

TITLE

A I ' I ' O I

BARBEK THE INFLAMED TURNING THE SPIT (UGH) OF HIS SACRED BARBEQUE PIT

June 8 : Affixed stamps to T 40 and will mail far-distant-destined T's tomorrow; the near-distant-destined, such as Mo., Ill., Ind., Ky., etc., will hit the P.O. on Tuesday, thus causing gnashing of mail clerk's teeth and falsies (some of the latter rustle.)

Has anyone ever made a collection of fanzine typos &/or jargon as actual quotes? I have one to start the ~~ball rolling~~ ball rolling; it's from that marvelous Red-Head's Rapszine, Rappin', just received: "Hey Brad! Your ditto finally vame thru greatl" Hope you don't mind my singling this one out, Ben Indick.

Now & then someone says something in a fanzine which I take as a compliment. Steve Beatty in KNIGHTS OF THE PAPER SPACESHIP #11 calls Title's content "Conversation in print". Someone referred to T as unpredictable. I like that, too. I must point out, though, that T will never experiment with change of zine size, as, say, Ed Connor has done with Moebius Trip (SF ECHO). Reason? Plays havoc with filing system, which I have, even if others don't. I three-hole punch back T's & file them in looseleaf notebooks. As I gather other 'keepable' zines in any quantity, I plan to file them likewise by separate notebooks. So what can I do with Ed Connor's variety?

Claire Beck's E*O*D* apazine TRIVIA FOR TEN just received carries some words about T that I'd like to quote: "Skepticism implies doubt but rules out denial. There is a sort of arbitrary denial, or what might be called (if it were not self-contradictory) dogmatic skepticism. There must be a word for it, but I don't know what the word is. HPL was a 'dogmatic skeptic'. As an example of 'open-minded skepticism' I recommend Donn Brazier and his fanzine TITLE. It's a participating fanzine - limited to about 100-125 copies per issue. Donn says that the press run just about matches the number of readers who stay interested. He's given space to Richard S. Shaver's rock-book-telaugmentive-ray crackpotism. And this is a commendable thing because crackpots turn out to be right at least .000000001% of the time (more or less). Remember Grote Reber? It was Grote Reber who built the first radiotelescope - and he ran into a wall of disinterest from observatories and astronomers. He didn't belong to the club."

Following a recommendation from Bill Bliss to look up a fellow in the St. Louis area, I so did and later on in some future issue I want to give some space to this man. His name is Irv Barrows; he edits a fanzine kind of publication called PERPETUAL MOTION JOURNAL and I have issue 5 before me which lists D.R. Dutta of India as the editor. Anyway, a copy can be obtained from Irv at P.O. Box 1066, St. Ann, Mo. 63074 for 50¢ I think. The approach combines historical/news/experiments & models/utilization of 'free energy'. The latter category interests me because there's a lot of 'free energy' going to pot in the world-- wind, tides, temperature & atmospheric pressure changes, incoming radiation from space, solar radiation, magnetic fields, etc. Possibly, Irv may be a crackpot in that he thinks he can lick Maxwell's Demon, but he has invented (owning patents) on a variety of simple jig-saw type teaching 'machines' of which the Museum of Science has just bought a dozen each of two mathematics teaching devices to be used in the museum's Science Fun Room. Later, with Irv's permission, I may spread the word about those devices in T; some primary/elementary teacher may be interested in both their novelty (for pupil motivation) and practically instantaneous correction of the pupil's work by the teacher. No more grading papers!

On a Cassette tape Brad Parks sent me (a vocaloc) he chortled that he had found a typo in TITLE. Ha! Single letters rarely get past me (though they do) but whole words left out or repeated... And what about the second last page of T40 which was collated backwards!

ANOTHER PACKAGE OF PLASTIC PEANUTS-- But deep inside, buried in the squiggles, was a gift from Marci Helms of three very charming pickles. Wild ones, of course, though quite plastically inedible. Thank you, Marci!

CARD FROM WILLIS CONOVER, sent to me after his reading my 'review' of LOVECRAFT AT LAST. "Beautiful words" he says, "Thank you! I'll think about that Ellington idea when I can think about anything but present and pressing obligations. I'm quoting you in an ad for GALAXY/IF."

IRONIC ISN'T IT? A note from Doc Wertham (5/24) that his book A SIGN FOR CAIN has been recommended by the Supt. of Schools of Marion County, West Virginia, for removal from the high school libraries! Doc asks: "Why is it hazardous to be against violence?" I labelled this note *ironic* because of the last paragraph in John W. Andrews' letter in DOX LOX of this TITLE.

AZAPA ANNOUNCED BY PATRICK HAYDEN of 8210 E. Garfield K-17, Scottsdale, AZ 85257. "Phoenix," he reports, "has just organized a monthly apa, copycount 35, minac 1 page or a stencil ready to run, deadline the first Sunday of each month, and 15 memberships still open." Send your AZAPAZine to Tim Kyger, 1700 S. College #1, Tempe, AZ 85281, or a stencil to Bruce D. Arthurs, 920 N. 82 St., H-201, Scottsdale, AZ 85257.

DID YOU SEE THE NOTICE IN *SHADOW OF THE MONOLITH* #44? Eric L. Larsen says a group of area fans are putting together a SF/fantasy magazine this summer. It will be professionally printed and professional in appearance. They are now accepting material (both art and written). The written material includes short stories, non-fiction, and poetry. A SASE is required with submission. This area of fans must live around Eric's address: 4012 Colby Dr., Raleigh, NC 27609.

YOU DON'T PICK TRUTH OFF A BUSH LIKE BLUEBERRIES, YOU HAVE TO LEARN BY COMPARING YOUR EXPERIENCES.....by ANN CHAMBERLAIN

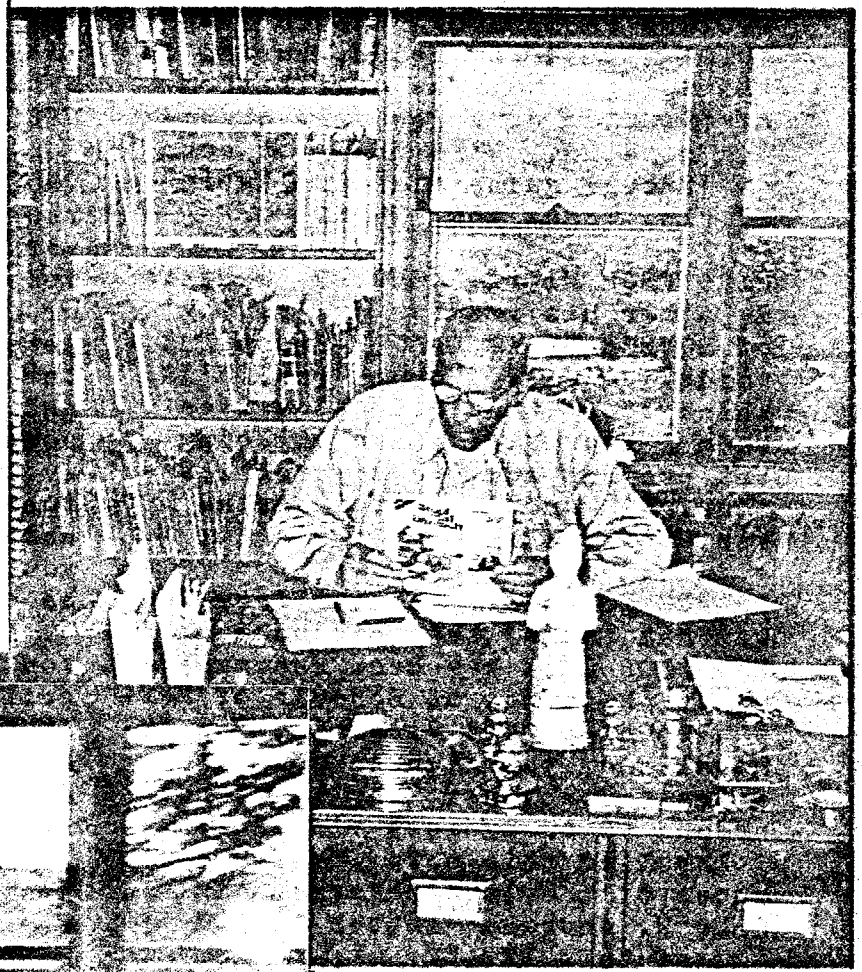
TRUTH IS NOT CONTROVERSIAL. The range of minds discussing it cause various views because of the various abilities to see, hear, absorb or retain it. The truth requires a level of consciousness equal to the study. There are both shallows and depths of truth, which become seeable as the mind of the person evolves or grows into it. When a fool asks you a foolish question, what could be more foolish than you, giving him a true answer that he can't understand?

