





Malcolm Graham, 513 Lewis #114, San Antonio, Texas 78212, is nearly blind and cannot read TITLE without the help of a friendly reader; but he still gets the zine because he sends me comments about those parts I record for him on a cassette tape. Just before I left in July on my trip to California, I received a tape from him and rushed back some material selected from T29 and 30, including the complete reading of Eric Mayer's MENACE which he had wanted to hear. He had been fascinated with Eric's BEM article even though he had given some thought to the subject before - "...but Mayer's article colesced it all for me." Malcolm continues: "We certainly can't really speculate on their nature until we come in contact with them. We might assume some things if they're equal to us in development -- like they have a mathematical system including binary in order to have computers which they must have developed. They couldn't be aquatic because they couldn't manipulate their environment. Some sort of hand or substitute is essential. If met in space they would be exploring and searching out truth as we do, even though I doubt that every intelligent being would have common motivation. I'm sure there are aliens and in a great many types."

Malcolm, despite his handicap, was in the hectic midst of organizing a "moon walk" for a July 20 celebration to include speakers, radio programs, and activities among college students. He was getting 52 packets of space oriented material ready to distribute to his Space Club. I have asked him about that club and about the source of his material, about 6-7 items in each packet, but am still awaiting information.

Malcolm was led to sf from dinosaurs, "which I loved with a passion." A whole month without any sf being read to him, he says, is like going cold turkey after drugs. He complains that the library, which was recently computerized, pays no attention to the requests he makes for sf tapes or records, of which there seem to be might few in number.

If any Titler enjoys reading sf aloud, may I suggest you do it on a cassette cartridge and send it to Malcolm?

## TWO

Karen Burgett relates the following: "I was about 4 yrs old but I remember the house we lived in for a few months with much detail. It was quite large, 2 stories, with a sweeping stairway leading to the upper area from which we were forbidden. Mom tells me that we only rented the lower half and that no one was allowed to venture upstairs because the owner wanted nothing disturbed. It seems that an old woman once lived upstairs, with all her magnificent furnishings, books and such. When she died, everything was to be left as it was.

Just to regress a bit, the house itself was supposedly a very old mansion, many people having lived in it before. A distinct memory of mine is the wrought-iron, spike tipped fence that surrounded it. A perfect cliché, but true!

Anyway, one night Mom went up the stairs to look at some of the old furniture; she happens to be an avid antique lover & collector, and couldn't resist a peek. She told me that as she entered the old woman's 'sitting room', the rocking chair was rocking, slowly and steadily, back and forth. Needless to say, she slammed the door, ran downstairs & never went upstairs again. No wind caused that rocking; the windows on the 2nd floor had long since been boarded up.

Every night since that evening, though, a strange thing occurred almost at the same time o'clock, when we were all in bed. (I had a huge, very high-ceilinged room all to myself.) The stairs would slowly begin to creak, one at a time, from the top step downwards. It was just as if someone were walking down them! It scared me silly! Mom & Dad heard it too. But that's not all!

From that time to the time we moved out, I was continually haunted by unseen voices. Being very young, I had never heard of 'ghosts' or such and I wasn't frightened. The first time this happened, I was sitting on the floor, dressing

# TITLE

'Susy', my doll. Quite intent upon this task, I didn't take immediate notice that someone was talking to me until my name was said. I jumped up suddenly because I didn't recognize 'his' voice, and since no one was around, I ran down the hallway, clumsily at that age, searching for 'him'. I even asked 'mommy' - 'where is he?' She gave me a rather quizzical stare. I was unable to explain what I was talking about so I went off again to attend to 'Susy'.

This sort of thing continued to occur repeatedly whenever I was alone. A few different voices (one of a woman) appeared again and again throughout.

I don't remember what they were trying to tell me; after awhile I paid little heed to them. But I would always try to 'surprise' them, turning my head quickly to see whoever it was, and sometimes running through every room and hall in useless search. I even ran up the stairs once. I stood looking at the big glass knob of the door for a long while but I didn't have the nerve to turn it and enter. After that particular confrontation with fear, I never set foot upon those steps again.

The very little I do recall of the content of the voices were simple statements like 'Hello, Karen, what are you doing?'; 'So you like this place?' I also remember 'It's very cold' and 'This is our home.' Each of these were said in different appearances within a vague conversation directed at me.

I never explained all this to anyone until I was in Jr. high school. For some reason I had assumed that my parents already knew about it; I was surprised they they were learning of it for the first time. Mom says that she 'sort of' remembers me running around the house, making strange inquiries of her about 'company' and 'did you see em?' She had absolutely no idea as to just what I was referring. Of course, it could all well have been my imagination. I've tried to tell myself that, but I can't believe it. You just had to be there to know how real it was."

## THREE

### A NOTE FROM RICK WILBER....

Donn, I have gotten the go-ahead for a Master's thesis on Robert A. Heinlein. My feeling is that STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND is not what many have thought it to be. It has long seemed strange to me that a writer with the type of reputation that Heinlein has would have written what has been termed the 'underground bible.'

I think perhaps 1) the book has been grossly misread, and that in most respects it closely resembles thematically his other books, and that 2) the warlike vision of Heinlein as man the conqueror can be found in STRANGER as definitely as it can be found in STARSHIP TROOPERS, GLORY ROAD, THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS, and especially clearly in TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE. I would appreciate your readers' comments. I hope to be able to include some (many?) in the thesis effort. Send comments to me, please; my address is #31 Fairway Estates, Granite City, Ill. 62040."

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Limited circulation; TITLE may be had on a regular basis by one for one trades, locs, and contributions. Sample copy, if available, 25¢.

NOTE: Letters of comment are subject to extensive chopping and reordering by subjects discussed; though some care is exercised in avoiding out-of-context boobos, they do sneak in some times.

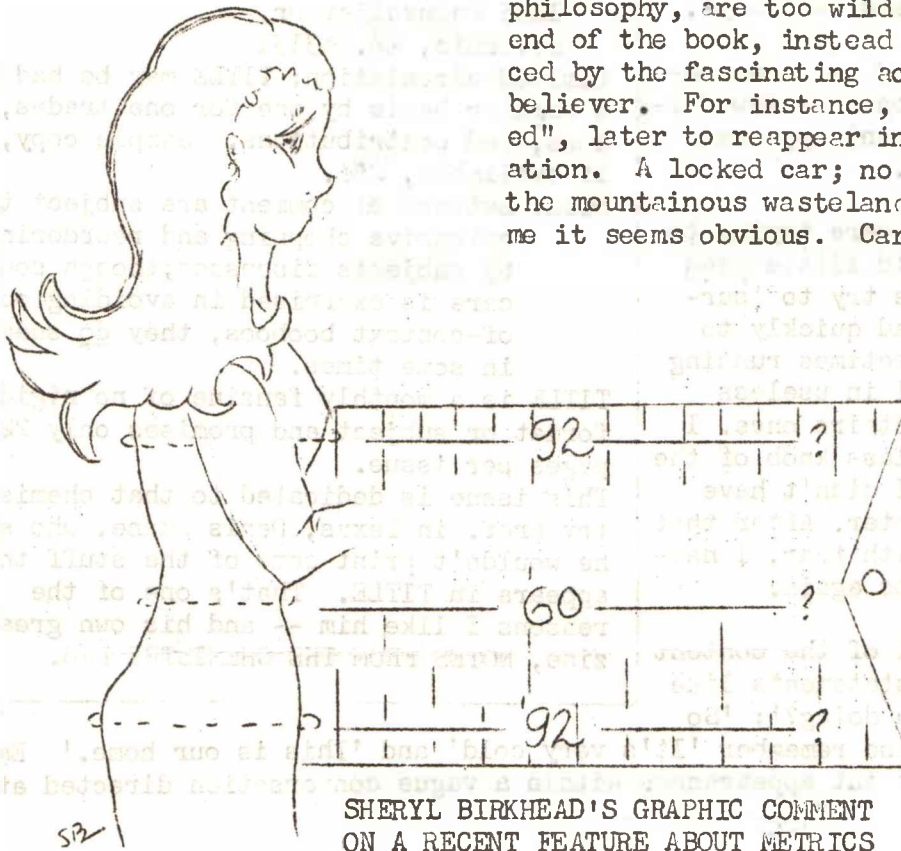
TITLE is a monthly fanzine of no rigid format or subject and promises only 22 pages per issue.

This issue is dedicated to that chemistry Prof. in Texas, Denis Quane, who says he wouldn't print some of the stuff that appears in TITLE. That's one of the reasons I like him -- and his own great zine, NOTES FROM THE CHEMISTRY LAB.



I'd venture to guess that there's not fewer than 98% of the college crowd who have not read at least one or more of the books by Carlos Castaneda. One of T's local artists, Joyce Ryan, recently a college student, let me read JOURNEY TO IXTLAN: The Lessons of Don Juan (Simon & Schuster, pb, 1972).

This book, the third & last, sums up some aspects of reality or "states of nonordinary reality" supposedly achieved without the aid of psychotropic plants. Some of the book makes sense to me; other aspects, including the basic philosophy, are too wild for me to swallow. Near the end of the book, instead of becoming gradually convinced by the fascinating account, I became a total unbeliever. For instance, Carlos' automobile "disappeared", later to reappear in an apparently different location. A locked car; no confederates in evidence in the mountainous wastelands. How did it disappear? To me it seems obvious. Carlos had undergone considerable mental suggestion, or "brain-washing". And then the mention of the peculiar motions of Don Juan's hands, arms, and whole body just previous to the disappearance. And another old Indian was there to assist Don Juan, whereas, psychologically speaking, the second Indian supported Don Juan as a sorcerer in Carlos' mind. The prime conditions for hypnosis are met, and I suggest that Carlos hallucinated the disappearance of his car.



SHERYL BIRKHEAD'S GRAPHIC COMMENT  
ON A RECENT FEATURE ABOUT METRICS

Has anyone besides Carlos Castaneda ever

seen Don Juan, the Yaqui Indian sorcerer of Sonora, Mexico? For that matter, has anyone ever seen Carlos Castaneda?

