

BONFIRE, THANKS GIVING

Dee Doyle

that Night

smoke swirled gently off the autumnal fire
toward the perimeter of darkness where
the Quiet Ones waited.

stars of night blurred in frosty air as
sultry smoke filled, melded, held each One
and became as One Energy dispersing to fill the ether
till even galaxies themselves joined as One.

One

gladly aware of surging time and flowing strength
in all its parts.

echoing melody for being One, in thanks, in praise
radiating splendor of Existence. that Night.

as the bonfire folded into its essence to rest
there were no mortal eyes to see

nor ears to hear

nor souls to touch, for such were fast asleep

while Night blended again with night

to cover the harvest of their toils

with a blanket of silent wonder.....

BARBEQUE PIT
BARBEQUE PIT

TWITLETIT-TITLEY #35

+ Watched & listened very carefully to the TV Special on UFO's, Dec. 15, & came away less convinced than before that UFO's are anything but misinterpreted natural phenomena.

+ A recent ANALOG showed some photographs of Mars whose craters seemed to jump out in 3-D as bumps instead of holes. Turn the page upside down and view again-- if it had you puzzled. You'll see them as craters. Assignment: how does this fit into the long picture section of art & brain-perceived images?

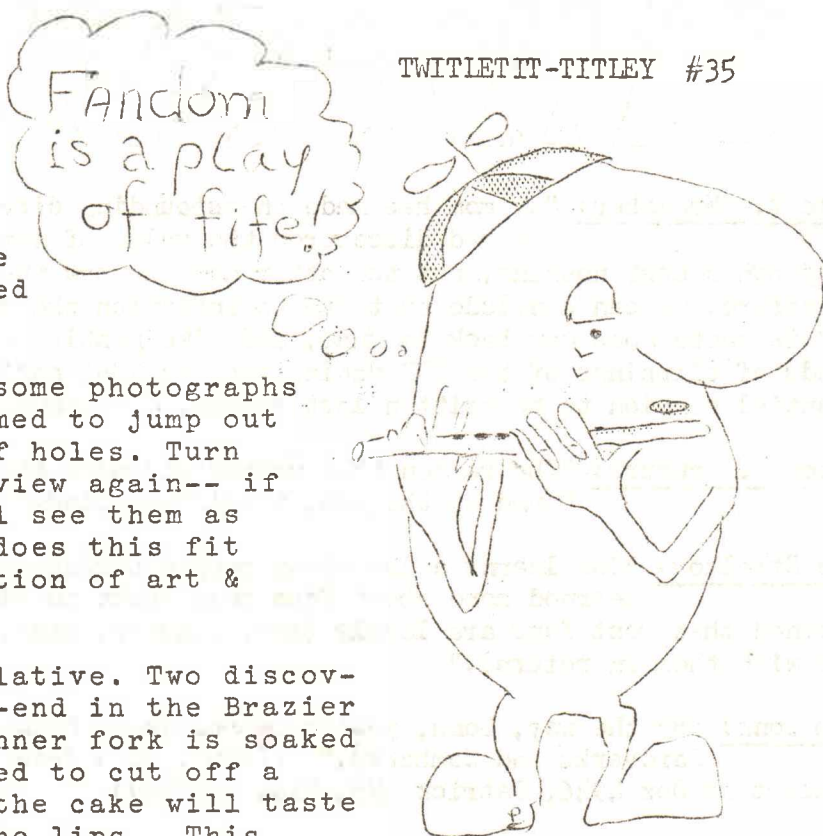
+ Physical effects are relative. Two discoveries made over this week-end in the Brazier Barbeque Pit-- if your dinner fork is soaked in hot coffee and then used to cut off a mouth-sized bite of cake, the cake will taste hot if the fork reaches the lips. This little bird that dips his head into a glass of water, then sits upright again-- reverse the relative heat elements by placing the bird on a the hot part of the top of your TV set, and it will dip and return upright without a glass of water waiting for its beak.

* Re the LOVECRAFT AT LAST book mentioned in T 34, here is news with a date/deadline from Willis Conover-- booksellers who paid for copies of the collector's numbered and slipcased edition plan to sell at \$25 and \$5 for the free premium. The advance order for the book (and including the premium) is still \$12.50 and will remain so only until January 31, 1975. I don't have space to tell more about the book in this issue (perhaps next time), but HPL fans won't want to miss out. Send check to Carrollton-Clark, 9122 Rosslyn, Arlington, Va. 22209.

*Must 100% recommend the Dave Locke edited, Coulson mimeographed, and Jackie Franke distributor-ed THE REALLY INCOMPLETE BOB TUCKER. At 60 pages of cleverly covered (by Jackie) and illoed by a host of fandom's best, Tucker's humor & Bloch's intro, and Bob's pro-bibliography (including mysteries)-- how can you go wrong for \$1.50? Lines such as: "Hot damn, yes! Oh, wow, yes!"; "I wouldn't give a damn for fandom if there were no people in it."; "Would you be happy in a world without screws if you were a screwdriver?"; and "Beer rings on the linoleum." Jackie's address is Box 51-A RR2, Beecher, Ill. 60401. If you don't care for humor, don't bother.

*Phil Bronson sent me Xerox copies of some of my fiction from his long-ago FANTASITE. Gorra's right. Damn good stuff in the ancient days! Ha!

*Wertham sent an Oct. feature re comix history & Fredric's purported villainy thereto. BUT, on the reverse side I was shocked to read that Harry Carney, baritone saxman (Ellington) had died.



TITLE #35 February 1975 Available
Ed: Donn Brazier for Usual
1455 Fawnvalley Dr. or sample
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Art Credits:

Cover: "On Francer!" - D. Brazieresque
"Play of Fife" -- Sam Long
Dirty Old BEM -- Leah Zeldes
Beast on Quane's Letter: a rip-off from
Denis Quane's letter & NOTES from the
Chem Lab-- Bunny Jackson

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

Mike T. Shoemaker: "My mom has made an astounding discovery. The other night she said she had discovered the value of nothing. When she was growing up, soup bones cost nothing, but the other day she saw them advertised for 10¢ a pound. Therefore, we can conclude that due to inflation the value of nothing is now 10¢." ((This quote goes way back to June, and Mike mentioned that he and his dad have thousands of clippings of the ODD dating back to 1952 and that they planned a book, a substantial portion to be written last summer. Any news on that, Mike?))

Bruce D. Arthurs: "The reason that wolves and dogs bay at the moon is because if they bayed at the sun, they'd go blind."

Mae Strelkov: "One learns a lot about people through constant pubbing, doesn't one? I learned more about fans than about pubbing by my stint! Chiefly, I learned that most fans are lovely (shy, sincere, kind, easy-to-please if you're honest with them in return)."

Sam Long: "By the way, Donn, you're member #2 of FLAW (Front for the Liberation of Aardvarks and Wombats)." ((How's FLAW doing? Sam's address for prospective members is Box 4946, Patrick AFB, Fla. 32925.))

Jodie Offutt: "What's with all these formal announcements of gaffiation? What's wrong with just fading away like people used to do?" ((Way back in the late 1930's I distinctly remember a fan whose name was Peter Duncan who faded away with a very formal announcement in a long article in Beck's SF CRITIC, the piece called "Apostasy". So it's been around awhile.))

Robert Smoot: "According to authorities on the origin of names, 'Smoot' is obtained from the Dutch 'smout' which means 'lard'. Thus, it was often applied, when surnames came into vogue, to those people who were engaged in rendering lard." ((Possibly so, that rendering idea, but might your name be a diminutive of the complete Dutch expression 'smoutarse'?))

Eric Lindsay: "When I was much younger and cherished the illusion that it was possible to know everything of importance, I tried to read first year university texts on every subject. Now I'm mature enough to understand that such are (nearly) always wrong; in any case I no longer even know what is worth knowing, and sometimes I don't care much, since it seems impossible to control the way the world is... I'm delighted to see you come out in favor of youth in research. Nothing is more annoying than to be told that to discover things a person has to be in some way qualified. Just looking over a few histories in this line makes me suspect that most inventions have been made by people who didn't realize that what they were doing was 'impossible'."

Eric Mayer: "I'd love to see such a study ((of the psychology of a person who gets in- to fandom.)) Only I'm not sure I'd like the possible consequences. But there has to be some underlying faanish characteristic - even if it's just a restless urge to write. Why should I be so fascinated with fanzines while Kathy, who shares many of the same interests, sees nothing in the things at all?"

Jackie Franke: "You seem to question the connection between ephemeral and good. What's more ephemeral than a May Fly, or most butterflies? And yet they certainly rate as GOOD in my book!"

Mike Glicksohn: ((For Ben Indick)) "All things considered, getting no response to a whispered 'I love you' is better than not having anyone there to say it to in the first place."

