



# A I T O I

July 16... I've been thinking rather hard about the problem & future of TITLE since I wrote and prepared issue #42 before going on vacation in Texas. T-42 is all folded, stapled and addressed, ready for stamps & mailing when I return in two weeks. But what's been the result of my cogitation?

I'm going to put out another zine, perhaps quarterly, of about 40pps. It will not be fancy; it'll be much as TITLE in format & duplication. It will be called FARRAGO -- a mixed bag so to say. The mixture will be fiction & non-fiction of genzine type. It has already been put on the works. TITLE, in contrast, will revert more to what it once was-- a discussion, tid-bit scrapbook without so many articles and with no fiction at all. But how is all this going to solve the problem of funds?

FARRAGO will be for sub or trade only; TITLE will be for LoC & contrib only. Beginning with this issue of TITLE, all trades will shift over to FARRAGO. FARRAGO will go for 75¢ each or 3/\$2.00.

This plan removes some of the guilt from my shoulders in keeping articles & stories so long before pubbing in TITLE. It also releases more copies of T for those fans who'd like to get into the discussions or whatever foolishness takes place.

Since I begged for donations (and expect some cash as a result), all such funds will be credited to the Wild Pickle Press in general-- i.e. you will receive FARRAGO. You will get T only if you send something within a three month period.

Contribbers pubbed in F will of course receive gratis copies. I need some art, especially a logo and cover for the first issue. I don't need fiction at the moment, but I could use some SF/fantasy/weird oriented articles.

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With TITLE's last issue, the zine has been going every month for 3 1/2 years. Having time to kill (!) I came up with

a few statistics I hope will prove interesting.

I made two lists: one of current readers who got #42; the other of all former or sporadic readers. There are 120 current readers (37.7%) and 198 former readers (62.3%). Thus in 3 1/2 years T has lost about 17.8% of its readers per year.

Of 120 'faithful', eleven have received all 42 issues. Missing only 1-3 issues at the beginning (before they discovered the zine) are ten more fans.

To measure the sticktoitiveness of readers, I used the sum of all readers' arithmetical series divided by TITLE's average monthly circulation, 105.38. This yields a number which when divided by 903 (perfect 42 ish summation) gives percentage of perfect loyalty (as if 105.38 readers got T-1 and stayed constant through issue #42, no drop outs, no new readers).

This number for the total of both lists was 59.27%. For current members only it was 41.06%; former readers, 18.21%.

Some other facts... Of the 198 drop-outs, the average length of stay was 9.64 issues. Throwing out the 29 fans who never responded and got but one issue, the average stay was 11.12 issues. The longest individual stay was 36 issues.

Of the 120 current readers the average duration has been 21 issues. Significant for new readers who want to get TITLE, a total of 24 (20%) have received no more than 6 issues; five new fans joined with issue 42. The 20% during the first 6 months of 1975 is a little above the average attrition rate of 17.8 reported above.

Who are the eleven "faithful"? Bruce Arthurs, Claire Beck, Ned Brooks, Ed Cagle, Ann Chamberlain, Ed Connor, Buck Coulson, Jackie Franke, Ben Indick, Roy Tackett, and Harry Warner, Jr.

The ten others are Don Ayres, Frank Balazs, Rose Hogue, Irv Koch, Randall Larson, Dave Locke, Jeff May, Jim Meadows, Michael T.

Shoemaker, and Paul Walker.

Several announcements... George Wells writes that his address in TNFF is incorrect. It is 24 River Ave., Riverhead, NY 11901.....A jointly written postcard from Mike Glicksohn and Sheryl Birkhead (from Atlanta, Ga.) portends what??..... Mike Bracken (3918 N. 30 St, Tacoma, WA 98407) wants to know how many fans might use his electrostencil service if it materializes as he hopes. He wants to set a competitive price, too, and would like info on going rates. Also he needs to know what style stencil you require - 4 hole, 9 hole, etc. Write Mike direct.... Where is Patrick Haydon? TITLE 41 was undeliverable as addressed.... Marci & Phil Holms have moved to 1408 Caprice, Union Lake, Mich 48085..... Neal Wilgus is now at Box 25771, Albuquerque, NM 87125.....

Mark Sharpe, 2721 Black Knight Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46229, pubbed at least 7 issues of ECLIPSE; he wrote his letter on the back of 7's cover, but I've never seen the zine. On the advice of Paul Walker he's written me to announce or help in any way to get a line on potential contributors of college age for another zine he'll be doing. Fiction, articles, columns, art. Mainly he wants names & addresses so he can personally correspond and explain his needs.

David Moyer, 630 Shadywood Dr., Perkasio, Pa. 18944, wants to put out a one-shot of the best fan fiction of the past several years. Plans offset at 100-150 pps with art. Fans can recommend excellent fiction they've printed, including author's address. Authors of printed stories may send copies to David to read. Potential artists can send copies of their work at this time (not originals).

While traveling the USA, Mike Glicksohn and Sheryl Birkhead dropped in to see the Title office. Not as crowded as Bill Bowers Outworlds office, they said. Both Mike & Sheryl are a pleasure; they took my mind off rather dark, personal matters which effectively had cancelled my vacation plans. We had about 8 hours together; the time went fast and included several laughs at the incomparable son-of-Glick's witty remarks. Sheryl will do the first cover for FARRAGO!

Yesterday's TV (July 24) carried two items of SF interest: the Apollo splashdown and a re-run of Groucho Marx's quizshow "Bet Your Life". I was not watching the latter until my ears caught the name of one of the first pair of contestants: RAY BRADBURY. I dashed to the set. Yes, it was our Ray Bradbury as he looked maybe 25 years ago and as I actually remember him from a brief meeting way back when. I dashed to get the cassette recorder to tape Ray's chit-chat with Groucho. There was none! After Groucho chatted with the lady contestant, he went right into the questions. Ray & his partner missed the \$100 question (identify a 1949 movie with Olivia DeHavilland & Montgomery Clift). The bell rang and Groucho announced that the picture was "The Heiress" whereupon Bradbury said his only words on the show: "Henry James". Ray & his partner wound up with \$170.00.

I've been wanting to make this note..... HARPER'S WEEKLY, "Journal of Civilization", recently got going again, and is a professional version of TITLE's basic plan. I wrote a long letter to editor Tony Jones about the necessity for informal communication and that TITLE had been doing much the same. Never got a reply. Makes no difference; the newsprint journal features about 50-75 people who write in about anything and I want to tell you it's a good market (some items are paid for!) for LoC experienced writers. Most of the material so far used has been social/economic problems confronting the average public.

Will Norris writes that in the Teaching SF Bureau (NFFF) he is still in the stage of learning what projects other people have and in what stage. "Maybe I can build a file of such projects," he says, then implies that this might save over-lapping or duplication of efforts. He mentions Tim Marion and David Ortman collecting apaa data in SOUTH OF THE MOON (614 72 St., Newport News, VA 23605, and the LASFS, of 11360 Ventura Blvd., Studio City, CA 91604 collecting data on clubs/groups. Any projects you know of-- send info to Will Norris at 1073 Shave Rd., Schenectady, NY 12303.



Well, after 20 responses to "what photo should I run?", the demand spreads over 45 fans & whatever. Robert Whitaker may not care, I guess, because he asks: "As for seeing pictures of fans, do you have any high class air conditioners?" Two other little jokes were included by two fans who, nevertheless, made some legitimate requests: one for Mike Bracken's dog and one for Harpo Marx. Some names were included whose pics have already been used. Anyway, here are the faces most in demand:

Sheryl Birkhead - 8  
 Leah Zeldes - 6  
 Don D'Amassa - 5  
 Jim Kennedy - 4  
 Brad Parks - 3  
 Paul Walker - 3  
 Mae Strelkov - 3  
 Denis Quane - 3

Those of you on the list, what do you say? How about a small (not too small) clear photo of yourself?

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It's been suggested by Will Norris that Dave Szurek get in contact with FATE magazine about that mysterious noise. He might get paid if he takes the trouble to interview others in the neighborhood and get comments from local authorities. FATE comes from Clark Publishing, 500 Hyacinth Pl., Highland Park, Ill. 60035.

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Today on the Mike Douglas Show (7/25) I saw Uri Geller "bend" a spoon and "start" a stopped watch. Very unconvincing. I suspect that the finger warmth and rubbing of the spoon at the juncture of bowl and handle was performed on one of those magic spoons such as I owned once. The handle is joined to the bowl by a very metallic seamless juncture-- but the alloy is one that easily melts, even in warm water. The watch did not start on the table after all the hocus-pokus. It was then moved to Mike's clenched fist and the watch, for three times, was exhorted to run, run, run. The fist was shaken at the third run, and this shaking was done three times. Ever shake a watch to get it started?

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Having neglected my music collection for a little while, I spent this Sunday A.M. indexing some new records while listen-

ing to the, as yet, rather unfamiliar numbers. About a four hour job. At my first indexing by song titles from my records and tapes in September 1965, I had 2380 different titles and 1056 duplicate or extra renditions of the same titles. A total of 3436. Now on July 27 there are 5110 titles (with 3345 duplications) for a total of 8455.

Most are jazz. Or pop of the Big Band Era. I'll list a few of the titles of which I have the most renditions. It might be amusing to see if anyone nowadays knows any of them.

Mood Indigo 27	I Can't Get Start-
St. Louis Blues 25	ed 19
Body and Soul 24	I Got It Bad 19
Satin Doll 24	Honeysuckle Rose 19
Stardust 21	Just Squeeze Me 18
One O'Clock Jump 20	Take the 'A' Train
Ain't Misbehavin' 20	Don't Get Around
	Much Anymore 18

These are not necessarily my all-time favorites; it just worked out that way. My favorites span several separately considered criteria: melody, catchy rhythm, unbelievable tempo, goose-pimple emotion, astounding instrumental technique, and startling arrangement. With rare exception a vocal spoils the totality; an exception that comes immediately to mind is Alice Babs' rendition of Ellington's sacred "Heaven" with her goose-pimple causing ending. I get bumps on my arms just typing this.

