

title

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TITLERS AT AUTOCLAVE

Don Ayres	Mike Glicksohn
Bill Bowers	Patrick Hayden
Larry Carmody	Jackie Hilles
Cy Chauvin	Dennis Jarog
Tony Cvetko	Wayne Joness
Rick Dey	Ken Josenhans
Larry Downes	Taral MacDonald
Jackie Franke	Jeff May

DO WE ADDRESS
HIM BY HIS
TITLE ?

YEAH,
BRAZIER.

AND MORE TITLERS AT A/C

David Moyer
Karen Pearlston
Dave Romm
Mark Sharpe
Paula Smith
Dave Szurek
Victoria Vayne
Rick Wilber
Gene Wolfe
Leah Zeldes

AS I DRAFT
DIRECTLY ON STENCIL
(Logo & concept stolen from
NAME #1)

AUTOCLAVE

How true! Anything mimeographed is composed directly on stencil; an exception, at times, is something Xeroxed which might undergo a second typing with some revisions. But not so a mimeo stencil. This explains a lot: why layout is not expert, why there're no page numbers, why a sentence (or two) makes little sense, and why I can get TITLE done every month!

AUTOCLAVE, A REPORT

Though I haven't been to many cons, this seemed a good one. Everyone seemed busy; several people I wanted a quiet conversation with were all wrapped up and I couldn't break in, but in general I saw a lot of many fine people, including about 32 readers of TITLE. It was a period of lavish egoboo for me, giving a somewhat distorted view of my worth, and as one con-attendee was heard to remark, "Who is this Donn Brazier bloke?" And to the average confan, I'd say that question is one-hundred percent valid. But let's move on to some highlights, both personal and universal.

Gene Wolfe, the man, and his lovely wife are gems. Gene's afterdinner speech was hilarious-- I interpolate the following:

TECHNICAL MEMO #88 June 4, 1976
FROM THE DESK OF CY N. PHICKSHUN, PRES
FEDERATED ASSOCIATION of AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE NOTABLES

TO ALL FAAANS:

AutoClave consultant Gene Wolfe, in banquet speech, advises avoidance of hot air pollution by requiring each fan to operate with no more than one belt. Toastmaster Mike Glicksohn demurred, as he was already running on several hundred belts and his differential was slip-sheeting.

(signed) Cy N. Phickshun

The memo above will give only a slight idea of the substance of Gene Wolfe's rather amazing presentation, for which he received a standing ovation-- and deserved it! Mr. Wolfe also conducted a workshop seminar for would-be &/or struggling authors whose main thrust was the principle that one applies the pants to the chair in front of the typewriter and writes every day, that dreaming is no substitute for hard work. Unfortunately, I had to miss the panel of pros who discussed how fandom could be of help to them; I had my own workshop on duplicating machines to conduct.

The panel on why people bother to produce fanzines had a few interesting moments when Linda Bushyager and Andy Porter, while wearing smiles, ripped back and forth about-- was ALGOL a fanzine? Bill Bowers indicated that OUTWORLDS might be going the route of ALGOL, if I understood him correctly and if he doesn't change his mind (not an improbable event!). As moderator I was able to mention Wertham's concept of communication as one urge for fanzine production but several other drives were brought out: service (as with newszines), monetary profit, and,

of course, egoboo.

Last night I listened to the tape of our TITLE roundtable talk in which some Titlers probed my ancient SF lineage, and I tried to probe theirs. Rick Dey, who also taped the proceedings, instigated the informal, on-the-spur-of-the-moment session which usurped an apa-production session in the consuite. (The apafreaks went right on cranking and collating, which, with sirens from the streets outside and telephones ringing as some frantic concomm member tried to find Leah Zeldes, added a third dimension to the tape.) Rick may use some of the material in his WHITE NOISE or YELLOW DWARF; maybe, if there's time to transcribe, I'll give the highlights of that tape. On it are such luminaries as Don Ayres, Tony Cvetko, Ken Josenhans, Dave Romm, Dave Szurek, Karen Pearlston, Larry Carmody, Mike Glicksohn, and Rick Dey who moderated the panel.