LET'S PROBE

YOUR CANDID & BRIEF RESPONSES TO THE QUESTIONS HERE-IN ARE SOLICITED FOR PROBE

1. Have you ever been near an instant of violent death, and if so, what were the thoughts that passed through your mind?

MINE: In my first brief training session at a lake in Wisconsin with scuba-diving equipment which I was going to demonstrate on TV, I had the rubber facemask flattened against my face. No air. Perhaps 15 or 20 feet underwater, I reached for the air regulator knob and realized I didn't know which way to turn it in order to get some air in the mask. I rammed to the surface and ripped off the mask to gulp for air. Fine. But then the tank on my back kept pulling me backwards and down under; I couldn't get on my stomach to swim. And I'm not much of a swimmer anyway. I was choking. I could see my wife on the shore, chatting with the wife of a swimmer who was out in the lake with me. I realized I was going to drown. In my mind I said: "This is it." As my whole body relaxed in defeat, I said: "And look at my wife -- she's up there laughing while I'm dying." Apparently I was saved; yes, by the friend who spotted my difficulty and needed only to take my elbow to get me right side up and back to shore.

2. What is your very earliest memory?

MINE: The smell of soggy, moldy leaves. As a wee tot I had fallen into a large park fountain (as told to me later by my parents). Evidently the bottom of the fountain was full of wet leaves; but all I remember is the smell.

3. Do you have a recurring memory of an embarrassing or deflating experience?

MINE: Ordinarily I played the 3rd alto sax part in a 14 piece danceband. One day I got a call to fill in the baritone sax part for a different band whose players were all strangers to me. I had never played a baritone, nor had I cut the part. Playing the horn was easy, but there was one song in which I had 8 final measures entirely alone with rhythm only. The song was new to me, and my solo was preceded by at least 24 bars of rest; I lost my place, did not come in properly, and then proceeded to 'catch up' and goofed the whole thing. This happened about 24 years ago, and it still pops up into my mind about once a week or so.

4. Do you have a recurring memory of an ego-boo event?

MINE: My high school physics teacher was asked a question by someone in the class, and he couldn't answer it. It dealt with comparative gravitational effects of the sun and moon on earth. I answered the question by citing tidal effects. Mr. Drake looked at me piercingly and said: 'Brazier, now that's real thinking.' Such an event has never happened since.

5. Do you have a recurring dream or nightmare?

MINE: I'm on a train of boxcars dashing madly through the night. I crawl along the top of the cars, the wind, the noise, the mad swaying, the roaring of an engine accelerating. I am terrified. I finally reach the locomotive, crawl down inside the cab to tell the engineer to slow down. There is no one there!

6. Do you have a recurring daydream in which you are a 'hero figure'?

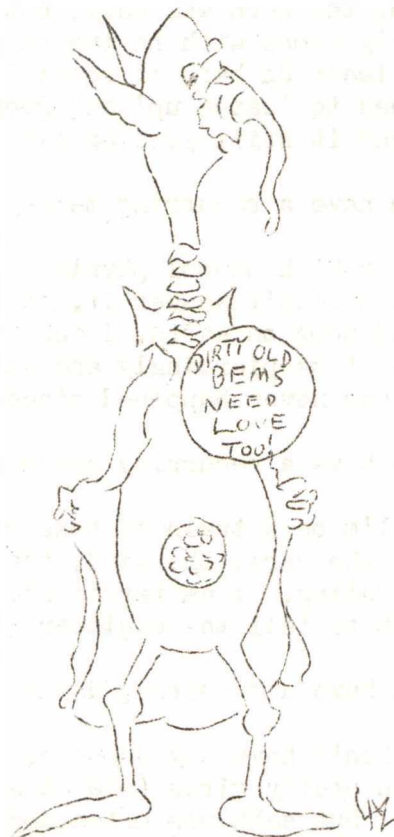
MINE: Don't have any anymore. However, when I was in high school, I used to admire certain pretty girls (one at a time in about a six month cycle) to whom I dared not speak. But each was often and successfully rescued from burning buildings by Donn Brazier who'd say: "Aw shucks, that was nothing, nothing at all." But it was!

BOOKS

Paul Walker: "When I was 12 I went to the library's 'Children's Section' and was told I was now a 'Young Person' and given a blue card and escorted out of the spacious, well-lighted 'Children's Room' to a small, narrow dimly lit, stuffy room where I was left in charge of one librarian, where I had been accustomed to the service of half a dozen. In my mind, a scene out of David Copperfield; abandoned without hope. I timidly ambled about the room looking at the seemingly few shelves of seemingly old and musty books. Then a title caught my eye: Attack from Atlantis by Lester Del Rey. I knew nothing of Atlantis except that the name intrigued me, and the book had a rocketship on the cover. I became a fan of Lester Del Rey and read his books in the Winston SF series. I was also a Don Wollheim fan, and SECRET OF THE MARTIAN MOONS was the first hardcover I ever got for Christmas. I never have forgotten the incredible ending. Heinlein was there, but the only one I attempted was Tunnel in the Sky, which for some reason so bored and alienated me that I have never liked Heinlein since. Nerves was the first adult sf novel I read, but the books were only a part of it all. I had been reading books less than two years when a friend said his favorite writer was Sturgeon. He introduced me to the world of adult sf and simultaneously to a world of ideas. I became a passionate fan, reading, writing, thinking about nothing else but sf. It got so bad that one teacher wrote home to my mother advising her to stop the whole thing. Although my interest in writing was really spurred by my interest in sf, my writing mentor told me I would never amount to anything as long as I wrote or read that trash!"

George Fergus: "Although I must have read other things, the earliest story I can remember was SF -- something like 'Johnny and the Red Ball from Mars' in JACK & JILL magazine. My early reading was almost all in a quasi-SF vein since the children's room of the local library had a section called 'Fun & Nonsense'; thus I gravitated quickly from mundane animal stories to Space Cat, THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS, Dr. Doolittle, Miss Pickerell, The Borrowers, and various mushroom people. Never got onto the OZ books, tho. Didn't get into real SF at the time, either, because it was in a special bookcase hidden off in a nook somewhere that I didn't find until years later. And I read comics but never noticed the SF mags or paperbacks presumably right next to them at the drugstore. And much as I hate to undermine Sheryl Birkhead's theory, I did not have an early interest in dinosaurs. Not even dragons."

David Singer: "I started to read at age 3 or 4; had my first library card at age 5, and I read sports stories and sf (from 8-12 racks) since both were light on interpersonal aspects that I had not yet experienced. I remember reading Heinlein's Rocket Ship Galileo about 15 times in first grade. The sports stories got tiring after awhile, so I was left with sf. And 16 years later, I'm still reading it."



The Contraption Man

By Bill Smith

• **CHILLICOTHE** — William G. Bliss has been making Contraptions for 14 years, and, for the past four, he has been taking pictures of "things" in rocks. On the side, he has been supporting himself with a little television- and radio-repair shop at 422 Wilmot St., Chillicothe.

The front door to the shop is usually propped open, an invitation to customers, of course, but also an invitation to whomever else might be wandering around looking for some company and some "scientific talk."

A main room is filled with an assortment of old and newer radios, television sets and record players, some of them dismantled and others sitting off to the side, waiting patiently for this man with too much to do and too little time.

In an adjoining room, boxes of tubes are stacked neatly on shelves along walls, but the rest of the room is anything but neat. There is

a cabinet against one wall, strewn with tiny tools, a couple of lenses and assorted gizmos and gadgets, the likes of which belong only in the laboratory of a slightly eccentric inventor.

A couple of indistinguishable photographs add to the setting — strange, fuzzy photographs that might look a little nonsensical to the uninformed visitor.

Bliss enters the room, this seemingly manufactured stage, dressed completely in blue, from his shirt and pants down to his tennis shoes, which further soften his already quiet walk. A long, red-bowled pipe literally hangs from his lower lip and emits an unforgettable smell of rum-flavored tobacco.

"When I'm 80, it will be my sole remaining vice," he says of his passion for the pipe.

HE IS A bachelor, neither tall nor noticeably short, not fat nor thin; nonetheless, his appearance is unforgettable. His lips are tightly pursed around the pipe stem, and a pair of silver-rimmed spectacles — without earpieces

— rest on his beaked nose.

He bends down to adjust the magnifying glass on the strange little device sitting on the cabinet, and he talks about it as he works.

"I call it my pop-art machine," Bliss says. "I like to fiddle around with Japanese magnifiers, and I just came upon this one day."

He turns a piece of orange wire underneath the magnifier, and suddenly the wire is broken into floating doughnuts and circles of color.

He chuckles softly, almost strangely, as he watches the show.

"I took this to a science-fiction convention at the Sands Motel in Peoria about four years ago, and people there couldn't believe it," he recalls.

While Bliss's pop-art machine may have been a conversation device, his Contraption has been a profit-making item. A Contraption consists of a piece of formed wire inserted through a piece of insulating sleeving. "Flags" — pieces of red tape — are attached to the sleeving and rotate when the copper wire is turned.

"My Contraptions do terrible things to the mental equilibrium of mechanical engineers I know. They don't understand how it could work," he chuckles.

An owner's manual, price list for parts and a guarantee for "two weeks from the date of purchase or 18,732 twirls, whichever comes first" is supplied with each Contraption.

