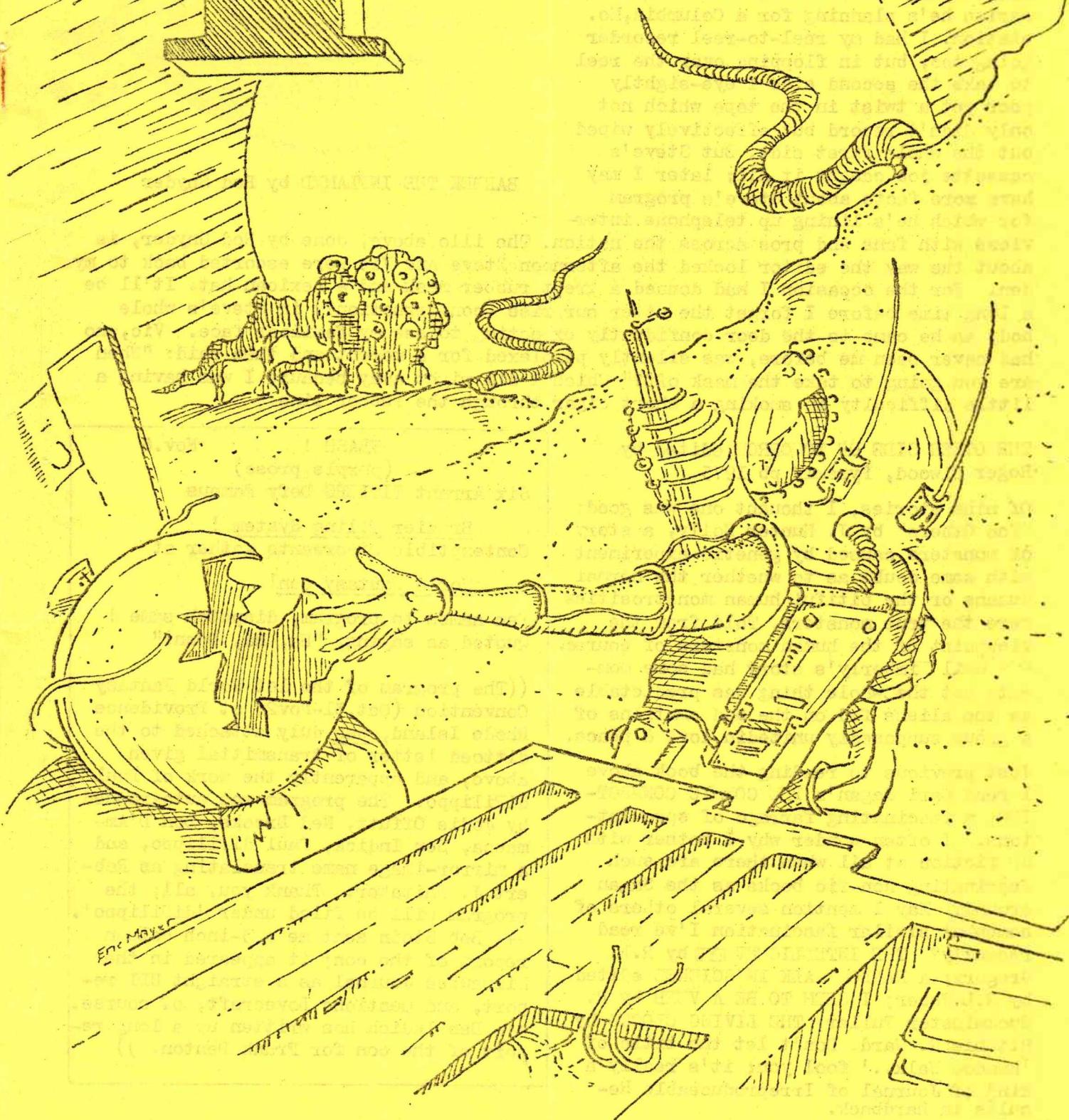
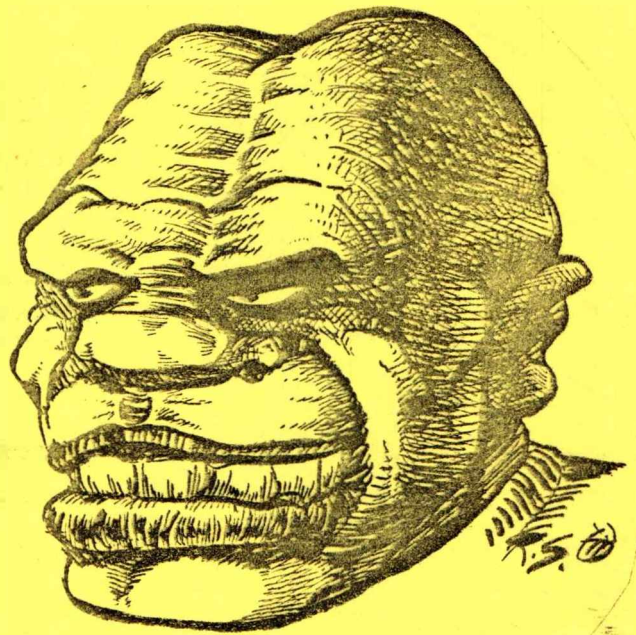


Time



AITOI

Nov.16: On a Sunday afternoon a week ago, Steve McDonald and Vic Kostrikin and I spent the hours recording our give&take. Steve hopes to get enough out of the 4 hour taping to make some talk on a radio series he's planning for a Columbia, Mo. station. I had my reel-to-reel recorder going too, but in flopping over the reel to take the second side I eye-sightly poor got a twist in the tape which not only didn't record but effectively wiped out the whole first side. But Steve's cassette job caught it all; later I may have more facts about Steve's program for which he's lining up telephone interviews with fans and pros across the nation. The illo above, done by Rod Snyder, is about the way the editor looked the afternoon Steve and Vic were escorted back to my den. For the occasion I had donned a great rubber mask and a Mexican hat. It'll be a long time before I forget the utter surprise (consternation?) in Steve's whole body as he came to the door confidently expecting to see my familiar face. Vic, who had never seen me before, was silently perplexed for a moment and then said: "When are you going to take the mask off?" Which I did right away because I was having a little difficulty in smoking a short cigar through the rubber lips.



BARBEK THE INFLAMED by Rod Snyder

THE OTHER SIDE OF TOMORROW, edited by Roger Elwood, Pyramid pb 1975.

Of nine stories, I thought one was good: "The Others" by J. Hunter Holly, a story of monsters caused by genetic experiment with some doubt as to whether the normal humans or the pitiful human monstrosities were the true monsters. Told from the viewpoint of the human monsters of course. *** Gail Kimberly's story had some moments but the whole thing was predictable as the aliens fed on the bad emotions of a group supposedly united in love & peace.

Just previous to reading the book above I read Carl Sagan's THE COSMIC CONNECTION, a fascinating farrago of speculations. I often wonder why I bother with SF fiction at all when there are such fascinating non-fic books as the Sagan around? May I mention several others of somewhat similar fascination I've read recently? THE INTELLIGENT EYE by R.L. Gregory; A RANDOM WALK IN SCIENCE edited by R.L. Weber; I SEEM TO BE A VERB by R. Buckminster Fuller; THE LIVING CLOCKS by Ritchie R. Ward. Don't let the title of 'Random Walk...' fool you; it's really a kind of Journal of Irreproduceable Results in hardback.

FLASH ! Nov.6

(purple prose)

Six Arrant TITLERS Defy Famous

Brazier Filing System !

Contemptible miscreants gather at

World Fantasy Con!

Pen names to program, dispatch same !
Quoted as saying, "Ha, ha, Donn!"

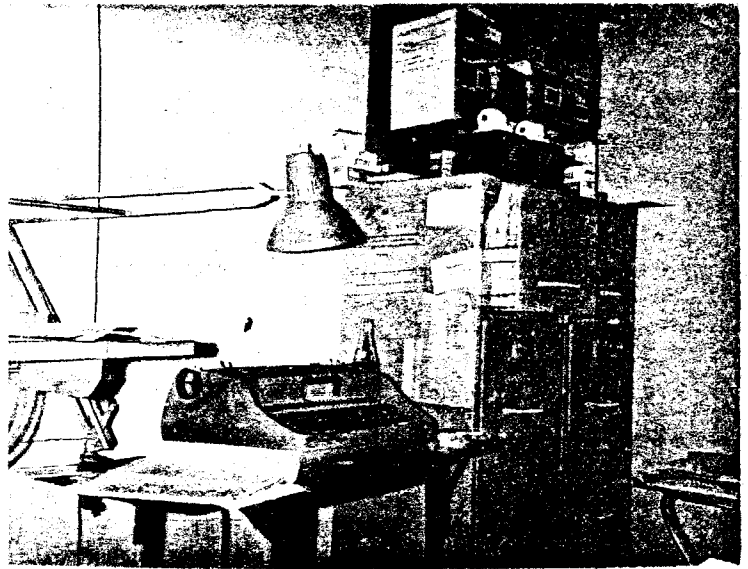
((The program of the 1st World Fantasy Convention (Oct.31-Nov2) at Providence Rhode Island, was duly attached to the dittoed letter of transmittal given above, and apparently the work of Paul diFilippo. The program was autographed by Jodie Offutt, Ned Brooks, Don D'Amassa, Ben Indick, Paul diFilippo, and a mirror-image name translating as Robert J. Whitaker. Thank you, all; the program will be filed under 'diFilippo'.
+++ Bob Stein sent me a 3-inch column report of the con; it appeared in the Milwaukee Journal as a straight UPI report, and mentions Lovecraft, of course.
+++ Ben Indick has written up a long report of the con for Frank Denton.))