You can figure things out for yourself. You won't LET anyone else do it for you, if you can help it. You have to understand for yourself, anyway, so you may as well start sooner as later.

Hear my question: How many things are there that you know of which have a different aspect when held in different kinds of light? Is one light more 'true' than another? All you can do is test and see how much is true FOR YOU, YOURSELF. If everyone had the SAME level of understanding, (which they do not) there would be no problem as to what truth is; all would agree with each other.

The more total awareness a person is capable of, the more he can be in full control of all the departments of his life. The less awareness, the less can the free will be exerted. Thus there are slaves of telepathic beings or entities that take over the area in which that person is unaware. Take a chance on going through some mental growing pains -- it could save a lot of trouble, later. If you let yourself be lulled into a negative "What's the use, it doesn't matter?" attitude, believe me, you don't realize the extent of your possible degeneration. After all that you still have to get up and go back to school. Don't give me any stuff about truth being non-existent...are you a complete idiot?

+++++



DR. FREDRIC WERTHAM
AT 'BLUEHILLS', PA.

DOX LOX

John W. Andrews: "Long ago I swore a mighty oath that I should never forget the deeds of Dr. Wertham. Behold, these many years since, he pops up again. I find it hard to put myself in the place of fans who truckle to him.

When he did injury to the causes I love, he offended not a beast, but a man. I am a man. Supposedly, for ten, for twenty, for forty long years a man can bear the image of his wrongs intact. Within his soul.

Voltaire must spin in his grave every time Wertham receives a forum.

Unlike a dog or cat, I cannot be won back by a master who deigns to pat me after a sad past. Well might he crave, though not easily receive, power without responsibility.

Fandom has no need of Dr. Wertham. Fandom, like the world, has some use for a long memory. He has given us his 'seal of approval'. But I do withhold approval of him. There is one last courtroom, a terrible and unofficial place. The courtroom of the human heart. My heart has hardened against Wertham and self-appointed censors down the ages.

It may be the American people meant to do what they did without him, and used him as a turning-place and a mask. If so, let it be said that any moral canker within the American people can not stem from comic books. It must lie deeper. His 'cure' has been strange in its symptoms. Did comics die? No. Did deviational comics perish? No. Did violence cease to be pandered? Never.

But when the silken threads that Edmund Burke hinted at are cut by meddlers-- the silken threads that gently bind the social fabric-- then always the heavy chains are laid on: the iron chains, an age of iron, more violent and unchecked by human hearts.

Do his worst, he could aid in breaking but one little link. Yet would the comics not have grown more civilized-- more civilized, not less, had

their stalk not bent and snapped? The comics took a plunge in the Fifties, even as a man who is struck on the head falls and suffers amnesia. There are three meanings to the word 'violence'. I am a scholar, too. The first meaning is to the body, but the last are against the mind and the soul.

This Fredric Wertham dares to assert the value of constructive praise. He bends so far from his former stance that he places a strain on civilization, but perhaps not so large a burden as he thinks. In fandom he has expanded into a cooling space. Perhaps the fans give him unconstructive praise. Nonconstructive praise. For besides the shadow I shall always suspect travels with him, another shadow lies ahead. It does lie before all. Sometimes it is called that dark and velvet curtain at the end of the corridors. Now so late, can he turn against the SF that received him in an elastic net that seemed always to give way, yet never altered? If Chamberlain could have retreated FOREVER, Hitler must at last have burst from over-extent or waning fate.

Before that dark and velvet curtain which is neither violent nor contrary, but absolute, shall he not at last find quietus? He leaves only some rupture and earned suspicion. Far be it from me to blame fandom nor ever the dear comics which helped make my very soul. This process is not one Wertham or his kind can imagine or conjure to their bidding.

I find no honest, inward opinion but rejection of all his books. One old man should not have the power to freeze my soul; pluck out my tongue and render me a craven lap-dog. Not when others have dared tyrants over continents -- censors all. . . .

And another point. Dr. Wertham, what stand do you take on banning textbooks from the schools as in West Virginia? Also, don't you feel dangerous SF should be barred from our public schools?"

2301 E. Foothill Dr

Santa Rosa, CA 95404

Dec. 11, 1974

Fredric Wertham: ((Feb. 8, '75, Doc writes that he gave Randall Larson a long interview about movie violence for Fandom Unlimited #2)) "Whether it was wise of me to do that is another question. People are so convinced that what happens inside a movie house and what happens outside on the street belong to two totally different worlds. They don't want

to believe that we are continuing to create a whole atmosphere of brutality which is influencing young people (some of whom I see in my office). Everybody pontificates from behind a desk without any firsthand knowledge of violence (unless he gets mugged) about what does not cause violence. So I anticipate again that when I tell what I've found and how it really is, I shall be rebuked -- and not refuted." ((Larson's FU #2 is due out 'hopefully' in late summer, and he's looking for detailed but short book reviews, 774 Vista Grande Ave., Los Altos, CA 94022))

Randall Larson: Feb. 24 "I'd like to make a stand for Dr. Wertham's defense. He had nothing to do with E.C. comics or the comics code, the primary cause of their demise. His book SEDUCTION OF THE INNOCENT brought about much of the concern which led to the creation of the CCA, but only indirectly so. I don't think Wertham had in mind the idea of destroying certain comics publishers; he merely wanted to point out evidence which his research led to. And I don't think he was disapproving of E.C. comics in general, only the very disgusting level of violence found in many of them. Though I don't believe in censorship, I do find the infamous human-organ baseball game a little nauseating. The E.C. sf comics did not have the degree of violence and gore of the crime and horror comics.

True, a lot of Wertham's views in SEDUCTION, which I admit I haven't studied in any great detail, are a little hard to believe and quite exaggerated. But I don't feel he deserves the scorn so many fans hold for him. I've got a lot of respect for him, whether I agree with his views or not, both as a psychiatrist and as a corresponding friend."

Ned Brooks: "I am a bit surprised that you, Dom, of all people fail to see the utter semantic idiocy of the sentence I quoted from Wertham: 'Children are no more born with a desire for a gun than adults are born with a desire for an atom bomb.' When did you last hear of an adult being born at all? ((Every day since last Christmas as I play a cartridge of French conversation. Did you know the French do not say, 'I was born'; they say 'Je suis né (I am born, which we translate as 'I was born'. In the figurative sense every adult was born yesterday and I entirely understand Wertham's meaning

despite your nit-picking 'semantics' as an indictment against learning as opposed to the unspoiled state of the unlearned, the baby/the pure adult.)) "I still say," Ned continues "that comics, TV, films, etc, bas as they might be, force the reader/viewer to think about the problems of violence and aggression. And the pre-TV children objected to the violence ((shown to them on movies)) because it frightened them, not on any moral basis. In actual fact, most children enjoy being 'frightened' by something like a movie that is not a real threat, so I find the data here highly doubtful to start with."

Brett Cox: "I agree that violence is generally learned. But if violence is to be portrayed in any work of fiction, it should be portrayed as realistically as possible to show that it isn't any fun. Sugar-coated violence merely makes it more acceptable. A graphic close-up of a storekeeper getting shot in the head during a robbery will do more to promote the cause of gun control than 500 earnest editorials."

Ben Indick: "After all these years, Dr. Wertham is still receiving abuse, I note, sadly. He is genuinely good, kind, serious who takes his calling seriously. He did not urge discontinuation of comic books -- only of dangerous elements within them."

Larry Downes: "I suppose like most comics fans, I have a prejudice against the good Doctor, but I like to think I've overcome such things. There's been worse stuff than what he initially complained about. Whatever isn't accepted goes underground or into black & white; so whatever his 'sin' was, comics fans have nothing much to gripe about. I think if Gaines had any brains he could successfully revive EC to its original state.

But while I'm not a Get-out-and-kill-Werthamist, there are those who are. I draw attention to Creepy #61, a Warren Magazine, and a story in the back entitled 'Encore Ghastly', written and drawn by Tom Sutton. The story concerns a Dr. Frederick Worthworm, drawn as a ghastly creature in a wheelchair. The end has the stringing up of Worthworm and his blood is used to illustrate 'The new horror comics'. The whole thing, I think, is a spit in the face of Wertham, saying, in effect, your campaign was a waste, 'cause we're doing

it again. If you'd like a copy, Donn, let me know and I'll try to Xerox it." ((No, thanks; I'll take your word for it; I'm so sensitive to human suffering that I rejected Rick Wilber's story, 'Reparations' in Son of Sinister Force because of the death of a child, and also I cannot stand to watch Ironsides in his wheelchair.))

Dave Romm: "I still don't like Wertham the self-imposed protector of little children and crackpots, and it will take a great deal to convince me otherwise."

