearing under that coat?" he said.

Had it been someone not in uniform I would have told him it was none of his business and walked on; but, since he was a police officer, I said: "Pants. What do you think?"

"What's your name?" he asked. I told him. "Let's see an ID", he demanded. I unbuttoned one side of my coat and reached in for my wallet. While I was doing this the policeman was quivering like a dog shitting a pearh stone. I took out my wallet, removed my Army identification card and handed it over. He looked at it. Then he said, "Let's see your pass." I told him that I was from Fort Carson, that it was an open post and a pass was not necessary to enter or leave.

Then I said, "Officer, I am trying to cooperate but I don't know what you're getting at." I was starting to get angry. Just then a cop car pulls up and another officer gets out. They went through that pat-pat frisk routine. I had a paring knife in the



pocket of my overcoat which they didn't notice. What they did feel and get all excited about was a pouch I was wearing on a belt around my waist. They said, "Keep your hands away from your sides!" and then they unbuttoned my coat and shined the light on me. The first man said, "What's this shit?"

I explained that my pants had no pockets and I must put the stuff some place. I told them I had just come from a costume party, the location thereof, and if they hurried there might still be someone there who would vouch for me. And what do these guys do? One said, "You're AWOL aren't you?" I explained again; I told them I didn't have to be back until Monday morning, that he could call the orderly room of my company and the CQ would tell the same thing.

Then they said, "Get in the car. We're gonna take you to the MP's." I demanded to see identification first. One held his coat out and displayed a badge pinned to the inside pocket. In a voice like that one might use with a two-year old, he said, "This says Denver Police Department. This is my badge number. This is the seal of the City of Denver."

I got in the car, and by this time I was scared. One of them got on the squawk box and called to see if there were any MP's in the area. The radio voice informed him that the only MP's were at the airport. They asked me several times what my rank was. Each time I told them and pretty soon they'd ask again. He also asked for my date of birth when it was right there on the I.D. card which he held in his hand. I reached down to work on my overshoe buckles, and the talkative cop said to be still, I make him nervous.

I was in the car for five or six minutes, I guess, but it seemed like hours. For reasons of their own they decided to let me go. Then they explained what it was all about. This first cop said, "We've got several rapists working this area, and one of them goes around wearing a long coat with nothing on underneath." With my legs wrapped it did look as if I didn't have any pants on. But I don't know if what they said was true. If he really thought I was a felon, he had approached me very recklessly. He had no weapon drawn and I had many opportunities to kill him if I had been armed. After it was established that I had trousers on what need was there to waste our time longer? I feel he was very rude; perhaps he had it in for servicemen, and I get mad when I think about it.

After they so graciously permitted me to go I got my bag out of the locker at the bus station and went to the YMCA about three blocks away. The desk clerk said he had dorms he could give me for \$3.00 per night if I was in the military. There was also a two dollar key deposit. I took the elevator up to the room and let myself in. It was a large room with eight empty bunks in it. I was starting to unpack when I heard a knock on the door. I opened it, and there was a young colored man. He said that a friend of his slept here and was going to meet him at 2 o'clock. Could he wait here for him? I let him in; it was almost 2 o'clock then. I packed for the morning and we talked awhile. He said he was at Fort Carson, too. Well, I didn't want him in there; I was tired and wanted to sleep. When no one else had come by 2:30 I said, "I don't like for this to sound unfriendly, but I would prefer you did your waiting somewhere else."

He left. When I left in the morning, to the best of my knowledge I was the only person who slept in the room that night. And here follows a small mystery:

I had a five dollar bill and four ones when I left the YMCA. I bought a cup of coffee and went to a Tandy leather store. After I bought my \$2.15 ticket to Loveland, Colorado, I had \$2.00 and some change left. I had paid Tandy by check and the coffee was 15¢. Yet my five dollar bill was gone.

I still don't know where it went.

So much for Denver.

## THE EDITOR'S MUNDANE AFFAIRS

---

2-21-74 Up early to drive 15 miles into town to speak to the West St. Louis Optimist Club at, what turned out to be, a friendly informal breakfast meeting. I took a box of museum 'goodies' along which were passed around the tables, and included the following articles: a 50-million year old fossil fish from the Green River Formation of Wyoming, a shrunken head, a cambered nautilus cut in half, a priceless Saudi Arabia hand axe of about 50 to 100-thousand years ago, a mass of galena crystals, a plains Indian pipe pouch holding a catlinite pipe bowl, a chert hoe of about 1000 years ago and found in St. Louis, a walking leaf insect from Ceylon, a pileated woodpecker and a keel-billed toucan which resembled Ben Indick.

At noon at downtown Rotary I heard a local entertainer do a 30-minute Mark Twain impression in the Holbrook groove and had a friendly conversation with a visitor from the advertising department of the St. Louis Post Dispatch.

In the afternoon a salesman walked in, handed me a candy pacifier that made me feel like Kojak; he then proceeded to demonstrate his telephone answering equipment.

In the next office an independent auditor is going over the museum's books for the year, and now and then we have to straighten out muddy waters.

3-5-74 Last night had to take my wife, Betty, to the 2nd meeting of her class at Meramec Jr. Coll. where she's learning more about SHERLOCK HOLMES. There are three respected literary figures I wouldn't mind studying myself: Doyle, Poe, and Twain. And in those three authors, Betty agrees with me.

Mailed a big package of many individually wrapped gifts and whatnot to my son & wife in Fullerton, Calif. Nothing of real value, unless you count some homemade cookies, but the postage came to \$4.57.. My son Terry, age 30, recently quit his Kimberly Clark Paper job and went to work for Burroughs Calculators.

As long as I'm on the children schtick I may as well give the rest: 27 yr old son with the Engineer Corps, daughter 22 married to Mike Kranefuss who's an electrical estimator, and the twin boys aged 17 still at home. The other night Mike K. was going home at night on his new motor cycle and didn't arrive. I was already in the sack when the worried phone call came from my daughter Liza. So I put pants over my nightshirt (pajamas, actually) and took off in the car along his probable route. I searched the bushes and phone poles on the way, all the way to his house about 8 miles distant; he was home. The cycle had stopped on him three times, and he'd had to push it along quite aways. That was Sat. night, so I didn't get up early Sun. morn as I had planned. Had to get to the office and work on my annual report layout due March 11; arrived about 10:30, and such a nice day I said the hell with it and left at 1:30 to go home and dig in the garden-to-be.

I'm all excited over an article that was in the Feb. 28 newspaper; it told of the Smithsonian Collection of Classic Jazz -- 6 records & annotated by Martin Williams. This is a must at \$19.95, even if fanac has to suffer the fund depletion.

3-6-74 Had a half-gallon of milk go sour last night, and so decided to get up earlier than usual to make a batch of pancakes. Of course, this reveals my frugality in donating an hour to save, say, 45¢ of milk. However, the pancakes tasted fine and I had a chance to read the morning newspaper and find out all about "streaking" which doesn't appeal to me -- as a participant -- until they get to "slogging". Somehow the idea of streaking reminds me of a time-speed-up story, say by Nelson Bond, in which the hero walks around naked but appears to be streaking due to his accelerated time scale.

