

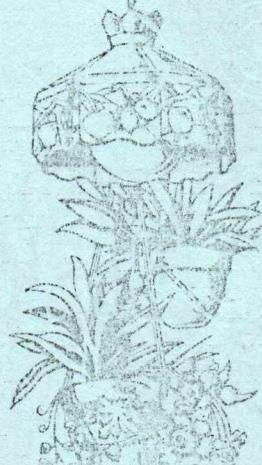
Science fiction is for teenagers, for crossers, for physicists, for real. Today's writers interpret your nightmares, analyze your neuroses, plumb your liidos and suck out your lids

245
49

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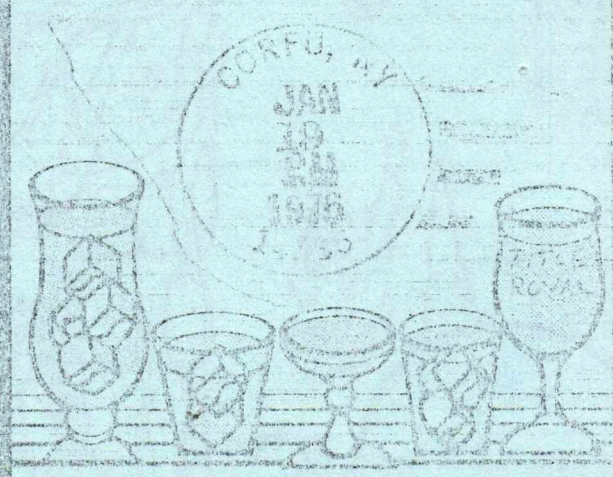
PEORIA STAR
Zip, Zing, Zango 12-28-1975
Life would be dullsville without catch-phrases (live action words). There are a lot of good old standards like regulatory, conservation, containment, committee action, self-employed, dissident, right wing, left wing, but fence straddler seems to have fallen out of use. With growing interest in limiting expenditures for public services, a good brainspanning catch phrase is needed. How about expenditure efficiency or fiscal conservation? Somehow they seem to lack the needed zip and zing and imagination stirring, but no doubt something suitable could be found in a crossword puzzle dictionary (one of the hardest kinds) with a computer study. —W. G. Bliss, Chillicothe.

SCIENCE FICTION

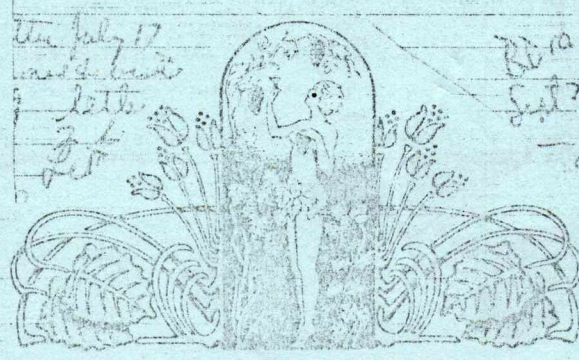
Science and Man



title 49
april '76



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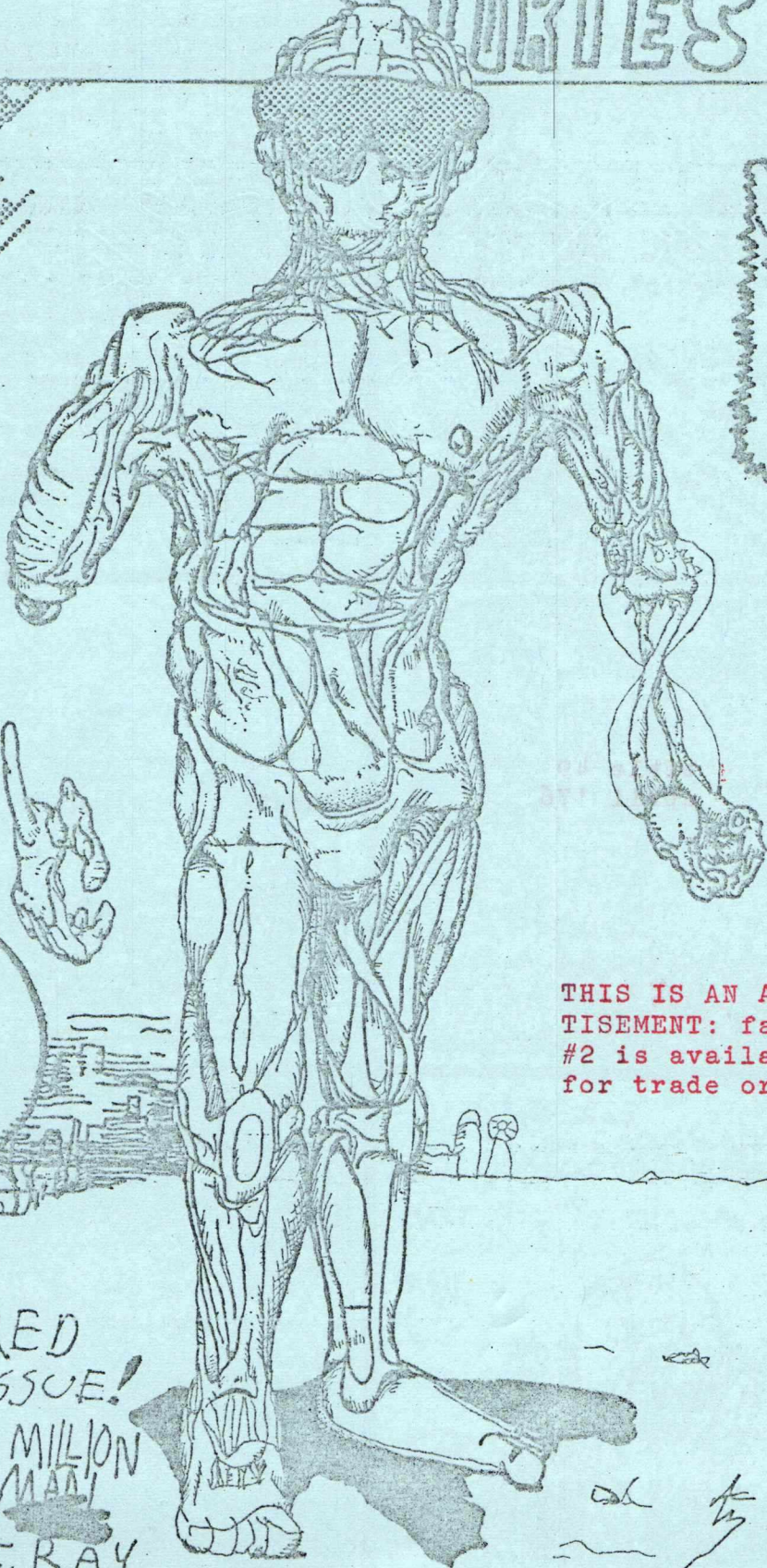
NO. 17
JUNE
1957

FARRAGO

STORIES

DE

75¢



JOLTING TALES OF
TEDIUM
IN THE
BRAZIER TRADITION!

THIS IS AN ADVER-
TISEMENT: farrago
#2 is available
for trade or 75¢

WHERE'S TH'
GIRLS?



FEATURED
THIS ISSUE!
THE SIX MILLION
DOLLAR MAN
WITH X-RAY
EYES!

A I O I

AITOI
As I Think Of It

Time to review my 1975 reading-- such as it was -- since I spend most of my time reading fanzines. These books I need say nothing about: wine & wine making (3), mysteries (1), jazz/music (3), game theory (1), secret codes (1), humorous social commentary (1). This leaves the following: SF (10), non-fiction sf/fantasy (1), science/science speculation (4), fiction marginally related to sf/fantasy (2), and serious social commentary (1).

If you're counting, you'll find a read 28 books, a little better than 22 in 1974, and quite a bit better than my historical low of 15 in 1973. But even so, the total is unimpressive, both in the abstract & when compared to my reading before coming back into fandom & fanac, for in 1969 BT (Before Title) I read 93 books.

About editor Wollheim's THE 1973 ANNUAL WORLD'S BEST SF, I wrote in my notebook: "no extra-special stories." Robert Sheckley's OPTIONS got the note: "what is reality?" Compton's CHRONOCULES got no note; neither did Kuttner's THE BEST OF. Biggle's collection of NEBULA AWARDS 7 got this: "no good stories." Elwood's collection THE OTHER SIDE OF TOMORROW got the note: "one good story of 9-- 'The Others' by J. Hunter Holly." Of Asimov's BUY JUPITER I said, "excellent but minor." I wrote nothing down about 50 SHORT SF TALES (edited by Asimov & Groff Conklin), SAVING WORLDS (ed. by Elwood & Virginia Kidd), FORWARD IN TIME (edited by Ben Bova).

Nothing of the above SF particularly sticks in my mind, not even the Holly story which I thought, at the time, was good. These are the books which stick in my memory: I SEEM TO BE A VERB by R. Buckminster Fuller, LOVECRAFT AT LAST by Willis Conover & HPL, THE INTELLIGENT EYE by R.L. Gregory, THE COSMIC CONNECTION by Carl Sagan, and THE BUTTERFLY REVOLUTION (fiction) by William Butler. One book is recommended for the whacky science-minded fan: A RANDOM WALK IN SCIENCE edited by R.L. Weber-- a "Title" of odd-ball things & science put-ons.

++++
BOOK DIGEST (May 1975) said: "Every editor has an insatiable curiosity about his spiritual companion: the reader of his publication. The editor's criteria are often his own interests and sensibilities. But in this process he is communicating with....people who share his enthusiasms."

This issue, the beginning of my fifth straight year of a TITLE each month (and a few things in between), makes me think again of the old-time readers, the new ones, and the ones who got away and are missed. Although I, as editor, found some anchor points to share with people in the latter group, they evidently found none to share with TITLE. So, while I still miss many of them, it is time to express a great amount of appreciation (and some feeling akin to love) for the old-timers who have made TITLE interesting to ME. And a time to hope that some new names on the circ list develop individuality to become indispensable to TITLE and friends of the editor and readers.

Thank you all.

++++

THE NEXT PERSON WHO ASKS ME
"IF MY NOSE RUNS" IS GONNA
BE RUNNING -
(AFTER THEIR NOSE!)



About the cover: A paste-up with some symbols in commemoration of the past 4 years. TITLE topics: science & man & SF as it plumbs your id via clippings & letters. Hardly ever mentioned in T, my over-riding jazz hobby which somehow has got to influence my editorial slant. A Bliss LoC to a newspaper..about words...& an old Oliver typer in Bliss' collection, referring obliquely to my own vintage as well as the instrument upon which my melodies are now played. A salute to femmefans in toto with a page out of my blackbook directly dealing with the one & only Rose Hogue. Gary Grady, a long stalwart, & recalling my old-time interest in Esperanto (which may undergo revival). A vague photo from Bliss, but reminding me of long & interesting communications with Richard S. Shaver. A relatively newcomer to TITLE, Hank Heath, who sent the "CORFU" postmark, a reminder of all my mistakes. TITLE ROYAL-- a remembrance of Jodie Offutt, and the ice cubes to remind me of Roy Tackett and his recommendation for me to read a book I now have read and class as "pivotal" in my worldview. A lamp & plants that remind me of a visit to my son's home in California of the illustrious Dave Locke.

About inside the front cover: Yes, FAR-RAGO is shaping up, but not yet completed as of this date (Feb.5). There are a few #1's remaining @ 75¢ each. Number 2 begins sanely with a Bruce Townley cover; this is backed with a photomontage to express the editor's id-- or something; anyway, Vic Kostriken liked it! There's an amusing piece by Paul Di Filippo on some collaborations perpetrated by teams of unlikely colleagues. An illo by Danny Strelkov, Mae's son, or was it grandson? A story by Gail White--"The Death-Rites of Varjanel". An odd tale by Jeff Hecht. Poems by Rich Bartucci & Neal Wilgus. An article by Mark R. Sharpe tying together space exploration & civil liberties. An article about the "science" of Bradbury's "A Sound of Thunder" by Wayne W. Martin. Rick Wilber with a story, "The End of the Chase" illoed on the back cover by Shari Hulse. A science speculation on the Gabon reactors & human evolution by Stephan H. Dorneman. An expansion of Indick's Saki article. A good, long story, "The Enemy" by Eric Mayer with a Kostriken illo. Richard Brandt's story "Nightmare in White" with a terrific "tornpaper" illo by the editor. Salmagundi, a LoC department. And a lot more not yet run off the mimeo/Xerox machines.

Late in January Larry Carmody sent me a picture postcard of some Greek ruins. He was thinking of me because he remarks that over there "they only seem to have beer bottles, no cans."

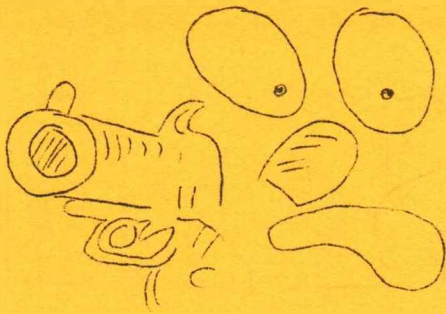
Speaking of rocks, have you all seen a Rene Magritte painting of a huge rock floating close-up but in a sky full of clouds? "The Sense of Realities" it's called; has the same effect on me as good SF.

Obvious remark #1: "...meteorites can kill you if they leave a crater where you're standing." -- BUGLE AMERICAN

The BUGLE AMERICAN is one of those quasi-underground tabloids published in Milwaukee, Wis. Bob Stein sent it to me; in fact a number of them. Guess he knew I'd like the department "Toads in the Outhouse"-- a review of some SF & other crazy things plucked from other publications. One item is reassuring: says we are in no danger of being eaten by some super-civilization from space. The authority quoted says a spacerace smart enough to travel here would synthesize all their protein needs. Yah, but what about hunting as a healthy super-civilization hobby?

Obvious remark #2: "Complex equipment does not run itself. At least as important as the apparatus is the know-how to operate, service, repair, modify and improve it.." -- testimony to the House Foreign Affairs Committee by Dr. Earl Callen on behalf of the Committee of Concerned Scientists.

While the first cassette of three from Ric Dey is transcribing into my reel-to-reel, I sat down to typewritten receipt of this saga through the chambers of his cerebrum entitled "Deep Nostril". More of it later after I separate the Dey voice from the historically-selected music accompanying the trip (which starts out fascinatingly by wishing me a Merry Christmas!). Also, a paperback copy of "The Little Prince", a gift because I had mentioned being unfamiliar with the work. Ric (or Rick) says: "You have apparently been deprived of one of the most gentle tragedies ever written for this age." Rick's latest issue of WHITE NOISE #11 is a full-blown loczine of deep discussion. Maybe he has some remaining copies at 43 Grove, Highland Park, Mich. 48203.



STAND BACK! THIS
COMMENT MIGHT BE
DANGEROUS!

sez Neil Ballantyne

And, yes, it might be-- because of my opinion of UFO's after looking at the Tattler Special Classified Investigation on them, a Winter 1975 publication sent my way by Bill Bliss. Those photos, I think, are either snapshots of old hub-caps tossed skyward or lenticular clouds. This is not to exclude a little clever dodging in the darkroom. Barbek has said his piece!