A letter of September 9th from Bill Bowers straightens out the rumpled fabric of delusion:

"What's Glicksohn mean...the TITLE office is not as crowded as the OUTWORLDS office? He hasn't seen the new, improved OUTWORLDS office. Our spacious three-story building (yellow-brick exterior, tree-shaded parking lot for up to 150 automobiles) features the latest in data processing equipment, not to mention color-coordinated office furniture and deep pile carpet. Of course, it is already becoming a bit overcrowded...but I have my eye on the Goodyear Air Dock in Akron...before the construction of the Saturn building at the Cape, the largest building without internal support in the world."

This all refers to some outlandish comment Mike Glicksohn made upon seeing my office, and which comment I recorded in a TITLE of several months ago.

So, over at the right you may study the OUTWORLDS office as recorded by the unblinking lens of the Bower's camera. While below, we see a series of mysterious mirror photos, posed and taken by Bruce Townley or his reasonably exact clone. For some reason Bruce labeled them in order, Figure 2, 3, 4, & 5.



Yup, still AITOI

Postcard from Leah Zeldes showing some of downtown Detroit with the AutoClave hotel rising majestically in the lower lefthand corner, and as Leah says, "See, Detroit isn't such a bad place after all! It has trees an' ev'rything"! Other enclosures in her letter: an IBM punch card with this computerized message across the top: DETROIT HAS BEEN STERILE FOR 16 YEARS. NOW IT IS TIME FOR AUTOCLAVE; a metal wheel (purple) with my name emblazoned thereon; a dollar bill to augment her first dollar so she will get 3 issues of FARRAGO, bargain rate. Why not plan to come to Detroit this May and help it achieve fecundity? Bill Bowers and Tony Cvetko say they're willing to help; I'll be on hand to do what I can, i.e. drink beer and entertain the youngfen with old-fashioned ideas.

See, this fat letter arrives from Jessica Salmonson; it feels like a handful of squeezeable something. Could it be one of her socks? Could it be the pad out of a dead brassiere? What it was.... a handibag with five nightcrawlers, earthworms, angleworms! Christ, I could smell them. But they turned out to be plastic, and now they don't smell anymore. Wonder why she sent them? One of my sons took one; he's going to put it on a teacher's desk.

Funny...it's been almost 4 years of TITLE and I'm still getting reactions to driblets permitted to, whatelse?, dribble into this zine about its editor. Some remarks from overseas about my love of swing music, including an advertisement about old classics sent by Brad Parks. My mention of wine-making by the sotted editor brought a Xerox of things about plum wine from Pauline Palmer. I must relate one of the anecdotes:

"... a hermit, Lin P'u, desired the life of a peaceful hermitage in preference to cacophonous cities and peoples. He built himself a hut on the Ku Mountain, near one of the lakes, planted a plum tree, and gathered around him soft-colored cranes. In this paradise on earth he called the sturdy plum tree his wife, and the rose-and-white slender-legged cranes his children..." A rather fruitful fable!

Some personal observations, checking your own experience. If and when I attempt to write a pro-type SF story I generally can get through page 3, then I quit. If on rare occasion I make that hurdle my next barrier is page 30. My feeling is always... oh, hell, this is crap! Let's get back to some fanac, music, or something! Another trait of mine... Whenever I build up a fairly good sized pile of stories, half-baked, or a pile of music manuscript filled with my melodies & chord symbols, or a stack of paintings -- out they go! Burn 'em, rip 'em, get rid of 'em, get 'em out of my sight. Later, I often regret this destructive action, but there's always a new pile forming. Also...I go through some days without any ESP activity, and suddenly it strikes again and I run around saying, "Look what happened!" And all a person has to do is say, "Gosh, you've got ESP powers", and I say, "Baloney-- it's just another coincidence." You want some examples? When I was in Minnesota in October my mother gave me an old dictionary; I put it on my shelf. The first time I needed it to look up a spelling, I opened the unfamiliar book, and there was the word. Sometime before that, at work

HEATH PODGE BY HANK HEATH
+ + + + +

Working regularly as a substitute teacher, I picked up the following gems:

-- Overheard at the lunch table: a lady did a multi-color needlepoint of her EKG.

-- During a Spanish class I discovered that today's kids don't recognize the phrase 'to act catty'.

One of the weirdest things happening to me is due to being a sub for many different teachers in the same school system. Since I don't know any of them, I find myself visiting the rooms I worked in the day before to find out 'who' I was. My favorite opening line is 'Hi, I was you yesterday.' It breaks the ice nicely.

Question: Since early in the history of SF, most stories were 50-100 years in the future; in the 40's-50's they were 10-50 years; and lately they've been 0-10 years in the future. What does this mean in terms of relevancy & ability to extrapolate events? Are we more chicken?

one morning, I had this overpowering feeling of confidence that I could force my assistant in the next office to open her dictionary to the exact page I would select. So confident was I that I wrote a number (428 I think it was) on a piece of paper, then walked into her room. Open your dictionary, I said, and put your finger on the page number. She did; I handed her the slip of paper. It was the correct number!

Just a few weeks ago the President of the Board of Commissioners called me to suggest I hire an out-of-town firm to consult with me on new museum plans. I didn't want to, but I said I'd think it over and call him back. I paced my office. I was about to call him, fifteen minutes later, and say it was a bad idea. Just then the phone rang. It was a museum consultant from New Jersey (Lynch Industries) who called to ask if we might need some consulting work. I had never talked to the guy before, but this seemed too good an omen to pass up; I said, "Yah, fly out and talk to us."

To get closer to fandom, there have been a number of fans who write me back and say, "You know, it was the oddest thing, but so-and-so happened just as I got your letter." Or, "It's funny you should have said that because just today I was doing or thinking so-and-so."

Oh, crap, it's all coincidence!

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For several years in a row I used to be called on to give an annual science-inspirational talk to a science club at a local high school. This got to be a little tiring, and, since I had just finished reading Marshall McLuhan, I decided to shuffle my note cards in front of the group and give the talk in any random order, just as the cards came up by that improbable shuffle. I've never been asked back! What reminded me of this was my receipt of two con reports from Jodie Of-fut. One report (ICON) written by Jackie Franke on scissored scraps of yellow paper; the other (FANTASY CON) written by Jodie on white, scissored scraps. I must assemble them for this issue. Should I pull a McLuhan and transcribe both reports in the order in which the scraps fall? I am sorely tempted. Jodie says I might have trouble finding the right order from this puzzle submitted (as Jodie says) from "...the Bobbsey Twins -- Flossie and Floozie." Well, we shall see.

THE DOC WERTHAM DEPARTMENT *****

Yup, he's in print again! Check out page 328 of the pb THE FIRST DEADLY SIN, a bestseller detective story by Lawrence Sanders. I quote:

"Wertham says mass murderers are not passionless; they only appear to be so. But-- and this is significant-- he says that when their orgy of killing is finished, they once again become apparently passionless and are able to describe their most blood-curdling acts in chilling detail, without regret and without remorse."

Someone called Wertham's attention to the passage. In sending me his note of this, Wertham adds: "Isn't it strange how often my views on violence are accepted in print and how seldom in real life?"

Do you ever wonder what you'd do if a burglar came crawling part way through your bedroom window in the middle of the night, awakened you enough to realize what was happening?

1. Would you pretend slumber?
2. Would you scream?
3. Would you attempt to reach the telephone to dial the police?
4. Would you wrestle?
5. Would you use a handy weapon?

Now, if you had the foresight to have placed a weapon near the bed, which of the following would it be:

- a. A club of some sort, say a baseball bat.
- b. A gun, loaded and ready to fire.
- c. A long knife (dagger).
- d. A piece of wire or cord for garrotting.
- e. A spray can of teargas or some other horrible stuff.

One last morbid question: with the weapon of your choice at hand, would you use it immediately and without warning, or would you merely threaten?

We discussed this at work today, and I have a long sturdy knife within reach of my right hand by the bed. As the burglar got half way through my window, I'd come up from underneath and sink the blade in his gut. No compunction. Were the courts of the land more prone to put these guys away for a long time, I'd not be so vehement.

Other things received recently... Two tiny booklets on Esperanto from Gary Grady, a grammar & an English/Esperanto dictionary. A photograph from Claire Beck. The view of distant trees is in spherical form and so I suspect the old engineer was experimenting again by taking a photo through a telescope. THE DISCOVERY OF THE FUTURE by Prof. James Gunn, Texas A&M Library Publ.13. This is sub-titled 'The Ways SF Developed'-- doublespaced, one side of the only 17 pages. Cost me \$2, so it's a slim bargain. But I'm a sucker for anything sub-titled in the way this one is. (Did you know Lynn Hickman is Plato Jones?) FEATHERDUSTER, the Westlake H.S. newspaper, Austin, Texas. Rod Snyder writes columns & news for this. He reports, in the lead story, that even Jack and the Beanstalk and The Three Little Pigs are prime candidates for censorship in Kanawha County! You know, somehow I have a different image of those Texans!

Gil Gaier writes:

Donn, how would you like an idea? Free? NO CHARGE! For your own use in TITLE. That would be extremely popular. That would run forever. That one or more people could contribute to. OKAY. How about FANMAN OF THE MONTH or somesuch title. The HONORED FAN writes a biographical page or so, and then a page or two by a friend/associate/partner/acquaintance who could write short character sketches or tell their favorite stories about him/her. Fandom friendship means more than superficial acquaintance, or should.

Brazier replies:

Great idea and fits the TITLE format! To get the necessary anecdotes, etc. by the other people, though, means the HONORED FAN just about has to attend lots of conventions (so as to build up a stock of anecdotes). At this time I think a prime person would be BOB TUCKER. I'll try to talk him into a short biography, so all you people who have anecdotes revealing some of Bob's character, send them in. Don't delay-- Brazier works fast-- like Gil Gaier's idea lay in files since Mar. 12, 1975. And I was always going to get to it real soon now.