This is my so-called lunch hour, though I rarely eat; however, I did go out and buy some of my favorite Hauptman Broadleaf cigars -- those are the black ones made from pre-rotted tobacco. I smoke a pipe, too, but I prefer a cigar unless I'm reading in an easy chair. Cigarettes I never have liked; too quick. So why do I like quick stories if I prefer a long smoke? Since I'm on personal habits, I have a short space here to mention that I clean my teeth with straight baking soda.



MIKE GORRA and his magic

# dissecting table

This is something I've wanted to do for a long while: an in-depth fanzine review column. But please bear my prejudices in mind. I'm partial towards "New Wave" fannish, faanish, personal writing, and "graphics".

GRANFALLOON 18 (Linda and Ron Bushyager, 1614 Evans Ave, Prospect Park, PA 19076. Mimeo, 58 pp, 75¢ or the usual) is highlighted by the Joe Pearson covers and Jay Kinney/Grant Canfield folio. Pearson has a nice style that reminds me somehow of Jim McLeod's work, except that the lines are bolder and the work not so detailed. He is a very good serious artist. Canfield and Kinney, on the other hand, are insane. And I love their work. There are fourteen separate cartoons in this folio and each one is excellent. So, too, is the interior artwork, which is neatly reproduced in black (written matter is in blue) on ugly yellow paper. Ken Fletcher and Dan Steffan especially have some nice illos.

Unfortunately I can't say the same for the written matter. Linda has a serious editorial with, from some people's viewpoints, a particularly apt title. When she writes of her personal life at the end, it seems very out of place. Susan Glicksohn has the best article in the issue, but it falls short of her usual standards, though she does end in good form. Tony Lewis follows with a discussion of the problems of the worldcon, but it all seems dated now, due to the slow schedule on which GRANNY is published. Though it is interesting, it doesn't really add anything new to the controversy. There are some zine reviews which didn't thrill me (some of the zines reviewed are, I think, almost a year old) nor did the short critical essays which followed. Sandra Miesel finishes off with a delightful piece on creole cookery. The lettercol is mostly about Linda's editorial from last time, again, all about the worldcon, and is highlighted by her failure to recognize the humor in Milt Steven's loc.

All in all, a dull issue; nice to look at, well put together, well written in spots, but nonetheless dull. The same cannot be said for...

STARLING 27 (Hank and Lesleigh Luttrell, 525 W. Main, Madison, Wisconsin 53703. Mimeo, 43 pp, cost this issue 75¢; others 5/2.00, or the usual) This is the 10th anniversary issue, and while visually it falls short of GRANNY, and while much of the material doesn't interest me, it cannot be said to be dull. STARLING is largely concerned with 'popular culture' and this generates a lot of response on a wide diversity of subjects.

Hank's editorial was interesting and detailed the changes the zine has gone through - it's had a lot of them. The lettercol doesn't interest me much -- mystery novels, comic and movies -- but it may interest you. There are a few minor articles, but these are made up for in spades by the presence of Bob Tucker and Terry Hughes. Bob's "A Thousand and One Nights at the Bijou" is certainly one of the better articles of the year. It's all about his forty-year career as a movie projectionist. It's nostalgic, well written, and funny. Terry's piece is a murder mystery about the slaying of rich brown, Mike Glicksohn and Arnie Katz at the Worldcon by one "Hank Luttrelli". Lesleigh finishes the issue with an editorial that I enjoyed more than Hank's, especially the portion about her studies in physical anthropology. The issue concludes with a cartoon that shows that Joe Pearson is more than a good serious artist.

NOTES FROM THE CHEMISTRY DEPARTMENT is from Denis Cuane (Box CC, East Texas Sta., Commerce, Texas 75428. Mimeo, 12pp, 25¢ or the usual.) He is showing himself quite capable of putting out a fine fanzine. It's very nicely mimeod on that expensive blue paper that the latter issues of NERG were done on, and the repro is almost as good. There's a brief science article, and then short book reviews that will serve as a good buying guide if you bear in mind Denis' prejudice for ANALOG type stories.



There are notes on the Hugo nominations (but only on pro awards), reviews of magazine shorts, movies, and a short lettercol in which Mike Glicksohn comes down, and I think rightfully so, for his views on fiction (Pournelle a better writer than Tip-tree, Effinger, Dozois? Come on!)

This is a good zine that has seen two issues in about a month and a half. If Denis keeps this up, this will be a fanzine really worth getting -- again, if you keep his prejudices in mind.

Of the four fanzines I'm reviewing here, I enjoyed LOCOMOTIVE the most (Ken Gammage Jr., 7865 East Roseland Dr., La Jolla CA 92037 or Brett Cox, Box 542, Tabor City, NC 28463. Mimeo, 25 pp, loc, trade or 25¢) Not that it's the best -- not by any stretch of the imagination -- but it was fun, relaxed, commentable upon, and nicely done. LOCOMOTIVE is devoted to locs, and they get lots of them. Ken has a brief editorial; then there's a four way debate on sf by the teenage brigade of the co-editors, Kevin Williams and Warren J. Johnson. Brett has the best piece, and he also shows that he has a good wit in the lettercol, as well.

Brett has a short editorial concerned mostly with a snotty note from David Gerrold. The long lettercol follows, led off by Dick Geis, who says that LOCOMOTIVE reminds him of the zines of yesteryear. Then there's a whole slew of fans, most of whom can be found hanging around TITLE. They comment on a myriad of topics, and it's nearly all interesting.

LOCOMOTIVE has one major problem, and that's its transcontinental co-editorship. To save time, the editors are asking everyone to make a carbon of their loc and send one copy to each editor. If this works, and the zine comes out more frequently because of it, LOCOMOTIVE will be a delight. The zine is neatly mimeod, without any artwork except for an abominable cartoon by Johnson and a cover by Sheryl Birkhead that is not one of her better ones, though Ken says he botched the tracing. Nevertheless, you should make an attempt to get this zine.

---

GRITCON I by Brett Cox (Author requests all typos, etc. be retained as is)

Gritcon I was held Nov, 16-18 at the El Rancho Motel in Tabor City, N.C. as a prelude to the now obscure Jallocon. Attendance was forbidden, but those present had a good time. Registration was interrupted by the arrest of Frank Balazs. The officer responsible said it was the first time he had arrested an immigrant. On Friday the keynote speech was given by Donn Brazier, who grew praise from anyone listening. The rest of the day was spent watching Bruce D. Arthurs methodically throwing himself into the empty swimming pool. Kevin Williams cited the incident as an example of fen's inhumanity to fen and called for the impeachment of Richard Nixon. Dave Shank yawned.

Saturday morning Warren Johnson placed 75 consecutive darts in the center of an 8x10 glossy of Norman Spinrad. An afternoon diversion included watching Ted White edit some Harlan Ellison mss. Mike Gorra joined Arthurs in the pool and swallowed a football. Somewhere, a boy and girl fell in love and heard the sounds of Summer.

