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# A I T O I

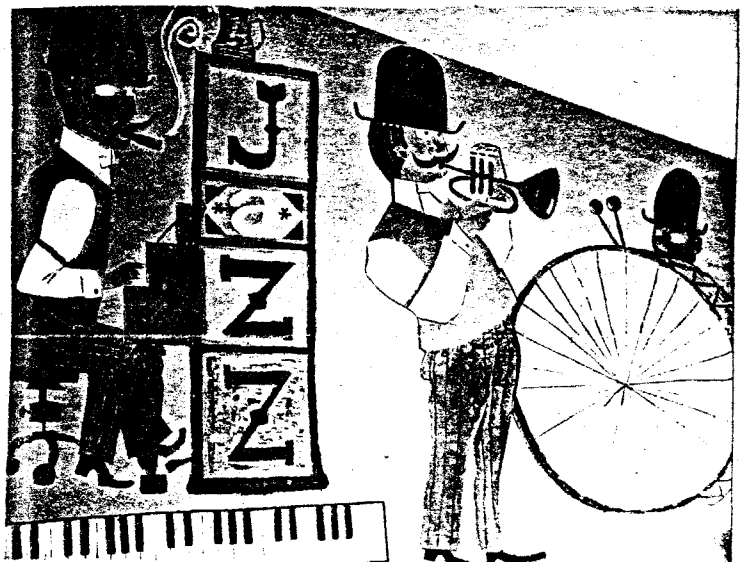
## AS I THINK OF IT



EDITOR

Kooky stuff is what makes a hit with the newspapers & TV. Here at the Museum of Science, when something of real value occurs, it is difficult to work up any enthusiasm with the news media. Not so with the silly stuff. When one of our dinosaurs was late in arriving on a flatbed and the driver came in with a broken wrist, the media made a big thing about the "attack" on the unsuspecting driver by the dinosaur; little was said about the educational value of the two beasts, or their authentic reproduction in fiberglass. Then some years ago a TV station got wind of some ghost stories emanating from the two old mansions that house the museum. I was talked into sleeping in the lobby overnight with a reporter who came equipped with cameras. Although nothing happened, he took pictures anyway and the report appeared on three separate newscasts. This whole thing is being recalled now because on April 6 the museum "ghost" got four paragraphs in a feature story about St. Louis ghosts. Can we conclude that kooky stuff *more so than the usual* in fanzines makes a greater hit with fans than serious material?

The photo at the right is one wall (in part) of my den. The banjo player is missing from the



left side of the photo because I couldn't stand back far enough with my Polaroid to get it all in. I copied parts from a wrapping paper design, painted right on the rough plaster wall with showcard orange, brown, black & white. Put it down as one your editor's paradoxical characteristics: he does BIG pictures and SMALL stories.

\*\*\*\*\*  
FLASH FLASH FLASH FLASH FLASH FLAS  
\*\*\*\*\*

#### LOVECRAFT AT LAST

(arrives at last--June 3)  
by H.P.Lovecraft and Willis  
Conover

Carrollton-Clark

9122 Rosslyn

Arlington, Va. 22209 \$30.00

I think I ordered this book in March of 1974 or so, and was a little worried at the delay. Well! Good things take time and this is a GOOD thing!

This is a wonderful thing! If HPL is one of your favorites, it's a natural. But regardless, and I am one day later half through the book, it is expertly, informally, personally, beautifully, formatly, 'titally' organized with facsimiles, photos, EVERYTHING!

The book is 8 1/4 x 11 1/4; in a Finlay decorated gold jacket; all in a gold slipcase; book designed by Robert L. Dothard; 272 pps w/ index & bibliography; 1000 copy edition & I have #261.

Only one thing would ever please me as much (probably more) from the capable Willis Conover-- his book on Edward Duke Ellington.

THIS TESTIMONIAL IS UNSOLICITED  
AND REFLECTS ONLY MY GREAT EX-  
CITEMENT. DAMN, WHAT A BOOK!

\*\*\*\*\*

Just 10 readers sent back names of fans they'd like to see in T's photogravure section. Demand is heavy for Sheryl Birkhead, Leah Zeldes, Jhim Kennedy, and the editor of this zine.

IT CAME IN THE MAIL.....

A TITLE #35 postmarked 24 Dec was returned to me at the end of MAY! with the inked addressee washed away; so, what loyal reader has a T 35 coming to him (her) long overdue?

A program, THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA SCHOOL OF MUSIC presents Michael T. Shoemaker, Cello, Junior Recital, in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Bachelor of Music, April 19, 1975. Program: Suite No.2 in D Minor, J. S. Bach, intermission, Concerto in D Minor, Edward Lalo.

TROJAN SPIRIT Vol II No II May 75 containing a reprint of YURT from TITLE 38 with some editorial comments by Robert Smoot such as "Ed Cagle, one of TITLE's more colorful contributors, is noted for nefarious concoctions." TITLE's "YURT" had been reprinted from TROJAN SPIRIT of Christmas issue '74, with editorial comments by Barbek.

Three non-fanzines from Neal Wilgus in which he has various material. SPARK (a social responsibility for engineering zine) has Neal's "Technology Assessment through Science Fiction". THE TIMES (a New Mexico zine on current culture) has Neal's articles on "Conspiracy" and a warning piece "Don't Drink the Milk". Neal's report of the Geis difficulty with the name of his zine, THE ALIEN CRITIC, is in THE MATCH (an anarchist journal).

INSIDE COMICS Vol I No 4 sent by Dr. Wertham because it contains an interview of Doc on the comic subject. Says Doc: "It (the interview) makes clear some things that many, including some Titlers, misunderstand. The fact that they let me express my opinions so frankly shows -- as I say in TWoF -- that fanzines are about the only communication medium left that permits free expression and that is not censored and clogged." This zine seems professionally done & distributed by Galaxy News Service, 11 West 17th St., New York, NY 10011. ((Photos of Doc coming up in T41))



# THE MANY FACES OF FAME

by Michael T. Shoemaker

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In TITLE #39, Jon Inouye asserts that the quest for fame is the motivation of all fans, that it is even a fundamental of the creative impulse. I deny this vehemently. True, it may well be the motivating force for most people, but it is not the universal that he makes it out to be.

Sports is an activity that one might rightly associate with the quest for fame. My seven years experience as a distance runner have thus provided me with many insights into this question of fame, and with ample opportunity for contemplation. Like most high school freshmen, I suppose I went out for distance running because of a desire to win fame. But I rapidly grew out of this. In the first place, distance running is a low-visibility sport. Most of even the best runners never receive any significant recognition. Secondly, it is not important anyway. The reasons most runners give for their sport have nothing to do with fame: conditioning, comradeship, competition, personal satisfaction. Which is not to say that distance runners are not ego-maniacal. Most of the good ones are; they have to be, because one does not win in this sport without great self-confidence.

But this egotistical state of mind is purely involuted; it does not depend upon the accolades of others, certainly not of non-runners, but instead depends upon personal satisfaction resulting from improving one's times or beating an opponent.

Surpassing the desire for fame is a great barrier in a runner's development. Most do not get past it, which accounts for the majority of runners quitting after their high school careers. I overcame it when I read this interview quote from Derek Clayton (world record holder in the marathon), which expresses my own feelings perfectly:

Question: Before you retire, would you like to amass enough outstanding achievements to establish yourself as the greatest of all time?

Clayton: No, not really. I don't run to be "regarded" by anybody, frankly. I couldn't care less about what other people think about me. I run for myself. I don't run for other people. I don't run for my country. I'm not very nationalistic. Derek Clayton comes first in my book. If I ran for other people, I'd be worrying about what other people think. I'd end up having white hairs and being a frustrated old man long before my time. I learned that a long time ago. I run for me and the personal satisfaction that I get out of it. One of the reasons I started running was for the personal satisfaction it gave me and my close family. But people outside my own circle, it doesn't really matter what they think-- whether I'm regarded as one of the greatest ever, or whether I'm regarded as the greatest bum ever.

In music, Stravinsky said that the most important thing for him was the act of composing; that actually hearing the music was of much less importance. Charles Ives composed prolifically despite that almost none of his music was performed during his career.

In literature, H.P. Lovecraft, according to de Camp, wrote for his own pleasure and the entertainment of a few friends. Or take Franz Kafka who wanted all of his manuscripts destroyed upon his death.

In regard to fandom, I cannot speak for others, but my own motivation has always been communication, both as a receiver and as a transmitter. Now this does contain a strong touch of ego (one must believe that one has something worthwhile to communicate), but it has nothing to do with fame, because I feel satisfied if I reach just one person in the audience. If I wanted fannish fame I would loc every fanzine I get, write lots of articles and reviews, attend lots of cons, publish OXYTOCIC off-set for \$80 an issue, and give all the BNF's lots of egoboo-- but I do not.

A distance runner once said that no matter what heights one reaches, there'll always be hundreds of millions of Chinese, etc. who do not even know you exist, so how significant is "fame"? This keeps one sober in the face of adulation and content in the face of neglect.

