



BPI





MUSEUM OF SCIENCE  
AND NATURAL HISTORY

SCIENCE BUILDING

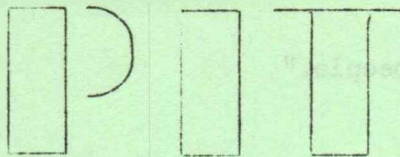
HOURS:

TUESDAY - SATURDAY 9:00AM - 5:00PM

SUNDAY 1:00PM - 5:00PM

CLOSED ON MONDAY

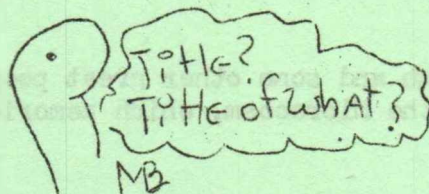




After seeing the bold cartoon style of Ben Indick (BPI), I described my Title-den to him and asked for his graphic rendition. The cover is the result. Amazing! Amazing, how he worked everything in. Readers of long-standing will recognize the Brazier foibles: the empty beer cans, the peek-a-poo chewing on my bare foot, the cigar, the hi-fi equipment, the wife with the broken toaster I'll-fix-real-soon-now. And Ben added a fantasy of his own (and one I wish would happen): he himself has popped his old redhead through the window!

Some of you (a few) liked the report on some of the mundane activities of the editor, so facing this page is a Xerox of a photo taken at the museum when we struggled four hours to hoist two hemispheres (Rand McNally Geophysical Globe) through a window and, inside, up half a stairway. The \$20,000 'world' will be part of a new Earth Science Complex now in construction. Old Bone has a pipe in his mouth and 'the world on a string, the string around his finger...'

A carboncopy of a letter sent to a number of fans arrived here Oct.16; it was from Janie Lamb, one of the wheels of the NFFF. The message was that Alma Hill, active in the NFFF, died of cancer on Oct.6th. As you all know, TITLE has quoted Alma now and then, for she received my zine from #6 onward, and had written some dozen letters and sent other things. She had written to me about her illness and the way the chemotherapy had made her feel so much better because it caused her arthritis to disappear. But the cancer was another story. I wrote her a concerned letter on Sept.23rd because she hadn't written since March; probably she was near death at the time. She will be missed.... I shall devote a page of this issue to some quotes from her letters.....



tells me something I had completely forgotten, to wit: "I was sitting in a motel room in Two Rivers, Wis. last Tuesday night watching the educational channel (10) out of Milwaukee. The show was 'Teens Talk Books' moderated by Milwaukee fan Donn Brasier ((sic)). This is a panel discussion by hi-school students on various books they have read. Reviewed were On the Beach, The Third Level, and The Other Side of the Sky. A small Hugo to Donn Brasier for interesting these students in sf and putting on a GOOD educational show." In 1958 (my last year in Milwaukee) I was busy; doing 3 high-school biology shows on TV every week, 1 science experiment show, and selling life insurance-- made me forget the book review show. Thanks, Lynn, for ARGASSY.

Must call your attention to a TERRIFIC Harlan Ellison article in NEW TIMES magazine for October 18, 1974: "Science Fiction Is for Real". Starts out with spicy comment about sonofabitch Nixon, summarizes other real unrealities too wild for sf, touches on New Wave, and plugs the seriousness of sf -- last sentence: "If Henry David Thoreau were alive today, when he wasn't busy taking a leak in Walden Pond, he'd be writing science fiction."

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USA

Sometimes a sample may be obtained for 25¢. Circulation adjusted monthly on a retroactive three-month survey of a reader's activity in the 'usual'. Opinions expressed by contribbers do not necessarily reflect the editor's opinions.

COVER by Ben Indick  
SF PATCH illo by Eric Mayer  
HOOKED: stolen from a cartoon  
TORTURED FAN ESCAPING FROM MUNDANIA  
by Brad Parks  
OFF-WHITE illo by John R. Ryan  
THIS PAGE - MB equals Mike Bracken

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"(I have) confidence in fandom as a place for reasonable people."

"It is evil to try to make little grownups out of kids."

"...the business man, rather than the poet, is the top of the tree." (This, and extended views on business and businessmen created some furor in TITLE.)

"...a Renaissance Man is an overage teenager."

"Reading is so much easier than writing at all stages."

"...Critical Attitudes and Artistic Appreciations...have about as much to do with sf-as-a-phenomenon as a vine has to do with a tree it climbs on."

"Poe, Lovecraft, and Ellison are in a direct line, though Poe wrote some sf and Ellison never has."

"All you instructors ((of sf in sf courses)) out there: how many of you are trufen?"

"...in any group you can expect to find a majority who do nothing but the heavy criticizing; lucky if you have any who will do the work, and luckier still if the workers will take all the criticizing and still feel an interest. The NFFF is an extraordinary phenomenon in that regard."

"...an educator is supposed to avoid the outré and transmit only reliable information, which sets up quite a problem for those who are asked to teach about sf, doesn't it?"

"Had we ((fans, especially Neffers)) no oddballs would we be part of the human race even?"

"I say that the world's hope for peace is in its businessmen only."

"What do I read besides sf? Well, I like mystery stories. Also I read gothics. I read too much. The worst...is my comprehensive sub to the National Council of Teachers of English....ten-a-year issues of English Journal, Elementary English, College English, College Composition and Communication, Abstracts of English Studies, and English Research (a quarterly...)"

"...through fandom I found the NFFF, with Janie Lamb and some other great people in it, so this has been my chief sector of space in the Microcosm, which memories mostly mellow accordingly."

"...some of the world's dullest writing is put out by book reviewers, but when sfen go at it, it is the liveliest."

"I could conk out on an hour's notice or less, with no regrets. I've had a long and useful life, and I think harmless, so no complaints are due from me."

"...there is no such thing as bad information, just so it is accurate."

"I like young people but in youth we all have a lot to learn, and one of the things is 'Live and let live'. Had Hamlet been willing to let his sinful uncle work out his own destiny they'd all have been better off, though we'd have been short a good play with a good strong moral to it. I'm working on a book all about this..." ((12/8/73))

"...there is a lot of mental comfort when one...is ready to close out the books, and finds a credit balance in karma." ((Last communication March 18, 1974))



TO PROTECT THE AUTHOR, THIS PIECE MUST REMAIN  
ANONYMOUS

# Keep it free

Keeping my zine free justifies my right to pick and choose who gets it, and keeps it intensely personal at all costs. And gives me a right not to try costly paper, inks, and postage for heavier zines.

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I'll tell a story that illustrates that attitude in me.

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Like a Britisher and like a Chinese, in my background, any 'traveler' or passerby who drops in, I feel it my bounden duty to offer tea and whatever else is available. (Cake by chance? Biscuits or even just toast and jam, etc.) And I've been taken up on it too, by visitors sight-seeing this estancia in the past.

Unfortunately the Latin American mind is devious. I first learned that in Chile the day our boat docked from China. 'Reporters' interviewed us by inviting us to the most costly tea-shop in Valparaiso. They stuffed. We slightly stuffed. We thought they were paying. But having swallowed their last gulp of tea and piece of cream cake, they looked furtive, thanked us urgently and fled. We were left to pay the bill with our last cents!

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They were reporters but of a little scandal sheet and published a most garbled account. We died from mortification!

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Now for what happened to us right here and 'now' -- same story, as you'll see, but with a slightly different slant.

It seems even among the 'decayed oligarchy' here, gringos are fair game, and I was... We used to be visited by such a neighbor, and we always gave him tea, and even a drink (if we had any to fill his thirsty good-old-guts, by chance, that day). He began bringing friends. We gave the friends a generous tea also. He brought his teenaged son for us to meet. The son then began bringing carloads of youngsters. I found myself running a restaurant, and was a bit aghast, but tried to keep abreast in a nice 'Christian' (haw) manner, not to fail my strict upbringing.

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I began baking cakes on Saturdays not to be caught with empty larder. 'Never turn anyone away hungry who comes to your door.'

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One day an Irish neighbor dropped by. "Hang on," I said, "I've just baked bread. You'll have to try it! And I'll give you a loaf or two to take back."

She sneered. "Why of course I'll accept. Since all this is paying to get to taste your teas, why shouldn't I get a taste?"

"WHAT???" said I, coldly, with a sudden quiet fury.

She flinched. She stammered, "Oh, I didn't mean anything."

"Kindly explain," said I, like a terrible judge, and transformed from a gentle, silly, kind hostess.



She stammered the more, confessing: "But somebody is selling tickets to Tea-At-Las-Mirador, including transportation here and back." She looked almost terrified, afraid she'd get in trouble for having let me know this was occurring. (She must have believed I was getting paid for it all.)

All innocence still, the son of the decayed oligarch arrived with three more carloads of the same rude youngsters who'd had the cheek in times past to sneer and scold me if my cake wasn't first-rate. (I had thought before, gosh, these IGNORANT kids, and tried to forgive them for their pitiful upbringing.)

So I waited, like a cat at a mousehole for the mouse to return. Boy, oh, boy, I was after his hide; I'd skin him alive (very quietly sarcastic).

Gloatingly, I sent my hubby out to send them away. Guess what they did? They drove up to the Big House, sat on the garden chairs of the elegantly landscaped terrace in front. Madame peered through her curtains. "I don't think I know them." She sent the butler out to inquire what they wished.

"Tea," said they, "with cake." (They supposed that must be where the tea they'd paid for was served. The son of the decayed one didn't happen to be with them to warn them that time. He'd sent them along -- all innocence -- he was so SURE I'd come across, more fool I.