BLISS SAID that he has never patented one of his inventions.

"They're much too important for one man to keep all by himself," he said. "You've got to share them with the public."

"Besides, what would the government think if I started turning in income from Contraptions?"

But, according to Bliss, the Contraption business has been on the decline since the Egyptian insulating cloth that he needs has been replaced by plastics and other materials in the rush of modern technology.

"During a peak period one time, I made 1,100 Contraptions. But, because there is such a shortage of materials now, I've only been making about a dozen a month." Selling price of the Contraption, for those who can get them, is 50 cents.

Bliss's newest pastime is taking pictures of rocks and looking at their markings in the same way that many persons look at cloud formations — trying to pick out pictures in them.

"Take this rock here, for instance," Bliss says. "Here, you can see a skin diver; over here's a perfect antique car and right over here is an airplane — Ernie Spitfire Experimental Series, I'd guess by looking at it."

Bliss, through a series of lenses, projects an image of a rock's surface onto a cardboard screen and exposes a piece of photographic paper with the image. The pictures are printed in the bathroom of his house.



JOURNAL STAR, Peoria, Sunday, June 30, 1974

THE OFFICE of William Bliss, inventor of the Contraption, is full of books and papers but devoid of a telephone.

"THE BATHROOM is a standing joke," he chuckles. "Everybody calls it my semi-dark-room."

In the four years that he has been making the pictures — he learned about the process from a science-fiction author — a whole new "miniature" world has opened up to him. He

sees detailed pictures that the untrained eye cannot — markings that resemble a spaceman walking on the moon, a woman with flowing hair and even the face of Jack Benny.

Bliss, in the Navy for nine years and a member of an underwater demolition team in World War II, is an avid collector of science-fiction books and magazines, and old record albums fill the shelves along a wall in a back room that he uses as his writing room.

His interests seem to be anywhere and everywhere but are heaviest in the field of physics.

"My old man found a philosopher's stone in a rock shop in Arkansas a while back and brought it back for me. He bought it for \$3, but to a person who knows how to use it, it's very valuable.

"From that little rock, you can figure out everything in physics that is possible, and it

gives you a clue to what's not possible, so you won't waste your time with it."

BLISS SAYS that he has been working on a novel the past 23 years. It is titled "The Rise and Fall of Everything," and he still is not sure when it will be completed.

Recently, he had the telephone in his repair shop taken out. He really doesn't need it, he explains.

"One day," he says, "I took a critical look at this whole joint to see exactly what I needed here, and the telephone was one of the first things to go."

Maybe it was because Bliss really believes that he just doesn't need a telephone. But, more than likely, it was because it finally rang once too often while he was building a Contraption, putting the finishing touches on a pop-art machine or trying to print a picture of a rock with markings that look like a bomb blast or the New York skyline.



BLISS WITH THREE of his devices: a pop-art machine, above; a mechanism for taking pictures of rocks, left; and two models of the Contraption.

BILL BLISS-FUL "PEACES"

one of my pet obsessions. I am a habitual rear view mirror watcher- and have seen autos appear on the road. I have wide fovias so that is easy. Right at the corner near the shop there was the dangdest shuffle I ever seen, and my car count came up with an extra. Ever turn out onto a deserted street and suddenly there is a car right on your tail???? Maybe I have a space anomaly right out front.

P.S. A couple weeks ago a young bright eyed & bushy tailed young man zapped into the shop carrying a breifcase and inquired if the boob-tube fixit shop was my sole source of income?? Looks like I'll have to quit using all those freaky rubber stamps until the heat is off. One of them might have led to a suspicion of X rated hot stuff:

Regards,

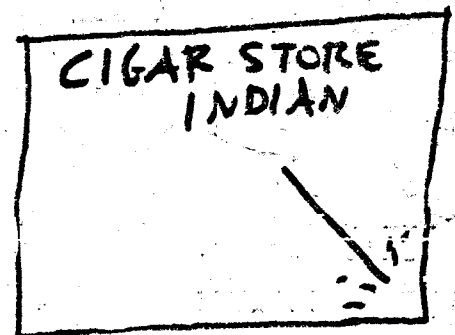
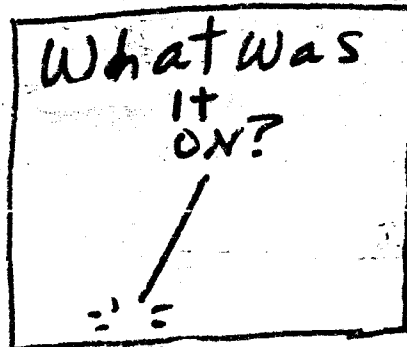
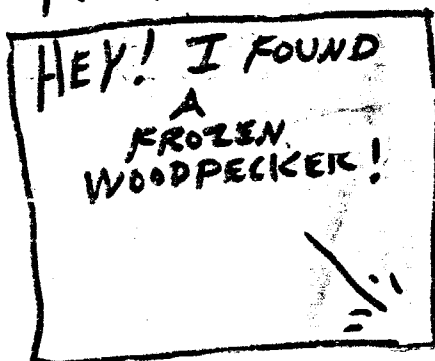
Bill
Caution!

*This sexy paper
does things to
letteropeners.*

11-11-2

Wot runs through my mind of receipt of a reject slip is, "Ye Gads!- I've bombed out again." I've had rock pictures rejected, usually with a, "Sorry- but that's not for us." Much fan response is slow fused- look how long it took Fisher's zine (wot the heck wuz the name of it??) to become legend twice. Irks make quirks. Now that I'm becoming more fanactive due to a higher vitamin intake, I think I'll send a copy of The Earth Gazette to Pauline- that's the little zine that is wild & whacky & humourous & far out & is the only newspaper that has the news 2000 years before it happens. Have 'nt decided whether to include a new kind of komic strip I invented in the next ish -- would you beleive a strip that does not have to be drawn? That gets around the technical difficulty that I have about .05% freehand art ability. Sample: (which as baout as close as it gets X-rated)

KOLD KOMICS



The plot is simple- two nutty nature lovers out in a blizzard- and since nothing can be seen in a blizzard, nothing has to be drawn.

Oh- incidentally, I solved the CO2 splitting problem for ~~xxxx~~ people who need to get by on it or without breathing in a Yarn in ECCO (Randy Williams zine- now extinct) (the zine- not Williams) where the hero was a genetic freak who had an enzyme in his colon that split the molecule. That could raise another space suit (and social) problem- the by-product was common soot.

And that shoots it for tonight- sitting here yawning at the typer thinking I should finish some mss - like one about how the world mysteriously became perfectly safe. 100% safe- of course that would be a horror story.

He groped for the winding key- odd that he ~~xxx~~ always felt a panic at the key being lost- but always was where he laid it on the chair arm by the clock. The weight was almost all the way down to the bottom. The pendulum steadily measured time. He stopped- ~~xxxxxxx~~ Stricken. There was a note taped with a little dab of tape on the glass over the clock face. He turned on the light and fumbled for his glasses and suddenly realized he was seeing perfectly well and the winding key did not tremble in his hand. The note read, "It would be very redundant for you to fail to wind the clock in the future." He gazed at his hand as he quickly and carefully wound up the clock so it would run eight days. It was a nice fine young 17 year old hand. He ran down the street waving and shouting and waving, "Hey People, Hi- People- and some looked at him with a trifle of curiosity, and he slowed to fast walk suddenly remembering that running is considered dangerously hazardous in this world. 11-15-2

Inventors leave no stone unturned as witness the rock picture phenomena. so my mind went KLICK! upon reading about paper shredders and instantly invented pre shredded paper. And self anagramming printing. Brownian motion in the special plastic ink causes the secret/incriminating/ embarrassing memos to change into harmless literature like the US. Army Field Manual, or excerpts from the December 1940 American magazine after a set time. Or the anagramming paper/ink would simply anagramme, which would drive code experts daffy.

Other thought on the^y subject has led to the invention of the FARTAPHONE (patents pending). The only musical instrument that requires bean eating. Basically, (although deluxe and custom models would vary) it is a stool with a hollow soft rubber grommet set in the middle over a $\frac{1}{2}$ " hole in the stool top which connects with the resonating and amplifying horn. The effective length of the horn is changed on the same principle of the common ^{tr}obone which is operated by a foot pedal and lever system which has a linkage made of a screen door spring if reverberation is desired.

Projecting the ps^yche into an insect? Don Marquis did pretty well projecting his imagination to insect level namely a famous cockroach. There surely must be interesting things go on there- ants wondering when in the hell they finally are going to get to take over the world- it's been a hellova long time now and still those giant life-forms are lumbering around doing strange disturbing things like running power mowers over the ant nest. 11-21-2

When pickling wild pickles (they grow wild around here-people think they are weeds) it is necessary to place at least five flat irons on the cover of the pickle barrel to keep it down. When sounds of ~~xxx~~ wild pickles cease to be heard ricocshaying around in the ~~xxxxx~~ barrel, the pickles are pickled.

Sf is the most inventive literary form.

