



SELF PORTRAIT BY

BEN INDICK

STUDYING THE HOT JULY TITLE #52

zzzzzzzzzz



I HAVEN'T  
GOT ANY  
FAULTS EXCEPT  
THINKING I  
HAVEN'T ANY  
FAULTS.



May 19....Short Ribs...Out of the blue comes a card from Doug Leingang who, hearing of AutoClave, says he can't make it and wants me to take his card along so he'll 'be represented'. Sure will, and it would have been so nice to see you at the bonfire.... Wayne Hooks (seriously folks) is researching for an article on fandom and racism. He wants no essays or arguments, just facts. Are there any minority group fans who attend cons, who are active in fandom? I myself don't think I have any minority group Titlers, and I've never wondered about it. To my recollection I've seen just one black at a convention. If you are from a minority group (or have any statistics or observations to pass along) send info direct to Wayne at his CoA: 2200 Chalfont Dr., Apt 28, Richmond VA 23224.....Someone thought, from my name alone, that I must be 40 years old. Man, that's old! For the newcomers to TITLE, I'm headed for 59 this year, October. I'm older than Ben Indick. And he's still got a mop of red hair-- he cleans out the drugstore with it!..... I've done it again. I've confused two pretty female fans. It's Jane Fisher who reviews fmz in SHADOW, not Cathy McGuire, though Cathy has reviewed zines for TNFF and TITAN..... Cathy McGuire asks why TITLE is not the proper zine to coax neos into fandom. I made that statement because most neos are very

interested in science-fiction, which T more or less ignores; and they don't know too many people yet and so might find the personal references boring. Like you've got to be well-versed to appreciate the references to Ben Indick. Well, you've got to be something. Unless you're a clairvoyant like the neo who thought that Bob Tucker was a namebrand bocze..... Always gifts and trinkets coming my way. A delightful "Indian Nations Council- Oklahoma" arm or pocket patch from Ed Cagle (who, by the way, Wayne, is part Indian-- and no need to mention the part). Ed is up to his Indian part in terrifying Boy Scouts (it's the Scouts who are terrified as Ed's bloodshot eyes greet the dawning sun)....Tony Cvetko and Stephen Dorneman both jumped on me for my negative remarks about sex "research". The S.Ill. study could only prove something about the effect of marijuana on men who watch porn movies. This is not something of scientific interest; what's needed is research to determine the effect of marijuana on sex habits/drives/etc. But since the "drug" is outlawed I see little point even in the answer to that question. Now Masters and Johnson studied sex in the laboratory with test-sensors attached, and with machine partners. I'm 59 now, but I don't think there ever was a time I could perform in such a situation. The whores (male & female) who were hired for the research are not, in my mind, a representative sample of the population. I don't think I could get excited by a cow-milking machine, or even a cow, Mr.Hooks! I've said about the famous Freud, too, that he drew conclusions from the visibly and admitted sick ones of society, and for that reason I've always had a certain amount of disrespect for his detailed conclusions.....People keep sending me books. Bill Bliss sent a copy of Brad Steiger's MYSTERIES OF TIME AND SPACE. Pyramid Books sends me every so often about 3-4 paperbacks in a package addressed (for some reason) to TITLE 4. With that "4" constantly used, perhaps they think I'm a Federal Agency. The latest received are: SCOP, GIANTS IN THE DUST, and one I'll probably read, ANALOG ANNUAL.....Last week Leigh Couch brought her class on a museum field trip, and I ran into her at the entrance, at which time I was so happy to see her (after a long time) I kissed her cheek-- probably embarrassed her in front of the kids. She handed me the program booklet from Mini-con 11 at which she and her husband Norb were fan GoH's.....

Jim Lang, 162 Fifth St., Hicksville, NY 11801, is planning his first issue of DRAGONTONGUE and wrote me for material (of my own or from the NFFF Mss Bureau). Fresh in my mind was a brief meeting I had had with Billy Atwood, a stuntman who had flown one of the airplanes around King Kong, as the King clung to the top of the Empire State Building. So I wrote it up for his zine (two pages)(my article, not his zine). If, as sometimes happens, my article is rejected or the zine fails to appear, I'll run the piece in TITLE. Ever hear of the "Recency Effect"? This is something I've noticed, and made up my own name for it because I'm too uninformed to know if it has a legitimate name. When you finally notice something, or have an association with something, it is only a matter of hours or weeks before the same subject keeps popping up. Eldon Everett sent me a letter on May 20 calling my attention to a new 8x10 Avon paperback called THE GIRL IN THE HAIRY PAW, a collection of articles on the KING KONG movies. It contains an article by Eldon entitled "H.Rider Haggard- Creator of King Kong". Then, this morning the newspaper carried a picture of the 47 foot model of KK to be used in one of the two movies forthcoming that Billy Atwood told me about (but my article is more about Billy's experiences in the first film).

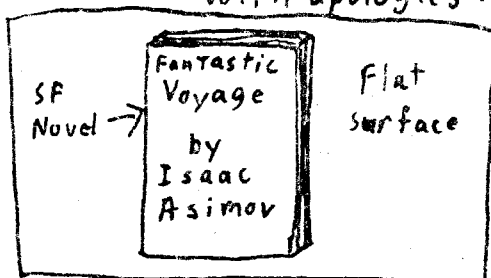
Tony Cvetko and Mark Sharpe both sent me a copy of ODYSSEY #1. Contrary to some others who reviewed the zine, I liked it. The zine has a faanish flare, both in outlook and stories. The stories, if not the best in the world perhaps, are at least SF. Bob Bloch has a fanzine-con/fandom story full of outrageous puns and references! Paul Walker's interview with Zenna Henderson was reprinted. One can overlook the ads just as one overlooks TV commercials-- somebody has to pay the freight. I believe I'll subscribe.

People are still sending me dreams...good! One, from a young lady, was about me! (It's not what you might be thinking!) One from Dave Szurek concerns his troubles in trying to get to AutoClave, and, bear this in mind, he lives in Detroit. You can imagine, say, the problem Don Ayres might have coming all the way from Hollywood to meet fellow snake lovers. Starring in Dave's dream was Larry Downes, who Dave has never met. Another star was a Titler (identity forgotten) except he had a beard and might have been Mike Glicksohn or Ben Indick. There was a typical nightmarish mixup of assorted street busses, cars, six-packs, being lost, and the con being held at Belle Isle Park instead of Howard Johnson's Motor Lodge. The park had buildings and an amusement park section which don't exist in the real park. Finally getting there, they found the place deserted almost except for a few fans who ignored them. So they ate some bad food, and Dave caught another bus, a suburban express coach, whose driver "vehemently insisted that it was unlawful to discharge passengers before destination, and furthermore refusing to drive Dave back on the return trip." Stranded, a prisoner, Dave then heard people saying that a bus strike had just developed among all incoming busses. Dave never did get to AutoClave, but hopes to in real life. He asks, "Do you have any idea what this dream meant, other than that I was asleep?" ((Dave, I think you really want to come to AutoClave, but that you're scared of people. Remember, folks, all fans wear underwear just like you do. Oh, they don't...?))

Dave Haugh came up with an original idea... 1) Plateosaurus - famous dinophilosopher; 2) Alamosaurus - hit by Mexican truckdriver while crossing Texas expressway (now extinct); 3) Camptosaurus - drove a VW microbus, eats beans, was first gas driven vehicle; 4) Phytosaurus- big promotor, tried to set up match between Tyrannosaurus Rex and Homoerectus (No Takers!); 5) Lambosaurus- 18 inch thick wool, avoided by predators since he left terrific hairballs; 6) Brachiosaurus- coughed a lot, finally moved to Arizona. ((Other suggestions?))

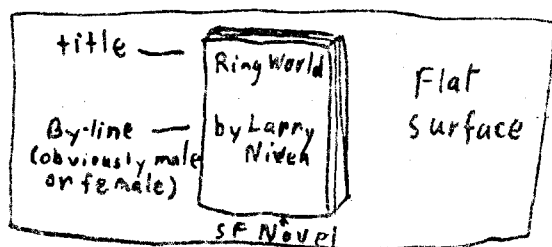
# NOW TO SEX YOUR SF NOVEL

By Anna M. Schappenhorst + Carolyn "C.D." Doyle  
With apologies to Don Ayres + Jim Bheam

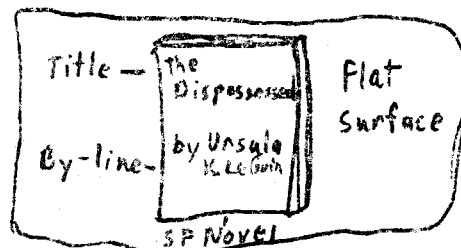


Actually, this is a procedure to determine the sex of the author of the sci-fi book. It only works if you assume the book and the author are of the same gender.

