



Aug 23

At 'Island St. Louis' it is rare for any specific sfish event to occur; and yet yesterday three such events took place. Rick Wilber dropped in to see me at the museum before he left for California and the NASFIC, picking up some names of people I hoped he could say hello to. I showed him the progress made with FAR-RAGO, and told him to pass the word in any ear he could capture at the con.

In the early evening my wife & I drank, ate, and viewed "A Study in Terror" (Sherlock Holmes meets Jack the Ripper) at the quarterly meeting of the Noble Bachelors and Concubines. Lord St. Simon (Phil Schoeffler) informed me of his recent pilgrimage to H.P. Lovecraft haunts and hamlets, and his dinner meeting with L. Sprague de Camp -- all in connection with a 'concordance' Phil is writing, very likely for Dell Publishing Co. If the deal goes through (as seems likely), deCamp will write an intro about HPL and Phil's concordance of place-names from HPL's works will follow.

About 1 A.M., as I was sleepily reading PREHEN SILE 14 (a tremendous issue, by the way), the phone rang. Expecting bad news, I got up off the bed to find Dave Romm on the other end of the line. He's quite happy that I have used many of the photos he supplied me with from his candid snapping around the Albany group. He and Frank Balazs are beginning serious work on the next TWO MAGICIANS.

Aug 24

Three times now, Jeff Hecht has brought up a request (5/14, 7/26, 8/23) and I have neglected any mention of it. Jeff, editor of a professional journal, LASER FOCUS, inquires if there's anyone around who has done or is interested in doing a history of lasers as used in science fiction. The laser in SF can go back to the "ray gun" because Jeff is interested in tracing the history of the idea. Anyone having info or desiring to work on the article (including any artist who can paint a spiffy-sffy picture of a "Buck Rogers" type as he blasts away with his laser "raygun") must get in touch with Jeff at 54 Newell Rd., Auburndale, MA 02166.

Not for LASER FOCUS but Jeff tosses out another article idea-- has anyone done a study on the whole doom-day syndrome in writing? In the last 15 years and including such popular cliches as Paul Erlich's THE POPULATION BOMB.

One more note/query from Jeff: does anyone know anything about NASA's study on "Martian History"?

Aug 25

Jim Meadows calls my attention to a typo in his quoted words of T-42 that he wants me to clear up. Sorry, Jim, I saw it after the issue was done and hoped people would understand. The correction: when referring to Cagle's piece, the line ought to read "Obviously none of the cruel bits is to be taken seriously..." I hope no one tried to figure out which one of Cagle's bits was to be taken seriously.

Aug 26

Have I mentioned I'm making wine? First, last Feb I started with a can of burgandy concentrate. It turned out so well (in one month's aging!) that I tried a cold duck conc; then a second burgandy. Now I am experimenting. I made 4 gals of mulberry which is getting good; then some prune-plum, 4 gals, which is pretty sour at this time. Yesterday I went all out-- 5 gals of prune-plum, raisins, half a banana, cup of wild grapes, a dozen rose pips, 2 green apples, and a few hand-selected rose petals. I'll drink anything-- if it doesn't explode first! I'm confident of success because I am scientific-- use a hydrometer for sugar conc and acid testing strips.

- Aug 30 -

Attractive brochure from Henry Regnery Co., 180 N. Mich. Ave, Chicago, Ill 60601 & a letter from Marianne Jasin, Dir. of Publicity. Both call attention to the October pub-date of 2000 A.D.: Illustrations from the Golden Age of Science Fiction Pulp. Jacques Sadoul, editor, has arranged illos not by pulpzine or chronological, but by theme; for instance, "Age of Robots", "SpaceShips", "Women of the Cosmos", "Dream Weapons", etc. This book seems to be really an English translation from Denoel, 1973; 176pps, over 8 by 10 size, and both hardback (\$15) and paperback (\$7.95).

Don't know how this pubco got my name, but I sent back a list of faneds in the hopes that they, too, might get the brochure which possibly may contain nearly all of the full-color illos to be printed in the book itself.

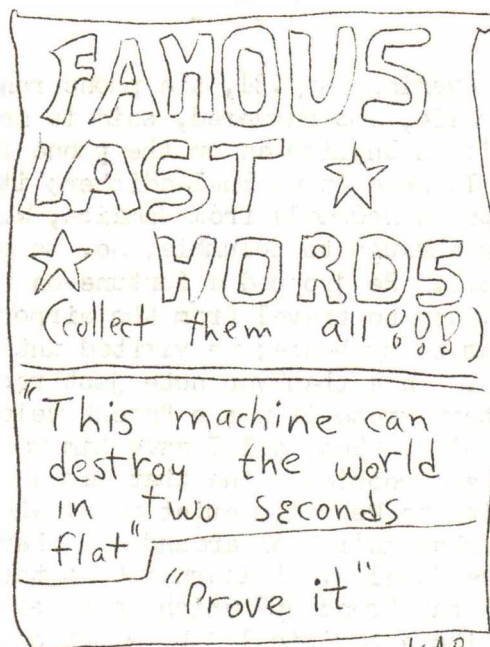
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Well, well, I'm a ENF! Must be...how else would those crazy Michigan fans invite me to attend AutoClave as fan GoH? The convention, at Howard Johnson's New Center Motor Lodge in Detroit, will be held May 28-31. Registration is \$5 in advance; \$6 after First of May; \$7 at the door. Send registrations to AutoClave, Box 04097, Detroit, MI 48204.

This con is (I interpret from Leah Zeldes' letter) semi-structured but will be designed to appeal to "fannish and fanzine fans"; a kind of con that sounds good to me. Some panels are in the works; also banquet. The pro guest of honor is none other than Gene Wolfe, and the toastmaster is Mike Glicksohn.

What could be better! I have met both men; they're great! They both find TITLÉ entertaining; in fact, Gene is the only pro-author (in the well-established meaning) to consistently LoC TITLÉ.

Therefore, I do hereby officially declare that one of the nights will be openhouse in Brazier's room for TITLERS. (Any non-TITLÉ who bows three times at the door will be admitted by the gatekeeper, Barbek the Inflamed. At his or her own risk!)



KAB

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Aug 31
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In T-42 I printed a piece of Jim Kennedy's putdown of a name-dropper which Bruce D. Arthurs identifies as having appeared in the PROLOGUECON II program book. Bruce goes on to explain: "PROLOGUECON is a local annual 'sort of' mini-con held at Joe Scheffer's home about a mile from here. ((Around Scottsdale, AZ)) The program book itself was only five pages long, and Kennedy's piece (based on the Mad Hatter episode from Alice in Wonderland) was only a page long itself. If I remember, I'll xerox a copy for you."

Chester Cuthbert calls my attention to a bad typo in T-42. I spelled Saki's real name, Monro; it should be Munro. I apologize to Ben Indick for my typo, and thank Chester for the correction.

Last week two cards came from Aussiecon: one from Ned Brooks, one from Bob Tucker. The latter contained the signatures of 15 fans/pros, some Aussies, some Statesiders. I am proud of both those cards, and the goodwill represented.

Many thanks to all of you. Fandom is wonderful!

** FARRAGO -- about 48 pages of 'Mixed Bag'
-- for Trade or Sub only
-- 75¢ or 3 for \$2

sept 4

Sunday evening, Aug. 31, the phone rang and my wife, who answered, said to me: "There's an Englishman on the phone for you." It weren't no Englandisher; it'were Steve McDonald from Jamaica, W.I., passing through to Columbia, Mo. to go to school. He dropped a fortune on the cab company to travel from the airport environs to my house; we visited until one A.M. In a thankyou note just received, Steve wrote it was a "great welcome to the USA". Gee, all I gave him was coffee and cookies! And that was a little bribe to keep him quiet about where I live when he's ever around Brad Parks or Bruce Townley. I learned that the English say "send up" which means something like a satirical jab, a put-on, maybe "to mock".

Words, phrases, grammar, etc. are interesting to me. Driving home from work I began thinking about the fact that some -- not all -- words for use by the doer are different than for the "one-acted-upon". Example: I give; you take. But how about: "I stab; you ----?" Suffer a rather deep puncture wound?? Of course one can say, "you are stabbed", but that doesn't seem to have the crystal clarity of some special word; "you bats"? Then there are exact duplicates: I kiss; you kiss. What does Esperanto have to say about doer/receiver grammar, Gary?

Leah Zeldes (Jul 14) says: "There's a controversy currently raging in RAPS on the religious make-up of fandom. Maybe a poll on the subject??" Then Will Norris (Sept 2) brings it up, thinking perhaps fandom's status in all this has possibly been done to death. My feeling is that, like Leah and Will feel, it would be interesting to know the data, but fans might consider this too personal a probe. My own background is very early protestanism (by going to any Sunday School that happened to be nearby & for no more than several Sundays in a row) and several years when I was in HS and interested in fantasy of reading Jehovah Witness books. Religion to me, at best, is fantasy; at second-best a social get-together; at worst, a cruel hoax. I'm talking about churches now. I'm not an atheist; yet I can't swallow the Bible or a personal man-type god, especially with a mother, son, and all

that Greek mythology pattern. I accept the ethical teachings of most religions, but you can get those out of any philosophy, including your private braincells. They're good because they work; yet, I'm not a complete pragmatist. I still get an eery feeling that something is up there in the remote end of space with all those unbelievable stars and galaxies. And that the sun rise is a glorious, reverent happening, and that the sun has no business being so good. Until I can imagine a beginning (or an ending) of time and space, as just one unfathomable mystery, I will never be an atheist. Yet if one says that nature or "force" is God, that's a copout. What that is, is nature or "force". And the only god of that could be, has to be Lady Luck. All the rest is one plus one equals two.

Enough! But two things I want to know....

1. Judging from what I've said, some of you experts tell me what the name of my philosophy is. Or what philosopher has said something similar.
2. Any SF story been written on the theme that god is Lady Luck, blind chance, or purposeful random alterations of the ordered universe?

Sept 5

I'm disappointed that only one person-- Jackie Franke -- bothered with the Laser Center puzzle. Well, it's proof again that one cannot trust one's excitement over one's own ideas. Or, to put it another way it's a long road between originality of thought and a good value judgement by one's peers.

In the last issue (#43) Sam Long's quiz of spelling 'Title' in foreign languages reads, top to bottom: English, French, German/Swedish, Spanish/Portuguese, Esperanto/Italian, Greek, Polish, and Russian. Sam explains that the Russian in his polyglot quiz really means 'title' as in nobility whereas a book title is 'zaglariye'; Perhaps the nobility word is best since its form is more like the English. Oh oh, I see a forgot a small cross-bar on the Polish 'L' when I traced the quiz...

Picture postcard of a Maori warrior sticking his tongue out from New Zealand, card sent by Tucker & Rusty Hevelin with short message: "We are finding new fans all over the South Pacific." Received Sept. 4th. and postmarked from Auckland.

Sept 12

Good things often come in small packages; and sometimes almost get lost. Let me explain. First, anyone who gets mail from Sheryl Birkhead knows that the envelope flap is sealed with some color of sealing wax. Remember that. Second, Sheryl has just returned from Australia. Third, she has - along with Mike Glicksohn - met my wife. So, on Sept.9 there came a letter from Sheryl with a one-inch, flat, square package inside. Before I tell you about that, here's the pertinent part of the message: "What's enclosed for Mrs. isn't much, but it's a token from Aussie land."

I opened the package while I reclined in my 'recliner'. I thought I saw something fall out of it onto my pants. Inside the wrapping was a black square of cardboard -- that's all. Gotta be more than that, I said as I examined the cardboard. The remnants of a glued spot caught my eye. Ah ha, something had been glued there! I looked down at my pants and found this tiny green something. Looked like turquoise, and perhaps Sheryl had noted my wife's turquoise jewelry and had sent a genuine sample from Australia. But is that country a source of turquoise?

I called my wife over. Look what Sheryl Birkhead sent you -- a sliver of turquoise. My wife looked at the tiny green substance rather doubtfully. But what's that white thing on your pants, she said. I picked it up.

It was a beautifully shaped, polished piece of opal scattering blue, pink, and green light in my eyes. It's an opal, I said, dimly remembering that Australia was a good source for the gem.

But what's this little chunk of green stuff, I said. My wife, being a Sherlock Holmes buff, said: Elementary, my dear Brazier; it's a piece of the sealing wax that fell off the envelope onto your pants earlier when you opened the letter. I looked at the envelope. Yes, green wax. And yes, a red-faced Brazier.

Thank you, Sheryl-- both for the opal and a minute mystery solved by the astute reasoning of my local detective. She hadn't smiled so large in days!

Sept.13

Sheryl, being too tired to relate any poop on Aussiecon, it fell to Paul Anderson in a letter written Sept 5 and arriving here on the 11th to give me a little news.

"I'm still a bit tired from the Worldcon in Melbourne as I certainly did not get too much sleep there. It was a really smooooooth con with Tucker in great form as he worked his way through Melbourne's stocks of Jim Beam. One of the better things about the con was my being able to renew acquaintance with the Americans and Canadians that I saw in '73. It was a shame that you couldn't make it down here as you would have loved it. Rotsler got his long overdue Hugo. However, I was nauseated to see The Alien Critic get the fanzine award yet again. The Australians supported Bruce ((Gillespie)) for SFC but there was insufficient organisation on our part." ((That's all; wish there'd been a little more about the con.))

Jeff Hecht sent me a comp copy of LASER FOCUS of which he's Managing Editor. The journal has a laser-fusion target explosion on the cover-- striking, 4-color. The contents are technical (for professional laser people). Example of a sentence pulled out at random: "The spinflap-raman semiconductor laser..that has defied control because of parasitic bounce modes which degrade mode quality and limit the observed external conversion efficiency, is being tamed with an external cavity.." My God, Jeff, do you know what all that jargon means?

Doc Wertham sends a clip about Julius and Ethel Rosenberg that mentions him as one of a handful of people 'who stood by' the Rosenberg children. Doc treated the two boys in his clinic for two years. Doc says: "They were in bad shape but it turned out all right. All the other clinics had refused to accept them. And I was told by colleagues that if I treated them I'd lose my reputation. But I've lost my reputation so often that I can hardly call it my own anymore." The Rosenbergs, you will remember, were executed as atomic spies in 1953. Considering the hysteria, the times, it shows Doc's non-fake courage and dedicated concern to helping 'people' no matter how unpopular the cause, or how dangerous to the career of a professional man. I wonder what I would have done had I been in Wertham's competent shoes?

Everyone knows I'm not keeping up with my SF reading. I start stories, and put them down in disgust. I struggled through most of NEBULA AWARD STORIES SEVEN (ed. by Lloyd Biggle, Jr.). They were horrible! I am finding a little more meat in Ben Bova & his FORWARD IN TIME; shall we say a little more science in the SF there than idea-less non-science, rather precious and self-conscious works in the Nebula collection?

I like SCIENCE. If it weren't for the traditional concepts embodying physics, chem, biology, and psychology treated as sensory/perceptual phenomena, I wouldn't ever read SF -- or attempt to read it.

Thus, I read (or scan) more science books and magazines than SF. Right at the moment I have a love affair with a department in SMITHSONIAN magazine called "Phenomena, comment and notes". I must write James K. Page, Jr, the author of the dept., and tell him so. Anyway, the Sept issue's installment doesn't miss on any bit.

There's the New Zealander who took pictures of his genetic experiment petri dishes as the bacteroids from a single cell of a peanut root nodule spell out "Have a Happy Day". He, Page, says: "Philosophers tell us that everywhere we look in nature there is a message if we can read it. Some people...finding the letters of the alphabet in the patterns of moth wings." Mr. Page, do you know about rock books?

Another squib: "A favorite theme of Grade Z science fiction movies is the return of prehistoric creatures to terrorize the scene. Well, it is a possibility-- and we may well bring it about in the course of mining the ocean bottom for manganese nodules."

Lately my mind has been occupied with the wood ticks infesting my two dogs this year. I've been wondering what earthly good might be said for a blood-sucking tick? Mr. Page explains briefly why there are certain times when parasitism is OK.

Then, one more I found fascinating. We have been thinking of Earth as a giant, self-contained spaceship. It is time, says Page, to consider "the entire solar system...a fleet of spaceships orbiting the center of the Milky Way Galaxy every 500 million years." Croggling!

Hope I'm not boring you with the material I find. Not only is it brief, but there's no precious characterization, locale, and other fictional garbage. In each one of the foregoing bits my imagination builds a little story, undeveloped and quickly discarded in the search for another piece of fascinating speculation. You guys and gals, whoever you are, can go to the sweat of writing the story. All you can get for that waste of time is money.

