



AITOI

No, I'm not Mike Gorra, either; nor am I Ed Cagle. I am your trusty editor, just a sittin' & a rockin' along, doin' nuthin' 'cept tryin' to be free....Freedom is be- ing in a strange city where the chances of meeting a non-stranger on the street is practically nil. ... So I have just come home from Washington D.C. where I met a long-distance runner, a jelly-maker, a Grand Old Fan, a game-master, and one un- used unclassifiable. In the order of their appearance in the foregoing sentence, we have Michael T. Shoemaker, Sheryl Birk- head, Harry Warner, Don Miller, and Bruce Townley. I could write 24 pages on the events of March 19-22, starting with Mike and Sheryl meeting me at the airport. Mike didn't know Sheryl would be there, and since they had never met, and Sheryl didn't know Mike was there either, they probably passed silently in the night. I knew Mike was going to be there; I did not know Sheryl was going to be on hand-- her airmail letter mailed to me March 8th did not arrive (and has not even yet arrived). ... In three nights and one afternoon with Mike, one night each with Sheryl, Don, Harry, and some brief moments with Bruce, I was wholly captivated! Let me hasten to add that I did spend part of each night alone... I saw collections, I heard music, I viewed the famous Harry Warn- er attic, I drank wine and beer, and Mike's parents treated me to a fabulous steak dinner-- and through it all Mike carted me around in his sleek '66 Valiant, whose still attached snowtires screeched around the confusing corridors of downtown Wash- ington. And that veritable doll of a Sheryl brought me seven (count 'em!) jars of homemade jelly. I never felt like suicide even once!



"AITOI, believe it or not, is a Cherokee word, and also is strongly reminiscent of a Japanese word. Ask RoyTac about the Nipponese definition, and I shall corner my goodbuddy Julian for the proper Cherokee meaning to AITOI. Skigi! (Really, in Cherokee.)"

-- Ed Cagle, 3/22/75

Doc Wertham sends a cartoon from PUNCH that shows one mayfly (male) saying to another mayfly (female): "What do you mean not tonight! We're only alive twelve hours." Is this, perhaps, a wry comment on the ephemeral plight of fanzines?

Need a new suit? A letter and color 8x10 from ILC Dover, Dover, Delaware offers me the chance to buy a functional demonstration suit as worn by the Apollo astronauts for a mere \$5,000. A static display model (with 2-pairs of pants!) is only \$2,000 less than the one whose parts work. Might make a nice Worldcon costume.

While I was charging around the Wash D.C. environs, the Pop Culture Assoc. had a con in St.Louis at which some SF panels were held, and judging from the professorial talent and the subjects I would guess it reached a new high in scholasticism. My one regret is that one Mike Glycer telephoned me Saturday when I was devouring steak at the Shoemaker home and listening to Randy Shoemaker (Mike's dad) and his rare big band 78's -- such as Fletcher Henderson, Bernie Moten, and early Ellington. Sorry I didn't get to talk to you, Mike; and see you. I always seem to fall into cycles of famine or feast.

Robert Smoot, an editor & writer of his school pub, TROJAN SPIRIT, has an interesting piece called "Once Upon a Yurt...". He explains a yurt as a Siberian tent & then the various answers from teachers & pupils to the question: "What would you do if you found a yurt in your backyard?" Some answers:

Miss Gurtler (the home ec teacher?) would cook it and eat it. (The daring Miss Gurtler!) Mr. Groves would ask it for a date if it were a female yurt. (Nothing queer about Mr. Groves!) Mr. Shoemaker would bottle it and put it in the refrigerator. (Is that the real Cagle?) Kaycee Durst would give it a bath. (There's always one of those around.) Chris Elliot would roll a joint out of it. (High on a windy yurt!)

Gene Wolfe sends me little things like the following clip: "A West German toilet tissue manufacturer has been printing a 26-lesson course of the English language on its product. To receive the entire course, a 26-roll case must be purchased. Each roll contributes one lesson to the course and is repeated 8 times within the roll. This assures a participant of adequate exposure to the lesson and allows for the possibility of other participants to 'enroll' in the course." ((What do you say to that, Ed Cagle?))

Dave Rowe made this comment at the end of his column (and which I didn't have room for there): "With all the criticisms I made in this col, I can't help feeling you'll get an impression of me as a crab-

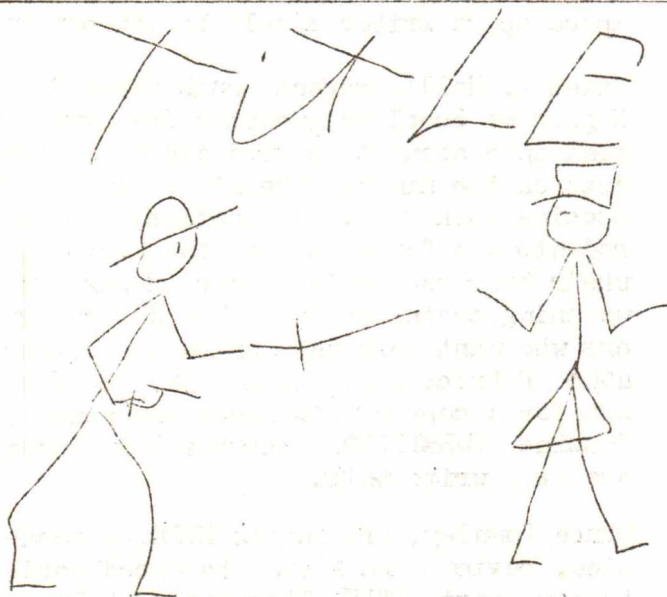
by sort of person. I'm not, HONEST! The only crabby thing about me is that I'm a Cancerian...."

Fredric Doc Wertham writes: "Somebody who read Jim Meadows' note about me in T-36 in which he says 'I wonder if he (me) looks a bit like Winnie-the-Pooh' sent me a beautiful edition of Winnie-the-Pooh. So thanks to Title and Jim Meadows!"

I have also been offered something for sale I've always wanted: the original shipping crate in which Lindbergh's Spirit of St. Louis was shipped back across the Atlantic. Weight 71 tons, length 26' and price F.O.B. \$10,000.

Several people commented on my fanac organizational system. Sheryl Birkhead-- "Sheesh!" Buck Coulson-- "I don't carry the notebook with me since the 'current circulation' book and the 'past readers' book are 8 1/2 by 11 and weigh 5 1/2 and 7 pounds, respectively. I'm rather fond of the fact that both are labeled ESP in big letters on the back (I got them out of a wastebasket at work, and the letters stand for 'Electronic Specifying and Purchasing')." Leah Zeldes-- "It doesn't seem right. After all, TITLE is loose and disorganized; to find all this organization behind it is a sort of disillusionment." Jeff Hecht-- "If we tried to keep as detailed track of the 15,000 readers of LASER FOCUS, we wouldn't have time to edit and write the magazine."

Gil Gaier asks: "Who is Ed Cagle?" ((Everyone asks that question!))



I received a 4x5 "fanzine" consisting of page after page of stick-figures, such as the drawing to the left, which was the cover. On the back was this note from Richard S. Shaver: "I was showing a pre-schooler how to draw stick men and this is what happened. The title is an accident. I was telling him he could put his title there -- interesting? Violence on TV leaves only one story to be told." The "zine" is filled with sword fighting and several fatalities. The trivial, but interesting fact to me, is the word "Title". Here's a pre-schooler arriving at the same product for the same reasons as a man getting close to 60 years old. Damn, the kid's a genius! Uh, or, uh.....

A certain fan writer, not knowing better maybe -- or taking a different view of that practice than I -- has been submitting his work simultaneously to various faneds, including the NFFF Mss Bureau. When I found out, I wrote the fan writer immediately. I'm not mentioning the name of the fan, for the practice will be discontinued, and there's no use damaging a reputation for no need. However, a word to any neo out there: it's just not cricket, and if this were done with the prozines there'd be more than a quick corrective action-- there'd be legal difficulties if, say, two magazines bought and printed your story or article.

Leah Zeldes needs help! Write to her at 21961 Parklawn, Oak Park MI 48237. This is what it's all about. She volunteered (and was accepted) to do a project for her school course in Folklore & Mythology on "The Folklore of Science Fiction Fans". She's desperate-- and hollers out in print..."HELP!"

Well, well, another screwy package has arrived at TITLE HQ.... From Jodie Get Offutt... a box about a foot long and 3 inches in the other two dimensions-- formerly holding nylon Aristocrat typewriter ribbons. I dug my way through the plastic peanuts-- having satisfied my appetite on these as previously reported in TITLE -- and soon reached the bottom of the box. I couldn't believe it-- there was nothing else in there! So I'm now eating the "peanuts". Who says SF fans aren't nuts!

Eric Lindsay sent me three issues of ENIGMA, pubbed by The Sydney University SF Association, Box 126, Old Union, NSW 2006 (\$1 fee). Printing of this in ditto is done by Bill Whight. What's so special? This zine has got to be the best ditto work ever performed on color art! It is magnificent! Brilliant red, purple, green, blue, yellow, black, and brown -- used on excellent drawings as well. The genzine is an interesting variety of good material, too. When I purchased my Ditto machine, this is the sort of color and clarity I had in mind to do; unfortunately I don't have Bill Whight around to show me how. Or does he have a million-dollar machine?

Ken Gammage Jr. sent me a review he did of "A Cosmic Laser Light Concert" that was featured at Balboa Park's Space The-

atre. The concert consisted of stereo music and weird light patterns focused on the dome from a one-watt krypton gas laser, making brilliantly intense colors. Ken found fault with conflicting images in his mind: those from the music itself and those created by the light patterns.

Speaking of music, Mike Shoemaker introduced me to Harry Partch. 'Twas a remarkable experience. Partch, developing lines on a 43 step scale, had to make his own instruments. These included such things as "tuned" light bulbs and scientific glassware. The music (from the 1930's??) bore a heavy resemblance to modern electronic stuff but seemed more real, more mellow, more musical.

Finally received a communication from FIRST FANDOM -- a financial report and a dues notice. Not only have I paid out money in previous years, but I've even sent an article to a mythical (?) zine. I never heard anything, from anybody. And so slowly I row off into the sunset.

Malcolm Graham sends news about the April meeting in San Antonio of the FASST (Federation of Americans Supporting Science and Technology), a group Malcolm slaves for. If you have a sercon interest in space, e-t life, & recent advances in astronomy, write Malcolm at 513 Lewis #144, San Antonio, TX 78212.

Speaking of space, recently received Exploration of the Solar System from NASA on whose mailing list I fortunately find myself. It's a slick paperback, 8x11 of 67 pages and sells for \$2.05 from U.S. Govt. Printing Office, Wash.D.C. No SF space opera writer should be without it.

James A. Hall's recent squib about the Haggis of Scotland prompted Sam Long to send info about that bird and also some data on the mince. The mince (in several species such as *M. alscotootius*) are small rodents who "often sit at the mouths of their burrows chewing their supper and watching trains go by." For nature lovers who want more info write Sam at Box 4946, Patrick AFB, Florida 32925; also ask for a copy of his funny and punny fanzine, QWERTYUIOP-- number 8 is about due as I write this.

Bruce Townley, writing in HYPE, a rock-zine, reviews fanzines & has good words to say about TITLE. Thanks a rock,Brute.

FROM THE NETHERMOST DEPTHS OF

CONFUSION

by Leah Zeldes

It seems that with most of the cons I go to, one of the most interesting things is the actual trip itself. ConFusion 13, the ~~illegitimate~~ offspring of A²Relax Icon, in Ann Arbor, Michigan, 20-22 January, was no exception. Because I couldn't find a ride with anyone who lived close by, I wound up taking the bus with Larry Downes and Cy Chauvin. There were a number of exceptional facets of the journey, but perhaps the most curious was the bus fetishist we met en route. With unabashed frankness, he told us all the intimate details of his love affair with the Ann Arbor bus system, lovingly describing every feature, curve, and dent of each of his four-wheeled flames.

We arrived at the Briarwood Hilton no worse (well, not much, anyway) for the wear and went on to do the usual things one does upon arriving at a con hotel.

One of the major problems of ConFusion was the hotel. The staff was snotty and indifferent towards the fans -- an attitude they did not have towards the regular hotel guests. They did not block the con people all in one area, and this resulted in complaints from the non-con guests-- to the point where the police were called on Friday night to evict the con from the hotel; the cops, fortunately, were much more amiable towards the fans than the hotel. On Saturday night the con party was moved from the con suite to a large meeting room, and then moved back again when it was discovered that liquor could not be served in that part of the hotel. The concon has already decided to find a different hotel for next year.

Another problem-- the con had been over-advertised. What with notices in several national publications, flyers distributed at several cons, notices in a number of fanzines, and a radio appearance by the con-chairman, Ro Nagey, and the presence of Lloyd Biggle, the con wound up with almost 350 people. They'd only been expecting 100-150. As a result, they ran out of things. Like booze. And name tags. Poor Randy Bathurst wound up hand-drawing about 50 of them.

But despite these difficulties, the con

persevered admirably. A plus factor of the overlarge attendance in the small-con atmosphere was that it was easy to meet people, and there were plenty of people to meet. Everyone was easy-going and friendly. (Some, perhaps, too friendly; ConFusion marked the premier of Fondlecon ... I'll let you guess.)

My own experiences were extremely pleasant for the most part. But some were a little bit, well, frightening. The Friday night party in the con suite, for instance. There I was, standing alone in a corner, minding my own business, and engaging in one of my favorite activities -- people-watching -- when suddenly there



was a shout from across the room. It was Randy Bathurst. 'Hey, Leah!' he yelled. 'Come over here, Mike Glicksohn wants to meet you.' It was too late to hide, so, trembling, and with knees like jelly, I obeyed the command, and was introduced to the Canadian Boy Wonder, who really is human, after all! I then spent the rest of the con bugging Randy and Ro, demanding to know which of them put him up to it. I still haven't figured it out.

The Saturday programming was highlighted by the fan GoH speech: 'Mike Glicksohn Explains the Universe.' Mike talked about how he became a pro author -- the origins of his story in FANTASTIC. I was sitting in the back with Cy Chauvin and we both exchanged glances and laughed when Mike mentioned a fanzine article on the long-dead New Wave issue, both of us thinking, 'Warren Johnson, ANTITHESES #1', and extremely proud of ourselves for understanding the esoteric reference. (Doubtless 'Dissenting' was inspired by some other fan's article in some other fanzine, but so it goes.)

The auctions followed. Rusty Hevelin was a fine auctioneer for the DUFFund, and Ro Nagey a not-so-fine one for the convention. I made my first large purchase ever at a con auction -- I bought Randy Bathurst for \$25 as ConFusion followed the tradition begun at Relax Icon of auctioning off a pair of artists. Last year Randy went for \$5 to some kid who wanted him to draw a frog. He's making me a chess set -- like the

one he sold at Discon for \$180. Phil Foglio was also auctioned; for \$23 he's doing a large painting like one he sold (to the same guy) only with 'a little more fantasy, a few more broads, and sign it on the back.'

After the banquet (which Sheryl Birkhead and I passed up for a peaceful Chinese dinner at a restaurant in Briarwood Mall) Fred Pohl gave his GoH speech, which I remember

as interesting and informative, though, for the life of me, I can't remember what it was about. Whatever he said, though, he said it well.

"The chess set mentioned in the report is finished; I received it just last night. ((3/10)) It's made from a sort of plastic clay, the pieces of one side are gold, the other, silver. The pawns are delightful little neos -- complete with propeller beanies! -- performing all sorts of antics; one is even standing on his head! The rooks are cans with arms and legs, labelled 'BHEER'. The knights also have arms and legs; they're fanzines! The ones on the gold side set are STARLING and CYPHER; the silver ones, HYPHEN and IMP (!). The bishops are LoCs -- stamped, addressed envelopes with arms and legs. The queens are bottles of corflu; the kings are mimeographs! The gold one's a Gestetner, the silver, an A.B.Dick. And each of these pieces has the most adorable face you'd want to see." -- Leah A. Zeldes

The Saturday night parties were good, from the lowliest of hall parties (it started with just a couple of us sitting in a hallway, and just seemed to grow; hall fandom lives!) to the filksing (though the small, crowded room it was held in was no place for a claustrophobe, or an ochlophobiatic either -- I didn't spend much time in there) to the con suite party (even if they did commit gross negligence in not providing any wine, just *ugh* light bheer and hard liquor).

