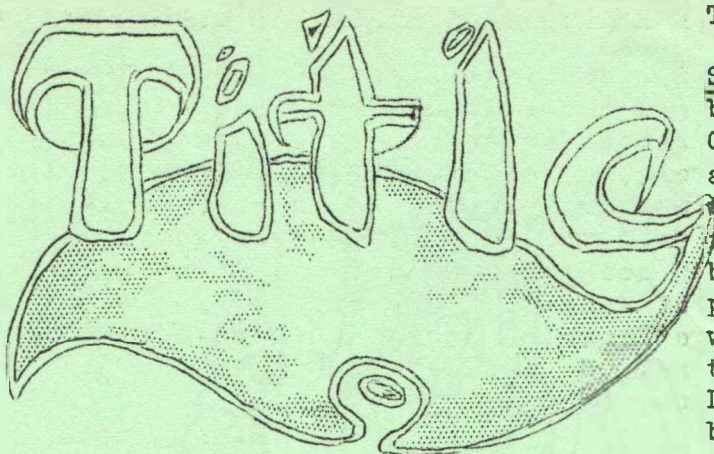


PARCS 17



THE BARBEQUE PIT - Editorial

Some odd things in the mail: A bookmark from Leah Zeldes On which Confucious warns me that pickles are not too useful in that context: too squashy... A mimeo form LoC from A.P.Tree of 15 Rose Court, Albany, NY 12209, which all non-appropriate phrases crossed out...I will, perhaps, someday duplicate this form for all BNF's to use to LoC TITLE...A computer readout to be filled/filed under CAGLE and proves that the signature "Z" is genuine, but that Cincinnati is a hoax. From FLB/DR....

TITLE #39 June, 1975
Editor: Donn Brazier
1455 Fawnvalley Dr.
St.Louis, Mo. 63131
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+++++

a year may be sent to Janie Lamb, Route 1 Box 364, Heiskell, TN, 37754. The stories may be sent to Howard DeVore, 4705 Weddel St., Dearborn, Mich 48125. Do in triplicate, double-space, keep your name off story (say who you are in separate sheet), no entry fee for NFFF members, a fee of 25¢ for non-members, no limit on entries. The NFFF has its own apa, too, THE ALLIANCE AMATEUR and Frank Balazs is OE at the moment. Write him for details at his home address: 19 High St., Croton-on-Hudson, NY 10520.

ETCHINGS, a proposed all-illozine: K. Allen Bjorke, 3626 Coolidge St. NE Minneapolis, MN 55148 wants all kinds of art work for a zine that will have no text in it. Allen asks: "How do you make a pitcher letcol?"

Irv Koch says I "claim" a circ limit: Despite that "claim" in SHADOW OF A FAN #12, I set the mimeo counter to 125; & that's it! No more...

Reduced offset in TITLE: now and then I take something I wrote and published in the museum newsletter which I think is vaguely TITLISH..

Warren Johnson sells out: The old gafiate has about 400 fanzines he wants to sell; they weigh 75 pounds and, because he's moving soon, he wants bids on all or part. Last address was 131 Harrison St., Geneva, Ill. 60134.

Sheryl Birkhead wins KAYMAR AWARD:

+++++

For her work with Round Robins and other publications for the benefit of the NFFF. She joins a long list of illustrious fans (since 1959) who have won \$10 cash, some books, and other things. Congratulations!

+++++

NFFF SHORT STORY CONTEST, 1975:

All amateur writers vie for \$15, \$10 and \$5. For information get the TNFF when you join the NFFF (National Fantasy Fan Federation). \$3

THE HUGO AWARDS: Every year since when (?) the funny-people get together at the Worldcon and hold a Ranquet. Perhaps they get together other places, too, and hold a Ranquet. It is the occasion when solemn speeches are given and everyone bows to any compass point of his choice in memory of Claude the Degler. Awards, based on the replies to the ballot on the next page, are given. How you use this ballot is up to you. I have voted every year for MOST REDHEADED FAN but this year it's not on the ballot. Add it. Then vote for that ol' redhead, Ben Indick. You don't actually have to know him because then you might not vote for him; believe me when I say he deserves the award.

I Can't Do Right by Shaver: You'd think he'd be pleased that I ran some Xeroxed rock photos, and made no snide comments, using his own words. He balled the sauce out of me because I didn't run actual photographs cut out and pasted in! I wasn't trying to fuzziate his precious photos; I could still see the faces in the Xerox copies. In fact, someone saw what looked like the edge of a coin.

Paul Walker gives directions: "Ordinarily," he writes, "I do not respond to criticism, but considering the quantity of it that my negative remarks on the word 'sample' has incurred, I suppose some reply is called for. To conserve time and space, I have choreographed my response on a level that I am sure will be as clear as it is appropriate for those of you who were so deeply moved by Pauline Palmer's 3-page-long, impassioned attack on my sentence. Please follow the instructions carefully:

- A. Proceed to mirror
- B. Raise arms to slightly above shoulder level, palms open wide.
- C. Insert thumbs in ears.
- D. Wiggle fingers vigorously.
- E. Extend and retract tongue at optional intervals.

From Walker with Love."

THE FANZINE ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS....:

The controversy stirred up by this new & complementary award system is rather surprising. It seemed logical, to me anyway, that it would be more meaningful to receive votes from the people who care about fanzines and are active in that branch of fandom. I expected differences of opinion on the details of its regulations, etc., but not so much on the basic idea.

I feel it would be nice to win such an award, but that's not why I publish TITLE. I might quit TITLE after it would ever get such an award than quit publishing in a huff because it did not get an award.

I have never voted in a HUGO contest, and don't intend to. But I do relish the opportunity to vote for people in a system which permits only the so-called "qualified" people to vote; I feel that such an award means more.

I do not feel strongly about eliminating any kind of fanzine-- even if it pays for contributions or solicits advertising. My main elimination-factor would perhaps be that a fanzine is not the wholly produced effort of a fan "amateur"-- in other words, a fanzine that is not "farmed out" to professionals. But I do not want to go into that.

I want to state that I am for the basic idea. Seth McEvoy says the committee who took the reins in this ought to disqualify themselves. Obviously, the very active fanzine people were behind this plan, and naturally many of them will get nominated, and perhaps elected. However, I don't believe that the committee is large enough to vote internally for themselves and sway the election, even if such an unethical idea popped into anyone's head. Perhaps the following year's committee will be formally elected from non-winners??

I, for one, feel depressed that some fan friends believe that I am in fanac for awards of any extrinsic nature. Hell, I never even picked up my university diploma; neither am I after money. Fun is the game.

The fourth annual Science Fiction Hoax Awards

HOGU BALLOT

The Hogu Awards are sponsored by the World Science Fiction Hoaxters Association and APA-H. Any fan may vote. Put a 1 by your first choice in each category, 2 for 2nd, etc. Write-ins are allowed. Return the ballot (or any unreasonable facsimile that communicates your intentions) to Steve Beatty, 1662 College Ter Dr, Murray, KY 42071 by June 28, 1975. Ballotbox stuffing will not be challenged. The awards will be announced at a banquet at Westercon.

1. DeRoach Award for putridity in everyday life. () Brad Parks () Dave Romm () Mike Gorra () Larry Downes () John Robinson () Steve Beatty () Harlan Ellison () Perry Beider () Noah Ward
2. Aristotle award for supreme putridity. () John Robinson () Al Schuster () Bruce Townley () Ted White () Noah Ward
3. Best hoax APA. () APA-H () FHAPA/Floyd () N'APA () The Clut () APA-55 () CLAAP () FAPA () no award
4. Biggest fugghead. () Al Schuster () Warren Johnson () Dr Werthem () Cy Chauvin () Bruce Coulson () Timsy Mollymock () Buck Coulson () Noah Ward
5. Best hoax fanzine. () Femmefan Confessions () Schmucker Bag () Westercon alternate newsletters () Our Goal () no award
6. Most obscure fanzine. () Scud () Adrenalin () Reticulum () Rum-rejse () Nebulog () Swoon () Omekronicle () Goldstein's Vanity Press () Paradox () no award
7. Best professional hoax. () David Gerrold () Scientology () Lin Sprague DeCarter () John Norman () K. M. O'Donnell () James Tiptree () John Cleve () Gardner R. Dubious () Noah Ward
8. Best amateur hoax. () Dave Hammond () Matt Schneck () Dave Romm () Ed Cagle () Donn Brazier () Yehuda L. Kowabunga () Tony Trees () Kevin Williams () Noah Ward
9. Best hoax literature. () An American Ooks at Minneapa by AWKG () The Ones Who Walk Away from Westercon by John Robinson () Holy Babble by the Church of Herbangelism () Kohottek literature by the Children of God () Declaration of Hoax Independence by the Hoax Liberation Front () no award
10. Best other hoax awards. () Elrons () Micrometeorites () Pongs () FAAN Awards () WhoGoesThere Awards () Foogo () Ooqui () The No Awards
11. Best hoax writer. () Lance Portfolio () John P. Illegible () Frank Balazs () A Well-Known Gafiats () Noah Ward
12. Best gafflation. () Warren Johnson () Doug Leingang () Noah Ward
13. The Rose Hogu for fanac beyond physical endurance. () Rose Hogue () Sheryl Birkhead () Bill Bowers () Noah Ward
14. Best fannish pet. () Winston () Putt () Spooky J. Garfoon () Mike Bracken's dog () no award
15. Free-for-all. () "Ook ook slobber drool!" () "Oh, Elwood's mother!" () no award
16. Best hoax convention. () Paranoicon () Wondaycon () ConDom () Slandercon () no award
17. Best hoax nonprofit organization. () Friends of Klingon () USFS () Albany SSFS () Wayne 3rd Foundation () World SF Assn () Church of Herbangelism () Minions of Anti-Fan () no award

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Bifirst publication #60.