Now Bill Bliss is another story... He's writing to the Peoria newspaper again. This time it's an idea to solve two vexing problems: a) how to get rid of trash and b) how to make money for a city 50-75 years later. Solution: store the accumulation of whatever in old mines and caves, and some years later get the junk out and have a big sale. F'r instance, what if New York had stored old fruit jars, brass lunch pails, lamps, worn out autos, cylinder phono records back in 1910, why today they'd be out of debt!

Before I leave Bill in this issue, let me to hurry to say that he sent me a funny putdown of the game of golf. Okay, Barbek speaks again. If you analyze the game, it's pretty silly; yet, since it pits one's own high & mighty self against that same self (who could ask for a more worthy opponent?) it can be the dangest, most frustrating (and at times the most thrilling) game there is. So it's not a fannish game like RISK; I like that game too, but golf...now that's something!

"Golf! What an unfannish game!" --

Samuel S. Long, May 19, 1975

Did I mention the "I suppose you think this is a fanzine, but you'd be wrong, it's the SYMPOSIUM 1 non-program book" with some kilted Scotsman cranking a bagpipe mimeo on the cover? The inside had the word "Anvilcon" substituted for SYMPOSIUM. The program was signed by Taral Wayne MacDonald, Victoria Vayne, Larry Downes, Patrick Hayden, Leah A. Zeldes, Phil Paine, Bob Webber, Jim Allan, and X. The events scheduled were even funnier. Since I'm a neo, what does "smof" mean? Among some of the stars present were Harlan Anvilson and anvil offutt.

The poor fellow suffering from "very course vains" was perhaps not in such bad shape as the guy having trouble with his "limp glands". Then there was the gal who complained of misconception and inflection in Virginia which showed up on her Pabst smear. One fellow wanted several "plops" removed from his neck and "hemrocks" from a lower region. (Thought you might like a sampling of Americana from Blue Cross of Minnesota files.)

Terry Whittier (ALTAIR) boosted my ego by sending xeroxed clips from LoCs he received commenting on my column in his fine zine. Some of the writers don't get this zine rightcheer: Steve Schleef, Gene Mierzejewski, Dave Wixon, and Allan Rothstein. It was nice, too, to see some Titlers being nice behind my back.

Leo Perlis, an AFL-CIO official, said some things about scientists I enjoyed, both in meaning and style.

"Scientists, with few exceptions, are the invisible men of our society." Scientists need to talk to the people, not just to themselves; to speak in the people's language; and meet the people's needs. "What people do not see or understand, they either suspect or worship, and neither is beneficial to science or society." ... "If the people are indifferent to science, the forces of anti-science are not indifferent. We must not stand by while people, young and old, escape into weird faith and fancy myth -- the new double cross of the disillusioned and disenchanting... mysticism plus deep breathing may be a fine exercise in relaxation but not the answer to our problems."

Bravo! Mr. Perlis.

CONFUSION₁₂

After receiving a letter from pro GoH Lloyd Biggle, Jr. saying that he and Hedwig could not accept us as house guests two years running (in 1975 there had been an unpleasant incident concerning a ~~toilet~~ shower), Son Roy and I decided to attend. Confusion 12 was the third of the series ($1 + 2 = 3$ dig?) so the concom has had ample time to overcorrect for previous errors. Or so we felt. Beautiful Wife Rosemary chose instead to take the remaining kids to her mother's in Peoria, feeling (with some justification) that Barrington might not be sufficiently remote from Ann Arbor to escape fallout. She preempted the Plymouth, leaving Son Roy and I the '68 Rambler American, a car that looks naked without Oklahoma plates and a thick coating of dust.

At 9:00 a.m., Friday, January 23, Son Roy made the ritual announcement that he had been having trouble with the brakes. We were ready to go!

As is my invariable custom ever since the last time I got lost, I had made a Map Reconnaissance the night before. I had no difficulty in locating Ann Arbor (just east of Ann Cass); but my map failed to show the position of the Ann Arbor Inn. (I have dropped a nasty note to the president of the Gulf Oil Corp.) When we reached Ann Arbor I stopped at a filling station-- not Gulf, you may be sure! -- and asked directions.

"The old Ramada Inn," the surly pumper replied. "Been condemned."

I would have Blanned had I known Blanche. As it was, I Martha'd.

"Remember the last hotel?" Son Roy asked. "They called the pigs on Jackie Franke's bridgework."

"Cops," I told him. "Bridge game."

"She sweats when she plays."

The hotel was easy to find, and despite the big sign that said Old Ramada Inn, Been Condemned the doors were not taped together. As we saw after walking the two blocks from the parking garage. Let me digress here-- or rather, allow me, for the moment, to deviate from the relaxed faanish tone I have adopted until now. I am serious; think of Harlan talking to a local girl he met at 11:55 when he has to take the 1:05 a.m. plane. Serious. Now you got it? Okay-- it was bitingly, piercingly cold. Like zero with a 20 mph wind. So cold that every step made me feel like a bum on a park

bench when the cop's trunchion hits the paper-thin sole of his shoe. So cold that my hands were numb and my face was numb and my teeth hurt. So cold that the lobby of the Ann Arbor Inn felt warm.

It was a mistake, of course. Nature does those things to us from time to time. I remember a party about a hundred years ago at which another kid put an ice cube on my back and made me think it was a hot poker.

Son Roy kicked his pack into the middle of the room and laid his guitar case lovingly on my bed. "Let's eat."

"How did we get in here? The last thing I remember, I was standing in the lobby mentally composing my con report."

"You were frozen. We filled the hotel with water and you floated up."

As a science fiction writer I have had to learn science. "Water gets all hard when it's not as cold as this." (Wing it!) "At exactly 29.728°F, to be precise."

"So I lied a little. You let the desk clerk imprint your library card and I carried you to the elevator. You were shaking worse than it was."

"He imprinted my library card?"

"He was cold too. Let's eat."

"Fine. I promised to attend the dinner for Lloyd Biggle. It will be gourmet from soup to nuts, and Ted White and Bill Bowlers will be there."

Son Roy opened his guitar case with a thoughtful expression. "No way. I'm not

hungry."

"There will be a lot of nice con committee people, and Fish Eggs has promised not to come."

For a moment he seemed about to weaken.

"Will Mike Glicksohn bring his snake?"

"Larson E. is no more."

"Plink a-plink a-plink."

"You won't go?"

"Gotta play my ax."

The restaurant was on the uppermost floor of the hotel, and offered a heartening view of the ice-choked streets of Ann Arbor, dotted with the stiff bodies of little match girls. Professor Jim stood in for the missing Fish Eggs while Bill Bowers kept our small party in a comparative uproar until it was time for Ted to leave for a radio interview.

"Why are you guest of honor?" I asked Lloyd Biggle. "Why not me? Why not someone with a little dignity, a little bit of class?"

He smiled his superior, Jonathan Winters smile. "I'm sure they considered both those alternatives-- we see which way they chose."

Later that evening I watched Popeye cartoons until I was able to speak again, then went up to the con suite to talk to Big Hearted Howard, Rusty, and Dean McLaughlin.

"Weird con," McLaughlin said. "Ted White told me there was a girl in the lobby with no pants."

I chuckled: "Arf, arf!" and Rusty said, "What's weird about that?"

"She wasn't even a fan."

That night I asked Son Roy if he had had a good time. "Sure. I saw Jason and the Argonauts."

I tried to show that I was in sympathy with the despicable youth culture. "Say, that was a hairy disc of Moten rock they released last week, wasn't it?"

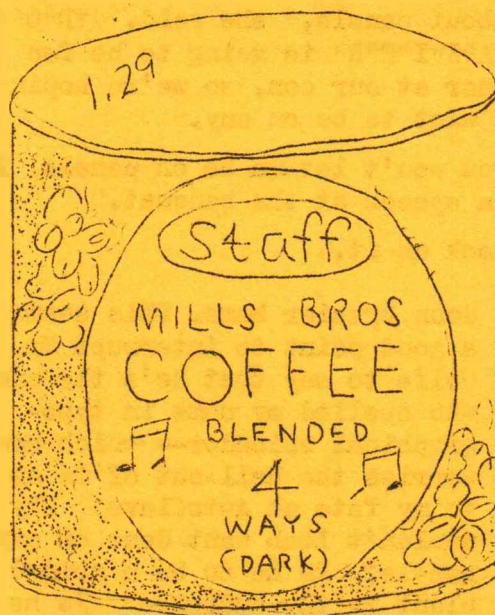
"It's a George Pal movie."

"Oh. Well, I always preferred the Mills Brothers anyhow."

"Yeah, they make great coffee."

We went to bed.

Next morning I attended Stan Schmidt's



seminar on the science in science fiction. Stan (who wasn't staying with the Biggles this year either) revealed that the laws of thermodynamics had been repealed by the Nixon administration-- though too late to halt its increasing disorder-- and explained that as a result he was now giving the same seminar for the Nth time and would give it to infinity. I hadn't known Stan was so popular at cons, but when he got to the part where I came in before I got up and left.

Outside I was approached by George "Railroad" Martin, who said, "I'm chairing a panel on luck versus quality in writing. Biggle and Phyllis Eisenstein are going to be for Luck, and you and Ted White for Quality. It's a put-on."

"Okay," I said, "but don't mention your Hugo-- that wouldn't be fair."

He disappeared and was replaced by Joe Haldeman, who was feeling Gaye. "I'm getting up a panel on sex in science fiction. Phyllis and Joan Hunter Holly are going to be Can, and I want--"

"Who's my partner?"

"Ted White. We're going to meet in the bar for a drink."

Yeah. "Where is it?" I asked. "Anywhere near the dining room?"

"Where's the dining room?"

The panels went off well, with the audience voting solidly for sex and luck, as I would have myself. Leah Zeldes grabbed me as I ducked between them and made for the door. (What follows is an unpaid political announcement.) "I want to talk to

you about panels," she said. "*D*O*N*N*
*B*R*A*Z*I*E*R* is going to be fan guest
of honor at our con, so we're hoping you
won't want to be on any."

"If you won't let me be on panels, I won't
make a speech at the banquet."

We shook on it.

down brazier here. This seems
a good point to interrupt Mr.
Wolfe to say that he's the one
who spelled my name in typo-
graphical splendor-- which now
worries the hell out of me as
to my fate at AutoClave. Why
wouldn't Leah want Gene on any
panels? Is he to be a primed
plant in the audience? Is he
to play the heckler role? Will
he be found at the bar, whether
it's next to or far removed
from the dining room?

And now picking up Gene's con
report with his own "clever
blend" -- a non-transitional
film cut.....

That night at the banquet I sat with Mir-
iam and her mother, Joan, Brian Brown,
Bill Wu, Stan, and an attractive young
lady whose name I never learned because
she poked me in the eye with her fork
every time I tried to read her name tag.
(I am very nearsighted.) Biggle made a
beautiful speech-- he had brought the
Boston Pops and the Mormon Tabernacle
Choir with him. Awards were given to
most of the people present, and Fish
Eggs announced that he and Lynn were mov-
ing to Cleveland, which made up for a
lot.

Saturday night is, of course, the big
night for room parties. I wasn't invit-
ed to any, but I discovered that though
the con suite had the best drinks, the
Toronto party had the best food. Between
elevator rides I looked for Joe DeBolt.
(Biggle had introduced us earlier: "Joe
DeBolt, meet Gene de Nut.") I had talk-
ed to him quite a bit the night before,
but for some reason he didn't seem to be
around Saturday. At midnight my agent's
lovely daughter Beth came by to tell me
it wasn't true that her mother was think-
ing of dropping me because I wasn't writ-
ing enough. (Beth is a French Lit.major.)

"That's good," I said. "Did you hear
the one about Ford ----"

"It's not selling enough. Is it the one
about chewing gum or the one about foot-
ball helmets? Everyone's been telling
them since I came back from Dijon."

I told her I had kaospectate in my room.

--Gene Wolfe 1/30

Addendum: Plans for Confusion 14 are
under way.

((According to the formula, the arithmeti-
cal series at the beginning of your con-
rep, shouldn't that be Confusion 123 ?))

+++++

ANOTHER EDEN by STEVE SNEYD.

You made me, Baron ...
now I answer back:
I made a planet
barren, with no track -

6 days it took,
the seventh choose I rest
with gentle metal hands I
cuddle the best

of all my creatures ...

snake too cold to love, though clever:

the man loud,
boastful, greedy

the woman, though her
skin alien-soft to
mine of leather,

still among the flower-
-bees of heather

summons dreams of
how you could have

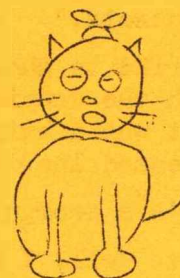
made me much better.

+++++

Some Cats !

by

Eldon K. Everett



"But-- out in space, what does
the rocket push
against?"

WILSON '13013' TUCKER

BORN NOVEMBER 23, 1914, DEER CREEK, ILLINOIS

I've lived almost all my life in central Illinois, in just four places: Bloomington, Normal, Heyworth, Jacksonville. Time-out was taken in 1946 to stay about five months in Los Angeles, while working for the 20th Century Fox Studios; and again in 1972 to spend the winter in Florida while recuperating from eye surgery. (And right now I'm back in Florida this winter, for fun and games.

Because of the death of my mother earlier, and the inability of my father to care for a family, I was placed in an orphanage about 1926. I ran away from that hideous place in 1930 and took to the road and the railroad, until later that year when the police picked me up and sent me back to my father in Bloomington, not back to the orphanage.

That same year, 1930, I was apprenticed to the theater trade, first as stage electrician and then as projectionist. I stayed in the two allied fields until I was fired in 1972 because the movie theater automated the projection booth. I still work part-time as a stage electrician doing the travelling road shows and rock concerts at Illinois State University at Normal, and at University of Illinois, at Urbana. I'm one of the few stage electricians in this area qualified to handle and hook-up 220 volt current, and so I'm frequently called for those shows and concerts. It's no big deal; any competent electrician who knows how to split and use 220 volts without blowing fuses and circuit breakers can do it.

I married the first time in 1937, and was divorced in 1942. Two children from that marriage now live in Florida, which is one reason why I hang out there during the winters. I married the second time in 1953, and was still married the last time I looked. There are three chil-

dren from this marriage: one in college, one in the Navy, and one at home.

I began writing fiction on a battered typewriter in 1930 or 1931, but wasn't able to sell anything until 1941 when Fred Pohl bought a short story for SUPER SCIENCE NOVELS. It was pretty bad, as were the next dozen or so shorts. I wrote my first mystery novel in 1945 and it was published in 1946: "The Chinese Doll" which was among the runners-up for the Mystery Writers Award of that year. (It didn't win.) Since then I've published 21 books of mystery, adventure, and science fiction. Three of them (I think) were nominated for Hugos, two of which wound up in the top five in the balloting, but none have actually won anything.

More than 20 years ago (I think it began about 1954) I was one of the "inner circle" who organized world conventions into zones, rules, Hugo Awards, and all that claptrap. I'm not sure now it was a good thing. The purpose was to remove future convention sites from smoke-filled rooms and other chicanery, and give everyone a chance at them.