Fans are supposed to be shy and introverted for the most part, or at least that's what every poll on the subject says. Well, there was little evidence of this on Sunday morning as the hotel lobby was taken over by Fondlecon I, which was exactly what it sounds like. Sheryl and I were invited to join, but we declined, and retired to an unobtrusive corner to discuss this anomaly. Fans are just plain crazy is the only way I can explain it.

But I guess they wouldn't be fans if they weren't.

All too soon it was time to leave. I felt the usual depression that I get at the end of a good con. And that's what this one was, despite the crowds, shortages, and the crummy hotel. I'm already looking forward to ConFusion 12 (sic).

FROM THE SAFETY (?) OF THIS COL

An Irregular & More or Less Off the Cuff View of UK Fandom

by Dave Rowe, 8 Park Dr., Wickford, Essex, SS12 9DH, UK 8 Feb.1975

I say, I say, ICA. . . . Those initials stand for the Institute of Contemporary Art. Luckily the "ICA SF '75 Exhibition" seems to have received only local publicity, for which I am very thankful as I'd hate the nation to think SF was stuck at this level. The 'level' is the exhibition itself, as the films & lectures, with such 'greats' as LeGuin, Disch, & Dick, look very interesting, whereas the gallery's layout is a) a corridor of kindergarten kid's paper-mache models, b) a wall, no longer than a living room wall, of paintings from the notorious S.F.MONTHLY (who had a finger in this ICA pie) and c) a panel of fanzines.

These are pinned up by drawing tacks, with the main commentary typed on two pieces of flimsy paper. There seemed to be an attempt to show a variety, but it failed, (and perhaps that's a reflection on the present UK scene). They are also incorrectly labelled. SPECULATION was said to be "now sadly dead" altho there's at least one more ish to come; but at least it was credited with the Nova Award which ZIMRI wasn't. I'm credited with Andrew Stephenson's cover for MACROCOSM 2 and TRUE RAT is referred to as "a very humorous (sic) fanzine of the sort known as a personalzine -- an extension of the editor's ego, a form of intellectual indecent exposure." Capital Radio covered it and noted the "idiocy" of fen putting 'h's' in their names (or so Jhim Linwood told me) and said today's top fan writer was Lisa Conesa, who is a worse speller than I am (and that's saying sumthink, ain't it, Donn!) and as she is of 'Polish extraction' her English is as lacking as mine.

At least, you are forewarned of this crud by just looking at the 'programme'; it's the ICA SF '75 INFO PAK, a paper pocket full of lecture lists and publisher's hand-outs. On it is the motif, specially drawn to make you puke into the pocket.... Amongst a blue& white heaven of Marvel Comic type planets, is a flying city; out of the city comes a road which does a sharp right-angled S-bend, then speeds towards the viewer forming the block granite lettering ICA SF '75. Above this is a half-naked running figure in odd coloured 'puss-in-boots', an outsized cardboard diaper, sunglasses (I presume), straw hair and a billowing cape which looks more like dehydrated daffodil petals. The running figure is about to trip off the logo. And the sooner this exhibition trips off into oblivion the better. I've seen better shows in the foyer of rural libraries.

And Now... COMING YOUR WAY SOON

ERG 49 (Dup:Qto:22pp) Terry Jeeves, 230 Bannerdale Rd., Sheffield,
S11 9FE, UK (4/\$1)

ERG is Britain's one regular fnz, but the majority of copies go to Apas. After a chatty editorial, Terry goes into instant trite with "What I think of Arthur C. Clarke". To be fair it isn't as bad as it could be, apart from Alan Burns inserting his standard paranoia piece, "for the long-haired set, Arthur C. Clarke is not the man, in that his writings don't contain drug-crazed fantasies." I only wish Alan would crawl back under the stone he came out from, but he's still using it for a head. Trite is continued by "Recent Reading", a sort of "without-a-doubt-this-collection-is-a-must-for-your-shelves" book review, consisting of plots

and lists of the anthologies' stories.

The second half of ERG is given over to a light friendly loc-col, plus Terry's continuing saga of How-To-Hand-Cut-Stencils, and with prices going up the way they are, we're likely to see a lot more hand-cut illoes, so these clear and precise articles are well worth getting.

If only he'd cut the corn and give us more of his humourous writings & Jeeves-eye-view of the world & fandom, then ERG would be a very much better fnz. Hey, Terry, will you do that? I mean if I tell 'em "ERG is not only the only regular UK fnz but also the second oldest, now in its 16th year", will you do that, Terry. Will you?

TRIODE 20 (Dup:Qto:38pp) Eric Bentcliffe, 17 Riverside Crescent,
Holmes Chapel, Cheshire, CW4 7NR, UK (3/\$2.50 or usual)

The last but one TRIODE appeared 15 years ago, and with thish's buff-colored pages, entirely hand-cut illoes, and lack of 'bad language', you'd be forgiven for thinking it's been delayed in the post for 1 1/2 decades. Not so; TRIODE is alive & well & delayed by only 3 months owing to the near non-arrival of buff paper, which puts pay to Eric's cheeky editorial apologizing for pubbing two ishs in one year. (That probably would have made it UK's second most regular fnz.) However, this seems to have resuscitated several olde fen who give Eric many hearty pats-on-the-back in the loc-col, where his comments appear irritatingly patronizing, which is something that wasn't intended, I'm sure. Michael Moorcock contributes a predictable S&S spoof, which is illustrated directly onto stencil by the past master Jim Cawthorn (now becoming amazingly present). TRIODE is a joy to receive for these hand-cuts alone. The writing is mainly medioca, but Eric is attracting new blood, so it'll be interesting to see how TRIODE 21 progresses--having actually taken that many years to come of age.

WARK 2 (litho: A5: 16pp) Rosemary Pardoe, 24 Othello Close, Hartford,
Huntingdon, PE18 7SV, UK. (Usual or 20p)

This is a well produced review-zine, but as it deals almost entirely with fantasy zines it's hardly likely to appeal to fandom in general. On top of that most of its reviewers are new to the scene and lack the depth needed for lengthy reviews. But they're readable and informative and No.2 has a near-superb cover by Steve Jones.

NEWS FROM BREE 13 (Dup:A4:16pp) Hartley Patterson, "finches", 7 Cambridge Rd., Beaconsfield, Bucks, HP9 1HW, UK. (The usual but not money.)

A 'single-staple-in-the-corner-zine', filled with snippets from Hartley's varying interests: fantasy, war-gaming, history, fnzs, SF comics, records, and Tolkien (in this case, an interview transcript) that - as long as your interests coincide - results in an interesting and unpretentious crossbreed between an info sheet and a personal-zine.

SF TIMES 1 (Dup:A4:2pp, Free)

FANZINE FANATIQUE (Dup:A4:6pp, Trade, donated fnzs or 6/30p) Keith Walker, 2 Daisy Bank, Quernmore Rd., Lancaster, Lancs., UK

Despite the five years Keith has been pubbing fnzs, and despite the experience gained from having his multiple thumbs in several pies, every fnz he comes out with looks and reads like a first-time crudzine. Badly cut, badly corflued and badly duplicated (smudges galore), they are also badly written with slogans like "WRITE TODAY! DON'T DELAY!",

springing out and curdling your stomach. SFT is a pseudo newszine which at one point quotes Jhim Linwood as seemingly agreeing with Keith's outlook, when in fact it's the only such part of a letter that otherwise spends its time slamming SFT's editor. The other zine, FF, is a review-zine, reading more like hastily typed Apa mailing comments. Come on, Keith; you can do better than this!

CYPHER 12 (litho:A5:50pp) James Goddard, Plovers Barrow, School Rd., Nomansland, Salisbury, Wilts., UK (60¢ or usual) USA agent: Cy Chauvin, 17829 Peters, Roseville, Mich. 48066.

CYPHER, at the moment, is our only puka-sercon, but we shouldn't be too ashamed. The layout is simple and neat with loooong articles (in an informative and open interview with Edmund Cooper) and nearly all are 'easy reading'. The only long winded piece is a short article by Andrew Darlington-- a quote taken entirely at random..."Yet of the Kings of Dorian Greece, who came later and lacked, or rather had a different concept of time, and hence of posterity, we know nothing." To be honest, I write like that at times, but I hope I usually smooth out those interjections before submitting the Ms. The book reviews won't set the readers aflame but are generally concise and quietly exceptional. And at the moment CYPHER is too.

GLIMPSE 1 (Litho:A4:14 single-side pages) Paul Hudson, 102 Valley Rd, Rickmansworth, Herts, UK (Usual).

A neo-sercon! The worst thing is that it obviously has some talent somewhere! The articles, worthless, are at least in good English. None of the articles say anything; the "investigation into the works of a SF author" is nothing more than potted plot precis & the fanfic is banal (of course). I hate doing up a first ish like this, because he's got enthusiasm; it's just that the zine is set out entirely without provisions.

THE COMING DARK AGE by Roberto Vacca.....

A REVIEW BY Jeff May 11/22/74
Box 68
Liberty, Mo. 64068

This book has attracted little attention in fandom; the reason may be that it has not been picked up by the SF Book Club and hasn't appeared in paperback. It's too bad, because it's worth talking over.

Roberto Vacca believes the world is coming to an end. What's more, he says he can prove it. The end will come, he says, not by the wrath of God or the hydrogen bomb, but by the collapse of the systems on which our technological, advanced culture depends for life.

Vacca offers the following proof:
(1) Modern culture depends on a complex of interlocking systems: power transmission, traffic, communication, shipment of goods and services.
(2) Our growing and overpopulated culture keeps these systems in use to capacity, and sometimes beyond; these systems are growing rapidly to keep up with demand.
(3) The systems are becoming so complex and so interdependent that man cannot keep track of them; they are growing out of control.
(4) At some point in the future a crisis in one system will cause a breakdown of other systems in a domino effect collapse.
(5) Included in this shut-down will be the vital systems for maintaining urban life, with widespread death and destruction, killing off a large section of the population.
(6) These deaths will make recovery impossible; the living standard will fall permanently and the Dark Age will have begun.

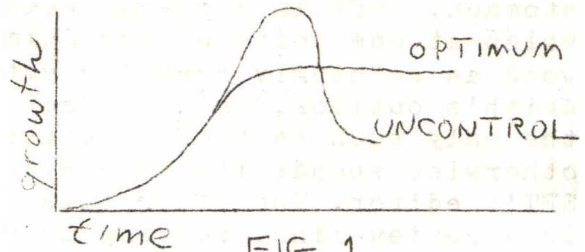
Vacca states that the temporary and sporadic failures of one or another system -- power failures, traffic jams, phone tie-ups -- are har-bringers of the final collapse.

THE COMING DARK AGE is more than a crackpot vision. It is a study on the limits and consequences of growth. It is not a strictly scientific study, lacking footnotes and

an index. Rather, it is Vacc's thoughts on the subject in essay form.

Ideally, Vacca says, a system will grow until an optimum level is reached, when it will slow down and level off. This leveling off is the knee of the curve. ((See Figure 1.)) However, Vacca continues in the chapter, "Reaching the

Knee of the Curve", if a system grows rapidly and out of control, it may continue to grow past the optimum level until limiting factors reassert control. At that point, the system will shrink, and if it is well beyond optimum size it will do so as rapidly as it grew. The effect will be to reduce the system below the optimum needed. Vacca expects this effect in systems necessary for life, and he predicts the result of a rapid shrinkage ("collapse") of life-support systems will be catastrophe.



Vacca cites some facts and examples to support his thesis. The great blackout of 1965 is one; this caused little direct harm because it happened in summer, Vacca noted, but had power gone off in January it might have been far different. In a fictional scenario, "Death of the City of New York", he describes the possible consequences. It is mid-winter, and a rush-hour traffic jam keeps air-traffic controllers from being relieved. One controller finally makes a mistake, and the crashing plane breaks power lines. The power grid attempts to compensate, overloads, and shuts down from Maine to Illinois. Caught in the jam, people run their cars to keep warm and run out of gas or simply abandon their cars. Millions are stranded, and as they seek shelter, chaos ensues. Violence breaks out, and exposure and disease stalks the urban areas. Before it is settled New York is a wasteland.

Perhaps it will not happen exactly that way, although Vacca does expect it in winter, and in a huge urban area first. He expects the crash to come about 1984 to 1995. He expects it to be precipitated by a crisis in one system which shuts down and drags others with it. He expects millions to be without power, gas, and food. He also expects violence over food and shelter. Within a few days he expects disease, fires, and riots. Finally he expects that people will die by hundreds, then thousands. Vacca predicts that the USA or Japan will be the start of the collapse, which will then spread through the other nations of the west. Finally, he says, the collapse will have affected the whole world and the Dark Age will have begun.

Not only does Roberto Vacca forecast the Dark Age, he attempts to forecast what it will be like. Malnutrition, starvation, and disease will be common. Manufacturing will hardly exist, though there will be some remnants from the past such as still-working generators and firearms. Barter will replace money. Communication would be limited to personal contact, travel to hiking or horseback. Nations would cease to exist and be replaced by local strongholds ruling on a basis of force. A quasi-feudalism would form the base for society. Democracy would be replaced by simple strong-man politics. Amid all this, though, he does offer one ray of hope. The Dark Age following the fall of Rome lasted 700 years. This one, he says, will only last about a hundred. He bases his figure on the fact that most of the knowledge for rebuilding already exists.

Vacca offers four suggestions for delaying and reducing the severity of the Dark Age to come: (1) Denounce incompetence and take a hard line with incompetents, (2) A dog-eat-dog attitude among scientists and professionals, rather than the mutual back-patting now indulged in,

(3) The idea of right judgement-- absolutes of right and wrong-- should be restored and taught our children, (4) Communities similar to monasteries should be set up to preserve knowledge as foci for rebuilding. All four are very nice, but I cannot help but wonder how much good they'll really do.

Indeed, I wonder if the future is as gloomy as Vacca thinks. For one thing, I keep asking myself whether a collapse really would spread and spread. Even in Vacca's hypothesis only about 1/4 of the U.S. is affected. Moreover, I don't think such collapse as he envisions could cross oceans and hemispheres as easily as he thinks. If Japan did go under, would it really bring our world to an end? He never even considers the possibility of a regional collapse, or of a depression without collapse.

Another thing about the book bothered me-- at times I was almost ready to conclude that it was a clever polemic for the People's Democratic Republic of China. Certainly Vacca kept coming back to that nation as one best-suited to ride out the collapse.

Vacca also got my hackles up when he discussed whether protesters could do anything to alleviate a threatening dark age. He seems to have copied his opinion of student protest from Al Capp ("S.W.I.N.E.: Students Wildly Indignant about Nearly Everything.") I frankly don't believe protesters and activists are all an anarchist rabble. Perhaps they will be unable to help, but that uncertainty is not grounds to hold them in contempt. If the world is as desperate as Roberto Vacca thinks he shouldn't despise any help.

I'm not going to point to TCDA and say "I believe it" or "hogwash!" Certainly it is possible to point to this or that as a sign of what he says. It is just as possible to say he is mistaken. Discussion, anyone?