END

(May 16, 1975)

A LETTER TO JODIE OFFUTT May 3, 1975  
from C.C.Clingan 1254 Leah Court  
Oroville, CA 95965

////////////////////////////////////

I started reading SF when I was 12, in 1957. In 1973, I found fandom, and began my writing career. I don't know if reading the works of established pros has helped or hindered my writing. I do know that sometimes, when I thought I had come up with a good story idea, I found later that it had come from my subconscious remembrance of one of a thousand books read over the past 16 years.

I guess I would have to be placed in the handfull giving fandom or semi-pro zines (and editors of same) credit for my selling to the pro market.

Granted all things mentioned about the pros studying one another, writing and submitting has and does help, but only to a certain degree.

To a new writer piling up stacks of rejection slips from different pro-zines, it can be almost enough to cause that writer to say to hell with the whole thing. This is where the fan-fiction and semi-pro zines play such an important part to the fledgling writer such as Jon Inouye, myself, and many others. We can see our works in print, and learn from each new story we write. Then when we and the various editors we have submitted to feel our work has progressed to that point, we can submit to the pro markets. Put this type of encouragement and help against the pro rejection slip, and there is no comparison and no better incentive to a writer.

Lastly, I feel if all those so-called critics and reviewers of fiction in the fan-fiction and semi-pro mags really wanted to help, they could compare fan fiction and semi-pro fiction to itself, and not try to hold it up against pro fiction standards. This could apply to some of the editors of those same magazines. Take it for what it is, fan, semi-pro, or pro. Don't compare each against the other, compare them to themselves.

((C.C. Clingan & A.B. Clingan edit & produce THE DIVERSIFIER, a fine offset market for fledgling fiction writers as well as the usual essays, poems, etc.))

IT'S NO SECRET by Richard S. Shaver

It's no secret that the hook is no secret except to the hooked. Except to those who refuse to think or to imagine. It is no secret that there are secrets unspoken but known to all; and secret only in the omission of sound embroidered round the hidden open meaning.

It is no secret that all live in fear of saying the secret that is hidden only to those who fear to say it out.

The pit of the tip is the tip of the pit only to those who live in the pit. The point of the hole is only a point to those who speak in contradiction, forever inverting all meaning and all sense into nonsense that says only one more contradiction.

Freedom is a contradiction to those who live in the fear of saying what they cannot help thinking always of the tip of the pit inserted in their minds.

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useless  
secret  
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yourself

It is no secret that Viet Nam was beautiful and is now but wrecks in all directions. It is no secret that wars profit only munitioneers and that they who make the war never attend the ceremonies.

And it is no secret that the poor minds are led to death like cattle on a prod inserted in their heads.

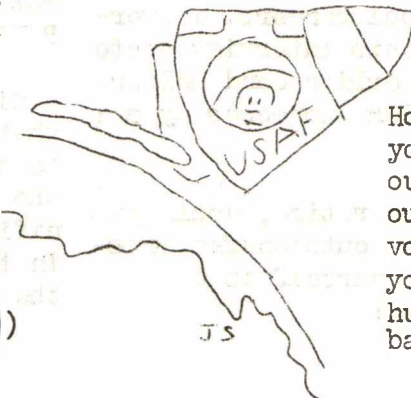
The tip of the pit is an ugly tip, and how to say it not is nothing to think.

Death contradicts life, forever and forever, and to be led to death is not the way of life except for those who go to heaven joyfully -- and quite mad!

I refuse heaven and despise Hell's pit...

JESSICA SALMONSON

How do you feel when you're all alone in outer space, looking out into the dark void, and suddenly you see two big green hungry eyes looking back at you?





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THERE'S AN ASTROLOGER BORN EVERY MINUTE by D GARY GRADY

\*\*\*\*\*

Ann Chamberlain's defense of astrology in TITLE 38 makes a number of erroneous statements. For example, she says, "Trigonometry, logarithms, and many of the greatest mathematical discoveries came as a result of a search for a quicker and better technique for the making of astrological calculations." In fact, although trigonometry and astrology do arise in the same types of civilizations (for reasons which will become obvious in a minute, if you don't know already), trigonometry is of little if any direct value in astrology and was developed to facilitate surveying and architecture. For example, the Egyptians needed it to figure out whose land was whose after the Nile's regular flooding. I also rather doubt that Napier had anything astrological in mind when he developed logarithms.

As further evidence of her lack of scientific training, she says that today "no scientist hesitates to speak of the solar system's resemblance to an enlarged atom," a concept decades out of date. And to claim that radioactive transmutation vindicates alchemy is plain silly.

She follows the well-trod path of astrology's advocates when she invokes the names of "great astrologers" (several of which were nothing of the sort) in an argumentum ad verecundiam, or appeal to prestige. It is amazing that she thinks that citing Ptolemy as an astrologer lends credence to her argument. Although he was a genius, virtually all of his ideas have been disproven.

But poking holes like this is tiresome. I prefer to take a different tack and give my own theory of how astrology did come to be.

Agricultural societies are very

dependent upon the weather. Very early in any such society it becomes obvious that the sky has a strong 'influence' on the Earth. For example, tides can be correlated to the positions of the Moon and Sun. The annual flooding of the Nile corresponds with the appearance of Sirius on the horizon at sunset. Eclipses cause great consternation and fear.

The scientifically minded people of those civilizations realized that the motions of the heavenly bodies were, while complicated, predictable. It is not all unlikely that the British structures (the most famous being Stonehenge) are crude, primitive observatories and calculators. Centuries later in ancient Greece at least one astronomical calculator (resembling a Spilhaus Space Clock) was made.

At any rate, the very success of the astrologers in predicting events in the heavens must have prompted a demand for more terrestrial applications (doubtless from the Proxmires of their time). Since have a tendency to pay seers money, and everybody likes to make money, astrology became a growth industry. The planet Mercury moved swiftly and was named after the godly messenger. That god's character was, in turn, assigned to the planet. Venus as the morning star gave birth to the day, hence the maternal attributes of that orb. And so on, out to the stately, slow-moving and, well, Saturnine Saturn.

You would expect conflicting mythologies to produce conflicting astrologies, and this is indeed the case. The twelve lunar months are likely to produce twelve signs in any astrology, but the Chinese have houses rather than twelve and associate their 12 signs (which lie along the equator, not the ecliptic) with years instead of months. The Indians have nine planets rather

er than seven, the other two being imaginary points where the lunar orbit intersects the ecliptic plane.

Add to all this the 'modern' revisions in astrology (such as the outer planets and the relatively recent equal house chart) and you have not one astrology but numerous conflicting ones.

Even two astrologers working with the same chart under the same system can produce wildly different interpretations. There are so many different forces coming to play in a single chart (ranging from the sign on the eastern horizon - the ascendant - to the sign containing the sun, to the positions of the various planets in relationship to the houses, to the planets' relationships with each other - conjunct, oppose, trine, sextile, square ) that the reading is as much a result of the astrologer's own skillful - and possibly even subconscious - observations as it is the motions of heavenly bodies.

Recent researches (reported in PSYCHOLOGY TODAY and elsewhere) have reconfirmed the notion that people will believe a horoscope's accuracy even when it is not their own! Despite this advantage, astrologers have always had to contend with criticism from the Bible, Cicero, Swift, and countless others. Tremendous (though ill-publicised) bodies of evidence against astrology have accumulated. The widely predicted disasters of 1186 failed to materialize (unless you count the blow to the prestige of astrology as a disaster). Several statistical studies have shown that astrology does not work (although a few interesting coincidences have turned up). To be fair, I should mention that a French statistician has found slight, though (he feels) statistically significant evidence of planetary influence on personality at birth. On the other hand, he finds absolutely no justification for any of the classical astrologies he has investigated.

Unfortunately, there are always those who, like the judge in the old story, do not want to be confused with the facts. They prefer to dwell in their anthropomorphic conceits, seeing (to quote Ms Chamberlain again) "man as a reflection (THE reflection) of a Creator who placed the Sun and planets in the firmament as the mechanics through which to exercise a guiding influence upon His greatest achievement."

Astrology will continue to attract adherents until someone brings an end to the Barnum Effect.

-- Gary Grady  
3309 Spruill Ave. #5  
Charleston, SC 29405

\* \* \* \* \*

## YOU LEFT YOUR LIGHTS ON

by Neal Wilgus

We had a party  
in cellblock 1320.  
Three inmates  
were about  
to escape  
thru the cracks  
in the walls.  
We were served  
raw sugar  
and rat poison  
and made to  
breathe the air.  
Soon the warden  
rapped for  
our attention  
and told a joke.  
Then he pushed  
the response button  
and we all  
laughed.



FROM THE SAFETY (?) OF THIS COL

An Irregular and More or Less Off-the-Cuff View of UK Fandom  
by Dave Rowe, 8 Park Dr., Wickford, Essex, SS12 9DH May 16

-----

Looking Back: I'm rather cuffed to say that this Ms completes a year of "Safety (?)", in which eight irregular columns out of a possible regular twelve have appeared. A pretty decent batting average, altho' I have to concede it was brought on by a last minute stand of four in a row (Row/Rowe. There should be a pun there, but I'm damned if I can find it.) But enough of these cricketing terms, which you've probably never heard before, and are therefore unable to completely enjoy the full wit of my raconteurique (lucky you).

