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34 TITLE

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JAN 75

FANZINE^L INSIDE

Instructions: The hidden names listed ~~below~~ appear forward, backward, up, down, or diagonally in the puzzle. Find each hidden name and box it in as shown:

PEEK AND FIND

FANZINES

LSRASUCOLPAORNSV MQC
OIUCERBMFXNYUSULHSN
CVTMICUEHTDUAGUPENV
UAORGTCLLAORDNAYOTK
ZDNBOCIENLAVABDIPLR
DOXYLZIRBKXMAHTRUEC
RUASONODCIOLZCEFLEN
FQASHWINGNOXARSTHMQ
DAJATTNRTGERYSIEDFR
RVNRYOJHLSEIATWLROW
AAOZMDLAETIRLEOITEV
HDFAIYBBNOAODASCNGA
EONSANRIRCLRZNERIGT
IUMJFMEMFKGATVTHLCK
DQADARTSEJTEJTMGTHT

FIND
17
FANZINE/
TITLES.

On August 6 I received from Don Ayres a tearsheet from SCIENCE for June 21. It was a 3/4 page editorial by Philip Abelson entitled "Pseudoscience"; I didn't do anything with it at the time but read it. In the November 8 issue of SCIENCE several "letters to the editor" comment on that June editorial. And, now, I am doing a little something about it.

First, let me quote a few lines from the editorial:

"During the last few years university students have turned increasingly to mysticism and to what I would call pseudoscience." ((In such books as CHARIOTS OF THE GODS, LIMBO OF THE LOST, THE SECRET LIFE OF PLANTS.)) "Much of the appeal seems to relate to a deep-seated quirk of human nature -- a predisposition to believe in the supernatural. The danger is that uncritical minds may accept imaginative speculation as fact. It is not pleasant to contemplate a situation in which our future leaders are being steeped in fantasy and are exposed to a put-down of science. The university community should move toward providing antidotes to the new intellectual poisons. In meeting these challenges to rationality, we should all remember that although humanity is eager to accept mysticism, it is also capable of yearning for truth."

Second, let me quote a few lines from three of the LoCs to that piece, each one followed by some words I wrote to each of the three writers:

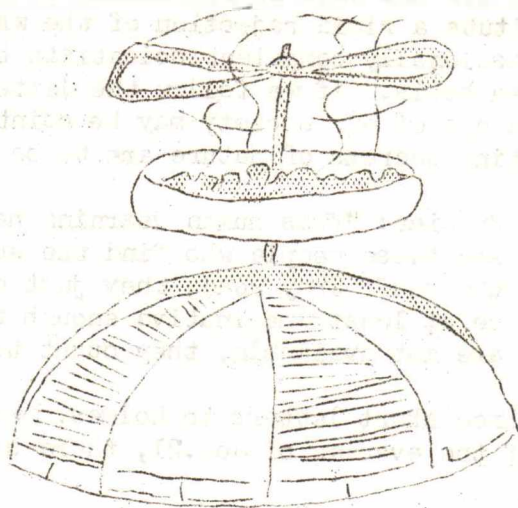
From J. Eric Holmes, Dept. of Neurology, Univ. S. Calif.: "I vividly recall a childhood enthusiasm for the works of Charles Fort and a brief but passionate affair with dianetics as a college student. These may be milestones of mental development in our students that we should welcome rather than deplore."

Brazier: "The normal development hypothesis struck me as interesting because, in my own case, I have had recurrent attacks. I am still trying to determine why certain people like science fiction and fantasy, and others can't stand it. Since my interest came in widely separated periods, can you fit that into the 'normal development' theory?"

From Seth Neddermeyer, Dept. of Physics, Univ. of Wash.: "...there is nothing unscientific about accepting such things by hypothesis as a basis for further experimentation and observational study. I think it is a great mistake to suppose that what Abelson calls 'pseudoscience' poses any threat to the integrity of science. A greater threat may lie in those scientists who are too eager to restrict its boundaries."

Brazier: "Abelson is defending the drawbridge of the castle; happy to see that you dulled his sword a bit. The castle will topple if the scientists inside don't start investigating some of these 'pseudosciences'."

From William A. Tiller, Dept. of Engineering, Stanford Univ.: "The response of the public to this ((pseudoscience)) material reflects an internal human need or yearning. When professional scientists and funding agencies abstain from responding to the need, then non-professional investigators enter the area to do what they can."



TITLE for —
note hot air currents
from brazier which
turn the propeller

There are two ways of responding to the stimuli from pseudoscience activities: (i) institute a rigid rejection of the whole idea; or (ii) move to have open-minded but professionally competent scientists begin to look into these ideas on an adequately funded basis. If we follow the latter path we are recognizing that the subconscious yearnings of our society may be pointing us in a direction where new, relevant, and exciting secrets of nature are to be found."

Brazier: "This human yearning has two facets, I think: those people who believe and those people who find the subjects interesting. Readers of SF do not believe the stuff they read, they just enjoy imaginative exercises. Scientists ought to be at least imaginative enough to investigate outre ideas. Or, if funds and time are not available, they ought to refrain from labeling until they know more."

My three short letters to Holmes, Neddermeyer, and Tiller were written November 5th; as of the evening of Nov.21, there have been no replies.

2.

I caught a dynamic lecture by Chip Chapman, president of his management consultant business, columnist, and ghost writer for politicians. Here are a few psychological pointers he gave:

Everyone is motivated by three things: 1) fear & punishment 2) reward 3) self-change in attitude through self-purpose.

Everyone is four people: 1) what you think you are 2) what they think you are 3) what you really are 4) what you can be.

If what you want to be can't be put down in writing, it's a lie.

Every male is: 1) Infallible 2) Indestructible & can't die 3) irresistible to all females. These are the three "I's".

If we are afraid we will never know reality; it escapes us as long as we fear.

3.

Sheryl Birkhead sent a clip about a book called MRS. BYRNE'S DICTIONARY OF UNUSUAL, OBSCURE, AND PREPOSTEROUS WORDS, pubbed by University Books of Secaucus, N.J. A few samples: Apodysoiphilia - a feverish desire to undress. ((To music??))

Opisthoporeia- involuntarily walking backward.

Thwertnick- Entertaining a sheriff for three nights. ((To music??))

Tyromancy - Fortune-telling by watching cheese coagulate.

Zumbooruk - a small cannon fired from the back of a camel. ((By the dreaded Faruk von Turk??))

4.

In a May '74 NASA Report it was stated that, though satellite etc. pieces of

of junk fall into the atmosphere at a rate about one per day, the chances of getting hit are 'infinitesimally' small. A cow was killed in Cuba about 13 years ago - the only fatality reported to date. "So don't worry," it says. "Nature herself provides more dangerous perils, such as earthquakes and the like." ((That's comforting- like the good news your son was just made homecoming queen.))

Speaking of 5.

NASA: they sent me a longplay record that discusses Pioneer 10's approach to Jupiter a year ago and the Pioneer 11 flyby at its closest on Dec.3. If the satellite survives this closer approach, it will go on to Saturn. By the time you read this we should know.

6.

SMITHSONIAN magazine for Sept.74 has an article about Jupiter & paintings by Ron Miller. Data from Pioneer 10.

7.

On the face of a card from The Breidings are these words of Goethe: "The world is so empty if one thinks only of mountains, rivers & cities; but to know someone who thinks & feels with us, & who, though distant is close to us in spirit, this makes the earth for us an inhabited garden." What simple, eloquent words! What better definition of fandom can one write? My thanks to The Breiding Bunch!

8.

My thanks also to Leah A. Zeldes for sending me a one-inch long, green HEINZ pick pin to wear to Pickle Fandom's First Con Hey, Leah, can you get anymore of those pins for me to pass out to the beautiful Pickle Fans I know??

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*Editor's note:
see first page
of Barbeque Pit.*

November 22, 1974

Donn P. Brazier
Executive Director
Museum of Science and Natural History
of St. Louis
Oak Knoll Park
St. Louis, Missouri 63105


Dear Dr. Brazier:

Thank you for your delightful letter. You have pegged me perfectly! I have been a science fiction fan since the 1940's. I fell in love with dinosaurs at the age of three and have never recovered. My kindergarten teacher taught me to read at the age of five. My interest in science fiction like yours, varies in intensity, but I've assumed this to be the result of other demands on my time. And my contact with "pseudoscience" is related to how much it impacts on my teaching or professional activities. Thus, my students are likely to ask me about acupuncture, alpha wave training or faith healing. Do you think your own interest in the off-trail varies for similar reasons?

My own research belies my skeptical facade. I belittle The Secret Life of Plants, but I have published three articles on conditioned reflexes in the sensitive plant (we didn't get any). I have a profound disrespect for telepathy, but I have devoted years to attempts to correlate animal behavior with the telemetered brain waves from the depths of his brain. I've written a few articles for Analog on these topics, the last in the August issue.

Maybe you and I are cases of arrested development?

Sincerely,


J.E. Holmes, M.D.
Associate Professor of Neurology

P.S. I would very much like to see a copy of Title.

JEH/lt

IN APPRAISAL OF PRAISE

by Paul Walker

Since I reviewed books for SFR a few years ago, and especially since, more recently, I began to publish a series of interviews with sf writers, I have received more praise from more people than ever before in my life. And for the first time in my life, "praise" has become an influence on my life. I have come to expect praise from both the reviews and interviews, and I have been bitterly disappointed when a particular favorite piece of mine did not receive the praise I think it deserved.