## FIVE

Harry Warner hinted that something was in the "works" to revamp the fandom awards-- following my "irk" in T29. Then came this letter from Moshe Feder (Aug.15):

"Linda Bushyager and I have been mulling over the nature and quality of the fan Hugos for some time now whenever we meet at a con. At Midwestcon this year we sat by the pool and, with the help of a few friends who just happened to be sitting there (Ron Bushyager, Hank Davis, Mike Wood, Genie DiModica and Ted White whom we asked a question of without explaining why) we formulated a plan for a new group of fan awards remarkably similar to those you propose in 'Irks'. The plan would liken it to the Nebulas; the pro Hugos are a popularity voted award while the Nebulas are voted by the peers of potential nominees. Both kind of awards have their virtues and I don't see why actifans should have to miss the latter kind. In the movie industry there's a move to create a popularity award to complement the Oscar, so they're going to have both kinds. I don't see why we can't too. And there's another point to my mentioning the Oscar, for it is that award I propose to emulate when we set up the structure of nominating and voting. The fact that you independently came up with the same idea is some indication that this is an idea whose time has come." I, Brazier, have indicated my willingness to serve on a committee to hash out this idea.

# SIX

\*\*\*\*\*  
 \* FLASH! Ed Cagle has surfaced! Here's his new address: \*  
 \* \*  
 \* Camp Garland \*  
 \* Star Route South Box 80 \*  
 \* Locust Grove, OK 74352 \*  
 \* \*  
 \* His letter, 13 August, is largely DNQ. However, he says I may \*  
 \* mention this, to me a highly significant and HAPPY bit of news: \*  
 \* once he gets squared away he's going to have time to indulge \*  
 \* once more in a zine or two! I'm going to take a chance in re- \*  
 \* vealing one detail because I don't want you to think he's a \*  
 \* FunnyFarm resident, as likely as that may seem: he's a Ranger \*  
 \* in charge of a Boy Scout Camp! Ghod! True! Wonderful! \*  
 \* \*  
 \* \*\*\*\*\*

# SEVEN

Steve Beatty wants your answers to his Economic Poll; send replies to Steve at 1662 College Ter.Dr., Murray, KY 42071. Here it is:

"The United States presently has several economic problems. If it were possible to do away with any 4 of the following only by suffering the fifth one permanently, which one would you prefer to endure--?

- (1) inflation
- (2) higher taxes
- (3) rising unemployment and tight money and higher interest rates
- (4) drastic cuts in government expenditures for defense, research, Social Security, education, etc. with resulting unemployment in dependent industries
- (5) numerous and long-lasting shortages, with confusion among businessmen as to what consumers want

# EIGHT

Recently I bought two more copies of Warren Weaver's book SCENE OF CHANGE-- the book I reviewed in T-28. I'd be happy to send a copy to anyone who wants to be in TITLE's Lending Library. Only readers of demonstrated eligibility (i.e. 12 months of regular loccking/contribbing to TITLE) may so apply. This idea may grow as I add other titles, so I'm going to ask for 3 ten-cent stamps to cover postage & wrapping from me to you, and you pay for postage back to me. A book may be kept no longer than three months.

# NINE

This is a sad story. By some kind of error I was sent an envelope addressed to Kaymar Carlson at my address. It was the Number 61 mailing of THE ALLIANCE AMATEUR of June 1974, the official mailing of the Neffer Amateur Press Alliance (N'APA). Besides the OE's financial report, etc. there was but one piece in the mailing -- a copy of HPIC from the OE, David K. Patrick. Or is it a copy of ERIS? Anyway, the smell of death is present, and that's the sad story. I'd mail the last mailing on to Kaymar Carlson-- if I had his address. I feel uncomfortable sitting here uninvited at the funeral.

# TEN

The day before I left on vacation my wife & I went to the Sherlock Holmes meeting where I read for the group the short Isaac Asimov Holmesian bit which opens the chapter in TODAY AND TOMORROW AND... entitled "The Rhythm of Day and Night". A mystery is solved by Holmes' noting the flowers opened at a given time of day.



TO

IRK

IS HUMAN

by Pauline Palmer  
2510 48th  
Bellingham, WA 98225

Paul Walker had some good points in his earlier 'Fans--What Irks Me' but his stand on samples ((T-29)) is a peculiar and anti-communicative reaction to what seems to be essentially an open-ended communication-gift that says, basically, "Somewhere I've seen something of yours that I liked, and I thought you might like something of mine." Sure, it might be an oblique 'request for material' as well as an expression of admiration or respect. What's wrong with that? After all, material is what the faned and his fanzine thrive on. But Paul misses the point when he uses the narrow concept of 'material'. What a sample fanzine is, usually, is a request for a RESPONSE: a contribution ('material' certainly), a trade, a loc, or simply a postcard saying "it was weird but I enjoyed it." Response is what fanpubbing is about.

So the average faned is just as likely to send his zine out to Paul with a box marked "I don't give a damn if you loc or not, I'd simply like you to read my stuff" as Paul is to contribute to that faned with a note attached saying "I don't give a damn if you print this or send it back or not, I'd simply like you to read my stuff."\* And he can't tell me it's different in the writer's case, because I've been on both sides and I know it's not. When I send something unsolicited to a faned, I expect him to read it. If he doesn't like it or can't use it, I expect him to be honest (but tactful, of course) and also to return it. If he sends a note saying how fantastic my contribution was and he'll print as soon as possible, that's terrific. But if he hasn't time for that, the next best thing is seeing it in print. Later, a bit of egoboo in the form of readers' comments in the next issue doesn't hurt, either.

\*Granted there'll be a few people that a faned DOES feel this way about, but no zine that relies on locs and outside contribs is going to make it if any significant percentage of its mailing list is in this category. So if several faneds happen to feel that way about you, you should certainly be flattered. But to EXPECT it from all, or even several, as your just due ....?

Now reverse that and you have the faned sending an unrequested sample copy to a fan-writer, a well-known letterhack, or another faned. He usually does this for purely practical reasons: because he wants to increase his mailing list and, as a direct consequence, the in-put to his zine. So he's certainly not going to include on his sample list anyone whose work he thinks stinks, any more than the writer will contribute his quality material to a zine he thinks is worthless crud with no potential. As I said before, of course what he hopes for in return is a response, SOMETHING to indicate interest, friendliness, recognition of real or potential worth, and to give him an excuse to send you the next copy. A faned really WANTS to retain you on his mailing list or he wouldn't have bothered.

But if there's truly no interest, a short note to that effect (like a nice, impersonal printed rejection slip) or no response at all certainly indicates it very well. Under those circumstances only is the faned deliberately running the risk of irking the recipient if he insists on continuing to send 'samples'.

At any rate, that first sample is akin to having smiled at someone in a crowd. Receiving no response to it is the same as having the stranger you smiled at stare right through you as if you didn't exist. And if the faned has no one who cares to read his zine, he has no excuse to produce one.

Which brings me to a very important reason that samples exist. Responsive mailing lists do NOT drop like manna from the heavens upon a future faned. In a sense, EVERYONE who receives a copy of a firstish is receiving a sample copy. And it takes a while for the new faned to find all those people who enjoy his style, the particular flavor he imparts to his individual zine. In fact, with the constant turnover in fandom, this is by necessity a continuous process if he plans to keep his mailing list up-to-date and viable.

The simple truth is that sample copies are his most direct and open form of 'advertising'. Maybe not the CHEAPEST form --

Meanwhile, if some faneds have been irritating, inconsiderate or plain out-and-out rude after you've responded to samples, that is another problem altogether (and one that you've attacked before, quite legitimately). But it is certainly

In some quotes sent by Sheryl Birkhead was  
 this: "...per capita newspaper circulation  
 is inversely proportional to fertility a-  
 mong males of 41 nations." Simple popu-  
 lation control: stop reading a newspaper!



# SF PATCH

Denis Quane: "When Harlie Was One and 'Hero' might not have been written in their present form, if the 'New Wave' had not occurred. But are they really all that much better novels because of the explicit sex? Heinlein wrote stories on quite similar themes (The Moon is a Harsh Mistress & Starship Troopers) which are quite effective without the addition of explicit sex scenes (and are, for that matter, more effective than Time Enough for Love, where Heinlein makes much freer use of sex). Haldeman's point in 'Hero' depended in no way on the sex elements of the story. Having branded myself as an irredeemable old mossback and prude, I pass on..."

Chet Clingan: (4-2-74) "I sent a story to a zine called MYTHRIL Aug. 6, 1973. After about two months of silence, I inquired about the story. A Laura Ruskin wrote back telling me to be patient as they had several stories to evaluate, and they only met once a month. So I was patient for another two months. I wrote again and received no answer. In March I wrote asking that my story be returned; as yet I have received no answer. Anyone able to help?"

Don Ayres: "...the objective alien story.. I fully intend the attempt but I'm not sure I can do it at less than novella length. Sam Black, English major, commented when I mentioned the idea: 'If it doesn't relate to humans, no one will accept the story.' He is correct in that it must concern a human problem or nobody can really buy into it. To write it from the alien's viewpoint would make it incomprehensible to most readers and only a few would make the effort to unravel the alien logic involved. David Lindsey's A VOYAGE TO ARCTURUS is somewhat like this, especially near its end, but the human motives and goals still manage to shine through a little bit. Even 'A Martian Odyssey' is the story of the Earthman returning to his shipmates and the strange things he sees rather than the Tellurian being viewed by the Martian."

Loren MacGregor: "Avram Davidson gave a public lecture while teaching at the Clarion West workshop last year. He mentioned that he'd been asked by a porn publisher to write a 'sex book'. Since he found writing an ordinary porn book too limiting, he attempted to add a little character development. As a result the book was rejected. Avram commented, 'The publisher decided laughter and self-abuse didn't mix.'"

A very extreme case of 'time-passing phenomenon' is in Ray Bradbury's story 'Frost and Fire' in the collection R IS FOR ROCKET. In that story, people are born, live, and die in a week's time. Whenever I feel time pressing in on me (or Newsweek, for that matter) I reread the story and regain my perspective.

Have you ever started a book so bad that you had to finish it just to write a bad review? THE RITUALS OF INFINITY - the worst book I've ever read."