My real reason for mentioning my past 12 month's offerings (apart from self-ego-boo) is to try to cause you to remember some of the things I've written (Go on, you might if you try hard enough)...

For instance, remember last ish I mentioned that thish I might reveal the sor-did truth about Kitter Fandom's film purrrductions? You do! Well, I only hope you haven't been awaiting it with baited breath, as the boys have paid me the blackmail-money so it remains a dastardly secret. Not really, of course, it's just that I'm still very pushed for time and that piece is progressing into a rather looong article which'll probably turn out to be a bigger epic (if it's ever written) than the film (if it's ever shot -- and believe me it ought to be, preferably with a Thompson sub-machine gun). If either of them see the light of day I'll let you know where in this col. (Hope you don't mind my getting the free plugs in, Donn.)

Can you remember back to TITLE 35? 'Cause in that ish I mentioned that we'd had some bother over here as to whether we should allow two-year con bids for our annual Eastercon (which would give the committees more time to organize, but also more time to fold). This had resulted in a noisy panel & lengthy fnz articles, with one fanzine practically wholly devoted to the issue (a sort of issue-ish) and a fan-feud whose furiosity has only been matched by battling goldfish. At Seacon, an open meeting was called to decide, and the decision was made. Only one year bids can be confirmed. A two-

year bid can ask for provisional support, but will not be confirmed until a year before the con. Which is as things are/were/ & always have been. The status quo has been imperviously preserved and so Brit-fandom can once again slip back into its usual state of semi-apathy. Hip, Hip, Hoorhubrab! ((Also rhubarb!))

Now, can you remember back to my first col? (Don't bother, it's not really that important, but...) In there I happened to touch upon the trials & tribulations of the British Science Fiction Association, better known as the BSFA, the only eleven syllable four-letter-word in the fannish-swearbook. The BSFA is our equivalent of your N3F.

About 10 years ago, the then-treasurer walked off with the money, the duplicator and a large chunk of the paperwork(?!). As a result the BSFA became the BSFA Ltd, that is to say a Limited Company (your equivalent would be Inc. I believe). This was to stop any recurrence of that unfortunate event by law. However, this year both the Treasurer and the Secretary disappeared into thin air. So nothing has been seen of the BSFA for a whole year. In fact, the BSFA meeting of Seacon was not the usual Annual General Meeting, as under company law, notices must be sent to all members three weeks beforehand but only the Secy & Treas know the current membership list, so.....

The BSFA has never shown any purpose or direction, added to this it has had one long history of tottering from one mishap to another and another & another... So with its fanzine foundation sold, its Magazine Library burned down, and its book library in the safer hands of the Science Fiction Foundation, you would think that it was best to bury the corpse. Not so, or so think a few Dr.Frankensteins who are attempting to resuscitate the monster. I suppose I should wish them luck, but I've seen all this far too often, and we all know what happens to the Frankenstein creature at the end of every film.

In fact, the BSFA's usual state of organizational ability can be seen in its date for the Annual General Meeting (June 27th



at the up-stairs room of 'The One Tun' pub at 7:30pm). Under company law this is the last weekend available to them, so should it fall through for any reason the BSFA is dead. It is on a working day evening (Friday), which means members outside the London area (i.e. Most) are going to have to take a day off work, or miss the meeting. Also, owing to British licensing laws, the pub will have to close at 11 o'clock. Has any AGM ended on time? Can you imagine any society being successfully restarted in three and a half hours flat? At least an earlier weekend date & time would have solved all those problems. For all that, I should imagine the BSFA will survive but only just -- unless some miracle happens it'll never prosper.

In the Pipeline: Don't look too pleased at that change of sub-title, I'm still asking you to look back (this must be the only fnz-col that's guaranteed to give you a pain in the neck.) But this time I'm only asking you to remember the col-before-last which closed with the comment on us Kittens that the "next thing you know, we'll be pubbing a fnz."

Lo & behold, we are pubbing a fnz, a Kitten Combozine in fact, called 'K'. It is early days yet (as it's not due out till November) but articles have been promised by 'Gray Boak', Jhim Linwood, perhaps Britain's best fnz reviewer, altho' he won't be fnz reviewing in 'K', Fred Hemmings, Brian Hampton & Immoral Coral Clarke (Yes, you did read that right) & illoes by Dave Rowe (who?) and hopefully a couple of other kittens, tho' this has not been confirmed at the time of writing. The whole will be edited by that All-boozing, All-sleeping, All-hairy fan, Bernie Peek, famous for his appearances in Maya 7 and Wild Fennel's local. The most astute amongst you will be asking how does one edit a combozine? The even more astute will know one 'edits' by copping ((?)) all the extra expenses. So please, make Bernie's money and all our efforts worthwhile and send now asking to be put on the mailing list-- Bernie Peek, 6 Hawks Rd., Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey, IKT 36Q, U.K.

Heavens! Next thing you know, Britain will be bidding for the '79 Worldcon!

END

Irene Kahn: "In England I met some delightful people. Dave Rowe for instance."

SOME ADO ABOUT ROWE....

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Steve Sneyd: (West Yorks) "Thought Dave's cracks abt Lisa Conesa's English a bit unkind..fair enough she may be a Pole but who in Britain isn't an alien except the Welsh?..and having seen her poetry I reckon it has got summat (have to admit I've never seen any of his writing, so can't say he's sour grapesing..but it does seem a bit unbalanced..partic as where he says only Erg is regular; in fact there are a number of UK zines he never mentioned & her Zimri is amongst nearest to a regular schedule of any.. at least it appears a couple of times a year)."

Sheryl Birkhead: "Dave Rowe's right--he isn't crabby, he's nice people!"

Sam Long: "Dave Rowe is not crabby: that I'll vouch for. Maybe other things, but not crabby. A little crazy, perhaps? He is more or less right about British femfen--tho I notice he's found himself a sexy, ghood-looking femfan-type girlfriend. I think, tho, that he met her outside fandom."

Ed Connor: "Glad to see Dave Rowe doing fanzine reviews, although he does make some blunders. His attack on Terry Jeeves' ERG is unwarranted. He goes much too far in his remarks about Alan Burns' material. And his comments about Keith Walker's fanzines are so exaggerated as to make his worth as a reviewer highly questionable. Keith's productions have improved considerably since his early days at the game. Rowe is extremely unfair. Get a new U.K. fanzine reviewer if he doesn't resume contact with reality."

Jackie Franke: "I hope Dave doesn't feel too badly about coming across so harshly on British fmz. After all, England's fandom is rather small and if you compare it numerically with US's, it's bound to suffer. In proper perspective, the ratio of good-to-crud evens out. Perhaps even tops ours.ERG would be better if only Jeeves talked more of himself and his views; Cypher is quietly exceptional."

Rose Hogue: "Really enjoy Dave and his English & European flavored columns & reviews/con reports. Hope he sticks around for a bit! I really like his style."



# INTERVIEW

Eric Mayer: "There is good and bad criticism-- bad criticism when something is criticized for not being something else. When somebody offers criticism you have to ask yourself, 'Is this applicable in all cases or is this aimed at a personal quirk which I'd be better off keeping?'"

Michael T. Shoemaker: "Ezra Pound is brilliant as a critic. In his ability to get right to the heart of an issue, his willingness to 'commit' himself on specific points, he is a breath of fresh air in the musty, pretentious realm of academic criticism."

Paul Walker: "As a reaction to bad criticism it is probably healthier for a writer's nervous system to cry and curse and fling himself on the floor than to have a stiff upper lip. Some of us simply cannot be noble about these things. But everyone can be politic about them. One can throw his tantrum in the privacy of his own cellar."

Leah Zeldes: "Says the German poet, Rilke: 'Works of art are of an infinite loneliness and with nothing to be so little reached as with criticism. Only love can grasp and hold and fairly judge them.'"

Jodie Offutt: "The point is, people cannot decide what their emotional reactions to bad criticism should be-- they just are." ... "Just for fun, I'd like to see Gary Grady define the difference between psychological arousal and physiological arousal. How can you have one without the other? Who wants one without the other?" ... "What is fandom but a very large pack of individuals, each doing his own thing, often overlapping, and communicating to the extent that each feels like it. Fandom is Something for Everybody. And then some...."

Robert Smoot: "The only difference between British fandom and American is the Atlantic Ocean."

George Fergus: "I have invented a new subatomic particle called the klepton. Whenever a physicist observes a reaction in which the net energy of the observable particles is less than that of the initial particles, he can now assert that the extra energy was stolen by a bunch of kleptons." ... "It always seemed to me that more non-fans took astrology seriously than fans. How about a poll of Titlers as to whether they believe in astrology, flying saucers, ESP, witchcraft, and so on?"