This will shock some people as an immodest statement, but it is merely the truth. I have never catered to an audience. I write to my standards, and I base my hopes for any piece on how good I think it is, and I have learned to live with the anxiety that I can never predict how an audience will react; that whatever I do, with the best intentions, involves the personal risk of being stigmatized as a "damn fool", or worse. Fear of the audience is every bit as strong, as pernicious, and as healthy an influence on me as "praise" is. In fact, it is more so. I have written ambitious critical essays that had me trembling with anticipation to see how they would be received -- and one was so badly chewed up by more knowledgeable fans that I could not summon the courage to do another for six months.

The problem of "praise" is a serious one. I admit it frightens me, especially when it is lavish; and I admit I need it to go on. I doubt that even if I received pay for my fan work, it would compensate me for a lack of it. I have always thought of myself as an "entertainer", even when I was doing book reviews. I am always conscious of the reader; always anxious to hold his or her attention; always aiming to interest, stimulate and amuse more than inform. Success with readers is my measure of literary success, period.

Some professionals are known to cut fans short when they begin to compliment them. Others are tolerant, listening with a kind of nervous impatience as if at any moment they will bolt for the door. Others accept praise with a bored resignation: "Thank you very much --*sigh*." Others accept it as if it were an act of charity, of kindness, on the part of the fans: "That's very nice of you." Still others accept it as if it were a personal challenge: "You like that, did you?"; or as an established fact which no longer interests them: "Yes, yes, it wasn't bad." I have yet to meet a pro, or a fan, who had the etiquette down pat.

We are a Christain society (Jews included) which extols humility and disparages pride, self-esteem, and as such, we are all at a serious disadvantage when confronted with our own public success. As much as we like to succeed, to earn the respect and admiration of our peers, we cannot accept it without a certain guilt and embarrassment. Our society values success, but disparages the successful. Yet what other reason is there to strive for any goal but to succeed at it?

Praise is a kind of success, but there is a variety of praise. The most disappointing, and useless type is to be told something is "very good" without explanation. Usually, the person who gives this sort of praise does not really appreciate what you did; and usually you are too self-conscious to press for an explanation; it might seem as if you were fishing for compliments. A better praise is "interesting", which may mean anything at all, but usually can be interpreted as meaning that what you wrote made them think. However, as few people can tolerate the effort of thinking for more than eight point one milliseconds they will never be able to explain to you, or to them-

PAUL WALKER

selves, why your piece is "interesting".

"It was terrific" is a wonderful praise to receive, but its value depends on its source. From an intelligent source it may mean it stimulated and thoroughly entertained, and may remain in the back of his, or her, mind for some time to come. From a dubious source, it means "very good".

"You are hip" and "you are perspective" mean "you are interesting", although the use of "perspective" probably indicates that the fan got something out of the piece, while the former indicates only that the fan believes you think the way he does. (Personally, I have always hated to be called "hip" or "aware" or "with it". Or to be told that I "understand". And yet I realize these can be the highest compliments. I also hate to be told that I am "one of the ..." or "among the ..." or -- and I hate this one more than any other -- "sure to be ...)

"I enjoyed your..." is a simple statement of truth that may mean the fan liked the piece very much or only sufficiently, but it is always true, and may be the best all-around compliment. Said in a solemn tone, it sounds flattering; however, in a frivolous tone, it sounds insincere.

"You are my favorite ..." is a totally irresponsible praise that is never entirely true, but it indicates a true fan, and there is nothing more precious to a writer. As with "you're terrific", its true value depends on the source. A better, more flattering version is "I read all of your...". (I am a sucker for this one. I can think of no higher praise than a reader who wants to read everything I write, even if he or she doesn't think I'm "one of the ...")

"I was interested to read your ..." is a compliment from an academic type. It means he or she was interested and got at least one idea from what you did. It is a very special kind of achievement to put a new idea in a reader's head, and it takes a very special kind of reader to humble himself to accept a new idea from anyone.

These are some of the commonist forms of compliments received by writers, fan and pro, from readers, fan and pro. Naturally, it is more of a thrill to get a compliment from a pro than from a fan, but to

date, the best compliments I've received have all been from fans like myself. The pros are usually brief and friendly, while the fans will go on for six single-spaced pages telling you everything you did wrong, and maybe forget to mention that they do really like your stuff, but leaving you moved that anyone cares that much.

However much all kinds of praise are appreciated, it should be evident that most of it is worthless to the writer. It does not tell him what, or why, something was liked, or whether it was liked in the way he hoped it would be. I never write anything that I don't intend it to be enjoyed in a specific manner. This one I want readers to laugh with. This one I want them to think about. This one I want them to be now sad, now excited, now elated. Every idea I put down on paper carries an emotional charge designed to ignite inside a reader's head, to produce a specific emotion. And the success of the piece is dependent on how many charges are ignited successfully.

A writer's only measure of this success is from reader reaction, from a reading between the lines. Each interview I do is structured to convey my own personal impression of the writer as gained from his letters, so when I read the fan reaction I look for specific comments of the reader's impressions, usually simple, off-hand remarks that let me know if they got the same impression of the person as I did. If they tally, I know I succeeded in what I wanted to do, and to me, that is a supreme feeling of satisfaction. And the same is true of articles, reviews, and fiction. Even if the readers didn't like them very much, to know they responded to what I was trying to do makes the whole effort worthwhile. And vice versa, if they fail to respond as I intended them to, even if they praise the piece, I know I failed.

The initial response of the young writer to praise is, understandably, elation. In time, you develop a callus against it as you develop a callus against negative criticism. You listen, seeking that desired response, even soliciting it; and you hurt from the putdowns, but I think in time you realize that both praise and damnation -- useful and necessary as they are -- are ultimately the enemy. I think you realize that the literary goal you've been striving for so long is, ultimately, meaningless. The only real success for a writer is to be

able to write and be read at all, and to go on writing without end. This is more important than the "realization of his potential as an artist" or "the attainment of due recognition". Writing is a passion, an obsession, the fulfillment of which is the act of consuming itself.

To sum up then: you have just enjoyed this article. You found it very interesting. Full of hip, perceptive, aware remarks. I am one of your favorite fan writers. In fact you think I am among one of the best very good writers in the whole field!

And now Paul Walker continues with IN APPRAISAL OF PUTDOWN

I said that praise had recently become an influence on my work, but always, fear has been my constant companion. It is every writer's constant companion. Fear of the audience, of one's ego, one's talent, one's tendency to despair. There is a tension between the writer and the blank white page in front of him. I rarely sit down to write anything, except a letter, that I do not have that momentary terror that I will not be able to write a single word; that I have forgotten how to write; that my talent has vaporized overnight. I rarely write anything interesting that I do not rewrite the first few sentences three or four times before I have the "feel" of the piece, and then I may not change another word; I may forget I am writing until that final paragraph looms ahead, and I know I have to "wrap things up" in an effective, but artificial, manner.

The fear of the writer is the fear of the future: the fear of what he is about to do, of what he may, or may not, become. For all his outlining, notetaking, floor-pacing, the writer works in the unknown. He can plan only so many ideas, think out only so many sentences, then he must sit down and trust the words and ideas will come to him. He may know where he is going, or he may know only where he plans to begin, but the work itself materializes on the page with a life and logic of its own. Or it fails to materialize: a writer has just so many chances to bring it to life before the spark dies in him; and often, ideas that were so appealing in his head appear so banal, or impossible, in type. So every writer has a file drawer of ideas he once believed (and perhaps still believes) are good but he knows that he could not make them workable.

The "feel" of a piece is what makes it "flow"; and the feel is dependent on the

writer's sense of the audience. He has to imagine himself writing, or talking to a reader who is interested in what he's going to say. He has to imagine that the reader is as intelligent as he is, yet may be ignorant of the subject he is writing about, and may lack any enthusiasm to learn; besides being a stranger to his previous work. So the writer must not expect sympathy. In each new piece he writes, he re-introduces his talent to the audience as if he'd never written before. He must recreate his enthusiasm for the subject in the reader. He must anticipate the reader's ignorance of it, and doctor it, without patronizing, or otherwise insulting him. And overall, he must hold that initial interest he imagined in the reader; he must hold on to it as if it meant life-or-death, because it does.