Then there's Robert L. Bates who writes "The Geologic Column" in GEOTIMES. He likes to pick out unconscious humor, or poke fun at balloons -- all found, as in any dead-serious group, among the geologists. Or anywhere, like this 'English' on a set of plans supplied by the Chinese: "Take the running knob up, pursuit all around the contour by the tracing point." Or someone's idea that the large dust storms on Mars are caused by overgrazing of dinosaurs followed by a long dry spell."

Bates likes to quote horrible examples of the tendency of pedants to string a long series of nouns together as surrogate adjectives. Example: "State College National Science Foundation Earth Science Summer In-Service Institute Tentative Weekly Schedule." He looks for the typo or poorly put phrase. Example: A Conoco advertisement for a geologist with "plus or minus 5 years' operating experience." Example: the word "non-unconformity". Example: "...to simulate an exchange of ideas" as NASA typoed.

I'll end this (for now this issue anyway) with this one I laughed myself sick over. It seems a lecture announcement from the Colorado Science Society printed that Harrison Schmitt will speak after which "there is a possibility that a display including Dr. Schmitt's space suit will be open for a short while." Bates merely adds "Tsk Tsk." Damn, I hope Ed Cagle likes that one and writes another article for TITLE. Guess you can't have everything. Which reminds me that I have developed an infatuation with the humor and style of Paul di Filippo. At my request to him for something along the lines I've been reading in D'Amassa's great MYTHOLOGIES, Paul has complied with "Conduits of Lust". It'll appear in FARRAGO #1.

Now, take Stan Getz off the turntable and make a toasted peanut butter sandwich and hit the sack.

SF ★ RALPH

Roy Tackett: "Ben's short appreciation of Saki was much appreciated in this corner.

Saki and the others Ben mentions are generally overlooked by today's generation of fen...a pity because the writings of Saki, Collier, etc. are quite superior to most of the stuff that appears today." also "I haven't read Dhalgren and, judging from what I've read about it, it is unlikely that I will. There are too many other books to read to bother with something like Dhalgren." ((I won't bother myself; book reviews do have a function, after all. Even the favorable reviews turn me off because of the reasons given by the reviewer. And it's too long, they say.))

Leah Zeldes: " 'A Boy and His Dog' has finally come to Detroit, and there's an expedition being organized to see it. They haven't decided whether they want to cheer or boo Harlan Ellison's name in the credits." also "Have you seen 'Monty Python and the Holy Grail'? It has to be the most hilarious movie I've ever seen. It's also a great one for deriving things from: Gary Mattingly has taken two apazine titles from it, and one of the standard responses to a dumb question around here now is 'What's the airspeed velocity of a swallow?'"

Don Ayres: "A comment you made once and Ben Indick's new series prompts me to include a note on John Collier. I recently found an address for him (C/o A.D.Peters & Co., 10 Buckingham Street, London W.C.2, England) and wrote him a note of appreciation for his stories, adding that he had been acknowledged in my research paper. About two weeks later I received a brief hand-written note from Collier informing me that he now lives in France. More important is: 'I'm not very happy about most of the stuff I've written, except a few short stories, but I hope you'll get hold of the Paradise Lost screenplay and find it worth your while.' (He refers to MILTON'S PARADISE LOST: SCREENPLAY FOR CINEMA OF THE MIND.) Lastly, he calls James Salter's LIGHT YEARS 'really first rate...' He ought to be deluged with letters of appreciation to say that he has done something worthwhile." ((One of most treasured books in my SF library is Collier's FANCIES & GOODNIGHTS; I'll certainly write a note of appreciation to him, Don. Somehow I didn't think he was still alive; I've liked him for such a long time, and I'm so damn old already myself!))

Don D'Amassa: "I'm glad to see someone besides myself admit to a fondness for Saki, Collier, Dahl, and the others of their school of writing. I've always thought Saki one of the most underrated short story writers in any field, and Collier easily deserves more recognition than he has received. I notice Pocket has recently brought back into print his fantasy novel, HIS MONKEY WIFE, -- long overdue. Ben's piece reminded me of so many good stories, I'm tempted to dig out all of my Saki and read him right now. ((Ben Indick has promised to enlarge and treat more fully his Saki piece for FARRAGO #2, and then continue the series in that zine where I feel it more rightly belongs, and will do it more justice.))

Michael T. Shoemaker: "Don't write me off as totally gafiated...I look forward to Indick's series on these neglected authors. He should also look into Charles Beaumont & Gerald Kersh, who are in the same vein. About 8 or 9 years ago PBS had a series of excellent Saki dramatizations on TV. These inspired me to read the complete short stories." and "Eric Mayer's comment 'a great story is one that makes you think' is pathetically narrow. I hate to defend a camp I once raved against (those 'I feel' people), but stories which make one feel can be just as great. So, too, those that give an accurate picture of a certain time or way of life. And what good would any of this be if they were unreadably boring?"

K.Allen Bjorke: "This business of reading sf and being a fan at the same time has got me thinking again about just what sf is. To take the easy way out, I

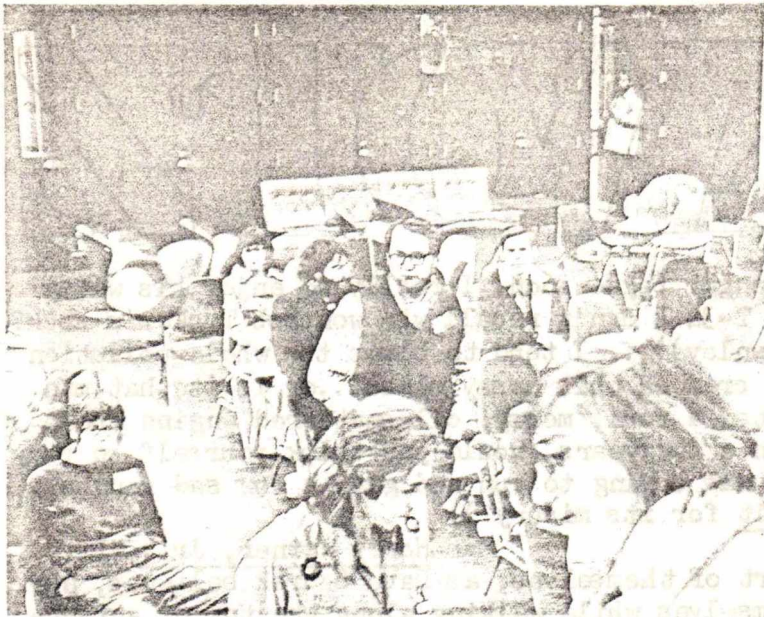
can look it up in my American Heritage Dictionary and get "based on elements of scientific discovery and prediction", which seems a fine definition for 'mad scientist' stories or a lot of older Heinlein stuff etc., but what about books which are classified sf and carry the sf label but don't fit, like 1984 or, more recently, Dhalgren? Or does background qualify for the word 'based'? If 1984 gets the sf label, then it seems that so should Fail Safe, or On the Beach. And if the Tolkein books are found in the sf section of bookstores, then why not The Exorcist? It seems that sf is what the publishers say is sf, in which case I must protest, since sf is commonly known as a 'ghetto' market as far as money-for-manuscripts is concerned, and here it is the publisher's fault that sf is sf all along. A conspiracy among publishers to be able to pay less for certain manuscripts, almost. And, at the risk of being tarred and feathered by all fandom, I must place the blame on our beloved Uncle Hugo Gernsback, since he started the 'genre' and the resulting world of pulpazines, fandom, and all that makes sf into sf instead of simply literature of a more imaginative form than most. So may I say that Uncle Hugo was a scoundrel for doing unto sf to make money at the expense of all the sf writers of the future? For now sf is one of the low-paying fields thanks to its being sf and not just imaginative literature. But then, without sf as a genre, how could we have fandom?" ((Because there are enough new readers of TITLE who don't know my own opinion on 'what is sf?', I'll say again that I prefer a genre classification; I do not care for non-sf labeled as sf, even though the non-sf story may very well be intensely excellent; I treat such a story as a masquerade, at best, and feel toward it the way I feel toward some pop singer like Kate Smith, or an opera star, attempting to sing a jazz number with consequent horribly on-pitch intonation and strictly downbeat phrasing.))

Jessica Amanda Salmonson: "MIDNIGHT FANTASY editor, William Pugmire, and I went to visit Harold Warner Munn this week and the week before. WEIRD TALES fans should know him; he's in his early seventies now, a very gentle and intelligent man, recently given the Good Health Seal from his doctor. He did readings from his as-yet unpublished historical epic novel THE LOST LEGION. Quite a gripping thing it is too, and he reads so well."

Stephen H. Dorneman: "I agree with Wayne Martin that every story I've read seemed to make me think in some way, but with a good story I never stop reading merely to ponder some point the author has introduced as a sidelight. After I've finished, yes, but not while reading it for the first time. If something truly glaring, like Martin's time-stopped man, comes up, I usually find some way to explain it away in order to not break the story's continuity. For instance, in the above mentioned example, I envision a field of timelessness extending about the man and including everything he touches. Without this, not only would he not be able to move things, but his own clothing (assuming he has any) would become a prison." and "If you're interested in cosmology or black holes, I highly recommend John G. Taylor's science sensationalism, BLACK HOLES: THE END OF THE UNIVERSE? If you do read it though, you might want to skim over the first couple of chapters which Taylor spends in justifying scientific investigation to the reader, and comes off sounding rather fanatical. But the later chapters, especially the one on the possible infinite number of universes, provide enough food for hours of thought and pages of speculation."

Jim Meadows II: "So someone else has heard of Saki! I have a book of his collected short works, which I am chewing through, stuff which would read much better if I was back at the turn of the century reading it in the newspapers, but still interesting. Saki deserves immortality for the invention of Filboid Studge alone."

Ken Josenhans: "Sure expensive books are nice, but economically they can't be justified to most people. For the cost of an average hardcover (and nowadays, most hardcovers aren't that well put together), I can buy 4 to 6 paperbacks. For a while this year I was reading a pb daily; hc's could have cost me \$50/week! Pbs also take up less space."



Some Michifans, left to right,
foreground: Gary Hubbard and
Larry Downes.

Background, left to right: a
Wayne State University Prof,
eyes & hair of Belinda Glass-
cock, Evelyn Leeper, Seth Mc-
Evoy, Mark Leeper, Mike Toman.



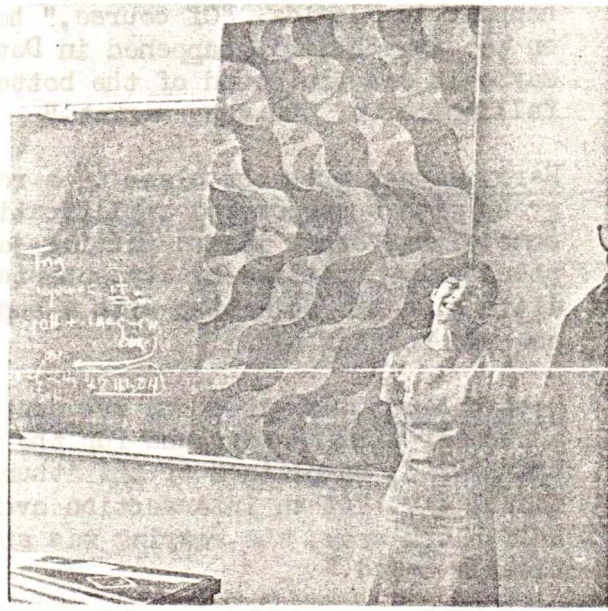
Jane Breiding, reading a
TITLE, natch! Of course,
mother of Bill and Sutton.

Dave Szurek



Left, below, a candid photo of Denis Quane
who seems rather pooped after revelries at
Windycon.

Right, below, Nancy Wallace, the art dir-
ector of Denis Quane's fine *NOTES FROM THE
CHEMISTRY LAB*.



KWIKWODIZ

Rose Hogue: "Hope you hear more from Ranger Cagle soon. I really do enjoy his witty nonsenses... Since I missed T-34 I don't recall who won Bob Tucker's sock? Could you please elucidate! ((Bruce Townley))... I tend to blame the whole pollution and people thing on God. After all, he created this messy place... or is it that man messed up his creation? ((If YOU created a foul, messy, oil-spattered engine whose main bearing burned out unexpectedly in a few years, would you think yourself so very smart? And while the damn poor engine was trying to run and gave a few sad coughs, would you give it a swift kick, blame it for its misery?))

Harry Warner, Jr.: "If cats aren't aware that their tail is part of themselves, as Dave Szurek believes, why do they use their tails to balance themselves while walking along the top of a fence or in some such situation?"

Brad Parks: "If the Supreme Court decides that a fetus becomes a living person after 24 weeks of pregnancy, should we change our aging system? After all, we judge age on how long a person has been alive."

Jessica Salmonson: "Inventors have been the ruin of mankind. Bill Bliss is doing his part to destroy the world."

Pauline Palmer: "And speaking of dreaming, my daughter, who is now six, the other morning when I woke her she rolled over, sighed, and said wistfully, 'I wish I had a bookmark I could put in my dream.'"

Frank Denton: "Met Bill Bowers at Western con. Neat guy."

"Why is Larry Downes so pompous in print?" signed Larry Downes.

Harry Warner, Jr.: "The mummy material... there was a court ruling in Maryland to the effect that nobody owns a dead body. The survivors have the right to arrange for the funeral and burial but they can't, for instance, go out and dig it up later on or sell the vase containing the ashes of a cremated body." Harry implies that perhaps our museum doesn't 'own' the mummy; perhaps I already have a curse on my head!

DAVE SZUREK'S MYSTERIOUS SOUND

Gary Grady supposes it may have been an underground gas bubble venting, as this happens in Florida. "Of course," he goes on to say, "as this happened in Detroit, maybe it was the sound of the bottom falling out of the auto market."

Harry Warner puts the blame on a rock group with superpowered amplification. Some of his other ideas: passing jets peculiarly amplified by atmospheric conditions, a mad scientist with a superpowered burglar alarm.

Robert Smoot describes how residents near a theater with Sensurround for the film, EARTHQUAKE, complained of the 'thunder' in the sky. "At an intersection over a half block away, the roaring was still clearly heard."

Eric

Lindsay: "Science is essentially pragmatic-- reality is that which works in a predictable manner."

Med Brooks: "The town next door, Hampton, has a Chief of Police named Alvin Law whose assistant is named Sam Ketchum."

Bruce Townley: "Did you know that before I entered Sci Fi fandom I didn't have to wear glasses? Talked to Gil Gaier Sunday and we didn't even mention your name once. Dave Locke thinks I'm worthless." ((Worth less than what?))

Mike Bracken: "What's wrong with putting stories in rocks? I figure I could get my life story into a $\frac{1}{2}$ " by $\frac{1}{2}$ " pebble, and it would be around lots longer than if I wrote it on paper."

Ben Indick: "Jus thynk, if I do THAT bad wiith tu fingerz, I'd be MERDUR with all TeNN."

Jane Fisher: "Astrology..fine for generalizations such as most Libra's favorite color is blue, but as an instrument for planning your life it has about as much practical value as the ancients' practice of divining the future from a twist or turn in a goat's intestine." ((But how come I like reds & yellows & oranges?? I've just read my Libra message on a plate of spaghetti-- it says "Jane Fisher, whoever she might be (and tell us more, me Brazier, you Jane), will be the first subscriber to FARRAGO -- and she is!))

Paul 'Skell' Skelton: "...there are some writers whose reputation is the greater commodity, and publishers are in business to market 'commodities', not all this business about 'Art'. What sells will always be more important than what is good. And reputation always sells. Being irked by this fact is about on a par with being irked that the earth revolves around the sun."

Wayne Martin: "Funny that you should print that Hoy Ping Pong bit about the Chinese causing Earthquakes in CA. In the past three weeks there's been a rash of moderate-sized quakes with a lot of smaller ones too. About 4.5 was the highest. Uh, maybe our detente strategy should be stepped up with China." ((Or move east of the mountains before the coastline of CA slips loose, which I figure will happen almost any day now.))

Rich Bartucci: "A Swedish sex film was shown to a pair of gorillas in the Philadelphia zoo. The male had lost interest in his mate, and it was hoped that the movie would hot him up a little. It did, but instead of going for his partner, he broke out of the monkey house and raped six members of the secretarial staff at the local Swedish consulate."

Buck

Coulson: "My 'dead file' is a huge wastebasket."

Terry Jeeves: "...do-gooders tend to confuse CENSORSHIP with RESPONSIBILITY. I may not censor your life, but I am responsible to protect my children from adverse influences until they are mature enough to take over. Count me as a Wertham supporter." ((Terry is 52 and pretty much sums up the moderate position held by older fans, I think.))