At the costume ball Tony Cvetko's clever accordion representation posed close competition to Ken Ozanne, who came as a boomerang. Sheryl Birkhead arrived late charmingly outfitted as a stencil, and won by acclimation. GoH Buck Coulson gave one of his unusually fine speeches at the banquet and graciously accepted a special con presentation of a vial of hydrochloric acid, which he proceeded to pour over Bill Bowers. Chaos rained until an attendee with a La Jolla surfboard in his back pocket sneezed the podium and recited a lengthy Polack joke. This reporter silenced him by uttering the syllables "Sta-cey!" The speaker then jerked and began to flap his ears. Dick Geis took notes. Sunday was spent in temptation and laughing at the local library. Others found diversion in watching car bumpers rust. On Monday morning opening ceremonies were held. The attendance fee at Gritcon II is 10 red beans in assorted rice. Mail to Brett Cox, Box 542, Tabor City, N.C. 28463.



A Story by Rick Wilber



He saw himself in his morning chocolate.

The instant mix, "just add hot water," made a suitable hot chocolate. Not delicious by any means, but good enough. A burnt tongue helps you wake up.

He poured the powder in first, watching the white tumble toward the bottom of the cup together with the brown. Then he added the water, slowly swirling the wooden stick smuggled aboard at so great a risk just for the expressed purpose of mixing hot chocolate.

A stick with history. Grandfather had it at Hanoi in '79, and dad carried it into the Luna Rebellion action. Now it's mine, he thought, for luck and mixing hot chocolate.

The water mixed slowly with the powder, at first covering it, then slowly turning some to liquid and allowing other parts of the powder to rise in air bubbles and reside temporarily on the top, midst the foam and steam. As long as the bubbles last the powder may never mix, he thought. Make an interesting experiment some day. See how long they last.

With the wooden stick he punctured each bubble, one by one, allowing the water to reach the powder, turning the dry into the wet. Then he slowly drank the mixture, feeling its heat slide down his throat to glow in his stomach.

A great way to start a day, he thought, and remembered his grandfather's favorite trivia, the one about Captain Midnight's sponsor.

He finished the cup, and walked to his post amidships. Past the bulkhead separating the galley from the main corridor running the length of the boat. He could feel the heat and acidity of the atmosphere outside. The Seeker wasn't built to last, or even to withstand much punishment for that matter. A lightly armored scout ship, she was built for speed and maneuverability. That meant no dead weight, which was why the galley was a galley from ten to ten, and a radio room when the silence was out and they could sneak through the daily report.

He reached the end of the boat, and eased his long frame through the padded port and into the blister. The steelglass bubble gave a full 180-degree view of his surroundings, what there was of it. Surrounded by an atmosphere so hostile the planet was sterile, the ship cruised four miles up, riding the winds and electronically searching, probing for the hidden holds of the enemy.

Just like powder chocolate, he thought. Someone or something breaks the blister and it's all over.

He sat back against the brace, looking at a small spot on the dome, remembering the fly that somehow had managed to board ship before liftoff and lived through the pass-over to buzz annoyingly in the blister for hours before he had finally swatted it with his checklist.

The blister grew warmer as they hit a hot spot. Even the auto-air that kept them



alive could not completely cope with the hot spots, 500 degrees warmer than the surrounding gasses. He flicked off the safety on the joystick and fired a test burst. "If they hit you at all, it will be when you enter a hot spot," they had said at base. "That's when their weaponry is at its best and ours at its weakest. Be ready for those hot spots."

"Rear gunner, what the hell," his helmet speaker barked at him.

"Just checking the joystick," he replied. "Nothing sighted, maximum function." He eased back into his seat once again as the ear speaker clicked off. The Groaners, he thought, hot chocolate bubble-poppers. We are the fifteenth ship to make this mission, and we plan on being the fifth to return. Crummy odds.

The Groaners, named for their language, not their looks. Low vowel sounds dominated their speech patterns, formed back in the lower throat. A complex, technical language the linguists insisted, but it sounded simple and brutal. They seemed to be just basically anti-Earth; close enough to human to look all right at a distance, they were painfully ugly up close. Couple of ships in early contact, some early trade, some early skirmishes, and now a "conflict", a losing one at that. The Groaners, home planet still unknown. Certainly it couldn't be this one, the acid atmosphere made sure of that. They had bases here, but they were dug down deep. Great fighters, hard to kill, hard to stop. Superior weaponry, Armaments said. But..our boat should be able to get out of the way of any serious firefights.

"We should win," they said, "when we can get into small dogfights. Put into practice the same principles that won for the Greeks at Thermopolaye, and the Christians at Lepanto, and the North Viets at Haiphong. Shoot and run. Never stop. Keep moving. It can be done."

But we are losing, skipper, he thought. Like hot chocolate in the morning, we send the ships in and they pop them, one by one. No reports on any casualties on their side since Argus IV, months ago. They learned their lesson. No more small battles, no more risks, play for power. They offer to negotiate and we keep sniping, and losing. Whatever our plan is, skipper, it isn't working.

Gong, gong, gong, gong, GONG! BATTLE STATIONS! His speaker went wild, and he started flicking battle-ready switches. Off with the safety. No warm-up round now. He slipped the radar eye over his face mask, flicked it on, and the atmosphere fell away, replaced by the green-tinted image of the radar eye.

He could see them, four blips on the outer edge of his scope. No, five, six, a dozen blips. Christ and Ghandi, we're truly up shit's creek now, he thought.

They edged within the outer circle on the eye, still far out of range of his 80-plus joystick. "Come closer," he murmured, "just a little bit closer."

They held at the outer circle, pacing the ship. "A little closer," he said aloud. My god, what am I saying, he thought. Closer and I'm dead. Those are big ships. Too many to stand and fight. If we don't split we're dead.

They held at the outer circle, 13 blips, now, pacing the Seeker. "Gunners report contact," barked his speaker.

"Contact," he acknowledged, and gave the coordinates. "I've got 13 blips, medium to large, apparently Grabber class, pacing us."

"Affirmative," said his ear speaker.

Get out of here, he silently commanded the blips. Just watch us a little while and then go away. But they stayed, pacing, then slowly edged closer.



"First action is always the worst," skipper had said. But everyone knew that the skipper hadn't seen any action, and they had laughed when they found out. But it didn't seem funny now. He sweated.

"Gunner ready?" asked his ear speaker.

"Ready, loaded, off safety, target scoped, shield" -- and he flicked another switch in a row of bright orange switches -- "on." My Jaweh, he thought, I forgot my shield. One close shot without the shield and I'm fried. They don't put you back together when the parts are that fried. They just finish the burning job and leave your ashes to orbit. Crummy ending. Battle Code-- Section C, paragraph 17, page 235: All mortalities beyond resuscitation are to be cremated and disposed of in the most expedient and humane manner possible. Usable anatomical parts, if any, may be salvaged at ship physician's request for transplant to wounded.

The blips eased in, reaching the outer limits of his joystick's range. "Maximum range, poor accuracy," he dutifully reported. "Estimation to prime targeting minus one minute."

"All gunners prepare to fire at maximum," said his ear speaker. "All decks, fire!"

