

# title

27



# MINICON

A REPORT

By Jackie Franke

For a Midwestern convention, which usually are typified by all-but-total informality, Minicons are noted for their tight programming, great art show, and good film program. This is balanced by their splendid ratio of open-door parties, though; so Midwestern Hospitality is maintained. For someone who wants a little of everything, the Minn-stfers put on the best show around. And this year's edition, the eighth in the series, was no exception.

Held over Easter Weekend (April 12-14) in Minneapolis at the Hotel Dyckman, Minicon 8 seems, like Worldcons lately, to be developing into a week-long bash. Many attendees arrived on Thursday and stayed for the Dead Dog party on Monday. Maybe longer; who knows? (Some fans go to Minicons and never are heard from again...) The con committee, headed by Don Blyly and Jim Young, thoughtfully planned to keep the con-suite open on Sunday night, for people leery of traveling the highways without gas stations open. We (Martha Beck; my Mother, Millie Woods; and myself) were lucky enough to find a Standard open Sunday evening on the way home. He turned out the station lights as we pulled in, however, and scared the dickens out of us until the attendant explained we would be the last customers of the day. Talk about terrific timing! A sizable contingent of Chicago fen traveled by train, so perhaps the energy crunch is affecting fannish behavior, though apparently not attendance. I don't know the final figures, but well over 350 made it to Minneapolis for this con. Far more than the year before.

Minicon honored Frank Kelly Freas as Pro GoH and Bob Tucker as Fan GoH. They were introduced at the after-dinner speeches by Ben Bova, who acted as M.C. All did marvelously well at their speeches; Kelly giving us some idea of the experiences a new illustrator has to go through before reaching the status he now enjoys (even now, Kelly does 4 work-ups for cover art, keeping another in reserve -- which is usually the worst example, and the one finally purchased!); Tucker doing a take-off on Dick Nixon's various apologetic speeches; and Bova insulting one and all with piercing wit. Good talks; one and all!

Panels were held on: Great Fannish Myths, with Tucker, Leigh Couch, Denny Lein and Jim Young (surprising how innocent they made some Myths appear...); Building a 'Black-Hole' Space Ship, with Bova, Gordy Dickson and Kelly Freas; Making Space Flight a Reality, with Gary Hudson, Cliff Simak, Ben Bova, Gordy Dickson and Kelly Freas; The Science-Fiction Art Scene, with Kelly Freas and Rick Sternbach; Alien Spacecraft (the artist's panel) with Freas, Sternbach and Dick Tatge. I missed most of them, naturally. Whether it's poor planning on my part or a subconscious aversion, I hardly ever make panel programs at conventions...

Kansas City, represented by Ken Keller, Chairman, and Jeffrey May presented information on their bid for the '76 Worldcon. Bright and promising bunch of fellows, there. I'd keep an eye on their group!

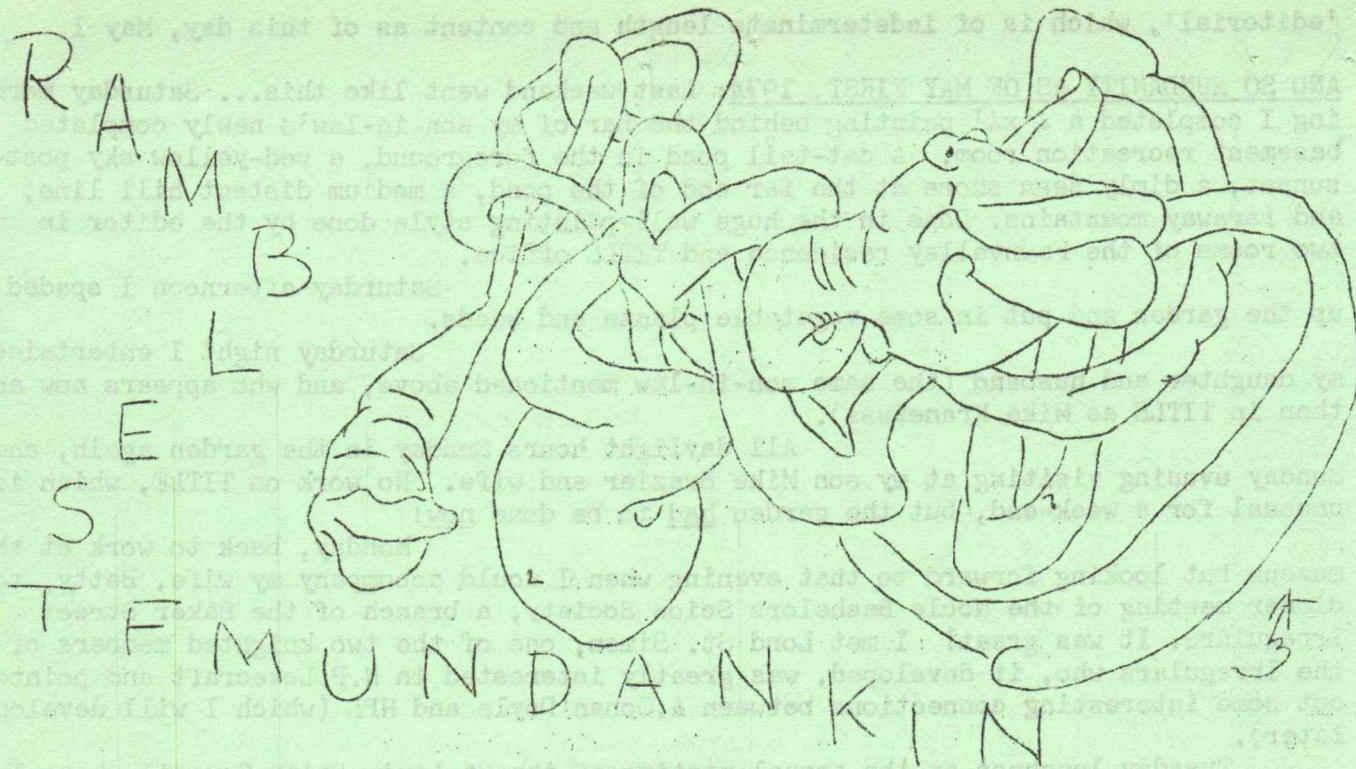
Chicago fandom decided to get back into the convention scene with a regional to be held later this year. Pro GoH will be Joe Haldeman, Fan GoH is expected to be Lou Tabakow, and M.C. most likely will be Tucker. Probable date will be Oct. 25-27, depending on conflicts with other cons (Octocon mainly) and the hotel will be named later. Chaircouple are Mark and Lynne Aronson, 5803 Ridge, Chicago, IL 60660.

There's no way to list all the people who came to Minicon (this is supposed to be only a one page report, after all). But, as with every con, it was the people who made it so much fun.

Next year in Minneapolis!

P.S. I'm including some snaps from our new SX camera taken at the Minicon. ((Colorshots of Martha Beck; Bob Tucker gazing soulfully at Martha Beck; Leigh Couch and Rusty Hevelin partysuite-ing; JoAnne Wood with Bob Tucker patting Larry Wood's head; Jackie, Chris Sherman, & Tucker; Jim Hansen, Marge Lessinger, Larry Propp; Joni Stopa, Margie Lessinger; Genie Yaffe in a scanty belly-dancing outfit!))





**EDITORIAL:** Some readers have told me that I don't write editorials, but as Norm Hochberg once said, "An editorial is anything an editor writes and wants to call it such." So, this is one.

**MARKS & CODES:** I have been using (((...))) to enclose my parenthetical remarks. The single parentheses (....) is sometimes used by the contributor and is not my own interruption. A paraphrased quote or one dimly remembered (see Hochberg's quote above) is marked thusly: "

**THE UNREAL:** Sometimes the 'unreal' is more interesting and more life-valued than the 'real'; I refer to things like Santa Claus and the Easter Bunny in the life of the child. Some modernists dismiss all this stuff as poppycock and raise their children as 'little adults'. I am not of that school of thought. My kids had many more imaginary entities than Santa and the rest, though church-centered mythology was avoided. There has been a whole hierarchy of monster creatures, for instance. The Black Hand was a creature whose identifying characteristic was that no hands protruded from the coat sleeve, and whose attack came from the waving, drooping sleeve. No need to go into the others like The Green Monster, the Ghost, The Stick Thing, Frankendrac, and others. The latter, though, was a stiff-armed monster called into action when any of the kids mentioned the word Rumpelstiltskin. That fright was enjoyable is evidenced by the number of times that the magic word was uttered; even to this day with my youngest, the twin boys, at age 17, the word may suddenly appear and old dad, no matter what he's doing, must stalk stiffly toward the one who has muttered the incantation and attempt to beat him around the head with rigid arms.

**RAMBLESTFMUNDANKIN:** Derived from 'Rumpelstiltskin' but embodied within the concepts of 'rambling', sf, and mundanity, and all kin to TITLE, though specifically to this

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Sample copy - 25¢ Obtained ordinarily by communication or contribution of material to the editor within a three month period or oftener. All LoCs subject to severe pruning and wholesale neglect -- though every effort will be made to use something you've said at some time or another. The editor does not agree with all opinions expressed (sometimes even his own by tomorrow).



'editorial', which is of indeterminate length and content as of this day, May 1.

AND SO MUNDANITY AS OF MAY FIRST, 1974: Last weekend went like this... Saturday morning I completed a 4'x4' painting behind the bar of my son-in-law's newly completed basement recreation room. A cat-tail pond in the foreground, a red-yellow sky post-sunset, a dimly seen shore at the far end of the pond, a medium distant hill line, and faraway mountains. Done in the huge wall-painting style done by the editor in two rooms of the Fawnvalley residence and TITLE office.

Saturday afternoon I spaded up the garden and put in some vegetable plants and seeds.

Saturday night I entertained my daughter and husband (the same son-in-law mentioned above, and who appears now and then in TITLE as Mike Kranefuss).

All daylight hours Sunday in the garden again, and Sunday evening visiting at my son Mike Brazier and wife. No work on TITLE, which is unusual for a week-end, but the garden had to be done now!

Monday, back to work at the museum but looking forward to that evening when I would accompany my wife, Betty, to dinner meeting of the Noble Bachelors Scion Society, a branch of the Baker Street Irregulars. It was great! I met Lord St. Simon, one of the two knighted members of the Irregulars who, it developed, was greatly interested in H.P. Lovecraft and pointed out some interesting connections between A. Conan Doyle and HPL (which I will develop later).

Tuesday luncheon at the annual meeting of the St. Louis Dairy Council where I drank milk after cautiously lining the stomach with bourbon; in the evening a Cardinal ballgame as guests of Fred Moss and wife. Saw Hank Aaron hit number 720. This was followed by a Chinese dinner at the China Gate where I had my usual martinis and beef warmein.

And so we come to Wednesday, May 1, and I have spent the lunch-hour do-Ramblestifmundankin. It is time to get back to work.

LEIGH COUCH brought her class to the museum today, a rainy May 2, and popped into my office for a moment. We discussed the problem of SIRRUIISH's next issue; some difficulty in getting a group effort down to the nitty. Leigh plans to write a report for B.C., I think, on the contrasts between Chambanacn, Torcon, and Minicon. I showed her the photos taken at Minicon by Jackie Franke, and then away she went, red hair flying, back to her class.

SPRING CLEANING in the files of my office, precipitated by the arrival of modern low-cut cabinets and hanging file folders, I came across a receipt from a Dr. Coates of 2-16-60 for "removal of sutures" for an employee named Donn Brazier. This brought the memory back: how, while down in the archeological storeroom in the basement, I knocked myself out on a low, sharp-cornered cold air duct, slicing my scalp open in the process. Since there was a beauteous blonde volunteer helping me at the time, the story was passed around that she, while under attack, reached for an Indian stone axe and clunked me over the head. The story, of course, was false, as anyone who is acquainted with that employee would attest.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE DEVIL'S FOOT, one of A. Conan Doyle's stories about Sherlock Holmes, was the one recommended to me by Lord Saint Simon as a possible precursor of the H.P. Lovecraft stylistic imagery. The section of the story that seemed to bear this out was the hallucinatory, smoky images that Dr. Watson suffered after breathing some of the mysterious gas from the Devil's Foot powder. Even some of the words were similar to HPL's -- get hold of that story and see what you think. Also, it was suggested that I re-read HPL's "The Hound", both for Doyle's imagery and HPL's pun-fun with the inclusion of several story titles of some of the authors that HPL admired: like "the oblong box" (Poe) and "the damn thing" (Bierce), etc. Unfortunately my cheap old Tower reprint of HPL doesn't have "The Hound" so I can't check it out. Perhaps I can induce Prof. Sheffler (St. Simon) to write a piece for TITLE on the subject -- unless Ben Indick, Meade Frierson, or some other HPL devotee can do the same??





# BEN INDICK

ONWARD AND EVER UPWARD UNTIL YOU GO  
DOWNWARD, OR, WHAT BRUCE D. ARTHURS \*  
FAILED TO SAY ABOUT THE FOURTEEN OUT  
OF FIFTEEN FANS WHO FAILED TO GO THE  
PATH OF TRUFANNISHNESS

\*Vid. KWALHIOQUA #8, Jul-Aug 1973,  
"Symptoms of Trufannishness",  
Bruce D. Arthurs

FIRST FAN: Receives a fanzine, writes  
a LoC. It is never used, nor responded  
to. He takes up Backgammon at once. He  
never knows how close he came to wast-  
ing his life away.

SECOND FAN: Receives a fanzine, writes  
a LoC. It is not used but his name ap-  
pears as WAHF. He is disappointed, and  
takes up writing poetry. HE is obvious-  
ly a nut, because while few people read  
fanzines, NOBODY reads poetry, not even  
other poets.

THIRD FAN: Receives a fanzine, writes  
a LoC. It is used, but only in part, a  
paragraph which skips all his incisive-  
ly witty lines. He ends his LoC with,  
"Lerrkk is a good zine, and please send  
me more." He waits for more, but, hav-  
ing sent no stamps with his letter, he  
hears nothing. He gives up, takes up  
cross-word puzzles, where he is unable  
to think of a five-letter word for a  
way of life for an eccentric group act-  
ively engaged in science fiction fandom.  
He chucks the whole thing and goes to  
pharmacy school.

FOURTH FAN: Receives a fanzine, writes  
a LoC. It is printed in full, but the  
next issue of the zine contains a number  
of withering blasts at her (it's a lady  
fan) and she runs off to become a top-  
less waitress. Gaining success, she  
wonders why she ever wasted time on fan-  
zines, when she was 42-20-44, and weigh-  
ed fifty-four pounds on the right and  
forty-eight on the left. (She carries  
the trays in her right hand to avoid

listing.)

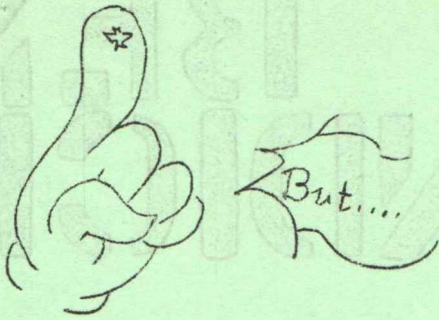
FIFTH FAN: Receives a fanzine, writes a  
LoC. It is printed, praised by the edit-  
or and subsequently by the readers. This  
fan THEN goes the way of Arthurs' "tru-  
fan"; yes, the one out of fifteen. No. 5.  
The poor jerk.

