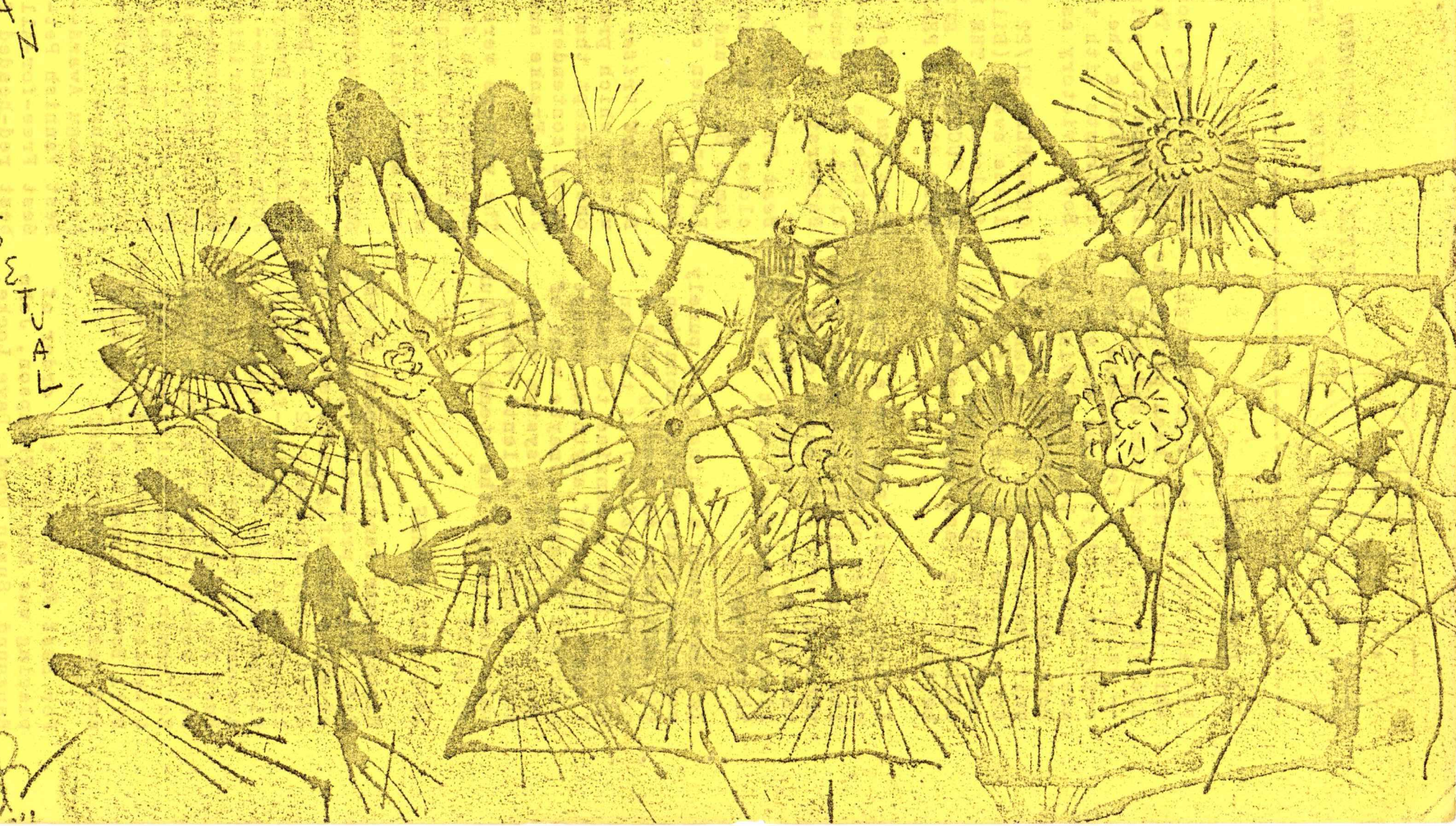


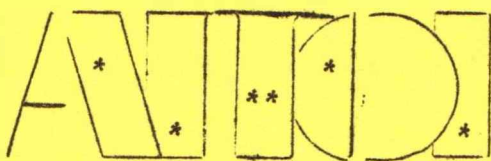
ART TO
MAN

LIBRARY

BB

TITLE





I'M IN A QUANDRY

For all this time, T #1 through this issue, I have been paying the freight on production and mailing -- except for a few notable exceptions, and you know who you are. You have been supplying the LoCs and other contribs, and I not only thank you for it, I want it to continue. At the same time, I need some help with cash to keep TITLE going (and maybe getting better).

I wrote a whole page on a complicated system of payment and credits for contributors-- which I am throwing out! Just can't carry through on it...besides other feelings, I sure don't want the LoCs to dry up.

Is there such a thing as a purely voluntary subscription donation (*in addition to sending LoCs & other contributions*) if the fan doesn't have a fanzine to trade? I can't think of anything except outright begging...maybe some of you can think of a system which would avoid the 'silent' readership and insure the steady influx of LoCs?

1975 FAAN AWARDS

Eighty-four fans took part in the FAAN Awards project-- 71 nominated and a slightly different 71 balloted. Approximately 32 on the published list of fanzine-fans participating were TITLE readers-- accounting for my 2nd place in the *Best Fan Editor* category ahead of such worthy editors as Dave Locke, Ed Connor, Linda Bushyager, Hank & Lesleigh Luttrell and Mike Glycer. Bill Bowers came in a resounding and well-deserved FIRST.

For *Best Fan Writer* the order of placing was Don C. Thompson, John Bangsund, Susan Wood, Dave Locke,

John D. Berry, Don D'Amassa, and Jodie Offutt. The voting here, judging from the point scores, was very close among the first three, which contrasts with the decisive Bill Bower victory as *Best Fan Editor*.

OUTWORLDS 21/22 took the *Best Single Issue* award (Bill Bowers again) and followed by THE REALLY INCOMPLETE BOB TUCKER (a great one-shot), BANSHEE #9, and PHANTASMICON #11.

Best Fan Artist (Humorous): Bill Rotsler a close win over Grant Canfield. Then came Dan Steffan, Randy Bathurst, and Jay Kinney.

Best Fan Artist (Non-Humorous) was close at the finish between winner James Shull and follow-up Stephen Fabian. Then came James McLeod and Freff.

Best LoC Writer was Harry Warner, Jr who or which probably surprised no one, except that he beat out three great contenders: Mike Glicksohn, Jackie Franke and Jodie Offutt.

The winners were first announced by Bob Tucker on June 28, 1975 at the Midwestcon Banquet. Other ceremonies will take place at Westercon, BYOBcon and Fanfair.

SOME HOGU AWARDS OF TITLER INTEREST

Mike Gorra-- DeRoach Award for Putridity in Everyday Life.
John Robinson-- Aristotle Award for supreme putridity
Warren Johnson-- Biggest Fugghead
Scientology-- Best Pro Hoax
Ed Cagle -- Best Amateur Hoax
The Ones Who Walk Away from Westercon by John Robinson-- Best hoax literature.
Rose Hogu Award-- Rose Hogue
Best Fannish Pet-- Winston
Best Free-for-All-- Ben Indick for best red-headed fan!

SARDONIC FANTASISTES BY BEN INDICK

PART ONE : SAKI

This is the first in a series of essays I propose to do on a group of writers who are among my favorites. The descriptive title above is my own, and includes Wilde, Saki, Collier, Dahl and others. I shall not pretend to undue analysis, a catalog raisonne, or more than some remarks which occur to me in the course of amiable reading.

It is not necessarily comic, humorous or even farcical writing, per se. The trick in this genre is that the reader is never precisely certain of the author's ultimate intention. It may be fantasy, or grue, or simply a trick he is playing on us. It extends beyond satire, for the characters, however stereotypical, must be quite real. Often, the story is nasty, and almost happily immoral, but we gladly go along with the game. We read "The Chaser," "The Visitor" and "The Interloper"; we term the author a MEAN BASTARD! and ask for more. The sardonic approach, then, is a highly personal view of life, played as an entertainment, and accepted as such.

Hector Hugh Monro, who found his pen-name in Omar, was born in 1870, in Burma, but was living in rural England by his second birthday. His writing skills came with his adult life, and were demonstrated primarily in light, short sketches in magazines, with an easy command of a rich prose. Collections of the stories, as well as novels, appeared from 1900 through 1914.

Aside from political satire, his characters were nearly always those of high London society, in the ritual that defined life to them. He delighted in ironies and bon mots: when told that a man "must be a success by the time he's thirty, or never", his early alter-ego Roderick replies: "To have reached thirty is to have failed in life." Nevertheless, there was, beneath the banter and light malice an inherent pride and even a bitterness which would emerge powerfully in a late novel.

His first two books, "Reginald" books, are society sketches primarily, but his third, "The Chronicles of Clovis", is already diverse and tells stories for their own sake. The familiar "Sredni Vashtar" appears here. However, his fullest irony and humor appear more frequently in his following books.

Civility and urbanity characterize his people regardless of situation, although they do not always protect them. Pity poor Amanda in "Laura" when the latter announces her imminent death and the likelihood of reincarnation as an otter, or, perhaps, a small brown Nubian boy. Laura does die, and almost at once an otter is suspected of killing some prize hens. Amanda is "scandalized." She says, with some pain, "I think she might at least have waited till the funeral was over." To which her "Uncle-in-law", Sir Lulworth, replies: "It's her own funeral, you know. It's a nice point in etiquette how far one ought to show respect to one's own mortal remains." Amanda, and the reader, are, however, in for more surprises.

If one of his loves is urbane gentlemen, and another is class-conscious ladies, a third is surely the precocious child. Most famous

is Vera of "The Open Window" (and several successive but less successful stories), surely the most ingratiating liar in short fiction. The vengeful Conradin of "Sredni Vashtar" is another, and Matilda, who evens a score against adult party-crashers in "The Boar-Pig" is a rival to Vera. These stories are by no means always fantastic; indeed, most of Saki's stories are not fantasy. However, it is the possibility of fantasy which makes them unsettling or amusing, as the case may be. In "The She-Wolf" a noblewoman is apparently converted into a rather docile wolf as a trick on a pretentious devotee of the supernatural. Saki's adults are as able liars as his children, whether in duels of wits with potential borrowers of money or with club bores. The author loves his subculture and its mores, and in few of them is there condemnation of any one other than as a humbug or a bore.