To begin, lay the novel in question on a flat surface in front of you (if you have some way of accurately perceiving what is behind you, you could also lay it on a flat surface in back of you, though, unless you have two copies of the same book, you cannot accomplish both simultaneously).

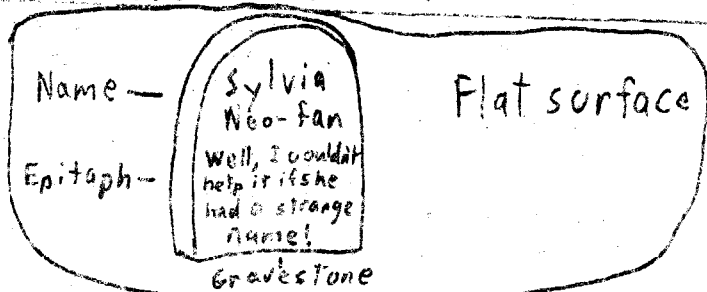


The name on the "by-line" should be obviously male or female. Which ever, this is most likely the sex of your book. However, if the name on the "by-line" is M.L. Foster, or Terri Cerr, or Marakeil Alekheim, you may have some trouble determining its gender. If you run into this situation...



Examine the "by-line" (see illo), a small line of type usually below the "title" that normally begins with the word "by", carefully. Ordinarily there will be a name after the word "by". This is the key to the gender of your novel.

\*not related to the zine.



... we suggest that you do not write any reviews, letters of compliment (or disdain) or anything else requiring the knowledge of the sex of your science fiction novel. Not only might the novel be upset at a mistake, the author might be a bit unnerved also. Tis quite embarrassing (amongst other things) to receive a reply to a letter addressed "Mr. McIntyre" signed "Ms. McIntyre", and downright unpleasant to receive a letter-bomb with it.

C.D.



+ THE BITE OF THE  
CON BUG !

Minicon has infected me with con fever; for months beforehand I was in a state of excitement, and now that I've actually experienced the thrill of attending, I can sincerely say it was the happiest time of my life. I mean that genuinely; I've had time to recollect my senses and look back upon that weekend with a critical eye, and I can recall no time in my life that I've felt such joy and satisfaction.

an extract of a  
letter from.....

STUART GILSON

Before leaving for Minneapolis by bus at about 6 o'clock in the morning with James Hall, I had misgivings over the physical demands the con would make, expecting to get little sleep, I was fearful that I would function at less than top capacity and thus not enjoy everything to the fullest. Little did I know. As events turned, so furiously was the adrenaline flowing, I survived on less than six hours sleep throughout the entire three days, and even then had to force my eyes to shut.

Quite frankly, what I wasn't prepared for was the *emotional* drain; for I was introduced into a wonderful atmosphere that I never before experienced, a feeling of happiness all around, a sense of sharing and friendship. There, assembled in a single hotel, were many of fandom's greatest minds (can't say the same for their livers, though), people whose accomplishments impressed me as enviable and larger-than-life; these individuals I was hesitant in confronting (not to mention numerous pros freely circulating), and was confident they would be so pre-occupied with matters of their own that I would never fit into the mainstream of the convention.

You can imagine my surprise, then, when I discovered that both fan and pro alike were available for a friendly exchange of greetings, even for lengthy conversations. And the nature of such talks! Nowhere have I known such a variety of topics, or such generally intelligent discourse. Everyone regarded the other attendees as *equals*, and in consequence the con was free of tension, everything open and relaxed, nothing inhibited. To me this sense of *family* was exhilarating, probably responsible for my limitless store of energy and enthusiasm.

Once settled in our room, James Hall, Randy Reichardt, and I eventually wandered into the party suite. I met Allen Bjorke, Dennis Jarog, Rich Bartucci, Rick Sternbach, Ed Hamilton, Bob Tucker (incredible man), Dave Wixon, Ken Fletcher, and Mike Glicksohn (although I might be mistaken there as he signed my program book 'Gardner S. Dubious'. I must say I was tickled by the beer-filled bathtubs, a feature at cons I was unaware of. I satisfied my thirst, however, largely by frequenting the blog bowl.

A panel 'Translating SF into Visual Media', conducted by Ben Bova and Leigh Brackett soon developed into a collective 'exercise in self-pity with trading of woes and dissatisfaction with Hollywood's treatment of novels selected for filming. Lester del Rey pointed out to me afterwards that writers, once they've been paid handsomely, are hardly in a position to criticize. Joe Haldeman informed me that Zelazny received approximately \$50,000 (choke!) for adapting one of his stories, a project that took only two weeks to complete.

The next panel I missed while attempting to solicit Simak's autograph

(unsuccessfully I might add, since he was engaged in a conversation with Bova, to which I politely listened in; it concerned s-f and criticism, a subject which has interested me since I first read IN SEARCH OF WONDER.)

The final panel was surely the highlight of the afternoon, aptly entitled 'The Effect of Alcohol in Science Fiction' and headed by such luminaries as Denny Lien, Gordon Dickson, and Joe Haldeman. Oh yes, Bob Tucker. Finishing off the goodly number of six-packs they carried up with them, they filled the atmosphere with hilarity, punctuated by a number of Jim Beam rituals with a collective 'Smoooooooooooooth' thundering from several hundred fans simultaneously. Saturday night, up in Tucker's room with other assembled fans including the delightful Jackie Franke, I partook in my first personal 'Smoooooooooooooth!', the first of many to follow. I was astounded that Tucker was not once seen to falter, and in fact seemed fortified by the stuff, visibly sinking into the carpet now and then, not intoxicated but rather satisfied.

The banquet was a great success. Rusty Hevelin and Jackie Franke shared the toastmaster job, both doing excellently in an admirable set of introductions for the fan guests of honor, Leigh and Norb Couch, and the pro pair, Ed Hamilton and Leigh Brackett. Hamilton recounted some of his experiences with the old circle of writers, and Brackett expressed her support of the space program. Gordon Dickson here inspired a standing ovation when he stood up during her speech and observed that she and Hamilton had done more to get man on the moon than those who had actually travelled there. After the banquet the MSFS presented Moshe Feder's variant on the 'Music Man', 'The Mimeo Man'. This was funny throughout with excellent acting and singing; a very professionally done production that demanded, according to Sue Ryan, several month's preparation.

I listened for a bit to the filk singers with Fred Haskell energetically strumming his guitar. When I eventually retired at 5 A.M., they were still going strong. At about 10, Allen told me of a spirited party in the Couch's room. Little persuasion was necessary for me to accompany him back. That party was the highpoint of the entire con. If any single event was responsible for indoctrinating me into the ways of fandom, it was that one gathering of wonderful people and the marvelous hospitality of the Couches.

At some time, Bob Tucker sought out a lone damsel and instructed her to approach him on her knees as he got down and hobbled toward her in a similar position until their knees were touching. Suddenly pointing to a non-existent fly on her lips, he did her the favour of 'removing' the creature by kissing her, much to her evident surprise and embarrassment. In keeping with the tradition, she was then to select someone of her own choosing and repeat the same thing. Thinking this was an excellent camera shot, I started to rise from the carpet when my ascent was suddenly stopped by someone hooking her finger through my belt-loop. Turning, I was confronted by a familiar pucker; with Tucker directing me and snickering some advice, I could hardly refuse the poor lass.

One of the most valuable moments was a long talk about all manner of things with Joe Haldeman, toting the Nebula award he had won for FOREVER WAR (a tremendous book, deserving the Hugo). There's lots more but having to leave the hotel was one of the most empty feelings I have ever known. Minicon is an experience I shall never forget; it was literally the realization of a dream.



ASTROLOGICAL  
EXPERIMENT &  
RESULTS

Eric Mayer/ Editor

*Summary of procedure: A number of T-readers sent me, Brazier, their birthdate, time, place, and sex; I sent this date, without names, to Eric Mayer who cast horoscopes & wrote paragraphs describing each unknown CASE. I then broke Eric's paragraphs into factual bits and sent each participant the total CASE descriptions. Each participant scored each bit of each CASE with 1 through 4, where 1 was a perfect match, 2 was maybe half right or conceivably might apply in the future, 3 was a bit that doesn't apply very much though another person might possibly think so, 4 was absolutely wrong, in fact just the opposite. All sheets have been returned, but one had to be thrown out of the statistical study because some bits were not scored. By dividing each CASE bit-total by the number of bits, a number was reached for each CASE from every participant (but that one). The lowest number, if astrology is a fact, would identify the CASE that Eric Mayer cast for the person.*

*Before getting into tables, let me give you the CASEs with the bits plainly set out so that you might have fun a) seeing which CASE comes closest to describing you, b) how far you are away from the mean of 2.50 (average of 1 and 4) in comparison to the participants, c) how near or far in CASE scores from the participants as they selected their own description, which might indicate your compatibility with a given participant.*