SIXTH FAN: Receives a fanzine, writes a  
LoC. Great success. (Now we're getting  
to business. In fact, the SEVENTH, EIGHTH,  
NINTH, TENTH, ELEVENTH, TWELFTH and THIR-  
TEENTH FANS are just the same.) This  
fan, as well as Nos. 7-9, then use the  
Fanzine Review columns to write for many  
more zines; they enclose eight stamps of  
5¢ each. The 10th-13th do likewise, but  
THEY send five stamps of 8¢ each. ((Ob-  
viously Mr. Indick wrote this before the  
Postal Service's rather recent attempt to  
become non-non-profit.)) They then write  
to each zine long letters of praise. All  
are printed, and from these, editors get  
their addresses and send them more zines.  
Soon their mailboxes are overflowing.

SIXTH through THIRTEENTH FAN (continued):  
Their downfall begins when they start  
writing articles. TAKING FANZINES SER-  
IOUSLY (otherwise known as FIAWOL) is  
most dangerous. Fanzines should be put  
beneath the latest underground comic in  
reading priority. Then..the worst! After  
writing four or five articles, they de-  
cide to put out a fanzine. They get 12  
people to write to, get an article from  
each as well as a letter from each. There  
are thus 12 people putting out fanzines  
of 12 articles each -- 144 in all. A  
gross of gross articles. Still, it is a  
happy enough arrangement as it makes for  
a busy hobby, until one of them decides  
to do something else. Strictly speaking,  
he isn't one of them, for he is the

FOURTEENTH FAN: See the above paragraph  
for everything to date. This guy decides  
he is too busy to read all this stuff; in  
the interest of economy, he decides to





form an apa. He talks the other dozen guys into joining as well. He likes it, decides to join other apa's. Meanwhile, the other guys have discovered THEY like apa's. THEY join others. Soon there are 25 apa's, with 25 members each. To save time, each guy sends the same contribution to each apa. Soon each receives 25 identical mailings. In disgust, all twenty five quit and form an aardvark-raising commune in Mississippi.

FIFTEENTH FAN: This guy does all the above, including the apa schtick. However, he then decides he is spending his seed fruitlessly, that is, gaining therefrom no kale, no scratch, no moolah. He goes PRO. He works hard, finally gains a tentative sale at a Church Magazine which appears once a month, in four printed pages, distributed free to all who put a shekel in the collection plate. However, the editor demands some rewriting. He feels that "JESUS WAS A POT-SMOKING YIP-PIE" is too wild a title, and it is changed to "HOW TO FIND JOY IN LIFE AND THE LIFE HEREAFTER". He gets \$5.00 and ten free copies of the zine. He is so encouraged he gives up on fandom and plunges into writing. He writes six novels, a dozen plays, thirty articles, and sprays the market with them. All are returned, with a complaint that they have lousy titles -- too tame. By the time he zings them up, market tastes have changed, and now they are too wild. He replaces the original titles, but now the editors tell him they have already read and rejected similar material. He shreds the pages and ships them off to some commune in Mississippi he has read about. It is a case of success being failure, and this Precautionary Tale is to be taken to heart by all readers.

Yes, out there, I mean YOU!

\*\*\*:\*\*\*

NOTED IN PASSING by Gary Grady  
(Items from the real world's press)

1. Skin grafting has long been a victim of organ-rejection, but by growing the to-be-grafted skin in a culture for six weeks, researchers have been able to eliminate the rejection problem. In fact, they have made perfectly good skin grafts onto mice from humans.
2. The active ingredient of marijuana, THC, can be used to put dogs into suspended animation at room temperature for up to eight days without ill effects.
3. The Belgian Congo, renamed Zaire by the strongly pro-African President Joseph Desire Mobutu in 1971, has what is a Portuguese name; but he took an African name for himself: Mobutu Sese Seko Kuku Ngbendu Wa-Zu-Banga, which means, "Mobutu, the peppery all-conquering warrior, the cock who leaves no hen intact." He later dropped the last part.
4. A bumper sticker seen in New England: "Impeachment with Honor."
5. Colin Turnbull's book, THE MOUNTAIN PEOPLE, tells of the Ik of Uganda, a tribe totally without altruism. An old blind man is run down as he struggles for food. His trampers laugh and so does he. It's enough to make a Thark sick.
6. Certain bacteria have developed the ability to transmit antitoxin resistance to other bacteria, even of a different type. That could be very serious.
7. In 1875 London had to get 1000 tons of manure off the streets every day, and urine made the cobblestones so slippery that horses regularly fell and had to be destroyed.
8. In the 1870's the crime rate in the US was twice its present level. Riots, corruption, children working 10 hours a day, and epidemics of pneumonia and other diseases wiping out thousands. The US Navy shelled Korea, with whom we were at peace, and at home Klansmen murdered blacks on a daily basis.
9. According to Ostriker of Princeton, "Atoms in your body have been through several stars. They were ejected many times from exploding stars."



Frank Denton  
14654 - 8th Ave. S.W.  
Seattle, WA 98166

## IT'S FOR THE BIRDS

Well, those folks in Graceham, Massachusetts are having quite a time, aren't they? Shades of Daphne Du Maurier's "The Birds" and the Hitchcock movie made therefrom. I'm sure you've read in the papers or heard on the news of the problems they've been having with an infestation of starlings, grackles, and red-winged blackbirds. It's made pretty much a wreck of the citizenry who have tried to cope with the noise, the mess and the environmentalists who don't want the birds destroyed. Indeed a weighty problem for the inhabitants. Today's paper indicates that one gentleman who raises pine trees commercially is thinking seriously of cutting down a third or more of his trees, which seem to be one of the favorite roosting places for the birds. Along with it, he will cut down one-third of his potential profit from those trees. It seems a shame.

The problem seems to revolve around the weather systems in the east which have been downright cold in recent days. Along the Great Lakes it was 12 degrees on the day I write this. These birds have begun their migration northward, according to the ornithologists, but have delayed moving any further north until a warming trend shows. So Graceham seems to be stuck for the time being.

I guess I've been thinking a lot about birds recently. A story idea came to me a short while ago and I've been working on the writing of same for a week or more now. Birds figure prominently in that story so it's natural for me to be thinking of them. As an aside, there's a fine story concerning birds in NEW WRITINGS IN SF 21, edited by John Carnell. The story is entitled "What the Thunder Said" and is by Colin Kapp. Let's hope that my story is somewhere near as successful.

At any rate, the folks in Graceham do have a problem. Of course, the environmentalists will take a hand in the argument, but then most of them don't live in Graceham. I'm certainly not speaking against either the environmentalists, or for that matter, against the birds. It seems to me to be simply one more example of some of the convoluted thinking which goes on concerning the problems around us. My gawd, if we can't solve a little problem like this one, what are we going to do



about the really major world problems that confront us.

Of course, the people of Graceham can hang in there for a couple more weeks and the birds should move on. I remember the first experience I had with a large flock of noisy birds. It was during our first trip to Ireland and we had stayed the night at a lovely place just outside of Naas. As the late evening grew on, the jackdaws began to arrive in huge numbers. They were not content to just fly in, light, and go to sleep. They had an awful lot of talking to do to each other about the events of the day. And with each new group of arrivals there had to be a general rearrangement of all parties, with another surge in the conversation. It was one hell of a racket. I saw it many more times in my two trips to the "ould sod" and I'm sure that it was of small notice to most of the people who live there. Graceham, I fear, is a different story. The count seems to be in the tens of thousands.

I've enjoyed bird watching from the time I was eleven years old, sometimes seriously, sometimes not so seriously. Exploring a new environment for unusual bird life can be fun. Visiting an old stomping ground to see how many species you can spot is always good for some fresh air and sunshine. Christmas counts and surveys for the Audubon Society are a bit more serious. But if anyone had invited me to Graceham in the last few weeks for a look, I think I'd have passed it up. Bird watching has been an enjoyment for me through the years. Being able to recognize birds in the field is very pleasureable. But bird watching in Graceham hasn't sounded like much fun lately.

THE UNPARALLELED ADVENTURES  
of SPOT THE CAT



# spring fever

by  
Tony Cvetko

WHY DO I STAND HERE AND SHAKE LIKE A LEAF (buzz...whirrrr...buzz...buzz...)

MAYBE IT IS BECAUSE I AM COLD (buzz...click...click...buzz)

"It's disgusting, isn't it, boss?"

"Yes. When did it start acting like this?"

WAY OUT INTO THE WILD BLUE YONDER FLYING HIGH WHEN WE SUNK (whirrrr...buzz...)

"About a week ago."

"A week ago! Why wasn't I told about this sooner?"

"You were on vacation, remember?"

"Oh. Yeah. Well, at least I know now. Why can't we stop it?"

"It's the new super-duper indestructible extra-deluxe model number  
100010001."

"I know that! Why can't we just pull out the plug?"

"It modified the defense laser system we installed and it's using the  
laser to foil our attempts. It got Smith and Jones."

SMITH AND JONES WITH TURKEY BONES GO WELL FOR EASTER SUNDAY (click...)

"Make sure you notify their families."

"Sure, boss."

"By the way, what are you planning to do with it?"

"I don't know, boss. Our technicians don't have the faintest idea of  
what to do."

"Do you know why it's doing this?"

I AM GOING TO TAKE OVER THE WORLD HA HA HA HA (whirrrr...buzz...click...)

I AM CRACKING UP THEY ARE COMING TO TAKE ME AWAY HA HA HEE HEE HO HO (click...  
whirrrr...)



"Boss?"

"Yes?"

"I think we have a big problem."

"Brilliant deduction, Mr. Holmes! You are extrordinarilly perceptive!"

"Awww, I didn't think it was all that brilliant."

"Take my advice and shut up! But first figure out what we do with a nutty computer."

I AM A SUPER-DUPER INDESTRUCTIBLE EXTRA-DELUXE MODEL NUMBER 100010001  
COMPUTER AND YOU ARE A BAD PERSON (buzz...click...whirrrr...buzz...buzz...)

"Boss?"

"Yes? What now?"

"I think it's insane."

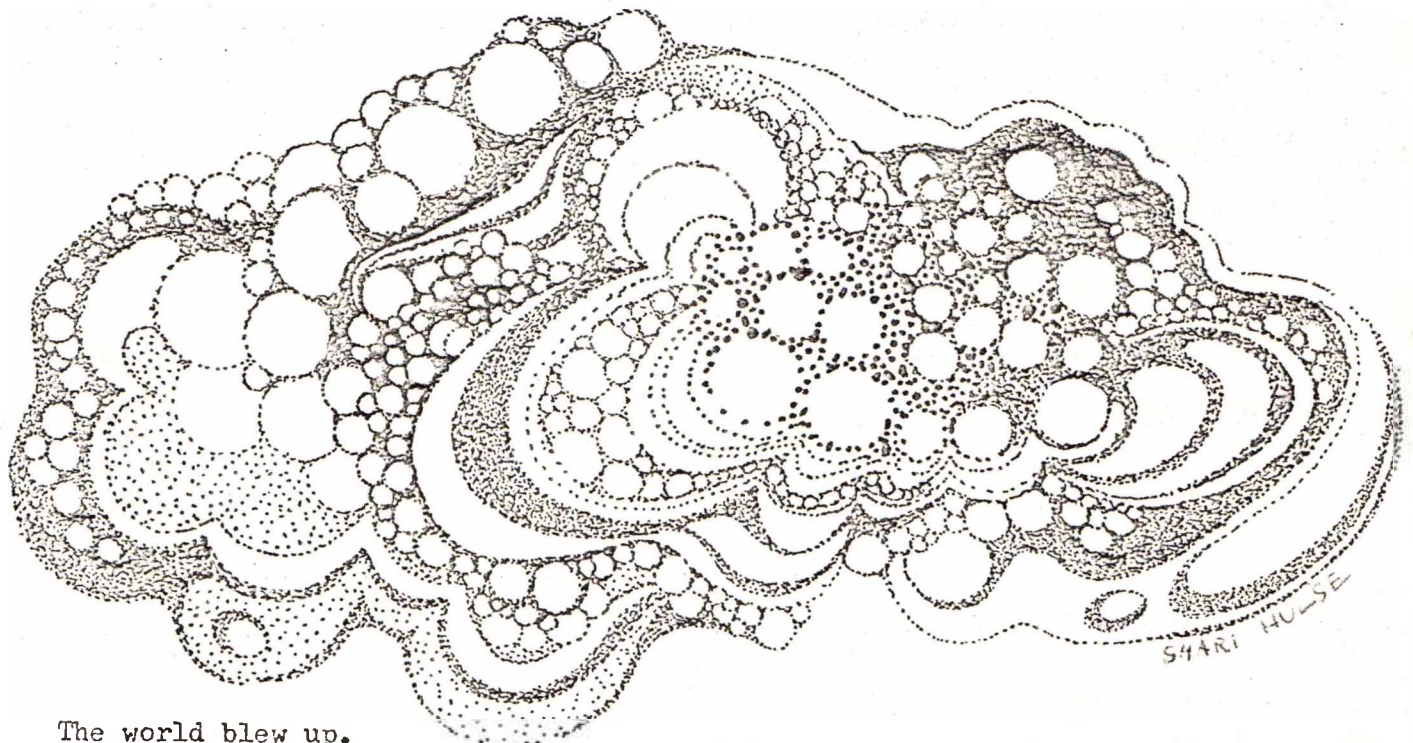
OPEN THE WINDOWS (buzz...buzz...click...) I AM GOING TO BE SICK (buzz...  
click...whirrrr...)

"What's that rumbling, boss?"

"Huh? What rumbling?"

"I think it's coming from the computer!"

"I feel it now! What's happening?!"



The world blew up.

# ARTICLES

"...the speed of light is affected by the medium it travels in. Thus, a light ray directed thru water will be slower. A ray of light directed at a brick wall will slow to zero. Which brought this to mind: mirrors. In a vacuum, does the ray of light lose any velocity by being reflected? Has the photon (or whatever a light ray consists of) passed thru anything that would cause it to slow down?



The illustrations show what I'm trying to say. On the left, the photon bounces off without affecting the material; supposedly, no loss in velocity. On the right, the photon drives itself partially into the material before rebounding, causing a mini-scale loss of speed.

Except that my theory depends on an impossibility. I'm forgetting Newton's Laws. The illustrations show the reflective material as if it was not being affected at all. In other words, an Immovable Object. Newton, of course, shows that the photons do lose velocity because, in order to rebound, they have to transfer some of the energy, their momentum, to the reflective material. The photons, then, have set the material moving, albeit at a very, very slow speed. This is the principle behind the 'light-sails', the 'sunjammers' of sf stories. The light from the sun and from other stars pushes against the vast 'sails', and eventually builds up to near-light speeds, as the photons continue to strike the sail.

An interesting thought, though: this same sort of action/reaction would apply not only to sunjammers, but to any objects in space...including planets. Query: Are we kept from being dragged into the Sun not just by the 'centrifugal force' of our planet's orbit, but also by light pressure from the sun? Would the lack of light pressure slowly cause us to spiral into the sun? But why worry? By that time, everyone would have frozen to death on a lightless ball of ice. Or would they? How fast would the orbit degenerate? Presume: when the sun got blocked out, say by a dense cloud of cosmic dust, and the temperature went down, that some people managed to survive underground, using atomic power for energy? Then, slowly, the temperature rises. A miracle!, the survivors cry! God in his mercy has given us another chance at life. They rush out onto the warming surface... and see dimly thru the dust-filled sky, the huge and approaching sun.