Gary Grady: "Does anyone in sf fandom other than myself enjoy religious music? I find much of it to be impressive and to inspire a Sense of Wonder."

Harry Warner: "I'm growing more and more to feel like you about the advisability of keeping fanzines in fandom. But I suppose it's inevitable that fandom and the general outside world will continue to merge."

Marci Helms: "When I peeked out of the front of our three man tent in Custer State Park, intending to look at the sunrise, and saw a great bull buffalo grazing about three feet from my nose-- that was awesome. I gained new respect for the Indians who hunted them on foot, and for the cave men who had taken on the mammoths."

Jim Meadows: "It isn't that students have trouble expressing thoughts, but that often the students lack a clear concise thought to convey."

Jeff May: "Names? There's a doctor over at U. of Mo. Med. Center called Dr. Curenaw."

Eric Mayer: "It irks me when a book company or magazine tries to sell me a reputation instead of good writing."

Kevin Williams: "Hunting animals is either survival or psychosis."

Denis Quane: "I usually turn into a pumpkin at midnight."

Dave Rowe: "Sometimes I think being a fan is like being an ant caught in the lair of a trap-door spider, and death comes either from burial in the avalanche of sand (fanzines) or the welcoming jaws of the spider (gafia)."

Jodie Offutt: "This isn't an unexpected phenomenon, but small kids love it: cover marbles with the little brown paper cups from a candy box and roll them on the floor. So funny."

Jackie Franke: "To Grady: I somehow feel that male appreciation of an aroused female just might have a link with laziness. Could not the kick come from the viewer not having to extend himself to achieve that state? To call it altruistic seems a bit overstated."

Marci Helms: "Sometimes I become almost painfully aware of the multitude of things I want to do, or see, or be in this life, and the realization that I'll not be able to fulfill even half of those dreams. So I turn my full attention to each moment, to each project, or try to, and when it is finished I go on again. There is so much that lies ahead, I can't afford to linger over the filling footsteps of yesterday. My grandfather just shakes his head in agreement, and gets a far-off, longing look in his eye as if he knows all too well the feeling."

Stuart Gilson: "I frequently experience a mild regret, a disheartening longing for that past era of first-fandom and pulp magazines that I was destined never to enjoy because of my age. It seems as though the general atmosphere of sf fandom has evolved into something different, at times disappointing. Perhaps it was the clearly defined style and individual characteristics of the pulps...certainly they possessed a distinctive flair obviously lacking in the prozines of today."

Terry Jeeves: "Is Shaver for real? If he likes pictures in sliced rocks, I have some carrots he might like to practice on. Even at 1-degree intervals, there are 360-squared possible cleavage planes- say 120000 roughly. How lucky he is to get a picture first-time (every time?) NUTS."

Don Ayres: "Cagle's the one with the toads."

Bill Bliss: "...wondering if any poor deluded souls who thought they were ghod were ever cured by getting reminded, 'You would actually want to be responsible for that mess the world is in??'"

Bob Tucker: "No one ever found anyone at Discon. Four thousand, three hundred of us wandered the hotel corridors scanning each passing face, each name tag, but alas they were all strangers from some other science fiction world. Once, across a room, I thought I caught a glimpse of Hugo Gernsback but when I hurried over there the name tag told me it was only someone named Grego Banshuck."

Ed Cagle: "There seems to be little loose talk about sex among fanzine fans, and the chivalrous attitude is probably only the result of the basic difficulty of having an affair through the mails. Postal insurance won't cover everything, you know."

Sam Long: ((in Balazs' famous Crotonates)) "...let not Frank Balazs forget Crotonaldehyde (CH<sub>3</sub>CHCHCHO)."

Chet Clingan: "Sometimes I wonder if some people read only to find something wrong with a story."

John W. Andrews: "One reason my whole career was so retarded is that my reading and critical level advanced much faster than my writing skills. I looked on box-and-stick figures of my peers and their clumsy scribbings and saw them for what they are. Wham. Naturally, I did not feel like blundering myself. I used to have an awful time in kindergarten and first few grades with so-called 'art' classes. I felt like shouting, 'Why not quit this -- nobody here can draw or paint worth a damn.' Fortunately, I've always been prudent."

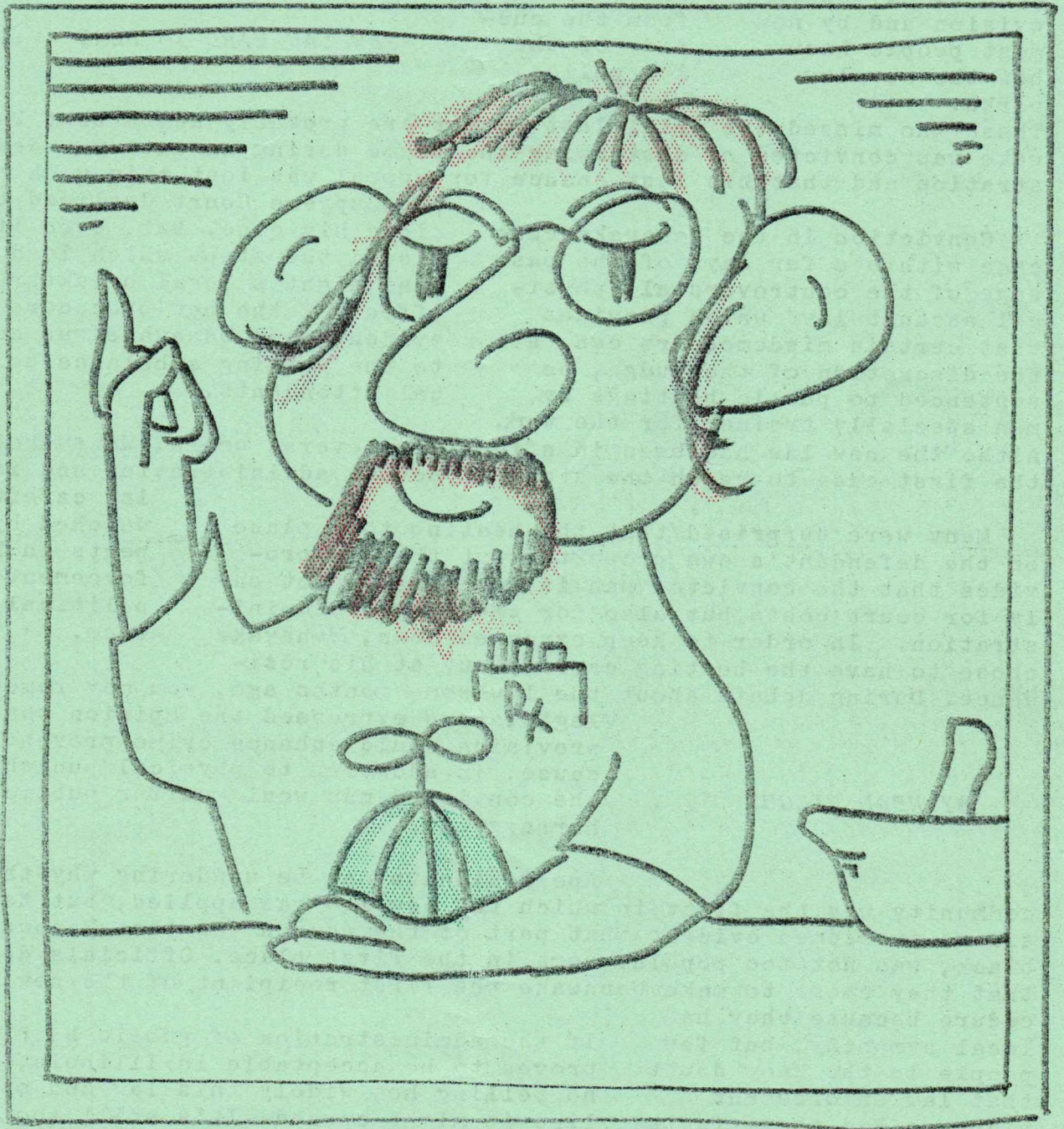
Mike Shoemaker: "Get Wertham to analyze the responses to Probe about recurring dreams. The resulting article would be fascinating; probably hilarious too!" ((I wish he would but perhaps this would be unethical for a professional to reveal the secrets residing in fans' subconscious closets.))

John Carl: "Ed Cagle is a mutation."

Wayne Martin: "Cagle's PROD was too short."



# FOR MOST REDHEADED FAN ELECT: Ben Indick



Platform: "I shall wear my wig at  
all times!"



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

*Ape, Ill. (LEAK)* -- Before a noisy crowd of neighbors, reporters and police officials, a new step in the advancement of law enforcement was taken in this middleclass suburb of Chicago last night. Here, on the

The administra-  
tion of the Wana-  
wake beating was  
seen widely on tel-  
evision and by now  
most people know  
how the new law  
works.

neatly trimmed lawn of Herman Wanawake, owner of  
a local bookstore, history was made when two new-  
ly appointed officials of the state's Bureau of  
Public Beatings stepped from their car and took  
Mr. Wanawake  
from the cus-  
tody of the  
Ape police.