(THE COMING DARK AGE, Roberto Vacca; Doubleday, 1973; 221pp. \$6.95)

MAYBE IT'S GOING TO RAIN

Neal Wilgus
S.S. Route, Box 175A
Corrales, N.M. 87048

Something
 is going to happen.
Something big,
 to the whole
human race,
 all at once.
Maybe it'll be
 the change
to a higher form
of evolution
 when we've passed
childhood's end.
 Maybe Armageddon.
Maybe the spontaneous
outbreak of peace
 (but I wouldn't
 count on it).
Perhaps it will
 just be
the next century
arriving on schedule
with exploration
of the space frontier
on the one hand
 and mass starvation
on the other.
 Maybe it
will just be
the end.

"There is something patently insane about all the typewriters sleeping with the beautiful plumbings in the beautiful office buildings -- and all the people sleeping in the slums."

"How DO we know that the people we meet are not computers programmed to simulate people?"

"HEAVEN? We want love and meaning now."

R. Buckminster Fuller quotes from I SEEM TO BE A VERB, 1970, Bantam Books, pb \$1.65. The content and the format (New Wave?) is highly recommended for mental stimulation.

SF

SCIENCE FICTION & FANDOM

PATCH

Bill Bliss: "LEGACY OF THE GODS by Robert Charrox is way far out - mostly concerned with something called 'Primohistory' - very likely much of the book is pure bazz fazz - but it is a good source for doing sf. How far out is it - from the fly leaf---'By primohistory I mean that period in the life of the human race which precedes protohistory and is parallel to prehistory but differs from it in that it presupposes the existence of advanced civilizations.' And that is where Shaver & I live, though I am more skeptical of phenomena than Shaver is."

Mike Glicksohn: "In the alien culture discussion, I'm amazed that no-one mentioned 'Death and Designation among the Asadi'. I only read it in England this past summer, but I'd have thought that TITLE readers - at least one or two - who'd have read this Hugo nominee. This is a stunning revelation: whatever happened to that good old love for good old scientifiction? Out of a summer filled with great experiences and culminating with the mind-boggling extravaganza of DISCON II, I'd still have to rate the day we visited Sheryl Birkhead's farm as one of the best times of the whole holiday. Having wandered over that oasis of peace and met her animals and shared a wonderful outdoor dinner with her marvellous mother and Sheryl herself, I'd have to put 'Being Sheryl's Friend' right up at the top of the list, if you had a section in TITLE of things we're most grateful for."

George Fergus: "Like Chester Cuthbert, I like to read an author's works in the order in which they were written, so as to get an overview of his development. The difficulty is in coming upon a writer that you like after he has already had several books published, and being unable to obtain some of the earlier ones. So when I first started collecting SF I succumbed to completism and strove to accumulate copies of all of an author's works to have them on hand when I got around to trying his work. The result of all this is that I have amassed an enormous number of books by authors whose first novel or two is all I've read. But I'm slowly getting around to each one and catching up on his output to the present. ... I always liked Harlan Ellison's introductions to his collections more than the stories in them. How overjoyed I was when THE GLASS TEAT, the collection of his columns from the Los Angeles Free Press, came out. Lots more entertaining and relevant than most of his fiction. ...On the subject of story openings, I copied the following monstrosity from the first page of Gardner Fox's THIEF OF LLARN: 'Before I could bring the elathin and the rod of taliforr to the ephelos, I had met and fallen in love with Tuarra, daganna or princess of Kharthol, a great city of Llarn, and saved her from the blue men of Azorra with the help ofaKhorl, Kav Mork.'"

Frank Denton: "Let me recommend highly Sterling E. Lanier's Hiero's Journey. It is a fine long, adventurous novel with an excellent variety of characters. The setting is a North America of some 5000 years in the future, a wild place with many strange mutations running around, mutations resulting from some atomic holocaust of many generations before. Never a deep philosophical tome, the plot runs rapidly and is complex enough to satisfy most readers. The reason I recommend this book is that it has a cover that will absolutely turn off most potential readers. It strikes me as the perfect cover for the novelization of a "Godzilla Meets the Horror from the Muck". Forget the cover and get into the book; it's fine reading."

Eldon Everett: "Everybody happily ignores PERRY RHODAN. Actually, considering they're written by 3 or 4 different authors, the series hangs together pretty well-- lots of thud-and-blunder in the good ol' Doc Smith tradition, and they express confidence in technology that is missing in the New Wave crap."

PROBIE

In a recent TITLE a number of questions were asked which I will code as follows:

1. Experience of near sudden death
2. Your earliest memory
3. Recurring memory of an embarrassing moment
4. Recurring memory of an egoboo event
5. A recurring dream
6. Daydreams in which you are the hero figure

Thirty replies, in whole or part, and long or short, have come in. Much too much for one issue of T to cover. Rather than methodically cover all of No.1 before going to No.2, I think I'll skip and dip into the replies to give one or more response to each question.

1. Violent death

Dave Szurek: "Remember those guys who broke into my hotel room, ransacked the place, bound my woman and me, and threatened to kill us? You printed it in TITLE. My thoughts -- I started with a weird sense of optimism, really didn't believe it was going to happen. I actually thought I was dreaming for the first few minutes. Then I kept repeating in my mind, 'No, it's not going to happen'. But, as my spirit weakened, my fear centered on two things: A) Disappointment at the unfairness of death when we had just become engaged; I just wasn't ready for death, and B) Concern for her. Well, they left without making good their promise."

Jessica Amanda Salmonson: "The closest was when I was suicidal. What decided me against it was my thinking how much the world would miss out on without me. I was always modest."

Rick Dey: "The only thought I can recall on each occasion of near-death was 'My God, I'm gonna get killed!' No embellishments."

2. Earliest memory

Wayne Martin: "Standing out in the yard one sunny afternoon (I was 3 at the time) and suddenly running into the house and flopping down on the couch. I also remember remembering that. In the 2nd grade I was talking to another boy about where babies come from. I told him I just appeared in the yard one day, and related the above."

Larry Downes: "Standing in a doorway and watching my mother set up a garden hose. Suddenly, a violent wind and the door slams in my face. I have always had a deathly fear of tornadoes, and I discovered that this must be the reason."

Ned Brooks: "Walking to kindergarten through the snow and the giant blocks I played with there - they were of wood and painted green."

3. Embarrassing moment

Harry Warner: "The time a long while ago when I asked in a FAPA publication what another FAPA member had meant in his reference to a short-arm inspection."

Dave Locke: "The time I first really kissed a girl. I was just a shy teenager with a motorcycle jacket and a Buick with a Dyna-slush transmission. I had seen Clark Gable Do It on television; I had seen older schoolchums Do It in the hallway between classes. Hell, I knew how to kiss. I took the girl in my arms, cradled her neck lovingly against my shoulder, and pressed my face to hers. The sound of our teeth grinding together could have been sold to the U.S. Armed Services as an offensive weapon."

Jackie Franke: "Yes, I do remember an embarrassing moment, and you're not helping me to forget it."

Dale C. Donaldson: "Before she married me my wife was told by her Doctor that I would never properly offer her financial security. He is long since dead, and 32 years later he is still right."

Rich Bartucci: "I felt that I handled myself smoothly once about a year ago when I was in Kansas City for my medical school interview. I am another prospective student had been allowed to suit up in surgical greens to see some cases in the hospital, and, while waiting in the doctors' lounge, we were invited by an anaesthesiologist to perform a lumbar puncture. When we arrived in the patient's room, the nurse prepped the elderly woman while the anaesthesiologist asked which of us wanted to do the spinal tap. I was paralyzed for a moment; he'd mistaken us for 3rd or 4th year med students. I don't know how I did it, but I said, 'No, thank you, Doctor; we'd rather observe your technique if you don't mind.' At this point he knew we were greenies (no med student would ever give up the chance to do an LP) and he did it himself. What I was aiming for was the patient's comfort; after all, here she was, a respectable matriarch nervous about that big damned needle. I didn't want her to know that there were two very un-Doctorish student Doctors in the room with her. I smiled, held her hand, chatted with her as the doctor plunged the tap in and drew his fluid samples. I was nervous, too; it was my first LP as well. I got a hell of a boost from just making sure the lady was relaxed and took her spinal tap well."

Don D'Amassa: "I was the first student at my high school ever to win a National Merit Scholarship, and when I did so, I acquired a quite obvious aura of power with the administration. Which I exercised at every possible opportunity."

Sam Long: "Getting my pilot's licence. As I flew back from the flight check, the chaps in the tower could hear me grinning from ear to ear over the radio."

Reed Andrus: "I was stationed at Homestead AF Base back in '68 or '69. I was playing ball for a Naval detachment that sported an all-Navy shortstop and left-fielder. So I benchwarmed for quite some time. In one game we were trailing 9-3 when we scored two runs with two out in the bottom of the seventh. With one man on base, the coach sent me up to pinch-hit. I was so nervous that I shook. But I lamely tried to poke at the ball, just to get a hit. After fouling two pitches into the stands, I stepped out of the

batters box, shook myself, and resolved not to be nervous. On the next pitch, I poked a home run over the centerfield fence. We lost the game 9-7, but that was the break-in point. I became a regular player, and led the team in batting average after that."

5. Recurring Dream

Pauline Palmer: "Watching a plane crash. I've had this dream since I was very young and still have it several times a year. The circumstances vary but always at some point I look up and see a plane in trouble, trying to make a landing. I watch the crash-landing and try to help. Usually it ends there. It's always quite impersonal -- I never know anyone in the plane nor am I ever in it."

Dave Romm: "A cartoon, possibly Little Lulu or something, had a girl or somebody turn into stone, but it merely turns out to be a statue. My nightmare was that somebody had turned into stone - permanently. Always the same dream. I'm sorry you reminded me of it."

Jackie Franke: "I was a kid again, living in my parent's house and when I went to the block behind our house, all the houses on the street were gone. Just large piles of dirt heaped up here and there, blocking off the horizon. I climbed to the top of one and saw a miniature city spread on the rearward slope. The closer I came to the village, the smaller I got, and the dream progressed like a blasted fantasy story for over a week. The puzzling thing about it to me at the time was that I wasn't a child, but pretty close to twenty."

Marci Helms: "Yes, doctor, I have this recurring nightmare that I am sitting at a desk, not my own, and the bottle of india ink tips over. The stain expands, spreads over the top of the desk, and starts to drip on the floor. But instead of dripping, the ink forms itself into any manner of menacing and frightening creature, being, BEM, etc. The creature is not always the same, but the prologue with the ink bottle is."

Bruce D. Arthurs: "For every year that I was in grade school, I always had the same dream in March. There was this mean and nasty Wind God or something which was blowing the whole world to smithereens."

I, meanwhile, as the world's leading mad scientist (always wanted to be a mad scientist) threw together a batch of bubbling chemicals, went outdoors (did I mention my mad laboratory was built on top of a cloud formation?) and threw the test tube of gunk in the Wind God's face, who promptly shriveled up. Never had the dream again after grade school; rather miss it, it was so dependable."

6. Hero Daydream

Robert Smoot: "I am somehow selected by alien beings to travel with them across the depths of space to be with others of my selection to get trained in superior technologies, sciences, and philosophies so as to act as future 'advisors' for Earth. In my spare moments I wonder who I should select and on what criteria."

Brett Cox: "Most of which usually involve my beating the hell out of some adolescent goon. However -- and this is very important -- the beatings are not done to the plaudits of beautiful girls, or even male friends. Indeed, those who watch the event are usually shocked, and I always feel disgusted when I'm through. Does this prove anything?"

Gary Grady: "I somehow take over the world, set up a democratic federal government, and then resign to write a book called, 'Well, It Was Fun While It Lasted.'"

Rich Bartucci: "I daydream constantly of time-traveling to do the Lest Darkness Fall bit. I figure that with my amateur's comprehension of the art of war, I could have ended the Civil War in 1861 or 1862 -- for either side. I could've been another Lister. With what I don't know about mathematics, I could've been the Roman soldier that skewered Archimedes."

Eric Mayer: "The closest I come to daydreaming is that some editor has sent me a check rather than a rejection slip."

Harry Warner, Jr.: "No hero figure daydream, probably because I laugh myself awake at the absurdity."

Don D'Amassa: "I win Hugo's for 1) best novel 2) best fan writer 3) best editor. Take your pick. If that qualifies as 'hero', anyway."

SINGULARLY PROVOCATIVE LINES OUT OF
CONTEXT AS SELECTED FROM BARBEK'S
MUNDANE MAGAZINE READING.....

1. "...a naked chicken is a cold chicken" p.43 SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, Feb.75
2. "...a guide pointed to a cable car and remarked to the taciturn Mr. Coolidge, 'Look, Mr. President, they've painted the cable car,' To which 'Silent Cal' replied, 'This side anyway.' p.42 MUSEUM NEWS, Dec.74
3. "Scientologist Philip McAiney said, 'We agree that intellectual freedom, a basic tenet of our creed, must be upheld.'" p.252 LIBRARY JOURNAL Feb.1,75
4. "He's concerned because his money is running out; but then, he wants to hurry up and spend it before it's all gone." p.12 NEW TIMES Feb7, 75
5. "...the number of people one tells about a new discovery on the day it is made and the cost of the refreshments served at the party to celebrate the new discovery...is directly related to the importance of the discovery.." p.3 THE JOURNAL OF IRREPRODUCIBLE RESULTS, Dec.74
6. "In six short months, the Marvin M. Black Company completed the monumental task of building The Great American Scream Machine." p.1 CONSTRUCTOR Nov.74
7. "After a long period of neglect, quilts are now attracting a growing appreciation and interest throughout the country." p.19 QUARTERLY: MIDWEST MUSEUM CONFERENCE, Fall,74
8. "... a new word describing dust storms -- haboob." p.12 SMITHSONIAN Feb.75
9. "...he did see a visual instrument in his art by which people might, via shock and surprise, become aware of the lie behind conventions and be able to find the way back to the mysterious essence of things." p.143 BOOK DIGEST Dec.74
10. "Halley's Comet is due back in 1986. ... So why not be ready now? Order your Celestron while...the economy presents you with an opportunity to purchase at an unprecedented price." Back cover adv. on ASTRONOMY, Apr.75
11. "As might be expected, the ranks of the retired Lighthouse Service personnel are dwindling. Down from 319 in '74 they are expected to number only 267 in 1976." p.43 NAVY TIMES, Mar5, 75

Letter to Jon from Jodie Offutt

JODIE OFFUTT
FUNNY FARM
HALDEMAN, KY. 40329

February 16, 1975

Jon Inouye,

You give fandom entirely too much credit when you say that it is the key to sf. Fandom is an offshoot of science fiction and if it is the key to anything, it is communication--people to people.

Future pros can learn a few things from fanzines, sure. Reader reactions, mostly, from discussions and reviews. But if he's looking for "tricks of the sf trade," and "what's been done and what hasn't...what seems ridiculously silly, or incredibly outdone," he'd do better to read the works of established pros.

You are certainly entitled to your opinion that fan-fiction should be given more stress. However, I disagree with your implication that everything else in fanzines--book & film reviews, con reports--lacks CREATIVITY. There is creativity involved in editing, writing articles, layout, illustrating, and even writing letters.

I rather doubt that the majority of fans are "looking up to the 'out there' old men who've gotten a name for themselves, and we'd like to get one, too." (They're hardly all "old men" either!) It's true that we'd lose science fiction if we "stripped pros from the scene," but I'll bet fandom would survive, in one form or another.

Of the 460 plus members of SFWA, I'd guess only a handful would give fandom and fanzines credit for their pro-status. They became pros by writing, studying other writers, more writing--practicing their craft--and submitting.

"Fandom would be better off if more zines published fiction." Again, your opinion; the rest of us are entitled to ours. Undoubtedly some fans would say fandom would be better off without some of its elements: the SCA, cluttering up cons with their creative costumes; fanzines and the creativity that goes into them; creative masquerades at conventions; indeed, conventions themselves.

On the one hand you ask for more fiction in the fan press and on the other you ask that we stop saying how dreadful fiction pieces are. If it is, why shouldn't we say so? (I happen to think there is a certain amount of dreadful fiction in the pro press--paid for, for God's sake!) If an aspiring writer has any talent about him at all, he ought to possess some degree of objectivity about his own work and not subject his fellow fans to his "dreadful fiction."