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Rating 2 1/2 inches in the morning paper, James Blish's death in Henley, England, was reported July 30. He died at age 54 after a long illness. He's survived by his wife Judy Ann Lawrence.

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Mike Glicksohn & Sheryl Birkhead, when on their visit here, were horrified at the different typefaces and layout styles of FARRAGO sections completed. Mike said, "You never were much for layout anyway." I'm writing this as a warning-- do NOT expect NERG or OUTWORLDS. Expect only varied and what I hope you'll find interesting content.

Cover by Birkhead, a kind of S&S fabulation by Frank Balazs & illoed by Eric Mayer, a tale of the surprising sporting event of the future by Rick Wilber, an ironic "news" story illoed by a hilarious photo sent in by Claire Beck & written and

given an odd format by Neal Wilgus, a true anecdote of one man (Mike T. Shoemaker) against great odds illoed by a newspaper clip of Mike in action, a whacky explanation of certain bodily functions by Paul Di Filippo, Eric Lindsay reviews a book that tells how to write dirty books for fun and profit, Eldon K. Everett spins a shortshort of a plague from Pluto, Paul Walker tells a real SF story with a fresh idea, Roger Sween reviews a trio of recent movies that deal ineptly with WOMEN.

Plus other surprises.

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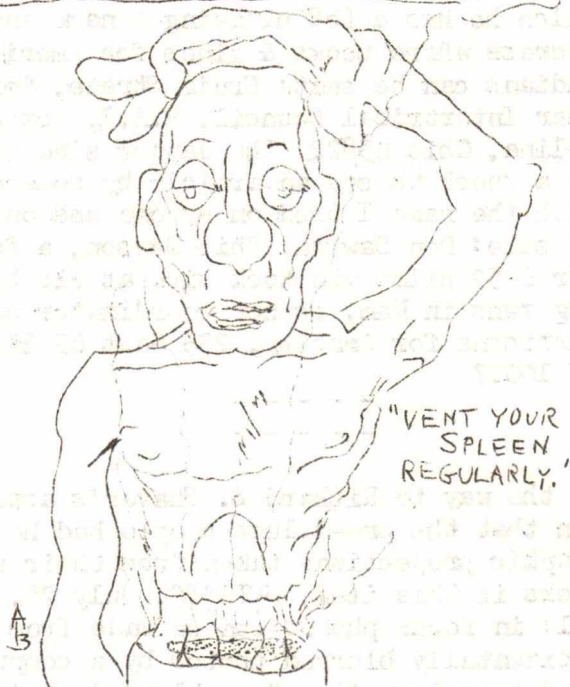
Ho, ho and ha! Mike Glicksohn can't understand how I could compare Ned Brooks' fascinating IT COMES IN THE MAIL and the equally fascinating INFERNO, a product worth getting from Skel, 25 Bowland Close, Offerton, Stockport, Cheshire, SK2 5NW, England. Skel (paul skelton) writes: "I'm not surprised that you find a similar sort of appeal in both INFERNO and ICITM. Back when I decided to take INFERNO out of the somewhat limited and limiting confines of OMPA I realised I would have to change it somewhat to take into account the response I'd hopefully be getting and which one does not get in OMPA. Bearing in mind how even the most tedious mail becomes suddenly interesting if it is someone else's, I decided to try to get an element of 'reading someone else's mail' into it. From my limited experience I thought that this was a novel idea and it wasn't until I received my first copy of ICITM that I realised that it not only had been done before, but that it was currently still being done, if in a different way."

Skel, isn't this sort of what TITLE's into? I had never thought of the idea in just the way you mention; but I believe you are at least partly right-- man's curiosity about his fellows (and gals)?

This is a good place to mention that my parody of ICITM in this issue stems from my great admiration of Ned Brook's zine. In a sense it's a fmzrev; & Ned can be reached at 713 Paul St., Newport News, VA 23605.

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Correction on the address given for David Moyer who's soliciting ideas for best published fan fiction. He'll be found at



Box 510, Packer Building, University Park, PA 16802. This is his college address.

A card from Stven Carlberg (and Stven is not a typo)-- he's just returned from Europe and wants to get some fanzines. His address: 4315 West Alabama #4, Houston, Texas 77027.

Whacky Steve McDonald, formerly of Jamaica, West Indies, will be taking in college (they took him in!) at Univ. of Missouri, Columbia. Mail on a temporary basis should be sent to c/o Foreign Students Advisor, 100 Read Hall, U. of Mo., Columbia, Mo. 65201 and marked 'Hold Until Collected'. He plans to issue SHLOB #2 from there with a small bit of help from Alexis de Reyoon.

Phone call from Don Ayres; he'll be out in CA and can be reached temporarily c/o Dave Gregory, 6565 Fountain Ave #10, Hollywood CA 90028. Don got his Masters Degree in zoology; will study wildlife in depths of Hollywood jungle.

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Neal Wilgus sends THE TIMES, P.O.Box 4995 Albuquerque, N.M. 87106 in which he appears three times: a four-paragraph plug for the Albuquerque SF Society; bad-mouthing milk as human food (cow's milk, that is); and a review of READER'S GUIDE TO THE CTHULHU MYTHOS. He also sends SPARK, a journal for social responsibility in engineering, 475 Riverside Dr., NY 10027 in which he has a LoC plugging a name and address where books & zines for American Indians can be sent: Craig Strete, Northstar Intertribal Council, R.R.1, Box 208, Celina, Ohio 45822. The latter zine gave me a shock to see an article by someone with the name I used on my one and only SF sale: Don Dawson. This Dawson, a former B-52 pilot who took sick at his bombing runs in Nam, is now coordinator of Americans for Amnesty, 235 East 49 St, NY 10017

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On the way to Richard S. Shaver's assertion that the pre-deluge people had holographic projections taken from their rock books is this item, SCIENCE, July 25, p. 261: in focus photos can be made from accidentally blurred photos by a computerized transformation from blurred photo to holographic diffraction pattern to cleared up optical photo.

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There must have been a con in or near Toronto, for arriving August 9 was an oversize postcard containing some powerful signatures-- too many to name, including Titlers, non-Titlers of both fan and pro ranks. I think Mike Glicksohn is responsible, for he says "To your filing system, with love..." Now how can I file a card containing 25 names? Mike has seen my files; wait 'till he sees the whites of my eyes!

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There may be a photo of Dave Romm in this issue-- if that page hasn't mildewed yet! Anyway, Dave writes that he's lost at least 30 pounds since that photo was taken. He says, "When Larry Downes saw me at FanFair he cracked up, thought I looked like Brad Parks' mother."

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Wouldn't it be great, you say, if Donn would plan his issue ahead? If he'd only put all the CoA's in one place for instance? Well, ATTOI has been in & out of the old Royal so many times the stencil wax is melting. As Eric L. Larsen says in SHADOW #46 about T: "I never know what to expect..." Eric, I don't either. And of Quane's NOTES, he says: "...does not give the impression that others give of being thrown together; this one rather, seems to be planned out." True, Eric, Denis Q sent me back a typed-on-paper copy of an article I had submitted to him; I conjecture that Denis makes an accurate dummy before he starts. I don't even make an inaccurate dummy. In addition to ATTOI stencils zipping in and out, I currently have partly filled stencils for VECTOR, SF PATCH, KWIK KWOTZ, and MUNDANIAN. As the stencils fill up and reach a page count of 24, I know I'm finished.

And so a CoA for roommates Dave Romm and Frank Balazs: 2484 Indian, SUNYA, Albany, NY 12222.

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Ned Brooks' sister sent him two 'charts' (for tenor sax and 2nd clarinet) for a novelty foxtrot called JABBERWOCKY. Ned kindly sent me the two parts of the orchestration. I've been trying to calculate the melody line (probably in the not-present 1st clarinet part). The music has evidence of ragtime (lotsa notes and dotted 8ths with 16ths); yet the tenor sax part puts it relatively late. I'd guess about 1925-- at a time when black bands were already into 4/4 with quarter notes. Very interesting, Ned.

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Two of my favorites (Tony Cvetko and Mike T. Shoemaker) have both sent pessimistic letters about fandom & what they're getting out of it. Tony even wants me to say that faneds who expect him to LoC may as well not send him any zines. Due to press of work (and school), Tony feels guilty about not locking and as he says, "Fandom's purpose is not to make one feel bad -- so I sadly depart." There will be another DIEHARD, though, #7 and Tony describes it as "a dynamite issue, my best yet. See y'all in a couple of years with DH8."

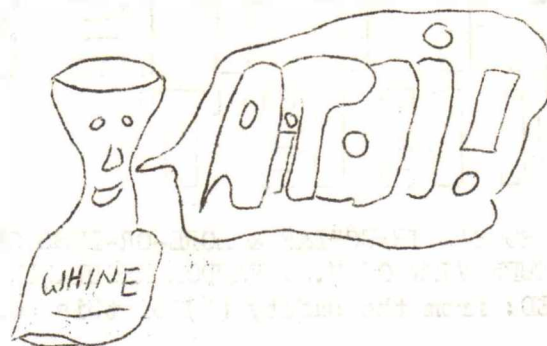
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To say that only men are the best cooks in the world is the worst form of male chefinism. In fact, to say that only men make the best cooks implies that most cooks are women! And that's no fry.

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Today is August 15th, and this is the very last page to be typed. And the 1st LoC to T-42 is in. Very fitting, considering this is one of my 'graphic' pages, that the writer of said LoC is Jackie Franke, artist and con vivant.