CASES

1. (15 bits) will find niche in business world eventually, though probably have several careers during lifetime/ a tenacious worker with ability to see a job through to the end/ terrific powers of concentration/ has very pronounced ideas/ has writing ability/

aims for security and a permanent home/ a good debator but sometimes over-assertive and even quarrelsome/ inwardly shy/ not nearly so outspoken in emotional affairs as in intellectual ones/ adapts easily to changing phases of life, even to discipline/ values independence/ has a sense of justice that causes constant trouble with superiors/ may encounter trouble through fraud or deception/ not above scheming if it's for a good purpose/ knows own self well and maintains a balance between self and the outer world/

2. (14 bits) not ambitious or career oriented/ derives satisfaction from marriage, family and friends/ bright, outgoing personality/ self-willed and frank but with a knack for diplomacy/ tends to be critical of conventions including orthodox religion/ slow to anger, but bad tempered when crossed/ generous in entertaining friends, loves parties/ excellent business sense/ not particularly an original thinker but ideas are always constructive/ likes outdoor activities/ prefers to live in the country to put down roots of life/ expects lively, intellectual stimulation from spouse/ enjoys emotional freedom/ can be overly possessive, a trait leading to occasional tension/

3. (13 bits) highly enthusiastic and energetic/ has great organizational ability/ ambition and hard work indicate sure success, probably in an executive position/ has a special interest in science/ is usually a skeptic, attacking problems analytically/ has a streak of eccentricity leading to occasional gullibility/ is broadminded and sees every side of a problem/ has a flair for drama bringing the subject before the public eye to gain fame, though minimal and short-lived/ is attracted to teaching/ is an idealist, but will work hard for material success/ enjoys good health, but is accident prone/ must work harder at emotional life than at career/ of all the arts, most interested in music/

4. (17 bits) is probably a teacher or a long time student/ has journalistic inclinations and will find a way to make ideas known/ has a sunny disposition/ tends, however, to be overbearing and loves to argue/ inhibitions and feelings of inferiority sometimes a problem/ knows a little about a wide range of subjects/ stubbornly held views, from which subject is not easily swayed, change radically from one day to the next/ at times appears aloof when really unable to give full expression to emotions/ is easily hurt, despite subject's argumentativeness/ career plans are as changeable as subject's opinions/ works too hard, worries too much, and strives for perfection/ occasionally overcome by fatigue and depression/ travel may figure prominently/ must watch finances/ tends to be modern in outlook/ personal independence is of paramount importance/ must learn, eventually, to apply self continuously to a single goal/

5. (17 bits) has a fascinating, even glamorous personality/ is reserved, but friendly/ will do favors readily, more from idealism than personal commitment/ values personal freedom, remaining detached/ hates convention and is generally rebellious and will, at some time, be involved in militant causes/ modern in outlook and cares nothing about public opinion/ is emotionally unconventional, possibly attracted to older members of the opposite sex/ has a scientific mind and may have won or will win prizes at school/ parents may try to push subject into an unwanted career/ hates uncongenial working conditions/ refuses to accept discipline/ tends to suppress emotions/ is given to depressive periods/ has a more than ordinary amount of secretiveness/ needs seclusion/ can be impulsive and intemperate but, in general, has a fine balance of mind/ will probably succeed at whatever subject chooses to do/

6. (15 bits) personality is one of contrasts/ inwardly wishes to approach life with passion and intensity, but is somewhat inhibited and held back by a lack of self-confidence/ has strong desire to establish a firm identity by means of subject's career/ desires an important, challenging career, and can do best work only when challenged/ has writing ability, especially in a critical or satiric vein/ subject's lack of tact can result in ruffled feathers/ may find a career in some form of communications, broadcasting perhaps/ is particularly versatile and could also succeed in business or science/ works best in a partnership/ is unconventional and resents society/ would like to do something to better society but feels lacking in requisite abilities/ works too hard and may even suffer exhaustion or mental collapse/ tends to be unrealistic/ lacks continuity of purpose/ subject's ambitions may be thwarted for a while/

7. (17 bits) a childlike directness about this subject's character/ is self-centered, willful, and impatient to have own way/ is unwilling to be led by others/ is restless, needs stimulation of the sort to be found in exploring some new area of knowledge/ enjoys physical pursuits as well as intellectual ones/ tends to take risks for the fun of it, likes to drive fast cars/ subject may have few close friends/ is outspoken, quarrelsome/ is inclined to pretentiousness or bizarre affectations/ is convinced that self is "someone special"/ is a natural leader, perhaps because subject thinks so/ is especially admired by own generation whose aims subject identifies with strongly/ could attain honors and some prominence/ has tremendous breadth of vision but overlooks details/ handles financial affairs poorly/ must guard against bad judgement, hastiness, nervous strain/ has a tendency to become obsessed with goals subject is unsuited to attain/

8. (16 bits) is deeply emotional, passionate, and likely to become in-



volved in love affairs/ is romantic, may develop attachments to foreigners/ can be frivolous and flirtatious/ has need to express self and live life to the fullest/ at some time in life will try to suppress emotional nature but eventually will strike a balance between that and the more practical side/ wants to be own boss and will work patiently and persistently to that end/ has a strong sense of responsibility/ has desire to lead a well-organized life/ is an optimist/ has a knack for always getting own way/ enjoys especially good and strong family relationships/ loves tranquility/ is a born diplomat/ makes friends easily/ most serious weakness is own indecisiveness, hates to make waves/ talented artistically and shows exceptional skill in crafts/

9. (17 bits) is warmhearted, generous, with a charming disposition/ has some emotional reserve that can make close relationships difficult/ is changeable, often feels the need to be doing more than one thing at a time/ has a deep seated tranquility/ interested in the occult/ tends to depend on a fine intuitive power/ is an excellent judge of character/ has above average intelligence/ tends to concentrate on details at the expense of the broad picture/ is stubborn, likes to have own way, but will accept gentle prodding/ tends to lack ambition but refuses to be pushed along/ is deeply humanitarian, sensitive to suffering/ interested in science, may go into medical research or some related field because of humanitarianism/ may experience numerous ups and downs of fortune/ might encounter difficulty in acquiring an education/ is artistic and a good crafts worker/ subject should fight a tendency to withdraw into secret societies/

10. (17 bits) has fine imagination/ has sharp intellect and an ability to attack old problems in new and unusual ways/ can become a successful writer/ is restless, energetic, feels a constant need to explore scholarly pursuits/ may have nervous problems/ loves reading, but should probably take up some outdoor sport or travel/ is indecisive and unsure of where self is headed/ is easily satisfied with own efforts, too ready to take the path of least resistance/ may stay in school a long time/ may become too wrapped up in the pursuit of occult knowledge/ is plagued by misfortunes and disappointments/ subject's humor tends toward sarcasm/ makes and loses friends quickly/ tends to anger people with impulsive statements/ is jealous and will probably form no stable emotional relationships until a relatively advanced age/ is irritable and mischannels self's energy/ is capable of fine achievements, even wealth, but must continue to struggle despite disappointments and must not settle for too little/

11. (18 bits) possesses above average talents, verging on genius/ is not quite sure where self's talents lie, and may have a difficult time utilizing them/ is a shrewd businessman/ has scientific leanings and a flair for art of some sort/ attempts to take in more knowledge than is humanly possible/ subject's interests are in a constant flux, tends to be a dilettante, must channel efforts more narrowly/ would do best in business but subject is unconventional and imagination runs away with self/ has acquired a hint of persecution complex/ has continual frustration of ambitions/ attracted at one time or another to the counterculture, especially in its more militant and cause oriented manifestations/ is hard to get along with/ likes to air own problems but other people's complaints are boring/ is a good talker/ has developed a tough exterior but inside the subject is soft-hearted/ needs an emotional relationship with someone of an intellectual equal/ is moody, aloof, and worries incessantly/ subject's pride is hurt by failure/ subject will probably come out on top in the end/

12. (15 bits) subject will suffer numerous ups and downs/ there will be personal and even legal disputes/ subject will have bouts of bad health/ has an optimistic outlook and a good sense of humor/ approaches difficulties in a positive manner and is never discouraged/ hard work, ambition, and education will take subject over many obstacles in the path/ is dignified and reserved/ is a bit secretive/ outer shyness masks an inner rebelliousness and passion that subject feels, for some reason, should be suppressed/ has refined tastes/ has musical ability/ tends to turn inward too much, inclines toward self love, conceit, self-ishness/ subject is a humanitarian, most likely to find some unusual occupation serving the public/ can make quick decisions, but they are not always good ones/ desires to be number one in whatever activities engaged in/

13. (13 bits) is above average in intelligence and will attain intellectual achievements or ambitions/ is modest despite genuine talents the subject objectively recognizes/ is at ease around strangers and makes friends easily/ has a fine imagination and keeps it under control/ can size up people and is quick to see through rationalizations and excuses/ enjoys reading and travel in that new subjects intrigue the subject's mind/ is physically attractive to the opposite sex/ is not provincial, tending to be modern in outlook with a concern for a "one world" living in peace and cooperation/ desires short periods of isolation with self, but generally prefers small groups of family or friends around/ does not do well in repetitive, mechanical tasks, especially if imposed by others/ can do better than average in outdoor sports, but is not an expert/ is broadminded and forgives other people easily/ is adept in career areas requiring working with people who carry out subject's ideas/

