

When I saw this mysterious, shadow-faced man-of-the-world Mocz (Master of Crud Zines) I recognized Brute Tornley. Who else could it possibly be?

away the sulphurous fumes emanating from my pipe. Steve is a soft-spoken but firm and serious Murray College senior majoring in physics & math. In reference to the cover of FARRAGO #2, he stated: "I reject such things." I'm not sure that Steve understood my passion for the art/imagination of Bruce Townley, for the latter does not correlate with the equation $1+1=2$. Steve has never attended a con, and has met only one other fan-- Irv Koch. He might attend AutoClave, thus placing his whole being in jeopardy as he faces the likes of Glicksohn and Barbek and Wolfe. Steve is working his way through the fanzine directory, for which I supplied a few addresses, and for which I laid out my 60¢ in advance. Steve is the kind of fan you'd trust with your copy of the NECRONOMICON.

Now here's a long, picture story in the SUNDAY PICTURES of the Post-Dispatch of the recent Starkon in Kansas City. The text was written by Eric Mink, husband of the very lovely Claudia whose piece is in this issue. I know them both; in fact, Claudia is Assistant Curator at my museum who I "ordered" to do a report for TITLE. She is a neo with the imagination to be interested in SF, an anthropology graduate, a charmingly sweet person, large wonderful eyes, and -- as you'll see -- a talent for putting words on paper. I hope she does other things for TITLE.

Claire Beck sent CALIFORNIA MONTHLY with a Flash Gordon cover and an article "Pop Culture in the University". I sent Eric Mink's picture-story to Jim Meadows; this one I'm sending on to Hank & Lesleigh Luttrell of STARLING. The article points out that comics (and elephant jokes) have great social reflectiveness.

AITOI

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See, one part of my vaunted filing system is a tall, loose, as-it-comes-to-me stack of notes, clips, certain locs, zines, etc. piled on the right corner of my "desk". As it comes time to do my "editorial" AITOI I work my way into the stack propped up by ashtrays, pencil holder, and fast-emptying bottle of CORFIU. So, let's dig in-- it's April 3 and I'm running late....

Beer cans... Two old steel cans from Claire Beck-- a brew from Santa Rosa, CA. About 25 cans, half in duplicate for traders, from Australia via Mike Glicksohn in Canada. Thank you...

On April 1 (an appropriate day) I was honored by a visit from Steve Beatty who corrected my pronunciation of his name from 'Beety' to 'Bayty'. He was on his way back with a college chorus group and deserted the bus for a couple of hours in the Title-den. While looking over my stack of 1976 fmz accumulation, he coughed and waved

From the looks of things I don't think TITLE could have its own musical group-- though we might have fun. Hank Heath at age 29 is a rusty expert on clarinet & Ken Josenhans (19) is tolerable on the flute. Harry Warner has played in symphonies (oboe & English horn) and had his own radio program playing the piano. But can you swing, Harry? Jodie Offutt and Jeff Hecht don't play anything, except maybe on the linoleum! Hank Heath and K.Allen Bjorke can sing in public, and both of them are novices on a number of instruments. Brett Cox entertains himself on guitar, as does Stephen Dorneman on the piano. Mike Bracken took some drum lessons and can chord on the guitar. Jane Fisher plays the sax worse than the melodica, but Dave Szurek (admitting it was pretty frightful) played harmonica in a rock band for a couple of dances. This comes to about 10% of the readership and I'd assume this to be no better than the mundane population.

There wasn't much response to the other little questions. Six readers to zero were pro-technology. I'll probably quote some of their remarks in a later issue. About 9 readers said that different kinds of sources to solve problems were used depending on the nature of the problem. Only 5 readers went into fearful things, naming fear of the unknown, peer mundanes, imprisonment, violent death by knife or fire, senseless murder by a stranger, the reader's own imaginative mind, and loss of identity through insanity.

Now, a little feedback to the author of SNAAPSHOTS. "Keep it up, Mike!"-- CD Doyle. "Glicksohn's reviews fine as usual."--Brett Cox. "More fanzine review cols should be like Glicksohn's."-- Anna M. Schoppenhorst. "The Glicksohn reviews are appreciated and I'd like to continue to see this feature."--Alan Lankin. "Mike writes the best zine reviews around. Will he be a regular in T? I hope so."--Tony Cvetko. "glickson with his usual good (tme) sense on fanzines."-- Doug Barbour. "I like Glicksohn's column. Maybe someday I'll be able to crawl out of the Naked Cesspool with BIOYA." --David Moyer.

I like to hear this...from Mary Martin. "Re TITLE inspiring neos to write their own fanzine. I am now in the process of looking around for a mimeo of my own. You are indeed an inspiration."

Ed Connor, the old Pro, has a suggestion for crediting all T-loccers. I should assign each reader a number, with each

person remembering his own number. thus picking it out of the list each month. I could allocate everyone's number as I do a name in several successive issues, soon having everyone assigned. Sounds like it might at least notify people that their letter wasn't lost in the mail. Instead of a number though, Ecco, how about a last name initial followed by a sequence digit? That way it might be easier to identify Harry Warner from Fred Moss, say. All the readers could say, "Gee, wasn't W-1's listing great! To save me looking up everyone's number all the time, it would help if each loccer coded his first page at the top. So Harry, you're W-1. When I list, to save space, I'll do it this way: A-1,6; B-3,4, 22; C-4,6... etc. Ecco says: "Maybe this is a new idea for fanzines, I dunno." Your number, Ed, will be C-1.

Pasted on top Ed C-1 Connor's letter was a clip from the Peoria Journal's letters to the editor column. "Does the Surgeon General's warning label on cigarette packages apply to exploding cigars?" That's the whole letter; it's signed W.G.Bliss-- our old friend Bill B-1 Bliss.

A short communique from Doc W-2 Wertham: "I agree with Leo Perlis' remark that 'scientists need to speak in the people's language'. It reminds me of my first meeting with Freud. Richard Kluger in the current Literary Guild selection SIMPLE JUSTICE describes it like this: 'Fredric Wertham visited the office of Sigmund Freud to convey the request of an American friend. Would the great doctor consider writing an article -- at any price -- for the American magazine the NEW REPUBLIC.' Freud refused because he did not believe that psychoanalysis ought to be written about in a popularized way.' If Freud had written the articles maybe there would not have been such a flood of pseudo-psychoanalytic writings."

The above reminds me of how clear, concise and beautifully Carl G. Jung wrote his section of MAN AND HIS SYMBOLS as compared to the five "scholars" who followed him in the book with their "explanations". Much the same could be said about Einstein's own initial statement of the relativity theories as compared to the mish-mash that followed. So I'm of two minds: if the originator is himself a genius perhaps his words are more clear than the popularizer; however, if he's but a run of the mill investigator, maybe a good "science writer" could do wonders. Perhaps the intent is what matters: explain?-- or impress?

A note from Gail White: "...could you give a plug for John Woodward's effort to begin an SF poetryzine, READOUT POETRY, at 4010 Underwood St., Hyattsville, Md 20782. He seems to be having trouble getting contributors to start him off, and anything will help. Tell John to send me a couple of stamps and I'll deluge him with poetry in the NFFF Mss.Bureau file.

From the NATIONAL SPACE INSTITUTE newsletter comes this which astounded me & others I've quoted it to. Which has the larger budget NASA or HEW? HEW spends the equivalent of NASA's budget about EVERY NINE DAYS. Besides that HEW redistributes money whereas new space technologies create new wealth. Incidentally, this is a scoop because it's not been in the news, but Wernher von Braun (I've been told by a technician in X-ray therapy) is in Barnes Hospital here with something pretty bad with his kidneys. Also, did you know John Denver is on the NSI Board of Directors? Also, Patrick Gunkel, one of the farout thinkers at The Hudson Institute (a sort of brain-storming place) has written a 248 manuscript on space exploration timetable; some tidbits-- in the year 2020 both e-t life and speed of light barrier will be discovered and broken, respectively; by 2105 most people will be living in space. The book, THE FUTURE OF SPACE, is available from Hudson Institute, Croton-on-Hudson, NY 10520 with price not given.