Once up a time a long time ago as a mere tad, I read THROUGH ARKANSAS ON A SLOW MULE. Perhaps it was not an authorized edition- some of it still would be hot X-rated stuff. In one chapter a traveling man had been seriously disbelieved when he told them of seeing an ice machine in a large city that made ice two feet thick. Said those people, "The good Lord himself can't freeze ice over 6 inches thick in the winter, so there is no use of anybody else trying."

Also ages ago, I tried telling people (before 1940) that television would become very popular since it would be an extremely effective advertising medium. "Nope.", they said, there's books and magazines and home movies and movies and radio and phonograph, and most folks can't afford even all that at once." A small minority was of the opinion that it would be too expensive except as a novelty. I tried to explain television to an old timer who lived on our block in 1938. That was impossible. "Son, he said in the tones of a wise old philosopher, when you are growin up, you gotta learn to control your imagination. Movin pictures is in a theatre. Read one time how a radios is like a telephone that works without wires and the radio wave is invisible light. Naow, no matter haow long you sit and stare at a radio, all you are goin' to see is the dial light. Thar jest aint no way to get pictures on a radio." It is an unfortunate human psychological tendency to seriously form technical opinions and decisions without being sufficiently technically informed with the ability to use the information viably.

IT IS EXTRAORDINARILLY DIFFICULT TO GET EVEN THE BEST OF BRAIN BOXES TO WORK PROPERLY

- including mine. I don't make any claim to fame for a high IQ- logically, it's just that I am an unorthodox model. Flunked the Mensa entrance exam one time. So test taking ability is 'nt one of my bragging points. Egotism at best is a subject of humour. There's more important and intersting things to use the brain's prime time for. It wastes most of it. Sleeping, it slips the clutch and dreams. Wake, it is endlessly distracted and must use a specialized concentration to get works accomplished. It is busy sorting out and judging all of the daily input and keeping up with an ever growing job of filing and coreliating information- including that it generates itself. It must keep viable analysis of input or its performance goes shot. The eyeballs and earbones are too close to an idiot box and a politician says "Higher taxes are good for you."

If that is just filed away in the memeory bank without special notations, that is automatic trouble for the brain later. Like when the brain is noting at tax time that since taxes keep getting higher, the kid better get drafted to get a GI to go to college on, and the Pontiac won't get traded in this year, and if the grass is 'nt watered this year the mower might make it, and it sure looks like the 30 year mortgage is 'nt going to get paid off any quicker than that, and can the frau learn how to darn socks for economy? At the same time that big fat lie that was recorded from the boob tube is re- playing from it's slot in the memeory file. It introduces a serious conflict. The brain has to consider the impossible as possible./

11-21-2

Ages ago I used to run movie projectors, which is a boring occupation. Oddly enough after seeing the same film over a dozen times, a lot more is seen, mornings when the leading star showed up with a hangover- small anachronisms. Noted that the scenery in westerns seemed to have structure- sometimes the appearance of odd gigantic ruins of cities, and statuary. Noticed that artists include that all in paintings- essential for realism evidently. Never had heard of any study of the phenomena- and at that time didn't give it any more thought. I have arrived at rather simple axiom of late, the object exists before the image. Image is form transferred to another medium, or another part of the same medium. Does the fact that the function of mechanism exists

throughout space- even in the total absence of tangible mechanism- mean that everything and but everything does exist everywhere in space all at once, and tangibility is a process of having specific selections from that???????????? Space ~~xxxx~~ itself is a single object with well defined characteristics. The old aether theories were on the right track, in that respect, but space is far removed from being an impalpable form of an ~~xxxx~~ analogue of volcanized apple jelly. It is even stranger. It is totally immovable. Magnetic fields cannot be rotated around their axis in it. The speed of light in a perfect vacuum is Mach one for it. All tangibles are made from space. Modern orthodox science certainly still does believe in magic in that respect, and never tire of looking for even more particles and things like gravity waves and gets stumped easily on simple things like a photon is totally indistinguishable from a common garden variety electron- if the source of the electron is not identified.

The works of us crackpots seldom can be judged by the tenants of orthodoxy. Were liable to do things like run 1/1,000,000 hp space stress free energy engines and casually use complete optical ~~xxxxxx~~ systems- the common lens systems are incomplete, you know,, and build engines that operate from the latent heat of the atmosphere and fly steam powered airplanes , and use negative resistance radio antennas, invent single phase polyphase electric motors, and electric motors that have no connection with reality except hanging on the end of a shaft they turn, and self acting electronic linear actuators, ;;;; if it's impossible- chances are we're doing it. Things like deciphering rocks. Some decipher easily.

11-22-1

Supposing the sun were invisible. Did not even have a radar echo. Say the world remained evenly illuminated all over all the time (or no body had eye balls but had scanning ultra high f requency sound systems that would give xx good enough definition to tell a dog from a pussycat from a sub-machine gun. At dawn the sun would come up and the birds would awaken and sing. Later in the day they would quit singing and roost and sleep. Now that all could be ascribed to their pooping out and needing rest. It would be noted that during regular - well defined parts of a day everything that didn't have anything between it and space would rise in temperature and then later cool off. That would stump orthodox science no-end. They would study it, especially after the first crackpot inventor found out certain shapes of objects concentrated this strange force that warmed things. Another crackpot finds out that when certain metal surfaces- or a large number of other substances - is exposed outside where the warming effect is, electrons are liberated. That could be discounted by orthodoxy by saying that an object between the mysterious heating force and the electron emitting surface repels the electrons since it also has electrons, and so that all certainly is'nt any startling revelation. Then mysterious objects in the atmosphere that are too large to be birds and definitely are not scheduled dirigibles are observed, they cool where their shadow passes. People with sensitive bald heads notice that phenomena first. Of course, a great deal more puzzling, unbelievable, or anomalous phenomena could be found- some of it like morningglories opening early in the day- that is when the dew is heavy and the ants cannot easily get at the nectar- which is'nt meant for ants could be dicounted by claiming that those flowers would open at high dew concentrations anyway and elabotaing on that would definitely be crackpottish. But, the sun is very visible for us, ^{and} so it has created only a few mysteries- like where did it come from. And worrysome speculation- how long before it blows up- is it the kind that does- is it safe to zap atomic waste material towards it?

11-27-1

Don't you ever wonder just how you got to be you? Oh, I don't mean all that birds-and-bees bullpuckey. I mean how you got to be a Bill or a Donn or a Mary Beth or whatever. Sometimes the story behind the name is dull and dry on the surface, but really gets interesting after some digging.

Take me for example. If it wasn't for World War II, I would have been a Roger. S'true, so help me. Seems as though my father had it settled that his first boy-child would be named Roger. Apparently nothing my mother could say would dissuade him from this heinous decision. Thank the gods some silly people decided to start fighting Over There. Before I was out of the oven, my father was called to do his duty -- curing cases of heartburn and pizza-poisoning in occupied Italy. My mother promptly displayed her cunning and guile (the very traits that caused the union in the first place) and christened me Reed Stone Andrus Jr. while the old man was out of the way and couldn't do doodley-squat about it.

Naturally this caused an identity crisis that took years to clear up. Not only was I expected to live up to my namesake, he already had my place in the phone book. I was faced with a definite choice: either accept the name as given, or opt for a nickname. One of my aunts called me "Butch" for more years than I care to recount. Now, the name Butch conjures up all sorts of evil mind pictures. The bully of the neighborhood, squat, with a pug nose, and always carrying around some devilish instrument of torture such as a squirtgun filled with momma's perfume, or a strong rubber band for firing paper clips at unwary passers-by. I think my aunt was trying to tell me something.

But I was a "Reed", not a "Butch". A "Reed" is an introvert, a small, frail, bookish kid with spectacles who can recite at will from Plutarch at age five. Besides that, a "Reed" can be subjected to many varieties of verbal abuse because his name can be used in many, many rhymes. When I was small my local "friends" had a chant: (shudder) "Reed, Reed, peed on a weed; the poor weed, because Reed peed." Never mind that I was not overly small or frail, and have never relied on glasses for visual aid; never mind all that -- I was a

"Reed" and subject to the harassment that follows that name. I never did like "Butch" but on second thought, Roger was not all that bad.

Once in a while, I played word games with my name, trying to make some identity that didn't follow the established adolescent patterns. My initials are RSA. Phonetically, that sounds like "Ursa" or "the Bear". That satisfied me for a few months, until my teachers rebelled against my growling in class. And I couldn't get over the fact that there's an Ursa Major and an Ursa Minor. Once again I had to play second fiddle to the old man.

The identity crisis lasted well into the second decade of my life, but then I found myself taller than my father. From that point, I chuckled secretly whenever someone tried to fix our stations by resorting to "Little Reed" and "Big Reed". By the time I found fandom, the crisis had dissolved. There was only one Reed Andrus in fandom; I had reached an area where my father's name did not reach, though I still have some trouble in Mundania.