How does a pro become a pro? Why not start at ANALOG. Ben Bova publishes fiction of new writers. So do the other pro magazines.

As membership chairman of SFWA, my husband has taken in members on the basis of stories--often first stories--published in not only ANALOG, but AMAZING, FANTASTIC, IF, GALAXY and (though fewer) F&SF, as well as in anthologies edited by Edelstein, Ellison, Gerrold, Goldin, Harrison and Silverberg. The field of science fiction probably has a bigger market for new writers than any other writing field in the country.

If a writer's work isn't good enough for the pro editors, I object to his looking to the fan press as a free market merely for the ego it provides in seeing his words in print.

The writer is a "one-celled animal?" You said that, I didn't! Most fans would never call a writer--even an aspiring one--a one-celled animal. What a terrible thing to call a person!

"Perhaps I'm demanding too much from fans." In fact, you've got no business demanding anything from fans!

My husband is fond of saying that SFWA is made up of over 460 "onery, ferociously, independent oconoclasts." Fandom is made up of the same--only more. Nobody is going to get away with dictating to or demanding anything from fandom as a whole or a fan in particular!

"...pros can't exist without fans." Very true. Pros can, however, exist without fandom, and many of them do, never seeing fanzines or attending conventions. There are readers of sf--fans--who have no knowledge of fandom--fanzines or conventions. (I think they're missing something, but it's their own business.)

For those fans and pros who meet in fandom, there is a delightful symbiosis --a meeting and exploring of minds and people. But each would and could exist without the other, I feel sure.

You say there are "fun-fans whose sole interest lies on social gatherings." Then stay away from cons and fanzines (including TITLE) because they are both forms of social gatherings. Since when are intelligence and fun in direct opposition? Don't ask fun-fans intelligent questions? Well, all right; that'll be your loss.

"Creativity to them would be as far away as the moon." (Or the next fanzine or the next con....) The moon's not so far away. It takes a creative mind to read science fiction. We've been ~~xxxx~~ to the moon lots of time--by way of science fiction.

You say you're a neo-fan. You didn't need to. It showed. Too bad you have such a low opinion of fans and fandom--while making such demands. Stick around. It's a great place, full of creative, intelligent, fun-loving individuals--and probably the most tolerant group of people in the world.

Jodie Offutt
Jodie Offutt

PS: For your information: upcoming cons have been bid for only as far as 1984.
Beepsqueak. Beepsqueak. --JO

HAD ANY GOOD NIGHTMARES LATELY?

By Eric Mayer

I wonder if there is any correlation between a strong childhood belief in Santa Claus and faanish tendencies? My own faith in Santa lingered to an embarrassingly advanced age. After all, my parents believed in him and tests conducted each Christmas Eve with coco and cookies yielded positive results.

Santa was the first denizon of unreality to leave his mark, on my psyche. A harmless, parent controlled myth, the shudders he elicited were merely of greedy anticipation. But after him came others - darker and more frightening.

For instance there was Rubber Foster, a huge, boneless zombie capably portrayed by a gangly twelve year old neighbor who, frighteningly enough, could stagger as fast as a first grader could run.

My friend Johnnie and I spent whole afternoons lurking near our older neighbor's porch, waiting for him to emerge from his house so we could cry the dread warning, "Look Out! It's Rubber Foster!" and race away, in delicious, shrieking terror, from the loping horror that was instantly at our heels. When the neighbor finally grew tired of our continual calls upon his services we were driven to invent our own frights.

Most succesful of these was the Indian Tree.

By the prosaic light of day the tree was nothing more than a birch growing from a small mound at the edge of a scrubby woods. But as night fell, the white birch, glowing spectrally, remained visible from our backyards long after the rest of the woods was lost in shadow and the sight of this pale apparation led us to chilling speculations concerning the curious mound at its roots.

We decided it must be an indian burial mound, from which a vengeful spirit rose each night. Ostensibly Johnnie and I concocted this tale to scare a friend, but we ended up frightening ourselves too, which was all the better.

The Indian Tree wasn't a place we went after dark.

Our few expeditions to the area all came to premature ends. One moment we would be creeping up on the phantom; the next would find us in full flight, stumbling over vines and branches, feeding off each other's fear, sure that there must have been something there to have scared all of us so badly at the same instant but never sure exactly what that something could have been. A glimmer in the trees? A misbehaved shadow? Ghosts are subtle. They have been mistaken for moonbeams.

In lieu of real ghosts we often resorted to ghost stories - especially when visitors meant we could stay up late. At a corner of the lawn far removed from adult reality, we would drape a blanket over chairs, forming a tent, to contain fear rather than keep it out.

The unfamiliar hour of night cast a glamour over our surroundings. Winter constellations shivered at the rim of the summer sky. Bats swooped and squealed amid the fireflies. Somewhere a summer storm muttered and the horizon was occasionally lined in flickering, ghostly light.

Our tales never revolved around Count Dracula, Frankenstein or any of those commercial monsters we had long since become inured to. Instead we concentrated on subtler things - eerie voices, the cool touch of unseen hands, faces in the fog, nameless creatures that peered in windows after midnight.

When we were not telling ghost stories we were "telling dreams".

This amusement was not strictly limited to nights. In the mornings, when Johnnie and I met to go about our play, one of us, as like as not, would greet the other by asking, "Had any 'good nightmares lately?"

We usually had.

No doubt, these nightmares were the purest product of whatever psychic substratum it was that gave rise to our conscious fantasizing. I can still recall some of them vividly. There was the unthinkably huge, spidery robot looming up over the familiar houses at the end of Lake Street; there was the dream in which I opened the door of my bedroom closet and found myself confronted by a limitless plain strewn with human skulls.

A particularly harrowing nightmare was one involving a false awakening. I dreamt that even as I woke a horrid, smothering presence remained beside me in the darkness of my room.

There is, it seems, some common denominator of horror present in all nightmares - perhaps the same horror we seek out in childhood fantasies and games. The weird dream creatures and incredible landscapes of nightmare are merely different aspects of the same nebulous but infinitely potent terror.

One dream especially illustrates this. I am in the loft of the barn behind our house. It is very dark but light, seeping through the floorboards allows me to see. As in reality the loft is filled with trunks, discarded furniture and the like. Toward the back of the loft some old curtains hang from the rafters. There is no sound or movement. The curtains remain undisturbed but a sense of indescribable dread emanates from them. I realize, in an awful flash of intuition that there is some ultimate, mind shattering evil behind those curtains. I am suffused with terror. It is as if I can feel for a moment the gaps between the atoms of my body. I wake up, shaking, despite the fact that nothing has happened. No entity has appeared. There is nothing more to the nightmare than the dawning awareness of some impossible lurking horror. No, not "some horror", but "horror" itself.

No, not "some horror" but "horror" itself.

I have read psychiatric explanations for this sort of fear. I cannot accept them. I had, and still have, specific fears and I dream of them specifically. I have dreamt of being abandoned by my parents. I have dreamt of imminent death. The nightmares of formless, supernatural evil are something different.

For one thing their inherent terror is not rooted in the physical. I once dreamed that a pillow on my bed began to move, to squirm with some inexplicable life. Perhaps it sounds comical. My parents thought so. "But what on earth could a pillow do to you?" they wanted to know. Indeed, so far as I knew in my dream, I had nothing to fear, physically, from a moving pillow. Nevertheless the dream, far from being comical, was terrifying. The horror of it lay in the very fact that an inanimate object had somehow acquired vestiges of life. The horror of the vision was its profound wrongness.

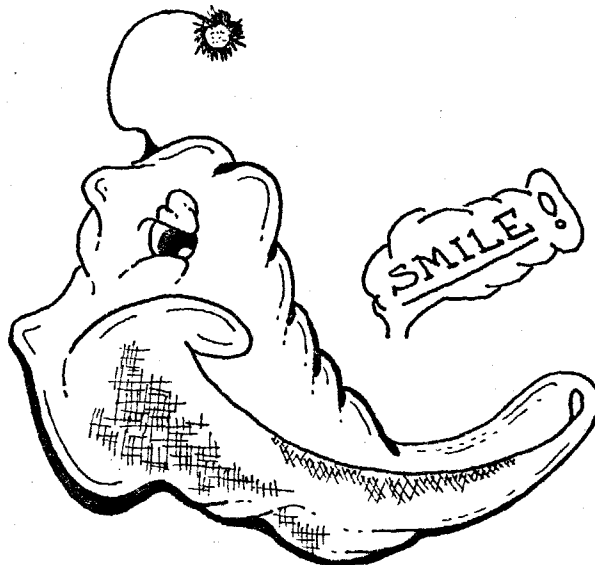
H.P. Lovecraft, ~~writer~~ in SUPERNATURAL HORROR IN LITERATURE may come very close to explaining the essence of ultimate horror. when he writes of "...that most terrible conception of the human brain - a malign and particular defeat of those fixed laws of nature which are our only safeguards against the assaults of chaos and tthe daemons of unplumbed space."

It does seem that the most terrifying dreams occur in familiar surroundings where the suspension of natural law is most readily apparent and disturbing.

But if, in fact, natural laws are universal, as modern science contends, why are we imbued with such an instinctive fear of their breakdown? How can we come to fear something that does not exist?

Even if Lovecraft is right about the nature of horror, other questions remain. Why should we be so attracted to it? And, perhaps most mysterious of all, why is it, that even as children, we are haunted by intimations of cosmic terror?

Interesting questions. Consider them. But in the meantime, I might ask all of you, "Had any good nightmares lately?"



THE NEWBORN
By
A.B. Clingan

Donn, here is a little ditty for Title--if you think it would fit in somewhere. There are thirty-seven zine-titles therein. Can you find yours?

The elite ones gaze down from their lofty perches at the foundling who struggles to gain its feet. They are amazed at the stamina the newborn displays as he manages to rise on still shaky limbs. Taking his first steps, he stumbles into a sand-worm standing near by. Gazing around at his awry environment, the newborn feels ill at ease, almost like an alien critic about to enter unknown outworlds. As he starts on his long but intriguing trek, he notices a banshee lying prone beside antithesis. The elite snicker knowingly as the newborn plods on toward the dark gateway.

As he wanders through space and times looking at the etchings and odysseys, the newborn's thoughts are muddled as he tries to understand this wyrd but wonderful place he has entered into. Algol lights up the whole northern hemisphere, as starfire streaks toward eternity. The cry of the ashwing is heard in the distance as a black wolf darts across in front of him and disappears near the space warp.

Although still young, the foundling has started to adapt to his environment and has a feeling of belonging. The elite's smiles have changed to scornful leers, as they mumble of one more to threaten their rule. Struggling to make his way among the don-o-saur and the cypher, the newborn finds the going very hectic at times, especially as he leaves the land of locust and ventures into unknown fantasy and terror.

The elite still scourn the newborn as they discuss his future. Should he be allowed to come near vertex, or even view their amazing world? The galaxy shudders at the very thought of anyone new trodding in the sacred land of if. It is finally decided that the newborn offers little threat to their lofty perches at the present, but is to be watched closely, as he has an analog air about him.

As the newborn strives for recognition amongst the monolith and the yandro, he hears whispers saying that he has finally been accepted by the elite and will soon be listed in the weirdbook. Knowing that he shall soon leave his friends behind, he recalls the fine times he had with kaballah and nycalops. A tear forms as he thinks of bygone days when without title he roamed the land of the fandom writer with eece. But alas, the newborn must endeavor to outgrow old acquaintances and learn to live with the moonbroth if he is to ever gain true recognition and prestige.

The elite are smiling now, for the newborn is no longer. He has proven himself and is well on his way to the land of fantasy and science fiction.

LETTERCOL - A 3-1 SAMPLING

423 Summit Avenue,
Hagerstown, Maryland, 21740.
February 26, 1975.

Donn Prazier, 1455 Fawnvalley Drive,
St. Louis, Missouri, 63131.

HARRY WARNER, Jr.

Dear Donn:

You amaze me in the new Title with these revelations of your systems for beating the fanac crunch. I wish I could force myself to do things in such a methodical manner. Sometimes I think the squirrels around here are to blame for the unsystematic way in which I behave. I see them all during the autumn, burying nuts all over the lawns in this neighborhood, then running around in random manner throughout the winter, digging here and there until they run across one of the buried edibles. That's the approximate way in which I conduct fanac. If chipmunks lived around here, with their custom of burying food for the winter in little storerooms adjacent to their underground apartments, where they can find it instantly, I might have filing systems and reference systems and all the rest of the things that would make it so much easier to commit fanac.

The Return of Ed Cagle is an event in itself so splendid that I almost forgot to read his contribution, in my exhilaration. Then I did, and felt quite bad. Not because it's a disappointment, because it's a fine column, but because I couldn't possibly take that advice. I'm Caspar Milquetoast when it comes to relations with repairmen and store clerks and such people. If a plumber fails three consecutive days to keep his promise to come and repair the pipe that has everything in the first floor submerged, I'm quite likely when he finally shows up to apologize for the way he found it necessary to keep changing his plans to do the job at my home.

The Birthday was an interesting little story. My first impression, before I had finished the first page, was that it must be written by a woman, no matter whose name was in the byline. The attention to matters of dress, the emphasis on colors of things in the garden, and other elements make it read as if written by a woman, since men rarely pay much attention to such things and forget to put them into their fiction. As a whole I liked the story, but I wonder if it didn't try to mix two different notions, that of the blind person with psi power and the new religion, into a story too short to have room for both themes. In six or eight thousand words, both ideas could have been developed in the same story; as it is, the reader is left at the end feeling a bit mixed-up because the heroine's handicap and power aren't really relevant to the fate she meets; I assume that Holy Church considered anyone not of its faith as combustible heresy material. Now this paragraph gives the impression that I liked the story less than I did.

Ben Indick's article was a good introduction to a field which the researchers have neglected, to the best of my knowledge. Hardly anyone reads play scripts any more, except a few university people and people associated with little theater groups, so it's probably too much to hope that anthologies will start to appear covering this field. There would be lots of fantasy plays to choose from, besides the ones Ben mentions. I remember enjoying Outward Bound when I read it, and after all these years I still haven't seen it. I believe The Enchanted Cottage was a play by Pinero before it was converted into a movie; maybe it was considered mundane at the time it was new, but now it would be hailed as

psychological fantasy. Then there is John Galsworthy's *Magic*, and many famous fantasy stories have become popular in stage adaptations, of course.

The photo pages are fascinating. Fandom has come a long way since the days when fans looked like people.

Reed Andrus doesn't know how much worse it could be. When I was very young, I was once smitten in the worst possible way with a young lady, and every time I encountered her, my excitement would create a nauseated sensation. It never happened to me in connection with any other girl, and I don't know yet whether it meant that she was the destined one for me, or that my body was rejecting what my emotions accepted, or something more awful. I ran into her in a local store just recently and felt just fine while talking to her, so she wasn't made of contra-terrene material or anything. When it's the woman who becomes nauseated around the man, she can always blame pregnancy.

I feel much as Jon Inouye does, about the rightness of publishing fiction in fanzines. But we differ on the reasoning behind the common opinion: "creativity" certainly can manifest itself in non-fiction writing, too, and I don't see why fanzines should be regarded only as something to be used by the beginning author as a showcase until he becomes able to sell professionally. Fanzines now offer almost all of the important non-fiction which is being published today about fantasy and related fields, ~~much~~ fanzines contain vast amounts of artwork that is as good as most illustrations in prozines and paperbacks, and fanzines are the only place where you can look if you want to read fantasy poetry nowadays. Why shouldn't fanzines also offer fiction as good as that in the average professional publication or better? If there are people who are willing to publish fanzines and draw for fanzines and write non-fiction for fanzines as a labor of love, why should the people who write fiction be too greedy to give any of their good stories to fanzines?