Reed Andrus: "I'm mellowing. My only complaint with Wertham now is his condescending attitude to fans who really wish to engage in some form of logical debate, and the fact that he's a rotten writer. My father being a shrink, I can fully sympathize with those who think the good Doc is nuts -- most physicians have some hobby horse to ride. But if nothing else, he stimulates the minds and typers of TITLE readers, and their rebuttals and refutations are extremely enjoyable." ((Does your dad, the shrink, hold to the idea that violence is an in-born trait? And if not, does he lack Doc Wertham's dedication to do something about it?))

Jodie Offutt: "There's entirely too much concern over horror and violence. How is one to know what his emotional limitations are unless he exposes himself at least a little bit? One of my daughters was frightened by movies, so we censored what she watched. After a time she said she thought she'd like to try watching a show-- with daddy. Eventually she could watch by herself, and now knows what she can handle. Sometimes she'll get up and leave the room, saying, 'This is too scary'. We have to find out these things about ourselves."

Stuart Gilson: "I've read every one of Wertham's books. He cites only that data which substantiates his opinions. He places much too much emphasis on the potential of violence in the media. If crime comic books are really going to harm a child, then that child must be seriously disturbed in the first place, and would probably find some alternative way to release his violent fantasies. Repression of the violence instinct will result in severe neurosis."

Don D'Amassa: "I suspect there is an innate aggressiveness in humans, but society determines how that aggression is expressed. Some violence is socially acceptable (football, hockey) where other violence is not. I recall a study which indicated that children were no more or less violent in the long run after exposure to media violence, but were generally shaped in the ways they expressed it by what they had most recently seen. If a kid sees one man kick another on TV and then has a fight with his brother, he is more likely to kick than normally, but no less likely to get into the fight in the first place."

I'm possibly little qualified to debate the effects of EC Comics. I used to read all of the blood-curdling ones secretly (my parents forbade it), watch horror movies on TV (ditto), but I never had any adverse effects at all. In fact, to this day I have never had a bad dream, nightmare, whatever. I'm not sure whether this indicates a stable personality, a resilient and tolerant subconscious, or a total lack of imagination on my part."

Rich Bartucci: "On Wertham, I declare a fence-straddling stance that would drive splinters into the crotch of a lesser man. While I thumbed through Seduction of the Innocent and The World of Fanzines and only brushed at the high spots (the more lurid passages of the former and the notes on zines of friends in the latter), I came to the conclusion that one was hopelessly narrow-minded while the other was lacking in depth and perception. As a matter of fact, I figure Wertham had depth perception troubles while writing both of them. While I don't like Wertham's writings, I do believe that he's not as big a klutz as most of your correspondents seem to paint him. There's room in fandom for a fugghead or two. Wertham is one, and I'm the other."

Bruce Townley: "That scary photo of Mike Glicksohn..Are you trying to give Wertham nightmares?"

Being a compulsive reader enables one to turn otherwise boring and wasteful activities into useful and interesting ones. Even before I discovered SF, I was carrying a paperback with me whenever I had to stand in line for a movie or wait for a school bus. With the discovery of SF I even read while walking between classes in school, on the bus to and from, in the bathtub, while watching TV, during meals, and while waiting for my turn at bat during baseball games. Rumors spread that I even read in the shower, while driving, and when asleep. It is true that I occasionally snatched a few lines while waiting for a recalcitrant red light, but otherwise I deny these last.

But there was one chunk of my life where I was bored stiff, but was totally incapable of reading -- school. I rarely cared for classroom activities in high school. Since teachers programmed the classes at the pace of the slow learners, I was rarely called upon to exert myself. Naturally I was not allowed to make use of the time profitably by reading even classics of literature, let alone SF. So I was bored. But then I began to conduct a regular research and development program to occupy my mind.

Initially, I began to watch my teachers ruthlessly for any indication of weakness. If they ever seemed unsure of their answer to a student's question, I made a note of it. That evening I would engage in a full scale investigation at the Providence Public Library. I once caught my Ancient History teacher claiming that Spartacus was a fictional character-- he wasn't. On another occasion I discovered that my American History teacher had erred in saying that Patrick Henry died in an insane asylum. My finest catch was to learn that at least one of Shakespeare's plays did not survive into the present, despite my English teacher's assertion to the contrary. On each occasion I brought the subject up in a subsequent class, citing my source by chapter and verse, assuming an air of innocence.

This did not increase my popularity with the school faculty, as you might imagine, and my successes were too few and transitory for me to occupy my thoughts with just this one pursuit. I began doodling,

but not the mindless patterns and stick figures of the average man. I constructed mythical kingdoms, drew coordinate grids, and with elaborate sets of rules and the table of random numbers at the rear of my math book, engaged in incessant warfare across my desk top. But soon I had outgrown this also. I became more interested in chronicling the wars than in conducting them. I began to write short stories, cycles of stories, fantastic histories, set in imaginary worlds. I became inured to writer's cramp, oblivious to my surroundings. And my teachers never caught on.

But then pen and pencil became too clumsy and slow, and I began to type my stories at home. I began to search for new horizons. By now I had an extensive SF library, so I began concentrating on it. I would mentally recall all the titles by Poul Anderson, picture covers in my mind, dredge from memory as much detail as I could, including the names of principle characters, scene by scene plot development, the cover artist, price, and even in some cases the publisher's identification number. As my collection progressed from the hundreds to the thousands. I began consciously imprinting the titles and other pertinent data in my mind, to facilitate recall later.

Now it was no longer difficult to retrieve all of this information at will, and I was once more growing bored in class. How many times, after all, can one be entertained by recalling that the hero of Edmond Hamilton's THE HAUNTED STARS (Pyramid Books) was Robert Fallon, or that Peter Corinth was the principle character in Poul Anderson's first Ballantine Book, BRAIN WAVE, with a cover by Richard Powers? So I moved to listing the complete works of each author, rating them in order, then playing authors off against each other. It was in this manner that I one day realized that Theodore Sturgeon had surpassed John Wyndham as my all time favorite SF writer.

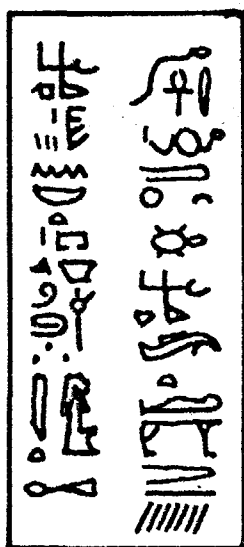
So now here I am, supposedly adult, holding a responsible job in a company that does not occupy all my time. So what do I do to stave off boredom? I concoct projects to keep my subordinates busy, and write articles for fanzines. I wonder if that's properly described as 'progress'?

HENUT-WEDJBU - SINGER OF AMUN

BY JAMES G. HOUSER

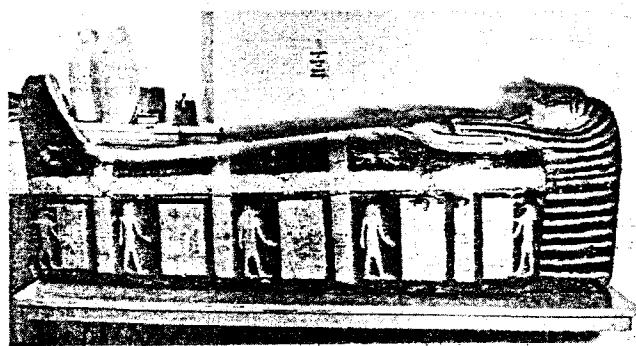
Last summer we received on loan from Washington University an Egyptian mummy donated by Charles Parsons in 1896. The coffin was exceptionally handsome. We decided to use it in an Egyptian Hall to be pre-viewed in the spring by guests at the annual Dance-o-Saurus.

Photographs of the hieroglyphs on the coffin were sent to Dr. Bernard Bothmer, Curator of Ancient Art at the Brooklyn Museum. His assistant, Richard A. Fazzini, prepared trans-lations. The mummy was a woman called Henut-wedjbu. She was "Mistress of the House" and a "Singer of Amun". The remaining inscriptions on the coffin are standard funerary texts that identify her with various gods or place her under the protection of these dieties.



The photo above shows the exceptionally handsome head portion of the coffin shown in its entirety below. A typical inscription is given above. It is an utterance by the god, Thoth, as follows:

"As Re may live and as the turtle may die, so may the corpse be reunited as the bones of the Mistress of the House, Henut-wedjbu, are reunited."