I think back over the problems I inherited with my name, and wonder how a name affects the individual and his motivations and his eventual placement in society. Would I have ever discovered fandom if I had been a Roger? Would I have started reading at age four if I hadn't been driven indoors by the taunts of my peers? Would my switch to the worlds of Fantasy and SF been stunted if I had been given the name of some rampaging football player or even (shudder) Butch?

I bask in the glory that now I am bigger and stronger than most of my peers and can flick them off my mind as easily as I could an annoying insect. But the die was cast long ago. Because my name was Reed instead of Roger?

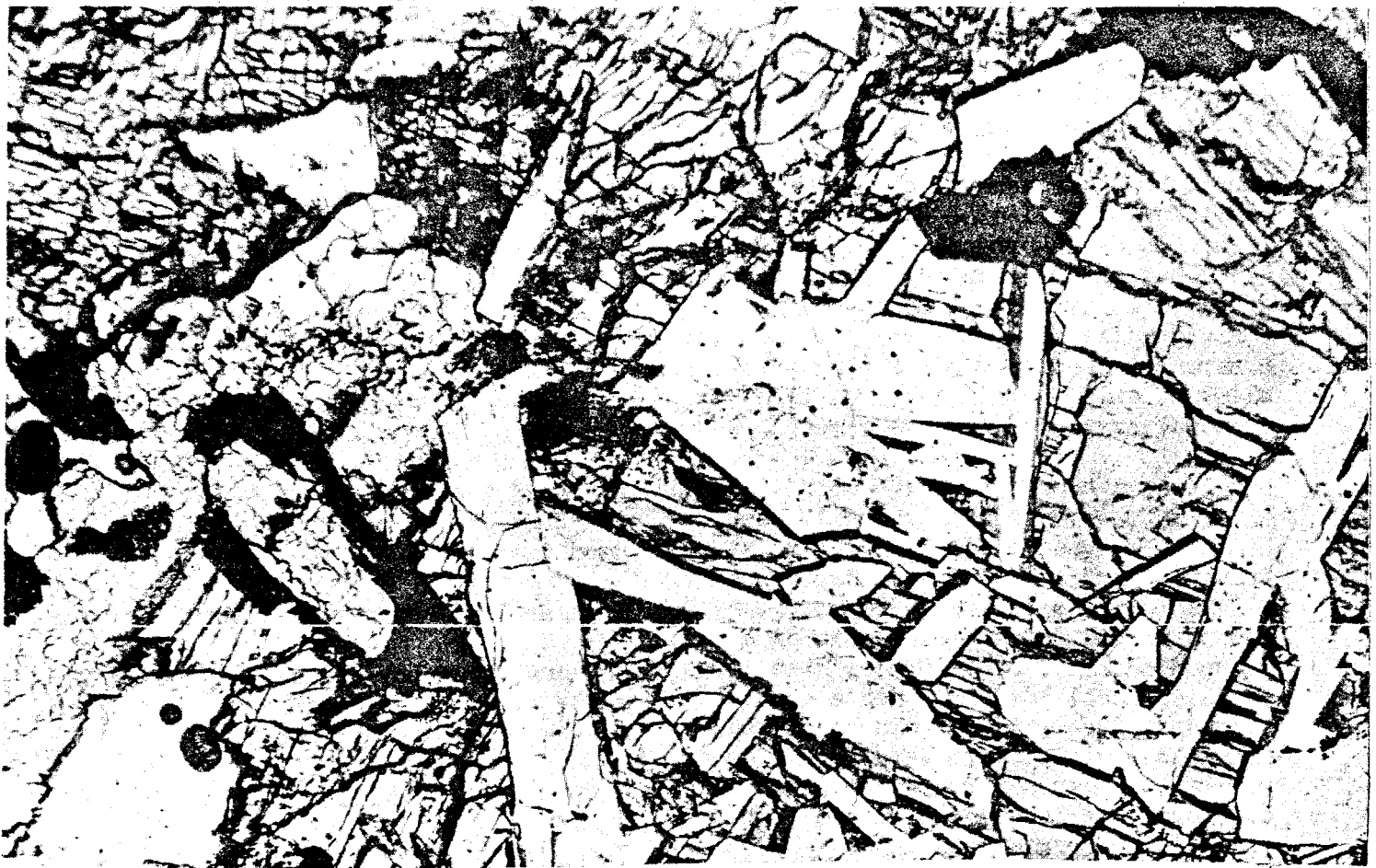
I guess I'll never really know for sure.

But our first boy-child will not be a Reed. I'm not going to give up my place in the telephone directory.

-ENDIT-



Two slices from SCIENCE covers. Above "fibrillar nylon" from 1965 (Dec. 31) and below a lunar rock slice from Apollo 11 mission on the cover Sept. 19, 1969. There's no denying scientists' interest in patterns. In the one below I have found a portrait of an astronaut, full-figure, stepping up on a platform or rock; a child's head in ear-covering bonnet; a sinister black-hooded head.



ACCIDENTAL ART AND DESIGN

Since I am not an artist, my viewpoint must be from another angle; also, I will not be using the proper jargon. But it seems to me there is a wide difference between random and accidental patterns, and that the more closely the accidental pattern approaches the purposeful or ordered, the more it becomes art. And, conversely, the more the pattern approaches randomness, the less it becomes art.

This is how I interpret a random design: one that is completely divorced from cause and effect, which perhaps is only possible in theory, or in some mathematical wheel of fortune. As near a random design as I can imagine at the moment is the wet spot pattern on a piece of paper held for a moment in the rain.

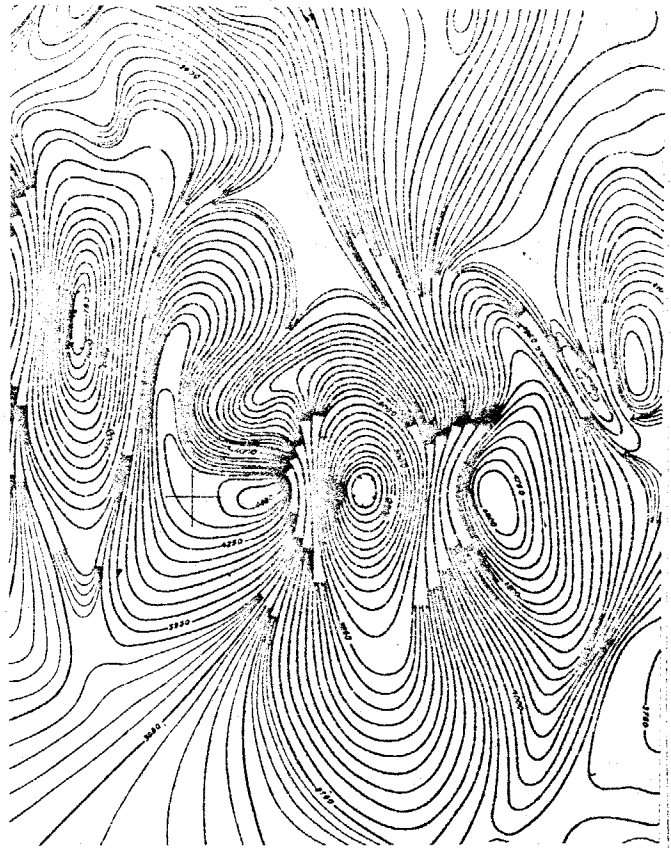
And yet the scientist could juggle figures of gravity, mass, wind currents, etc. and predict (though I wouldn't care to try it) the formation, growth, and trajectory of each raindrop.

(I am exempting Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle because it deals with matter on the molecular and lower level, and would take some real ingenuity to make this the basis of an art form.)

Thus, when I look at the raindrop pattern I see no artful arrangement, no contrast balance; in short, no art. A sudden gust of wind may concentrate the rain drops in three areas with a nice space relationship. But there's a cause - the gust of wind - and the pattern has taken form, no matter how rudimentary.

When a man, by using some of the simple forces (causes) of nature, creates an accidental design, its resemblance to organic forms such as flowers, agates, driftwood, etc. is startling - and often beautiful.

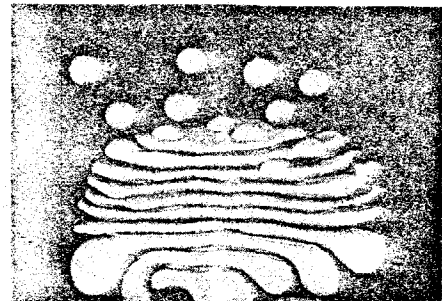
And he has only to select those "accidents" that please him.



PROBLEM: how to locate possible ore deposits in the impassable jungles of Liberia.

SOLUTION: if the ore searched for is iron (magnetite) make an aerial survey of the varying magnetic field.

RESULT: an "accidental art" design shown above. Does it have any appeal? If so, why?



The photo above shows the GOLGI APPARATUS, quite a mystery years ago. Recent radioactive tracer studies show its function may be to hook on side chains of carbohydrates to proteins made elsewhere in the living cell.

But this is beside the point. It is shown as a design highly similar to a stack of hot cakes sizzling with butter!