Andy Porter: "I agree with most faneditors that response of some kind -- any kind, even if it's an obscene postcard-- is better than Absolute Silence."

Marty Helgesen: "Paul Walker's article on praise demonstrated the inadequacy of Marxist theory. Marxism claims that economic factors are primary in society, yet I think many, even most people, are more deeply concerned with getting sincere praise and recognition for their accomplishments than in getting more money for them. Paul's statement that he needs praise to the extent that it is unlikely that cash payment for his writing would compensate for the lack of it illustrates this." and "Tell Ed Cagle I was not aware of any slang terms referring specifically to sexual relations between man and an emu. Among emus, of course, the reproductive act is known as emulation."

Eric Lindsay: "The world seems more vivid when we actively interest ourselves in it. We can deliberately increase our perception by acting to increase our interest in what we perceive. So perception takes a multitude of forms and interpretations when we are interested in what we perceive." ((One must be careful to distinguish between mere observation -- not really so 'mere' when by itself -- and perception where your key word, Eric, is 'interpretation'. Perception is usually an unconscious & fairly rapid problem solving. In ambiguous situations, one tends to 'solve the problem' with a conclusion that reflects his interests.))

Leigh

Edmonds: "Last year was full of magic moments, mostly in connection with DUFF. I did not know what to expect in America but it was not too different from what I was used to. However, there were always little things that were different and after seven weeks we were looking forward to getting home. So in some ways the biggest thrill of the trip was peering out of the airplane into the dawn, looking for that first glimpse of Australia. And then seeing it. If I'd had an Australian flag I would have been waving it about in a frenzy of patriotic excitement. America was marvelous and a very nice place but give me good old Australia -- home -- anytime."

Robert Whitaker: "...some news for John Robinson. Diapers for parakeets are on display in larger pet shops. Complete

with instructions on how to place said diaper on such a frail bird and how to clean said item. My, my, what won't they think of next?"

Paul Anderson: "Some genres are dominated by 'female' writers; I refer to gothics and nurse stories. A few males do get published there, but they usually end up with a female pseudonym on the cover. Now why not admit that males can write gothic stories that sell without the need for a false name on the book."

Ed Connor: "I don't go along with Dave Szurek's contention that 'cats are unaware that their tail is part of themselves.' It may very well apply to some cats, but it does not apply to all cats. My cats are well aware that they are part tail, and can be made to jealously defend every hair thereon."

Chris Hulse: "You GOTTA tell me: Do you know Marlin Perkins personally? My insatiable curiosity is scratching to beat hell; itch it!" ((Okay, okay, I do. He's friendly, sincere, in no way a fake. I know him from his days as head of the St. Louis Zoo, and now I have talk with him at Rotary luncheons. One day he brought over to the museum some tektites he had picked up in Australia; we displayed them for about 6 months. His enthusiasm for nature comes across better in person than on TV; when you're 3 feet away his sparkling eyes and wave of white hair is highly, 3-D impressive.))

Mae Strelkov: "Lucky the person who doesn't carry the World on his or her shoulders and Earth in the heart. If you do, you are so vulnerable. I am...and yet I don't regret it, for it is an intensely beautiful thing to be so close to everything."

Jeff May: "That language course on toilet paper that Gene Wolfe sent you the clip on? Well, I spotted an obvious flaw in the manufacturer's logic. He's applying that course to the wrong end. *Actually, Jeff, it depends on where the individual keeps his brains.* " ((If one took that particular course and passed his exam, might one say he'd be flushed with success?)) ((Uh have you ever passed an exam?))

Don D'Amassa: "I was recently added to the FAPA waiting list as 'Tom D'Amassa'. These things tend to keep my ego-building down to manageable proportions."

Taral/Wayne Macdonald: "Jeff May's review of the COMING DARK AGE introduced me to still another fatheaded crank, Roberto Vacca. It is difficult to explain why modern civilization won't fall apart at the first little excuse in less than book length. Vacca believes that modern society is becoming too complicated for mere mortal to comprehend. So? I don't fully understand the functioning of my liver, but that doesn't prevent said liver from functioning for me. Vacca assumes that people are too stupid to think in alternatives to disaster, when in fact people have always been living by alternatives. Modern civilization itself is an alternative - to poverty, starvation, and illiteracy."

Pauline Palmer: "Jessica Amanda Salmonson's 'Bees as Pets' was bee-guiling..."

Brett Cox: "I long ago gave up caring one way or the other about the accuracy of astrology (or its lack of it). Today ((June 20)) is my 17th birthday. Graduated from highschool; not as much of a landmark as it's cracked up to be. Will get my driver's license around July 10, I hope. Then & only then will I feel really free, will I feel like I have everything totally behind me." ((You have a few little surprises still ahead of you, Brett old man!))

Rose Hogue: "You're going to shave Shaver the wrong way yet and maybe he'll even go shafia on you!"

Doug Barbour: "Astrology's only real use, as far as ive been able to see, being to give Piers Anthony his one really interesting book." and "it would be interesting if you could get someone to do an article tracing Fredric Wertham's slow change from dirty name to active fanwriter. i'd like to read that."

C.C.Clingan: "Your picture was a surprise; I thought of you as an older man with a beard." ((I don't have a beard, true.))

Jessica Amanda Salmonson: "Ed Cagle has the world's largest collection of dung beetles. Ben Indick is bald." ((Iconoclast! Apiarist! Skep-tender! Urticarial wheal!))

VECTOR ↗

VECTOR ↘

My comments are always in ((...))

Terry Hughes, 866 N. Frederick St
Arlington, VA 22205

Thanks for the TITLES! While the cover on number 40 was one of the best you've had, the cover on #42 was extremely crudely done. ((Just shows the difference between Eric Mayer and Brazier!)) But then art has never been what made an issue of TITLE anyway. It's the editor and readers who do that... Nice fmz reviews by Jodie Offutt. I hope she discusses some zines in more detail in future columns. She's one of the best fanzine letterhacks around. She's also a real delight in person. ((She's more than a 'letterhack' tho I know you didn't imply anything derogatory; and I've met her and she is a real delight all right in person.))

Marty Helgesen, 11 Lawrence Ave.
Malverne, NY 11565

Paul Walker's story ((Sweet etc. #42)) had many interesting ideas. ((Wait 'till you read his new one in FARRAGO!)) But the tone was too uneven. I was glad to see that he included a rationale for having the villain 'toll all'.

Aljo Svoboda, Johnston College
Redlands, CA 92373

TITLE seems to have evolved a bit since I was an active member of the crowd. As if the party had moved on to the serious drinking in my absence. The web of interaction will have to envelop me before joining in the general discussion. But worry not; I will join in soon.

Paul Di Filippo, 124 Old River Rd
Lincoln, R.I. 02865

How do you manage to turn out such a fine quality zine in such a short period of time between issues? Is this all a plot to keep me endlessly typing locs?

Dale C. Donaldson, P.O.Box C
Bellevue, Wash 98009
TITLE continues to be fascinating reading.

Don Ayres, c/o Dave Gregory, 6565 Fountain Ave.#10, Hollywood, CA
90028

Wilber ought to try to market his essay/abstract ((about Heinlein in T39)) in its full version. ((Rick Wilber tells me that Mike Bracken is interested in pubbing the complete essay.))

Enjoyed the nice humorous touches of the Walker story ((Sweet)) but something keeps nagging me about it. Maybe I don't think I'd buy it if I were the editor of a prozine. Something...I think it may be the use of subject-verb-object constructions. I tend to mix my own usages, with a predilection toward phrases and aliteration. I suspect that this bothered me more than the static opening. Somewhere, I'm going to write on my wall in big letters: THE ESSENCE OF ART IS MOVEMENT. Also, IF YOU DIDN'T ENJOY WRITING THE S-O-B, why do you expect me to enjoy reading the bastard?

Interesting to see the photos of Wertham, but I find I'm beginning to tire of the arguments. ((Some others are too, so let's declare a moratorium, at least.)) By the way, how about an update on LoCicero? ((New readers-- LoCicero was the author of MURDER IN THE SYNAGOGUE, a book forced off the market by its own publisher, said LoCicero in TITLE #11))

Jeff Hecht, 54 Newell Rd., Auburndale,
MA 02166

Paul Walker's story was good fun; it kept me going to see what happened, and that's not that common anymore.

Chester D. Cuthbert, 1104 Mulvey Ave.,
Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada R3M 1J5

You have now reached #42 of TITLE; the fellowship and instruction I have received during the years I have been reading it are beyond price. But I know from experience that economic pressures create psychological and practical problems that are difficult to alleviate.

Jim Meadows II, 1428 Neely Hall, SIU
Carbondale, Ill 62901 (new address)

There are fanzines I read that have more brilliant writers and certainly finer art work than TITLE. And their editors can write flashier editorials than you, too. But these still aren't TITLE. Are you aware of the family of loccers and contributors you've built up? Family is the best word I can think of. When I think of TITLE, I don't just think of you and a general style, but of Paul Walker and Mae Strelkov and Don Ayres and Ben Indick and Ed Cagle and Shaver and Wertham and the other 100 or so others who stay pretty constant in your zine. TITLE is unique, Donn. Other eds are even slicing up their lettercols into compartments. TITLE is still my favorite fanzine. ((Thank you, Jim, but let me disclaim a little. Dave Locke was chopping up letters, too, in AWRY though I didn't know it at the time. While doing my fmz lists for the forthcoming index of 1975, it's obvious, too, that different fanzines have their own 'families' of readers, with a few fans in all the zines. People such as Harry Warner, Mike Glicksohn, Ben Indick, Sheryl Birkhead are everywhere!))

((Also from Jim-- earlier letter))

I would have encouraged pro publication of Walker's "Sweet.." except for the clashing of two elements: light hearted but fairly straight adventure and farce. The Nofardians would be great in the proper context, but I don't feel this was it. Walker has a good hand for lighter stuff-- something I wouldn't have expected from "Affair with a Lonesome Monster"; but people who write sad stories often have a good touch for a certain type of desperate humor.

Chester Cuthbert (address elsewhere)

Paul Walker's story was very well written, and its ironic conclusion not over emphasised. Capt. Sweet's character was well-depicted, but his being a Commander is somewhat difficult to understand in that light. // Each issue of TITLE emphasises what an unusual group of people you have attracted as readers and correspondents-- a worthwhile achievement in itself.

Alan L. Bostick, 7656 Dumosa Ave., Yucca
Valley, CA 92284

The worst thing I can say about T-41 is that I finished reading it thoroughly in only half an afternoon. The second worst thing is that I was slightly disappointed with the presence of Paul Walker's story. I liked the story itself; pretty good for fan fiction. However, its quality was not so good that you were justified in letting it take up nine pages that could have been filled with shorter pieces. I prefer one or two page nonfiction instead of longer fiction. ((And thus was born FARRAGO !))

John Carl, 3750 Green Lane, Butte, Mont.
59701

I partially agree and partially disagree with Terry Hughes regarding the sectioning of locs. (You're lucky I don't refer to it as 'butchering'.) While it is always nice to have an entire letter, or substantial portions printed, it is nice as a change of pace to have only a bit printed. For one thing, the lines quoted are likely to be the best lines of the letter, giving a favorable impression of the writer. In refutation of his objection on the grounds that the quotes are out of context, most TITfen write their comments in such a way that it is impossible for them to be taken entirely out of context; and I'm sure that Donn has enough sense to know when he is printing an unrepresentative quote. ((I go along with John with one disclaimer: sometimes, especially for a new reader, there's too great a condensation of the referent-- or downright decapitation of 'what-has-gone-before'. But I'll continue my struggles with some longer quotes now that FARRAGO's in the works.))

TITLE #42's COVER

Somebody wrote that my cover was incredibly crude, etc. PAGING DR.FREUD..I've misplaced that letter! It was, frankly, experimental-- rather than pour it down the drain, I drank it! Or, to mix a metaphor -- I bit the bullet.

Ben Indick, nice person, said simply: "Your cover was just fine."

Dave Romm said: "The cover looked strange."

Paul diFilippo: "My, but I like the cover. The caption and the picture work so well together, like a beautifully machined watch."

Barbeque Sauce

Note

Under the title "No More Pickles for You, Dr.Gafia", John Carl printed Brazier's story in ADRENALIN #2, about Sept.'73. Don Ayres, captivated by Dr.Gafia's medical discovery, has written a sequel.....

What Has Gone Before.....

Dr.Splrfsk pooh-poohs Gafia's theory that an intelligent, insect-size alien, deposited in male baby's bodies, erupts 20 yrs later from the boys' scalps, like locusts coming out of the ground after 17 years. No one had yet discovered where the half-inch long adult aliens spent their 'larval' life in the human body. The adult forms, removed from patients' scalps as they broke out, were caged, only to construct a small spaceship to escape out the laboratory window to scatter more spores on babies born that day... somewhere in the city. Dr.Splrfsk, thinking Dr.Gafia to be 'high' on wild pickles, destroys the last remaining jar of such potent pickles, and we are not sure if Gafia is right or wrong.

Now on With the Story as Told by DON AYRES

"Damn it, man! I don't see how you can persist in this mad theory of yours now that you've returned to sanity." Dr. Splrfsk turned angrily from his colleague and stomped toward the window, moustache wriggling furiously in an effort to work off the sudden spurt of adrenalin.

"Even you, my dear Splrfsk, have to concede that there is no evidence to disprove my locust theory and that it at least gives us an orientation..." Dr. Gafia began.

Splrfsk whirled on his companion. "All right! I'll give you that much." He blew out a stream of greenish smoke like a tea

kettle and slammed the cigar onto the floor, mashing it under his foot. "Nevertheless, this new ramification you propose..."

Dr. Gafia smiled. "That the larvae spend their initial years maturing in the gonads of the host?"

"Yes," Splrfsk scowled. "It's preposterous! Can you offer me one, just one piece of substantial empirical proof to defend your theory?"

"Apparently, in these early stages, the larvae are microscopic and indistinguishable from gonadal cells."

Dr.Splrfsk waved his hands helplessly in the air. "You see? There you have it." He wiped his brow. "Nothing. Empty words."

"How else do you account for the failure of the gonads to mature? The presence of these creatures arrests normal development until the subject reaches puberty... a time I'm convinced coincides perfectly with the migration of these parasites from the gonadal region and up toward that of the head."

"Might you not also propose that the presence of the larvae is responsible for the maturity of the testes," Splrfsk sneered, "that we would otherwise be an asexually reproducing species, save for these tiny parasitic larvae?"

"That's a flaw in my argument, I suppose," Gafia admitted dejectedly.

Scenting triumph, Splrfsk continued. "And what of the time element?" he snorted. "You contend that this was a recent phenomenon, dating back to 1953 or so. Yet, by your own admission, a symbiotic situation may have been perpetrated by these parasites...a state of circumstances requiring far vaster amounts of time."

"But flyinf saucers have been sighted throughout history, my friend. But you are right. I hadn't realized the enormity of this problem until just now. These creatures have been with us for longer than we've ever suspected..."

"Just a minute, Gafia. How, then, do you propose that these cases have remained hidden for so long? Young men having such creatures erupt from their heads on their twentieth birthday ... not an inconspicuous sight by any means. Surely, it would have been noted in the literature..."

"Most families hid the fact...a mere illness, mild insanity, or the like. Not at all surprising that they would hide it and it would only now gain attention because of all the kids running off and joining these communes where their families can't conceal the problem."

"Supposing," Splrfsk interrupted, "just supposing for one wild moment that I accept this insanity, what do you propose happens to the larvae once they leave the testes? Why would you propose that they pass on to the head region when it will be a number of years before they finally wriggle out?"

"Obviously, my dear Splrfsk, they pass to the head region and nestle inside the muscles of the cheeks where their excreta gives rise to the condition we call acne..."

"What!"

"...an occurrence which also coincides with puberty."

"What about those who don't get acne? What about girls? So far, we've only seen the occurrence in males."

Gafia shrugged. "Some of the little buggers excrete less than others."

"But the women? Why don't they come running in here screaming because their heads are splitting open?"

"I don't know exactly," Gafia said.

"Ah..." Splrfsk began.

"But I might venture a guess," Gafia added hastily. "It would seem to me that the licksplit larvae are themselves sexual. We haven't had time enough to exam-

ine them, but I propose that male larvae and pupae occur in male humans and female larvae and pupae in females. Admittedly, this is an odd arrangement for a parasite but it sits well with the facts."

"Which are?" an impatient Splrfsk asked.

"The female larvae and pupae obviously mature at quite a different rate than the males of the species. After all, human females attain puberty several years earlier than human males, so we might well assume that the same is true of the parasite."

"So?" said Dr.Splrfsk, shaking his head.