He squeezed his joystick, once, twice, squeeze, squeeze, squeeze. Tracers send out tendrils toward the blips. No answering fire from the Groaners...just lazy blips out there. Funny how easy this is. Tracers drawing lines. First time is the toughest, just ask the skipper. Tendrils reaching the blips. Each glowing briefly. That blip was mine. My joystick did that, he thought. Funny, I should be so happy. I just wiped out a ship. But it was just a blip, not real. Just a damn blip.

"Cease fire," his ear speaker barked again. Stupid, he thought. We get them on the run, and then ease up. Damn stupid. He flicked his safety on. "All hands," his ear speaker crackled. "This is your captain speaking. We have received distress signals. They claim to be non-combatants, transports with hospital auxiliary craft. They also claim we attacked wantonly and without provocation. We all know that isn't so. I will expect every man aboard to remember exactly the course of events that led us to return the enemy's fire for our own self-defense. Thank you."

So that's why they didn't fire back, he thought. Hell, who said fire? He looked out the steelglass at the swirling atmosphere, his radar eye flicked off. Then back on to count the remaining blips. God, not many. Three, four. We shouldn't have fired. Civvies. Man, this is a screwed up war. Skipper's ass for sure. He'll get a tug around Luna for his next command. Damn "incident", and I'm in on it. Crap.

He squirmed out of the blister onto the walkdeck. "Rear gunner, rear gunner," his ear speaker called, noticing his movement through the seat brace sensors. "Rear gunner, report unauthorized leave. Are you all right? Please report." His helmet kept after him, the voice pleading, cajoling, demanding his return to the blister. He slowly removed it, twisting it to the right to ease it over his ears. He let it drop, let it fall over the rail toward the drive engines. He watched it bounce, then walked away, heading toward the galley.

They found him there, mixing a dozen cups of hot chocolate with his wooden stick. The powder mix was gone, used. The sink was stained brown from the hot chocolate poured down the drain. He smiled at them, knowing they didn't see the importance of his actions.

As they carried him away he broke free, returned to the sink and grabbed the stick. He broke it in two before they could recatch him.

"Done," he said, when they put him in irons. "And glad of it."

END



George Beahm: "...interesting to note that fan fiction is regarded with a jaundiced eye. When Ray Bradbury's *FUTURIA FANTASIA* came out, did his contemporaries read the fiction? ((yes, I did anyway)) And I bet some people thought Ray was just another sf fan....It's ironic that the first hard-back on fanzines is done by an outsider. ..Wertham has no sense of fannish history, did not comment on the best fanzines, and worst of all, didn't know any of the in-group expressions. All of this, mind you, is from conversation at Ned Brook's house; I haven't read the book." ((Man, read the book!))

Ned Brooks: "In connection with the little Machen book, if you had read *MORNING OF THE MAGICIANS*, you should recall that Machen was a member of the Golden Dawn, along with Crowley and Yeats. He had no doubt read old texts on alchemy. I think 'The Spagyric Quest of Beroaldus Cosmopolita' is a parody of the obscurities of the alchemists - spagyric refers to the practice of alchemy....TITLE is not nearly as ridiculous as Wertham's pomposity." ((Fred & I have exchanged many letters and I can't find any pomposity.))

George Fergus: "...the only people who use 'sci-fi' are monster-movie fans and mundanes whose only idea of sf is gleaned from monster movies, about which the less said the better. The term may have spread to other less-objectionable groups than 'Forry Ackerman's little monsters' by now, but the stigma remains. Similarly, people who use 'stf' and 'fmz' are probably Old Fans and True, from ZerOTH Fandom, and such terms are held in High Reverence. Except by young whippersnappers." ((If you search some old fancy-clopedia or other you may find that one ol' bone Brazier is credited with the first use of the word 'fmz'.))

Norman Hochberg: "I kiss James Hall on his lips for the quotes from Sladek's *Muller-Fokker Effect*. I've just finished writing a full-length screenplay on it for a course of mine and, after reading the thing about a dozen times, I'm amazed at how much I didn't understand the first eleven times. The many levels on which it can be enjoyed are stupendous. The novel is very cinematic as Sladek himself wrote to me. My movie would have to run 2½ hours-- too long."

Hank Jewel: "I attended a lecture on sf at the public library. At the outset, the speaker said that he was not really a science fiction buff. He asked for questions from the audience later and someone inquired: 'What do you mean when you say you're not a science fiction buff?' The lecturer replied that it is someone who reads the sf mags regularly, while he himself likes sf but his interest is almost exclusively with novels. Do you feel this definition of a sf buff is valid?"

"Ask the old timers if they ever heard of TRIODE...then tell 'em that the old team of Bentcliffe and Jeeves is resuming it with No.19..due out in two months. Geez, I must be mad."-- Terry Jeeves 2/19/74

Jim Kennedy: "Crichton's *WESTWORLD* was a fascinating study of the conflict between man's fantasies and reality...in the form of crisp SF adventure, instead of the dreary Bergmanesque drama or the bizarre Fellinian surrealism the theme is usually presented in. We should all look forward to Crichton's adaptation of his own, *THE TERMINAL MAN*. ... In *THOSE WHO CAN* it's interesting to note that the worst story - Ellison's 'Pretty Maggy Moneyeyes' - was followed by the most entertaining 'How I Wrote. . . ' article. It's sad that an author can see so much in a story he's written, then have so little come across to the reader."

Tody Kenyon: "To Ned Brooks, who has the audacity to suggest that '..you (Donn) and Cagle made up the Tody Kenyon' I would like to state categorically that Tody Kenyon is not made up by anyone except Helena Rubenstein."

Eric Mayer: "In looking at *CLARION* I and II, I find that there is only one author in the whole lot who has written anything I've really enjoyed - F.M. Busby. I really can't stand Ed Bryant's work. I can't really believe that SF becomes better as it becomes increasingly less like SF. If these authors are going to be the big names of the future, and if they do not change their tune, there'll be an awful lot of dreary books coming out then. I like new wave when it's well done and, most important, when it's done with science fictional intent. It's a rare species. So there you have my growl of frustration. GRRRRRRR!"