*RAW SCORES (multiplied by 100) FOR SUBJECT'S 1-10 and 12 FOR EACH DATA*

| CASE | #1  | #2  | #3  | #4  | #5  | #6  | #7  | #8  | #9  | #10 | #12 | CASE |
|------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|------|
| 1    | 160 | 227 | 227 | 253 | 166 | 240 | 193 | 153 | 213 | 207 | 153 | 1    |
| 2    | 163 | 114 | 271 | 207 | 243 | 278 | 192 | 164 | 236 | 250 | 200 | 2    |
| 3    | 207 | 308 | 131 | 269 | 208 | 246 | 223 | 192 | 238 | 200 | 185 | 3    |
| 4    | 229 | 259 | 194 | 153 | 153 | 188 | 147 | 223 | 218 | 218 | 147 | 4    |
| 5    | 188 | 294 | 194 | 212 | 194 | 235 | 188 | 158 | 206 | 253 | 159 | 5    |
| 6    | 240 | 333 | 260 | 186 | 187 | 220 | 206 | 186 | 247 | 247 | 187 | 6    |
| 7    | 229 | 341 | 241 | 282 | 200 | 247 | 218 | 300 | 224 | 329 | 188 | 7    |
| 8    | 287 | 181 | 175 | 200 | 256 | 312 | 250 | 181 | 281 | 313 | 175 | 8    |
| 9    | 253 | 212 | 218 | 247 | 229 | 217 | 229 | 211 | 294 | 259 | 159 | 9    |
| 10   | 265 | 324 | 218 | 175 | 194 | 211 | 235 | 252 | 247 | 200 | 153 | 10   |
| 11   | 239 | 378 | 300 | 194 | 189 | 244 | 300 | 216 | 250 | 250 | 178 | 11   |
| 12   | 220 | 340 | 300 | 221 | 220 | 273 | 220 | 213 | 287 | 227 | 167 | 12   |
| 13   | 215 | 177 | 254 | 192 | 162 | 261 | 231 | 207 | 185 | 277 | 131 | 13   |

Eric Mayer and I have been playing around with these numbers in various ways, postponed until next issue; meanwhile see what you come up with statistically. Participant #11 was not included in data because subject did not score all the bits. Checking each column for lowest score, you'll note that Cases #1,2,3,4 picked their correct horoscopes, and Case 10 picked 2 horoscopes, one of which was correct. That seems to indicate that 4 1/2 out of 12 subjects picked correctly-- amazing odds. However, throw out 2 of those successes because Eric Mayer knew I was one and had strong suspicions of another. Being tough, then, Eric correctly described 2 1/2 out of 9. In the next issue I'll reveal the names of the subjects; meanwhile, which subject number do you match in your own scores?



# WANT ADS

To Leah Zeldes & Will Morris from Roy Tackett: "Can't imagine why you are interested in fans' religious make-up. But I currently have no religion. That's what comes from studying anthropology and history and watching man create god in his own image."

To Roger Sween from Roy Tackett: "May I offer the following observations on your characterization of traditional Christian beliefs. That God is 'singular' and 'indivisible' is challenged both in *Genesis* and by the concept of the Trinity. That God is sheer goodness, 'unbounded love, all knowing and all powerful' is challenged throughout the Christian bible. And also by your daily newspaper."

To Richard Brandt from D.Gary Grady: "The Germans did not make a 'mistake' of using hydrogen. They tried to buy helium from the US in the thirties for the huge Graf Zeppelin II. The Secy.of Interior blocked the sale, and the company stored the vehicle. As far as I know it is still in storage."

To Ed Connor from Mike Glicksohn: "As you are undoubtedly aware, the difficulty in advocating violence in 'deserving' instances lies in determining those instances. Who are you willing to trust to be the judge? I certainly wouldn't trust you and you'd be a fool to trust me. Externally imposed morality never works, but human beings being so basically despicable I guess it's better than nothing."

To Bill Bowers from Mike Glicksohn: "It seems appropriate that you should consider a Goodyear building for your office. At least you'd be in a location where they were used to all that hot air."

To Rod Snyder from Fredric Wertham: "You seem to be correct when you say that TITLE is a psychiatric help for some 'hang-ups'. It pleased me when one of the young Titlers let me know that when he gets downhearted he repeats my poem from TITLE 26:

I like to be a Titler  
Titling in my place,  
Forget my little worries  
And think of outer space.

To Ben Indick from Pauline Palmer: "I don't really agree with you, Ben, that the loc is the lowest form of fannish creativity-- at least it doesn't have to be."

To Stuart Gilson from Don D'Amassa: "I have made it a rule not to respond to non-specific attacks on New Wave, whatever that is. Because there is no point, but if you'd care to be specific about which stories it is that you cannot understand, I'm sure someone would be more than happy to explain them to you. I hope this reads as sarcastically as it is intended." ((Go ahead and name some, Stu; I may get some help from it myself, though I've learned to spot them quick before investing any time in them. There was this one about a couple in a rowboat going nowhere, getting nowhere-- it was dark outside though, so maybe the tale had a point after all-- it gets dark at night.))

To Brett Cox from Jeff Hecht: "To answer your question as to what a 'legitimate' scientist is, the dictionary says it's a question of (biological) parentage, which sometimes can be even harder to identify than ideological parentage."

To Ann Chamberlain from Sam Long: "Of all the plagues in Pandora's box, Hope was the worst since it causes men to endure suffering the others."

To Frank Denton from Tony Cvetko: "Before OSHA came along, the plant where I used to work had no guard rails along the stairs and other hazardous areas, and the 'lunchroom' was the locker-room/john/shower. Who else is going to force the moneymen to protect their non-unionized workers? People in power don't care unless they're forced to, and OSHA forces them to."

To K.Allen Bjorke from Hank Heath: "...on what sf is. I've said it before, I don't know what sf is, nor do I care. I read what I like and whom I like. By some great cosmic probability distribution function, most of what I end up reading is labelled 'sf' by somewho or other. Sf is a fuzzy cloud of points located somewhere in the continuum of pleasurable reading material. Something like the fabled electron. You might be able to tell some of the characteristics and habits of it, but you're damned if you try to tell me what it is."

To Bill Bliss from Eric Lindsay: "You say it's not safe to walk from your shop at night. I read about US crime figures (22000 murders last year wasn't it), but it's hard to think of it in terms of people actually saying it isn't safe to walk around at night. At home, since I'm away so much, I got some of that silver burglar alarm tape and stuck it to a few of my windows-- no burglar alarm, but no-one will know unless they break in."

To Fredric Wertham from Jim Meadows: "When I see examples of quiet courage as shown by your willingness to treat the Rosenberg children, I become very angry with people like Ted White who greeted your book on sf fandoms with paranoid raving at its announcement and then greeted its publication with snotty wisecracks, simply because of your not quite direct link with an unpopular and unsavory cause."

To Donn Brazier from Jim Meadows: "I can see your entrance at AutoClave now. As an opener a lovely bevy of femfans come on stage with an interpretive dance of the overture from DESTINATION MOON. That man of mirth, Mike Glicksohn, walks on, in orange tuxedo and a kiddie menu (cowboy hat model) on his head. The second curtain is drawn and reveals a stunning recreation of the offices of Experimenter Publications of circa 1926. Gene Wolfe is flawless as the stern lovable Father Hugo, while you play the muse of Fiawol, in butterfly wings and a beanie, as you flit from one pile of mags to another urging Hugo to go on, go on, write those editorials of vision, those stories of sludge, and give us the grandpappy of them all, AMAZING. The curtain falls, and everybody moves to the Hucksters Room to buy Vulcan ears to open their pop bottles with. Can't miss." ((No comment))

To Ann Chamberlain from Hank Heath: "The use of fire was (is) not evil. It is the discovery of the use of fire. (Adam & Eve- the fruit of knowledge) Primitives (like us) tend to regard knowledge as twice as dangerous as any other possession- and rightfully so. The person who knows how to use fire, electricity, gunpowder, atomic energy, etc. more than those around him is potentially dangerous. So, in less sophisticated set-ups, we have medicine men & sorcerors who pass the 'secrets' from generation to generation. Today, we call them technicians."

To Hank Heath from Dave Romm: "I shunned all sports in school. The closest I came was when I was a photographer for the H.S. newspaper, of which I was editor. I could then follow all the action. And no, I am not croggled by a magician's slight of hand, but I do admire his skill. I like math puzzles, but not too overly."

To Bill Bliss from K.Allen Bjorke: "Have you or anyone considered a 'tension' engine where the energy is pulled before the piston or armature is moved? You could eliminate both friction energy loss and wear in one stroke..."