Some of her remarks: "Okay, I'll bite: how did you come up with the cover? What does it all mean? If anything..." ((Meaning is in the eye of the beholder.)) "Enjoyed Jodie's fanzine column." ((So did I. Wonder if we could talk her into a steady job?)) "Your new 'More than Quick' is a good compromise between short snippets and running the entire text of a few." ((There will be more.)) "...puzzling over the reasons you included Mary Martin's snapshot." ((Not only am I male but I'm a dirty old male.)) "Are you going to publish a picture of a good-looking male for your female readers next month?" ((Lots of them, including Frank Balazs.)) "Brad Parks looks as if he's struggling to keep his eyes open." ((Right! He's trying to hype people into thinking he's alive.)) "Dee Doyle sounds fascinatin'. Where on earth did you stumble across her?" ((She is and very attractive, too, if you take a magnifying glass to the photo of her in TITLE #36, as I am addicted to.)) "Cagle's humor 'cruel'? Bawdy and raunchy, yes..." ((I find his humor scatological & obscene-- but funny!)) "BQ SAUCE totally lost me." ((Your trouble shows up in the abbreviation you have just used; properly, it's BS. And that you take with a grain of salt. And as



Tom Jefferson said, 'Sense is in the ear of the beholder.'))

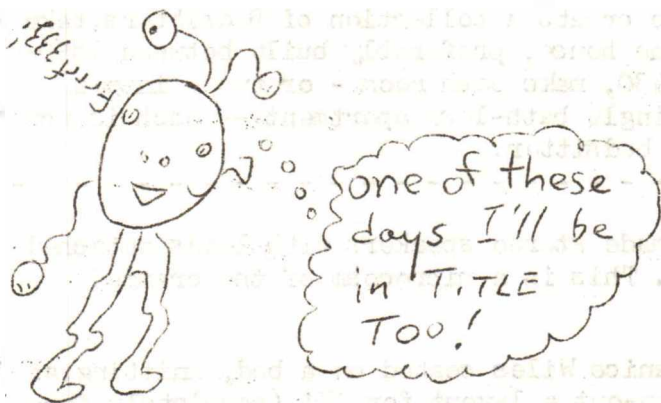
I must inform all puzzle addicts that Jackie came up with a solution to the Laser Control Center problem. It was a little different from mine. Hers was correct; mine was wrong, as studying her solution showed me. In T-44 I'll have a different sort of puzzle I made up yesterday while studying a 1925 edition of a book of formulas and 'receipts'.

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Another cotton-pickin' CoA came in today: Aljo Svoboda, Johnston College, Redlands, Calif. 92373. -----

Note from Jim Dapkus, "I was on a rather odd expedition for capturing wildlife on film up in northern Wisconsin, and just got back." Reminds me of my 9 week film venture into Ontario (HQ camp at Lake Kagagi) for the same reason. This was way back in time; I was assisting Murl Deusing with camera lugging, portaging, etc. The film result (whose title I've forgotten) was shown extensively across the U.S. lecture circuits. I was the only human 'star' in the film, and if you ever saw a nature film with a dark-haired guy using a sort of blue porkpie hat to accomplish all kinds of functions -- I was the guy with the hat.

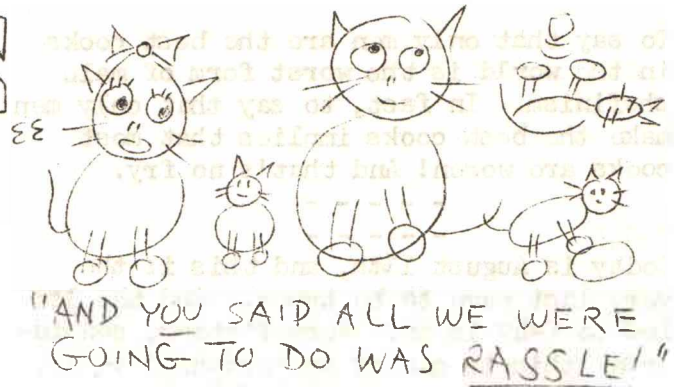
I'm always amused at my presumed appearance as imagined by fans who don't know me. Steve McDonald thinks I'm 5'10" have a "large, wide nose, laughing green eyes, bushy eyebrows, balding with a fringe around the bald top, wide mouth, small cleft chin, large voice that booms and flattens visiting neos; bright clothes but not gawdy, rimless, round-lensed glasses, slip-on shoes, goes around house barefoot; walks with a bounce, laughs a lot, and has a fur collar car coat and bulky blue jeans." ((How wrong can you get?))





# KITTEN MEET

DAVE ROWE'S IRREGULAR & MORE-OR-LESS OFF  
THE CUFF VIEW OF U.K. FANDOM REGULARLY  
TITLED: from the safety (?) of this col



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KITTEN MEET: Saturday 28th June 1975

Back in the good old days (last year to be exact), Founder-Kitten Gray Boak used to complain that quotes produced at other fan meets were reported left, right & centre in fnzs, whereas our wordiness remained unprinted. From then on, as soon as anyone muttered anything memorable, someone would yell "I buy that quote" and promptly forget to pub it, or there would be a flurry of activity as we all searched out pen & paper by which time the exact quote was forgotten. Needless to say, both of these actions proved somewhat detrimental to the flow of conversation. So when we decided to pub our combo-zine "K", we also decided to transcribe some of our invaluable vocabulary, for spacefillers.

The trouble was that the only cassette available gave us an hour & a half's recording time out of a six hour meet, and by the time one realized that a conversation in progress was worth taping, it was already half-way through. Also, I'm sorry to say, the Kittens seem to be losing their zip. In fact, the only thing that cropped up of outstanding value was that contrary to popular assumption prostitution is not illegal in Britain, but soliciting is. The former is also exempt from V.A.T. (Value Added Tax - altho' in this case it might refer to 'Vear And Tear') but is taxable as Income: Housing & Letting, under Schedule DK4. The Kittens are possibly the only fangroup who'd reduce a conversation about the red light district to one about red tape.

The tapes reveal nothing much more than what happened at the previous night's British Science Fiction Association's Annual General Meeting, and what isn't happening to 'The Enchanted Duplicator' films, and also reveals the Kittens sharpening their claws and fangs at the expense of an absent member.

It all happened at the usual meeting place, Bernie's bedsitter. Bernie's consists of the usual four walls, a ground window looking out to the street and concrete 'garden', one sink unit, two tall-thin cupboards, three chairs, two beds, two sets of book shelves (full of photographic paraphernalia and books), one kettle, one cooking plate, and two hand-made stereo speakers with leads attached to the hi-fi which stands on a kitchen table. This is a microcosm of the crammed world of London's suburbia.

As our tale unfolds we find the delectable Janice Wiles seated on a bed, knitting, as hairy host Bernie Peek and plain hairy me iron-out a layout for 'K' (completely forgetting the cover.) Enter Graham Poole, who was in London for the AGM. He looks like



a shorter, bearded version of Groucho Marx, and at the moment he's busily turning himself into a one-man NSF, but getting positive action. When asked 'What happened yesterday?' he laughed, "Funnily enough it went off quite well. It really did. If I had been a new young member coming along for the first time, I would have thought...Hey! This lot are efficient aren't they?" (Laughter) "They put themselves in a mess, and they got themselves out of it, efficiently! With... 'you, you, and you are going to be committee members.'" (More laughter) He went on to list the resignations-- including our own Fred Hemmings and Chris Bursey-- and the new council members who were mainly neos.

At this point, Brian Hampton taps on the window to announce his arrival. His expression is constantly that of someone who has lost \$1 and found 50¢. He's balding, with collar-length hair and looks like a blackeared bloodhound without wrinkles. His trousers are splattered with dried molten rubber. The reason for this is he'd just bought a brand spanking new Russian motorbike combination, with left-hand drive, three spring suspension side-car. On his way to the meet, it blew up.

If that news wasn't explosive enough, his next certainly had a distinctly shattering effect. Work on the filming of "The Enchanted Duplicator" had been halted (Thank Ghru), apparently at the last editing session he and Fred Hemmings had a "blazing great row". "I said you can't edit, that's 'orrible," (Cheers) "and he said 'make your own films' and stormed out." That is to say, with the only script and Ms copy available. (More cheers and laughter)

Then Coral Clarke & brother Bruce arrived. Immoral Coral is all you would expect of a 1920's flapper, incredibly enough she's a globe-trotting psychologist. Bruce looks the quiet, intelligent type, and is. The conversation journeys back to AGM where Fred was chairing. (Chris, who should have taken the chair, had wisely stood down.) The question of what's going to happen to the official journal, Vector, reared its head again.

"Fred went about it in a peculiar way," said Gra, which surprised none of us but caused a ripple of chuckles. "He finally

made about nine different proposals for the zine: to continue it, to continue it in modified form, to continue it in a modified form defined by the editor, to do away with it but replace it with a newszine, to continue it as a newszine, etc. My idea was to have it as an independent magazine which the BSFA would buy."

"I think after quite awhile," expanded Coral "it was decided to bring out a newsletter, Vector, & comes out as and when the editor feels like it."

"A magazine will come out," corrected Gra "which might be called Vector if the editor wants to call it Vector."

"And there may be..." added Coral, pausing for dramatic effect, "...a yearbook!" A chorus of groans greeted this.

The final Kitten to arrive was Syd Bounds, who's been writing SF for longer than I've been around. He has swept-back white hair and bespectacled hawk-like features. Silent and observant, he notices everything and says very little. When he does say anything it tends to be about SF, and whoever heard of anybody discussing SF at a SF fan-meet? Conversation drifted to drugs manufacturing, then Brian started talking about wind-tunnels. Syd brought up a SF book by John Blackburn about wind-tunnels. This failed and he went back to his silent observations. I'll swear blind one of these days we'll all appear in one of his stories, probably as a lost spaceship's mad crew.