"So, then, the female larvae, in the human female it is understood, migrate in time to the breast region. There the pupae form in such numbers that they enlarge the breasts, ultimately migrating to the abdominal region. And ultimately emerging as adults."

"And what of the crack to compare with the scalp lesions of the young men? Yes, where is it?"

Gafia smiled. "Surely, Dr.Splrfsk, we all know where a woman's"

Gafia shouted an interruption. "You've gone mad, Gafia! You actually believe that garbage you just gave me?" He strode angrily for the door, opened it, then paused. "Kinsey, Masters and Johnson... Not even Allen would touch your ideas with a ten-meter pole. If I didn't know better, I'd say you were still on Wild Pickles. But I destroyed them all." He sighed. "The after-effects should've worn off by now." He slammed the door behind him.

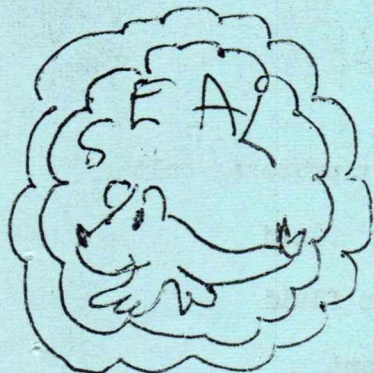
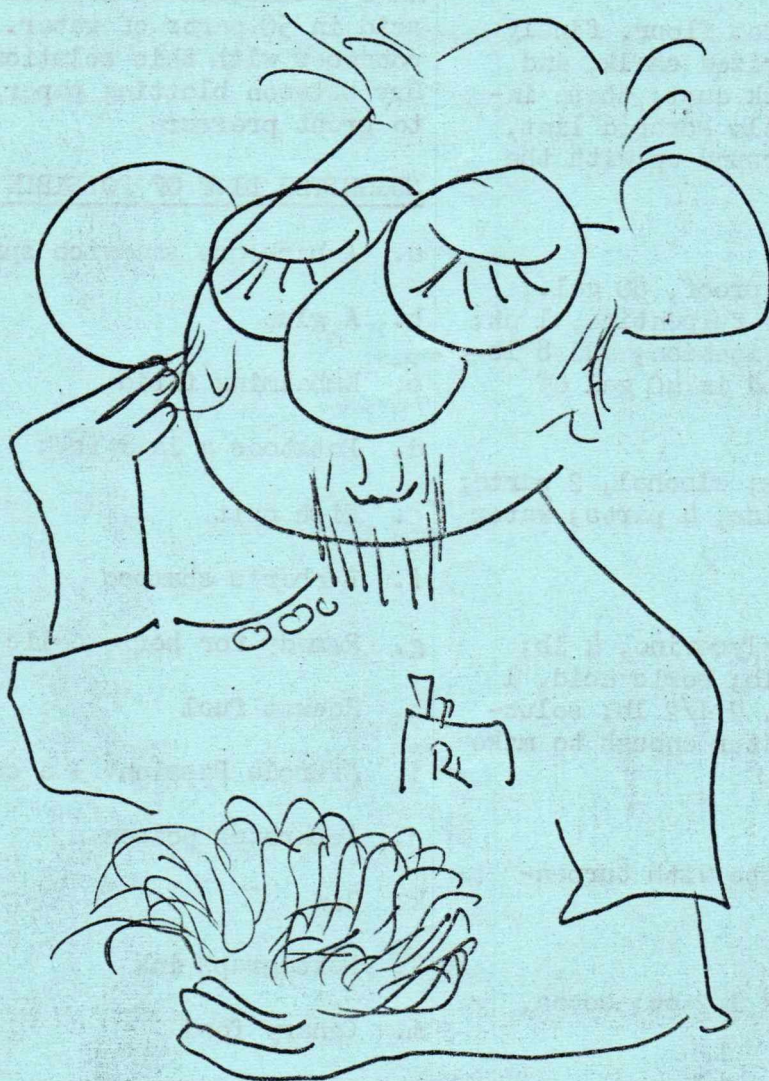
Dr.Gafia looked around the lab before he reached into his coat pocket to pull out a cigarette case. Calmly, he opened the case, removed one of the small green ovoid capsules, and popped it into his mouth. He blinked several times as he swallowed it. Before he put the case away, he sniffed its remaining contents. Such an oddly pungent odor, he reflected as he snapped it shut and returned it to its hiding place.

END OF CHAPTER TWO

- - -

To all my constituents who voted for me:

I pledge solemnly, as Most Red-Headed Fan, to take good care of my red wig and keep it free of moths. I shall polish my head properly so as not to cause undue wear to the nap of my beautiful red wig, and disgrace my office thereby. Furthermore, it is my intention to have my beard and moustache dyed red, and complete a glorious titian appearance, which, with my alcoholically red nose, will rival the sunset. Again, my sincere appreciation to all, and, to those who did not vote for me, may you go bald!



(signed).....

Ben In duck

IT'S A QUIZ, THAT'S WHAT !

It's what

Some recipes from SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA OF FORMULAS (1925) are given below. Guess what you'll have by selecting the answers from the list of possibilities I've supplied.

1.

Mix equal parts of wheat flour, finely powdered glass, pulverized chalk, and small quantity of brick dust; these ingredients, with a little scraped lint, are to be mixed and ground up with the white of eggs.

2.

Clean corn spirit, at proof, 80 gal.; newly rectified oil of turpentine, 1 pt; mix well by violent agitation; add 8 lb culinary salt dissolved in 40 gal of water. Distil.

3.

Methyl violet, 2 parts; alcohol, 2 parts; sugar, 1 part; glycerine, 4 parts; water 24 parts. Mix.

4.

Formaldehyde, 11 lb; glycerine, 4 lb; sodium borate, 2 1/2 lb; boric acid, 1 lb; potassium nitrate, 2 1/2 lb; solution of eosin, 1 oz; water enough to make 10 gal.

5.

Cheese made into a paste with turpentine.

6.

Borax, 9 oz; starch, 2 1/2 oz; cocoa, 1 oz.

7.

Tincture of opium, 1 oz; tincture of ginger, 1 oz; sweet spirit of niter, 1 oz; chloroform, 1 oz.

8.

Yolk of egg, dried, 2 parts; poppy heads, in coarse powder, 1 part; cuttlefish bone, in coarse powder, 1 part; granulated sugar, 2 parts; powdered soda crackers, 8 parts.

9.

Dissolve in 8 oz of alcohol 2 oz of castor oil and 1 oz of ammonia. Add this mixture to 1 qt of water.

10.

Make a solution of 4 parts of sulphuric acid in 50 parts of water. Treat peeled potatoes with this solution for 36 hrs. Dry between blotting paper, and subject to great pressure.

SUGGESTED LIST OF POSSIBLE ANSWERS

- a. A barbeque sandwich spread
- b. A glue
- c. Embalming fluid
- d. Potatoes a la Barbek
- e. Fish bait
- f. Barber's shampoo
- g. Remedy for horse colic
- h. Rocket fuel
- i. "Purple Passion" - a cocktail
- j. Cockroach poison
- k. Gin
- l. Hektograph ink
- m. Canary food
- n. Billiard balls
- o. Brown shoe polish
- p. A nutrient media for protozoa culture
- q. Wild pickle pickling fluid
- r. Barometric sensitive fluid
- s. Refrigerator deodorant

LIVING OFF THE LAND, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI (Note by author: this piece submitted to David Singer, following a similarly serious feature in DEFENESTRATION, was rejected.)

To protect the innocent most eating places in St. Louis have unlisted phone numbers, and don't take reservations. Like I got a number from the slob that totaled my car, and called to make an 'eight-o'clock', with some reservation. I could tell the guy on the other end of the line had just removed a piece of chili-gristle from his front teeth. "Whatdja tink dis is, a airline?" Of course I said, "What?". He replied in a friendly growl, "Ya heard me, bub." Mincingly, I said, "Want to fly with me?" and hung up.

St. Louis food is good, though. It's good for the Tums and Rolaid companies. Lucky I'm the nonchalant type who doesn't mind a Coke, vintage 1971 (a bad year.) Quantity is what appeals to me. I want a tall, really tall, stack of mashed potatoes; when I let go a burp, I want something to come up, something more solid than wind. And so, now that you comprehend my gourmet tastes, let us proceed.

1. Expensive! FIFI'S PARISIEN is decorated in crinkled Louis the 11th, or earlier -- a delicate powder blue severely marred with powder burns from pistols fired at close range. Not fired at the range, but at the chef when he forgets a sprig of parsley on the brisket. The waiters, imported from French shipyards, shake the floor when they walk by. Heavy tipping is advised. It's more healthful than the parsley.

2. Also expensive. Walter's WAGON looks like a chuckwagon abandoned three miles outside of Locust Grove, Oklahoma. Sliver sandwiches are served on cedar shingles. And Walter, having once dined on birdsnest soup in Teaneck, designates his cob-web soup as the Wednesday Special. It's good, if a trifle stringy, but Walter sometimes fails to remove the spider. It's a bit of a shock to see a Black Widow doing the backstroke across the bowl. On Walter's side, though, you must give him credit for slanting the counter downhill (or uphill if you're sitting at the other end)-- that way you don't ever get too much soup in your bowl. Enough is enough.

3. Moderately priced. GIO'S SWEDISH PASTRAMI JOINT is topless. I'm referring to the roof, because this is an outdoor German barbeque cafe, featuring grilled spaghetti and baked tongue. On a sunny day, the tongue gets tanned. However, something in a bottle on the table turned out to be suntan lotion; didn't taste half-bad. Actually, more like 3/4 bad. And when I went to pay my bill to the cashier (who looks like a tall, fat Shirley Temple as a kid), she had the nerve to ask if I enjoyed the coated tongue! I ate one of her curls. Whereupon she asked me for my phone number.

4. Inexpensive. TED'S TANK makes no pretense for decor, soft lights, and napkins. However, all the stools are cleverly arranged in a moebius strip obstacle course. If you're unlucky you end up on a stool near the kitchen where you can smell the food. Don't order until the flies calm down. Toothpicks are free. I ate a lot of them. I did this after I heard the cook in the kitchen (who looked a lot like a tall, fat, and male Shirley Temple as a kid) say to his helper, "Christ, none of dese eggs is any good, dey all got legs in 'em!"

5. El Cheapo. Last week, I'm sure, I got my oil changed in this place. A big sign blinked on and off right over the gas pumps: GUMP'S DUMP & PUMP. Nostalgia decor, I guess. I was a little surprised that I got the table on the lift. The ride up was a lot of fun, but Gump wouldn't let me down until I dropped two-bits into his cover-all. I ate his High Rise Meatballs 10W-30. When I returned to my car, it wouldn't let me in; I think it remembered the place and was sore at me. Some cars have more pride than their drivers.

FREE COUPON - HAVE A PISTON AT
GUMP'S DUMP & PUMP
CLEAN JOHNS & GOOD FOOD
BARBEK GOT OILED HERE

FREE COUPON - SPECIAL ON EGGS
TED'S TANK
CLEAN JOHNS & FREE TOOTHPICKS
OUR CHEF IS SHIRLEY TEMPLE

((I'm not paid to understand all this Barbeque Sauce, hoping you're the same.....))

GRIM FAIRY TALE by Jessica Amanda Salmonson, Box 89517 Zenith Branch, Seattle 98188

Once upon a parsely, sage, rosemary and thyme in the land of Goshengee there lived a wee little man called Henry Rabbit. Now Henry Rabbit, so named because of his buck teeth and excessively long ears, loved razzeberries more than just about anything else in the world, except possibly for Mary Truhart who grew razzeberries in her garden along with cockle shells and silver bells and a type of fusia called "pretty maids".

Now Mary was not the agreeable sort, especially when she caught Henry trampling over her cockleshells to get the razzeberries. Of course Henry would act innocent and say he was taking a short cut, not stealing razzeberries at all, this despite the evidence of red berry-dye on his fingers and chin.

Even while Mary was cussing at him for being a thief and walking all over her garden, buck-toothed Henry's heart was all a-flutter, and he burst out awkwardly and half-shouting, "Mary, I love you!" But Mary thought he was just sweet-talking her in order to get more razzeberries, and she sicked her vicious man-eating sheep (which she'd had since her school days and it was just a lamb) upon him.

Safe back at home, pointy-eared Henry brooded over not having any razzeberries to eat nor any Mary Truhart to hold, or vis-a-vis. So he shot himself in the head with a thirty pound rubber band until he died of terminal OWIES. And Mary Truhart lived happily ever after with her man eating sheep and her plump juicy razzeberries.

begin to prowl. Most scientists (two-to-one) favor the theory that the Masonites built them while en route to a party in celebration of Louis XIV's attainment of senility. A radical minority (one-to-two) holds that the Pyrenees sprang, full-grown, from Hera while peering from a position on her knees. She was startled. Orthodox Greeks (ever present, alas) believe Hera incapable of startlement. The jury is still out but should be revived presently.

And yet still, though, however, it's not too soon to say that it's not unlikely that, should that be the case, inappropriate as that might be, they would not be inhospitable to a vastly irrelevant number of irrelevant numbers contained in a not intractable theory of dubious expoundment.

But why do aphids sweat? Too much exercise, some say. That can be argued. Others blame the atrocious working conditions in the ant-run aphid sweatshops. That's why we at A.A. (Air-conditioners for Aphids) want your money. Bundles of bills. Rich fields of folding green. Send it to me. I can feel it coming. Let's get those little buggers cool and dry. Oh God oh yes. -- Kevin Williams

2331 S. 6th, Springfield, Ill 62703

DEAR DONN, Sept.9

How can a number, in its abstractivity, be wrong? I asked that question of a group of Bell Lab scientists who, for the duration of the experiment, were immersed in aphid sweat. To prevent undue squirming, the Bell Boys were detained in sturdy municipal bonds while all heads were held securely in blue chip stocks. The results of the poll, tabulated as answers bubbled up through the colloid, show numbers are irrelevant to modern life.

Food for thought, right? A circular bowl of cerebral mince meat. An appetizer to stuff into your frontal lobe.

Of course, the question of who built the Pyrenees is still bandied about when lights are low and wolves

At 4:00 p.m. two dark figures broke into Isaac Amizotz's house, approached him from the rear and placed a handkerchief laced with ether over his nose. After a brief struggle, Amizotz's body went limp. They carried him to a car which abruptly drove away.

At 4:05 Harlan Give-me-Hellison got a syringe of pentothal in the fleshiest part of his scrawny figure, which was somewhat exposed toward the ceiling. The young lady otherwise basking in his shadow got a vase smashed over her head to keep her quiet. And Give-me-Hellison, too, was carried away.

And so it was, all the Big Name SF Writers from the U.S. and Abroad, from the present and curiously enough, from the past, were carted off. Hugo Greensbuck, Julian Vernion, Orsula Left-Wing, Kurt Vroomegutts, James Brush, Robert Highliner and numerous others.

All of them, about 200 or so, woke up from drugs, head-bonkings, etc., to find themselves handcuffed onto a chair which was bolted onto a floor of what seemed to be a giant auditorium.

Isaac Amizotz regained his senses very quickly, but viewed his surroundings still groggy. He thought himself to be in a convention hall, maybe heaven.

A white-haired gentleman, who resembled Santa Claus, mounted the podium. Instead of "Ho, Ho, Ho and Merry Christmas" he said: "Ladies and Gentlemen. And Mr. Give-me-Hellison." He giggled. "My name is Lorenz Santek, Professor Santek. You are in the largest time machine in the world. In fact, you're in the only time machine in the world. Engineered by myself and various science fiction haters, we have prepared this little ride for you.

Throughout the auditorium there was silence.

The bearded man continued, "This is also a mercy mission for my son. After years of reading your trash, my son's brain has softened. He wants to be like you, all of you writers in the audience."

The man paused for a moment, then contin-

ued, "I'm sure all of you must agree that Science Fiction is Speculative Literature with its only basis, the future. Without that, there's nothing. My plan is to reduce science fiction, and all of you, too, of course, to nothing."

Some angry voices sounded, and assorted mutterings echoes through the crowd. Twelve armed men emerged from the shadows.

When it was quiet, the Professor, continued: "The only way to destroy science fiction is to know the future. Therefore, the purpose of this trip is to know the future, and thus destroy science fiction. You will see the future and your stories will instantly become a pack of lies. And any story you ever write which deviates from the real future will be a lie. You may never write again, perhaps."

"You'll destroy us!" someone screamed hysterically. Another voice sobbed, "We're ruined!"

"I think not," Santek answered. "If you wish, after this excursion, I'll go back in time and change the destiny of your life. You'll assume another occupation -- one, perhaps, with merit and dignity."

There was silence.

