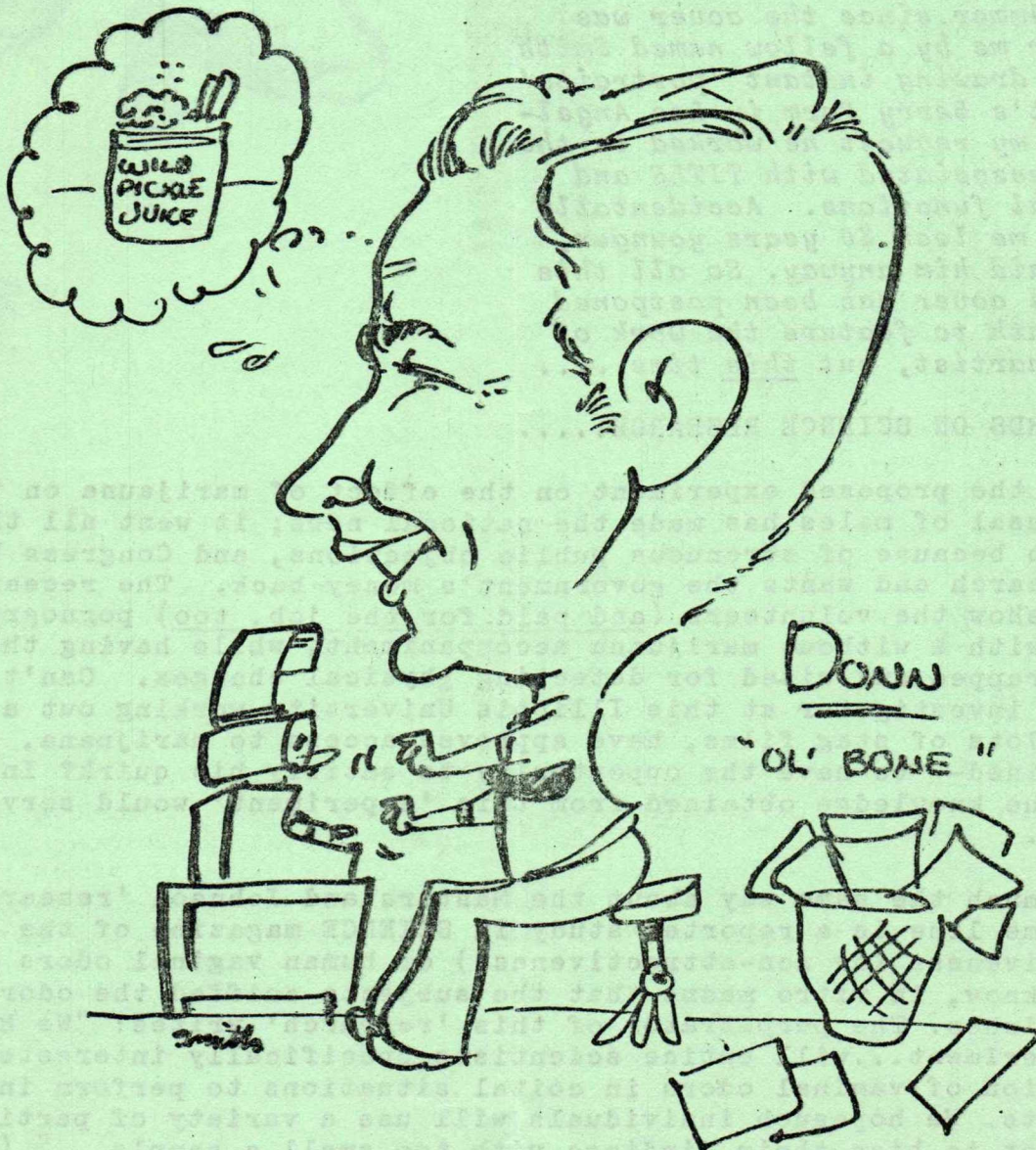


# TITLE



Down

"OL' BONE"



# FITOI

Today is April 14th..FARRAGO #2 & TITLE #50 are in the mail...time to get started, Brazier, on T-51.....

*A word about the cover...Another summer is nearly here..it'll be the third summer since the cover was done for me by a fellow named Smith who was drawing instant 'portraits' at Knott's Berry Farm in Los Angeles. At my request he worked in the motifs associated with TITLE and editorial functions. Accidentally he made me look 30 years younger, but I paid him anyway. So all this time the cover has been postponed each month to feature the work of some fanartist, but this time.....*

## SOME WORDS ON SCIENCE RESEARCH.....

Perhaps the proposed experiment on the effect of marijauna on the sexual arousal of males has made the national news; it went all the way to Congress because of strenuous public objections, and Congress has nixed the research and wants the government's money back. The research plan was to show the volunteers (and paid for the job, too) pornographic films, with & without marijuana accompaniment, while having their penises strapped and wired for detecting physical changes. Can't you just see the investigator at this Illinois University working out a system to see lots of stag films, have approved access to marijuana, and --if so inclined-- to have the opportunity to satisfy his quirk? In my own view, the knowledge obtained from this 'experiment' would serve little purpose.

I feel much the same way about the Masters and Johnson 'research'. In this same line is a reported study in SCIENCE magazine of the degree of attractiveness (or non-attractiveness) of human vaginal odors in vitro. As you know, in vitro means that the subjects sniffed the odors from Petri dishes. The perpetrator of this 'research' writes: "We hope that our experiment...will entice scientists specifically interested in the perception of vaginal odors in coital situations to perform in vivo experiments. We hopesuch individuals will use a variety of participants so as not to bias their findings with too small a sample..." (SCIENCE, April 9, 1976) I find such research totally without value, and protest the diversion of funds (possibly from taxes) from such things as cancer research or NASA's activities for space exploration.

I have in front of me a seminar announcement from Washington University on two vital subjects: 1) The Role of Anti-Diuretic Hormone in the Water Economy of the Spadefoot Toad, and 2) Peripheral Vascular Control Mechanisms in an Antarctic Bird. The first, I guess, seeks to find out why the toad doesn;t urinate; the second, why the bird doesn't





have 'hot flashes' in frigid weather. Perhaps the first will help any astronauts on a long trip, or the exploration of some desert world like the moon. The second may lead to conserving heat in an astronaut exploring a very cold planet. If-- in one case we send a spadefoot toad, and in the other, an antarctic bird, which seems a roundabout way to find out something that can be applied to humans. Why not use human subjects to begin with? Oh, shortage of funds? Oh, yeah?

### ANTI-SCIENCE BACKLASH ?

*Not according to a survey of 2000 persons in 1974, as reported in SCIENCE for March 12, 1976. Fifty-six percent described their general reaction to science & technology as one of 'satisfaction or hope', compared with only 49% two years earlier. About 3/4 remained confident that S&T will eventually solve some of our major problems, but the fraction expecting most problems to be solved dropped from 30% in 1972 to 23% in 1974. THAT SOUNDS LIKE A BACKLASH TO ME ! The most positive attitudes toward S&T were held by men, aged 30-59, with some college education, and making over \$10,000 per year. Least favored areas of research were: space exploration and national defense weapons. Most favored: health care, crime reduction, education, drug addiction control, and pollution control.*

My library is in two places-- at home and at work.

At home I have my SF/fantasy books and zines, jazz books & zines, a few mainliners, and readings in French. At work I have my science books and a little miscellanea. In the hope that some record of this latter portion of the library is given to you as a method of knowing my interests, I ramble on about it briefly.

Books on math & math puzzles tie with biology & medicine with 39 ea. Physics comes in at 30. Astronomy & cosmology--17, with rockets & space travel at 11. Science speculations & riddles-- 8. History of



science & invention--10. General science coverage--13. Chemistry is lowest of the standard science areas at 7. Spatterings of this & that make up about 28 books covering such things as language, philosophy, psychology, anthropology, education, and encyclopedic handbooks.