He wrote several plays of which the most polished, "The Watched Pot", a collaboration, is an elaboration of these Londoners. It is a succession of often brilliant bon mots which may be delivered by any of the characters. In spite of an abrupt and too-easy ending, it should still play well, in the mode of Wilde's brilliant comedy, "The Importance of Being Earnest". Some quotes: "Granted that woman is a bad habit, she is a habit we have not grown out of....No one can be agnostic nowadays. The Christian apologists have left nothing to disbelieve.... Let's talk about ourselves; that's always interesting....There are some people whose golden opportunities have a way of going prematurely grey."

Nevertheless, behind the wry observer and his humor, the author mistrusted these, his own people. He felt they were too interested in immediate social pursuits and not sufficiently conscious of the dangers a peaceful country might face from subtle and hostile nations. The bitterness emerged in a remarkable prophetic novel, "When William Came", published in 1913. The "William" refers to the German Kaiser, with the implication that if a William a millenium before could conquer England, it might happen again. In a short story, "The Toys of Peace", Saki had satirized the disinclination to give children war-like toys; now, in the novel, he presents a fait accompli: the protagonist, away in Russia, returns to find England occupied by a well-prepared German army. To his disgust, he finds that those of his class who had not fled to India are meekly playing up to them, partly for gain, partly in the delusion that ultimately their own "superior" culture will win. The hero gains a bit of hope when a parade of British Boy Scouts, scheduled to honor the visiting German monarch, fails to materialize. The youth, not the London smart set, offer a hope of eventual rebellion.

Saki's prediction came true within a year, and, as he feared, his nation was ill-prepared. He volunteered as an ordinary soldier, his literary career tragically terminated by a bullet in the muddy trenches of France in 1917. Interestingly, there is unintentional irony in "When William Came". England never considered surrender, and three decades later, inspired by a politician active when Saki was writing, would hold out courageously against a vastly superior and more ruthless enemy than the courteous conquerors of whom Saki had written. However, the essential truth of his prophecy was seen in France, reacting as had Saki's Londoners, abjectly, pretending a mutual German-French society in which traditional French mores would prevail.

Regretably, the writer also mirrored the prejudices of his time. Saki, annoyed by a rising Jewish class of merchants and professionals, a group only recently emigrated to England, tended to consider them if not quite similar to Germans, then at least brothers, and equally untrustworthy. The irony of this error would also befall the German Jews who, in the halcyon days of the first decade of the 20th Century thought their freedom in Berlin betokened a new Golden Age.

JOJOJO

THESE ARE A FEW OF MY FAVORITE ZINES

OFFUTT

If you were going to a desert island or a hospital for a week or so and could take along some fanzines, which ones would you choose? Not too long ago I did just that...the hospital, not the island, dummy! I had a stack of zines on the table by my bed. I didn't read very much of them, actually, but they were a great comfort, just the right touch of home -- that hastily-stacked, uneven pile of reminders.

My favorite type of fanzine writing is humor because, not only is it entertaining, you can make quite serious statements with it. I think a sense of humor is essential to existence. Book reviews I usually skim. To tell you the truth, I don't read much science fiction. I will take this opportunity to brag that I've read Dahlgren and The Mote in God's Eye -- word by word, covers to cover. Who's to say? I may read as much sf as most fans...

Anyway, I think of myself more as a fan-fan than an sf fan (not a faan, mind you). A con-fan, a fanzine fan: a people fan.

Sheryl Birkhead's handies are delightful and Bill Rotsler has made me laugh often enough to turn me into a Rotsler groupie. Just the same, art isn't a high priority of mine in fanzines. I much prefer readable copy relatively free of typos and grammatical errors.

As for fan fiction-- the last I read was on a par with the stories my eighth-grade daughter writes for English class, and not as good as my 11th-grader writes for his English class. I have enough outlets for my maternal approval (God knows, do I ever!), so that I needn't look for them in fanzines.

Those are a few of my likes and dislikes. Now to my zines.

WILD FENNEL looks less like a fanzine than any fanzine I know. Newsprint on newspaper, WF is published twice yearly, and is well worth the wait because its humor is of consistent high quality. Pauline Palmer's editorial, "Girlfen", is always entertaining and interesting. Number ten contains funny columns by Ed Cagle (on elbows), Glee Knight (on growing up), Donn Brazier (on an unforgettable character), and Ben Indick (on fringe fandoms). Dale Donaldson has a regular column of "meta-physical melange", and there're even a couple of funny poems. A good fanzine. (105 Grand Ave., Bellingham WA 98225 // 50¢ & usual)

Don Thompson has a Hugo nomination as a result of his highly personal - but not embarrassing - writing in his bimonthly perzine, DON-o-SAUR. I've always enjoyed writers who are newspaper backgrounded; they say their say without a lot of frills. Don is no exception, and he also has a natural flair for drama - just the right amount. The unique aspect of Don's writing is that it conveys his honesty about his emotions, reactions, and thoughts. No phoniness at all, which I suspect is what put him on the Hugo ballot.

D-o-S #41 contains a journalistic scoop: a report on a regional SFRA Conference at Denver where Bob Silverberg announced his retirement as a sf writer, and the ensuing discussion and hullabaloo between writers Ellison, LeGuin, Bryant & Silverberg, and the audience. Then Don gives his own reactions and assessment of the sf scene (most of which I agree with). The latest D-o-S is an informative issue. Don usually talks about books he reads-- not always science fiction.

I think he deserves to be on the Hugo ballot. (7498 Canosa Ct., Westminster, CO 80030// 35¢, usual)



What harm CAN
fandom do? Look
At me. I'VE BEEN
A FAN FOR 35 YEARS!

Every time a DILEMMA shows up I think, "How can Jackie do this? She's got a husband to do for, a bunch of kids to fool with, dogs, cats and a house -- just like me!" Plus she goes to lots of cons, always has art in the shows, belongs to an apa, and has spent a considerable amount of time bagging Tucker for Aussiecon! Not to mention her involvement in Windycon.

However she does it, I've watched DILEMMA develop from a sometimes self-consciously and timidly written few pages to a self-confident strong perzine in eight issues. Jackie decorates D's pages with her own art and has managed to coax some good stuff from Plato Jones. My favorite DILEMMA feature is "Slanted Viewpoint", which Jackie sometimes turns over to readers for their sound-offs. Trouble is SV's been missing from the last two issues. Jackie's new typer doesn't slant that way, but maybe she'll reconsider using the feature anyway, now that she knows people like it.

Number Eight includes Jackie's con reports and fanzine reviews, and a rather serious and interesting column from Dave Locke on religion. (I'm trying to decide whether I want to get involved in the discussion that I know it will generate.) And the funniest WAHFs I've seen.

I really admire Jackie for DILEMMA. (Box 51-A, RR2, Beecher, IL 60401// 16¢ stamps, & usual, sorta' quarterly)

A prize for the best fanzine name of the year goes to Gil Gaier for PHOSPHENE. (Go look it up!) Gil is new to fandom, and has a neo's refreshing enthusiasm without the usual immaturity and awkwardness. I'm looking forward to getting to know Gil through PHOSPHENE. No.2 is just out with a neat Sirois cover, some getting-to-know-Gil stuff, and excerpts from letters. (1016 Beech Ave., Torrance, CA 90501// 3/\$1

STAR FIRE deserves the most-improved-of-the-year prize. Bill Breiding's fifth issue is a biggie with a tribute to Cliff Simak by John Fugazzi and some good fannish writing by Donn Brazier, James A. Hall, Roger Sween, Aljo Svoboda, and Dale Donaldson (who writes weirdly). There's a fantastic portfolio by Vic Kostrikin and a short Vic-bio as well. Bill's misspellings still bug hell out of me. (424 Central Ave., San Francisco, CA 94117 // 75¢, usual// irregular)

The incongruity prize goes to Mike Gorra's RANDOM -- for a couple of reasons. If the fact that Mike is a fan as well as a jock (and probably going to college on a football scholarship) isn't enough incongruity right there, Mike's fannish interests lean toward nostalgia! Mike has put together some good writing in nine issues with reminiscent columns by Bob Shaw and Ray Nelson, reprints from Terry Carr and Redd Boggs, and good fannish material from Gary Hubbard and Eric Mayer. Even though nostalgia isn't my bag -- I tend to live in the present -- I enjoy RANDOM because Mike has picked his material carefully. (199 Great Neck Rd., Waterford, CT 06385// monthly// SOI, no\$)

The last few months have seen several fanzine and faned mergers. Bob Vardeman's SANDWORM and Dick Patten's ZYMURGY have become ZYWORM, but it hasn't quite jelled yet. Milt Stevens has joined Mike Glycer as co-editor of PREHENSILE.

The one I really want to talk about is SHAMBLES, edited by Dave Locke and Ed Caple. If the first issue is any indication, we're in for a treat, folks!

A good sense of humor is a definite sign of intelligence. The ability to laugh at yourself is clear evidence of maturity. The knack of seeing humor in nearly any given situation is the mark of a humorist. These two guys are all these things. They are to fanzines what Neil Simon is to Broadway; they are our own Woody Allen & Mel Brooks.

SHAMBLES contains other things: a funny Dean Grennell column, a book review by Tucker, and a terrific Jackie Franke cover. But the meat of the zine comes from the

two editorials and a Locke-Cagle dialog. Oh, there's an Ophelia Swanshit column (who, I assume, is either Ed or Dave). ((Brazier here-- uhuh, guess again!))

These two gentlemen discuss philosophy. Ah, yes! The philosophy of sex, of drinking and of drunkenness. They discuss embarrassing situations...nothing is sacred, especially themselves, and they treat it all with superb wit.