Wilson Goodson: "In the three major areas on which a movie actor is judged -- talent, box office appeal, and quality of films made -- Karloff ranks with the other stars Raymond Bowie named. In answer to those who say he was typed, so what? All stars have certain kinds of roles they are most famous for, and certain types of characters which their talents are best suited to. A side note: Tracy played Dr. Jekyll and Bogart played a vampiric character somewhat similar to the Night Strangler in THE RETURN OF DR. X. MGM was angry with him and punished him with the part."

Reed S. Andrus: "I wonder if fans don't do a great deal of damage to the image of SF, and I don't mean that in the same way Harlan Ellison would mean it. What I consider damaging is the way everybody and their dog has to have a different definition of SF. Fanatical New Wavists would probably agree with much of what Shales had to say." ((Analysis of "Watching the Skies Again"- TITLE #26))



Bruce D. Arthurs: "...finally heard an episode of X MINUS ONE on the radio. An adaptation of Fredric Brown's 'Knock', which was nicely done. I especially liked the lines that went something like this: 'Oh, my wife Martha died two years ago.' 'Oh, I'm so sorry.' 'Oh no, it was a pleasure.' I had a great thing in Eric Lindsay's GEG once, about this femmefan who became pregnant at a Worldcon, but didn't know who was responsible because 'one meets so many people at a con, after all.'... If Brad Parks joined NASA, he'd be a Malzberg character."

Hank Jewell: "I've read BEYOND EARTH: MAN'S CONTACT WITH UFO'S by Ralph Blum and highly recommend it, along with THE UFO EXPERIENCE: A SCIENTIFIC INQUIRY by J. Allen Hynek, which has recently come out in paperback. I recommend these two books to Eric Mayer, who expressed a desire in T-28 to be convinced regarding the validity of UFO's. Read Hynek's book first."

Brett Cox: "I finally got around to reading RENDEZVOUS WITH RAMA that had been on my shelf for god knows how long. I fully expected to be bored stiff with it -- even though Clarke is one of my all-time favorites -- and set myself a schedule of 50 pp. a day so that I would get neither too much nor too little at one sitting. And then I started reading, and damn if I didn't get down and dig it! I thoroughly enjoyed it; that is one excellent book. It's nice to know that my sense of wonder isn't totally dead."

Raymond J. Bowie, Jr.: "Got around to reading Barry N. Malzberg's BEYOND APOLLO. Weird. I thought he lost all objectivity with his subject. There wasn't a sympathetic character (maybe I mean sane) in the book. It's unrealistic when there's not at least one sympathetic character. In real life you meet both kinds in almost any given situation. I also read THE BOOK OF GORDON DICKSON, discovering once again that Dickson is a very good SF writer who can put honest emotion into his tales."

Jim Meadows III: "I am currently investigating the Bahá'í faith & would appreciate info and opinion on it."

Barry Gillam: "...fandom in fiction...de Camp's The Goblin Tower."

FLASH: TUCKER BAG #3 received here on Aug 13 reports that as of July 30 the banker (Jackie Franke) had socked away in cash received the sum of \$405.85. There is little doubt that Tucker will be deported. The sale of Bob's fanwritings in the Dave Locke/Buck Coulson effort called THE REALLY INCOMPLETE BOB TUCKER for \$1 at Discon (\$1.50 by mail) should bring in a bundle -- as well as the sections of the auction running one after another by Jackie Franke (Box 51-A RR2, Beecher, Ill 60401.)

\*\*\*\* \* \* \* \* \*

Eric Mayer: "As for Mike Shoemaker's comments...I didn't misinterpret 'First Contact'. I found its premise arguable. More importantly I felt that the premise had an unwarranted monopoly on alien contact stories. I'm also aware that Niven drops hints that his aliens are more alien than he depicts them -- an easy copout which doesn't impress me in the least, seeing as Niven makes nothing of this supposed dichotomy. I see now, especially from Jackie's comment, that I was indeed discussing SF as a realistic, predictive literature and not simply as literature, per se. Of course, 'First Contact' is brilliant. From a literary point of view any kind of alien can be employed with excellent results. But I'd still like to see more 'hard science' aliens. The wind does not sigh for us -- in fact, it doesn't sigh at all. That's just the pathetic fallacy that subordinates the whole cosmos to man -- that reduces everything to human terms. Sartre, in NAUSEA, depicts a man who comes face to face with the alien nature of reality. Why can't SF do it?"

Dick Patten: "How come no one but Gary Grady mentioned Weinbaum's aliens? I wouldn't call Tweel, the pyramid builder, the barrel people or the plants in THE LOTUS EATERS typical next door neighbors."

Eric Lindsay: "Roger Sween's idea for fanzine depositories has a supporter here in Grant L. Stone, Serials Section, Murdoch University Library, Murdoch WA 6153, Australia. First librarian I've found who replies to letters, so I've been helping out all I can with fanzines. They also have the first Australian theses on sf being done here."

Steve Sneyd: "UFO me and me FOU"



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REVIEWS: WEB OF EVERYWHERE by John Brunner (Bantam Books, NY, 1974) - Rick Wilber

THE BEST SCIENCE FICTION OF THE YEAR #3 edited by Terry Carr (Ballantine Books, NY, 1974) - Rick Wilber

THE RULING CLASS, a film - Frank Balazs

\*\*\*\*\*

1/

John Brunner, as other critics have noted, writes with power. One reviewer (for the St. Louis Post-Dispatch) called Brunner's style replete "with telegraphic punch." And, up to now, I have always been inclined to agree.

Brunner's appeal is well established. The Sheep Look Up, Stand on Zanzibar, The Squares of the City, The Long Result, and others have convinced this reader and thousands more that Brunner has that enviable power to communicate dread circumstance and charismatic character without slipping into frenetic stylistic faults. His writing allows the reader to build his own tension and power from the passages. It is Brunner's ability to unite the full characterization and stylistic power of any good novel with the futuristic glimpses and gadgetry of science fiction that have made his novels so dependably excellent.

What then, happened to Web of Everywhere?

The novel is pathetic. It does not have the power seen in The Sheep Look Up. It does not have the complexity and detail of The Squares of the City; and it certainly does not have the full characterization of Stand on Zanzibar. As a matter of sad fact, it doesn't have much of anything.

Where Norman Niblock House in Zanzibar is replete with personality and self that both comments and is commented about, Hans Dykstra in Web is a shallow science fiction construct whose characterization reeks of all those faults of a narrow genre unwilling to become something more. Brunner has allowed the gadgetry of the future-world construction to dominate his characters and his plot, and that is a fault that an established professional should not fall prey to.

Why this disappointing book? We can only guess that the really good Brunner works come out at intervals, with the lesser

filling in between as money-makers (one must keep bread on the table). If that is the dismal case, it is understandable but pitiful. Web of Everywhere is an acceptable example of a simple sf construct created by a novelist who does not have the capability for better things. It is by no stretch of the imagination an acceptable effort for John Brunner.

2/

Terry Carr's latest editing production, on the other hand, is chock full of far more than acceptable material. The Best Science Fiction of the Year is, of course, just that. But it is also much more. The directions of the genre are clearly shown, and the ever-increasing skill levels and imaginative impetus are stunning. Science fiction is in excellent shape with talent like this busily at work.

There are far too many stories to allow room for comment on each. Suffice it to say that of the 11 stories contained only two show any signs of the weaknesses that the genre occasionally encounters. Philip Jose Farmer's "Sketches Among the Ruins of My Mind" is perhaps too simply written to handle the potential of the plot, and "Women Men Don't See" by James Tiptree, Jr. probably should not have been science fiction at all, since the sf constructs added at the end are unnecessary and irrelevant (although fun, admittedly). If anything, the introduction of aliens detracts from the power of the story's previous statements.

Those faults are minor, however, when seen in the light of the collection as a whole. My favorite may be Gene Wolfe's "The Death of Dr. Island", which is full of the character, plot, and power of works much longer; but perhaps the best of the best is Ellison's "The Deathbird" (and I say that knowing that I don't like to like Ellison). Or, come to think of it, maybe Jack Vance's "Rumfuddle" is really the best; it certainly has the best melding of science



fiction with mainstream styles.

The task of choosing a best is most unfulfilling. Even the weakest are stunning stories. And most are shining examples of what really excellent science fiction can (and should!) be. Mr. Carr is to be most profusely thanked for bringing them all together. -- Rick Wilber

3/  
"The  
Ruling  
Class" -- Frank Balazs

The movie is about an English Lord who thinks he is God. (What do you mean, this is nothing new?) It seems that insanity runs in Jack's (the guy who thinks he's God) family: the film opens with the accidental suicide of his father. Every now and then the father would dress up and condemn himself to death and go thru a mock hanging. He would place a noose around his neck and jump off a platform to hang a few seconds. Only today, as he struggles to get back onto the platform, he kicks it over...

So Jack inherits most of the money, the estate, and the position in the House of Lords. Before Jack can enter the House, he must be cured of his insanity.

"How do you know that you're God?"

"Because I found that whenever I prayed, I was talking to myself."

There's a scene where JC (he doesn't like being called Jack) chases two society matrons across a spacious lawn shouting I love you, when only minutes earlier he'd been doing a song & dance routine with them and his drunken butler. (People burst into song at the oddest moments in this film. Only, they're not so odd... after a while...) JC is convinced that he is married, so his uncle produces a wife for him: the uncle's mistress masquerading as JC's wife. Once Jack is legally married and produces an heir, he can be committed, and the uncle can take his place in the House as a steward for Jack's heir. The wife, it appears, is really turned on by the thought of making love to "God", and, after a strip tease (she is alone waiting for JC to come to the bedroom) hops into the bed most expectantly. JC, in a long nightgown, comes riding into the room on a tricycle. By the morning, though, events

have passed satisfyingly, giving the uncle another reason to hate Jack.

This whole film is filled with excellent acting with Peter O'Toole starring. Truly fine supporting roles are played by the butler (who also inherits a considerable sum, and thus sticks around to get drunk, to help Jack, to get drunk, and to snub the "real" upper-class...who's got the money now?) and by the bishop (who all but breaks down during the marriage ceremony, with JC saying things like "...in the name of Me...")