I published my first fanzine in 1932, and have been publishing haphazardly ever since. During the late Thirties and early Forties I published weekly or monthly LE ZOMBIES, but now an issue appears every five or ten years. I can't guess how many different titles I've published: perhaps a hundred in all, perhaps not. I didn't keep count. I originated the prozine YEARBOOKS in 1938, which led to the many professional INDEXES of today.

I've died twice because of fan hoaxes, and I expected to die a third and final time when the aircraft crashed into the sea enroute to Aussiecon, but something went right for a change.

-- Bob Tucker, Dec. 19, 1975

AND NOW A FEW TUCKER TALES

TRUE TUCKER TALES

DONN BRAZIER INTRODUCES THE ANTHOLOGY

Since I first heard of Bob (and continually through the years) I have always thought of him as a BNF -- not an author (which he sure is!) but as a simple, top-grade, modist and funny BNF. In my first fandom period I generally thought of him as Hoy Ping Pong, an illustrious name (with character to match) which he has modestly left unmentioned in the preceding autobiography.

Unfortunately, I have long since disposed of fanzines from the Thirties, but I do have a Xerox of the "Great SF Chain Letter" Brazier contribution only, in which I mention Bob several times. This letter circulated in 1941, right at the close of my first period (interrupted by WW II).

In my first paragraph, I wrote: "I decided against using the backsides of the fannies' letters for my contribution. Imagine, when this letter is preserved for posterity, to have it on the rear side of a Tucker opus!" Boy, how wrong I was on that decision!

In my second paragraph I try to make a funny dig at Bob. "I am now trying to think of funny things to say. But I just can't think of anything. Tucker and I are similar in other ways too; we both have beautiful eyes, one on each side..."

I pick up Tucker again in the 8th through 11th paragraphs. Since I said, "OK, Tucker, I should have said enough now to let you hang one on me," after discussing the kind of SF I liked, it is apparent that Tucker did not like the science-fiction I did. Then, in the next paragraph I express a worry that Art Widner will get into such a lather he'll begin to look like Tucker.

The 10th paragraph refers to something Bob must have said about E.E. Smith because I hint at some secret info about Doc that I had picked up in conversation with Smith and Hamling, Miske, and Singleton. I've forgotten what the big secret was.

Tucker makes a last appearance in the 11th paragraph where I quote him as wanting a different type of UNKNOWN fiction. I agreed, but I don't recall if I went along with what Bob wanted. I wanted more shorts (as against the lead novel) by the likes

HOY PING PONG DRINKS SAKI

of John Collier, Don Wandrei, Nelson S. Bond, etc.

Quite a number of readers wrote in that they wished they had a) a Tucker anecdote or b) could meet the gentleman. Out there in the fannish void there are a million Tucker tales if only TITLE could reach the proper (or improper) story-tellers. And for all you neos, believe me, Tucker is one of the nicest, easiest, and mysterious person in the world to meet, talk to, and share a smo-o-o-o-th with. As Richard Brandt attests to-- Tucker is also generous (returning an un-postmarked 10¢ stamp) and willing to contribute a bawdy verse to Richard's VORPAL.

DON AYRES REPORTS.....

I've known him since Pecon I, where he freely spent an hour helping a neophyte writer-- me-- understand a little more about marketing a story. I've remet him at several cons since, along with getting an occasional letter. And I'm glad. I could mention that Tucker's copy of my THE CHIMAERAN REVIEW was gummed, i.e. bound with chewing gum.

I arrived at Chambanacon II on Saturday, the second day of the con. That evening, after the banquet had ended and the room parties were beginning, Tucker initiated a bunch of us into the SMOOOOTH! ritual; this was, I believe, the first year in which he was making a major effort at the task, but I could easily be wrong on that. Anyhow, we discovered that the day was Fred Pohl's birthday and that Friday (?) had been Poul Anderson's; since filksingers were in the room, choruses of 'Happy Birthday' were in order and were dutifully performed. Noting further that L. Sprague deCamp's birthday was the following day, I grabbed three sheets of motel stationary, scribbled "Happy Birthday from Chambanacon II" and the appropriate author's name at the top, and distributed them for signatures. When I took them to Tucker, he signed them, confiding that the day before Anderson's birthday had been his own. Without saying a word, I got another piece of paper, inscribed it as before, added Bob Tucker's name, and continued getting signatures. A few hours later, I went back to Tucker and, on the pretext that he had missed Fred Pohl's, got him to sign his

own birthday card. A few days later, I received a note from Tucker: "Got your card; that was fun."

Well, I suppose this last is more a Bob Bloch story....but who can forget? Bob Tucker was in the Australian suite at Torcon as midnight and the hour for the beginning of the Bloch movies drew near, when he announced: "I want you all to help me...." The twenty or so fans in the suite marched down en masse to take up a position in the back of the screening room while the animated "Star Trek" reel ended. After Bloch took his position on the podium and the applause died down, the stalwart handful let loose with as much booing and hissing as they could. The entire audience turned around in shock while Bloch leaned on the podium, a wry smile on his face. He capped the demise of the ruckus with the comment: "Those are the people who've already seen my stuff."

ROGER SWEENEY REPORTS

While at Minicon 10, Leah Zeldes and I were walking down the hall of the hotel. It was late, around 2:30 a.m., and we were looking for people we knew. Tucker was coming the other way-- towards us -- with Martha Beck. As he passed us in the narrow hallway, he leaned over to me and whispered, "I've been seeing your name in fanzines." Before I could react, he was gone, vanished into the stairwell connecting floors. Did he mean it, I wondered, or was he just putting me on? How does he know who I am? Finally, I thought, I bet he does this to people all the time.

THE GREAT FEMME FAN HUNT AT TORCON by * Jackie Franke *

As we all know, Our Bob likes to, shall we say, take an occasional nip. At Torcon he'd 'Smooo-oothed' a bit too much one night, and wasn't in any shape to find his way back to his room. An obliging femme-fan, seeing her opportunity to do her ghod deed for the day, took him to her room and plopped him on the couch for the duration. He awoke in the morning to an empty room (said Kind Person having departed for more important things, like breakfast), a strange room, a room he had no memory of entering the night before! Terror struck. Panic rapidly followed, and he gathered his shoes and jacket and made a hasty exit for his (temporary) home ter-

ritory.

As the day passed, he thought about his action, and decided it was a cowardly gesture. After all, some kind woman (he knew it was a femme-fan from the accoutrements on the dresser-- even the most foppish of gays seldom has use for tampons) had taken him in and given him safe harbor in his moment of need. And he had run out like a frightened rabbit instead of sticking around to thank said Kind Damsel; in fact, he had run out so quickly he didn't even note the room number or floor he was on. As the hours passed he grew more ashamed of his fearful flight, and decided to do his best to make amends.

So it was that later in the afternoon, as I was wandering about the mezzanine, Bob came up and eyed me with the utmost seriousness and asked: "Did I sleep with you last night?"

I looked back blankly, wondering what the joke was, and said, no, he hadn't. Why did he ask? Well, he told me his sad tale. At this time Martha Beck wandered up and he repeated the story. We clucked sympathetically, and offered to help him in his endeavor.

So often during the early hours of that night's partying, you were apt to hear one of us ask likely-looking ladies, "Did you sleep with Bob Tucker last night?" All night the answers kept coming back in the negative, when we got a straight answer at all.

Finally, along about midnight or a bit past, we all met in one of the hallways and compared notes. Total washout. We decided to be methodical in our search. Returning to the third floor of the Royal York, we went down the hallway of each floor, working our way upwards, listening for sounds of partying going on. At each door where sounds of merry-making ensued, we would pause, Bob would enter, wait for a moment of silence and ask, most respectfully, "Did any of you young ladies sleep with me last night?"

It was great for breaking the ice, I'll say that for it. Met quite a few people that evening, but no one who would admit to sharing a room with Bob. Tired, a bit desperate, by then wondering if Tucker had simply imagined it all, we reached the upper floors, where few fans resided. As the elevator doors opened a young woman and Bob spotted each other at the same instant. "You!" Tucker exclaimed, leaping on the poor creature with cries of delight.

His enthusiasm got the most of him, and in his headlong dash out of the elevator, he grabbed her and they stumbled. They both wound up on the hallway floor, in a close approximation of the so-called "missionary position". Panting a bit from his exertions and excitement, Tucker grinned with all his boyish debonnaire demeanor and asked again: "Did you sleep with me last night?"

Of course, the flustered lady, pinned to the floor, had no way out; yes, it was she who had taken him in for the night, and, no, she hadn't taken offense because he had scurried out like a furtive paramour, and couldn't he let her up; it was dreadfully uncomfortable flat on her back in the hallway with him atop of her.

All of us helped her to her feet, brushed off the carpet lint and stood around a bit awkwardly. Our goal had been reached, our quarry found. Now what? The young lady, at a loss for what to say herself, asked us into her room for a drink. We accepted and sat around, exchanging pleasant fannish natter for awhile, and then departed. As we walked to the elevator, Tucker paused, and with a twinkle in his eye, said he'd see Martha and me later. He'd forgotten to tell his Lady something. Martha and I bid our adieus, and went about our business.

The next day we saw Tucker in the function rooms, whistling and looking quite chipper (for a man of seventy-- as he claims). As we approached, he grinned and winked. "Last night, I know damn well who I slept with!", he chuckled....

JACKIE FRANKE'S EPILOGUE....

Tucker is always noted by the swarm of young fermefans around him. He gets away with it by calling them his "grand-children" or "nieces", but we all know from the gleam in his eye that it's in no paternalistic view he's seeing them.

He has the ability to spark a party just by being there. Telling yarns, passing around a bottle of Beam's Choice for smoo-o-o-ooth sessions, listening to a troubled fan when the need arises, always beaming when someone comes up with a stack of books for him to autograph, asking permission of the people around him before he lights up a little filter-tipped cigar.

Bob's the picture of politeness, gallantry and old-fashioned friendliness mixed

in with more than a hint of the devilish, little-boyish mischief-maker lurking in the background. Appreciator of womankind, acknowledger of talent and ability in others, disdainer of phoniness or hypocrisy or super-Faaaaanism. (Tucker, I believe, coined the word, "super-faaaaan": said with a bleat-sound on the repeated "A"s to indicate an ovine mind.)

Bob Tucker epitomizes what a Fan should be and can be. I love him; we all love him. Fandom wouldn't be the same without him. What more can you say?

BRAZIER'S EPI-EPILOGUE....

Evident that Jackie cares a lot for that crazy nice old guy-- as well we all do. And, just to make things clear, I reported to Bob that Jackie had told the "Did I Sleep with You" story, and would he mind my printing it, or should I abridge it somewhat. He said, in effect, print it like she wrote it. Which I've done...

+ + + + +

THREE THOUGHTS by cathryn gebhart

1. radiance.
my body suddenly
a precious thing;
and a memory
of gentleness.
2. unbelieving, yet
i tap the uncut bread
four times: a crucifix.
a ritual
not devoid of meaning
and a memory
of a woman, old, who could not change.
(my life is a whole and not
a thing of parts detachable
that i can put away
at will)

3. ghost-kisses
sustain me in my nightmares
twisted loves for which i begged and
bartered
become earthroot of memory
memory insubstantial as flame
wears itself thin against an emptiness

-- cathryn gebhart, Jan.1976

"SMOOOTH!"

THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE SAYING
ABOUT OUR PRODUCT, PRO AND
BNF ALIKE, ALL ACROSS THE
NATION AND INTO AUSTRALIA.

AS PRO ANDY OFFUTT CAN CER-
TIFY, WE HAD TO SEND A WHOLE
TRUCKLOAD TO THE HOMETOWN
OF PRO WILSON TUCKER AND BNF
BOB TUCKER. AND THAT WAS
BUT ONE OCCASION.

SO THE NEXT TIME YOU'RE
THINKING ABOUT A GIFT FOR
THAT PRO OR BNF, DON'T WASTE
TIME THINKING ABOUT SENDING
THE ZOMBIE A ROSEBUD.



OR A PICTURE OF THE TIME YOU
SAW COURTNEY'S BOAT.



SEND HIM A BOTTLE OF OUR
PRODUCT AND GET HIM BACK
"ON THE BHEAM"!

(AND REMEMBER, WE USE NO
STAPLES IN OUR PRODUCT!)

advertisement text

by Don Ayres

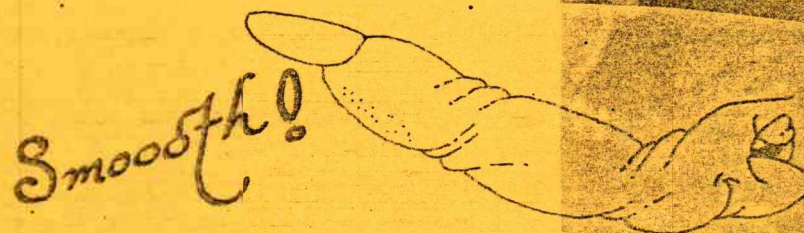
advertisement art

by Sheryl Birkhead

additional layout

by Donn Brazier

and Sci-Izzors

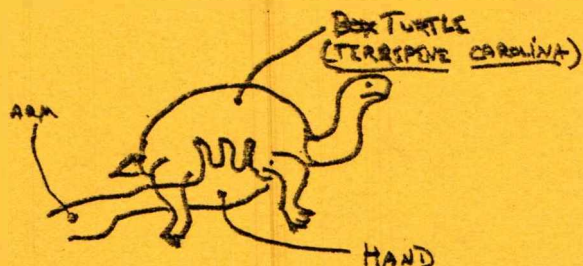


HOW TO SEX YOUR BOX TURTLE

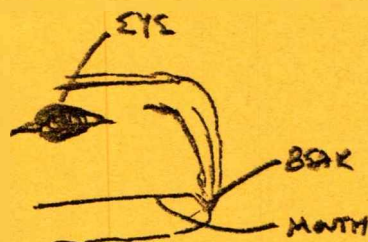
(Terrepen carolina)

BY

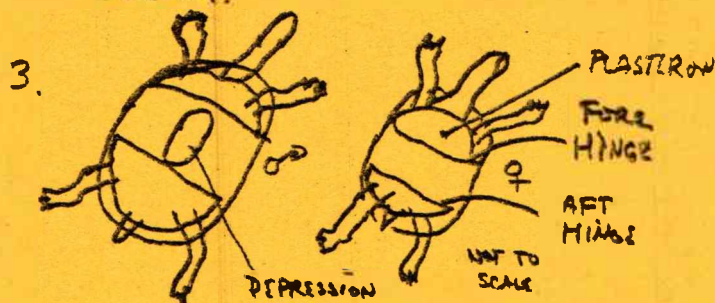
Don Ayres
(with Help from Jim Bheam)



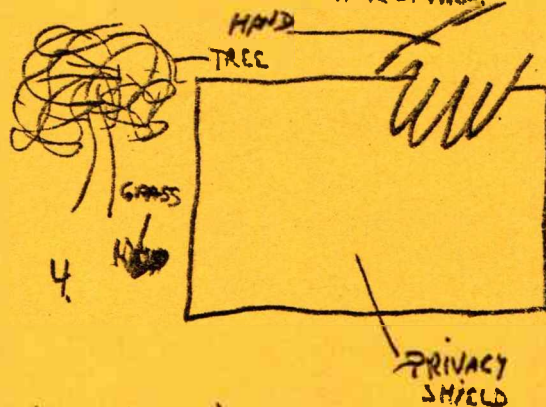
1. The first AND MOST PRACTICAL STEP IN SEXING (NO JOKES PLEASE) YOUR BOX TURTLE (TERREPEN CAROLINA) IS TO HAVE THE CREATURE IN HAND. IF YOU ARE OF PARTICULAR ANTHROPOLOGICAL TALENTS, YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO HAVE THE TURTLE IN FOOT, BUT IT IS GENERALLY MORE PRACTICAL TO HAVE IT IN HAND. ALSO EASIER ON THE BACK. TRY, AT LEAST, TO HAVE THE ANIMAL IN YOUR GENERAL VICINITY.