To Harry Warner from Ronald Salomon: "Would you like to elaborate on your reasons for the CIA's fanzine collection?" ((Or possibility thereof?))

To Jon Inouye from Denny Bowden: "Your piece seemed more appropriate for 'Writer's Digest'. Still, your idea was valid. I myself happen to be the type who in-flows mainly, creating little other than locs (tho my genzine GRYPHON does look as though it'll be out in May)." ((TITLE, because of its many readers who aspire to write or do write professionally, will use any 'Writer's Digest' type material submitted.))

To Wayne Hooks from Brett Cox: "Migod, they're taking you seriously! I viewed the whole thing as a put-on from the word go. Live and learn..."

To Everyone from Wayne Hooks: "I admit a portion of Pasiphae was written tongue-in-cheek. However, the point I attempted to make was serious."

To Bill Bliss & Paul Walker from D.Gary Grady: "Did you know that the Skylab crewmembers averaged 500 farts a day in space? Yes, 500." ((Have any effect on the ozone layer?))

To Donn Brazier from Dave Romm: "The numbering system is incredibly stupid. I refuse to cooperate. If you want to know my number, look it up." To the same daring editor from Taral Wayne MacDonald: "Boy, is codifying your readers dumb!" To the same bold editor who listened to Ed Connor from Ed Cagle: "I do not like being assigned a number for any reason, and to illustrate the intensity of my feeling I am going to begin referring to you as Shithead." ((There were some other subtle hints from the readers who rose up against old fearless and got him by the numbers. Let's forget the whole thing and sic Mike Bracken's dog on Ed Connor who whispered this great idea in my ear.)) ((Okay R4, M5, and C13 ?))

To Jane Fisher from Dave Romm: "How about erotic extraction of grapefruit juice, and others too seedy to mention?"

To Fredric Wertham from Jessica Salmonson: "(Already angry from an earlier encounter with some rude men) I seethed and steamed. On our way back home, a drunk and aged Indian blocked our path and did a little dance and song on the sidewalk, and asked if we thought he'd make it in Hollywood. Harmless, funny man. I had to fight the urge to kick him between the legs and push him on his butt. I immediately thought of you, and controlled myself, thinking wryly that violence in the films and comic books is not what makes me want to be violent. Insolent, rude, sexist, ugly, obnoxious men make me want to be violent."

To the editor (whimpering now) from Randy Reichardt: "Whatthehell is on the page of #50 after Claudia's piece?" ((Several are puzzled-- Bill Breiding did a mock collaboration between Brad Parks and Bruce Townley, replied to by Townley in #51; I'm awaiting the Parks' entry. Just good clean fun, people!))

To the editor from Ned Brooks: "I got a kick out of your description of Steve Beatty-- hard to believe such a serious person is head of Apa-H. Maybe he was putting you on..." ((Apa-H is the one for fun-loving hoaxsters...hmmm...))

To the editor from Dave Rowe: "Wouldn't the personal ads be better if they began 'To Joe Phan from Joan Phan' as opposed to reading through what's being said and then finding out who said it?" ((Not a bad idea; may use it sometime; thanks; just have.))

To Sheryl Birkhead from Laurine White: "Why did you stop your snake story at such a point? Now I can't wait for the next episode!"

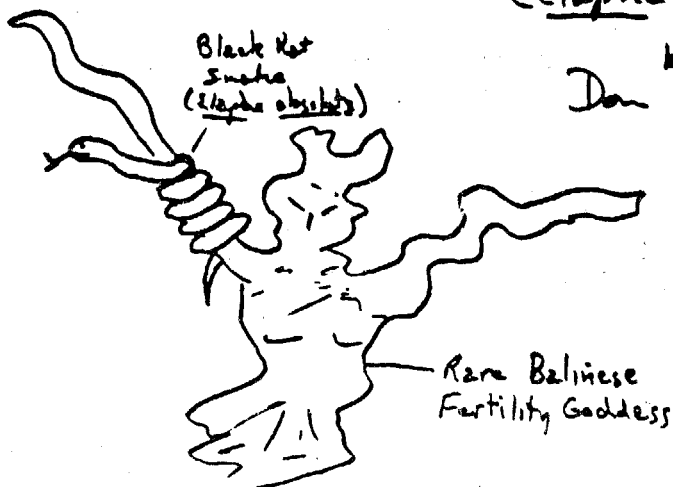
To Jane Fisher from Ed Cagle: "Last weekend at a Webelos Day cookout I saw a 10 year old eat his meat patty raw and bake his apple. Gawd knows what he did with his carrot."

To Stuart Gilson from Ben Indick: "A fine artilloc. Perhaps you like fantasy because it is a relaxing escape from the perfection of hard math, as well as a source of humanity ((sic. humility?)). Perhaps inwardly you are a little afraid of too well-ordered a universe. Where would mystery exist?"

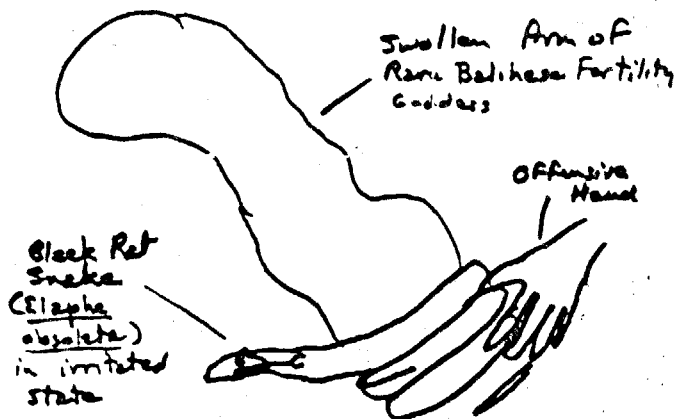
To Mike Glicksohn from Bill Bowers: "A lousy job you're doing. Brazier's stooped pretty low to fill a few pages. And you didn't mention my name once in the T50 installment. I remind you of our contract, again."

# How To Unwind Your Black Rat Snake (Elaphe obsoleta)

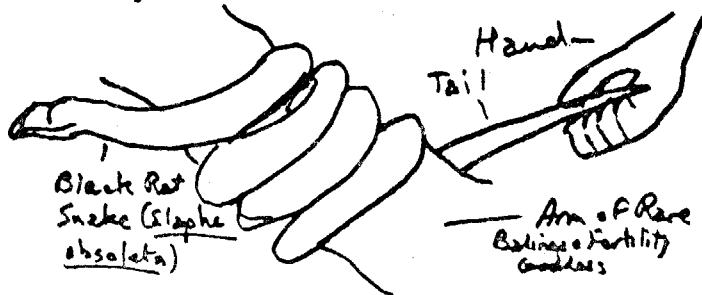
by  
Dan Ayres



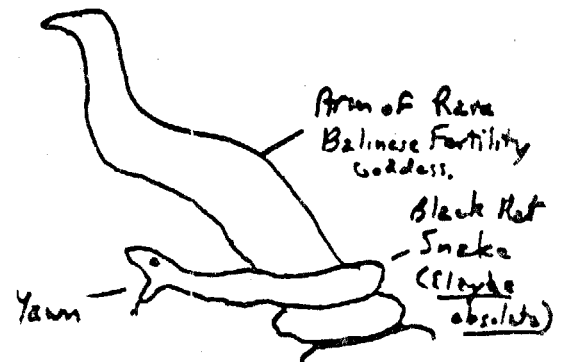
Sooner or later in your entertain-  
ment of your Black Rat Snake (Elaphe obsoleta) as a  
guest in your home, he will take it upon  
himself to investigate your objects d'art  
at a closer range than you might prefer.



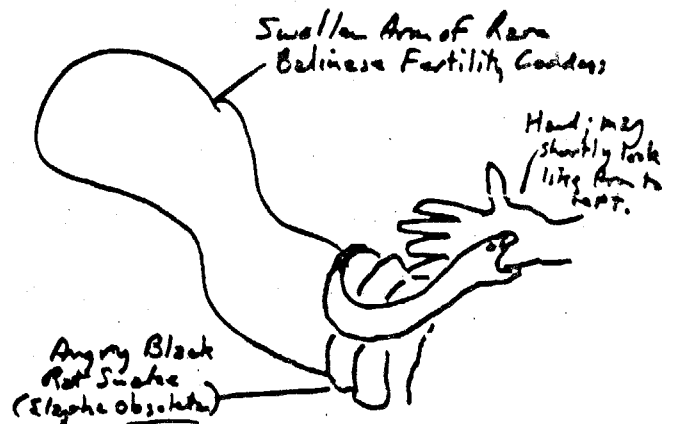
Usually, someone will panic and place  
a hand on the Black Rat Snake (Elaphe obsoleta);  
he finds this offensive and it will probably irri-  
tate him, causing him to constrict, thereby  
making it difficult to remove him.