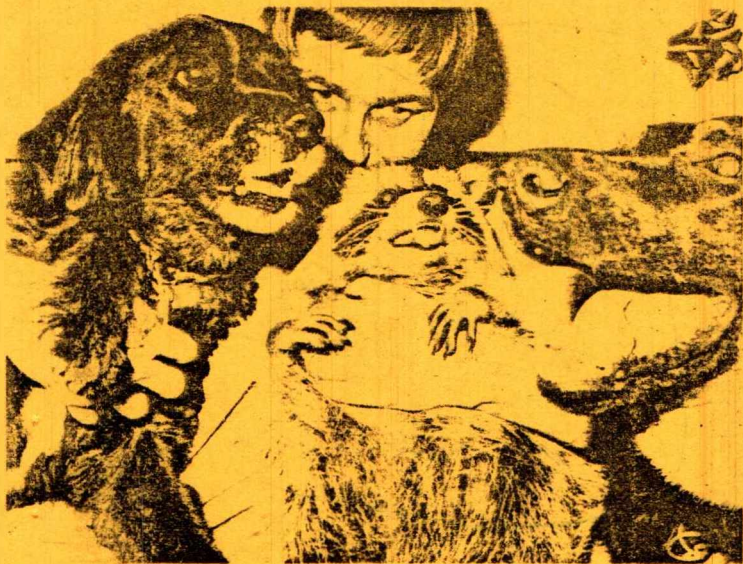
A book I purchased in 1941 is a pivotal signpost to all the math books that followed it: MATHEMATICS AND THE IMAGINATION by Kasner and Newman. The two best following it are MATHEMATICIAN'S DELIGHT by W. W. Sawyer and MATHEMATICS, IT'S MAGIC AND MASTERY by Bakst. The most difficult -by far- of the math books is GAMES AND DECISIONS by Luce and Raiffa.

A rather hard to classify book, & yet a pivotal one with me, is Gamow's ONE TWO THREE..INFINITY as it speculates besides covering all sorts of sfish physics & cosmology.

The remainder are not pivotal because I bought them after already being interested in the subject. For instance I don't think I'll ever part with Willy Ley's autographed copy of his 1947 ROCKETS AND SPACE TRAVEL. Or Arthur C. Clarke's autographed little book, INTER-PLANETARY FLIGHT.

The prize for the absolutely most difficult book goes to ON HUMAN COMMUNICATION by Colin Cherry, and written for the general reader!!!!





My plaintive note in T directed at Tudy Kenyon paid off in the arrival of a long letter and a large surprise package. Over the years of T, Tudy (also Today) has sent these odd packages several times; each opening is an experience, for the person in photographs at the left is a highly imaginative free-spirit and packs the boxes with 'boggings'. The one that just arrived contained:

A something carved out of a solid block of wood, perhaps an old barn joist, measuring 8x4x4. It's a 3-D Shaver/Bliss rock image, and I have yet to figure out which end is up!

A sort of a medium-sharp edged slicer. Hinged on one end, the blade is brought downward on its victim-- a piece of cheese? A finger? The edge of an English aerogramme?

A device consisting of a metal tube inside of which rotates a sharp cutting edge. It could be used to shave the warts off a pickle, or core an apple, or deliver a circumcision?

A thing with a crank which might be a stirring device for people with a bowl of something to stir. Or a hand-operated, Model 1, radar antenna?

Some toys-- a ball and cup game and three plastic aliens with wiggly antennae. Also some pet rocks. Each rock is carefully wrapped in blue tissue paper with label attached. What apprehensions would seize you if faced with a label that read: *EARLY DRAGON THROW-UP ?* The well-formed rock is properly icky-- but well-hardened.

Others have holes or half-holes, some with the 'holey' still inside. Some have whitish formations that resemble dinosaurs-- in fact, one was called *DINAH SHORE*. It took me two days to figure that one out as a dinosaur collected on the shore.

Tudy sent a follow-up on the *Gerbils for Wertham* photo series. Here the youngsters are getting class-instruction in *Werthamism*.





Yup, still AITOI...since I'm somewhat of an analytical skeptic, had two thoughts today...& you heard them here first..One concerns the underarm deodorant.."Try your favorite under the left arm and put our brand under the right arm..now which keeps you drier?" To be drier is to allow evaporation; most people are right-handed; the right arm is waved and gestured; air reaches the arm pit; water evaporates; ergo, the right armpit is always drier, with or without whatever X-brand used. Guess I can't go to jail for that revelation...but how about his one?

Suddenly several soldiers die at Fort Dix; the President worries excessively about "Swine Flu"; great gobs of dough are coughed up by Congress to inoculate the public; Europe is warned; the Swine Flu attacks older people rarely. Okay... Why this great Presidential worry? Is another coverup in progress? Consider the location of biological warfare labs.... what was made to kill younger people, such as soldiers? Who wants to avoid the world blame for an escaped new mutant flu or whatever? Something Bill Bliss wrote made me consider this possibility, and for this one, I could go to jail because I happen to believe that "free speech" is a myth if it collides seriously with any power structure.

Patrick Hayden sends a DNQ postcard so I won't mention the PreCentennial, 19 May 1976, the 100 anniversary before Heinlein's revolution in THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS.

John DiPrete says that the day in a life of a museum-man "squelched any interest I might have had in becoming a part-time Museum Man." Take heart, John, if you are in production (art, education, curatorial, etc) museum work is low-paid fun. I used to have fun in museum education & TV; my days now are administrative booshwah easily carried out by a fiber-nosed accountant. There are a few days of fun, rare, of researching and planning that human perception exhibit, for example. Boards of Directors have little conception or respect for the creative man; they like the beans counted. A "Black Hole" to them is the name of a plush restaurant. If they knew I was doing a thing like TITLE, they'd put me into pasture. That's after I'd answer NO to their question: "Are you making any money at it?"

From an unimpeachable source...PINNACLE is upgrading their line and will be a definite market for quality sf and fantasy.

William Wilson Goodson Jr. writes that, though he has an M.A. degree in audio-visual education, he couldn't land a job except as a clerk in a store. So he's accepted a job as educational technologist at MARA Institute of Technology in Malaysia, a Peace Corps assignment. His new address is Peace Corps, Jalan Broadrick, Kuala, Lumpur, Malaysia 02-04.

Quite fitting the color of the "Fondlecon" pass just received-- purple. Well, comes a little late in life, but it was free-- I'll try to make use of it.. To the sender: thanks for the faith in Ol' Bone.

ERGOTISM: THE SATAN LOOSED IN SALEM? an article by Linnda Caporael in SCIENCE of Apr.2. The possibility, because of similarity between ergot poisoning and the "witch" symptoms, that the trials were not based on fraud, hysteria, or possession. Ergot, a fungus on wheat, was very likely in the bread, causing dry gangrene, vertigo, hallucinations, muscle spasms, and other conditions alluded to in the Salem records.

#### AM I LOSING MY GRIP by Barbek

I had a herring that wouldn't kip,  
A dippity-do that wouldn't dip,  
A potato that wouldn't chip,  
And a zipper that wouldn't zip.

I had a tie that wouldn't clip,  
A scissors that wouldn't snip,  
A switch that wouldn't flip,  
And a watchdog that wouldn't nip.

I had a fuse that wouldn't trip,  
A handsaw that wouldn't rip,  
A glass with a cracked lip,  
And a coffee pot that wouldn't drip.

I mistook the waiter for a VIP,  
My roses were attacked by a thrip,  
My cat-o-nine-tails wouldn't whip,  
And Cagle said I wasn't hip.

My every deal turns out a gyp,  
The go-go dancer doesn't strip,  
My soda straw wouldn't sip,  
And I'm still waiting for my ship.

Alan Lankin asks "What will they think of next?" This is penned on a clipping that advertises DIAL-A-JOKE (212-999-3838) and simply by dialing that number one can hear some one-liners delivered by Henny Youngman. Could be worse... How about DIAL-A-POEM to hear Barbek; or maybe DIAL-A-LOC to hear Ol' Bone read a short sf comment by a Glicksohn, Indick, or Boutillier.... Is the world ready for this?