2. A TIME-HONORED METHOD IS TO LOOK THE BOX TURTLE (TERREPEN CAROLINA) IN THE EYE. IF HE HAS RED EYES, HE IS PROBABLY A MALE; IF SHE HAS BROWN EYES, YOU WILL PROBABLY FALL IN LOVE WITH HER. SUCH INTERRACIAL MARRIAGES ARE TRYING FOR BOTH PARTIES, HOWEVER, AND ARE NOT ADVISED. THE CHILDREN OF SUCH A MARRIAGE HAVE A PARTICULARLY DIFFICULT TIME OF IT AND YOU SHOULD THINK OF THEM.



3. IF, DESPITE HIS OR HER PROTESTS, YOU TURN THE BOX TURTLE (TERREPEN CAROLINA) OVER ON HIS/HER BACK (THIS CAN BE DONE RATHER EASILY IF YOU HAVE THE TURTLE IN HAND; STAND ON YOUR HEAD AND LOWER THE TURTLE BELOW YOUR FIELD OF VISION), YOU CAN DETERMINE ITS SEX VERY EASILY. THE MALE HAS A DEPRESSION IN THE PLASTERON WHILE THE FEMALE'S HAS NONE. THIS HELPS THE MALE IN COITUS BY MAKING HIS CONTOURS MORE COMPATIBLE TO THOSE OF THE FEMALE AND PREVENTS A PAINFUL COITUS INTERRUPTUS.



4. IF, HAVING BEEN UNABLE TO ARTFULLY APPLY THE ABOVE INFORMATION, YOU STILL DO NOT KNOW THE SEX OF YOUR BOX TURTLE (TERREPEN CAROLINA), WAIT UNTIL SPRING. GET ANOTHER BOX TURTLE (TERREPEN CAROLINA) AND PLACE THEM TOGETHER. ONE SHOULD BEGIN RAMMING THE OTHER. THE RAMMER IS MALE; THE RAMMEE IS FEMALE. OR BOTH ARE HOMOSEXUAL. GET A THIRD TURTLE AND TRY AGAIN. IF YOU STILL CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT, PERHAPS IT'S FOR THE BEST AFTER ALL.

To Brazier: "Why don't you start putting out TITLE on a weekly basis? A month is far too long to wait for such a homey little zine." -- from Wayne Hooks. ((I'm putting it out weakly now.))

To Brazier: "Do you know why you haven't heard from me lately? I received a coloring book for Christmas, and some colored pens.. My book is one of the Zodiac signs and I've done nearly every picture in it. And that's what I've been doing with all my extra time." -- from Jodie Offutt. ((Well!))

To Bill Bliss: "To paint directions for Left and Right
Is a proposal very bright.
But if the people come in pairs
What do you paint on Tody's stairs?"

-- from Fredric Wertham

To John Robinson: "The killing of deer doesn't bother me, for the very reasons you give. But some of the other animals, like the tule elk that used to roam around the San Joaquin Valley in California until the farmers dried up the marshes. Some of these 'nuisances' were moved to the backside of the Sierras in Owens Valley. About 3 years ago people who applied for hunting licenses had their names drawn out of a hat. They lined up and were told to shoot at the sick and old, which had NOT been separated from the rest of the herd. They weren't all good shots and some of the young, healthy elk died with the culls." -- from Laurine White.

To Hank Heath: "I'll watch magic acts for hours, and then try to analyze what's going on. I'll actually sit there transfixed." -- from Terry Whittier. ((Have you noticed the boom in magic? Even the latest Columbo episode was based on a magic act. As I said earlier in some previous TITLE, the layman is becoming alienated from comprehension of reality, what with all the "magical" black boxes of technology.))

To Eldon

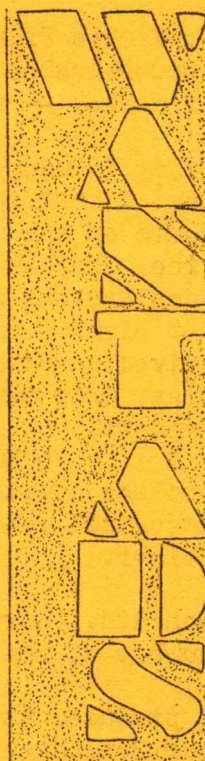
Everett: "I'd like to write my very own Dr. Devil story. I loved every word of it (except one near the middle) and would love to propagate such characters. What's your address?" -- from Dave Romm.

To Brazier: "Why not a poll on attitudes towards science & technology? It seems to me that the anti-science forces are on the march. Read about a chap, supposedly a physicist, who declared that his interpretation of radio-carbon dating puts the age of earth at 10,000 years. Huhmmmm?" -- from Roy Tackett. ((OK. In the balance, all things considered, are you PRO or CON technology? If you had a choice to solve a problem would you turn to: a) intuition b) authority c) psychic forces or d) scientific method?))

To Fredric Wertham: "Santa Claus is a cutesy-poo piece of Victorian rubbish that has degenerated into a bad joke. If Santa is a 'good guy' who wants to reward 'good behavior', most kids must perceive him as a singularly bad judge of character or totally corrupt, as it is obvious even to fairly young children that the world's goods are not distributed according to the advertised standard of morality!" -- from Ned Brooks.

To Bill Bliss: "I can think of one birdbath hazard-- the birds! Duck, there comes another blackbird now! Oh well, your bowler's grease sounds like a good thing to market, and I wonder if you're looking into cornering the spares." -- Rose Hogue. ((And strike it rich?))

To Fredric Wertham: "This passion for violence isn't a cycle, it's always been with us. Isn't it even more frightening when a person will publically admit to seeing JAWS or something than it is when such violent urges are kept silent? The beast in us; whenever anyone asks me what I'm most afraid of, the answer is 'myself'." -- from Carolyn CD Doyle. ((If one most-fearful thing were named, what would it be? To avoid sad memories, let's exclude naming deaths of family or friends; let's select among the very immediate fearful things like tornadoes, wild bears, bearded Glicksohn type fans, poisons, snakes, crazy astrologers, and stepping on fresh dog turds. I'm not saying what I'm afraid of -- Doc Wertham may be listening!))



To Jackie Franke: "Having been foolish enough to volunteer on occasion to act as a 'house-husband', I'm intimately familiar with the fact that a housewife is never out of work." -- from Hank Heath.

To Gary
Grady: "Enjoyed your piece on the geek ads. I answered one once-- a free brochure on an anti-gravity propulsion device. The brochure from Porter Propulsions Systems said that for \$5 I could get plans. From a later brochure I received unsolicited, there's a revised plan, this time for \$7." -- from Jim Meadows.

To Bill Bliss: "We have a friend who has constructed a number of different painting and drawing machines such as you described...he exhibits the machine-made art under pseudonyms." -- from Pauline Palmer.

To W.W.Goodson,Jr.: "Jack Vance did not write THE HUMANOID-- Jack Williamson did. (Surprised you let this one through, Donn.)" -- Stephen H. Dorneman. ((A number of readers caught that one; I didn't, but what do I know?))

To Brazier: "When I produced that free-form stream-of-unconsciousness description of myself and my surroundings, I'd no idea you intended to print the whole damned thing, as-was. Must have gotten desperate, hey?"--from Rich Bartucci. ((A warning deserves repetition: unless something is marked DNO or DNP, I'll print anything in good taste, though, I guess I did waver a bit there.))

To Pauline Palmer: " I do want to hear about your spinach wine. You are one of the finest examples of fanwriters I've had the pleasure to read, something I hope upsets Ned Brooks' finely tuned sense of power." -- from Simon Agree.

To Rich Bartucci: "What we need now is your picture. In just your St.Joseph's College sweatshirt and Hush Puppies. Would that be called porn or improper use of advertising by a prospective doctor?" --from Gil Gaier.

To Bill Bliss:
"You are an absolute delight. The button you pushed hardest was the OSHA one. I get upset with regulatory statutes, laws, court decisions. Most of them don't touch me at all, and yet I must be finding myself in conservative middle-agism. I was really frosted when it was reported that \$25,000 had been spent to find out that small children can get hurt by falling off tricycles. So let's ban the damn things. People are altogether too much protected by our society. It will breed out the pioneer spirit, vigor, the going after whatever it is you want. The individual has the responsibility of looking out for himself in many situations. He ought to learn to look for cars before crossing, stay out of drafts, don't walk under ladders, etc. Aw, heck, now you know one of my buttons." -- from Frank Denton. ((Did you see the OSHA cowboy picture that Cagle sent in some issues back?))

To Brazier: "These covers by new artists are terrific, but whatever happened to classy Sheryl Birkhead's creations? How's about twisting her arm a bit for another Birkhead masterpiece?" -- from Loay Hall. ((I'll twist Sheryl's arm anytime...only thing is I've already got about ten TITLE covers already printed ahead!))

To Jackie Franke: "I know you were trying to be kind in comparing libraries to jails, but the whole basis for a library's existence is to share, not to imprison. I would expect that fanzines owned by fans are more likely to be 'jailed', so wary are we in risking them to others or (perish the thought) sending them through the mails. A library exists to provide for multiple access. The archival function of libraries is only meaningful as it supports the service function, bringing people what they want." -- from Roger Sween. ((CoA for Roger is Box 374, Red Wing, MN 55066.))

To Brazier: "Are all the fen listed in the top 100, Titlers?" -- from Sam Long. ((First, Wayne Martin counted the names and I only printed the top 50-- stopped too early. In the top 50, then, Peter Roberts and

To Donn Brazier: "Your WANTADS are getting out of hand. It's getting to read like an apa with mailing comments. Are you sure you want this?" signed, Hank Heath. ((Who knows? But what other genzine can make that claim? Frankly, I devised the department to appeal to the reader who has a need to be an insider, getting references only another Titler would recognize.))

Darrell Schweitzer are the only non-TiTs. From 42 points down to 25 points we have 51 more fans. TiTs in order are: Don Ayres 41 pts, Mike Bracken 39, Denis Quane- Roy Tackett 38, Will Norris 37, Ned Brooks-Larry Downes-Terry Hughes-Pauline Palmer 36, Rod Snyder- John Carl 34, Jim Meadows-Reed Andrus 33, Dave Locke-Paul DiFilippo-Wayne Hooks 32, Dave Szurek-Chris Hulse 31, Jeff May-Aljo Svoboda 30, Victoria Vayne-Bill Bowers-Paul Skelton 29, Marci Helms-Mike Glycer 26, Tony Cvetko- Stuart Gilson-Robert Whitaker 25.))

To Bill Bliss: "You really are a genius. I've never seen such a conglomerate of madness and brilliance, and I'm an expert on the former." -- from Anna M. Schoppenhorst. ((The untapped Bliss file is approaching $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch thick, most every sheet on both sides, typed to extreme margins. I'm sure I'll never, never get 1/10 of his gems printed. Five letters in February and one in March already with just two lovely spring days in St.Louis gone by!))

To Gary Grady: "I was looking through one of those incredible TRUE DETECTIVE magazines. They have headlines like "He Taught her Crowbar Love". Well, I spotted a full-page ad for aphrodisiacs. The brand-name was PLACEBO. Can you imagine the gall involved in naming your product PLACEBO? Can you believe the gullibility needed to purchase such a product & expect it to work?" -- Paul Di Filippo.

To Gary Grady: "Your piece reminds me of an honest-to-god honest used car ad that ran in the paper a few weeks ago, that read in part: 'Painted a horrible black with equally horrid interior, but should appeal to someone.'" -- Bruce D. Arthurs.

To Jackie Franke: "Your comment on the Japanese... Their politeness is ingrained through culture. But I think they have one of the highest suicide rates. Isn't this perhaps a result of high density population?" -- Michael T. Shoemaker.

To Mark Sharpe: "As you say, it does take a lot of ego to write a book, but with a lot of books I've read lately, I suspect it takes more gall than ego. And a good bit of courage." -- Wayne Hooks.

To Stephen H. Dorneman: "You know, I think your 'Children of the Evil Rings' could find a publisher in today's paperback market." -- from Robert Briggs. ((Now, that would take gaaaall.))

To Brazier: "One statistic you could report reasonably easily is the % of your mailing list who publish a zine, and then further into those who were publishing before getting on your list. This would tell us what sort of an effect T has on encouraging new Titleders to bring out their own zine." -- from Paul Anderson. ((You & Shoemaker equate correlation with cause/effect which may or may not be reasonable. Japanese have high suicide rate; maybe also they drink more tea per capita. TITLERS are also not exclusively Barbek's minions and may very well have been inspired by SHAMBLES or LE VIOL.))

To Brazier: "I'm glad you liked my naked lady illo in MOTA. As a professional girly magazine cartoonist, I guess I've become fairly adept at delineating plush pneumatic fantasy females...They are at least as satisfying to draw as robots and alien critters, as one might reasonably expect..." -- from Grant Canfield.

To Bill Bliss: "You're a giant in your field -- whatever that field is. Perhaps a technical piece on the art of faunching might be on order from you? A demonstration of the action/reaction statement-- did you know that a fart often causes a burp and vice versa?" -- from Dennis Jarog. ((You mean a fart often causes a fup?))

To Anna M. Schoppenhorst: "I was amused by your surprise at some fen being 'into international politics'. My drar lady, we're into everything." -- from Brett Cox.

To all Titleders, especially Sheryl: "Many thanks for your nice comments about my cover." -- from Carl Bennett.

To Brazier: "I'm trying to get a black and white photo of my dog to send you." -- from Mike Bracken. ((Why not just send a photo of your black and white dog?))

To Ben Indick: "THE COMPLETE WORKS OF SAKI came in the mail today. I owe it all to you and TITLE."-- Stephen Dorneman

To Denis Quane: "A hoax fanzine can be either a parody or something that does not exist at all. The ones nominated for Hogu Awards in 1975 were all parodies." -- from Steve Beatty.

To Jodie Offutt: "If you ever do decide to give away fanzines at a con, I'll be there! I wouldn't mind buying them, particularly those older ones. Us neos who have no old and tired fans nearby can use some zines...a lot." -- from C.D. Doyle.