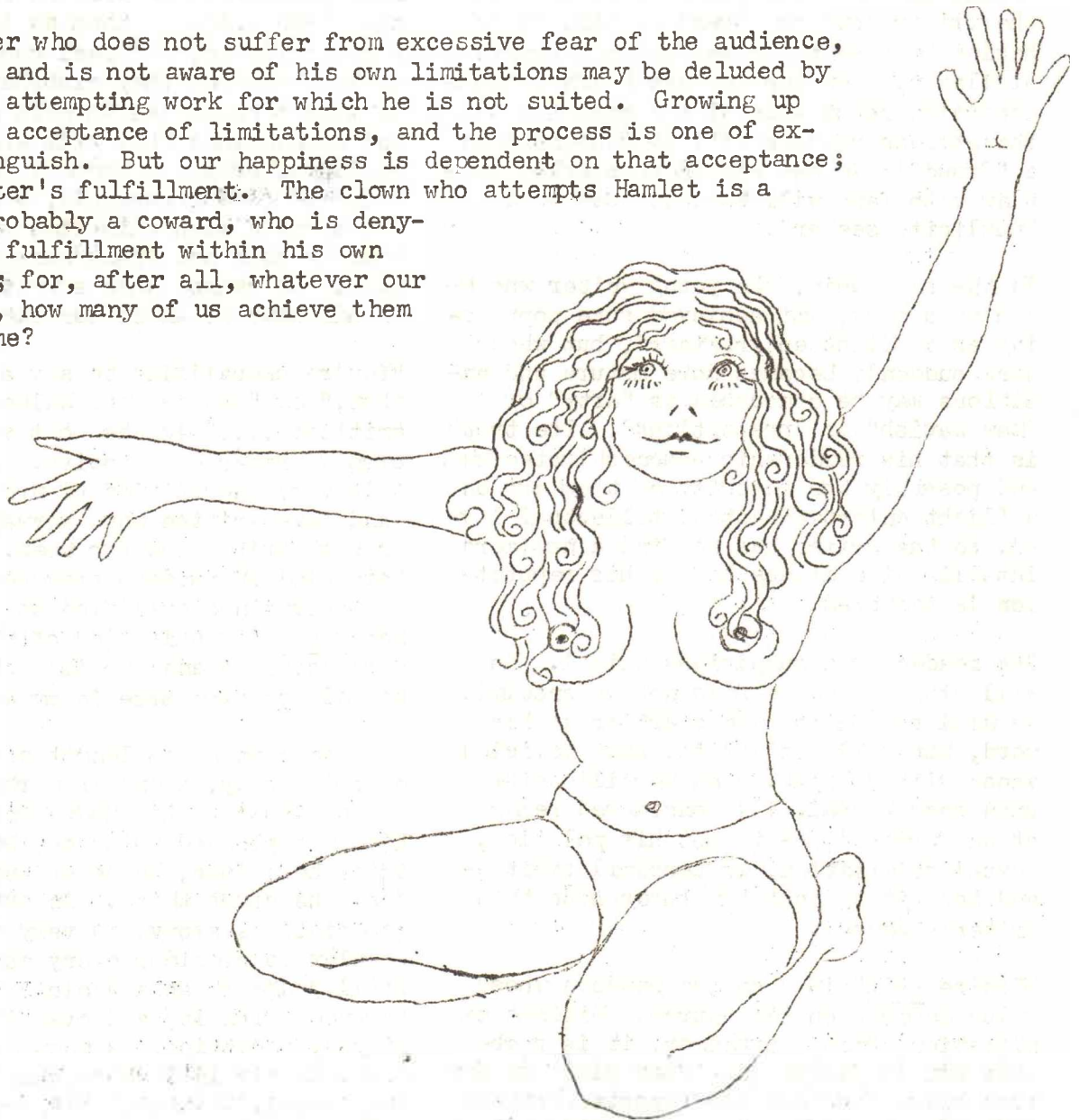
Readers believe that a writer survives on his talent alone; that it grows or dies, and that it determines the quality of his work. But it isn't so. The development of a writer primarily involves the refinement of his sense of judgement. He must learn to know his audience, their genius, and their stupidity, their kindness, and their impatience. He must learn to know his own strengths and weaknesses: what he can do, and cannot do. And he must learn to anticipate everything. He must create effects that will induce the reader to feel what he intends the reader to feel; he must structure his article, or story, to induce the reader to think the way he intends the reader to think. And he must anticipate his own tendency to pursue blind-alleys; to combat obstacles that are too great for him, that drain him; as he must always beware of the danger of insecurity, of being overwhelmed by the difficulty of what he is attempting to do and deluding himself into despair.

Both praise and outdoun influence a writer's sense of judgement. Both are necessary to it; both can sharpen, and both can dull. Praise can give the writer confidence and courage to exploit his potential; it can confirm his own opinion of the success (or failure) of his work. It can offer a guide post to show a writer the way he wishes to go. And it can cause the writer to make lethal mistakes.

As unpleasant an emotion as fear is, it is an essential element in anything involving the sense of judgement. It sharpens the senses, keeping the writer always alert, always questioning his material; it imposes a tacit demand on the writer which he imposes on the material. Without the element of fear, the writer loses interest in what he is doing; it ceases to be challenging and becomes routine, if not sheer drudgery. But an excess of fear can lead to an impossible perfectionism which will deprive the work of spontaneity, and the writer of all pleasure in what he is doing.

A writer who suffers from excessive fear of the audience, of himself, and receives lavish praise for some early work, may take refuge from his fear in that praise and "settle" for less than he knows he could accomplish. Audience, and often editorial, standards are not high. Both will "settle" for any trifle that amuses or touches them, however trashy or superficial. A writer with the "touch" can succeed handsomely without even trying.

Even a writer who does not suffer from excessive fear of the audience, or himself, and is not aware of his own limitations may be deluded by praise into attempting work for which he is not suited. Growing up involves an acceptance of limitations, and the process is one of existential anguish. But our happiness is dependent on that acceptance; so is a writer's fulfillment. The clown who attempts Hamlet is a fool, and probably a coward, who is denying himself fulfillment within his own limitations; for, after all, whatever our limitations, how many of us achieve them in a lifetime?



In "Appraisal of Praise" I cited examples of common forms of compliments, but unlike praise, putdowns tend to be more various and specific; more articulate, and even more deeply felt. Readers often praise hastily, thoughtlessly, in the most broad, vague, impersonal (even to them) terms; as they are often embarrassed by their own feelings and unwilling to examine or explain them. The same applies to putdowns, but as often, a putdown is an explosion of anger with a writer that has been boiling inside the reader for some time. I think this, frequently, is the result of an initial positive over-reaction to the writer's work. A reader encounters the writer's first stories, or articles, and thinks he's "terrific", then repents his exaggerated praise at leisure. And he may repent to the point where he feels that the writer "put one over" on him, so he begins to resent the writer as a phony. Similarly, a writer who establishes an exaggerated reputation with a majority of thoughtless readers will be denounced as a "fraud"!; as one who is personally popular with fans will be denounced as a "publicity seeker".

In the same vein, the young writer who began as a hack, and achieved some popularity as a "light entertainer", but whose work suddenly becomes more mature and ambitious may be denounced as "arty" or "New Wavish" or "pretentious". The truth is that his readership underestimated him, and possibly the majority of them are on a "light entertainment" intellectual level, so the writer has to find a new, more intelligent audience before his reputation is restored.

The reader is a suspicious animal. He will attack what he does not understand. He will refuse to take a writer at his word, but will swallow the most malicious venom with delight. And he will seize upon some casual, ill-considered remark of the writer's -- if not his politics, sexual orientation, or personal trait -- and hold it against him throughout the writer's career.

"You're shit" is a common putdown whose value depends on its source. Without explanation, from a stranger, it is probably simply malicious. Your views differ from his. You find his favorite writers less than perfect, so you are "stupid", "unqualified", "prejudiced", and an "idiot". From a friend, however, "you're

shit" or "this... is shit" denotes complete dissatisfaction with the piece. It means, "I couldn't begin to tell you....".

"You don't understand Lester del Weinbaum" usually means that your review has upset a reader who adores Lester del Weinbaum. If they really thought you didn't understand him, they wouldn't bother with you. You would be an "idiot" for whom there is no hope. But your review has touched a sore spot; it has made him question his adoration of Lester del Weinbaum and he feels compelled to defend his opinion by attempting to convert you. It may also mean that he regards you very highly, and this uncharacteristic display of ignorance must be amended before it destroys his high regard for you completely. Readers feel possessive of writers they admire; they take pride in them as if they were their children, and feel compelled to scold them when they misbehave. They will lecture them at length with great patience and compassion; they will argue with them, beg them, pray for them to do the "right thing". (And frequently, they are right. The trouble with this kind of reader is that he does not speak the writer's language. He cannot show a writer the error of his ways as an editor can.)

"You're unqualified to say a thing like that," or "Who is Paul Walker to dare criticize...." is the most vacuous criticism a writer can receive. While I have felt very unqualified to write some things and have written them anyway, I have never been criticized for them. I only get this kind of putdown from people who are themselves not qualified to judge. "You're not ready for this kind of thing," is a more accurate and terrible criticism which has always been true in my case.

As I said at great length at the beginning of this essay, a writer works in the unknown with only his judgement to guide him. As pleased as he may be with something he writes, he never knows if he has done the right thing. An article, and especially a story, is very complex; too complex to consider every aspect of it and still judge it as a whole. Anything could go wrong with it; and even in the best pieces, something, as they say, usually does. Rarely is it something the writer overlooked. Rather, it's something the writer considered, perhaps brooded over, and decided to risk. It may be something the writer mistook for a strength. You

cannot judge the final story from an outline; and you cannot judge the real success of the story in manuscript. By the time you seen it in print, you have had time to think, to become objective. But you still cannot be sure until you had some indication from a reader that the story works the way you want it to work.

Consequently, the most useful, and devastating, putdowns are those which tell you what you have been afraid to hear.

Putdowns that cite oversights in factual material are infuriating, almost always accurate, and sometimes devastating to the piece, but usually a good story can survive them. But every story has certain crucial aspects which have involved risks on the writer's part; a character, a scene, an idea, an experiment with style, etc. on which the writer has bet his talent. If these fail, the writer must feel that he has failed; and this is why putdowns can hurt so badly; why some writers avoid their critics.

On the other hand, it can hurt as badly if the story is praised but these crucial aspects are missed by the reader. (Personally, I don't mind being putdown for an article, or story, if I made a dumb mistake; or if the reader simply disagrees and turns out to be right. I am embarrassed, and annoyed with myself, but I recover. But the worst kind of putdown is to try to do something ambitious and have it ignored. And, of course, the second worst kind of putdown is to do something ambitious and see it fail in such a way that I discover another of my limitations.)

Both praise and putdown can help a writer to achieve a more balanced opinion of himself, but like praise, putdown can distort a writer's sense of judgement; probably more quickly, more surely, than praise can. A writer survives on his ego. He needs a high opinion of himself and his work to endure the anguish of apprenticeship, to mature into the best writer he can be.