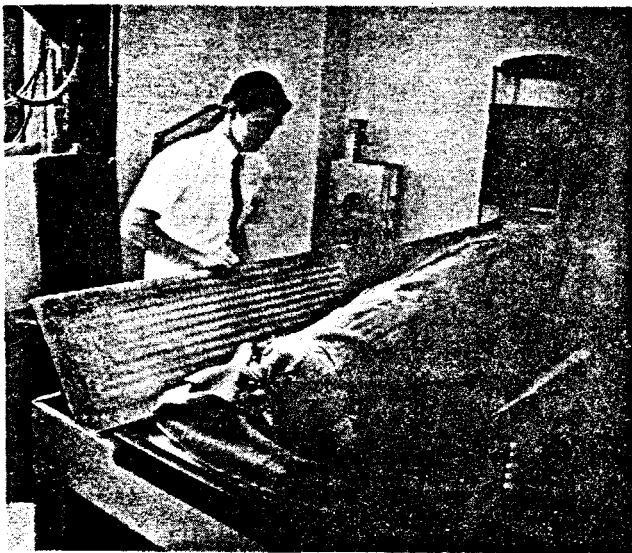
PAINTING THE COUNTLESS FIGURES AND HIEROGLYPHS INSIDE THE MUMMY'S TOMB, A SEEMINGLY ENDLESS TASK, CALLED FOR AN EXPERT VOLUNTEER AND MRS. WILLIAM (VANGIE) GROTH RESPONDED TO THE CALL.

MUSEUM DESIGNER, MRS. ARTHUR (MITTIE) SCHMIDT ADDS DETAIL TO ANUBIS, THE JACKAL GOD WHO - WITH THOTH - CONDUCTED THE DEAD.



We were informed that the mummy was definitely 18th dynasty. Dr. Fazzini pointed out that the coffin was very similar to those of Yuya and Tuya, the maternal grandparents of Akhenaten, the controversial and monotheistic pharaoh who ruled at the end of the 18th dynasty.

X-rays and an excellent medical report by Dr. T.R. Staple already described in this newsletter told us Henut-wedjbu was a woman of between 21 and 35, and except for a few gallstones and the fact that she was very dead, she was apparently in good health. She was active, too, for one inscription calls her "Beloved of the Crown of the South who is content on account of her." And another inscription reveals that she was beloved by the Crown of the North for the same reason.



MEDICAL REPORT ON MUMMY 3500 YEARS AFTER DEATH !

(Summary of Dr. T. W. Staple's findings on the mummy radiographed at the Mallinckrodt Institute of Radiology, Washington University, School of Medicine.)

The entire mummy is wrapped in what appears to be three different types of material. The outer wrapping is a very loose material only several millimeters thick. Inside this wrapping is a thicker, more dense material having a cotton-like appearance. It is particularly heavy about the head and shoulders and feet. It has been wadded into the recesses around the neck to give the entire outline a somewhat solid configuration. Inside the thicker piece is a more radiolucent material which is very apparent about the sides of the face and over the femoral trochanters, and about the distal tibia and fibula on both sides.

The body is supine, the hands next to each other over the medial aspects of the anterior portions of the thighs. The fingers are slightly curved. The legs are fully extended and the feet are slightly plantar flexed.

Mummy out of its case is readied for X-rays

Dr. Staple, right, ponders placement of mummy for exposure.



The bones are well preserved and the cortices are thick: all epiphyses are closed. The trabecular pattern is normal; no demineralization is present. The teeth are well formed and all present. There are no degenerative changes in the spine, hip joint, or knees. All this suggests to me that the body is that of a mature adult between the ages of 21 to 35 or 40.

There is a vertical fracture of the posterior aspects of the left eighth and ninth ribs. For lack of callus formation, I suspect the fractures occurred post mortem.

The soft tissues of the thorax and abdomen are absent except on the right side overlying the ninth rib. In this area a small,

discrete calcification is seen, apparently in the posterior aspect of the abdomen. It may very well be that these are small stones within the gallbladder.

Lying about the spine in the area of abdominal lymph nodes are several discrete, irregular calcifications. It suggests some previous enteric infection. It is not uncommon to see these in patients nowadays and I suspect that this did not contribute to the demise of the mummy.

The muscles appear as only very thin streaks, best seen in the thighs and lower legs.

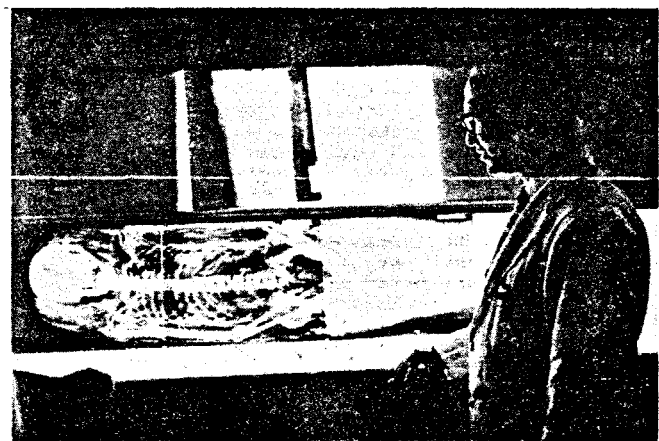
The skull has a number of fractures in the right parietal area, with one large bone fragment displaced outward. I cannot say whether this was a traumatic fracture prior to death or an injury post mortem. The brain has atrophied and is adherent to the posterior aspect of the skull.

Dr. Staple and Mr. Houser place sections of X-ray plates for study. Mr. Houser, museum curator, seems concerned about the fractures in the parietal area.

WATCH FOR ANNOUNCEMENT
OF THE MUMMY'S SHOWING
FOR WHICH PLANS ARE
NOW BEING MADE.



PHOTOGRAPHS by Dan Gashler



SWEET

--- WITH A VENGEANCE

STORY BY PAUL WALKER

ILLUSTRATED BY JACKIE FRANKE



The Goilii advanced up the hill, whistling in righteous indignation. They were a small, dark-skinned people armed with thorn spears, and killer wasps -- tiny brown clouds of death -- hovered over them. A blue sun gazed down through a green sky. Multi-limbed, lizard-headed squirrel-analogs scurried for cover. The ship was surrounded, the crew near panic, and Captain Sweet was in full command.



"Scound! Must I do everything myself? How do we get out of this?"

First Officer Rad Scound -- myself -- presented a most respectful smile. "Perhaps if you spoke to them, sir."

Sweet's great steel-wooly moustache roiled beneath his nose. "Me? Talk to that pack of blood-thirsty savages?"

"You underestimate yourself, sir."

"Constantly -- but not in this instance."

I did not want to make it a direct suggestion, but he left me no choice: "Other than that, sir, there is nothing we can do, except to die with honor in the proud tradition of the Alien Pacification Corps."

Sweet was not afraid. For thirty years he'd looked forward to collecting his pension and refused to consider dying until he had

every penny of it. But he had no illusions about his skill at diplomacy, as he had no illusions about which of us to trust in a crisis. He did not admit he was wrong; he simply said: "Follow me!" and stormed out of the room.

He marched into the airlock muttering an old *WE COME IN FRIENDSHIP* speech I'd written for him months ago, making it sound like a declaration of war. The crew kept a safe distance. It looked crazy: me turning "The Blunt Instrument" (as he was affectionately known to us all) loose on the Goilii, but I had my reasons.

It took me a couple of minutes to get him into his Goilii disguise, and he cursed me all the while. He fancied himself a Beau Brummel and spent two-thirds of his paltry allowance on tailor-made uniforms; yet he made a fine looking tree: branches sprouting out of his ears, leaves from his nostrils. Unfortunately, whoever had selected the raw materials for the costume had chosen a unique variety of native vegetation whose leaves provided the conjugal bed for the mating rites of a species of small yellow bird. They were the size of humming-birds, with horny, funnel-shaped beaks designed to sate their insatiable appetites. In fact, all they did was eat and make love; and when they ate, they ate twice their normal weight; and when they made love, they made a racket.

Since our first expedition, they'd pursued Sweet's camouflage in ever-increasing numbers, descending on him the moment he set foot outside, arraying themselves on every square inch of him in postures of ecstatic lovemaking. But Sweet never flinched. Oh, the temperature in his vicinity rose, his beady, blood-red eyes glared, but he walked on, jaw rigid, back straight.

My own physical condition was less impressive. I was sweating heavily, and my stomach was hard with terror as we approached the Goilii -- or rather, as they overwhelmed us, whistling profanity.

Sweet stopped, his paunch coming erect until it jutted out beneath his second chin.

"FRIEND," he bellowed so fiercely that the Goilii stopped, stunned. "I COME IN PEACE," he said, and the natives backed away, their mob-courage diminishing.

He stamped ahead: "What the hell is the matter with you? I said I come in peace!"