#### NEW LAW HARD TO BEAT

Those who missed the trial last summer are probably aware that Wana-  
wake was convicted of disturbing the peace during an anti-war demon-  
stration and that his last chance for appeal was lost this week when  
the Supreme Court declined to con-

Conviction in the Wanawake case  
came within a few days of the pas-  
sage of the controversial "physi-  
cal assault law" which provides  
that certain misdemeanors can, at  
the discretion of the judge, be  
sentenced to public beatings by  
men specially trained for the work.

sider his case. But, even if you  
missed the steps which lead up to  
last night's legal breakthru, the  
effect of the new procedure was  
evident when Wanawake was carried  
to the waiting ambulance by medi-  
cal attendants.

Altho the new law has been in effect for several weeks, Wanawake's is  
the first case to reach the stage of actual administration and is be-

Many were surprised that the beating took place  
on the defendant's own property, but the law pro-  
vides that the convicted man is responsible not on-  
ly for court costs but also for the cost of admini-  
stration. In order to keep expenses down, Wanawake  
chose to have the beating carried out at his resi-  
dence. During debate about the law some months ago, you may remember,

ing carefully  
watched by ex-  
perts in law en-  
forcement and  
political sci-  
ence.

BY NEAL WILGUS

legislators expressed the opinion that this  
provision would enhance crime prevention be-  
cause, in addition to physical punishment,  
the convicted man would suffer public em-  
barrassment.

Ape residents may be wondering why their  
community was the first in which the new law was applied, but to out-  
siders it seemed evident that part of the reason was that Wanawake, a  
black, was not too popular here in the first place. Officials deny  
that they chose to make Wanawake the first recipient of the new pro-  
cedure because they had  
local sympathy, but few  
people in the know doubt  
that law enforcement  
planners had these facts  
in mind.

If the administration of public beatings  
proves to be acceptable in Illinois, there's  
no telling how widely this law and others  
like it might spread. It's still too new,  
of course, for most people to really grasp  
the implications, but already rumors abound

that Secretary Bunco of the U.S. Dept. of Social Stability is urging  
adoption of the law by the new Congress. And as Wanawake himself is re-  
ported to have said from his hospital bed, "This new development puts  
things in a completely different light. When you know the exact hour  
your beating will occur, you begin thinking along totally new lines."

END



# INSTANT

Larry Downes: "Since I am one of those folk (meaning people opposed to the FAAN awards), I suppose I ought to present my case. Basically, I am not opposed to fan awards persuch, but to the Fanzine Achievement Awards (or whatever they are called.) I think one of the main ideas about them was that they would eliminate the impersonalness of the Hugos. This was an award for fans by fans. But the Faan awards fliers (ballots, whatnot) were just so stuffy and pretentious (all that garbage about showing proper qualifications and if accepted we'll let you know) that I was turned off by the whole thing. To me, the Faan awards sound like these people (yeah, I know you're one of them) have set themselves as the Imperial Overseers of Fanzine Fandom, and if we don't like you or your qualifications, we'll ignore you. Frankly, this is the sort of snobbish attitude I can very easily see being taken by some but I was surprised to see you supporting such dross. Those stupid qualifications went quite overboard; you don't have to be an artist to know good art. (I can't believe anybody fool enough to make this sort of judgement!) Perhaps the next group that decides to do the fan awards will set it up so that fans can vote without harassment or the fear of being told that one is too unknown (by the committee, who, naturally, know everything) to vote!"

Seth McEvoy: "I didn't intend to hurt anyone's feelings or create enemies with the criticism of the FAAAN awards. As far as I know only Redd Boggs, Buck Coulson and I have objected, and we're just a bunch of cranky old men. My main objection is that I don't care for it. I haven't threatened to cut anyone off my list or bash their heads, etc. I'm just agin it. What I'm agin is the serious and constructive nature of the awards. Polls like the Hogu are great, and if any individual fan wants to run his own poll (a la Abner poll), more power to him. As a footnote, I do not think my objections to non-disqualifications are based on thinking that the committee will literally vote for themselves. I've just found that it is more honorable to disqualify yourself so that there's no hint of scandal or favoritism or unconscious voting for the poll takers (so as not to hurt their feelings or something.) I noticed, when I was the teller in the Saps poll last year, that my overall rating jumped up to #4, but that it sunk down to #7 the year after -- and it was #10 for three years before that (out of about 30 people). "

Don D'Ammassa: "Like you, I was amazed at the vehement reaction by some to the FAAN idea. Dave Jenrette has sent me (by my request) an expanded version of his recent anti-FAAN article in YANDRO for the next ZINE FAN. Some of his points are valid, but I think he overdoes some of his fears."

Jeff Hecht: "The controversy doesn't surprise me. The notion stirred up some negative feelings in me, in large part purely emotional -- with its origins in the too many years I spent as the new kid on too damn many blocks-- leaving me with an almost instinctive reaction against anything interpretable as cliques. No, I don't think that was the intention-- but it still bothered me. More rationally, and fundamentally, I think there is a certain futility in the whole thing. The whole fanzine thing is just too damn diffuse to make any such voting meaningful. It's impossible to keep up with all the 'contenders'. And isn't there a need for some minimum number of voters to ensure a reasonable selection? "

Gary Grady: "The awards leave me cold. They perpetuate the worst problem of the Hugo awards: the idea that exactly one (or two) award-deserving 'actions' occur each year. The result is that deserving people never receive an award."(( Gary then outlines a different kind of poll which I'll send along for next year's committee to consider.))



MIKE BRACKEN

RICHARD S. SHAVER ---



BILL BREIDING

VIC KOSTRIKEN

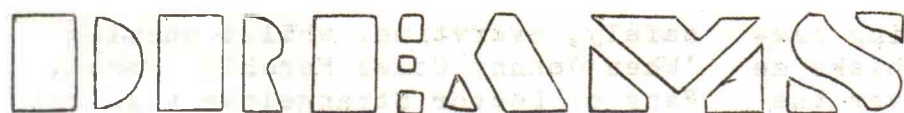


PHIL HELMS & AMALIE

MARCI HELMS & AMALIE







I think this entire Probe thing is a plot between you and Wertham to ferret out the truly weird T-readers. But it doesn't bother me because I know how adept such a group as T-readers can be when it comes to the subtle art of misdirection. -- Ed Cagle

## #6 DAY DREAMS

Ed Cagle: ((With a suspicious glance at Brazier who merely smiles with averted eyes, stage left.)) "Of course I daydream, and am generally the hero, but I plead a vast love of variety that must prevent me from having recurring thoughts in a specific order about similar topics. My being a hero in my daydreams may not entail the same things that make of you or anyone else a 'hero'. This does not include being crapped-on by someone, but encompasses a wide area of possible combinations that might be interesting to follow to a logical conclusion."

Paul Walker: "I daydream compulsively. I have been everything from President to Nazi war criminal. Although I have never daydreamed a short story idea, some of my best non-fiction ideas, including many fan pieces, have come out of imaginary 'dialogues' I hold with myself. I cannot think clearly unless I imagine talking to someone about the idea."

Dale Donaldson: "While I did play keyboard instruments reasonably well, my favorite daydream is that wherein I am the world's best, and folk come from all over the world just to hear me play. I am quite determined to make this come true in my next incarnation."

Reed Andrus: "I have few daydreams these days. Occasionally, I work on the plot-line of a story as I walk around, but no real 'hero-type' illusions. I'm usually content with past memories, mostly involving sports. I've slowed down."

Rick Dey: "*Culture Hero*: a series of clever & distinctive books makes me a cult hero for a selective group of readers, preferably SF fans. I soak myself in egoboo for about 3-5 years, writing prolifically, winning Hugos, etc.; then I inadvertantly create a best-seller, appear on the TONIGHT show where I'm such a stitch I get invited to

return 2 or 3 times, trading jests with Buck Henry & Pat McCormick. A book sells to Hollywood and I assist in the screenplay. I can now afford all the fruit juice, Scotch and Southern Comfort, not to mention a complete collection of all the Carl Barks, Basil Wolverton, Little Lulu & Capt. Marvel comics I still need, a complete library of Laurel & Hardy films & a complete run of Planet Comics, Planet Stories & Weird Tales. I become fast friends with Terry Southern & Mel Brooks & write a series of taut thrillers starring Lee Marvin & Charles Bronson, as well as some killer comedies. I am discussed along with Norman Mailer, Woody Allen, Harlan Ellison & Richard E. Geis (whom I have lured to Hollywood to collaborate with me). By this point I am usually blushing furiously & put the daydream aside for another time. *Action Hero*: an unforeseen circumstance strands a small group of city folk (including myself) in a rugged wilderness. It quickly becomes apparent that I am their only chance for survival. *Family Hero*: I get a promotion & transfer to a beautiful Upper Peninsula county next door to the Porcupine Mountains. There is a nearby Music Institute & Catholic Church still serving Latin Mass. All of Sean & Mary Anne's favorite instructors & priests have also transferred up there. In the stock room I find an old electric mimeo in perfect running order, and tons of colored paper. Within a year my fanzines are being mentioned in the same breath as ALGOL & TAC & YANDRO. Oops-- I've drifted into what Mary Anne considers the Family Nightmare."