Well, My Lady decided, "Perhaps I do know them but forgot". So she told the butler, "Just give them cocacolas."

(Years later, they began returning to her in force, brought by another -- not the same 'decayed oligarch'. I told her my story in warning, tactfully. She laughed. She enjoys the fulsome flattery. Her cakes are never semi-failures. She has a top-flight cook, you see, and servants galore.)

Now for the denouement... The decayed oligarch No.1 in due course -- unsuspecting yet -- came visiting us with a couple, for tea. I served them tea. Once they were safely settled with cup in hand and a plate on knee, I told the story in all innocence, like a good joke on myself, pretending I didn't guess it was HIM.

"Who could have done it, do you suppose?" I purred.

He squirmed and stammered, and the couple glared at him as if he were a worm. As soon as he could, he escaped with them in tow.

HE NEVER NEVER RETURNED TO THIS ESTANCIA.  
NOR DID HIS SON.

My hubby said I was 'too cruel'. I chuckled. When my patience is finally used up, I'm the WRATH OF GOD itself. I mean, when I get mad, I'm MAD -- relentless. I mean, I can forgive anything but not being taken-for-a-fool (simply because I AM a fool, leaning over backwards to love-folks-on-sight!)

Poor penniless oligarch, of great wealth formerly! Pretending blank innocence, only ashamed I'd caught on. Bah!

#### THE TITLERS by Fredric Wertham, M.D.

The Titlers are a funny lot,  
They're eating pickles, but they don't  
smoke pot.

While others talk from morning till  
late

Of nothing else but Watergate,  
The Titlers thrive on contradiction  
Between what is science and what is  
science fiction.

When they have time they go to a Con  
And in between they're reading Donn.  
They are just a hundred, but seem to  
be more

For they write many letters which are  
never a bore.

The Titlers title back and forth  
From East and West, from South and  
North.

What is the message that they impart?  
Communication is an art.



# THE RAISED EYEBROW

A COLUMN BY ERIC MAYER

#2

I devoted my first column to fanish fanzines, but I have my favorites among the sercon zines too. (Which will be given their proper recognition in time.) A fanzine that encompasses the whole fanish spectrum is PREHENSILE #12.

With Milt Stevens joining Mike Glyer as co-editor, PRE looks to have a bright future indeed. I would describe the format as half size offset (but don't take my word for it when I describe formats). There's plenty of good artwork including an absolutely obscene number of Rotslers and an especially imaginative cover by Joe Pearson that is somewhat marred by the dark yellow paper that simply does not provide enough contrast for the large black areas Pearson uses.

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Like: THE INCOMPLEAT BURBEE, MOTA, and DAN-SHEE reviewed in T32

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Mike contributes his usual long and enjoyable editorial. Milt writes about the Nebula Awards Banquet, proving again that sf writers are less interesting than what they write. Dave Locke reviews THE CURSE OF THE ATOMIC PILES. Also on the sercon side is Richard Wadholn's sensible look at Barry Malzberg, and Stan Burns does a great job this time with his book review column. He knows how to review an anthology without listing every single story there-in, a feat for which I applaud him. It hardly seems fair that the same fanzine should contain one of the best book review sections along with the best fanzine review column. But that's the way it is. Mike Glicksohn reviews zines in depth and with understanding for 12 pages... that's not too many. Oh yes, there's also a good lettercolumn.

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Locke's review I found even more entertaining than the book itself.

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Well, I still haven't raised an eyebrow. It's a hard thing for me to do but...but... Bruce Townley was kind enough to send me LEVIOL the other day. It makes for a nice, informal letter, and is interesting as such, but as a fanzine it leaves much to be desired. This fanzine seems TITLE inspired to me, the difference being that TITLE is controlled chaos. LEVIOL features a nicely designed cover, bad layout and generally slipshod writing. Bruce has some interesting things to say and he should try to say them a bit more carefully. Tony Cvetko contributes a humorous article on the staple revolution....not bad, but the surroundings don't help.

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If you're going to spend money on stencils or ditto masters, you can not afford to compose on them.

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Finally this month, we have THE DIVERSIFIER #3 from C.C. Clingan. Like the Breidings' STARFIRE, this is a family affair. It's a friendly fanzine, devoted mostly to fiction this time. Chet himself contributes the last installment of a S&S tale; Joe West has a horror story with a shocking end that is neither very shocking nor very logical; and Karen Burgett does a character study that is not static and not half bad. Needless to say, none of these writers is Hugo material...at least not yet. If you are a diehard despiser of fan fiction, there are some articles here, too, and the balance may change in future issues.

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Beginning writers need audiences desperately and sf readers need some good new pros just as desperately, so ....

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PREHENSILE 12 Mike Glyer, 14974 Osceola St, Sylmar CA 91342 and/or Milt Stevens, 14535 Satcoy, #105, Van Nuys, CA 91405. 50¢ for 97 pages! or the usual.

LEVIOL, Bruce Townley, 2323 Sibley, Alexandria, VA 22311. The usual.

THE DIVERSIFIER, Clingans, 1254 Leah Ct, Oroville, CA 95965. 75¢ or the usual.



# SF patch



Michael T. Shoemaker:

"I don't see how vampire and werewolf tales, and tales of possession and reincarnation have anything to do with SF, unless there is a scientific rationalization provided, like in Darker Than You Think or 'Wolves of Darkness'. Does Robert Smoot actually think that stories such as 'The Monkey's Paw', 'August Heat', 'The Wendigo', or 'Casting the Runes' are SF? That would require a rather peculiar definition of SF it seems to me. There are even many stories with a pseudo-scientific tie-in which I would class as horror stories, such as 'The Great God Pan', the Cthulhu cycle, and 'The Horla'. The aim of these stories is to produce a mood of horror, rather than engage the intellect on the speculative level, as SF normally does."

Eric Lindsay: "Mike Shoemaker would enjoy a copy of Colin Wilson's 'The Philosopher's Stone' despite the flaws in the latter part of the novel."

Terry Jeeves: "About Hugo voting. I have never voted, even when eligible and I don't vote in similar British polls either. Two reasons: 1. I don't read all the yarns published... not even the short-listed ones. 2. I seldom know datewise what is eligible anyway."

Bob Stein: ((The same person mentioned in Mae Strelkov's TONGS as an early experimenter with hekto art, & who now runs a used book store at 2110 W.Wells, Milwaukee, Wis. 53233.)) "I do buy SF paperbacks, but I have a problem finding it; it sells well, better than mystery or westerns or romance. I do charge - and have no problem getting - a higher price for SF than other PBs. I do not have much call for SF in hard cover tho, and don't have very many anyway."

Brett Cox: "...with maybe one exception, I have never been ridiculed by anybody for reading sf. Some people have made deprecating remarks about my reading the stuff, but their remarks were meant to get at me personally, and not the literature itself." ((Times have changed. The best adjective I can think of to describe my reading sf in the '30s is furtive. To imagine that sf would ever be taught in school was pure sf all by itself!))

Jodie Offutt: "I suspect a lot of people have cut out the middle man -- fanzines -- and live from con to con-tact. I can't imagine fandom without fanzines; but I think of letters & fanzines as extensions of con-contacts. It all adds up to the same thing, tho, doesn't it? We went to our first con in 1969 -- St.Louis. (And it wasn't till June, 1970 that we went to another-- Midwestcon.) At that time I'd written one letter to one fanzine. andy, of course, had been in touch with writers and fanzine people-- but only on paper. We had never met anybody having to do with sf in any way. You can imagine what an eye-opener and mind-boggling experience a worldcon was for what was at the time a couple of very straights from the hills of Kentucky. People now and then see me as the wife of a writer, period, but it is no big put-down or shattering thing to me anymore. These same people see andy as A Writer and not as andy offutt who is a person who writes. But I really believe, now, that when we go to a con that most people are just as glad to see me as they are to see andy. But it is/was a surprise and thrill to get a TITLE addressed to me because I've responded and andy hasn't. andy's fanzine activity has really been cut into by the SFWA business." ((andy's GONE WITH THE GODS -- heard from andy's own reading aloud at Chambanacon, 1973 -- is in the Oct. 74 ANALOG. Jodie's letter from which the above was taken came to me Dec, 1973; reverse side of 1 page began with p.29 GWTG-- "minor story in the Seventh Book of the Torah, after all." I couldn't find the line in the pubbed story.))



Mike Glycer: "The idea of Warren Johnson gaffiating in order to write for a living seems to me like a bridge jumping off a suicide. If he's having a hot time in fandom, at least he's being paid attention. By delving into writing he's due for plenty of nonrecognition and frustration. Perhaps he'll simply pull another Leingang, who holds the record of ten gaffiations in three years." ((It's probably too late now to tell you all that Glycer is submitting pro-stories in which he will 'Tuckerize' your name if you volunteer. He says that 'Norm Hochberg' staffs the LA County Museum of Art, Stathisville is the site of a prison, Gorra is an AFB commander, etc. Mike is at 319 E. Pike, Bowling Green, Ohio 43402 according to a CoA in KARASS.))