The Goilii were not a warlike people by human standards, and the more Sweet importuned them with his ferocious peace overtures, the less angry, and more confused, they became. The Witch Doctor had assured them the gods would paralyze the invaders with fear; yet here was a rage beyond their capacity to equal. I decided it was time to speak.

"What has turned our friends against us?" I asked in bad Goilii-- a very sticky language if you can't whistle. "How have we offended the Chosen of the Gods? Tell us. We will do penance!"

They shifted from foot to foot, squeaking among themselves. Finally one stepped forward: a tall, handsome Goilii, his chest scarred with the self-inflicted wounds of an "Anointed One".

"Demons, Devils!" he accused us. "Your existence defiles the world!"

Sweet shoved me aside. "What's the cannibal saying?"

Angered by the Captain's tone, the Goilii raised his spear; but he had underestimated his opponent. Sweet swatted the spear aside and caught him by the throat -- "None of that, you ungrateful savage!"

And suddenly, events took on a life of their own.

The killer-wasps were sacred to the Goilii and essential to their prosperity. A very rare species, analogous to the Terran Vespoidea family, they were slightly larger than flying ants, with four finely web-

bed, membranous wings. They nested in ant-like colonies of only a few hundred in the clay mud walls of the Goilii huts. The Anointed bred them to seek out the staple food of the tribe, a variety of fruit, rich in amino acids, that grew in the treacherous bogs of the jungle. They accompanied the tribe into battle as a symbol of the gods' goodwill and usually remained safely out of danger until it was over. But unfortunately, the Goilii had not expected to face any danger from us.

When Sweet attacked one of their Anointed benefactors -- they attacked him. There was no time to run or realize what was happening. The brown cloud descended in an angry thunderclap. The natives cried out. I covered my eyes. Sweet roared. There was a flutter of wings, a deafening shriek of birds, a *whoo-whoo-whooshing*, as if someone had plugged in an enormous vacuum cleaner -- and then it was all over.

Sweet's avian tormentors had eaten the sacred killer-wasps. They lay about us, bellies fat like rubber balls, their funnel beaks sucking in the few survivors. Moments later, the birds were dead; though it should be said they died in the vain attempt to crawl upon their prostrate mates.

Sweet looked at me with a pained expression: *THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT*

I returned an apologetic smile.

The Anointed One gaped, dumfounded, at the spectacle. The natives wailed for divine mercy. We dared not move an inch. At once, another Goilii -- a short, stocky man in a grass skirt -- materialized from the wailing mob. He hustled toward us with an officious air, his belly bouncing before him. He reminded me of an Earthman I'd once purchased a used aero-bus from.

Hands behind his back, he kicked at the fragments of wasp lying about, then whistled something to the Anointed One, who grinned dumbly. He turned to us with a dis-

gusted expression.

"Thou hast sacrilegied a gift of the gods," he said, whistled rather, his manner and tone suggesting the biblical phrasing.

"I'd like to apologize about your bugs....," Bludgeon began.

"Thou hast sacrilegied a *gift* of the gods."

"I have some beads here --"

"*Thou* shalt know the fate of Mulla, godless one. Thou shalt die in agony. But not before thou hast seen thine own die before thee. Go!"

Harassed into near-comprehension, Sweet looked at me. "Is this god-damn cannibal threatening me?"

I bowed to the Witch Doctor and took Sweet by the arm. He came, grumbling, casting lethal glances behind him. "Ungrateful savage! Said I was sorry about his bugs. Here we come to offer them the fruits of civilization...."

In fact, we offered them nothing. Security Central maintained an automated pharmaceutical unit on Goili which at first had provided the natives. According to their theology, they alone were made in the image of the gods. They alone ruled the universe, their skills and wisdom unsurpassed. Our existence was unacceptable, and the sooner it was terminated the better. On our last trip, in appropriate costume, I explained to the Witch Doctor that we were, in truth, insects, our ship a cocoon. We possessed no intelligence or technological aptitude whatsoever, aside from those the gods invested in us at birth. After a brief consultation with the spirits, the Witch Doctor had returned to say that because of our inability to fathom Goilii culture we could not be expected to know that insects were the chosen species of the gods. However, in their infinite wisdom, the gods had revealed to him personally that, in reality, we were in fact a rare species of *plant* -- our ship a pod in which we traveled about the universe.

Once this revelation became dogma, the Goilli ceased their attacks. But now they were at it again, and our assignment, as "First Team" of Pacification-1:Section-1, had been to find out why before the Nofardians exploited the situation.

Nofardia was the last competition SC faced in the galaxy, matching our skill at duplicity world for world. Their wealth and numbers were less, their scruples non-existent.

Actually, the politics of it didn't interest me. I was content to be getting off Goilli alive, even if it meant taking the curse of Mulla with me. So when Sweet invited me to the lounge for a victory drink -- we always drank to victory before, during, and the rare event of it -- I accepted more enthusiastically than usual.

"What happened back there?" Sweet asked.

"You were accursed, sir," I said. I'd had time to read up on it.

"Mulla, God of Vengeance. A minor deity, I think. Based on the mullamandrake legend. A poisonous plant that grew in the jungle and was supposed to excrete a deadly gas or liquid. The natives used them for hunting, and the Witch Doctors to eliminate the competition. Why? Nervous?"

Sweet laughed -- that is, he belated two distinct haw-haw's. "I've been cussed by better than that, Scound. I'd like to see their dandelion ghost up against one I met on Verduke!"

He never mentioned believing in ghosts, but it came as no surprise. As he went on about spooks and goblins, I mentally dictated the assignment report to myself. If what I suspected was true, SC would foam at the mouth when they learned Goilli had been penetrated by the enemy. The planet was listed as a *Priority Area*, the pharmaceutical unit as *Vital Materiel*.

"Scound," Sweet interrupted my thoughts. "You haven't been listen-

ing!"

I started to apologize when a figure staggered through the open door. It was Specialist-Cargo Rensen, a quiet, dull little guy who had strangled a few sweethearts years back. He stumbled into the room, pale, eyes glassy with shock.

Sweet frowned: "Were you brought up in a barn, Rensen? Didn't anyone teach you to knock?"

Rensen peered at the Captain through the haze of his nightmare. His jaw undulated wordlessly, a string of spittle dangled from his lower lip.

"...saw..."

"You march your ass out that door, Mister, and knock!"

Gibbering softly, Rensen turned and staggered back through the open doorway. Of course, he had to close it before he could knock; an observation that was lost on Sweet who regarded any room that he occupied as his private quarters. He crossed his arms on his chest and tapped his toe impatiently. A minute after the door closed, and no knock came, I got up and opened it. Sweet and I carried Rensen to the couch where he writhed, groaning.

"...saw...saw...saw..."

Sweet retreated to the corner, refusing to become involved. "He should have said he wasn't quite himself," he muttered.

I tranquilized Rensen and called the infirmary. A second call suggested there was no one on his feet in the cargo area. A third confirmed my suspicion that the long-range transmitter was dead.

"Well?" Sweet asked.

"We've got a stowaway in the cargo area," I said.

He was halfway out the door before I finished. On the way I acquired Second Officer Kulp and his Third, Krantz. Rough, reliable men. I'd have felt easier with lasers, but

the few good pistols we'd confiscated from a crashed Nofardian raider were too precious to waste on less than life-and-death emergencies.

The cargo area was in the rear of the ship, sealed by a two-foot thick pressure-lock steel door. I halted Kulp before he reached for the handle. "Put on your oxygen mask."

He and Krantz obeyed without question. Sweet huffed. "See here, Scound, I'm in command."

"Sorry, sir."

"Put on your oxygen masks, men."

Kulp and Krantz removed their masks. "What was that, sir?"

"I ordered you to put on your oxygen masks, men."

They looked at one another, then at me. I nodded, and they put their masks back on.

The *Abysmal* was originally a freighter on the Earth-Mars run before she was stripped down for a Researcher. Once the scientists got through with her, she wasn't good for anything but Pacification-1. Her hull was honeycombed with secret passages, useless ventilating systems, and special compartments (some still contaminated) that had held dangerous specimens of God-knows-what. There were innumerable opportunities for air and gas leaks, so each of us carried emergency oxygen.

Kulp opened the door enough for he and Krantz to slip through. Sweet sighed, hating to be the last man into anything. But seconds later, they called, and we followed them in. Despite the masks, the odor was strong. A sweet, syrupy smell that seemed to thicken the air itself. There were no signs of damage or struggle. Death had come too quickly. The men lay in the corner, shriveled heaps, faces and throats torn by their own fingernails in an attempt to get air.

"How about that?" Kulp asked Krantz,

and Krantz nodded in admiration. In better times they had been professional assassins, so naturally they took a professional interest. Sweet, with the incomprehension of death characteristic of old soldiers, viewed the slaughter with wide, excited eyes. Violence fascinated him.