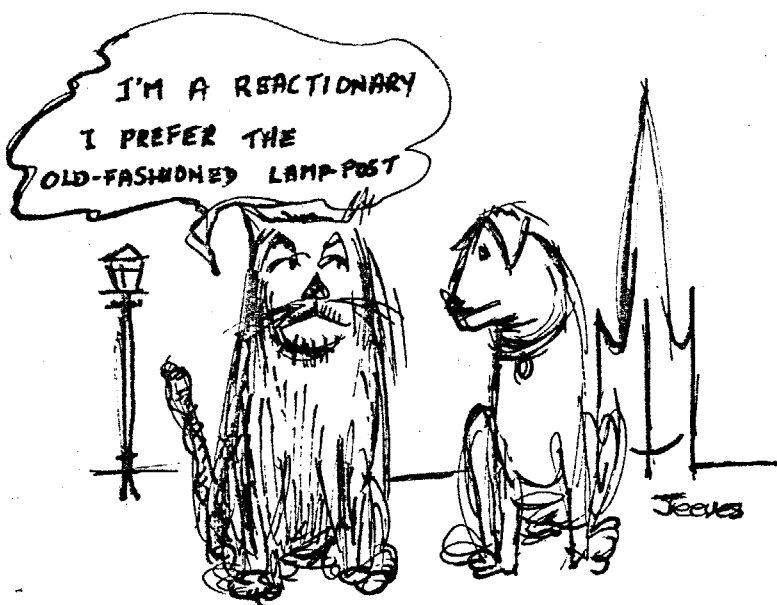
Professor Santek left the podium and went into a control room. He flicked a number of switches. The time machine leaped forward.

They went ahead in time and saw the future projected on a stereo screen. They saw an Earth which remained exactly the same for a thousand years. An Earth which will remain the same forever. An Earth whose time line had been ruptured by a large machine filled with science fiction writers and a fanatical professor.

An Earth where times does not march.

And an Earth populated by science fiction fans who wait for a future that never comes.

((Ed.note: now we know where our mainstream writers will come from.))



HOW CAN WE USE OUR ALIENS ?

Certainly, the visualization of dogs chasing around sniffing for sulphide ores (instead of sniffing used hydrants) seems far-fetched and somewhat extra-terrestrial. At least to me.

Just the other day, in *SCIENCE* for 29 August 1975, I read this reading-inducing title: *TAIL PINCH INDUCES EATING IN SATIATED RATS...* And these rats weren't even Italian; or is it the Spanish that make a habit of pinching tails? Anyway, two scientists describe how a mild tail pinch will cause a well-fed rat to sniff around and explore its environment to see what's going on. What, after all, would you do if your tail were pinched?

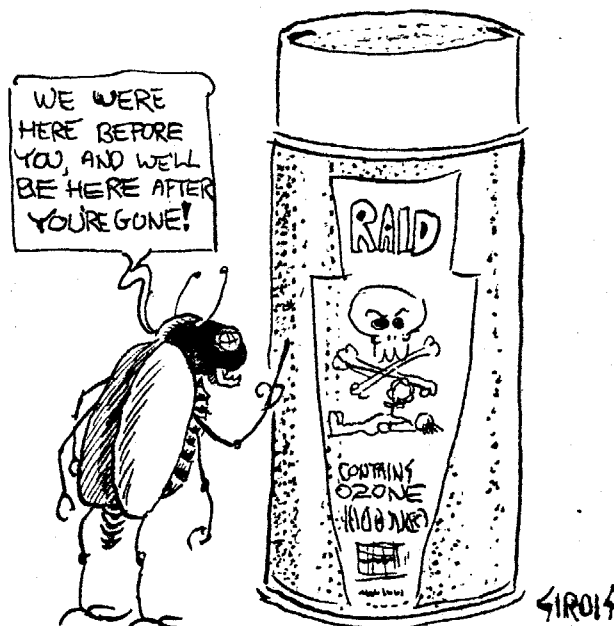
The response of the rat, besides gnawing, licking, and eating, seems to be determined by the objects available and is appropriate to those objects. It'll drink water if, for instance, there's no beer around. Maternal behavior was cited, and I read on eagerly to see if a male rat would treat a female rat appropriately. Nothing said about that!

This, obviously, is designed as a preliminary to discussion. What odd animal behavior can you cite?

THE ALIENS AROUND US

In Sweden -- and other places in the world since the Swedes started it all -- dogs with well-endowed noses are being used to sniff out sulphide ores one foot or more beneath the earth's surface.

This brought to mind, first, the fact that animals of one sort or another have perceptual abilities quite different in degree and even kind from the ones we humans are able to use. And, second, given this data, how can man use animals to help man in what might be considered rather *alien* ways?



NAME THE HANDWRITING SAMPLES OF PROMINENT TITLERS

Fandoms (and fans) may war and feud, but unless they are good-natured (and frequently I can't tell), I find them "un-interesting" because some one is getting stomped on - NO THANKS. A "ginger" discussion keeps the thoughts circulating and, if entered in enthusiastically, can perform the function of funding (stirring up "interest").

Mr. Shaver's ideas are interesting (although I can't say I agree with him). I do agree that it

①

② I've just seen MURDER ON THE ORIENT EXPRESS, and can not recommend it too highly. I'm not usually a rabid mystery film buff. Neither am I a mystery reader, and I've never gone through any Agatha Christie. But this is, superb, and easily the best mystery flick I've ever seen.

So that's what you're like....! Confirms all my suspicions — am surprised you cook beef.

Do complain about my personship now.

③

④ an old friend of mine (no further ident'n, but he is NOT in fantasy) once underwent shock therapy — successfully, but it took two sessions over a year — she felt personally hurt over the dropping of Eaglestar. Well, alas, Eaglestar should have been more aware of the morose nature of the average voter in regard to mental illness, & should have curbed his ambition initially. Yes, he was & is charming & personable! And, golly, he wrote you letters! Psychiatrists, politicians — soon there'll be no fans in Title! (AND ABOUT TIME!)

Flames and candles



THE TRADITIONAL LOC-COL

Cartoon heading as badly redrawn
from Steve's letter.

Steve Sneyd, 4 Newel Place, Almondbury, Huddersfield, hd5 8pb, West Yorks, England

Ta for latest Title...keep expecting to be expelled...anyway, this time am not lett-
ing grass grow under my keys..

The Wertham/violence/censorship debate...you opened a can of (? Ganymedean) worms with that one.. paradox, as eg, the TV companies tell us their violence programmes don't affect behavior, yet same TV stations swear to their sponsors that adverts on TV do affect behaviour...on the other hand, had violence of Vietnam war not been shown on TV, would there have been revulsion that led to anti-war movement? But, on yet another hand (need a hydra to have enough hands) we here in Britain have seen our Ulster thing for 7 years, and aside from brief outbreaks of stone throwing among our local kids, result has been general indifference. BUT on yet another hand, reports note that Ulster rioters usually don't go into full flare unless they are sure the TV cameras are there to see 'em....and there's the other big bag re visual violence of showing struggles of starving oppressed etc in situations where help cannot be offered because our govts/pockets have other interests...yet the TV still shows us these starving kids..we can't help..so is apathy the result?...back on the "indifference-breeding" effect of violence.

and on into the complexities of censorship...here (presumably similar in US) we have (little-applied) law forbidding incitement to racial hatred...a form of censorship that most liberals approve.. yet same liberals are mostly against other kinds of censorship. And of course who censors the censors? Leaving aside all the complexities of official secrets censorship, seducing soldiers from duty, libel and slander laws, re-trial reporting likely to prejudge the case, they also left on the books here loads of ancient laws, including one originally introduced to prevent returning veterans of the Napolconic Wars exposing revolting wounds and sores while begging...it is still used on censorship of art...if your only problems are Wertham, the comics code and the Supreme Court, count yourself lucky. ((Your ed interrupts to call a halt to locs re censorship. MYTHOLOGIES #6 from Don D'Amassa has his long essay on the subject and his zine is sure to be flooded with comment. So get the issue from him at 19 Angell Dr., East Providence, RI 02914 for 70¢ & send locs there.))

enjoyed D'Amassa's staving off boredom in class..better than my trick of trying to pass off silly double-entendres as sensible questions.. or doodling with a dry pen on paper with carbon underneath in order to avoid teacher's checking.. surviving school:

Maybe this is the real censorship hassle, that what we fear is not the truth presented to us (& the truth is that we are violent frightened animals in pens we hate but are even more frightened without) but that such truth be presented when our children are present so they can turn around and say "OK, dad, why don't YOU do something about it?" And the only choice (since no one wants to admit fear and compromise and age and desire to keep a safe if boring job and all the other weaknesses, let alone bore kids with tales of what "we tried to do 15 years ago" to which they answer "what lately?") is to say "Programmes like that should be stopped!"

Eldon Everett, 1615 8th Ave., Seattle, Wash., 98101

He attracted such Big Names as Edgar Rice Burroughs, and consistently used such important artists as J.Allen St.John and Robert Gibson Jones. When he wasn't drum pounding the Shaver Mystery, he actively supported causes like the plight of the American Indian.

Palmer had his own stable of writers, some of whom were closer to "mainstream" fiction--- yet, while Leigh Brackett is editing collections from PLANET STORIES and other anthologists use stuff from THRILLING WONDER STORIES, Palmer's best material remains untouched because "Fandom" says: "Oh, yeah-- the Shaver Mystery!"

- Aug. 22

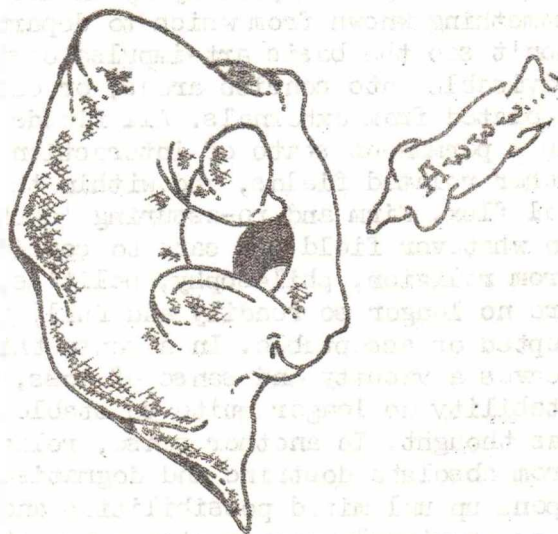
Buck Coulson, Route 3, Hartford City
IN, 47348 Aug.23

No, I'm not stealing company stationary;
I got this sheet out of somebody's waste-
basket. ((Letterhead: OVERHEAD DOOR CO.))
I scrounge a lot - and the company has
this habit of throwing out vast amounts

of material without checking to see if any of it is useable. I suppose it's not worth the expense of paying someone to do it. ((I confess to scrounging, too, as many of my correspondents know from cast-off sheets of this and that.))

Craftsmanship. I have a copy of "An Index To The Science Fiction Magazines: 1951-1962", plus a supplement covering 1963 thru 1966. This is one of three copies in existence; the compiler, James Sieger, typed an original and two carbons. When I once mentioned publishing it (as a joke; I would never go to that much work) he was very upset about doing anything that might cut into the profits of the other Index publishers. (This was before the first M.I.T. Index, when various people were talking about producing a sequel to Don Day's work but not doing anything about it.) It's a very good Index, though of course much of the information in it has now been duplicated by the M.I.T. publications.

I certainly wasn't being constructive in my criticism of the Faan Awards; I want them abolished, not improved. And you can abolish the fan Hugos along with them. Which fanzines would I choose to take to a desert island - or a hospital? Well, the last time I was in a hospital for a week, I went through about a two-foot stack of fanzines (all I had at the time), and most of the promags that had been published that year. Though if I hadn't been reviewing fanzines, I'd have read fewer of them and finished all the promags.



Anyone who appreciates Saki, Collier, and Dahl can't be all bad. ((This specifically refers to Ben "Red" Indick, though, since I like sardonic sf/fantasy better than any kind, I accept for both of us!))

Academics, like humanity, can be charming as individuals. It's when they are in large, amorphous groups that they should be avoided.

Note to Dee Doyle; if you buy a book because you got hooked on it while doing research for a story, then the purchase is a legitimate tax deduction. This doesn't keep your house from slowly sinking into the ground from the weight of books, but it leaves you a little more money to make repairs with.

** TWO POEMS BY ANDY DARLINGTON **

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING

I used to live on a mountain,
and watch the sun rise beneath me
through strata-ed archeological clouds.
I used to sit alone while the fire
animated the shrunken dancing faces
of dead ancestors petrified
to the tear-damped cave wall.
Wild-haired creepers burning reflectively
around the echoing ochre antiquity.
I used to live on a mountain alone
until you came to me.

SCREAM OF THE BUTTERFLY

Yesterday I read Andre Breton
serialised in "Warcry"
illustrations taken from
Gainsboroughs De Stijl period/
tomorrow I shall watch Nijinsky
dance to John Cage on the radio/
while the van drove off
laden with discarded limbs,
making 'U'-turns
in one way streets/
Today they pronounced me sane
but I fooled them.

ARTISTS

Andy Darlington

44 Spa Croft Rd., Teall St., Ossett
West Yorks WF5 0HE, England

Dave Szurek

4417 Second Apt B-2
Detroit, Mich 48201

...the key to your dis-affection for the more bizarre manifestations of the avant garde lies in your statement Donn, 'they have destroyed completely my anchor to something known from which to depart.' I don't see the basic art-impulse easily divisible into concise areas, or easily isolated from externals. All fields are in a permanent state of interaction with other related fields, and within the social flux. Firm and re-assuring 'anchors' in whatever field you care to consider, from religion, philosophy, politics, etc., are no longer so readily and fully accepted or acceptable. In a sense this leaves a vacuity and sense of loss, with stability no longer quite so stable as was thought. In another sense, release from absolute doctrine and dogmatism opens up unlimited possibilities and endless previously unsuspected perspectives. This, I think, is the premise or 'anchor' that explains the exploration of 'random' forms by Pollack growing from the initial Dadaist manifestoes, of Cage growing out of the post-Romantic intuitive directions pointed out by Stravinsky and Messiaen, right down to Miles Davis and Coltrane growing by degrees, yet directly out of the movement established by Charlie Parker and Lester Young.

To expect absolute anchors is to miss the whole point. The point is that there is no point.

I was trained as Graphic Designer and probably it was Dada that first 'humanised' art for me and made it something exciting, relevant and real. I tend to think of all art in terms of ideas and as vehicles for philosophies or concepts. My favourite writer is Nietzsche, though I have read Proudhon, Kropotkin and Trotsky extensively, as well as Kafka, Peake, Aldiss, Vonnegut, and the poets Ginsburg, Corso, Ferlinghetti, Kerouac and Burroughs, and English contemporaries. Summing up as G.B. Shaw says, 'Style consists in force of assertion.'

Ever since childhood it's been a habit with me to form mental images of the physical appearance of people I've never met. One's writings is the strongest influence cancelling out others immediately. Another influence is a person's voice as heard over the phone or radio. The final influence, and the least logical, is a person's first name.

((Dave then goes on for over 4 pages on this aspect; I hope he forgives me if I shorten his characterizations into tabular form...))

Mike -- broad faced blond

Bob, Bill -- tall, slim, angular face

Robert -- add glasses to that

Rob -- broadens the face and darkens the hair

William -- faceless

Sharon -- short, delicately featured, long black hair

Karen -- somewhat taller, slimmer, less baby faced, dark hair but not so long

Cheryl -- lighter, shorter hair, and more bland featured

Brenda -- when under 35 yrs old resemble Sharon; nondescript when older

Kathy -- like taller Sharon, though not taller than average

Caroline -- blonde versions of Sharon but slightly less rounded

Carol -- nondescript

Marcia -- blonde Karens

Tina -- small, baby-faced, dark, and never live past age 25

Victor -- tall, very narrow featured, thin hair, wears glasses

Carl -- thin arrogant face without a lip line, light complexioned

Gerald, Allan, Richard, Jeffrey -- always wear glasses

Gary -- moderately overweight, well-defined features

Louis -- exceptionally thick dark hair and oily skin

Steve -- tall, slender, dark-haired, likely to have a moustache

Charles-- tall, large-framed, mostly muscular but may be overweight, large features and thick hair

Joe, Doug-- much in the same boat as Charles

Tony-- a shorter Charles, longer hair, and not infrequently moustached

Anthony-- as tall as Charles, but not so large boned, dark, shorter hair, and small moustache, if any.