Nesha Kovalick: "...took a class this summer on 'SF and Social Criticism'. The people in the class are typically untypical. The teacher is a janitor who lives up in the mountains. ((Denver, Colorado)) We have a retired couple from New York who know nothing about sf -- he is quite deaf and given to long, unintelligible monologues. We have a poet who writes fantasy. A woman whose husband is here to direct the Shakespeare Festival-- she's never read any sf either. And one apparently valid sf freak who knows an awful lot of dates. Plus me. The University was supposed to offer quite a lot of sf classes next year. However..they have refused to hire the guy who was to teach them -- he's a Marxist and was dismissed from Stanford for inciting students to violence. His main field is Melville -- such an odd combination, Melville and sf. Now the student body is in an uproar over academic freedom."

Ned Brooks: "I quite agree with Stein about the low quality of sf art in the pro-zines now. Freas is practically the only good artist left, and while his color covers are as good as any I have ever seen, there is no one doing the interiors like Bok, Finlay and Cartier used to."

John Carl mentions Charles Finney's GHOSTS OF MANACLE; he should also read OLD CHINA HANDS. I have read all of Finney's books except THE END OF THE PAVEMENT, which I will get one of these days. Don Markstein in New Orleans has been in correspondence with Finney; says that Finney has quit writing because he feels he has nothing more to say. Not to be confused with Jack Finney, who also wrote some good stuff...

I don't know if Sween's project will ever get anywhere, or if public libraries are the place for fanzines, but I don't agree with you that they are unimportant. Good ones are as worthy of preservation as most of the stuff being preserved today. To historians the views of people who are interested in everything and have no particular axe to grind would be priceless."

Don Ayres: "THE CHIMAERAN REVIEW is not really my fanzine; I can direct some review copies, but that's about all. And those have to go to faneds who will give them an airing, bring them to the attention of a lot of people so that the venture MIGHT pay for itself and the English Department (who financed over half the printing costs) can be satisfied. The fanzine is composed entirely of articles by members of the SIU ((Southern Illinois Univ.)) SF Society. I hope faneds understand my failure to send them copies gratis. The zine's slant is definitely sercon. Price 60¢." ((I have a copy of #1 which is dedicated to 3 fans (Blyly, Brazier & Connor --thank you, Don) and 4 writers (Hensley, offutt, Tucker & Wolfe). It is 24pp offset & had a print run of 150 copies; contains material on Tolkien's Middle-earth, the SF comic strip, Campbell's social sf, an art portfolio on The War of the Worlds by Ecsmo Rowe and Warwick Goble, and SF Cinema (1950-69) by David Gregory & Don Ayres. Send firstclass mail & money to Ayres at his home, 2020 W. Manor Parkway, Peoria, Ill. 61604 ))

Harry Warner, Jr.: "...another novel about fans, in a marginal way. It's HERE COMES A CANDIE by Fredric Brown. It's not based on fandom, like ROCKET TO THE MORGUE, but the hero and one of the subsidiary characters are avid readers of sf and have attended local fan club meetings. Moreover, the protagonist's love for sf is tied in with character development in certain ways. The novel is worth reading without consideration for this borderline fannish content -- sort of a brief Studs Lonigan with a real shocker ending." ((Along this line I decided to get Malzberg's HEROVIT'S WORLD because the very first sentence was: "At the second annual cocktail party of the New League for Science-Fiction Professionals, Jonathan Herovit finds...."))



Chris Hulse: "Loren MacGregor says that perhaps the symbolism found in various works wasn't put there by the author. One theory of archetypal patterns holds that unconscious patterns exist in all subconsciences & genetic heritage. We spent one whole term discussing archetypes and finding them in sf at Lane Comm. College; now that was a fascinating subject. It seems to inflame just about everybody, pro or con; and it also requires the teacher to justify the search and answer questions such as Loren's." and "Denis Quane uses WHEN HARLIE WAS ONE as an example of 'explicit sex'. I really can't see HARLIE as even being able to titillate. Just because it deals with time-traveling 'homosexual' relations, for surely the first time, does not make it explicit."

Paul Anderson: "NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD still remains one of the best horror films that I have seen to date. We could have well done without THE SATANIC RITES OF DRACULA even if it did have Cushing and Lee appearing in very small roles. That's the first time that Dracula has had a cameo part in a film supposedly about him & his nefarious dealings. I doubt if any film could be as bad as NAVY VS NIGHT MONSTERS."

Marci Helms: "One doctor at the hospital ((where Marci's husband works)) has been campaigning to get all fantasy and sf removed from the library, contending that reading such tends to loosen the patients' grip on reality - definitely not the expressed aim of the institution. Last I heard he wasn't getting anywhere with it. He'd be farther ahead removing the copies of the EXORCIST. There is beginning to be a significant percentage of the patient population who have been adversely affected by the flick."

Kevin Williams: "I was rather surprised by Harlan Ellison. ((On the Tomorrow Show of August 20)) From his work and from the fanzine comments about him, I pictured him as a fire-breathing ogre, mercilessly shredding any lesser mentality who happened to cross his path. Instead, he came off as a friendly, open, and honest guy, the kind you'd have a beer with. Bradbury sounded pedantic, and Roddenbury seemed like someone who had undergone psychosurgery with a logger's peavey. I was disappointed that the producers of the program failed to get Asimov. I would have also liked to have seen Clarke, but he's probably chasing fish somewhere. And, hell yes, Heinlein!"

Robert Smoot: "I take arms with John Robinson over PLANET EARTH. I saw most of it, and I simply was not entertained. \*blah\* "

Raymond J. Bowie, Jr.: "Just got from SFBC the GREAT SCIENCE FICTION FILM MUSIC. It has the soundtracks of four films (3 SF, 1 horror) as composed by Bernard Herrman who I've come to admire. The four films are: THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL, JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH, PSYCHO, and FAHRENHEIT 451. They were all especially good: TDESS and PSYCHO my favorites. Herrmann, according to the album jacket, has had 'precious little' of his work recorded on wax. This from a man who began with CITIZEN KANE, 8 Hitchcock pictures, 4 film scores for four Ray Harryhausen productions including JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS, TWILIGHT ZONE theme and a number of the scores, and recently scored films like SISTERS. And yet very little of his stuff is on record! Get the record."

Jeff May: "...saw a film called THE LAST DAYS OF MEN ON EARTH. No kidding. It's being billed as something similar to PANIC IN THE YEAR ZERO, with atomic holocaust and brutish savages running rampant. It turned out to be the movie version of Mike Moorcock's THE FINAL PROGRAMME. I read this once, years ago, so I don't remember it well, but the movie followed closely what I remember. The plot was hard to follow, but, then, it was in the book, too. If I hadn't recognized the name of the character the leading star played -- 'Jerry Cornelius' -- I would have been confused longer. Moorcock's name was nowhere in evidence in the film credits. In view of the way his film is advertised, perhaps it's just as well."

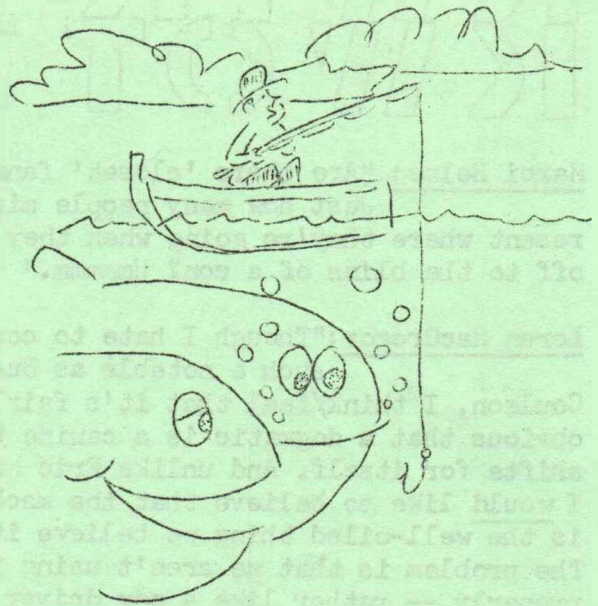
Fred Moss: "SF is okay as entertainment, but don't take it too seriously."



# BOOKS

Chris Hulse: "I can't pin down the exact beginnings of my taste for sf; it seems to have always existed. One early book was color illustrated, large, and with songs. It had stories about Pecos Bill, Paul Bunyan, etc. The one I remember most though is/was a marginal sf-type story; more towards horror-fantasy, but still sf in my book. A man fell in love with a woman who always wore a yellow ribbon around her neck. As they grew older together he never saw her without her ribbon and he was never allowed to take it off. Finally, as she was dying of old age, she granted him permission at her bedside to remove the ribbon. He untied the bow, removed the ribbon and her head fell off! Can you dig it? ((New Wave, old boy...a tale of frustrated sex and a woman who almost died a virgin!)) Unfortunately, I have been unable to relocate this book."

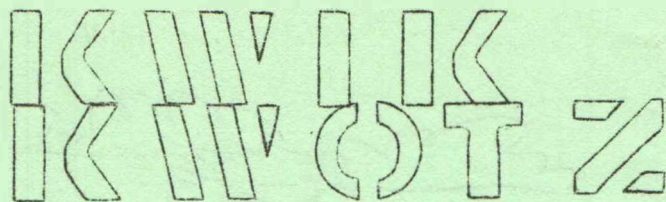
Dave Rowe: "Back in '66 I was just finishing school and being a bit of a loner, found myself on the end of a limb. I'd never been athletic and so reading was my most strenuous activity. H.G.Wells was my favorite author at the time; a friend suggested I try SF -- 'No it's not BEMs' -- and lent me Eric Frank Russell's 'Three to Conquer' which appeared in ASTOUNDING as 'Call Him Dead, and more recently was reprinted in the USA as 'The Unholy Trinity'. After just a few pages of Eric Frank Russell, I was well and truly hooked. It wasn't until 1970 that I met up with fandom en-masse at the annual Eastercon that year called Sci-con -- the ogre of all cons which nearly turned me off fandom for life because British fandom seems to build barriers and excruciating endurance tests for Neos. I didn't understand people who didn't even mention SF. But Bob Smith and I needed to catch the same train, so we tramped across London, talking SF all the way. That winter saw me traveling to London to pick up a mandoline on a Globe night where I met Bob and his wife Mary (who he'd met at Sci-con) and enjoyed myself so much that I booked up for Eastercon 22, which bored me. BUT I did buy two fnzs, 'Quicksilver' & 'Maya' I wrote for all the fnzs reviewed and one weekend in May I stayed in bed with a cold and read fnzs, writing locs, and drawing. Suddenly, I was one of them."