A small group of local people got together at Phil Shreffler's home last week-- a first meeting with Phil and his wife, Barry Hapner (an HPL fan), Eric Otten, and Nils 'Tony' Hardin of XENOPHILE. The latter has a 5-room office where he puts XENOPHILE together each month--his only job right now. Phil is a Prof at Meramec Community College. He's interviewing fantasy authors for a book, and we were treated to hear his tape of the Bradbury session. Phil's had a book, THE H.P. LOVECRAFT COMPANION, accepted by Greenwood Press; the complete ms. is due in September and the book, hardcover with illos, should be out summer 1977. When the time comes, get your bookstore to order it for you. At the meeting we also were treated to a tape of Robert Bloch's address at Fantasycon. This group only needs a slight augmentation to become the nucleus of a St.Louis SF/fantasy oriented force.

Has anyone seen the TEACHER'S MANUAL SCIENCE FICTION pubbed by New American

Library? It's a thin paperback written by Marcia Holtzman, given to me by a science Prof from Webster College here. The book plugs, of course, the NAM publications in SF. I didn't care for the way the author started out-- "peculiarly appealing to the young"... "an adolescent literature". But as she expands the meaning of youthful energies and imagination, I hereby class myself with adolescents. Her objectives are stereotyped English prof stuff and do not particularly take advantage of SF's unique possibilities. In fact, if the classroom carries out her approaches into theme, plot, characters, etc. the class will loathe SF. Nowhere does she mention Sense of Wonder or creative activities.

Bill B-1 Bliss sent a 2-page instruction manual for a Model SWR Power Meter. Across the top he had typed "This is from the interface of two cultures." What he is referring to, I think, is a sentence such as this: "This instrument provide you all of your need to watch transmitter and your antenna by just only to insert it between your rig and antenna."

I don't think I've told you about BOGEY BEASTS by Sidney H. Sime, a reprint from Ned Brooks (B-2) at 713 Paul St., Newport News, VA 23605. Price, \$5 and worth it. You get, in sequence, 62 pages of fantasy bestiary art, clever sf/fantasy poetry, and original piano scores interpreting the particular beast dealt with. Ned says that I remind him of the "Wily Grasser" who asks such things as "When the light goes out, where it goes out to?" and "Tell me where tomorrow stays while it's unbegin." The Wily Grasser hides back in the wooded dark, looking out with an air of doubt. The piano music is beyond my playing ability for it's very programmatic, but such a beautiful synthesis of arts is rarely seen. Ned did a 500 copy reprint facsimile of a 1923 edition. From time to time I may be identifying Titlers with the strange beasts pictured.

A transfusion for your SoW... Take a look at SMITHSONIAN magazine for March.. read the article "The Immortality of a Cancer Victim Dead Since 1951". It's the story of the HeLa virus-- no, not virus, but the complete, vigorous cancer cells that have been kept growing for 25 years. I think SCIENCE had something about HeLa, too; that the cells were contaminating other cell cultures, sometimes without knowledge of the scientists. What if this Helen Lane, now dead, could be cloned and take over the world?

Now you see it, but what?

Museum exhibit tests all senses and the brain

By **BRUCE KUECK**
Globe-Democrat Staff Writer

"I tawt I taw a puddytat," Tweety is fond of saying.

It's easy to sympathize with the cartoon world's famous canary. Before a visit to the Museum of Science and Natural History's Perception Hall, I, too, thought my eyes capable of playing tricks on my mind. Now I know they are.

Tweety, what color is Sylvester's shadow? Black, right? Well, guess again. Black isn't the only color shadows come in.

AS A device in the first of the two rooms composing Perception Hall demonstrates, shadows can be orange, lavender or turquoise — maybe even canary yellow — as well as black. It all depends on how the museumgoer mixes red, green and blue light at one of the many "You play with and try to figure it out" exhibits.

Perception Hall, which encourages visitors to experiment with perceptual phenomena, shares honors with a display on the how, when, where and why of earthquakes as the museum's newest permanent exhibits. The museum is free and open to the public from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Tuesdays through Saturdays and from 1 to 5 p.m. Sundays. It is closed Mondays until June.

Many of the exhibits and displays are visually oriented, not only because they are among the easiest to present to the large numbers who pass through a museum, but also because, as one display shows, man is dependent more on his sense of sight than any of his other four senses.

One such optically-oriented display, which also uses red, green and blue light, demonstrates to visitors that the mind is capable of comprehending an infinite number of hues. The problem for some, however, is to figure out exactly what it is they are supposed to understand.

"WHAT COLOR is this?" asked Mrs. Veronica Weinberger, holding her 5-year-old son, Patrick, so that he could see the display of overlapped circles of light projected onto a piece of frosted glass.

"Blue" came the expected response.

"And what is this?" she asked, pointing to another shade and expecting her son to name the secondary color formed by the red and blue lights.

"A circle," Patrick confidently replied.

Actually, his answer wasn't all that bad. As the hall's displays show, what your mind says you see doesn't always agree with what your eye knows you see.

For example:
NOSMO KING

Did you read "nosmo king?" Or did you — on guard for a possible trick — correctly interpret the letters as "No Smoking?"

YOU SEE! Interpretation is the better half of seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling and feeling — the body's five senses.

Each of those five senses affects a different part of the brain, as one lighted display clearly shows. Another exhibit shows what the body would look like if every part of it were in direct proportion to the emphasis the brain places on sensation.

What you would look like? Well, aside from not having yellow feathers and orange feet, you would look somewhat like Tweety — all head, feet and wings — er, hands.

"I wanted to stimulate in people an interest or curiosity in their senses," said Donn P. Brazier, executive director of the museum and creator of the exhibit, which is an addition to the larger "Hall of Man." Both are located on the second floor of the main museum building.

"CULTURE CAN affect your perception of things," Brazier added. "For example, in primitive cultures where people don't see a lot of straight lines, they don't see perspective the same way we do."

To illustrate that point, Brazier has included two line drawings of elephants in the exhibit. Although both are top views, one shows the animal in a "spread-eagle" position, as if sprawled on ice. The other picture depicts the animal's trunk, head, body and tail — but not its legs, which are hidden under its body. The first drawing is preferred by primitive cultures, while the second is more familiar to cultures used to seeing perspective in art work.

As a nearby sign comments, "The brain says there is distance in a flat picture when there is none."

"I wanted to get across the idea that perception is more than just seeing something," Brazier added. "It involves something much more complicated than that. It involves your brain."

As Brazier had hoped, the hall does encourage visitors to question what they have seen.

"That's a window," a teen-age girl muttered incredulously to herself, as she reached out and touched a smoke-colored glass panel separating various display groupings. "I thought it was a mirror."

IT IS easy to understand her befuddlement. The longer you look at the many optical illusions and the inkblot that would make even Rorschach cross-eyed, the less certain of yourself you become.

For example, several exhibits in the hall showed me things I did not know about myself. I am slightly color blind, unable to hear tones above 17,000 vibrations per second, while the hi-fi buff next to me could, and never did see the color some people see in a whirling black and white disk.

After discovering that I do not understand how the holography display works, cannot successfully push an electronic stylus through a maze while watching my hand movements in a mirror and have less significant extra sensory perception than a cardboard box, I tried to take notes on the reactions of those around me, with varying results.

While watching a young girl reach inside one of three holes constructed so that visitors can feel, but not see, the objects inside, I

wrote the following quote:

"I smell a tail or something."

What she actually said was:

"I feel a snail or something."

If I was in bad shape after a mind-boggling half hour, pity the girl who mistook the window for a mirror. She had just arrived.



Thursday, March 11, 1976

A vase or a pair of faces?



"I WANT to give people the idea that there are really more than five senses," said Brazier. There are at least 20. Things that people don't normally think about. Things like a sense of balance and a sense of direction.