I had thought about Xeroxing the two-sided AutoClave flyer, a new one just received, but there's no surplus to be run off on the machine this month. So let me remind you here... Dates: May 28-31 at Howard Johnson's New Center Motor Lodge, Detroit. Mike Glicksohn is Toastmaster; Gene Wolfe & Donn Whatshisname, GoHs. Registration after May 1 is \$6; \$7 at the door. Make checks payable to AutoClave and mail to Leah A. Zeldes, 21961 Parklawn, Oak Park MI 48237. Art show, hucksters, films, and various panels such as "on writing SF" & "fanzine publishing". Brazier intends--if not crowded out by more pressing matters-- to have a TIT-TIPPLE party for TITLERS.

A small package from Glicksohn but mailed from Iowa (?) contained one POINT beer can which was a new one to add to the collection. Robert Adams, in response to license plate request, sent a keychain miniature.

By receiving THE INSIDER #18, I learned that there's a SAINT LOUIS SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY, info available from 7553 Buckingham Dr., Apt 3B, Clayton, Mo. 63105. They meet once/month. Some names in the newsletter: Tim Hays, Dave Klaus, John Brooks, Mike Fix. One news note tells that Mr. & Mrs. Couch are accepting an honorary membership in the Society. That's Leigh and Norbert Couch.

Received a cute professional card with a photo of Frankenstein's monster on the cover and the words: HAVING SOME INTERESTING PEOPLE OVER... Inside, on Walpurgis Nacht 30 April, at Castle Shreffler, I have been invited to the second meeting of the as-yet-nameless association whose driving force is Phil Shreffler. The legend at the bottom says "RSVP or RIP"! You now know where I'll be on Walpurgis Nacht. I have invited Claudia Mink and husband, and Joyce & John Ryan who have done some artwork for me in TITLE & FARRAGO. I intend to give Norbert & Leigh a call too.

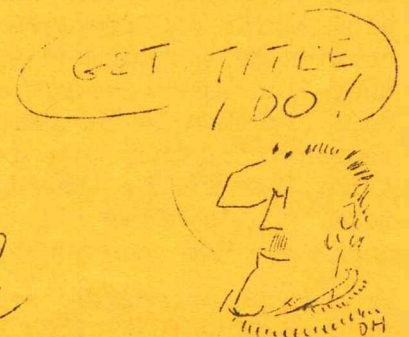
I have just received a transcript

of the lecture I delivered to 125 people (@ \$2 admission) on the subject of Thomas Jefferson: Scientist. Rather immodestly I say that many people thought it was the best of the series on Jefferson; at least it was the most informal and down-to-earth. Reading a transcript is a sobering experience. Incomplete sentences, faulty complexities, odd half-starts, irrelevant asides-- I'm going to have to rewrite the whole thing because the newspaper wants it for a July 4th special feature, and I can't let the readers think I'm a total idiot. Why not let them find out the truth, you say?

Cathy McGuire is a relatively new fan, as you'll find out when you read her clever piece in this. She reviews fanzines for SHADOW, Eric Larsen editor. Send her zines to 339 E. 6 St., New York, NY 10003, which is a recent CoA. And get Eric to send you IN THE SHADOW OF THE MONOLITH-- it's a regular monthly of excellent variety-- news, fanfic, articles, reviews, etc.

Incidentally, TITLE is wide open to neos, more so than to BNFs actually -- a fact you must be aware of. One of my aims is to coax neos into the circle, even though TITLE is not a proper/ideal zine for the purpose. I advise neos to try at least three consecutive TITLES to get into the swing of it. The harmonic progressions become more familiar if you listen a while.

I guess you all know that Carl Bennett of DORK PIZZLE/ SCINTILLATION fame has started a used bookstore with emphasis on SF/fantasy. Write him Box 8502, Portland Ore 97207 for a catalog. This is a free plug because Carl has done nice things for TITLE.







By Randall D. Larson

I was minding my own business to start with. All I was after were a few bread crumbs in the corner by the refrigerator. But that damn cat had to come snooping around. And now he's got me cornered. I can't even slip behind the stove and get back to my hole. And on top of that he's a Siamese.

It's one thing being trapped by a Persian, or even a Russian Blue. But a *Siamese*. How utterly degrading. I hope none of my cousins is watching.

Damn hairy cat. I don't need you breathing down my neck. So what are you waiting for? I'm just sitting here, twitching my nose. Why don't you do something instead of just staring with those catatonic eyes of yours? What the hell did I even have to come out for? I wasn't hungry. If I hadn't wandered out, I'd be cozy between the walls, rubbing noses with my fellows and comparing front teeth. No, instead I'm having a thrilling stare-down match with a lousy Siamese.

I just wiggled my whiskers at him and peeped! I thought that might get a reaction out of him. So now he's moving closer. Oh well, at least I got a reaction out of him. Anything's better than sitting here looking at each other like a gunfight scene from a Sergio Leone

western. With the refrigerator humming out the inevitable gunfight theme... Good grief, how mousy can this guy get. Why doesn't he do something?

Oh, hell. This guy doesn't just want to play around. He's out for dinner. I'd better do something quick or else I'll wind up the catalyst for a Siamese heartburn.

Maybe I can scamper along the edging... Nope, he's too damn quick with those paws. Maybe he does feel like playing around a bit before ending it all; he certainly doesn't seem to be in any hurry. If I could only distract him.

Yuchh, his breath is awful. What's he after me for? He smells like he's just had a basket of sardines. Damned pig! Go after somebody's ball of yarn, or a box of catnip, or somebody's necktie. Just leave me alone. I'm too cute to die.

Well, some people think so, even if this doggone Siamese doesn't seem

to be particular. My God, what a catastrophe this evening's turned out to be. I try to find some bread crumbs to take back to the missus and wind up staring through a fog of Siamese breath. Ah, what a crummy night.

Oh, shut up, you! You don't have to *meow* at me, I know you're there! Damned egomaniac. Don't act so cat-ty, and don't look so confident. You haven't got me yet!

*Crap.* What did I have to say that for?

So he could smack me with that paw of his, that's why. Ouch.

Get your whiskers away from me, they tickle. Do you have to stand so close, fella? I don't need to be tickled at a time like this. Why don't you just eat me and get it over with? I can resign myself to that. But why we've got to play this stupid cat-and-mouse game I'll never know.

Look at that clod. Just sitting there licking his chops and swishing that damn tail. Making me feel like one prize asshole for coming out like this. He's got me and he knows it. He's just waiting for me to try to run away so he can have the questionable pleasure of dragging me back. Oh, hell. This is such a drag. Why doesn't he do something, instead of just waiting there for me to make the first move? Well, I'm not gonna make the first move. I'm just gonna stay right here. And wait.

Now why did you have to open your mouth like that? Doggone big teeth. Sharp, too...

To hell with it, I'm getting out of here! Doggone slick floors, how can anybody run when you keep slipping like that? Come on, come on. Move it! Oh for crying out loud, here he comes---

*Hah!* That'll teach him to think I'm so stupid. I dodged his paw just like an expert! Chortle Chortle! I'll bet he's---

Arghh! Oh, damn damn damndamn that hurts... my back....can't run ... can't move ... ow....

Well, you jerk. Now you've really done it. Dodged one claw right into the other. And now I'm all cozy and tight right between the two of them. I could say something stupid like how *clawstrophobic* it is here but somehow I'm not in the mood for it. I'm in good paws with Siamese. Oh, hell... I wish he'd quit flexing his claws like that; I remember he's got them in there all right.

So now what do I do? Here I lay on my back, staring at teeth of which he's got no lack.

So much for poetry. He sure looks big from down here. Logical-- he is big. Those marble eyes staring down at me, never blinking. Jeaz-- it's like something out of Kubrick, only with Bernard Herrmann instead of Strauss. Maybe *Fellini* would be more appropriate...