Paul Anderson: "I don't know whether any particular thing started me on SF as it seems that it has been a natural and inevitable progression with a few short cuts thrown in. Probably the first actual sf novel I ever read was SWORD OF RHLANNON by Leigh Brackett. At the time I was reading all the sf I could get my hands on in the children's section of the city library, and SWORD was in the 'Adult' section. I noted SWORD as it was so different with vitality in comparison to the limp stuff that was served up to the younger readers."

Loren MacGregor: "SF grabbed me by the tail (I was tempted to say tale, but resisted) when I was five, just starting to read, and discovering my parents' extensive library of Tom Swift, Verne, and Wells. Fandom grabbed me in 1966, when, through a friend in Ohio, I started receiving a fanzine called CØSIGN. I wrote to that for a couple of years, and also to Darrol Pardoe's LES SPINGE. After a controversy over 2001 -- I didn't think it deserved two years' worth of indepth criticism, and the CØSIGN people did -- I stopped writing to fanzines altogether. In the meantime, I had found Seattle fandom via the Nameless Ones, Seattle's oldest fangroup. (It turned 21 before I did.) After several years of meetings, I suddenly regained my interest in fanzine fandom, borrowed a large collection from F.M. Busby, and started writing. So here I am. In 1961, age 10, I bought ROGUE MOON by Budrys, already #69 in my collection."





Marci Helms: "Are there 'closet' fans?"

Just how many people misrepresent where they're going when they sneak off to the bliss of a con? Hmmmmm."

Loren MacGregor: "Though I hate to correct

such a notable as Buck Coulson, I think/feel that it's fairly obvious that a dogmatic is a canine that shifts for itself. And unlike Eric Mayer, I would like to believe that the machine is the well-oiled thing we believe it is. The problem is that we aren't using it properly -- rather like a new driver with a stick shift. If we don't wear out the clutch first, all will run well; proper upkeep will keep it running smoothly."

David Singer: "At the party I intend to have Title Royales for all, fan and mundane alike. If someone substitutes Southern Comfort for the bourbon... ..thereby making a Comfortable Title."

Roy Tackett: "Grady's wee item on the Amazon basin arouses my sense of wonder, yes. My gorge is aroused by the fact that the Brazilians are burning it." and another "Sheeyit, you people hollering all would be well if we could only stop technology. I am reminded of Lao-Tzu who dreamed that man existed in a golden age before the coming of civilization. Lao-Tzu was a dum-dum. I agree with Shaver that industry and its products are part of the pollution problem. Its products and the way they are used. One hundred million automobiles alone have done their share. But it is people who want and demand automobiles. Try to get the people to give them up. People cause pollution."

Richard C. Newsome: "Science has re-invented the wheel. It's called the constant-width polygon, and it can have any number of sides between 3 and infinity. The common round wheel is simply a constant-width polygon with an infinite number of sides. The 3-sided version looks like this. It functions as a wheel. Poul Anderson, 'The Three-Corn-ered Wheel', ANALOG 1966."



Bruce Townley:

"HAVE FUN WITH THIS..."

Dear Bruce: I tried everything I could think of to have fun with your drawing. I failed.

Yours, Donn

George Wagner:

"..your note on LAUGHING OSIRIS says that fanfic is being eased out. This is not really the case -- it is bad fan fiction that we don't want. And that includes 95% of what I've ever seen. If the zine can get good fiction I'll scream and holler and jump and down until it gets in. And the same goes for poetry, articles, even short plays." L/O, PO Box 3, Fort Thomas, Ky 41075

Bill Bliss: "...lousy paper situation..."

Fans might be driven to kraft paper bleached with chlorine. Wonder if anybody makes paper as a hobby? If a mimeo would handle sheets of thin mason-ite, somebody could put out a zine called WOODY. Clay tablets would be impractical due to mailing cost and hospital costs for mailmen getting hernias. I could photo-reduce a zine down to 35mm slides, but not many people have slide projectors."

Andy Darlington: "In reply to an earlier comment about my poems in TITLE I wrote to Nesha Kovalick to say 'ta and she has since replied -- seems like a nice person, and seems like you have a friendly set-up."

Dorothy Jones: "Found a few clippings to send you, then 'chickened' out as they are...er,ah, risque...blush! So hurriedly took papers outside to the trash."

Bruce D. Arthurs: "You know it's time to pub another ish when it's been three days without mail--fan motto."





"Please funnel your requests for water through the proper channels," Tom said, with clouded countenance. -- Pauline Palmer.

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Kevin Williams: "Even though the sun has been known to rise every day since the Earth was formed, the chance that it will fail to show up is still  $\frac{1}{2}$ . Or am I wrong?" ((Wrong. Or, it all depends how much faith one has in natural law. To me, the sun's coming up is not a 50/50 chance between two alternatives, of coming up or not coming up. A definite two-possibility event like heads or tails of a coin is different, and even if heads had come up since the Earth began, the chance for tails coming up tomorrow would still be  $\frac{1}{2}$ . However, if tails had not come up in all that time, I would begin looking for some natural cause favoring heads over tails -- like nature abhors tails!))

Harry Warner: "I suffer from acrophobia and therefore my 25 favorite horror stories would be the top 25 floors of the Empire State Building."

Nesha Kovalick: "I was very amused by Ben's sex survey. Seriously, there is something unusual about the patterns of sexual behavior in fandom. I say this with assurance; I have researched it thoroughly. It won't work into a thesis, but it has been interesting. I suspect the combination of young males in fandom and the type of person who becomes a fan results in an unusual set of sexual mores. There's a lot of loose talk about sex in fandom, but there's also a chivalrous attitude (and a fair amount of respect) towards women that I've found nowhere else. It's pleasant to have men ask your name -- here, people walk up to you on the street and ask if you wanna... Fans are slans, no doubt. And that's all I have to say!"

Marci Helms: "Glad to see Karen Burgett appearing in T with more frequency and at greater length. She sounds really interesting. Just the sort of fan that makes T as comfortable and enjoyable as it is."

John Robinson: "It's interesting the way STAR TREK has increased the femmefan population. The average high school, college, or general fan club will have at least one-third, and probably 40%, femfan membership by 1980. Bjo Trimble was right; fandom owes a lot to STAR TREK, particularly the reruns."

Jodie Offutt: "Anticipating (like a child) the coming worldcon, I was going through my closet and trying on clothes (with a bit of added pleasure because I've lost a few pounds), when Andy went by the door and said, 'Listen, we're going to a city; if you plan to leave the hotel I want you to look frumpy.' I told him I'd cleaned out my closet and thrown out all my frump clothes. 'Wear mine then -- don't go out on the street like that!' .... Ben Indick has exposed fandom and condom for what it is: no different from medical, librarian or spelunking conventions. Now it's out. That nec in reality means virgin; that bidding parties are means of picking the most virile and nubile; that SCA is actually a group of leather and chain fetishists; that ALGOL is short for algolagnia and Don Thompson is more interested in coprology than coprolite; that huckster is another word for hustler..."

Chester D. Cuthbert: "Ben Indick's 'Sex and the SF Fan' seems to satirize the current craze to emphasize sexuality at the expense of romantic love. Why is it that so many of the modern writers concentrate on physical sensation and ignore or minimize what seems to me to be the essential ingredient of affection (to express love at its minimum)? I can understand sexual attraction without love, but not sexual satisfaction without mutual affection; is it the lack of this ingredient which keeps promiscuous people seeking continuously?"

Robert Smoot: "I see that you placed my 'Chapter 27, 684' on the same page as the 'Irks' of T29. I can take a hint."

Eric Mayer: "I have noticed that Titlers are the most communicative group of fans around." ((I take a lot of pleasure in that remark, Eric.))



FROM THE SAFETY (?) OF THIS COL  
AN IRREGULAR & MORE OR LESS OFF THE VIEW OF EUROFANDOM  
BY DAVE ROWE

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How We Took the Good Booze & Annexed Ghent: 'What a great con Sficon 5 was,' I thought 'I simply must write it up for Title'. Then I turned to T29 to find my dear editor decreeing 'I place conreps very low on my print list...' Well, 'Nothing Ventured -- Nothing Gained'; how does this one grab you, Donn...

The week before the con I spent in the host country, Belgium, at the home of one of Sfan's stalwart organizers and trufan, Simon Joukes, whose phone would burst into life at odd moments with various offers, such as University Profs with papers to present, or a Dutch 'Progressive' (?) music (?) group wishing to do a gig.