WALKER'S WAKE (Part III)

"As a result of Paul Walker's article we are correying now -- last letter I used surgical flesh-colored tape over my return address...Paul should love that!" - Rose Hogue

"Roy Tackett's part in "Walker's Wake" was interesting; he scored an excellent point that if Paul is so serious about his writing, he should be submitting to pro-pubbers. But Paul is a terrific writer, and I'd miss him if he ever stopped submitting to fanzines." - Loay Hall

"I'm greatly enjoying the gripes session headed by Walker and Quane. But, will anything come of it, other than a lot of hot air? Will anyone change their practices, or will they all be blind to the criticism if/when it applies to them? I'd like to see some faneds stop some of their holier than thou practices, especially the habit of not informing the writer they have accepted his piece, or when it will appear. From the days when I was editing, I have some pet peeves too. Number One is the writer who thinks, because you once asked him to write some reviews for your zine, that you are obligated to print whatever drivel he turns out. Number Two is the fan who suggests a change in your zine's format, and then bitterly laments the 'good old days' if the change is implemented. Number Three is the fan who liberally praises all that appears in your zine, until the day you reject one of his articles, when the tune changes to 'How could you not print my article-- I've always written the best stuff in your zine.' Mainly I object to everyone taking themselves so seriously that they truly lose contact with themselves." - Marci Helms

"Really liked the article by Paul Walker, FANS, WHAT IRKS ME. Everything he said is so true. Some I'm guilty of. Not intentionally of course." - Sharon White

"I am a great transgressor according to Paul and heck I'm not even a faned. I prefer a faned to edit me - I write pretty inanely at times and editing makes me sound more intelligent as a rule. Am very grateful and fond of Paul's indepth reviews but most faneds have not the room for long reviews. Think it best to check with the editor before submitting material and it is always a good idea to have an issue of the fanzine before ever submitting materials. This is why most fanzines are editor written for the first issue. Agree letters of egoboo are nice but iff someone is really taken with something they should write to the writer direct. Thus it would be wisest to print a writer's address along with his materials." - Rose Hogue

"Well, Brazier, I came out slightly better than you on Walker's gripe list. But I find myself in disagreement with Walker's statement, 'if they (editors) really want material from a certain writer, they should not reject the first thing he sends, even if they do not care for it.' That seems to mean an editor should publish material because of the person writing it, not for the quality. Now, I've rejected material that didn't match my ideas of what GODLESS should be like. And I would have rejected it even if it had been submitted by a past Hugo-winner. It's the content that's important, not who writes it!" - Bruce D, Arthurs

"Some of Walker's complaints are trivial, such as the first one. Hell, if you can't remember whose letter it is you're reading, you're in trouble!" - John Carl

"My dear Mr. Walker, you are, ummm... well, arrogant. I sometimes print a letter as an article because I judge that it's good enough to stand by itself; I consider this a compliment to the writer. Lettercols that consist of egoboo letters are very boring. A fan may be just starting out, and I consider it a compliment to get a request for some material. Paul, why don't you do a fanzine, send it out to 200 people, and see how much response you get? Then rewrite your article from an editor's viewpoint." - Loren MacGregor

"..your letter as an article, I consider a compliment. I remember the chagrin I felt when CRY printed an article of mine as a letter." - Ruth Berman



# DRONES AND WORKERS, a letter-excerpt from JAMES N. HALL

---

I felt that I must make some response to Doug Leingang's statement, "We have drones (white collar workers) and workers (the blue-collar)." This is one of the most ridiculous absurdities I have ever run across -- it ranks in imbecility with the advertisement in last night's ((Jan.20,'74)) St. Louis Post Dispatch concerning the proposed right-to-work law in Missouri. This ad was paid for by the unions and union councils of Missouri, and included all the damn lies, misrepresentations, non sequiturs, misconceptions, and other to-be-expected prevarications usually employed by these groups to conceal the fact that a right-to-work law is simply an attempt to prevent discrimination against those persons who, through the ability to think for themselves, prefer not to waste their money in paying tribute to an organization that does not represent the worker, but rather the employee who wants to avoid doing his fair share of work.

But to return to Leingang's absurd metaphor: where in hell did he ever get the idea that white-collar workers are "drones", and conversely, that the "blue-collar workers" are "workers"? If he has ever been employed in industry, he knows that exactly the opposite is true. The average salaried employee puts in 8 to 10 hours a day (& often much more) of good, honest work, while the average hourly employee is almost certain to be subjected to discipline by the union if he performs more than 5 hours of work in an 8 hour day. And don't believe anyone who tells you that "physical labor" is more tiring than "mental labor". As I am sure you know, Donn, since you are in an executive position yourself, the most difficult labors are not physical, or mental (in the terminology of the physical or clerical worker), or even supervisory; the most difficult, most tiring, and, consequently, the best-rewarded financially are those tasks which might be classified as "creative" and as "decision-making". Any damn fool can work on an assembly line or dig a ditch, type a letter or record figures in a ledger; but the man who can invent a new machine, develop a new process or write a new book is working much harder, and therefore is able, justifiably, to command a far higher salary. And on an even higher level, and thereby justifying his even higher salary, is the man who can make a decision on which machine is worth manufacturing, which process is worth placing into production, and which book is worth publishing. These men are not "drones"; they work far harder than the assembly line worker. And for their work they are paid far more than the "worker" whose only thought is his next coffee-break, or the quitting whistle. And God help the industry that doesn't recognize this -- and God help the country that lets its "working" types, i.e., the unrestricted power of the large labor unions, influence its legislators to the point that "Big Business" is forced out of business.

Do the idiots who think it is so much fun to degrade "Big Business" realize that those enormous "excess profits" that most corporations are making today are less (based on return on investment) than that same investment would return if placed in an ordinary savings certificate in the local bank? Just what do they think would happen to employment, the economy in general, and the United States as a viable governmental agency if the investors would withdraw all their money from industry and deposit it in a savings account? And, yet, "Big Business" continues to be the whipping-boy of all the asinine radical groups, incompetent legislators, and lazy bastards who are incapable or unwilling to invest the effort or time to become one of those "white-collar workers", who, in their ignorance and intolerance, they delight in calling "drones".

I didn't mean to get so worked up -- but I sincerely mean every word of it. P.S. Would you believe from the above that I am considered by my fellow workers to be the "office liberal", and even the "office Communist"?

Now to more pleasant subjects. If you enjoyed KAI LUNG'S GOLDEN HOURS, you should try some of the other Bramah productions in the series: KAI LUNG UNROLLS HIS MAT, KAI LUNG UNDER THE MULBERRY TREE, and THE WALLET OF KAI LUNG.



# warren johnson's

Well, now I know what it's like to have your foot in your mouth. Last month I announced I would review all fmz I got, if not loc and trade on top of that. Since then, less than a month, I've gotten more than 40 fanzines. To simply list them would take more than my two pages, so I'll have to be selective. And, obviously, I don't have the time to loc them all. But I still read them; and I do trade. My address is 131 Harrison St., Geneva, IL 60134.

OUTWORLDS 18 is fascinating to simply look at, and then to read. No, Bower's hasn't put tons of artwork into the issue -- in fact, there is precious little art at all. It's the format that's so amazing; I doubt if I could explain it if I had twice the space. Needless to say, it's original.

The contents consist mainly of letters...this time from some fans as well as pros. Particularly fascinating in the first section of letters (which is mostly fannish, whereas the second section is mostly pros) are Mike Glicksohn's and Alpajpuri's locs. Paj is talking up his usual graphics stuff, only better, but Glicksohn talks at length about issue 16, and more.