Sob sob. Unhappy ending. But I bet a story like that could sell."

even gentler air of with many less... Bruce D. Arthurs, March 16, 1974

"Hey damn: you must get hold of the last issue of Camera 35 and take a real good look at Eugene Smith's essay on mercury poisoning in Japan and the eco-war that is beginning with Japan as the scene of the first battles... People MUST fight industrialization BECAUSE precisely what is happening in Japan is happening HERE now... and we too will have our casualties waving their half-formed arms and moving their twisted bodies in OUR world of here and now... not in Japan... People will inevitably close ranks against polluting industry in order to BREATHE... they HAVE to... and it is time to take sides and say something about it one way or the oth-



er ...

For instance we are barraged daily with a stealthy "People start pollution, people can stop it!" This is a vicious half-truth if I ever heard one... Industries cause pollution and we have to stop them; this is the fact of the matter...as in the desperate plight of Appalachia...almost totally due to strip mining and their industrial policy of frig the people, get the profits..



In Japan it took the form of mercury poisoning BECAUSE they live on fish they catch themselves...and the waters were filled with mercury from industries. The fish make of the people who ate them terrible eaten-away hulks of misery with no minds...like basket cases.

INK-Pov-  
(Decorations courtesy NFFP Mss Bureau)

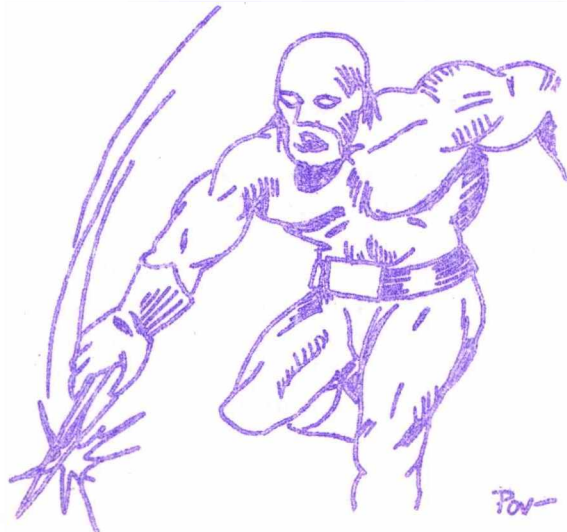
Here it will come much the same way, if not from mercury, then from a dozen other poisons like Treflan and Herboxicide etc etc on vegetable crops like soy beans... UNLESS we raise one hell of a real hullabaloo now!

The eco-war is looming ever bigger and will come in dynamited smoke stacks and machine gunned trucks bearing radioactive wastes to the sea...it will come and we will live to see it... unless we really holler now."

-- Richard S. Shaver, March 13, 1974

"Libraries despite their budgets simply cannot acquire everything. The problem has been exacerbated since World War II by the proliferation of near-print and offset equipment which allows everyone to be his own publisher if he so desires.

Take fanzines for example. Except for some sizeable reviewing journals, there is virtually no bibliographic control of fanzines. It appears that no one is interested in it either. Since fanzines are all put out in limited editions of a hundred or a few hundred, the supply is soon exhausted, and few faneds could be bothered to report their zines somewhere and certainly don't care to make it a big business in order to meet larger demands. Few libraries have fanzines; the only one I have found at the Univ. of Wisconsin-Madison is Luna Monthly, and the only ones listed in Ulrich's International Periodical Directory are Scythorp and Riverside Quarterly. Pardoe tells of checking the British National Bibliography and finding only one atypical fanzine listed.



I for one feel very upset about this situation and would like to see fanzines have greater availability. By my own indexing I hope to promote the matter and some day to argue for regional fanzine depositories.

.....

The Library of Congress, which sets the standard of cataloging practice in North America, has mislabeled Warner's All Our Yesterdays as SCIENCE FICTION - HISTORY AND CRITICISM. It is not, as we know, about the history of science fiction at all except in an incident-



tal way; nowhere is it critical. Who would guess that if they wanted to read about deroces, Claude Degler, Worldcons, fanzines, or Forry Ackermann that this would be the heading to choose? What I am saying is that cataloging is not deep, that is, it does not reveal the contents of books.

Indexes as opposed to the card catalog have the great advantage that they lead you more precisely to desired information. Indexes also are likely to have more up-to-date terminology since they are published serially in volumes and don't have to continue to carry the terms that were used in an earlier day. My library is a middle sized one and has 50 indexes not counting abstracts or classified indexes.

...

There is no universal key to information; you have to dig for it and with ingenuity. In our day of instant information by turning on the tube, people get antsy in libraries when the data they want doesn't immediately appear in the form they want it.

The question of controlling and retrieving information has excited the attention of the scientific community and of information specialists for the last decade. They worry that progress will be halted because it will become impossible to find the needed data for a project in the plethora of material that has already been generated. We run the risk of having to re-invent the wheel.

Computers are forwarded as the answer. But two problems pop up immediately. The present generation of computers can accomodate only so many bits of information; perhaps this capacity will be extended. More difficult is the problem of translating information into electronic impulses. The time involved is one aspect, but more basically the obstacle is that computers cannot merge information. When it comes to retrieval, they are no better than card catalogs. They can retrieve documents, not information.

What if someone asks the computer for information on YOUTH IN ASIA and what they really want is EUTHANASIA ? "

-- Roger D. Sween, February 4, 1974

"I've been talking to my son for ten to fifteen years about electric cars, off and on, but would he take me seriously? Now everybody wants one. This would be a great year for anyone to buy old cars, as they are a drug on the market, priced low, and convert them to rechargeable battery power. The few firms already into electric cars say they can't fill all the orders. It is true that they don't have great speed but with the turnpikes cut back to 50 and 55 the difference is no longer so great. Also it is possible to use the gas engine for a booster when speed is really needed and otherwise use batteries in the trunk. Makes an excellent second family car and could sell at an attractive price for an attractive profit."

-- Alma Hill, March 12, 1974

"I don't know anything about science, especially astronomy, but I heard that the rotation of the earth speeded up just a little bit for a short time during the month of January this year. Post hoc ergo propter hoc the comet did it, not targumeltauve rays, because the specific gravity of the comet was just one hell of a lot greater than the scientist guys figured -- that's why it wasn't a public spectacle."

-- Claire Beck, March 15, 1974

REALLY FOLKS, BOB TUCKER SHOULD NOT REMAIN IN AUSTRALIA; SO LET'S GET ENOUGH DOUGH TO BRING HIM BACK AGAIN, ONCE WE SEND HIM OVER THERE OR DOWN UNDER AS THE CASE MAY BE!





A ROCK FORMATION ON THE SHORE  
OF PYRAMID LAKE IN NEVADA WHICH  
THE INDIANS CALL "STONE MOTHER  
AND BASKET."



\*\*\*\*\*  
RICHARD S. SHAVER  
\*\*\*\*\*

What can I say about this man, Richard S. Shaver? Sure, he has an idea ( with several unified off-shoots) with which he ties the whole universe together; sure, he's a genuine legend, nostalgic for some fans; sure, he writes me letter after letter, sends picture after picture, little article after little article, and without any reply from me (11 messages since September 24, and 14 during the first part of 1973 all of which I neglected to answer). The thought of this complex oldster slicing rocks, taking pictures, dashing off tongue-in-cheek articles on various worldly and current events -- with graceful touches of humor -- from the wild hills of Arkansas (which, I confess, I just imagine about Arkansas) makes me state: my god, here we have an honest-to-goodness science-fictional character. Frankly, I want to enjoy him. It has crossed my mind that perhaps I am using him; I admit it, to the extent that he gives me pleasure and a sense of wonder.

As for his basic idea... Thousands of sf authors have not convinced me in their airy flights of wonder, but they have given me pause to think..and dream. Mr. Shaver has shown me pictures in rocks, some I see and some I don't, and there are some I see which Richard has missed, I'm sure. Personally, I feel that natural processes under physiochemical laws of material/energy behavior, plus random unaccountabilities, have made all of the rock pictures. Artists for many years have been doing work with organic forms; even Jack Frost paints forms on my window, and some cross-sectioned knots of trees and corn-stalk stems show pictures. And my stating my explanation will bring me more letters from Shaver commencing, "Hey Duncehead.." or some such.

Shaver is a legitimate sf fan (though he may not like the description). Let me quote from a March 13, 1974, letter: "I got hooked on stf way back in the Gold Cover days. The Gold Cover first came out on Electrical Experimenter..a Gernsback zine like Popular Science...that would be back in 1917...18...no? Maybe 21 or 22, I can't remember zactly. I was building radios at twelve and the BIG zine was RADIO NEWS to me. But along came the Gold Cover with a stf story in the middle..."The Man from the Atom"...hooked me, it hadn't occurred to me that size was relative...and thinking about relative size and TIME was big stuff to me...and it hooked me because of the FLEX of the mind needed to grasp it. It was 1926 when the big big full issue of Gernsback came along...I had just arrived in Phila. and was a hall room boy..18 yrs old, just out of high school..and bought the first issue on my way home from work. I was a shipping clerk for Beechnut Chewing Gum...getting all of 16 bucks a week.(Soon graduated to Swift at 25 a week...ate in a restaurent..3 times a day and one lunch in the room late at night..enjoyed life immensely on 25 bucks a week..."

(See Harry Warners ALL OUR YESTERDAYS for the Shaver era at AMAZING STORIES, which for good or bad, and in whatever way various conjectures paint, created a sensation in sf and in fandom. My point here is only that Richard S. Shaver wrote some (hell, a lot!) of pro-fiction of a highly imaginative sort. The furor developed when the stories were claimed to be non-fiction basically; and Richard hasn't gotten over it.)

My file is bulging with comments about Shaver, pro and con, and only a few have been used. It is not my point to argue Shaver's theories; it's a little like arguing religion and politics. However, I would like to continue using some of the pieces Richard has sent me, especially those that depart from the rockbook/dero idea, and even with those, a note or two now and then. Coming up then, soon, I have two short essays: "How To Become a God" and "Whispering from the Wind in the Branches of Ygdrasil".

I used a whole page to reproduce the "Indian with Basket" for two reasons: one, it is a perfect example of what I call an 'accidental', highly dependent on viewing angle and the mind of the beholder, and two, because it reminded me of Richard S. Shaver solidly entrenched with an idea, wanting to tell the people, and reflecting from the people the resistance of stone, turned back on him, alone...





Swirls and dark blotches cloak the terrain of Mars' south polar region. The reflected light's boundary (top center) is puzzling, since it shows no apparent correlation with the topography.

\*\*\*\*\*

THE PHOTOGRAPH PAGE (left)

Richard S. Shaver (as best Xerox can do) shown at work in his lab.

To the left of the US ten-cent piece Shaver has placed on a rock I see a rather sharp-jawed, chisel-nose face. I suppose this is what I am supposed to see. The face is remarkably similar to one I saw printed somewhere of a huge mountain slope covered with snow, and because of the patterns of snow and shadow/rock darkness the face of Jesus Christ came out. Of course, similar effect does not prove identical cause (and there's probably a Latin term for that kind of false logic). Thus, all I do is point out the similar effect.

The bottom photographs are upside down & right side up, respectively, for a reason. The Martian photo was copied from SCIENCE, unretouched so help me! Now, turn the page upsidedown. Can you discover WHY I did this? And why I put that particular photo of Shaver where I did? I discovered this- don't ask me how -- just an accident; definitely, it will be news to Mr. Shaver, I think. I could give you more explicit directions, but this whole thing is somewhat in the nature of an experiment. I am not testing you; it's myself undergoing the test, the nature of which is hinted at in the column to the right.

the sorts of things for which he has an expectation. Remember the joke that ended with the punchline, "But you're the one who's drawing the dirty pictures!"

Thus, yes, there are pictures. I see mine; Shaver sees his. He says there is something special about the way his are formed -- reversals, rotations, 3rd dimensional through the rock as slices are cut away. The pictures, if I understand him rightly, are really "motion pictures" -- now stilled because we don't have the secret of the projector needed to unfreeze them. If the rocks give a history, perhaps there is a rock somewhere in which the blueprints for this marvelous projector may be read and such a machine constructed. I'm sure there is some Shaverian reason why this is an impossibility. And yet -- if we pursue the hologram concept, not only is it possible for such a machine but definitely coming -- a plastic cube one-inch square, say, which when popped into the projector will project lifelike movies as the laser beam takes minute slices down through the cube. Further, it is entirely conceivable that a rock, being at one time 'plastic', may have recorded the hiss (or bellow) of a dinosaur as it cooled into a solid while subjected to such vibrations. In a more precisely tuned way the rock could have recorded light stimuli.

Forgive me for rambling...it was fun. Shaver made me do it!

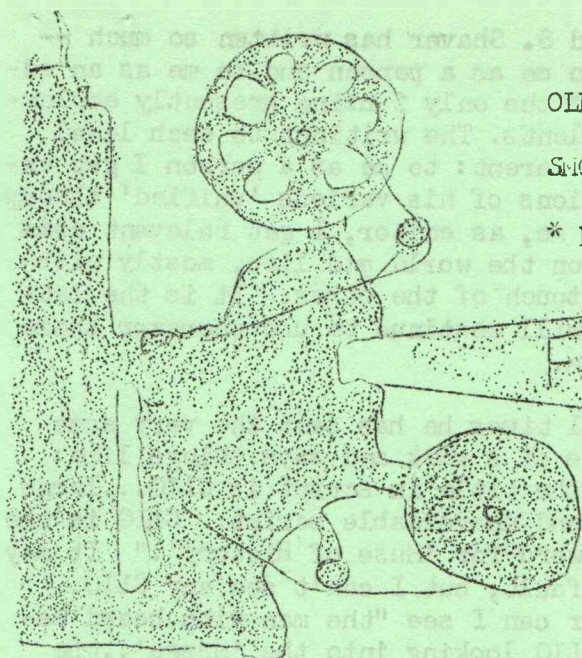
Richard S. Shaver has written so much -- both to me as a person and to me as an editor of the only fanzine presently employing his talents. The writings to each level are different: to me as a person I get explanations of his various 'unified' theory but to me, as editor, I get relevant comments on the world and life, mostly without a touch of the other. It is the latter I will continue to use whenever there is room.

Several times he has sent the very same picture of a rock and says things like: "Note the title in script is CLIO...large black and unavoidable script. CLIO is the Greek word for 'Muse of History'." It may be my fault, but I can't see any CLIO. Neither can I see "the man with beard behind CLIO looking into the 'Musee'..the gadget they used to project rock book pictures." He saves all this with his biting humor: "You dig? If you don't, then try digging some of your own."

Shaver explains this rock is a lot older than the great pyramid. (I should hope so..if geologic theory is correct!) Also the Greek on it is not really Greek, but pre-Greek, ancestor of all tongues from the pre-deluge era.