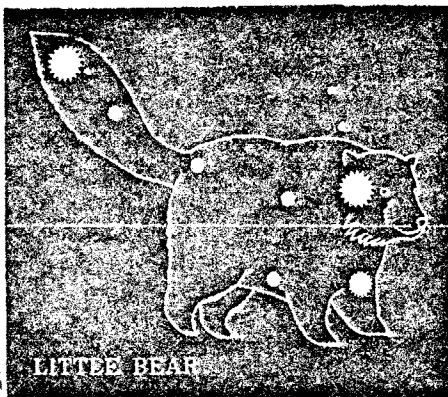
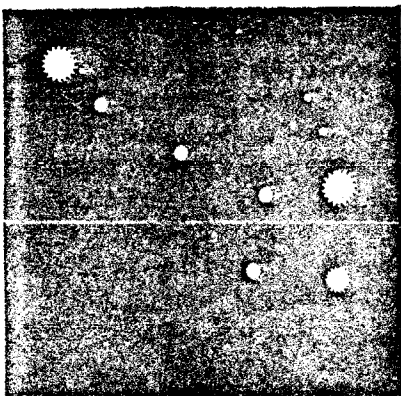
(Left) Encapsulated dog heads? No, a portion of a cross-section of three filaments and a polyester sheath grouping to form a textile thread. (1)

(Above) A swooping tree? No, an aerial photo of a creek system in a shallow portion of the sea. (2)

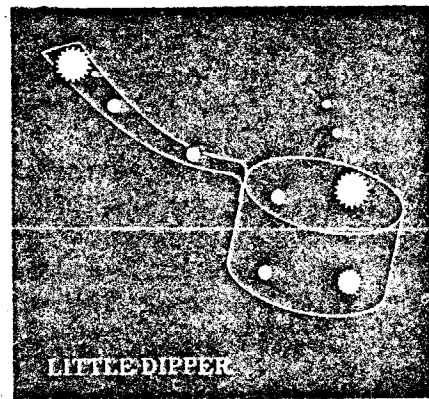
Notes:

- (1) CIBA-GEIGY REVIEW 1974/1
- (2) FORMS AND PATTERNS IN NATURE by Wolf Strache
- (3) "How We Find Patterns" by Vincent E. Giuliano in INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY, Feb. 1967 (an excellent article)

(Below) Each to his own pattern! The human mind can't help itself to organize a mass or maze of data into a meaningful pattern. There may or not be an ACTUAL pattern at hand, thus we have pattern recognition (real) and pattern discovery (mental). And the meaning of the pattern may be completely extrinsic to any property of the data. Pattern discovery is deeply personal. (3)



LITTLE BEAR



LITTLE DIPPER

In this, and many other cases, it takes a human mind to generate a pattern from a chaos of data.



One week-end your editor played with an art technique new to him, but old hat to most school children. This is how it goes ...

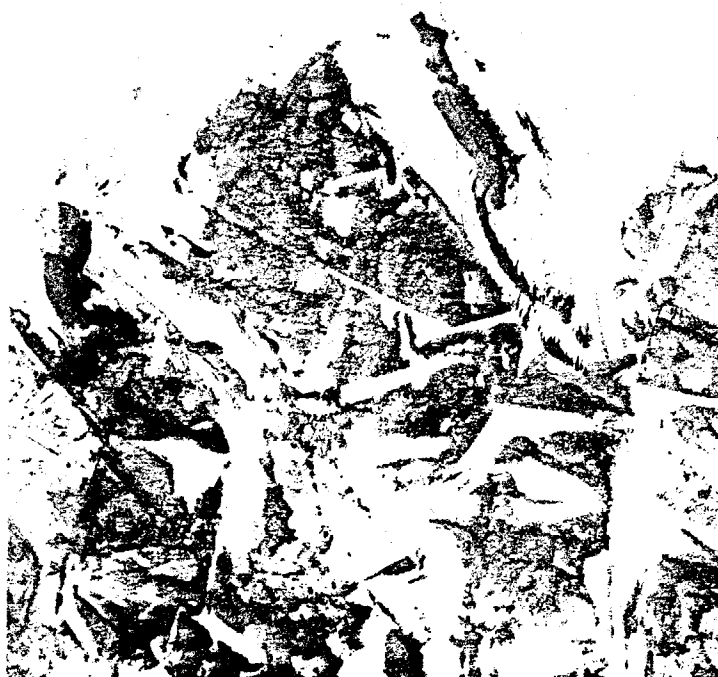
Put a drop of water color paint on a sheet of paper. Then, using a soda straw, blow on the drop. Wondrous things happen!

At first glance this seems to be an accidental pattern of black and white - and nothing more. Formless and random. And yet, if you have patience to look at it long enough, you will see the head and shoulders of Jesus Christ emerge from the "random" pattern!

There is a religious legend that goes with this photograph of a snow-covered mountain side, taken by a skeptical Chinese man who wanted a sign from God. Some inner voice prompted him to take the picture. The melting snow and bare patches of earth, when reduced to the scale of a photograph, gave him his "sign".

Do you see it?

Once you do, you can never look at this picture again without seeing it immediately. This is a matter for psychologists to explain, but your editor feels that conscious or sub-conscious recognition of FORM in an apparently random design creates interest and emotion. And not always with the same result in every viewer.



THREE PICTURES PRODUCED BY A RANDOM METHOD consisting of crumpling up a sheet of paper into a wad, dipping onto an inked pad, and then pressing onto a blank sheet of paper.

LEFT: A bridled horse appears at the center top. The horsehead shows a white forehead and beautiful eyelashes. However, the one ear is badly misplaced. There are two vague animals together at the left edge.



Much to my astonishment, the picture to the right, as a WHOLE, seemed to be that of a dog's face.

I must emphasize that all this was done randomly and without conscious effort to make a picture.

Also, I must make it clear that such pictures do not disprove Richard S. Shaver's interpretations of rock pictures, for similar effects may result from different causes.



At center left I see two men seated at a table, and at the right edge a kneeling figure, perhaps their Japanese hostess.

Note the varied character of the three prints resulting from different kinds of paper used to make the wad combined with the tightness of the crumpling. I suggest you try some of these to see what pictures you can make. BUT DON'T 'DOCTOR' ANY OF THEM!

FROM THE SAFETY (?) OF THIS COL

An Irregular & More or Less Off-the-Cuff View of U.K. Fandom

by Dave Rowe

Two Years Before the Mass: The big debate in UK Fandom at the moment, if anything in UK Fandom is big, centres around our Eastercon (the major of Britain's two annual cons) and whether two year bids should be allowed. Worldcons with 4500 attending may need two years but does a con one-tenth that size? The trouble started back in '72 when 'Bram' Stokes (joint owner of 'Dark They Were & Golden Eyed' bookshop) put in a bid for Supercon in '74. The idea was to combine the SF, comic & horror cons into one. The bid was passed, but by Ompacon '73 the fen had second faults (& nightmares) realizing that this meant a mass invasion of 'non-faans', so support swang almost entirely to the new bid for Newcastle in '74 (Tynecon).

Then there was a loud, long silence, as nobody appeared to be forming a bid for '75 until Tynecon itself, when four suddenly sprouted up overnight. One folded, two were voted on, and one asked for '76, suddenly putting the Tynecon-comm in the position of deciding whether to accept an unchallenged two-year bid. Treasurer Ian Williams, one of our most conscientious fen, was presiding, and stood firmly against two-year bidding through a fiery debate, finally quenched by good olde Dave Kyle when he suggested a provisional show of support.

Added to this, Andrew Stephenson, of the confirmed Seacon in '75, reported one year was not enough time to find a suitable hotel (most having been booked). So at Novacon (our other annual con) a panel headed by Andrew discussed whether two-year bids should be allowed. Many points were left understated, unasked, and 'in-the-air'. But Gray Boak did point out that all bids in recent years (except Tynecon) have started looking for a hotel after being confirmed. There is a danger that over two years the active organizing group could crumble thru fafia or gafia. Also bids that far in advance tend to go unchallenged, and just about anybody could get voted in (e.g. Supercon). With luck, all will be settled at Seacon, and if the majority of fen are in favour, bidding will be accepted for '77.

Dark Nova: Starting last year, Novacon presented to the best British fanzine "The Nova", predictably, "Speculation". This year, a very mediocre year for fnzs, the panel had difficulty deciding, so much so that its members swelled from 5 to 8. The result was two awards: "Big Scab 2" & "Zimri 6". Zimri has production but little of written value, whereas Big Scab is enjoyable, well-written, but unprovocative and a little self-centred. A choice should have been made. In better years neither would have stood a chance. When it came to the presentation, the spiel (written by Andrew Stephenson with the consent of the panel to justify their 'decision') had to be heard to be disbelieved. Thus, instead of adding to its prestige, the Nova has only been cheapened.