Shortly after I mentioned that I had run music records back and forth between the player & tape recorder to reduce a 3-min recording to 3 seconds, I found this art-

BUY JUPITER AND OTHER STORIES
Isaac Asimov
Doubleday SF, BookClub, 206pps

As fascinating as a fanzine! The stories are short (24 of them) and each one ties in somewhere with SF, Asimov, or whatever as Asimov comments between each one in highly entertaining and informative fashion. The commentary is the best part, though I like the stories because each one briefly explores ONE idea. In many the idea is minor, if not quite trivial. So what? I hadn't thought of it all in quite that way before, had you? These stories show how terse Asimov can be, a rather astounding faculty when you consider how many millions (billions?) of words pour out of him.

I marked p.58. He says he'd never been in Chicago before April, 1953. I could have sworn that he was in a group of fans in Chicago at Chicon I, 1940, gathered on the depot ramp saying goodbye to Milton A. Rothman as he left for Philadelphia. My memory must be faulty; Asimov ought to know if or if not he was in Chicago before 1953. Was Milton A. Rothman there, was he? Or am I making up fannish history? I know I was there, and 29 years later I attended another convention!

How do you like a Brazier review of a worthwhile book? I wouldn't even mention all this except I am able to read a little more SF lately as doing TITLE gets easier as more and more processes become automatic and divorced from brain activity. --- Hey! Don't say that!

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icle about VSC, variable speech control in POPULAR SCIENCE magazine. The circuit keeps the frequency from going up as the time goes down. In other words, my 3-second recording was a high squeak instead of normal frequency for listening pleasure. Admittedly, a 3-second recording of a 3-minute instrumental does not have the same musical quality-- at least not at first. It takes a heap of getting used to. Now vocals speeded up are more objectionable than instrumentals. I play a lot of my instrumentals at 45rpm or more because I like the tempo better, but a vocal of a 33.3 played at 45 is too humorous in its chipmunk sound. The ish of POP SCIENCE was Jan.75; anyone seen the VSC on the market yet? I'd like to get an adapter unit for my set up to compress all my records into less listening time required. Remember, I like short stories.

I just knew I'd goof up the scissored con reports from Jackie & Jodie.. so a slip I forgot and I can't leave it out, so here it is: (From Jodie's section.)

I talked with Ned Brooks who gave me a ten-minute rundown on Aussiecon -- very interesting. I had trouble spotting Ned because he had his full name on his tag. (I shouldn't complain, since on my own nametag I had put the dedication from Andy's Cormac book: Mary Josephine McCabe-McCarney Offut.)

Cancel the thought of a Columbia-based radio program on SF starring Steve McDonald. He telephoned to say it was all off but that any info he'd already gathered might someday see print. And he's leaving the University to return to Jamaica December 15th.

Tom Morley writes: "With a large part of your two zines repro'd in xerox, one is led to suspect that you have access to free copying!" ((Xerox charges the museum a certain fixed rate per month and we are allowed to copy 5,900 times without extra charge. Now, if the copycount is anything below 5,900 in any month, I make up the difference. Some months I am not able to do this; others I might have 2000 to play with. This means I've got to have some masters ready for that end-of-the-month emergency largess.))

Dave Szurek has a couple of 'irks'. He says, "I have noticed that on occasion you pose a question (or pose it for someone else) and then either fail to give the results or reveal painfully few of them." ((I feel good that you apparently were waiting for results; on the other hand I feel bad that I'm not always too quick with the answers. Reasons? Lack of memory, lost in the files, no interesting replies, or being saved for a later issue. Sometimes I don't expect any answers; just fun to pose questions.)) The next irk is that Dave didn't particularly appreciate my condensing his LoC on names to a listing. It misrepresented him and what he had written. I can't argue that. It was a judgement on my part that the facts were sufficient and the saving in space made it seem worthwhile. Since the originator of the piece, Dave, believes otherwise, I admit my error and apologize. The 'name-piece' was in Artilocs of T-44.

Claire Beck sends a clipping, a note with instructions to mail on the clip to T's herpetologist, Don Ayres. The clip is of a kid who was bitten by a garter snake which the newspaper photo-caption says "may have developed venom, perfecting through evolution, the same sort of toxin as poisonous snakes." What say you Oh snakeman? Claire says the item is a matter of "considerable interest or else general stupidity."

TITLES DO NOT MAKE MEN, BUT MANY MEN ARE VERY FOND OF TITLES. -- Harper's Weekly Jan.3, 1857

Pauline Palmer writes: "Hmmm, so you have fallen prey to wine-making. I've never used a concentrate, and find the hydrometer necessary only in beer and champagne making. Prune-plums make an excellent wine -- sometimes I make a heavy sweet wine (about 6-8 lbs of prune-plums per gallon), sometimes a dry rosé-type (3 lbs/gal). I prefer the dry. ((So do I.)). My very favorite wine-making book is: M.A.Jagendorf-FOLK WINES, CORDIALS & BRANDIES. He's fun to read (fannish even), has a good sense of humor. He gives recipes for just about everything you could imagine (and many things you WOULDN'T imagine). Someone I was talking to swore by his spinach wine recipe, but every spring we eat up our fresh garden spinach so quickly I've never had a chance to try it."

In an old letter from Ed Connor, who extolled SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN magazine, mentions that Martin Gardner, in his always delightful mathematical game/puzzle department, reported that someone made a map of 110 areas that can't be colored with fewer than 5 colors. As you know, it had always been said that 4 colors were sufficient. It's just occurred to me that a little bit of hard SF might be written with this idea translated into galactic areas. A League of 4 empires divide & guard all of space as divided into 4 sectors intermixed. To the astonishment of the League, a 5th interloping Empire is able to circumvent the accepted theory and slice off its own sector, each intermixing sector being now demarcated with five kinds of repulsive screen (instead of 4 'colors'). One of TITLE's functions is to supply potential SF authors with ideas/gimmicks/themes. Anyone got any lying around to toss away?

LOAY
HALL
SAYS
THIS



CULT HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH !

Good to see Ben Indick standing up for HPLovecraft! I liked the SKULL adaptations of HPL's stories, but they're poor substitutes for the real things! While I'm on the subject of HPL, I'd like to voice a beef.

It's against the Lovecraft cult of fanatics: I think they do more injury to the memory of HPLovecraft than good! I refer particularly to those people that attempt to put him on a pedestal and worship him like a god of some sort. I'm a Lovecraft devotee, too, but I realize the excesses the fanatics are going to.

I'm all for bringing forgotten or unpublished HPL material into print; I'm very much in favor of publishing memoirs and tributes and such HPL oriented material by friends. But this attitude that anything which contradicts the deifying vision of the cult should be ignored or suppressed or damned as fraudulent is stupid. And damaging to the Lovecraft cause.

I'm speaking, of course, of the recent howl of protest the publication of *LOVECRAFT: A BIOGRAPHY* by L. Sprague de Camp raised among the Lovecraft cult. De Camp presents an objective view of HPL, which revealed the true HPL to be more than just a brilliant writer of horror fiction: an intense, complex man with flaws, prejudices, and hates of a normal, mortal man; not at all like the god they had tried to make him!

De Camp found himself the subject of much verbal and printed abuse at the hands of the cult members. (Surprisingly, most of the living friends of HPL -- Muriel E. Eddy, Alfred Galpin, Robert Bloch and Vrest Orton -- found the Lovecraft in de Camp's biography the man they knew and loved. Frank Belknap Long, who first complimented de Camp on his fine and accurate image of HPL, is the only friend who sides with the cult.)

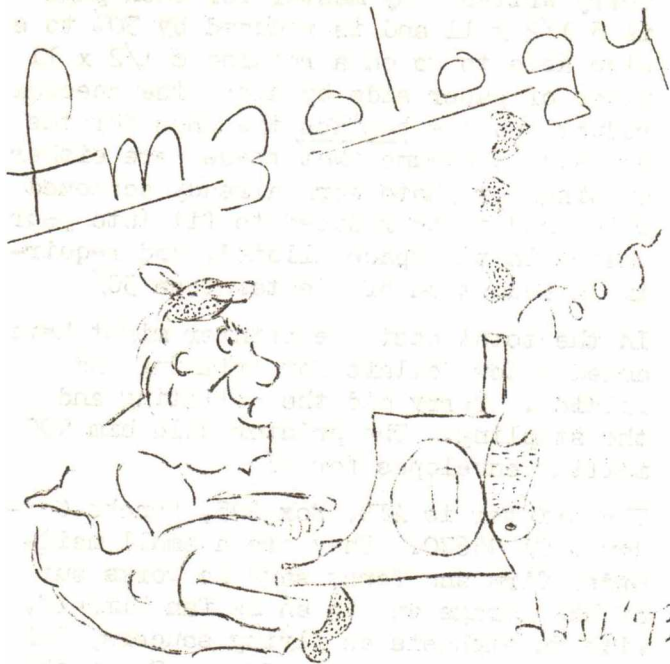
While almost any book of this importance is bound to have its critics -- and supporters, of which I am one) -- the fanatics have exceeded themselves in damning the book because it shatters the vision they sought to create for HPL. An image, needless to say, which would have disgusted Lovecraft.

Vrest Orton, HPL's close friend in the 20's and 30's, writes in a personal communication to de Camp on October 21, 1975:

"As you well know from the information that you have dug up, I was a close friend of Lovecraft during the '20's and 30's and, therefore, I am one of the few people alive who knew him well. That is why my opinion may be of some value and interest when put against the opinions, prejudices and values of people who never saw him or knew him and whose acquaintance is only what they have read. Many times in the history of American literature a cult arises in adoration of a certain figure. They are so ardent in their admiration that they go way beyond the bounds of reason and truth. The Lovecraft cult will have to learn that Lovecraft while he was a genius, he was not God."

This attempt to make Lovecraft a god will only turn new readers and scholars against Lovecraft and his writings. Face it: this cult business has gone far enough. It's now time to rehumanize HPL and study the man-- not some fanciful Immortal!

-- Article-ized from
a Loay Hall letter of Nov.16



ADVERTISING YOUR FANZINE by MIKE BRACKEN

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Advertising, an integral part of fan publishing, is accomplished in many ways.

The most common of these, other than word-of-mouth, is the practice of sending sample copies to potential readers. This results in about 25% reply.