* * * *

"In summary, the secret of inspiration is work...keep going, keep pondering... it will all turn out well..." -- p.114
THE CRAFT OF FICTION by William C. Knott.

* * * * *
LETTER FRAGMENT from Jon Inouye
12319 Aneta St., Culver City, CA 90230
October 31, 1974
* * * * *

"I've been reading the sf genre since I was...gosh, 9, or 10. I became seriously involved in the genre at age 13. At this point I began to write...and write.

I haven't been around that long. (Born: 1955, the year Godzilla was released). To date I've published half a dozen stories in zines such as OUTWORLDS, BREAKTHROUGH...and (ZAP!) TITLE. ((I've accepted a story, yet to be pubbed--Ed.))

I'm currently attending the University of Southern California at L.A., in my sophomore year. (Sophomore means 'sophisticated moron') I plan to be a writer -- at all costs. I have some 20 to 30 short stories, completed, lying around.

CREDO: Most 'aspiring' writers aim too high. They aim for the 'big' prozines such as ANALOG, AMAZING, and the others you can count on your hand. There are no more than six or seven high-quality prozines which PAY. Now, I'm certain that there are many writers dying to see something in print. So, start out in fanzines -- because they're hundreds of them throughout the world. Some pay, others don't. Some pay in terms of contributor's copies. (A foldout copy of the editor's wife, three sticks of bubblegum, eight sticks of dynamite, a stick ... etc.)

But it's strange...and to me, the most interesting game in the universe! Writing makes life worthwhile. The small publication (universities, fanzines, 'literary publications' like Harvard Advocate, etc.) is where the developing writer begins. It may take days, weeks, or years, but I believe that if a writer is persistent enough he'll hit it big. It may take ten years. But make it he will, because the craft of writing has to be developed like any other craft."

((This is why TITLE will occasionally print a story; it is a worthwhile service to aspiring writers. I also wish more 'genzines' would use an occasional story. -- Editor.))

TABLE

There are two basic types of faneditors: active and passive. But there are subdivisions within these two categories, and I like to think that there are four major categories of faneditors. No one, of course, fits totally into any one category, except the last one, for very long.

The first is totally passive: he accepts virtually everything that comes into his hands; he prints everything and asks for nothing. I did this myself less than a year and a half ago, and I think that this category is, by and large, occupied by neofans who produce a fanzine as almost their first bit of active fanning.

The selective passive (#2) doesn't ask for very many things. But he isn't as easy to get by as #1 is. He's picky with what he prints. This faned either publishes a slim fanzine, or is so well-known that people send him material without being asked.

The third category is, I think, filled mostly with very new fans who have, however, outgrown the passive stage. They ask for material, but only ask their close friends and correspondents. Often, this group contributes to each other's fanzines, and the various fanzines begin to read alike. Since a young fan usually knows other young fans best, the fanzine is apt to remain relatively poorly written unless he starts to ask people outside his close group. A special case of this group is the Brooklyn Insurgents of three or four years ago, or the Petards group currently writing for AWRY. These fanzines were written by a limited number of people, nearly all of whom were close friends of the editor. But this is different from the situation outlined above in that both the editors and the writers had been around for awhile, and were extremely accomplished. They chose each other as contributors because they enjoyed each other's work, rather than because they knew nobody else to ask.

The fourth and final category is easily the best to be in. A faneditor who chooses to actively solicit material from people whether he knows them well or not is going to find it much easier to put together a quality fanzine. Faneditors who do this will, first of all, ask people already on their mailing list, if they've enjoyed their stuff elsewhere. Ultimately, a faneditor will scour tables of contents in search of talented new writers and artists to put on his mailing list. He'll ask anybody for a contribution: whether he's been corresponding for a year, has only one or two letters from him, or has had no contact whatsoever.

Beyond that basic classification, there's another distinction to be made. What type of material you want to publish... Do you want to publish anything that strikes your interest, being totally eclectic, rather like OUTWORLDS? Or do you want to follow a particular bent, and print only one kind of material, whether it be fannish, sercon, or whatever? Few editors are absolutely dogmatic about this, but many will turn down a well written article that they enjoyed because it doesn't fit their conception of what they want to publish. I've turned down pieces because they were sercon. And I've had my own submissions turned down because the editor, though he thought they were well written, thought they didn't fit his fanzine.

Where do I fit in -- as editor? I've done three of the four basic types: the first, third, and fourth. The fourth is the best. Many of the good things I've published in RANDOM and BANSHEE have come from my asking people I've had little or no contact with.

The first and most important thing a faneditor can learn about getting good material is that he has to ask. Don't be afraid to ask somebody you don't know. Lots of people will respond. You might ask your friends for an article, but if you're a neofan, the friends you make right away are probably not going to be the most accomplished writers in fandom -- I know mine aren't -- most of them were neofans like myself.

Asking people who aren't your friends yet might lead to some excellent contributions to your fanzine, things that might vault it from anonymity to near the top of the heap. And it might also, and will if my own case is halfway indicative, lead to those people whose work you've admired in Joe Fann's bigtime fanzine becoming your friends. Don't be afraid to ask Bob Tucker, Harry Warner, Jr. or Susan Wood for an article just because they're BNFs and Hugo winners. Ask.

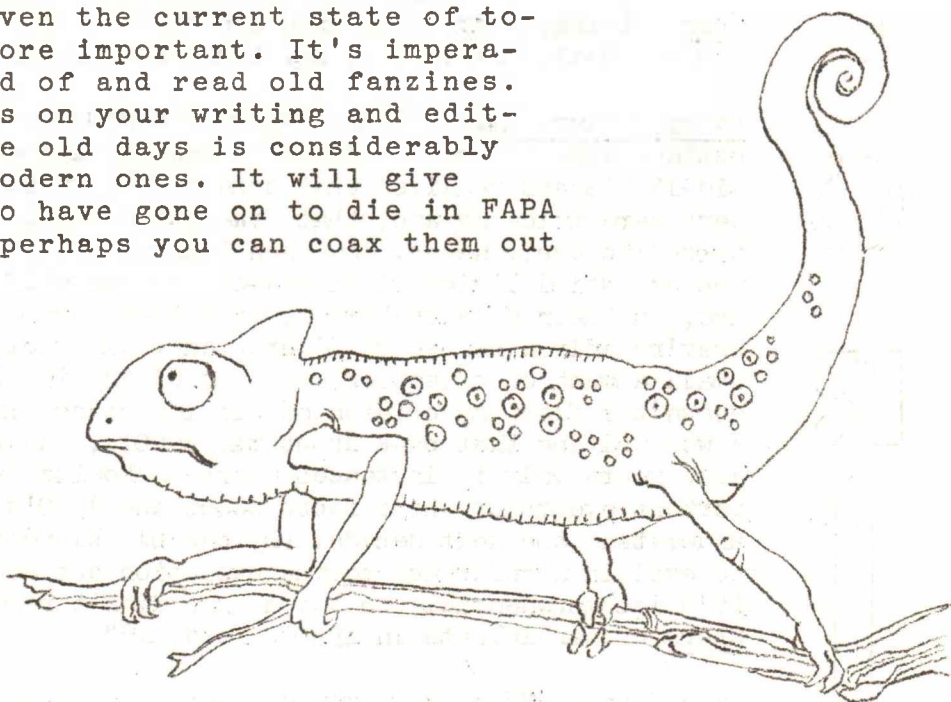
If these people are not already on your mailing list, put them on it. I've had many people respond with great contributions after seeing only one issue.

The second thing is obvious. Look at every fanzine closely to see if any new stars have appeared, or old stars whose work you aren't familiar with. Ask. Aside from finding names and addresses of potential contributors, you can also find a lot of techniques and gimmicks-- layout tricks, etc. that you can swipe and use to your own advantage.

The third thing is not so obvious, but is just as important; perhaps, given the current state of today's fanzines, even more important. It's imperative that you get ahold of and read old fanzines. This will give you tips on your writing and editing, as the best of the old days is considerably better than the best modern ones. It will give you names of people who have gone on to die in FAPA or a similar clime -- perhaps you can coax them out of their gaffiation, even if only for a little while. Reading old fanzines will give you ideas, which leads to the next point...

Supply the people you ask for material with ideas. Sometimes fanwriters want to write, and have the time, too, but lack the idea to write around. If you can come up with an idea you like, it might be easier to get that precious article from them. (For instance, I've been told by one very well-known fanwriter that all I have to do is provide an idea to get him going, and he'll write at length. And believe me, I'm trying to come up with that idea.) And be innovative in your ideas! Don't just say, "Why don't you write a con-report," or "How about doing some book reviews?" Conceive things that haven't been done before, or that haven't been done for awhile. Old fanzines help here, too. Think in bold terms. And think in terms of special issues with a theme. I did it for my Tucker issue of BANSHEE. Special issues are good for attracting talented writers. You can often find people with an emotional attachment to your theme, and then just turn them loose.

Ask. That's the key word. Give them ideas to write about. Read old and new fanzines, and swipe. Be innovative. Think big in terms of quality. Have special theme issues. Selecting material is the single most important job an editor has. I've tried to present a short course in ways of getting good material, but in the end, it all boils down to one word: ASK!



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Gary Farber: "Thanks for your letter. Most fanzines I send for, I get only the zine. Yours is one of the few personal notes yet received. I appreciate your taking the time and thought." ((I usually try to write or acknowledge some newcomer's interest in getting TITLE, but after the first letter, who knows? It's nice you told me, and I hope you stick with T & the ol'bone awhile.))