Rick Wilber was on that tape too. He had given me a ride to and from Detroit, by way of Chicago where we delivered a bathtub on the way up and brought back a dining room table on the return trip. Who else can claim a St.Louis to Chicago ride with his luggage and feet hanging in a bathtube PLUS a Chicago to St.Louis ride with his luggage and feet under a dining room table? Don Ayres shared a seat with me in the VW bus from Detroit to Bloomington. The front passenger seat was occupied by Nancy Berg, a girl friend of Rick's, attending her first con and resisting the approaches of heroic SF personalities.

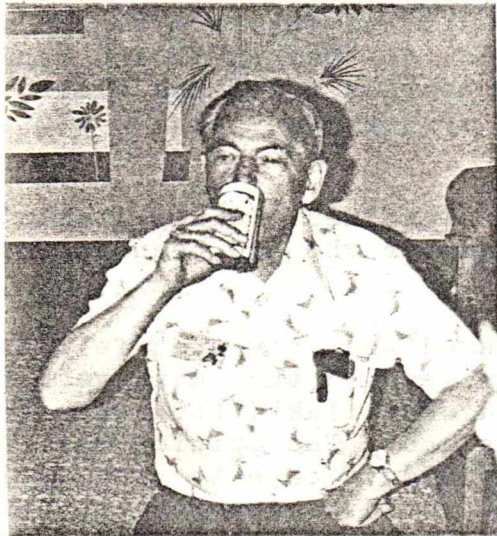
The TITLE party was officially held Saturday night after the banquet, but Sunday night was no different. Since my room, 1508, was right next to the consuite (the site of continuous partying), all kinds of people spilled over into my room, both nights. The T=party was no different than all the other parties, drinking and gabbing and passing out fanzines brought along to save mailing costs. Though fmz were passed out, I didn't see one, not even one, example of anyone really passed out. Lloyd Biggle breezed in one night, carrying his big smile, and I shoved two FARRAGOs and TITLE 49 into his hands. All my readers present were handed TITLE 52.

Meeting Wayne Jones (pronounced Jones, not Jo-ness) was pleasant and especially so to meet his parents who had come along for the fun. Wonder what they thought of some of the shennanigans? Wayne was one of the people who formed a group gathered by Ron & Linda Bushyager to go to a Greek restaurant. By coincidence I had eaten breakfast there and didn't know I was returning. However, the restaurant only serves exotic food on Thursdays. I got the last swiss steak, just beating out Dave Romm. My swiss steak had twentyseven times as much gravy as the banquet turkey stuffing had-- the stuffing resembled a formerly wet but driedout compressed fistful of homogenized Twiltone.

Although Mike Glicksohn disclaimed former experience or proficiency as a toastmaster, I think he performed admirably, with no stumbling, no blurring. After his fine work and Gene Wolfe's speech (with the audience on a fine high note) I personally regretted the selection which Bill Bowers read from the tribute book presented to Mike. Harlan Ellison wrote the piece, and dug fairly deep into bad taste to get a few cheap laughs. Frankly, I was embarrassed; but then I come from a different culture.

Sunday night I deserted my room and seized an opportunity for a quiet talk with Don C Thompson and Jackie Hilles. The skinny professor is one of fandom's best writers (many say best, period). Jackie is a small petite elfish creature. Both have/had things to say.

As part of the workshop on fanzine duplicating methods, I brought along a simple geletin pad hektograph and my spirit duplicator (rarely used for TITLE). I had paid \$90 for the machine, and passed the word around that \$75 would relieve me of the necessity to lug it back home again. There were two nibbles: Diane Dru-towski and Phil Paine. But the fish fell off the line. By the way, Mae Strelkov, I related your success in the ditto medium, even when you had to boil up old bones to get some geletin; I also told of my first



MRS. WOLFE TACKLES HER SALAD AT THE BANQUET WHILE DONN BRAZIER DOESN'T WANT THAT BEER TO GET AWAY FROM HIM. DONN IS LISTENING TO THE KIND BEER-SUPPLIER, RO NAGEY ON HIS LEFT, OUT OF FRAME.