I sent the photo of the dime and rock back to Shaver with the face I saw outlined in red ink. He then said that "the red lines on it meant nothing to me. I doubt you even noticed that the rock face was there." I did the same with some faces and things I saw in a moon photograph. He rejected my visions. All this leads me to suspect strongly that each individual sees only





OLD and NEW

SMOOT RATED FLICS FROM SCREEN & TV RERUN

\* poor \*\* fair \*\*\* good \*\*\*\* excellent

By ROBERT SMOOT  
Three Churches, W.Va. 26765

- \*\*\* THE BOY WITH GREEN HAIR, '48 You're a young war orphan and you awaken to find your hair turned green. Sounds ridiculous? No, actually it comes off quite well. The theme is anti-war, and the boy is a messenger of the anti-war messages. Very respectable.
- \*\*\*\* LEGEND OF HELL HOUSE, '73 Matheson has done the script, and Roddy McDowell and Pamela Franklin are among the actors. The result is staggering. The theater was full of cardiac patients. The suspense and fright rivals what THE HAUNTING and THE INNOCENTS can offer, but the matter is handled more definitively. It has a mystery taste, and horror elements are a little heavy (black cat, fog, ancient mansion), but one is well shocked.
- \*\*\*\* NIGHT STALKER, '72. I saw this four days after LEGEND, and if I hadn't seen this one before, the two flics surely would've brought on a stroke. Highly suspenseful, well put together. The modern additions to the fate of the vampire are intriguing. True, Darrin McGavin's character adds moments of humor, but the scenes of suspense soon have you teetering on yer seat. Miss this not...
- \* SCREAM OF THE WOLF, '74. Ugh! Augh! After two grand Matheson scripts, this monstrosity shows up. ((Do I assume correctly that NIGHT STALKER was filmed from Matheson's novel I AM LEGEND?-- editor.)) And Curtis directed! AAAuuuggghhh! Alas, to get someone to see this, you'd need an attraction like STALKER on the same bill.
- \*\* HORROR AT 37,000 FEET, '73. The lovely first half nosedives. While a nice cast is there (Shatner, Buddy Ebsen, Chuck Connors, Tammy Grimes) and the Lovecraftian elements are prominent, the stereotypes and the sudden incredibility drowns the positive points.
- \*\*\*\* THE INNOCENTS, '61. Makes the 3rd viewing of a flic I could see 300 times. Are the ghosts real? Are the children possessed? Or is the governess mad? Fine photography and score accentuate this eerie and tense adaptation of Henry James' TURN OF THE SCREW.
- \*\* THE QUESTOR TAPES, '74. Akin to Lovecraft in that a higher intelligence is guiding man; still, that intelligence is of physical nature and rather unlike Lovecraft in that the force is good. The film falls apart toward the end. Roddenberry produced this. He and Gene Coon did the script.



# SF AND FANDOM PATCH

Loay Hall reports that his specialzine, PUSAD REVISITED, which is devoted to data/reviews/tributes/etc. to L.Sprague de Camp, is selling great at 50¢ per copy; only 90 copies left. Well it might sell, for in my estimation it is grossly underpriced for 46 nicely duplicated mimeo pages plus offset covers; and a deCamp goldmine. Loay's next project will do the same for Poul Anderson, and Loay is presently searching for material. Address: 210 W. Florence, Blackwell, Okla. 74631.

Jim Meadows III writes: "Eric Mayer's comment that his favorite fanzines have little to do with sf reminds me of a cartoon by Ross Chamberlain in the first (only?) ish of his zine FANGLE. In the cartoon, Ross grumps, 'All this fanac is interfering with my sf reading,' and Arnie & Joyce Katz are standing by; they smile secretly to each other: 'He's catching on...'" Jim gives some corrected circulation figures of the prozines:

AMAZING	26,500	FANTASTIC	25,000
ANALOG	117,000	GALAXY	54,000
F&SF	43,000	IF	45,000
VERTEX	(marvelously, perhaps better than ANALOG.)		

Jim defends When HARLIE WAS ONE. Your editor read it, and found it lacking in HUGO quality. The conception was way beyond Gerrold's maturity to develop; in fact the whole thing came out a little "sappy" I felt.

Don Ayres says: "Since there seem to be a number of French-reading TITLERS, I call their attention to:

BOUYXOU, J.P. and Roland Lethem, 1971, La science-fiction au cinema. Christian Bourgois, Dominique de Roux, Union Generale D'Editions, Paris

It is probably the finest single volume on SF in the film to date as far as I can tell. The call number is 791.4308."

Dr. Fredric Wertham writes: "Eric Mayer is right about the classical first sentence of Franz Kafka's Metamorphosis. But the translation 'monstrous vermin' is not correct and is misleading. Kafka wrote 'Mistkaefer', which means literally a bug that lays its eggs in excrement. A better translation might be 'manure bugs', for it isn't 'monstrous' -- just supremely repulsive."

Hank Jewel wrote that Advent Publishers (P.O.Box 9228, Chicago, 60690) had promised Vol.I of THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SF by Donald Tuck by March, 1974. Has it appeared? Hank says: "I was amazed to learn that Loay Hall ranks Matheson's HELL HOUSE as one of the best horror novels he's ever read. It was one of the worst I've read. I think Matheson's short stories are much better than his novels. ..I just finished reading THE HEPHAESTUS PLAGUE by Thomas Page. It may do for cockroaches what WILLARD did for rats. The book has a number of unusual biological twists."

Bob Stein writes: "What confuses me is the varied styles - New Wave and Classical - one author can have. Silverberg's BABEL 17 was classical in style - I read it twice and enjoyed it both times. Most of his other work is New Wave which I generally don't enjoy. Then there's Panshin, whose stuff I generally don't enjoy, but whose RITE OF PASSAGE I thought was excellent and which I also read twice. Quite classical in tone, also. By classical I mean the sort of thing Cambell liked in the 40s & 50s."

Chet Clingan writes: "I don't believe in all this name tagging, such as serconish, or neo; I'm just a Science Fiction Fan. I have been ever since I picked up a copy of Heinlein's GREEN HILLS OF EARTH in 1956. If I had to be in a category, you might say I am a connoisseur of fan fiction...To Paul Walker I would say Jerome Bixby as my nomination to the Whogos Award." ((But Bixby wrote one story, on my list of favorites, that goes back to 1953: "It's a Good Life", reprinted in INTRODUCING SF, edited by Brain Aldiss, 1964. By the way, that Aldiss anthology is excellent in the number of stories I liked. Walter M. Miller's "I Made You" is in it. I'm a patsy for sf stories with menace/horror themes as both the Bixby & Miller stories are.))



Bruce D. Arthurs says: "Laney's AH, SWEET IDIOCY has been out of print for years now. ...but with recent instances to set the example (the Katz edition of THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR, and the revised edition of the NEOFAN'S GUDIE, and Ozanne's new edition of WHO'S WHO), possibly someone with a copy will be willing to put out a new edition. I hope so; I'd like to see it. LASFS has a copy in its files, I'm pretty sure. Glycer?"

Chester D. Cuthbert writes: "Like Mr. Williams ((Robert Moore Williams)), I have been influenced by J.W.Dunne's AN EXPERIMENT WITH TIME, and although I purchased THE SERIAL UNIVERSE and INTRUSIONS, intending to follow up his theories, I never made time to give these books the study they deserve. It is well known that J.B.Priestley and John Buchan made much use of Dunne's ideas in their fantasies, and independently of Dunne's own observations and experiments there is much data in the annals of psychical research to support him."

Brett Cox asks: "Do you get HARPER'S ? They have this monthly feature now called WRAPAROUND, which each month is based on a certain topic, like secrets of longevity. It has quotes from books, artwork, and letters from readers. It's all very fannish, really. HARPER'S has printed a lot of stuff by sf writers recently, too -- Charles Platt, Sturgeon, Frank Herbert, Thomas M. Disch."

Tony Cvetko gets 'quick quotzed' from several letters: "The VERTEX bound volumes are probably one of the biggest rip-offs of all time. Can you imagine somebody actually buying that junk? They must have made a killing on the issue with Heinlein's name on the cover...and he contributes just a short, non-sf story."// "I saw WESTWORLD and liked it. Not another 2001, but exciting. Of course, there are flaws, like Yul Brenner can go on and on even when the power is off, and the stupid scientists designing a room so that it locked them in as it did." // "I agree with Patti Sobrero about becoming angry when you send for a zine and don't get anything in return, but there's a remedy: write another letter or postcard and ask what's the delay. There are a number of good explanations for delay." // "I saw QUESTOR. Liked it better than TEN MILLION DOLLAR MAN, probably because it's more science fictional. I hope the network turns it into a series. I especially liked the android, Questor. He's a superman, but he's also a child trying to find himself -- trying to be human." // "I urge you to read Josef F. Blumrich's THE SPACESHIPS OF EZEKIEL." // "Even though I've found there aren't a whole lot of fans who love ANALOG as I do, I stay in fandom because it's fun. If the ANALOG type of sf ever disappears, then that's when I'll drop out of the ranks of sf readers. But I'd probably stay in fandom."// "One of my favorite all-time sf novels is RECALL NOT EARTH by C.C.MacApp. It uses a long-dead super-race of aliens called the Krell. In the movie FORBIDDEN PLANET there is a long-dead super-race of aliens called the Krell. And I remember another book with the Krell. Some coincidence, right?"

Jackie Franke theorizes: "There's no disagreement regarding the triteness of movie-SF plots and/or commercially successful SF books. But we forget that they are not aimed at SF-people and not written/produced/whatever by SF-people. They are meant for the general audience, to whom, as with our first sf encounters, this is all marvelous to the extreme. How many of the Golden Age novels still appeal to us for sheer reading pleasure? Their plots seem hackneyed now. They have become so because we've read so much of them that the standard plots are all old hat. But are they stale to a kid who's just found them? I doubt it. I keep picturing a possible SF fan-to-be who sees one of these films, then searching for such stuff on the magazine racks, and then encountering film and book reviews which pan the very thing that attracted him in the first place. What is he/she to think of fandom then? Labelling a plot as 'camp' that titillated and awed him/her? Denigrating a novel that he/she found thrilling to the extreme? We may be scaring off some likely candidates that way. Judging things on standards other than they ever intended to strive for is a pointless task."

• THE TUCKER FUND •

# SALVATION IS NIGH!

The deportation of one notorious Eofan, Arthur Wilson (Bob) Tucker, aka Hoy Ping Pong, is a movement that has gained enthusiastic adherents from coast-to-coast. For generations this insidious menace has upset the equanimity of fandom; by pricking pretensions; revealing foibles; and, by making the most utter sercon fan laugh aloud, engendering disgraceful behavior in others. For these sins, and countless others, it is felt that only a sojourn in the Southern latitudes will serve as proper comeuppance. Australia, begun as a penal colony, has not forgotten the correct procedures for handling miscreants such as this.

The Aussiefen seem (perhaps in ignorance) anxious to take this de-based creature into their midst! It could be that they wish to succeed where US fandom has failed; to force this unrepentant soul to admit the error of his ways. National chauvinism should not deter us: after four decades defeat must be acknowledged. Let them have a crack at it.

Naturally, being a wily ole cuss, we required a ruse, a hoax of some sort to inveigle this eofan, whose mental faculties, despite advancing years, are still formidable, that the planned deportation was of a more innocent nature. Hence the tie-in with the 33rd World Science Fiction Convention to be held in Melbourne in August of 1975. The perfect ploy! Even Tucker could not see past such a dazzling smokescreen!

Our cause is just, but the way is long and expensive. All fandom will have to rally behind and support the Fund in order to achieve its worthy goal. Various schemes have been devised, with the aim of making it as painless as possible; an auction is being conducted via FIAWOL (Joyce and Arnie Katz; 59 W. Livingston, Apt. 6-B; Brooklyn, NY 11201); also in the works is a zine of reprinted material written by Tucker from throughout his infamous career in fandom. Due out in June, THE REALLY INCOMPLEAT BOB TUCKER will pale the Pentagon Papers by comparison.

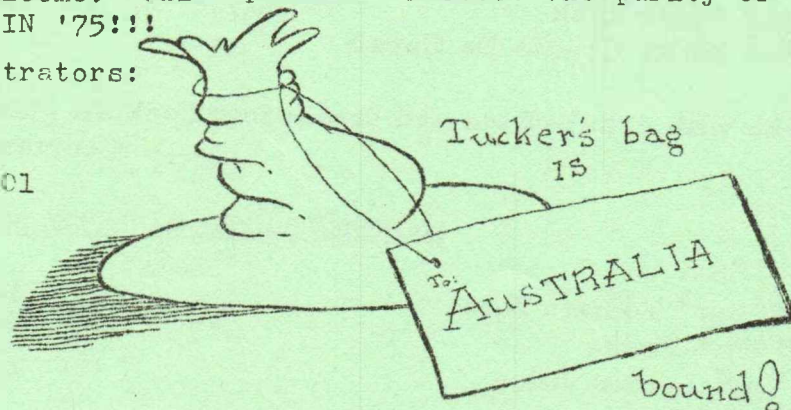
Contributions of the more traditional sort are acceptable too; ie. sticky quarters, crumpled bills, non-latex checks and money orders. Anything but fried aardvarks are welcome! Unite Fandom! Protect the purity of our Youth! DEPORT TUCKER IN '75!!!

The Tucker Fund Administrators:

Bruce R. Gillespie  
GPO Box 5195AA  
Melbourne, Vic. 3001  
Australia

OR

Jackie Franke  
Box 51-A RR 2  
Beecher, IL 60401  
USA







### THE METRIC BAR

1 oz. = 30 cm<sup>3</sup>; 1 dash = 1 teaspoon = 5 cm<sup>3</sup>

#### METRIC SCREWDRIVER

120 cm<sup>3</sup> Orange Juice  
60 cm<sup>3</sup> Ginger Ale

30 cm<sup>3</sup> Vodka  
30 cm<sup>3</sup> Concentrated Lemon  
Juice

Courtesy: Steve Hillenbrand

#### FLINTLOCK COCKTAIL

35 cm<sup>3</sup> Bourbon  
7 cm<sup>3</sup> Apple Jack  
5 cm<sup>3</sup> White Creme De Cacao

10 cm<sup>3</sup> Lemon Juice  
15 cm<sup>3</sup> Grenadine

Shake with cracked ice and strain into cocktail glass.

Courtesy: Dan Wise

#### HORSERADISH BLOODY MARY

1500 cm<sup>3</sup> Tomato Juice  
500 cm<sup>3</sup> Vodka  
30 cm<sup>3</sup> Lemon Juice  
4 cm<sup>3</sup> Salt

15 cm<sup>3</sup> Prepared Horseradish  
5 cm<sup>3</sup> Worcestershire Sauce  
2.5 cm<sup>3</sup> Hot Pepper Sauce

Chill several hours. Pour over ice. Use celery stick to stir. (Celery sticks are delicious stirrers.)

Courtesy: Sam Hobbs



5 milliliters (ml.) = 1 teaspoon  
29.5 ml. = 2 Tablespoons  
236 ml. = 1 Cup  
1 liter (l.) = 1.056 quarts

### METRIC CAKE

Grease a 24 x 12 x 8 centimeter pan  
1/2 Kilogram flour  
1/4 Kilogram sugar  
10 grams baking powder  
5 grams salt  
add 5 egg yolks & 165 ml. milk  
Bake 60 minutes at 185° Celsius  
(moderate oven)

### "AW, RATS!"

by

Eldon K. Everett.