Ed Cagle: "Great bit by Claire Beck. His economical style always did make me wish his work would appear more frequently in current fanzines....Sam Long's chemlab bar crockery idea sounds like a winner! The occupational appliances of other fields might also be utilized as a change in boozery decor. If you knew the host's occupation you'd know what to expect at parties. Hey, man, Burford the Proctologist is having a cocktail party!"

Bruce D. Arthurs: "No, I've never put orange juice on my Cheerios. Or my Wheaties, either. I prefer prune juice. Remind me to tell you about the deadly effects of prune-juice-and-corn-flakes someday. I remember an old Ernie Kovacs movie, Sail a Crooked Ship I think, where he poured a bottle of whiskey over his corn flakes. Really cracked me up. I suppose Tucker uses Jim Beam..."

Harry Warner, Jr.: "Claire Beck's material was intensely interesting. When I began reading the prozine letter sections in the mid-1930's and realized that some of the writers of those letters were twice my age, that fragment of math became firmly attached to their names. Now when I think of those from that era who are still living, I visualize them as still about twice my age, in their 90's or beyond, even though reason tells me that they're only a few years older than I am. Incidentally, the small amount of attention given to Claire in All Our Yesterdays doesn't reflect my opinion of his importance in early fandom. I was writing that book about the 1940's, and touched on previous years only in instances where Moskowitz had forgotten important events or where facts about the 1930's were essential to understand the next decade. (My one big blunder was the failure to explain a reference to the exclusion act at the first Nycon. It's incomprehensible to anyone who didn't read The Immortal Storm or participate in 1930's fandom.)"

Dave Szurek: "Hope that you do keep Grilled around as a regular feature. An immensely interesting item..." ((Due to such a thick backlog of material and the amount of labor involved in preparing a suitable grill-sheet, the feature will be used very sparingly. If a T-reader would like to help out, I'd be mighty grateful. I'd like to see a 'grill' of Harry Warner..."

Brad Parks: "TLE 32 great. I'm stuck in the rut of either praising a zine or horribly subjecting it to yells of crudzine. This is one of the former. First off, the cover was good; I'm offering ((censored)) dollars for it.... Gorra seems to be an old old old fan in a new body. He relishes the antique fanzines and tries to become a young oldfan. If he were sane, he would learn to like the fanzines today, and try to improve them....Richard S. Shaver seems not to like sf. Get him out."

Tony Cvetko: "Continue the 'Grilled' series. It was an interesting change. Claire is a ghod guy."

Chris Hulse: "Thanks for TITLE; it's always one hell of an enjoyment. Like to see Old Bone roaming the pages of The Big T."

THINGIE

===== by Jodie Offutt =====
+++++

You'd think, since we work with words so much, that we'd come up with a better name for our gathering than *THE FANZINE THINGIE* or *FANZINE FREAKS MEETING*. But we (Jackie Franke and I) didn't want to imply anything too formal so we shied away from "symposium" or "panel" and the like.

I arranged for this gathering of fanzine people at *DISCON* (meaning that I asked Jay and Ron if they had a spare room and when) with the help, support and encouragement of Jackie (meaning, when asked what she thought of the idea, Jackie said, "Do it! Do it!"). Jackie also made signs and posted them on the bulletin boards in the lobby.

My sole purpose and reason for the whole thing was to meet some of the people face to face I knew on paper. Paper personalities, as Jackie called them. Us.

It worked, too! We picked Saturday at one PM (when we thought the most people would be there *and be up!*) And when the scheduled program wasn't too heavy -- right after andy's talk. (...well, after all!) A few people I missed -- Mike Glicksohn, for instance -- I'm sure would have been there, had somebody not mucked around with Jackie's signs -- damn faans!

First crack out of the box I met Sheryl Birkhead and Frank Balazs, then Brett Cox and John Robinson!

We had nothing planned, expecting only to talk and meet all the people. There were about 30 of us -- maybe 35 or 40 -- I'm a terrible judge. Several people were sitting in the first three rows facing the front table. The room was set up for a meeting since the SFWA had used it before lunch. Somebody said we ought to have a panel of some kind -- we're so conditioned -- and Bill Bowers said, "Go on, Jodie, it's your ball game."

Timidly (where the hell is Jackie?!) I went up front and just as timidly clicked a couple of ashtrays together. Nobody paid any attention. Michael Carlson -- I think -- suggested I yell *SHUT UP!* I asked him to do it for me and he did.

Hell, I was nervous, Donn. This wasn't exactly like running the Haldeman Elementary PTA. It was the first time I'd ventured into instigating anything at a con or in fandom and I was apprehensive and excited about it.

I introduced myself, and some of the people I recognized: Irv Koch, Linda Bushyager, Bill Bowers. I asked how many published fanzines. Three-fourths, at least. I asked how many were *TITLERS*. Three-fourths, again -- I swear, Donn! I asked how many were mere contributors to fanzines and about six or eight hands went up. We decided to have contributors make up the panel: Sheryl, George Fergus and me (nobody else wanted to) with Bill Fesselmeyer moderating. Bill's a good moderator; he did a terrific job.

Mostly we talked about what you and others like Paul Walker have covered in columns having to do with acknowledging contributions, writing to fit the format, editor-cutting, and asking for material. (I had a thrill later during the con when a fanned asked me for a piece for a first issue.) I discovered one advantage the writer has over the artist. If a contribution is neither used, nor returned, I can always retype it and send it to somebody else. But

an artist can't keep carbons.

Sheryl and I both said we'd like to see the print run included in colophons. When asked why we were both a little embarrassed, I guess, but it boils down to being curious about how many people will see our work. (I believe it's called ego.) ((*You will note I included the print run in my colophon this time-- because of this. But, will potential contributors send their work to a zine that has a number 750 instead of 125?*))

There was a lot of exchange, with almost everybody participating. I enjoyed it and I hope others did. Leigh Edmonds was there, with his Down Under accent. Jeff Smith, Dick Eney, Tony Cvetko, Don & Sheila D'Amassa. Jerry Kaufman? Mike Glyer came strolling in late. Mike's personality comes across in person just as it does in his fanzine: a quick and ready smile and an honest laugh. Jeff May gave me an extra copy of KCK with some Chris Offutt art in it -- which I appreciated. There was lots of fanzine exchanging -- I came home from the con with fifteen.

Jackie finally made it, with Bob Tucker and Martha Beck in tow. They'd probably been busy counting up the Tucker money. Ken Gammage, Leah Zeldes, Bruce Arthurs, the Davids Romm and Singer, and Tim Marion are some other names I remember.

The Discon Greetings to Donn Brazier got its start during this meeting.

I met some other fanzine people during the weekend, too. Don Thompson and I just looked at each other and grinned, then hugged, each of us happy to meet the other.

I was most anxious to meet Mike Gorra, for two reasons. I wanted to have a look at one who'd caused such a furor among TITLERS. And I wanted to see if he really did wear a football jersey for four days. (I was especially aware of that since I'd read his intention while I was trying to solve the problem of getting every stitch of clothing I own into three suitcases! Ahh-- if andy only could turn our yellow V-double-U into a matter transmitter!) When I spotted Mike it was indeed by his No.77 (No, he didn't wear it the entire weekend.) He is certainly of a size to play football. He has very blond hair and was quiet and friendly, not at all the rabblouser I'd half expected. (But then, a lot of people are paper tigers.) I hand-delivered a BANSHEE-loc to him and saved myself a dime.

And Mae Strelkov. I was afraid I'd miss meeting Mae, not knowing what she looks like. Before we even got to the hotel I met her, with Joan, coming out of the drugstore. Mae smiled her way through the entire weekend, enjoying herself immensely. You could tell, just by looking at her.

I didn't get to talk to nearly enough people, nor nearly long enough to the ones I did. You would have enjoyed it, Donn. Especially the Fanzine Thingie. You would have been right at home.

* * * * *

FANZINES IN THE HANK JEWELL PUZZLE

ALGOL	LUNA MONTHLY	
ASHWING	MYTHOLOGIES	
DIEHARD	OXYTOCIC	
DONOSAUR	QUO DAVIS	
ECCE	TALKING STOCK	
INTERACTION	THE ALIEN CRITIC	
KARASS	TITLE	
LOCUS	VECTOR	YANDRO

From Sam Long: P.S. Re T29's article *Sex & the SF Fan* -- "*Fandom is a lay of wife.*" If I could draw female zanies, I'd illustrate. . .

From Fred Moss: "*Ever notice how bald-headed men avoid ostrich farms? How long has it been since you saw a bald Black out bowling?*"

RAISED

E Y E

B R O W

There are bad points to fanzine reviewing. For instance, no sooner had I mailed off a bad review of Bruce Townley's LE VIOL than who should write, informing me of the current address of the Kinks Society, than that very same Bruce Townley. To understand this you have to know that the KINKS are a rock band, and I have the same admiration for the band's leader, Ray Davies, as Donn has for Duke Ellington. I felt bad when I got that letter, and now that I have my 'Ray Davies for President' bumper sticker and my Kinks Society button, I feel even worse. But then, you wouldn't believe me if I told you that Kinks fans cannot help but put out brilliant fanzines, would you? So I can't make it up to you Bruce. But then what do you care, having been featured in the pages of a prominent rock magazine recently?

I guess it's not surprising that I can discover Kinks fans in sf fandom. Communication. People. That's what it's all about. That's why I sometimes have a hard time reviewing a fanzine. Very often there is a fascinating personality behind a zine that is technically deficient in every way. That's why I tend to favor faanish zines over sercon ones. The editors usually reveal themselves more fully. (Perhaps I'm just a voyeur by mail!) John Berry's HITCHHIKE, for instance, is every bit as good as Mike Gorra said it was in his previous column.