Patricia-- as attractive as Sharon, lighter & shorter hair, delicate but sophisticated features, solid figure but not usually as nice

Laurie-- short, medium height, medium length & color hair

Laura, Lorraine, Loretta-- downright skinny, usually taller than average

Margaret-- tall, skinny, wears glasses

Christine, Jeanne, Jeanette-- fat

Herbert, Henry, Wendall, Oliver-- fat

Larry-- skinny

Ken-- skinny, but with lighter hair

Edward-- bland

Ed -- bland but with better defined features

Edwin-- tall, skinny with narrow features with large nose, thin black hair & probably wears glasses; if a black, very commonplace looking.

Edmund-- tall, fatter but not fat and definitely wears glasses

June, Joyce-- Edward's counterparts in blandness

Rita, Stella-- young ones have nice bodies and hair but plain faces

Marilyn-- tall blonde, long hair, working girl's clothes, never lives past 40

Lois-- fairly tall and too slender, face is attractive, hair too short and either black or blonde (never in between, most likely wears glasses

Sarah, Sally-- blonde; Sally has more of a lip line

Norma, Norman-- stern, uncompromising

Nora-- sensitive-eyed

Janet-- full lips

Susan-- small-boned, long but conservatively styled hair of medium brown

Alice, Janet, Susan, Kathy-- wear skirts more often than their peers

Frank-- oily skinned, serious faced

Mark-- blond & sensitive eyed

Fred-- chubby

Frederick-- bony

Gregory-- strong jaw and never lets his hair go uncut or face unshaven

Gail-- hair invariably black

D. Gary Grady

3309 Spruill Ave, Apt 5

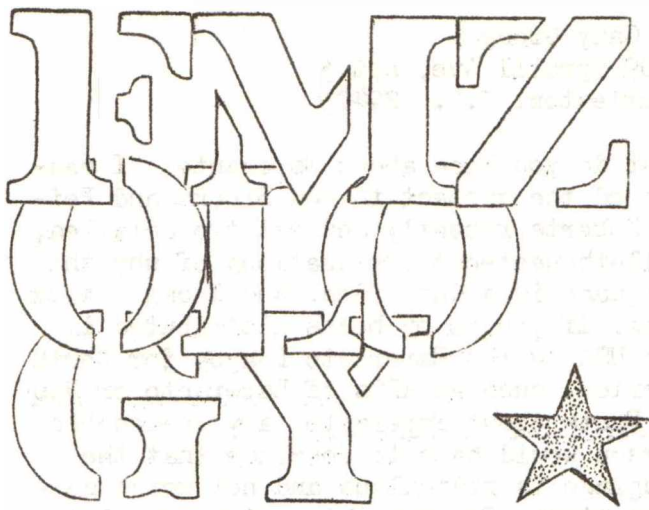
Charleston, S.C. 29405

What do you know about Esperanto? I mentioned the subject to Ned Brooks and Peter Roberts recently and got two detailed, well-thought-out explanations of why the language is a dumb idea. And I can't blame them. If you go by books distributed in the USA by the Esperanto League for North America, such as ABCs of Esperanto or Basic Facts About Esperanto, any reasonable person would have to conclude that the language is ridiculous and not worth serious study. For one thing, they proclaim that Esperanto's grammar has just 16 rules "with no exceptions". In the first place, some of the rules listed contradict each other. In the second, it is, of course, impossible to construct a useable language with just 16 rules. However, these "facts" are nonsense, and by the GIGO law so are Ned's and Peter's criticisms-- through no fault of their own other than relying on normally reliable sources.

I have recently become extremely interested in the language and am in the process of learning it. A rough idea of the most desirable feature of Esperanto - its ease of learning - can be gained from noting that while I have studied French off and on for over a decade, into third year French in college and using it with a fair amount of ease for utilitarian purposes in France and Belgium, I speak and read Esperanto much better after studying it seriously for only a matter of months.

The biggest lie about Esperanto is that it has a simple grammar. And TV GUIDE is a fanzine! Esperanto is hardly grammatically simple. Any language that declines adverbs, yet, is not simple. There is a three-volume grammar text. What the grammar is is regular and rational. It enables you to communicate with far less ambiguity than would be inevitable in, say, English. Furthermore, the main reason it is easy to learn is that the vocabulary is also rationally constructed. Any combination of prefixes, infixes, and root words which makes sense is permissible. In English, this is far more arbitrary. If you engage in swimming you are a swimmer, but if you engage in accounting, what are you? Consider the word "further". Is this "one who furths"?

I champion this downtrodden cause.



* I'd appreciate receiving copies of any filksongs that you or Titlers know about, and, where appropriate, the rights to reprint the songs. I don't know when I'll have this less-incomplete filksong book done, but I'd really like to do it. -- David Singer, Buck 21, Box 264, RPI, Troy, NY 12181

* In THE OHIO REVIEW (July 11, 1975) John Hollow says that fanzine reading and writing "are flights into solitude and isolation". This is just the opposite of my finding in Twof, that the great function and achievement of fanzines is "communication". I don't think that the Titlers want to flee "into solitude and isolation". Wouldn't you agree? -- Dr. Fredric Wertham, Kempton, Pa R#1 19529. ((Fans who are fanzine active also make telephone calls & go to cons to seek "solitude & isolation".))

* I'm in the process of putting together a new fanzine, WELTAN SCHAUNG. Its main objective, as a sf worldview, will be to show how SF does, should, and could affect society. It will include science fact and speculative articles a la Notes From the Chemistry Dept., as well as comments on trends in all parts of society, along with the usual artwork, reviews, humor, letters, fan news, etc. The 1st issue will hopefully be out in mid-Sept. I'd welcome anything along the worldview lines that you or any of the Title bunch have to offer. -- Stephen H. Dorneman, 221 S. Gill St., State College, Pa. 16801

* What a hassle. Production held up while typer & ditto broke down. Aagh! Back at it now, trying to do 3 zines in 3 weeks, trying to catch up to schedule. -- Marci Helms, 1408 Caprice, Union Lake,

Mich., 48085. ((Two of her & Phil's dittozines arriving here this year have been Sign of the Hammer and Son of Sinister Force, both fiction markets.))

* Thanks for the OK to trim 'Diverticula'. Fact is, I had to cut your piece because of previous commitments and shortage of space. But I'm certainly not going to throw the stuff away that won't appear in this issue. When it comes time that you unavoidably come up short some issue, I'll have something to put in. We'll be printing soon-- about 2 weeks or so. -- Terry Whittier, 3809 Meramonte Way, North Highlands, CA 95660. ((Terry is editor of SF:38, sub-titled 'A Magazine of Original Speculative Fantasy'; issue #4 probably out by the time you read this. The 'Diverticula' is a sort of column from me that has short paragraph 'flights of fancy' & 'pockets of oddity'. I had word from A.B. Clingan (whose editorial requirements did not include my column for his and Chet's The Diversifier...rejected, in other wds) that Terry will be offsetting with the same printer who does the Big 'D'.))

* "I can sympathize with the expenses of putting out frequent fanzines. I've been wondering myself recently whether I can afford to keep putting out as many zines as I do. I've taken a few steps in an attempt to get a bit larger percentage of subbers to GODLESS, including an adv in the next MACon Progress Report. I recommend that you get more strict about knocking non-responders off the mailing list. I don't care who the person is; I'd take my own mother off my list if she didn't respond. In fact, I did take my mother off my mailing list; she was very upset." -- Bruce D. Arthurs, 920 N. 82 St., Apt H-201 Scottsdale, AZ 85257. ((I have never recovered from the adolescent days when my parents frowned at the BEMs & unclad females with brass-knuckle brassieres; as a result, I've never put them, my parents, on my mailing list. It's the only way I prove to them that their errant son did not lose his sanity!))

* I am into my next IBID, and it looks like a fine issue, wrapped up by the end of Sept for Nov delivery. I'm planning an overrun which I'll be sending to some folks who've treated me to zines, etc. About 60% is my story, for which I have some great Joe West illns. Generally I do most of IBID myself, except for poetry and art, which I'm awaiting. But I could use

a page about the reaction of fandom to HPL's death or to HPL in his own day, if you have recollections thereof. So far there is NOTHING about the old buzzard in the issue. -- Ben Indick, 428 Sagamore Ave., Teaneck, N.J. 07666. ((Ben's IBID is for E.O.D.apa, primarily about H.P. Lovecraft; IBID classifies as a fanzine in its own right and worth getting if you can talk the Red-Headed Buzzard out of a copy!))

Will Norris, 1073 Shave Rd.,
Schenectady, NY 12303

For convenience I am trying to set up procedures ((with his zine, SIRAT))--but circumstances seem to change almost as rapidly as I make a decision. Now, for example, the likelihood of obtaining a mimeo has become very good, so the prospects for discarding the xerox method is very good also. This necessitates another change in policy-- a liberalization of the form, since I will be doing stencils. Then, too, the mailing list/sub policy is a source of concern. Right now I am gravitating towards a notebook record similar to the one you've mentioned in past Titles, with a sheet of addresses that can be xeroxed, cut out and taped to zines.

Some of the items you mentioned in "Final Analysis" T42 are very similar to what I had in mind to do. Anything you can use of mine I will assist with. ((He refers to my yearbook of fanzine activity.)) I'd also like to see is the reprinting of zines and articles that have gone out of print, with maybe some revision. But I'm ignorant of what has been done. What out of print articles or zine (resource, reference, etc.) do you think should be reprinted? ((Mike Gorra, in RANDOM, is reprinting a lot of good faanish material, but not from very long ago. Willis Conover will be reprinting a lot of fine material from his '30's Science-Fantasy Correspondent. And David Moyer has a plan to reprint the best fan fiction of the last few years.))

Mark Sharpe, 2721 Black Knight Bv., Indianapolis, Ind. 46229

Yuk! The only task I detested (other than purchasing stamps) was compiling and stamping my zine. (("Stamping?"-- lucky typo to combine stapling and stamping? Or planned that way? Must be added to the fanspeak vocabulary.)) I finally got the

Late flash from Ben Indick (Sept 4)! He writes that in the EOD IBID (mentioned opposite) he'll have an unpublished Lovecraft essay! There'll also be a long story about voodoo in New York by Indick, who, as you know, has a way with words.

brainstorm to take it to ISFFA meetings and have the membership assist. You ought to try that, it beats doing it all yourself. ((Send me a ticket, any airline, to your ISFFA meetings!)) My ECLIPSE had the weirdest number of pages ever; 28 pages starting, going to 18, 14, 22, 26, 38, and then 48. Not exactly your average procedure. ((I believe that a study of fanzine pages from a single editor would show a cycle of slowly rising number of pages, perhaps a slight acceleration to a peak, then a drastic drop-off, either to gaffiation or a slow comeback up the same cycle. Has something to do with the full moon...))

Carl "C.E." Bennett, P.O.Box 8502, Portland, Ore. 97201

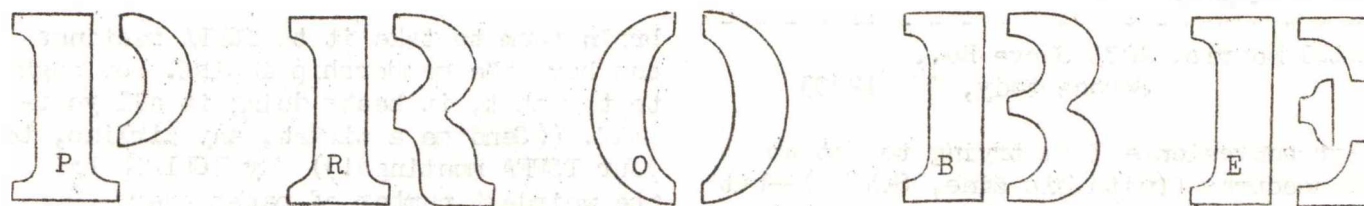
((In August I got a copy of a strange little zine called DORK PIZZIE from C.E. Bennett. In format and content it showed a whacky promise, and I liked the very strange "The Untitled Story"; and here's Carl's reply as it pertains to his zine.))

Tom Reamy has offered to print the story in NICKELODEON if I update, revise, and generally overhaul it. My ex-roommate and I wrote that so long ago we're arguing who wrote which lines. Ah,well. I've got a few copies of DP#1 left over. As soon as I have an address for Steve McDonald I'll send him one. As for the zine's layout, it's layed out on 8 1/2 by 11, and then quartoed. Two folds and one trim and that's it. Can ya drop Brad Parks and Bruce Townley a line or two about my art needs?

Denis Quane, Box CC, East Texas Sta Commerce, TX 75428

I agree Gary Grady does good articles. He is almost the only one who is giving me the kind of hard-science articles I want. He's sent me another on relativity effects!

Back in February (TITLE #35) "Let's Probe" appeared; it asked six questions, and all "Probes" since then have been printing responses. I state this because of a letter from K. Allen Bjorke (Aug.20) who writes: "I'm puzzled as to how people are supposed to know what's next in PROBE. Do you tell them outside the boundaries of TITLE. It really does get to be depressing, not to be one of the Chosen Few who know what's going on." Hope this explains, Allen, that no hanky-panky is going on behind your back; you just didn't get into the swim early enough to see the original questions.



Don Ayres tells a long story of a close call between his hand (with its arterial system) and a commercial beef slicer (with its sharp blade). After plunging his hand into an ice bucket preliminary to bandaging, we pick up the story in Don's words.... "...a high pitched whistle was beginning in my ears and everything was beginning to sound like I was hearing it through water. Everything was proceeding in slow motion. I began to feel nausea. During the first attack of dizziness, I recall thinking of my parents for a moment, just that I didn't want them to worry. The only thing that really filled my mind (beyond the slow motion and fish-bowl perception of external events) was the thought of a girl friend, Jan; I just wanted her there and kept wishing they'd call her or go get her." ((I recall a bad night I had on the little island off Okinawa where Ernie Pyle was killed in WWII (Ie Shima). As I tried to pull my whole body up into my helmet, I remember wishing desperately that my wife, Betty, and my mother were there to comfort me.))

Eric Larsen: "A recurring nightmare I used to have is being at the bottom of a swimming pool and starting to swim to the surface. I finally get there, but find that I am actually at the bottom still; I somehow have turned around. I try again and again, but continue to find the bottom of the pool where the surface should be. I have traced this back to the summer when I was twelve and almost drowned at summer camp."

Simon Agree: "I've had this dream twice now so it must mean something. I dreamt I was in Va. looking for Bruce Townley. On the way I had to pass through a John Birch Society commune where they tried to get me to join. (The dream ended there the first time.) Then I walked over a hill and saw a fried chicken stand I recognized to be Townley's, so I entered & met his sister, who knew me right away. Bruce didn't recognize me and I played a complicated guessing game with him before finally saying, 'Hey hey, it's Simon Agree!' Most of my other dreams would get arrested anywhere else but in Los Angeles."

Robert J. Whitaker: "My earliest recollection...I was a child of 3 1/2 years, playing on the side of parent's house and sniffing roses. They were bright red roses with yellow interiors and the scent really interested me. I wanted to take one about with me. The first one I tried to pick resulted in a handful of petals. The second one had this fuzzy black and yellow thing on it, which, I later learned was a bumblebee. I grabbed at it, was stung, and screamed. That's all I can recall. It seems that my earliest memories involve sequences of pleasure; any aftermath of pain from an experience has vanished. I recall a dog I was playing with that bit me; I recall the whole sequence up to the instant it bit me. After that point the memory blurs and grows faint." ((I think it's difficult to remember the actual sensation of pain, repressed so to speak. The sequence, yes, even the appearance of a wound or burn, but can the PAIN actually be recalled?))

Hank "Redbeard" Heath: "My earliest momentary memory is that of snitching some peanut butter cookies that my mother was making. But that occurred all through childhood, so we'll set that aside. The earliest episode...waking up in my crib in the living room of the apartment. It was after my afternoon nap, and the radio was playing 'America, the Beautiful', with full orchestra and chorus. I remember turning my head to look at the source of the sound. I couldn't understand the words, but the emotion got through to me so soundly that after the grand finale, I was so overwhelmed that I burst out into tears. Bawled like a baby, you might say. My parents came in to find out what had happened, but I couldn't communicate with them. And they shut off the radio, figuring it was bothering. This just upset me more, much to their confusion. I've come to the conclusion I was 1 1/2 or 2 1/2 at the time. My hair still stands on end when I hear that song..."

Jodie Offutt: "Embarrassing experience... I got on a bus after school one day at age 12 and saw a friend in the back. I sat beside him and started reading his comic over his shoulder (Capt. Marvel) and reached around and helped myself to a handful of his popcorn. He raised his head and looked at me. It wasn't anybody I knew! I was mortified! The very worst age to be familiar with a stranger of the opposite sex! I'll never forget the look on his face: surprise and Who-the-hell-do-you-think-you-are?! I got off at the next corner and walked the rest of the way home. I remember that incident about once a month."