I pulled him aside. "It looks as if there was something to that curse after all, sir."

"You mean Mulla? Here? On my ship?"

I nodded gravely. A shrewd gleam flickered in his eye. He glanced back at Kulp and Krantz to see if they were listening. They weren't. They were bent over the corpses, discussing the fine points of the murder. "Look, Scound, when it comes to spooks I know a thing or two. Let me handle this."

I appeared to give it agonized consideration. "As you say, sir. We're relying on you."

With a crafty heh-heh, he left for his cabin. I hoped the campaign against the spook, or mullamandrake, would keep him occupied. I ordered Kulp and Krantz to instruct the men to wear their oxygen masks at all times and to assemble the crew on the bridge in fifteen minutes.

"Is this Mulla thing for real?" Krantz asked.

I knelt down beside the corpses. There was a slimy blue solution on the floor, rapidly evaporating. I dipped one finger into it and held it up. "Unfortunately, it is."

Sweet's cabin resembled the vestry for a Black Mass. The walls were draped in black, the lights dimmed. Primitive masks, bestial and grotesque, hung everywhere. Strings of garlic and alien herbs dangled from the ceiling. A bowl of incense burned on a table in the center of the room. A strand of purple gems, carved in the shapes of tiny human skulls, hung about his neck.

"Witch Doctor on Bladdermere guaranteed this stuff against spooks. Cost me a month's pay, but it was worth it. But what I want to know is how that *weed* got on my ship?"

"That little episode on Goili, sir; I think it was arranged. I think the Nofardians have penetrated the planet; and I think they put the Witch Doctor up to cursing us with the mullamandrake. I don't know how they did it, or why. I suspect the plant itself was smuggled aboard by one of the crew."

"A spy!"

"I found traces of what I imagine is a plant growth hormone on the floor of the cargo area. Probably gibberellic acid -- ahh-- gibberellans are plant growth hormones found in most higher plants and some fungi. They can speed a plant's growth as much as six-seven times normal. Our friend brought the thing aboard and grew it right here. The Nofardians don't want us to return to SC alive."

Sweet took off the beads. "Search the ship!"

"That won't be necessary, sir."

"*Necessary?* Of course, it's *necessary*. Standard procedure, Scound. I'm surprised at you."

"But, sir, I know who the Nofardian is."

"*Know?* How many times do I have to tell you not to jump to wild conclusions? You couldn't possibly *know* anything without following standard procedure. Shape up."

I had no choice. I agreed to search the ship. On the way to the bridge I ordered Krantz to issue laser pistols to the men. The crew was assembled, waiting, gossiping among themselves. They were tense, eager.

"Men," I began.

"He's such a dear," came a squeak from the rear.

"Shaddup, Tootie," another replied.

"Men!" I began again.

"First Officer, I protest this flagrant display of fascist arrogance!" still another shouted. "As spokesman of the oppressed workers of this instrument of imperialist aggression --"

"Shaddup, Nikky."

"Men," I said quietly; and as there were no further interruptions, I reholstered my laser and went on. With few exceptions, the crew listened attentively. I explained the Nofardian penetration of Goili without incident, but when I mentioned the spy aboard, Tootie threw up on the man in front of him. Then, when I proceeded to the part about the menace of the mullamandrake, Nikky collapsed to the floor in shock. Several others fainted.

I felt relieved. That left the only reliable men -- the thieves and murderers -- for the job. I organized search parties of three men apiece and instructed them not to attempt to engage the monster but merely to report it. Mullamandrakes were supposed to be extinct, and for all I knew, it was easily a match for the lot of us.

Kulp and I returned to the cargo area. I found the crate the thing had been grown in. There was a hinged door in one side of it that had permitted the plant to escape. The interior of the crate was lined with plastic insulation and contained a steel frame to protect the compact hydroponics unit. The unit was sealed in a pseudo-Goili atmosphere at a temperature of one hundred fifty degrees fahrenheit. It continued to function despite the plant's absence. I decided to preserve it for SC's edification.

When we returned to the bridge, the men were waiting. We took a headcount and three were missing. They had been assigned the forward emergency locks. I cancelled a suggestion to look for them -- why lose another three? -- and instead ordered the men to remain together on the bridge, so if it attacked, it would have them all to deal

with. It wasn't putting the *Abysmal* in any real danger. We knew when she was ready to blow, she'd blow with or without us.

I decided to have a talk with the Nofardian.

It wasn't hard to figure out who the Nofardian was. For one thing, Nofardians are very imaginative, and my suspect's crime was more colorful than anyone else's aboard. For another, he'd been the only survivor of an attack; a surprise attack at that. For still another, when he'd allegedly fled from the cargo area, he'd taken the time to close and secure a two-foot thick steel door. But what ultimately convinced me was when I walked into the infirmary and he attacked me with a knife.

Now, Nofardians enjoy pain. In fact, they require it for a sound mind and healthy body, which may account for the fact that Nofardia has the most stable political system in the galaxy. In any case, this particular Nofardian giggled when I smashed his nose and laughed aloud when I cracked his ribs. I dragged him to his feet, and he hung there in space like a sack of broken glass, chuckling.

"How did you know I knew it was you?" I asked.

"I didn't, but I knew you were the only one aboard who might suspect. Anyway, it's too late. With me or without me, the thing will kill you all in forty-eight hours. The ancient Goilii used them for hunting, you know. It made them masters of their world, until the planet declinded into a more benign species."

Rensen had been with us for almost a year. The strain of success without recognition must have been unbearable, for he told me everything. "We managed to reverse the 'memory' of the DNA of several genes of the more benign species and to reproduce a reasonable facsimile of the ancestral mullamandrake. The legendary Earth man-

drake was alleged to grow under a gallows. The Goili variety evolved in native burial grounds, taking root in the nervous systems, first of corpses, then of living men, as ordinary plants take root in soil. It sinks its tender rhizomes into the very consciousness of a man, absorbing whatever bizarre nutrients sustain it. And in this way, it becomes the physical projection of a man's thoughts. I have only to think of the hate I have for each of you and...."

I did not take the hate part seriously. Nofardians like to hate as much as they like to hurt. They are born with an inferiority complex, I'm told. Security Central's Psychiatric Division says it's because they are born inferior.

"You mean you let that thing feed on your mind?" I asked.

"Oh, it is quite harmless, although there is a somewhat nauseating euphoric side-effect. It reveres its host. It immunizes it against its own poison; at least, all but a massive dose."

"Fascinating. But one more question: what I don't understand is what Nofardia wants on Goili."

Rensen grinned -- that is, he bit down hard on his lower lip until it bled. "It's not what we want -- it's what you want."

"And what is it you think we want?"

"It doesn't matter what you want-- we want it first! And we want more of it than there is to be divided between us!"

He sneered in triumph, then sat down on a bunk to wait for me to kill him. But I didn't. I strapped him down securely. The prospect of being locked in solitary and tortured for hours caused him to shiver in anticipation of joy.

"Scound!" he called after me. "I wish you a slow death."

On the bridge, the men were relaxing, enjoying themselves watching

the third knife fight of the afternoon. I motioned Kulp to the door.

"Trust me, Second?" I asked.

He looked me hard in the eye and nodded. I pressed a fat black capsule into his hand. "An anesthetic. Odorless, safe. Give me five minutes, then open it."

"That leaves you and Sweet alone with the thing?"

"The simplest way to get it out in the open. Like I said, do you trust me?"

Kulp nodded again and looked at the capsule. "Five minutes."

Five minutes later, I found Sweet in the lounge, swilling brew. He wore a laser strapped to his belt, evidence of how concerned he was. He liked to think he could handle anything with his bare hands.

"Well?"

"Rensen is our spy. He brought the mullamandrake aboard and hatched it in the cargo area. It responds to his direct commands. He's planning to kill us all with it."

Sweet's face regained its ruddy color. His moustache squirmed like an enraged caterpillar. "Where -- is -- he?"

Three minutes later we were in the infirmary, me holding Sweet back with both hands. "I'm -- going -- to -- kill -- him."

Rensen laughed. "This is better than I could have dreamed! Let him go, Scound. Let him enjoy the few minutes left to him."

But I kept my hold on Sweet.

It was not long before we heard the mullamandrake.

I'm not sure if it made a sound, or if it merely suggested one. I'm not sure if it suggested a sound, or if it created a mood. The room became very still; our skins crawling and clammy; our spirits instant-

ly desolate. Almost instinctively, we looked toward the small wire-mesh vent on the wall.