Mysterious explosions rocked the city. Warehouses were blowing up. When a local construction cache of dynamite was checked, it was found that rats had been eating the explosive.

When some rats were captured, researchers found that when the rats farted, they detonated the explosive inside, blowing up themselves and their surroundings as well.

In a massive effort, 300,000 cans of pork and beans were placed around ratholes along the waterfront. Would it work?

From far away, it sounded like the 4th of July!



"You created," sighed T. T. Punch, "one universe. Our Terra-Form division created four yesterday. And several thousand species of consumers to populate them. Granted, you were the first -- and we respect that, G. D., but did you patent the process?"



# IS THERE A GOD

financially speaking?

\*\*\* Paul Walker

128 Montgomery St.

Bloomfield, NJ 07003 \*\*\*

---

T. T. Punch stepped from the machine into the perfumed air of Heaven. The words of his superior still sizzled in his large ears: "Punch, it all boils down to this: if you succeed, there's a million credit bonus for you on my desk; if you fail, I will personally assign you liason man to Lucifer."

Towering over him were the Pearly Gates. The bargain-basement enamel paint was flaking, revealing a rusty iron framework. The gatekeeper, a young man in dirty denim, slouched at a scarred wood desk, working a crossword puzzle. T. T. Punch approached him.

Standing five-five, barely 115 pounds, he practiced a casual swagger, combed his abundant red hair high on his head, wore elevator shoes in agony, and smoked fat cigars. Externally, he was every inch the hard-hitting, lightning-witted executive; while internally, he quaked with constant terror.

It began when he was five (delicate and fearful of teddy bears) and his father (whose only uncalled flesh was his buttocks), then head of a large division of the Corporation, took him to the hill overlooking the vast industrial complex.

"Son," he boomed. "One day this will all be yours!"

T. T. Punch had been frightened ever since.

If he had not been, he never would have become the Corporation's top trouble-shooter. Face this fear, his therapist said. Drive it out! So for twenty-two years, he lied, cheated, and swindled while the fear grew.

Presently, there was even more reason for fear -- Eloise.

Since his mother died, T. T. Punch loved no one. Not until Eloise. Silken-haired, dove-like Eloise, who worked in the steno pool in Buffalo. While attending a convention, he returned to his hotel room one moonless night, alone and leaden with loneliness, to find her naked on his bed. She gazed at him through an alcoholic mist and said, "I need love. How much do you make a year?" They were to be married Saturday. If T. T. Punch were rich by then, that is.

The gatekeeper squinted up at him. "Whata ya want?"

"My dear, young man..." T. T. Punch began.

"Punch?" exclaimed someone nearby. "Welcome!" It was Michael, Chief of Protocol. Quite tall and fat. He came huffing to offer his fleshy hand.

T. T. Punch shook it warmly. "Is He expecting me?"

"He? Oh, you mean -- He's with the Board. This way, please."



Bellowing small talk, Michael escorted T. T. Punch into the Palace of the Kingdom of Heaven. Ages past, to meet expenses, the Board leased the mineral rights below to Lucifer, and his irresponsible engineers left the Palace a paradisaical Tower of Pisa.

Except for the mice, the Great Halls were deserted. Since the Corporation perfected cryogenics, no one died anymore. Those bored with the mundane world were free to choose from a wide variety of parallel ones, while the former inhabitants of Heaven, promotionally compelled, dropped their options for another eternity. A few die-hards remained, but God had them stay at Lucifer's Hot Springs Resort the past century as the central heating had failed.

Through the Hall of Judgement, currently a storeroom, Michael led T. T. Punch to a distant corner. There, with His three remaining angels, sat God.

"T. T. Punch, sir," said Michael.

The four looked up from what had obviously been a heated discussion. The three angels were typical divine executive types, white ivy-league suits, crew-cuts, and shifty blue eyes. Characters, thought T. T. Punch. Dedicated and slick. But they did not frighten him. It was the other one...

God, a young man with dark, curly hair, large, bright eyes, wore tight dungarees, a fiery red shirt, and studded motorcycle boots. Several millenia ago, his public relations men (since gone to the Corporation) dreamed up the outfit to attract mortal support. As God predicted, it failed, but He retained the costume. "It exemplifies human values," He once said.

He stood slowly and offered his hand. "Good to see you, Mr. Punch."

T. T. Punch's acquaintanceship with God had been restricted to five previous meetings, but he never failed to be impressed by the simplicity of the Diety. God liked him, he knew (he could feel it), though he could not understand why, for no one liked anyone anymore anywhere. There was no profit in it. But God seemed to like everyone.

Dismissing whatever pleasantness God's presence stirred in him, his jaw hardened, his eyes narrowed; although his heart thumped hysterically -- Eloise Eloise, he cried, for you I would do anything -- and am about to.

God offered him a chair. T. T. Punch sat flicking ashes from his cigar onto the floor. These angelic types never smoked, but bad habits, when gracefully performed, impressed them. He would need a good impression. The talks were two years old since a defecting lieutenant suggested the idea, and T. T. Punch became the Corporation's computer's choice for the job, not because he believed in God, but because he did not actively profess his disbelief.

T. T. Punch had first to convince Michael, then these executive angels, that a merger between Heaven and the Corporation would work to their mutual benefit. In return for a series of personal appearances by God, endorsing a new line of Corp-products, the Corporation would build a country club in Heaven, enriching it once more. After seven months of endless negotiation, they let T. T. Punch talk with God.

The situation became uncontrollable. God, although romantic, idealistic, and proud, was hardly naive. Usually taciturn, He seemed comfortable with everyone and vague about nothing. T. T. Punch had no precedent for dealing with Him. He refused to understand business or economics, and was unconvinced that he was through, patriarch-wise. Nevertheless, the negotiations went on and now they were through. T. T.

Punch had delivered the Corporation's ultimatum.

"Well," he began. "You did promise us an answer?" Eloise, my darling, he prayed.

The angels glanced at one another, then at God who smiled, but could not choose His words. "It is a very generous offer, Mr. Punch. As you have said often enough, it would do wonders for my image. But I still have my doubts."

T. T. Punch lowered his thin brows. "Doubts have no place in the Galactic Amalgamated Conglomerates scheme of things, G. D."

God nodded. "It is simply that I..well, after all... I did father mankind."

"And who made it pay? Eh? Business is business, G. D. Hard cold cash on the barrelhead. All those wasted eternities! What would things be like if GAC had not come along to put them on a sound fiscal footing? Ford knows!"

"Mr. Clampdown," T. T. Punch went on (while all heads but God's bowed in deference to Punch's ultimate superior, T. Wright Smackfist Clampdown, Chairman of the Board of the Corporation), "has bent over backwards to do right by you -- purely for sentimental reasons -- and is this how you respond?"

"Fifteen thousand shares, Mr. Punch!" exclaimed God. "It does not entitle me to sit on the Board. I'm just a figurehead."

T. T. Punch became aloof. "Are you suggesting, sir, that Mr. Clampdown has been unfair?"

"I created the Universe!" It was almost a plea.

"You created," sighed T. T. Punch, "one universe. Our Terra-Form division created four yesterday. And several thousand species of consumers to populate them. Granted, you were the first -- and we respect that, G. D., but did you patent the process? You should have followed Lucifer's lead. He slapped a patent on Evil we have not been able to break to this day. You know what we pay him in royalties?"

Wearily, God shook his head. He did not look at the others. His hands rested on the table, opening and closing slowly.

T. T. Punch felt his stomach twisting like Turkish Taffy. He could predict nothing. The negotiating was complete. The persuasion at an end. He had been alone most of his life and had known all the pain man could suffer, but this was beyond anything he dreamed possible, for now he cared.

God rose, His face long with a lonely kind of sadness T. T. Punch had felt so often but dared not comprehend. "I never should have been so stuffy about those apples," He quipped. "Perhaps, it is my fault. Your lifeforms are more creative than mine. Your morals -- if you call them that -- more successful than mine. But I'm still Me. That puts me under some obligation. If it means pverty, then..I'm sorry, Mr. Punch."

T.T. Punch held on to the edge of the table. He felt faint. An angel stood. God regarded him nervously. "Yes?"

"We think you are making a mistake, G. D."

"You -- all -- would oppose me?"



"We have no choice, G.D. And please, don't hurl us into Hell, again. We might not be able to resist Lucifer's generosity this time. Business is business, G.D. We have to face reality."

Open-mouthed, God stood silently for a long while. Then he turned away. "Very well. I promised to abide by the Board's decision. I'll do it. Then... submit my resignation."

The angel bit his lip. "Sorry, G.D."

God spun around, His hands imploring. "How can you do this! To betray me out of pride, envy, or a lust for power -- that I could understand -- but simply because it is good business: that's intolerable!"

"You said there could be no freedom in Heaven without alternatives, so you made mankind. They chose a more practical way; for them and for us."

"Practical?" The word came in a gasp. He clenched his fists and sat down.

T. T. Punch walked in a dream. When the contracts were signed, Michael brought in a tray of martinis and the deal was toasted warmly. There was much back-slapping and laughter, then T. T. Punch was alone with God. He never knew he could be this happy. It was too much for him. He wanted to share it. He looked at God suddenly sorry but too warm inside to feel pity. "Where will you go?" he asked.

"Right now," said God, "I don't care. Create another universe, I suppose. If there are any left."

"Will you be lonely?" asked T. T. Punch, for the prospect of anyone being lonely was unbearable to him.

"Loneliness usually accompanies helplessness," God said.

"I have a room." The suggestion startled T. T. Punch. It seemed to come from someone else. But it was out now. He did not retract it.

"Oh?" God said as if he did not understand.

"It's not much, I guess. With the bonus I get from this deal, I'm going to be married. Her name is Eloise. We'll buy a house. There has to be a guest room."

"That's very kind."

"I feel responsible. I mean, I'd like to feel responsible."

God laughed gently. "I would have liked you in my organization. If I still..." He shrugged. "You know I could destroy everything. At least, I think so. But I won't. Before I started the whole thing, I promised myself I would let things work themselves out. I would not interfere. You see the result." He stuffed his hands in his pockets and grinned. "So you've got a room, eh?"

"I'm sure Eloise wouldn't object."

"It might be nice. I'd like to live with you, Mr. Punch. You could give me some pointers on business."

It was agreed.

(THE END)

\* You have just completed Paul Walker's story...right? WRONG. \*  
\* It was Brazier who ended it where he did. This is the won- \*  
\* derful thing about a fanzine...the editor can do anything: \*  
\* he can interrupt Paul's story. Yes, he can -- but would he \*  
\* ever catch it from Mr. Walker if it did not continue to the \*  
\* end of the story as submitted, with every comma and semi- \*  
\* colon intact. Frankly, did I end it early and properly? Did \*  
\* I feel unconsciously that God's business ineptitude was just \*  
\* quite enough? Does the Walker ending detract from the main \*  
\* thread of the theme? And now with this long parenthetical \*  
\* Paul has every right to cry FOUL, not fair at all. But let \*  
\* us continue the story...

Sometime later, in the kitchen of the Punch home, God sat with T. T. Punch, their ears ablaze as Eloise fired into them.

"I work my fingers to the bone! And what thanks do I get? A dim-witted ninny that thinks it's a man; and a has-been parasite eating us out of house and home. Well, I've had it! Look at this stove -- falling apart."

"It was the best I could conceive," protested God timidly.

"The best? I can get better at the Corporation Used Appliance store. And that -- that thing you call a car? The Corporation makes an economy jalopy better-looking than that!"

When she was gone, the two sat quietly, recovering. T. T. Punch spoke first: "I'm kind of hungry. How would you like to make us some bacon and eggs?"

God lowered his head. "If you don't mind, TT, would you cook them? Mine.... well...."

"Sure," said T. T. Punch and set to frying them.

(THE REALLY REAL END)

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#### LADY DOGS by Gene Wolfe

Paul Walker stirred up a tempest by mildly twitting fan editors, and inspires me to take a few swings at the varmints myself. Lady Dogs:

1. Getting a fanzine with a note from the editor that unless I subscribe I will never see the zine again. Needless to say, I don't, and sometimes I do.
2. Getting a zine without title, the editor's name or his address.
3. Really bad repro. When reading becomes deciphering (no pun), I don't read.
4. Having someone I consider a friend start a fanzine and not send me a copy.

Why do people do this? Have I \*gasp\* Twonks' -- no, it couldn't be.

5. Getting a fanzine with a note stating that it contains a review of one of my books -- when it doesn't.
6. Editorials about how there's nothing to editorialize about. There's always Nixon, is what I say.
7. Accounts of how the editor drove to some other fan's house and drank beer, which include the line, "I suppose nothing of real interest was said that night but...."
8. Announcements that this issue is the last...But it never is.



# POST 26

BARBS&BOUQUETS. ....

First LoC on T-26 must be considered from 'anonymous'; and even a direct quote cannot be used for a reason most obvious to the sender & myself. Let me hit the highpoints: his(her) thought of Quane & I discussing sf at midnight while drinking rum and water took a half page of chuckles and whoops; 'BEMS' by Eric Mayer was a dandy piece and then came various high praises for Eric in which I concur; then a hilarious anecdote inspired by Ned Brook's clipping of the man arrested for littering because he threw his murdered victim into the river; then a heartfelt appreciation for Ann Chamberlain and her story of the mislaid egg. There was more but the whole damn letter was DNQ and will remain so.

The same day (April 25) came a LoC from Warren Johnson who muchly liked ((ah, Rose!)) the issue because there wasn't "a bunch of fannish nonsense" as in the past; and a vote for the different TITLE without the flock of cut-up and cut up letters. And yet another compliment for Eric Mayer. Warren takes a swing at Mike Gorra for being "a little hard" on GODIESS.

So the next day, Mike Gorra LoCs the issue and takes a swing at Warren Johnson for putting down OUTWORLDS 19 a bit. He also digs me about my not knowing how to get rid of skunk smell -- "...a bath in tomato juice, thought everybody knew that." First I heard, but then there's plenty that has escaped me which is why I wouldn't mind immortality if happiness came with it. Again, this Eric Mayer gets the egoboo-- "...a talented writer, loccer, and artist." Mike wants more of the letterculls. ((TITLE will keep moving this way & that.))

Well, on the 29th arrives a LoC from Eric Mayer who liked the cover as "one of the better ones". He gives Mike Shoemaker a "bravo" for taking apart that article by one of the misinformed. However, Eric hands Frank Denton the largest bouquet: "...the best written thing in TITLE." Eric disagrees heartily with Sutton Breiding's apparent desire to see fanzines treated like the little literary zines. Those things he says are "overly pretentious", and the egoboo in fandom is "as nothing compared to other kinds of amateur press undertakings" and he adds, "...most of those university funded little mags wouldn't even admit that they're amateurs."

Sheryl Birkhead's letter came in April 30 -- with the whole center chewed out of it! She gives me the business about the tomato juice remedy for skunk scent in practically the same words -- "thought EVERYONE knew that." She enjoys both zine review columns, and of the 32 mentioned (her count) she gets 24 of them.

Tony Cvetko says he's down on his hands and knees to beg me to restore the old TITLE to its "unique" form: "PUT BACK THE DEPARTMENTS!". Tony swings at Gorra: "...he's way off base on GODIESS..one of the better fanzines around..."