Coming Your Way Soon: Maya 6. If this had been released a few weeks earlier it would have been eligible for Nova, and WON! But owing to Editor Ian Maule's chairmanship of Tynecon, it was two years late in arriving, and one article, at least, became dated. However, it has litho-card covers, simple but spacious layout, slip-sheeting, clear repro, good art and articles and all the other items most British fnzs tend to shun. It is also almost entirely faanish. Ian has now resigned as editor, leaving Maya to Rob Jackson, who'll be printing the whole thing in A5 offset-litho. He'll be printing "anything I like, be it science-fictional or faanish." I know Rob and anything he likes isn't just anything. Maya, one of our best, will be available for the usual or \$1 (or 4/3) from Rob, 21 Lyndhurst Rd, Benton, Newcastle on Tyne, NE12 9NT, U.K.

If you can remember back to TITLE 32, you might remember I said TTCCH (Till The Cows Come Home) "still displays the cradle-marks of its neo-hood like facial scars." It's loosing them. Fast! The latest ish (3) is entirely foolscap litho with an unillustrated layout (still in need of slight improvement). The eds print almost anything and

lift articles from long locs, instead of asking the writer for a Ms. But it's the sheer vitality of the zine that I love. The loc col is long and rambling and hardly edited at all. In any other zine that would be disasterous, not in TTCCH. What the zine lacks in written level it makes up for in overall flavour. I'm really looking forward to number 4, altho I hope for better articles & cover art. TTCCH is available for the usual, from Elke & Alan Stewart, 6 Frankfurt am Main 1, Eschenheimer Anlage 2, Fed.Rep. of Germany.

A rarity is Pete Robert's faanish faanzine "Egg", back after 20 months (for the usual, Flat 4, 6 Westbourne Park Villas, London, W2, U.K.). Neat layout, and light articles. Pete rambles & Gray Boak imitates Harlan Ellison with a pile of in-jokes which might be lost on US fandom, and a few in UK fandom come to think of it. John Brosnan recalls a 'party' with Ratfandom and German fan Waldemar Kunning gives the 'establishments' side of the 'opposition' incident at the Heidelberg Worldcon in '70. The 16pp are above usual in written quality. It's nice to see another of our top zines back, and Pete's trying for a 6-week schedule. Luck!

In the Pipeline: When I say 'coming your way soon', I mean soon. Most will be in the post or have actually arrived, and if you're not on the mailing list all the copies might be gone (i.e. get in quick.) So it might be an idea if you knew in advance what was going to be pubbed over here so you can reserve your copy. Which accounts for fnzs reviewed before they're pubbed. Beat that, Mike Gorra & Eric Mayer!

Ian Maule is coming out with a faanish zine (circ.100). As I said, he did a marvelous job with Maya, so if you're an active faan it'll be worth getting. 13 Weardale Ave., Forest Hall, Newcastle on Tyne, NE12 0HX, U.K.

Prevert will be out soon from John Jerrold (31 Dukes Way, West Wickham, Kent, U.K.) who you might have met at Discon. John is an (as yet) unpublished author so contents vary from faanish to fan-fiction, but Bob Shaw & Kenneth Bulmer are already in the lineup, so enuff zed.

Muirgheal is returning. It's a multi-lingual fnz from Simon Joukes (Huize de oude Roos, Geleeg 7-8, B2860, Onze-Weve-

Vroow-Waver, Belgium). Simon studied languages at University and is in the printing trade so Muirgheal could become an excellent zine. But he's renovating an old farmhouse/barn into a home for at least seven, so it'll be a matter of finding time. The contents of the zine will include fan writings from Europe & the States, with notes on Belgium 'Anchor' fandom which is more devious than it sounds, and poor to fair handcut illoes plus a cover "describing the environment of (Simon's) house, village and the whole Flemish atmosphere."

When was the last time we all saw a hecto fnz (apart, of course, from dear Mae's)? Well lo & behold! Ramblin' Jake's Ruff-Cut, the all-time crudzine RETURNS! It is thinly disguised as Ruff-Cut-Blunt. (At this point I should like it to be known that any & all editorial association is strongly denied by the team that produced the renowned Blunt, even if that team is Jake's sister, brother-in-law & myself.) R.C.B.'s production will improve, as long as the ink holds out. The writing is a bit poor in the first ish, mainly looking back at by-gone cons. Be that as it may, there is original Atom, Canfield & Kinney in colour which will come as a surprise to all three of them. Ramblin' Jake is now incognito as John Grigg, 8000 Munchen 5, Papa Schmid Str., 1/V, Deutschland.

The trouble with getting drunk when fans are about is that you're likely to make rash promises. Bernie Peek did just that. His promise was to come out with a fnz, working title Burn, and is now beesier than a beehive full of beavers, writing, illustrating & editing it. He hasn't said exactly what it's going to be like, or about, but he does have several different means of repro at his disposal. So the printing should be good, if nothing else is. Never mind my cynicisms, you can contact Bernie at 6 Hawks Rd., Kingston-Upon-Thames, Surrey, KT 3EG, U.K.

Thought for the Month: And Ghu sayth unto ol' bones, "Britain is fine in '79, and don't you forget it, babyface." --

Dave Rowe
8 Park Dr.
Wickford, Essex SS12 9DH
U.K.

Nov.20, 1974

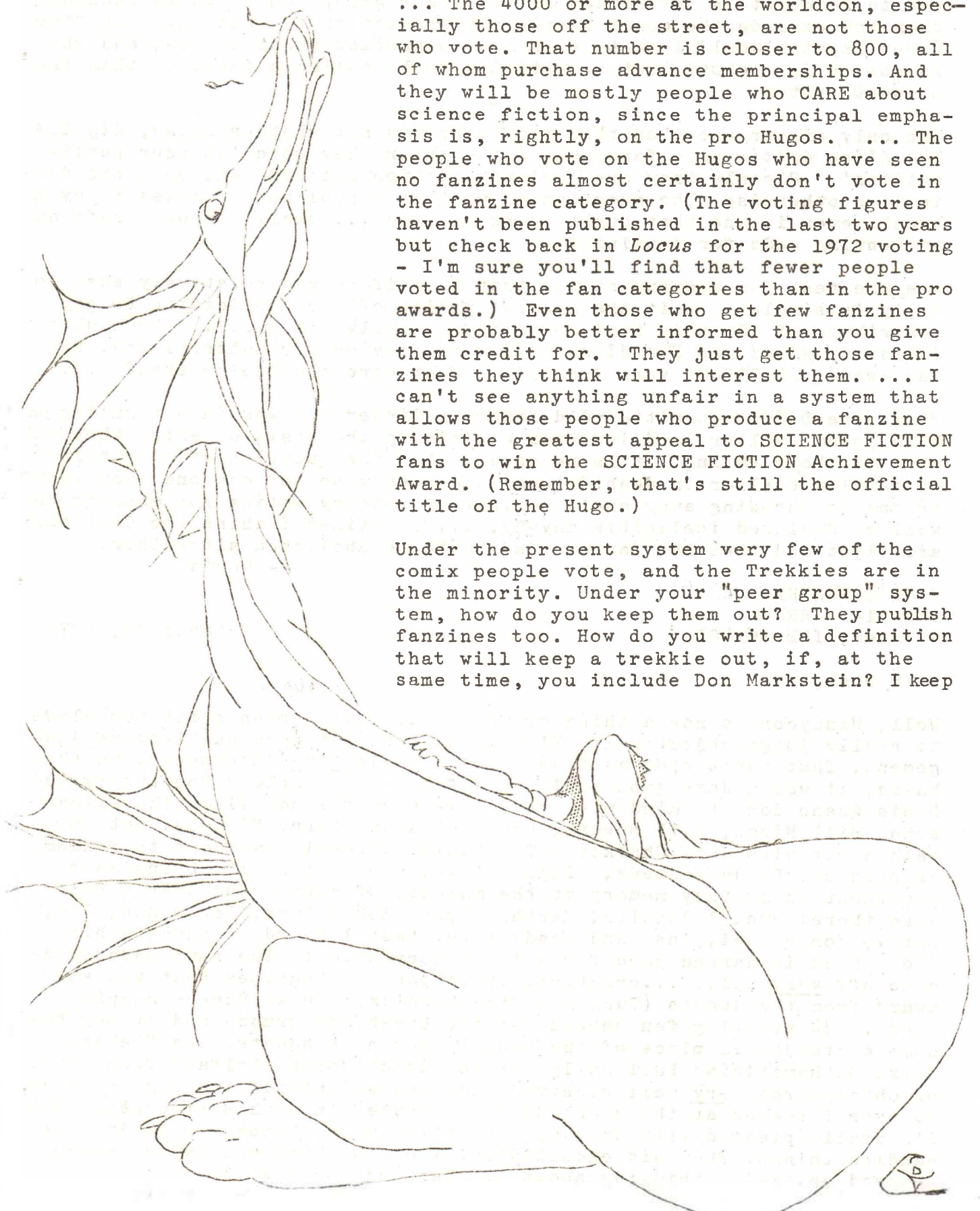
DENIS QUANE
Box CC, East Texas Sta.
Commerce, Texas 75428

October 25, 1974

Dear Donn,

... The 4000 or more at the worldcon, especially those off the street, are not those who vote. That number is closer to 800, all of whom purchase advance memberships. And they will be mostly people who CARE about science fiction, since the principal emphasis is, rightly, on the pro Hugos. ... The people who vote on the Hugos who have seen no fanzines almost certainly don't vote in the fanzine category. (The voting figures haven't been published in the last two years but check back in *Locus* for the 1972 voting - I'm sure you'll find that fewer people voted in the fan categories than in the pro awards.) Even those who get few fanzines are probably better informed than you give them credit for. They just get those fanzines they think will interest them. ... I can't see anything unfair in a system that allows those people who produce a fanzine with the greatest appeal to SCIENCE FICTION fans to win the SCIENCE FICTION Achievement Award. (Remember, that's still the official title of the Hugo.)