On Friday Morn. Aug. 30th. (same as Discon): Simon & I used a new quick route to Ghent and thus arrived late. But not late enough to miss helping assemble the artshow, P.A. & video systems, and unsuccessfully blacking-out the hall for daytime film shows. By evening the artshow was complete with bookstalls in front, and the bar was open. (We had to buy a book of tokens to exchange for bbeer.) Then the main British party arrived, so we went site-seeing (i.e. visit the pubs). Ghent greeted us with myriads of Union Jacks -- all explained by a barman... 'You are tourists, yes? English, yes? From Liverpool, yes?' (The juke-boxes & radios in Belgium are still crammed with early Beatles records..) 'No? You aren't from Liverpool? Never mind, you're still welcome.. Next week is British Week.' (Hence the flags and Johnnie Walker Whiskey Plaques in car and linen shops.) 'The week after is Russian Week, and perhaps next Swahili Week. We don't know yet...You're sure you're not from Liverpool?' British Week, and already you couldn't photograph any of Ghent's historic sites without including a Union Jack. There were even two plastic Tudor Pubs erected outside the townhall, with tapes playing 'British Songs'. GoH H.Kenneth Bulmer with fGoH Pete Roberts and accomplices entered one such establishment just as 'Ickleigh Moor-bar-tat' was being played; so they stood in the doorway and sang along, to which the management turned the tape off.

Back at the con, we were surprised to find the con-comm charging 50 B.f. (about \$1) to see the film (With 310 attending they were on to a good thing, 'We have to pay for the film' they explained, adding 'it's Submarine of the Apocalypse with Peter Lorre.' We British Shylocks went back to the bar arguing whether the film would be '20,000 Leagues under the Sea' or 'Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea'. It was the latter, with French dubbing and Flemish sub-titles. Odd, Belgium; how does a country that small manage to be bi-lingual? The Flemish hate the French, and the French hate the Flemish so nearly everyone under 30 seems to speak English, which makes things easier for us tourists.

Vernon Brown's suggestion that the British all be housed on one floor of the con-hall (a University Residence) was put into operation, so for the first time in Sfancon's five year history a room party was held (in bookseller Rog Peyton's Room-- he drunkenly demanded that it be recorded for fannish history). The party quickly overspilled into the corridors & along to the central stairs, where at 3:30 in the morning Rog could be seen blissfully asleep. 'Ghod!' said Rog next morning, 'I feel like I slept on the stairs last night', and simply wouldn't believe the truth when told it.

Saturday 31st: The programme started late, in true fannish tradition. Ken Bulmer kicked off with his GoH speech. Unfortunately he is a far better impromptu speaker than when reading from his notes. To make matters worse Simon had to constantly stop Ken to interpret into three other languages during which fractions of the audience would buzz into conversation as their language came up. However, Ken found his stride when speaking of fandom, especially the many tales of the 1953 Manchester Eastercon (Supermancon) saboteur group who set out from London in two cars, one taxi and a moped, being waved goodbye by Brian Burgess, and on arrival were greeted by Brian waving Hello, having hiked to Manchester, via Scotland. If Ken lacked a little on the platform, he certainly made up for it on the floor, where he was just one of the fen, only



a lot more friendly and comical than even Sfancom's norm. But from then on the programme was frustrated by the inadequacies of our window black-ings, which meant all films would have to be shown at night. So the programme was re-written and included such delights as a fan panel with Simon, GoH Ken, fGoH Pete, and Jan Jansen (Belgium's original & oldest fan) which began:

SIMON: "Jan, what do you think is the main difference between Belgium & British fandom?"

JAN: "Isn't it obvious from here?"  
(He indicates panel table.)  
"They've got the bheer and we haven't."

It was a good con for renewing friendships from Eurocon '72 and meeting new fen (English speaking or beautiful females) but as a fellow countryman said: "I've made a lot of new friends at this con, only trouble is I can't pronounce any of their names." One name I can pronounce is Mrs. Irene Kahn, who was on her way back to New York and just happened to be told about the con as she got off the bus at Ghent. She fell in love with fandom, having never heard of it before. So that's at least one SF reader returning to the states as a fan; who said we are not truly internationalised?

Sometime during the con Martin Easterbrook returned to the British floor to find himself face to face with a fire-hose nozzle in the hands of Stan Eling, Rog Peyton & Malcolm Davies. Maryin quickly retreated, leaving the unholy trio with the problem of re-reeling a hose which wouldn't re-reel as it was full of water. This was solved by Stan's entering the toilets (which were mixed), opening the nozzle and jetting the liquid down the pan, whilst praying no female entered and had a pink-fit.

The room parties, lasting well into the night, were in my corridor on whose floor Ray Bradbury entertained us with magical tricks. Yes, THE Ray Bradbury! Well, the British Ray Bradbury, that is. He's in his late twenties and tells neos he's the other Ray Bradbury's father. Some even believe him!

Sunday Dawn: Booze-stained corridor with bottles lined up next to doors, as if awaiting the milkman on his round. Most of the morning programme was in anything but English, so some of us wandered around

the art show, lounge, or Ghent itself. The afternoon became a little livelier with a lecture by Dr. Eric Elst on "Super-Space" (a sort of Hyper-Space) which ended up as a reciprocity between him and two others present with BAs in Astro-Physics, whilst an attending parrot took a complete disinterest in the proceedings.

This was followed immediately by Dr. Peter Koenig, an American resident in Germany, who spoke on Jewish SF, admitting that until recently he hadn't read any SF at all, but since doing so had become an addict. He suggested that SF was a Jewish form (or format) of literature because it dealt with minorities and the relationship between Man, Science & Metaphysics, a predominantly Jewish theme. He also cited the Golem as forerunner to the Robot. He finished by reviewing Wandering Star, a collection of Jewish SF edited by Asimov. It was left for Ken Bulmer to voice the general opinion of the audience that "when we first started writing SF, we were going to the stars not as Jews or Christians or Moslems but as Man, and segregating SF in such a way is more derogatory than uplifting." This was not a Semitic/Anti-Semitic battle; the whole lecture was given in a highly amicable and humorous atmosphere...

LECTURER: "...the three laws of Robotics, or the Robot's Ten Commandments.."

RAMBLIN' JAKE: "TIN Commandments!"

LECTURER: "Hey! I'll use that when I re-write this paper. Who do I credit?"

...and it all ended on the agreed decision that 'Metaphysics is Good for You.'

After tea and long discussions in the lounge, War in Space was shown and turned out to be The Green Slime. (The Flemish title was 'Oorlog in de Ruimte' giving me visions of a BEM at a room party. And a German title to Voyage to the Bottom... was 'U-Boot im Tiefe des Meeres' at which my mind boggles.)

((Censored account of the evening 'room party' - noise, singing, performances, Indian wrestling, broken glass.....))

Monday: The last day, everyone slowly disappearing as we restacked and packed away equipment. Thanks to Simon Joukes, Rene Pauwels, Wally Willaerts, Andre de Rijcke, et al, especially those who manned and (wo)manned the bar, for such an enjoyable con.



MY FAVORITE THINGS

MY FAVORITE THINGS - - - - -

HARRY WARNER, JR.

When I started to think about them, something struck me immediately: how many of them concern the start of something. It must be some kind of psychological trait.

I'd have to include the magic moment when the pitcher goes into his windup for the first pitch of the first inning of a baseball game, the first sound the orchestra makes at the start of the first bar of the overture to Die Meistersinger, the thrill that comes from walking into a second-hand store you've never visited before and seeing long rows of books or high stacks of records before you get close enough to identify titles and realize you aren't interested in much of what's there, the moment when the New York City skyline becomes visible as you drive up from the south.

Some other things that aren't as closely tied in with first-impression: driving from Waynesboro to Chambersburg in Pennsylvania, a dozen miles of absolutely unspoiled road with no commercial intrusions, no trailers, no concrete block warehouses, just rolling countryside and picturesque houses and barns; seeing Jean Arthur move from one window to another of the old house as Shane approaches near the start of that movie; the way many people turn into humans for a day on Christmas Eve; looking at a newly developed roll of film and realizing that one of those 36 negatives contains a razor-sharp representation of exactly the kind of expression you were trying to catch on your subject's face; having a strange dog choose you as the person to come up to and nuzzle out of a crowd of people on the street; looking at, thinking about, or listening to Julie Andrews; Erich Kunz singing traditional German songs; the moment the pills finally start to act after a violent sinus attack; completing by Friday the five columns you're supposed to give the editor the following Tuesday; having an experience that gives more reason to believe in life after death."

MICHAEL GORRA

"(a partial list) Looking at paintings, Arthurian myth, creme de cocoa, driving on an otherwise empty highway, tapioca, chocolate pudding, libraries, MacCoun apples, apple pie, buffet meals, Norse mythology, any western mythology, rushing out to the mailbox, rootbeer, pineapple juice with lots of crushed ice, draft Heineken, finishing a story you're writing, spending money, Florida, the Miami Dolphins, mini-skirts (but not on me, dammit!), the imagery in 'Time Considered as a Helix of Semi-Precious Stones' (at the same time hating him for writing so beautifully), neat beards, winning, good cartoons, the locker-room about an hour and a half before game time with the beginning of 'We're an American Band' blaring from the stereo, roast stuffed pork with gravy, reading things by people like Shaver, art by Jim McLeod, Canfield, Carter, Rotsler, Kirk, Shull.

And talking, doodling, and females."

RANDALL D. LARSON

" (who cares!) Cinema; the Marvel Age of Comics (especially the Fantastic Four) of the mid '60s; Sergio Leone films; soundtrack music; fandom; Christianity; old Dennis the Menace comics drawn by Al Wiseman; music by Ennio Morricone; literature of my own choosing; Goodfolks; Sergio Aragones cartoons; westerns (what black hat?); SEVEN SAMURAI and related Kurosawa; writing; telling people about my favorite things."