I love SHAMBLES! I hope this marriage lasts a long time.
(Star Rt. South, Box 80, Locust Grove, OK 74352// Irreg// 6 10¢ stamps then usual)

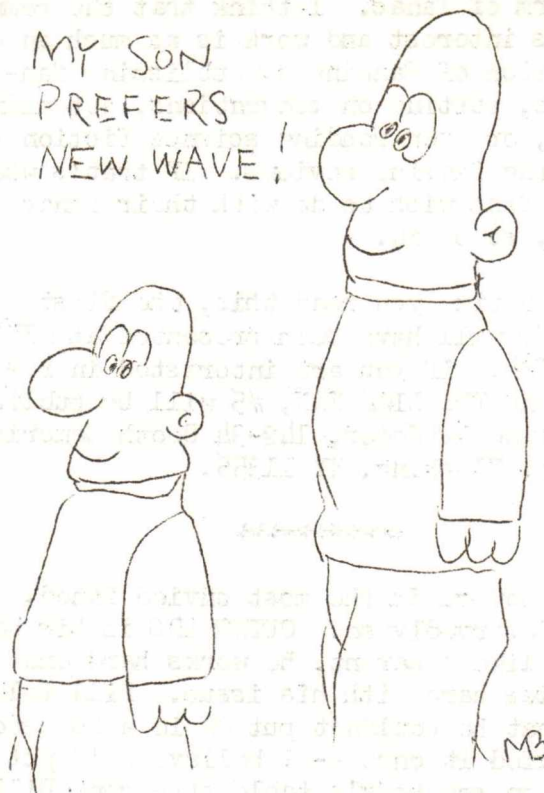
Because psychology is of particular interest to me...an avocation, I suppose, since I'd hardly call it a hobby...Don D'Ammassa's MYTHOLOGIES is one I look forward to. It is the most serious fanzine I read. In five issues, Don has gotten a surprising amount of reaction from his readers. Thoughtful and thought-provoking reactions. Some of the subjects discussed in MYTH include maturity, sexism, sex roles, bigotry, education, superstition and even science fiction. No. 5 has a truly funny column by Paul di Filippo on some new treatment therapies. (19 Angell Dr., East Providence, RI 02914 // 6 per year//LOC only//Sample copy 3 10¢ stamps)

Some quickies, and why:

Dave and Mardee Jenrette's TABEBUIAN is delivered in a paper sack. TAB is shared by some fringies, like educators in and around Miami, and is probably the smallest fanzine around. All in all, TAB is a strange, wonderful experience, unlike any other fanzine.
(Box 330374, Miami, FL 33133// \$4/15 issues plus usual)

Sam Long's QWERTYUIOP will become GUN-PUTTY in the fall and I'm looking forward to it. Sam's writing is unpretentious, lightweight, entertaining.
(Box 4946, Patrick AFB, FL 32925//25¢ for postage or SOI// WATCH for CoA since Sam's leaving the Air Force ((sic)) ((I think he's left June 30))

MY SON
PREFERS
NEW WAVE!



I'm a new reader of Roy Tackett's DYNATRON. Would you believe sixty-two (62!) issues? Another comfortable, no-frill, easy-to-take fanzine. The latest issue has a clever bit poking fun at the FAAAN awards. (915 Green Valley Rd. NW, Albuquerque, NM 87107// Show of Interest, usual, no \$)

THE ZINE FAN is the forum of the Fanzine Activity Achievement Awards. It is published by volunteers for the committee and any interested people. Don D'Ammassa edited the latest issue, which contains a reprint (and revised version) of an article by Dave Jenrette that appeared in YANDRO. The article is a criticism of the FAAANs. Issue No. 3 of THE ZINE FAN (edited by Mike Glycer) included criticism of the awards by Buck Coulson.

While Buck and Dave are certainly entitled to their opinions, they were critical without being constructive, and I really see no point for the editors of THE ZINE FAN to give them space. Although Dave's updated version did include some constructive ideas, most of his points really don't pertain to the FAAANs.

Dave contends that fanac should be its own reward. There is one thing that I think he overlooked in his discussion of fan-activity, and that is that the FAAANs are

a form of fanac. I think that the committee's interest and work is as much an expression of fanning as publishing fanzines, putting on conventions, attending cons, or even reading science fiction and writing fanzine reviews. If that's what some fans wish to do with their fanac time, so be it.

By the time you read this, the first FAAAANS will have been presented at MIDWESTCON. If you are interested in receiving THE ZINE FAN, #5 will be published by Moshe Feder, 142-34 Booth Memorial Drive, Flushing, NY 11355.

Bill Bowers is the most envied faned. And deservedly so. OUTWORLDS is his baby and, like a parent, he works hard and worries hard with his issue. Bill told me that he couldn't put OW in a bookstore. He tried it once -- I believe he'd put some on somebody's table at a con. Bill couldn't stand not knowing who bought those copies. Like a parent who wants to know where his children are at night and who their friends are, Bill needs to know who gets each and every copy of OUTWORLDS. Bill takes publishing seriously. He's conscientious. He cares about his fanzine. It shows. (Box 2521, North Canton, OH 44720//quarterly//4/\$4, Next ish \$1.50)

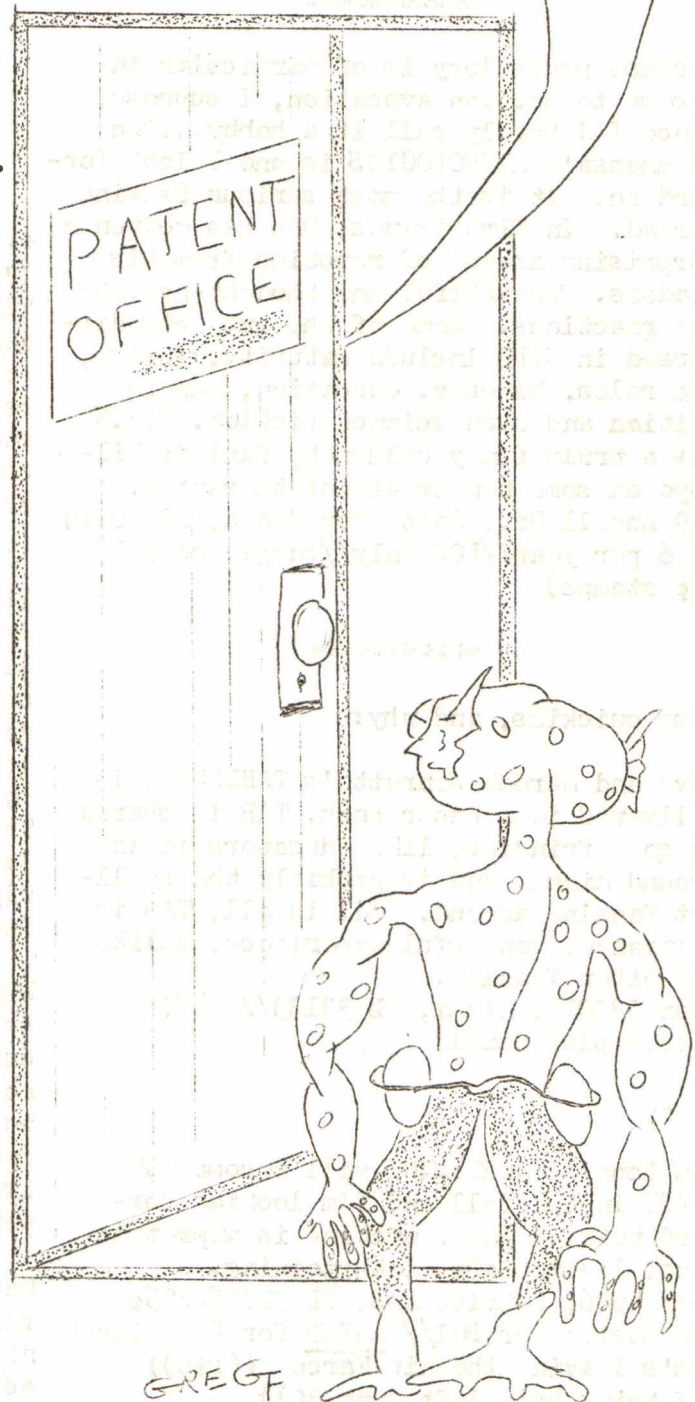
Jackie says, "Letters grease the gears of fandom."

A fanzine is not a fanzine without a letter column. That's where the action is and that's where you get to know the people.

TITLE-- your TITLE and my TITLE that Donn runs for us-- is the most talked about fanzine. And probably the most responded to. I think TITLE is a letter column. It's all about you and me; people. Thanks, Donn. We need that.

((I blushed, Jodie, when I typed the nice words above. But thank you for a fine zine review column and perhaps one of the few in which the zine in which it's printed gets a rave review. I must admit a very warm pleasure in having people get possessive about TITLE with words like "my TITLE" or "our TITLE". I wonder, does the editor of READERS DIGEST, say, get such input?))

I DON'T CARE
WHERE HE'S FROM.
I DON'T WANT
ANOTHER PHONEY
DEATH
RAY!!!



MORE THAN QUIN!

PETITE ESSAYS ON SUBJECTS NEW OR OLD

"I'M NOT GOING TO ADD TO ANY POSSIBLE
ASTROLOGY ARGUMENT"... Dave Szurek
4417 Second Apt B2
Detroit, MI 48201

Hell, I'm not all that gung-ho either way. Like, sometimes it makes me wonder - I've had more trouble with Capricorns than anyone else (and I didn't know they were Capricorns until later), and I've always gotten along exceptionally well with Virgos (and often Leos and Pisces). My father & two uncles share a birthday (Apr.22) and all 3 are tempermental, nasty, exceptionally unpleasant men who chronically turn off well-nigh everybody they meet. But both uncles are superficially out-going while dad's one of the most withdrawn loners I've ever encountered. Generalized statements like these and a 'fascination' with the concept of astrology might make me seem a believer. But in actuality, I'm agnostic, stuck in the negative middle-ground. Funny thing- today (June 24) is my birthday. It is also, however, the 2nd anniversary of my mother's wholly unexpected death, so it's not as festive as it once was.