Mike himself has an interesting new zine called RANDOM. It's filled with personal columns in which the writers discuss most anything that strikes their fancy: comics, neofanage, aging dogs. John D. Berry contributes a long account of his trip to Turkey. He isn't your average tourist and this is more than just a travelogue. Mike rounds out the issue with a humorous editorial (in which he keeps the introduction to his new zine mercifully short) and a brilliant reprint from HYPHEN, wherein Walt Willis treats fandom as a form of sexual sublimation. RANDOM is going to be a monthly and that should insure a lot of response.

A zine that does get a lot of response, thanks to the quality of its material and a regular bi-monthly schedule is Dave Gorman's GORBETT, probably the best serious discussion zine around. Don't get the impression that GORBETT is, therefore, a book review zine. It isn't. A typical issue consists of one or two long, thoughtful articles and a hyperactive letter-column (it recently expanded to fill an entire issue) called 'Chants of Madness'. Juanita Coulson, Jodie Offutt and others contribute occasional humorous, or at least non-literary pieces, but if you feel like talking about sf as literature rather than as a commercial commodity, this is the place to be. Featured in recent issues have been Jeff Clark on Aldiss' FRANKENSTEIN UNBOUND, Leon Taylor on Philip K. Dick, and Sheryl Smith on R.A. Lafferty. The articles are serious, but the writing isn't stodgy or overly obscure.

In the normal course of things I'd never run into a Chemistry Prof from Texas. No way. But strange things happen in fandom. Not only did I "run into" Denis Quane (in a postal manner of speaking, naturally) but I thoroughly enjoy his fanzine, NOTES FROM THE CHEMISTRY DEPARTMENT. This is the most regular irregular being published. Denis receives some interesting responses, from people like Greg Benford and Jerry Pournelle who discussed, at length, his intentions with regards to "Sword and Sceptre". This is the kind of thing I'm interested in reading about, as opposed to the typical TAC type of authors' discussions of marketing coups.

What makes NOTES so fascinating is that it's still a sort of personalzine, despite many fine outside contributions. Denis is interested in scientific happenings (big surprise...) and usually includes a bit of science news gleaned from his readings. The latest issue also presents an article on the possibility of invisibility by Donn Brazier. Patrick McGuire, a regular here, has another review of a Russian sf novel, and Denis talks about Hugo contenders. He also has

the latest installment of "Assigned Reading"-- his Buck Coulsonesque list of books consumed. I love to find out what other people are reading, and what they think about what they've read. (The voyeur again?). An excellent fanzine indeed. If you only received two serious fanzines, I'd recommend NOTES and GORBETT. They seem to cover both ends of the sf spectrum, from hard science to literary, and they do it well. They communicate.

KARASS, Linda Bushyager's alternative to LOCUS, is somewhat lacking in communication. There is nothing wrong with the material presented -- a balance of serious reviews and humor with good artwork (each monthly issue features a full page cover drawing). But by refusing to print a lettercol, Linda has destroyed the possibility of KARASS becoming a real faanish focal point. What Linda seems to be publishing is, indeed, the faanish equivalent of LOCUS. I guess I'm criticising it for not being quite what I'd publish, had I the inclination and ambition to pub a newszine.

In fandom of course it's every editor for himself. Zines don't, fortunately, have to adhere to any particular standards. Thus the old and tired faneds print for old and tired fans, and new fans print for new fans.

I suppose I could call Mike Bracken and Joe Walter "new" fans, though Mike's KNIGHTS OF THE PAPER SPACE SHIP is in its 9th issue. I shouldn't really lump Mike's KPSS, OZONE, and Joe's A FLYING WHAT? together, but they came in the same envelope and they are similar, what I would call average, new fanzines. The material is largely sf oriented: reviews of books, movies; and article on the purpose of sf by Wayne W. Martin (in A FLYING WHAT?) in which he says some very insightful things and some incredibly fuggheaded things, practically in the same sentence. This kind of material can prompt discussion. I might say that it tends to bore me. But it was this kind of thing that attracted me to sf fandom in the first place. Now I have 50 zines sitting on my shelf, all filled with articles similar to those presented here. But those same 50 ephemeral zines aren't available to fans just starting out ('course 9 issues is 9 more than I've pubbed). Fans have to chart their own course. How much you enjoy these zines will probably depend on how many

zines are piled on your shelves, and, of course, how you react to the personalities of the editors.

RANDOM - Mike Gorra, 199 Great Neck Rd, Waterford, CT, 06385. Available for the usual only.

GORBETT - Dave Gorman, 337 North Main St, New Castle, IN 47362. 75¢ or 3/¢2.00 or the usual.

NOTES - Denis Quane, Box CC, East Texas Station, Commerce, Tex 75428. 30¢ or the usual; no subs.

KARASS - Linda Bushyager, 1614 Evans Ave, Prospect Park, PA, 19076. 5/¢1.00 (bargain) or the usual.

KPSS - Mike Bracken, Box 802, Fort Bragg, CA, 95437. 30¢ or the usual.

A FLYING WHAT? - Joe Walter, PO Box 1077, Fort Bragg, CA 95437. 20¢ or the usual.

BY A NOSE Eldon K. Everett

El Porvenir, the triple-crown winner, was killed along with his owner and his jockey when they drove over a cliff, taking the horse-trailer with them.

Two weeks later, at the Belmont track, the 4th race, with \$5000 added, was programmed as a memorial race for El Porvenir.

As the horses thundered around the final turn, #44 Rosebud, was in the lead by a half a length, when suddenly #35 came up out of nowhere, challenging the lead.

It was a photo-finish, #35 winning by a nose. As the teenage queen and the floral horseshoe were being carried down to the track, a growing sound could be heard from the crowd.

Not only was #35 not waiting in the winner's circle, there wasn't even a #35 on the scratch sheet.

It wasn't until a couple of hours later that someone recalled El Porvenir's last race ----

---- when his jockey had worn number 35!

MORE COMMENTS ABOUT ALIENS

James A. Hall: "...agree with Eric Mayer about the difficulties involved with an objective alien story. I can't recall a story of this type at all. I do remember several with convincing aliens but not because they were effectively alien. The aliens in William Tenn's *OF MEN AND MONSTERS* were convincing, but in effect, they really were us."

Harry Warner, Jr.: "There can't be many of us left in today's fandom who felt the impact of Weinbaum's aliens when *A MARTIAN ODYSSEY* was new and Weinbaum's methods of characterizing bems hadn't been imitated incessantly by dozens of other authors. It is possible to argue that Weinbaum was the only sf writer who succeeded in making bems actually seem like alien intelligences, and we don't appreciate this achievement fully today because all those imitations have made his bems seem stereotyped."

Chris Hulse: "Would the most alien alien be the extra-terrestrial exactly like ourselves? Think about it."

Dick Patten: "If we are both space traveling races when we meet I don't think the differences will be any greater than a S. American Indian meeting an Eskimo for the first time. Earth has totally alien cultures right now, and I bet any other race that dominates a planet has the same set of conditions. I don't lean toward the peaceful alien theory-- a truly peaceful race will not be in space. It takes a strong drive. That means conflict, either within their own race or with anyone they meet." ((I smell two sf stories in embryo in your brief paragraph.))

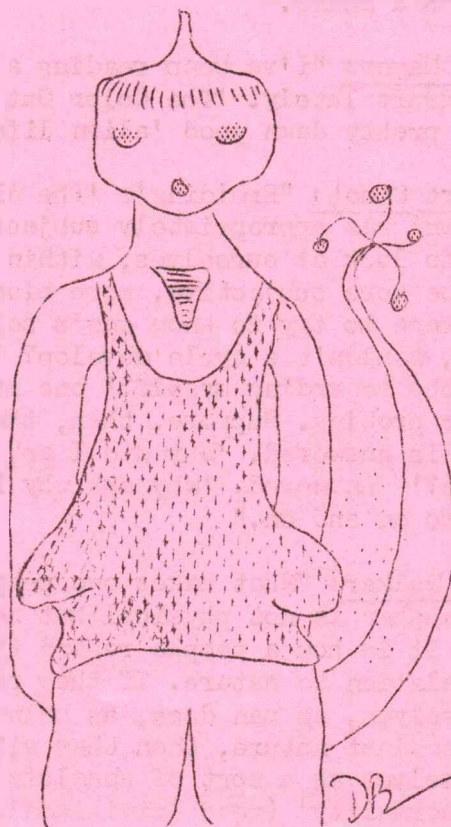
Jim Meadows III: "I am a strekfan and a treked. The only alien race given a detailed going over in the series, the Vulcan, and in particular the parents of Spock, of whom the mother was Terran and the father a Vulcan. Let us get basic: how did Amanda and Sarek do it in the first place? Amanda, a Terran, has red blood, based on iron; Sarek, a Vulcan, has green blood based on copper. Is blood so different because is it based on a different metal? Are these two types of blood compatible? Assuming that Terran and Vulcan sexual intercourse

is similar in other aspects, could a Vulcan sperm fertilize a Terran egg? I don't believe that the series or indeed any trekzine fiction ever considered this; wish someone who knew what they were talking about would give it a try."

Jim Kennedy: "One of the very few half-decent stories in the wretched *CLARION II* anthology was told from an alien (to us) viewpoint."