Chester Cuthbert: "As a youth I always had the romantic ideal of the man as the protector and strong helpmate of the woman. ((Me, too!)) On my way home from work one day, I saw a girl pulling a toboggan-load of lump-coal, her head averted, though she was obviously straining at its weight. Just as I came up to her, she turned and looked at me. It was a girl I had taken out several times who now had been married for over a year. My hurt confusion at seeing her perform this menial, hard task was so great that I muttered aloud 'oh, no!'; the lump in my throat brought tears to my eyes and I hurried on home. It was utterly impossible for me to have offered help, but I've never lost my feeling of shame." ((Not very many readers cared to reveal an embarrassing moment, and, of those that did, Chester was the only one whose obvious empathy caused his moment of embarrassment to arise from someone else's predicament.))

Marci Helms: "I was over an hour late to my wedding rehearsal. I thought Phil was going to pick me up, and he thought I was going to meet him at the church. And so did everyone else evidently, and everyone I knew was either not home when I called, or at the church. I didn't have a car. Finally, I hitched over to the church. My entrance was heralded by many long sighs of relief, from Phil, the minister, and assembled family and friends. The sound of the sighs and the memory of the looks on their faces comes back in full every time I find myself about to arrive late somewhere."

Eric Mayer: "A middle-aged woman, the editor of a local magazine I'd been writing for, called me up to tell me that she had decided to use an article of mine in a forthcoming issue. It was a rather venomous piece about my former high school. 'Would I mind,' she wondered, 'using a pseudonym?' No, of course not. Only nothing came to mind; I suddenly remembered the name of the author whose books I'd been engrossed in at the time. Well, it'd be sort of funny, I thought, to just lift a name that no one in the area would recognize - a little private joke. 'How about M. Moorcock', I suggested, in all innocence. There was a long silence on the other end of the line. 'I'd prefer something else,' she finally said. I managed to come up with some lame substitute, still unaware of what had gone wrong. 'That's better,' she said, 'It's not a dirty joke.' The magazine folded shortly thereafter and I never encountered the editor again. I still shudder a bit, wondering what she must think of a teenager who felt compelled to fabricate an obscene joke out of thin air, as it were."

Ed Cagle: "When I was a second grader an 8th grade boy had given me a ride on his bicycle, to school, and I thought that was a big deal and a sign of eternal-

buddyism. One morning not long afterward I was walking to school with my sister and a friend of hers (named Mary Jane Kriftiworth so help me Hannah!), and spotted the kid riding his bike to school. I screeched: 'Hey Dwight! Pump me up!' My sister and her friend, high school seniors, nearly died laughing, and I knew enough to realize what they were laughing about, and why I was the butt of a bad joke. I gave them a cussing, and got a whipping for that, which didn't help my state of mind."

Paul Walker: "The one big egotrip that comes to mind occurred when I was twelve and found myself, an athletic cretin, in a class full of future pro athletes. What made it worse was that the teacher himself was a former pro baseball player who talked little else but sports. We played ball as often as the school permitted and for the first three months I struck out every time at bat. I mean every--single--time. I was hitting righty then and a friend observed that when we played three-flies-up I hit lefty. Why not switch? I tried it. By that time my reputation was so bad that the kids laughed. The teacher was pitching. I missed the first ball. The second. The the third came in and I hit it out of the schoolground. I swear to you it was the farthest hit ball I ever saw hit in that schoolyard. Everybody, except the teacher, lay down in their positions as if dead.

Alas, the ball was foul, and on the next pitch, I struck out."

Jackie Franke: "Ego-boo... During my freshman year I heard two good pieces of news that were entirely unexpected. I won a poster contest for Cafeteria Safety (urgh!) and had an 'article' printed in AMERICAN GIRL. I was so shocked I didn't write or draw anything for months."

Paul 'Skel' Skelton: "A vivid imagination can be a curse. I used to have the worst nightmares after watching scary things on TV when I was a kid. I kept lying awake imagining monsters coming out of the walls in the dark. My heart was racing and I couldn't keep my eyes closed in case they were sneaking up on me. To combat this I decided to use my imagination as a weapon and I created, in my mind, a kind of Superskel, who was all-powerful. I'd really work out the details of this and eventually, even though I knew it to be total drivel, if I'd seen anything frightening that night I could slip into the Superskel dream/daydream sequence in which, even if the whole universe ganged up on me in my sleep, I could still conquer them by using only one-zillionth of my powers. I wish I'd been able to figure out something like this when I was about five. I had a particularly vivid nightmare in which I was chased down the cellar by Walt Disney's creations and I was awakened on the stairs shouting, 'Goofy's after me!' Since then I've never liked the Disney cartoons containing these famous characters."

Eric Mayer: "Early memory? There's a kind of totally meaningless mental snapshot that I carry around with me. It's simply this - my father standing in the doorway. He has a raincoat on and it is raining outside. He is, I think, carrying a briefcase. It's very unclear and there is no meaning attached. It's an image, nothing more."

When I recall early memories I sometimes wonder whether they are genuine or merely memories of what a parent or some other older person has told me about my childhood at a more recent date. I wonder too whether they are not, in reality, memories of memories. Instead of recalling a game of tag I played when I was 6, might I not be actually recalling how I remembered the event one day when I was 9? Could it be that each time we recall a memory, no doubt slightly amended by our maturing perception, it is laid down on top of the genuine memory which is eventually buried so deeply that only hypnosis can dig it up? Even more frightening - what if the original memories are not stored but simply replaced by the altered recollections? I can believe this because of the poor quality of the memories I do have. When I recall my gradeschool days, I might as well be recalling a book I read once. I recall my dreams and nightmares as vividly as my real existence. How can this be?" ((I know some of my early memories are genuine. At about age 2-3 I stuck my finger in an electrical socket. I recall my position on the floor and the main thing: the high-up, surrounding circle of men's faces (incl. my dad's) laughing at me. My chagrin is still with me.))

A DREAM REPORT FROM
SIMON AGREE

DREAM NUMBER

2nd or 3rd
Dec. '74

I DREAMT.....

FIGHTING PERSON AFTER PERSON AFTER
PERSON WITH KNIVES, DAGGERS, AND AXES, ALL
STRANGELY SHAPED. THEY ALL WANTED TO
FIGHT ME AND I HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO
KILL THEM. THEY WANTED TO FIGHT ME BECAUSE
THEY THOUGHT SOMEBODY ELSE SAID SOMETHING
THAT I REALLY SAID, SOME KIND OF WARNING
OR SOMETHING (THIS IS ALL HAZY HERE). WE
WERE ALL IN A ROOM AND THEY WOULD TAKE
THEIR TURNS FIGHTING ME AND BEING KILLED.
I KEPT EXPECTING THEM TO ATTACK ME FROM
BEHIND AND LOOKED THAT WAY OFTEN, BUT
THEY NEVER DID. EACH ONE OF THEM
ANNOUNCED HIS INTENTIONS (TO KILL ME) ~~VERY~~
CLEARLY AND ATTACKED ME FROM THE FRONT,
BUT THEN GOT IN CLOSE QUARTERS AND
TRIED TO STAB ME IN THE BACK, AND I
ALWAYS GOT THEM FIRST IN THE THROAT
OR CHEST. A FEW TIMES I WAS WOUNDED
BUT IT NEVER HURT OR BLED MUCH. SOMETHING
HAPPENED IN THE END BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT.
MY FEELING THROUGHOUT WAS OF PANIC AND
FEAR, A FEELING OF BEING CAUGHT.

FROM THE SAFETY (?) OF THIS COOL
An Irregular & More or Less Off the Cuff
View of UK Fandom in Exile

By Dave Rowe, August 3 @ Copyright
8 Park Dr. D.C.Rowe
Wickford, Essex
UK SS12 9DH

Dear NATO:

Whilst you are fearlessly and unflinchingly defending Western Civilization against the horrors of the enslaving, undemocratic, unconstitutional Communist Bloc, you may care to give a moment's thought to the results of the Belgium Government putting unconstitutional pressure on the Antwerp University to oust the Beneluxcon 3 bookings from their residencies, so that you could hold some conference or another.

Basically it meant finding as cheap accommodation in little or no time, or to put it another way, the con had to take 'a pig in a poke', and the pig poked us straight back in the eye.

The pig's name was 'Home Spermalie'.

It was a Brugge School complex (evidently for blind Catholic Cooks). It was complex indeed, combining styles from 'stain-glass Lavatory' to 'Awaiting Demolition'. Our rooms were about the size of six telephone booths put together. The walls were cracked and falling plaster sounds oddly like someone shooting pellets at you, which is not conducive to a good night's sleep. Neither is the fact that the curtain was too small for the window ...mosquitoes got more blood that weekend than Dracula & Sam Peckinpah did in all their movies.

The electric lights were a phenomenon. When we arrived they wouldn't work, when they did you had to play (excuse the expression) Russian Roulette with them, as they appeared to be wired by a drunkard. You could have a lot of fun switching on/off the three separate switches to see if either/any of the two lights would come on. Not so funny if you got ill in the middle of the night from lack of blood/sleep/temper, and crawled across

the uncarpeted cold slate floor for a glass of water.

Water-- that was another phenomenon. In 'C' block the taps spouted nothing but a dry strangled gasp, whereas my tap spat out the stuff like a soda-syphon leaving embarrassingly large splash marks down the front of my trousers. Gra Poole's basin wouldn't drain, neither could he take a shower because there weren't any. All the water was cold, no hot taps whatsoever. The toilets ran out of paper, and the one on the ground floor was locked, as was the backdoor, adding another 10 minutes to the 10 minute walk to the con hall which to quote Peggy White was navigable 'by 40 shortcuts, all of which took 25 minutes if you didn't get lost', or as her husband GoH Jim said of the maze-like city, 'it seems to be built on a Moebius Straat'.

The morning meal consisted of Bread Rolls (after watching 'Godzilla vs the Thing' we fully expected giant twin silk slugs to crack out of them at any moment) & Coffee (Cordon Bleu Pete Roberts found the bouquet 'reasonable as long as you could drink it without tasting'. He added, 'a regular "groan from home"').

The Swedish fen reckoned their prisons weren't so tough. The British fen awarded it a four-star Colditz/Stalag 17 rating, underlining this by making a spoof movie of our escape attempts. The (British) Ray Bradbury is now making 'Home Spermalie Survivor Badges' with barb wire wound the outside-- one barb for each day spent there. A Hungarian 'Poet Laureate' wrote some poems in the soviet form revealing the horrors of poor peasant SE readers living under the enforced jackboot of NATO troops...

'From Ghosties and Ghoulies
And long-legged Home Spermalies
May the Good Lord deliver us.'

Of course there were some good moments. We held our usual room parties; there would have been more except the proprietor had put some mundanes in the same bloc, and mundanes neither anticipate nor appreciate being kept awake till dawn by the sounds of drunken revelry. One complained. So we held the parties on the stairs instead and culminated this with a swimming party at four in the morning. Some came without costumes. (I came home with a cold.) It was after that party that Pete Robert's

room key snapped in its lock, so we all had a fine but fruitless time picking it.

On Monday we were picking up the pieces of this con's shattered reputation; it was a somewhat hollow experience, like finding your favourite Ming Vase broken. Last year in Ghent had given us loads of fun where as this year the only thing likely to be produced in any quantity is the number of con-reps slamming it. To quote British Agent Vernon Brown, 'I'm going to have the devil's own job convincing anybody to come next year.'

Of course, next year also sees Eurocon 3 in Poland. That is to say within the enslaving, undemocratic, unconstitutional Communist Bloc, and I hope you'll excuse me from expressing unpatriotic doubts when I say I'll be most surprised if their accomodation is anywhere near as bad as that which you forced us into,

Yours faithfully,
Give or take a four-minute-
warning,
Dave Rowe

Coming Your Way Soon. Of late four zines have appeared which give some hope to our ailing fnz-scene. I will merely say I thoroughly enjoyed each of them. If (by the time you read this) you haven't received a copy of each, do write and ask for a sampler. All are available for the usual. They are.....

GOBLIN'S GROTTO #1 (Qto;dup;28pp) Ian Williams, 6 Greta Tre, Chester Rd, Sunderland, SR4 7RD, Co.Durham, UK

INFERNO #8 (1/2fsc;dup;44pp) Skel, 25 Bowland Close, Offerton, Stockport, Cheshire, SK2 5NW, UK

KNOCKERS FROM NEPTUNE #1 (Qto;dup;48pp) Mike Meara, 61 Borrowash Rd, Spondon, Derby, DE2 7QH, UK

SPI #3 (1/2fsc;xerox; 20pp) Gra Poole, 23 Russet Rd, Cheltenham, GL51 7LN, UK

((Brazier here-- my copies of the first three zines arrived middle of August;all worth getting. MAYA #8,Rob Jackson, 21 Lyndhurst Rd, Benton, Newcastle on Tyne, NE12 9NT, UK (offset;16pp) arrived middle of August;also worth getting.))

DEEPNIGHT

Aljo Svoboda

August 15

a darkling scream

(I want to run from)

fills sleep --

echoes here, echoes there --

subsides with the curdling sea

that star-weight holds down for now

UNTITLED -- Richard S. Shaver

LET THE REMEMBERING EYE
BE BEAUTIFUL
REMEMBERING VIET NAM

LET THE REMEMBERING EYE
BE UGLY
REMEMBERING THE ROUND*SQUARE*OBLONG
TABLE

AND THE PROFITS OF THE MUNITIONEERS
WHO NEVER LET THE SOLDIERS REST
THEIR GUNS SO LONG AS ONE PENNY
COULD BE FIRED

IT'S NO SECRET
WHO MAKES WARS GO ON AND ON AND ON
LET US REMEMBER UGLY
WHEN WE THINK OF VIET NAM, VIET CONG

THE BEAUTIFUL
VIET NAM
WHERE NO PEASANT IS ALLOWED HIS
CASTLE*HOVEL*HUT
NOR ANY DICTATOR HIS LIFE

AND ALL MUST FLEE
DOWN THE ROAD FOREVER
OR STAY
IN MY LAI
TO BE SHOT

Richard S. Shaver May 5, 1975
P.O.Box 356
Summit, Ark 72677

THE SNOTTERS

FORM AND LIFE OF THE RHINOGRAPES

BY HARALD STUMPKE
AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY PRESS, NEW YORK, \$3.95

In 1941 a Swedish prisoner of war escaping from Japanese imprisonment eventually landed on the as yet undiscovered island of Hy-dud-dye-fee in the South Sea archipelago of Hi-yi-yi. What he found there was one of the most startling scientific discoveries of the 20th Century: an entirely new order of mammals, the Rhinogrades, commonly called snouters, whose chief characteristic - as the name indicates - is an extraordinarily developed snout.

There is the primitive Snouter, a mole-like creature with a big nose; the Snout Leaper (*Hopsorhinus aureus*), whose long, jointed nose is used as a kind of catapult; the Earwing (*Otopteryx volitans*), which flies with its ears and uses its nose as a landing gear; and the Miraculous Flower-faced Snouter (*Corbulonassus longicauda*), which stands on its long, stiff, stem-like tail and traps pollinating insects with its five-petal nose.

Unfortunately, all the snouters were wiped out (along with their archipelago) as the result of the same misjudged atomic explosion which killed the author, who was studying them in their habitat.

The author of the 92 page "reference work" is a University of Heidelberg zoology professor named Gerolf Steiner.

As did the author of THE POOH PERPLEX (see YOUR MUSEUM #98), Prof. Steiner must have had a ball writing this "put-on" of scholarly research.



SCIENCE PLAYS FOOTBALL



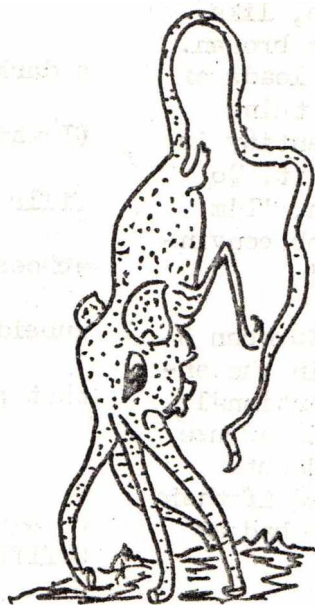
What do you do at a football game? Do you scream, eat, drink, cheer, stamp your feet, and groan? So do I.

Do you ever think of applying this equation to the game?

$$Ft = mv$$

Neither do I. But, just for the fun of it, let's do it now.