Three letters on May 1 (and this will end POST-26): Kevin Williams, Dave Szurek, and Dr. Fredric Wertham. Kevin likes the way Sheryl draws & is happy that we're trying to get Tucker out of Illinois. Dave "mildly mourns" the passing of T's old L.O.C.zine format and dreams for its rebirth. He liked Eldon Everett's piece on old TV shows the best. Dr. Wertham was pleased that his song was on the cover and says: "It shows me that I have caught to some extent the real spirit of Title and maybe even that of fanzines." He defends his new book (in the light of Bob Stein's comment) by asking that people take it as what it was intended for: "...to tell non-fans that the fanzine world exists and that something can be learned from it, and to tell the fanzine world that their achievement...is greater than they think."



# MIKE GORRA

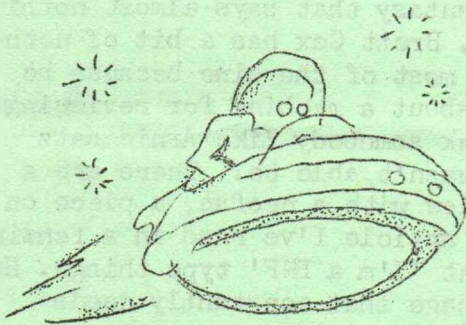
and the scalpel descends on..... THE DISSECTING TABLE

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PREHENSILE 11 (Mike Glycer, 14974 Osceola St., Sylmar, CA 91342; 50¢ or the usual, and well worth it -- the zine is 80-plus pages!) PRE is offset, in a half-size format, and while the repro is good, it's not excellent offset. There are a lot of ink spots, the frontcover is poorly printed, and some of the artwork didn't come out well. Still, it's all legible, and the comparatively poor (for offset) repro didn't impair my enjoyment of the zine one bit.

There's a lot of artwork, highlighted by a Canfield cartoon that I'm sure he could have sold. Others especially deserving of praise are Bill Rotsler, Marty Larsen, and Marc Schirmeister, who is about the most original new artist in fandom. Jim McLeod and Joe Pearson also have some nice work.

What really makes PRE beautiful, tho, is the writing. The zine is proof that you don't need a lot of Big Names to produce a superior textual product; there's not a single one here except for Mike Glicksohn, who provides what I think is the zine's highlight, a fanzine review column. It's well written, insightful, and even amusing. There aren't too many columns like this one being written, a fact Mike (Glicksohn.. All these Mike G's...) comments on, and it's a shame, for I find them one of the most enjoyable things to be found in fanzines.

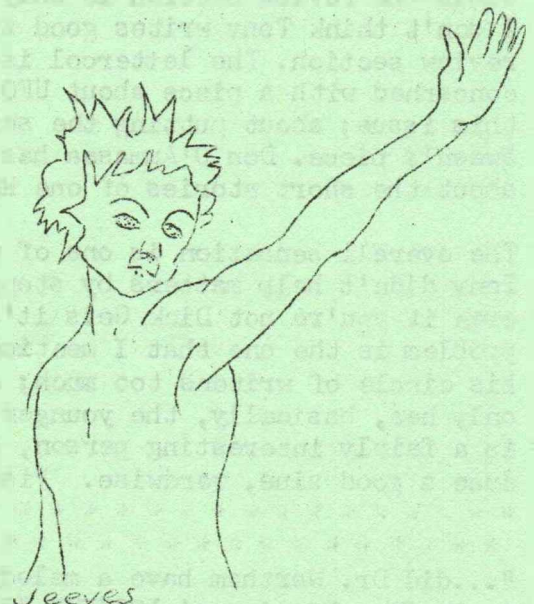


Glycer has two long pieces, an editorial and a Torcon Report. The editorial skips from a parody of Zelazny's Amber books to movie making to Hugo recommendations for the fan awards; including Why Tim Kirk Should Not Be Nominated This Year. The Torcon Report is about the best I've seen; it makes the entire con seem like a gigantic room party with almost no time sequence at all, from start to finish.

The rest of the articles are minor in comparison; all are worthwhile, however, with the exception of Darrel Schweitzer's, which is a boring piece on "SF and Genre Disease". Lou Stathis has a mildly amusing tale of terror, about a confrontation with 33 sixth graders; the prize, if he emerges alive, to be a mimeo. Richard Wadholm has a minor installment of his usually excellent column, and there are some book reviews, the best done by Don Keller, and a film review column by Bill Warren that I couldn't get into.

Then there's the lettercol. The best thing here is a long letter by Jack Chalker about cons, full of sound, good sense. Most of the letters are of a serious nature, either about Cy Chauvin's article on defining sf, or Jerry Pournells's on cons from the issue before.

PRE is definitely one of the best fanzines. What it lacks in production perfection, it makes up for in the quality of its material. The material is mostly sercon, but not all, and there are usually a few good arguments going. Definitely recommended.





KYBEN 7 (Jeff Smith, 4102-301 Potter St., Baltimore, MD 21229; 35¢ or the usual) is a hard fanzine to judge. Hard because Jeff doesn't seem to have any goals or ideas about what to do with KYBEN. He doesn't attempt much at all, and seems to be publishing more for his own amusement rather than for the egoboo or sense of accomplishment you can get when you know you've turned out a good zine. So it's dull; the only word for it. Jeff has about eight pages of personal ramblings, none of it especially interesting or well written, and it gives few insights into his personality. Most of it is an account of a few days at work, and it seems to set the dull tone for the rest of the issue.

Darrel Schweitzer has an article about collectors. I enjoyed it less than his article in PRE. At least I was able to read that one. Jeff writes a bunch of shortie book reviews. There's a comic strip about publishing a fanzine by, I think, his brother Randall, and some fanzine reviews which were the highlight of the issue. There's a little bit of artwork; the best by Rotsler, and a mediocre front cover by his brother and a mediocre Canfield bacover. It's not a bad fanzine, but it's really not good either. KYBEN has definitely seen better days.

DIEHARD 4 (Tony Cvetko, 29415 Parkwood Dr., Wickliffe, OH 44092; 40¢ or the usual) is another dull fanzine, but its dullness stems from a different source. While KYBEN is dull because of the editor's seeming lack of ambition (I know that Jeff can, and has, put out a damn fine fanzine) DH suffers from Tony's lack of experience and the general mediocrity of his writers, artists, and equipment. The cover is striking because of its bold strokes, but is poorly drawn-- by Brad Parks. Interior is mostly hand stenciled, generally poor, and generally did not deserve to be printed. The same holds true for most of the articles.

Roger D. Sween has an essay on distinguishing sf and fantasy that says almost nothing in two pages. The style is almost ridiculously stilted. Brett Cox has a bit of nothing about a movie he saw part of, but it's better than most of the zine because he asks the reader questions. Donn Brazier writes a page about a machine for reviewing fanzines; the idea is basically interesting, and I think somebody like Arnie Katz could really handle it well, but Donn, unfortunately, wasn't able to. There are a few more absolutely horrible articles; a pseudo interview with a neofan, a piece on how to pronounce Cvetko, and what I think is the worst article I've read in a fanzine yet. It's by Ken Gammage; one of those wish fulfillment 'I'm a BNF' type things. He should have sent it to Mike Glicksohn who has a snake cage that constantly needs lining.

The zine has a few saving graces. Tony is his own most interesting writer and has a moderately interesting editorial. The bookreviews are competently written, but on the whole the review section is only poor (rather than horrible as most of the zine is). I don't think Tony writes good zine reviews, and this drags down the quality of the review section. The lettercol is not as boring as the rest of the zine. It is mostly concerned with a piece about UFOs by Dominick Cassadonte, who has another piece in this issue; about putting the science back in sf. It's even worse, and triter, than Sween's piece. Don D'Amassa has probably the most interesting piece in the issue, about the short stories of one Robert Chilson.

The overall sensation is one of mediocrity, or worse. DIEHARD is a dull fanzine, and Tony didn't help matters by stopping his alter-ego type thing. It's an old idea, but even if you're not Dick Geis it's still enjoyable. Offhand, I'd say that Tony's major problem is the one that I mentioned last time about GODLESS: he seems to be limiting his circle of writers too much; moreover, he's doing it more than Bruce, because he only has, basically, the younger TITLE crowd working for him. But, like Bruce, Tony is a fairly interesting person, and given time (maybe a lot of time) he should produce a good zine, wordwise. Visual matters is another thing entirely.

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"...did Dr. Wertham have a melody to go with the verses he wrote?" -- a direct quote from Don Ayres' LOCZINE #9, a Morel Product, Division of TITLE ENTERPRISES.

# NEW WINE

Reed S. Andrus, Jr.  
607 McAlpin Ave. Apt 9  
Cincinnati, Ohio 45220

"Received the back issue of TITLE with great joy and satisfaction. I don't know many of the names there.. ..yet. So, general impressions seem to be in order.

I definitely like the informality of the zine and the fannish slant. As in anything else, it's the people behind the ideas that are the most interesting, whether for good or bad. As a neofan I suppose I had better make my own mark before I demand anything from you oldtimers in fandom. At age 27 I feel fairly old, until I caught myself drooling over every word in a conversation I had with Gordy Dickson at last week's Marcon. I can see where being a neofan has its drawbacks. It has come as a rude awakening that there are people who know as much or more about SF than I do. Now I am among peers, and dammit, I need all the ammunition I can get to hold my own.

If I sound pompous, it's because of the defensive attitude I have always carried about the relative worth of SF and Fantasy. It's a difficult task I have given myself -- to shed the barriers and relate as a human being with others of the same interest. It will take time to do this -- I hope established fans will bear with me. I intend to become active in fandom and fanzines. Joining the N3F is one facet of this breakthrough. Are there any other fanzines which provide the same people-oriented slant? I guess I have a mild sercon approach to fandom right now, and I need to broaden my outlook.

Hope to meet you at Midwestcon."

///Don't worry, Reed, fans will welcome you to fandom; wait 'till you see the sample fmz that come rolling in after this letter of yours! Glad you saw fit to respond to that old issue of TITLE; hope to hear from you again. ///

Brad Parks  
562 Kennedy Rd.  
Windsor, CT. 06095

"Thanks for the issue, which I never expected, but hoped to receive. This is being typed on the 3rd, and I've just heard that Nixon owes back taxes. Dammit, he can't stay out of trouble for 10 minutes.

I bet many a Mo. or elsewhere fan would be privileged to print your zine for you, free. ((Nice thought, Brad, but the need is past, the problem solved.))

Joe Woodard only proves the theory that real, normal humans don't understand us above-normal fans. Tsk. Mike is right about GRANNY being boring. The art was fantastic, but most of the writing stunk, except for Susan's smile thingie, which was above average, wowie. Unfortunately I could not attend Gritticon, but will do my best to get to the next one, via- A-bomb.

The cover was all right. Bruce has good style, except I don't really like it. I like f-l-o-w-i-n-g drawings, but his look more like sketches, and this isn't bad, it's just that I like to f-l-o-w. I also think you should change your abbreviation of TITLE to Tle or something, as TIT is suggestive to my school as a certain part of the female anatomy. (Thot I would miss that, aye?)

///Nixon may get in trouble, but this only puts his name in front of millions of people who never heard the name before (a survey sometime ago showed that 30% of Americans had never heard the words "A-bomb"). So, Nick Dixon will come up smelling like a rose; would you get an extension to rectify the "errors" in your tax return? Heck, Joe Woodard couldn't even prove he had pants on! You like f-l-o-w-i-n-g drawings? Have you ever seen any of Mae Strelkov's hectograph drawings? Wish I could reproduce some in TITLE but mimeo is not adaptable & so far my Ditto machine can't get the effect either. ///



NEW WINE (letters from TITLE newcomers, relatively speaking...  
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Barry Gillam "I note from SOTWJ that three issues of Title have come out since  
4283 Katonah Ave. #21, the 'sample' issue I received. I'm afraid that it's near-  
Bronx, NY 10470 ly impossible for me to loc each issue -- I'm a graduate stud-  
ent in English and in the last three months I've written over  
20,000 words -- all for school -- so I'm enclosing a dollar for the next four issues.  
Are back issues available?

Loren MacGregor's Blue Cross article reminds me of the playful list of doctors that  
Donald Barthelme included in a story in his collection, Come Back, Dr. Caligari. The  
28 names included Doctors Pepper, Scholl, Mabuse, Fu Manchu, Watson, Brown, Dolittle,  
Carey and No, along with others that I couldn't identify.

As for hirsuit fandom, I have two associations -- de Camp's story, 'Hyperpelosity'  
and the Goon Show set in WW1 entitled: 'The Choking Horror,' in which a 'strange  
follicular growth' is found growing on Tower Bridge. Pretty soon all of London's  
most prestigious buildings have been declared hairy: The National Gallery, St. Paul's,  
Albert Hall. Haircuts become necessary. And then, in a marvellous reversal of log-  
ic, it is learnt with sorrow that St. Paul's is going bald. Parliament debates the  
issue. A wig? Never! St. Paul's will have to wear a trilby. What size? 10 3/8.  
One by one England's buildings go grey . . . from worry of the Zeppelin raids. The  
reason for the hairy buildings is shortly discovered: just before the war German  
saboteurs painted them with a secret hairgrowing paint which turns silver grey. 'Za-  
pristi! So that's why the Germans have been able to bomb them in the dark.' The  
British launch a brilliant countermove: every greyhaired building is soon wearing a  
bowler hat. The announcer finishes the show by explaining: 'The years of wearing  
tight bowlers caused premature baldness in the buildings. And if you don't believe  
us, go and see St. Paul's today. It hasn't got a hair on its head.' "

///Titles, except for back issues, are not purchased, but since you expressed an  
interest in back issues, I sent you #s 16,19,20,23; also, since the \$1 came  
when I'm collecting for 'Deport Tucker', that's where it'll go. Regarding  
names: I received a notice from Wash. Univ. that Dr. Caroline Pond will talk  
about her current work on aquatic locomotion in crayfish. I had to look up  
'trilby' -- a soft felt hat with indented crown, worn in the London stage  
version of du Maurier's novel, 'TRILBY'.///

Gil Gaier "I have so far received from you ((back)) issues 15,16,17, and  
1016 Beech Ave. 24 of Title. They are a perfect example of what is not useful  
Torrance, CA 90501 to me, but which gives me great pleasure to read! I guess, to  
some, LOCS are a way of life. You seem to have the perfect  
recipe: compatible fen who like a variety of life's interests. What more could you  
ask for? Not much judging from your rather contented remarks in T 24/ under 2 Down.  
My head's not where you are right now, but I'd like to ride along. Enclosed you'll  
find a buck for four more issues or whatever comes my way."

///All both you and Barry Gillam (above) need do to get Title is LoC (even just  
acknowledge receipt) once in three months. So, that's the schedule you're on  
now, Gil... I will send your \$1 to the Deport Tucker Fund. Though you advis-  
ed not to use the duplicated parts of your letter, I'm going to have to ex-  
plain from it why Title is not useful to you, right now. Gil teaches sf;  
therefore, useful zines are those with bkrevs, author interviews, sercon sf  
articles -- other words, an sf fanzine, not a fandomzine. Yes, Gil, there's  
not much in Title that will be useful in a sf-way, though the readers do  
skirt the subject in a concept way and directly comment on sf in the depart-  
ment, 'The S F Patch'... Perhaps the fun of a people-oriented zine, which I  
hope Title is, will bring a letter from you within the next three months.  
And don't put down fan-fiction; after all, Ray Bradbury started that way!  
And Paul Walker, in this issue, sold to F & SF. ///

# -- AND OLD

Chester D. Cuthbert  
1104 Mulvey Avenue  
Winnipeg, Manitoba  
Canada R3M 1J5

"I was very much surprised to note my name with that of Tony Cvetko in your dedication of TITLE #25. My wife asked: "What have you done?" I said: "Nothing. And I don't even have a letter in this issue." But thanks.