The talking got around to slamming Fred. To understand why we relish riling Fred, you'd first have to meet him. To quote Jhim Linwood, "Fred's O.K., but as soon as he's in a group of more than four, he instantly takes it upon himself to become the leader-- whether one's needed or not." Jhim has since revised that to "a group of more than one." Fred has more ego than Asimov, Brunner and Clarke combined. He also manages to make some of the most silly-bitchy remarks during light conversations, so he shouldn't be too offended at what follows.

Brian suggested his new motorcycle looked just right for a Nazi-machine gun on the sidecar. Then he had a brain-wave (or a brian wave?). "I reckon," he pondered "it will do to stand a camera, if we're going to do the film. I mean should anyone come

up to me and say 'I'm willing to help with this scene from The Enchanted Dupli-  
cator,' well right, we'll go ahead and do  
it, but I'm not going to press the mat-  
ter, I think."

"Never mind, Fred might come back," said  
Bruce with sarcastic innocence.

"I don't want him back," said the unfor-  
giving Brian. "The trouble with Fred is  
he's mean, you see, which is why he pro-  
duces such long and incredibly boring  
films. He can't bear the thought of hav-  
ing any stuff cut out. The only thing is  
he doesn't pay for it either." (To be  
fair to Fred, he did offer to contribute.)  
"And you can send him a verbatim report,"  
he added (not realising we did have a  
tape going.) "I'm not interested, let  
him go film it with his Super-8 Brownie."

I worked out that at current prices the  
two hour film, without any floor cuttings  
of course, would cost him 75 pounds.

"No, look Dave," interrupted Brian, "as  
soon as it gets past 30 bob" (£1.50) "he  
loses interest."

"So how did he come to buy the Brownie  
in the first place?"

"No, no, he hasn't bought one yet!"

"Just as well, he'd only be demanding  
the 16 mm film to see if he could edit  
it in with the 8mm."

Meantime Bruce had been thinking, deeply.  
"He must pay more than 30 bob for some-  
things. I mean, he's got a car. That must  
have cost him...."

"Have you seen his car?"

"Yes, it must have cost him all of two  
pounds."

"I really think," intoned Brian, as if  
assuring himself he was capable of such  
an act, "we ought to make a grand trib-  
ute to him, a really good film."

I made an extremely rude gesture and a  
slightly less rude noise, then apologis-  
ed to Coral for any spittle that might  
have sprayed her way. I then suggested  
"Scene of Loo and someone pulling the  
chain."

"With two feet sticking out of the pan,"  
cried Coral.

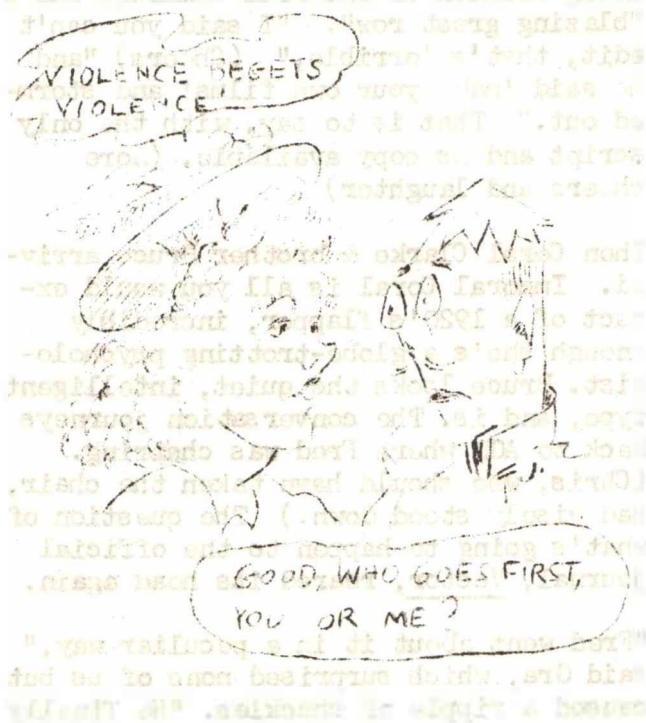
"No, what we ought to do," declared Brian  
in mock decision, "is go into a warehouse  
of the things and all sit there" (he  
mimed the pulling of the chains) "All to-  
gether Now!"

Having flushed that out of our system we  
realised how late it had got, so after  
briefly discussing arrangements for the  
Belgium Beneluxcon we said our fond fare-  
wells with "See you in Brugge." It gave  
us such an inflated air of international-  
ism...

So now you know the sort of average  
things that happen at an ordinary Kitten  
meet, and you know them only because no  
one could raise the blackmail in time.  
But the thing that worries me is: if they  
say that behind Fred's back, what do they  
say behind mine?

-- Dave Rowe 1975, July 14th

((Wonder if this means anything, Dave...?  
Skel named some fans he'd like to see in  
TITLE's photosection, ending with.....  
"Oh, just anybody. Anybody except Dave  
Rowe that is." ))





# Barbeque Sauce!

This is to certify that David E. Romm, also answering to Dave Romm and to the appellation of "Czar of Russia", is a real, living person and is NOT a hoax created by Frank Balazs or by any other person (save perhaps his parents as a tax deduction that got out of hand). I swear before all the ghods of fandom that I have seen David Romm and that I have spoken to him and can in no way detect any falseness in his activities or actions that could in any way indicate that he is anything other than what he claims to be-- a true member of the human species, sub-species: SF Fan. Further, rather than David Romm being a hoax, it is his claim that he has created a hoax, which he has named Harlan Ellison. I cannot swear to this statement concerning the person known as Ellison. I report this allegation merely for your information.

(signed) Will Norris  
1073 Shave Rd.  
Schenectady, NY 12303

liberation of all women has been discovered. I was their leader, as their leader I will be the first to go. It will be many years until our movement appears again. I pray to Amun for direction. Henut-wejbu."

"Courage". Unfortunately, I have only my translation of the note left. The original note was burned in a fire in the home of Dr. Spencer Warren who kindly let me have access to his personal library, in order to translate the note.

Across the back of the note was scrawled  
Donn, Drs. Staple and Houser have done a fine job in doing this study and reporting it. I cannot understand why the presence of the note was not disclosed. It is possible that they did not know of its presence. But anyway, I thought the readers of Title would want the Mummy Report completed.

((BRAZIER HERE.... As Houser's superior I will investigate. Irene, you must be the 'meddling female from New York' which is the way Houser described the incident in which he admonished you to 'keep your cotton-pickin hands off that wrapping'. You were probably extracting the note at the time, and in your excitement you neglected to show it to anyone, so intent were you on its translation. A lesson to all women, Irene: Henut-wedjbu was beloved of the kings of the North and the South and, as Ned Brooks observes in his letter of 7/19, nevertheless someone finally bashed her head in. Ned asks if this ancient violence ought to be blamed on some heiroglyphic comic-scroll. A better question right now is: who set the fire in Dr. Warren's home to destroy the evidence? Seems a needless effort, unless, perhaps, you have mis-translated the note, Irene. Bruce Townley (7/18) observes about something, possibly the mummy: "If we took the bones out it wouldn't be crunchy then, would it?" Stephen H. Dorneman smells a rat, too, because he says: "I wonder if death at an early age for Egyptian royalty is typical. I had the impression they lived very long lives, at least compared to slaves."

MUMMY REPORT COMPLETED.....Irene Kahn

I was really shocked when I read the Mummy Report by James G. Houser in Title 41. Apparently Mr. Houser either is ignorant of the fact, or is hiding it.

Being an Egyptologist myself, I had the good fortune of being on hand when the Mummy was being X-rayed. You can just see the top of my head in the photo, lower left, just behind Mr. Houser's head.

What I am shocked about is the absence of any mention of the note found tucked in the outer wrapping. I feel it my duty to disclose the contents (which I had carefully copied). Some of the contents were hard to translate, so I am taking the liberty to fill in. I'll underscore those words. The note reads as follows:

"I have written to the authorities for help. None has come. I have seen the men weaving cloth and gathering stones, this can mean only one thing, my death has been decreed. Our movement for the

# I C I T M

FIRST IN A SERIES OF FANZINE SPOOFS OF THE FANZINES THIS EDITOR LOOFS

Aug.8 Doc Wertham asks if I'll do the layout for his next book, THE FANZINE FREAK.

Aug.9 A brief note from a local high school teacher asking if I might lecture her class on SF greats. I call her and find out she is thinking of Ralph Milne Farley, Capt. S.P.Meek, and Warner van Lorne. I politely decline to boost the reputation of 'New Wave' authors.

On this same day I get a letter from Bruce Townley and Brad Parks. I can't think of anything to add to that.

Aug.10 Oh, yes, I can; I get a letter from Kevin Williams and Simon Agree.

Aug.11 I get a big laugh out of Ed Cagle's letter. He insists that, really and truly, he's in charge of a Boy Scout Camp. That guy is hilarious!

The same day I get a letter from Ye Wilde Pickle Companie who want permission to put my picture on their label. I send a picture of Ed Cagle-- the one with the chin-strap holding down his wide-brimmed Scout hat.

Aug.12 Sheryl Birkhead sends a nasty letter, DNQ.

Aug. 13 No mail today.

Aug. 14 Ye Wilde Pickle Companie returns the Cagle photograph with a printed rejection slip that says: "Sorry, not quite." Do they mean the photo or Cagle?

Aug.15 Another rejection. ALGOL rejects my tender fantasy, "Turn Me Over, Love Is Better the Second Time Around." Think I'll try THE DIVERSIFIER next.

Aug.16 Dave Romm writes that Frank Balazs is a hoax. A card from Frank, same date, states that John Robinson is a hoax. A telegram from Dave Romm states his letter was in error; it's Dave Singer who's the hoax. I conclude that all of them are A.P. Tree, who's really Will Norris.

Aug.17 Bill Bowers sends me a dummy of OUTWORLDS and asks for my help with the layout and graphics. Of course, I'll help.

Aug.18 Harry Warner, Jr. doesn't send me a LoC.

Aug.19 Richard Shaver sends me part of his library-- a wooden box full of rocks.