To three TITLERS: "I'd like to conduct a test. I will cast the horoscopes (each takes hours even using a simplified method) of three fans. I will then do a character analysis using very little astrological cant. I want three anonymous people to avoid any chance of cheating. Send me the following data without revealing any names, of course:

1. Month, day, year of birth
2. Time of birth, to the minute
3. Place of birth
4. Sex (sometimes has some bearing on interpretation of the configurations)

-- from Eric Mayer 12/26

((Okay, three of you, first come first served, send me the data above, and let's see if Eric Mayer can identify your characteristics. Perhaps I'll run each horoscope/description first to see if any reader can identify the owner of those characteristics from Eric's printed words.

To Gary Grady: "Has anyone ever produced all four types of brainwaves simultaneously? If so, who?" -- David Moyer.

To Jeff Hecht: "I hate to tell you, but someone has already invented a 'complex fandom game.' It's called FANDOM." -- from Dave Romm.

To Laurine White: "I read DHALGREN and hated it, hated it, all the way to its ending. It is a very big, badly marred book, but it does have some admirable qualities. But you have to wade through a swampload of material to get anything out of it. Difficult books are not always fun to read." -- from Robert Whitaker.



To K. Allen Bjorke: "By your thinking about beards as in indication of individuality or something equally suspect, I'm a genius at the very least! Odd Mike, anyone?" -- from Mike Glicksohn, who also sends to Sam Long to Marty Helgesen: "To the contrary, I have often heard people referring to 'an emusing sexual encounter'."

To Don Ayres and Kevin Williams: "Your 'No More Pickles...' saga is evidence of your madness. And tuck you away, too, Kevin...Aphid sweat, oh ghod!" -- Robert Smoot.

To Mark Sharpe: "One thing bothered me about your article-- the general tone of which I reluctantly agree with-- your use of the phrases SF and SF film, as if they were interchangeable. Ridiculous! SF film has never been on the same level as SF writings. I simply never think of films when I'm speaking of science fiction; they're light years behind the scope and concepts as shown in the written word." -- from Jackie Franke.

To Hank Heath: "Though I've only seen magicians on TV, I was indeed crogged by them - especially by sleight of hand. I'm not a mathematics fan though. I could never get interested in math, probably because my first math teachers were, alas, not Isaac Asimov's but bored athletic coaches." -- from Eric Mayer.

To Eric Mayer: "You sadly underestimate humanity by limiting the number of ways in which we can endanger the future of the race. I have faith in humanity. We'll find more routes to Armageddon." -- from Don D'Ammassa.

To Brazier: "You know what I noticed in your last issue? Not so much a personal zine anymore. I like personal zines just about the best." --from Dorothy Jones. ((TITLE seems to be many different things to everyone.))

To Jackie Franke & Roy Tackett: "The hell with infinity! What's reality?" from Hank Heath.

Consciousness is the most basic fact of human existence. As Descartes put it, "I think, therefore I am." But science takes consciousness for granted, assuming that it is nothing more than the electrochemical activities of the brain. I find a totally physical explanation of consciousness easy enough to accept, until I try to apply it to myself. I cannot escape the feeling that no matter how accurately a scientist describes the firing of my neurons, no matter how minutely he outlines the chemical changes in my nerve fibers, there will still remain something left unexplained, something over and above these physical occurrences - my own sense of existence.

In THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS Robert Heinlein, taking a physical approach, postulates that awareness is merely a matter of complexity and that a complicated enough computer would become conscious. I find it hard to believe that the difference between consciousness and unconsciousness, in a sense between life and death, is simply a quantitative one, a matter of degree. It is not possible to be partially conscious. Either one is or is not. So where does the threshold of awareness lie? Say we've constructed a computer with 40 billion circuits and it is still an insensible machine. At what point will it come to life? Will the 40 billionth and one circuit do the trick, or the next....next? It boggles the imagination.

In a similar vein it is interesting to ask why, if consciousness is merely a matter of complexity, we are not aware of the extremely complex activities of the autonomous nervous system?

There are other objections to equating brain processes with consciousness. The two have entirely different characteristics. When we have a sensation of red, for example, there is no corresponding red chemical activity in the brain. Obviously, though it would be proper to speak of brain process as fast, or slow, straight or circular, it would make no sense to apply these terms to sensations of color, or of pain.

It may be argued that this is so because brain processes merely give rise to consciousness. But this implies a duality, half of which remains unexamined by science. If one wants to ignore consciousness and reduce everything to physical terms, he must prove that brain processes do not only give rise to consciousness but that the two are, in fact, identical.

I cannot believe that they are. Consider. A surgeon probes the brain of a patient who is under local anaesthesia. As he touches various areas of the brain with his instruments, the patient reports differing sensations - pain perhaps, or flashes of color. Obviously, the sensations of the patient are related to what is happening in his brain, but this is not to say that they are identical.

Perhaps the surgeon freezes a small clump of cells in the subject's brain. As the cells die the patient experiences a momentary sensation of red, say. Though the surgeon can observe the cells dying, can measure their electrochemical activity, he cannot observe his patient's sensation of red. The sensation is something different than the related brain process.

In fact, it would seem that sensations do not exist in space at all. They cannot be observed by science. They have no weight, no volume, not even a location. They are totally private. So much so that we

cannot even be sure that what two people describe as a sensation of red is actually the same thing. It is hard to see how a physical brain process can be the same thing as a nonphysical sensation. The very existence of a nonphysical entity suggests a very different kind of world than the one science postulates. It might even be asked (in the manner of Bishop Berkely) how it is even possible for a physical process to give rise to a non-physical one.

But first the nature of consciousness would have to be resolved.

- - - - -

ation and even single sex marriage, but bestiality remains a crime. Despite this, it is becoming increasingly popular in our stress-ridden urban society. The stereotype of a person who has intercourse with animals is utterly false. The word *bestiality* causes visions of a debased, subhuman male brute. In actuality, women are much more likely to have sexual relations with animals. These women are usually highly intelligent, very sensitive, educated and cultured. Relegated to a subservient role by society, they are trapped by marriage. Rejecting an extramarital affair, either lesbian or heterosexual, they turn to animals. There they find responsiveness and devotion which their success-driven husbands are incapable of.

Hangups about bestiality are deep seated. Mosaic laws demand that any act of bestiality be punished by stoning. Since Christianity springs from a hodge podge of Judaic traditions and Near Eastern mysticism, this pious attitude prevails today. However, it was not always so. Animalistic rape is prevalent in all mythologies. In Mother Earth religions, copulation with animals was a part of the orgiastic worship. It was not until the ascendancy of puritanical patriarchal religions that bestiality became sinful. Animals were no longer sexual partners in the religious rites, but were rather sacrifices to be ritualistically slaughtered. A remnant from the days of matriarchal religions is the ascribing of various qualities such as bravery, purity, etc. to animals.

Why is bestiality illegal today, except for narrow minded prudery? Why a social revulsion? Are not horses used for draft work and dogs for guard work. In these ways they are prostituted. Cattle and hogs are slaughtered for their flesh. To kill is acceptable; to make love is forbidden. Many stories are written about the love between dog and master; yet, is not sexual union the ultimate fulfillment and ecstasy of love? Admittedly, the love between dog and master is different from love between man and woman, but so is the love between man and man, or woman and woman. Does this difference render less valid the love or the relationship? The devotion in an animalistic relationship is more intense and lasting than in a so-called normal relationship. Animals have no hate; anger, yes, unreasoning social hatred, no. Not being encumbered with the petty meanness called a soul, they are capable of simple, fathomless, infinite love. Is that not the aim of any meaningful relationship, total loving, given without selfishness?

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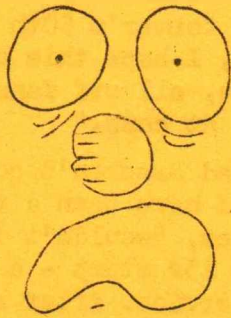
MANIFESTATIONS OF PASIPHAE

by Wayne Hooks

So much is heard these days about homosexuality, lesbianism and bisexuality that trisexuality is ignored.

In every state in the union and most countries in the world, bestiality is defined as sodomy and is punishable by imprisonment. Twenty years ago, it was a bold soul who even whispered of deviant sexuality (deviant in that it was not socially condoned nor legally permitted). Today there is ever increasing agitation for gay liber-

nb



DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA
WHAT BEING AN ILLO
IN A ZINE LIKE THIS
IS LIKE? —

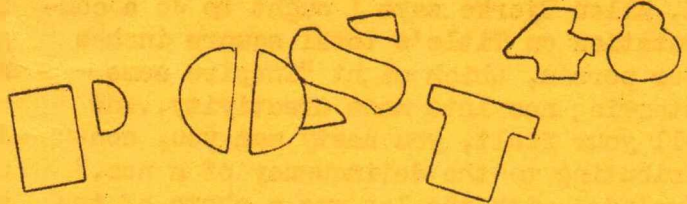
NUMBER ONE LOC Feb.12

Rose Hogue, 16331 Golden Gate Lane, Huntington Beach, CA 92649. Rose wrote the letter the 10th, saying she had received T-48 on the 9th, which seems to be before I mailed the issue! And so, Bill Bliss, this may possibly be a loc written before T's receipt! Rose writes the sort of loc which has to be printed entire because she makes pithy one/two sentence comments on everything. Only, I can't print all of it because T, in just 24 pps, must try to accomodate all respondees. I keep an accurate record of locs (not counting fmz trades, ads, packages, and NFFF business) and from 120 mailing I have gotten the following locs in the last few months:

Aug P-42	94	Nov P-45	95
Sept P-43	116	Dec P-46	100
Oct P-44	77	Jan P-47	110

And so here are some "selected snaps" from my "valentine" in CA:

"I'll have to ask my dad about the spear being standard issue for letter carriers. too bad Mae's pic didn't repro better ((dense photos don't do well; relatively unexposed with sharp contrast do better; if that criterion is met, then it makes no diff between b&w & color))..... Bill Bliss is Blissful. His ramblings seem to make so much sense. He certainly has cornered some T-readers and he can keep me in such a position as long as he wants!... ((Down Bill, down boy!))..... Don Ayres writes an interesting article.. ..Grady brings a chuckle, heck it was via a classified ad in the back of F&SF I found fandom...Muchly enjoyed interview of Bloch, read while sharing a burnt fudge



"EVER BEEN LOCCED IN AN AUTOCLAVE?" --

Claire Beck 2/11
P.O.Box 27
Lakeport, CA 95453

+++++

brownie with Spooky J. He just nibbles to please me, much prefers chocolate cupcakes! ((Spooky J or "Spook" is a cat)).. ...Glicksohn writes some fab fanzine reviews and hope he'll be able to keep it up! ((He does plan it that way, and he'll also be doing some more fmzrevs for T.)) ...Hope that Rich delivers the babe OK.."

NUMBER TWO AND THREE LOCS TIE Feb.13

Carolyn "C.D." Doyle	K.Allen Bjorke
1949 N. Spencer	3626 Coolidge NE
Indianapolis IN 46218	Minn'pls, MN 55418

CD gives me h-e-double-l for goofing up the sense of her book review, but even her explanation of who-was-who in the Coulson/DeWeese novel makes no sense to me. And frankly, I apologize, CD, and give up! CD starts at the top of T-48 and works her way down-- just like Rose did. So, again, "selected snaps":

"Bracken's cover, neat...Hope your fanzine activity results don't set off a competitive spark (I would lose)... Don D'Amassa looks like he's hypnotizing a bird... The section on Bliss was fantastic! Brazier was created to keep fandom happy; Coulson to scare neos; Bliss to make everyone wonder how he comes up with so many ideas.... Strangely enough, my thoughts start turning out crazy ideas when I'm washing dishes. If I had my way, every person would spend at least a half hour washing dishes and letting their mind take over. ((I get this 'attack' when I'm driving the car.)) ...Oops, you should never have printed Bartucci's description, now everybody will be sending them to you. Including me. ((It will appear later, but it surprised the heck out of me to find that you're only 14 years old!))... I liked Glicksohn's zine review, and hope he keeps it up!" ((He'll try; you'll also be seeing more fmzrevs.)) ((To the right is a little "C.D." envelope art.))



"Sure it's too big, but I'll grow into it!"

K. Allen Bjorke says I ought to do a computation on Title's total square inches per person, which might "inspire some starving neo into mass creativity..and all your fault, you nasty man you, contributing to the delinquency of a neo." Included with the loc was a photo of the sensational Minneapolis skyline; he calls my attention to the foreground building sporting the huge legend: TITLE INSURANCE BUILDING. Lots of Bjorke's letter contained Bliss-inspired whacky ideas which will be used later. He said, "The cover was the best Bracken piece I have yet seen." He wonders if fans have a greater music performance capability than non-fans of the same age? ((Though I don't know where we could get a mundane survey, to compare to, but for the record, how many Titlers can play, at least on a level for their own amusement, some musical instrument? State age, name instruments, and indicate some level of proficiency. Will tabulate in a future Title.))

THE FOLLOWING ARRIVED FEB. 17:

Eric Mayer, RD 1 Box 147, Falls PA 18615
Jeff Hecht, 54 Newell Rd, Auburndale MA 02966

Lester Boutillier, 2726 Castiglione St.
New Orleans, LA, 70119

Jim Meadows, 1428 Neely Hall, SIU,
Carbondale, IL 62901 14718

Hank Heath, 250 Dale Dr., Cassadaga NY /

Hank leads off with "it was one of those days", a long account of marital mixup & crossed signals, where Hank wondered what Rod Serling would have done in his place! ((Save for Mundaniac as well as his next big section of a 6-page loc in plans for his first fanzine.)) One page of comment about Bliss' ideas, also saved; then a bunch of "Want ads", saved. So much for ol' Hank Heath!

Jim Meadows covers T-47 & T-48. Thinks that Mark Sharpe seemed to take the SF film as typical of the entire genre, a narrow vision because film-makers are less knowing about standard SF devices and care most about making a profit and can't go too far out and still hit a mass audience. Then, too, there's a longer time lag in getting a film produced which locks it into something already several years old as far as science discovery is concerned.

Lester Boutillier's one-paragraph loc praised Glicksohn's fmzrev column and said: "I plan to nominate Andy Porter for best professional editor on this year's initial Hugo ballot. I'll put him

in second or third place. Ted White will get first place, though I understand that AMAZING and FANTASTIC may be cancelled soon after the former's 50th anniversary in April. Gosh, I hope this doesn't happen. If it does, all stf fans should wear black armbands at cons."

Jeff Hecht liked Bracken's cover, but the creature should have been a turkey. "In fact," he writes, "wouldn't that be appropriate for the 13¢ stamp - a turkey labelled Postal Service. After all, Ben Franklin suggested the turkey as a national bird."

Good news for fandom--! Eric Mayer is resuming fanac after trying the pro-SF market without success. He's turned out 4 articles and a possible cover. He's only one of two (the other was Claire Beck) who expressed any interest in putting my complete fanac survey into print, and so I've decided not to. He then goes into a tongue-in-cheek extrapolation of the survey idea which I'll use later in Fmzology. Best thing in the issue, he says, was the Bill Bliss piece, but wonders if Grady's lament about Bill's lack of formal training isn't ill-advised. Eric thinks it may snuff out imagination especially if the training is in very narrow areas. "As Bill says himself, 'Every thinktank needs its crackpot.'" Eric's personal good news is that he's been accepted by New York Law School. "It's a bit late to be starting over again, as it were, but I'd rather 'waste' a few years than the rest of my life and I imagine half the fun is knowing you're on your way somewhere rather than actually arriving."