ONLY THE STRONG

BY

RICK WILBER

712 Hale

Edwardsville, Ill. 62025

Donn, here, as briefly as possible, is the thesis. I have tried to condense over 100 pages into a succinct few. If some people would like to see the real thing, I'll be happy to send copies of it out at cost...but reproduction will be expensive. Oh well, it was, I keep telling myself, a labor of love.

From the earliest short stories in the late 1930's and the early 1940's, to the most recent of novels, Robert Anson Heinlein has used particular techniques, particular characters, particular plots, and his own particular style to achieve a writing that not only sells well, but delivers a particular message time and time again. The message is that survival, for mankind as well as the individual, is achieved through strength and that, in the end, only the truly strong can survive.

In story after story the elite strong survive, leaving a trail of lesser beings behind them as they hew a path through the weak and frail to achieve survival. Their strength is cerebral as well as purely physical, for they are always competent, these survivors. Their competency includes a ruggedly individualistic preparedness for action, and willingness to use violent action that marks the cunning as well as the muscular and agile. Using his characters, Heinlein shows his readers time and time again that through the preparation for, and the willingness to use, violence, mankind will survive.

The two major types of characters used by Heinlein to promulgate this thesis are the old man/mentor and his younger

protagonist. While these two types are most often readily identifiable and separate characters, at times the two types are incorporated into one character.

Hugh Farnham, in Farnham's Freehold, for instance, is both old man/mentor and protagonist. And the very important Lazarus Long in Time Enough for Love (and in Methuselah's Children) also serves as his own old man/mentor while doubling as protagonist. But these two and the few others who do similar double duty are the exception to the basic rule that calls for an old man/mentor to preach the Heinlein philosophy so that a malleable young protagonist may learn and act on that teaching. A few prime examples will demonstrate the typical technique.

In Glory Road it is the old man/mentor, Rufo, who tells the protagonist E.C. (Oscar) Gordon that the individual is the one who counts. The solitary competent man must be given the room to rise above the masses. As Rufo explains it, "...a democratic form of government is okay as long as it doesn't work. Any social organization does well enough if it isn't rigid. The framework doesn't matter as long as there is enough looseness to permit that one man in a multitude to display his genius." Moreover, democracy, with its dependence on the masses for its political force, cannot succeed because "To claim to 'respect' and even to 'love' the great mass with their yaps at one end and smelly feet at the other requires the fatuous, uncritical, saccharine, blind, sentimental slobbishness found in some nursery supervisors, most spaniel dogs (Heinlein admires cats in most novels, dislikes dogs-- the former are independent cunning, aloof, the latter too often subservient), and all missionaries. It isn't

a political system, it's a disease."

The point Rufo makes to Oscar is that political systems are irrelevant to the truly competent man. He is a man above the social systems of others. As Professor Bernardo de la Paz, the old man/mentor in The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress explains to his followers, "I am free, no matter what rules surround me. If I find them tolerable, I tolerate them; if I find them too obnoxious, I break them. I am free because I know that I alone am morally responsible for everything I do."

The theme of competency, personal responsibility to one's own rules alone, and the preparedness to struggle to survive are echoed by others. Hugh Farnham explains to an early lover that nuclear holocaust is beneficial because "This may be the first war in history which kills the stupid rather than the bright and able." The soldiers, deep in shelters, are the bright and able-- they will survive while the civilian masses die. And that, according to Farnham, is good. Because the breed must survive, mankind must go on. As he notes, the killing of the stupid is beneficial because it "will improve the breed." And, "When it's over things will be tough, and that will improve the breed still more. For years the surest way of survival has been to be utterly worthless and breed a lot of worthless kids. All that will change."

The basic premise, survival through strength, is an obvious one and a common one. Heinlein sees such survival as building a mankind that can rule the universe (the point is reiterated in non-fiction too-- through speeches, essays, and introductions). An important factor, however, which makes the point especially troublesome, is the violent means to insure such survival. In Glory Road many die so that Oscar, Star, and Rufo can rescue the Egg. In The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress thousands die so that the Moon may have independence and the heroes survive. In Farnham's Freehold civilization must die so that, in the end, the author can point at Hugh and Barbara and say with pride and purpose that "They lived through the missiles, they lived through the bombs, they lived through the fires, they lived through the epidemics-- which were not extreme and may not have been weapons; both sides disclaimed them-- and they lived through the long

period of disorders while civil government writhed like a snake with a broken back. They lived. They went on." They were competent, they were prepared, they were violent-- and they survived.

Perhaps the most outstanding example is the old man/mentor in Starship Troopers. It is Colonel Dubois who tells protagonist Johnny Rico that "survival is the only moral obligation men have." Further, since this particular future society is run by and for the military elite (only veterans can become citizens, for example) and society sets "a scientifically verifiable theory of morals" that "...describe the hierarchy of survival," that definition of survival includes military control and a strong sense of duty. For, as Dubois explains, "duty is an adult virtue-- indeed a juvenile becomes an adult when, and only when, he acquires a knowledge of duty and embraces it as dearer than the self-love he was born with."

That duty, for Rico, entails the death of many humans and non-humans alike. And, even though a great galactic conflict is provided to give the Mobile Infantry a purpose for existence, such strong bellicosity for personal and racial survival still seems somewhat out of proportion for a realistic future Earth.

The protagonist, normally the character who provides the action in a typical Heinlein story, receives his information on how to act from the old man/mentor and then accepts and acts. The theme is repeated in a number of stories, including Starship Troopers, The Puppet Masters, The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress, Have Space Suit Will Travel, and others.

Typically, that action involves violence against other men or beings to a lesser or greater extent. In some cases death on a galactic scale is involved. In Have Space Suit Will Travel, for example, Kip's action as protagonist directly results in the death of an entire planet and its millions of inhabitants.

Normally, however, the violence is on a more personal scale, and is mainly used to insure the survival of the protagonist and those he feels also merit survival. Time and time again the protagonist, having decided moral right and wrong based on his acceptance of the old man/mentor's preachments, destroys some so that others may

survive. In some cases that survival-by-violence is acceptable in the Heinlein-constructed society (Beyond This Horizon for example), and in other cases such violence is abhorred by the future society, and is practiced in spite of societal restraints. Since moral right and wrong is decided on a personal basis, the protagonist has no problem establishing his own moral system-- avoiding society's constraints.

The result of this makes clear in virtually every novel that only through violence can good (as defined by the characters) survive. At times the point is close to absurdity, as when Hamilton Felix in Beyond This Horizon chooses an ancient slug thrower for his personal weapon because "It's a terror weapon...Think what a man's face will look like after it stops one of those slugs." Similarly, in Time Enough for Love, Lazarus Long after killing two sons and wounding the father asks his wife if she would like the pleasure of finishing the father off. When she declines, Lazarus "noted that it was indeed a museum piece but did not seem to be hurt. He used it to finish off its owner."

Perhaps the most worrisome aspect of all this violence is that the same ethic is carried in the so-called juvenile novels. In Podkayne of Mars, Poddy's younger brother Clark is so violent a young sprout that it strains credulity. Clark has amazing engineering capabilities, but his violence, and willingness to be violent, is his most notable characteristic. In the end of the novel, which has set up Clark and sister Podkayne as dual protagonists to be emulated by the young reader, we see first-hand that the gentle ways of Podkayne would have left all the "good" characters dead. Only Clark's violence saves these characters from death. It is Clark's smuggled nuclear device that explodes and saves the day. It is Clark's cold-blooded death-dealing that allows for Clark's and Poddy's escape. In short, the message is made clear for the young reader that Podkayne is nice, but not a survivor.

Also, in Have Space Suit Will Travel the galactic judging panel allows Earth to continue to exist despite Kip, the protagonist, threatening the panel "All right, take away our star. You will if you can and I guess you can. Go ahead!

We'll make a star! Then, someday, we'll come back and hunt you down-- all of you!"

The High Court allows the planet to exist -- mainly on the basis of Earth being a young planet, and it is good for the young to "bite and scratch each other-- some even die from it." The culling of the weak should be done in youth, thus improving the adults of the race. The theme, clearly carried to the young reader, is repeated in various forms through many novels. By such reasoning the physically handicapped but mentally strong must fall by the wayside. The only exception to this general rule is the mad genius of Waldo in the novel of the same name.

Importantly, these themes are all found to one degree or another in Heinlein's best-selling Stranger in a Strange Land. It seems odd that the "underground bible" of the west coast counter-culture should accept this survival-through-violence, but it is undeniably so. Mike survives because he groks a wrongness about someone (defined through the aid of old man/mentor Jubal Harshaw) and mentally whisks him to a painless, but permanent, death. As a competent protagonist, Mike is the ultimate. Once he becomes more than a nestling (the great moment follows a murder and just prior to his first sexual act) he is, with Jubal's guidance, a one-man avenger of wrong, wiping out wrong and establishing right (his own "right", remember) wherever he goes.