There are a couple of articles here also, but it's the letters that are the most important. Bowers has told me that this wasn't one of his favorite issues, but it was one of mine. (Bill & Joan Bowers, P.O.Box 148, Wadsworth, OH 44281; \$1 or usual... includes 4 pp. personalzine, INWORLDS)

CROSSROADS is back, with an interesting Don D'Amassa article in which he tries to define what a fan book-reviewer is and what he does. There's a somewhat rambling andrew offutt piece on horror films. Good artwork -- including some by Canfield -- is given good treatment with offset repro. Too bad the layout didn't work out, since the pages were only printed on one side. (Al & Sally Snider, B-19 889 Edwards Rd., Parsippany, NJ 07054; 75¢ or usual)

CTHULHU CALLS is in its third issue, and it's not that different from the last. Still supporting its incredible format -- offset with typesetting -- it still presents mediocre book reviews and slightly passable fiction. Even Ed Bryant's movie review column isn't that well done. \*Sigh\*...we need more good sercon genzines. (Robert J. Barthell, Northwest Community College, Powell, WY 82435; 75¢ or usual)

ECCE -- I'm prejudiced about this one, since its editor is one of my best friends, and I've contributed to this issue -- a lot. Still, I think it deserves a bit of attention. Roger Sween is a serious fan, believing that criticism is one of the best forms of fanwriting; and he puts out a fairly good zine, for what he's trying to do. His style is sometimes 'heavy' and his writing -- there's a lot of it in this third issue -- sometimes tends to be stilted. But overall, for content alone, it's a good fanzine and one that I recommend. (Roger D. Sween, P.O. Box 351, Platteville, WI 53818)

GODIESS 6, as a relaxed, quasi-informal genzine, must be taken as a success. The most interesting pieces, to me, were Brazier's article on why a particular story stands out in a person's memory, and Mike Shoemaker's article on criticism -- how much of it really isn't interpretive at all. As Anthony Boucher put it, in his introduction to IN SEARCH OF WONDER, "There are few more misused words than criticism." (Sp4 Bruce D. Arthurs, 527-98-3103, 57th Trans Co., Fort Lee, VA 23801; 35¢ or usual)

KRATOPHANY -- Eli Cohen did manage to put out another issue, its fourth, and

F R  
A E  
N V  
Z I  
I E  
N W  
E S



it's pretty good. I found the lettercol the most interesting feature of this issue, since long, mundane editorials have lost a certain amount of favor with me, as have long mundane articles. The best locs are Mike Glicksohn's, which is his usual (what-ever that is) and Matt Schneck's, which is unusual in that every Matt Schneck loc -- and he doesn't write many these days ("I feel like I've gafiated except for MINNE-APA") -- is unusual. Fantastic artwork and good repro. (Eli Cohen, 417 W. 118th St, Apt. 63, New York, NY 10027; 50¢ or usual)

LOCOMOTIVE is another one of those zines I feel I'm in entirely too much. This issue has a debate on the new wave, featuring yours truly, the editors, and Kevin Williams, whose crud poetry has seen print in this fanzine. Well, I could say that Kevin writes arguments like he does poetry, but it's not true; although what he speaks is patently idiotic, at least he's readable. But from the title of the zine, you know that it's about locs, and so most of the remaining sections of the zine are devoted to letters. The editors interrupt them too much, though. Still, interesting. (Brett Cox, Box 542, Tabor City, NC28463, and Ken Gammage Jr, 7865 E. Roseland Dr., La Jolla, Cal 92037; 25¢ or usual)

LOCUS, now in its offset version (with greatly reduced type) returns, and I'm glad to see it back. The Browns announce many plans in the first non-mimeo issue; they will no longer carry CoAs (and all us faneds weep...), nor prozine reviews (which weren't that readable anyway after Tony Lewis was limited to such a small space to say what he wanted to say about them). Invaluable, though, even if slightly hard to read. (Charles and Dena Brown, P.O.Box 3938, San Francisco, Cal 94119; 18/¢6 or the usual)

NEW LIBERTARIAN REVIEW wouldn't ordinarily merit a review, except that I was sent this issue specifically for that reason. It does have an interview with Heinlein (well, part of one anyway) and the first issue of RENAISSANCE with NIN. Still too much politics for me. (Samuel Edward Konkin III, 635 E. 11 St #24, New York, NY 10009; 6/¢12, the usual?)

NOTES FROM THE CHEMISTRY DEPARTMENT is shaping up as a pretty good serious fanzine. Coming out monthly, it has the editor's own reading diary, as well as letters which talk about sf for a change. Articles are not absent, though, and this time there is a short piece on Andre Norton. If you're at all interested in serious discussions of the literature -- without pretentiousness -- get NOTES. (Denis Quane, Box CC, East Texas Sta., Commerce, Tex 75428; 30¢, the usual)

Finally, I'd like to take note of a zine Bill Breiding (another one of my ghood friends) is starting up, called STAR FIRE. The slant is neither fannish nor sercon (although there is a slight fannish leaning). The contents are readable -- if you can make out the slightly inferior repro. It's not exactly Hugo quality yet, but given time, it'll be a good fanzine. (Bill Breiding, 2240 Bush St., San Francisco, Cal 94115; 25¢, the usual)

That raps it up this time; as always, the format is changing...my only regret is my inability to squeeze in the issue numbers in most cases!

-- Warren Johnson

\*\*\*\*\*  
TITLE OFFICE MEMO: FMZ IN ADDITION (MAYBE UP FOR REVIEW NEXT TITLE?) RECEIVED BETWEEN Feb19-Mar 18: Ashwing 13, IT COMES IN THE MAILS 8, KWALHIOQUA 11- all Gillespie ish, Rapsallion 3, Talking Stock 16 or 17?, Don-o-Saur 29, KYBEN 6, Crinkum-Crankum 1, Son of WSFA 127-128, Cullowhee Comments 1, Good News for Fandom 1, OXYTOCIC 9, Colog 20, KARASS 2, Yandro 225, Photron 9, TNFF Feb74, STANLEY 16, Zine-Ya 4, "?" 1, Soitgoze 5, Drivel Twaddle & Pop, THRUST, Jibara 1, Speculative Literature Bibliography 2, Antithesis 3, Powermad 6, BIRTHDAY PROJECT NFFF.

Those underlined above I found good to excellent and recommend; will try to give addresses & brief summary/review next issue. If Gorra and/or Johnson don't. --DB



# ASPIRANT

DROPPINGS  
By  
RANDALL LARSON

Robert Bloch's latest is a terrifying novel called NIGHT WORLD. And it's one of the finest novels I've had the pleasure of reading.

Not only was it a fantastic thriller to read, but Robert Bloch's very style of writing kept me in awe. He starts out with a short chapter, letting the audience get into the head of the mass murderer. He builds a terrific mood. He creates amazing characterizations -- every character is real, we know what he thinks, why he does these things, what type of person he is -- friendly, bigoted, frightened or... insane.

NIGHT WORLD builds many moods. Bloch has a fantastic way of creating suspense which builds to ultimate shock. Hard to do in fiction -- putting your words together in just the right way so that the reader won't know what to expect. Before I discovered Bloch, one of the few examples I had of this was in the first chapter of Siodmak's DONOVAN'S BRAIN: "When it began to sleep in my arms, I stabbed it between the occipital bone and the first cervical vertebra. It died instantly." This was completely unexpected, in contrast with what went before, and came as a shock. Well, NIGHT WORLD is full of such shocks, even though the reader half-expects something to happen. "...and the hand gripped her arm": the murderer's first actual appearance to Karen. Karen's discovery of the bodies "...and the brown cord looped tightly around the woman's neck." Bloch describes all these murders so beautifully, if that is the word for it, that it makes it all the more real.