The second most common method of advertising is to get your fanzine reviewed elsewhere. This isn't always the best method because negative reviews often scare away potential readers. However, if the fan publisher has a fanzine that always gets good reviews, this is probably the best route he can take. But if the faned hasn't hit his stride and is still struggling to get his fanzine into tip-top shape, this method can be detrimental because once a fanzine gets a bad review it takes the faned two or three good issues to wipe away the black mark associated with his name.

A less common method of advertising, usually associated with the "Big Name" fanzines, is that of buying advertising space in one of the big circulation fanzines. This form, because of the cost involved, is not often used by the editors of the smaller, more personal fanzines. It is, however, the best form of advertising because it reaches a large audience. Not only does it reach a large audience, but it reaches those people who can afford to spend money to buy fanzines (whereas most trufans wouldn't pay a

sticky quarter unless they had to). This helps the fan editor to make up the financial loss in fan publishing.

The last form of advertising, usually associated with the fanzines that are, or border on being, semi-professional publications (especially those with circulations over 2,000), is that of advertising in professional science fiction magazines. Few fanzines do this because of the obvious cost involved and because many fan editors don't especially care to have readerships over one or two hundred.

Of course, many fanzine editors don't run an extensive ad campaign. They rely, for the most part, on the age-old advertising system called word-of-mouth. For most editors, this is sufficient to fill out their readership.

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((The decision to undertake the alternatives described by Mike, I think, is based on the faned's objectively determined excellence of product and his goal or purpose in pubbing. If sticky quarters are paramount, then one form of advertising is indicated; if reader response is the goal, then another form is dictated. As far as I know lots of quarters and lots of response don't happen together, or am I mistaken about that?))

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A FANZINE IS FLUID by BILL BOWERS

A fanzine has to be made to change, to match the editor's changing interests, goals, capabilities. And most of us who do fanzines for any length of time are faced with the decision. Any other course, and it's not a fanzine any more; it's work. And as "work", it's a totally unrewarding "job". You're going to upset some people no matter which way you go. I still say that sf fans, and fanzine fans in particular, are among the most conservative and resistant-to-change of any group of people on earth.

I firmly feel that a faned's first order of priority, his duty, if you will, must be to himself, and to what makes him happy/pleased/satisfied. If you do right by yourself, you'll be more likely to please others than if you do it for them in the first place. (It took me a long time to learn that little lesson.)

Not that I would ever do anything like change "editorial policy", or split one fanzine off from another, or require res-

ponse... After all, everybody knows that Bowers is the most stable of faneds, and that OUTWORLDS has been unmatched for consistency and "sameness" from issue to issue, by any other fanzine (with the possible exception of YANDRO) for 10, these many years.

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((For the benefit of any neofaneds, take Bowers' last paragraph with a freight car load of salt. Anyone who gets OUTWORLDS (and everybody should!) knows of Bill's constant struggle, issue to issue, with decisions to be made because of new, often conflicting, goals, both in zine format and content. In fact, Bill Bowers agonizes on this subject in almost every "editorial" of his I've ever read. And because of his great concern to produce the best possible product to satisfy his own conscience, he is - and has been voted as such in the recent FAAN AWARDS, - the best editor of the year.))

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DATA ABOUT ALTAIR , ITS COST TO PRINT

When Terry Whittier first wrote to me that he planned ALTAIR, and that he was planning to use the same printer as the one used by the Clingans for DIVERSIFIER, I eagerly looked forward to the final product. I was not disappointed.

ALTAIR measures 8 1/2 x 5 1/2, reduced offset, six white sheets printed on both sides, then folded, wrapped with a yellow stock printed on both sides, then saddle stapled. Lots of illustrations: front & back cover and over a dozen interior pics.

I shot back a request for data on the costs of this neat production and asked if the info could be released in TITLE. Terry supplied data in two letters and said: "No secret. So, yes, please do use the info. Definitely. The printer says it's very O.K. with him to print his info plus whatever you would like about my zine, its production, repro, and costs.

So here we go:

6 pages, printed double sided,	
@ \$7.50 each for 300 copies...	\$45
1 cover (70 lb AstroParch), print	
both sides, 300 copies	\$15
reductions for camera-ready copy	
supplied	(no cost)
3 reductions @ \$1 each	\$ 3
Total	\$63

Terry writes: "My master for each page is 6 1/2 x 11 and is reduced by 30% to a size able to go on a regular 8 1/2 x 11 piece of paper side by side. The special reductions are besides the ones for the pages." I assume that these were either drawings or photo work already screened which had to be reduced to fit into your master in the space allotted, and requiring a reduction of greater than 30%.

In the total cost the printer might have added a few dollars for trimming and folding. Terry did the collating and the stapling. The printer sold him 500 mailing envelopes for \$6.

The printer is AJD, Box 295, Rancho Cordova, CA 95670. They are a small mail-order firm and Terry says he works out of his garage and is an SF fan himself, with an emphasis on flying saucers, ESP and the like. He even offered Terry the free use of his bulk mailing permit.

The price schedule for one-side printing and various quantity print runs can be obtained from AJD if you write them. The \$7.50 charged Terry specified white 20lb bond & black ink-- and your camera-ready copy which is reproed on metal plates. Your order is shipped within 5 days with no charge for delivery. The printer's name is A.J.Desmaretz; phone 916-635-7068.

Incidentally, Terry was asked to do the newsletter of the Sacramento Valley Chap. of the Star Trek Assoc. after the president saw his ALTAIR. Terry sent me a copy-- a neat production of 16 pages called STARDATE. In case you'd like to contact Terry: 3809 Meramonte Way, N. Highlands, CA 95660.

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THE STRANGE ARTIFACT by Paul Skelton

I took TITLE 43 to work with me. The Group Methods Study Officer came into the office at lunchtime to cadge a cup of tea - in which endeavour he was singularly unsuccessful - whilst I was noshing my butties and reading this and he exclaimed "FMZOOLOGY? What's this?" and he plucked TITLE up from my desk with all the zeal of someone who must come immediately to grips with anything he doesn't comprehend, lest his universe become invaded with uncertainties.

I explained. "It is an amateur magazine from a bloke in America," quoth I. Now that the strange artifact had been label-

led, his grip upon it became less firm, turning quickly into that with which one might pluck a shroud from a plague victim, all nails and no finger.

"Hmmm," he said, "Hmmm, hmmm, HMM", descending from non-committal to denigrating in easy stages and flopping the thing back onto my desk.

Who needs him anyway? Even if he has read some Asimov! However, I would only have to go back a couple of years or so and it would all have been the other way around. "What would have been the other way around?", you ask, having been diverted from the main probability sequence by my sidetracking. I will tell you.

Back then, it would have been the sercon, lithoed zine of substance that I would have devoured and now be loCing. This, in only a couple of years. Prognosis is not good. Already I am a terminal case.

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I HATE OFFSET PRESSES by Bruce D.Arthurs

I'm majoring in Graphic Arts Technology, learning all about printing and reproduction, and taking presswork this semester, I've discovered something: I hate offset presses.

Do you know what you have to do to run one of those things? First you have to adjust the air blasts. Then you adjust the sucker feet. Then adjust the pile-high bar. Then the double-sheet separator. Then the conveyor tapes. Then the side guides and the joggers. Then adjust the ink fountain. Adjust the dampening system. Adjust the height on the plate cylinder. Adjust the angle of the head-stops. And adjust the receiving tray. And I'm sure I've forgotten a couple. All of these are a pain to get right. An incredible number of things can go wrong. Plus -- I'll admit it -- those clanking, pounding, whumpety-whump machines scare me, especially after the instructor turns your stomach at the beginning of the semester by telling you how people have various parts of their bodies torn off by getting them caught in between two rollers.

Re your plans for putting out two fanzines: you'll be sorreeeee! It's a hassle to keep caught up with the data on who gets what zine all the time. ((With my filing system!)) I'm beginning to suspect that UNDULANT FEVER has already run its course; I haven't typed anything

for it since early August ((and here it is the end of October.)) I don't feel any particular urge to anymore. I've got one big project in the works for the coming year, the FANTHOLOGY, but other than that I seem to be becoming increasingly apathetic. I think I'm becoming an old & tired fan, ready to crawl thru the gates of FAPA and vegetate there.

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WHEN HARRY WARNER WRITES HIS HISTORY OF FANDOM IN THE SEVENTIES by Leah Zeldes

I have an indefatigable faith that Harry Warner will write the history of the '70s. What will he say about the events of 1974 and '75? Even in the short time I have been a fan (just barely able to vote in DUFT, and an active fanzine fan for an even shorter period) there have been landmarks -- or what I consider so. Consider: the brief and flaming career of Warren Johnson, the Tucker Fund, Jessica Amanda/Amos Salmonson, Mike Gorra (who'll get in there somehow, even if he has to use the techniques recommended by Ed Cagle to do it!), The Family Breiding (which may be the only case of a parent becoming a fan because of his/her offspring, instead of the other way around, e.g., the Coulsons.

Any predictions?

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LET'S HEAR IT FOR PRINTING DATES !!

by Jackie Franke

I cannot understand why faneds find it so impossible to jot down when the dickens they produced their work-of-art somewhere on the front page. Does it cause a burning pain in the fingertips? An acute attack of Twonk's Disease? Why don't they all do it?

Scanning so many fmz for the REALLY INCOMPLETE BOB TUCKER, I discovered that it's not a new failing among our breed. Too damn man fmz were impossible to place; in a case or two, not even as to which decade they came from! That's ridiculous!

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SHORT NOTES: "What do you think about fans selling fanzines they've received, selling at cons or through the mail? I guess it just bugs me to see someone trying to make a few nickels on labors of love. Most of us do not pay for fanzines; we receive them in trade or by writing letters or contributions. It strikes me as somewhat cheapo. When I get ready to thin my fanzines out, I'll take a box to a con

and give them away." -- Jodie Offutt.