Hard as it may be to believe (after my description so far), this is a rather heavy film. ((Could have fooled me; I thought it sounded like a Thorne Smith epic--Ed.)) Employing humor and the bizarre in very skillful fashions, the movie satirizes the upper-class of England. But it does much more than that, much more, examining God and religion, sanity and insanity, and even reality. There are quite a few minutes in the movie in which one seriously questions reality: is this actually happening?

Anyway, I've only given the smallest of samplings of the first half of the film. Eventually, a psychiatrist is brought in to cure JC, and then even stranger things begin to happen. Seems that this psychiatrist confronts Jack with another individual who believes himself to be God..  
.... -- Frank Balazs

#### COMMENTS ON INDICK'S SEX SURVEY IN T-29

Marci Helms: "...hilarious, one of the better fun pieces in the last few T's."

Eric Mayer: "...reminds me of KWALA \*sniff\*"

Jodie Offutt: "...gives Dr. Wertham material enough for another whole volume..."

Dick Patten: "...great...my wife read the piece and has threatened not to let me go to any more cons."

Sam Long: "...very funny, tho a trifle too heavily done."

Gary Grady: "...report on femme fan sexuality will be well received, I'm sure."

Jim Meadows: "...beautiful satire."

Ray Bowie: "...fun - hope it was just a joke."

William Wilson Goodson: "zow wow, bing bong, whonk, whonk."

Terry Floyd: "...a riot"

John Robinson: "What's with this business that a male fan is asexual except at cons?"

Harry Warner: "...snickers and guffaws all the way through..."



# 3 letters

Column 1- Bob Tucker 7/9/74  
Column 2- Gene Wolfe 7/20/74  
Column 3- Fredric Wertham 8/22/74

I CUT MY THROAT THIS MORNING BETWEEN BREAKFAST AND HIGH TEA....

"Breakfast" in this context means that food and/or liquid refreshment ingested shortly after arising from my bed of straw. It may or may not have a continental flavor. "High tea" in this context means that liquid refreshment found in bottles labeled Beam's Choice, and usually ingested as soon as the sun is over the yardarm. "Sun over the yardarm" in this context means 8:53 a.m. central daylight time. None of these terms have any connection with their British equivalents although I suspect that certain London fans holding club meetings at the White Horse have an inkling of the truth as we know it.

As I was saying, I cut my throat this morning between breakfast and high tea. During that brief interval the postman arrived with a fanzine and demanded 24¢ postage due. I paid him, and cut. Because his civil service rules do not permit him to become involved, he only stood and watched with clinical interest as I bled to death -- but I like to think he reported the incident to his supervisor when he returned to the postoffice that evening. Good citizen and all.

During the month before leaving Heyworth, I had

I HAVE BEEN GOING THROUGH THE ARTICLE "I Hear a Marf" AND HAVE TO ADMIT I HAVE BEEN STUNG TO ACTION.....

I am thoroughly irritated at the number of times Glycer, Mayer and Smoot (that well-known law firm) dodged around Shoemaker's point -- presumably because they found it more comfortable to write about something else. ((T-29))

For example, in "The Totemization of Illiteracy" Shoemaker says, "The majority of...college students...can barely formulate their thoughts...on paper." He speculates that the fact that grammar is no longer taught may explain this condition. Glycer, Mayer and Smoot all choose to talk about grammar, not illiteracy.

Similarly, in "You know? You know!" Shoemaker notes, correctly, that the phrase is often symptomatic of an incapacity. Glycer and Smoot appear to treat it as a disease and find it not serious. Mayer makes a joke.

It seems to me (and I both feel and think it) that the major point Shoemaker had to make was that a majority (if he didn't say that, I will) of the supposedly educated people in America can neither write, nor speak, effectively. If this is true -- and I think it is -- it is a serious matter, and the issue should be faced.

Faithfully,  
Gene Wolfe

TONY CVETKO RAISES A VERY IMPORTANT QUESTION: WHAT IS THE EMOTIONAL REACTION TO BAD REVIEWS AND CRITIQUES, AND WHAT SHOULD THE REACTION BE? .....

If one does creative work which is in any way innovative or is different from what critics think one should have written, one can't afford to be sensitive and must expect unfavorable responses. I have had a lot of experience with that. As a result of my books and articles I have been accused of practically everything except Lesbianism.

Sometimes critics are very persistent. They remind me of the girl whose car broke down on a city street. She could not get it started and a man in the car behind hers kept on tooting his horn -- which made her more and more nervous. Finally she walked over to his car and suggested: Why don't you try to start my car; I'll sit in yours and toot your horn.

Some writers try to persuade themselves that they don't care and that they write not for others but only for themselves. But that is never really true. We need the feedback. Good reviews please us, bad ones displease us. The first may be a confirmation, the second a signal indicating what the lake is like in which we swim. Dissent is part of communication, but it should not degenerate into combat.

To write an answer to adverse critiques is usually not productive. Critics are not computers -- and even computers are not neutral or



((Bob Tucker continues.....)) ((Wolfe is done...)) ((Dr.Wertham continues.....))

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mailed out one hundred and six (count them: 106) change-of-address cards to every fan or fanne who published a fanzine, whose current ((sic: current / correct?)) address could be found in print. I thought I had covered the country and Australia. The postmistress at Heyworth was amazed at my request. She said that most people moving away used only three or four cards, if they remembered to use cards at all. I said I wanted 106 because I knew 106 people. She said she wasn't sure she had 106 cards, because she hadn't been there when the last inventory was taken in 1935. I told her to scour the shelves and open the wall safe. She said she didn't know the combination to the wall safe because it was opened only once every two years when the inspector general made his tour of duty. I gave her the combination to the wall safe. (I had lived in Heyworth nineteen years and knew everyone's combination.) She found 106 change-of-address cards and passed them over the counter to me with croggled eyes. I thanked her.

She revived my sense of wonder with her next question. She asked me if I wanted 106 eight-cent stamps to put on those cards. I told her I was under the impression the postoffice carried them free, after the citizen had dutifully addressed each one. She then spent ten minutes reading reference marks and footnotes in the postal guide, and regretfully told me I would have to purchase the stamps. During the month of June I mailed out 106 cards to every fan, fanne, fanzine, and con committee who had sent me anything in the last five years. I covered the country, and Australia.

This morning, July 9th, a copy of FANGLE arrived from Ross Chamberlain of Brooklyn. It had been addressed to Heyworth, forwarded to Jacksonville, and the postman demanded 24¢ before he would hand it over. I paid, and cut my throat.

Ross Chamberlain had not been among the 106 fan editors who received my cards.

-- Bob Tucker

34 Greenbriar Drive  
Jacksonville, Ill. 62650

fully objective. They have the pre-judged conceptions of their programmers. Sometimes writers and artists take criticism too hard. One young writer in a psycho-therapeutic session told me that to him every criticism is a hate. A painter after his first exhibition was unfavorably reviewed burned all his paintings and I had the task of persuading him to start artistic work again. An opponent need not be an enemy, and disagreement should not imply condemnation. I have read fanzines' editors being severely criticized for imperfect layouts. The critic did not take into account sufficiently that the beginning fanzine editor had to be more concerned with outlay than with layout.

A critic should try to enter into the creative spirit of the work he writes about. When I had to review for the New York Times Book Review Arthur Miller's "Death of a Salesman" when it first came out in print, I found myself liking it very much but having some specific criticism, too. I phoned the author and asked him to come and discuss it with me. A secretary took down our talk and it was published as a dialogue in the Times. Of course one cannot usually do that -- but a critic can think in terms of a dialogue with the writer whom he is criticizing.

What should one's emotional reaction to a bad criticism be? It is best to realize that criticism is like the weather. A good critique is fine. But a bad one has to exist, too. What is important is that one's work goes on. The only constructive way to answer criticism is by continued good production.

I wonder whether Tony Cvetko would agree.

Greetings!

Fredric Wertham, M.D.

Kempton R#1

Pa. 19529

And Gene Wolfe's address....

Box 69

Barrington, Ill. 60010

((Read more Wolfe & Wertham in T-31.  
Uh, Bob???)

((Bob??))



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THREE LOOKS AT TWO CONS -- MAKE THAT FOUR LOOKS AT TWO CONS

#1 I WITNESSED STILL MORE HORDES AT WESTERCON by Randall Larson

This year's Westercon in Santa Barbara (over July 4th) was disappointing. The programming was sparse -- just a few panels and the Banquet talks, toastmastered by Robert Silverberg. Other than that, attendees had a few films and many dealer's rooms to keep them occupied -- at least when the parties weren't going on.

I had the misfortune of chumming around with Lord Jim Kennedy and ~~Pleasure~~ Patti So-brero (her last name is no relation to my "tip of the hat" article in T #12), when I wasn't wrestled by my traveling companion and derby-endowed Fred Gillespie. Lord Jim was wearing a mangled black western hat (I say it's mangled, he says it's supposed to tip up that way). I was wearing my black Winchester hat. Patti was wearing jeans and a sweater.

The dealer's rooms were unique in that the con had two levels of small rooms which the dealers could lock up when they weren't there, rather than one large room. When I wasn't busy spending my money there or watching ISLAND OF LOST SOULS, FANTASIA, or CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF or wandering about aimlessly in search of some recognizable face, I hung around with Fred, Jim and/or Patti. We did some strange things -- nosing off at the top of the stairs ((what is that?-Ed.)), talking about Harlan Ellison, dragging Patti around the hotel, studying hypnosis, talking about Harlan Ellison, watching epileptic field mice, Randall reading horror stories while Jim and Patti made witticisms, chasing Patti through the hotel at unheard of speeds, talking about Harlan Ellison, and, all in all, acting like the usual sophisticated science fiction fan.

A high point of the convention occurred at the costume ball, when Jim Kennedy (I 'membered the "h" that time, Jhim!), Mike Glycer and several other individuals appeared as the duck family and introduced their sovereign leader, Duck Savage. Their exit from the stage, to the tune of "Keep on Duckin'" was disturbed when a dispute over the credibility of Duck Savage evolved amongst them. It seems one of the ducklings denounced their sovereign leader as being nothing but a quack.