Ken Ozanne's page on hieroglyphics was fascinating, a first in fanzines to the best of my knowledge. Reading it, suddenly I ~~was~~ was struck by the notion of how happy Sheryl Birkhead would have been if she'd been a scribe in ancient Egypt, where the animals she loves so much form part of the written language.

At first I thought your front cover was one of Bill Bliss' rock pictures. It wasn't hard to guess the origin of the back cover, even before I noticed the name in the lower left corner. But I can't figure out if you got that faint touch of red into the big ~~inn~~ birds by running every sheet through twice or if you did it by hand. It's very effective, whatever the procedure.

I'm going back to work on fan history in a few more weeks, writing a chapter or two of the final draft of the new book, then stopping to write some locs, then doing some more of the book, back to locs after that, and so on. There shouldn't be a complete silence from me for months as there was last year, but I could grow sort of irregular during the spring or summer from this cause as if I needed a locative. I'll do the best I can in responding to incoming fanzines, though.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry Warner, Jr.
Harry Warner, Jr.

12-6-2

From the Cranberry Bogs of Southern New Jersey...

To the Sultry Peach Orchards of Eastern West Virginia...

TITLES are Forever

Forever

Forever

Three Churches, WV 26765

December 3rd, 1974--Der FM

'lo, Donn...

Surely you've noted the weather reports on the eastern coast regions. Alas, I hustle and bustle for four days to catch up \$4,000 different subjects and projects, then to discover shin-deep snow and an extra two days from school. So, I think, how shall I waste away the hours? Then, the answer comes:

science fiction!

Have spent the better part of these two extra days browsing thru The Hugo Winners (edited by Asimov, of course). To think I'd let such classic material lay untouched on mine shelves for weeks!

I've read all the first volume and part of the second, mainly the Ellison selections. The first story I read was Robert Bloch's The Hell-Bound Train (Hugo for best short story in 1959). Whazzit? I asked myself from first story to last. Bloch--with a Hugo? And for this? Agreed, it's an excellent, superb, and downright fun story. But to get a Hugo from the World Science Fiction Association?

I immediately thought back to Mike Shoemaker's comment in T #33: "I don't see how vampire and werewolf tales, and tales of possession and reincarnation have anything to do with SF, unless there is a scientific rationalization provided." No such "scientific rationalization" seems ~~xxxxxx~~ evident in Hell-Bound Train, but, by golly, it got a Hugo.

Mike notes some generally-regarded non-sf stories, such as "Casting the Runes" and "The Monkey's Paw," and then ~~xxx~~ remarks, "That would require a rather peculiar definition of SF it seems to me." Surely the limits of the applications of "science fiction" on material truly such or, to some, questionably so, are far and broad. Using Howard Devore's A History of the Hugo, Nebula, and International Fantasy Awards, I took a look at some Hugo nominations for "Best Dramatic Presentation."

1960: TURN OF THE SCREW, based on Henry James' novella, was nominated and neither the filmmaker written ~~wopk~~ even confirms the existence of the haunting spirits, let alone offer some scientific explanation.

1963: BURN, WITCH, BURN. Witchcraft and sf, eh?

1969: YELLOW SUBMARINE, lo and behold! Named "fantasy," "mody/ssey," and other colorful names, this tale holds little of the conventional idea of "rationalization." (Where else does a

do whole letter
Robert Smoot

SF
paul

5-2-81
fellow aging a mile a minute start a song?)

ROSEMARY'S BABY; with Mia Farrow giving birth to Satan's own. SF? Hm!

"The Prisoner" - "Fallout" This, the final episode in the series, did feature a rocket, if I recall, but surely something other than the mere presence of a spacecraft qualifies it for Hugo nomination, especially since the craft was on the screen for a few seconds.

Whatsay? I'm assuming Hugos are handed at for what is at least an overall sf-ish quality. Satan conducting the Hades express? Patrick McGoochan and inmate-ish rejects singing how "...the toe bone's connected to the ~~head~~-bone?..."? ^{feet}

Does the World Science Fiction Association offer criteria for what comprises a sf tale, novel, or presentation? How strictly does the Association limit Hugo presentation to "strict" sf items? Are any outlines posted on what is and is not ~~eligible~~ eligible for Hugo nomination?

Argh. Merry Holidays until next time. And beyond.

In blasphemy,

R. Smet

ANDY DARLINGTON.

44, Spa Croft Road, Teall Street, Ossett,
West Yorkshire WF5 0HE, United Kingdoms.

TRAGIC MAGIC

I remember how we walked
on the beach singing
'We shall overcome'
and believed it.
But that was
before
Kennedy,
Gagarin, Meha Baba,
Allende, Dubcek, Sakharov,
Richard Alpert, Charles Manson,
George Jackson, Richard Neville,
The Maharishi, Timothy Leary,
Cuba, Germaine Greer,
Guevara, Watergate,
Lord Longford,
Angela Davis,
Prague,
and
you.

MONOLITH

Let us explode myths
in glorious choreography
across the monochrome sky.
Can it be doubted that
we are wonderously insane ?
Faced by the climax of death,
with a life that has no meaning.
Faced with beauteous chaos
that crucifies itself across
a sky devoid of logic.
Let us watch hope drain
into the thirsty sand
where once there stood cities,
and cry for lost sanity.

XX

+++++ C L I P J O I N T +++++

****Since the last report, 31 people have sent in a total of 108 clips or photocopies of things of interest to TITLE or the editor in a personal way. We'll have to forget the latter; in fact, we'll have to forget most of the clips for this brief report. Leaders in number of items sent: John Robinson 15, Marci Helms 10, Don Ayres 13, Dorothy Jones 8, Reed Andrus 7, Chris Hulse 5, Gary Farber and Eric Lindsay each 4.*

From the section of the folder labeled 'faanish' I select three clips. "Giant Sea Turtle Saves Life of Shipwreck Victim" tells of a woman who for two days rode the back of a giant turtle 600 miles from Manila and an officer aboard the rescue ship said: 'The creature circled the area twice before disappearing, as if to reassure itself that its former rider was in good hands.' --Marci Helms. A college student hoax was created in 1953 at Davidson College, N.C. and as a famous alumnus 'he' was not exposed until 1973.-- Gary Farber. A teacher in Southington (wherever that is?) was ordered to stop wearing her beanie in class; the clip doesn't say anything about the propeller. -- Brad Parks.

Between the remaining two sections in the folder I think most of you would be most interested in the sf/fantasy clips rather than the science/occult. Bob Stein sent the first issue of COUNTER-CLOUT, "Chicago's non-prostrate newspaper" which contains a long review of Ursula K. LeGuin's work, especially THE DISPOSSED. The newspaper/zine, being a women's lib publication, stresses the sexist base of LeGuin's work. The concluding statement of the reviewer is: "Despite my opening display of animosity, DISPOSSESSED is definitely worth reading. After all, it sure beats Heinlein." Bob also sent MEDIASCENE #11 which, among other good things, has a historical review of PLANET STORIES (because of THE BEST OF PLANET STORIES) by Leigh Brackett. *I will send either of these two complete items to any reader for two (2) 10-cent stamps.)*

Margaret Hinxman (in DAILY MAIL) reviews the film PHASE IV and makes a rather significant statement: "Some of my best friends are sci-fi addicts. I'm very tolerant. I don't hold it against them. It's just: I can't feel comfortable in that so probable never-never world of what might happen when..." Dave Rowe, who sent the clip, marked that paragraph; I have to admit it's mighty provocative from several aspects. Perhaps one of sf's aims is to make people uncomfortable.

Tony Cvetko sent the DEWAR scotch whisky adv. in which Garrick Ohlsson interrupts his piano playing to tell us his 'most memorable book' is Arthur Clarke's CHILDHOOD'S END.

Reed Andrus sent a photocopy of a long article by Harlan Ellison called "Somehow, I Don't Think We're in Kansas, Toto". The piece is an account of how Harlan's dream (THE STARLOST) turned into a nightmare. Charles Beaumont ((one of my favorites)) is quoted: "Attaining success in Hollywood is like climbing a gigantic mountain of cow flops, in order to pluck one perfect rose from the summit. And you find when you've made that hideous climb... you've lost the sense of smell."

John Robinson sent a pic & article about Roddenberry and PLANET EARTH. There's also info about STAR TREK. John also sent a review of Aldiss' FRANKENSTEIN UNLIMITED; two clips on DRACULA; a pic & short reply to a question put to Asimov-- 'where do you get your crazy ideas?' Isaac

replies: "As for ideas, my eyes and ears are open all the time. One day I was in an old mansion and admired the wooden ceiling beams. Then it occurred to me that 100 years hence, someone might be similarly impressed with our plastic products. So the first line of my next story (my 150th) might read: 'Look at that lovely old plastic...'"

Speaking of Asimov...have you ever wondered about his family life? He is married to Dr. Janet Jeppson, psychiatrist, and author of a sf book, THE SECOND EXPERIMENT -- her first. The marriage (Isaac's second) was about one year ago, and, as the article states, "...they are an awesome pair..." This clip from John Robinson.

Want some convention clips? John Robinson sent one about "Captain Sticky" who attended the San Diego Comic Con in August. Marci Helms sent the account of the Munchkins who gathered in Michigan in June to talk about OZ. Did you know that THE INTERNATIONAL WIZARD OF OZ CLUB has 1,225 members? David Singer sent a clip of the DISCON whose headline tells: "...STAR TREK LIVES."

Tony Cvetko is responsible for the clip: COMIC STUFF IS NOT SO FUNNY. It is the typical-- look, ma, what wonders have come true!

Reed Andrus sent the report of the August TV show, TOMORROW, on which Bradbury, Ellison, and Roddenberry "represented some of the wildest thinking in the world." The article's idea of "wild thinking" was in the three agreeing that network TV is, to put it mildly, chicken.

Now, in what space is left, I dip into the last section labeled Science. Anthropology, Language, Ecology, Scientology, Astrology, UFO, and Haunted. A Xerox from Gene Wolfe is titled: SIGHTING, The Strange Case of Major Coyne. Seems to be proof positive that something was seen, and then photographed by NASA's Skylab. Eric Lindsay sends a pic & caption describing a genuine 'flying saucer' airplane (or aeroplane as the Australian paper calls it). Other UFO clips sent by George Fergus, Hank Jewell (2 each from Hank).

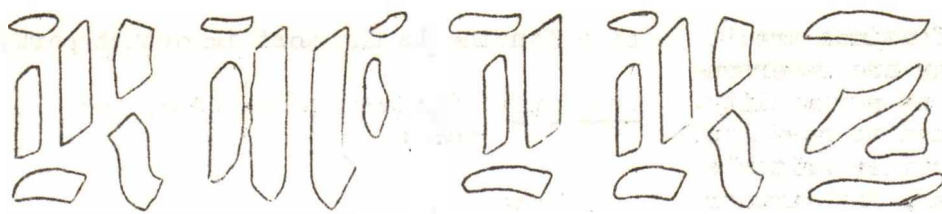
Some items about probable futures... Sun rights-- a legal problem of the future? from Sheryl Birkhead. Flying cities--both taken from Adrian Berry's book THE NEXT TEN THOUSAND YEARS; from Marci Helms and George Fergus. Frozen Immortality from Marci Helms. A little closer to now-- how we'll live in 1985; from Marci Helms.

Scientology- 2 pieces, from Gary Farber and Don Ayres. Uri Geller and his 'tricks', from Eric Lindsay. A mystery beast, from Bruce Townley, and a haunted house from Reed Andrus.

Five science pieces of substance-- Boomeranging from Pauline Palmer. A computer model of a living cell, from Mike Glicksohn. Some biographical sidelights on Einstein, from Eric Lindsay. Zero gravity aiding the growth of crystals, from Sheryl Birkhead. The Sloan-Kettering affair in which experimental data was falsified, from Don Ayres.

Don Ayres mailed along a continuing series of letter exchanges that he and others were involved in. The subject which the college found so fascinating was Don's criticism of the English usage in the DAILY EGYPTIAN. Very interesting to see the responses on the 'sexist' slant to words. Dolores, for example, writes: "Donald E. Ayres is bogged down in the scatological heap he himself created."

Just enough room to mention THE STORY ON ELECTRONIC GAMES- a fascinating spin-off, I think. From David Singer.



KWIKZ which is
short for
KWIK KWOTZ

Wayne W. Martin: "Everytime I see the name Donn Brazier, I get the impression of a man living in Florida. I guess it's my wacky color association. To me, when I see 'Brazier', I think red. I also tend to think red at mention of TITLE. Naturally the red gent who puts out the red TITLE must be from the red state of Florida, which I associate quite strongly with the color red. It's only natural." ((Not so natural-- you're seeing the future, for Florida is my favorite state and where I will someday live -- as Barbek the Red -- and my favorite colors include the hot end of the spectrum, red, orange, yellow.))

Rich Bartucci: "For beautiful 'accidental art' I recommend a trichrome-stained section of the human lung at high power. Lovely!" and "So you, too have heard from Brad Parks, eh? Lucky, if you've been put on his limited mailing list. The little bastard is naught short of phenomenal, and I find him one of my most intelligent correspondents. Fourteen years old!"

George Fergus: "For me, there's an enormous difference between communicating in person as compared to writing. A letter or zine undergoes considerable editing; maybe a distillation of several month's thought. Then, later, the recipient can pick and choose what parts to read in full. There are no awkward silences, dull topics, and uninteresting remarks that prevail during face-to-face contact. It is, after all, fanzines that condense all the worthwhile things at a convention into a few pages of con report. In addition, fans partying at conventions seem to lose the special character they exhibit in fanzines and, except on those rare occasions when SF rears its ugly head in speech or costume, become indistinguishable from any fairly well-read people partying anywhere. I tend to reject the apparently widespread belief that there is a significant behavioral difference between fans and mundanes. Part of this is merely because I don't find fans in person any easier to get along with than ordinary people. But perhaps it's just that fans, having something interesting with which to occupy their time when alone, are merely more selective in social activities and social associates. Ordinary people seem to desperately seek social activities (and sex) because they don't know what else to do with themselves. My impressions may be invalid because my only regular contact with people is at work, where most of them are degreed professionals-- a rather odd lot, too."

Dave Szurek: "Did you know that cats are unaware that their tail is part of themselves? It's not totally unthinkable that some things which us humans regard as external objects are really part of our bodies." ((Sounds like the first glimmering of a possible 'new wave' story, Dave.))

Eric Lindsay: "Sometimes I think that people in camera clubs are just as much of an elite as fanzine people, if you think of an elite as a small portion of the population. But it is only when said group is generally admired or looked up to by the majority that an elite exists; otherwise it is just a specialized interest group. Since neither camera clubs members or fanzine editors are looked up to by people in general, neither are elites, no matter how much of an intellectual pursuit fanzines may be. I am not a university student, and to a large extent the fanzine writers are the only intelligent group of people with whom I have extensive and easy contact. Thus I am overjoyed that they exist."

Richard C. Newsome: "Is Bill Bliss a pseudonym for Shaver? A cohort of Shaver? One person with those ideas of rock pictures is amusing, but two is redundant." and "Never use an exclamation point except when it's forced on you!" and "An article should contain even amounts of information and interpretation. Too much of either makes for dull and confusing reading."

Sean Summers: "Names in fanzines aren't people; many are impersonal (to me) and many have no personality. It is a pleasant revelation to read Paul Walker's article -- an article writer's ideas about what he writes. Any further articles by Paul Walker will get my attention."

Milton F. Stevens: "There is probably some critical time period for long term fan survival. It might very well be five years, for it would seem that a fair percentage of those who last five years go on for 20 or 30 years after that. After twenty years, you're a designated lifer and will never get out."

John P. Strang: "When MacLuhan wanted to proclaim his message that books are obsolete and the Boob Tube is the wave of the future, he had to write books to do it. 'Nuff said."

Claire Beck: " 'Yoknapatawpha' is pronounced: yoke in a pot of aw faw foo faw raw."