"I want them to be curious and to ask, 'Why am I seeing that?' or 'Why am I experiencing that?'" he added, mentioning that "labeling in the hall has been kept to a bare minimum so people will try to discover answers themselves."

Where it seems necessary, the museum provides "answer doors" which, when lifted, reveal what it is that the visitor has been experiencing.

"They tell you what you have seen or tasted or whatever," said Brazier, "because the mind often makes mistakes, causing you to draw a wrong conclusion."

He couldn't have been more correct.

STICKING HIS head in one of several

large wall openings built so that visitors can smell, but not see, objects hidden behind perforated panels, Keith Bryant, a freshman student at Armbruster Vocational Preparatory School, decided he knew what was hidden there.

"It smells like leather — no, like Dow Bathroom Cleaner," he said.

Lifting the answer door, he read what lay beyond — "lemon."

"Your expectations can fool you quite often," Brazier said. "That's why you can see a nonexistent, crouching mugger behind a dark bush if you're fearful."

Remembering Brazier's remarks and chuckling at how Keith's nose had fooled him, I stuck mine into the next hole and inhaled deeply. Instantly I knew what the smell was because I remembered it from my childhood.

"Soapstone," I said to myself, as I lifted the flap and read what I had smelled.

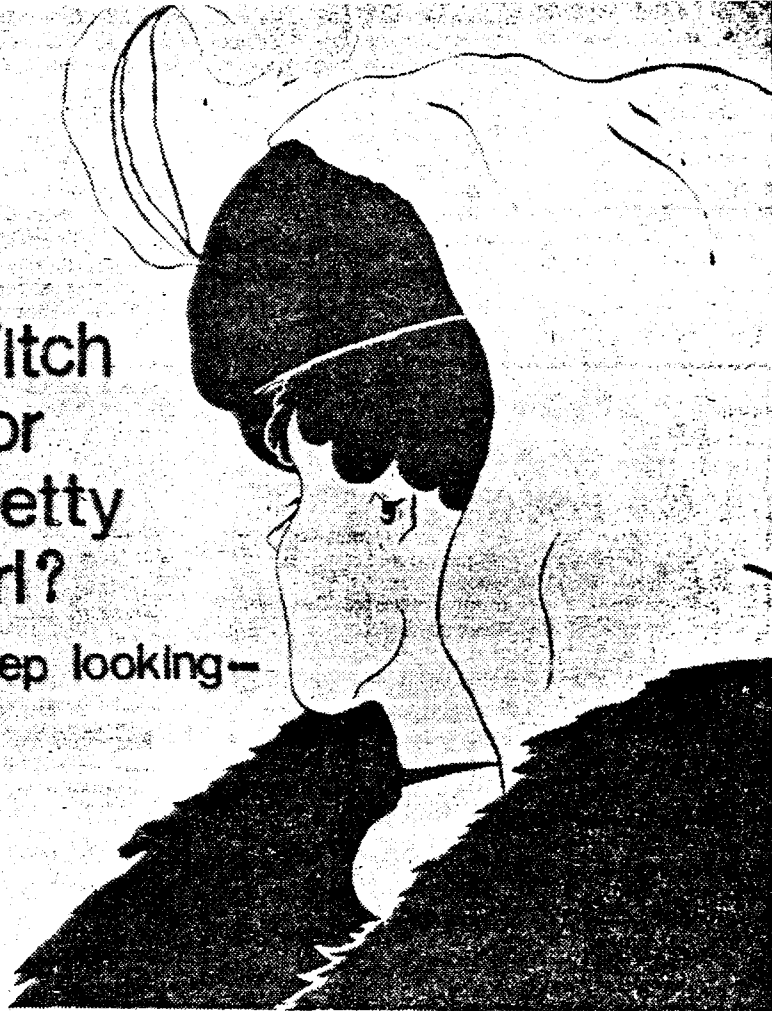
"Nothing," said the sign. "Did your expectations fool you?"

Something fooled me. Whether it was my expectations, senses or brain — something had the same problem as one display in Perception Hall. A sign on that exhibit read:

OUT OF ORDER.

Witch
or
pretty
girl?

Keep looking—



One of the many optical illusions at the Museum of Science and Natural History. Globe-Democrat Photos by Paul Ockrassa



INDEED



PASIPHAE (T-49) was printed after some soul-searching, but printed it was.... mainly because the article was clinical, sober, and, though the subject under discussion was offensive perhaps, the manner in which Wayne Hooks presented it was unoffensive, in my opinion. A note from the author after-the-fact reveals his concern, too: "It took guts (BAD TASTE??) but I'm interested in reader reaction (verbal only, I'm allergic to tar & feathers). I thought it was a timely piece since pets now outnumber people in the USA."

David Taggart: "Wayne Hooks should consider his freaked-out ideas about sex from the animal's point of view (as Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to). Since the animal has no choice in matters of bestiality Hooks' arguments about love turn into drivel."

Jane Fisher: "Wayne Hook's article on tri-sexuality now naturally leads to quad-sexuality. We have been harvesting wheat and chopping down trees for centuries now, but when was the last time you saw anyone nibbling on a pine tree's cones or whispering sweet nothings into its bark? It is well known that plants respond to human emotions and could use a little love now and then. There have always been a few banana-&-cucumber enthusiasts around, but it is time they came out of the closet (or fruit store) and stood up for their rights. However, in our unenlightened society they would be sneered at and consigned to the ENQUIRER or some such. I can see the headlines-- I LOST MY VIRGINITY TO A SEX-STARVED CARROT, THE ART OF SENSUAL GARDENING, 99 REALLY INTERESTING THINGS TO DO WITH A PINE-APPLE, etc. Or the Want-Ads-- 'Fun-loving couple seeking interested philodendrons with mutual interests; only those with black-satin leaves need apply.' The possibilities are endless."



Claire Beck: "I don't know about that Pasiphae stuff in T49. Things are bad enough already without having a bunch of dissident minotaurs labyrinthing the worm eaten establishment. Better to heed Ayres's counsel in the matter of turtleroticism."

Robert J. Whitaker: "Well, there are people who will do anything, either for intellectual reasons or emotional compulsion. I'll adhere to members of the opposite sex for comfort and amusement. I've never heard of any complaints from them."

Jodie Offutt: "Confessions of a bored housewife to Wayne Hooks: There is this horse that grazes in a field that I pass by on the way to the grocery...But I couldn't bring myself to rendezvous in a pasture on US 60, and I doubted the Holiday Inn would rent us a room. So that fling at a new liberated extramarital affair was aborted at the planning stage. I suppose I'm just trapped with my own fantasies. *sigh* "

William Wilson Goodson Jr.: "The thing that puzzles me about bestiality is how does the human female get the animal interested? Surely Spanish Fly would be inhumane?"

Ronald M. Salomon: "Wayne Hooks' article could open up a can of worms-- I'm gonna leave it to others. Catherine of Russia's demise-- wouldn't quit horsin' around."

Carolyn "CD" Doyle: "If someone wants to play around with a dog, that's fine by me, but I'm concerned for the person, if they turn to animals instead of people. Perhaps they think themselves unworthy of human love, or are scared of people. I've always thought of love as a sharing, expressing emotions that words can't, two souls striving to get as humanly close to one another as possible. Wayne, I don't think animals can love. An animal can feel safe, loyal, devotion, but an animal can't get pleasure out of sex. It isn't an expression of love to an animal. Bestiality fulfills a need, not coping with it."

Roy Tackett: "I wonder if Wayne Hooks (who he?) is aware that some of the ancient cave paintings -- those that don't appear in the popular books on prehistory -- show copulation between man and beast."

Anna M. Schoppenhorst: "The Hooks article made me realize something about fandom. It's got to be one of the most near-perfect societies in existence. Do you know any widely-read magazines in Mundania that would have printed such a controversial and opinionatedly candid article as Wayne wrote, and still stay in publication for over a week? Chalk up another one for our side."