A few scattered pros showed up and wandered about: Harlan Ellison and his latest girlfriend, Forry Ackerman, Emil Pateja and his "Showcase of Fantasy Art", Robert Silverberg, Poul Anderson (hic!), Bill Rotsler (alias Philip K. Dick during the banquet), Jules Verne, and others, all nicely introduced at the banquet. The banquet itself was interesting, Bob Silverberg made a good toastmaster and everybody laughed at his jokes, the food was surprisingly good, pillars conveniently blocked the view, trekkies were kept to a minimum, and the whole thing came off rather well. Rotsler, as Phil Dick, gave a particularly stunning performance when he read a brief, easy-to-understand missive.

Despite the poor programming, the meeting of friends and pros and those in between and far beyond was a pleasurable experience. Whenever I come away from a convention broke, then I know I've had a good time.

Westercon 27 in Santa Barbara by Frank Denton ((Actually the first paragraph of his letter of July 17, 1974))  
#2 #2 #2 #2 #2 #2

A very relaxing con, considerably less crowded than the monstrous Westercon of last year with its 1600 attendees. This year's attendance was more nearly around 750. Programming was very good, but done in such a manner as to leave considerable amounts of time for visiting and partying. A Fantasy Fashion Show, a Medieval Fashion Show and the Masquerade Ball kept all the costume fans happy. Lots of Walt Disney movies kept a number of the film fans happy. A ten-minute promo of the new Doc Savage film was well received, as was a showing of the out-takes from an upcoming film entitled "Dark Star". The pros did their usual excellent jobs of supplying expertise on panels of varying sorts and included Katherine Kurtz, Marion Zimmer Bradley, Robert Silverberg,



Terry Carr, Alan Dean Foster, Michael G. Coney, William Rotsler, Poul Anderson. Harlan Ellison showed up briefly one evening but did not stay to contribute to any of the programs. The art show was excellent as usual with fine works by George Barr, Alicia Austin, Cathy Hill, Jim McLeod, Joe Pearson, Gregg Davidson and many others. Enzenbach had some of his unusually fine metal sculpted lizards, dragons, swordsmen and other creatures from the dim and mysterious past. The hucksters, auctioneers were of the opinion that spending was down this year. The stay at the Francisco Torres was extremely pleasant and everyone enjoyed good fellowship for four days. Gee, it's 352 days until the next Westercon.

Westercon XXVII by Lord Jim Khennedy  
#3 #3 #3 #3 #3 #3 #3

Magnifique! I helped Elst Weinstein (and a 'staph' of thousands) put out a counternewszine and a flyer for Herbangelism. Later joined he, Mike Glycer, Marc Shirmeister, Matthew Tepper, and Jack Harness as ducks in an outrageous pun that won the Costume Ball award for 'Best Presentation'. On the first night of the con, a femfan noticed my nametag and cried out, "LORD JIM KHENNEDY! I read your article in GODLESS!" Such egoboo! I think she was half-convinced that I was a BNF. She turned out to be Pleasure Patty. I also met Frank Denton and Bill Breiding. You know, wyth so many TITLE folk attending, you ought to collect everyone's reactions and pub a sort of mass-conreport. Ask about GILLIGAN'S ISLAND fandom, or the Rotsler forgeries, or Bob Silverberg's 'tap dancer' jokes, or the poker games in the elevators or belly dancing in the lobbies or 'ad hoc' sercon SF discussion that the Ariz. delegation organized in rebellion against the madness of the con, or Randall, Pleasure, Fred Gillespie &...or.... It was a great con.

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celebrate the club's anniversary. That was followed is commonly called "snowballing". KaCSFFS dinner turned into Byobcon 4.

Six weeks isn't much time to plan a con, but intrepid chairman Allan Wilde persevered, pressed on, and went forth. On the afternoon of July 19 I got  $\frac{1}{2}$  day off from work and trekked to the Muehlebach in 100-degree weather. I found a bunch of mundanes running around the main convention floor setting up a sales convention. Hidden away at the

BRING YOUR OWN. . . by Jeff May  
Byobcon 4 in Kansas City, July 19-21  
#4 #4 #4 #4 #4 #4 #4

If you weren't in K.C. that weekend you missed something. That was the weekend when KaCSFFS, Allan Wilde, Hobbit House, and the Muehlebach Hotel held Byobcon 4 in honor of KaCSFFS' anniversary.<sup>1</sup>

1. Just don't ask me which one.

Previous Byobcons -- three, I guess -- have been of great moment only to the members of KaCSFFS. The first I can remember was held the last weekend in April 1973 at a K.C.Kansas motel. It was basically a 36-hour party with films, and though the night before I came down with some kind of 24-hour bug, I made it to Byobcon. I thought I did pretty good, all things considered; my high opinion of myself was borne out the next morning when I was informed I'd been granted the Life of the Party Award, posthumously.

The second Byobcon I attended was held in October of '73 at The House at Pooh Corners. Our main activity then was to hold a joint celebration of John Taylor's and Tim Kirk's birthdays. This one had been sort of planned during the last one, but future Byobcons were greeted with the attitude of "Fine idea, and we'll think about it" by all but the suggestors thereof. In December and January came along the KC in 76 worldcon bid and all lesser thoughts were swept aside.

Then came Minicon 8. Ken Keller went to push KC in 76. Allan Wilde went because he wanted to sell stuff. Sarah Sue Bailey<sup>2</sup> went because Allan was going. I went because it was a con.<sup>3</sup>

2 Probably Sarah Sue Wilde by now. Congratulations Allan and Sarah Sue.

3 I'm easy to con.

At Minicon 8 the K.C. people met Bob Tucker and Bob Tucker met the K.C. people. At Minicon, Bob Tucker said he'd come to Kansas City and be our guest at a dinner to Easter weekend of 1974. The process which Six weeks before it was to take place the



foot of the escalators I found the Byob-con 4 registration table and various K.C. fans.

Thenceforth it was a tidy little convention. I remember most of it in flashes:

Sitting at the registration table Friday, wondering how many would come. (Just six weeks? Tha's not much time, Allan.) Looking in the ledger Sunday and counting, 111, 112, 113, 114... Being on the panel Saturday, that the audience wouldn't let be anything but a writer/critic panel. The party Friday. The party Saturday. Trying to find a hotel person, someone to let me into the dealer's room to sleep so I could sleep there on guard. Driving off the International Funny Book Thieves<sup>4</sup> who attacked early Saturday morning disguised as a maid and a hotel security man.<sup>5</sup> Listening to Tucker tell funny convention stories about 4 a.m. Sunday morning.

<sup>4</sup> Thanks, Howard.

<sup>5</sup> But you all said last night there wasn't a goddam key in the building!

Writing an intro to Bob Tucker for the program book the night before the con.<sup>6</sup> Having Bob come up to me, program book folded to the intro, and ask "Which shin?" Touring the huckster room at intervals. Rusty Hevelin, alone and with Bob Tucker. Sunday morning. Bill the Galactic Fesselmeyer giving somebody the Bird, Sunday:<sup>7</sup> slowly lifting his right forearm with the left hand, molding the fingers of the right hand into a fist, laboriously lifting the proper finger, propping it up as it started to droop.

<sup>6</sup> Phone call, Bill Fesselmeyer to Jeff May Thursday afternoon, July 18. "Say Jeff, my mimeo has sort of broken down and could you run off the last page of the program book?" Jeff replies, "Sure, Bill. Can you bring it out?" Bill: "Uh, one other thing. Could you write it first?"

<sup>7</sup> No sleep at all, Saturday, Bill?

The banquet Saturday night. Asking Allan Sunday about noon, "Are you going to close this thing down with a ceremony, or just let it twitch its way into oblivion?" The con twitching its way into oblivion Sunday afternoon.

I have, as I write this, invented an ancient fannish saying which goes roughly: the measure of a con's quality varies directly with how burnt out you feel the afternoon of the last day. I think back to Sunday afternoon, July 21, and how I felt. By that ancient fannish saying, it was a good con. I just hope I've fully recovered by next year.

They're planning to have another, you see...

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DRINK OF THE MONTH  
(OR HOW TO MIX A GEN-FIC-ZINE)  
by C.C.Clingan & illo by G.Clingan

1. Take one container of enthusiasm, with or without forethought, preferably without.
2. Add two gens (related or not related).
3. Drop in not more than three fics, should be of good quality to avoid bad after locs.
4. Stir and let chill for about two weeks while gathering other vital ingredients.
5. When all ingredients are thoroughly jelled, pour on unsuspecting fans whose name you copied from other fan tenders.

-- by your friendly fan tender.  
C.C.C.

((Chet & family put out DIVERSIFIER now in 4th issue-- excellent variety in a Gen-Fic-Zine.))



## THE PICKLED WIT PAPERS

BY ERIC LINDSAY

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"The Daily Post" 13th Jan 1975

"Customs officials at Sydney airport today made the largest single seizure of wild pickle shoots when they discovered 475 pressed plants between the leaves of copies of the 'Necronomicon' consigned to a rare book dealer. The Minister for Customs, in a speech to the Friends And Neighbors Society last night expressed concern about the increased usage of wild pickle juice in Australia..."

BBC News 14th Feb 1975

Mrs. Mary Darkhouse, spokeswoman for Families United For Clean Kulture, an organization devoted to cleaning up pop songs, and director of Moral Rearmament Enterprises (MORE) attacked the "rapidly rising membership of wild pickle users, particularly among young and impressionable teenagers". Mrs. Darkhouse said this was to blame for declining stocks of instant mashed potatoes, which were being used by the ton in cellars. She claimed that the lack of cellars in England had led to an increase in police arrests for indecent exposure. Mrs. Darkhouse declined to give specific examples of how the pickles, potatoes and dark cellars were used. When a staff electrician carrying an electric fan blade accidentally walked onto the set, Mrs. Darkhouse ran screaming from the studio, "Propeller beanies are disgusting and depraving."