I recently thumbed through one of those hack little 'astrological guide to sex' paperbacks just for derisive kicks. Migod- I certainly can't accuse the writer of copying from other books. He fits everyone in a cubbyhole but if it's ever the same cubbyhole of more traditional books, I didn't read that part. Nor do the 'compatibility guides' conform to what's most often gone down in the past. My sign, Cancer, is depicted as a natural born leader and all around dynamo. More traditionally, Cancerians are supposed to be rather timid souls. I don't much identify with either. Conventionally, Cancer & Pisces are usual soulmates, but this book refers to us as 'disaster areas'. Wherever the writer got his information, it's a place heretofore unknown to man.

((Brazier here-- play it safe, get both books, conventional or not, and select the part with which you agree. Then take the parts and write the eclectic astrology (by Dave Szurek) and cash in on the fad. In what month were most SF fans born? I'm a Libra.))

THE RUB-OFF ... Bruce D. Arthurs
920 N.82 St Apt H-201
Scottsdale, AZ 85257

Shoemaker's 'Many Faces of Fame' brings to mind the thot, 'How does a person get fame if said person doesn't have any talent to deserve fame for?' Well, one of the ways is to associate with talented people, and brag about this acquaintance-ship. Jim Kennedy recently wrote a devastating sketch of a local femmofan who is highly obnoxious in this respect, and I'll quote from his work:

Lester had just taken a playce at the table when cayme the sound of an obnoxious female voice. "Breakfast with Larry and Fuzzy Pink lunch with Harlan dinner with Philip Jose locs from Fritz and Isaac and Kilgore I was just talking with Doc and Andre and Brian and--" a willowy blonde femfaan pranced into the clearing, "Are there any Big Nayne Fen here?" she asked, looking around, "No?" And then she was gone, "Theodore and Lester and David says--"

"Who was that?" asked Lester.

"Go look where she came in," suggested the big drinker.

"See for yourself," suggested another.

Lester quickly scampered across the clearing. Discarded on the ground was a slightly cracked "Doc" atop a pile of similarly discarded words.

"That was a name dropper!" cried the two drinkers in unison.

((Brazier here-- where was all of Jim's piece printed? And, Bruce, you have reminded me of some name dropping that I have been guilty of but sometimes the person I'm trying to impress will say, "But isn't he that young neofan?" Judging from that "young neofan's" writing, I had concluded him to be a BNF. (I still think so.))

(continued)

A SWEARWORD?... Doug Barbour
10808 - 75th Ave.
Edmonton, Alberta
Canada t6c 1k2

But: wot's this, wot's this? Ezra Pound & Rilke besmirching the pages of a fan-zine? 'ere, 'ere, my good fellow, i mean, my ghod! yes. well, Michael Shoomaker is correct, Pound is a great critic, as well as, in his best moments, a great poet (can we forgive him his many trespasses? i hope so). but i note here, as elsewhere so often these days, that the word 'academic' has become a sort of swearword. let's think for a moment, shall we? it strikes me that many of the best writers around today are academic, if we use the word non-demeaningly. not just in 'the real world' but in sf, too. remember William Atheling? he used to remark upon his extensive knowledge of, my ghod!, Ezra Pound & James Joyce. he was, in one of his incarnations, a writer of sf, too. Damon Knight is a good critic, & like Delany, Le Guin & Russ, 3 of the best around today, he teaches at Clarion & writes sf & good criticism. what is unacademic about their writing is, i suppose, the fact that it is eminently readable. but so is the writing of the best academic critics. remember Sturgeon's Law, my people, remember the Law.

((Brazier here-- 'Academic' in my mind equates with pretentiousness and following traditional standards of murky obfuscation engendered by the employment of hackneyed, 'scholarly' phraseology as exemplified by my preceding language. I am, in fact, a disciple of Rudi Flesch, in that complex meanings should be told in small words & short sentences.))

ON CRAFTSMANSHIP...Robert J. Barthell
Northwest Comm. Coll.
Powell, Wyo 82435

My god, have you seen the #5 STARFIRE? You enjoy handling the damn thing because it has all the work and effort of a medieval script. I'm afraid we pay for the miss of the "feel" when we ask for paperbacks. Craftsmanship in books is something that is still appreciated. It is that something extra that we appreciate in anything we do. For instance, I finally found a damn well made hand operated can opener about six months ago. Something simple and commonplace, but the thing is well made and constructed to be used for

several years, not months, and I sent a letter (first time in my life) to the company telling them how much I appreciated the damn thing. I have paid more money for worse can openers, but by god this one pleased me with its design and rugged construction.

I guess craftsmanship doesn't really pay, in the business sense, but there's value to the user if he knows he has a good product. That issue of STARFIRE did remind me that there are people who are interested in a total product and take into consideration the aesthetic response of the consumer (or reader) and go that extra distance. It is one of the things about fandom that has always intrigued me, the work that some fans have done on such unrewarding and tedious tasks as compiling bibliographies and indexes of various pulp and comic publications. This is the sort of thing that some academic would demand extra money and time for, but these fans do it for that extra kick.

Don't know if you have ever heard of Eugene Seger in Detroit, an old fan mentioned in Harry Warner's work, but he was my first contact with sf and fandom. Gene has worked on bibliographies, graphs, maps, etc. for years with a sort of painstaking effort that is totally beyond me. Over the years he has been contacted by people doing research in various areas because they know his work is complete and accurate. I don't know why Gene does it because by all rational standards he gets no reward for the time and effort. But there are a helluva lot of things preserved by that guy that are a joy to read.

Getting back to books. I do miss an old, limited edition of Whitman's LEAVES OF GRASS that was in my hometown library when I was growing up. The book had a fine linen cover and excellent paper. It was also printed with special type and handset. Jesus, that was some book. I dislike Whitman intensely as a poet, but if he could inspire someone to produce that book, he must have had something.

((Brazier here-- My ravings about LOVE-CRAFT AT LAST must have inspired your comments, for the book felt good, rich, wonderful in the hands. I wish TITLE could be a 'complete' product but, in the business sense, I just can't spend any more money than I do. Where did I just read lots of comment on can openers? New Times, Harpers Weekly, The Plain Truth? Somewhere.))

On RAP ... Buck Coulson
Route 3
Hartford City, IN 47348

I feel rather sorry for Rap. ((Ray Palmer)) He was one of the earliest fans - I see Tucker credits him with publishing the first fanzine. He must have been extremely knowledgeable about science fiction - nobody could have come up with the continuous string of garbage he published in AMAZING without a deliberate effort. (And it worked; AMAZING had the highest circulation in the field when Palmer edited it.) Bringing in occultism must have seemed like a stroke of genius to him; there were and are lots more readers of occult books and magazines than there are of science fiction. It may have increased the circulation of AMAZING, but when he started his own magazines something went wrong. I think he still must have liked science fiction; he sold out FATE early and concentrated on OTHER WORLDS. Only when he couldn't make a go of OW did he start bringing in things like flying saucers (the two titles alternated for a while, one issue being Flying Saucers from OTHER WORLDS and the next being FLYING SAUCERS from Other Worlds). Apparently saucers sold because OW faded out altogether. But for some reason he never made a real splash in the field. People like Brad Steiger and Eric von Daniken make small fortunes while Palmer struggles along, barely paying his bills. It's a shame, because Palmer is one of the real pioneers in the field of crackpot publishing. He has more talent and certainly more originality than either von Daniken or L. Ron Hubbard, but somehow he never managed to get everything working properly.

((Brazier here-- Neofans take note. Buck Coulson is not all bad. Be informed however that I extracted the "sugar" above from such pithy & acidic remarks as---- "For Kevin Williams: Opposition to hunting animals is either vegetarianism or hypocrisy." and "Finding out the FAAN Awards committee hadn't disqualified themselves strengthens my previous opinion of them. I mentioned somewhere that if by some mischance I was voted an award I wouldn't refuse to accept it because it wasn't worth that much effort. I believe I was wrong; it would be worth the effort to publicly refuse the thing." I just had to include those last two remarks or else Buck wouldn't be happy that his image had been sweetened earlier.))

SF MAKES ME THINK... Wayne W. Martin
4623 E. Inyo Apt E
Fresno, CA 93702

Eric Mayer refers to a great story as one that makes you think. Odd, that would make every story I've read (practically) great. When I read, my mind always wonders ((sic)) around the subject. I'm constantly putting the book or magazine down to ponder some aspect of the goings on. In fact, some of the books I've actively disliked have had me doing this a great deal -- putting it down and thinking over the sheer stupidity of something that's been asserted or described. I'm always thinking about what's wrong with a premise and what it would be more likely to be. For instance, in a story where the hero stops time for all but himself, how does he explain the fact that other objects are movable? If time is stopped, the atoms of the thing should be frozen in the spot it occupies. After all, how can one move and change something's position while time is not passing for it? Faster than light is one thing, but faster than time without approaching the speed of light in your relative time sense!? Naturally, with time stopped, you are already moving faster than light.

Now, I'm often wrong when I start out, but my thought processes carry me through until I finally spot my error in the original thought. If I took enough time, I'd probably see a hole I left in the above, but that isn't my purpose at the moment.

((Brazier here-- Though Mayer was emphasizing the positive thought-provoking aspects of a story (I think), I can now see that even a negative approach will lead to constructive thinking. Wayne, I'd like to see an article based on your questioning premises of well-known stories.))

FREE WILL... Don D'Amassa
19 Angell Dr.
E.Providence, RI 02914

I reject any version of reality that implies man does not have free will, but am openminded (skeptical) as to whether or not there may be some correlation between some general human behaviors and seemingly unconnected facts.

((Brazier here--Add heredity & conditioning; then what is left for free will? Is not free will an illusion?))

JOHN ROBINSON (right)

ERIC LINDSAY (below)



MARY MARTIN of the NY group who has never communicated with TITLE but who takes a nice picture, yes?