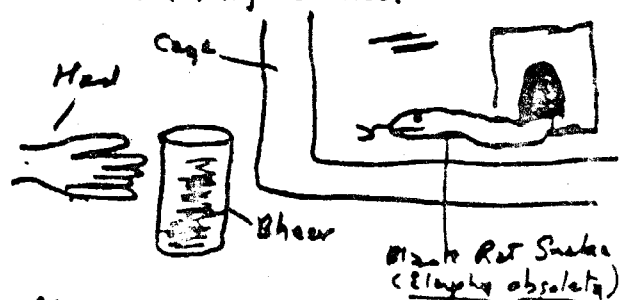
To avoid most of this nuisance, take the  
Black Rat Snake (Elaphe obsoleta) by the tail  
and gently unwind him. He may try to bite,  
but can quickly be subdued, especially while  
biting.



Left to himself, he will prob-  
ably quickly become bored with the  
whole thing and leave.



If the Black Rat Snake (Elaphe obsoleta)  
becomes sufficiently irritated (angry),  
he will bite and perhaps transfer to  
your arm; then he will constrict and  
make it resemble the swollen arm of a rare  
Balinese Fertility Goddess.



After returning your Black Rat Snake (Elaphe obsoleta) to his guest room with a minimum of trouble, you may reflect on your fortune that he was not a king snake, since they hold on when they bite. Then get a bhew and unwind yourself.



NO FLUS IS GOOD FLUS  
by  
Pauline Palmer

It was a rough winter this year. Lucky me -- there were *both* varieties of flu, type a *and* type b, in our area and of course I caught them both. Not at the same time-- county health officials assured everyone through the local news media that for some reason *that* would be impossible-- but at least consecutively. The first bout wasn't too bad, for flu. I was sort of all-over miserable but didn't have any of the really nasty *active* symptoms such as vomiting or diarrhea. Mostly I slept and slept and slept....

Then one afternoon I had this marvelous dream about ice-cream sandwiches. Since I hadn't eaten for several days, it *might* have just been hunger that caused the dream, but it seemed to me more of an omen at the time, as if my body were telling me that it *NEEDED* an ice-cream sandwich desperately. If only I could eat just one, it would not only sooth my aching tummy, it would actually make me well again.

Jack and Tilda looked in on me not too long after the dream concluded, cautiously mentioning that they were planning to sup in sumptuous elegance that evening at our local A&W. Visions of ice-cream sandwiches still dancing in my head, I commissioned them to get me one on their way home. I could almost taste it already....

Alas, I also made mention of several other items they might acquire at the same time. It all seemed simple enough-- one stop at Albertson's on the way home would take care of everything. But I unknowingly wrought my own downfall.

One visit to A&W later, they cruised into the supermarket. Confidently they picked up my ice cream-- first things first and besides they both knew perfectly well where to find it. The *other* items, however, necessitated a long and complicated search-- my ice-cream sandwich all the while clutched protectively in Tilda's hot little hands. By the time it got home to me, it was scarcely recognizable. Mere words can't begin to express the despair I felt as Jack optimistically put this horrid pile of paper-wrapped slush into the freezer, saying that after a while maybe it would freeze up again. I disappeared back into bed, to sulk privately, knowing only too well that there was no way short of a ghod-sent miracle that my ice-cream sandwich was ever going to be anything more than a mere squishy shadow of its former self. What good's a panacea once all its magic has melted away?

Despite this devastating setback, however, I did finally begin to recover and to slowly make my way back into the work-a-day world. Then, just as things were looking up, Tilda came home from school with...  
*The Other Flu.*

This time my defenses were really down; I had no resistance whatsoever left to tide me through the crisis. Tilda was sick; Jack wasn't feeling any too great; and I was just plain damned miserable. We ent to the doctor but there wasn't much he could do. We all developed horrid coughs and took turns keeping one another awake all night, so nobody was getting the rest they needed. The cat went crazy, though, having so many hot bodies home all day to cuddle up with. For him, it was a holiday, like living with wall-to-wall human heating pads. He loved it.

The High point of the whole dastardly affair came in the middle of a

dark and drear night when I was so feverish I ached through and through, from my muscles to my bones to my total identity. I not only couldn't sleep, I couldn't even relax and rest. Total, introverted fever-induced paranoia had me in its clutches and I felt *very* sorry for myself. At the time it seemed that if I didn't, no one else would.

Tilda was upstairs in her bedroom coughing; Jack was sound asleep, so exhausted that he hadn't twitched a muscle since his head hit the pillow. Then I heard a sudden *URP*-ing noise from Tilda's direction, and as I started toward the stairs, she came tearing down full-tilt toward the bathroom, nearly running me over on her way. In spite of the coughing, she had been asleep. In fact she still was, as she obviously hadn't the faintest notion what was going on. But her reflexes unerringly told her she'd best get to the toilet damned fast, so she did, deftly dropping her pants in record time and sitting down. However, she then proceeded to barf all over the floor in front of her.

It was almost funny, but not quite. Mainly all I could think of, miserable as I was at the time, was having to clean up that horrid mess and how much worse it was going to make me feel.

"You put the wrong end in the toilet," I screamed hysterically. She looked up at me with glazed eyes, then -- still sitting there --barfed even more. I said a few other selfish and unmotherly things. She continued barfing. It was more than I was able to cope with. I burst out wailing. Tilda looked horrified, confused. Mothers aren't supposed to do such things after all. Fortunately, at this point Jack woke up.

For feeling miserable himself and just having been wakened from a deep sleep as well, he was in marvelous control right from the start. He made me go into the living room, where I stuffed my head under the pillow on the couch and continued sniveling. He then got Tilda cleaned off and tucked into our bed, so she'd be nearby in case of another emergency. Lastly he started wiping up the floor with paper towels, which he conveniently disposed of by flushing down the toilet.

Eventually, as quick-witted readers may have guessed, he flushed a few too many down and the plumbing itself gagged. I could hear the water and the curses both overflowing into the room.

Being more or less in control of myself at last, I went in to investigate and possibly even help. The vomit was (thank ghod!) all gone, but the floor was covered with an inch or so of standing water. I stood looking at it dumbly, not doing or saying anything for fear of what Jack might say in response, since I knew deep down inside that somehow this was all *my* fault, that I'd failed them both miserably and deserved to be yelled at.

Jack mopped and wrung, mopped and wrung, 'til the water was reduced to a mere dampness. Then he looked at me and said, "Well at least now we don't have to worry about the floor being sticky."

Well, no one likes sticky floors, especially when you know it wasn't a mere kool-aid spill that caused the stickiness. And eventually we all -- Jack, Tilda, the toilet, and even yours truly-- recovered.

The family that survives being sick together can survive just about anything, I suspect.

End



FREDRIC WERTHAM, M. D.

Kempton R#1, Pa. 19529

April 17, 1976

TITLERIANA

The world is like a blot in a Rorschach test. What you see in it can give you away.

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When the New York Academy of Medicine published my paper "The Malignancy of Violence" I was swamped with requests for reprints from all over the world. Then I found that many were based on the misunderstanding that my report dealt with "malignant" tumors. It showed how superficial bibliographical research has become.

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Some people are so self-righteous that when they want to fall asleep the sheep they count are black.

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History is prophecy in reverse.

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I agree with Eric Mayer that there is a gulf between what people are led to believe and how things really are. (A good thing that he's going to law school. We need lawyers like that.) My own feeling is that people are not ignorant; the trouble is that they know so much that isn't so.

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Proposals have been made that Uri Geller and similar performers be investigated by a committee of scientists. But it would be much better if such investigations were made by a committee of experienced magicians.

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Dr. Warshaw  
in Harlem  
Clinic 1952



Peter Weston writes in Maya #8 that the same sort of people are attracted to Astronomy, Space Travel and Science Fiction and motivated by a desire for wider horizons. I wonder whether interest in fanzines fits into that, since I believe -- as I say in TWoF-- ~~y~~that it is based primarily on communication.

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The trouble for many people is not that they don't get what they want, but that they want the wrong things.

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The threat of overpopulation is not so imminent; the problem is with the people who are already here.

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A censor in East Germany seems to use the Madam Blavatsky method (see Title #20). He confiscated a whole package of my reprints which I had been asked to send by an art historian of the Berlin State Museums who is doing research on folklore, language and fairy tales. None of my papers dealt with comic books; but the art historian had previously included comic books in his studies. And the explanation for the confiscation was that comic books are forbidden in *East* Germany.

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I understand that the reason why A SIGN FOR CAIN was banned in the high schools of Marion County, West Virginia, was what it said about abortion. Actually the book says absolutely nothing about abortion and the word does not even occur in it. Evidently the Superintendent of Schools of Marion County who recommended the ban also used the Madam Blavatsky method to judge CAIN.



# MIRROR MIRROR by PAM SNEED



Gee, I need a new mirror,  
maybe I'll go in.