ON THE 18th THERE ARRIVED.....:

Anna M. Schoppenhorst, 4621 East 16th St.
Indianapolis, IND 46201

Sam Long, Box 4946, Patrick AFB, FL 32925
Paul DiFilippo, 124 Old River Rd, Lincoln R.I. 02865

Mark R. Sharpe, 10262 John Jay Apt D,
Indianapolis, IND 46236 CoA

AND ON THE 19th LIKEWISE....:

Wayne Hooks, 4 Little Brook Lane, Hamlet
Apts, Richmond, VA 23228 CoA

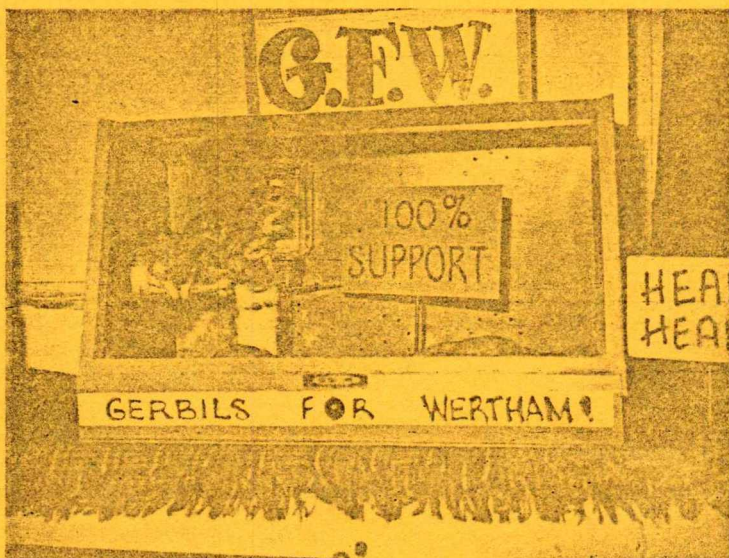
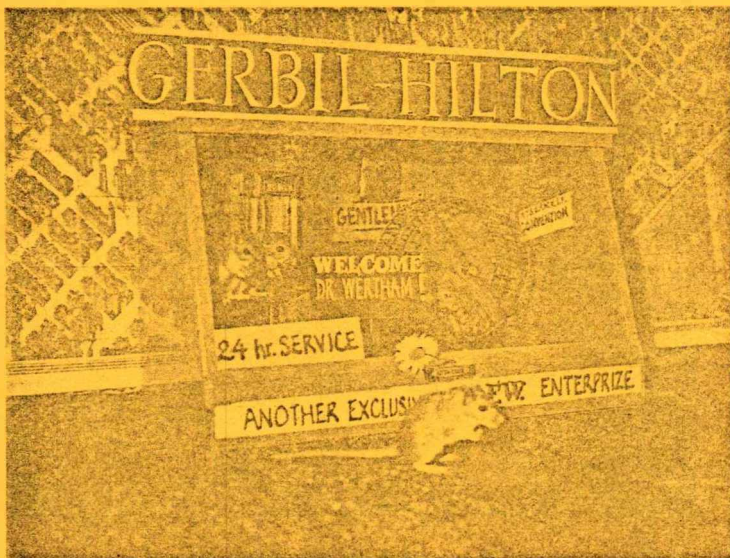
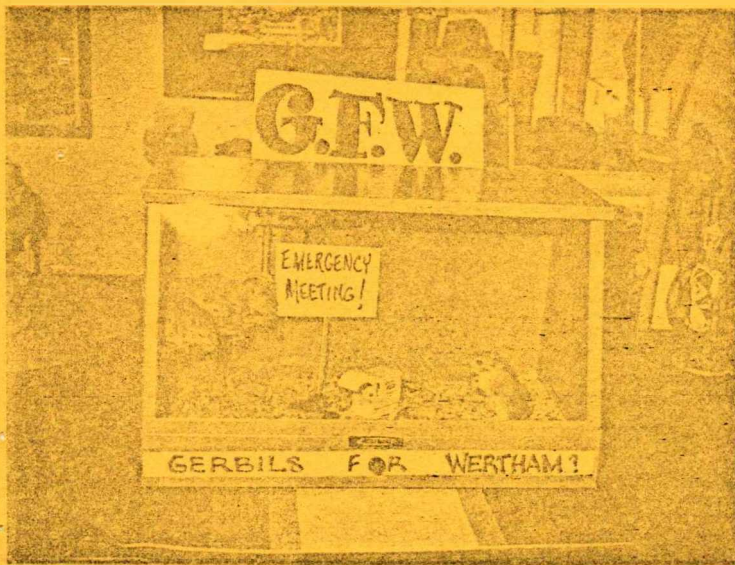
Bruce D. Arthurs, 920 N. 82 St, Apt H-201,
Scottsdale, AZ 85257

Chester D. Cuthbert, 1104 Mulvey Ave, Win-
nipeg, Manitoba, Canada R3M 1J5

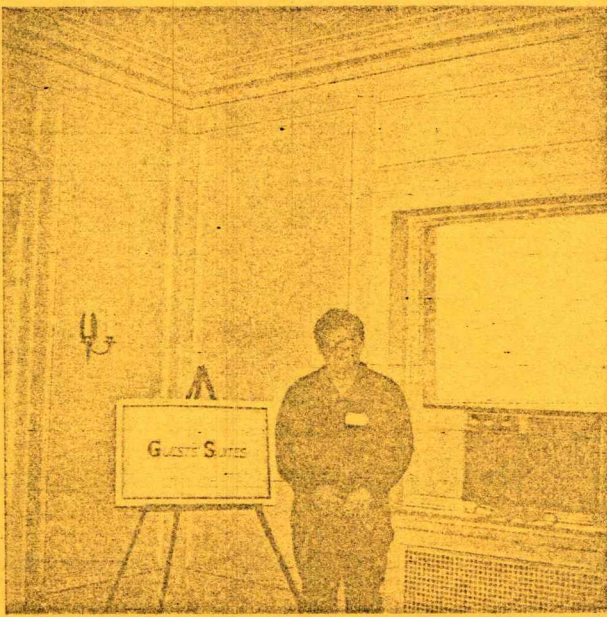
Michael T. Shoemaker, 2123 N. Early St,
Alexandria, VA 22302 40329

Jodie Offutt, Funny Farm, Haldeman Ky /

((Hope the addresses will be useful))



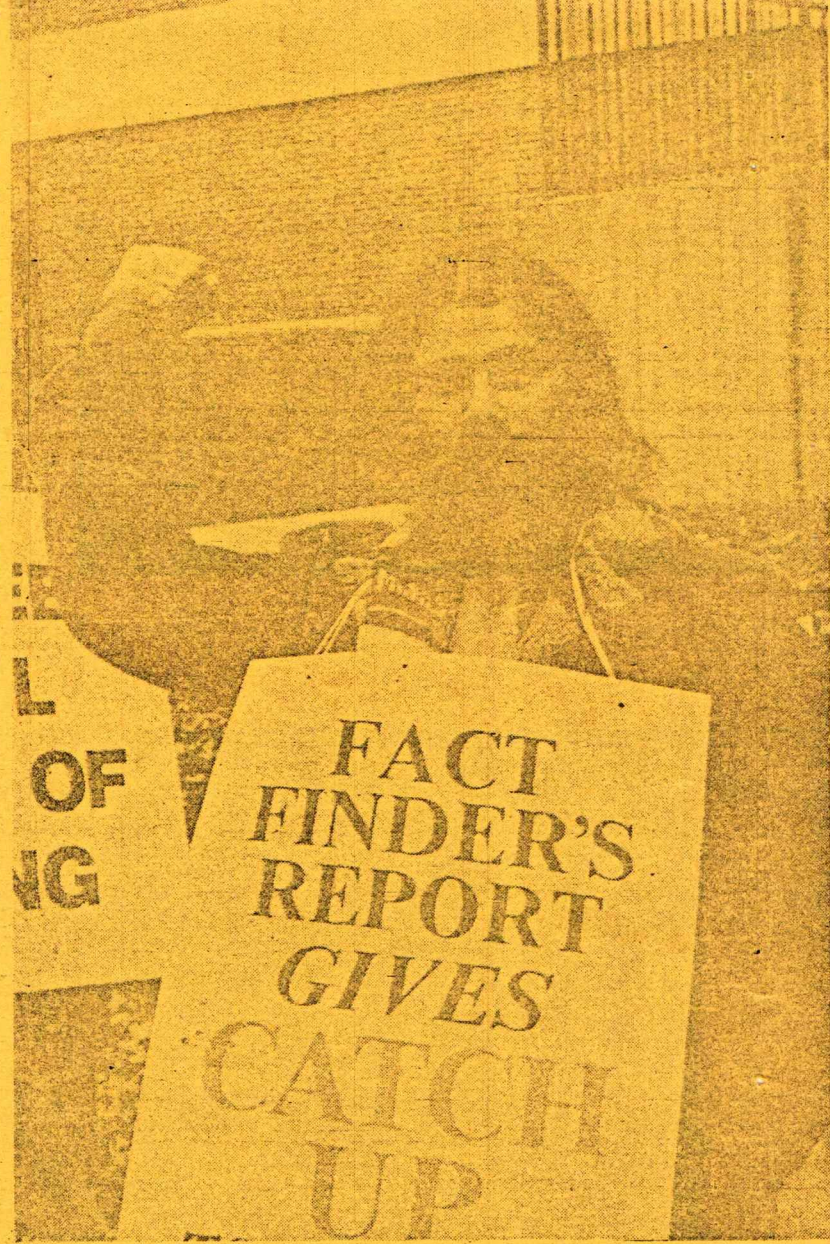
HAVEN'T HEARD FROM TUDY KENYON SINCE CHRISTMAS. SHE RUNS THE WHITNEY ANIMAL LABORATORY IN AURORA, NEW YORK. SOME YEARS AGO -- AND JUST NOW RECOVERED FROM MY FILES -- HER GERBILS MOUNTED A CAMPAIGN FOR DOCTOR FREDRIC WERTHAM, COMMONLY REFERRED TO AS THE G.F.W. ORGANIZATION, THE IMPETUS OF THE MOVEMENT FELL SOMETIME BETWEEN THE HULA HOOP AND THE PET ROCK. THESE HISTORICAL PHOTOGRAPHS WILL TAKE THEIR PLACE ALONG WITH THE AARDVARKS, WOMBATS, WILD PICKLES, AND MIKE BRACKEN'S DOG.



LOAY HALL



CARL
BENNETT



MICHAEL GLICKSOHN

BARRY
KENT
MACKAY

TARAL WAYNE
MACDONALD

MARY MARTIN

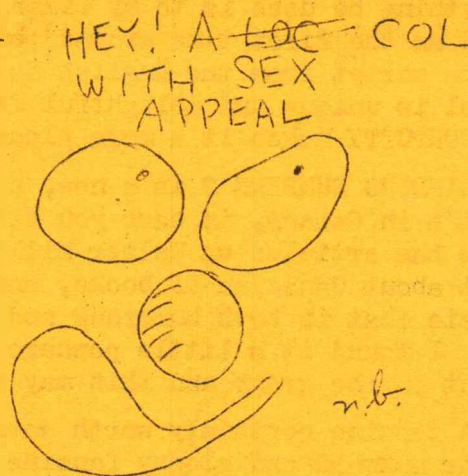
DAVE ROMM



SNAAAPSHOTS by Mike Glicksohn

+++++

It's recently come to my attention (I've been on the wagon for a week and all sorts of fascinating things are becoming apparent in the world around me) that any fool can write a fanzine review column and a great many do. I hear there's even one in TITLE nowadays. But the really tough part is coming up with some sort of introduction each time. The reviews will practically write themselves if you can read and if screaming hordes of would-be Andy Porters (great ghu, what a horrible thought!) send you their creations. But how to justify it each time, how to pave the way for the brickbats and bouquets to follow? That is the question. And I think my old English nanny had the answer when she used to rock me on her knee and say "It's a wise cod that envies not the butterfly." (I was a late maturer and my nanny watched "Kung Fu" a lot.) With that profound philosophical insight into the primordial *raison d'etre* of our subculture, let's bring on the festering files of fanzines, Fosdick, and have at them!



+++ Freedom of the press is vitally important in fandom and in the less significant wider world and I'd be the last to advocate censorship of any kind. However, I retain the right to refuse to read material I find offensive. Such was the case with RADIX which is unnumbered and subtitled and somewhat confused as to what it is. I read the articles by one Robert Adams, who I'm led to believe is a new pro. I don't know the name, and for all I know the whole thing may be an elaborate put-on or hoax, but I don't care to be involved with it. Robert Adams writes such things as "I am getting almighty sick and goddam fed up with the more and more glaring efforts of anti-industrial anti-establishmentarians and the coteries of nervous nellyies...who are doing their utter damndest to lower Americans' standard of living!... At the behest of these types, we have saddled the farmers -- who feed us -- industry and all levels of civil affairs with the dedicated meddlers of the infamous EPA." and "Another of the liberals' prize shibboleth is their pitiful lament concerning Americans' pets and the amounts of meat, fish, and grain that the beasties consume in a year's time. Why, didn't you know that one can of that cat food would feed a Bengali child for a day/week/month?"..."Well, I say, Tough Shit! No American asked or ordered the damned, ignorant wogs to breed more people than their lands could adequately feed." If this sort of blinkered, biased, racist thinking/writing strikes a responsive chord with you, I guess RADIX is for you. I didn't even read the rest of the material in the issue.

The mere thought of RADIX leaves a sour taste in my mouth. (But in communications exchanged after the above was written, Ron Rogers, editor, tells me that the fanzine I've just discussed -- which is properly called RADIX presents EGOZINE and probably will be shortened to EGOZINE -- will continue with a series of, I gather, thematic genzines presented by RADIX. In the words of editor Rogers: "I've decided at this point to relegate Robert Adams to EGOZINE." Having myself received a page of abusive insult from Adams I can only say 'great idea'. When the next RADIX presents arrives I shall read it, and quite possibly enjoy it. But I'll avoid EGOZINE if possible until Adams tires of the short-lived notoriety he's striving for.) ((I, Brazier, picked Adams' "The Creative Artist" in EGOZINE #1 as best non-fic, non-fannish article of the year 1975!))

+++ A look at Sam Long's GUNPUTTY should level things out a bit. Sam is a man with a wide variety of interests, a keen intellect, and the absolute inability to refrain from absolutely atrocious puns. His new fanzine is just like his old QWERTYUIOP: filled with humour, wordplay, juggling ideas, fascinating facts from lesser known areas of human study, and Sam's distinctive cartoons. This issue is typical: Sam rambles on from topic to topic, flitting hither and yon like a drunken bumblebee. (Come to think of it, knowing what Sam looks like, that's a pretty valid simile!) Not

everything he uses is to my liking (an expanded reprint of an imaginary bestiary bored me the first time around) but Sam's con reports were enjoyable, his printing of the script from the English fan play "To Oz" was a rare fannish treat and the lettercol is unique and delightful for its humour and charm. Sam won't change the world but GUNPUTTY makes it a more pleasant place to be.