BRAD PARKS (above)

A.P. TREE (left)

FROM THE SAFETY (?) OF THIS COL

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

UK UK UK UK UK UK UK UK UK UK UK UK UK UK UK UK UK UK UK UK

Whither the BSFA? & Wither, It Did

If you have ever had close knowledge of the running of an association or society, you will know that any Agenda (and what results from it) is a load of 'all my eye and Betsy Martin', and this year's for the Annual General Meeting of the British Science Fiction Association Ltd., is no exception. I received it at the beginning of June. Had it arrived only 3 days later it would have invalidated the legality of the meeting as under British Company Laws you need 21 days notification, which shows that the Association is still running on its usual knife-edge.

One can tell instantly that something is very wrong by Item Number Two on the Agenda...."To defer the balance sheet..for 1974". Not "Receive and consider". This was because both the Membership Secy and Treasurer did the same amount of work as a Bahaman Snow Shifter, resulting in the BSFA grinding to a long awaited halt. No explanation of this is given. Also the fact that quite a lot of the accompanying minutes of meetings are by now completely invalidated is just as completely ignored.

There is a note saying that the blame of the BSFA's year long absence was "Due to the unprecedented influx of new members after publicity in Science Fiction Monthly...when...our wholly volunteer organization was swamped with hundreds of applications." (An estimated number goes into four figures.) That's half-true, I suppose, if you accept that the Mem. Secy & Treas. just took one look at what was happening and froze into utter inactivity (so much so that they didn't even reply to letters from fellow council members). This ended when the records were finally collected at a 'blitzkrieg' that should have taken place much earlier. The note ends by stating that our annual subscriptions have been extended to cover 1975. As this is the first thing we've

received from them for 15 months, the extension seems hardly arbitrary.

One item definitely not open to arbitration is the retirement of one-third of the council members. This is overcome by merely re-electing them. Only one councillor (Graham Poole, the Company secretary) is listed as 'not wishing' to stand for re-election. Of the other five 'retirements', I know that at least two more are not standing (why wasn't this in the Agenda?) and at least two not due for retirement are going to quit the council as well.

Attached to the notification is the minutes of the '74 pre-AGM Council meeting, the AGM, and the post-AGM Council meet. This is even more 'all my eye and Betsy Martn' (and probably her sister too). As a for-instance, here is something from the Pre-AGM meet, on the BSF Award..."the possibilities of putting up money for the Award were discussed" (having discounted a publisher supplying the lolly, Peter Nicholls suggested The Arts Council) "It was generally agreed the BSF Award should be better publicised". Now, the SF Monthly advert didn't even include an address, so if the BSFA can't advertise itself correctly, what sort of hash do you think it's going to make of getting the Award better known? Leave alone chasing an Art Council grant!

In the journal Vector it was suggested the BSFA buy its own printing machine (how it could be afforded remains unexplained) and it could be housed at Fred Hemming's place where fellow councillor Chris Bursey was coming to live and would thus be able to devote more time to printing Vector, especially as he was 'between jobs'. Asked "if he had thought of becoming a professional printer..Chris (apparently seriously) said that he had." Believe it or not, that "(apparently seriously)" does appear in the official minutes, and I can well understand the Company secy's disbelief. Chris' training has been entirely in cater-

ing, and at the moment he is working for "Slimcea Bread" (as most mass-produced bread tastes somewhat like paper there may be a tentative connection). In all the time I've known him, he has never once indicated any vocation in printing, and anyway both he & Fred are now resigning their positions.

The item finishes with "Chris Bursey said that at the convention he'd meet a new Scottish member of the BSFA who was a printer. He was willing to help out with ideas & suggestions." Now, isn't that clear, authoritative, specific information? I've known dodging politicians who were more clear and specific than that. That a vague, passing remark can be reported in the official minutes shows an incredible lack of organization and may possibly have been included by the Co. Secy. for that very reason.

'Other Business' included the suggestion of multi-year and life membership (the latter at 100 Pounds!!) I doubt there'll be many takers. There simply can't be more than a few suckers so great, as the association's one claim to fame is its continuation, which rates as an incredible mis-administration miracle to make the feeding of the five-thousand look like a three-card trick.

The actual Annual General Meeting, like most AGMs, did very little, and ran over time doing it. Chris became Vice-Chairman. He was nominated to the council in



'72 to act as little more than a rubber-stamp for Rog Peyton who was to take over the VC (the real seat of power, if there is any power at all in the BSFA) and get things moving. However his new bookshop proved to take up too much of his time. Even as VC, Chris was little more than a front man for Fred Hemmings, who was officially 'too busy'. And when it came to dealing with the Association's impending demise, their actions (which apparently consisted of simply saying "What can we do? We don't know the members' addresses") were as much help as a pork pie at a Jewish wedding.

The main gripe of the meeting was Vector. Owing to a defaulting printer, it had been over 6 months late; also the editor was resigning and is quoted in the minutes as stating that the biggest bind was spending 3 weekends just to type up one issue's mastercopies. A fan in the London area offered to lend his Selectric (but has since moved out to Salisbury); another offered to type one whole issue (but only one). However, both offers were declined at the post-AGM Council meeting where a 'permanent solution' had been found. Dave Tillston's wife was willing to do all the typing.

Dave Tillston was the Membership Secretary and one rumour hath it that it was his wife who told him he was to have nothing more to do with the BSFA Ltd, and all that crazy Buck Rogers stuff. Whether this is true or not, the blitzkrieg on his house came too late to save the Association.

But be that as it may, the BSFA is not dead; it's just undergoing permanent re-suscitation.

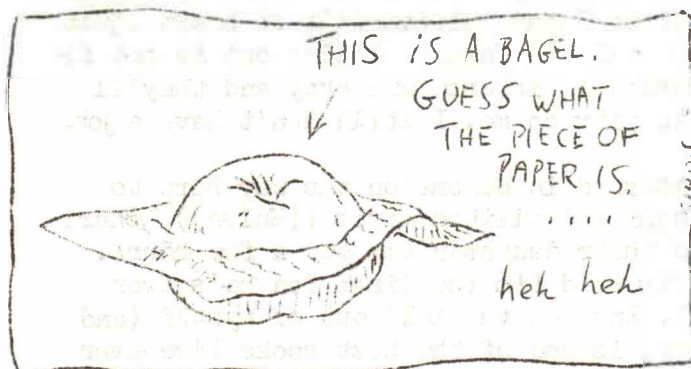
Footnote: It was a year ago that I wrote my first safety (?) col, so if fnzs can have annishs, this is an ann-col. What do you know, Old Bone's got an ann-col. (An-kle Bones. Get it? ... Sorry about that one!)

-- Dave Rowe, 1975 June 21st

"Gads, give Dave Rowe a column and he'll take over the whole bloomin' zine!! Oh,well, I don't mind a bit...he seems to do so so unobtrusively!"

-- Rose Hogue, June 20

MUNDANIA



Who, what a person is all about can be a fascinating thing...that's an all-age category...my friends range from all ages to all kinds...I admit to avoiding little kids, having had more than my share (5). I also admit to avoiding boring people; people actually are NOT boring, but let themselves degenerate; I've spent years trying to convert some 'bores'...finally realized it doesn't work. People come in two kinds: Vegetables and Alive. Now I tend to look for the Living.

Dee Doyle
3291 Frei Rd.
Sebastopol, CA 95472

March 21

....sometimes I find life swirling around me like a wild flash flood over which I've no control; the best I can do is grab for a log and hang on and try to ride it out..

Like it's been a..well, AWKWARD...afternoon; a genuine Winnie the Pooh blustery rainy day. I went up the hill..we're rural here...to potty the pooch and check our horses. Mine isn't too smart; she was standing out in the rain, shivering, instead of keeping dry and warm in her stall. My mother's horse (son of my mare) was happy and dry and wouldn't let her into his stall with him. My raingear (at least I'd hid the big black umbrella) spooked hell out of the horses!

Then the stall needed the services of a pitchfork. Barely breathing, I finished and headed back to the house...only to find I'd not shut the door properly and the whole mother back porch was FLOODED, so I had to mop THAT up. The dog crapped and piddled all over the bedroom rug .. 'course I wasn't in the best of moods in the first place..kids had poison ivy a week ago without telling me, and doing the wash I got a horrid case of it. I ended up taking pain pills, cortisone, and tried to find a rattlesnake to kiss (on the premise that dying THAT way was faster than poison oak). If one could make up enough poison oak concentrate, one could easily, cheaply, agonizingly depopulate the entire planet. The Perfect Murder for a bitter enemy. Poison oak victims who have had bad afternoons are definitely NOT sane.

Yeah...study and learn..how can people NOT be intrigued by living in such a fascinating world? Hell, no wonder I never get many stories written...I try to do a bit of research and get hooked on the book I look something up in...needless to say I have collected an extensive and highly diversant sort of library.

I picked up a little job as newscaster from Sebastopol for a local radio station; first time in my life anyone wanted to pay me for talking! Not that there's 'news' as such..local interest, general goings-on stuff...for the pre-Civil War wages I'm getting, tiz enough...

Walker's Unquiz on pronunciation..hell, I'm an English Lit. major and I STILL have problems; only now I'm old enough so that I'm no longer embarrassed at being corrected.

I play the piano badly but can fake like hell; used to play harmonica, but now I stick to my guitar. Love Chopin, Tchaikovsky and Debussy (which is about IT for the classics)..really enjoy Mexican music and polkas and can dance both...and belly dancing. Smirk.

Family: Kathy 16, Matt, 14; Brent, 13; Paul, 11; and Chris (boy) 9. Husband Bob, a banking services officer; no, it isn't exciting at ALL to him. It's a job; he loves to fish, and enjoys working on our tree farm..he actually started out as a forestry major..but he doesn't like to study.

I love to paint on large walls..I'm short and love larger-than-life size.

Dave Szurek
4417 Second Apt B2
Detroit, Mich. 48201

June 28

For a little over a month now I've been working as "Caretaker" (a euphemism for the guy who does all the dirty work - a janitor of sorts) of the apartment complex where I live. That can really endanger one's faith in his fellow man. I have never been accused of being a neat freak myself, but how such a troop of utter slob migrants here is beyond my comprehension. Didn't even know that so many of these creeps could be found in anyone building.

The building's had trouble with them before and signs are all over the place reminding people to properly dispose of their trash or face possible eviction. But whenever someone is caught red-handed, they get off with a reprimand from the manager.