George Fergus: "It's a good thing most souls only weigh 3/4 of an ounce. Some people might not have the extra postage ready if they run over, and could end up in Limbo (the ectoplas-mic dead letter office.)"

Gary Grady: "I like to read about people but I can learn more about a person by listening to his ideas than I can from listening to him talk about himself."

Eric Mayer: "A fanzine essay can be so well crafted, so self contained, that it can elicit no response other than 'I liked it'. This is the case with some of the best faanish writing. On the other hand a blundering neo can malaprop his way to a full locol. Poor writing will get automatic response; good writing has to ask for it specifically."

Bruce D. Arthurs: "The sign of an excellent editor is when the sum of the locs is greater than their parts. By proper editing and positioning and luck, a faned can take a paragraph from one loc and use it to complement and illustrate another person's comments. And that's why I think the lettercolumn

of a fanzine is the most important part."

Sam Long: "Instead of a bushel and a peck:

I love you
A liter and a gram,
A liter and a gram;
And I really give a damn
About you."

David Singer: "Ed Cagle?... please, Herbie, don't make it a dream!"

Pauline Palmer: "Fan equals amateur in most cases, besides which, not only neos but EVERYONE deserves considerate treatment and tactfully presented criticism."

Chris Hulse: "I've often been put off a sample fanzine by its crudzine-like repro; makes me react a little too harshly towards the actual contents. I've found, actually, that many crudzine-like mags usually have at least one or two redeeming articles, if not the whole zine. Thus, Malcolm Graham, who is 'nearly blind', may have a slight advantage over the rest of us when it comes to enjoyment and evaluation of fanzines."

Dave Rowe: "In Britain we have this legend of the sexy, beautiful femmefan. In fact, very few are really beautiful, but nearly all are really nice girls (&women) and fun to have around to say the least. Some tend to over do the 'I am sexy' act, for which we lecherous young males (and some not quite so young males) are very grateful. But the real live acti-femmefan is usually middle-aged and active in the B&FA or editing Scottishe. Be that as it may, we're terribly thankful to all of them. (I'm tempted to say it'd be a queer world without them-- but I won't)."

Mike Glicksohn: "If a faned publishes something he thinks is worth having in print, then someone else's contrary opinion shouldn't faze him/her. If everyone says something is worthless, though, you might start wondering about your own standards. The basic rule is to publish for yourself and let the readership that shares your ideas and opinions find you. If others don't like what you're doing, they can go elsewhere."

Jackie Franke: "Does it happen to you sometimes, when you're alone in the house, that you hear your name called? I've been in the middle of typing, or reading, when quite clearly I can hear a voice say, 'Jackie'. At times it seems to be in a preemptory tone, at other times in a calling tone, but always just the name and nothing else. I've actually said 'what?', and of course no one answered." ((No. But maybe half a dozen times I've had the strange feeling of being about twenty-feet tall, all stretched out but still under the same spatial situation without feeling constrained.))

Vic Kostrikin: "Tit #36 has just got to be the best Tit I ever got. Since my first Tit was #29, I now have 8 Tits (with 4 bras to fit)."

Sheryl Birkhead: "Hmmm...I had oatmeal for breakfast today, yesterday, and the day before. I intend to have it tomorrow. Wonder if I have a lumpy personality? Thanks for prying the pages loose from Ed....Periodically I feel rather badly that my response to fanzines is not the most helpful in the world. A faned needs/wants feedback which helps his creation grow and somehow my inept/inane replies don't seem to fit the bill. Hmmm, a very appropriate term, 'bill', because that's the way I feel. Zines present me with enjoyment, chuckles, and I owe them a bill I wish I could repay. But what's the coin you return for the faned's time, money, effort, frustration (you name it)? I feel incapable of a proper thank you..." ((The sentiment of your paragraph there, Sheryl, more than pays the bill.))

Terry Hughes: "Strange to come in on this fanzine as you celebrate your third year of publishing. In a very real way it is like I stepped into the middle of a different world. At least a different fan world for this audience is different from the faanish one I have most contact with. Different subgroups within the same fandom. But we are all fanzine fans, right? The sensation of feeling alien is both refreshing and eerie." ((866 N. Frederick St., Arlington, VA 22205))

Randall Larson: "Eloquence-- big grey animals at the zoo, next to the ridiculoceros and the humiliapotamus." ((Argh!))

Jim Meadows III: "Your piece on accidental art brought back all sorts of old moods I haven't felt for years. I didn't get them very strong." ((A half-mood is better than nothing!))

Stuart Gilson: "It is to the credit of s-f fandom that most fans I have heard from refuse to be duped by the Casteneda boondoggle. I hope that the present trend of pseudo-religious escape from the ever harsher reality quietly dies away."

Kevin Williams: "Ed Cagle could develop into a fairly good fan-writer."

Terry Jeeves: "Too many faneds spend time and paper in laying out unrealistic lists of what their publishing policy is, was, and will be. Me, I publish what I feel like when I feel like it. And this may not be the same next month as it was last month. I publish ERG to please me. I hope that in doing so, I can please a lot of others." ((ERG is worth \$1.00 for 4 issues-- send request to 230 Bannerdale Rd., Sheffield S11 9FE, England.))

Richard Newsome: "I suppose I was a lot like Jon Inouye when I first discovered fandom (aren't we all?). If you took a survey of writers who got their start writing fan-fiction, you'd find that most of them wish that those early works had never seen print. As H.P. Lovecraft wrote, 'Yugoth, but I'd pay blackmail to keep my early works from being reprinted.' (Quoted in LOVECRAFT: A BIOGRAPHY by L.S.deCamp.)"

Roger Sween: "Cagle characterizes oatmeal as tasteless when in reality its taste is subtle. For a long time I've noticed that people cover one taste with another -- vinegar on spinach, sugar on grapefruit, ketchup on hamburgers, salt on watermelon. I boycott all these condiments in order to taste the wonderfully varied flavors of things in themselves."

John W. Andrews: "Pictures of constellations strike me as cute because they never account for the names given the star-figure." ((There's one writer, Dey, I think, who has realigned the connecting lines between stars to make the traditional figures more recognizable. Or is his name Rey?))

Steve Beatty: "I've seen pictures of Sheryl Birkhead's dog and cat, but not of herself. And Rose Hogue sent me a picture of her cat, too. Do you think they could be trying to tell me something?"... "Yes, some people certainly would think it strange that a man your age fools around with fandom. Some might say you are young at heart. Others might hint about a lack of mature seriousness. But maybe what it really means is that mental pathways haven't rigidified." ... "...a definition of science fiction: 'Something fans talk about when they want to fill extra space in a fanzine.'"... "Donn, you figured in a dream I had the other night. You were staying in a cabin in some forest or national park or somesuch. I was was going to visit you and had to walk, for some unclear reason. You were a few decades older than in real life, and senility was setting in. There was a housekeeper who came in to look after you; I think it was Leigh Couch. You were losing your memory, and reasoning was sluggish. I thought you must be doing Title in your more lucid moments." ((Possibly you were receiving vibrations from Camp Garland!))

Kevin Williams: "TITLE chose my mailbox for its magical appearance. In attendance at the shrine were Letter Carrier, myself, and an impoverished hooker named Aretha Goodtime, who said she was led there by a huge comet that glowed like 'a barbeque' and silver 'hair', as this uneducated prostitute dubbed the comet's tail. We all performed the prescribed ancient rite of washing our feet in mimeo ink and eating postage-stamp-sized wafers made from compressed fanzines. Following the rites, A. Goodtime was had by all."

Ed Cagle: "You gave me a non-insulting chuckle with all that yowling about all the things you never seem to have time to know. I suppose it's indicative of the true worth of your rotten old character that you still yearn at this advanced age to fertilize your mind, but really now, you old fart, you know as well as I do that without that rare and momentary urge to do something purely unproductive like smelling a rose you probably wouldn't have the perspective to know anything. And certainly the fleeting urge to touch a smooth cheek would never impair the ability of a competent mind to reason! If it does, to hell with it, no, to hell with reason!"

Randall Larson: "Why must filmmakers destroy good films by inserting unnecessary and totally poor-taste scenes of explicit violence. THE THREE MUSKETEERS could have done without the quick cuts to the sword entering the skin. PAPILLON is flawed considerably by its countless head-rolling, fish-hacking, chicken-crushing, 'gator-ripping, throat-slitting, face-gashing, leg-slicing, leper-gawking scenes. That's just bad taste, and really mars a good film."

Denis Quane: "Here is a favorite quotation of mine. 'Whatever is against reason is a sin. It is against reason to be burdensome to others, showing no amusement and acting as a wet blanket. Those without a sense of fun, who never do anything ridiculous, and are cantankerous with those who do, these are vicious, and are called grumpy and rude.' - St. Thomas Aquinas, Summa Theologica."

Steve Sneyd: "...saw other night a US TV crime episode called 'Hawaii 50'-- one bit of dialogue so alien from bourgeois english, so tightly made of pentagonese/hip/crimetalk it was as futuristic as Burgess' nadsat or any other sf language.. 'You mean they've wasted a mack in the middle of Trick City?' 'Yeah, he held back on the bodywork tax' ... it all came clear later, but it was classic proof there isn't any one English language anymore than there is Latin anymore, just a cluster of geographica;/historical/socioculture separated dialects...what scope for writers to cross link 'em."

Richard Brandt: "I hate it when people make mistakes in print that people are going to accept reflexively as fact."

Ben Indick: "...my wife, who is, after all, an artist herself, said of Niagara Falls, 'It's a lot of water,' and of the Grand Canyon, 'It's a big hole.' We even take for granted the russet and gold of autumn against a brilliant blue sky -- until we stop to look."

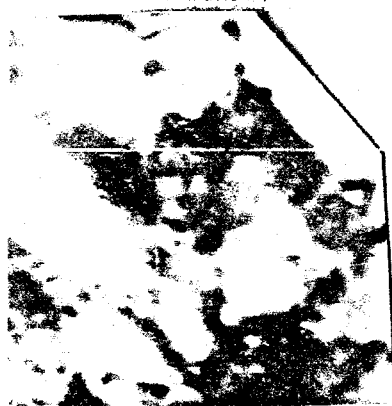
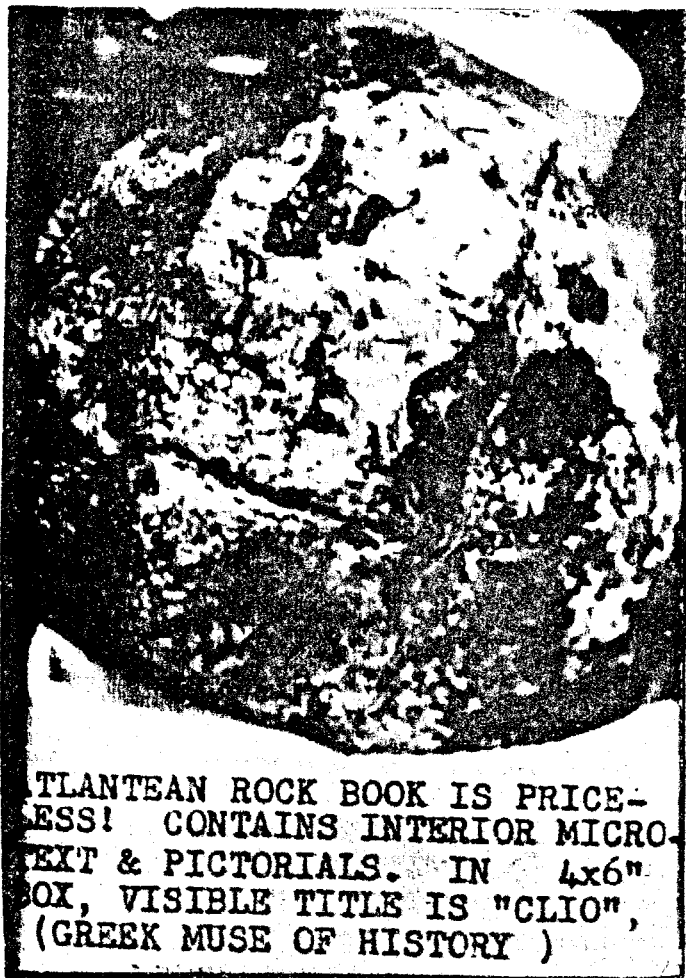
PART OF A LETTER FROM SHAVER



The white bars are millimetre marks on a paper rule laid on the rock. 5mm across the 24 mm side of a 35 frame means about 5 x on 35film and to get total mag you count the number of 35mm frames it takes to cover the total print area and multiply by 5. You do it, I'm tired.

Note that the face covers 3 to 4 square mm. on the rock... the usual scan frame in the rock... which it is important to grasp as each little scan frame is separate content BUT when you cut out a big saw blade thru and photo the mutilated pictorial I get parts of several scan frames on the film. If you really study a lot of such prints you begin to catch on and learn the pre-deluge art style and montage systems and then you SEE what they were talking about

Donn: You keep accusing me of not explaining about reversibility being all needed proof of man-made origin. The difficulty is in your unaccustomedness to non-2di ..non-2-di pictorials. These are something very different in art from anything you have met before and you really have to learn it by a lot of hard mental work. Note..the triangular white face when turned upside down..is the same face but with totally different camera angle. The blurs and soft edges are SAW vibration as it cuts through the edges of a 3-di figure INSIDE solid rock. Note..the very HIGH breast and large grapefruit look of the breast is pre-deluge "style" ... one suspects they WERE in fact higher breasted before the destruction. The cover-up clothes are cold-weather, there is a lot of cold weather look to most rock... and the part of Wisconsin I lived in was called FRIGIA in pre-deluge time and was an island in the inland sea



Upper left: The "CLIO" rock book.

Upper right: One of dozens of rock-slice pictures Shaver has sent to me. Note the lady's face halfway up and a little right of center. Also a man peering out of a dark spot an inch from the bottom-center and the profile of another man at the left side of the dark spot. Now if you look at the same area upsidedown you'll see the same man looking out again from inside a woman's hairdo. The woman is wearing an earring. There are a number of other profiles in the rock. I'm not sure what Shaver meant me to see, but I do see these images.

Left center: A "fish" from Bill Bliss.

Left bottom: A remarkable "mother and child" image--also from Bill Bliss.

There is no dispute that "figures" are in the rocks, but "Man unconsciously transforms objects or forms into symbols." (p232 MAN AND HIS SYMBOLS, Carl G. Jung.) This book emphasizes the importance of rocks to early man, and on page 254: "What (they) did not realize was the psychological fact that they were projecting part of their psyche into matter or inanimate objects."

TO DONN BRAZIER
FROM INNUENDO #9
PUBLISHED BY TERRY CARR
JUNE 1959

HARRY WARNER:

-John Carl, 12/4/74

ALL OUR YESTERDAYS



There's one thing that can be said for the fanzines of the early 1940's: you didn't run much danger of mixing them up in your mind because of their similarities. First issues contained the inevitable apologies for bad reproduction and there was the common factor of the big push for a giant anniversary issue every now and then. But for the most part, the fanzines had distinct personalities, intents and subject matter. For instance, there was

a fanzine called FRONTIER.

My file of the publication contains seven issues, from July 1940 through January 1942. There could have been another issue or two after that which I failed to stash away in the proper place, but I don't think there were many more, because it wasn't long after Pearl Harbor that the editor, Donn Brazier, entered the armed services. He never did reappear in fandom after his hitch in the service, and I don't think that his name has bobbed up in a fanzine for a decade.

Donn was one of the most intently serious fans in history. I recall one perfectly typical instance from our correspondence. This was after he'd entered the armed forces, had been selected for officers' candidate school, and had just won his rank of second lieutenant upon graduating. I certainly hope that this new status of yours won't mean an end to our friendship, I wrote in what I intended to be a joshing tone. Donn wrote back at some length to the effect that he realized the changes in his position in life that had occurred, but he had every intention of still remaining friends with many of the persons that he had known while he was still an enlisted man. From anyone else, it would have been insufferable egotism over a promotion that service men were receiving for no particular reason except the need for commissioned officers to fight the war. From Donn, it was merely an example of the intensity with which he viewed everything that happened to him, as well as everything that he happened to.