CHET CLINGAN

" Football, baseball, old Ace Doubles, walking along the river with my dog, writing science fiction, Charlie O'Connell, Ya Charlie O'Connell, peanut butter on raisin bread toast, and last but not least TITLE."



# MUNDANIAC

Marci Helms: "My sister just called to remind me she was coming over to return some books she borrowed, 'and that fun magazine' (meaning TITLE) and to drop off some used pbs for the local small bookstore...I've been doing some research on the aged female and her relationship to and status in the community. It's for an article for a collective in Toronto. The mail is a bunch of surveys and conference reports on the subject and right now I don't feel like facing it. It is really depressing, and the cold statistics make it worse, failing to consider even the group as a group of people, let alone a group of individuals."

Todie Kenyon: "By the way, did you know that hornets are deaf? Two of my doggies have had broken legs within the last few months. The puppy stepped in the hole where the oxygen used to be in the ambulance, and my big, fierce, boy dog tripped on the way to attacking another boy dog. We had a trying time with some state health inspectors who had it in their minds to wipe out half my colony by testing them for a disease they didn't have and for which they had already been tested and cleared. One lawyer, one newspaperman, one federal inspector and 20 phone calls to Albany, the state inspectors retreated and decided 6 animals would be sufficient for the testing. Unfortunately it was a low victory for the Tody forces...the presence of the state people was so upsetting to my mother hamsters with litters that I lost 12 of 27 litters (116 babies) and all 27 mothers. Power to the state! ((Todie is in the animal-for-research business.)) Tell Kevin Williams I really liked that 'Tody, The Grand Kenyon' -- I'll paint that right on my front door when I finish painting the rest of the house. Anyone out there have any suggestions for a design for my front steps? The house is dark gray with white trim and the steps are sort of an ugly red right now. I was thinking of a plaid or footsteps, but would like something more far out. There are 5 steps and 6 back parts."

Mike Glycer: "This fall ((which is right now)) I'll be at Bowling Green State University (Ohio) futzing around as a Graduate Assistant. If I end up teaching (can you see that?) that'll mean daily preparation for his lectures, on top of class, and an MA thesis. And whatever else they pile on (perhaps some journal editing). We will see what that does to my schedule of fanac." ((Mike was trying to wrap up 7 short stories and a novella during the summer for prozine submission. News, Mike?))

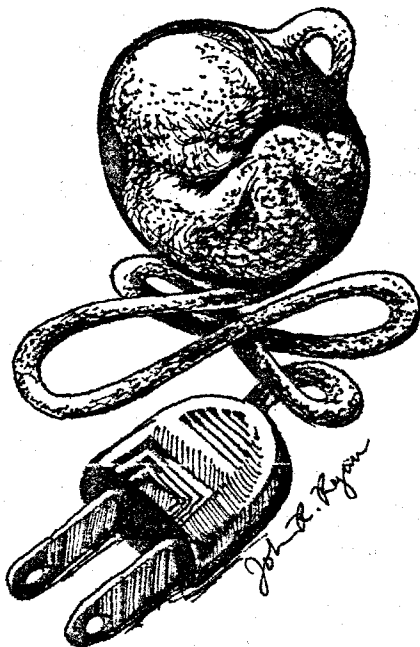
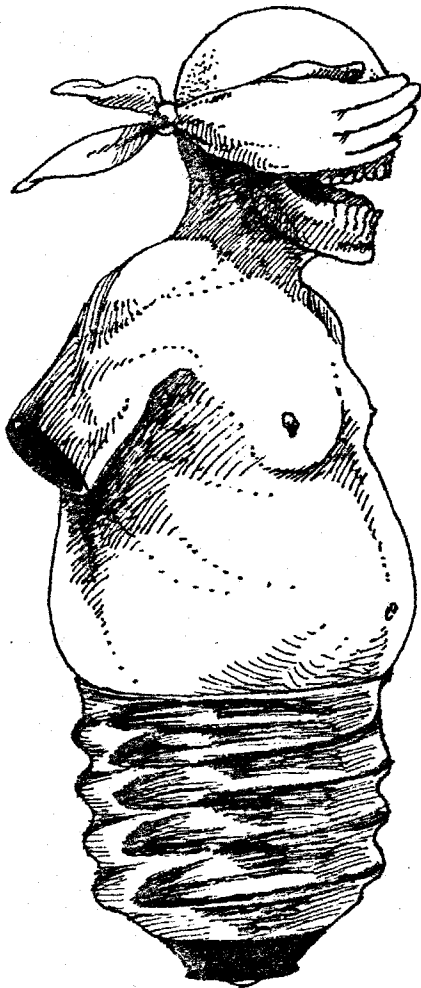
Frank Balazs: "Ever heard of the Hudson Institute? I worked there this summer as a library assistant. The place is one of those think-tanks. The buildings, seven of them, were originally built to house mental patients; these days it is a mental hospital of quite a different sort. Just exciting to see Herman Kahn saunter from Bldg 7 to Bldg 1. By the way, on the other end of Croton there used to exist the Institute of Motivational Research. Now the sign says 'Enerst Dichter, Creativity'. What is it about Croton to have two such places? And fans, too! ((Matt Schneck lives in Croton, too, so they say.)) Not to mention the fact that the Croton Dam has been immortalized in 'The Butterfly Kid' and sf novel. Why us?"

Raymond J. Bowie, Jr.: "I did it, I did it, I did it! I've been accepted to U of Mass over at Columbia Point...IF I can get the electric wheelchair in time, IF the ramp can be built in time, IF I can get financial aid. I know the CP people pretty well and can always turn to them for help, and I've had contact with the Easter Seals Society. I'm all excited about it, and my finding out about it came at the right time - the day before my parents' 25th Anniversary Party so that any excitement on my part was attributed to U Mass and not to the party. My folks knew there was a party but they didn't know when, and they were completely caught off guard. It was a wonderful affair except it got kind of hairy as far as the cake went. My mother is a cake decorator so naturally she did the cake." ((I printed it all and I feel that Ray has more to tell us about his mother's decorating experience??))



# OFF - WHITE

by Rick Wilber



He sits now, his sprawling girth edging buttocks over a too-narrow chair. And he remembers when. His eyes are glazed over from staring at off-white walls and only remembering, not doing. And there are sores where the tubes with liquid life meet his arms. His arms are strapped to the sides of the chair's arms by otherwise abandoned straps of yellowing tubing and wide adhesive tape. He sits now, as he has since whenever, and remembers when.

There is a bright blue sky, a "high sky", in his memory. And he crouches behind the plate pointing two fingers down at the smooth dust to tell his battery mate a curve ball will work. The pitcher shakes his glove, slightly, to say no, he thinks a fastball will blow by. But catchers run the show, and the two fingers stab defiantly at the smooth dust, demanding the breaking ball. The pitcher gives in, and looks for the target. The two fingers curl with the rest into a balled hand that sits next to the mitt as he places the target inside and low, to move the batter back off the plate before the ball breaks. If the pitch is too far inside that will be fine, with one ball and two strikes a waste pitch is called for anyway. And as the pitcher pirouettes on his right leg, the left stabbing toward third in the back portion of the windup, the balled hand tenses, the batter digs in firmer, and he remembers summer days and summer nights and high skies that hide towering pop flies.

The technician walks in with the same easy step that has trod the path for years that seem past counting. Leaning over, "Hello Rod, how are you today?", he unties the arms, unplugs the tubes, and takes a vial of cream from a shelf on the wall. The shelf too is off-white. Rod rarely notices it.

"Sure is a nice day today, Rod," The technician rubs the cream onto the sores where the tubes enter the arms. "And you're sure looking healthy, really healthy. That's great Rod, really great. We all depend on you guys you know. Without you guys it's all over Rod, for all of us." Rod hears, but the sound is as off-white as the walls, and he only mumbles slightly, hating the "now" imposed on him by the technician when the remembering is of times so much better.



He remembers sailing in spring, when the breezes were too much and the eleven-footer went over slow and easy until the sail caught water instead of wind and the icy lake bit at his chest and made the breathing hard.

"The Emperor announced a new population figure of nearly four million today Rod. That's the best we've done in the last ten years. Four million!" The technician shakes his head in self-imposed disbelief. He is too young to remember the cities of millions and the planet of billions. He was one of the first after sterility. One of the first to come from a tube, nurtured from the sperm supplied by the lucky/unlucky few thousand like Rod. Their off-white cubicles stretch down halls of five floors of this building in what was once Evansville.

'A lot of us are yours, Rod. An awful lot. The Emperor said we should all be thankful that you and the others dedicated your lives to the race. And we are Rod, we really are. All of us.'

Rod tries to focus his eyes. He almost makes it, the hazy outline of the technician taking a firmer shape as the voice comes flooding in and memories are pushed back. But it is just almost, and the sound becomes off-white again as Rod fades into the past and remembers when he didn't have to remember.

He remembers Alice, and a cool northern night with the colors of the Aurora waving smoothly across half the dark sky. Close, then warmth edging out the chill of late September as they discovered each other, crowding legs and arms in a small back seat and missing the brightest shooting star of the century until the flash put a glow onto her face. Despite the glow, he did not look up, and their passion fought off the cold and made a later coolness necessary, after hearts subsided and guilty tears were dried.