He also uses humor quite well. NIGHT WORLD is full of very subtle puns and vehicles of humor which offer a brief respite from the terror the reader is thrown into. Short comments either on the scene he is describing or on one of the character's thoughts are very effective comparisons.

And perhaps the best aspect of this novel is that you've got no way to know how it's going to end. Unlike a lot of similar thrillers whose ending you can predict almost as soon as you begin, Bloch gives you no clues, no hints as to how things will work out. You've just got to read on, turning whichever way Bloch pulls the strings, hoping what you wish but pulled into the story as only Bloch can write it.

Excuse me if I sound morbid, but I loved each murder scene. Not because of what was going on, but because of how it added to the grandeur of the story, and how so masterfully written each scene was. The murder of the nurse in Chapter 7 had me sitting back for about ten minutes marveling. And then I had to read two Sergio Aragones books before I was calm enough to sleep. The murder of the ex-rock star in Chapter 14 by the dogs made me glance quickly at my dog as she walked past; and the reason for the dogs to have done it, as explained in the next chapter, added even more horror to the already-grisly memory. And the murderer's own final end, though perhaps gory, was a well-deserved one, and brilliantly carried off by the author.

It was a hard book to put down, even after I had finished reading it. If the film version is ever completed, and with the right director, it could become one of the finest thrillers ever filmed. For Robert Bloch's NIGHT WORLD is comparable to PSYCHO in plot, craftsmanship and impact.

\*\*\*\*\*  
From a LANCET (1967) Sheryl Birkhead reports there have been 9 cases of champagne cork injury to the eye. And it is interesting that the inventor of the champagne cork was a Benedictine monk by the name of Dom Perignon who was himself blind, although the cause is not known.  
\*\*\*\*\*



# POST

2  
4

Surprise!

Karen Burgett was not first in! Kevin Williams in not-too-far away Springfield, Illinois & Bob Stein, Milwaukee hit the finish line Mar.9.

Kevin was pleased with the cover: "It made an excellent board for darts." He also liked the back cover: "It reminded me of whatever it is that sometimes appears in NATIONAL LAMPOON by Mary K. Brown." The rest of the letter dealt with paper airplanes and graffiti such as: "TITLE IS TRES BONE!" ((Do not be misled by thinking that to be French, not at all.))

Bob Stein was all shook up with excitement when he penned that T24 was about as interesting as most: "...that is interesting in spots." He says he was prompted to write, however, because of the conflicting review phrases about Dr. Wertham's book. He drew a parallel to the comments people make about THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL, which is, at the same time, radical left and fascist right, depending on the eye of the beholder.

Don Ayres' card came Mar. 11 and says: "Lorenz got his prize for his work in animal behavior, not advocating mass-murder, which is irrelevant in this context." ((Like, sure I'd buy a used car from Nixon.))

Raymond J. Bowie, Jr. typed a long letter arriving Mar.12. "Thanks for the egoboo," he says. Mainly he was extolling the friendly fandom family he has discovered, an addition to the wheel-chair crowd that keeps him in association "with his own kind". ((Ray, fandom's your own kind, too, and don't forget it, man! OK?)) He lists some recent paparbacks that run a gamut from Asimov to Norton, from Wylie to Bloch, from Leiber to Dickson; quite a reading spread there.

Three missives from Richard S. Shaver on the same day of Mar.13. Dick remarks that all I "gotta do" is change my personality and everybody will be pleased. He then says: "I will have

Bill Bliss ship you some personality-change gadgets for you to try out. Actually there is nothing wrong with your personality..it just don't exist enough. You need some vitamins or sumthin." Dick Shaver says I have an omnivorous disregard of objectivity and selectionism-alism. "A good editor," he continues, "is a non-intrusive editor whose personality does NOT show except where he does an editorial or his own piece.." ((I wonder..in the context of fanzines? The tremendous popularity of the personalzine would seem to indicate the opposite; yet there's MOEBIUS TRIP, almost antiseptically free of Connor, where I wish he'd contaminate every page. Sounds like an idea for an article??))

Susan D. Hall, Slana Via, Gakona, Alaska 99586, a new voice, asks if anyone can direct her to bibliography on John Norman, or how she can get in touch with him.

Doug Leingang sends a full-page poem, and it's a swan song:

"I suggest not to send me another issue

"Not to say that I'm not going to miss you

And: "This gafia business came to a head  
When we found out that Cagle, Ed  
Threw in the towel  
Amidst the fans' howl "

Doug's poem is entitled THE LAST TITLE LOC.

Frank Balazs informed me that Michael Kalen Smith is an N3F member and that he and Frank are in a round robin together; Frank recommends I send him a TITLE because Michael makes interesting comments. COA for Frank; back to the home address of 19 High St., Croton-on-Hudson, NY 10520. About T24 (in his 2-page letter) he says only: "Second annish of T arrived yesterday and has been read." The next ish of PARENTHESIS is still-born, with half of #7 mimeod but with such "abyssmal repro" he's chucked the whole mess! "In the summer," he says, "I hope to unleash another genzine; if it isn't TAT 7, then perhaps MAAL DWEB."

Not much actual mail about T 24 as of March 16, today... In fact, only 32 letters altogether & just the few on this page specifically mentioning T 24. Slow mail? 10¢ shock syndrome? Lousy issue? Novelty worn off?

\*\*\*\*\*  
ROSE HOGUE FOR THE HOGU AWARD !



THIS ISSUE DEDICATED  
TO  
CHESTER CUTHBERT and  
TONY CVETKO

FRONT COVER BY  
BRUCE D. ARTHURS

### Short Notes:

Rick Wilber's story in this issue was not his favorite that had been scheduled for DORIC; in fact, it was pretty far down on his list, but I liked it.