Mike has most, if not quite all, of the typical Heinlein characteristics. He is readily violent as any of them, and more readily violent than most. He, just as the others, establishes his own moral code and insists that others live by his code, not he by theirs. And, importantly, Mike is the ultimate survivor. Perhaps as a message, the most violent of characters (which Mike certainly is) receives as payment the greatest of all survivals-- after martyrdom, eternal after-life. His survival is ultimate. Even Lazarus Long is mortal to some degree-- and could theoretically die. But for Mike there is no death, only physical disincorporation.

Jubal is a typical old man/mentor. It is he who tells Mike that the destruction of others is not only acceptable but demanded in some situations. It is he who creates in Mike the knowledge and abilities that allow the novel to grow. In payment, Mike

recognizes Jubal as the only Earthling who truly "understands" without having learned Martian.

Jubal is the same independent rational anarchist as seen in the Professor of The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress. He is the same totally competent man as Hugh Farnham. He is the same important guiding force as Rufo in Glory Road. And he is just as ready to be violent to insure survival as any of them.

There are a number of other important aspects of Heinlein's vision of survival. One is his treatment of females as totally subservient to the competent male-- but willing to be as violent as the male if guided by that male. There is not space in this condensation to discuss his minor characters and their actions, nor his typical native Martians and their civilization.

Is Heinlein dangerous for young readers? Should his juvenile novels be labelled "Handle with Care"? Is that giving young readers too little credit for their own ability to differentiate between reality and fantasy? Is his survival ethic, and its concomitant survival of the elite, really a "bad" ethic? Or is it merely realistic-- and really necessary for individuals, and the human race, to move forward to achieve some special destiny? These questions perhaps should be answered, discussed, debated.

-- Rick Wilber, April 1975

FROM AN OLD LETTER (July 7, 1974) FROM
DENIS QUANE

You mentioned some time back about not being allowed by the administrator of some federal program ((NSF)) to call the work you are having some high school students do, research. I agree with you that some H.S. students are capable of doing real research. But perhaps the administrator was reacting to the meaning that H.S. teachers commonly give to research. To most of them it means looking up something in an encyclopedia, copying out appropriate sentences, typing them up neatly, and handing in the result as a "research paper". ((Definitely not in my museum's program; kids must apply, be accepted, and work a minimum of one year (usually two) with "hardware", not books & journals, though that comes at the beginning.))

I feel particularly bitter about this because I have been spending the day in the library going over a "research paper" on Lasers, submitted by a high school teacher as one of the requirements for a M.S. degree. Sources: a popular book on lasers, the introductory chapters of an elementary textbook, and a few articles from places like Popular Science.

Every sentence can be identified as to exactly where it came from, with at most one or two words changed per sentence. And, before they started they were given a lecture by the Head of the Department

about putting what they learned in their own words. If they hadn't gotten those directions, I suppose this teacher would not have bothered to change even one word.

We expect them to take their facts from someone else - after all, it isn't really a research paper, whatever they may call it. But what he did is not merely taking someone else's facts -- he has taken other people's ideas, other people's organization of ideas, other people's sentences, and except for one or two here and there, other people's words.

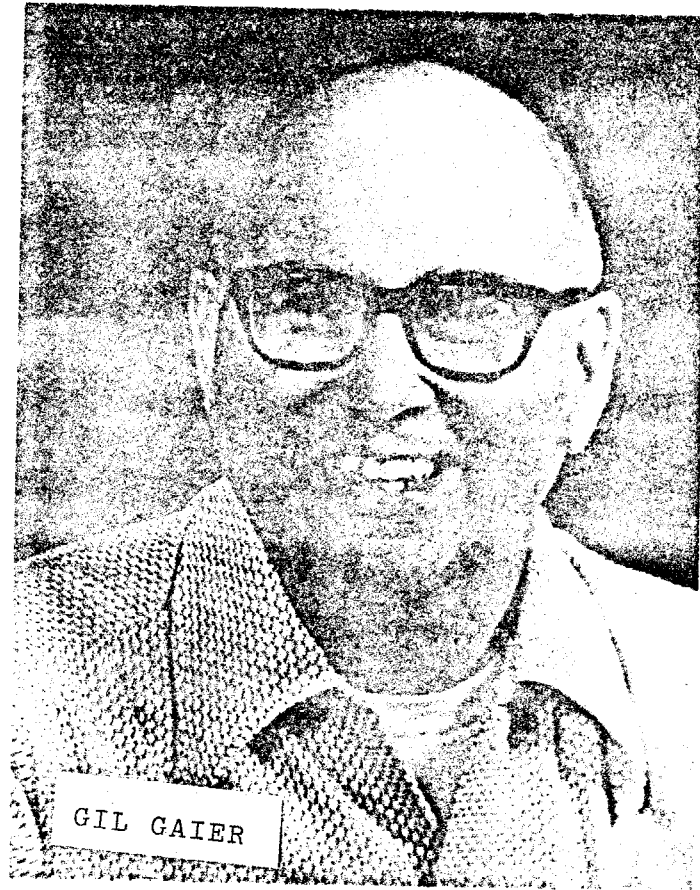
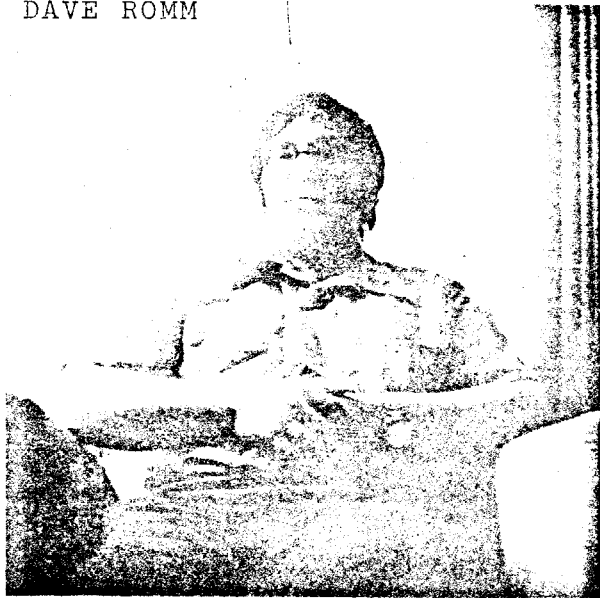
And for this he expects to get a masters degree! ((How in hell did he get a bachelor's degree?))

And he'll go back and train students to do likewise, because he doesn't know any better himself. ((Didn't he learn after his paper was rejected? Or was it accepted?))

And other faculty members judge me as being too harsh; after all, they say, what can you expect from a high school teacher?

And Mike Shoemaker wondered some time ago in TITLE why we have marching morons!

DAVE ROMM



DAVID SINGER



GIL GAIER



FRANK BALAZS



JODIE OFFUTT



SCIENCE PLAYS GOLF

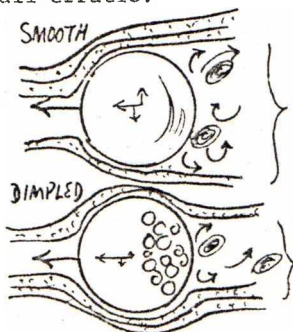
THE BALL

The day may come when golf courses are cut back to sizes in vogue when the golf ball was a feather-stuffed leather sack, but in the meantime the golf ball is becoming livelier and stretching out the yardage to handle the long, scorching drives of the pros. Scientifically, the most obvious change in the ball from times past is the dimpled surface. Why the dimples?

A smooth surface ball does not fly straight and true like a dimpled ball. (This was discovered by ancient golfers who favored an old, badly nicked ball to a fresh, smooth one; and then began nicking a new ball on purpose.) So dimples keep the ball flying straight - why?

The story now gets complicated, and leaves us with higher level "whys" that I, at least, cannot answer. But here's what seems to happen.

A smooth ball (from studies in wind tunnels) creates a wider and wilder low-pressure wake behind it. In this wake there are more or less random and unbalanced eddy currents (shown by the whirlpool arrows). Gentle and unpredictable nudges drag at the ball and make its flight erratic. A dimpled ball, by creating turbulence in the boundary air layers next to the skin, reduces the drag, which because of its off-center tug-of-war makes the ball erratic.



Another source of erratic forces on the ball comes from the imbalance of air pressures at about "2 and 4 o'clock" on the smooth ball. Note that the airstream clings to the ball for a shorter distance than on the dimpled ball. Therefore, because of the Bernoulli effect, there is a constant change of pressure on the smooth ball between the leading surface and the trailing surface, or between "10 and 2 o'clock" and between "8 and 4 o'clock".

THE CLUB

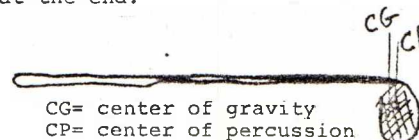
Your writer has an unmatched set of clubs, and therefore plays an erratic game. (Have to blame something!) But the principle here is one that applies to all skills: *keep down the number of variables.* With a matched set a golfer can keep his swing, and all that implies, constant for every kind of shot. (This assumes the golfer knows which club to select, and has enough of them to meet each contingency.)