Aug.20 Ed Connor sends REVERB #1, his new personal-zine. In 24 pages he a) never mentions his name, b) doesn't recount a contrip, and c) doesn't tell very much about the time that Mae Strelkov.....

Ben Indick writes that he saw Mike Bracken's dog-- made his hair stand up on end! (Ben's hair.)

Aug.21 Don D'Amassa confesses that he didn't read a book today. In the same mail Jackie Franke and Jodie Offutt both admitted not attending a con today.

Aug 22 Gil Gaier tells that his rating syztem has been banned from high school libraries in Three Churches, West Virginia-- Robert Smoot jailed for violation!

Aug 23 Ned Brooks sends me a small package; it's ticking!



# MORE THAN K W O O K

Roy Tackett 3/18  
915 Green Valley Rd. NW  
Albuquerque, NM 87107

## FEDERAL FANZINE REGISTRY...

I doubt that we'll ever come to anything like this but, all things being what they are, I wouldn't be surprised to see a day when fanzines would be forbidden as would be any private publishing. It is a possibility if the government gets obnoxious enough. I wonder if we'd stand for that?

I read an item in the LA TIMES a year or so ago about some people being arrested in Moscow and their illegal publishing equipment -- a mimeograph -- being confiscated by the government. Russia, of course, does not have the tradition of press freedom that we have inasmuch as it went from the Dictatorship of the Czar to the dictatorship of the Bolsheviks without any break to speak of.

But I wonder what would happen if our government tried that sort of thing. Undoubtedly many private publishers would go underground. It would be fairly easy for the government to control the public press-- newspapers, magazines, TV and radio, books -- but it would be a job to try to control the vast number of mimeos, dittos, and private presses.

Considering our form of government, however, there would not, perhaps, be any overt steps taken to put private publishers out of business. No. It's just that the price of ink, paper, etc., would be raised so high that we couldn't afford it. That is known as the capitalist system.

I suppose in a way that we are an underground now. Our publications are almost unknown outside the microcosm-- or were until Wertham's book (and even with that I should think we are still mostly unknown

to the world at large). I'd just as soon keep it that way.

Would you register TITLE with a government Fanzine Registry Bureau?

BRAZIER HERE... I probably would. Perhaps if I had something that might get me in trouble and I felt it was worth the risk, I might do an underground one-shot. Has TITLE so far printed anything the government might have cracked down on?

----

Jeff Hecht 12/21  
50 Washburn Ave.  
Auburndale, MA 02166

There is a lot of pseudoscience but what it deserves is a rigorous debunking, not snorts of disgust. What a lot of scientists don't recognize is that there is plenty of academically respectable pseudoscience. NASA has a bunch of clowns working on laser-powered spaceships to launch radioactive garbage into outer space. Once you realize that such launches would require gigawatts of laser power -- orders of magnitude higher than yet attained -- you realize that somebody long ago should have said "it won't work". And even that one paper I have admits that under impossibly favorable conditions the power required would be twice the output of the entire Colorado River dam system. Sure it's an interesting idea, and I imagine it's fun to play with, but it shouldn't be taken as anything more.

D. Gary Grady 12/28  
3309 Spruill Ave Apt 5  
Charleston, SC 29405

I, too, am concerned with the interest shown by mundanes in the pseudosciences, like astrology, chiropractic, plant "intelligence", etc. I do not consider this in the least to be intended or likely to limit the breadth of scientific inquiry. But so many mundanes have no

grasp whatsoever on what a scientist does, how scientific knowledge is arrived at. Most seem to feel that scientific 'laws' are adopted by a congress of scientists or something. Thus the fascination with Velikovsky, Von Daniken, etc., who claim, invariably, that they are being persecuted by orthodox science. They fail to realize that the REALLY radical ideas come from inside science. Want examples? OK. One paper I skimmed about a year ago pointed out that a number of elements we use in our metabolism are rare on Earth. So maybe Earth life didn't all come from here... Another proposed, in all seriousness, that there may be living rock beings within the Earth. Not like the Horta, but far stranger."

- - - -

Brett Cox  
Box 542  
Tabor City, N.C. 28463

12/31

I've always been interested in the paranormal/supernatural, and I think it's absolutely essential that such areas be thoroughly investigated, especially by 'legitimate' scientists, so that the fields won't be totally overrun by 'crackpots'. (I use quotes because I'm not sure of my terminology. How do you distinguish a legitimate scientist from an illegitimate one, anyway? For that matter, how do you define the term 'scientist'?)

BRAZIER HERE... Grady's note above reminds me of the time the U.S. Congress attempted to pass a law setting the value of Pi. Both Gary & Brett bring up interesting implications. As in any human field there's a certain amount of snobbery among scientists who feel that findings of importance proceed from members of the right 'club'. Usually, though, one gets in the club by meticulous care for well-designed & documented studies that attack a well-defined problem and avoid emotional & defensive irrelevancies. Crackpots are not careful about such scientific niceties; they also use a lot of Capital Letters and WORDS. Snobbery (or legitimate stickling for order) ought not to include disdain for the subject matter of research. My museum now has a student & scientist investigating the claims of the pyramid-power people.

-----

SUBSCRIBE TO FARRAGO  
OR SEND YOUR TRADEZINE

Jim Meadows III  
31 Apple Court  
Park Forest, Ill 60466

5/19

I wouldn't be surprised if Roberto Vacca's dire warnings ((Jeff May review of THE COMING DARK AGE in T-38)) of doom and perils came partially true, but I don't expect the WORST. Not having read the book, and going only by Jeff's review, I think Vacca seems to be interested in a Get Tough scheme-- hard line on incompetents, a more competitive situation for scientists, absolutes of right and wrong to be taught our children, and so on. But his solutions, like most from the top down, don't work too well. He's trying to change what people do without changing people. The problem is not in mammoth systems but in people, people who don't care about the consequences of the things they do. The Dark Ages that Vacca fears is, after all, not brought on by a breakdown of systems, but by how people react to that breakdown: rioting, looting, governmental collapse, etc. Typically, people looking out for Number One and killing themselves in the attempt.

Well, if people keep on like that we will have a dark age, as I see the snaggle of systems coming to a peak in the next few years. The question then would be how quickly can people learn to work and live together. For survival, not merely in tolerance, but with concern for each other. Optimism is not exactly high on the charts these days, but I am very sure that we will learn.

- - - - -

Sheryl Birkhead  
23629 Woodfield Rd.  
Gaithersburg, Md. 20760

6/25

A guy in the carpool suddenly 'inherited' (i.e. they just arrived one day) a swarm of bees. He called the ag. extension people and found out bees are a protected species and he can't kill them (though he really wanted to find someone who WANTED some bees. They happen to be in a tree near his house at eye level, and he has six kids-- so the odds are pretty good he and the ag. agent are going to have some 'discussions' before the summer's over as to what he can and can't do to get rid of the little stingers.

BRAZIER HERE... Bees attacked the museum's moon diorama interior; we zapped them!



Paul Walker  
128 Montgomery St.  
Bloomfield, NJ 07003

6/25

Will Norris  
1073 Shave Road  
Schenectady, N.Y. 12303

7/25

For at least fifteen years I have been reading articles, book reviews, even locs by, or about, foreigners saying much the same thing: while we know about **your** literature and politics, you know nothing about ours. You seem to us to be completely wrapped up in your own affairs, and completely indifferent to the things that are important to us. How many Americans can name two leading Canadian or Australian writers? Or political leaders? How many Americans are aware of the political or economic interests in Latin America today? And yet these writers, these issues, can make U.S. headlines tomorrow, and for as long as they directly involve our own self-interests -- and for only as long as they do -- a small minority of us will become 'experts' until the whole thing blows over.

As I have seen these same issues raised in fandom, I have a suggestion about how fandom might help in a small way. Let there be a new club formed of international fans who will exchange such information on literature, politics and economics. Not only inform one another, but compile bibliographies of important writers, magazines, specific texts that they will importune their local libraries to acquire, encourage high schools and colleges to make this information available, encourage the media to present more information about our international neighbors.

There could be a fanzine devoted to international exchanges; a club, perhaps. Undoubtedly, it would earn a file in the FBI, but it might be a lot of fun and do a lot of good in its own small way.

BRAZIER HERE.... TITLE will entertain short articles along the lines above from any of its foreign readers, and including smaller issues such as, to us, strange everyday customs/mores. For instance, I was greatly surprised when Eric Lindsay & Paul Anderson visited me that they refused ice-cubes in their soft drinks. Paul didn't mention a possible apa type organization (and maybe there is one covering the international scene already?).

\* \* \* \* \*  
FARRAGO IS MIXED FODDER

The one thing about this country has been its comparative freedom to maintain what positions you like in absolute freedom. John W. Andrews' letter in DOX LOX would be funny if it did not reflect an 'Archie Bunker' streak in him.

I must plead ignorance of Wertham's 'crime'. If it is the abolition or restriction of bloody scenes of violence and sadistic/masochistic sex from comics intended for children, then I say HEAR, HEAR. I oppose censorship, but I confess a paradox in that I feel violence is counter-productive. If this was Wertham's crime, then the man should be given a medal. Perhaps an over-reaction did take place, but to blame him for acting as a national conscience is ridiculous. I've seen some of the EC comics and the time was ripe for some sort of restraint.

"Fandom has no need of Dr. Wertham"? Now, now. A free and open society has need of every voice. John voices his disapproval of Wertham's ideas, as is his right. But behold! Mr. Andrews says we should shun Wertham... so who is being a "self-appointed censor" now? Mr. Andrews, your halo seems a bit tarnished.

You know, I must admit a great amount of puzzlement at Andrews' line of reasoning. Wading through theatrical statements, dramatic imagery, what does his loc consist of? Hamlet's response is fitting: "Words, words, words." I'm sorry but his basic argument is simply a diatribe of abuse against Wertham. What does come through clearly is a picture of John W. Andrews declaring his own belief that he should have the right to declare Wertham a pariah. Tch, tch. I suppose Demon Censorship rests in us all in varying degrees.