Roy Tackett: "Bems and aliens as Eric Mayer postulates. What makes an alien? Physical shape? Culture? The Navajo culture, indeed all Native American culture, is so alien as to be almost incomprehensible. We don't understand them, so we categorize them. Our own culture, if we view it objectively, is equally incomprehensible. But consider the Bem; take him right off the cover of *THRILLING WONDER STORIES*; give him a culture identical to our own. Would he be acceptable or not? More acceptable, perhaps, than the Navajo...or the Irish?"

Steve Sneyd: "An Aldebarian Corp. Pres. would have more in common with the Pres. of ITT than said Pres. of ITT would have with a conveyor belt jockey in a Detroit factory."



Chester D. Cuthbert: "TITLE 30 seemed to concentrate on alienation or aliens. Are we becoming fantasy-conscious of this factor as a substitute for thinking about the sociological and ecological menaces we have created ourselves and cannot seem to banish?"

Steve Sneyd: "...or, following on, if you want to make first contact with a pastoral/nomadic culture on Epsilon Aurigae, you don't send in a State Department Diplomat; you send in a Navajo shaman..."

Bill Bliss: "There's no logical reason why alien et intelligent life forms should not have a large variety of kinds of bods. We didn't evolve here -- except in a few limited manners. Neither did most of the other life forms. Have an excellent snapshot of a young man of age about 15 -- from an extraterrestrial rock. That one never set foot on this planet. How long ago did that rock become space junk and how long had it been in space and how long has it lain around on this planet? There's no doubt that we common humans are an extremely ancient life form. I've advanced the technology of getting rock pix onto film far enough that I have some crow specially reserved in the deep-freeze for any & all rock pix critics. Just had a thought strike-- if all the vital functions of a critter are included in just one tentacle and all the rest left off-- that's a snake."

Eric Mayer: "I've been reading a lot of Lovecraft lately. 'The Color Out of Space' is a pretty damn good 'alien life' story."

Robert Smoot: "Breiding's 'The Alien Within' was appropriately subjective. We are to look at ourselves, within us! What can be more subjective, more biased? If one were to try to know one's self totally, wouldn't a cycle develop? 'Why do I probe regarding myself?' one might ask after probing. Suppose, then, that question is answered. 'Why did I ask why I probe?' Answered. 'Why ask why I ask?' And so on and on."

Paul Walker: "What makes one people alien to another is not physical but metaphysical. It is how a people regard themselves in relation to nature. If they regard themselves, as man does, as being above and against nature, then they will regard themselves as a sort of absolute standard of 'normality' (read 'civilized', 'intelligent', etc.) and tend to enjoy differentiating between other species as much as possible. This, to make themselves exclusive of other species. If they see themselves as kin to all things in nature, they may be unable to differentiate the truly 'alien'. In most sf, the aliens are really superior, or primitive, humans. The difficulty in making a truly 'alien' alien is that such a creature could not be imagined by our standards. Therefore, he would appear to us as utterly absurd. So, the writer would have to create an utterly absurd creature. This may not sound promising. In fact, the thing that sf misses in its science is the sense of the absurd complexity of the universe that one can get from any good science book."

Frank Balazs: "Sf has enough trouble tackling different cultures-- no less real alien aliens. This is where I think THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS is a true classic. LeGuin depicts a truly different culture and does it in many aspects. More than any other novel I've read, I wish I had created this one!"

Terry Jeeves: "...it seems evident that if an alien doesn't think our way, then all bets as to how he does think are bound to be coloured by how we think. Can an author even forecast how a terrestrial animal such as a pet dog or cat might think?"

George Fergus: "The Navaho goal is to maintain harmony with nature (which is continually being disrupted by witches and strangers) rather than to achieve control over it. Their recitation of esoteric chants with as much exactitude as possible for eliminating illness and catastrophe is reminiscent of SF. But their reaction in a strange new SF-type situation would be to do absolutely nothing for fear of further disrupting the balance of the situation. In the Navaho world view, aggression makes no sense."

Eric Mayer: "I especially enjoyed Everett's article and the ALIEN WITHIN piece by Sutton Breiding. There are fox up in the woods behind our house. You never see them, except for their tracks. They exist completely apart from human civilization, as does every other form of life on the planet. It is strange to think that even as I write this, millions of squid are going about their business. What does a squid think? Or does it think at all?"

I was sitting here in my hotel room stark naked, reading #32, when there was a knock at my door. I called "Who is it?" And a distinctly black voice answered, "This is hotel security - we just wanted to see if the room was occupied."

I was not quick witted enough to deny it. To be truthful, my mind was too much occupied (unlike the room, which was, perhaps, just enough occupied) with the thought of pants. Since then, however, my little head has been filled with Other Matters - that is, of that unlooked-for night summons.

To begin, "X" (my name for the owner of the black voice) must have known the room (my room) was at least as occupied as one those cubbyholes in back of 727's. I had punched the button on the knob that pushes out the two little pins so the maid's key won't work. (I have done this ever since I once assumed that there was no need, when I was alone in my hotel room with the door closed, to close the bathroom door as well.) (Did "X" know that?)

So it wasn't that, but what was it? Did he think I had a woman in the room, and that he had me "to rights"? Who was "we"? Did he perhaps think me depressed enough for suicide? Was I seen, was my expression noted, as I entered the hotel? I was, I admit, a trifle "blue" - I had just parted from George Wagner, and had meant, before we broke up, to suggest that the two of us should go to see Bea Mahaffry, bearing, perhaps, small and leaking containers of Moo Goo Gai Pan; but George took his departure before this won ton expedition could be realized (I may go alone later -- and secretly -- with Beef Sub Gum Sub Rosa).

Doubtless I looked downcast. I had been drinking an Orange Delight on the street; perhaps there was some unintended note of finality when I tossed it away.

Who sent him? The hotel? The police?

"Theater Chef"? Would it have happened if I had been drinking something less sensual sounding, and if so, would it have been the same agent ("X") whom they dispatched? If I had, for example, drunk Orange Crush instead, would they have sent out a Kung Fu man? ("Y") - If I had intended to bring Bea some Moo Goo Kung Fu? (Who --if anyone -- do you get for lemon soda?) I would have planned to take Moo Goo Kung Fu, but I was afraid it would break Bea's chopsticks.

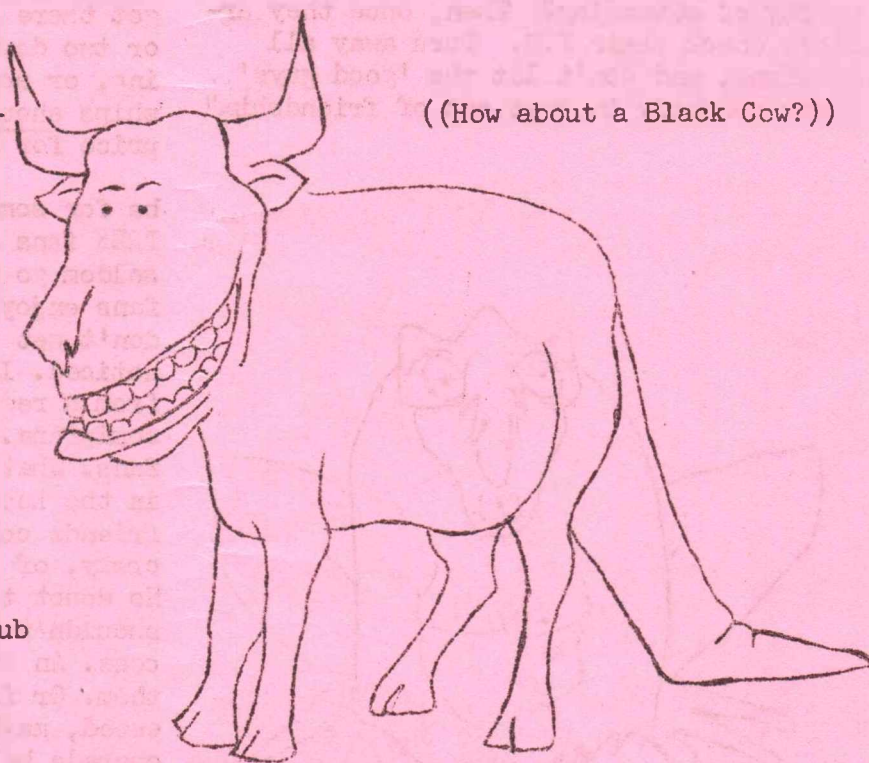
Was I wrong?

Would the voice at the door have been the hotel tailor's if I had meditated Pressed Duck?

Perhaps Brown Betty would have brought Elizabeth Taylor; but I don't even know if Bea likes Brown Betty.

Faithfully,

(signed) Gene



((How about a Black Cow?))

((Or an Andromeda Androbeste?))

SF WORLDCON

Ltd.

Harry Warner, Jr.: "Don't try to keep attendance down at the con but arrange a semi-official con, before the con, for the mainstream fans. This preliminary con would be played down to the barest minimum in progress reports and other publicity. Several hundred mainstream, inner-core fans together before the comics fans, Star Trek enthusiasts, pros, and speeches and panels made their appearance. This innovation might be a godsend to the growing numbers of students and teachers who get involved in conflicts between the re-opening of school and the weekend worldcon. The only real drawback involves the Hugo awards banquet. Even the most cynical RNF's still take a lot of interest in who wins and if they didn't hang around until Sunday night, revenue from ticket sales might suffer."

Dave Szurek: "I hope Jeff May's trying to be funny when he suggests ways to keep all but the serious STF fan from con attendance. Not that his suggestions might not be effective, but Hell, if he's so damned uptight, why not just restrict announcements to those people he feels worthy of attending? Then, once they arrive, check their I.D. Turn away all fakefans, and don't let the 'good guys' sneak somebody in just out of friendship."