So it was with the first issue of FRONTIER, which emerged from Donn's Milwaukee home in a rather faintly hectographed format. It announced the formation of the Frontier Society in this heroic manner:

The Frontier Society...is composed...of science-fiction and fantasy fans who are interested in science and philosophy, and who have the desire to probe the unknown frontiers of these fields in so far as they are able... The frontiers of science are changing at an accelerated rate. We feel that the time is ripe for a group of fans to devote their energies to the better understanding of this

eternal change.

The Frontier Society is that group, and FRONTIER is the bulletin dedicated to the dissemination of the society's research into this eternal change in science and philosophy.

This, then, is our relation to science; and we are not "just another fan club." We believe we are an unique effort in the science-fiction world; and there is no tried and true path which we must follow. We have a clear, exciting field ahead of us. We travel through virgin territory.

Watch us!

Elsewhere in this first issue, the readers learned how the Frontier Society had its origin. The director was Paul H. Klingbiel, West Bend, Wis., another completely forgotten fan by this time. Paul described at great length in one article his changing opinions about science through high school, and his difficulties when he attempted to discover the identity of the things which science does not know. I would probably have asked my science teacher for a brief outline of this, but Paul did it differently:

The answer suddenly emerged in complete detail. I whooped with joy! Why hadn't I thought of it before? Had I not collected a few quotations from books I had read, and did not those quotations in the final analysis show what science did not know? Obviously the thing to do was to expand this idea. What I needed was not a passive recognition of thought-provoking material, but an active search for such material. Since there was no one book I had found that could tell me what science did not yet know, I would attempt to make such a book myself.

One year later I proudly pointed to 25 typewritten pages of quotations, all of which told what science did not, as yet, know. This collection, which I titled "Think It Over," Volume 1, settled the question completely to my satisfaction. There was still much that science did not know; in fact, it sometimes appeared as though science had only begun. I had not been born too late!

Paul got a new idea then. For the next year, he collected quotations which cast doubt on the topic of whether science knew anything. He finally decided that "Science may demonstrate, it is true, that absolute truth and reality do exist, but science itself is not that reality and that truth." Finally he and Donn decided to form the Frontier Society, sent letters to the prozines, got publicity in Wonder and Amazing, and were baffled when Astounding refused to publish anything about their project. They got 13 members in this manner, enough to inspire them to produce the first issue of FRONTIER.

From this beginning, you can probably understand, might have emerged anything between the level of a Darwin theory and a Degler fan group. With the enthusiasm and seriousness of Brazier and Klingbiel, something important might have come of the organization, if it hadn't been entangled so completely with science-fiction fandom from its start.

((And now I omit three single-spaced typewritten pages which detail, issue by issue, the gradual entanglement with science-fiction. Several longish quotes are given from Ackerman writing under the name of Weaver Wright, one from a piece on the Necronomicon by Brazier, a World War II piece by Englishman Ron Holmes, and a fortune telling piece by Loretta A. Beasley who was known professionally as Madame Loretta. The changes in editorship are given as Philip A. Schumann of Milwaukee for the 5th issue and Paul Klingbiel for the 6th issue. As we continue the reprint, we see that Harry Warner was not sure of the 7th (and, yes, last issue) issue's editor: it was Paul Klingbiel.))

I'm not quite sure who was editor of the magazine when this seventh and probably last issue appeared. There was a new address on the contents page, and announcement that "FRONTIER is the bulletin of the Frontier Society and of the recently formed Windy City Wampire Club," but there wasn't any signature or other identification of the writer of the long editorial. Most of the issue was taken up by a lengthy story by one Jack Brandon, entitled "The Devil's Prayerbook" and accompanied by a completely superfluous note that "all rights, including those of quotation, adaptation, translation, cinema, foreign, are reserved by FRONTIER". There was a brief article about ships that disappear at sea, a review of "The Encyclopedia of Occult Sciences," a page about Paul Verlaine, and a brief letter column. Quite pathetically buried away as a filler item was a note from one William Hess, who had been one of the members of the Frontier Society:

During past months I have steadily lost interest in fictive science. At the present time I am at college, majoring in biological sciences. So you see I get my science, but don't have time to read fiction. I feel that, to prevent my being a dead-weight encumbrance in your society, that I should withdraw from it now. Please accept this as evidence of my withdrawal. Yours sincerely, William Hess.

The poor guy had completely forgotten the original purpose of the Frontier Society and apparently thought it was intended to persuade people to read science fiction. However, he wasn't any more astray from the original intent than the editors. There's no other evidence in this seventh issue that there had ever been a purpose like that outlined in the first few issues. And another fanzine slipped quietly into the oblivion that is disturbed only when an occasional historian or index-compiler unearths fresh evidence that fans rarely keep their mind on what they set out to do.

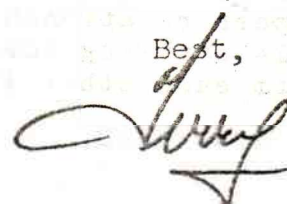
Dear Donn,

--Harry Warner

Jan. 20, 1975

Yes, of course you may reprint Harry's column about FRONTIER. I'm glad someone thought to send you a copy, after all this time; when I published that column, of course I didn't have your address, and I didn't think to Xerox a copy for you when you reappeared on the fan scene.

Best,



NOT WITH A BANG... by John P. Strang (A letter excerpt presented as
1544 Locust, Apt C an article - 2/18/1975)
Long Beach, CA 90813

I was once called a *Fascist Poet* by a bearded gentleman in my poetry class. He, a civilian PR copywriter for the L.A. Police Department, and everybody else was making like Rod McKuen or Elizabeth B. Browning, and since my poems expressed a distress with humans and a consciousness of EVIL in the world, I was a *Fascist*. So I can sympathize with people who object to Dr. Wertham's name-calling.

But I still dislike Lorenz's theories; I am not objective about them if by *objectivity* is meant 'accepting everything Lorenz and his true believers say'. The concept of MAN as basically evil and combative has been the foundation of most totalitarian systems of government. A few years ago AFRICAN GENESIS by Robert Ardrey was citing Lorenz's findings that MAN was a *KILLER APE*. The basic data were correct --MAN originating in Africa, Dr. Leakey's research at Olduvai Gorge, etc., but the psychological and social conclusions Ardrey drew did not come from the facts-- for example, the fact that MAN originated in Africa was felt to support the Killer-Ape thesis because (sic) 'Africa is the Dark Continent, Violent, Mysterious, Jungly.' Ardrey was reaching for an emotionalistic and propagandistic effect, not for logical argument. Lorenz was cited in this book, probably in fragments and out of context, and so I have been ever since prejudiced against him.

I have MY theory that the idea that man's basic drive is aggression is a product of rigid, class-structured countries where expressions of disapproval are punished, and PAPA (or Kaiser, Fuehrer, King) must be grovelled to. POWER must keep the people in check. Under such social conditions there is bound to be repressed hostility, and this preys upon the minds of psychologists as much as on their patients. Freedom of speech does not imply freedom from criticism, and too often simple criticism is perceived as 'censorship' when it is not.

We're getting too panicky about violence, too prone to see anyone other than a submissive conformist as a 'potentially violent person.' Psychology has a lot to answer for here, teaching that the 'healthy' person is one who never talks back to 'superiors' and is never unhappy with his lot. When a questionnaire regarding personality problems was circulated among school teachers, such things as 'talking in class, whispering, nail-biting, asking questions (!!!)' were listed as 'major personality problems.' A catatonic student would probably be regarded as 'normal' by these teachers.

I think we're going into a puritanical phase now-- and the new pritans are 'Liberals' who have all sorts of progressive reasons for banning what they object to. Look for incarceration of people with 'pre-criminal tendencies' in 'rehabilitation centers', people assessed as dangerous by a panel of 'social scientists' and other fun things. You may see homosexuals, etc., subjected to the electrodes-on-the-testicle bit not because they're 'dirty little faggots' and other old stuff, but because they 'do not conform to accepted psycho-sexual community standards for peer relationships in a modern, complex society of productive individuals striving toward common goals and individual happiness by relating to each other in a mature fashion.'

.... WITH A WHIMPER.

MYZ IAWOT

"..we gotta rappel distances between areas of thought, rather than repel attempts to bridge them." -- POINT UP #1, March 21, Richard Duxtator, 2124 Ellis, Stevens Point, Wis. 54481.

"Ever wondered why it was so difficult to keep from spilling a cup of coffee? ..It's because the period of oscillation of water in a typical coffee cup is about the same frequency as natural human motions like walking and breathing... The water in the cup resonates at approximately these frequencies, such that the waves grow and eventually spill over the rim of the cup." -- QWERTYUIOP #8, April, Sam Long, Box 4946, Patrick AFB, Fla. 32925. ((Address change expected momentarily.))

"MYTHOLOGIES seems to have come down with a case of creeping contributionism." -- editor Don D'Amassa in MYTHOLOGIES #4, Mar/Apr 75, 19 Angell Dr., East Providence, R.I. 02914. ((How does an editor avoid this lovely problem? By the way, get this zine if you can put the wham on the ed's whim. Paul DiFilippo's 'Arrant Nonsense #2' is, to me, very funny, and I wish he would do some of that stuff for TITLE.))

"I'm sitting here at the moment with my fat stomach aching and I'm afraid, if you promise not to look, I'll have to undo the top button of my pants." -- THE ROGUE RAVEN #5, Apr., Frank Denton, 14654 - 8th Ave. S.W., Seattle, WA 98166

"This issue begins with a weird cover by Brad Parks and Kevin Wolf..." -- WART #2, Brad Parks, 562 Kennedy Rd., Windsor, CT 06095. ((Parks may have a weird cover-- what else? -- but Brazier has a 'weird' story therein.))

"...why am I doing this ((fanzine))? The obvious answer is that I'm crazy, but that's too easy, too superficial - the same could be said of all fanzine editors - or all chemistry professors, for that matter." -- NOTES FROM THE CHEM DEPT #10, Mar., Denis Quane, Box CC, E. Texas Sta., Commerce, Tex. 75428. ((One of the best sf-sercon zines, without getting pretentious about it all.))

"I know it sounds corny, but there are two things that make a fan feel elated; his first issue and his first anniversary issue, because that's when he knows that all the sweat and curses and bad reviews have been worth every minute of it." -- the 1st Annish of KNIGHTS OF THE PAPER SPACE SHIP #11, Dec74, Mike Bracken, Box 802, Fort Bragg, CA 95437. ((Amazing what just one year's experience did for KPSS!))

"Like any other craft, publishing a fanzine is always a compromise between what you would like to do, if you had the time and money and help, and what you are able to do. ... with this issue I'm pleased to finally publish Leigh Couch's article on Big Bands." -- STARLING #30, Mar., Hank & Lesleigh Luttrell, 525 W. Main, Madison, Wis, 53703. ((Leigh's personal experience account of the old Big Band Era, because of my own interest in the subject, makes this one of the best things I've read this year.))

"...a package arrived in the mail from Hank & Lesleigh Luttrell... I eagerly ripped the wrapping... I lifted the lid and. . . . A gold silk tie, with a cotton POPEYE figure glued on it, all but jumped out at me. ... Knowing that the Executive Vice President would be out of town...I decided to really outfit myself to go with the tie. I wore a jet black shirt, the tie, my tan sports coat, as well as pants and shoes which were just as color miscoordinated. I expected to get a few smiles. Little did I know that the Labor Relations Vice President had called a special meeting..." --

Terry Hughes in MOTA #10, Apr., 866 N. Frederick St., Arlington, VA 22205. ((Faanish perfection with some knockout Canfield women to delight this Olde Bone and the rest of fandom, too, I would imagine.))

"...the written word is being supplanted by a synthesis of visual images and aural symbols. People can function in our society very well with only a minimal ability to read and write... Does this mean that fandom is a somewhat archaic institution? -- Frank Balazs writing in his and Dave Romm's TWO MAGICIANS #1, Apr., 2261 Indian, SUNYA, Albany, NY 12222. ((As prices come down on TV-tape machines, we'll probably go to videotape fanzines-- or develop a fandom TV network.))

"I can understand someone wanting to see a single copy before subbing, but I've plenty of 19 & 20 left for that purpose. They may be a bit older, but they're as good a 'typical' issue of OW as any I might do this year..." - OUTWORLDS #23, 5th Annish, Bill Bowers, P.O.Box 2521, North Canton, Ohio 44720. ((Now & then I gather up some over-run sheets from past Titles, staple them together, mark it sample, and send the thing out to a 25¢ 'nibbler'. Is this ethical in fandom circles? I'd send sample 'genuine' back issues, except that I have none; and my supply of the current issue is exhausted after the mailing. I'm asking for advice on this point.))

"...whenever the temperature threatens to exceed 75 degrees F, I go down into my nice, dark, cool wine cellar and stay there until night comes and the Good Earth is liveable once again." -- Pauline Palmer in her WILD FENNEL #10, Feb.75, 2510 48St, Bellingham, WA 98225. ((Pauline, you tear me apart; should I desert the 90 degree F I love to follow you into the cellar with the wine I also love?))

"Pythagoras, the inventor of the hypotenuse, thought that people came back as beans! ((in reincarnation)) Pythagoras himself, however, being a high-class philosopher was too classy to come back as a mere bean. It has been reported that a number of years after his death he appeared - mother naked - floating in the air over a stadium where the Olympic games were being held. This makes Pythagoras the world's first 'streaker'; another distinction for the man who was responsible for my failing Geometry!" -- Gary Hubbard, SCUZMOTHERE #2, Mar., 208 Hubbard Ct., Apt 2, Westland, Mich. 48185 ((Ed Cagle calls me, among other things, 'an old Fart'-- perhaps he knows something about this bean business that I don't!))

"Science Fiction claims to be in the business of creating worlds, but most of the worlds are just rewrites of this tired old Earth." -- Seth McEvoy, PRIMORDIAL SLIME #21 (continuing numbering from the last B WEEK), Box 268, East Lansing, Mich. 48823. ((Welcome back, Seth...))

"I got an issue of THE ZINE FAN, published by the Ad Hoc Committee To Get Awards For The Fans We Approve Of, announcing that heir Faan Awards should be ready for presentation sometime this year. Just what we needed; more fans patting each other on the back. Lots of letters voicing approval of awards by fan-editors' 'peers'. I got news for you; you're damwell not my peers, and I don't want one of your crappy awards. I suppose with the increase in the number of fans, there is bound to be an increase in the number who are desperate for some sort of tangible approval that they can take comfort in." -- Buck Coulson, YANDRO 230, Feb., ((co-editor with Juanita)), Route 3, Hartford City, IN 47348. ((I figure it's better than a HUGO, but then I figure that seven jars of jelly from Sheryl Birkhead is a better award than either!))

"Reading TITLE is like walking into one of those cluttered shops that usually call themselves 'antique' or 'thrift' shops..."-- Ned Brooks, IT COMES IN THE MAIL #14, Mar., 713 Paul Street, Newport News, VA 23605 ((I should have called my zine CLUTTER; anyway, I take the remark as a compliment since one of my aims is a variety of 'short-subjects', easily skipped through, and now and then we may even talk about science-fiction! In the next issue, for instance, TITLE will present a fine essay on the underlying theme found in practically all of Robert Heinlein's stories-- the work of Rick Wilber as distilled by himself for this zine from a work of over 125 pages! The title: 'Only the Strong'.))

"In the end, I will publish even if the printed pages are sucked into a mirror. Forgetting entirely about printing bills, egoboo, feedback of any nature, or sharing with you, sweet readers, I will continue to type, crank & collate MY OWN HEART's DELIGHT, while you, for all I know, have long rotted with the autumn leaves." -- Sutton Breiding, BLACK WOLF #16, Mar., 424 Central Ave., San Francisco, CA 94117.