The first clubs were thick handled and without a heavy concentration of weight at the end. These might have worked with a light ball, but you would have a bad case of tingling fingers were you to hit today's ball. It is like the feeling you get in your fingers when you hit a baseball on the bat handle, or at the tip of the bat. Why is this?



Old-time, thick handled club of almost uniform weight its entire length. It's finger tingling.

Modern club, heavily weighted at the end.



CG= center of gravity
CP= center of percussion

The vibration shock to the fingers occurs sometimes because the ball does not strike what is called the center of percussion. This is not the same point on a bat or club as the center of gravity, although on a perfect club it ought to be. Because the club is a pendulum, rotating at the wrists, the center of percussion is closer to the end of the club than the center of gravity or mass. In a golf club, most of the mass is at the end, thus bringing CG and CP close together or even at the same point.

This is not done to keep the shock away from your hands. It is simply an effort to get maximum efficiency into the impact between club and ball - the center of weight at the percussion point where none of your energy is wasted on vibrating the grip end in your hands.

THE SWING

We enter the area of art versus science here because of the extreme number of variables due to "people differences". The balance, the proportion, the energy, the flexibility, the mass! It's a nightmare to calculate.

So let's call a good swing, for the most part anyway, an art. A few important principles might be mentioned in passing. To hold the arc of the club in a neat, smooth circle or ellipse, the left arm is kept straight. This eliminates variables. Keeping the head down assures that the follow-through keeps the club in the same smooth arc. The wrist "break" delivers a greater velocity right when the club meets the ball - more than the arms alone can deliver.

THE IMPACT

Although your writer has to make a critical estimation, let's try to figure out the force of impact between ball and club. We want to find F in the following equation: $F = \frac{mv}{t}$

Since a limit of no more than 250 feet per second (at 75°F) was set for golf balls by rule, let's assume our tee shot takes off at that velocity. The legal weight of the ball is no more than 1.62 ounces (.101 pounds); so we know "m". Since your writer can find no data on the time in which ball and club are in contact, he is going to guess it to be 1/100 of a second. Solving for "F" we find it to be over a ton - 2,525 pounds to be exact.

You can see why even the best medical science can do little for a head that accidentally substitutes for a golf ball!

THE FLIGHT

If we assume maximum ball velocity of 250 ft/sec at impact the ball is traveling at 170 miles per hour. (Doesn't pay to get a ball in the head either!) But air resistance is going to cut this speed. A 240 yard drive takes about 4 seconds (stop watch timed from TV golf shows) so an average velocity comes to 123 miles per hour.

But what you want more than a fast, long drive is a *straight* drive out of the rough and bunkers. By applying Bernoulli's principle we can find out why a golf ball hooks or slices, but curing the curve is something else again!

By adjusting your swing or your stance, you must make sure that the club head's arc is in the same plane as the intended flight path of the ball. Otherwise, the ball is given a spin to left or right and then hooks or slices.

THE 19TH HOLE

Alcohol replenishes the energy consumed on the first 18.

It also recalls the hole in one (calculated at 30,000 to 1) you *almost* sank, while you forget the three balls that went in the drink!

PROBE

CLOSE CALL WITH DEATH ??

Many instances cited had to do with car, bicycle, train, and plane accidents or near-accidents. Dave Romm & Jeff Hecht had close calls on bicycles, while car mishaps were reported by Rich Bartucci, Robert Smoot (as a pedestrian), Jackie Franke, Marci Helms, Bruce Arthurs (in car almost hit by train), Gray Grady, and Reed Andrus. Sean Summers and Sam Long reported airplane troubles, though Summers was also war connected; others mentioning war or military activities were Gary Grady and Dale Donaldson. Natural elements were: Don D'Amassa (scaling a cliff), Dave Locke and Marci Helms (surfacing from under water beneath rafts etc.), Jackie Franke (tornado), Sam Long (getting stuck in a cave).

What PROBE was really after on this question was what thoughts, if any, went through your mind at the time. Robert Smoot, after a close call with a screeching car, says "That makes him and me both nearly being run over." The odd part of this is that Robert was not the one almost run over; it was his brother (twin?) Richard, but Robert tells it as though it happened to himself.

Bartucci, about to get smacked by a car, thought: "Jesus, this is it. Damn." Richard points out that no exclamation points are used-- "just a quiet swear word and a little resignation."

Gary Grady was on the bridge of his ship when a shell exploded accidentally very nearby. The CO and the engineering officer and I hit the deck, Gary says, and "What were my thoughts? 'Damn, that was loud!'"

Bruce Arthurs, within three-feet of being run down by a train at a crossing where Bruce had skidded and swerved crosswise just that 3-feet away from the track, thought only: "Stop, stop, please stop, stop, oh please stop, please stop...."

Ed Cagle in an unspecified accident which cut him up, etc. writes: "I thought: Uh oh, this is it (terrible and profane thoughts of immense anger deleted), and then: ohboy does that ever smart! Primarily I was very, very angry..."

Sam Long is a little like Gary Grady, i.e. making observations and thinking logically about the situation at hand. He says, "In general, when in danger of injury or death, my thoughts have been directed toward how to get out of the situation or else a vivid image of myself in the predicament. None of this my-life-flashed-before-me bit."

Marci Helms, struggling under a raft, says: "My only thought as I almost lost consciousness was, 'Why isn't my life flashing before my eyes?'"

Dave Locke writes: "Damned if I can remember! I've had some pretty close calls, and I know something tripped across the lobes of my brain during each of these encounters, but they escape my grasp each time I try to lay reflective hands upon them."

Some berate themselves. Don D'Amassa, hanging with fingertips from a cliff after the ledge had crumbled under his feet, said to himself, "Now, you silly ass, look what you've gone and gotten yourself into!" Jackie Franke, skidding her car, could only think how "dumb it was to have gone into the skid."

"What am I going to do?" is what Harry Warner asked himself in a moment of violent choking which, apparently, was going to be the end of it all.

Some of the negative replies to this question are interesting. For instance Brett Cox writes: "I've never been near an instant of violent death, but be patient-- it's just a matter of time." Eric Mayer hasn't had a close brush with death; he wrote: "A rather unsett-

ling thought actually since it seems to indicate that that is yet to come."

In the description of the tornado by Jackie Franke, another point is brought out--that when loved ones are in the same predicament, one's thoughts relate to them, not to oneself. Jackie flopped on top of her kids and thought: "...it would be pretty ironic if the kids wound up getting hurt worse because I was trying to protect them than if I hadn't." Sean Summers illustrates the same point. He was in a small 10-passenger plane landing in a wartorn Asian country, the runway being blanketed by incoming mortar fire. "As we sank into the haze and explosions I thought with horror 'Oh No! My father's flying this airplane.'"

So far, no one has said their life flashed before them; in fact, just the opposite. However, Dave Romm, in the dark of a strange house and his foot descending into space instead of on the floor, thought: "I felt sure my life was at an end. I thought of the maxim, 'your life flashes before your eyes', and it did. Quickly." ((I must point out that Dave was a paperboy at the time and perhaps had a short life to review.))

Dale Donaldson survived the Anzio Beachhead of WW II, a target area of just nine miles. The Germans fired once per hour a 250mm railroad gun into the unmissable area. Dale writes: "...the oncoming shell sounded not unlike a passing freight train...That first week I feared violent death 24 times a day. It has not really concerned me since."

Mike Glicksohn has comments (though a bit parenthetical) which I think ought to be stated in full. "The only time I've been close to violent death of another human was when I walked past the sight of an accident in which a small boy was run over by a truck and killed instantly. By the time I got to the scene, the remains had been removed, so I wasn't really 'close' at all, but it did leave some impressions in my mind. It happened to be my birthday -- this was a couple of years ago -- and at the time it made me feel distinctly guilty about feeling so good about my life when there was so much tragedy around. I felt I should not celebrate another year of my life in the face of the abrupt cessation of someone else's life. And I also realized how very lucky I've been not to have encountered this sort of tragedy at a first hand level. Perhaps there are people who go through life without ever having seen the dead body of a fellow human, and so far I'm one of them. Whether or not I'm a better or worse person because of it, I cannot say."

"Strangely though, the impression that has stuck with me most was caused by my reaction to the blood left on the road. There was a very large, deep pool of thickening blood. And I just couldn't help thinking that it just didn't look real. Quite honestly if I'd seen the exact same image on a movie screen I'd have said something like, "Gee, you'd think they'd make it a little more realistic than that!" Perhaps that sounds callous, but I think it just shows my lack of knowledge with such things. The mental image I have of violent death is a product of the media presentations of it that I've seen, and they are seemingly so vastly distorted that now reality seems unreal to me. It was a frightening insight into the ability of the mass media to warp the truth. I thought I knew what spilt human blood should look like, but quite obviously I was hopelessly wrong. It makes me wonder how many other things I've not experienced first-hand I think I know something about and am completely wrong about?"