"We all envy you, Rod. You and the others, living forever maybe, and spawning the rebirth. With the machine handling the loads, and the systems keeping you going, you and the others are really doing the job. And maybe someday soon there'll be more fertiles born. The Emperor said almost a hundred were born last year.'

"Think of it, Rod, think of it. You and the others are the fathers of the world."

Rod hears this, and it clicks. But he has heard it a hundred, no, a thousand times before, and it fades swiftly, leaving only the off-white sounds and sights that prod him back to times before.

He remembers when Alice was pregnant, and crying to him with her eyes to help her, to make her his on paper and make it a good thing that was happening inside. And he remembers wondering then how she could be. She couldn't, that was obvious. The world was in shock, because fertility was no more. He told her to relax, to tell no one ("...but I told mother, and she was so happy, Rod. Oh, let's get married. I know where we can...")

And he remembers that night, the knock on the door, the off-white uniforms that entered. The off-white voices that said of his duty and his pleasure. The importance and the power. It sounded great.

But now his ponderous girth edges over the too-thin chair, and the technician leaves, with the tubes draining in and out from his arms, and the memories holding their own against a wretched present.

He thinks back, and the dust is smooth as his fingers signal for the curve, the pitcher leaning back, the batter tensing..

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#### IDENTIFICATION CRISIS by Andy Darlington

Watching TV every night  
I increasingly find  
difficulty in relating  
to what I see.

Once I was part of the Pepsi generation.  
Once I could identify with the Levi ads.  
Now I am left with Denture Fixatives  
and laxative cereals.  
Consumer Research re-discover me,  
I need you.

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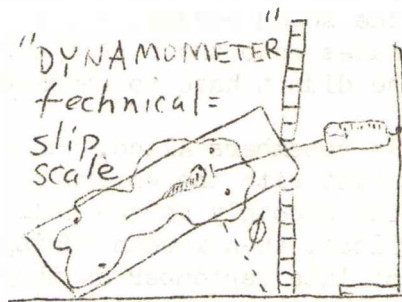
Introduction: This is not "the physical constants of French, dressing" as everyone knows the constants of that are 38-26-36, English system with a probable error of 1, or 2 at the most. No, this is salad dressing. The selection of French Dressing from among the multitude of dressings that might have been studied, both commercial and privately prepared in places like Three Churches or Teaneck (possibly in Leon), was based on several carefully considered parameters:

1. The dressing is homogeneous, not heterogeneous. Naturally, this does not refer to the sexual capabilities of the dressing. It is pointed out that heterogeneity refers to the carroway seeds, pepper, etc. that destroy the 100% smoothness (a term first used by Dr. Bob Tucker with a flourish at Nycon, 1939, and since becoming technalese for homogeneity and measured in "belts"), or an emulsion of dissimilar materials not perfectly emulsed. Both conditions make for less than 100% "smoothness" and would have given erratic results.
2. The dressing is available commercially in case lots manufactured with strict quality control. Brand used: Williams & Smoots (since 1972).
3. The use of Russian Dressing was avoided in order to avoid an international situation, in case the results turn out putridly. The French don't give a damn.
4. During and after the experiment the investigator plans to utilize the dressing (his favorite, of course) in nutritional experiments on himself and one Fifi LaTrick (the librarian). Ingestion, digestion, with complete disregard for those silly caloric measurements favored by some experimenters. By the way, this investigator has already supplied himself with an excellent bottle of Chablis 1967 from which he plans to cheer himself in his lonely laboratory and while preparing for Fifi LaTrick (the librarian).

AND NOW ON TO THE FINDINGS:

Surface tension: 22.3, a figure about equal to an alcohol/air interface. Oddly enough the Chablis tested the same, but did not cling to the lips as the dressing did. This interesting fact led this researcher to determine next the coefficient of friction between the dressing and its natural habitat, a lettuce leaf.

Coefficient of friction: The procedure here was probably painful to the lettuce leaf for it had to be pinioned on the rack, so to speak. (See Fig.1) A lettuce leaf was flattened and stretched firmly on a horizontal platform (hereafter referred to by its technical name, "slide"). One carefully weighed drop of dressing was then added to the proximal end of the slide. Slowly, the slide was elevated at the proximal end, past a series of equi-distant notches. When the drop began to (oops) slide downward, the notch-index was noted and angle thete determined. The hole vorks was entered in the equasion  $f = \tan \phi mg$ , or was itt  $f = mg \sin \phi$ . Anyway getting tenical on the so-called Splrfsk Slippery Scale, Frunch drussing is about at the point indicated on the graph. (See Fig 3)



STICKY                      FIG 2                      F.D. SLIPPERY

Recomndation for manufacturrs: 1) Lower the surdace tension so the drwssing sprds over all parts of the leyyice.



- 2) Raise the coafficinf of tiction so that the drws-inng stays on the lettice and doesnT' accumulate at the bottim of the boel or plate in an unappeti horrud sloppy mwss ;ike vinigat & oil dessung seems to doo.

Ah her's here"s Fifi Latwick now (ths librian)



# SOME IMPRESSIONS OF

# DISCON

BY BRETT COX

I'm sorry you couldn't get to Discon, as I would have really enjoyed meeting you. Maybe in KC in '76? Regardless, Discon was the most fantastic experience of my life! I really had one hell of a good time, even though I did everything on a somewhat more limited basis than the others (i.e., I found it necessary to sleep at night; they didn't.) I especially enjoyed meeting some of my best friends (Ken Gammage, Tony Cvetko, Leah Zeldes, Sheryl Birkhead, etc.) as well as some of my favorite authors (Isaac Asimov, Harlan Ellison, Roger Zelazny, etc.) in the flesh for the first time. (And for those who haven't met him, let me assure you: all of those stories you have always heard about Harlan Ellison are absolutely true. The man is a walking phenomenon.)

I, like Sheryl Birkhead, hope to see some Discon reports in TITLE. I'm most anxious to read other people's impressions of the con, but so far the only writeups about the con that I've seen are the ones in KARASS, SOITGOZE, and DON-O-SAUR. (Don Thompson was one of the people that I'd particularly wanted to meet at Discon, but I never did...)

I'm typing the final draft of a Discon report called 'How to Insult God without Really Trying' or, 'Through a Neo's Eyes, Blearly' but I'm afraid it would be a bit long for TITLE (around 8 typed pages, single-spaced.) ((Hope it gets printed))

Some particularly acute memories: Meeting Ken Gammage and Tony Cvetko immediately upon arrival Thursday afternoon; insulting Isaac Asimov (I swear to God) in the con registration line and getting away with it; an absolutely insane couple of hours spent with Ken, Mike Glycer and Elst Weinstein Thursday night; Fred Pohl's magnificent keynote speech Friday; the 'dialog' between Asimov and Ellison; the Meet-the-Authors Party with Ellison screaming at Andy Offutt from the balcony at same; talking with Ellison at same; 'A Boy and His Dog' and Ellison's comments Friday night; the excellent dramatic readings by Ellison and

## WHAT'S FOR TITLE 34 AND BEYOND ??

Distortions from a Life in Progress #2....

Reed Andrus

Don't Shoot Bambi -- John Robinson

Asparagus Droppings -- Randall Larson

Stark Naked and Reading T-32 -- Gene Wolfe

The Raised Eyebrow #3 -- Eric Mayer

Titleriana -- Fredric Wertham

The Sorcery of Old Words -- Mae Strelkov

Radio: 1931 -- Eldon K. Everett

The Hundred Yard Dash -- David Shank

Skeletons out of DORs -- Don Ayres

Through the Classifieds with Notebook and Courage -- D. Gary Grady

The Practical Use of Swim Fins -- Bill Bliss

Consciousness -- Eric Mayer

The Year 2001, a Rather Odd Look-See --

Brad Parks

A Biological Basis for Farmer's lalitha --

Don Ayres

Tacoma's Caves - Again! -- Chris Hulse

Had Any Good Nightmares Lately? -- Eric Mayer

Fantasy on the Boards -- Ben Indick

...and fiction by Paul Walker, John P.

Strang, Andy Darlington, and others.

Zelazny Friday night; the 'fanzine freaks' meeting Saturday; crashing out with Tim Marion and Larry Downes on an obscure stairway Saturday afternoon eating moon pies and drinking ginger ale; Zelazny's GoH speech; roaring around with Leah Zeldes, Tim Marion, and Larry Downes during the interminable but interesting masquerade; talking with Sheryl Birkhead in the back of the ballroom Sunday afternoon; talking with John Robinson and Mike Shoemaker, same place, same time; not wanting to go home; looking forward to Kansas City.

CALLING ED CAGLE -- by Harry Warner

...nice if Ed Cagle eventually would speculate about how steamrollers might be enlisted by fans after they lose their full strength. I have this vision of them imprinting fannish messages on new streets for the benefit of con-goers, converting the main roller to a giant mimeograph drum with a heavy-duty stencil wrapped around it."



## THE DISSECTING TABLE -- DISSECTED!

by

MIKE GORRA

- - - - -

No installment of TDT this time. Maybe next month, or maybe never. I don't feel like writing fanzine reviews now. That might change soon, and it may not. I would like to continue the column as a podium for articles on fandom, tho.