Now why do I keep coming up with ridiculous things like that? Especially at a time like this. I'm about to die just as quickly as my humor...

Hey, what's that? He's backing off. Ow...I still can't move very much... grunt.... what's he looking at? *Hey!* Where's he running off to? What th---

*Holy Cats!* Look at the size of that dog! Wow! From the way he's moving I'd say he doesn't like that doggone Siamese any more than I do... Well, so much for them!

Whew.

Talk about close! I don't think I'll have to worry about that cat for a while. Ugh...I think I can crawl behind the stove and recuperate. Damn cat, my back feels like somebody stapled it. Hah-- I have nothing to worry about any---*gssshh.*

\*\*\*

"Martha, bring a rag. I just stepped on something..."



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# SPEED TYPING

## My Way

BY  
BILL BREIDING  
AN ILLUSTRATED ACCOUNT





# Aitoli

BRAZIER'S BEEF!

2/28

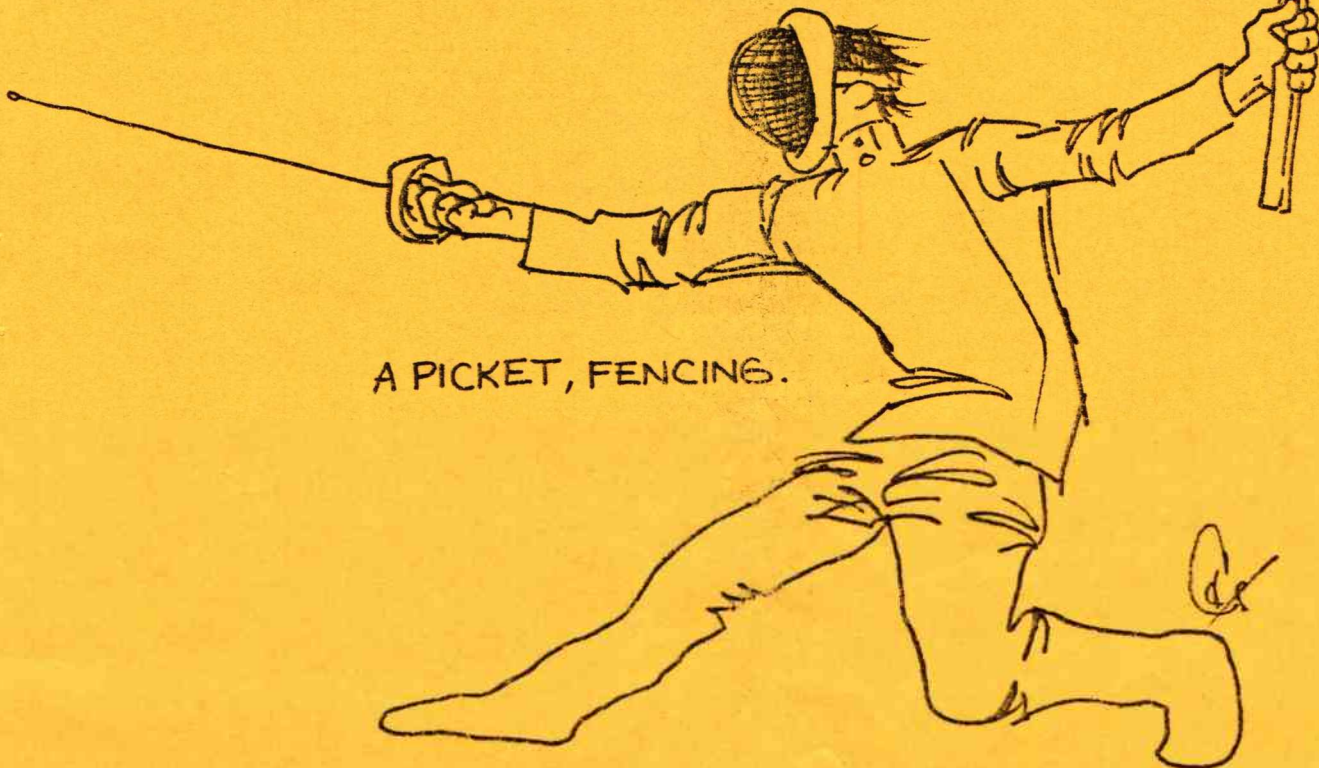
Feb. 11, 1976

Down:

Received TITLE yesterday. I hadn't paid much attention to the Bliss material before, but after that last piece, I went through the back issues.

To all TITLERS: Many thanks for your nice comments about the cover, especially Sheryl.

Best,  
C. B. BAKER



A PICKET, FENCING.



++++  
 +++  
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NEO NIGHTMARE by Cathy McGuire

I'm getting a very strange feeling lately, and it's rapidly getting worse. It all started when I got involved with fanzines, and I think that's where I'll have to lay the blame. Every now and then, from the corner of my eye, I catch a moving form that slips away as soon as I notice it. I don't believe in ghosts and I know this isn't just fog and too little sleep. It's getting more and more solid and I can make it out...yes...it's....me! Me? What am I doing in the corner of my eye? Oh - I remember. I wrote that last month. (Or was it the month before...?) Ghod, I'd forgotten

about that.... There, there goes another - was that mine? I couldn't tell, it was just two lines long.... Has my past leapfrogged my future?



AN OLD NEO

As crazy as this sounds, I am being afflicted by some sort of past/future slippage that keeps my past returning well after my present is gone. I write, send it away and two months later 1) see it in print 2) get a reply. All after I've completely forgotten about it. It jolts my mind back to that time and what I was thinking, which has to be updated, sent back out, and then re-encountered 2/3 months later. No wonder SF fans are weird! Have you all learned to live with that feeling? Can you accept echoes of yourself, to haunt you with what might have been left unsaid? I know it'll get worse - I've only been at this for four months! I don't know if I can watch "myself a year ago" pop in and out of my consciousness. It's like going by a drive-in theatre and realizing they're watching your old home movies. It blurs what I am now and boggles my sense of what I'm going to do next. I lose track of to whom I wrote and when (even when I make notes). It's disconcerting to see your past mistakes/victories being run as current events. Very strange. As it is, the past/present/future is a very relative thing to me, and now you spring this time tunnel (see-saw?) on me. I may just lose TIME altogether. Hmmm... that might not be too bad...

You longterm inmates of this world of FAN, have you developed some sort of future-censor to stop the leakage of anything you'll regret later? Can you look into the future and see what you'll be doing in the next few months and thus fulfill your own prophecies? How can you handle seeing yourself many-mirrored in the countless zines you write for, as if you were a dozen people in a dozen places at one time? I wait for and yet fear the day when almost everything I get will have me lurking somewhere between the pages, to jump out and startle me. I dread seeing myself frozen on a piece of paper, like a butterfly sealed in acrylic for the world to study. All my wisecracks, idiosyncrasies, yes, even typos for the world to pull apart at its leisure. How could I write a single line, let alone a whole zine? I'm beginning to appreciate the utter courage that you editors have. Truly, Fandom Is a Way of Courage.



# SNAPS SHOTS

AAAAAA  
AAAAAA  
AAAAAA

((MIKE GLICKSOHN, WHO WRITES THIS COLUMN, SAID I COULD USE AS MANY "A's" AS I WANTED IN 'SNAAPSHOTS'. ABOVE HAVE BEEN 18 OF THEM. ))

Fanzine reviews are a strange cul-de-sac of the fannish microcosm. Perhaps more than any other common area of fanzine material they show a variety of mode of expression and a uniformity of reader reaction. They get ignored. Hopefully, though, they get used by new fans looking for entrances into the weird world of wertham-approved writers, and it's possible that occasionally a fanned or two might take note of them. I've recently seen David Emerson list and describe perhaps a hundred different fanzines in three pages of his RUNE column, while Richard Hunter took five pages to analyse one issue of D'Amnass'a MYTHOLOGIES. I have to find a reasonable middle ground, with more personal reaction than David but lacking the space for the really critical analysis that Richard did so well. It's a much harder task than either of the extremes and I wish I could do it even half as well. But here are a few recent fanzines...