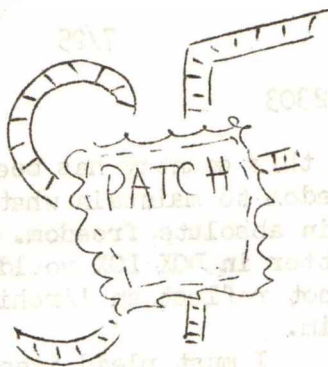
Simon Agree  
8001 Reseda Blvd #102  
Reseda, CA 91335

8/2

Did you know that JAWS (the book) has sold 8-million and sells another million every 10 days? California's fun fun fun. They caught a white shark & dissected it on the radio. Watch out.

((To me, the whole bit about the fascination with JAWS is frightening-- what's with people?))





Stuart Gilson, 745 Townsend Ave., Winnipeg, Manitoba,  
Canada R3T 2V5

"Eric Lindsay's feeling on the 'impotence' of writers to communicate anything, or even failing to realize just what it is they are trying to communicate, has been likewise shared by myself ever since I encountered the new-wave. No way will I ever believe that I am so ignorant as to be unable to understand the simplest of the new stuff. I feel it has to be something wrong with the authors themselves, writers who feel that the reader will derive more satisfaction from intellectual writing than from writing which has an emotional appeal. They seem so intent on sacrificing the emotional

part of a story that I find myself totally befuddled sometimes when reading Blish, yet I'm overpowered with Merritt. Right now I'm on a Merritt craze, having read ISHTAR and DWELLERS IN THE MIRAGE, and now involved in FACE IN THE ABYSS...my god, but the man has literally drawn tears to my eyes with some of his writing.

Eric Mayer's observation on the reciprocal styles of Lovecraft and Doyle was interesting, though I haven't read enough of Lovecraft's 'gruesome' cycle to be fully convinced, myself preferring his dream fantasies of the Randolph Carter line. But in my experience with Lovecraft, I found an atmosphere of dread, of the inexplicable, to pervade the entire story, and not merely confined to the conclusion. Lovecraft sustained the reader's interest by introducing suspicions and subtle hints throughout. In 'The Music of Eric Zann' Lovecraft hardly depicted the events in prosaic terms, rather he added continually to the dread mood by burdening the plot again and again with sequential additions of inhuman fears and horrors. For him, it worked; but, unfortunately, not for the many new writers who are sprouting up in an attempt to live off his reputation. How many times have the words 'In the great tradition of Lovecraft' appeared on the cover of a horror novel?"

Will Norris, 1073 Shave Rd., Schenectady NY 12303: "I've just seen the 1976 J.R.R. Tolkien calendar, illustrated by Greg and Tim Hildebrandt-- and bought it immediately! If you are a fan of LOTR, then you must rush out and get a copy..it's better than Tim Kirk's 1975 calendar, simply for the portrayals of Aragorn and Gandalf. Pittance of \$4.95. Kirk's calendar sold out relatively quick last year; the Hildebrandt should do better. The only depictions I have a beef about are those of the Hobbits in general-- too childish in my estimation. But aside from that, there really isn't a bad or mediocre picture in the lot. My favorites are: 'Eowyn & the Nazgul', 'The Ring of Galadriel', and 'Bilbo at Rivendell.' My favorite portrayals: Bilbo, Aragorn, Gandalf, Galadriel, the mural in the center."

Harry Warner, 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Md 21740, writes on August 5th: "Maybe it is safe to start writing locs again. I'm so close to the end of the fan history manuscript that I could hardly bog down now. There can't be more than about ten days' typing remaining. After that, I'll have to proofread, fit it together, and number the pages. So I hope to have evrything cleaned up and shipped off to ADVENT before the end of August. Latest word from ADVENT is that the book might appear next year. I'd understood they wouldn't work on it until the Tuck set is sompleted, but now they say they want to start putting it into type almost at once. I've done almost nothing fan-nish since starting the final draft, other than attend to apa obligations and have some visitors. The result has been that I've managed to do at least two-thousand words every day in the past two months except for two days."

John Robinson, 1-101 St, Troy, NY 12180: "I need one half billion to develop computer animation and another half billion to set up a chain of theaters. After the films roll out of the computers and run through the theaters, they'd be put on video disks for home use. Will revenues never cease? Down with Hollywood! Cheap special effects and no actors -- we'll even generate the voices!"

Marci Helms, 1408 Caprice, Union Lake, Mich 48085: "Is Norman's GOR series popular with femfans?"





(L to R) Jackie Freas, Elaine White, Ned Brooks, Kelly Freas

(L to R) George Beahm, Edwin Murray, Terry Murray, Bruce D. Arthurs

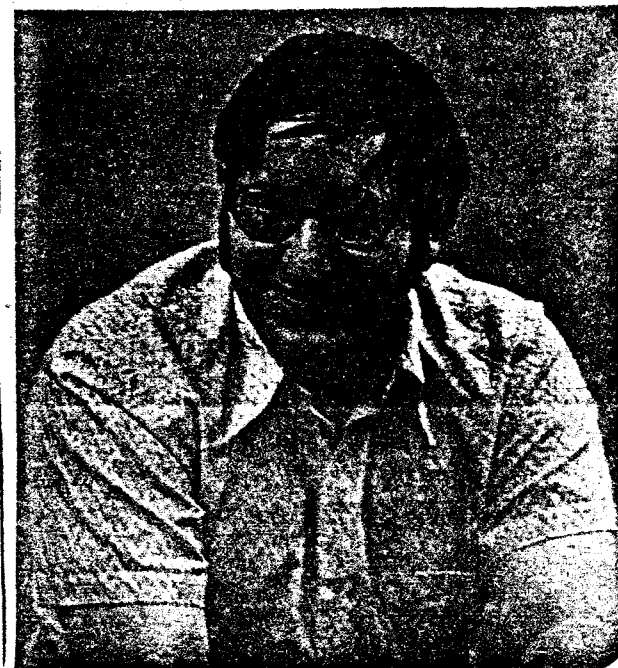
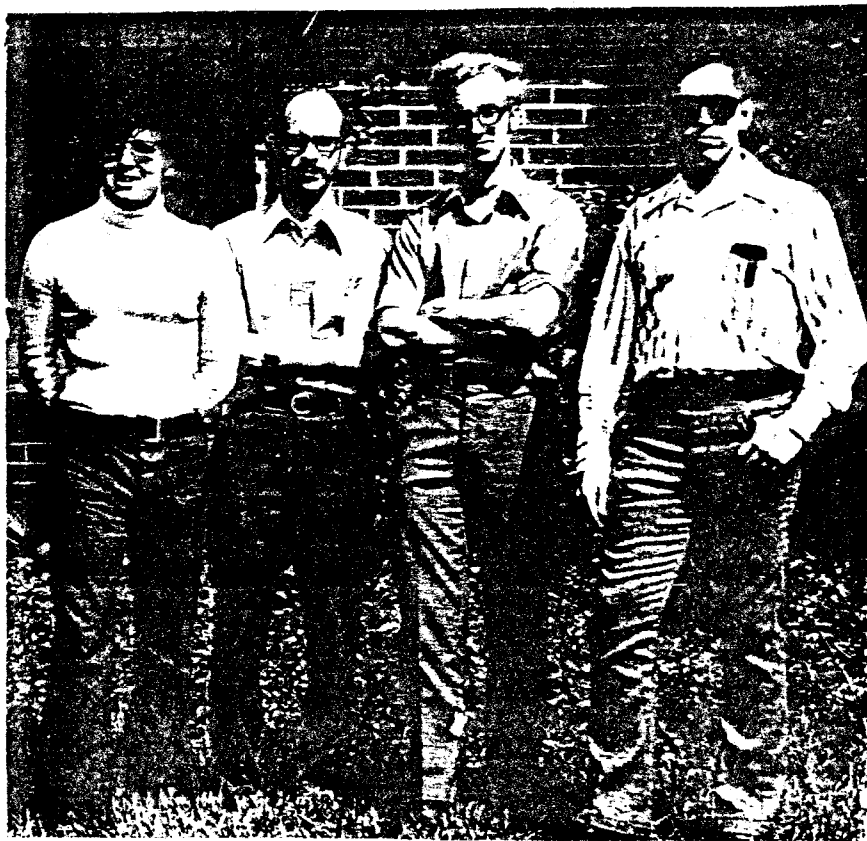


(Above) Wayne Martin

(Below) Joe Walter (left)  
Mike Bracken (right)  
Bracken's dog (center)



DAVE ROMM

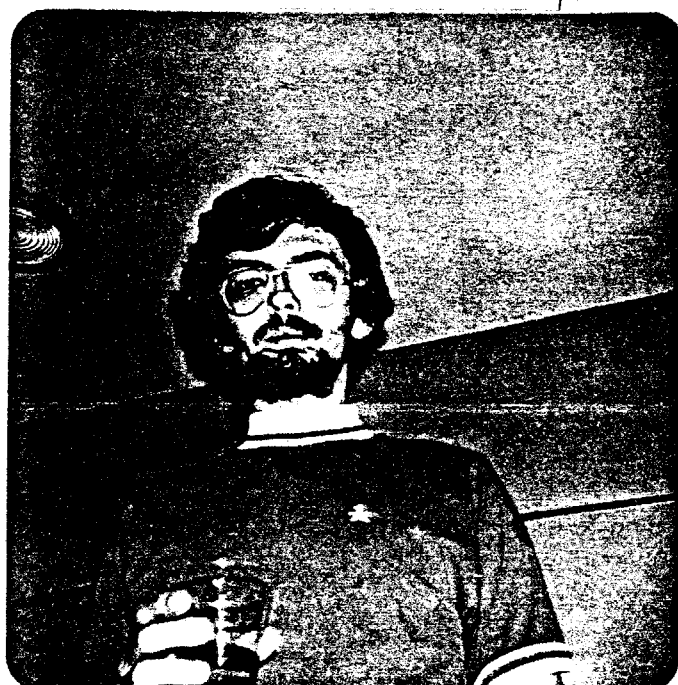




Starting lower right and proceeding clockwise, on this Discon photo we see Brett Cox, Ken Gammage, Tony Cvetko, Tom Walcher, three fans unknown to Brett Cox who sent the picture, a chair with Mike Bracken's dog, another unknown, and Brett's brother, Chip Cox.