Jessica Salmonson: "It's hard for me to imagine myself as the hero since

my daydreams are of me being saved by some Gallahad who whisks me off to his castle. I'm never the totally helpless dimwit who can't help herself, however. Somewhere along the line, I've got to be responsible for saving the hero, thereby making myself worthy of his eternal devotion. This probably comes out in my fiction--the heroines are all at least partly me. Only in one published story was the female lead a totally helpless victim, beyond redemption. She died."

Dave Locke: "I was always fascinated by the gold watch in John D. MacDonald's THE GIRL, THE GOLD WATCH, AND EVERYTHING. It stops time for everyone except the person using it. Obviously, everything couldn't be covered in just one book. I like to dream about what I'd do with such a watch. I'd strip down all the people in Israel and in the Arab countries and cart them all off to the middle of the Sahara Desert, at which point I would supply each of them with corkscrews and then 'turn' time back on for them. I'd dress up Pres. Ford and all the members of Congress in Bozo The Clown suits. I'd remove the cores from all the A and H-bombs in the world, and fill up the empty space with popcorn. I'd stow away on the first flight to Mars and drop a McDonald's Quarter Pounder out the airlock for the Captain to find when he descends from the ship. I'd remove the bookmark from the Pope's bible and replace it with a prophylactic. I'd swipe the stencil every time Donn Brazier decides to ask questions like these."

Chester Cuthbert: "Not even my imagination is powerful enough to convince me that I could be a 'hero figure' in a daydream."

Dave Rowe: "My heroic daydreams vary with what film/TV/books/news I've seen recently. My latest one is landing a plane whose crew & passengers have been food poisoned, which I avoided 'cause I refused the 'ship-board' meal being a vegetarian. I land the plane

safely, everytime, whilst humming 'When Johnny Comes Marching Home'. Fans of Doctor Strangelove will get that. As I don't even drive a car, I dread to think what would happen to the plane in real life."

Bruce D. Arthurs: "I had plenty of idle daydreams with me as the hero. All the comics I read warped my life that way. (No, Dr. Wertham, I didn't jump out of windows thinking I was Superman.) Nowadays my daydreams are the sort where I win a Hugo, maybe, or cut Harlan Ellison to ribbons in a verbal sparring match. (Boy, is that an idle daydream! Actually, I'd rather jump into a pit filled with mad dogs and cobras than get into an argument with Ellison.)"

Sam Long: "I am not ashamed to declare that I have created the hero of my great SF&F novel (as yet only in the planning stage) in my own image. Sheer wish-fulfillment."

Dave Romm: "I don't so much have a recurring daydream as a continuing one. I put myself as the hero in almost any book or TV show I happen to be reading/watching. Eventually I strung them all together. Books participating include the Dr. Doolittle series, Tom Swift Jr. series, the Bible, and the Tolkien Trilogy. TV series include Star Trek, Lost in Space, Supercar, and Thunderbirds. Of course, I make up a few, such as when I become president or finding my long-lost twin sister. Strung together, each episode builds on another."

## #5 RECURRING DREAMS

Jessica Salmonson: "...back in high school again, standing in front of my locker, unable to remember my combination. The bell rings--late for class. Suddenly I'm alone in the halls, wandering past doors and lockers when I find myself in a section of the school with elementary classes. I just knew I had to be lost." ((I used to have this very same dream, though I'd be lost in a basement-- or my grandparent's house; but it always began with the forgotten locker combination.))



Jodie Offutt: "I dream of a huge mass either about to envelope me or crowd me. My feelings are mixed; I'm at once frightened and curious. There is a feeling inside me that I can't relate to any other feeling I've ever had. I don't know what to call it. I'm in awe of it. I want to become a part of it and I don't. (Wow! Do you think there is any connection between this mass and one of my grandparents?) ((Why grandparent? I'd suspect a mixed feeling toward andy's considerable mass!)) The feeling never terrified me, but I was frightened only because I didn't know what that sensation was; I still have it. I can usually recall it and get into it when I'm just slipping into sleep. The closest I can come is a smothering sensation, but that's not it; it's more like an encompassing experience."

Chester Cuthbert: "Many recurring dreams. (a) An account with a 'savings and loan', with whom I had an unfortunate experience; and a fortune in a subterranean vault or deposit box. I've told my wife to pay no attention to any such raving if I become senile or delirious. (b) Flying. My ability to levitate and speed through the air depends on breath control: I take a deep breath and can maintain ease and height as long as I can hold my breath. (c) Color. Just before waking I can have wonderful sensations of color scenes. These are exceptional. (d) My father is back home living with his family again, and totally dependent. He and my mother separated during the '30's depression, and were never re-united. I always felt resentful during the dream."

Dave Rowe: "I don't have any sort of recurring dream, altho' some continue on from the last (like a TV serial). At an early age I learnt to escape nightmares by grabbing my eyelids between thumb & forefinger and pulling my eyes open. In the past 17 years or so I've only had one nightmare. (I was being hugged by a gorilla.)"

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## METAMORPHOSIS

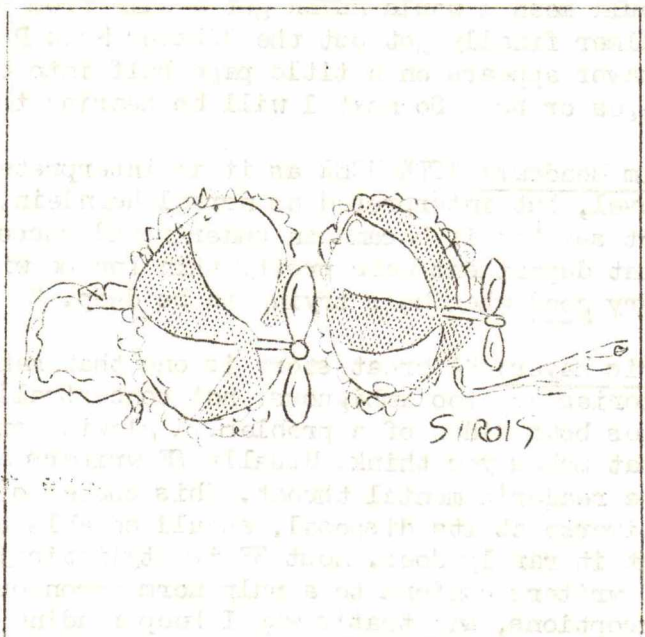
by Rich Bartucci

It was in the time of youth,  
naked and soft,  
I climbed the trees  
in search of food and mates,  
Senseless or sensuous,  
I cared not which;  
It troubled me not.

Betimes I sought the ground  
and taller grew,  
To dominate the land  
I sought and killed,  
Slaughtering about me  
as I strode;  
It troubled me not.

The Earth I put beneath me  
as I swarmed,  
I wrested from it all  
I'd want or need,  
Killed all the others,  
wiped them from the world;  
It troubled me not.

And then, upon a night  
of starving death,  
I raised my gaze from mud  
and blood and fear,  
To see the stars,  
a wonder and delight;  
And was troubled.