Terry Hughes' MOTA #15 is the latest in a series of fanzines that have justifiably earned Terry the title of Fandom's Foremost Fannish Fanned. Recent MOTAs have featured articles by some of the greatest writers in fandom's history who have been absent from the fanzine scene for years. Add in a tightly edited lettercolumn of extremely high quality, lots of excellent fannish style artwork, and Terry's own excellent writing, and MOTA's fame is easily understood. This issue highlights Bob Tucker expanding on some of his experiences in Australia and a letter from Chuck Harris, a legendary English fan of bygone days. If you consider yourself a fannish fan, MOTA is indispensable.

Patrick Hayden is/was one of the most hyperactive apa-fans of the current fannish generation and his genzine THANGORODRIM 27 reveals the quality and breadth of his thinking. This is Patrick's first serious attempt at a graphically aware issue, and he's done a good job. Good artwork by MacKay, MacDonald, Sirois et al sets off Patrick's personal writing about nationalism, fandom, philosophy, etc, while letters and articles by the likes of Brad Parks, Bruce Arthurs, Peter Roberts and Donn Brazier are scattered throughout Patrick's own writing. It's essentially a personalzine with some trappings of a genzine, but the dominating personality is Patrick's and it's a good one to enjoy. Recommended as one of the easier-to-get-into fanzines.

I've been hearing about Garth Danielson's BOOWATT for some time but until today I had never seen a copy. I regret to say I cannot really feel my life has been enriched now that this omission has been rectified. BOOWATT is very much a personalzine, with a few locs scattered through Garth's rambling thoughts and anecdotes. Unfortunately, Garth's writing style is Early Illiterate, an attempt at stream-of-consciousness by a writer seemingly unaware of even the rudimentary rules of grammar, syntax and style. It's rare that Garth has anything of any real interest to communicate, but when he does, his medium obliterates the message. Garth prints much of his fanzine on one side of already-used order forms from the company he must work for. Sadly his is often not the most interesting side of the page.

The attractive team-edited offset fanzine QUANTUM is one of the better



new fanzines to appear of late. I'm even willing to forgive their idiosyncratic love of fan fiction because of the often brilliant written material that accompanies it and the always striking artwork of Mike Streff. The second issue features a brilliant humorous satire by D.H. Carter which rates easily as one of the outstanding fanzine contributions of the year (it's about freeways, cloverleaves, and traffic patterns, but it's *superb!*) with a devastating "Twelve Ways to Know You're a Successful SF Writer" and the usual trappings of fanzine reviews, locs, reviews and minor articles. (Let's ignore the fanfic in the hope that it will go away.) Artwork by Streff and Jack Gold is striking indeed, and QUANTUM is definitely a fanzine to look out for.

A fanzine is often dependent on the talent of its editor, and RUNE is the perfect example of this. The clubzine of the Minneapolis sf group has risen to positively amazing heights under the able guidance of Fred Haskell. Fred is stepping down soon, and it will be interesting to see what becomes of RUNE. What makes RUNE currently by far the best clubzine I've ever seen (and one of the best genzines) is a combination of the absolutely brilliant hand-stencilled fannish artwork of Reed Waller and Ken Fletcher, the excellent writing of Minneapolis fen such as David Emerson and Denny Lien (whose fanzine column and Aussiecon report respectively make the last two RUNEs possibly two of the best damn fannish fanzines of the year) and the monstrous lettercol generated by the sheer friendly fannish comic strips, and RUNE is certainly one of the most entertaining and worthwhile fannishly oriented fanzine you can latch on to.

Rob Jackson's MAYA is easily the best looking of the current English fanzines and happily it's also one of the best. The tenth issue of this offset genzine has a beautiful if somewhat puzzling cover by David Hardy and combines both serious (a symposium on media reaction to sf and Doug Barbour on Tiptree) and fannish material (articles by Bob Shaw and myself, fanzine reviews by Malcolm Edwards) with Rob's own well-written thoughts and an eclectic international lettercol. Good graphics, superior fannish artwork: MAYA is most definitely an excellent introduction to English fandom and is highly recommended.

You don't have to be offset and have lots of experience to produce a good fanzine, however. The first BRICK 'N BOARD JOURNAL from Cheryl Cline and Lynn Kuehl is a well dittoed, attractive, slightly-sercon fanzine I found most enjoyable and impressively well done. A reasonable and well written article on THE FEMALE MAN and copious book and prozine reviews are the dominant feature of this initial effort, although a quite brilliant satire on certain aspects of American life as shown by the assassination of JFK would be my own nominee for highlight of the issue. Also present is long-gafiated old time fan Art Widner who is the mentor of the editors, and hopefully will be providing fannish material in the future. Lynn suggests that future issue will be somewhat more fannish than this first and this promises to be a fanzine to look forward to.

One of the nicest aspects of fandom is that people really care about each other, and that caring tends to result in very nice gestures at times. Larry Downes has published THE CY CHAUVIN MEMORIAL FANZINE to honour his friend Cy and in thanks for the help, support and friendship Cy has given him. This is the sort of thing that makes me proud to be a fan. A lot of Cy's friends (Mike Glycer, Sheryl Smith, Jim Goddard, etc) have taken the opportunity to heap abuse on Cy's curly-haired head and if you know Cy, know of him, or would like to see an example of a rather rare type of fanzine (there have been only three such special issues that I know of) this is an interesting mutant variation of the



genus, fanzine.

Several of the very best writers in fandom today live in England and publish small personalzines with limited printruns so that the majority of fans couldn't get a copy even if they wanted to. I've got Roy Kettle's TRUE RAT, John Brosnan's SCABBY TALES, and Greg Pickersgill's STOP BREAKING DOWN sitting here. Any one of them is worth more than 95% of the rest of the fanzines being published. But you probably can't get them, so there's little point in telling you that you're missing probably the finest writing currently appearing in fandom. Luckily, though, there is an English fannish genzine that features a lot of really excellent writing, even if it isn't quite the peer of the three fanzines mentioned above. Pat & Graham Charnock publish WRINKLED SHREW, a delightfully irreverent fanzine of the fannish persuasion. Their fifth issue is highlighted by the second installment of Roy Kettle's fannish reminiscences. It helps to have had a little contact with English fandom, but Kettle just may be the best fanwriter there is, so his material is always enjoyable whether you know what he's talking about or not. There's a meaty lettercolumn, a cleverly worked out game based on fandom, and personally oriented articles by other English fans. Graham is a superb exponent of the drunkenly-humorous-cynical mode of expression, and Pat is developing into a fine writer as well. SHREW is a hell of a lot of fun to be a part of.

Fanzine activity most definitely goes in cycles. Some years the big fat genzines are all over the place, then apas become the rage, and then small and intimate personalzines. Right now we seem to be into an area of personalzines as the preferred form of fannish expression. I happen to find that A Good Thing, although it might be a bit bewildering for the new fan looking for articles about How Science Fiction Can Save Our Future. If the fanzines I've mentioned tend to be fannish and/or personalzines, that reflects the prevailing atmosphere of this time in fandom. I'm hoping you'll try a few of the fanzines I've recommended: if you enjoy good writing and find people interesting, I think you'll be glad you did.

#### FANZINES MENTIONED

MOTA , 866 N. Frederick St., Arlington VA 22205. 18pg, mimeo. Usual or request.

THANGORODRIM, 206 St. George #910, Toronto ONT, Canada M5R 2N6. 20pg, mimeo. Usual or 3/\$1.50

BOOWATT, 616-415 Edison Ave., Winnipeg MAN, Canada R2G 0M3. 12pg, mimeo. 25¢, 12/\$2

QUANTUM, 1171 Neeb Rd, Cincinnati OH 45238. 67pg, digest offset. \$1, 6/\$5. Some usual.