Some of the tenants just leave their garbage (which has included such items as second-hand diapers) sitting in the hall. Some carry it into the incinerator room but find it too difficult to lift the bag into the incinerator. So, on the floor where it piles so high nobody could get to the incinerator if they tried. Apparently everyone considers it my function to take care of the garbage.

I've enough to do with my 'real' duties: cleaning the building of its 'natural' dirt, cleaning out the incinerator, doing the lawn, etc, without having to worry about this stupid crap! Once in awhile, though, some offender leaves evidence behind-- mail for the most part.

One guy claimed his bag wouldn't fit the chute. Okay, but why then didn't he deliver it to the garbage bins out in the alley? After a look of confusion, he offered this explanation: "Oh, do we have an alley around here? I'm sorry, I didn't know we had one. Where is it?"

The second time he denied that it was his garbage. When it was pointed out that his discarded mail gave him away, he thought for a few seconds and then exclaimed: "Oh, my lord! Somebody's been stealing my mail!"

I don't hang out with too many people in this building. Can you blame me?

Mike Bracken
3918 North 30th
Tacoma, Wash 98407

June 25

Starting tomorrow I'll be attending Tacoma Community College and can't afford it-- after I pay tuition I'll be broke..just hope all the forms I filled out to get financial assistance are okay and they'll take pity on me. I still don't have a job.

I stopped in Eugene on the way here to Tacoma and visited Chris ((Hulse)), Shari and their daughter Amy for a few hours. Chris said I'm the first fan he's ever met. Enjoyed the hell out of myself (and Shari is one of the best cooks I've ever had the pleasure of sampling). I borrowed a foot tall stack of fanzines from Chris, prepared to leave...and my dog ran away. Chris and I jumped on bicycles and spent almost half an hour scouring the neighborhood for him. Thank goodness I finally found him. Then off I, my grandmother, dog, Lemon Heap (my car), Baby Gertie (my shit-poor mimeograph) went. My Grandma said of the Hulse's: "They're nice people."

Sheryl Birkhead
23629 Woodfield Rd.
Gaithersburg, MD 20760 June 25

Sitting here on the patio out back with a glass of iced tea and the sun nice and warm. Just finished off a steak grilled over the coals (ironically, just now gray and sizzling). Picked cherries to make three little 'pies'.

Now sport a 5" bruise on one leg where a pony mare aimed a kick at Snappy and missed-- well, she missed Snappy. Last time out on Snappy did fine until we got to the house on the corner...for some reason she hates that house -- someone slammed the back door and Snap spooked, sidling me into one of their large trees. And that is what I've been doing...mowing lawn, washing, waxing, polishing the car.

(short break there from a grilled apple-sauce sandwich-- don't knock it if you haven't tried it!) ((I figured Barbek the ghod of all barbeques would know about applesauce sandwiches-- he doesn't!))

Hey, Reed Andrus is a papa! Thought I'd pass that along. ((No wonder I haven't heard from him for too long a time.))

ANSWERS TO PROBE: WHAT IS YOUR EARLIEST MEMORY?

Reed Andrus: "...a room with no carpet, just a bare wooden floor, and a thin, almost-plywood door, and the theme song to 'Fibber McGee and Molly' coming out of the radio. My father scoffs at this because I would have been six or eight months old at the time. My mother believes this is a true memory."

Harry Warner: "...being wheeled into the house in either a baby carriage or a stroller and seeing the goldfish flopping on the rug and trying to tell my mother about it, and finally she sees it too and rescues it in the nick of time."

Don D'Amassa: "...watching my mother feed my brother in his high chair, which was apparently about when I turned three."

Gary Grady: "...being changed and seeing my grandfather looking down at me, and suddenly backing off as I urinated in his face."

Rich Bartucci: "...being pursued through the house in an epic chase that, while seeming to go on for hours, lasted but a few minutes. My mother collared me between the stove and the kitchen sink and beat the living daylights out of me. I forgot the offense."

Michael T. Shoemaker: "...a little before I was two, we lived in a highrise apartment building in south Alexandria right on the Potomac. I remember climbing up on a chair and looking out the window at night to see the lights of the boats in the dock below and of those travelling up and down the river."

Robert Smoot: "My grandmother lived in a farmhouse with an enormous Lovecraftian cellar. I remember climbing down the stairs, seeing the dirt floor and mounds of chopped wood."

Brett Cox: "...being pushed out a door from our living room onto our screen porch in a ground-hugging, long-handled baby stroller. Probably when I was one or two years old."

Rick Dey: "...being in a horse-drawn milk wagon on a foggy morning when I must have been around three. My first episodic recollection must have occurred around age 4. A kid invited some of us neighborhood kids to a tea party in his back yard. He urinated into tin tea cups & shaped mud pies onto the saucers, which he invited us to drink & eat respectively. We all declined on the tea, but I had some pie. The first mouthful convinced me that something was very wrong & I went home crying and gagging. What my mother did to me after she got the mud off my face is also a vivid memory."

Ed Cagle: "Being held by my sister at the southwestern corner of a grocery store, on the sidewalk, and being chucked on the chin by a guy in a white clerk's apron. I distinctly recall not liking it. I was somewhere around a year old at the time, I was told later."

Paul Walker: "...biting my toenails. I distinctly remember being able to hold my feet in my hands and chew on them. I also remember the sad feeling I got when I found I could no longer do it. I lay there looking at my feet, knowing I'd never have a chaw again."

Jeff Hecht: "...being fascinated by one of those cylindrical perpetual calendars which was located up on a desk or some such. It was when I was 2 years old and at a birthday party, but all I remember is the calendar. (I wonder if earliest memories are normally such small fragments of a scene?)

Bruce D. Arthurs: "...playing in the snow at about age two or possibly three."

Marci Helms: "...looking out from my playpen as it sat in the kitchen corner, and watching my mother stir something on the stove. From talking to my parents, this could have been in my first 2-2 1/2 years. Maybe it's several memories fused into one by the passage of time."

Dave Locke: "I was two years old. My sister had given me a drum for my birthday, and after unwrapping it I stood on it to look out the window at the cars going by. I fell through the drum. I remember it like it happened yesterday."

Dave Rowe: "My earliest memories are from age 2 1/2-3. I remember being bored by the coronation, and ssshhed by Mum who was watching it on a neighbor's telly. The other memories are all of Walt Disney films! I clearly remember Cpt. Hook's laughing face swallowing up the scene, and some kid in the far distance of audience screaming. Twenty years later on recalling this memory, I was informed that kid was me."

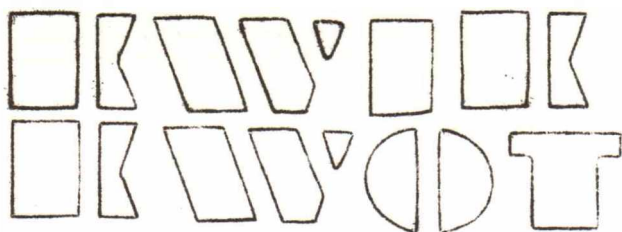
Chester Cuthbert: "...most vivid, possibly earliest: Living in an apartment with a wall phone connected to the janitor's apartment, unaware of the purpose of the gadget, playing with it and suddenly hearing an angry voice from it: 'Leave that alone!' It was a year after I started answering the phone in an insurance office before I recalled that memory, which must have been the explanation for my fear and confusion whenever the phone rang and I had to answer it."

Jodie Offutt: "...being in bed with my grandparents. I was in the middle with them sleeping on their sides facing away from me. I recall listening to their breathing and snoring and visualizing myself in a valley between these two mountains, warm and safe. I can also recall their familiar odors. I know I experienced that more than once, probably lots of times. I'm sure I was younger than 5. I wonder if all our earliest memories are of the senses?"

Jessica Salmonson: "My earliest memory was chronicled more in-depth in F&T#3. I was sitting in an endless expanse of green lawn, beneath a gigantic drooping tree all hung with spanish moss, and in the grass and upon the moss were a myriad small green lizards that constantly frustrated my fingers. That was in Florida when I was much less than one year old. The lizards were 'American anoles' that lived in and under a tree in our back yard."

Dave Romm: ((Your editor is not sure he understands this one, but here goes verbatim.)) "My earliest memory, at least one that I can pin a date to, is sort of a cheat. I had been able to trace a number of my memories back to when I was four. When I was nearly five, my brother and I were asked to pose for a picture. When I was four I remembered back two years to a previous picture, and posed the same way. Both pictures are on our mantle. The second one is dated 1960. The first is 1957. I was born April 13, 1955. As near as I have been able to trace, this is my earliest memory."

Richard Brandt: "My mother finally brought out the reason for a fear I have carried since childhood: my fear of heights. I can still remember the incident with perfect clarity. One time we were driving through Indiana with my grandparents. We had to stop at a motel because a terrible blizzard had blocked the road. The room was on a second floor, and we had to climb up an icy staircase which to my childish view seemed higher than the Stairway to Paradise. The steps faced the swimming pool and I was terrified I'd slip into it."



Robert Smoot: "I regard the genetic aspects as a measure of potentiality for the individual in emotional, intellectual, and physical directions. Which directions are taken, and to what limit, seem to me to be a product of environment. True, one can say to one's self, 'Self, today we will start to be peaceful,' but where comes the inspiration or motivation to say such? I lean to the 'behavior is learned' school."

Jodie Offutt: "'Sex should be heard but not obscene.' ((Quote of a Wertham epigram)) Who wants to hear sex? Sounds like aural-eroticism to me. A shade on the Krafft-Ebing side."

Terry Hughes: "You popularized the style of cutting letters up into sections...That's one of the things I object most to. If you just yank out a line or two, the meaning may well get lost in the transplant."

Marci Helms: "I'm doing some counseling to the badly wounded by society-- emergency food, clothes, shelter, welfare forms, referrals. I'm not much good at giving them emotional support though -- to depressed by it myself. How many times can you tell someone it will get better when it won't. It is so much easier dealing with dreams, fictions, even nightmares than some aspects of today's reality."