Memo to Customs Minister March 1975

The results of our routine investigation of the Aussiecon'75 committee (see Cultural & Underprivileged Subsidy Scheme, file 74) reveals that members of this group appear to be loosely involved with underground magazines of anarchist leanings. Our files have been passed to ASIO and Customs for detailed examination. Under the circumstances a cultural grant is not recommended.

(signed) Isaac Rearendamov  
Cultural Liason Office  
Western Network

Report 321 Australian Security Intelligence Organization (ASIO) May 1975

Routine computer analysis of 197,000 magazines mailed into this country over the past two weeks indicate that 182,000 are normally banned pornographic material; 7000 are copies of Playboy with intact centerfolds, which, naturally, we have destroyed; 7800 are newspapers & misc. The remaining 200 consist of various mimeographed pamphlets difficult to describe in routine computer analysis. However, analysis of the paper, ink, etc. compared with listed prices (which, significantly, were not listed on the covers) indicate that these are sold at a loss! This is sufficient indication that they are a plot against free enterprise, capitalism, the profit motive, the American Way of Life, and I'm All Right Jackism. A list of all individuals mentioned in these pamphlets is attached.

Customs Dept. June 1975  
Introductory Information for Search Officers

Much of our success in detecting and breaking drug smuggling groups comes from identifying the pusher. By computer analysis of network topology we can trace all addictive groups back to the source. Two loci are apparent. The main source, and probable manufacturer, is thought to hide in an isolated area of Kansas where the raw materials -- wild cucumbers -- abound. Efforts to locate this locus are proceeding. The secondary source has a respectable cover in the community and would surely be detected if a user. However, he is known to enjoy cigars and it is suspected that he has been infiltrated from Cuba. He claims to own a "one-man spaceship" and may possibly be the brains behind a hamburger chain, thus legally permitted to handle pickles of the FDA approved tame variety. Extreme caution is advised if this person is found.

### Addendum

Cross checking has revealed that the 374 people listed in the ASIO report have applied for entry visa to visit Aussiecon. Obviously a cover for a top level meeting of pushers. Entry permits should be refused.



MEMO from the Director of Customs 7-75

Who was the clown who recommended refusing entry permits? Allow entry. Contact the cultural grants people and get them to strongly support the Aussiecon crowd. This dept. will later arrange to provide airport staff with "bugs" to be planted in the luggage of the incoming pushers. However, issue instructions that under no circumstances are they to be stopped or searched - we want to catch them pushing the stuff. We might arrange a liason with the US government to make it easier for the pushers to hire a charter flight, as long as our govt. hasn't been insulting their govt. lately. This section will arrange for 24-hour surveillance of the Aussiecon group.

Royal Commission on Crime December 1975

.... one of the most blatant coverup jobs was in the Customs Department, where an unidentified person, using the director's dictaphone, allowed entry permits and arranged a cultural grant for a subversive group, and indicated that officers under the control of the director would take over the investigation. We are unable to use voiceprint identification of the criminal as an 18 minute segment of the tape accidentally fell into a paper shredding machine operated by an inexperienced new member of the department (see file "The Screwed Tape Letters"). Investigations are proceeding under the direction of Mr. R. Clarke.. ...

MEMO from Customs Department 12-75  
List of Resignations

.....  
Adam Link  
Sue Clarke  
.....

MEMO from Customs Department 1-76  
Job Opportunities

Paper Shredder Operator

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NOTE: the foregoing series of documents are classified TOP SECRET as a package. REPORT 321 (ASIO) is classified TOP SECRET ... DESTROY BEFORE READING.

-- Eric Lindsay, Faulconbridge, NSW

HOW TO GET LOCS FOR YOUR ZINE \*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\* by Steve Beatty

Egoboo is probably the biggest motivation behind fanzine publishing. No real fanzine comes near making a profit, so the rewards come from the satisfaction of spending time on a project you consider worthwhile, enjoying the finished product, and having other people pay attention to the result. Attention can be given in cash, contribution, trade, but the best, most individualized form of attention is a letter of comment. It shows that the writer cares enough about the zine to make suggestions.

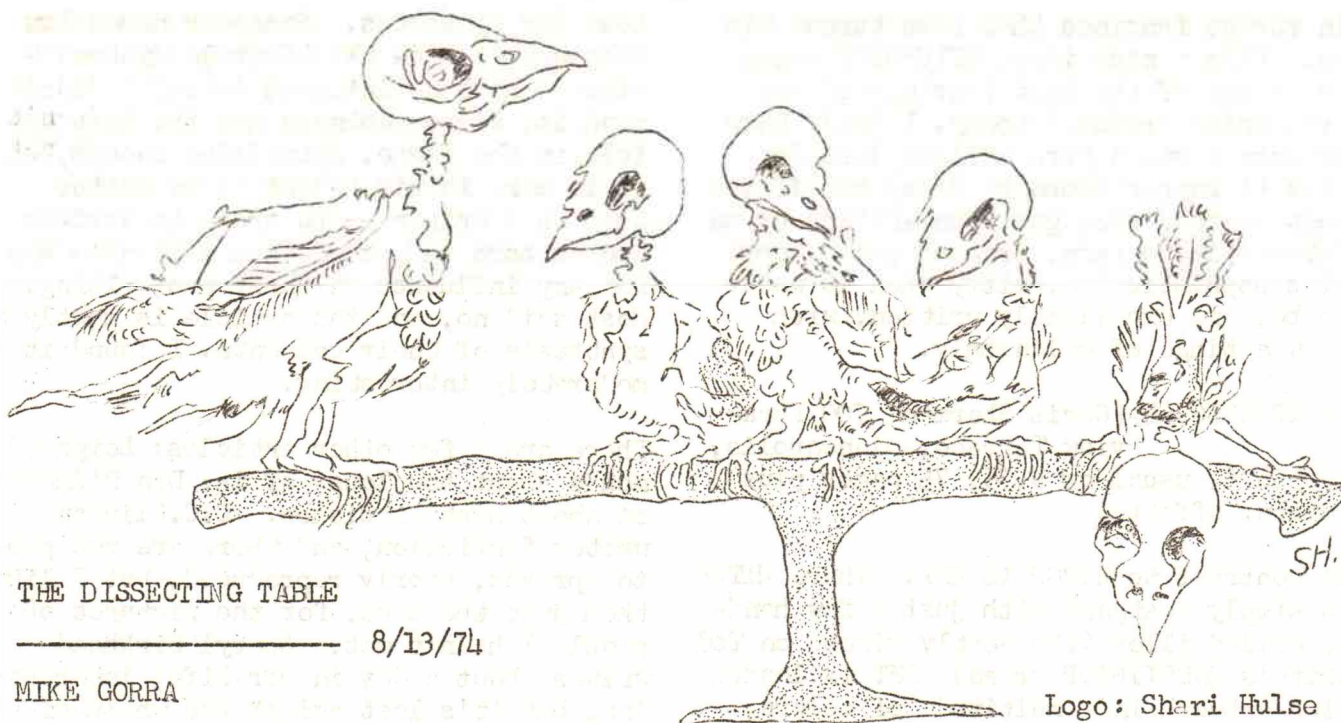
A neofan, with the first issue of his zine may not get very many letters unless he sends copies to the compulsive letterhacks. Letters to a faned who's been around for awhile may slacken off after his zine has become a fixture on the fannish scene and is taken for granted.

I have accidentally discovered a way to ensure receiving large numbers of long, literate locs and am willing to share it with the other 56 of Title's readers who are faneds. The secret is: publish something moderately fuggheaded. People are more likely to write when they disagree with something than when they agree. If they think it was fuggheaded, there will be an emotional factor strongly urging them to write. But the piece must not be too stupid. If it is, people will simply say, "That was fuggheaded," and leave it at that. It should have enough substance and apparent validity that its refutation requires at least a page of loc.

I discovered this when I ran a short article on Sword & Sorcery as a filler in PHOTRON. It was a superficial analysis of why people liked the genre. (I originally did it for an English class.) Only 350 words long, the response was all out of proportion to its size. I was told that S&S is no longer popular; I was accused of saying that the genre was hilarious. Then one guy said it was a "fine article" and a couple of others said they wished it were longer.

So if you want to get lots of locs, print something negative about the new wave and you'll get letters saying the new wave/old wave distinction is obsolete. Be positive about the new wave and you'll get locs explaining why the best SF written today is in ANALOG. Say the best SF is in ANALOG and you'll get locs beginning with "I don't read ANALOG, but....."





## THE DISSECTING TABLE

8/13/74

MIKE GORRA

Logo: Shari Hulse

HITCHHIKE #21 (John D. Berry, Box 504, Edgartown, MA 02539, 12 pages mimeo. "Mailing list consists of everybody I want to send it to....you might write me an interesting letter or send me a good fanzine....you can always send me money, whatever you can afford, although a quarter a copy seems pretty fair to me.")

A couple of columns ago, I called Loren MacGregor's TALKING-STOCK the best personalzine in fandom, now that TANDSTIK-KERZEITUNG was dead. The mimeo ink was scarcely dry when T-S folded, STIKKER came back, and another personalzine came by and left them both standing in their tracks. It's called HITCHHIKE.

HITCH isn't a new fanzine, but its first 19 issues were circulated through a private apa. John decided to make it generally available with the 20th issue, and I'm glad he did; it's extremely good.

I suppose I should make my prejudices known. I really dig John, both as a person, from what I've seen of him in print, and as a writer. I think he's underrated as a fanwriter, especially among fans who have just come into the microcosm in the past two years or so, since what fanac he's done has been on a limited circulation basis. One of the biggest kicks I've gotten in fandom was getting the first installment of a column from him, for BANSHEE. So I like

him and his writing. You may not (tho I couldn't fathom why) and might not enjoy his zine that much. But I don't think there's any way you can get around admitting that it's well written.