RUNE, 343 E 19th St #8B, Minneapolis MN 55404. 66pg, mimeo. 50¢, usual, sub included in Minicon registration. (Probably the best fanzine value in terms of cost!)

MAYA, 21 Lyndhurst Rd., Benton, Newcastle Upon Tyne NE12 9NT, England. A4 offset. Usual, 4/\$3. Worth it.

BRICK 'N BOARD, 4158 Pickwick Dr., Concord, CA 94521. 24pg, ditto. Usual, stamps, editorial whim.

CY CHAUVIN MEMORIAL, 21960 Avon, Oak Park, MI 48237. 28pg, offset. Usual or \$1

WRINKLED SHREW, 70 Ledbury Rd, London W11 England. 46pg, mimeo. Usual. Worth \$1 easily.



+++++  
WAY BACK WHEN -- from the depths of the Black Hole . . . .  
+++++

Jackie Franke June 75: Kelly Freas and Andy Offutt both mentioned that "How Can I Become a Writer/Artist?" was one of the more peevish queries tossed at them at conventions. Not what should I do, what should I study/practice/learn, but by what magic do they attain that title. The aim of any aspiring craftsman should not be to be published by any means, but to polish their talent until they are producing good enough material that it will be bought. Some keep churning out drivel that won't be accepted by any paying market because it's simply too worthless; yet because some fanzine will run it, the aspiring writer feels he's got IT, whatever that is, and fails to learn to rewrite. That's why I feel fanzines should avoid fan-written fiction (as opposed to fan-oriented fiction, which is another kettle of fish entirely). It causes raised hopes for people who either haven't reached, or never will, the level where hope should begin."

D. Gary Grady June 75: "Sex is not work... Two Navy Chiefs were discussing this very subject. One was of the opinion that sex was 70% work and 30% fun, and the other reversed those figures. They saw a seaman recruit walking by, and decided to employ him as an impartial judge to decide the matter. After each Chief had presented his case, they asked the young sailor to render his verdict. He thought and pronounced, 'Sex is 100% fun. If there were any work involved you'd have us doing it for you.'"

Stuart Gilson July 75: "Astrology may have its origins buried deep in superstition and mythology, although I hardly see how this detracts from its credibility, since many of our now widely accepted scientific beliefs also developed from similar 'disreputable' sources. "

Paul Di Filippo July 75: "In a recurrent dream I had as a child, I was some sort of construction contractor, hired to build a highway across the galaxy. Soon I was spreading these shining, jeweled, cotton-candy roads between the stars. But I could not go fast enough, even though I accelerated my building horribly. The due date came and I wasn't done. My employers came to invoke the penalty clause. They would always appear as a dot way off in the interstellar distances. The dot grew larger and larger until I could see that they were awesome, unearthly, menacing machines with huge, gaping mouths, snarling and yelling for my death. God! How frightened I was of them. Fortunately, I always awoke just as they closed in on me."

Robert J. Whitaker July 75: "I have a very odd recurring dream about a book I have written. I can recall only one line: 'If I were to be two people, would I have an identity crisis?'"

Randall D. Larson July 75: "I think a lot of authors create a fictional protagonist in their own image. To me, Robert Bloch resembled Lefty Peep quite a bit. Jack Finney just might be a collector of seed pods. Asimov might need a little oiling around the hinges...."

Jim Meadows III July 75: "During high school I contributed a lot of sloppy stuff for our low poer FM station. If I hadn't had those 4 years of bumbling around I wouldn't have the headstart at SIU in broadcasting. The fact that a few dozen people might be listening kept me going to the point that at college I have the chance to do things on a less sloppy scale. And I would say it is the same with fan fiction; it isn't the only way to start writing, but it's a good way. It has a good reason for existing. So let's let it do so, for those who like it."

Paul Walker July 75: "I would like to see censorship of some sort of both sex and violence in the media, but I see no intelligent way of achieving it. Not as long as our moral institutions are in the hands of conservatives, and our cultural institutions have a dubious concept of morality. We have not yet achieved a lifestyle for the masses, especially for the young, that would make a violent lifestyle seem obsolete and unromantic (which it is). And until we do evolve a lifestyle that is superior in giving the individual a sense of power and purpose without having to resort to violence, we will never be in a position to censor the media intelligently. The fact is that for many in our society, some form of violence is their only means of achieving self-respect and status within their environments."



\* \* \* \* \*  
AN ASTROLOGICAL EXPERIMENT by Eric Mayer

Anyone who has ever read the astrology column in his newspaper and compared predictions with reality has performed an experiment yielding negative results. Apparently, astrology violates the most basic requirement for any scientific system. It doesn't work. Why, then, has it managed to survive for over 6000 years? Not even a religion has managed to fool people for that long!

I decided the subject was worth investigating. I soon found that the familiar sun signs are only one of many astrological considerations, and not necessarily the most important. The earth, moon and planets are in constant motion, the angles between them shift continually, year after year so that at any moment, from any place on earth, the heavens appear to have a unique configuration. Instead of having only 12 zodiacal niches to place people in, true astrologers are confronted with an infinity of possibilities.

Skeptics will wonder how a distant planet can possibly affect a person's psyche. This question assumes, without basis, that correlation equals cause and effect. It also ignores the empirical foundation of science. Though scientists are still attempting to discover how gravity works, no one doubts that it does work. The laws of gravitation have proven themselves again and again, both on earth and in space.

Astrologers claim to have proved, empirically, that certain planetary configurations affect a person's character ((or correlate with??)) in predictable ways. They have codified these findings into what amounts to laws. In drawing up a horoscope and reading it, an astrologer refers to these laws.

A short time ago Donn Brazier sent me a list containing date, time and place of birth, along with sex, for a dozen unidentified readers of TITLE and himself. I drew up horoscopes with the aid of two books -- THE COMPLEAT ASTROLOGER by Derek and Julia Parker, a fine, self-contained, how-to-do-it book, and A TO Z HOROSCOPE MAKER AND DELINEATOR by Llewellyn George, a long, exhaustive "textbook of astrology".

I'm not an experienced astrologer, but these readings aren't very complex. A person who reads two books on astronomy won't be able to compute the distance to Mars by triangulation but, if there's any truth to the science, he should be able to point out the planet in the night sky.

In the paragraphs I sent Donn I've attempted to point out clearly and straightforwardly, the most obvious aspects of the subjects' personalities. They should be obviously recognizable as correct or incorrect. I hope they're correct. My chart does say I have a "flair for astrology". But mainly I'm curious: does astrology work?

*((Brazier here. I broke Eric's paragraphs into "bits" and sent the complete lists to all participants with directions for them to score each bit and determine arithmetically which "Case" fit best; each case was ranked by score, also. Not all returns are in, and so the results will have to wait until the next issue. As an intuition/probability check, I may print each paragraph in the next issue to see if any readers not surveyed can recognize or make a good guess as to the unknown identities from minute clues or whatever. So far this has been a fascinating project for both Eric and me.))*



# IMMOLOGY

Stephen H. Dorneman: "I'm thinking of putting out a special issue of WELTANSCHAUUNG this summer on extraterrestrial life, possibilities and implications. If anyone has a thought along these lines, especially along the socio-moral import lines, drop me a note." (( 221 S. Gill St., State College, PA 16801.))

John Robinson: "The N3P Short Story Contest needs publicity. I'm trying to get the Directorate to increase the prizes to \$25, \$15, and \$10. ((That's up \$5 for win, place and show.)) How about sending me a summary description of the Ms.Bureau and its services for the Non-Neffers brochure."

Fredric Wertham: "In the British fanzine K #1 Dave Rowe says: 'Title is a highly enjoyable zine and has almost everything U.K. fanzines lack: regularity, Plenty of Reaction and enthusiasm.' Praise abroad is contemporary immortality."