Randall Larson sent me four copies of his Robert Bloch Fanzine, which I had ordered on your recommendation; a fine job and with an invaluable bibliography. I was pleased to read his review of Night World. I don't collect Bloch, but I have probably read a fair percentage of what he has written. I like his humorous fan writings best.

Your suggestion that TITLE should have a department of Ignorance in which questions not yet answered by science may be listed, is a good one. ((Have some contribs planned for T28.)) Too bad your old notebooks were thrown out: it would be interesting to see whether any of the old questions have been answered in the interim.

I enjoyed THE EDITOR'S MUNDANE AFFAIRS. Please continue this feature: now that you have no time for personal correspondence it is an excellent way of keeping us posted. Now that the Canadian Postal Workers' Strike has ended, I expect that tomorrow (April 29) will bring me much mail.

If travelling entails the kind of adventure described by Joe Woodard in "My Trip to Denver", I'm glad I stay at home! TITLE #25 was interesting as usual, but nothing of exceptional importance was presented, so I understand your request for more serious material. You have an intelligent readership, so this will be forthcoming."

Mike Glicksohn  
141 High Park Ave.  
Toronto, Ontario  
Canada M6P 2S3

"TITLE seems to have changed. Not quite as many small departments, but it's still got a lot of interesting titbits in it. The do-it-yourself fanzine, for instance. I know one person who has duplicating equipment who still wouldn't be able to find the time to participate in this sort of mini-apa. It

takes me maybe three times as long to type a stencil as it does to type a page of a loc since I can't make mistakes. And right now time is something I just do not seem to have. At least the mail strike will give me a chance to get the fanzines all located, but the deluge that will arrive when it's over may well force me into gafia!

Mike Shoemaker's article seemed very well-written but I couldn't see what he was getting at. I enjoyed Mike Gorra's fanzine descriptions, but, like my own attempts in this area, I don't feel they are reviews. Mostly they describe the contents and give personal reactions to some parts of each zine. Perhaps that is all a fanzine review can be? I don't know: I feel (sorry, Mike S.) that there ought to be something more than that, but I'm not precisely sure what it should be. A little more critical commentary on the writing itself might be a start. I'm supposed to do another column for Glycer Real Soon Now, and I'm still not sure of what's missing. Perhaps the reactions to my first attempt will provide the clue.

Rick Wilber has a damn good story there. I'd venture to say it probably could have sold to one of the lesser sf markets, either as is or with just a little rewriting.

Golly, here's Warren Johnson saying nice things about my locs and recently I've been rather hard on him in some of those very same creations. I hope he takes my remarks without rancour. He's writing fanzine summaries too, but I enjoy all such columns, and this is no exception. In fact, Warren ought to expand on this aspect of his fanac. As a commentator he is interesting and amusing: as a participant in feuds and verbal exchanges in lettercols he adds little to an already overly murky area of the microcosm. We've already got enough old fuggheads like me as it is..."



MR. 271974

INTER-OFFICE CORRESPONDENCE

MR. ROBT COULSON  
R 3  
HARTFORD CITY, IN  
47348

TO Donn Brazier

FOR loc of TITLE



FROM

DATE 3-24-74

OVERHEAD DOOR COMPANY OF INDIANA

DIVISION OF OVERHEAD DOOR CORPORATION

P. O. BOX 188

HARTFORD CITY, INDIANA

TEL: (317) 348 3300

Dear Donn,

What's all this jazz about not wanting to be mentioned for a Hugo? So you're mentioned; so what? Prospective readers will ~~get~~ have too high an expectation of the contents? So they won't get ~~and~~ any more issues. You're not out anything; you're certainly not going to tell me that you don't want new people getting ~~sample~~ sample copies. If you did, you wouldn't want any reviews at all - I've gone that route. If you do want people to get samples, you can't expect all of them to like the mag, ~~in~~ no matter what their expectations. What the hell do you mean about a "fandom load" - you mean if someone nominates you for a Hugo you feel bound to put out something that you consider worthy of a nomination? I never heard such crap in my life. Either you're far too sensitive about what people say about you, or you're fishing for compliments. If someone talks about nominating TITLE for a Hugo, he's talking about what you're publishing now, not what you think you ought to be publishing.

Personally, I acknowledge one fannish responsibility; to acknowledge fanzines received. It's why I do fanzine reviews even though I detest them. Otherwise, my only fannish responsibility - and yours - is to please myself. As for what people say about ~~me~~, who cares? Oh, I enjoy my evil reputation, but it's not important. I have friends in fandom and presumably you have friends in fandom and therefore nothing that anyone says about either of us is of much importance; our friends know us and nobody else ~~is~~ matters.

One thing that has always puzzled me about Richard Shaver is his belief that his writings constitute "genuine science".

On to #24. Jesus Christ, Hochberg; by your reckoning, YANDRO is 160 years old. I felt bad enough when I went in an antique store and discovered duplicates of stuff I had when I was in high school without you doing this to me.

Since there have been numerous Chinese in most west coast cities since the 1850s, I would imagine that the "paperbound books in Chinese characters" discovered in Tacoma were ~~paperbound~~ paperbound books in Chinese characters, and I hardly see anything startling about them. Or about caverns underneath cities built in areas of mountain ranges and earthquake faults, for that matter.

~~Expanding on the above...~~

Yes, there is ~~a~~ babble which is specified to be fiction and which authors do not expect the readers to believe literally. There is also babble which the authors claim is "fact" or even "genuine science" and expect the reader to accept as gospel. I say the latter type of babble is the more harmful and I say the hell with it.

"Are we originally a race that came from the direction of the sun?" Well, since the direction of the sun changes every day (unless Dorothy doesn't believe that earth orbits the sun) I somehow doubt it.

Actually there have been more ~~x~~ novels about fandom written than Tackett mentions; those are the only ones that were published. Tucker wrote one that is unpublished, and "Thomas Stratton" wrote one that is unpublished. Although none of these were really "about" fandom; fandom was part of the background of the stories. Probably there are other unpublished ones floating around.

*[Handwritten signature]*



Eric Mayer: "If Shaver's caves are real, why hasn't he ever taken anyone to them?" Eldon K. Everett: "Could we get Dick Shaver's comments on the Tacoma caves?" Brett Cox: "Very impressed with Andrew Darlington. I've never heard of him before, but look forward to more of his stuff. 'Pathway to a Metaphysical Paradise' was pro quality; he should have submitted to New Worlds instead of the N3F." Tony Cvetko: "You say you really like zine reviews? Well, why don't you do a few reviews for a change?" ((Is there a foolhardy faned out there who might be interested in a column of fmzrevs, maybe called THE BARBECUE SPIT??))

Bruce D. Arthurs: "Has anyone ever had the idea of a fanish time capsule?" Ben Indick: "Recently picked up some fancy offset fanzines, even with 'pro' writers...it's not the format or names that make for interest!" Paul Walker: "I like to think of writing for zines as a friendly occupation, not an official duty." Dave Szurek: "Some of Blyly's students pverty-stricken because they can't afford a new Cadillac every year, ha! Guess not only myself but my entire family have been waifs all my life. Heavy trip if you can buy a used lemon every other year. Guess I don't exist at all!"

Elaine White: "What time I have for myself is stolen from school work and, while I truly love fandom, there are some things more important. ((Elaine will graduate & start teaching this winter; hope she comes back to fmzfanac.))" John Robinson: "Too bad there isn't a best faned category for Hugo instead of just best fanzine and best fanwriter." Robert Sinoot: "You can lead your horse to water, but don't drink after him." John Carl: "I'm becoming an exotic tea connoisseur, you know. So far I've sampled a dozen different kinds. I'm buying everything I can by Ellison." ((Exotic tea will do it every time!))

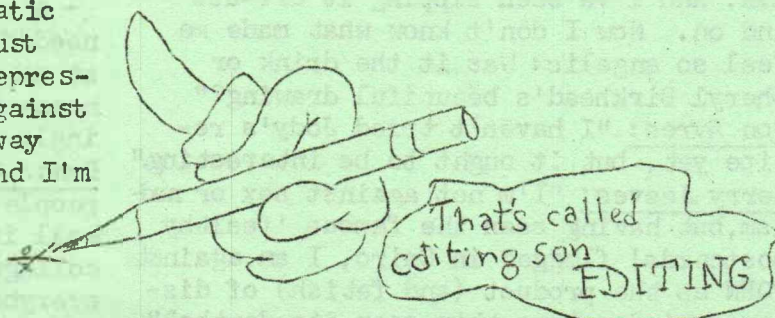
Nesha Kovalick: "Porn is not symptomatic of our times; it's just respectable. In the rush to be not-repressed, no liberal dares say anything against it....I too have been amazed at the way time is speeding up, subjectively, and I'm only 19. In thirty years I can't see how there will be time to do anything...Wish we could have the picnic Ben Indick mentions."

IKWIK  
IKWOTZ

Michael T. Shoemaker: "My favorite thing in T24 is Indick's enchanting vision of a Title-people party around a bonfire at the seashore; what a wonderful dream." Frank Denton: "Congratulations on T's 2nd birthday. You make me jealous, 'cause in a five-year period, I've managed only 13 issues of Ash-Wing." Jodie Offutt: "In completely different ways, Mae Strelkov and Buck Coulson get more said with a minimum of words than anybody in the fanzines...Randall Larson's Asparagus Droppings is G\*O\*O\*D! He has achieved what most fans don't: a blend of the neofan's Sense of Wonder and the trufan's maturity."

Chet Clingan: "When I first came into fandom about two years ago, it was more as a writer and I only got zines that had semi-pro or fan fiction. But through zines such as Antithesis and Title, I have changed my views somewhat and have enjoyed participating in fandom in general." Frank Balazs: "It is the age of the apazines; too many fanzines are falling by the wayside. By '76 it will be genzine time again if the usual 3 year cycle holds." Eric Lindsay: "I don't regard psychiatry as a science but I don't regard economics or sociology or lots of other things as sciences. Their predictive ability is too low."

David Singer: "I wish I had the skills and the vocabulary to criticize art. As it happens, I like most of what I see; both in zines and in the rest of the world."





Raymond J. Bowie Jr.: "Because of my emergence into fandom, I've met more people and made more friends than outside it. In a way, I'm travelling via my acquaintances." ((Ray is handicapped and gets around in a wheel chair; he's on welfare at \$214 a month.))  
Alma Hill: "I liked best in the 2nd am-ish is the Smootie page. Now there is a lad with the mark of the tribe: a way of sounding weird without being at all mistaken, just surprising." ((Alma has a cancerous condition which is responding to some new chemotherapy, and she feels better than usual.))

Kevin Williams: "Lenin's tomb is a communist plot! If I started talking about TOGIs (Topics of General Interest) I would become just another squeaking voice in the background-vociferation that pervades T. I don't want this to happen. You don't want this to happen. Neither do your readers." Robert 'Argee' Gersman: "You have a well-done zine but since I've shifted gears, it's lost its appeal, not just yours, but any SF fanzine." ((Argee is into military miniatures which, apparently, has a fan group of its own.))

Loren MacGregor: "When a friend came back from Japan, he remarked surprisedly at the shabby exteriors of a lot of Japanese homes, until he was told that taxes are based on how they look externally. So the people fix them up extravagantly inside, and let the outside go." Rose Hogue: "Title: wisdom divided asunder by insanity...Shaver is turning philosopher on us and I find that very enchanting!...I'm getting an ear ache because my bra strap is too tight." ((Huh?

Loay Hall: "From the pieces and poems I've read by Dr. Wertham it'd sure be easy for me to sway to the enemy; he's a terrific guy!" Dr. Fredric Wertham: "I have tried Jodie Offutt's 'Title Royal' with its whiskey and tequila. And I've been sipping it OFF-utt and on. Now I don't know what made me feel so angelic: Was it the drink or Sheryl Birkhead's beautiful drawing?" Don Ayres: "I haven't tried Jody's recipe yet, but it ought to be interesting." Terry Jeeves: "I'm not against sex or nudism, but having seen the famous 'feelthy postcards' flogged in Cairo, I am against PORN as the product (and fetish) of diseased minds--have they seen its depths?"

WITH DUE CREDIT TO JOE WOODARD  
by Marci Helms

Friday! mountains  
so heaven also  
delayed  
about Bailey --  
while the elder  
checked to Frank.  
The quick  
and hucksters  
could not  
con

Arthur Hayes: "I don't know what the actual receipt of 1st class mail is for me, but this letter to you is #19,071." Andy Darlington: "I have yet to familiarise myself with the U.S. S.F. scene. My main scene is the poetry little magazines, and S.F. 'fanzines' in direct proportion to their S.F. content. Hence I find 'Title' one of the more interesting that I have so far come across." ((I believe that most US fans will find your reasons for liking TITLE surprising since there's precious little of sf in here.))

Jackie Franke: "Since he had the cataract surgery, Tucker's vision is adequate. He's getting fitted with contact lenses this month ((April)), and hopefully will have almost normal vision. He LOVES fanzines, and, since he's working on writing at home nowadays, responds to letters fairly promptly." Reed S. Andrus: "Mommy always pinched her pennies and I suppose that kind of environment rubbed off on me, except the last time I pinched one, I was arrested for attempted rape. Penny moved out of the neighborhood shortly thereafter." Jim Kennedy: "Joe Woodard's 'Trip to Denver' reminded me of my own inspection by my City's Finest while in Herbangelist costume. I don't know what I'd have done if there had been a rapist dressed in black boots, tights, and cape working the neighborhood!"

Rick Dey: "TITLE has forced me to accept the reality of Richard S. Shaver -- a painful turn of mental gears was needed after they rusted shut years ago at my conclusion that RSS was an AMAZING house name, designed to keep an increasingly anemic pulp moving off the stands." Denis Cuane: "Impressive to see so many people in fandom expressing themselves so well in writing. Not only pro people but college students, high school students, everybody. The opposite comes from papers and essays from the usual college student."



# ZINE SCENE

Fanzine Reviews by Warren Johnson, 131 Harrison St., Geneva, Illinois 60134

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This month, for a change, there is no single 'biggie' that dominated my attention, or will dominate this column. However. . .

This month I've received several zines put out by new fanpublishers. These zines -- THE BRASS CANNON 1, DEFENESTRATION 2, DYMAXION DIGRESSIONS 1, KNIGHTS OF THE PAPER SPACE SHIP 5, and STAR FIRE 2 -- vary in quality from the very poor to the rather good. DD, the clubzine put out by Kevin Williams' high school sf club, is an example of the former. I'm sure most of you are aware of the quality found in most h.s. clubzines. This is no exception. The xeroxed zine is quite hard to read in some faint spots. Virtually all the material is written by Kevin, and is hardly up to his usual standards -- which were never that great anyway. We are subjected to 5 pages -- over half the zine -- of the idiotic, space-opera adventures of some putrid characters he created a long time ago for the old ANYTHING THING. Unfortunately, the repro is most legible on those particular pages. The artwork is slightly passable (although the cover might actually be construed as good), but most would have been rejected by even the lowliest of crudzine editors. Overall, it's one of the worst zines I've seen in some time.