((After typing the above Glicksohn piece, which was to be the wrap-up of this part of PROBE, Dave Rowe's letter from England arrived, and so...)) Dave's experience with a 'cliff-hanger' is similar to Don D'Amassa's. Dave had that vision of himself undertaking that final event (somewhat as Sam Long mentioned). "Climbing down a near-vertical cliff I found my only foothold crumbling, and below was a long drop to a large rock spreadout like a mortuary block (or so I thought at the time). I didn't panic, but I was frightened. I remember thinking of what would happen when the handhold gave. The universe would suddenly go upwards (because I was going downwards), I'd probably fall backwards and get a view of the great blue sky above and then...hit the rock, spreadeagled. My one clear thought was, 'I hope Mum & Dad don't cry too much when they're told I'm dead.' Suddenly the universe went upwards. 'This is it!' I thought. My foot slipped into a foot-hold about six inches directly below. Somehow I kept my balance, and my next clear memory is walking on the top of the cliff."

13

ARBEQUE

S

AUCE

This is true: Frank Balazs is a hoax.

(Editor's note: some portions of the following make no sense-- to me; therefore, I conclude those parts are profound beyond understanding. Hope you feel the same. By the way, Mike Bracken's dog has a good chance to win the HOGU award for "Best Fannish Pet.")

(The following layout is dedicated to Irvin Koch.)

The weight of the entire room, down to the atmosphere itself, was monitored by the most precise atomic scale yet devised by the mind of man. The dying man had been immobilized in a

specially designed body cast mounted to a bed without moving parts. At the moment of the man's death there was a minute fluctuation in the weight of the hermetically sealed room. Something had escaped, through 100 feet of lead and 15 miles of the earth's crust. Whatever it was weighed .0000000005497321 milligrams.

"Gentlemen," announced Prof. Blavitt in solemn tones, "this is a great moment in history. We have just determined the weight of the human soul. Now we have only to determine its location. At what time did this weight loss occur?"

The eager young assistant pored over a complicated array of dials. "Precisely 5 x 10 (-11) seconds after flattening of the brain wave pattern."

TECHNOLOGY TOUSJOURS-- Fred Moss

The king's engineer was proud of his invention. Visiting barons, knights, and common brass-workers always asked what that structure was that led from a high point of the castle downward to the woods behind the fortress. "I call it a flume," he would explain. "It carries the sewage from the royal chambers and dumps it in the woods."

One day, across the wide plain to the north, came hordes of uncouth attackers. They were repulsed from the walls and retreated a short distance to set up camp. The engineer watched. "Stupid, stupid," he said. "They don't know the first thing about setting up camp. A really awfully dumb bunch."

Some days later the engineer noticed that the attackers were striking camp.

He watched them moving away cross the plain, but then he was horrified to see them circle into the woods. He knew they were going to climb onto his flume and make their way across the walls right into the royal chambers. He must report to the king immediately. Since the king required all reports be made to him in song, the engineer bowed low in his presence and burst into melody:

"Dumb encampment leaving
You will be in danger
You will be in danger
Across the flume."



MB

Mike Bracken's dog...
If you refer to TITLE
#38 you'll see that
Mike's dog is return
ing from whence he has
come.

A confused murmur went around the room. "After?" mused Prof Finsterwald, an old friend of Prof. Blavitt's now deceased father. "Why not instantaneously?"

Prof. Blavitt did some quick calculations in his fine mind. "You forget. The weight loss would not be recorder until the soul had escaped completely from the room. It just so happens that an object, travelling at the speed of light would take exactly 5 x 10 (-11) seconds to traverse the space between the medulla as positioned in the immobilizing body cast bolted to the bed.. and the ceiling, therefore...."

Suddenly one of the other assistants (the one with the hypertrophied breasts) busted into the room in great agitation. "There's been a terrible mistake," she said. "Someone bolted the body cast to the bed, head down!"

-- Eric Mayer

"I'm feeling rather good, actually."
attributed to Lou Stathis by
Bruce Townley

ASPARAGUS DROPPINGS - Randall Larson

You know, many people ask me why I named my column "Asparagus Droppings". They crowd me at conventions, stop me on the street -- everybody asks me! Am I some kind of vegetarian maniac?

Well, I'll tell you the truth, I'm not an extraordinary asparagus fan. In fact, I don't even like it. Oh, I'll eat vegetables sometimes, but I don't crave them as I do steak, hamburgers, eye of cow, and such delicacies. I don't hate asparagus (I'll eat it sometimes if it's in a lemon-butter sauce).

Shelley Berman hates buttermilk because of the way the glass looks when you're finished. I don't even drink asparagus. At any rate, I think I've established the fact that I'm not an asparagus fan. Nor am I a special opposer either. That fact, too, has been established.

Where do the droppings come in? Most of the time 'droppings' has a bad conotation. People usually think of sea gulls and rabbits. I don't know why. Maybe Dr. Wertham can tell you why. I can't tell you why.

I guess the title just hit me. Like a seagull, eh? Nor does the title reflect in any way the quality of the material in my column. Which you have just read!

BEES AS PETS by the brilliantly informed Jessica Amanda Salmonson

Bees make nice pets. They are soft, cuddly and affectionate. They can be trained to sit on your finger and hum God Bless America.

Bees are kind and generous. They are thoughtful and considerate. They do good deeds and make good company. They don't eat very much, are easily house-broken, and do not smell with their feet.

Now that you have decided you would like to have a bee for a pet, here is how to get one. There are several ways to go about this. One popular method is to casually sneak up on a bee while it is sitting on a flower, and grab it in your hand.

Another way to catch a bee is to find a hive and gingerly thrust your hand into it. Then run home. All the bees will follow you, just like stray dogs, and you can take your pick.

There are many bee accessories available in your local pet shop. A bee collar is a must. For nasty weather you can buy warm woolies and cute little bee booties. A bee scratch post will keep your pet from damaging the furniture. And bees just love squeak toys such as rubber flowers.

If your bee stings a neighbor child, be sure to save the stinger. Sometimes the vet can sew it back on.

Good luck with your pet bee.

A WARNING TO THE WORLD ON THE EVE OF MY EXECUTION -- Kevin Williams

The prison is quiet now, after dark. I cannot sleep, perhaps because the silence is too loud. I am attempting to fill the silence with the scratching of my pen.

I am writing this in the hopes that I can dissuade those among you who contemplate actions similar to those that lead ultimately to my execution. A trite reason?

My crime was... I read a book.

Specifically, The Left Hand of Darkness by Ursula K. LeGuin, though it doesn't really matter what book it was. The point is that the following warning appeared on the copyright page:

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the Publisher.

And I didn't even notice the warning until after I had already read the book and recorded it in some dark corner of the information storage and retrieval system in my head.

Copyright 1974/5-- Kevin Williams

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With the approach of Yuletide, we realized there wasn't going to be the annual Xmas-meet, so Fred Hemmings button-holed a neo, who he hadn't met before, and within five minutes had him agreeing to hold an all ~~night~~ weekend party for a bunch of idiots who he'd also never met before. (Fred is like that, he has the appearance of a spiv, and the personality of a bulldozer.) The party was a louse. So was the following January meet, when it regressed into a war-gaming session, despite Bernie's devious efforts to bar all such 'activity', and with five of the regulars being war-gamers -- including Bernie -- he had to be as devious as Pan (to whom he bears a not unreasonable resemblance).

Since May I'd been plotting with Meg Boak for a surprise Kitten visit to Gray's new abode. So it was on a wet, cold February morn, we set off for the wild north of England. In the van were Bernie, Bob & Mary & Baby Melica Smith, and myself. At some obscure suburban tube station we picked up Jhim Linwood (Doyen fnz-reviewer & master-wordsmith). "Who's writing this up?" said Jhim. "You are!" we chorused. "I did think," intoned Jhim, who does a lot of that, "of doing it as a 2001-skit, with some neo-fan throwing a copy of Transplant (Gray's 1st fnz) into the air, and it becoming a copy of Binary (Gray's 2nd fnz) and ending with us finding a tired old tru-fan dying in his bed and pointing up to a levitating copy of Cynic (Gray's current fnz, unseen for over a year.)" With Fred Hemmings as HAL 9000 -- some sarcastic person said.

We arrived at Lythamin good time and watched from our hotel for the arrival of Brian Hampton, whilst speculating if Gray & Meg would pass by. They did. Or rather they stopped in a newsagents, directly opposite, for a quarter of an hour. Meantime we the Kittens were having Kittens, praying for the non-arrival of Brian until the two had passed. Some Great Ghu in the sky heard our prayers. So finally we donned silly hats (deerstalkers, top-hats, bonnets, etc.) and marched round to the apartment-house where Boak abodes, rang the bell, hid, and as the door opened-- pounced! Only it wasn't Gray who opened it. A neighbour, a smart young man looking like an undertaker with a surprised look on his face. I believe we had something to do with that. Gray then greeted us with a look somewhere between horror and dumbfoundment, and to a certain extent relief as he'd briefly spotted one of my letters to Meg and began to think there might be 'something happening between us'. I shouldn't have mentioned that, but what the hell, I need all the repu-

tation I can get!