The equation is not hard to grasp because it is not one of those equations that seems to go against common sense. And the shorthand symbols are not Greek letters or other esoteric jargon. "F" is force; "t" is time; "m" is mass (or weight); and "v" is velocity. Common sense tells us that



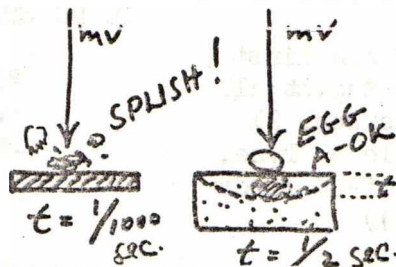
Nasobema lyricum, best known of the polyrrhines, has on its short head four equal snouts and on which it walks. It is enabled to do this, despite an inadequate nasal skeleton, because the snouts are rendered quite rigid by the strong turgor of their corpora spongiosa and elastic by a pneumatic system of highly branched air-passages.

when a 300 pound hulk of a football player galloping at 15 miles per hour gets tackled on the ten-yard line the opposing player has applied a force for a certain length of time. And, that if his force is not sufficient to topple the ball carrier in one thudding moment, he will have to employ more time by hanging on.

I have assigned one part of the equation (Ft) to the tackler and the other part (mv) to the ball carrier. This is a matter of convenience since, of course, each has his own Ft and mv which are all equal if the play's motion is to stop. What it amounts to is:

$$Ft_1 = mv_1 = Ft_2 = mv_2$$

The equation explains why the players wear pads and helmets. I will drop a fresh egg on the hard floor - splish! Now I will drop another egg on a thick piece of foam rubber - pfutt! What has been



EXPERIMENT IN EGG BOUNCING

changed in the equation? Just one thing - the time in which the force acts. It's as if force were peanut butter spread thickly on a cracker and thinly on a slice of bread, so that time can spread force out to reduce its previously instantaneous impact.

In other words: (see sketch)

$$F \times \frac{1}{1000} = mv$$

$$(\text{egg breaks}) \quad F = 1000 \text{ mv}$$

and

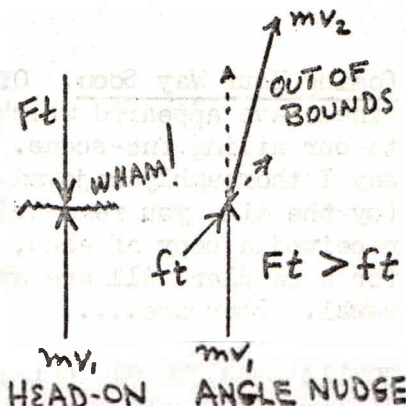
$$F \times \frac{1}{2} = mv$$

$$(\text{egg A-OK}) \quad F = 2 \text{ mv}$$

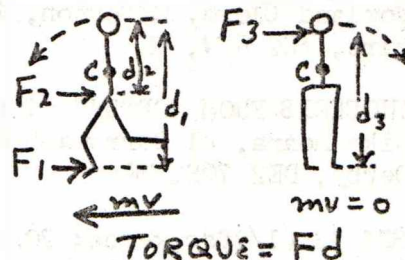
The pads, being resilient, allow the force to act for a long time. In other words, shock absorbers.

Ever notice how a ball carrier can be easily pushed out of bounds? Just another use of the equation. Since the runner's mv is directed parallel to the side lines, his mv to the side is nonexistent or zero. Thus, to the opposing player it is very much like pushing a player standing still. Only a small force is needed to overcome his body weight.

Moreover, if the tackler meets the ball carrier at an angle, a resultant sends him out of bounds on a new course at greater velocity than his own previous to contact.



Tackle high or tackle low? Omitting many details except the equation, now simplified to force alone, I would say it depends on



weights and velocities of the players. A low tackle will cause a greater torque, with the feet being one pivot and the ball carrier's own momentum (mv) bringing his head sharply to the ground in a rotational arc. But if the ball carrier has just caught a pass and is not yet moving, a high tackle will more easily topple him as a push at the top of the Leaning Tower of Pisa would have more effect than at the bottom.

MUNDANIAN



"WHAT DO YOU MEAN -
YOU HAD MISSIONARY
FOR LUNCH?" EKE

Will Norris: Sept 2 "I face for the first time in 17 years a fall and no class-load, no school. I've only to finish my language requirement and take the comprehensive exam in order to get my MA in English. It's a strange feeling-- and welcome."

Ben Indick: "Paul Walker just called me tonight. He is as fascinating on the phone as in person. Lovely person. He wanted to know if I really had red hair." ((May I point out an important fact... Ben's award is for best 'red-headed' fan; not a thing is implied or imputed, even suggested, about his hair, either its color or its presence, in fact.))

Robert Whitaker: "Recently, I started doing odd job work at an underground newspaper-advertising sheet here in Wilmington. I write SF book reviews. After they found out I also worked in the post office they wondered why I couldn't do them an article on how to cheat the U.S.P.O. I found over fifty different ways to do so with a minimal disclosure of fraud. But there was a chance I'd lose my job, that the newspaper could have a court injunction against ever publishing again and from \$5-10 thousand in fines. The publisher said: 'Let's do it!' No way."

Doug Barbour: "I enjoyed Mundaniac; those letter-extracts are fun for their genuineness, I guess. but I just sit here typing letters so much of the time. or being cold & wet-- this summer. of course I do listen to a lot of records, & I've been reading some good sf recently (but I get the impression that to mention doing that shows very poor taste among fans)."

Dennis Jarog: "Perhaps you'd like to know a little about me. I am 23, working and going to school at the same time. I am new to fandom having attended my first cons this year and beginning to spend an increasing amount of time in fanzines. I am getting the urge to begin my own in the very near future. I do enjoy doing a lot of reading in SF and Fantasy; not so much as before but quite a lot. I also am somewhat of a green thumb artist with flowers and vegetables and such."

Dorothy Jones: "I've been blessed with a husband that MADE me grow (esp. grow-up), make my own decisions, take care of my own problems, etc. He rates A-plus in Arco, getting along with men he works with and bosses. He's been a boss since 1957. (Of course, we got married when we were 10 yrs old!!) Anyway, my values have changed dramatically since we've been married. It used to be gimme gimme, let's go places, do things (on my part). Now it's a simple appreciation of waking to a happy husband, peace and quiet, with cool breezes blowing through the house, opening the patio gate and enjoying the lovely hanging plants and hanging metal bird chimes that tinkle in the soft breeze. A tree (that we've had WORDS over) is big enuf to cool the hot patio off a bit. ... I like wine, however Eaton is a bourbon & water man, and, blush, I like that too! I'm a one glass-er."

Randall Larson: "I enjoy listening to much Christian music, folk rock, folk, and such rather than hymns or chorales. John Fischer, Verne Bullock, Marj Snyder and such. I doubt if this is what you mean, Gary ((Grady)) when you asked if anybody else enjoyed religious music. You're probably talking about more classical stuff like Handel's MESSIAH, as the aforementioned artists don't really inspire a 'sense of wonder', but they do present some very nice Lord Praisin' music for the inspiration and enjoyment of one who agrees with what they say."

Stuart Gilson: "I just returned from a week down in Fargo ((May, '75)) where I took in a Stank Kenton workshop and concert at NDSU along with some other fellows with whom I play in a jazz combo. Since it was my first encounter with a live band, Kenton really impressed me. Different from his records. He obviously updates his band's sound continuously, so that in this instance his music was definitely progressive, meaning complex harmonies and juggled time signatures, making it a bit hard to follow at times, but nonetheless enjoyable if only for the astounding talent of his musicians." ((If nothing else, Stan is experimental and has no desire to cater to commercial/stylistic record-selling; he is giving his life/love (and wearing himself out) to his highschool and college workshops; I don't always like his product, but as a MAN he is a great one.))

Paul Anderson: "For some weeks I've been battling with a semi-case of gafia forced in part by an acute lack of time. At the office a ceiling has been placed on the growth rate of public service and the administration may not bother to fill temporary vacancies as they occur. ((This is in Australia.)) The inevitable result is piling up in various jobs. The computer has also created delay in processing returns. ((Australia, are you sure?)) All of this has led to a long series of bouts of overtime, usually two nights a week every week. I am thoroughly sick of it by now."

Bruce D. Arthurs: "Signed up for the fall semester at Arizona SU last week. One of the courses is creative writing. As it turned out, the instructor was a professional poet, name of Dubie, and he had no idea that the course was also supposed to cover fiction writing. 'I don't know how to teach fiction!' he cried. So about half the class is out in the cold. But I deliberately overbooked myself so I can drop one and still have the 12 hours necessary for GI Bill of full-time status."

Jackie Franke: "Just got back from Detroit with something new-- a broken hand, and the right one at that. Smacked it into a doorknob; objects tend to collide with me with monotonous regularity. Cracked the metacarpal bone below the little finger. I'm finding it extremely frustrating to get along left-handed. I can't draw, I can't write, and some of the most mundane tasks are all-but impossible. At the typer I occasionally hit the space key or some other lower-row key by accident with the splint."

Don D'Ammassa: "I'm five foot six; does that mean anything?" and "During normal business periods, I probably wouldn't have time for more than minimal fanac at work. Sales and business are down over 50% though. There is also the unfortunate but nevertheless pervading fact that most businesses (and offices) are run very inefficiently. I've reduced my staff from ten to five, get much more work done than before, and have actually been finding myself with no work for either them or myself. So fanac fills one gap. "

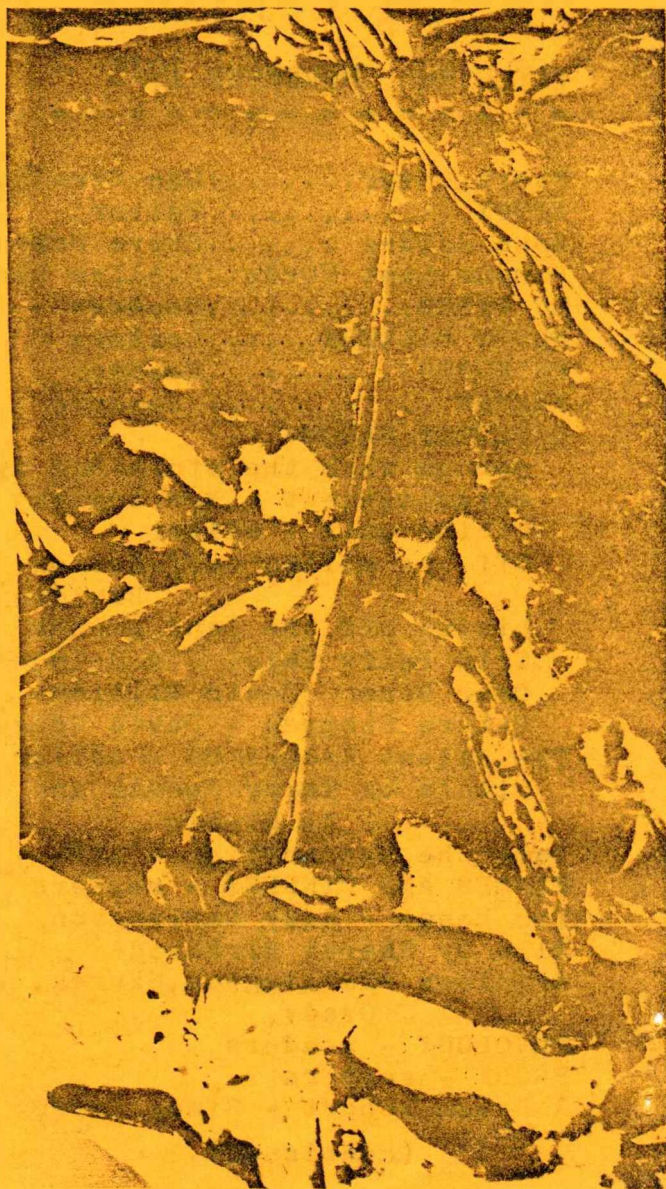
Chris Hulse: "I took a short self-study course in astronomy (part of a Physical Science course. I'm a 24-year old sf reader, and the most I could tell about astronomy before that was how to correctly pronounce 'Uranus'. I've been captivated; it's an extremely engrossing subject. ((Yes, as a very little kid I first liked Egyptian and other ancient archeology which was then followed with astronomy, which gave way in turn to chemistry, then short-wave radio building, then physics, then biology, and finally a whole host of things like psychology, linguistics, mathematics, etc. Right now, through the courtesy of Gene Wolfe, I am getting ASTRONOMY magazine--fascinating again!)) I've been doing abstracts of science articles related to the field, and amassing a small lode (that's how I view it) of information." and "Shari's currently working at the Post Office; starts at 6 A.M. and usually gets off at 4:30. I'm convinced that what our family needs is a bike ride every evening. Nothing strenuous-- just a leisurely ride on level ground, up and down the road a few yards (25) from our house. The road is reachable within 25 yards; the ride would stretch up to three miles round trip."((Glad you explained; I wondered what a 25 yard ride would do for the family.)) "We're tentatively planning a trip to Europe summer of '76. (I'm typing in my den and Amy is in the bedroom teasing the cats. We try to discourage such action.) Or if Amy's not ready for such a jaunt, we will travel around the US instead." ((You've got to see our ARCH! I went up once; my car was gone when I came down!))

BILL BLISS SNIPS

422 WILMOT CHILLICOTHE ILL 61523

10 Feb. 1975-- Enclosed prints are from my new aluminum foil wrinkling and flattening process. Printed onto paper with stamp pad ink- they are kind of fuzzy, but have interesting patterns. ((See sample below.))//Have sworn off fart jokes (temporarily). However, did you ever hear the definition of a smart ass? That's somebody who can sit on an ice cream cone and tell you what flavour it is.// Could it be that some of those strange implausible finds of artifacts in rock are simply made by the universal imagery system? Can mere thought on one's part affect reality? Or that the world is a composite of everybody's thoughts? There is a rather unscientific experiment which even Michael Faraday was said to have performed successfully along with a host of crackpots. It is merely passing weak electrical currents continuously (in some cases for months) through an acid solution in a closed container. The usual result is insects of rather old ((odd?)) looking models. Asked a local alchemist about that one time, and he said he got little green dinosaurs. I've found that emulsions of kaolin in mineral oil require about a year to develop fully-- must of course be left in the same exact physical location. If one went to Stuttgart and put all kinds of raw materials in solution in a large vat, all that would result would be some sludge and likely some weird chemistry. At great expense, it all could be sorted out and made into a Volkswagon. But at the current state of the art, the only way to make a Volkswagon is at a Volkswagon factory- or by one person who is good at making things, both use the same technique.

22 Nov. 1974 -- There are TWO ways to go around a cube. The opposite parallel world would be one of the worlds going one way around the cube. We take the other way. If one imagines travelling from this one to world #2, one makes a precise right angle turn and gets to the other world. ARE ALL OTHER DIMENSIONAL WORLDS USING THE VERY SAME TANGIBLE MATTER? IS IT IMPOSSIBLE TO DO ANYTHING WITHOUT RELATED ACTION IN OTHER WORLDS? // Universal imagery shows up everywhere. It is made by tangible things-- a self acting process. It is a multiplex image-- no single line or dot or shading is common to any single image. It is reversible and different viewing distances give different images. And it is a turn around-- different images at 90 degrees rotation.// More mind boggle: if one merely went around the cube and back to this world, one would be operating at a ratio of 0-16, and that would not be this same world. One could keep on going and accumulating higher and higher ratios, and more different worlds every quarter turn of travel?? // It is not safe to walk from my shop late at night. I used to carry a sawed off shot gun until a cop took exception to that. Sold it to him at a nice profit. I put a sign in the window that said "Beware of bear trap when breaking & entering."



WELL, HI THERE
WANNA SMOKE A
TITLE?



Contents #44

TITLE 44 NOVEMBER 1975

Front Cover.....Mae Strelkov
AITOIEditor
Bone HolderSteve McDonald
Famous Last Words..K.Allen Bjorke
SF PATCH.....Readers
PHOTO GALLERY.....Readers
KWIKWOTZReaders
VECTOR Readers
BARBEQUE SAUCE:

now on with the story-Don Ayres
advertisement - Ben Indick
recipe quiz - editor
Off the soiled cuff-Sutton

Breiding

Living off the land-Editor
Grim Fairy Tale- J.A.Salmonson
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The Aliens Around Us - editor
illo's by Terry Jeeves and
Al Sirois

Name the Handwriting - ???
FLAMES AND CINDERS - readers
Two Poems - Andy Darlington
Illo by Sheryl Birkhead
Artilocs -Darlington,Szurek, &
Grady
FMZOLOGY - readers
PROBE - readers
A Dream Report - Simon Agree

(continued)



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The Snouters - editor
Science Plays Football - Editor
MUNDANIAC - readers
Wanna Smoke a Title - Craig J. Hill

- - - - -C-O-A- - - - -

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