Doug Barbour: "& wayne hooks on bestiality (now is that sf, or is that sf?).."

Dave Szurek: "Is Wayne Hooks doing a bit of a put on? I hate to admit that I can't tell for certain. It's not his sentiments that make me wonder, but some of his assertions. How does he know that the average bestiophile (sexual sense) is a 'highly intelligent, sensitive, educated and cultured woman..' Has he taken a poll? Even more startling, what hard evidence has he found that animals are unencumbered by a soul? Bestiality is one proclivity I've never considered in regards to sexual freedom. But, providing that the animal is willing, why should it be illegal? There is a vast difference between bestial rape and regular bestial intercourse regardless of the act's basic nature. Even a sadist hurts no one if he confines his activities to consenting masochists. But then, this society does frequently seem less concerned with prosecuting forcible rape than with prohibiting and punishing 'deviant' behavior between willing participants. A Michigan woman is being charged with murder for defending herself against her husband for oral rape by force."

Ned Brooks: "It's all very well to print all that pro-bestiality stuff by Wayne Hooks, but would you let him babysit your goldfish? Ghad, I see he lives in Richmond now... Just stay away from my iguana, Wayne."

+++++

MIKE BRACKEN'S DOG by Mike Bracken

((Editor's note: draw no causal inference from this squib's proximity to the bestiality bits.))

"I'd send a photo of my black and white dog, except I don't have a black and white dog. At least I don't have a black and white dog when he's clean. He's all white with a very tiny streak of golden brown down his back.

It's about time the poor creature was called by his proper name: Lisky. And, I suppose that sparks the remark: how'd he get a name like that? Well, his mother, who was owned by my uncle, was named Silky-- so we rearranged the letters and came up with Lisky.

He's a cocker/poodle, and weighs 15 lbs when he's clean and well fed.

He was the runt of the litter, and he was sickly. Now, from what I'm told, he is larger than his brothers and sisters and most definitely larger than his mother was. When he was small, a neighbor boy, a few years younger than I, dropped Lisky on his ass so that his back got screwed up. Luckily the vet-- or one of the vets -- repaired the damage. The other -- and first vet -- said he'd have to be put to sleep. So the dog is now in good health, as far as I know.

He barks at all the wrong things and can not make up his mind whether he wants to stay in the house or go outside. So I play doorman all the time.

He can sit up (which proves you can teach an old dog new tricks -- I taught him to sit up when he was 5 years old -- he's 7 now). He can stand, walk (on his hind legs), dance (which is actually a form of --look, I'm walking and I'm about to fall over so I have to keep my balance), and beg (which he doesn't need commands to do.

Anyhow, as soon as my grandmother uses up all the color film in her camera (which could be 2 years from now the way she takes pictures), I'll buy some black and white film and have her take a whole roll of my dog."



TREKON KC '76

By CLAUDIA MINK

Star Trekon Kansas City, 1976. . . . This is the voyage of a non-Trekkie, a sci-fi novice whose 3-day mission was to explore a strange new world, to seek out an unfamiliar psychology, to boldly go where I had never been before. . . .

So I fantasized as I was transported through time and space to the future from the present day, to Kansas City from St. Louis, to a world of warp drive, phasers and communicators from my everyday 9-5 experiences.

I feel compelled to state from the beginning that the controversy over whether or not "Star Trek" is good, bad, or non-SF, an enlightenment or a ripoff was (and still is) totally unimportant to me. Captain James Kirk has aroused amorous feelings in me, but the strongest feeling the show evokes in me is frustration over my inability to lure my semi-Trekkie husband away from inter-galactic Romanesque beauties, tribbles and Klingons to a rather routine pork chop dinner.

What IS important to me is that "Star Trek" is a vital, stimulating phenomenon, perhaps not as far-reaching as the Beatles, but certainly more significant (at least philosophically) than the hula hoop or stuffing college students into phone booths. In a time of supposed apathy and disillusionment, Star Trek Lives!

No, I'm not promoting a new "Star Trek" book and you won't find me in a huckster room selling patches, T-shirts, comic books, posters, psychedelic buttons bearing pictures of the starship Enterprise, its crew and their adversaries, or any other items on the endless list of "Star Trek" stuff. All I did was attend Star Trekon '76 the weekend of February 27-29 where I observed first-hand the how, the what and to some extent the why of the "Star Trek" adventure. Thirteen-hundred Earthlings (though I was suspicious of some) attended the convention at the elegant Radisson-Muehlbach Hotel (as much an anachronism itself as Star Trekon) for the purpose of discussing, watching and playing at "Star Trek."

"Star Trek" lives for these fans from age 4 to 74. They were far from your average leisure-suited, red, white and blue-banded-straw-hat-wearing conventioners who must attend boring meetings or sing the praises of Tupperware all day and carouse in bars all night. They sported pointed ears and Starfleet uniforms and jammed into "intimate" question-answer and autograph-signing sessions with Captain Kirk, Dr. McCoy and Lieutenant Uhura (from the Swahili word for freedom.) They sat through night-long showings of "Star Trek" segments and classical SF films like "Invaders from Mars." An intense 2-day trivia contest allowed even the losers to test and prove their mind-boggling devotion. What is the registration number of the Enterprise? "NCC-1701!" a contestant blurted out in the smallest measurable fraction of a parsec. (Excuse the improper use of the term.) What was the stardate at the beginning of the second pilot? Silence. Time's up. A tough one only a fanatic would know.

The sense of humor is tickled and the imagination soars at such fantasy-fulfilling opportunities. I nervously floated into Saturday night's costume ball feeling spacey in more ways than one in my ethereal yet metallic gown. I was arm in arm with my husband who was transformed into James Kirk for the evening via a command division shirt I made for him last Christmas. As I looked around at all the scantily-dressed ladies imitating the curvacious seductresses of "Star Trek" episodes, I felt the women's rights people working voodoo on me for being there. A 15-year old blue Andorian complete with platinum hair and antennae passed by. An extraordinary likeness of Spock "danced" to the cranked up music of a rock band. As his partner gyrated wildly he, representing pure logic, simply kept his hands folded behind his back,

face expressionless except for an occasional raised eyebrow, and almost imperceptibly moved one foot and then the other.

A pair of meticulously-costumed Klingons made a brief appearance and a large female tribble threw little stuffed tribbles out from under her fur (tribbles only eat and reproduce) as her friends pushed her down the aisle in a wheelchair. She won first prize in the costume contest which was the least she deserved for all her tribble.

One of the Trekkies, a 29-year old PhD in psychology, didn't wait for the costume ball. He spent the entire weekend in his Starfleet uniforms standing in the lobby halls and convention rooms pointing his phaser, flipping his communicator and posing for hundreds of pictures taken by fans who wished they had his nerve. This young psychologist confessed to having taped the sounds of the Enterprise's bridge and playing them as he reads. Having memorized the minutia of every "Star Trek" episode, he also holds his phaser as he watches TV and points it at the exact moment a crew member does - the only time HIS weapon will make a noise.

"Star Trek" lives in the hopes and pocketbooks of the merchants of paraphernalia who came to Kansas City from everywhere. Though they eventually collectively called the convention "Depress-i-con" because there simply weren't enough fans on hand, one man did sell an exact "working" model of a phaser for \$75.00. A merchant from New York with only airfare and hotel bills on his mind asked a St. Louis reporter to end his interview and move on so that potential customers could see his table. Unlike K.C., other Star Trekkons held at New York and Chicago have been astronomically successful financial ventures.

"Star Trek" lives for the adored stars of the show who, except for William Shatner and Leonard Nimoy, have had a hard time making a living themselves until the convention phenomenon began. No more royalties for re-runs. Now, thousands of dollars and tremendous ego boosts are the rewads for their appearances at the cons. Fans dote on their every word and approve of even bad jokes with applause and laughter. Nichelle Nichols, who played Lt. Uhura, is animated, glamorous and articulate. She thickly spreads her optimism for the future and her joy for life with

tedious tales of her father's instilling in her the determination to respect herself first, then others and her world. *Yawn* She smokes cigarillos and wears a lot of makeup. Please let her be sincere.