DAVID SINGER

FRANK BALAZS





# MUNDAIA

Dee Doyle ((Her photo in T-36))  
3291 Frei Rd.  
Sebastopol, CA 95472

Irene Kahn 'CREATIVE CERAMICS'  
148-22 87 Ave.  
Jamaica, NY 11435

6/10

There are several types of xmas tree farms; ours is the 'choose and cut' variety. Bought 8 acres in '66, started the tree farm and learned from scratch how to do it. My husband Bob works full time in Santa Rosa as a banking services officer, so the heavy work on the trees is evenings and weekends. Recently bought 5 more acres and hope in several years to be able to go full time with the trees. We plant about 1,500 to the acre and hand shape with a machete. Between Thanksgiving and Christmas about 3,000 people come thru to pick a neat tree.

I'm not sure you could call our dwelling a cozy farmhouse. Originally, a small shack 80 years old, which we Mickey-Moused, cussing and drinking a lot, so everybody has a room. I have a tiny office, 5'x11'--a wall to wall desk, drafting table, and file cabinets.

My big luxury is a yearling filly I bought in '67; trained her myself-- a lifelong dream. I didn't know beans about it, so learned the hard way. She's half-Arab and a real handful!

I've been raising herbs, and ended up selling my surplus from weekend gourmeting to a local nurseryman for some pin money. I'm a jill-of-all-trades; love to study and learn new things. I'm known by my close friends as the Dirty Leprechaun, a title I picked up in my Judo class. Last year I took a class in Mexican Cooking, also learned the intricate art of bellydancing which is damned hard work! And 80% legwork. I DO ENJOY poking holes in stuff shirts. I'm enjoying my '30's immensely, and this year I'd like to learn to sail a boat. Main hobby is reading & talking-- I'm a Libra...

That's about it.  
..incurable snoop, Professional Putterer, Lifetime Student..."

I have gotten to the point in my life that I want to read, hear, and talk about real things, and not fantasy. What a crazy thing to write to an editor of a fantasy magazine! It's true. I want reality. Yet, yet, yet, I've spent most of my life steeped in fantasy. How to reconcile the two. How to use the fantasy for my benefit. It is possible. I know how to do it. I've done it. I forget often and get into fantasy, forgetting my resolve, reality. Sigh. How do I do it? Use my fantasy to my advantage? It is in awareness. It is when I can say, ah ha, that is fantasy. And the fantasy can tell me where I'm really at, what I'm really thinking, feeling.

Example:  
I'm on top of a mountain with my daughter. Just as we get to the top, I trip her and she falls off the ledge. Yikes, I say to myself after that fantasy, I must feel hostile towards my poor innocent tike.

Neal Wilgus  
Box 25771  
Albuquerque, NM 87125

4/25

I'm now 38 which seems ancient to me, but I guess that's a 'stage' you go through. Have worked at bureaucratic jobs with the U.S. Forest Service and the City of Albuquerque but can't seem to adapt to that kind of lifestyle. Now working for the US Postal Service on a night shift that makes my schedule just the opposite of 99% of the human race-- my Monday morning is everybody else's Friday night. The PO job is not a desk jockey position, thank goodness-- strictly a monotonous physical job sorting mail by zipcode and carrier which requires memorizing a bunch of junk but no sellout of beliefs, lifestyle, etc. Pay is fabulous... Am interested in: SF, fantasy/HPL, science, astronomy, yoga, the small press scene, fandom, anarchism, politics, literature, poetry, pacifism, gardening, utopianism, hiking and of course the ever popular-- sex. Not in any order I know of.

SEND MONEY FOR FARRAGO

SEND MONEY FOR FARRAGO

BRAZIER HERE...Neal sends THE MATCH, 'An International Anarchist Journal' (10¢ & monthly) P.O.Box 3488, Tucson, AZ 85722

Dave Rowe  
8 Park Dr., Wickford  
Essex SS12 9DH England

I loved that picture of your wall. My room is painted fire Brigade Red with a white ceiling. On the walls are posters, old maps, large photoprints, mainly of the sea, some astronomical maps & photos, a few pieces of fan art (mainly Andrew Stephenson's), Laurel & Hardy, & Winnie-the-Pooh singing to Charlie Chaplin. There are some rather odd patches of Red which I'll fill 'one of these days'. I'm waiting for a decent print of Arthur Rackham's 'Peter Pan & the fairies over the Serpentine'. The one Elgin Press released was incredibly fuzzy.

Malcolm Graham  
513 Lewis #1144  
San Antonio, Texas 78212

School work has been a major difficulty this past semester, with many of my readers quitting on me and leaving me in a bind. I am now able to read TITLE with much less trouble. My parents recently bought me a new TV-Magnifier that enlarges any print up to 40 times and displays it on an industrial TV monitor. The system is called the Apollo Electronic Visual Aid, and it consists of a portable TV camera and a scanning table connected to the monitor. I can expand my fan activities and read fanzines and current SF. Not fast, but a step in the right direction.

At present I'm vacationing in Alabama. I just got a new sailboat, and doing a lot of fishing.

Dan Dias  
1153 Highland Ave.  
Santa Clara, CA 95050 July 18, 1975

I just turned 21 about two weeks ago and will have been married an entire year. In the evenings during the school year I attend San Jose State Univ. where I'm attempting to earn a B.A. in law enforcement. Days I work 50-hour week as a screen printer at Hytek Microsystems in Los Gatos. My role is to print circuit patterns using gold, silver, and resistor inks on ceramics which are used for such varied purposes as digital watches and heart pacers. Meanwhile, my mate labors over at Lockheed in Sunnyvale where union clout has given her impressive hourly wages."

\*\*\*\*\*  
THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT IS BOUND AND  
DETERMINED TO TURN 17 YEAR OLD, PARENTLESS  
MINORS INTO JUVENILE DELINQUENTS

by Mike Bracken  
3918 N. 30 St.  
Tacoma, Wash 98407

Since the death of my mother in March, and since my step-father booted me out of the house in May, I have had numerous run-ins with not only government agencies but also private institutions and potential employers; so many, in fact, that I have become convinced that not only the government, but society in general, is dead-set against accepting a 17-year-old as an adult. By still being a minor I have lost out on \$4 an hour jobs, welfare, driver's license, and have had extreme difficulty filling out forms for public assistance, admission to Junior College, and financial assistance to continue my education.

Shortly after my mother died, while I was still in California, I twice applied for welfare. Both times I spent an hour in a dingy little room with a not-too-pleasant Welfare-worker who filled out forms and scribbled notes on a yellow notepad. Both times everything went well until they asked my age. When I replied, "Seventeen", they said, in effect, "Sorry, we can't help you. You're still a minor-- thought you looked older." Then they tore up the stacks of forms and ushered me out of the office.

When I moved here to Washington, I immediately tried to get Social Security. I am eligible-- my natural father is severely disabled and my natural mother is deceased -- except for one trivial matter: they can't send benefit checks directly to a minor. When asked the question, "Who's your parent or guardian?" I answered, "I don't have one." After considerable discussion it was finally agreed that the checks would come care of my grandmother. But in less than two months I turn eighteen and have to go back to have the paper work redone. And they're three months behind on the checks to boot.

After being here about two weeks I heard about a few sales positions at \$4 an hour. I shaved, put on my best clothes and went to apply. I found myself in a room with about ten other people, all of whom were applying for the same positions. The guy



who was to do the preliminary interview asked us to be prepared to prove we were eighteen or older. As I stood, I asked him if there was any chance at all for someone under eighteen to get the job. He looked at me squarely and said, "No." I left.

Since my move to Washington, I have applied and been admitted to Tacoma Community College. It was relatively easy to write the word 'none' in the space provided for 'Parent or Guardian', but when it came to filling out the forms for financial assistance, I found myself in quite a predicament. Not only was I listed on my parent's income tax return for 1974, but I had received more than 600 dollars of financial support during 1975; this made me a dependent. Because of this, I was supposed to have my parents fill out forms determining their ability to supplement my educational costs. Unfortunately, this was impossible due to my circumstances.

I found, after wading through bureaucratic red tape, that there was a supplemental form to one of the forms, allowing me to fill out the latter. I had to get help from the Financial Assistance Officer at TCC to fill out the other.

When I applied for public assistance, for which, among other reasons, I'm not eligible because of my age, my grandmother and I spent two and a half hours filling out forms. When we arrived at the Public Assistance Office, we had to fill out even more. After getting through the front desk and in to see a Case-Worker, I found that none of the forms applied to the situation, and that I was ineligible for assistance. However, in this case my age was a positive factor, along with a physical problem, and I was given medical coupons.

Just recently I received a letter from the California Department of Motor Vehicles; they have cancelled my driver's license because I'm a minor and the adult who signed for my license has filed a form requesting such. Fine and dandy. When I went to the Washington DMV today and began to have the applications filled out, everything went fine...until they spotted the birthdate. The guy refunded my money, tore up the forms and told me to come back with proof that I'd had driver's training-- or wait two

months until I turn eighteen.

As each of these events, and scads of lesser ones occur, I become more convinced that the government is attempting to train me for a life of crime. If I were eighteen, and therefor an adult, I would have had little or no problem-- in fact, most of the agencies would have heaped money on me. As it is, I can receive little or no help, and practically the only way I can get help is to help myself.