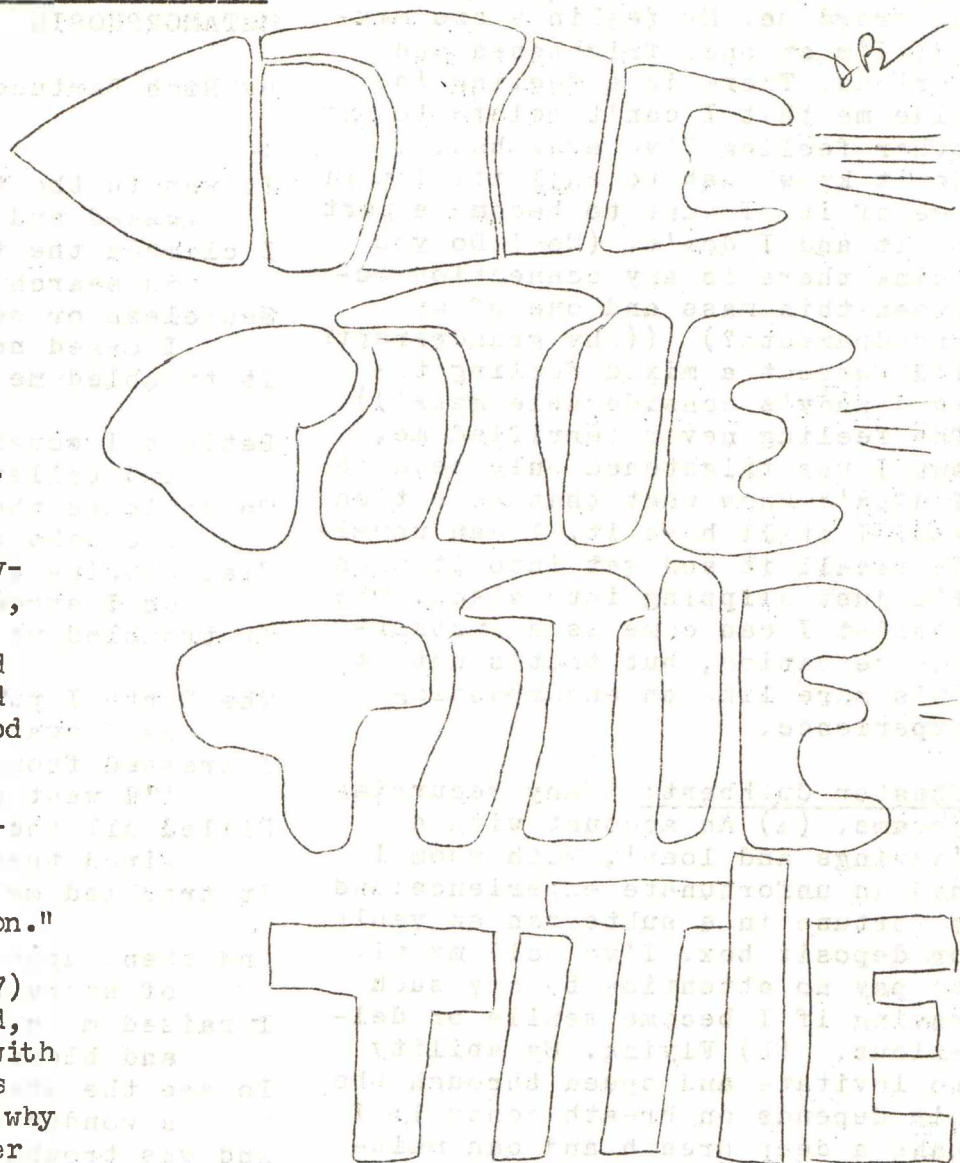
Jeff May: Ray Palmer publishes several small magazines dealing with the occult, religion, metaphysics, UFO's, and just about anything else: Search, Forum, Space World, UFO, and probably others and various books in the same fields from his Amherst Press. His address seems to be just Amherst, Wisconsin 54406. I noticed in Search & Forum (not Penthouse's Forum) that ads for Shaver Mystery stuff, 'deros', etc. are still present. I've heard Palmer claimed (claims?) he only printed Shaver because it was good for circulation. But according to recent (1972) zines Palmer seems to believe the Shaver Mystery himself. Or maybe it's still good for circulation."

Richard S. Shaver: (May 7)

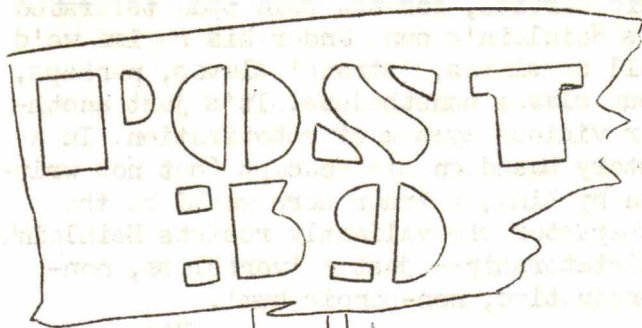
"If you haven't been told, Palmer finally came out with my book under his name as usual...so if you wonder why the rumor goes that Shaver is a pen name for Palmer, this book makes it clear as he does it all over again... (May 1) If you print this it would mean I would NEVER get a dime from him, since I don't anyway it might matter. Palmer finally got out the "Shaver Rock Book" naturally with his name on the cover. Shaver appears on a title page half into the book as Palmer's 'forward' runs some 50 pages or so. So next I will be hearing that Palmer made rock pictures first."

Jim Meadows: "STRANGER as it is interpreted by most people is a very strange Heinlein novel, but interpreted as normal Heinlein, it's appropriate for the time. I myself do not see how it became an underground success as the segments it is most famous for in that department were pretty thin for me with the first reading. Heinlein just isn't very good when he's trying to be deep. "

Eric Mayer: "A great story is one that makes you think. SF generally fails. New Wave stories are too ambiguous, not conceptually, but merely verbally. SF rarely illuminates both sides of a problem. A glowing exception is THE DISPOSSESSED, a super-novel that makes you think. Usually SF writers attempt to cram a particular philosophy down the reader's mental throat. This chokes off any real thought. SF, having the whole universe at its disposal, should be able to find some new angles to view life from, but it rarely does. Most SF is stylistically and thematically interchangeable. Most SF writers conform to a pulp norm erroneously glorified as 'professional'. There are exceptions, and that's why I keep reading SF." ((Other exceptions, please? I can see it now-- a new department-- Stories That Made Me Think!))







May 15 Sheryl Birkhead 123629 Woodfield  
Gaithersburg, Md. 20760  
First in, Sheryl seems to agree with my remarks about the FAAN Awards, though she "wouldn't argue it with anyone". A little late she tells of 'near death' by drowning at age 7 & a more recent (during grad school) experience in a rockslide where she thought "the profs might be a bit reticent to let girls come on field trips in the future if I got mangled." So she kept quiet about her mangled foot for two days. After some non-39 talk about her pets (animals on the farm) she signed off with the astounding (to me) data she was "going to try a sauerkraut cake"! ((You hear that Cagle?))

Randall Larson 774 Vista Grande Ave.  
May 16 Los Altos, CA 94022  
Randy was surprised to see his Asparagus Droppings which had been in my file for quite some time; but not surprised enuf to send another installment. His publishing activities are plodding only becuz of lack of "\$\$\$". He wants book & story reviews of anything for Fandom Unlimited #2, hopefully late this summer in about 50-60 offset pages.

Ben Indick 428 Sagamore Ave.  
May 17 Teaneck, NJ 07666  
Ben admires everything: "the most diplomatic, fiendishly clever letter from Jon Inouye" and "Jodie Offutt, who looks like one nice gal." Then, the ol' RedHead shows his funnydome with "I say LESS LETTERS FROM INOUE AND MORE PHOTOS OF JODIE OFFUTT! Yeah!"

Larry Downes 21960 Avon  
May 17 Oak Park, Mich. 48237  
Larry really jabbed into me about the FAAN Awards: "I was surprised to see you supporting such dross." He thinks the rules are "pretentious" and "snobbish", mainly because of the qualifications required of the voters. He does support

the HOGU Awards, though, and wants it made very plain that it's not because he was nominated for three (3) places on the HOGU ballot. He points out that ten (10) fans from Michigan were on that ballot!

Don D'Amassa 19 Angell Drive  
May 17 East Providence, RI 02914  
Likes the idea of PROBE, and as for more photos "I've seen Mike Gorra and, after that, everything else is likely to be anticlimactic." Liked my comments about truth in response to Doc Wertham's teasing question; he noted that he's said the same thing in his MYTHOLOGIES. And like myself he was amazed at the "vehement reaction by some to the FAAN idea." He agrees that modern society is becoming more & more like Kornbluth's marching morons, a point discussed in a rather far distant TITLE by Mike Shoemaker and repeated in the Denis Quane quote lastish.

Gail Clingan: 7885 Ann Arbor Way  
May 17 Sacramento, CA 95832  
"I love to see pictures of fans."

Bill Breiding 151 Arkansas #B NEW  
May 17 San Francisco, CA 94107  
"Steven Beatty is the closest there is that comes to buck coulson in fanzine reviews, and he ain't even half buck's age. I must admit that now and again Steve will turn from Sour to Sweet (S&S)." Bill asks, why I'm not sure: "What's gotten into John Carl?" Okay, what has John Carl gotten into?

Fredric Wertham Bluehills  
May 19 Kempton R#1, Pa. 19529  
Doc's the first to mention Rick Wilber's article on Heinlein: "...really an excellent piece of work...not to be classified as mere literary criticism. It is more... He disentangles objectively from the whole work an underlying intellectual idea: 'survival-by-violence'. .. What seems important is that Heinlein -- consciously or unconsciously -- represents and reflects a value-system that pervades our whole society. When I examine a juvenile guilty of crime in the streets, he expresses the same idea, but more bluntly. Wilber asks: Is there any 'danger' in such literature? ..not to the strong, the powerful and those at the top of our social hierarchy. But it does constitute a real danger to the weak...not directly induced to commit a violent act. He will get not the impulse but the rationalization. We underestimate the role of art as a



Chris Hulse: "Damn, I can't agree with your complaint that a book labeled SF must be sf, no matter how good it may be otherwise. Wouldn't you consider that a pleasant surprise? I know you wouldn't from your remarks, but I would. I could throw this carp on you: Science fiction is what anybody says it is. However, that doesn't solve anything, even though it sounds nice."

Denis Quane: "If beginning writers need audiences and sf readers need some good new pros... I thought that's why they invented AMAZING."

In response to a Chris Hulse comment: explicit sex doesn't always titillate -- in fact, drawing an air of mystery around it is even more likely to titillate, as most of mankind has known all along. In any event, my objection to the explicit sex in When Harlie Was One was not that it titillated, nor even that it was explicit (although most of the time that is an artistic mistake), but that it existed only to distract the reader from the weakness of the story."