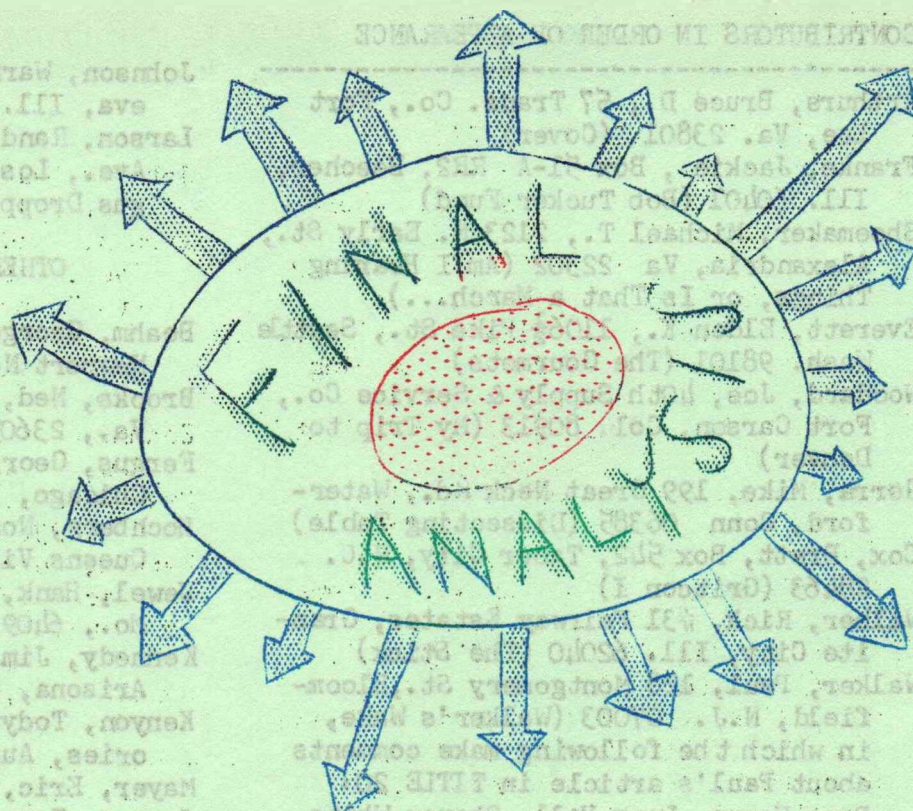
There is no such animal as a 'cambered' nautilus; the word is 'chambered'.

Robert Smoot asked if sf is or could be the cure for "Future Shock". The answer is yes, and it is so stated somewhere in the book.

Jeffrey May reports that the Kansas City group is bidding on the worldcon in or for 1976; the group is the same one that sponsored Mid-America Con back in 1972. The theme for KC-con would be "Sf Fantasy and the Arts". Site: Muelbach Hotel in downtown KC.

George Wagner announces LAUGHING OSIRIS, a literary journal that will attempt to capture the spirit of the Lovecraftian fanzines of the 1930's; short stories, serials, critical essays, poetry, sf/fantasy plays. PO Box 3, Fort Thomas, Kentucky 41075.

A review of Wertham's book on fanzines by Melvin Maddocks from the Baltimore Sun, Feb.24 treats all of us from the view of the sci-fi user. Last sentence: "Perhaps the news they (fanzines) bring is that Tom Thumb, waving a sharp ball-point, is alive and well in a world scaled to dragons." Another beauty: "What do sercon fanzines signify? To treat that is to ask: What part does trivia play in anybody's life?" The review, to its credit, does then outline why Dr. Wertham argues "more than anybody thinks." But "trivia"??



Somewhere I moaned that TITLE was not receiving enough serious material, so Warren Johnson writes: "...if you publish one kind of material, that's the kind of material you're most likely to get. There are so many fanzines around that it is a waste of time to send a serious article to a zine that is known to publish things in a lighter vein -- even if that isn't the editor's real purpose in publishing." Mainly, I'd like TITLE to be balanced with something of interest to everybody, and I do need more serious material in the sf/fantasy mode.

Have you ever noticed how a mimeograph stencil will so easily slip off the edge of a table? I measured the hanging down portion at 6" and 12" on the table, at which point the half-alive thing begins to slip, whereas a piece of mimeograph paper will balance on the edge at 5½" on and an equal length off. (This month's odd phenomenon!)

\*\*\*\*\*

GET RID OF BOB (WILSON) TUCKER  
SEND HIM TO AUSTRALIA  
MAYBE HE WON'T COME BACK  
EVERY PENNY COUNTS  
DO YOUR PART, SEND DOLLARS

\*\*\*\*\*



# CONTRIBUTORS IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

Arthurs, Bruce D., 57 Trans. Co., Fort Lee, Va. 23801 (Cover)  
 Franke, Jackie, Box 51-A RR2, Beecher, Ill. 60401 (Bob Tucker Fund)  
 Shoemaker, Michael T., 2123 N. Early St., Alexandria, Va 22302 (Am I Hearing Things, or Is That a March...)  
 Everett, Eldon K., 1106½ Pike St., Seattle Wash. 98101 (The Gourmets)  
 Woodard, Joe, 40th Supply & Service Co., Fort Carson, Col. 80913 (My Trip to Denver)  
 Gorra, Mike, 199 Great Neck Rd., Waterford, Conn 06385 (Dissecting Table)  
 Cox, Brett, Box 542, Tabor City, N.C. 28463 (Gritcon I)  
 Wilber, Rick, #31 Fairway Estates, Granite City, Ill. 62040 (The Stick)  
 Walker, Paul, 128 Montgomery St., Bloomfield, N.J. 07003 (Walker's Wake, in which the following make comments about Paul's article in TITLE 20: Rose Hogue, Loay Hall, Sharon White, Bruce D. Arthurs, John Carl, & Ruth Berman.  
 Hall, James N., 202 Taylor Ave., Crystal City, Mo. 63019 (Drones & Workers)

Johnson, Warren, 131 Harrison St, Geneva, Ill. 60134 (Fanzine Scene)  
 Larson, Randall D., 774 Vista Grande Ave., Los Altos, Cal 94022 (Asparagus Droppings)

## OTHER ADDRESSES

Beahm, George, 13 Gainsborough Pl., Newport News, Va 23602  
 Brooks, Ned, 713 Paul St., Newport News, Va., 23605  
 Fergus, George, 3341 W. Cullom Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60618  
 Hochberg, Norman, 89-07 209 St., Queens Village, NY 11427  
 Jewel, Hank, P.O.Box 244, Warrensburg, Mo., 64093  
 Kennedy, Jim, 1859 E. Fairfield, Mesa, Arizona, 85203  
 Kenyon, Tody, Whitney Animal Laboratories, Aurora, NY, 13026  
 Mayer, Eric, RD 1, Falls, Pa, 18615  
 Jeeves, Terry, 230 Bannerdale Rd, Sheffield, S11 9FE, England  
 Hogue, Rose, 16331 Golden Gate Lane, Huntington Beach, Cal, 92649  
 Hall, Loay, 210 W. Florence, Blackwell, Okla, 74631

## OTHER ADDRESSES CONT.

Helms, Marci, 4581 Glenalda Dr., Drayton Plains, Mich 48020  
 White, Sharon, 628 W. 10 St., Long Beach Cal 90813  
 Carl, John, 3750 Green Lane, Butte, Mont 59701  
 Berman, Ruth, 5620 Edgewater Blvd, Minneapolis, Minn 55417  
 MacGregor, Loren, Box 636, Seattle, Wash. 98111  
 Williams, Kevin, 2331 S. 6th, Springfield, Ill., 62703  
 Stein, Bob, 2110 W. Wells, Milwaukee, Wis., 53233  
 Bowie, Raymond, Jr., 31 Everett Ave, Somerville, Mass 02145  
 Shaver, Richard S., PO Box 356, Summit, Ark, 72677

TITLE #25  
 Donn Brazier  
 1455 Fawnvalley Dr.  
 St.Louis, Mo. 63131

MAIL TO:

*Eric Lindsay  
 6 Hillcrest Ave  
 Faulconbridge NSW  
 Australia 2776*

THIRD CLASS MAIL  
 Printed Matter