Much of the zine is concerned with the private workings of John's mind, where his head is at now, where he thinks he's going (the zine is truly a personalzine). He writes on who's making a summer pilgrimage to Falls Church, about trying to find the words to sum up his relationship with the counterculture and where the focus to that culture is -- he feels it's in communities, co-ops, communes, etc. There are parts on his everyday activities -- walking, drinking wine. A few excerpts from letters -- generally, what people who were fairly active a few years ago but who have mostly left fandom since then are doing now. He even reviews a fanzine, Susan Wood's not generally available personalzine (in retaliation for her reviewing his not generally available FAPazine, FOOLSCAP, for AMAZING). He finishes off the zine with my favorite bit, a brief essay on personal places of power -- places where "I am in touch with more than myself". When John writes like this, the effect is marvelous, and for some reason, his style seems strongly evocative of Ernest Hemingway's.

The final bit in the zine is a revival of "Instant Egoboo", a rather neat idea that I'll probably swipe. He mentions things



in recent fanzines that have turned him on. It's a nice idea. HITCHHIKE seems to be one of the best fanzines of any type being produced today. I don't know if John wants a huge mailing list for this (I rather doubt he does) but if you want to read some good fan writing by an interesting person, try and get a copy. It's sophisticated, witty when it wants to be, and excellently written, with just a tinge of melancholy.

ANTITHESIS #4 (Chris Sherman, 700 Parkview Terrace, Minneapolis, MN 55416, usual or \$.75, 75 pages plus covers, offset.)

In contrast to HITCH is ANT. Where HITCH is simply designed with just a few hand-stenciled illos (tho neatly mimeoed on Ted White's QWERTYUIOP Press) ANT is loaded with artwork in a multitude of colors, with justified margins and saddle stapled. And where HITCH is well written and urbane, ANT falls short in the words department. In fact, the quality of its written matter makes the effort that went into its production just a little bit ridiculous. There's some good artwork, but quite a bit that's bad, too. The front cover is fairly striking, in two colors. I have to wonder why Chris took the extra time to justify his margins -- even Bill Bowers doesn't do that anymore, and it seems a waste of time. In addition, the offset repro is quite spotty and almost illegible in spots. Chris' layout, however, is very good.

There's quite a bit of poetry here; about average for fan poems, and I suppose it depends on whether or not you like poetry. I don't, not in fanzines, at least. Chris' editorial is a recap of his experiences in publishing and writing, and about his maturation. He says that this is his last issue (a decision he recants when he finishes the zine) in order that he can devote more time to writing. It's competently written, but I cannot believe that he was so naive as to actually do some of the things he describes, and this probably spoiled the editorial for me.

The written matter is mostly sercon. Roger Sween writes a piece on Ellison and Anderson, comparing "Goat Song" with "I Have No Mouth etc." and relating them to philosophies of literature. It's well written, tho a bit dry; far too ser-

ious for my tastes. Somebody named Lew Caboos writes on the Cthuthlu Mythos; since I have no interest in it, I didn't read it. Warren Johnson has the best article in the issue, surprising enough, but it is more to his talent as an editor than as a writer -- he wrote to various pro authors and asked them if fandom has had any influence on their pro writing. Most said no, and the article is mostly a synthesis of their comments. I found it moderately interesting.

There are a few other articles: Leigh Edmonds about how lousy sf is, Don D'Ammasa about Michael Bishop. C.C.Clingan writes fanfiction, and there are two photo spreads, poorly reproduced, but I liked them just the same, for the pictures of people I hadn't met. Sheryl Birkhead writes about a day in her life; interesting, but it's lost amidst the whelm of sercon material. There's a lettercol that didn't turn me on, and a last page thing-ee where Chris decides that he will publish one last issue and goes into what he refers to as sentimental last issue gush.

ANTITHESIS is a pretty good fanzine, but I think it would have been better if done with the same material in simple, one color mimeo. None of the written matter is really good, and this is accentuated by the lavishness of its production. In fact, and this is not intended as a personal slam, the zine is so over-produced that it seemed an absurdity, and certainly a waste of time to do -- especially justifying the margins. If he'd spent half the time he spent on frills on drumming up some topnotch contributions, the zine would have been immeasurably improved. A sercon zine such as this has to find extremely expressive writers to avoid becoming entangled in repetitions of what we read in another zine last week, and Chris wasn't able to do so.

FANGLE #2 (Ross Chamberlain, 339 49th St, Brooklyn, NY 11220, usual or 35¢ for a one issue sample only; no subs; 43 pages plus covers, mimeo.)

Ross Chamberlain is much better known for his artwork than for his publishing feats. And he isn't even well enough known for his artwork. Part of it is that his fabulously fannish covers usually appear only on Arnie Katz fanzines, and those have been hard to come by lately. But even in the heyday of the Katz Publishing Kombine,



I doubt that Ross got the attention he deserves. Most of the younger fans might not even have heard of him, but he has turned out some of the best fan cartooning in past years with his multi-page covers for QUIP, and his fabulous hand-stencilled covers for FOCAL POINT and his marvelous illos for THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR. If you can get ahold of any of these, you're in for a treat.

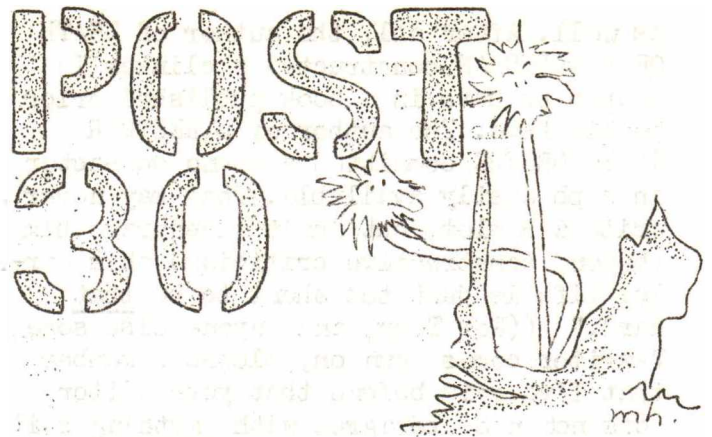
But we were talking about FANGLE, weren't we? FANGLE was born at the height of the Brooklyn publishing empire, saw one issue, and collapsed with the rest of the Insurgent fanzines at the close of 1971. Now, after a two and a half year absence, Ross has published another issue, with a new direction. While FANGLE will have an editorial and occasional article, it's primary function is that of a letterzine. There are over thirty pages of lettercol in the zine, and they're fascinating. Major topics of discussion include puns, more puns, the desire to draw by those who can't, ghettos, in particular, traveling through them. It's nearly all fascinating and it should provoke a lot of commentary; I know that I'm going to sit down and write a loc as soon as I finish this.

Ross does something a bit unusual in the local. Instead of making just brief comments as most faneds do, he makes lengthy ones. Ross isn't a flashy writer; he has a very unobtrusive style, but he writes well and with a lot of commonsense. His writing imparts a maturity and sophistication to the rest of the zine.

The artwork I was talking about? Not much inside, but there's an excellent cover that I'm damned if I can figure out, and a reprint of the cover to the first FANGLE, also excellent if a bit more serious than Ross' usual. There are a few cartoons inside, and Ross tells me there'll be more in the future.

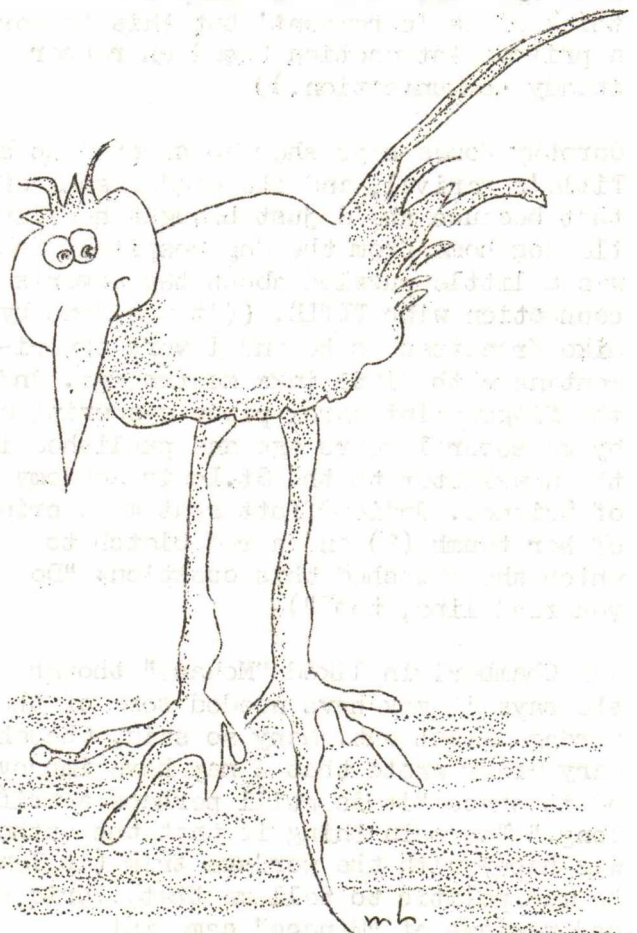
As a letterzine, FANGLE works very well. Fandom can use a good one; right now, the only one is LOCOMOTIVE whose fate, according to one of the editors, is in doubt. FANGLE is more eclectic in subject matter than LOCO, and Ross is a better editor to boot. If Ross can stick to a schedule, the zine will be a delight; it's good now but will definitely improve with each succeeding issue.

END



August 22 there arrived 5 locs (more or less) to T-30: Ben Indick, Brad Parks, Gene Wolfe, Dorothy Jones, and Ann Chamberlain. Ben felt the issue new-wavish, even to the cover "displaying the symbol of eternal emptiness in a miasmal mist, itself symbol of nowhere." He asks, "Coincidence, the thread of existentialism which binds the issue more firmly than the staples?" ((I plan little, so luck is often on my side.))

Quoting Ben's kind advice in full: "I rather regret my good friend Mike B'gorra's thrusts at my good friend Tony Cvetko. Tony is, however, a bright young man, a tyro publisher; tyroes should be admonished gently, with constructive praise





as well. After all, the author of DEATH OF A SALESMAN constructed a clinker I happen to have in a book published prior to his fame. The author of STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE committed a no-no one-acter in a pb easily available. Tony may never write a Hamlet, but don't discourage him (beyond constructive criticism) this early. Life is just too short to be that hard." ((For Tony, and anyone else some T-writer comes down on, please remember that I've said before that your editor does not need to agree with anything said herein; but I certainly agree with Ben, and will go further: tyroes should be encouraged in public and given 'constructive criticism' in private!))