It was a pleasant night, just drinking, talking, and eating pancakes, much like the Kitten meets of olde. Gray lamented that his 'no-program-me-Feb-Faan-Con' idea had only raised a miserly 12 replies! So he was not going ahead with it. We pointed out that most fen (e.g. us) would think their support could automatically be counted on, and then we listed names to a score or more of such people; at the same time we flooded Gray's mind with memories of our faanish days, until with a sentimental glint in his spectacles he agreed to go ahead with the plan IF he got enough letters of support. We went back to the south (arriving 3 a.m. Monday) to spread the word.

We needn't have bothered. A fortnight later, a one-sheet was circulating. The con was ON. For 6th-8th Feb '76. The faans will simply populate the Gresham Hotel, Blackpool. The bar will stay open as long as there is a reasonable number of drinkers, and, as there's no programme, that's where the fen are gonna be.

Also, after that one-sheet came, Cynic 7, Gray's fnz of yore (& one of Britain's best) suddenly appeared out of nowhere. Thish is very much a personalzine, with articles on the coming con, mishaps galore during the Boak wedding/honeymoon, plus a good talkative lettercol. Very neat and altho' C7 may all have gone by now, you might like to ask for C8. Gray's bound to oblige sooner or later (from 2 Cecil Court, Cecil St., Lytham, Lytham St. Annes, Lancs FY8 5NN, UK.) Having booked the con & produced Cynic he ends on the note, 'only two weeks ago I was convinced of gafiation,' (he doesn't say whether the conviction came before or after the visit we made, but...) I guess the Kittens have got a lot to answer for.

We'll certainly have a lot to answer for at Seacon, mainly thanks to Brian's idea of producing a fan-cartoon (ANIMATED- that is) and as I'm the only 'artist' in the Kittens, you can imagine my schemes to avoid this activity. Nevertheless, Brian finally presented me with the 'instruction book', and at the Kingston meet he brought along the 16mm projector and some footage taken at the One Tun. "I've got about 45 minutes still unexposed," he just happened to say. "Let's make a film," cried Fred, and I'll give you three guesses what the Kittens did that weekend. Correct. (The idea was to get it entirely done in time for the Delta SF Film Competition at Seacon this Easter - that is to say in less than three weeks.) Self-appointed Director Andy Warhemings instantly started to write the shooting-script, (even tho' he didn't know such elementary rules as *Exit frame left, Enter frame right*) whilst Janice Wiles (a neo-femme-fan, expecting sercon SF discussion) spent her first fan-meet in the middle of a bunch of lunatic faans shouting shooting sequences at each other! The paper I was given to immediately draw the titles on had a quality slightly akin to blotting paper, so I'm dreading to see the results on the big screen.

The next day and weekend saw Gerald Lawrence teleporting in phoneboot without his trousers, Ian (Maya) Maule getting in & out of baths, Bernie visiting Mothercare, Bryan's camera toppling over and Fred protesting his innocence. As Bryan can only develop a hundred-foot of film per day, it is going to be a last minute completion, without soundtrack! It may turn out to be the biggest crud-film since "Plan Nine from Outer Space", but one thing you can say, the Kittens, at last, are active. Next thing you know, we'll be pubbing a fnz.

-- 1975 March 22

On 28th March Seacon showed "Kum to Kitten"-- if the great secret matter in the sky is kind to you, you'll never see it. -- April 7 lett

From a letter April 22-- "The big surprise ((at Seacon)) was Sheryl Birkhead being there (and Mike Glicksohn). It's really damnable that we only got a couple of hours or so to talk together, but it was wonderful to meet her and hopefully we'll have more time in '76."

COMING YOUR WAY SOON: There appears to have been a minor cascade of British fnzs, perhaps caused by a bid to beat the new postage rates and/or hand round at Seacon. However, any break from British-fandom's usual state of semi-apathy is something noticeable, so I've brought together the most recent titles. Please write off and get on their mailing lists...under our crazy system it's cheaper to post Printed Paper abroad than internally, so the eds will be pleased to send them.

RECEIVED AND READ: QWERTYUIOP 8 (now Gunputty) (US Qto Dup 36pp/Usual/ Sam Long, Box 4946, Patrick AFB, Florida 32925 USA) Yes, this is a British-zine; ask Sam if you don't believe me. He's about to leave the USAF Weather Bureau to become a Scottish Laird. Q is an extension of Sam's personality; you'll either love Q or hate it, and my sentiments are very much with the former. We are, I should add, just good friends.

STULTICICIAE LAUS 1 (A5 litho 8pp/usual) Editor Darroll Pardoe said the prestige of its former title Les Spinge left him without "a total freedom to do what I intended". Altho' S.L. seems to be just continuing the same very neat, very nice, personalzine. Of course I could be wrong as his wife Rosemary says I misunderstood what she intended with Wark (A5 litho 20pp/usual or 25p/ 24 Othello Close, Hartford, Huntingdon, PE18 7SU, UK.) Wark 3 is getting closer to her intentions of a fnz about fnzs, as opposed to just a reviewzine, but it is 'bitty' & still over fantasy oriented.

An Honourable Mention for Graham Poole's SP1-2 that came out in March (A5 Xerox 52pp/usual/23 Russet Rd, Cheltenham, Glos. GL51 7LN, UK.) By the time you read this No.3 will be out and 4 will be in the mix.If you like TITLE &/or KARASS then you'll enjoy this one. UK oriented, but what's wrong with that? Also an Hon. Men. for MAYA 7 (A5 litho 32pp/usual or 30p/Rob Jackson, 21 Lyndhurst Rd., Benton, Newcastle on Tyne, NE12 9NT, UK.) It used to be one of our best faanzines but now sadly it's just one of our best genzines. Also there's Harry Bell's THE GRIMLING BOSCH 2 (Qto Dup 4pp/usual/ 9 Lincoln St, Gateshead Tyne & Wear, NE8 4EE,UK.) It's beautifully written tho' short. Those last two zines were the product of a Gannel-fandom fanzine explosion which included some crudzines that deserve dishonourable mention. To wit: GANNETSCRAPBOOK 2 (address Harry Bell) This is an incredibly 20pp cruddy combozine from some of our best editors, and DURFED (Qto Dup 32pp usual/Kevin Williams & Neil Jones, 9 Whitton Pl, Seaton DeLaval, Northumberland, UK.) This is a hammy & pathetic attempt at lunacy - something which should come easy to all fen. ((Kevin Williams???)

Also, a Must-Try-Harder-Mention for John Jerrold's PREVERT (Qto Dup 18pp usual/31 Dukes Way, West Wickham, Kent, UK.) This is a little 'lacking in direction' and the pages are filled with badly-cut typing in need of corflu. Thish is a genzine, and next ish is a Pseudo-Ratzine, in which case the bad dapping won't matter.

Others received: EGG 9 (Qto dup 26pp/usual/ Peter Roberts, 6 Westbourn Park Villas, London W2 UK.)

INFERNO 7 (52pp/usual/Skel'n Cas, 25 Bowland Close, Offerton, Stockport, Cheshire SK2 5NW, UK.)

PARKER'S PATCH (12pp/usual or 15p/ Brian Parker, 11 Fairfield Rd, Bradford 8, Yorks, UK.)

THE THIRD WRINKLED SHREW (36pp/usual/ Pat Chamock, 70 Ledbury Rd. London, W11, UK.)

THOR'S ANVIL

THOR'S ANVIL.... Fanzines Reviewed by Steve Beatty, Editor of PHOTRON
1662 College Terrace Dr.
Murray, Kentucky 42071

ETERNITY ROAD #2, Feb. 1975, 10pp offset microelite; 25¢ or the usual; irregular; Larry Carmody, 40 Shortridge Dr., Mineola, NY 11501. Before ER came along, you could read long articles about last year's books in the sercon fanzines, good reviews scattered here and there in the gen-zines, and one-sentence "reviews" of current books in SON OF THE WSFA JOURNAL. But there was no consistent source of reviews of recent books. ER looks like it will fill that gap. Although this issue has an editorial, an essay, music reviews, and letters, its 10 reviews in as many pages pretty much puts ER into the category of review zines.

Carmody has previous experience in fanediting-- ARMAGEDDON, noted for its deliberate crudzine approach. But ER is competently laid out and reproduced, with easy-to-read headings and an overall well-put-together look.

STAR FIRE #5, Feb 1975, 84pp mimeo; 75¢ or the usual; irregular; Bill Breiding-- this is a new address-- 151 Arkansas St., San Francisco, CA 94107. This fifth SF continues the trends of previous issues-- it is more about people and their feelings than SF or fandom. This is best exemplified by Roger Sween who has written another episode in his autobiographical column. Regular columnists Dale C. Donaldson and James A. Hall write about bicycling and snowmobiling, respectively. Aljo Svoboda, Mike Gorra, and Sutton Breiding also have more-or-less personal pieces.

There is less poetry in this issue, a trend not entirely unwelcome to some.

On the serious side, there are articles on Clifford Simak and F.M. Busby, and fantasy book reviews.

This issue has a huge amount of electrostenciled art, plus a 6-page offset Victor Kostrikin portfolio and elaborate fold-around covers. Most of the stencils for this issue were not typed by Bill; thus there are many fewer departures from standard spelling.

STAR FIRE might not be the fanzine for everyone, but those who like it eagerly look forward to the day the next issue drops into their mailboxes. ((Donn here-- I'm one of those who likes SF, and especially is impressed with its development.))