"Is a 'hoax fanzine' something that actually exists as a spoof or parody of something else, or is it something whose very existence is a hoax?" -- Denis Quane

"Right now we don't need material. SIGN OF THE HAMMER and SON OF SINISTER FORCE is scheduled three issues ahead. Any Tolkien material that turns up would be appreciated, though! A feather in our caps, I think, will be a series of folk tales a friend of ours is translating from the original Bengali and Sanskrit for us. In most cases this will be their first appearance ever in English. He is in India now, collecting material, visiting remote tribes and negotiating translation rights with his wife's grandfather who is a contemporary best-selling Bengali writer. These tales primarily date from the time of Chaucer and are filled with the glory and grandeur of tribal India." -- Marci Helms.

"It is true I have some sort of selective mailing list, for the reason that I only send certain zines to certain people I think would understand and enjoy them. I certainly wouldn't send a copy of HEART WORM to ((deleted by Brazier)), but I've sent every issue published to Terry Floyd. Selection, you see, is the key to a perfect growth." -- Brad Parks.

"I think there already is a fanzine registration bureau. I sent copies of INFERNO to the Principal Keeper of the Printed Books at the British Museum (on account of he's entitled to a copy of everything published in this country) and I got a letter back asking for details (see INFERNO 9). I now have been given an ISSN which stands for 'International Standard Serials Number.' From the word I underlined I gather that this means you too." -- Paul 'SKEL' Skelton, Britain.

"I received a \$2.80 check for a poem to appear in FANTASAE. It was called 'To the Sword'. ELPIRE too 'Amazon Soldier Song' along with commentary on Russ' 'The Female Man'. Walter Shedlofsky and Jim Dapkus are both doing little poetry journals. Victoria Vayne took 'The Evil Eye' for SIMULACRUM even though she doesn't ordinarily use poetry. Oh, Leo Wagner who founded, with Al Cockrel, WYRD PUBS now operated by Greg Stafford, is apparently returning from gaffiation. Received a request for a shortstory for a (I presume) fan anthology, paying \$1 per printed page. Box 215, Coldwater, MI 49036." -- Jessica

Salmonson.

"WELTANSCHAUUNG #2 goes to press tomorrow ((Nov.22)) and will be mailed first class in order that the November issue gets delivered in November. I'd like to go monthly, so the deadline for December will be the 10th of that month. I've already got some material for #3. I'd like to run photss, and might in later (much later) issues. Any diagrams, artwork, etc. is okay, though....Rich Bartucci writes me that due to educational pressures, he has been forced to table Treponema pallidum for an indefinite length of time. Alas for Medical Fandom." -- Stephen H. Dorneman.

"Got a short note from Robert Bloch on a postcard in response to my ditto'd zine ((HEADS WILL ROLL)). Nice, nothing special, but good to know that he looked at it." -- Will Norris.

"I don't contribute according to the print run of a zine. If I get an idea from a zine, I send it to that one. Or I send contris to editors who I think will like it." -- Jodie Offutt.

"Are you aware of PRESENTING MOONSHINE, a zine subtitled 'The John Collier Newsletter'? It's published by Morley Fox & Charles E. Yenter, 1015 South Steele St., Tacoma 98405. It's limited to 125 copies each issue. It's primarily a bibliographic zine although not devoted solely to Collier-- the current ish has some Bradbury, LeGuin, even Stanley Ellin (suspense), plus chat, news, questions. I'll send you a copy." -- Pauline Palmer. ((It came today, Nov.25; thank you.))

"Could you mention my fanzine directory? It will have info on titles, addresses, price etc., brief description of contents or general type of zine, average size & method of printing, and number of issues published in 1975. It will cover other fandoms as well as SF. It'll be similar to Peter Roberts' LITTLE GEM GUIDE but covering a whole lot more zines. I expect it to run 30-40 pages, published in Jan. Price not yet set." -- Steve Beatty, 1662 College Ter.Dr., Murray, KY 42071. ((OK; I'll not do any of that in my 1975 YEAR-BOOK; I'll orient my directory along alphabetical people-lists & what they've been up to.))

"Who cares what layout is like provided the contents are interesting? Except for easier reading there's little point in fine page layout, unless it satisfies one to do it." -- Eric Lindsay.

THE

ILLUSTRATED

FAN

BY FRED MILLER

(with apologies to Ray Bradbury....and to the readers of this fanzine)

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It was a warm afternoon in early September when I first met the Illustrated Fan. In a liquor-stenched con suite, I was on the final leg of a three-day regional-con. I did not know he was illustrated then. I only knew he was tall, wore a beanie, and reeked of J&B. "Do you know where I can find a blog?" he asked.

Though the con was informal, he wore a bright-red sweater tightly buttoned about his neck. He began to walk off, but I called after him. "You'll be sorry you asked me to stay..."

"Why?"

In reply, he unbuttoned his collar. "Funny....Are they there still?" I gulped. On his chest were hundreds of fanzine covers. Old ENERGUMENS, new crudzines, Palmer's THE COMET, Star Trek zines....

"I hate them," he said, "they recall the past. I've tried acid, sandpaper, a knife."

How can I describe them? If Rotsler had been drawing cartoon covers in his prime, he might have used this man's body for rough drafts. One quivered to life... an old CRY OF THE NAMELESS, THE FACELESS... An old 40's crudzine, sporting a bad cover. A rocket marked, "Space Pirates," is firing at another ship. Hecto. Uggghhh..Suddenly.... THE PAGE TURNED! An incoherent blob of greyish ink is all that survives of the second page. The third page has a story on it, "Jack Fann and the Space Pirates of Saturn's Rings," apparently an imitation of 2D AMAZING at its horrid worst. I didn't bother to read after the first ray-gun shoot out.

The Illustrated Fan was rambling on about something frightening on his shoulder blade. All I saw was a blank space...completely devoid of zines. A '74 OUTWORLDS came into life. On his bicep, in reduced-reduced offset, a bit hard to read. The artwork was nice, though. The usual huge supply of Rotslers, Steffans and so on. (and more fanzines appear....) THE COMET, first issue, came into view. I realized the wonderful opportunity I had. THE VERY FIRST FANZINE! I was extremely excited about it. Unfortunately, I met with great disappointment. It reminded me so much of a Bicentennial Minute (you know, "200 Years Ago Today...") that I could look at it no longer.

The Illustrated Fan was talking more about his shoulder blade. "That spot shows the very first ish of every faned's first and worst crudzine. And fen don't like that. Soon they don't like me. And I have to move on to another regional. I have the past of fandom weighing down on me wherever I go." He sobbed. "Badly reproed ASH-WING covers from several years back. Fringeazines. Oh, why did I"

And at this point, I had looked at one of his Illoes a bit too long and it quivered to life. An old ish of TITLE.... twenty pages went by, and I was informed that

- a. The Earth is a stapler b. I, too, can ride in a Walter Mitty FTL spacecraft c. When they opened the Watergate, they got a flood d. Ed Cagle is NOT a rambunctious teenager; there are actually adults like that. e. Bulldozers are sentient. f. Donn Brazier installed a simulated non-effluent affected environment in Missouri

And I began laughing uncontrollably, guffawing madly, gasping for breath.... right at the saddest part of the Illustrated Fan's tragic tale.... WHICH WAS A MISTAKE.

His face turned red and he turned around, exposing the accursed spot on his shoulder. I saw a familiar shape. A rectangle became clear. On it was emblazoned in sloppy lettering, "SPACESHIP EXHAUST". "Edited and Published by Fred Miller." I saw faanish legions pulling copies asunder and burning them. I saw angered postcards flowing in from offended fans.

I didn't wait long. I ran, and ran, and... I knew I'd make it to my car before anything could happen...

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This was inspired after actually having a run in with some Krishna people on campus. I thought I would hear them out, as I do with all religious folks.... "Martin Lucer" is, of course, an assumed name.....

RELIGION IN REVIEW: On Intellectual Animalism by Martin Lucer

CAPSULE SUMMARY: Organization: International Society for Krishna Consciousness

Sermon: Succinct

Music: Rhythmic, with repetitious lyrics

Prospects for Salvation: Excellent (repeated attempts possible)

Transcending mundane animal existence was the topic of a lecture, "Intellectual Animalism", given by Sudama Goswami and Dhrstadyumna Das. Accompanied by several pink-robed assistants (one of them no more than ten years of age), these followers of Krishna spoke to a congregation of some fifteen students in the Business Auditorium.

The service began with the chanting of *Hare Krishna*, with accompanying drums, conch shell, an accordin-like organ, and several pairs of finger symbols. The chanting lasted several minutes, building with intensity and increasing in tempo at the end. The lecture came next.

"What is the difference between the intellectual and his pet?" we were asked. And so it was explained that as we both eat, sleep, mate, and defend territory, both are essentially animals. But Vedic culture states that a better existence is possible. The purpose of human form is to become self-realized, to free the mind from false identification with the body, to experience directly the living, spiritual force within that is the eternal servant of God, or Krishna. And how is one to achieve this? By merely chanting the 32 syllables of *Hare Krishna*:

*Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna,
Krishna Krishna, Hare Krishna,
Hare Rama, Hare Rama,
Rama Rama, Hare Hare.*

We were assured that the essence of all knowledge (including the Cauchy Mean Theorem and the structure of DNA) was contained in this mantra, but we were cautioned that much practice was required to achieve perfect self-realization. And if we were more comfortable with the name, *God*, rather than Krishna, we could substitute it, *Jehova*, *Allah*, or any other name into the chant and obtain equally good results. At this point there were questions from the audience.

"Aren't you sometimes a bit pushy with your literature?" "No, considering you might die today, we are much too lenient."

"But aren't we all God?", another asked, obviously having read *STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND*. "No, God is Supreme, and you don't even know the number of hairs on your head."

Finally, I asked the last question: "What happens to the souls of those not self-realized at the time of death?" "They assume another body of their choice, according to their *kharma*, or actions of their past lives."

Small, very sweet cookies were served, and after another stirring rendition of *Hare Krishna*, the service was brought to a close.