William Shatner is neither tedious nor overly philosophical. He's sharp and sensitive and even if he had just stood silently for an hour in front of the fans (the swooning women in particular) they would have been satisfied. He did seem heavier than I had remembered. So what. Willing suspension of disbelief must remain operative!

"Star Trek" lives for Myrna Culbreath and Sondra Marschak, the late-thirties grandes dames of the Trekkie hierarchy who literally take their places among the stars at the Trekkons. STAR TREK LIVES is their first book; they are editing another and planning a third. They are talk show regulars now and someone said they organized the FIRST Star Trekon, but then everyone claimed that distinction!

"Star Trek is an accessible, optimistic, constructive model for the future of Mankind . . . it's something in which people in this polluted, threatened world of ours can take heart . . . the Enterprise's crew had survived a world like ours, so shall we . . . the show pioneered the women's lib movement - female command and medical officers." (I take issue with that last one-- those are the exceptions.) These are some of Myrna and Sondra's ideas as to the why of the "Star Trek" phenomenon. Again, I feel compelled to point something out. Myrna said she had at one time owned two girl's schools in Colorado and published a "Libertarian" newspaper. She was so impressed by one episode of the show that she gave up all this and moved to New Orleans to join Sondra.

..*Exhausted*... How could I survive a month-long trip to Triacus when I could hardly keep my eyes open after three days at Star Trekon? Of course, at eight times the speed of light. . . or with the help of a transporter . . . I could be beamed home in no time . . . the tingly feeling of being energized and then returned to my 3-dimensional human form. All those little particles of light. it's 5:00! Quick, turn on that rudimentary instrument! "City on the Edge of Forever" is about to begin!

-- Claudia Mink April 2, 1976
St. Louis, Mo.

BRAD
PARKS

Kill I'm from
EARTH - I DRAW
AND smoke
cigars! I'm tough!

He
got
me!

hm...

I'm a Kid,
AN YOU CAN
DRAW, I got
Time!

I'm from Alexandria 22311.
And this is my BACK cover!
I'm Supreme

hehehe's
confused.

Bruce
winley

Heh, heh...

WISDOM AND
TRUE ART COMES
WITH AGE,
my son.

What
will happen
next?
stay tuned!
C. B. M. S. 11.1m

The Black Hole?

has getting me now?

KWAK

Harry Warner W1: "One thing I wonder about: whether the CIA has a fanzine collection. I can think of several reasons why it probably does have such a thing."

Bruce D. Arthurs A1: "There's no such thing as a 'best' type of editor. It all depends on what the faned himself wants his zine to be like."

Doc Wertham W2: "One obstacle to my fanzine-material anthology (if it ever gets anywhere near reality) is that some editors -- especially of the more professional looking fanzines -- claim that the vast majority of all fanzines are 'trash'. But I believe that all kinds of fanzines have excellent material. My idea would be to make it a collection not of second-rate professional stuff but of first-rate fanzine stuff, of which there is no dearth and which cannot be found elsewhere."

Stuart Gilson G2: "Ben Indick is the best fannish writer of articles dealing with fantasy."

Eric Mayer M1: "I've grown to hate literary criticism. I've come to feel that it has very little correlation with reality."

Chester Cuthbert C2: "You are maintaining with ease the tradition you have established with TITLE, and I suspect you do not have space in which to set forth all the good material you have available. Your correspondents appear to supply and support a limitless source of opinion and ideas." ((Exactly!))

Doug Barbour B3: "Heinlein was a good writer, but he was never as good as I suspect he thought he was, & when he got the freedom to write as he wished, his pretensions were far beyond his abilities. especially when it came to writing about sexual relationships in all their complexity (about these he doesn't even recognize there is a lot of complexity!)"

Robert Smoot S8: "Some irks: apathy in general, disinterest in education in particular, cigarette smoke, ice-chewing, the drib-drib-dribbing of water into a larger body of water."

Dave Rowe R5: "When I was still quite

young I found I could escape from nightmares. I'd just grab my eyelashes between thumb and forefinger and 'pull' my eyes open! From about seven years old onwards I can only remember one nightmare I could not escape from - a gorilla was hugging me."

Brett Cox C12: "While it might be that Ellison's ultimate talent lies in his ability to communicate through his non-fiction writings, I maintain that his later fiction is usually good and often absolutely brilliant, as in 'The Deathbird' or 'On the Downhill Side' to name but two examples."

Jim Meadows M2: "An intellectual is one who has been educated. This does not, however, make him superior to the 'masses'; for, like the 'masses', the intellectual is still subject to all the same whims, fancies, and temptations that the rest of the species must put up with. He can be cruel, jealous, prejudiced, shortsighted, a total slave to his sexual urges. He can commit every sin the ditchdigger can, and perform every virtue, but he has yet to devise any new ones. The intellectual and the ditchdigger differ in the data they have gathered, but not very much in the circumstances they must face; and in both cases actual success in using their data is pretty sporadic to say the least."

Neil Ballantyne B7: "I liked the Bracken cover, but he does need a little practice drawing pigs feet...Why doesn't Bill Bliss print plans for his Pop Art Machine and sell them for, maybe, \$2. I'd buy one. Too bad Bill doesn't loc other zines. I'd love to see more of his writing. When I finally publish my genzine, THUMBNAIL THEATRE, he will definitely get a copy."

Randy Reichardt R2: "50 SHORT SF TALES was one that I read for a second time, and really enjoyed it. Some of my all-time favorites are in there, like the Idris Seabright story, 'An Egg a Month from All Over'."

Hank Heath H4: "I have been conscious about 6×10^8 seconds (600 million). I estimate the volume of my brain to be about 1550 cm^3 . If each one of those seconds occupied an equal volume part of my whole brain, it would be stored in a space of $2.58 \times 10^{-12} \text{ m}^3$. That's a cube of $6.9 \times 10^{-5} \text{ m}$ on a side. That's a pretty small storage space for all the information that occurs in one second. ((Uh...how small is it?)) ((Latest SCIENCE has info on possible correlating hierarchies in the memory.))

THE CONTINUING SAGA OF JUNIOR,
THE SNAKE by Sheryl Birkhead

Ah yes, and where was I....? Ah.. Mother had just given Junior the ultimatum to GET OUT.

I, figuring to be crafty, decided there was probably at least one way around the decision and--- ignored it. The idea was to bargain for a lesser penalty and see if Mom could be coaxed into reducing the sentence to merely banishing the snake to the cold cellar. I approached that goal by ignoring the sentence for a while and then... (ulp) completely forgetting it! Well, that isn't precisely accurate-- I thought of it once in the middle of the night and promptly rolled over and forgot about it.

First thing the next morning, I ran downstairs and out to the little bathroom where I had enclosed the box, complete with snake.... squinted in through the screening and saw absolutely nothing. Not having even the slightest inkling of foul play, I picked the box up and gently shook it back and forth --- felt heavy all right, but....

Feeling a bit of dread, but knowing all the same that I HAD to open the box, I did so. Well, if you are one step ahead of me, you may have already guessed what did indeed happen. The snake was loose in the house.