Ron Rogers: "R A D I X EGOZINE was unique, and is now a separate fanzine. I don't regret doing it, but I would be unhappy to see people stay away from R A D I X because they think it is full of racist writing. Doggonit, Mike, you are affecting my circulation. ((Mike Glicksohn gave EGOZINE a bad review.)) Ah, well, nobody ever said fandom was going to be easy. 'Watch out for those pits and dark shadows,' they said; 'Some day, somewhere, somehow, a big monstrous BNF is gonna reach out and chew you up. It's a hard life, Rogers. It's a hard life.'"

Cathy McGuire: "Mike's zine-reviews are good, but I totally disagree with him about R A D I X. I loved it! Granted, a lot of the articles were opinionated & outspoken but I prefer that to articles which say nothing in a wishy-washy way. At least there are points that I can discuss in my LoCs (much like Mike's strong opinions leave something to be argued. And because one writer doesn't write the things he likes is no reason to put down the whole zine. And it's no fair putting down a zine that he admittedly didn't finish. But I guess our tastes differ-- he liked SHAMBLES & I thought it was the worst of all the ones I've gotten."

Steve Sneyd: "Came as a bit of a shock to see myself down as a malpractiser in cold print, particularly without being given a chance to offer explanation beforehand. There was a cockup in my system for which I apologise. But the point about multiple submissions does raise interesting further points. Am I justified, after a reasonable period of time, say 12 months, in submitting ms. elsewhere? Two years go past without any signs? I certainly wouldn't dream of submitting multiple as a deliberate act. But a writer, unless he is willing to consign a lot of work to permanent limbo, has got to take the risk occasionally that bad communications or general foul-ups will lead to a case where some publication thought long dead revives just in time to deliver a blast over 'multiple submissions'. A bit like the guy who returns after 8 years and plays hell because his wife has remarried.. I think the question is much more grey than yr black & white view." ((I did see it black & white and did so out of pique that I hadn't been able to use the story in my file and shocked to see it in EMPIRE. My excuse is that time flies by fast for me now, and two years is just a couple of yesterdays. So, I apologise that we didn't communicate along the line, and that I didn't let you know personally instead of rushing into print.))

Victoria Vayne: "I started out with the idea to make SIMULACRUM a thematic genzine, trying a different topic each issue; but soon realized there were not enough topics. Also, some of the feedback to the first issue seemed to say that people preferred a mixed bag; and I prefer it myself. I plan one more thematic issue, #4, on ecology and doomsday; but the whole issue won't be entirely thematic. My hopes at the moment is that SIMULACRUM will be a fannish genzine, with light, informal writing. Occasionally I'll run something sercon-- have a Barbour article waiting for #3. No fan fiction, but faanish fiction is a possibility. When I was first exposed to fanzines, I was surprised that so many of them had nothing to do with SF; but I've come a long ways since then. I feel I have above average mimeo quality." ((Understatement!))



# S F P A T C H

Dennis Jarog: "What happened to the old sense of wonder that has been kicked around by the academics for so many years? Personally I read SF as well as fantasy simply because it gives me enjoyment that I can not quite put my finger on, but it's something that I don't find in mainstream fiction. As I see it there aren't many hard SF writers around today; SF as well as the larger society seems to be on an anti-technological binge. Note for instance that a group of scientists recently became so alarmed at the growth in popularity of astrology that they issued a statement denouncing it. Yet these anti-science people will loudly complain when the garbage disposal and the electric can opener fail to work." ((Issuing statements harks of the Dark Ages; I think Eric Mayer's investigation, though comparatively rude and small-sampled, ought to be done on a large, statistically controlled level.))

Jeff Hecht: "I do have at least a general knowledge of what all that LASER FOCUS ((Jeff's technical journal)) jargon means. I can use it, although there's some of it that I can't explain. That's one of the tricks of journalism, and I guess that's my current label/role. I think that some of this jargon has a nice flow to it, and I'll take bits and pieces of it into my fiction writing. This gives me lines like "The computer talked to itself of blackbodies and bremstrahlung," which if nothing else have a nice sound to them. Moreover, they do have a level of meaning. If you're talking about some sort of 'hyperspace', you have to throw in a little something that sounds like quantum mechanics--there's so much inherent ambiguity in the very topic of quantum mechanics that nothing could better describe an idea like hyperspace. ((Jeff has made two sales recently: a non-fic laser article to ANALOG, a SF fiction or fantasy (?) to DATAMATION, a computer tradezine.))

Frank Balazs: "I find that when reading a really good story, I will stop whenever something strikes me to savor. A great concept, a humorous line, a clever name, whatever it is that halts my reading to appreciate it. James Branch Cabell takes a while to read as a result." ((I do this, too, but I wonder if this suspension of narrative flow is the mark of a poor writer or a good one?))

Denis Quane: "K.Allen Bjorke's characterization of SF as a low-paying market, a ghetto, ignores one point in favor of SF-- a market for new writers. It is one of the only remaining large steady markets left for the short story. Sure, THE NEW YORKER, ATLANTIC and PLAYBOY publish some short stories, but how many does that amount to over the course of a year? And there's little chance of cracking those markets unless you're already a big name. The short story is a better investment of a writer's time until he knows he can make it as a pro. But where else but in SF is there a real demand for the short story? And where else but in SF is a story likely to go on making money as it is reprinted in anthologies, etc. The bad side of this is that editors are so desperate for material that they will print some godawful garbage just to fill up a page. The existence of a steady market has drawn into the field too many who would not be writing SF if it weren't the only good market available-- the kind of writer whose idea of what makes a good short story were picked up in a college 'creative writing' class."

Bill Breiding: "I've regained my sense of wonder again for SF. You'll never guess who helped? Arthur C. Clarke. I've finally started getting



into the Old Masters, and now know why they are the Great Ones of SF. I just got through reading THE CITY & THE STARS, and it was like reading something in SF for the first time again. I was left totally inspired and renewed with hope that I could again retain my sense of wonder & get a meaning out of it! The way Clarke handles his characterizations is just too perfect! He gets to the basics of a person and yet can retain an overview of the cosmos and all that's happening. Since reading that I've started getting into SF short stories (something I never did before). In the anthology MIND PARTNER I was turned on again by Cordwainer Smith."

Paul Di Filippo: "I always enjoy SF stories that feature odd symbiotic relations (or master-slave relations) between man and animals. Some things about animals are so alien as to almost defy understanding. I always thought dung-beetles were a bit alien; trap-door spiders too. Not to mention nest-building fish (what does it protect them from, the weather?)"

Lester Boutillier: "How does MONTY PYTHON AND THE HOLY GRAIL qualify for a Hugo nomination? Where's the stf in it? I can see SLEEPER and YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN-- but MONTY PYTHON?"

Roy Tackett: "I highly recommend Shea and Wilson's ILLUMINATUS. This is supposed to be a trilogy published by Dell and the first two volumes are on the stands. ((As of last November)) They are THE EYE IN THE PYRAMID and THE GOLDEN APPLE. The third volume, LEVIATHAN, should be out shortly. ((Perhaps it is by now.)) An utterly fantastic piece of writing. To be read slowly and not skimmed. Skimming leads only to utter confusion."

Loay Hall: "andy j offutt's SWORD OF THE GAEL (Zebra Books) is excellent! I for one hope that Zebra ties andy down and -- at sword-point if necessary-- forces him to write another Cormac Mac Art novel! His style, while not exactly Howardian, at times surpasses that of the Old Master, and his version of Wulfhere the Skull-splitter (my favorite character in the Cormac Mac Art series) is superior to REH's. andy is becoming a writer's writer!"

Eric Mayer: "I read and enjoyed THE EARLY ASIMOV, THE EARLY DEL REY, BEFORE THE GOLDEN AGE, SPACE OPERA, THE BEST OF PLANET STORIES and other vintage collections. My reading in 1975 has convinced me that the sf of the Golden Age was a unique, fascinating and highly worthwhile form of literature as compared to the largely superfluous sf of the present day which is, for the most part, a poor imitation of contemporary literature rather grotesquely dressed in a few rags of sf cliches in order to find a market. A lot of the early sf stories were not concerned with style or characterizations, but with ideas. Maybe the ideas were shallow or ridiculous, but even so, I have to think that to base a story on an idea is just as legitimate as basing it on character. Present day critics don't agree, of course. They insist on character pre-eminence....as if ideas weren't just as human as personality traits!"