I'll be glad to

SUBSTANTIATE MY CLAIMS by D.Gary Grady

When Earth passed through the tail of Halley's Comet, one frantic group of people proposed that the nitrogen and oxygen in the atmosphere would be catalysed into nitrous oxide and we'd all die laughing.

Farmers were often found dead in their hotel rooms when they visited the big city in the 1800's. They would blow out the gas light.

Have I ever mentioned Harapis and Mohenjo-Daro? These two cities in India (or in Pakistan, depending on your politics) are the remains of a remarkable civilization that flourished for a thousand years, then died. The cities are laid out on a very regular pattern and indicate a high degree of expertise for the era. One theory has it that the people of the region got their ideas from Sumer, and therefor created (and I swear this is true) an Indian Sumer.

Heinlein (in Reader's Digest, yet) says one day his cat refused to go out into the snow. It just sat there looking out. Heinlein's wife told Robert, "Oh, he's just looking for a door into summer." Heinlein told her to shut up and wrote A Door into Summer in 13 days.

Harold Bates of Devon, England, has a car that runs on chicken or pig manure. The car gives no noxious exhaust, and the tanks need refilling only once every six months.

I am sorry to report that Wolf Vishniac, inventor of the wolf-trap device for detecting intelligent life is dead. He died of a fall from a 500-foot ice shelf in Antarctica.

Carbonaceous chondrites have been found to contain a cholesterol-type material. Moderate your intake of meteorites.

Food processing uses lots of energy. When you eat a pound of hamburger, you also "eat" three pounds of coal.

American technicians in China have contracted poison sumac from Chinese wooden toilet seats.

A guy in Memphis actually made a profit collecting money for "the widow of the Unknown Soldier." He returned the take.

From the bylaws of the Oxford Union Society: Rule 46: "Any member introducing a dog into the Society's premises shall be liable to a fine of one pound. Any animal leading a blind person shall be deemed to be a cat.

Speaking of which: What's worse than raining cats and dogs? Hailing taxicabs.

Land, of Polaroid Land fame, dropped out of Harvard because it interfered with his education.

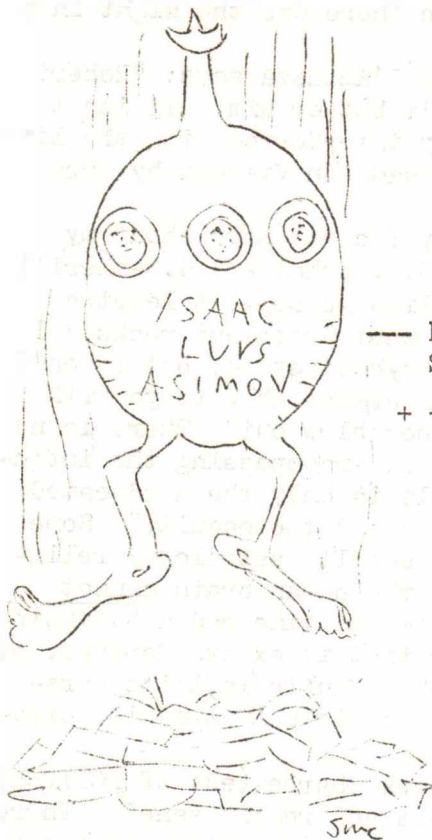
If a low dike were built around the United States, the tidal power could supply all the energy requirements of Boston. Period.

It never ceases to amaze me how few people know the Pioneer 10 plaque on sight. But then even President Ike claimed to have not read a book in 9 years. As Truman said: "No wonder he wasn't worth a good goddamn as President. He just didn't know anything."

The AMA's Archives of Environmental Health magazine says that natural phenomena account for 99.5% of harmful pollution. No doubt the burping cows Ed Cagle once mentioned contribute heavily.

Microwave fields can alter brainwave frequency.

Bob Bloch as GoH did a beautiful job at the banquet, reminiscing about early Weird Tales and his correspondence with HPL. He finished his speech, typically clever, by saying he got his start in fantasy by an



POSS'1

--- Hey, Larry, why is Bob Silverberg standing there and laughing?

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First LoC to T-45 came in from Doc Werthan who did like my comment on Robert Irwin. Most of his letter was about my museum questions, which subject I'll do in a different location; however, I do want to give here a story from Fredric which the museum questions prompted: "...a lady had two monkeys of a rare species, one male and one female. When both died at the same time she took them to a taxidermist. He asked her: 'Do you want them mounted?' She was shocked: 'Oh, no!' she said; 'Just holding hands.'"

THE LITERARYNAUTS RETURN TO EARTH! ASIMOV REVELS IN TRIUMPH! HEINLEIN PROCLAIMS INTENTION TO FLY TO MARS ON STEAM POWERED TYPEWRITER!

-- Steve McDonald

A day later than Doc's of the 17th, came two, one from newcomer Lester Boutillier, the other from a 're-instated' drop-out, Robert J. Whitaker. Lester comforts my 'rapidly terminating life' by giving me at least a dozen years left-- guess if you're still a teenager (which Lester might be, I'm not sure) a dozen years is a long, long time. Recall the relativity effect of the passing-years speed-up as one gets older. However, in a dozen years TITLE should

reach about #192, still a long ways from Buck Coulson's YANDRO, number 233 just received.

Robert J. Whitaker comments that JAWS was written by Peter Benchley, son of Nathaniel Benchley, son of Robert Benchley. Bob then asks how common is it to have writers running in certain families? He mentions the Brontes and the Huxleys, and asks if there are others.

Carl Bennett who puts out the 'hey, watch this zine!' DORK-PIZZLE from P.O.Box 8502, Portland, Ore, 97201 says he loves swing, jazz, etc. though he prefers the older small band jazz. Wonder if he means such as the Benny Goodman sextet, Crosby's BobCats, etc.? Or does he mean older groups in Chicago (Biederbecke/Trumbauer) or back to New Orleans?

Stephen H. Dorneman is preparing his #2 WELTANSCHAUUNG at 221 S. Gill St, State College, Pa. 16801. He responds to Jackie Franke's KWIK-KWOTZ on aggression by citing Chitty's hypothesis that "aggression is the product of high population density." Chitty did his research on Microtus, the meadow mouse -- extending his results to human beings (as with lots of animal research) must remain, in my opinion (that's Brazier's opinion I'm talking about) simply a hypothesis.

Alyson L. Abramowitz asks why the cover was "for Jon Singer". Your editor doesn't know; perhaps it was a Jon Singer reject? Or a Jon Singer portrait? Whatever, Alyson said, "The cover is cute." Seems that KARASS had her CoA wrong; she wants me to spread the word-- I've got Box 3-C-4, 1060 Morewood Ave., Pittsburgh, PA 15213.

Bob Tucker: "Well, sir, I wondered if you were still there, and publishing. I hadn't received a copy of TITLE since late last summer." ((Bob hadn't locced.)) He moans that Sheryl Birkhead wouldn't let me print her Aussiecon report, and he'll take revenge by not sending her a copy of his report, "and that will hurt because she's in it...oh,wow, is she ever in it, doing all manner of fannish and un fannish things. Why, one day at Ballarat, she pointed to a Rhode Island Red and said XXXXXXXXXX. Can

you imagine a young lady behaving in that manner? And then there was the night in a hotel where she XXXXXXXXXXXX. Yep, that's our Sheryl."

Don D'Amassa says: "Robert Whitaker's execution of a cockroach with deodorant shouldn't bother him. It isn't likely that the cockroach was poisoned, only that the spray interfered with the little orifices through which it breathes. I accomplished the same in Vietnam by spraying one with Jiffy Spray Starch. Instant rigor mortis."

Roy Tackett says about my rock gathering in Mankato, Minnesota: "Abalone! R.Hurst, B.J.Farhat and G.Wetherill all report that the Minnesota rocks date at 3.1 to 3.3 billion years-- at least a half-billion years short of the dates for the Labrador and west Greenland rocks." I guess I'll have to agree, though a blow to my pride in my boyhood state, but I don't think I agree with Roy's next paragraph: "How far are human brains able to go with concepts detached from sensory experience? When do our tubes blow out? There is no limit and the tubes don't blow. The human mind is capable of encompassing the infinite and what the mind can imagine the hand of man can do. It is only the uneducated and the retarded who turn to such superstitions as astrology and the occult." Some older minds, respected and accomplished minds, turn to the occult, astrology, religion, and other 'faith-type' beliefs because, I think, that the human brain cannot encompass the infinite. Between two alternatives that space and time had a beginning or that it existed forever, that it will have an ending or that it exists forever, my own brain can select neither. Does your mind encompass such a finite/infinite paradox? Since I am generalizing from my mind, it is entirely possible my mind is defective in this inability to grasp a model of the universe.

Mark Sharpe (ed. of ECLIPSE) says, "...how do you manage to put out two excellent fanzines and remain sane?" There are several assumptions there, Mark; excellent? sane? Is it sane to drive one's old body/eyes to an extra 30 hours every week, generating ill-will in the family by unavoidable neglect? One fatal flaw in editors who start out with high hopes and then fail is PROCRASTINATION; you've got to stay ahead of the game, let nothing slide. Let me hastily add that I'm not perfect, for I let lots of letters go unanswered, letting TITLE carry some of the ball. But that's not the same thing as a personal reply.