Eric Mayer: "I'll bet I ask 'Why me?' as much as Bill Bowers does. I tend to brood. Like a computer set to print out all the digits of pi. There's no end to it. But there's one thing worse than constantly asking 'Why?' and that's never asking it at all. I run into a lot of people like that and I would not trade places with them."

Eric Lindsay: "Suggestion for cutting down pseudoscience in college, make Karl Popper's 'Logic of Scientific Discovery' one of the books in all first year science courses. If that can't cut down flights of fancy, then it can't be done. But don't tell them exactly

what they are supposed to think --present antithetical viewpoints and let them work things out for themselves."

Jim Meadows: "As good as Cagle's humor is, it does contain a strong vein of cruelty. Obviously, one of the cruel bits are to be taken seriously, but the extreme concentration of them denotes a weakness. Does Cagle have to write this sort of stuff to be this funny? Will I continue to find him funny if he stays in this pattern? Maybe I just worry too much."

Roger Sween: "I was a bit miffed by Cagle's implication that the clergy would find off color stories especially singular. The idea he presents is that they are somehow different from us. I have never found any evidence of such otherness. At college I knew dozens of pre-the students. Two of them were my roommates for a year each, and they proved to be human, all too human. Now we have two associate ministers, and when they were both over to dinner a few months ago, we traded stories over our drinks."

John W. Andrews: "Nightmare: you're in a train of box-cars dashing madly along. You crawl or adventure into the locomotive. There's some stuffy executive-types there. They haul off and accuse you of treason. 'What do you mean, turning against constitutional govt. and/or Western Civilization?' We continue as before, progressing ever faster into an unknown future."

Steve McDonald: "...about Jamaica SF fandom. It doesn't exist. I'm the only trufan here. We have 2,000,000 people on the island. All they're really bothered about is sex, music and booze...with fast cars coming in a close fourth."

Pauline Palmer: "...the note about your grandmother having told you to 'keep your pecker up' reminded me of an incident when I was high-school age. A friend of my father's stopped by one morning while the family was still gathered around the breakfast table and said quite loudly and cheerfully, 'How's your rubber holding up?' You could have heard a pin drop. Turned out, though, that he was talking about car tires."

Jodie Offutt: "One doesn't understand Buck Coulson; one merely accepts him."

HOY PING PONG'S ULTIMATE WEAPON

"If at a given moment all seven hundred million Chinese jumped off a two meter stand, the energy released is approximately equivalent to an earthquake of magnitude 4.5 on the Richter scale." - This quote and the basic idea in a letter from David B. Stone, Alaska, printed in GEOTIMES, October, 1969. All facts and data are Mr. Stone's.

Hoy Ping Pong traced a line on the geophysical globe in the War Minister's office. "This great circle passes through California following the Pacific rim earthquake belt. Our shock wave may set off other earthquakes in the target area. The tidal waves may destroy all of America's Pacific coastline."

The War Minister stroked a carefully trimmed beard at the point of his chin. "But will not our own people suffer damage in this?"

Hoy Ping Pong smiled. "But we have more people, and we will always be able to deliver more energy than the enemy."

The War Minister did not want to admit that the people's weapon was still a vague concept in his own mind, so he asked Hoy Ping Pong to summarize into the tape recorder.

Hoy began. "If seven hundred million of our people jump off a two meter stand at the same time, their total weight, at fifty

kilograms per person, will cause an impact equal to a moderate earthquake. But only in our own country. We must organize our people not only to leap together but to make repeated leaps every fifty-three minutes. This is the natural period of Earth's surface wave."

The War Minister interrupted to show that he understood. "Is this not why our soldiers break step when they march across a bridge?"

Hoy nodded. "Exactly. Be-

cause if their cadence matched the bridge's natural vibration, the soldiers would be in resonance. The bridge would be destroyed. Our people can do the same to the enemy if they leap on the bridge that runs on a great circle through Shanghai, Sinkiang province, Peking, Manchuria, and thence to California. The bridge is especially weak in the enemy's Pacific coast."

The War Minister's eyes had a fevered glint. He pounded the table. "We will drown them like rats!"

"Cleverly put," Hoy smiled. "But the Americans have a counter weapon."

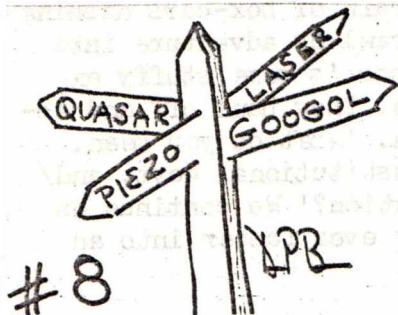
The War Minister's face fell in dismay. Then he turned accusingly to Hoy. "But you said this was the ultimate weapon."

Hoy smiled. "Let me explain. The Americans can jump too. They can jump to the ground at the anti-phase."

"Anti-phase?"

Hoy continued. "When the crest of the earthquake wave is building up from the trough, they can jump on it, so to speak. But they don't have our population and can never equal our energy unless they jump from a platform higher than ours. We can always underjump and they would soon reach their maximum jumping altitude."

The War Minister rubbed his hands in glee. "If we can't kill them we can at least break all their legs!"



AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT...
a word about serendipity

An ancient Persian "fairy-tale" tells of three Princes of Serendip (the old name for Ceylon) who were always making accidental discoveries of things they were not seeking. Thence came the coinage of SERENDIPITY to mean this sort of happy use of good fortune. The word was first used in a letter written in 1754 by Horace Walpole to Horace Mann.

Nowdays the word refers to lucky accidents that point a way to something being sought as well as the unsought. For example, Goodyear, after many unsuccessful attempts to vulcanize rubber, one day spilled a mixture of rubber and sulphur on a hot stove. He noted two things: his eggs were ruined, and the rubber pancake was just what he was looking for. Rubber now does

not get sticky in the summer, nor crack in the winter.

Another example of the sought after..... A group of singers searching for harmony found their "new sound". They became the Serendipity Singers.

Scientists themselves play down the part that luck had in their discoveries. Who can blame them for subtracting luck from the fruits of their sagacity?

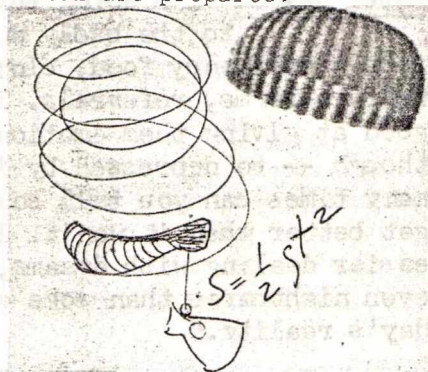
Perkins, a young fellow of 18, while searching for a way to make quinine discovered a brilliant new dye. If you've ever been smeared with Ditto ink, you'll know just how brilliant. Quoting from the journal of the AAAS, SCIENCE: "Perkin's discovery plays only a minor role in the structure of science today. In general, progress has come because experimenters were seeking it."

What about some of these early breakthroughs? Daguerre and the open dish of mercury that accidentally developed a photographic plate? Nobel and the nitroglycerin that leaked from a damaged can into sand to give birth to dynamite?

This could go on and on... Oersted and the unexpected connection between magnetism and electricity. Becquerel and the mysteriously fogged film accidentally placed near ur-

anium. Roentgen and the X-ray.

But as Pasteur remarked: "In the fields of observation, chance favors only the minds which are prepared."



Four men return to their homes, in each yard of which there is a maple tree whose winged seeds go twirling to the lawn. Mr. A looks in his mailbox and doesn't see the falling seeds. Mr. B sees them but he's wondering what's for dinner, and the seeing does not register. Mr. C sees them and wonders how he can prevent this mess. Mr. D sees them and suddenly gets an insight for a new kind of parachute he's been struggling to devise for NASA.

Serendipity? It was luck that he had a maple tree with seeds falling at the moment when his mind was occupied on the right problem. From then on it wasn't luck. He was primed and ready to run.

A GAME -- GALACTIC MESSAGE CENTER
by Dom de Barbek

OBJECT: Designate & connect with straight laser-lines all message centers required between worlds to stay within the Galactic budget & energy requirements.

INFORMATION: Different sized bodies are inhabited planets of the Galaxy. The smaller the planet, the more distant; body size does not represent planetary size. Planets of equal size are in the same plane as viewed by the game player.

RULES: 1. The Galactic Empire has only enough funds for four (4) message centers.