Uh-- I surmised that there wasn't a whole lot I could do, really. Big house-- small snake. Suddenly I noticed that Putt was VERY interested in the radiator in that little bathroom. I wonder.... Sure enough, securely wrapped around the metal tubing was one very healthy, strong blacksnake. I tugged and he wrapped himself ever tighter! I kept tugging and he kept wrapping. *Sigh*

It was at about this moment that I realized I was going to be VERY late to work if I didn't quit my "playing" around. The snake was

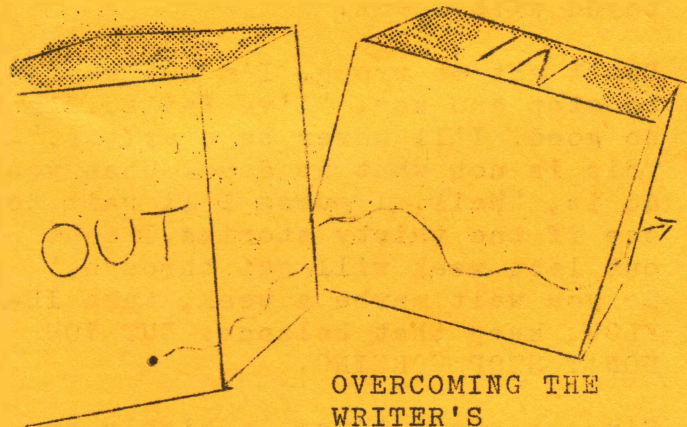


firmly dug in for the duration and I HAD to leave. So....

Being creative, I ran out back, grabbed the nearest, sturdiest branch I could find lying around and lodged it artistically from the radiator and extending across the room. The idea was that Mr. Blacksnake would like this attempt at getting back to nature and climb out on a limb. (...ahem... sorry 'bout that)

I couldn't wait to see what would unfold (or untwine) from the radiator, but grabbed my lunch, shut Putt and Winston up in the house, slammed the little bathroom door and skedaddled.

(To Be Continued)



OVERCOMING THE
WRITER'S
BLOCK
by
JON INOUE

There comes a time when an individual, relatively successful at what he does, begins to say, "Stop! I'm tired of this. There must be something better to do in life!"

That happens with the writer, too. And when that happens, we have what is called THE WRITER'S BLOCK. I could ask, "Why?" And so, "Why?" I've undergone a four month's complete block, with concrete wall, mountain, and so forth, between the typewriter and me. I wrote and wrote and wrote, and after a period of time, I became literally

sick of writing. You see, I flowed OUTWARDS, with not enough flow INWARDS. When this happens...an individual CAN become ill.

This applies not only in writing, but in life and the universe. There must be a balance between outflow and inflow. Watch the talker blab on and on, without yourself talking to him. That's excessive OUTFLOW. Watch how dispersed he can become.

To overcome the barrier known as the writer's block is simple. Keep in mind the above principle.

When you're OUTFLOWING too damned much, INFLOW a little. Read a book. See a movie. Wait a few weeks as the replies come. Go outside for a long walk. Maybe to the moon. Or Mars. Andromeda? Fine, fine, fine.

What I did was I stopped writing. I began to read. TO LISTEN. I studied various writing techniques... toyed with ideas.

Don't get me wrong. I'm not saying to stop and say, "I've failed. I'm no good. I'll never be a writer." This is not what is done. What you do is, "Well, I guess I'll wait to see if the thirty stories I sent out last week will get through." So you wait maybe a week, take INFLOW, keep that balance. BUT YOU DON'T STOP WORKING.

Since ancient times, a highly appropriate axiom was this: He who stops working is near death. Anyone who wants to commit moral and spiritual suicide should contemplate a no-work condition. And soon, his body dies, too.

The other extreme is the person who INFLOWS all the time but never OUTFLOWS. Just as we have the compulsive talker, we have the compulsive LISTENER. Both are equally at fault.

We have the college professor who has read every book in the library, and who could discuss something ABOUT a creative work. But ask him to create something him-

self, and you just might get a shudder of fear. As an example, Me? Create? Bah, humbug.

A more animate example is the science fiction fan who reads a lot, inflows, inflows, reads a book by Zelazny, Clarke, Asimov...inflows, inflows, inflows. He publishes a fanzine, discusses the latest sf movie. Create something?

He does OUTFLOW. But does he outflow in the form of what he always INFLOWS: science fiction?

Basically, the solution to any writer's block is simple. Pick up a book which suits your interests and, with the decision that what you read will be useful to your writing, READ AWAY.

And when you've inflowed to the extent that you've outflowed, you start to write again.

That is what I've done.

And, you know, it works! I'm getting very skilled at this game.

So the formula is:

$$\text{OUTFLOW} = \text{INFLOW}$$

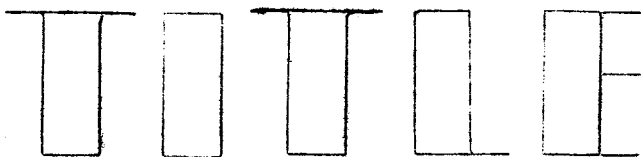
This applies not only to writing, but to any field you care to relate to. Try it. See if it works for you.

Overcome the writer's block.

Overcome the fan's boredom.

+++

((Let's look at TITLE. The editor gets INFLOW from locs; his OUTFLOW comes from choosing, editing, and pubbing. Hopefully, the Big-T is an INFLOW to the reader whose LoC is an OUTFLOW. If T carries a button-pushing INFLOW to the reader, then the OUTFLOW is a contribution of article, story, or art. Jon Inouye has discerned one of my purposes in fooling around with TITLE-- a scheduled, monthly OUTFLOW on subjects normally closed to me in the mundane world.))



I am fascinated by story titles. In practice, I'll read a story with a grabbing title before any other-- and probably miss some excellent stories that way.

As a diversion I now and then go through a published story and select phrases and such out of the text-- words, exactly as stated by the author that seem to ring with the force of a good title. Here are some, recently culled from two well-known stories. To add another dimension to this exercise, I wonder if you can identify the two stories?

STORY ONE:

1. By the Edge of an Empty Sea
2. The Whispering Pillars of Rain
3. Shadow of the Moon
4. Their Hungry Yellow Mouths
5. Upon His Face Was a Mask
6. I'll Be All Right Tomorrow
7. The Flame Birds
8. Burning through the Wind
9. She Watched the Sky
10. It's Really Quite Ridiculous

STORY TWO:

1. The Secrets of the Strange Days
2. The Doom of the Dark
3. The Fathomless Gulfs Outside
4. A Nightmare of Buzzing
5. To a Certain and Familiar Doom
6. Below the Black Roots
7. Something Near Him Waiting to be Heard
8. The Yawning Black Maw
9. The Hills Rise Wild
10. There Was Once a Road

My list for each story contains more than 10 titles, but a longer list might bore you; after all, the fun comes from doing it yourself.

Another trifling occupation is to take standard title formats, and possibly from a prepared list of adjectives, verbs, and nouns, select plugins randomly to

Once there was
a little neo.....



A.S.
"then I got to
her."

watch the results as the slots are filled. Example: "The _____ that _____ at the _____ of the _____" -- a story by Ellison, might come out "The Spaceship that Whispered Hate at the Void of the Universe." The simplest (since one word titles are not that adaptable to this game) slotted title is "The _____ (adj) _____ (noun) _____", such as "The Demolished Man" or "The Third Level", "The Longest Voyage" and any number in that pattern. Maybe too simple.....

I prefer one with more flexibility, such as: "The _____ (noun) _____ (prep. or verb) the _____ (noun) _____". To add to the possibilities adjectives can be inserted before each noun; an adverb can be stuck before or after a verb if you choose that instead of a preposition. Or use both.

Okay, make up some sfish/fantasy words to be fitted together-- the odder the better to stimulate the old SoW. Some titles:

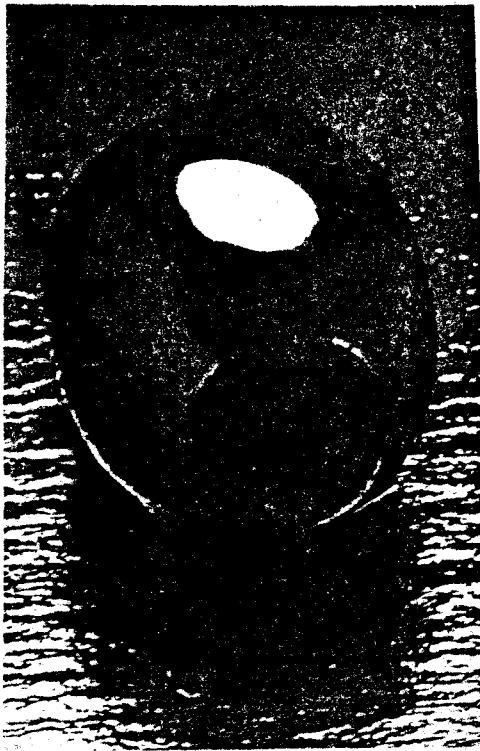
"The Monster Jumped over the Moon", "The Alien Virus Catches the Devil", "The Silent Day Screeches the Wind", "The Fat Martian in the Cellar", "The Richest Man at the Icicle Works", "The Parasite of the Crater", etc.