Sneed



**fair** (fâr) n. showing of  
goods; a bazaar. —  
a. pleasing to the  
eye; light-hued;  
impartial; clear....



Sneed



Gee this one is awfully small,  
oh well... mirror, mirror in my  
hand, who's the fairest in the  
land?

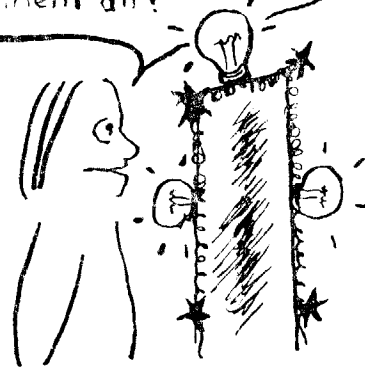


THE DEGENERATION OF THE  
ENGLISH LANGUAGE IS SUCH  
THAT THE MEANING OF  
EITHER ENCOMIUM OR DENI-  
GRATION IS EMPTY. THERE-  
FORE I SHALL REFRAIN  
FROM COMMENT.

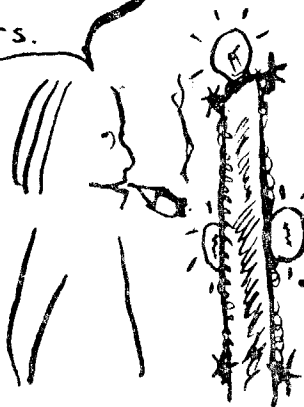
Sneed

(continued)

Dare I even ask? Mirror,  
mirror on the wall, who's the  
fairest of them all?



That could ONLY be  
Asimov's... I don't  
think I like these  
mirrors.



Dood Doctor, thou art  
most fair, most brilliant  
most kind.... The world  
revolves around you and  
thy writings fall from  
your pen like the  
gentle rain from the  
sky...



VICTORIA  
WAYNE

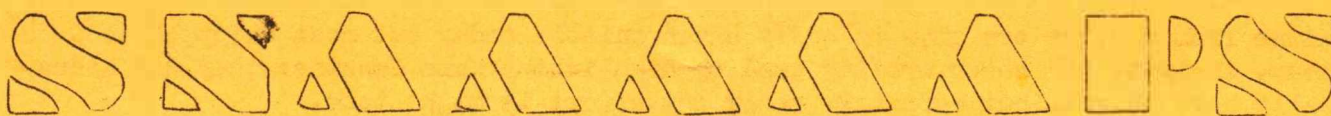


BRUCE D.  
ARTHUR



GAIL WHITE.





----- "I really am on top of this stuff, Donn," says Mike Glicksohn -----

Every fanzine column ought to have a carefully thought out theme that explores the fascinating world of amateur publishing (in a review column), connecting the common underlying psychological pressures that motivate fans to indulge in the time- and money-consuming excesses of fanzine fanaticism. Or a running thread examining the different ways editors look at the significant trends in modern science fiction and extrapolate the future of the field. Or a comparative analysis of the various ways in which fans choose to express their abiding concern for the science fiction microcosm and its delightful denizens. This writer is aware of this deeper significance to the fanzine review column, and this column has such a connecting theme. All the fanzines subsequently mentioned arrived since I last wrote for Donn and they weren't boring.....

GODLESS 12 is the latest issue of Bruce Arthur's personalzine and while it's rather slight, it certainly has some interesting snippets from Bruce's life, proving that anyone who works for the Postal Service can be all bad; and interesting snippets, too, from the lives of his readers. GODLESS is very fanzine-fannish, asking such pertinent questions as "How subtle can your humour be before everyone thinks you were an MCP?" and "Just how bad is Brad Parks anyway, Johnny?" It might be confusing to a newcomer, but for a fanzine person it's an enjoyable place to air one's ideas and thoughts.

Still, the fannish fanzine for people into fanzines and conventions in undoubtedly Jackie Franke's DILEMMA, the 11th issue having just appeared. Jackie is a self-confessed con-freak who luckily is both an insightful observer and a quality writer. Her discussions of conventions, con politics and fannish activities are always a delight to share. She is also one of fandom's premier locsmiths with a great love of fanzines and this shows up in her own production which invariably has a lettercolumn filled with intelligent, entertaining and witty material plus letters from Dave Locke. Add Jackie's astonishingly accurate cartoons and the result is one of the smoothest and most enjoyable fanzines around. The latest issue is one of her best ~~despite~~ with much Bowers-related material.

I've always felt there was something unbalanced, immoral, indecent and unethical about a talented fan artist who could also write and/or publish. I never encroached upon their sphere, so what right have these top-heavily gifted blighters to show me up on my home ground? Randy Mohr is rapidly joining the ranks of some mighty famous predecessors: having already established himself as an artist to give extremely careful attention to, he publishes a pretty fair digest-offset personalzine, PHENOMENAL, whose 8th issue attests to his ability to persevere while others drop by the wayside. Randy's natterings, reviews, etc. aren't yet of the quality of his drawings, but he puts out an attractive little fanzine, one I find amazingly easy to respond to, and his editorial talents are keen indeed, as shown by his running my letter as a separate column and listing it on the cover. This boy will go far!

If anyone reading TITLE doesn't know about Don Thompson's DON-o-SAUR I'll be amazed, but then again maybe Bowers got back on Donn's mailing list. Suffice it to say that the sort of emotionally striking and intensely honest personal reporting that won Don a FAAN Award as Best Writer is still evident in D-o-S 45 which is clearly a fanzine that should be a must on any real fanzine fan's list.

It seems that fanzine editing, like falling off a bicycle, is something one never forgets. It's a real pleasure to welcome back Arnie and Joyce Katz to the world of amateur sweating and grunting. (They've been doing a professional wrestling magazine for a year or so.) The nature of fandom is such that there just may be TITLE readers who don't know the names of two people who once rode mighty tall in the annals of fannish fandom. The various focal point fannish fanzines that came out of the Katz' Brooklyn abode set the tone for several years of fandom's fanzine production, and SWOON 2 just might start another such trend. A fannish genzine with material by Arnie and Joyce, Harry Warner, Terry Carr et al, SWOON is a quality

fanzine from another era that is oddly anachronistic today but most enjoyably so. Humour, insight, and sheer writing quality highlight a Katz fanzine: they are occasionally hard to get, but certainly repay any effort it might take.

From some people one expects consistent quality while others occasionally surprise you. Minneapolis fans Cat Ocel and Madman Riley had produced a couple of competent issues of NOCRES, then apparently folded up their tents. But it turned out to be a distribution problem, and I was able to get NOCRES 4 at this year's Minicon. W\*O\*W\*! This may well be the best single issue in terms of overall quality I've seen from any fanzine so far this year. There's a hitherto unpublished fannish parody of Macbeth from some pretty famous Minneapolis fan from decades past, a brilliant satire on fairy stories with a series of easily the most striking pieces of artwork of the year, and an Icon report that ranks extremely high as far as imagination is concerned. Even the fillers are damn well written! Because of the cost NOCRES is pretty hard to get on other than a cash basis, which is rather atypical of Minneapolis I know, but such is economic life at times. This issue is easily worth the price.

Every year or so Eli Cohen publishes another KRATOPHANY just to show he hasn't lost his writing ability, his file of astonishingly good artwork and his love of obscure philosophical stories and even obscurer Feghoots. Eli is a damn good editor, publisher and writer, and attracts good letters, splendid artwork, and usually other fine contributors who are more or less absent this time, although Aljo Svoboda has a deft needle or two for fannish cant that makes one sad he left for, I hope, greener fields. Eli's epic struggle with the Canadian government for the right to improve his station in life and become a Canadian (aptly titled at one point "Never Give a Saga An Even Break") is as hilarious as it is painful to read. Waiting for KRATOPHANY is occasionally as futile as waiting for Godot, but when it pays off the results are worth it.

If there were justice in this world of fandom the names of Greg Pickersgill and Leroy Kettle would be as well known in Madison, Wisconsin and Des Moines, Iowa as those of Susan Wood and Terry Carr. But there isn't and they aren't and that's our loss. Greg has once again started publishing an English fannish fanzine and because Greg is almost passionately devoted to the concept of fanzines, his reviews, and thoughts and opinions are fascinating to read even if you don't happen to know the fanzines in question. There's a hearty lettercol and some additional matters about the state of English fandom which might baffle many North Americans but STOP BREAKING DOWN is causing quite a stir in English fannish fanzine circles and should be of interest to any fanzine fan who is serious about the "why" and "what" of fanzine production.

There seems to be a preponderance of fannish fanzines this time, so perhaps I had a theme after all. Next time I'll try to review some of the more serious fanzines...but first, someone has to publish them and send them to me. (And that is not a suggestion, or even a request, merely an explanation!) It's all Terry Hughes' fault I bet!