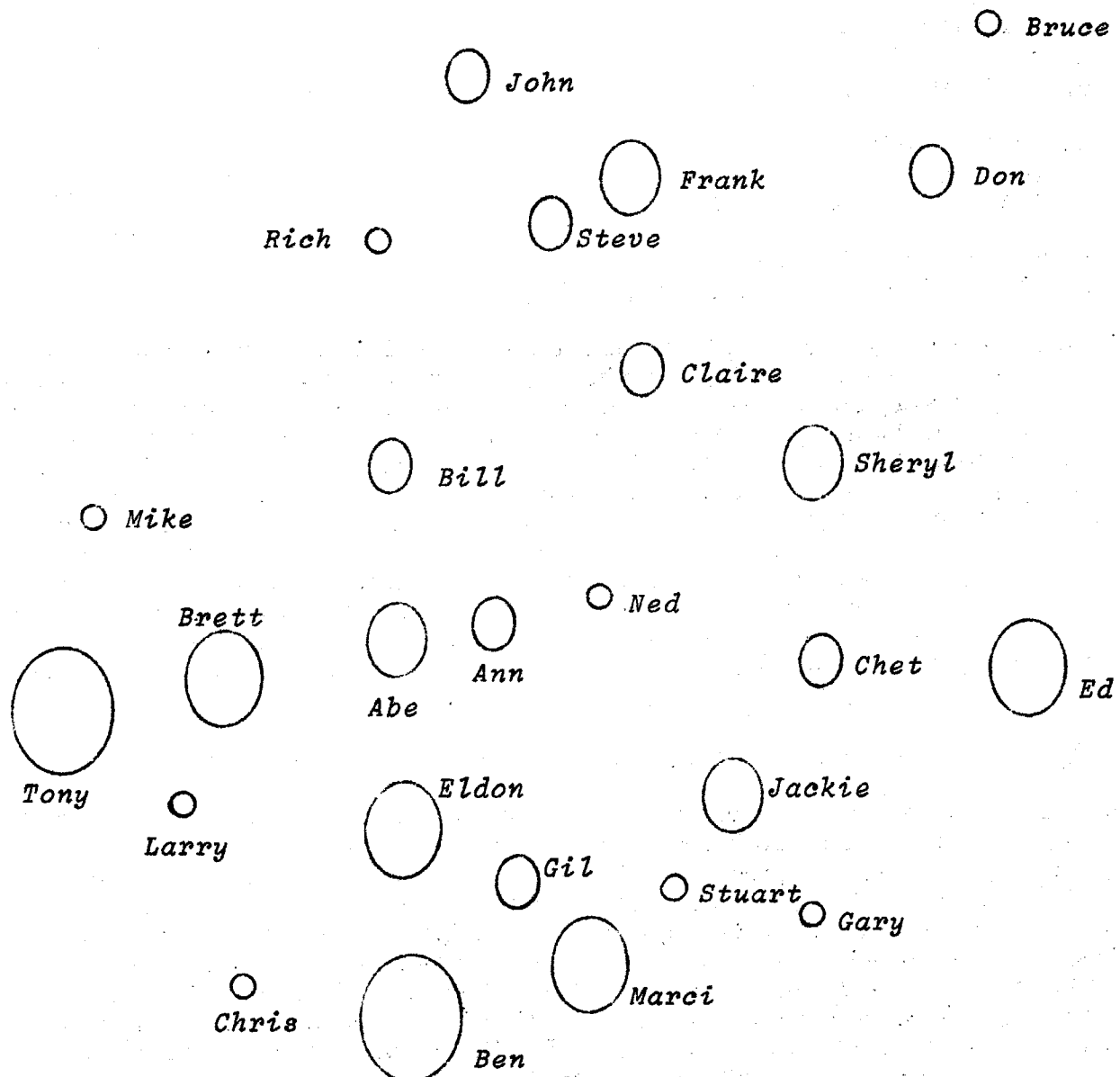
2. No world has enough energy to support more than two (2) laser message centers (LMC).

3. It is considered wasteful to have any one world on more than one channel (except that a LMC may have two channels).

4. A laser message can travel only in straight lines, but may go forward and backward on the same line.

5. Planets of unequal distances can be joined only in strict ascending or descending order along the straight line in the spatial plane.

(It can be done with 4 LMC and 2 beams each. Can it be done in fewer LMC &/or beams?)



ROSCOE SAUCES

festival

lot the sky

fall. there's seven different brands

of canned reality;

and i, lurching, embrace them all.

-- cathryn gobhart
2841 Berkshiro Way
Sacramento, CA 95825

A very young man from Pomona,
Who wanted to be his own Jonah,
Said, "I really do wish
To be et by a fish,
But I guess I'm just full of balogna."

-- Aljo Svoboda
2182 Cheam Ave.
Santa Susana, CA 93063

YOU CAN TITLE THIS YOURSELF by
Dave Romm, 17 Highland Ave., Middleton, NY 10940

Has it ever occurred to you that there are never ant clicks in bathrooms? If you want to know the time while taking a bath, you're out of lick. Clectks are useful inventions and it is appalling that 3000 years of human development is being flushed down the toilet! Right now, in your neighborhood, form a Supreme Headquarters Involving Time. Dedicated to putting clocks in lavatories, this organization will have national conventions, regional meetings, and various members will probably put out little magazines to tell other organizers what they are doing for The Cause. Wear a watch in the bath! Ask the gut (sic) in the next urinal what time it is! Overthrow our timeless society now! Frequent the restrooms of Timex! Go to Switzerland on your next vacation! Don't read Newsweek! Post the fastest and slowest records on almost anything in a conspicuous place in the bathroom! You too can help solve the nation's Number One Crisis! Join Today! We are looking for a few good men (and maybe some women in case the men get lonely). Time is on our side!

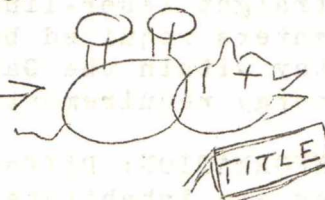
Acknowledge ROSCOE by Patrick Hayden, 8210 E. Garfield K-17, Scottsdale, AZ 85257

Finagle's Third Law: "The perversity of the universe tends to a maximum." Must it ever be so? Must the mimeo break down, the stencils tear, the artwork be lost, the con missed, the hardbacks ripped off? I say no! And, truly, 'tis time to announce the formation of the Millenial Church of Rosconianism to combat the deadly scourge of foul creeping Herbangelism, as the scum of the lollipop slowly oozes out of its long-held stronghold of APA-H to pollute the rest of fandom. Beat back the Herbangelist menace with ROSCOE! Now is the time for all ghlood fen to salute ROSCOE & beat back Herbie with the sacred war cry: DOWN THE AARDVARK/UP THE BEAVER! To join, write Bill Patterson, c/o 5311 N. 27 Ave., Phoenix, AZ 85017. We even accept (*ghasp*) confirmed Herbangelists- it's never too late to be Saved.

SOME CATS!

by
ELDON K. EVERETT

FINAL NIGHT
AT THE CON →



PUSSY
POWER

"WE STUDENTS ARE
REVOLTING!"



"YOU
CERTAINLY
ARE!"

2001, A Rather Odd Look-See
by Brad Parks

Windsor, Ct. Town Mayor Brad Parks is letting all police off their posts to join mass orgies in the streets (those not destroyed by air-powered cars made of anti-gravity wood and dental floss). He talked of the upcoming acceptance of his proposal to Congress to let all fanzine editors have free postage, mimeos, and all other supplies (incl. free reprints of the Congressional Record) because, after all, fans control the world.

President Floyd hopes for an increase in the birth rate, declaring National Sex Week, "We need more of the little tikes," he said. There's room for a trillion people since the finding of planets connected to Earth, but previously invisible.

Secretary Cvetko, Postmaster General Barbek, V-Pres. Gammage all agreed that the elimination of Congressman Gorra was what really made it utopia. Secretary of War, General Arthurs, is indifferent, spending most of his time in deep thought, and smoking his confiscated drugs.

It was beautiful. As Mayor Parks said: "Fun, fun, fun." Then all hell broke loose.

In the middle of New York, right in the middle of a meeting of The ASSFS, a giant worm broke thru the concrete and devoured Frank Balazs. The worm, not sick at all, rampaged and raised havoc. Gen. Arthurs and the National Guard went after the monster. Finding half a million people fleeing for their lives, Arthurs said: " 'dis mus be 'da place- Gettem!"

But the worm thrived on corflu bullets and the troops retreated. Arthurs called a meeting of all fannish leaders where it was decided that First Lady Birkhead should be sacrificed to the ghods. Meanwhile a new secret weapon, the Brazier-Burger, was being developed day and night.

Finally, it was ready. First, Brazier was loaded into the gun. 2nd, he was shot out and during flight rolled 33 copies of Gorra-Cvetko zine, BANHARD, into a ball. 3rd, when the worm opened its mouth, he shoved the copies down its mouth. 4th, the monster died. When asked why the worm died, Parks replied: "Who could live with that crud." Fun? Fun fun fun.

ISAAC ASIMOV IN ORBIT!
report by Alexis de Reyoon

July 21/1975, Jamaica.

At ten-thirty-five this morning, Isaac Asimov was placed into orbit with his typewriter for a four week stint in space. This project has three objectives: a) To see if Asimov can increase his output under weightless conditions; b) To give Asimov background material for his next eighteen books, starting with ASIMOV'S GUIDE TO WASTE SPACE and continuing with titles such as ASIMOV'S GUIDE TO SPACE JUNK; c) To find out exactly how good a 23,000 mile extension cord is.

Doctor A will be accompanied by his Doubleday Editor, Mr. Lawrence Ash-

Mike Bracken's

dog after winning

the Hogu



mead and power will be provided (in event of extension cord failure) by the hot air circulating between the two literarnauts. Entertainment is to be provided by tapes of Lawrence Welk and Count Basie plus Asimov's own interpretations of Russian Dances under zero gravity while typing at the same time. No robots or extra-terrestrials will be present. For DX'ers, Asimov can be picked up on 98.3 Mhz, in stereo. Call-sign is Meshuggenah! Meshuggenah!

Re-entry August 21, if THE PLANET OF THE APES is not encountered. Braking power will be provided by a pair of oversized feet at the bottom of the capsule, plus hot air updrafts provided by 2,000 fans speaking Ellison, Heinlein, Bova and White editorials. It will be a soft landing on a heap of Silverberg's spare manuscripts.

STOP PRESS! Flash from Sri Lanka. Arthur C. Clarke and Kubrick are sending up own mission. Clarke to speargun space-junk; Kubrick to film everything for two new movies!

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****FINAL ANALYSIS****

A little more about this 1975 one-shot I mentioned briefly in the last issue...

Perhaps I'm duplicating the complete & excellent work of Roger Sween, but the project interests me and it's one that just moves along day by day anyway. What I want to produce is a handbook of names & addresses correlated with the quantity of fanac of each person as it shows up in the fanzines I receive (which is getting to be a considerable number).

I have about 8 sections in mind.



TITLE #42
Donn Brazier
1455 Fawnvalley Dr.
St. Louis, Mo. 63131

Eric Lindsay
6 Hillcrest Ave
Faulconbridge NSW 2776
Australia

THIRD CLASS MAIL
RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED
PRINTED MATTER

The first is an alphabetical list of fanzines received in 1975 by date received. Next an alphabetical list of editors & the names of their product. Then a list (alpha) of writers & the zines appeared in. The same for LoC writers & the zines appeared in. Possibly I will list major fanzine artists, tho I haven't been keeping up-to-date on this section. Maybe I'll have a complete summary of all fans and their addresses as a separate section. Maybe some information & an inventory of material in the NFFF Manuscript Bureau. Finally, a list of all awards won during the year by fanzine fans.