Fill up several pages of such semi-nonsense titles, and, who knows, you may get one that flashes a whole story through your head! You are welcome to use any of the examples above, or this one: "The Crimson Blot Destroys Godzilla".

TITLE CONTEST

ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING THINGS ABOUT SF IS THE STORY TITLE.

MAKE UP A TITLE FOR ONE OR ALL OF THE FOLLOWING ILLUSTRATIONS.



1.



2.



4.



3.

ARTICLES

#1 ARTIFICIAL CONSCIOUSNESS

by D. Gary Grady , 3309 Spruill Ave #5, Charleston SC 29405

Eric Mayer does not believe it is possible for a computer to achieve consciousness. This is a popular view, but I suspect that it is based upon a deep-seated fear of the Revolt of the Robots, not reason. In his argument Eric declares that consciousness does not admit of degree -- you're either conscious or you're not. I disagree. In sleep I dream-- which is a semi-conscious activity. Furthermore I know from experience that my sensation of consciousness is highly variable. In sickness I tend to drift mentally with a weak grip on thought and sensation. Even when I am well there are degrees in my level of consciousness. Eric refers to an inherent duality in the brain. If he means the duality of hardware and software, of form and substance, I agree. But he says that science can only study half of this duality, so I suspect he is adopting Cartesian Dualism -- a virtually extinct branch of philosophy due to the seemingly insoluble mind-body problem. I do not think it is necessary to get too deeply into this to show that it is impossible to prove the impossibility of conscious automata. That is, I will not show that conscious computers are definitely possible, merely that the opposite position is untenable. We have two possibilities: there is either a separate soul or there is not. If there is a soul, it either came from a god or was generated by some other mechanism related to the formation of the body. If we accept that there is no soul then it is obviously possible for a computer to have consciousness. If god grants a soul it is foolishness for someone (other than a bona fide prophet, should they exist) to say It would arbitrarily not give one to a computer. If the soul comes from another mechanism, science could surely discover it, or at least reassign the soul of a dying man or woman to the waiting mechanism. Perhaps I am wrong, but I challenge you to prove it. As I said, cries that computers can't become conscious seem to grow from emotional reactions to the thought of greater-than-human beings "taking over" (a la The Forbin Project). But a computer made by us could embody our highest qualities as easily as our worst. It could be better than a human morally as well as intellectually. Maybe not, but I see no reason to doubt the possibility. Such a species of automaton would make a fine successor to our own imperfect race. And it is a poor parent indeed who does not want his or her child to reach a higher level.

THE FANTASY WORLD AND ME

#2

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

My devotion to fantasy became serious after I first read a tattered old copy of Wells' THE ISLAND OF DOCTOR MOREAU. After that, I rapidly digested a vast number of books-- Lovecraft, Hodgson, Asimov-- but soon developed an insatiable appetite for straight fantasy as opposed to hard s-f. I fondly remember having the hell scared out of me by such classics as THE BOATS OF GLENN CARRIG, THE FESTIVAL, THE JOY MAKERS. Sometimes it surprises me that I ever developed a taste for fantastic literature at all, especially since I was always drawn towards factual knowledge because of my love for the perfect "symmetry" and indisputable nature of hard science and mathematics, the perfect "or-

ganization" of it all. But presently I seek avidly for fantasy and evidence of the power of imagination, perhaps seeking to escape from an unchallenging reality, or seraching for that fascination that has maintained my sense of wonder all the while. I was never an empire builder, imaginary or real, and in fact have always dreampt and expected the fall and decay of society. This was reflected in my early attempts at fiction which usually told of the "devouring" of mankind by huge insects...you have been warned, and if total world destruction does eventually occur, remember, you heard it here first.

((over page for #3))

#3 ATHLETE'S FOOT AND JOCK ITCH

by

Bill Bliss (who else?), 422 Wilmot, Chillicothe, Ill 61523

(Athlete's foot is persistent stuff. People keep on catching it. In enough time, maybe $\frac{1}{2}$ aeon from now, a symbiosis will be established.... A young male athlete is being examined by a physician...)

"Left foot felt funny this morning, Doc."

"Hmmm. Let's see. Ah, excessive wrinkling of the sole on flexure and a bit of brittleness in the toenails, and a slight pallor to the skin. You have Rutker's syndrome."

"Gosh! Is that serious?"

"Seldom is lad. It just means that your athlete's foot has died off on your foot. Did you do anything different with it lately?"

"Not that I can think of -- Oh, I did get some gin spilled on my shoe a couple days ago."

"Hmmm. You probably have the sloe gin sensitive strain of fungus. I think I will reinfest your foot with type B fungus. It withstands most chemicals well. Incidentally, it was found in the locker room of a 700 year old YMCA."

"Think I had that once when I was nine."

"Actually, it isn't very popular since it is high-medium itch. Modern practice has settled on type AB, which has only a trifling itch, especially for people who have a natural immunity to athlete's foot and have to have jock itch instead."

"Had that one time--"

"Well, lad, most people who can get jock itch seldom have any serious problems with their athlete's foot."

#4 SCATTERED SITES

by

John Robinson, 1-101 St., Troy NY 12180

I was just looking through THE WORLD ALMANAC for 1976 and discovered that 52 of the 153 largest cities in the US actually got smaller between 1960 and 1970. The shrinkage seems to be mostly at the ends. Eleven of the largest 20 cities got smaller, and 9 of the bottom 20 got smaller.

Demographers say that people will continue to head for the suburbs, medium-sized cities, the South and Southwest. They also speculate that the ideal city has a population between 50,000 and 200,000. Cities in this range average \$70 per person for services annually. Larger cities average \$123 per year.

And then there's the high rise/high crime theory, which states that the more tall buildings, the more crime. It's not just lots of buildings, but TALL buildings. Probably that is the reason for scattered site housing proposals.

Just as housing (public, that is) is going scattered-site, so there will be many new con sites -- and there already are. More medium-sized cities will host cons.

The day of a city or area Worldcon bidding committee are probably just about over. Seven in 77 started something. Their only error was in picking a site so far away. Look for Southern con veterans

to take over Orlando, develop Atlanta and New Orleans, and perhaps add Birmingham (if it is large enough). Then there's Nashville (Neat in 100° heat). And Southwest con veterans could develop Dallas and Denver.

California should go statewide. The LASFS monopoly should be destroyed. Other possible Worldcon sites include San Diego and Fresno (maybe). If California fans rotated their bid each time around, they would be a shoo-in. No city should host the Worldcon more often than once every 9-12 years.

Got any thought on this?

((Write John directly if you want to comment on his ideas. Personally, I believe that the days of the fan-run Worldcon will come to an end. The rotation if any will be between New York, Chicago and Los Angeles; the con will be run by professional hucksters out to make bucks from sf readers & collectors. Hardcore fandom and faandom will proliferate even more than now into every state with con attendance settling down into a 200-500 attendance. Fans will not emphasize high prices, pros, & formal programs, or be entertained by others; they will entertain themselves.))



ROBERT J. WHITAKER
EDITOR
THE HUNTING OF THE SNARK

JERRY KAUFMAN OF SPANISH
INQUISITION TWEAKS THE
NOSE OF BILL BOWERS OF
OUTWORLDS AND OTHER OB-
SCURE FANZINES.