Under the present system very few of the comix people vote, and the Trekkies are in the minority. Under your "peer group" system, how do you keep them out? They publish fanzines too. How do you write a definition that will keep a trekkie out, if, at the same time, you include Don Markstein? I keep



getting fanzines in trade, from people who would claim the name of sf fan, but who, from their 'zines seem more interested in rock music or movies than science fiction. Please note, I am not questioning their right to publish such fanzines, nor even their right to call themselves science fiction fans, if that's what they want; I'm just challenging you to formulate a definition of the "peer group" which would include them and exclude the comix people. My prediction is that any such "Peer Group" system would lead to even more squabbles about who is, and who is not, a fan, about what is entitled to be called a fanzine, than the present system.

The only proper question this past year was not whether *Locus*, *Algol*, & *The Alien Critic* were fanzines, but whether they were 'amateur publications'. Clearly they are 'science fiction related' and meet the definition otherwise. The question of whether a publication makes money or breaks even is one that ought to be dropped ... shall someone draft an accounting code for fanzines?

The one test for amateur status that is uniform and relatively easy to apply is simple: is it the general policy of the publication to pay contributors? By this test *Locus* is obviously amateur. ... From what I hear... *Algol* and *The Alien Critic* are paying for material now. But the awards at DISCON were for 1973. What were they doing then? ...

Where the DISCON committee did fandom a disservice was in not ruling on this point earlier, and in never explaining the basis on which they had come to their ruling. It is necessary that the question of eligibility be settled earlier in doubtful cases - otherwise how can one know whether one is throwing away one's nominating vote by voting for someone who will be declared ineligible anyway. ... Sometimes I think the Coulsons are right and that the fan awards should be abolished altogether.

-- Denis

JACKIE FRANKE
Box 51-A RR2
Beecher, Ill. 60401

October 29, 1974

Dear Donn,

Well, Windycon is now a thing of the past. Having been a bit too close to really judge objectively, I'd be smart to not pass qualitative judgement. That won't stop me from forming subjective judgements. On that basis, it was a damn good con! Met a few "new" people - Don Lundry and Denis Quane come to mind most readily-- plus friends like Mike Glicksohn, Bill Hixon, Bill Bowers, Ron Bounds and Larry Nichols. Got to talk a bit with Jack Chalker & Ted Pauls. Several new faces to fandom cropped up, Linda Hosteny, Midge Reitan, and Pauline ??? being most prominent in my hazy memory at the moment. Of course the Near & Dear were there: Buck & Juanita, Martha, Lynn, Bob & Anne, Bob & Ann, Jim, Larry, Jon & Joni, Ann, and scads more. Last I heard attendance hit 318, which is darned good for a first convention! The rump masquerade came off very well. ...creative...brilliant... bagpipes that won an award from the judges (Tucker & Mike Resnick): "Best Hebrew Bagpipe Band". 84 starving fen showed for the Breakfast Brunch and it may become a standby in place of the usually boring banquets. The "Debate" twixt Mathematician Paul Sally and Physicist Norman Gelfand from Univ. of Chicago was very well received and even scientific ignoramuses such as myself roared at the goobledy-gook spouted in mock seriousness. Fun. I'm really pleased with the way the chaircouple, Lynne & Mark Aronson, handled things. They did excellently. I don't think one major hassle cropped up. We're thinking about October 3rd for next year.

-- Jackie

YES, YOU ARE FIRST, BRAD PARKS, CONN ARTIST FROM CONN. AND THE FANDOM FELT PEN KING, MOTORIZED. His LoC to T34 was a 11x 17 blue-faced self-portrait in Parkinson-lines asking the question: AM I THE FIRST? I am hanging the portrait in my garage.

Kevin Williams (who signs himself as 'Professor of Archeology') writes a paragraph and four P.S.'s-- several words of which make complete sense. Watch for a complete re-printing of the other words in the B.S. recap of the year in T36.

Don D'Amassa (fairly new to T) makes the mistake of complete sense. So let me quote: "A lovely Paul Walker article. We all do have mixed reactions to praise, my own being embarrassment and secret delight. On the other hand, I've also been very pleased by strong adverse reactions, assuming it to the point of what I wrote rather than its style. Paul remains one of my favorite fan writers..." Don also writes that Jodie Offutt's report of the Fanzine Freak meeting makes him think that maybe fanzine people need to have their own annual convention. He also says that the discouragement of creativity by schools is self-evident so that Eric Lindsay has no need to be surprised. Don emphasizes that Gorra's advice for faned's to ask for material should not be couched in terms such as this: "anything you happen to have around". Don says a faned ought to indicate fannish or sercon, and some idea of length--not as specific as "5600 words on religious symbolism in Chapt.

Three of LUCKY STARR AND THE OCEANS OF VENUS."

A fine long letter from George Fergus which he says "should not really be considered part of POST-34 since it's just that on the day I had time & inclination to write to you, another TITLE happened to arrive."

Here are some selected quotes from George's non-P-34 letter: "My strongest reaction to Paul Walker is that I don't like his putdown of readers. I wish he would have given some examples to tie down all those generalizations. It's hard for me to believe that all those nice fans I know would do the things he cites." Five paragraphs deal into behavioral differences (or lack of same) between fans and mundanes, a subject postponed until later. George says about the Hulse illo on p.9: "I still object to drawings of naked women being considered acceptable SF art. Even when drawn by women. Don't we get enough slave girls at the worldcon costume show? Another thing I don't understand is why John Norman's sexist Gor novels are so popular with femfans." And here's an idea from George: "There are so many fans' spouses we never get a peep out of. Maybe Paul Walker ought to interview them."

Bill Bliss writes: "...just off the top of #34, I sit here with mind blown that a few semi-freewheeling thinkers did pop up around scientific orthodoxy. I sent a lot of Contraptions around to various academics and only Buckminster Fuller, Bill Lear, and John Campbell responded."

Space remains only to name some other fast responses: Dave Szurek, Mike Bracken, and Claire Beck.

Dave Romm says: "T is A BLOOMIN' APA! It has a membership limit of 100 and copy-count is 1, minac is something every 3 months. You accept anything. There are no dues. There are mailing comments disguised as differing opinions. It's a very small apa, but an apa none the less. No OE elections either..."

FINAL ANALYSIS ** FINAL ANALYSIS ** FIN

From T27 (June) Ben Indick has taken a note about HPL & Sherlock Holmes and done a 2-pager for EOD (the HPL apa) in which Ben sees some merit in the idea that HPL may have borrowed some stylistic imagery from Doyle, especially the story which Holmes described as 'the Cornish horror'-- "The Adventure of the Devil's Foot."

I think my words were twisted when I wrote earlier about the UFO TV Special: I meant to say that the program practically destroyed any belief at all. Yet, Gene Wolfe sent me a Xerox of an article called THE ZETA RETICULI INCIDENT by Terence Dickinson (what magazine, Gene?) which combines astronomy, automatic writing, and two people who are taken into the UFO where a starmap is seen. The dextrous interlocking of the pieces is thought provoking to say the least. Perhaps this article was in VERTEX....?

John Carl did me a favor; he Xeroxed a Harry Warner piece from the June 1959 INNUENDO #9 pubbed by Terry Carr. The piece details the history of my first fanzine, FRONTIER, July 1940-Jan. 1942. Six pages of it! I hadn't seen it, & therefore was mighty glad to get it. Harry described me as one of the "most intently serious fans in history." Uh, I hope I've changed a little since those days, though I still feel an 'intensity' about my interests. Perhaps, should I ever have empty spaces to fill, I'll do a reprise on FRONTIER, using Warner's history as my guide to things I've long forgotten.

With T36 I'll have pubbed an issue a month for 3 years. Claire Beck has just written that in those 3 years, T's most interesting piece of business for him was the story of the suppression after printing of MURDER IN THE SYNAGOGUE by T.V.LoCicero.



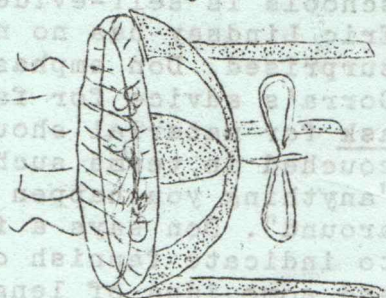
*Eric Lindsey
6 Hillcrest Ave
Faulkbridge NSW 2776
Australia*

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