A tiny blood-red node appeared through the mesh, pulsating, twitching, as an animal's nose in search of the scent of its prey. Then, the rest of it emerged. Momentarily, it was the length and thickness of a garden snake; its flesh a clear, jelly-like membrane, splotched with pale pink, black, and green shapes -- its complex internal organs. It had no eyes, no mouth; no apertures or sensory appendages of any kind were apparent; nor did it maintain its shape.

It dropped to the floor with an obscene splash and spread out into a symmetrical puddle of itself. We could not take our eyes from it. It seemed the only living thing in the room. Its blood-red node, now the dead-center of its circumference, turned a milky white and swelled upwards, secreting the new substance throughout its membranous body until it became completely opaque. The puddle solidified into an inverted bowl shape, drawing its underside up into itself, so that it resembled a terrestrial jellyfish.

In another moment -- and it took only a moment to effect the changes -- it had inflated itself to a point where it became lighter than air, and with a graceful push, it floated upwards two, three, four feet from the floor.

Making maximum use of the air currents in the room, with the assist of an occasional puff of gas from its underside, and directed by tiny dangling tendrils, almost invisible in the room light, it drifted towards us.

We stood there, watching it come. It did not suggest the intelligence for premeditation or strategy, but a purpose, a determination, that was chilling.

If I had not planned the scene myself, I would never have been able to muster the self-control to nudge Sweet to put on his oxygen mask;

which he did with blind obedience. Rensen grinned at us, eyes wide with expectation. I knew what he was thinking.

"That's your mullamandrake," I said to Sweet, almost screaming to awaken him from his trance. "The one that dirty, little Nofardian is going to kill us all with!"

Sweet now remembered Rensen. His horrified fascination reverted to outrage. He flung me out of the way, ripped the restraints from the Nofardian and lifted him bodily with one hand from the cot.

"I'll teach you to abuse my hospitality," he said, then flung the helpless man at the advancing plant.

Rensen caught the thing reflexively in mid-air and both went end over end across the room and into the wall. The Nofardian hit the floor, his arm breaking audibly in two places. He squealed with the pleasure of it, and that was a bad mistake. The malicious rapport between he and the plant was broken. The thing exploded a white cloud of gas in his face.

It took him a moment to die, and he died with a sigh of orgasmic bliss.

"God's will," Sweet mused.

The plant departed Rensen's shriveled body and drifted upwards, then toward us. Sweet looked at me for a suggestion. I motioned him to remain still. The mullamandrake drifted above his head, hesitated, then settled very gently until it sat on Sweet's bush of steel-wooly gray hair as a beany-crown on the head of the boy-king.

"It likes me!" Sweet exclaimed.

Of course, he hadn't a malicious bone in his body, but the mullamandrake mistook belligerence for its heart's desire. Naturally, Sweet was flattered. His chest swelled, his chins jutted out, and he made several dignified "kitch-

ikoo" sounds at it.

In a moment, from the node atop its dome, it bloomed -- a single, tiny white flower, gorgeous in color, perfect in proportion. A gift to its master.

Sweet left the infirmary cooing at the monster as if it were a homeless kitten, and I returned to the bridge where the men slept peacefully. I reset the course back to Goili. It was going to be the pit for the Witch Doctor who had condemned us, and cardiac arrest for SC's Supreme Commander when he found out that instead of officiating at our funerals he was going to have to give us medals for gaining the undying loyalty of the Goilii-- which we would get once they laid eyes on Sweet and his pet.

Oh, yes, they'd make him a god. And I imagine for centuries to come Mama and Papa Goilii would admonish their young to model themselves on the power and glory that was Captain Sweet.

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ACTIVITY 70-70 by Neal Wilgus

My boss
and his boss
were struggling
to put nothing
into little boxes
when the window
burst open
and redbreasted
freedom flew in.
"We're not interested
in that," they shouted.
"We approach
these things
from a practical
point of view."
And they chased it out,
slammed the window
and returned
to putting nothing
into little boxes.

+++++

DEPT OF IRCB

Finishing the reports on
recurring dreams/nightmares

Rick Dey: "Throat my early youth, teens, & early twenties, I had a recurring dream in which flapping my arms would slowly levitate me from the ground to an elevation of about 3 or 4 stories. I would forge gracefully forward by doing underwater swimming strokes, look down on telephone poles & traffic, & worry now & then about taking a nose dive. The sense of being that high & moving forward under my own power was intensely real & exhilarating." ((I have to admit that I had this classic dream, too, only I didn't have to move my arms; it was all in placing my arms down and slightly behind me at the proper angle, and I floated upright over the same telephone poles & traffic Rick describes. During some of my adolescent sorethroat fever-illnesses I used to feverishly daydream about applying this principle to record high jumps, a sport I dearly loved.))

Mike Glicksohn: "Haven't had a dream in ages, but used to have all the traditional ones. Chased by a horrible menace, sometimes visible, and couldn't get my feet to run. I rescued damsels in distress, often by leading a group to safety after our plane crashed in the jungles, desert, or frozen wastelands. After reading Heinlein, I switched to leading people safely through hostile alien planets as Rite of Passage. I used to withstand torture in front of peers who'd never known I was really a secret agent, top criminal mastermind, or any of a half-dozen other improbable cliches. That I no longer have such dreams probably shows my sense of wonder is dead."

Larry Downes: "A large group of people, of which I'm one, are walking down a long white hallway. Intermitantly there are signs that state famous city names with arrows leading to the direction of said city. We occasionally get into an elevator and ride up to a lounge with very modern devices. The higher up the lounge, the more advanced it is. Then the group decides to take an

exit, something, it seems, no one has ever done. We try to open the door at Seattle, but cannot budge it. Using force, we pry it open, but I never recall seeing what is behind the door."

Pauline Palmer: "Circumstances surrounding a plane crash vary from dream to dream but always at some point I look up and see a plane in trouble, trying to make a landing on a nearby field. I watch the crash-landing and try to help. Usually it ends there. It's always quite impersonal-- I never know anyone in the plane nor am I ever in it."

Frank Balazs: "I heard a humming all around me and behind that I could (maybe) hear screaming. I was at the edge of something, losing my balance eternally but never quite falling over. Frantically, I tried to force myself awake because I thought I was dreaming, but I couldn't move. At one point, above all the loud humming, I heard an omniscient voice saying something that I understood for only a second, then vanished. Eventually I awoke and found myself in silence in the middle of the bed."

Dale C. Donaldson: "I am in the catacombs. Probably Rome, present time. I am continually led to remove a massive stone block from an ancient wall. As I do not believe in the Cthulhu mythos this is all the more terrifying."

Reed Andrus: "I'm trapped in an empty house after dark, with SOMETHING lurking outside, peering in the windows. The creature has varied, depending on my age, from a rhinoceros to a large cat-like thing (Coeurl?) in recent months. I realize it won't attack as long as it is unsure that someone is inside."

Brett Cox: "...one that involves my regurgitation of huge amounts of a mixture of spaghetti and transistors." ((That one seems brand new to me unless you were stringing some electronic equipment together??))

Robert Smoot: "The landscape is a slightly rising area on which sits a dark, wooden, two-story, peak-roof house. Almost circling it is a flow of giant, bright-colored balls, each as big as I am. I'm amongst the 'balls' of this flow, am scared to death, and cannot in any fashion get out. In the house I see what I think is my last hope. Someone is sitting on a porch-like affair, with his back to me. He doesn't see me. I try to shout to him, but can't. He's reading by a lamp, as it's dusk (the most crushing dusk). I remember the dream to the point where I realize I'm unable to shout or scream, and this fellow isn't going to see me."

Mike T. Shoemaker: "When I was ten I many times dreamed I was hanging with both hands from Key Bridge. Usually I agonized in terror while I gradually slipped and fell into the river (Potomac) far below. After a while, I came to be aware while dreaming that it was in fact a dream, so I'd say 'The hell with this' and let go. The dream soon stopped recurring."

When I was 13 myself and a few friends would be outside a huge castle in deep woods. The front of the castle (we never saw the other sides) was covered solid with mirrors. At the top were dozens of towers connected by twisting walkways. We were at the castle to rescue someone or to find a treasure. Once inside we found a maze of featureless rooms, passageways, and trapdoors leading to other featureless rooms. We fought a witch, her zombie, and a bodyless arm with a sword. We always got lost and split up in the maze. Usually the dream ended there. The last time I had the dream, one of my friends cast stones breaking all the mirrors, then set fire to the wall. The dream ended with the castle in flames and the witch at the top looking down at us." ((Uh, did you read comicbooks?))

Rich Bartucci: "The perennial no-pants nightmare haunts me periodically. I'm late for class or for an exam; I've forgotten to do my homework; the dingus I'm working with in the lab (never costing less than five times my expected life income) has mysteriously fallen apart; etc."

Gary Grady: "I have a recurring dream setting. It's a huge, sprawl-

ing building, or rather a series of connecting buildings, running along a seashore."