"Anyone seen Don Ayres? They won't let me in the door... Ayres will vouch for me..honest..."

Michael Glicksorn: "I'm in favour of all three of the KC plans to cut down attendance, combined with massive advertising of no STAR TREK or comic oriented programming. But will they have the gumption to do it? It's going to take a courageous committee to stand up to the flack they're likely to get, and it just may not seem worth all the hassles for them. I'm sure the hard core sf con-goers would be delighted with the scheme though: I know I am. It may be difficult to ban at-the-door membership sales, unless they hire a large security force to eject people who come without memberships and refuse to leave. Good luck to them, though; with no US Worldcon for two years and RAH as GoH, they're going to need some sort of magic formula to keep Kansas City from being undated off the map!"

Jodie Offutt: "I sat in the Discon HQ room for about three hours on Saturday. One of the things I did was answer the phone; several callers were interested in knowing what it would cost to come to the con for that day, or for Saturday & Sunday. Most of the people I talked with were unable to get there for any more of the con than one or two days. They were working, or traveling, or something. I think one-day memberships should be sold at not-too-steep a price for these people."

As hard as it may be for some of us to accept it, most STAR TREK fans are probably sf fans, too. I seldom go to movies at cons, but if some fans enjoy ST episodes, why not? ST fans don't get in the way at cons that I've noticed. In fact, I can't tell a Trekkie from a regular fan. The same is true with comicfans. A lot of sf fans are also comic fans. What's the harm of them having tables in the huckster room? Some of my best friends collect comics. (I think they're crazy, of course, but that's their thing.) No doubt there are some who would say fans shouldn't hustle or give away fanzines at cons. An awful lot of folks don't read them. Or for those fans who're not interested, maybe we should do away with masquerade balls, banquets, panels, filksinging, and the SCAers. We can easily come off sounding like a bunch of bigots."

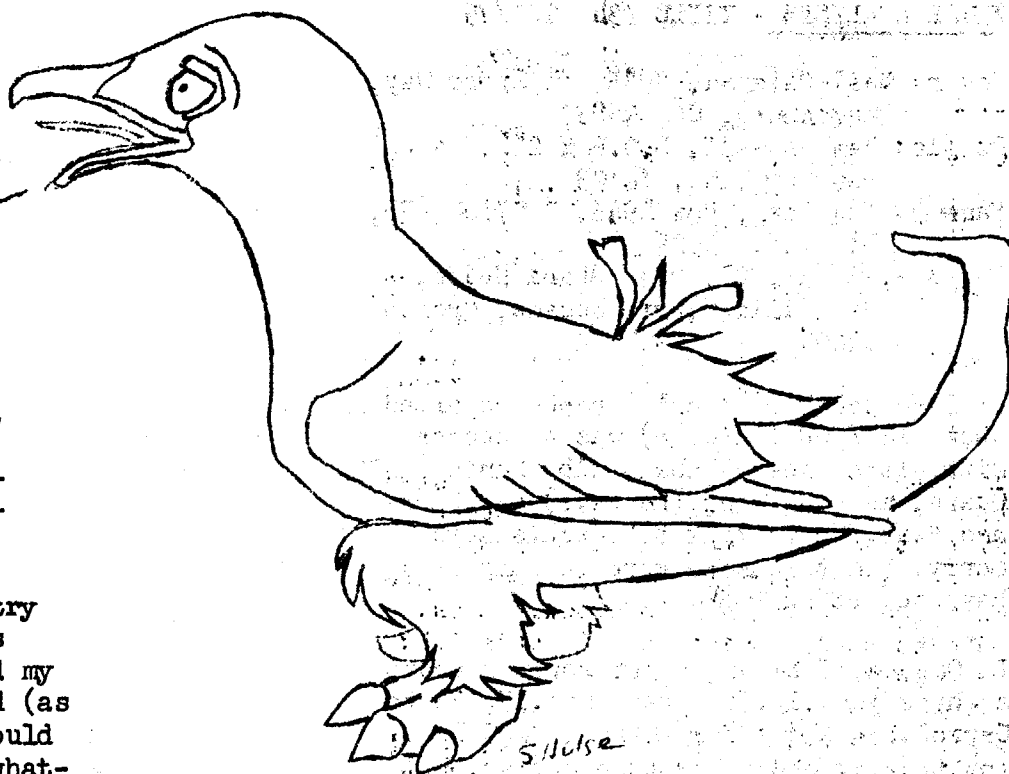
Sam Long: "All 3 ideas are worth considering. But could they be enforced?"

KWIK
KWOTZ

Loren MacGregor: "I see Bob Tucker wandering up to Robert S. at a con, looking at his nametag, and saying, 'Sm-o-oo-ooo-OOO-oooo-t!'"

Andy Darlington: "I try to keep my options as wide as possible, and my horizons as unlimited (as a good S.F. freak should perhaps?!). Accept whatever crops up on its own terms and not apply fixed premise to judge it. Hence I find little sense of contradiction in vastly enjoying Wagner, who is probably my greatest current influence, as well as music from Roland Kirk and the Mothers of Invention."

Eric Lindsay: "Of late I have been struck by the number of prominent inventors and innovators who did not have much formal education, at least on the primary & secondary level. Edison was tutored by his mother for example. It makes me wonder just how much damage schools do to our intelligence and creativity. T.S. Elliot was a bank teller for 20 yrs; his poems will be remembered when the commercial activity he engaged in is long forgotten. I've only worked for a bank for ten years; maybe there is hope for me yet."



Ed Cagle: "Hoo-bygod-ray for Barry Gillam's opinion that Buck Coulson is interesting and entertaining for the very reasons a few people bitch about his style! Dadburn it, a man who will speak his mind is rare, and one who can do it with Buck's flair deserves all the encouragement he needs. (Buck, needing encouragement? Who said that?)"

Gary Farber: "The question is not 'do you believe in peanut butter?' but 'does peanut butter believe in you?'" ((Ghad! Dost the picklegroup have a rival for my affections??))

Ann Chamberlain: "October is having her way with me again and a sort of smoky mist surrounds me...I am trying to sense what is to come, and some nights the sky is oddly alight at three in the morning, as if some grand meeting of the heavenly hierarchy were taking place. Or is it that the witches are planning Walpurgis Nacht? Anyway, it seems most wise not to say much about anything, until things clear up somewhat."

James A. Hall: "Once upon a time, there was nothing, or at least, so it is suspected. No one really knows for sure since man had not been invented yet. Let us assume, then, that there was nothing. One day came when, suddenly, there was more than nothing. And, then, a few years later --here we are. Look around you at the works of man. Look hard; what do you see that has brought us closer to the answer of the origin of the Universe? Nothing! All of which goes to prove that you can't get something for nothing, or from nothing for that matter. So I keenly suspect that we are not even here."

Jim Kennedy: "Something will have to be done about this Robert Smoot. 'Chapter 27, 684' indeed!"

FINAL ANALYSIS - TITLE #34 1/1/75

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In late October, Jackie Franke reported
that WINDYCON (Chicago) was a success
with attendance at about 318. Denis
Quane, neo-con-goer (he says) was there
and "was fun to talk to", Jackie says.
Sorry, can't squeeze more in this ish;
have to put in T-35.

In October I began to get worried about
a check for \$12.50 I sent Dec.15, '73 to
Carrollton-Clark for LOVECRAFT AT LAST.
Not that my order had gone astray, but
that a card came back on Jan.16 that
the book would be ready in mid-1974. I
feel rather sheepish (stupid, is the
word) because S.E.Carroll took the time
to reassure me in 2 pages. Shall we say
there are the "usual" problems, and let
it go at that? Yes. The book, like a
Limited Editions Club product with slip-
case, numbered, promises to be worth
all my impatience. Also received a re-
assuring letter from Stuart Schiff of
WHISPERS (and the 1st one to order the
book). In case others are impatient or
worried -- no need for it. The free
premium SUPERNATURAL HORROR IN LITERA-
TURE by HPL (a facsimile)--it's a 1936
revision of the 1927 piece-- is quite a
thing to have in itself. I now have num-
ber 261 of 2000 edition. In case you
have not heard about this, the address
is Carrollton-Clark, 9122 Rosslyn,
Arlington, Va 22209.

Some things (like P-33, Rowe's column,
and other features already run-off) had
to be postponed until next issue because
of lack of space occasioned by my re-
solve to go no more than 24pps.

First in with LoCs were Jim Meadows,
Kevin Williams (recognized now as a
hoax), Bill Breiding, Jackie Franke,
Richard Brandt, Ed Cagle, and Dale C.
Donaldson. Who is Kevin Williams??

K.Williams drew a pic of the one person

missing from the Xerox of the demi-world
going up: "a pudgy dwarf spectator". Ed
Cagle wanted some balloon-dialogue on the
pic; OK, everyone, rip off the cover &
send me the ideas.

Bill Breiding sent a snapshot of himself.
Come on guys and gals -- how can I run
another photo page unless you cooperate?

Jackie was the first to think me rather
stupidly hiding ~~MY~~ identity; I knew
fans would know; ~~MY~~ requested it for
reasons having to do with her home &
country situation.

Dale Donaldson raved about Indick's cov-
er, "not often you find a 'twixt cartoon
style" such as that. "He is entitled ex-
tra plaudit-- the next MOONBROTH dedicat-
ed to Ben."

BRUCE TOWNLEY TOOK TUCKER'S SOCK FOR
\$8.50 !

Donn Brazier
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