Steve Sneyd: "There's a parallel somewhere between the crime/thriller/private eye genre and sf genre, but I find it hard to pin down what it is. Perhaps it's partly the way that private eye, like a first-contacter in sf has to get into totally new worlds/subcultures and solve 'em damn quick to survive. Or is it just in the possibility of solution at all, a kind of outmoded faith that 'justice' or at least resolution is possible? Maybe I'm just looking for an easy answer to the fact that sf and crime are the two genres I dig most..."



April 20, 1976

Dear Donn,

Well, it appears that my article evoked some response. After careful contemplation, I'm afraid I'm going to have to respond to some of the comments.

About David Taggart's remarks-- yes, sex should be considered from an animal's point of view. I was not advocating animalistic rape, as he seems to feel I was. I am opposed to rape in any form. However, this morning I saw a dog in a sweater and hat. The poor animal was trying to tear the confounded things off, but the owner had him on a tight leash so his freedom of movement was restricted. This bit of sadism was supposed to be 'cute'. It's all right to cut up animals for experiments, to abuse them psychologically (ulcers among pets are becoming more and more frequent), yet let someone mention sexual love for an animal and it is construed as cruel. The animal does have a choice in bestiality (differentiated from animalistic rape). Love is choice. If Taggart argues there is no choice, then I agree there is only lust, not love. However, if both parties are amenable, then there must be love, or at least attraction. Most human marriages are based on much less. Taggart said, "...since the animal has no choice..." The word *since* implies a conclusion. This conclusion must be based on Taggart's own personal experiences and beliefs because nowhere in my article did I advocate giving the sexual partner no choice.

Regarding Jane Fisher's comments-- there's a guy who's been going around for years nibbling on pine tree cones, whispering sweet nothings into its bark, caressing pussy willows and doing a lot of stranger things. His name is Euella Gibbons.

Jodie Offutt's fantasies fascinated me. Why don't you get her to do an article on them, particularly why she would prefer a horse over a cocker spaniel or a siamese? She and the horse can use my place anytime, even though I personally don't see what she sees in the stallion (I'm assuming the horse is male. Of course, these days you never know).

I disagree with C.D.Doyle. Animals can and do love. The problem is that in our narrow-minded, puritanical society, we only have one definition for love, eg. between man and woman. In many states, homosexuality is still punishable by a prison sentence and while in prison, the homosexual must undergo therapy to "cure" him of his disease. We attempt to simplify a complex subject, love, and then wonder why it won't fit our definitions. The Greeks recognized several different types of love. ((Wayne then writes in Greek what appears to be eight different words, none of which I can read.)) Cannot love between two people of the same sex be equally valid? Why must love be limited to the same species? It is not that people who prefer animals feel unworthy of human love; they prefer the other sort. It is just as futile to assume a lesbian is always a bitch man-hater. Some people prefer one sex, some the other, some something entirely different, but it is a matter of preference, not perversion. You may love someone sexually, but not emotionally, or vice versa, or you may love both ways. Simply because someone chooses to love in a manner different from yours does not mean that person has a personality defect. By the way, an animal can get enjoyment out of sex -- their genitals are just as sensitive as a human's. There's no physiological reason why they can't enjoy sex, speaking in generalities of course.

I think I love Dave Szurek. He understood the import of my article per-



fectly. Theologians tell us that man has a soul. Man created Auschwitz, Treblinka, Lubyanika, and countless other atrocities. If that is what a divine soul leads people to do, then I assume animals have no souls' since they have not yet sunk to our level of depravity. A soulless state is enviable.

In response to Ned Brooks' admonition to stay away from his iguana-- the thought of it taxes my imagination. Besides, doesn't he know that sexual jealousy is outmoded?

Well, Donn, there's your next month's TITLE. I was gratified by the response, some serious, some not. I attempted to reply in a like manner, so the tenor of my letter does shift quite a bit. However, I think I will hold off an article I've been researching on necrophilia. I was surprised by some of the responses regarding whether or not animals feel, think, love, etc. It seems that our level of concern is based on the communication level we have with the creature. For instance, if a dog whimpers, everyone is concerned. Yet, how many times are fish tossed out on the dock and left to drown in air? Hardly merciful. Yet, would we do it if a fish could scream? I suppose the reason underlying this is the same reason we dislike people who speak a different language or look different.

While I'm rambling, one thing I've noticed lately is a lot of women taking out repressed motherhood desires on pets, like talking to them in "baby talk", dressing them in clothes, and treating them like children. No wonder the number of dog bites are increasing each year. The pets are as neurotic as their masters. And how many people keep a couple of Great Danes or Saint Bernards in a one-bedroom apartment? Talk about cruelty to animals. Oh well, nothing makes much sense. Anyway, Donn, you do have more guts than any other editor I know in printing PASIPHAE and in the end I guess that's what counts. Thanks for printing it. Now, if the dust would settle.....

Go Well,  
Wayne Hooks

#### A FEW MORE REMARKS ABOUT PASIPHAE

Jim Meadows: "I find myself grating with the assumption that because we misuse animals in other ways, it is good and right to misuse them in even more ways. I don't buy that any more than I buy that sex is the 'ultimate fulfillment and ecstasy of love'. I resent the insinuation that I have to have sex with anyone to show how deeply I love them, man, woman, or animal."

Cathy McGuire: "Glad to see that the readers took Hook's article calmly as either serious or joke. In almost any mundanazine, after the editor had been hung, the zine would have been burned. Fans are open-minded, maybe because we deal with strange possibilities. But are fen open-minded because they're fen or fen because they're open-minded? I do not consider bestiality worthy

of becoming the newest fad--'Forget your pet rock- get your pet's rocks' etc."

Jessica Salmonson: "...mentioned in therapy group that women couldn't be thinking of making it with dogs. Got several blank stares, followed by admissions from every other participant in the group that they had those fantasies. Looking deeper into my own sexuality, I remembered fantasizing about making love to a female centaur."

K.Allen Bjorke: "There are at least some rules required for a stable society: one of ours is that bestiality is forbidden, or at least frowned upon. But some people are always hacking away at almost any rule. The whole idea seems gross, 'just not natural'."



TITLE #51 June 1976  
Editor: Donn Brazier  
1455 Fawnvalley Dr  
St. Louis, Mo. 63131  
USA

Obtainable for the usual; one sample copy for 25¢. Continued receipt guaranteed by any sort of response in a three-month period, though I reserve the right to limit circulation at 125 copies.

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\*\*\*\*\*

Some people thought I was going to replace names in the body of TITLE with numbers-- no. The numbers are just to let loccers know that some mail was received during a given month. And so, the following readers "clocked in" during the calendar month of April:

(a \* means a second letter)

A2, 6 B1\*, 2, 3, 4\*, 5, 6\*, 8, 9,  
10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15\*, 17, 19  
C1, 2\*\*, 11, 12, 14, 16 D1\*, 4,  
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+ + + + +

4, 7 K2 L3 M1\*\*\*, 2, 5  
7, 8\* O1 P1, 2 R3\*, 4, 5  
S1\*, 2, 3, 4\*\*, 6\*, 9\*, 12  
T2, 3 V1 W1\*, 2\*, 5, 6\*, 9,  
11 Z1

That's 75 different people. The date today, as I type this last stencil, is May 1. Any LoC arriving today is not in the listing above.

Roger Elwood's prozine ODYSSEY is nowhere to be found in St. Louis. I did find a store that carries LOCUS, ALGOL, and SF REVIEW and other fandom-type publications. Found out about this store at the second meeting of the 'nameless' group last night at Phil Shref-fler's home.

SEE YOU AT AUTOCLAVE!