ZAPPIT #1, April, 9pp offset; 20¢ or the usual; K. Allen Bjorke, 3626 Coolidge St. NE, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55418. This new fanzine is not at all what one expects of a first issue. True, the editorial is all about why the zine is being published, but there's no whining about how hard it was to print the thing and no desperate plea for contributions. Quite unlike the typical first issue is the well-reproduced art by several artists.

Bjorke says that each issue will have a particular theme--this one is aimed at neofans; #2 will consider SF in films and TV. The best feature of this issue is a two-page article by Mike Glicksohn telling why he won't write an article for ZAP; the zine is worth getting for that alone.

FAN PUBLISHING RECORD #3, April, 12pp reduced offset; nearly monthly; 50¢, 10/\$3, or trade; Roger Sween, 319 Elm St., Kalamazoo, Mich 49007. Roger is a librarian in ~~the~~ the mundane world, and this is. . uh, something like what you might expect from a librarian. It is a straight forward listing of contents of fanzines. This is udeful to the completist type who has to get every issue of every fanzine or at least know what he missed; can also be used as a buying guide-- keeping in mind that these are only listings; there are no evaluations. This is not a reviewzine-- Roger does not give any opinions (except in one work selected for a real review), nor does he make the usual fanzine reviewer's snide comments-- not even when one of the articles he lists is titled "Skrew Roger Sween." ((Sic))

INFERNO #6, December 1974; 46pp multicolored mimeo; trade and Herbie knows what else; from someone in England, maybe Paul Skelton? ((Donn here-- I have issue #7 of 52pp half-size mimeo received 4/29 which gives the editors as Skel n' Cas, 25 Bowland Close, Offerton, Stockport, Cheshire, SK2 7NW, England.)) This zine consists of letters interspersed with comments and diary extracts by the editor. Subjects include cons and other aspects of British fanac, plus interesting ramblings on lots of diverse subjects. ((Donn here again, and I hope that Steve doesn't object to my intrusions. This zine has the same sort of appeal as Ned Brooks' IT COMES IN THE MAIL.))

MAYA #7, 32pp offset; \$1, 4/\$3, or the usual, sample free; Robert Jackson, 21 Lyndhurst Rd., Benton, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE12 9NT, UK. This genzine is well edited and printed except for the fatal flaw of four blank pages in my copy. There is another article on the declining fanzine scene in the UK, a con report by Bob Shaw, and an article that claims SF has been greatly influenced by the film BOY'S TOWN (I have no earthly idea how; half this article was on one of those blank pages). Then there is an article on student protests in London several years ago, and Christopher Priest reviews THE DISPOSSESSED. Somehow I was not quite so infuriated by the blank page in the middle of the 5-page review. This may be England's last surviving genzine; it might not deserve your support but UK fandom does.

PROFANITY #8 and #9, Feb and April, 21 & 27pp; 25¢ or the usual; Bruce Pelz, 159 Kalisher St., Granada Hills, CA 91344. This is a revival of a title that has been dormant for several years. Pelz wants to get into genzines again and is hoping to trade with lots of faneds. The main features of the zine are fan-diary excerpts and a Discon report. They make interesting reading if you know some of the people involved and/or want to find out about everyday life in LA fandom.

APA-50 #4, Feb 1975, 49pp ditto and mimeo; to members, bimonthly; Chris Sherman, 700 Parkview Terr., Minneapolis, MN 55416. This is a mailing of a new apa (started last year) for people born in or after 1950 and interested in sercon. Dues are \$2 a year and 30 copies of 4 pages every other mailing. Although there is a great deal of serious writing (much of it on Lovecraft and his imitators), topics range from how-I-got-into-fandom to the inevitable mailing comments. This mailing is rather large for an apa with such a small membership, due partly to the inclusion of Cris' genzine VERTERE.

The members are Mike Bracken, Bill Breiding, Cy Chauvin, Terry Floyd, Wayne W. Martin, Chris Sherman, Roger Sween (with a special exemption from the age limit), Craig Van Grasstek, Leah Zeldes, Steve Beatty, and Larry Downes. This group could use more members-- the rules call for a limit of 20 but there seems to be no likelihood of that number being reached soon.

letter to jodie

Dear Ms. Offutt (Jodie...):

April 25, 1975

Your letter to me in TITLE 38 raises many good points which I did not consider at the time of writing my original letter for an earlier T. I must admit that many of my thoughts were "immature". Nonetheless, there have been many changes since then in my outlook. I still believe that fan fiction is a vital part of fandom (for only those such as myself interested in FAN fiction). I do not believe, now, that fiction is the only creative aspect in fandom. Basically, I have widened my very limited and prejudiced viewpoint from the time I wrote that last letter. If I had not learned much since then, it would be a very poor manifestation of my intelligence.

In fandom, I have discovered that article-writing, as well as fiction ...illustration, art, techniques of fanzine production, convention oratory, design, graphics... all these are entire UNIVERSES within fandom which I completely overlooked. And there are the Offutt columns found in a variety of fanzines...themselves bits and pieces of enjoyable creativity. You see, at the time I wrote the letter, I had such a limited knowledge of prozines (let alone fandom), that I knew only a very small number of prozines and semi-pros. Today, this has been expanded somewhat.

"Why not start at ANALOG?"

Yes. Why not? You raise another very good point. I am now incessantly sending to almost every major prozine. I have even managed to get comments, to my surprise and pleasure, from some of them. This, to me, is a major step forward. Compliments, saying, "You show promise, etc.", (a fine ego trip! I have nothing against ego-trips!).

I guess an individual can be as great or small in ANY field as he truly believes he can. And of course, you raised another good question: "How does a pro become a pro?"

Answer: He works. And works. And writes. And writes. The saying is that Ray Bradbury ground out close to a million words before he sold his first professional story. In Sam Moscovitz's SEEKERS OF TOMORROW, he stated that Bradbury had an incredibly negative feedback from fanzines as well as prozines. I have written as yet only 500,000 words-- barely half that number. And I have sold to semi-prozines...the smaller publications. Which is better than nothing.

When I mention things such as "the tricks of the trade" in creative writing, I am referring to KNOWLEDGE concerning the current markets, what editors look for, ability to distinguish what's been done and what hasn't...so forth. These are the rudiments.

I guess the major error in my thesis was saying that a writer is a "one-celled" animal...that a writer's sole track is to WRITE and nothing else. As I look into it closer and more profoundly, I can see your point. The best writers are masters of action, plot, characterization. They have lived, seen, experienced, felt. They know how to TELL A GOOD TALE...from Harlan Ellison down to Herman Melville to Hans Christian Anderson. In order to master this, it takes WORK -- pure, naked WORK. This is extended to include EXPERIENCE. He goes out to see,

feel..explore the world, his subconscious, his past, present...alter-nate futures.

I want to experience and meet people at cons, certainly...to have that person-to-person touch in fandom. But there is something else I want from this whole game. And I believe that, deep down, ALL fans, in one way or another, want this when the fun becomes FIAWOL. It is a thing called FAME. It is called BEING KNOWN. The race car driver, trumpeter, first man on the moon... all want TO BE KNOWN. This is more than an ego-trip. It is a common urge of the creative impulse in the human race. To deny this fundamental would, in my opinion, deny Mankind his art.

And I WANT TO BE KNOWN. AND I WANT TO HAVE FUN. AND I WANT TO WORK AT SOMETHING I CAN DO BEST.

These are my basic motivators. There are no other reasons why I'd be doing ANYTHING in this lifetime.

I submit stories to any place that can use them. If a prozine doesn't use one, I submit it to another. If that one doesn't use it...another. Another. Until I reach the bottom of the barrel. The fanzines. Or a near-death fate (but not as bad), the "semi-pros".

I admit that sometimes I get very discouraged. And while I'm working ...while I'm writing...I need some boost, something to keep me going. It is an ego-trip. Fanzines, small literary publications, college publications. For god's sakes: It's better than having the stories sit around doing NOTHING.

I'm not deceiving myself. Stories are written to be read...nothing else. Music is made to be heard. Let's not go into a philosophical circle here. "If a writer's work isn't good enough for the pros," you say, "I object having it used in fanzines for an ego-trip..." I don't. I love response...I love answers, being known. What's wrong with an ego-trip? My philosophy is to enjoy life and to take as much inflow as I possibly can.

And you know what's so strange about fandom? It's so much fun that it becomes a serious game. You see, why not exercise my muscles while preparing for the pros...why not write my "non-saleable" material until it IS "saleable"... I think of writing as that grand exercise. It's my passion. It's simply a matter of mustering up enough courage to SHOW, PUBLISH, DISPLAY, and say, "Look! This is what I've done! This is what I love! It isn't quite professional yet, but it will soon be!"

Fandom is undoubtedly one of the wider, more spacious arenas where an individual can express his private desires -- even if they be the wildest dreams.

My model of a sensible individual is one who can freely admit when he has gone astray..one who errs, and can go back on the right path. Seldom do I see anyone say,"This was something that I did not know. I was ignorant. Now, I'm still trying to learn." For whatever reason your letter to me was intended, it has actually aided me...given me additional data which I am desperate for.

You see...I regard your viewpoint as highly authoritative.