Ned Brooks: "...exploring a large old House, also of visiting an old public library. Another, I'm at a hotel and find I can drift through the halls with my feet off the floor." ((I've seen Bob Tucker do that one!))

Don D'Ammassa: "I have never had a nightmare in my life. I have recurring dreams of finding second hand book stores, obviously wish fulfillment."

Harry Warner, Jr.: "I'm in a strange but fine second-hand book and magazine store; nightmare is desperate attempts to run from something without succeeding in moving from the spot."

John W. Andrews: "I do have one recurring nasty dream; I've had it for years, fortunately not last year. Usually I have it at least twice a year. I finally figured out what it could mean. I guess I'll wait until next LOC to go into it."

((to be continued ??))

COMPUTER LIBRARY by George Fergus

Ken Faig wondered in T23 about the memory capacity that might be expected of tomorrow's computers, relative to his idea of a future computer library.

There are two techniques now under development which, if perfected, would reduce the size and cost of computer memories by several orders of magnitude. One is charge-coupled devices that promise a possible density of a million bits of information per square inch of semiconductor, but seems unavoidably to require power to sustain it, leading to total loss of data in a power failure. The other is magnetic bubbles, theoretically capable of storing 10-million bits per square inch, requiring only permanent magnets to keep information in storage indefinitely. If magnetic bubbles can be handled easily in amorphous materials, thus avoiding problems of crystalline defects plaguing initial research, it's possible within 10 years to store a 100,000 word book into a one-inch cube with a cost of \$100 or so."

WHAT NOISE!?

By Dave Szurek

Editor's note: From a letter Dave wrote about Dec. 12-13, 1974; the event he describes probably happened early in the morning of Dec. 5, 1974. Sorry that this was not reported earlier, but Dave's letter was filed under another category & just turned up again. I also call the

reader's attention to the editor's account of a strange sound/event in Sutton Brieding's BLACK WOLF #14, your ed's personal experience recorded under the title, "The Terrifying Roar", which was written Dec. 23 (actually) and happened then, not in October as I wrote.

Well, Donn, I suspect that we've had a UFO visit here ((Detroit, Mich.)) lately. If not a UFO, it's something weirder. I'd prefer a UFO. Accept my word for it. There wasn't a thing said in the papers, nor on radio, and what's more is that it seems to have been isolated to two blocks one direction and all of one the other. Friends living only two blocks away think it was a case of mass hysteria. Those closer refer to it as 'the night of the noise'.

A little after midnight, this all pervading sound made itself known. My first impression was of films I'd seen in grade school about tornadoes. Like the growls of a slew of jungle cats amplified and moving through the air. I do not say 'sky' because at times its position seemed to shift almost to ground level.

But this was anything but tornado weather, and besides neither radio or television had anything about that. The next thought freaked me right out!

Oh, shit, there's an airplane crashing and it's headed straight for my building! No, no, keep your cool, Dave, and besides, that's not it. Stuck my head out the window, and saw that most of the neighborhood was doing the same.

The sound grew in intensity until it was not only 'pervading' but deafening as well. At moments, it gave the impression of being aimed directly at my window. At other times, it sounded above, then a little further away, and most awesome, as if it held the entire freakin' neighborhood in its grasp. Not anywhere in particular. Just everywhere.

It gradually, but quickly, faded away

about two hours later, and somehow I managed to drop off to sleep, and I'm one of the soundest sleepers you'd ever meet. Learned the following morning that it had come back for about the same duration, while I just lay there crashed. Sharron (who describes it as more of a prolonged muted jet sound and not nearly so dramatic as I perceived it, though, yes, unnerving) told me that this time, when she looked out the window, everybody was outside. And this was about 5 A.M.!

I turned on the news. Nothing. Bought a newspaper. Nothing. Called up the paper. Nothing. One girl told me that she had called the police while the 'noise' was going on. Allegedly, they told her that an investigation was already underway. When she called back the next day, she was told that the cause was not found, and, too, that that's why the newspaper said nothing.

Most of us in the immediate neighborhood heard the thing, but others, only blocks away, have been reacting with: 'What noise? What are you talking about?' A waitress at the Chinese restaurant directly next door told me that customers panicked. One patron identified the vibratory sound with an earthquake she'd once been in. The waitress also tells me that she heard radio reports of a UFO sighting close by, but so far she seems to be the only one who heard it.

There have been third-person UFO sightings floating around the area since that night, but you know how that goes! Still, I can't keep but associating that sound with UFO's. Just wish I could find out for certain. It's driving me buggy with curiosity, but there doesn't appear to be much I can do to satisfy it.

POST 40

Will Norris: First response, a postcard rec. 6/16, from 1073 Shave Rd, Schenectady, NY 12303. "I agree with your comments re LOVECRAFT AT LAST. Got it a week ago and sat down immediately and read it c-to-c without a break. My only objection is quite miniscule-- too much space at times. The blue 'conclusion' was very effective."

Dave Romm: 6/19 from 17 Highland Ave., Middleton, NY 10940. "Fame or egoboo is certainly one of the motivations. However, the nature of fans as a whole leads me to believe that belonging, having friends (sometimes for the first time) is the prime force. It is also a great deal of fun."

Once again Shaver plays on our fears to try to get across a meaningless point. If you don't believe his assertions you are under control and hence prove his point. If you believe him, you also prove his point. The fear he uses is fear of Self - 'Can I be wrong?' The language used is silly circles of nothingness; the argument ridiculous and unsupported.

I will be convinced of astrology and such ilk when they can prove themselves to be a science." ((*Dave suggests the astrologists work backwards to prove astrology. Assess a person's personality and then predict his day and time of birth. Dave, they can't do it, and they won't do it-- they'll have some ridiculous excuse.*))

Why all the fuss about the FAAN awards. Fans are best at talk, never getting around to do it. Bicker bicker bicker. You can ignore them and they'll go away. The only awards I take an interest in are HOGUS.

Stories That Made Me Think? There's always The Widdett, the Wadgett, and Boff. Or even most of Sturgeon. ON THE BEACH, as quite a few of those post-atom-war novels, because I disagreed with them. Hmm, quite a few that I thought about, but that did not make me think."

Richard Shaver: 6/21 rec. despite dero's & such from Box 356, Summit, Ark. 72677. "I'd like Terry Jeeves to actually study some rock books and THEN say something about them. Rock pictures are an important heritage that superficial observations have obscured for dark centuries. They are in fact writing in print, not just pictures ...and writing in pictures, not just print. To make smart cracks about how many slices of infinity are in rotating cleavage planes sounds clever, but it's quite beside the point." ((*To the point: how did you translate the print, and why in hell did these smart pre-flooders put their stories in ROCKS, of all things?*))

Ann Chamberlain's note of 6/23 is DNP; Ed Connor says via card that "Your not numbering pages will get you confused yet. This ish, the next to last page is in backwards and you repeated one of D'Amassa's phrases in two different spots." Sutton Breiding includes a 'day-dream' piece I'll print later; in it is the line, "That I am a wolf." Robert Smoot's long letter is mostly about SF, imagine! Brett Cox graduated from H.S. but took time out to write a long letter which said that "Mike Shoemaker's article was excellent" and "I particularly like loud, booming, intricate cathedral organ music; however, I hate gospel music." Ben Indick merely notes a "chuckle, chuckle" because of my surprising him with the "paid-for advertisement" of his red-hair.

D Gary Grady notes that his astrology article came out sounding a lot snottier than I intended" and hopes that Ann Chamberlain wasn't too offended by his "carping". Sam Long on 6/24 says he's out of the Air Force, but gives me no CoA. He indicates he'll be doing some traveling to various cons.

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FINAL ANALYSIS COMING UP.....

Rose Hogue kindly sent me the poll-
 result issue of LOCUS taken in
 1974. In case you don't get the
 zine, here are some of the results.
 Number One fanzine- OUTWORLDS with
 768 points; YANDRO was 2nd with
 191 points; TITLE was 16th with 79
 points. (11 fans put T somewhere
 on their ballot--thanks!) Best fan
 artist--Tim Kirk 1041; Rotsler 2nd
 with 792. Best short story: "The
 Day before the Revolution" by Le
 Guin from GALAXY, Aug. Best novel--
 THE DISPOSSESSED by Le Guin. Best

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novella-- "Born with the Dead" by
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 followed closely by CHILDHOOD'S
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There isn't enough space left to
 describe a project/publication I
 intend to issue after the first of
 the year. It will be a handy guide
 to fanzines, fan writers & loccers,
 award summaries, artists, addres-
 ses, fanac statistics, etc. Not a
 fancy thing, but useful, I hope, to
 the fanzine fan.