Literally -- to anything I can.

As a minor, no matter how close I am to eighteen, I can't get a decent paying job, welfare, public assistance, or a variety of other things. I truly think, if my moral standards were lower, I'd rob a liquor store, get enough money to live on....

....and tell the government to go to hell.

-- Mike Bracken, July 8, 1975

((You'd think that's the end, eh? Well, on July 17 Mike sent me a postcard, and on July 21 a letter. The card first...))

"To top off all the trouble I've been having, this morning at about 12:30 A.M. some wiped-out jerk plowed into my car and, quite possibly, totaled it. He had to drive on the wrong side of the street to do it." ((This card was written to me at 2 A.M. just after the above happened, apparently.))

"In today's mail," the letter begins, "I received a letter from the California Department of Motor Vehicles which states in part, '...you have been selected at random from among those drivers with a clear record and your driver's license has been extended for one year.' Funny! I had received a ticket for doing 90 in a 55 zone, had the license suspended for 30 days..." ((And you know the rest about California wanting his license back because Mike's a minor. But has Mike lost heart? No! Here's his P.S....))

"If I get enough insurance money from my car I'm going to buy a mimeograph. When/if my Soc.Sec. comes through I'm going to get a mimeoscope, styli, and such and be on my way for next issue." ((KNIGHTS OF THE PAPER SPACESHIP.))



Do you have pointers or opinions about fanzine production problems and/or policies?

# F M Z O I C G Y

Buck Coulson supplies first a quotation from Georgette Heyer that he feels is "a quite adequate description" of himself: 'Towards all but the very few people he loves I fear he will always be largely indifferent.' Keep this in mind as you read Buck's words...."A few years ago I could have said truthfully that nobody had ever received a free sample of YANDRO (even when they requested one -- especially when they requested one, for that matter). Then I sent several to teachers, on request, and a few to names I picked out of prozine letter columns who looked interesting. I've now cut out the teachers, but I still may send one or two samples a year -- not on request, though." -- Route 3, Hartford City, IN 47348 Mar.17, 1975

Ned Brooks: "Tried to reprint an old book called BOGEY BEASTS, now the printer has lost two pages. And meanwhile, back at the mimeo, Sam Long and I are to publish Mae Strelkov's DISCOON TRIP REPORT. We would like to run as many good photos as possible, would welcome artwork as well, if it's pertinent. Or even impertinent. And do you have addresses for Susan Wood and Joan Bowers? They are supposed to have lists of the contributors to the Fund, who should get free copies of this, as they ran it." --713 Paul St., Newport News, Va 23605 July 15, 1975

Eric Lindsay: "Certainly most sf readers are not fans, and never have been. On fiction, I've used three pieces in 22 issues ((of GEGEN SCHEIN)). I've had lots of stories offered to me-- most of them were unreadable imitations of prozine pieces. Personally I'm of the opinion that if a story is commercially oriented, then it should be published for money in a prozine. If it isn't good enough for that, then it certainly shouldn't be hawked 'round the fanzines." --6 Hillcrest Ave, Faulconbridge, NSW 2776 Australia July 9, 1975

Paul Skelton, Skel: "I am intrigued by the different versions of how to get onto TITLE's mailing list as given by yourself and Irvin Koch. Do you in fact have a waiting list and only move people from it when you drop someone from your actual mailing list? I can't think of any other way of maintaining one's print run at a specific number unless drop-outs always equal requests and new trades -- somewhat unlikely to say the least. The waiting list idea would, if true, make the remark 'TITLE is a bloomin apa' even more applicable. I'd like to know how you manage it. I'm trying to keep a highly responsive mailing list and yet I find my print run is still going up and up." -- INFERNO, 25 Bowland Close, Offerton, Stockport, Cheshire, SK2 5NW England July 27, 1975 ((Skel, see this ish's AITOI. More specifically, I do keep TITLE at 125 print-run; except for just lately, drop-outs always equalled new readers/trades. I have returned some subscription cash and have not always traded with everyone, so as to keep the very responsive. There has not been a waiting list except for some months when the current ish was exhausted and a newcomer had to wait until next month. FARRAGO will satisfy traders (I hope) and those fans with only money to offer, thus easing the pressure which has built up.))

Denis Quane: "I would appreciate your comments on the relative merits of the two processes as seen in recent issues of NOTES. Issues 1-8 were entirely mimeographed with electrostenciled illos. The cover illos on 9 & 11 were offset, as well as a few inside pages of 9, 10, & 11. Most of the rest of these issue were mimeographed except for covers and the Narnia section of #10, which were commercially offset printed. Through the University I only paid \$10 to get #12 offset printed -I'd have paid almost as much for stencils and electrostenciled illos. Major advantage of offset is that it means less work for me since I don't have to run it off myself with slipsheeting (or deslipsheeting, which is worse). Disadvantage is that I have less control over the result." -- Box CC, East Texas Sta, Commerce, TX 75428 Jul 20, '75



# VECTOR

Harry Warner, Jr.: "I enjoyed Paul Walker's story. Its liveliness and humor and internal energy surprised me, because Paul's non-fiction is sedate and calmly reasoned. I just wouldn't have guessed him as the author, under any circumstances. The last time I read any prozines, several issues of ANALOG about a year ago, I found several stories that bored me; this one definitely didn't. It's written in a professional manner, which wasn't true of about half the stories in those ANALOGS."

Dave Rowe: "I really went a bundle on that Eric Mayer cover. He can draw as well as write well. I think I ought to retire."

Ben Indick: "Paul Walker's story had its moments, particularly when it was least reverent. It was basically nice old-fashioned SF and there's plenty right about that! My prime complaint, a sort of hop-sotchiness-- he simply popped things at us; the Nofardians came from nowhere & so did his villainous spy. I like seeing fanfic in TITLE, as in any fanzine. This was pleasantly developed traditional SF, although at times I felt Paul was almost to spoof the whole thing."

Larry Downes: "Stop sending out these damn TITLES so fast -- my mailman is complaining he hasn't time to finish reading one before, plop, there's another one."

John Carl: "The TITLE of today is not as vociferous a conversation as it was a few years ago." ((With FARRAGO in the picture, TITLE can return to its former vociferousness (by cutting down on articles/fiction and re-emphasizing locs))) "Paul Walker's story is crap, I'm afraid."

Jane Elizabeth Fisher: "I particularly like the amount of space you give to your readers and/or correspondents. I enjoy LoC columns more than anything else in fanzines, and my sample issue reads like a ten-page LoC written by a cast of tens."

## STRICTLY TITLE

Craig Hill: "Basically, TITLE reminds me of a Monthly Fannish Telephone Book."

Jeff Hecht: "I can see where the initial reaction to TITLE might be befuddlement. I'm not sure what to make of it myself."

John W. Andrews: "Frankly, TITLE has me baffled. Baffle, a word related to babble, Babel, Babylon. Yours is more like a Quonset hut or Fuller Dome: it doesn't have the height, but what a spread. I'm unable to find a pattern in TITLE."

Brett Cox: "A lot of fanzines concern themselves not mostly with fantasy, but with the real world. TITLE is living proof of this."

Richard Brandt: "Help! Send some more TITLE soon!"

Paul di Filippo: "For the most part I find fan fiction to be abysmally bad. Not so with Walker's story. It wasn't Hugo material, just a solid, funny, well-written tale. Never again will I read a serious story of first-contact with aliens without thinking of Sweet covered with birds and sprouting an affectionate plant."

Neal Wilgus: good poet. ACTIVITY 70-70 vocalized something I've always felt. Wilgus has the sterile routine portrayed perfectly."

Stephen H. Dorneman: "Sweet, the least part of the zine. I have no quibble with the writing per se, but it's just another example of the trend in both pro and fanzines to satirize the space opera hero stereotype. In order to be done with this trend, once and for all, note the enclosed first chapters of CHILDREN OF THE EVIL RINGS OF TITUS XXI." ((Watch for this hilarious spoof!))

Jim Meadows: "Why isn't Jackie Franke drawing for a prozine?"

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TITLE #43

OCTOBER 1975

COVER..... Bruce Townley  
AITOI ..... Editor  
TAKING CARE OF  
YOUR BODY.... Bruce Townley  
AITOI DECORATION... Steve  
McDonald  
KITTEN MEET..... Dave Rowe  
KITTEN ART..... Eldon Everett  
WHO GOES FIRST..... Terry Jeeves  
BARBECUE SAUCE..... Will Norris  
Irene Kahn  
I\*C\*I\*T\*M\*..... Editor  
MORE THAN QUICK.... Roy Tackett  
Jeff Hecht  
Gary Grady  
Brett Cox  
Jim Meadows  
Sheryl Birk-  
head  
Paul Walker  
Will Norris  
Simon Agree  
SF PATCH..... Stuart Gilson  
Will Norris  
Harry Warner  
John Robinson  
Marci Helms  
PHOTO SECTION..... Assorted  
Rogues  
MUNDANIA..... Dee Doyle  
Irene Kahn  
Neal Wilgus  
Dave Rowe  
Malcolm Graham  
Dan Dias  
USA GOVERNMENT  
PLOT, etc..... Mike Bracken  
FMZOOLOGY ..... Buck Coulson  
Ned Brooks  
Eric Lindsay  
Paul Skelton  
Denis Quane  
VECTOR ..... Harry Warner  
Dave Rowe  
Ben Indick  
Larry Downes  
John Carl  
Jane Fisher  
Paul di Filippo  
Stephen Dorneman  
Jim Meadows  
Craig Hill  
Jeff Hecht  
John W. Andrews  
Brett Cox  
Richard Brandt

FROM: Donn Brazier  
1455 Fawnvalley Dr  
St. Louis, Mo. 63131



*Eric Lindsay*  
*6 Hillcut Ave*  
*Fairclimb NSW 2776*  
*Australia*

**To**

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