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GODLESS 12, Bruce Arthurs, 920 N. 82 St, H-201, Scottsdale AZ 85257. 22pg, mimeo. 50¢ or usual.  
DILEMMA 11, Jackie Franke, Box 51-A RR2, Beecher, ILL 60401. 42pg, v good mimeo. Usual, whim, 30¢ in stamps.  
PHENOMENAL 8, Randy Mohr, Box 838, Whitworth College, Spokane WA 99251. 16pg digest offset. Usual, 3/\$1  
DON-o-SAUR 45, Don Thompson, 7498 Canosa Court, Westminster CO 80030. 30pg, amateur offset. Usual, 35¢, 6/\$2  
SWOON 2, A & J Katz, 59 Livingston St #6B, Brooklyn NY 11201. 26pg, good mimeo. Usual, \$1 or 6/\$3  
NOCRES 4, Cat Ocel & Madman Riley, 343 East 19 St, #6B, Minneapolis MN 55404. 24pg, digest offset. 4/\$1 ((Is that price right? Mike's review makes it seem more like 1/\$4 ??))  
KRATOPHANY 8, Eli Cohen, 2920 Victoria #12, Regina SASK S4T 1K7, Canada. 24pg, v gd mimeo. Usual or 50¢  
STOP BREAKING DOWN 2, Greg Pickersgill, 4 Lothair Road, South Ealing, London W5, England. Usual or 50¢, preferably in UK stamps.

((When ordering, say you saw Mike's review in TITLE.))



REPORT #1: I mentioned a pivotal book recommended by Roy Tackett. I didn't say very much about it because I wanted to do an experiment, which is now complete, with completely negative results. The book was a Signet pb, SUBLIMINAL SEDUCTION, by Wilson Bryan Key. The book purports to prove that commercial high-level advertisers in magazine ads and TV work into the copy various symbols & words & positions which are either subliminal or unnoticed consciously by the reader or viewer. Roy Tackett was "in" on my experiment, but even he didn't pick up everything. No one else, not a single reader, noted anything odd or suggestive about the coffee can I drew to illustrate Gene Wolf's con report in TITLE #49. Remember, I want to sell coffee, and I am using sex as a selling point--yes, a sexy coffee, one cup and you're up all night. Is the clue enough now to turn a subliminal (really unnoticed) drawing into something noticed? One element is pictorial; one is verbal (twice repeated); and one is symbolic. Get the issue out and take a look.

REPORT #2: (Preliminary) About 27 readers answered all or part of Paul Walker's poll in bad taste. Seedy restrooms are found in every state (and parts of Canada); also on trains, bars, bus terminals, libraries, bookstores, parks, gas stations, and drive-in movies, not to mention highschools, theaters, and a highway rest stops. My own was the public john in New Orleans Quarter (which is a whole story by itself). Two answers are remarkable for their humor (?): a bed pan and the respondent who replied, "Who gives a shit?" There were almost as many citations for worst bad taste in public as respondents. Are you ready?

At a party, deserting you for other friends; anti-American fanzine articles; female behavior on TV commercials; DHALGREN; TV adv for feminine hygiene; NATIONAL LAMPOON; loud louts at sport events; smoking in public; reporters who ask how did you feel when the truck crushed your child's head; linking sex with names in public; french fries in a classy restaurant; contents of gift shops; public

references to any kinds of excreta; dirty words in the mouths of sixth graders; castigating and pointing at friends; censorship; bestiality; feminine swim suits 2 sizes too small; affected good taste; bicentennial hoopla on everything; exploiting human death such as JFK dinnerplates; puerile sex humor such as Dean Martin's jokes. "No such thing as bad taste, only good taste, which is bad taste in disguise."-- Brad Parks

In the noxious bug/beast department, spiders with 5 mentions tied with bees and/or wasps, also with five. Bugs, ticks, centpedes, Junebugs, jellyfish, snakes, cigar roaches, and brown grasshoppers are not well liked either. Roaches got 4 votes and rats came in with 2.

Number 10 dealt with curable & incurable bad taste habits. Spitting with 7 votes as worst led the pack, just a spit over BO and smoking with 4 each. One mentioned the creep who spits into public drinking fountains before drinking--ugh! Farting got just 3 votes, and halitosis 2. Other one-shots: dandruff, mothball suits, eating with mouth open, a German accent, picking nose, unleashed pets, and belching. Keep all the above in mind when you attend a convention; what will I do about my faithful pipe and cigar???? Die, I guess.

REPORT 3: 15 readers supplied one or more captions for each of the 'Title Contest Photos' run in TITLE #50. #1 photo was an unstuffed olive floating on water; #2 was a man & jackass; #3 was a nude gal being followed by an astronaut in spacesuit; #4 was a moon hanging low over a house. And the winners are:

#1 The Pits of Miss Olive- Jim Meadows  
Southside of the Black Hole- Denny Bowden  
The Mote in God's Kodak- Stephen H. Dorneman  
#2 The Horror in Des Peres Gulch - Ed Connor  
A Boy and His Ass - Pauline Palmer  
#3 Dry Run Tail Gate- Ed Connor

#3 (cont.) NASA Institutes Incentive  
Training for Astronauts- Rich Bartucci  
Astronauts on an Outing- Jim Meadows  
Marooned and Loving Every Minute of It  
-- Randy Reichardt  
#4 Houserise -- Dennis Jarog ; Halfway  
House-- Ed Connor; Error of the Moon--  
Gail White (see Othello)



TITLE #52 July, 1976  
Editor: Donn Brazier  
1455 Fawnvalley Dr  
St. Louis, Mo. 63131

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#### CONTENTS AND MALCONTENTS

Cover..... Ben Indick  
AITOI ..... Editor  
How To Sex Your  
    SF Novel..... Censored  
The Bite of the  
    Con Bug..... Stu Gilson  
Astrology Experi-  
    ment (#2)..... Eric Mayer/  
                    Editor  
WANT ADS ..... Readers  
How To Unwind Your  
    Black Rat Snake. Don Ayres  
No Flus Is Good  
    Flus..... Pauline Palmer  
TITLERIANA..... Fredric Wertham  
SNAAAAAAAPS..... Mike Glicksohn  
Mirror, Mirror.... Pam Sneed  
PHOTO GALLERY..... Victoria Wayne  
                    Bruce Arthurs  
                    Gail White  
FINAL ANALYSIS... Editor with  
                    various reports  
Two Short Poems.. Neal Wilgus

HERE THEY COME AGAIN.....  
Neal Wilgus

Fortune smiled  
    but briefly  
then kicked me in the head.

    "Cheer up,"  
haloed conscience  
    whispered in my ear.

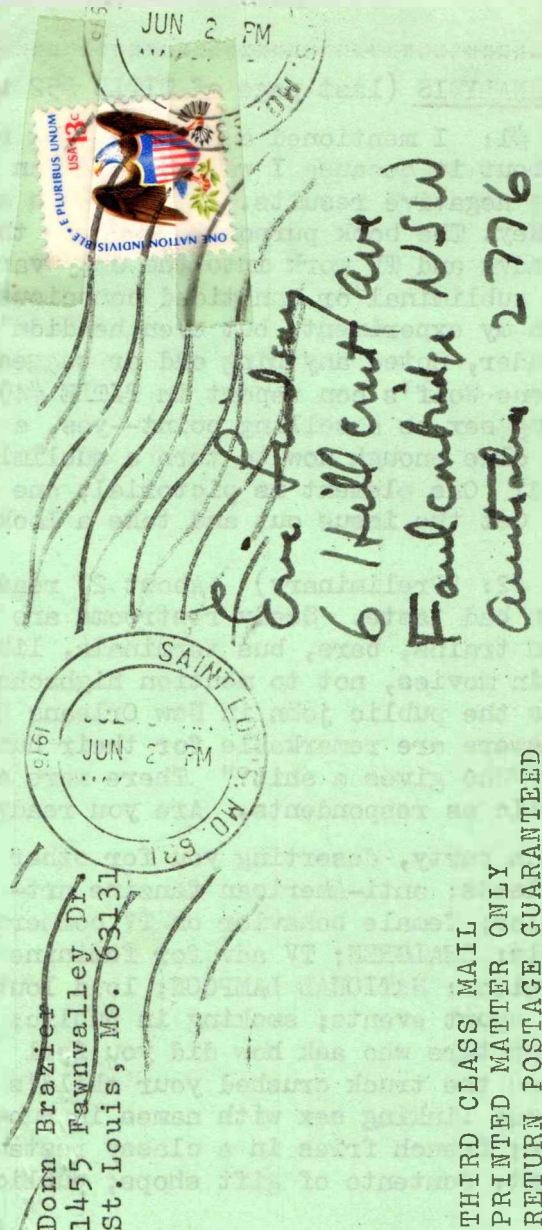
"Fortune may  
    smile again!"

Get ready, head.

DISCIPLINE  
Neal Wilgus

"I got  
    in this position,"  
said the man  
    with his legs  
    around his neck,  
    "of my own  
    free will  
    and for that reason  
I consider myself  
            among  
the freest of men."

I laughed  
and challenged him  
to a race.



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