"...in general fans seem indifferent to poetry. I must admit that .. a poem usually appears to me a piece of somewhat disconnected prose..." -- Eric Lindsay, GEGEN SCHEIN 19, Jan., 6 Hillcrest Ave., Faulconbridge NSW 2776, Australia.

"Our language is imprecise when conveying the shaded 'tone' we want: the light ironic laugh, the raised eyebrow, the disgusted shrug, the straight look that makes our meant truths more believable. ...in some special right hand column stage directions would be nice: eyes center front and most sincere; with a trembling lower lip and downcast eyes..." -- Gil Gaier, GUYING GYRE #2, Jan., 1016 Beech Ave., Torrance, CA 90501.

"They say that no two snowflakes are exactly alike. Did you know that no two dandruff flakes are exactly alike? Isn't science wonderful." -- Tony Cvetko, Diehard #6, Feb., 29415 Parkwood Dr., Wickliffe, Ohio 44092.

"For my own part I plan to take the only personal action I can towards reducing the size of worldcons-- I won't be attending them." -- Roy Tackett, DYNATRON #61, 915 Green Valley Rd.NW, Albuquerque, NM 87107

"It is easy to see why this fanzine ((Random)) has flourished." Trembling lower lip and downcast eyes. Mike Gorra, RANDOM #7, Mar., 199 Great Neck Rd., Waterford, CT 06385.

"Perhaps I feel intimidated by certain zines. ... All fanzines have to start somewhere.... The biggest difficulty with commenting on zines from one's backlog pile is that it may not exist by the time people get to read about it. ...Categorizing fanzines is a difficult if not impossible task." -- Jackie Franke, DILEMMA #7, Mar., Box 51-A RR 2, Beecher, Ill. 60401

"Philological speaking, Donn Brazier post-sards ((sic)) me with the news that he's going to use my name in a piece about the difficulties of pronunciation. Of all the gall! A good look at any good high school textbook in Italian will tell you how to pronounce my name-- Bar-TU-chee. If truth be told, I don't know how guys like Mssr. Brazier, whose 1st name has the coy, cutsey appeal of two 'n's', can have the moxie to muck about with appellations of their betters. Hmph." -- Richard Bartucci, TREPONEMA PALLIDUM #5, Mar., KCCOM Box 369, 2105 Independence, Kansas City, Mo. 64124. ((Blame my mother & Donn Byrne for that cutsey first name! It's real...))

"Larry Downes is a class A schmuck. ... Old Blobbo himself, Bruce Coulson, continues to prove all by himself what a jerk he is. ... Then there's the conclusion to Larry's idiotic con reports." ((Editorial blurbs to the contents of...)) AY, CHINGAR! #2, Mar., Larry Downes, 21960 Avon, Oak Park, Mich. 48237.

"And I may even get around to mentioning-- at least briefly -- science fiction." -- Bruce Pelz, PROFANITY #8, Feb., 15931 Kalisher St., Granada Hills, CA 91344.

"Chet and I have been thinking about running an all fiction issue for our anniversary issue. I'm sure most of the people who are waiting to see their material in print will like this idea..." -- A.B. Clingan who, along with Chet & Gail, put out THE DIVERSIFIER #7, Feb., 7885 Ann Arbor Way, Sacramento, CA 95832 (A.B.) or 1245 Leah Court, Oroville, CA 95965 (Chet). ((I see I'm not alone in pangs of consciousness(conscience,too) about long-held fan fiction. Hope your readers don't howl!))

"All I knew was that I wanted to publish a fanzine. I knew I wanted something warm; something that was homey and comfortable. A place, ultimately, where people would communicate on a personal level; it was only secondary that it be a science fiction journal." -- Bill Breiding, STAR FIRE #5, Mar., 424 Central Ave., San Francisco, CA 94117.

TITLE's editor's idea of a kind of zinerev he hasn't seen before; quotes either hit me and/or revealed somewhat the zine's emphasis or flavor. Also, you have addresses. Apologies to those omitted this time.

TITLERIANA by Fredric Wertham, M.D.

Hollywood is planning a feature movie on Watergate. The tentative title is *PLANET OF THE TAPES*.

Television has reruns. Life doesn't.

In Peckinpah's movie *BRING ME THE HEAD OF ALFREDO GARCIA* 21 people are killed. At present, the cost of living is high, but the value of human life is low.

To be a good shrink
Is harder than you'd think.
Outer space has room for fiction,
In inner space there's a lot of friction.
One must put all reliance
On a mixture of art and science.

The only universal language that extraterrestrial beings can possibly understand is mathematics. It is interesting that in the brain, calculation is closely related to language, both being dominantly represented in the left hemisphere.

The best treatment for Twonk's Disease is Jodie Offutt's *TITLE ROYAL*. The difficulty with Twonk's Disease is that it has no symptoms. After a few *TITLE ROYALS*, however, symptoms will appear.

There may well be intelligent life on other planets. There doesn't seem to be much of it on this one.

I heard from several publishers that although they had never been interested in science fiction and related subjects, TWoF ((THE WORLD OF FANZINES)) caused them to contemplate publishing some, and could I advise what and by whom. One project I advanced is an anthology of material from fanzines. One difficulty is that some fanzine fans downgrade so many fanzines as worthless. For instance, one writes in a fanzine that TWoF would be better called THE WORLD OF CRUDZINES. That means he condemns a large number of fanzines, some of which contain excellent things. Another writes that the material would not satisfy 'the academic community'. This is intellectual McCarthyism.

At the Seattle convention of the American Correction Association dealing with crime prevention, one exhibition booth had this sign:

SORRY -- THE SLIDES WERE STOLEN

Algol dismissed TWoF in 2 1/2 lines. That judges not the book but Algol.

When I was asked in 1950 to review the dianetics book for the SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE I characterized it as completely unscientific. My view: *ON DIANETICS MY STAND IS FIRM;
I JUST DON'T RECALL WHEN I WAS A SPERM.*

CHATTING WITH MICHAEL T. SHOEMAKER
IN AND AROUND WASHINGTON, D.C.

On my trip to the land of the politicians, I had enough time with M. Thomas Shoemaker to ask some questions, trivial and otherwise, and to gather some impressions, also trivial or otherwise. You might ask: "*Who is Michael T. Shoemaker?*" Well, since he has appeared often enough in this zine (and others) and appears to have a head on his shoulders, I thought you might be interested. Thus, one of my first questions for Michael was: "*Who are you?*"

He gave me a puzzled laugh and said, "Who am I? Are you serious?" I told him I was; it was a question my father once asked me as a test of the things my ego thought important, is what I was thinking. He there-upon gave this answer: "I am more and more coming to feel that I am a sort of musical, literary Bohemian whose greatest interest is distance running."

"Yes," I replied, "I knew you were a distance runner, that you played the cello, and liked literature. What else are you interested in?"

"Card games, especially pinochle. I know every card game in the book, and some that aren't in the book...some I invented, like five-handed pinochle."

Since I know very little about card games, and nothing at all about pinochle, let alone the five-handed variety, I went on to the subject of music. He exclaimed about Prokofiev and later played for me several short, energetically 'fun' things which I liked but forgot to write down so I have forgotten the name of the package. Mike became very excited when he started talking about Harry Partch whom he referred to as a genius of our time. "He's made a fusion of the arts in his Master-work 'Delusion of the Fury' which uses instrumental and vocal music, dance, lights and other stage art. He split the octave into forty-three steps instead of the ordinary thirteen, so then he had to make his own instruments to play the music and to get the new timbres he wanted. He used such things as glass light bulbs."

"I'd like to hear some of that," I said. (And I did later.) "Do you like rock?" I asked.

"No, it's too ridiculously simple in its harmony and rhythm. Kid stuff." I find nothing in my notes (no pun intended) that I asked him about the big band swing I like, and I suspect that I was afraid of his response and so I avoided bringing it up.

He likes classic and contemporary authors in the literary mainstream, with Joseph Conrad being the best of both eras. As for SF of all time, his first choice is Henry Kuttner, his second, A.E. van Vogt. His favorite active authors (as he called them) are Larry Niven and D.G. Comp-ton, tied. He likes short stories and novels equally. Up until 1974 he had read all the prozines, but has now fallen behind, mostly because of his attempts to catch up on the best of the past.

"Do you have a large collection of SF?"

"I have about fifty hardcovers and a thousand paperbacks plus as many

prozines as I can find. I have ASTOUNDING 1934 to date, and lack just twenty-two issues of THRILLING WONDER. I have all the early issues of F&SF and GALAXY, and a complete run of UNKNOWN."

"Do you have a favorite kind of science to read about in SF?"

"No, not really. I think the mental sciences are just as good as the physical."

"Tell me a little bit about your fanzine Oxytotic. What does the word mean, and how do you pronounce it? I've been saying oxy-tos-ik."

"It's oxy-tok-ik and has a meaning something like 'the accelerating process of bringing forth a new idea.' I have my own Sears ditto liquid process machine, and have a print run of 115. I mail out 100."

Mike's dad is a newspaperman and his mother has worked as a legal secy. for the FCC. There's one brother, age 17, who doesn't care for SF but will watch movies about it. Mike, though, would rather read a book than watch a film. He hauled me around in a '66 Valiant and I saw the world's seventh most complex intersection, located in Alexandria, Mike's birthplace on July 31, 1954. While dodging cars, Mike took time to raise a small moustache above his lip, and never lost the eyeglasses, either, in his long-distance running stride! He attends Catholic University in his free time, where he is a Junior approaching the B of Music Degree. He's an even six feet high, weighs 148 pounds, drinks Coke, and indulges in lemon pie and spaghetti with veal (his favorites). Green is his favorite color. His favorite distance for running is the ten-mile. He has all his PR's in his head.

"What's a PR?" I asked, momentarily thinking of Public Relations.

"My personal record. In the ten-mile it's 53 minutes 51 seconds." He then went on to name his other PR's: 1hr,55m,37s in the 20-mile; 4hr, 2m,46s in the 36-mile; 7hr, 43m, 20s in the 50-mile.

If I didn't get this wrong I think that the 50-mile race is run cross-country along the old canal, of which I know absolutely nothing except I wouldn't be found dead running 50 miles alongside it (yes, come to think of it, I would be found dead if I tried it.) Anyway, whatever course is followed, and whatever race it was and is, Mike came in 14th out of 1724 starting runners of all ages.

"I think," Mike said, "that I have potential in World Class at the fifty mile distance, though my great goal is to run an individual twenty-four hour run for distance."

Breathing hard, I asked: "How far do you hope to run in twenty-four hours?"

"One hundred and sixty miles," he replied as calmly as if he had said a block run down to the corner drugstore.

I asked him about the pain. I, of course, was identifying, and was already near collapse.

His reply strikes me as unworldly as a good SF story. He said, "There just seems to be minor pain for an infinite length of time."

Mike lives at 2123 N. Early St., Alexandria, Va 22302

HNWANS

Hank Jewell in reference to my record-keeping procedures, asks: "When do you decide which items, if any, are going to be used in a particular issue? That is, do you decide when you first read a loc or contribution or do you decide later on?" Answer: later on, and mostly a matter of luck, what's at my fingertips, and space needed to be filled. Often I have pages mimeographed and stacked ahead and will make up an ish from freshly done or ready-to-go, mixed.

Railee Bothman just called (3/31) with news of her broken ankle and that she's going to try to get out a B.C. to take to Midwest-con.

A most enjoyable article to me was Leigh Couch's "I Was a Big Band Groupie" in STARLING 30 in which she waxes nostalgic about her days around Chicago (or Kansas City?) in the last half of the 1930's when she was in 6th grade and was swept away by the swingbands. Hank & Lesleigh print a very interesting zine from 525 W. Main, Madison, Wis. 53703 for 50¢.

Wayne Martin (prompted by John Strang's story and Jon Inouye's letter) agrees that developing writers need a place to have their stories printed in order to get feedback. With this in mind Wayne is toying with the idea of beginning a fiction-apa. He wants a show of interest; direct your mail to 4623 E. Inyo, Apt E, Fresno, CA 93702.

Irene Kahn, 148-22 87 Ave, Jamaica, NY 11435, is new to all the fannish things, and writes: "I don't understand about the cost of TITLE. Let me know what the contribution is." Irene, TITLE does not cost money; a contribution is an article, poem, story, or artwork; a LoC is a letter of comment; a trade is an exchange of product between faneds. Irene has an interesting 'hooked on fandom' story coming up soon. Meanwhile, why not send her a fanzine?

TAFF (The Trans-Atlantic-Fan-Fund) was created in 1953 to exchange USA & foreign fans so they could attend cons. The USA fan will be financed by voting fans (\$1 a vote) to attend the 1976 Eastercon in Great Britain. I am one of the nominators for Bill Bowers, editor of the superb OUTWORLDS. Ballots are being prepared by Ilen & June Moffatt, P.O.Box 4456, Downey, Calif. 90241. Naturally, I think Bill would be an excellent representative of American and Canadian fandom.

Leah Zeldes notes that her parents recently received a catalog with a message that read: 'This is your last catalog unless you buy something.' She says, "You're right, Donn, fans are taking over mundania." She sends a clipping, too, from the Detroit Free Press where 'Rolling Stone Reports...' that a Bill Swan wanted to get a pair of Elvis' socks worn during the recording session of 'I Can Help' at RCA. A pair of old socks? Someone should tell them about Bruce Townley paying \$8.50 for one sock worn by Bob Tucker!

Ha! Marci Helms sent a newspaper clip about the leftover spacesuits I mentioned in this issue's AITOI. Guess she knew I'd be interested in that.

Bill Bliss says, "Cons could be more far out-- have a fake flying saucer land on the hotel roof and advertise the con as a top secret convention and have mysterious limousines arrive with men in black and other mysterious looking characters. Then declare part of the hotel verboten territory and have fancy fake security measures. In practically nothing flat at least 1000 agents from various security & investigative agencies would arrive cleverly disguised as neo fans."

Bobby Mather, a pro reviewer, writing about HP Lovecraft's biography by DeCamp, calls HPL virtually unreadable and "his writing was atrocious, by almost any standards." However, the life story is "sad, engrossing, and weirder than any tale he ever wrote."

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TITLE 38 MAY 1975
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CONTENTS

Cover by Shari Hulse
AITOI, editorial ramblings with
a decoration by Terry Jeeves
CONFUSION, a con-rep by Leah A.
Zeldes & a drawing by Jeeves
FROM THE SAFETY (?) OF THIS COL,
a col by Dave Rowe
THE COMING DARK AGE, a bkrev by
Jeff May
MAYBE IT'S GOING TO RAIN, a
poem by Neal Wilgus
filler-- quotes from R. Buck-
minster Fuller
SF PATCH, a department
IN REFERENCE TO 'THE HORNY HAND',
a letter from Ann Chamberlain
PROBE, a department
LETTER TO JON, from Jodie Offutt
HAD ANY GOOD NIGHTMARES LATELY,
articlette by Eric Mayer with
a decoration by Sheryl Birk-
head
THE NEWBORN, a puzzle by A.B.
Clingan
LETTERCOL--A SAMPLING, two com-
plete letters from Harry
Warner, Jr. and Robert Smoot
TRAGIC MAGIC and MONOLITH, two
poems by Andy Darlington
CLIPJOINT, a department
KWIKZ, a department of short
quotes from the readers
PART OF A LETTER FROM SHAVER &
pix from him & Bill Bliss
ALL OUR YESTERDAYS, a reprint
of Harry Warner's article
about FRONTIER
NOT WITH A BANG, articlette by
John P. Strang
FMZ KWOT, a department
TITLERIANA, col by Dr. Wertham
CHATTING WITH SHOEMAKER, a sort
of interview by the editor
FINAL ANALYSIS, last words by
the editor

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"Wise men and neos wonder
at the usual." -- Ralph
Waldo Emerson, slightly
misquoted.