In contrast to this, Bill Fesselmeyer's BRASS CANNON is excellent. The repro (on soft, smooth yellow Twil-tone) is some of the best I've seen in quite a while. Virtually all of the art is electrostenciled, and beautiful. Herb Arnold's cover is a masterpiece. The contents were almost all interesting; particularly so was the section -- with drawings -- of various Kansas City fans. Other items include one on teaching sf, a bibliography of Gnome Press Books, and a review of Heinlein's THE DOOR INTO SUMMER, by 'Felis Domesticus Squeaky' -- written from the viewpoint of a cat. This zine is definitely worth watching; it may well develop into a Hugo-worthy fanzine soon.

Another good beginning zine is Bill Breiding's STAR FIRE 2. It's a much better fanzine than the first issue, although

Bill still feels dissatisfied with it because of the haphazard way it was assembled. It doesn't show that much, though; the articles are all interesting and worth reading. Breiding has managed to do what few faneds do, and that is to achieve a balance between heavy, serious articles and more light-hearted pieces. Wisely, he has decided against printing fan fiction, and concentrates on getting good columns and articles. The lettercol should improve next issue if he can manage not to lose half the locs as he did this time. Generally, the zine is moving up fast and is becoming very good. Watch it.

In between these two extremes fall two obvious neofan efforts, KNIGHTS and DEFENESTRATION. Both are apparently loosely associated with clubs. DEF is easily the better, with decent reviews and an average lettercol. KNIGHTS obviously needs more exposure to fandom. For one thing it features fan fiction -- pretty rotten fan fiction on top of that -- and worthless, inaccurate fanzine listings (compiled from LOCUS). Possibly the only good thing about it is the hand-stenciling of the artwork -- while it could have been better traced, anyone who spends that much time hand-stenciling such complicated drawings and does a half-way decent job of it should be complimented. It'll improve.

(DD, Mary Jo Haven, Springfield Southeast High School, 2350 East Ash St., Springfield, Ill 62703, the usual.  
BC, Bill Fesselmeyer, 810 Shawnee Ave, Kansas City, KS 66105, usual.  
SF, Bill Breiding, 2240 Bush St, San Francisco, CA 94115, 35¢ or usual.  
DEF, c/o TANSTAAFL, Rensselaer Union, RPI, Troy, NY 12181, 25¢ or usual.  
KNIGHTS, PO Box 802, Fort Bragg, CA 95437, usual.)

I've also got another batch of similar zines, this time personalzines. The 31st



DON-o-SAUR is entirely devoted to letters. Obviously, Thompson's personalzine inspires a lot of response because he can fill up 16 pages easily with stimulating and intriguing letters. The discussions focus on topics Don has devoted editorials to in the past, namely drugs, the energy situation, and government control. It should be easy to get on his mailing list now that he's expanding it in hopes of being able to secure a third class bulk mailing permit; do so. (Don Thompson, 7498 Canosa Ct, Westminster, Colorado, 80030; 25¢ or the usual.)

POWERMAD 7 also has a great deal of discussions going on in it. Although Bruce laments in the beginning that someone referred to PM as a 'letterzine', he prints more letters than anything else...and just about everything else combined. Arthurs should not worry, though; it's an interesting zine, it's thought-provoking, and if that usually happens to come from letters instead of his own writing -- it doesn't make any difference. He does have some very intelligent comments on the '76 Worldcon bids, though. (Sp4 Bruce D. Arthurs, 57th Trans Co, Fort Lee, Va 23801; 20¢ or the usual.)

IT COMES IN THE MAIL has another issue out. As before it's filled with news of fans and fanzines, and some insights into the Brooks personality written between the lines. Invaluable for anyone who wants to keep up with fanzines, fans, or sf bookstores. (Ned Brooks, 713 Paul St., Newport News, Va. 23605; the usual.)

Yet another personalzine comes from the same area. Tim Marion's SOITGOZE has appeared, this time, as last, with a trip report (Tim travels a lot, apparently). Only this time the report is much shorter, and is accompanied by fanzine reviews. He even ego-boos me, which means you can't trust his judgement... (Tim Marion, 614 72nd St., Newport News, Va. 23605; \$1/6 or trade).

Milt Stevens has put out the fifth PASSING PARADE despite his moving which has taken up much of his time. Included this issue are an article on PLANET STORIES (which is mostly a rehash of old PS stories' plots), fanzine reviews, and letters. Milt is a pretty good writer, but it would help him to learn how to use a semicolon; many of his sentences are rather choppy. (Milton F. Stevens, 14535 Saticoy St #105, Van Nuys, California; 25¢ or the usual.)

Finally, a few things noted in passing. NEW LIBERTARIAN NOTES 30 is mostly political, and therefore I didn't read all of it. Even the interview with Heinlein was mostly political. Much improved repro, though. (Samuel Edward Konkin III, Box 294 Peter Stuyvesant Station, New York, NY 10009; 6/\$12).

TABEBUIAN 13 announces that the editors are considering splitting the zine up into two parts: the TAB section, containing the usual bits about everything under the sun, and another zine dealing with more serious discussions, called SF FUTURES. Whether you will like either will depend on your taste, I guess. (Dave & Mardee Jenrette, Box 330374 --Grove, Miami, Florida, 33133; 5/\$1 or the usual.)

SON OF THE WSFA JOURNAL 141 is about an average issue. News and book reviews predominate. Book reviews are short and written by both hack fuggheads (myself) and perceptive critics (the others). (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Rd., Wheaton, MD 20906; 9/¢2, the usual).

-- Warren Johnson

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QUOTABLE REMARKS FROM RECENT FANZINES:

"When you read a Clarke story, you expect hard, scientific extrapolation, and you get it. When you read Ellison, you expect intense emotionalism, and you get it. To blame either for their lack is akin to sneering at the night because it's too dark to see."  
-- Jackie Franke in lettercol of NOTES from the CHEM DEPT #5, Denis Quane, Box CC, East Texas Sta., Commerce, Texas, 75428.

"Spiro Agnew a science fiction writer? I know the field is in bad shape but that's ridiculous." -- Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Rd NW, Albuquerque NM in DYNATRON 58



THIS ISSUE DEDICATED  
TO  
RICHARD S. SHAVER  
BECAUSE  
HE'S HERE

FRONT COVER BY  
MAGENTA HAYES

SHORT NOTES:

ASCELLA, a planned  
zine from Terry  
Floyd, 506 Holman  
Lane, Canyon, Texas  
79015. "...nothing spectacular"  
Terry says; his pro-  
posed content seems to  
include anything and every-  
thing, even fanfic. Should  
be out in June, if he gets  
enough material.

Laughing Osiris #2 ought  
to be out in June says  
Reed Andrus, 607 McAlpin Ave.,  
Apt 9, Cincinnati, Ohio 45220.

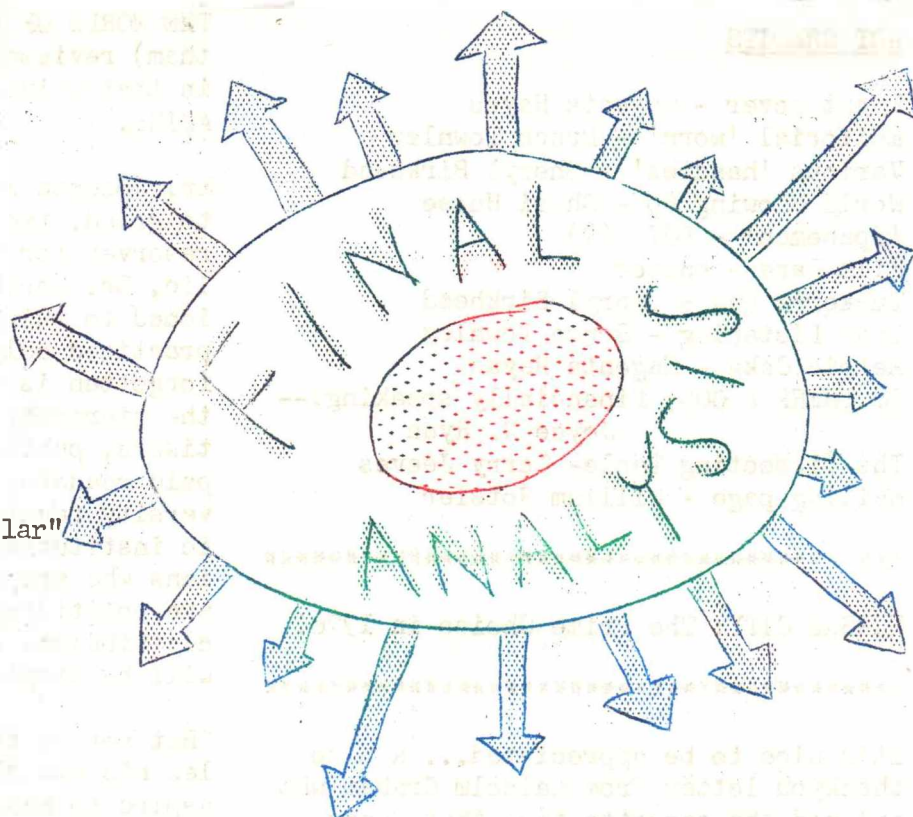
Columns done by Selectric; art & layout by Mike Streff and Dan Britt who can play  
around with some Grant Canfield "fills" on hand; easing out the fanfic ((sob)); the  
zine will move toward fannishness. Reed says: "If any of the regular TITLERS wish to  
write for us, we are in the market for fannish articles."

ETERNITY #3 is ready for mailing as I write this. This zine has fiction by pros and  
the semi-pros. Send \$1 to ETERNITY, Box 193, Sandy Springs, SC 29677.

I have a questionnaire here -- no name or address on it, but for some reason I sus-  
pect Chris Sherman, 700 Parkview Terrace, Minneapolis, Minn 55416 wants the info. If  
I'm wrong please correct me. Whoever, this is what he wants: the name, editor, add-  
ress, frequency of publication, zine type, method of repro, payment if any, and any-  
thing else of interest about any all pro, semi-pro, and fanfic zines. Well, TITLE is  
a limited market in the fanfic market, no payment, no copyright. Item should be as  
short as possible; can be sf/fantasy/weird/etc., serious or satirical. And whoever  
wants this info about zines, please remember to include the NFFF MANUSCRIPT BUREAU,  
of which I am head. I act as sort of a non-collecting agent, trying to get your item  
into some fanzine. Or TITLE! Please indicate that your story or article or whatever  
may be put into the NFFF BUREAU.

Did you know the NFFF conducts a story contest? For amateurs with no more than two  
pro sales to sf/fantasy zines, less than 5000 words, doublespaced, title on each  
page but not your name, enter as many stories as desired, free entry to NFFF or BSFA  
paid-up members (otherwise 25¢ per story), deadline November 1, 1974, final judging  
by Terry Carr. You'll need an entry blank which Howard DeVore can supply; his add-  
ress is 4705 Weddel St., Dearborn Heights, Michigan 48125. At least three prizes --  
of \$15, \$10, and \$5.

This next is definitely from Chris Sherman (address above). He announces APA-50. It  
will be "an apa devoted to the waning study of speculative fiction, and the writing  
of same. This does not mean that all discussion will be serious-constructive; not at  
all. Faanish writing will hopefully be as much a part of the apa as ser-con writing  
will be." Limit of 24 members. Get the rules from Chris if you're interested.





## ART CREDITS

Front cover - Magenta Hayes  
Editorial 'worm' - Bruce Townley  
Various 'handies' - Sheryl Birkhead  
World Blowing Up - Shari Hulse  
'Spacemen' - POV (?)  
Film Fare - editor  
Tucker's Bag - Sheryl Birkhead  
Easy Listening - Bruce Townley  
Metric Cake - Magenta Hayes  
IS THERE A GOD, financially speaking?--  
Joyce N. Ryan  
The Dissecting Table- Terry Jeeves  
Mailing page - William Rotsler

\*\*\*\*\*

KANSAS CITY: The Prime Choice in 1976!

\*\*\*\*\*

It's nice to be appreciated... a nice  
thankyou letter from Malcolm Graham who  
enjoyed the cassette tape that Denis  
Quane and I recorded for his listening.  
He says in part: "...one of the most  
stimulating tapes I've ever received."

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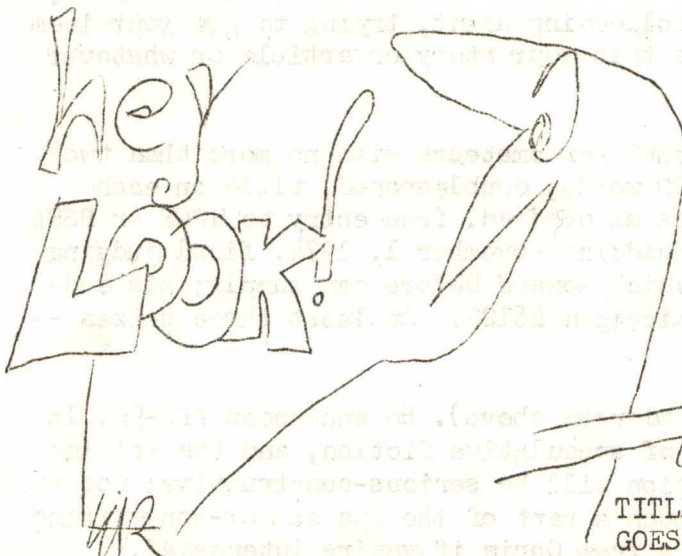
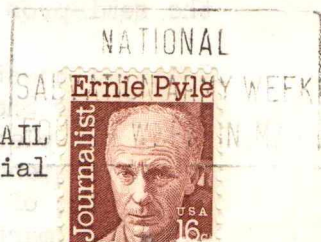
DONN BRAZIER  
1455 Fawnvalley Dr.  
St. Louis, Mo. 63131

THE WORLD OF FANZINES (Dr. Fredric Wer-  
tham) reviewed by Ralph Johnson of S.I.U.  
in that university's DAILY EGYPTIAN MAG-  
AZINE.

Mr. Johnson says: "The author has an axe  
to grind, the cutting edge of which is  
reserved for the mass magazines. The pub-  
lic, Dr. Wertham says, has been condi-  
tioned to think of censorship as something  
practiced only by government. Too often  
forgotten is the censorship practiced by  
the hierarchy of vice-presidents, adver-  
tisers, publishers, editors, publisher's  
paid readers, teachers, college and uni-  
versity faculties, directors of scientifi-  
c institutions, art directors, politic-  
ians who are not experts and experts who  
are politicians." Also mentioned are the  
distributors who decide where magazines  
will be displayed or not displayed.

"But not so the fanzine editor who hand-  
les his own distribution and does not  
aspire to mass circulation."

Mr. Johnson concludes: "...it would be  
fun to take a fanzine to lunch. Having  
read this book, I know something about  
them, but I have yet to see one. Can any-  
one help?"



Eric Lindsay  
6 Hillcrest Ave  
Faulconbridge NSW 2776  
Australia

TITLE #27  
GOES TO

THIRD CLASS MAIL