+++ WINDING NUMBERS 2 is a new, sercon oriented genzine from an awakening Winnipeg (that's in Canada, in case you flunked Grade 11 geography) fandom. This particular issue has articles on Walter Miller, Wilson Tucker, a droll parody by Donn Brazier, a bit about Canadian sf books, and another amusing parody by Stuart Gilson on a "lost" classic that is both humorous and accurate. Letters, and a few other items round it out. I found it a little ponderous for my own frivolous tastes, but there's obvious talent in the group and this may well be a fanzine worth watching.

+++ A fanzine certainly worth watching is Mike Bracken's KNIGHTS. Mike hastaken his rather awkward and sloppy fanzine and is turning it into a most attractive and thoughtful magazine. The fourteenth issue has an excellent wrap-around cover by Al Sirois, a too-long and somewhat off-centre examination of VERTEX by Keith Justice that is nevertheless extremely provocative, a fannishly interesting column by rising star C.L. Grant about the interaction of SFWA with fandom, plus reviews, letters and several fannish comic strips of considerable appeal. KNIGHTS still lacks the deft touch of the top fanzines, but the improvement has been remarkable and if Mike can ride out his personal problems and stick it out, he might well have a shot at that Hugo he faunches for some day.

+++ The Jenrettes publish TABEBUIAN down in Florida and it's no hyperbole to say this fascinating little publication is unique in the field of fanzines. It's impossible to describe a typical issue because there's no such thing. Sometimes serious, often hilarious, always eclectic, always interesting, TAB can publish anything, and has, including articles on VD clinics, Mensa, murderers, piles, sf courses, and anything else that intrigues the Jenrettes' agile minds. Recent issues have come with TAB fannish trading cards, a set of 12 bubblegum-type cards of well-known English fans, the collection of which is enough to drive a completist trufan batty. The latest issue has fanzine reviews (see what I meant?), book reviews, a look at Stephen Leacock, and odds and ends to titillate the mind. TAB's a delight, and low in calories too.

+++ Put two of the top humorists in fandom (and the second and third biggest drunks) together in the wilds of Oklahoma with a roomful of tequila, typewriters and stencils and by the time they finish you'll have either the complete works of Shakespeare by random chance or SHAMBLES, one of the most enjoyable fanzines around. Dave Locke and Ed Cagle write better smashed than 95% of fandom writes any time, and their second ejaculation is proof of that. A remarkable combination of hilarity and insight into life, sex, fandom, and other less important topics, SHAMBLES is also unique and should be read by anyone who wants to laugh and think, often at the same time. While not quite of Geisian standards, SHAMBLES is a pretty frank and open forum for discussion by two very fascinating men who are decent enough to share their thoughts with the rest of us. I love it.



TRUST ME
MY CHILD —
TITLE AFFECTS
YOU PERMANENTLY!

(Stu Gilson)

+++ Old fans never die, they just lose their spirit for a while. And there's nothing as impotent as a dried out ditto machine. Bob Roehm is back (don't say "Who?", you will hurt his feelings) with MOONDUST ONE, certainly one of the most attractive fanzines I've read in ages. Excellent offset on really beautiful cream coloured paper, good layout inside with superb repro of photographs and artwork, and some pretty fair written material as well. If you can get your rocks off on sheer production quality, this will delight you. A montage of Gaughan sketches on the cover (how long has it been since that happened?) and inside a remarkable article by Andy Offutt, his intro for Phil Farmer at last year's Rivercon. One of the best banquet speeches I've ever

seen, and depressing as hell for someone who has his first toastmastering job coming up in May. Of course, Andy had a hell of a lot more to work with... ((These are inside jokes, folks; apparently the Canadian hyperpilose is sharpening up his dull weaponry to shaft Ol' Bone at AutoClave; it's a cinch he's not referring to Gene Wolfe.)) There's an old (very old, I suspect) unpublished sf story by Thomas Burnett Swann which shows why he made the right move switching to fantasy. There's a short, rather ordinary piece on the linguistics in DUNE. A superior first fanzine and one to keep an eye on.

+++ One to close your eyes and hope it goes away (or take a major role in making it more readable and worthwhile) I'm afraid, is PROBE, the official magazine of the South African sf club. Into its thirtieth issue, PROBE this time around has almost all amateur fiction with all the characteristics that amateur fiction is renowned for. It would take more pages than there are in PROBE itself to detail to the writer/editor what he's doing wrong. There is the first in a projected series of analyses of various sub-genres within sf. This one is "Space Opera" but Tex, the anonymous perpetrator of the fanzine, lists Jack Vance as the supreme example of a writer of this sort of fiction, after giving a definition that fits none of Vance's work, and omits EE Smith and John Campbell entirely. The envelope had a really lovely stamp, though.

+++ DORK-PIZZLE is changing its name (maybe there is hope for fans yet) to SCINTILLATION but I hope it doesn't change its character. Number 7 has a really interesting melange of material from Carl Bennett's plans to open a bookstore in Portland through some rather snotty but intriguing opinions about sf, fans, and writing by John Shirley, to a brilliant spoof of NATIONAL INQUIRER which is impossible to tell from the original in format and appearance. Only the actual material ("Gypsy Family Found Living in Sealed Coffee Can", TV'S BIONIC HIPPOS: It Was 'Love At First Sight' For The \$12 Million Pair", etc.) gives it away. I've never seen anything like it in a fanzine before, which makes this a column about uniqueness.

I regret that it isn't a unique column.

But no matter what your interests are there is a fanzine for you somewhere. It's long been known that all knowledge is contained in fanzines, and that regardless of how obscure or esoteric your hobby, there's at least eight other fans who share it and will write about it. There are eight million and two fanzines in the Naked Cesspool: these have been ten of them.

- +++ MALFUNCTION 8, Peter Presford, 10 Dalkeith Rd., South Reddish, Stockport, England, SK5 7EY. 28 pages mimeo. Trades and locs basically. Probably just as well. No schedule. ((See TITLE #48 for review; address inadvertently omitted by Ed.))
- +++ RADIX 2, Ron Rogers, ~~150-New-Str.~~ (CoA) POBox 4774, Christiansburg, VA 24073. 66 pages mimeo. Usual, 75¢, 3/\$2. Three times a year.
- +++ GUNPUTTY 1, Sam Long, Box 4946, Patrick AFB, FLA 32925. 48 pages mimeo. The usual, or a show of interest, preferably accompanied by "a quarter or two or the equivalent in US stamps." No schedule stated, probably three times a year.
- +++ WINDING NUMBERS 2, Randy Reichardt, 58 Penrose Pl., Winnipeg, Manitoba R2J 1S1, Canada. 32 pages mimeo. Usual, 50¢. No schedule, but monthly so far.
- +++ KNIGHTS 14, Mike Bracken, 3918 N. 30th, Tacoma, WA 98407. 56 pages mimeo, wrap-around offset cover. Usual, \$1. Quarterly.
- +++ TABEBUIAN 26, Dave & Mardee Jenrette, Box 330374, Grove, Miami, FLA 33133. 12/\$3 or contribution or loc. Offset, frequent, 4"x 7".
- +++ SHAMBLES, copies from Locke, 819 Edie Dr, Duarte CA 91010. Five 13¢ stamps (NO MONEY!) or usual. Mimeo, highly irregular, #2 is 28 pp.
- +++ MOONDUST ONE, Bob Roehm, 820 Cambridge Blvd, #165, Clarksville IND 47130. 75¢ per, or usual. Offset, at least semi-annual, 20pp.
- +++ PROBE 30, Tex, 1208 Carter Ave., Queenswood, Pretoria 0002, South Africa. 30¢ per or usual. Offset, 6" x 8", 20 pp, irregular.
- +++ SCINTILLATION 7, Carl Bennett, Box 8502, Portland OR 97207, 50¢ per, \$3.50/yr, was monthly. Offset, 18 pp.

MUSEUMS

Twenty-seven readers responded at least partially to my questions about museums. Pushbuttons (i.e. participatory exhibits) got only one negative vote, though the positive responses, as in most replies to other questions, some qualifications were made. Everyone approved of walk-through, environmental exhibits, despite some references to extreme cost of installation and maintenance. As for the traditional dioramas, lifesize or miniature, the vote was evenly divided.

Directional arrows were 50/50, but two readers volunteered that a location map or guide in the lobby would be useful in locating specific exhibits. One said that arrows were needed only to point the way to the restrooms.

Everyone agreed that a museum visit is a combination of entertainment and learning. Two fans stressed the educational aspect, but with words like 'enjoyable education'. Two fans mentioned a sense-of-wonder stimulation. All the rest of the readers mentioned entertainment ahead of education.

As for opinion on uniformed guards, the trend was either negative, or a useful pain-in-the-neck to be endured, or something to be indifferent about. Opinion was split on large impressive lobbies or cozy ones. But three readers couldn't care less, and three said you could have both by proper design. And fans start at the bottom floor and work up, except for one who goes to a floor to see a specific exhibit and then works his way down.

Only two against 12 who bothered to reply to this question preferred a noisy museum bustling with people; the others, of course, wanted a relatively quiet, contemplative atmosphere. One other replied that a museum could, by proper design, have both kinds of areas.

Since I like to read and assume fans do too, I expected a positive response for written labels over sound tapes. Fourteen preferred written text, and 6 expressed some positive (though qualified) feelings about sound tapes. As for art graphics, charts, models, etc., the vote was small but with a positive trend.

The only real surprise (because it runs counter to my own museum visiting habits

and those of other museum professionals) was the vote against gift shops. Only one definitely admitted to spending lots of browsing time in a gift shop.

One reader (not counted in the 27 replies) confessed that through lack of opportunity of never having visited any kind of museum.

Lots of other suggestions were made beyond the questions that were asked. Roy Tackett, for instance, wants more places for the visitor to sit down. (Amen!) Jim Meadows called attention to the advantages of the 'real' thing over any kind of replica, no matter how authentically done. Eric Lindsay would like reference materials (maps, books, etc.) located at the exhibit area for in-depth investigation if so moved by the exhibit itself. He would also like exhibit explanations done on several educational levels, because he is of the opinion that most museums cater to a child's level.

Both Will Norris and Dave Rowe thought that being booted out by guards a little before the stated closing time was very annoying. Terry Whittier mentioned that a museum ought to have a theme or continuity. Stephen Dorneman wants things to touch. Dave Szurek lectured on the 'immorality' of charging admission. Norris, Rowe, and Wayne Martin all advised having a great variety of exhibit techniques to avoid monotony.

One of the most original suggestions came from Victoria Vayne who would like to see labels you can turn around, one side for kids, the other side for adults.

Many of the replies dealt with descriptions of favorite museums seen in this country and abroad. No one admitted to having visited any museums in St. Louis.

Sometime, using your replies as a springboard, I'll describe this museum in Clayton, Mo. and analyze our good points and bad points-- see where we stand. Thank you all. The information you gave me may help to make this museum a better one-- but most especially it will help when, in the next few years, we take-off for a new building specifically designed from the bottom up as a museum. I have already let my staff in on your answers; they enjoyed hearing from you.

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STILL NO TITLE

by
BRUCE TOWNLEY

"I heard a noise outside. I looked out of the window. An old woman was bent over my garbage can, borrowing some of my garbage. They do that all over the city, old men and old women. They borrow your garbage and they never bring it back." -- Donald Barthelme

I was rather depressed. Fortunately I had what almost anybody (anybody reasonable) would think to be sufficient reason to be depressed. At least I didn't have to be depressed because I had nothing to be depressed about. Or bent out of shape because I was bent out of shape because I had nothing to be bent out of shape over (or around). So, you could say I was even somewhat happy, even elated to not put too fine a definition on my depression. It was one of those days. In fact, one of those years.

It started the usual way, with the little things. That it had started in such a tedious, gray way would have probably depressed others. Not me. I am, of course, made of sterner stuff. Nothing to be depressed about, the way I am made, that's a fact (for me). You might be depressed by the fact that I am so well made but that is not my worry, no siree! No.

To get on with the story. Depressing as it is. Something, one hopes, can be learned from it. Like I said, it started simply enough. There was the trouble with the garbage can, to begin with. A knotty problem, not particularly depressing, unless one dwells on it. Much of life is like that, isn't it? Well, the problem with the garbage can was that I couldn't throw it away.

It was a big green (twenty gallons?) plastic thing with weathered cracks. Inside and outside, on all sides. Or, because it was a can, a cylinder, just on one side and on the bottom and on the lid. It had withstood the blandishments of all (even the city workers) for a lordly five years but now the time had come to pack it in, fold up and steal away (who would steal a garbage can? Could we interest them?). The rain came in and maggots hopped out (oops) altogether a bad show.

We knew better than to depend on the garbage man to grasp the import of the situation.

Who can get the Big Picture from a garbage can? Would you if you had been in their place? I didn't just leave the can out with no explanation. I attached a note on the side of the offending bin--"Take this away, please, thank you." And they sure did. Emptied the trash right out and took it away. I left the can out empty with a missive: "TAKE THIS CAN AWAY YOU IDIOTS". They got the message. It took me an hour to dissuade (they called it "He beat us up in the course of us performing our rightful duties"- the clods) them from taking me away. Seems I had violated the city's Absurdity Ordinance in respect to Big Green Objects That Are Sometimes Used As Trash Receptacles.

Then there was the trouble with the phone. Loud buzzing sound, just wasn't the other person talking on the other end. So I wised up and called the Telephone Repair Number. The Repair Lady said: "I'm sorry, sir, but I can't hear what you're saying. There's some kind of buzzing trouble with your phone. Please call back later when we (We? Was there more than one Lady on the other end?) can hear you and then you can tell us what the problem is."

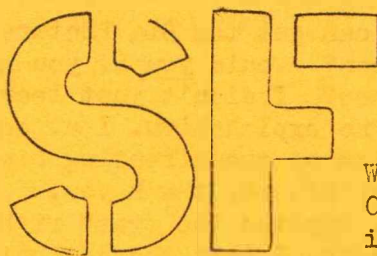
I was afraid to tell her the real problem after that exchange. Would she appreciate the poignancy of the situation?

I had answered the phone that afternoon and found the voice on the other end very familiar. It was my voice, myself. It was a conference call and no one would let me say very much. A dull (depressing?) conversation. Were these versions of me from the future or the past, or just from a parallel world? You see, I read science fiction and sometimes it's a bother.

Not quite myself (but when are we ourselves?), I slipped up and used jargon in the presence of a buddy. I told him the perfect gafia is like the perfect murder. Neither is detected. Death is really the most natural thing. I mean it happens to everybody. And where there is no suspicion of crime, there can be no detection of a crime. Just like the perfect gafia. Just before my friend went to sleep, I told him that to really get away from it all nobody must suspect that you're gone. No shouting in letter columns, no bitter one shots, nothing. Disappear; never seen, never felt. Get away with it! The perfect crime!