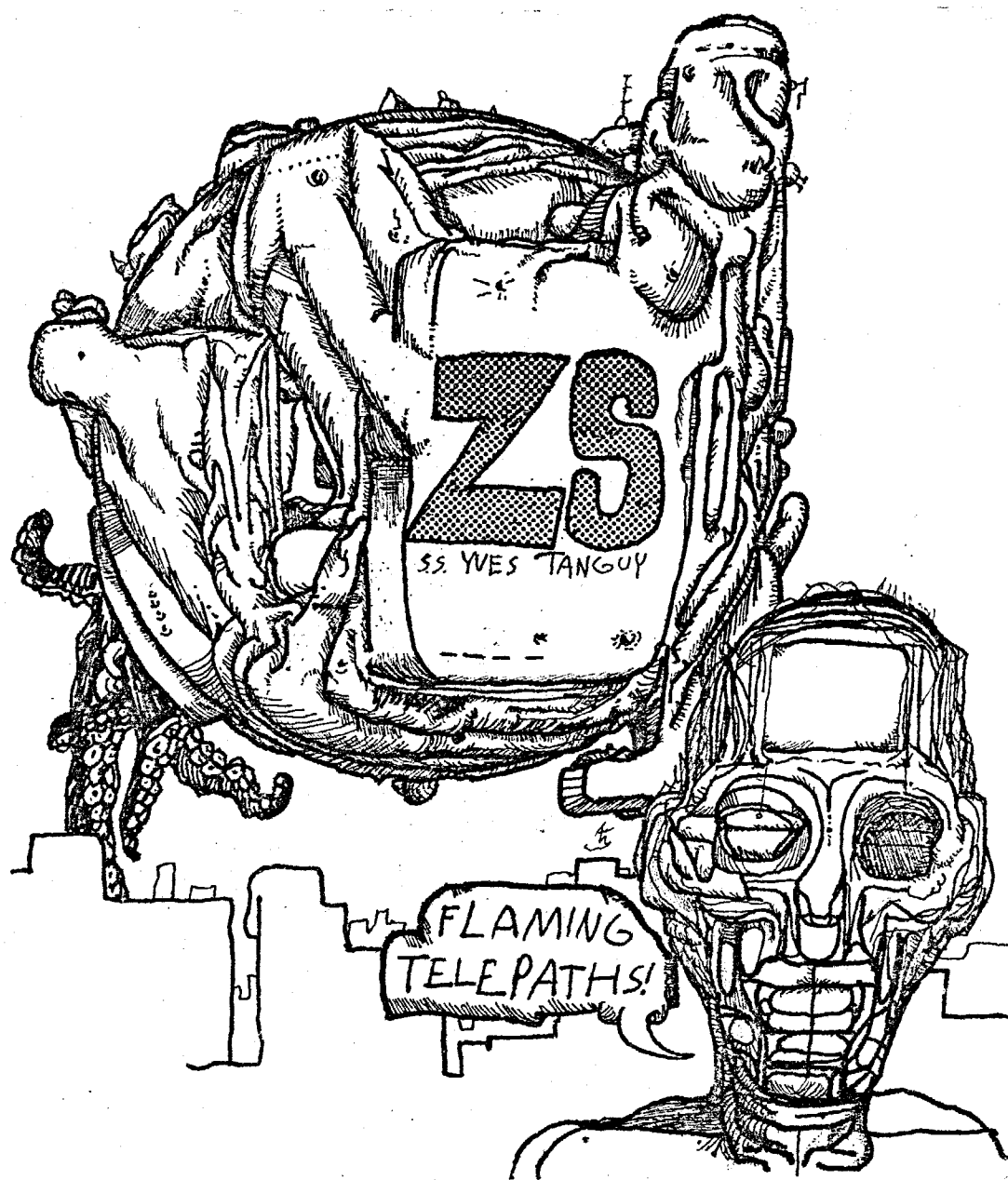
Leah Zeldes says: "Al Sirois's ambition to get a SF fan rockband together leads me to mention an Ann Arbor science fiction rock band, The Martian Entropy Band, which usually plays accompanied by an amazing light show. They've played at a few cons in the area."

Gene Wolfe says: "Speaking of evolution (as Neal Wilgus was) survival of the fittest is a tautology-- fitness is judged by the ability to survive. (This has been pointed out a lot, but it's no less true for that.) The idea that all animals are in a free-for-all is, of course, crackers. Wolves, elephants, baboons, and many others make highly intelligent efforts to aid other members of their species. Some animals even help animals of other species, warning their friends of danger & so on." ((By the way, have you read Gene's story "An Article about Hunting" from the anthology SAVING WORLDS? To me it's rather awe-inspiring in its subtle satire.))

Mike Bracken's so busy with KNIGHTS 14 he didn't have more than time to respond to some of the poll-questions I'll take up later.

Loay Hall, back in the T-fold again, liked Al Sirois's cover so much he'd like to write a fantasy tale around it. He agrees with my answer to Fredric Wertham about Robert Irwin's shabby treatment in prison/insane asylum. May I quote some ego-boo? "I think it's curious, Donn, how I really didn't realize how much I enjoyed TITLE until I stopped receiving it. Something was missing. True, I was busy as hell publishing apazines for APA-5 both individually and in collaboration with Terry Dale; finally I discovered what was lacking-- no TITLE mischief to enjoy-- and got back on the right track. Now I'm satisfied again! Strange what a powerful hold a fanzine can get on you!" ((How about passing the word to Terry Dale?))

Terry Whittier answered the polls at length, then asks about his response to ALTAIR. "I sent ALTAIR to quite a few of the people whose addresses appeared in TITLE and haven't heard from almost any of them. Why do you think this is? I'm new to this biz and could use a little advice." ((Takes time; I got only 19 LoCs to TITLE #1.))



CHILDREN OF THE EVIL RINGS OF TITUS XXI

BY

STEPHEN H. DORNEMAN

CHP. I --- THE BLOATED HORDES OF SMYTHE

Lancelot Vanguard stalked through the moonslit wood, long sword swinging loose in one hand and dehumidifier in the other. Suddenly, and also without warning, a band of savage night squirrels, evil minions of Whipcord, sprang from the slimy elms and slashed at his bronzed body with tooth and claw. The mischmetal blade of Salamander splashed sparks and ran red with ichor as Lance madly cleft the flowing swarm in twain. Yet still they came, even, to his horror, shriveled bodies that had been caught in the full blast of the dehumidifier. Blood and sweat clouded his chiseled Roman nose. In desperation he pulled from his pink velvet weapons bag the enchanted meat grinder and....

(to be con'd)

CHP.2 --- How Can You Be in Two Places at Once When Your Teleporter's on the Blink?

...pressed the recessed chromium-plated switch. Instantaneously he was back on the bridge of his Confederation Survey Vessel. He was comfortably attired in a form-fitting gray mutated hamster jumpsuit, and his commodore's beret, rakishly perched on his head. But on quick penetrating glance at the telethon screen, prominently placed in the center of the control panel, he snapped out of his momentary relief at having escaped from death or worse.

For two Brillo warships were up off the pad and headed directly toward him, the violet flickering of their St.Elmo's fire of the Wasserman Drives crawling madly along their hulls. A frown momentarily puckered the white line of a scar that ran along the length of his forehead, a memento of another such encounter. His fingers ran lightly over the weapons control keys. Then, suddenly, twin streams of rocket torpedoes burst as one from the menacing vessels. His neutron-interaction screen automatically flared through all the colors of the spectrum, and the battle commenced.

But the opposing forces proved stronger and, in desperation as his N/I field strength was ebbing, Lance pulled all power from it for a milisecond, throwing it and all reserve power into two tractor beams of tremendous force and the Wasserman Drive of his own ship. He was soon streaking directly toward the flaming core of nearby red-giant Omega 100, while his beam's wavefront of energy wracked the opposing ships like something tangible. But as the acceleration increased, his rawhide and whaleblubber frame began to fail him. He lapsed into unconsciousness as the Deep-Space missile burst amidships....

(to be con'd)

CHP. 3 --- Never Pull a Martian's Tail Unless You're Sure It's Not His Nose

.... Lancelot Vanguard slowly regained consciousness and immediately sealed himself inside a neuro-aluminum space suit against imminent air loss. He then began to fill out a Regulation Survey Service Damage Report (form AX59385-1040A), oblivious to the deep gash across his left cheek and the tremendous itch between his shoulder blades. He was thankful he'd opted for zero-g training back at the Academy, as the first item on the list was Gravity Stimulator, one (1). Lance swam through a thick fog of metal and plastic debris to inspect instruments and controls that lay twisted at fantastic angles. The ship's lights gave a last, convulsive shudder, then died. But before Vanguard could check the Emergency Power System for damage, a shiver ran up his spinal column simultaneously with the shudder carried to him through the deckplates.

Someone had boarded the ship!

The mutant brain of the hero of the Nixon Uprising fought to find a means of locating the intruder when, in a brief flash of paleotannic energy, the intruder located himself. The door to the bridge dissolved in a shower of blue-white sparks to reveal the space-suited form of a four-armed and forewarned Kneebownian, tripartite blaster leveled at Lance. Adrenaline surged, circuits clicked, and Lance, moving at very blinding, near sub-light speeds, seized the Dacron-Polyester-coated telethon screen and frisbeed the alien into a backward spin down the corridor, Lance following closely behind. He matched velocities with

his adversary, and a judicious application of Ferrous Oxide to the Kneebownian's steel suit joints immobilized him long enough for Lance to exit via the nearest airlock, and, finding the evil emissary's Acme Starship close by, liberated it in the name of the Survey Republic. He was soon spiralling back towards Galactic Central...

(to be con'd)

CHP. 4 ---- LANCELOT VANGUARD AND THE FLESHPOTS OF VENUS

"....I guess that just about summarizes the little trouble out by Omega one-hundred, sir. Now, if you'll excuse me, I've got about three months leave coming, and ---"

"Not so fast, Vanguard!" snapped the grizzled old man known only as *The Advisor*. "I've got one more little job for you. Pick up your assignment on the way out."

Summarily dismissed, Lance strode dazedly through the opened sphinctor, muttering under his breath. A smiling passerby tapped him on the left shoulder, then reached into his coat. Lance gave him a karate chop across the neck and a knee in the solar plexus, and Lance stood alone over him, dumbly looking at the cigarette crushed in his hand. "Can't be too careful," he muttered, and continued on.