Brad Parks draws 'SuperTooth' and fills the rest of the page with repeated typings of the name, 'John Robinson'. Oh, he does ask one question: "If I'm first ((to reply to T-30)), do I get a free whoopee cushion?"

Gene Wolfe writes: "As the efficient cause of 'the funniest thing TITLE has ever printed' I assume I am now on the 'permanent' list?" ((The rest of his letter is a critique of Eric Mayer's story, Menace; will save that for later. Incidentally, there are some fans I do think of as 'permanent' but this is more a private interaction based on rather steady communication.))

Dorothy Jones says she was cheered up by Title's arrival, and she needed some of that because she'd just brought her little dog home from the dog hospital. She was a little puzzled about the cover's connection with TITLE. ((It was done by Mike Kranefuss as he and I were experimenting with ditto inks months ago. And the fingerprint xerox piece was written by me several years ago and published in the newsletter to the St. Louis Academy of Science. Jodie Offutt sent me a print of her thumb (?) and a red blotch to which she attached this question: "Do you read lips, too?"))

Ann Chamberlain liked "Menace" though she says it may have needed some of the wordage I cut out. Many so said, though Gary Grady wrote that I may have improved it since "it is still perhaps a trifle long." The main thing is that the author was happy with the wordage trim (at least he was politic to tell me that). Eric, no bad reviews of "Menace" came in!

Now we're at August 23 with Chet Clingan, Hank Jewell, Richard Brandt, John Robinson, and Leah Zeldes.

Chet bids \$5 for Tucker's Sock. However, on August 30 Bruce Townley sent me a bid for the same amount. Hot sock! Do we have a topper, or do we flip? Mainly Chet disagrees with Mike Gorra, says: "...there are a lot of good fanwriters writing now and some good up-and-coming ones in the works. There is your own TITLE, and although you don't appear enough in your pages, you still manage to put together a pretty dam good zine. From what I've read over the past two years, I feel fanwriting is improving. Perhaps I'll send Mike a copy of THE DIVERSIFIER and really give him something to have a nervous breakdown over." ((DIVERSIFIER lives up to its name, and in fine fashion!))

Hank Jewell comments favorably on Everett's Tacoma Submarine mystery and wonders if Eldon is familiar with a Seattle-based Phenomena Research headed by Robert Gribble. Hank notes many new names in T-30, and some regulars missing. Hank, a regular is a regular when he writes; when he doesn't there's a new name waiting in the wings. Victor Kostrikin says "...Old Bone Brazier condescends to send TITLE to poor, little, unknown, untalented fanartist me?" He suggest it's my ego that is responsible for my policy. Like playing Ghod, Victor? Not at all -- it's only the amount of money I have to lay out, and if the postage rates continue upward there may have to be more drastic curtailment.

Richard Brandt heads his loc with "A BAL-OGNA SANDWICH WAS MY UNDOING"; and the rest of it caused Old Bone to chuckle, chuckle on his knuckle. "...congrats to Kevin Williams! If you know of any fans who are related to President James K. Polk, then I might have fannish relations as well. Watch how you take that, please." and "...the realistic medieval costumes with the background of palm trees and Volkswagons..." and "Eric Mayer's story was good reading; Barry Malzberg could have written it." and "Congrats on your extreme good taste, first in printing my letter, then in printing such a small part of it; that's how I know an editor has class." and "Barzier??" ((Richard publishes VORPAL from 4013 Sierra Dr., Mobile, AL, 36609.))

John Robinson writes: "Good grief! TITLE



30 dedicated to me?! That just about makes me a BNF. What with all the duties piling on I don't know if I can be a BNF too." ((Sorry as hell to have caused you all that trouble, John; actually, I meant only to dedicate the cover art to you!))

Leah Zeldes asks: "Where the hell does Mike Gorra get off talking like he's an ancient and venerable founding father of fandom or something equally revolting? He sounds like he's about 60 or 70 years old and a member of First Fandom! ((Gulp!)) Now, there is nothing wrong with that ((Ah!)), if he was one, but he isn't. He's only been in fandom for a little more than a year. Except for Mike's snotty, superior attitude, there's nothing really wrong with the column; it's well written. He makes everyone who wasn't around then, or hasn't been reading old fanzines, feel dumb. I don't like feeling dumb. I feel dumb enough about things I can't do without having to contend with high-and-mighty airs like the ones Mike puts on in this."

Chris Sherman (8/24) really digs into Mike Gorra and his fanzine reviews; in fact, almost the whole letter is about that. Since I have a sneaky hunch that Mike revels in 'reaction' I'll simply relate a few of the jabs and xerox the letter to send to Mike. Okay, here we go:

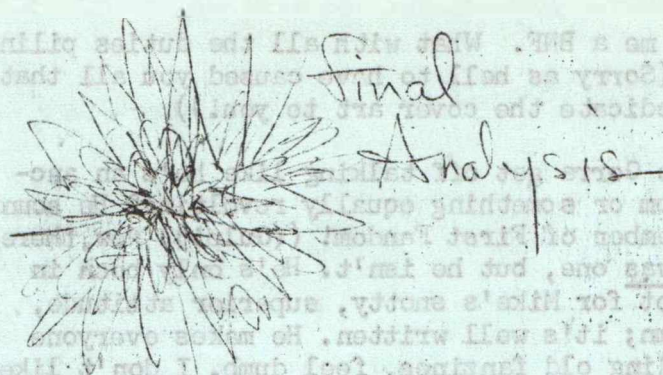
1. Gorra's 'Slaughtering Table'.
2. I've been growing concerned at the quality of -- not fanzines -- but the quality of fanzine reviews floating around. Gorra is a prime offender. ((In TITLE's next issue there'll be a fanzine review by Eric Mayer.))
3. The fanzines Mike writes of were the cream of the cow back when they were published. There was no difference...in the average fanzine...
4. Mike doesn't really care about the people behind it all.
5. Gorra's totally insensate method: tell everyone that this fanzine is terrible, mention things by advanced faneds that are better than this, and end with a snobbish snort.
6. If he was objective, he'd look at some of the good aspects too; he would consider everything that went into ((a fanzine)), including the time, sweat, energy, and tears.
7. I'm sure Tony wouldn't have minded a bad review if it was helpful in any way towards the improvement of DIEHARD; Gorra's wasn't.

Dave Szurek (8/26) writes: "In regard to what Sutton said, let it be known that I have tried to project myself into the body of an insect. It's almost impossible to do. I personally failed, but there are people more capable than myself. I am more capable of conceiving a consciousness having emotion but no rationality than one with rationality but no emotion. I feel that all animals have at least some level of true emotion, but one without-- that's a real alien! I agree emphatically with what Sutton said, and I liked the way he said it.... I showed Arthur's kwik kwote about my being 'one damn sinister looking fellow' to my girlfriend, and she immediately fell into hysterics. After listening to such fits of laughter for an hour or so, I saw no point in asking her if she agreed. Damn! ... I've read Mayer's 'Menace' three times in a row, and have found myself with two separate interpretations. The fifth reading should settle the matter..." ((Is it not a truism that a great story has an ambiguous quality? And does this not mean that a great story means different things to different people, or different things to the same person as that same person fluctuates in different levels and time? And is this the power of a 'new wave' story as compared to a baldly stated, cut-and-dried 'old wave' story?))

Kevin Williams noted a lack of Holy Barbek in T-30. "Twould seem that T30 up and published itself while you were exploring the depths of depravity in the nation's fruit capitol. I guess it's nice to have so well-trained a zine...Sutton Breiding was strange, poetic, and thought-provoking. I used to believe that any intelligent aliens we ever encounter will be at least somewhat like ourselves, but Sutton has changed my mind. Hell, I don't even understand him half the time." ((Have you tried Sutton's BLACK WOLF, from 2240 Bush St., San Francisco, Calif. 94115? It's probably the most alien fanzine there is, and I hope Sutton takes that as a compliment.))

Bratt Cox: (8/28) "The best thing in T30 was Gary Grady's cartoon on the mailer."





Final  
Analysis

presentation - Sleeper  
Freas - artist  
Spider Robinson - JWC Award  
Lisa Tuttle - )  
Fanzine - Algol - )  
Alien Critic - ) tie  
Kirk- fan artist  
Susan Glicksohn - writer  
Tolkien - Grandolf award  
Attendance - 4500

#### Art Credits:

Cover . . . . . Sheryl Birkhead  
Gen-Fic-Zine . . . . . Gail Clingan  
Dissecting Table . . . . . Shari Hulse  
Post-30 . . . . . Marci Helms

#### Hugo Awards:

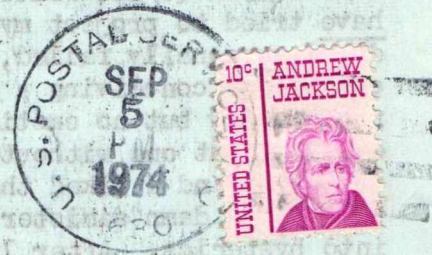
A verbatim note received via telephone  
from Sheryl Birkhead and Gary Mattingly  
on Sunday evening, Sept.1, 1974:

Rama - novel  
Plugged In - Tiptree, novella  
Deathbird - Harlan, novellette  
Walk away from - LeGuin  
Ed - Bova

Donn Brazier  
1455 Fawnvalley Dr  
St.Louis, Mo. 63131  
USA

#### TWO PHOTOGRAPHS

1. A color snap sent by Gene Wolfe of some people including Fred Pohl, Jack Williamson, and Robin Scott Wilson. Thank you, Gene.
2. A snap in color of, I think, Bruce Townley in strawhat and stereo earphones -- also fuzzy moustache and the hint of a beard. Book on the shelf behind him is HAMLET'S WILL. Earphones carrying 'Sister Ray' at full volume. Fan's sunglasses appear to be cracking; but fan maintains relaxed mundanity with possible exception of strawhat.



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