Chet (C.C.) Clingan: "...about Ellison on The Tomorrow Show, I just happened to have my tape recorder handy, and have the whole program on tape. In case anyone is interested, I will be glad to make a copy, providing a blank tape & postage is sent." ((See address elsewhere in this. He didn't say what kind of tape, but I suspect a cassette cartridge of maybe 90 minutes length.))

Dave Szurek: "Wilber's Heinlein thesis is a masterpiece. Fickle me, I dropped out on Heinlein (as a favorite, that is) just a short while back. It's not that his politics and/or philosophy drove me away. Nor is it that he deteriorated as a writer. In fact, I'm alone in preferring TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE over, say, THE PUPPET MASTERS. It's something far more subjective than that. The man merely stopped doing much for me -- as sudden and arbitrary as that! I could applaud R.A.H.'s 'alleged' respect for the individual & individual moral codes. But as one reads further, he contradicts himself (in much the same manner as Ayn Rand and his irrational friends in the dubious name of 'objectivism') and by no means practices what he initially appears to be preaching. In many ways, he reminds one of Nazi doctrine. Asserting that one need answer only to his own values is but

lip service, for the sole code tolerated is Heinlein's own. Under his regime we'd all be slaves, 'strong' slaves, perhaps, but slaves nonetheless. It's just another vicious system of robotization. In a story based on his concept (but not written by him), a truer hero would be the character who valiantly resists Heinlein's dictatorship-- just a 'worthless, non-productive, non-heroic bum'.

His recurring male chauvinism has been blatantly offensive: there always seem to be those kinky perverts with the fantasy of putting a grown woman across the knees. Do all 'strong' people have to be psychopaths (or sociopaths) as well? So whyin-hell did I like Heinlein so well? I believe writers should be judged on their talent as such, and even though Heinlein may have been an unabashed prick (since he'd commend I make a moral judgement, I am) he was a pretty good writer nonetheless."

Seth McEvoy: "DAHLGREN is one of the real milestones in sf. I have a sneaking suspicion that almost all the reviews (favorable or unfavorable) are written by people who didn't finish the book or just skimmed it. A lot of reviewers seem to think Delany is just a dumb writer, but he knows what he's doing. It may take another writer to recognize that, since the book is not written in the same manner as THE SKYLARK OF SPACE. But it isn't anything else except sf, and it could not exist without the past work of previous sf writers. As I see it, Delany is following the trail blazed by Van Vogt and Philip K. Dick."

Wilber's analysis of Heinlein seems true enough, but Wilber seems to think that maybe Heinlein has the right idea. Heinlein's philosophy encourages a person to decide that they are the only important person in the universe. I am an outlaw, too, but I see the necessity of banding together to solve problems. What we need now is the ability to get along with other people, to help each other solve problems too big for one person. One competent man (self-defined) may not even be able to help himself. This just ain't the pioneer days!"

Buck Coulson: "A passion for Charles Fort is not identical with a liking for fantasy. There is a wide, thick, dividing line between fantasy presented as fiction and fantasy presented as fact or science."



force. Combined with many other factors it has a conditioning effect. Teaching that self-understood violence is an attribute of the 'strong' leads to evasion of difficult nonviolent tasks. Rick Wilber has read Heinlein right. But have I read Rick Wilber right?"

Sam Long Box 4946

May 19 Patrick AFB, Fla. 32925

Sam writes short squibs about everything. Describes TITLE as excellent & unpredictable; congrats Sheryl Birkhead for her Kaymar Award; a LoC to Allen Bjorke's all-illo-zine must be in hieroglyphics; he wrote to Gil Gaier (after seeing the photo)-- "Funny, you don't look fannish"; he boggles at Jon Inouye's phrase--"from Harlan Ellison down to Herman Melville"-- and adds "Up to, please"; and about Denis Quane's letter he says, "...it is true that those who can't teach, teach teachers, and those who can't teach teachers, are 'educators'"; he thinks golf is an unfannish game; and the Barbeque Sauce was "jolly", but he says that Jessica forgot to mention that dead bees will sting as Sam found out when he stepped on one along the beach.

Stuart Gilson 745 Townsend Ave R3T 2V5

May 19 Winnipeg, Manitoba, Can.

Ah, a man after my own heart! Stuart attended a Stan Kenton workshop/concert & was suitably impressed. ((When I played in a 14-piece band, circa 1950, we especially loved the Kenton arrangements we had-- about a dozen of them-- and I especially liked "Unison Riff" because I had a solo in that number given to the 3rd sax (alto) with chords only written out), and so it feels good to find a today's musician such as Stu respecting the complexities of Kenton.)) Most of Stu's letter was about T-38 which arrived in Canada late; but he did comment favorably on Wilber's essay, though he said, "How Wilber could anything significant to what has already been discussed in the Panshin study, however, leaves me for a loss."

Jim Meadows III 31 Apple Court

May 19 Park Forest, Ill 60466

"Wilber's observations on Heinlein have been touched on before (by Panshin) but not in detail, and I'm glad Rick did. Because I think that is how Heinlein thinks. He recognizes patriotism as a high step on man's social evolutionary ladder, that mankind, to survive, must

be able to defend a group of his own kind too large for the individual to know them all. Heinlein reaches his own evolutionary deadend in saying that mankind cannot live together peacefully on a world basis: 'The best we can hope for is a precarious balance of power among the nations capable of waging total war -- while endless lesser wars break out here and there.' Heinlein seems content to live with this."

Mike Glicksohn 141 High Park Ave.

May 20 Toronto, Ontario M6P 2S3

"Dave Rowe shows that beneath that choir boy exterior there lurks the heart of a true fanzine reviewer: mean, nasty, honest and delightful." Mike takes me to task for putting INFERNO and ICITM in the same basket. Paul Skelton's zine, says Mike, is written with skill, humour, verve, imagination and a dash of drunken insanity that makes the whole thing a delight. I agree but, while ICITM may not evidence any drunken insanity, I find it somehow just as interesting and in about the same way.

Hank Jewel P.O.Box 244

May 20 Warrensburg, MO. 64093

Hank saw THE REINCARNATION OF PETER PROUD and was favorably impressed. He answers my question & corrects my impression; the film is based on a novel of the same title by Max Ehrlich-- not Max Frisch.

Larry Carmody First Floor, 118 Lincoln

May 21 Mineola, NY 11501

"Your Barbeque Sauce page is indeed appropriately dedicated. But one thing about Koch's layout in MAYBE-- it's unique. ((I must explain that I enjoy the surprises of Irv's layout, and was not being snide about my dedication.)) Larry points out that tarantulas make nice pets, too, "and they have more fur.."

Bill Bliss 422 Wilmot

May 22 Chillicothe, Ill. 61523

There is no way to summarize or quote from the remarkable letters of the genius that is Bill Bliss. One of these days-- another whole department devoted to the whacky imagination of Bill....

Wayne Martin 4623 E. Inyo, Apt E

May 22 Fresno, CA 93702

Wayne's into dramatics at school, and took time to say that Wilber's article was "intriguing..and do we have another Alexei Panshin on our hands?" He ops for hornets rather than bees as pets, "for what's more fannish than stirring up a hornet's nest?"



SMITHSONIAN magazine, June, has this paragraph related to the recent T golf article:

"Inspired by an article on the aerodynamics of golf balls ((not mine surely!)), two inventors from California have created a golf ball which resists hooking and slicing even when struck by an abject duffer. The ball has dimples around the equator, smooth polar regions and a thicker skin at the poles. Teed up so it can be struck on one pole, the ball develops lift and also a gyro-scope effect which resists side-ways travel. It is called the Happy Non Hooker." ((But is it legal??))

Notes on this: The Ben Indick campaign adv. is for the Hugu awards, the ballot for which real event was in the previous ish. And it's not that Bill Breiding is all that short; Vic Kostrikin is all that tall-- over 6 feet. For those who looked in vain for their recurrent dream in PROBE, I held many of them for T 41.

CoA + + + + + + + + + + + + + + +

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David & Beth Gorman, 8729 S. Saint  
Peter Apt 6, Indianapolis 46227  
John P. Strang, 1546 Locust  
Long Beach, CA 90813  
Rick Wilber, 712 Hale  
Edwardsville, Ill 62025

Dr. Wertham sent me a Xerox of one page of what I think is a comics fanzine called BULLDOG-- the March 75 No. 8 issue. Marked in red was a paragraph in a LoC



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from Mark Ammerman: "It's amazing that although Fredric Wertham used to be a dirty name in fandom (and still is among the ignorant and stubborn) he's quite an active figure these days. Have you read his book on fanzines? If he were to write a piece of fiction, I wonder what he'd write about?"

Claire Beck sent a copy of THE ZEPHYR #6 "The Inspirational Nature Belletin". Lansing Gilbert, the editor, writes: "(I've) been collecting faces in rocks and it is remarkable how detailed some are. These discoveries have all been photographed on colored slides." !!