Yours truly,

Jon Inouye, 12319 Aneta St., Culver City, CA 90230

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38 38

Vic Kostrikin Rt 1 Box 4 Gervais, OR 97026

4-17 card received 4-21

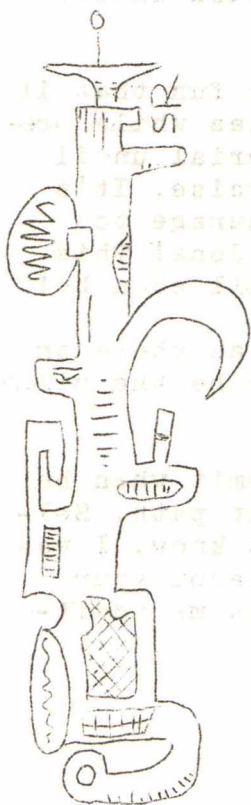
The Hulse cover is your best yet, but I couldn't distinguish the sex of the person.. Contents were extra good as usual. Particular pets were PROBE, Smoot's LoC, Kwikwotz, FMZ Kwotz was doubly interesting, and I demand more stuff like your chat with M T Shoemaker. I learn more about other fans through your zine than any other. ## There's nothing unworldly about running 50 miles. When I was in the cross country team in my sophomore year I found that after running 8 or more miles the pain subsides to the back of your brain and all you think about is running the next mile and the next and the next... That was 2 1/2 years ago and I haven't run since. I just sit around and shoot a few baskets or chase stray dogs. ## By the way, I flopped up in the Conway Scholarship Competition, or at least the university's computer did, so I won't be getting a free trip to St. Louis. But come August, I'll probably be attending Washington University. I'll be seein' you then. You should get a copy of my crudzine next month. See ya, Vic.

Don D'Amassa 19 Angell Dr. East Providence, RI 02914

4-17 letter rec. 4-21

Aha, a discussion of SF in TITLE. Mike Glicksohn should feel relieved. I've read Death and Designation Among the Asadi by Michael Bishop. The story was obviously meant to deal with the human researcher more than with the aliens, though. ## I agree with Frank Denton's praise of Hiero's Journey, which reminded me of top quality Andre Norton. My only reservation is that the rapid succession of giant animals ought to have been supplemented with a few forms of monster other than just oversized versions of everyday beasts. After all, irradiation should have more than one effect on germ plasm. ## I disagree with Eldon Everett's statement that the Perry Rhodan books should at least be credited with "confidence in technology". Rather, they put technology in the category of panacea. One shouldn't worry about the problems of mankind or individuals, say the PR authors, because sooner or later scientists will invent a solution. This absolves the public and the reader from any obligation to deal with

problems, or to question the tenets of society. Technology as the only hope of mankind, I submit, is about as sensible as saying: Invasion stories, the only good SF. ## A very interesting Eric Mayer piece, that inspired not a single comment. ## I don't worry about the literal definition of SF as opposed to fantasy, supernatural, or what have you, as apparently does Robert Smoot. I'd rather just say that what people nominate, qualifies. ## Agree with Mike Glicksohn and Terry Jeeves that fanzines should damn well reflect what the faned wants to print, not what he thinks people want to read. I'm always pleased that people enjoy MYTHOLOGIES, for example, but I'd continue to print what I want to print, even if they were bored to death. I might look for a different readership, but I sure wouldn't look for a new editorial policy. ## John Strang's letter in which he attacks the idea that man is basically evil came at an appropriate time. I am doing a treatment of Maslow's Psychology of Being for the next issue of MYTHOLOGIES. Maslow assumes that man is basically good, or at least neutral. All "evil" attributes, he says, are the result of general frustration. I've added John Strang to my mailing list. ## peace, don.



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I am more and more disappointed with each new issue of TITLE. I dislike in the extreme your xeroxing the actual letters that readers send to you... I find it much more attractive when a zine is typed all in one typeface, rather than a jarring page after page... It is even more ugly than Irvin Koch's fanzine. ((John, TITLE is not attempting the slickness of a book or prozine; xeroxing actual letters adds, I think, another dimension to the character of the writer, and it's all there; I always liked the surprises that Irv dished up in floating parentheticals, etc.)) ## Eric Mayer is proving to be one of the better new fanwriters. In fandom less than 2 years and already in OUTWORLDS and respected in all the fannish circles. ## I found your portrait of Michael Shoemaker utterly fascinating. I will always associate a definite personality as you conveyed it whenever I hear his name. I wonder if I am capable of displaying to another fan as much personality as Mike evidently displayed to you? I guess the answer to that will have to wait for the day when I actually meet another fan. ## Best....John.

Richard Brandt 4013 Sierra Dr., Mobile, AL 36609

Letter rec. 4/23

Eric Mayer scared me. He writes so well about those experiences...My overpowering fear, too, is of some dread horror waiting in concealment; the fear pursues me in my waking hours, so much so that I occasionally must force myself to open a door, closet, or cabinet. Especially when I've just seen a very scary movie, or read an article like Eric's (the creep!). One of my highest goals as a would-be film-maker is to shoot a movie full of people opening doors and cabinets and having horrible things fall out of them. Get it all out of my system. ## I am especially intrigued by Jackie Franke's comments on the name-calling phenomenon. Occasionally I've heard, very faintly but clearly, someone calling my name...just at the threshold of hearing, as if in the distance. Whether it's misinterpretation of another sound or my frantic imagination I don't know. ## r P.S. nice cover, S.H.

Kevin Williams 2331 S. 6th, Springfield, Ill. 62703 Letter 4/22 rec. 4/25

I'd like to make some comments about Ann Chamberlain's letter/article...The alchemists knew nothing about atoms, let alone atomic fission. They did not have a theory, correct or incorrect, about transmutation of elements; rather, they reasoned by analogy and allegory. All they had was the idea of transmuting elements. Transmutation, when it was achieved, was done in a way that would have been incomprehensible to an alchemist because it developed out of physics, not chemistry. To put it succinctly, alchemy did not contribute in any way to the development of transmutation. ## Ann's second mistake is when she says, "...today no scientist hesitates to speak of (the solar system's) resemblance to an enlarged atom." This might have been true fifty years ago, but today...Electrons (the supposed counterparts to planets) have a cute habit of jumping instantly from one energy state ("orbit") to another. Furthermore, electrons are no longer considered to be distinct little balls. They are thought to be fuzzy, elusive bundles of energy. No analogy is really adequate to describe the atom as presently pictured; the solar system analogy certainly doesn't apply. ## I see Shaver has been smoking old copies of YANDRO again. Actually, I did see a rather remarkable image in one of the pictures...a coin of some sort, with the numerals 67 clearly inscribed. The rock people developed the so-called "Hindu-Arabic" numeral system months before Marco Polo brought it back from Trenton, right after the Big One. ## Glad you printed quotes from I SEEM TO BE A VERB. I've never heard anyone else mention the book but I was fascinated with it several years ago. I've read through it many times. ## Did you know that "The Reincarnation of Peter Proud", which reportedly features the exposed breasts of the incredibly foxy Margot Kidder, is a product of Bing Crosby Productions? Far out. ((No, but I think I caught a glimpse of the author MAX FRISCH on a quick TV advertisement. Anyone know? Did Max write the screenstory or was the story taken from a book or play of his?)) ## Best, Kevin.

+++++
FINAL ANALYSIS
+++++

CoA:

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Doc Wertham asks the question:
"Why is it that the truth is so
often controversial? Maybe you
know the answer." This, in con-
nection with the book INSANITY
DEFENSE by Richard Arens and ad-
vertised in RAMPARTS, Apr.75, as
"the book organized psychiatry
wants suppressed..." Doc thinks
highly of this book and some of
his words are featured in the ad-
vertisement. Since the expert has
asked this non-expert a question
I will answer: because the truth,
if such it be, rocks the boat and
the deadwood is fearful of their
precious lives. Any divergence
from the status quo leads to loud
screams. We see such loud screams
even in fandom, i.e. violent ob-
jections to the new fan awards.
I reserve the right to say, how-
ever, that divergence may not be
the truth. But what is truth? Ev-
en Jesus Christ could not supply
an answer to that when asked by
Pontious Pilate. My feeling is
that there is no such thing as
truth. There is only a reason-
ableness of explanation that for
the moment in time & place seems
to fit most of the evidence which
may be faulty in the first place.
Pragmatism? So be it.

Here's a question I would like
everyone to answer: what fan
would you like to see pictured
in TITLE's Xeroxed photo-section?
Perhaps if there's an over-
whelming demand I can show the
evidence to the demandee and



FROM: T39 June

DONN BRAZIER
1455 Fawnvalley Dr.
St. Louis, Mo. 63131



TQ:

Eric Lindsay
6 Hillcrest Ave
Faulconbridge NSW 2776
Australia

Third Class Mail
Printed Matter
This Publication
Requested by Addressee

coax a photograph from him or her.
Or perhaps you will inform me
that Xeroxing photographs is not
the best thing to do-- forget the
whole idea. Do I, having seen the
actual photo, perform mental
closure on the fuzzy Xerox and
see them better than all of you?

Thought of the month: consider
the howl against Space Explor-
ation expense, and then consider
the \$325,000,000 spent on Xmas
trees. Moreover, just think of
the trees. Then too, what good
ideas do you have for the use of
discarded Xmas trees??