Leah Zeldes told me at Discon that she was in a foul mood when she wrote that letter ((T-31)), and probably wouldn't have come on so strong if she hadn't been. Okay, so I did adopt a snotty, superior attitude. I'll try not to in the future. And I have been in fandom for only a year. I seem to think I've been around longer, tho; maybe it is because I've been reading old fanzines, and know more about fandom than some people who have been around two or three times as long. And, too, I see the reaction I get to RANDOM/BANSHEE, and I know it's more favorably received than some fanzines which have been around for a good while longer. So maybe my head does get a little bit swelled, and maybe it doesn't. I do think the style I adopted for that piece was almost essential to carrying it off (but I must admit that I did enjoy referring to 'the newer fans' when by almost any standards I am chronologically one of them...)

I don't know if there was any difference in the average fanzine in the 'good old days'. I suspect that the level of writing was slightly higher because there were an awful lot of prolific and excellent fanwriters back then. Today, there are virtually none with the exception of Dave Locke. Then there was Willis, Berry, Grennel, Carr, etc. Several people, and not just the \*fannish fans\* have looked at the Willis reprint in the first issue of RANDOM and wished that there were stuff like that appearing today.

So, Chris Sherman, I don't care about the people behind the fanzine? I wish Chris would cite some examples. Okay, there's the DIEHARD review -- altho I think a critic is bound not to consider personal feelings in a review, or else he's not giving his honest impression. Chris said that all I seemed to care about was a person's name, status, and writing ability. What else, pray tell,

should one care about if he's trying to produce the best fanzine possible. Should an editor accept contribs from friends, simply because they are such? Hell, no! Most of the good stuff in BANSHEE has come from people that I hadn't much contact with -- at least up until the time they contributed. And I think that's the secret of fanpublishing: you have to ask people whose work you've admired but whom you might not know very well. If you don't get such material, you won't have a very good genzine, I think, unless you've been a fan for awhile and know everybody pretty well.

Chris' point 6. I should consider the time, sweat, energy, and tears that go into a fanzine. Hell, Chris, that's a given. I know that it takes all those things to publish a fanzine -- I've done it myself, and worked pretty damned hard at it, too. But everybody does, and so I'd say that you should disregard the amount of work that might have gone into the fanzine, and judge the finished product as it compares with other finished products. Everybody works hard on their zine (and if they don't, they're either a genius or crudziner) and if one were to consider the amount of work that went into a fanzine as one of the criteria of its quality, one's critical standards would rapidly deteriorate.

And you're right, Donn-- I do revel in reaction. Which is maybe why I keep on coming up with outlandish ideas in school classes. Strange, perhaps, but it's one of the few sources of amusement in that school

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'MAN'S BEST FRIEND' by Eldon K. Everett

It was my first day as a staff member at West Side State Mental Hospital, and Dr. Gurney was showing me around. "Here's an interesting case," he said as we walked through one of the wards. "How are you this morning, Jones?"

The little old patient looked worried. "Not so good, Doctor. This dog inside my belly keeps moving around lately."

"Fascinating delusion," said Gurney.

No one saw Jones steal the scalpel out of the operating room. They found him the next morning, his stomach cut open and blood all over. Worst of all was the yapping of the little dog, covered with blood, that kept running around the body.



On October 19, ten pieces of first-class were stacked on the table waiting for my attention; a large mailing envelope from Chris Hulse was on the bottom, in number ten position. It was 1st-class piece number 2,500-- reached since April, 1972, when only 19 responses came to TITLE #1.

POST  
32

The first replies or LoCs to T-32 came from John Robinson, Steve Beatty, and Kevin Williams. John amplified and identified in detail the meaning & names on the 'greeting sheet' sent to me from Discon. Steve said: "A\*A\*R\*K\*G\*H !!! Title 32 came today, but I never got #31. Hope you have an extra." ((This is an opening to say that if you feel sure you deserve a mailing and you don't get it, let me know. It might be the post office. Likewise, if you have sent me something and I do not make appropriate responses, check up on it; maybe it never arrived.))

Kevin Williams' letter was a long LoC following an opening paragraph of lurid imagery, outrageous puns, and concise combination of sex/science/fan publishing references -- such material made me put Kevin's name on Gorra's fan-poll as some kind of humorist. He found Shaver's letters "saddening" and his fanaticism "pathetic". "I get an image of an old man wasting his remaining years on something that has little chance of success... I'm not even certain what he was trying to say; he doesn't write very lucidly. Sad, very sad." Kevin continues: "Shame on you, Donn, for printing FINAL ANALYSIS like that on the back where everybody could see it. My mother saw it and was embarrassed. As she put it, 'It shocked me shitless.'" Kevin thinks comix & Treks ought to be represented at Worldcons and he is "totally against eliminating at-the-door-memberships."

Couple of brief comments: Mike Bracken-- "...enjoyed it." Jackie Franke: "Lovely issue. Once I catch my breath, I'll loc properly." Jackie is short of breath from cons & managing the Deport Tucker Fund. Dale C. Donaldson-- "...absorbing and fascinating. In all, I damn well like it." Sheryl Birkhead -- "Jeeves did you a great cover...I always enjoy reading stuff by Dave Rowe."

Bruce D. Arthurs & Ed Cagle both made comments about Eric Mayer. Bruce says, "...he's one of the most talented new fans to come along. Not only is he one of the best humorous writers around, but he's also a damn good artist." Ed says, "I see you finally captured a decent fanzine reviewer. The only problem I see is that you've subverted the talent and energy of one of the better fan writers, for zine reviews, that would be better spent elsewhere. But let's let Eric decide that." ((I agree with Bruce & Ed puts his finger on something that was bothering me somewhat because I have some material from Eric (other than his fmzrev column) I've been delaying simply because of his column. However, since Brazier is a fanzine-freak, he's happy to have a fmzrev column of substance.))

Bruce says: "I don't think there's a lack of good writing today in fanzines. It's just that so many more fanzines are being published that it's harder to find the bright lights. And quite a few of the better writers end up in apas." And Ed says this about Shaver: "I have come to the conclusion that Shaver is writing in code." Ed reveals for Jeff May's benefit: "Castenada is not the only person to have met Jaun Matus. I met Jaun Matus in February, 1963, in Thermopolis, Wyoming. It probably wasn't the same man, but then again he was pretty squirrely."

Final letter, from Brett Cox: he says the signature sheet I got from Discon was John Robinson's idea -- "He stood up at the 'fanzine freaks' meeting (put together by Jodie Offutt & Jackie Franke) and said 'Who all in here are Titlers?' Almost everybody present raised his hand." Brett liked Mike Glicksohn's comment re Mike Gorra-- "...one of the furniest...perfect execution."



This last page is being stenciled on 11-1-74 and the issue will be mailed on or about the 14th.

The deadline for bids on Bob Tucker's old sock having been set at Nov. 15th, the announcement of the winner will not be made until TITLE 34.

A few CoA's:

Gary Grady, 318 Forest Hills Dr, Wilmington, N.C. 28401 (temporary)  
 Beth Slick, 9030 Harratt, Apt 2, West Hollywood, CA 90069  
 Reed Andrus, 3682 Redmaple Rd., Salt Lake City, Utah 84106  
 Jim Meadows III, Room 211 Allen 1, Southern Illinois University, Carbondale, Ill 62901  
 Frank Balazs, 2261 Indian, SUNYA, Albany, NY 12222  
 Eric Mayer, RD 1 Box 147, Falls, Pa. 18615 (Box number is new addition.)  
 The Breidings, Bill, Sutton, & Jane 424 Central Ave, San Francisco, CA 94117  
 Mike Glycer, 319 E. Pike, Bowling Green, Ohio 43402  
 David Singer, Buck 21 Box 264, RPI Troy, NY 12181  
 Roger Sween, 319 Elm St. Apt 9, Kalamazoo, Mich 48237  
 Leah A. Zeldes, 21961 Park Lawn, Oak Park, Mich 48237 (First of some relatively new Title readers)  
 Gary Farber, 1047 E. 10 St., Brooklyn, NY 11230  
 Vic Kostrikin, Rt 1 Box 4, Gervais, OR 97026  
 Ted Peak, 1556 Detroit #1, Denver, Col 80206  
 John P. Strang, 600 Long Beach Blvd Apt 324, Long Beach CA 90802  
 Mike Bracken, Box 802, Fort Bragg, CA 95437  
 Mike Zaharakis, 1226 S.E. Salmon, Portland, OR 97214

Postage Stamps: Unstamped mail will now be returned to sender if the return address is on the piece; if not on the piece, the deadletter office gets it! No more postage due will be collected. Robert Smoot recently sealed down the stamp borders with scotch tape, a fine precaution against the inadequate glue the P.O. has been using.



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

Eric Lindray  
 6 Hillcrest Ave  
 Faircliff, NSW 2776  
 Australia

TO:

THIRD CLASS MAIL  
 PRINTED MATTER ONLY  
 RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED

PLAYBEM CALENDAR: Recently received a clever BEM calendar filled with art and important and fannish dates marked in for your enjoyment. Cy Chauvin, 17829 Peters, Roseville, Mich 48066 has them for sale. Unfortunately I have forgotten the price and don't have the calendar with me (somewhere around \$1- \$1.50).

Harry Warner, Jr. writes; "I received a phone call from someone at a large university who found me via ALL OUR YESTER-DAYS. He explained that his university was acquiring a collection of 10,000 fanzines, and wanted to know how much shelf space they would need and how best to preserve them. When I asked why the university had acquired all those fanzines without even seeing them, he explained: 'For prestige'. Maybe the Wertham book was the turning point. I don't even feel like being frank in my FAPA publications any more, because of the way they are traveling far from the membership of that organization." ((Is censorship coming soon? Even beyond self-imposed decency?))