My friend turned over, asked what it was I thought I was talking about and honked off, started snoring.

DOES
anyone
REALLY
want
TO talk
ABOUT
?



Well,
OK
if you
INSIST

Robert Bloch: "...in reading Don Ayres' article I was again forcibly reminded that (to my way of thinking, anyhow) Stanislaw Lem is just about the worst thing that ever happened to science fiction. And believe me, this verdict wasn't easily arrived at: he had a lot of competition! But his endless, idiotic opinions are finally getting to me. If he were an American, he'd surely be elected to public office."

Eric Mayer: "Personally, I think that Malzberg, who does suffer from a certain one-trackedness, is one of the few 'new wave' authors who really knows what he's doing. His books are not subjective. They do have an underlying objectivity, however deeply buried."

Michael Glicksohn: "I was one of the lucky ones whose first contact with sf was through radio. My love of sf was fashioned by the BBC sound effects man as we clustered around the radio every Thursday night to be transported to Mars. Now that was the essence of the Sense of Wonder for this seven year old."

William Wilson Goodson Jr: "I suspect that Detective and Mystery fiction must share some basic element with SF because they share so many fans. Many stories in both genres are adventure stories with minor mystery or scientific trappings. More to the point is that both normally cover human beings under stress and cover their attempts to find a solution. Since Dracula, the horror or supernatural tale has become more and more involved in the Detective motif-- studying one's foe and hunting him down with human ingenuity. In all three types, the reader will agree with the solution, one not violating or exceeding the premises. Of course, this is only one type of SF but it is one of the kinds I am most fond of." ((Me too.))

Mary Teresa Martin: "A lot of writers have been using the device of self-righteous violence. Some of them recognize it and use it to make a point (like Ellison) and some of them don't even know it's

there (like the Gor stories). I am tired of characters with amoral or immoral conscience, particularly since violence often substitutes for good writing (as in EXILE OF ELLENDON- ugh.). I wonder if there is any correlation between authors' personal hangups and the amount of violence in their stories? I do not consider mere physical exertion, as in the RE-TIEF stories, violence. In order to qualify, it must be nasty and undeserved. And if I never read another story about what brutal things are done in the name of God, it will be no source of grief to me."

Don Ayres: "...fans in professionally published stories reminds me of a cute Bob Bloch piece, 'A Way of Life' which I read in a collection for Pyramid called RULERS OF MEN. It dealt with a future USA in which fans represented the political power because they remained best organized after a disaster (a nuclear war, I think). Other than that, the only thing I really remember was that Bloch spoke of 'sainted Tucker'. The man was obviously under the influence when he wrote those lines."

Dave Rowe: "Patricia Ingham, one of BBC-TV top producers who produced 'Out of the Unknown' (generally agreed to be the best BBC SF production) said in a TV interview: 'Different programmes demand different directors/producers. For instance, for a science fiction programme you'll need someone who's very good with special effects where as for a play that demands deep characterization you'll probably need an entirely different producer.' YeGhods If the SF producers bow to the popular myth that SF doesn't have or need deep characterization what hope is there of seeing any really decent SF dramatizations?"

Eric Lindsay: "Rock pictures are actually an old idea in sf. The first such mention of obtaining pictures (moving ones at that) from rocks was in a novel written about 1934 by mathematician Eric Temple Bell (John Taine). I regret that I can't recall its title- something like OUT OF THE PAST. There was also a short story by a Russian author with the same idea (but still pictures) about the same time."

Chester Cuthbert: "A. Merritt has been my favorite since I read THE SHIP OF ISHTAR as a serial in 1924. But I once recommended SEVEN FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN as a suspense story to a woman who ordered it and then had her servant burn it. Merritt's imagination and style is my ideal."

D. Gary Grady: "The rejection of science may indeed be a reason for the decline of hard science sf. But this is hardly a good thing. For one thing, it is impossible to study man separately from his universe, as Donne implied. Looking inward and not looking outward is to look nowhere at all. Moreover, hard science sf is the most important sf. Soft sf can comment on the present in an allegorical fashion, but mainstream can do the same and do it better. Only sf that looks at science and technology-- the forces that have shaped man more than any other-- can deal with the future. Soft sf WAS published in the '40s. But what people remember is how Heinlein predicted nuclear stalemate in 1941, how another writer told of a present gas crisis back in 1935, etc. We need a literature that looks at social changes fostered by technology. Ignoring it won't make it go away; it merely lessens our ability to make rational choices."

Dave Barbour: "I recommend to any poor folk who haven't read it yet, Robert Silverberg's BORN WITH THE DEAD. ghod, it's a beautiful, often terrifying, exquisitely written collection of stories. Silverberg has so polished his style, it glows like a diamond, & it's at least as hard. the stories slip by so smoothly, you don't realize how strong the liquor is. when he speaks of leaving sf, he's getting out because he feels that his writing of such gems is not appreciated by the people he cares for. but as they turn from books like DHALGREN & give 'The Hole Man' the Hugo for example (a nice story but not even in it with 'Schwartz Between the Galaxies') instead of his great story, one can understand his feelings. ah well..."

Paul di Filippo: "I used to be a big frequenter of libraries. I would find rare and exquisite editions with beautiful heft and substance. One such that remains warmly in my mind is a copy of Jack London's THE STAR ROVER. Now, whenever I chance to reread one of these books in paperback, I find that some of the savor has gone out of it. Childhood memories playing false? Or something incomparable missing in paperbacks?"

Robert Whitaker: "Some movies have images which cannot be handled as prose. Both mediums have advantages and disadvantages -- what is really absurd is to expect both mediums to complement one another when a storyline is transferred from one to the other. The novelization of the movie seldom justifies itself, and the movie made

from a book seldom hits the nerve the book did. It's like trying to make a comic strip hero work on the TV screen. BATMAN would have failed if played straight-- as mild campy comedy it became good entertainment."

Mark R. Sharpe: "I was appalled that DHALGREN would get anyone's vote for the Hugo. Mr. Delany has suffered from the worst case of self-indulgence I ever had the misfortune to read. He should have quit with BABEL-17.... I just finished SHERLOCK HOLMES: WAR OF THE WORLDS, a nice way to pass a dull afternoon."

Laurine White: "About the same time that the books THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN and COLLOSSUS (The Forbin Project) appeared, Martin Caidin had books published with the same themes. His books were forgotten; the other two were made into movies. I'm glad he finally made it with CYBORG. It's one of his books I didn't read when it first appeared, but I read it a few months ago and decided the tv show was more enjoyable.... The thing in DAY OF THE DOLPHIN that bothered me was the use of dolphins to blow up ships. Did most Americans know at the time that the Navy was actually using dolphins for that purpose in Vietnam? That was a shocker when I found out about it several years later."

Stuart Gilson: "I don't agree with Michael Shoemaker that the Cthulhu cycle is not valid sf simply because of the mood it creates. Many authors have intended their sf to evoke an emotion of dread to reinforce the basic theme. In no fiction can the nature of the mood and atmosphere be indicative of the genre, and most certainly in sf because most of the speculations are frightening to begin with. Granted, Lovecraft never intended any of the Mythos to be read as sf, and yet one cannot ignore the numerous scientific elements that support his fiction. Certainly his fiction is far more science-fictional than much of the new-wave material being spewed forth recently."

Ben Indick: "Ned Brooks mentioned Charles Finney being all written out; one might (sadly) agree, since DR LAO says it all, and brilliantly. I wonder about the reactions of today's femmefans to that masterpiece. Years ago I loaned it to at least a half a dozen girls I liked (non-fans); none liked it. Is it a male chauvinistic book, then? It is erotic, but not porn, and it is wise... I am quite serious about it-- do girls like it today?"

DAVE SZURIK

4417 Second, Apt B2
Detroit, Michigan 48201

March 10, 1976

(He'll attend AutoClave unless
he drinks up his funds in tea--
the English kind...)

I've just joined the ranks of bespectacled TITLERS. I've been walking around with a case of what the doctor diagnoses as acute myopia, but hadn't worn glasses since high school when I thought my vision had improved after only 3 or 4 years of wear. I recall my awe during early adolescence when I first learned that such things as bright color and depth really did exist, and that the world didn't necessarily cease to exist in a matter of blocks. To an extent, I re-lived this sense of awe. By golly, I can even make out the faces on U.H.F. T.V. stations now.

Another thing that I've become is a rabid tea freak, downing three or four pots nearly every night. (I especially like "English Breakfast" tea) I didn't grow so ape over tea until about 6 months ago, although I've always preferred it to coffee (which I've always found rather distasteful). I can't explain it. I don't believe it's a substitute for the alcohol I no longer consume. I was never an alcoholic (although for a spell I did approach "heavy-drinking"). The amount of tea I drink far surpasses the quantity of booze I ever took in. Can't be a substitute for cigarettes either, as I still smoke pretty heavily. It has become something of a "habit" (albeit an enjoyable one-- unlike smoking which I indulge in primarily to avoid the intense and sometimes physical unpleasant effects of a nicotine fit.) If I miss Autoclave (and I've no plans to do so) it'll probably be because I "drak up" my membership fee. ((In that case, Dave, just call teapots anonymous at the consite, and Barbek'll go over to Apt.B2 and help you kill a pot!))

My eating preferences have been called a little odd by certain associates. I'm just not a gourmet. No, I haven't sunk so low that T.V. dinners drive me mad with joy. But a steak dinner fails to turn me on as well as a good meat loaf (and I may be the only meat loaf connoisseur in existence. A bowl of chili, baked potato, stuffed cabbage, and well-made egg-fooyoung are as pleasing as the fancier dishes.

I like (aside from food and in no particular order): writing of almost any type (poetry, one of my first loves, actively), speaking, motion pictures in general, horror & sf films, Ray Bradbury and Harlan Ellison, talking and

writing about myself (or is it "to myself"?), expressing opinions and relating past experiences (and I also enjoy seeing others do the same, which disqualifies me from total megalomania). I like to write locs and letters, to get fanzines especially personalzines, like the fan-fotos in TITLE, comic books of the action/adventure genre, total relaxation, MAD MAGAZINE, CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN magazine.

Swimming is the only sport that has ever appealed to me, and I'm not a particularly "good" swimmer. I learned late in life, and some would say I can barely keep my head above water, but what I do, I derive pleasure from. Even before I knew how to swim, I always felt an affinity for the sea.

I like most folk music, most rock of the 60's, cats (though not as well as people), the humor of David Brenner, spring weather, just realizing I'm alive, spontaneous behavior (of the non-malicious variety), staying up late and sleeping accordingly. I like the sound of rain, the color blue, the zoo, psychology, browsing at bookstands, unidentified animals, living in the city.

I am not over-sexed, but I do have my own favorite attribute of the female anatomy. It's her face, especially the eyes. This might sound silly...((Not to me, Dave; it's the first thing I notice about a girl myself and her face has got to ring the bell!)) My biggest weakness on the other end is a well-formed buttocks. Has nothing to do with analism or frottage-- it's just one of those things. ((Dave, your skipping over bust & legs also puts you with my preference chart, though I'd include the entire pelvic region as to shape and motion.)) Maybe I should DNQ this last subject, but in context it might not sound weird.

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TITLE #49 April, 1976
 THE BEGINNING OF THE FIFTH YEAR
 OF UNBROKEN MONTHLY PUBLICATION.
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 24 PAGES. STRANGE BEER CANS (EMP-
 TY OF COURSE) AND OUT-OF-STATE
 AUTO LICENSE PLATES are solicit-
 ed for the collections of two
 mundane sons...

+++++

Several readers have wondered what
 a museum man's day is like; one
 imagined that it was a snap job,
 with only a little dusting of ex-
 hibits required now and then. To
 quell that latter opinion and to
 relieve some curiosity I am releg-
 ating this page to mundanity.

When I arrived for work at 9 a.m.
 on March 2, I was told that some-
 one had called from California &
 would call back (he never did). But
 at 9:05 a commissioner out skiing
 in Colorado called about the up-
 coming DANCE-O-SAURUS, our annual
 May dinner-dance. This required
 me to make and receive a half-dozen
 phone calls to officers of the
 Friends of the Science Museum who
 take care of social functions.

That morning I also had to teach
 two new, young clerks how to use
 the mimeograph machine, a duty for
 which I am obviously unprepared.

Next I had to instruct and super-
 vise the janitor on the procedure
 of blowing down the steam boiler
 and adding the new rust-prevent-
 ative we just bought. We had been
 waiting for a warm day when we
 could shut down the boiler.

Just before lunch the maintenance
 chief and I did our fire and bur-
 glar alarm test and tested the
 sprinkler flow alarm. During the
 so-called lunch period (I don't
 eat, preferring to grab the hour
 for fanac) I ran off 6 pages of

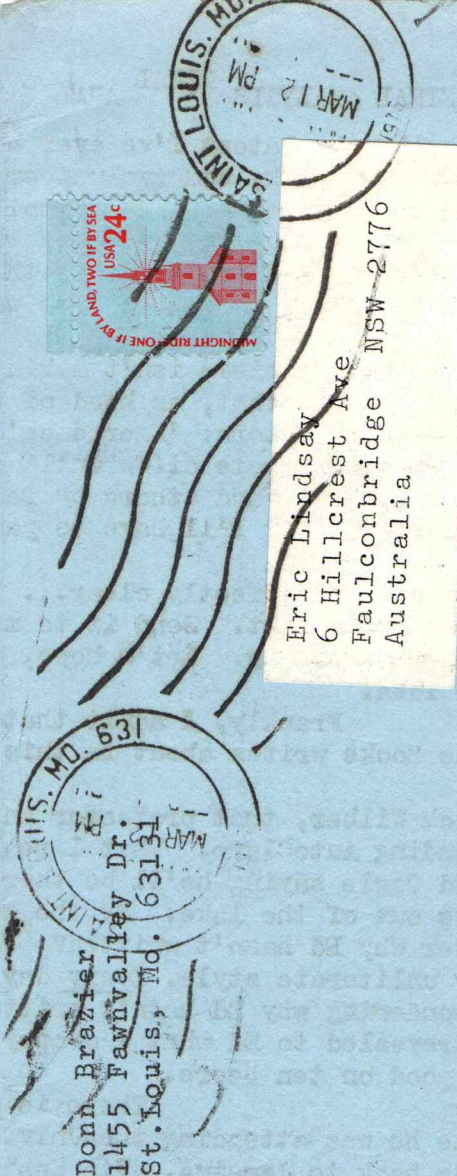
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this issue. After lunch (?) I had
 a bunch of checks to countersign.

One of the trustees of the Academy
 of Science telephoned about project
 ideas. Another trustee dropped in
 to tell me some highlights of the
 Association for the Advancement of
 Science meetings in Boston.

Then a three-man team from the City
 of Clayton (who owns the buildings)
 came to inspect: plumbing insp.,
 building engineer, and fire marsh-
 all.

Now about 4 o'clock (and I've left
 out minor inter-office calls, etc.)
 I can get at my notes for a lecture
 on Thomas Jefferson Scientist which
 comes up March 15. I stayed 30 min
 past quitting time (5pm) to collate
 some of these pages.



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