Upon picking up the glassticine envelope, his mood immediately brightened. It seemed the Old Man was sending him on a vacation, after all. For within the envelope was a ticket on an Alpha Line cruiser to Venusport, as well as a Class AAA credit card. The enclosed assignment sheet read:

Your mission, should you decide to accept it, is to infiltrate the gaming houses owned by Nelrokefellar, the Illegitimate Son of the Evil Rings of Titus XXI, and find out just what connection, if any, exists between his illegal gambling operations and political pressure predominant in Venusport. This card will self destruct in one second.

After applying Aftcure-Burn spray to his hands, Lance boarded the sleek liner and settled back into his role of a rich Norbye-Dung Fertilizer merchant. He had just started on his second martini and was working on the stewardess when the sickening shudder of a Wasserman Drive stunned him, and a voice over the intercom warned the passengers that the ship had been boarded by pirates from an unidentified vessel. As Lance slipped away from the crowd and went for his Mark V's, he thought: "What a way to start a vacation!"

(to be con'd?)

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SCIENCE BRIEFS:

"The apparent speeding up of time everywhere which Doktor von Meara cites as being an unsatisfactory requirement of the Skelton theory is in fact substantiated." INFERNO #9 page 27

"...the radio output of the solar system has gone up several orders of magnitude in the past half century." Denis Quane in DIEHARD #7 p.20

+ ++ +

ST PATCH

Fredric Wertham points out: "The fanzine, ROCKET'S BLAST COMICCOLLECTOR #115, has a big photograph of a man pointing to an open comic book with a caption in big type declaring that this is 'Dr. Fredric Wertham testifying before the Kefauver Committee in 1954'. The person in the photo is not me at all, does not remotely look like me, and I have not the faintest idea who he is. I knew that a straw man, Dr. Fredric Wertham, had been built up. But I did not know he had been photographed."

Robert Whitaker met Brian Aldiss at Lunacon; he writes: "I was talking about his book THE BILLION YEAR SPREE & I said: 'I don't think anyone can write a good history of science fiction.'

"Well, I did," said Aldiss.

"I don't think so," I said. 'Wot?' Aldiss' eyes were glowing with the desire to know and, at the same time, to step on me. I resolved it by informing him that he went over too many good writers with a page, when they deserved a book to themselves. I also told him that with a book of that size, one could hardly touch upon English literature of the 20th Century. 'The best books,' I said, 'about science fiction writers concentrate on one or two writers per book.'

Aldiss did not give in. And I would not, either. He found less argumentative people to talk to and I listened for a while before drifting off into the crowd and avoiding the paper airplanes being thrown off the balcony."

Jim Meadows: "I must say some nice things about UNKNOWN WORLDS OF SCIENCE FICTION, a Marvel Group black&white comic under the Curtis imprint. Most of the stories are adaptations; they're good examples of what comic art can do when people are interested in doing a good job. The curse of being in an artistic ghetto makes some facets of the treatment a little too heavy handed for my taste, but the work is impressive. Editor Roy Thomas managed to get favorable letters from Bradbury and Bob Shaw, whose slow glass was used in an epilog and prolog framing device in that issue."

Jodie Offutt: "I wonder if any TITLERS are into coloring? My entire family goes on coloring sprees from time to time. After the supper dishes are cleared the Crayolas and cigar boxes of felt pens hit the table and everybody spreads out the coloring books. (Everybody but me-- I sit in the corner and grade the finished work.) Finding decent coloring books is a problem. Chris located some nice ones at the university book store: SCIENCE FICTION ANTHOLOGY and MONSTER GALLERY. The one has all our favorite monsters in it and the other contains scenes from classic and/or well-known sf stories. Sixteen pictures, with a synopsis of the story, the author and the date it was written. Good pictures for coloring with lots of detail and borders for experimental work. They're published as activity books by Troubador Press (126 Folsom St, San Francisco, CA 94105) at \$2 each. Some others in the series are: Beasties, Zodiac, Dinosaurs, Birdlife, etc. I recommend them to anyone who enjoys sophisticated coloring books."

D. Gary Grady: "I'm just read SWORDS OF LANHKMAR and I'm fascinated by Lieber's ability to mix the horror of a rat invasion with some really funny concepts (like the German time traveller who curses constantly). Of course, if I'd written a book about a rat invasion, I'd have included a Bill of Rats. They'd reject a head-of-state position, of course, since their leader would 'rather be rat than be President!' I'd better stop this rat now."

Fredric Wertham: "An attorney in South Africa, Keith Gordon, writes sf in the form of technically correct legal briefs. He specializes in inter-galactic and inter-temporal law. For example: Earth has banned the removal of soil to any other planet because for centuries it has been plundered. An inhabitant of the planet Perth is arrested after loading his spaceship with nutritious African soil. His defense is that there was a dearth of earth in Perth. Is his defense valid?"

Rich Bartucci: "If a Federal Tanzine try comes into being, I will go underground on general principles. I despise regulation of the press at any level. And I do not anticipate expenses (ink, steam, paper) to rise to any terribly prohibitive levels, as vast quantities of the same are necessary to the functioning of any bureaucratic organization-- and the FedGov is no different."

Anna M. Schoppenhorst: "People are getting plain bloodthirsty these days. The fascination with JAWS and any other of the 'top' movies is people's attraction to blood, gore and perversion. C.D.Doyle explains it '..in the old days people wanted something to move them to tears; people today opt for something bigger...nausea, terror, revulsion.' It is frightening, isn't it? Especially when you know that someday the cinema will no longer be able to satisfy the people's 'lust for blood'."

C.D.Doyle: "In ten or twenty years, JAWS won't be big enough. It will be looked upon as tame, and we'll find a bigger toy to play with. What happens when we outgrow all of our 'toys'?" ((Don't worry; these things go in cycles.))

Paul Anderson: "...the new Australian film I recommend highly... 'Picnic at Hanging Rock' is based on an old Australian mystery. Around the turn of the century a party of school girls went on a trip to Hanging Rock, some never to return. The mystery is that no trace of them is found at the scene to indicate what happened." ((Things like that are forever happening in the good old US of A!)) " 'The Questor Tapes' arrived here as part of my Ballantine standing order. It was a bit too bland for my liking, especially the cute ending that has been used far too often. However, the book was a lot more enjoyable than the average episode of the appalling 6 Million \$ Man"

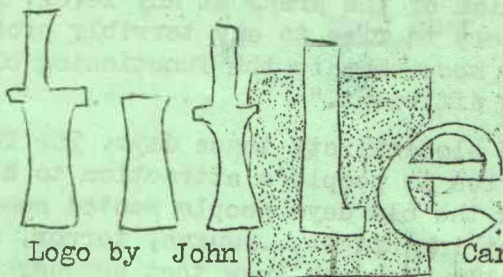
Douglas Barbour: "...i'm glad to know Jodie Offutt finished DHALGREN, so few fans have. i've just read another putdown review in SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW. but then Dick Geis would never put up with a book that demanded full involvement on the reader's part. actually that's nasty, & Geis has every right to not enjoy the novel. but he too feels he can tell Delany how he went wrong. i admire Delany too much perhaps, but through all his writings runs a presence -- of intelligence, wit, emotional commitment, spirit of spiritual inquiry, etc.-- which is so full, so there, i think it's making a big mistake to believe you know better than he does what he wants from a novel, & what he should have done to make this one 'good'. of course, i say it's so good, people won't really recognize or understand how good it is for some years yet, but that's another story."

Laurine White: "Have you noticed that the people who boast they've read DHALGREN all the way through also enjoyed it?"

Paul Di Filippo: "Ben Indick's article on sardonic fantisistes is one of those pieces which clarified for me a concept that had sat ungelled in my mind for a long time. I always dimly associated these authors (Saki, Collier, et al) with each other, but could never pin down their common denominator. Now I can, thanks to Ben. One Man he should definitely include is Clark Ashton Smith, for he meets all the requirements, nasty, happily immoral, sardonic." ((Ben has considerably expanded his earlier sardonic-fantasisite TITLE piece on Saki for the second issue of FARRAGO. I wonder if Ben agrees that C.A.Smith belongs in the sardonic 'school'; I'd always thought of him as part of the straight horror/fantasy school of HPL et al.)) "And let me cast my vote for Saki's most outstanding story: one of the Clovis ones, 'The Unrest Cure' "

Dennis Jarog: "I was gratified that Le Guin won the Hugo for 'The Dispossessed'. If the awards have lost some of their meaning in recent years, I think it scored right this year. Here we have a situation the opposite of Silverberg: an author who made it big in mainline publishing without having to renounce SF or the ghetto. Wonder why it didn't work in his case? To the matter of the book; it was one I quite literally couldn't put down and have subsequently gone back to re-read. That's a sign of a great story: one that pulls at the memory and encourages re-reading."

Eric Lindsay: "Like you, I'm not keen on comics, and have been do disgusted with the flood of action style sf novels from Lazer and other series publishers that I've cancelled my standing order for paperback sf(I used to get everything published-- but it has been getting so bad of late..."



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CONTENTS (in order of appearance)

| | |
|--|--------------------------|
| COVER..... | Eric Mayer |
| AITOI..... | Editor |
| ILLO | Rod Snyder |
| PHOTOS..... | Bill Bower |
| | Bruce Townley |
| HEATH PODGE | Hank Heath |
| THIS HPL CULT HAS GONE
FAR ENOUGH | Loay Hall |
| FMZOLOGY | Mike Bracken |
| | Bill Bowers |
| | Terry Whittier |
| (and others) | Paul Skelton |
| (illo by David
Shank) | Bruce Arthurs |
| | Leah Zeldes |
| | Jackie Franke |
| THE ILLUSTRATED FAN..... | Fred Miller |
| RELIGION IN REVIEW..... | Martin Lucer |
| I'LL BE GLAD TO..... | D. GARY GRADY |
| ICON ICON ICON ICON..... | Jackie Franke |
| FANTASY CON | Jodie Offutt |
| POST 45..... | Readers |
| CHILDREN OF THE EVIL
RINGS..... | Stephen
Dorne-
man |
| ILLO..... | Bruce
Townley |
| SF PATCH... | Readers |



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