A FEW OF THE CHESSMEN BY RANDY BATHURST
IN A SET NOW BELONGING TO MIKE
GLICKSOHN.



JON SINGER WITH
JACKIE HILLES, EDITOR
OF
HILLESIAN FIELDS
RAMBLINGS OF THE STARSHIP
ANIARA



JON APPEARS IN PHOTO-
GRAPHS.

SNAPS SHOTS MIMICRY GUILTY SHOCK

A FANZINE REVIEW (FMZREVCOL) COLUMN by
Mike Glicksohn
141 High Park Ave., Toronto, M6P 2S3

+++

When you've been reviewing fanzines for even as brief a time as seven years, you learn that response to this low man on the fannish totem pole is approximately proportional to the cube root of the length of the reviews, with a proportionality constant of about ten to the negative two. Short comments of the sort I'm doing here may elicit a mention every third or fourth year, but that's about all. Still, these minute dollops of ego-boo help us all keep going, which makes it doubly frustrating to be writing this for Donn when I've not yet seen the previous installment, let alone any reaction to it, and hence have no way of knowing if what I'm doing is pleasing anyone other than myself. I'll continue, though, trusting to Donn's impeccable editorial acumen to tell me when to stop. ((Even if all feedback isn't printed, Mike, all signals so far are green, especially from my festering acumen.))

+CHANGEING+ is an apt title for the new incarnation of K Allen Bjorke's former ZAPPIT. The new digest-sized issue is rather badly faded offset of micro-micro-elite type with a fairly standard mixture of material in its twelve pages. About fanzines, Strek, films and SPACE: 1999 to provide most readers with a few things to talk about.

Dave Romm's 12-page personalzine +IMPRESIONS+ is, I think, the first such attempt by a fan who has already established a reputation for controlled insanity through his other fanac. It is mostly an intriguing segmented/sequential conreport of 3 cons Dave has recently attended. If it is less wildly inventive than some of Dave's locs (i.e., it isn't quite as awry), it is probably a better representation of who he really is. As a fan of cons and of

fans I found it very interesting.

A very fine second issue indeed is +HARBINGER+ #2, twenty-six neatly offset pages from Reed Andrus with some fine artwork and at least one written contribution that I've listed in my personal "Best of the Year" records. Reed's a bit into slightly inferior comic strips, but the brilliant Malzberg pastiche by Paul DiFilippo more than makes up for it. The rest of the material, including a very deft contribution from Reed Sr, is sheer bonus. SF oriented with an interest in art (the best Townley illo I've yet seen, for example) this is a fanzine it's easy to get involved with.

Speaking of fine second issues, William Siros' second +CAMBION+ contains about the most consistently high level of writing ability and insight that I've encountered in only a second effort. The contents are strongly stfnally oriented, with the major contributions dealing with Jack Vance, feminist SF, and Fritz Leiber, plus material on little known children's fantasy and reviews of books and movies. The level of competence and sanity is so refreshingly high that even a renowned fannish reprobate such as I could enjoy the whole issue. It may not look as elegant as many other fanzines, but it reads as well as most, and I can recommend it quite highly.

A superior looking fanzine is +SIMULACRUM+ 2A, the new all-letters aspect of Victoria Wayne's excellent genzine. Forty-eight pages of near-impeccable mimeography, this is the response to the earlier hefty issues of SIM. For someone who didn't get those issues, this might be a trifle confusing, but much of the material is self-contained. The discussions center on the nature of reviews and criticism, fan politics and con running, sex and its place in

fandom and religion. An excellent cross-section of sercon and fannish material, SIM is certainly a fanzine worth getting into. (You should pardon such symbolism, Victoria.)

The second issue of +LOGO+, Kevin Easthope's outsized English mimeod fanzine, is remarkable mostly for the hand-colouring of several illustrations in remarkable detail. I've no idea of Kev's print run, but anyone showing this much dedication deserves a pat on the back, a hearty round of applause and an all-expenses paid vacation in a state home for the bewildered! Principal contrib is the GoH speech from England's Novacon by pro Dan Morgan, who is, I blush to admit, unfamiliar to me. It's an interesting and personal account of the tribulations of being a SF writer. Letters and reviews fill out the rest of the 26 pages.

On the topic of colouring, Phil Paine is doing as good a job of demonstrating the potential of ditto with +CALCIUM LIGHT NIGHTS+ as anyone currently using this technique. This third issue of Phil's personalzine is typical of the penetrating and quicksilver intellect of its editor. Phil discusses similarities between the distribution of major cities in Canada and Australia, why we drive on the right, eccentric paleontologists he has known and loved, commercialism and rampant apathy in fandom, the nefarious machinations of the IRS and numerous other topics, all in 18 amazing-looking dittoed second sheets. I rarely agree with Phil, but his mind is fascinating to watch in action.

I got 18 fanzines in the last four days, of which these have been seven. Hello out there! Is anybody listening?

CHANGELING, 3626 Coolidge St. NE, Minneapolis, Minn 55418 50¢/ usual

IMPRESSIONS, 17 Highland Ave, Middletown, NY 10940 50¢/ usual

HARBINGER, 1717 Blaine Ave, Salt Lake City, Utah 84108 \$1.25/ or usual

CAMBION, 1208 Devonshire Dr, El Paso, TX 79925 50¢/ usual

SIMULACRUM, Box 156, Sta D, Toronto, Ont M6P 3J8 Usual or letterzines \$1.50, regular issues \$2.50

LOGO, 6 Ipsley Grove, Erdington, Birmingham, B23 7SY England Usual

CALCIUM LIGHT NIGHTS, 206 St. George St., Apt 910, Toronto, Ontario. Usual

FARRAGO, 1455 Fawnvalley Dr., DesPeres, Mo. 63131 75¢ or 3/ \$2.00

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APOLLING HUMILIATIONS --

An Inquiry in Bad Taste

By Paul Walker, 128 Montgomery St.

Bloomfield, NJ 07003

Please:

1. Be brief
2. Answer what questions you can, or are willing to; do not worry if you cannot answer more than one or two.
3. Feel free to lie.
4. So as not to upset Brazier's vaunted file, place answers on a separate sheet (s) of paper.

1. What was the worst thing you ever blurted out in public?
2. What was the most unspeakably seedy rest room you were ever forced to use?
3. Have you ever been the victim of a particularly ingenious practical joke?
4. What was the cruelest thing you ever saw a child do?
5. Give one example of something that bothers you deeply as being in bad taste. And if you name this poll, I'll drop a turd on your head.
6. Have you ever been fired from a job-- or thrown out of a classroom -- for thoroughly justifiable reasons?
7. Of spiders, roaches, bees and wasps, mice, snakes, or other sundry little horrors, which of these reduce you to a quivering jellyfish? What was your worst experience involving one of these little horrors?
8. What was the worst piece of advice you ever received?
9. What was the worst nickname you were ever skewered with?
10. Of all the socially undesirable practices -- spitting, farting, belching, body or breath odor, etc.-- bothers you the most? The least?
11. Have you ever experienced stage fright of any kind? On a stage? In a classroom? PTA meeting? Other?
12. What was the worst punishment inflicted on you as a child?
13. What was your worst experience with a bully?
14. What was the most frightened you have ever been?

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WHAT A
RIDICULOUS
CONCEPT

TILT #50 MAY 1976 A monthly
available for LoC & Contrib-
Sample 25¢. No trades.
Editor: Donn Brazier

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FINAL ANALYSIS - Print run 125
Last stencil run off April 7
FARRAGO #2 has been mailed; this
and back copies of TITLE &
FARRAGO #1 available at AUTO-
CLAVE. Not accepting covers
for either T or F at this time.

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Donn Brazier
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AUTOCLAVE, Memorial Day Week-
end, May 28-31, Detroit, Mich.
How many Titlers will be there?
Let me know so I can stock up
for the T-Bash.