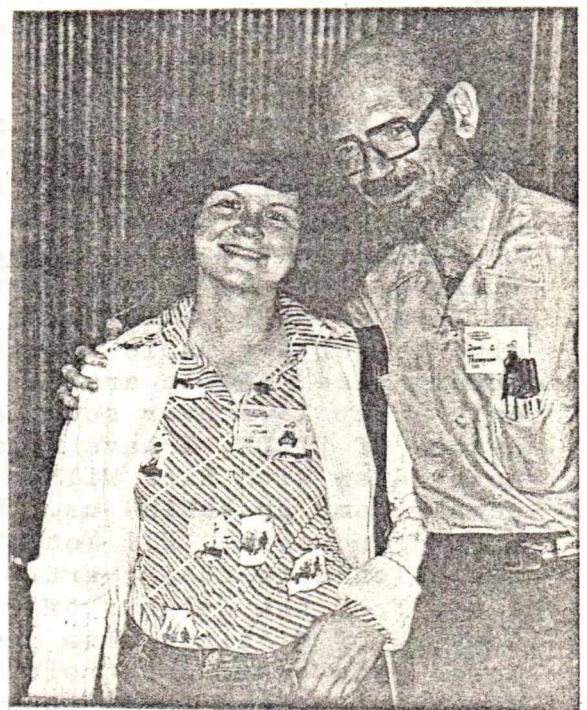
LEFT-- NOTE THAT THE BEVERAGE GENERICALLY IS THE SAME BUT SPECIFICALLY THE BRAND HAS CHANGED. DONN BRAZIER REMAINS THE SAME-- THIRSTY. PHOTOS ON THIS PAGE SHOT BY MIKE GLICKSOHN; THIS ONE DURING A REFRESHING PAUSE IN THE RICK DEY/TITLER INTERVIEW.

JACKIE HILLES AND DON C. THOMPSON. JACKIE FLEW UP FROM RICHMOND, TICKETS A BIRTHDAY GIFT FROM LOVING PARENTS. DON RODE A DON-O-SAUR EQUIPPED FOR WIFE AND ONE OF FANDOM'S MOST EXPERT TYPEWRITERS.

tray of gunk which I mixed from some orange jello, glycerin, and oil of cloves-- the mixture on which the first FRONTIER was hektographed in 1940.

Rick Wilber brought his camera to shoot pictures in support of his go-ahead on a story for the St. Louis Post Dispatch. Missing the actual duplication workshop, Rick staged some scenes later with myself and some Titlers clustered around someone else's antique spirit-duplicator. If memory serves I think the Titlers present were Don Ayres, Tony Cvetko, and Larry Carmody.

A number of things were given to me at AutoClave. Rick Dey presented me with a Coors beer can which he had emptied, then filled with plaster,



and inscribed on the bottom with a message of the the can's emptying by one Rick Dey, its refilling with plaster, and its presentation. Ken Josenhans brought a #2 ODYSSEY for me. And I packed away a thick stack of fanzines brought to Detroit, or produced on the spot as one-shots. The Program Booklet was nicely done, with words about Gene Wolfe as Pro and Fan, written by Damon Knight and Buck Coulson respectively, with words about Mike Glicksohn from Joe W. Haldeman and Bill Bowers, with words about Brazier from Ben Indick and Dave Locke. Indick's words affected me greatly...as did also the little drawing on p.11 of the Booklet which was a typewriter built into the insides of a wild pickle.

Of course, I missed a number of things that happened, or caught just the tail-end (Wild Man Riley giving personal promotional solicitation for the skinny dipping party). Sunday night, late, artists and would-be artists began making comic name tags in the art huckster room, and I understand they went on sale Monday. (I wonder if this even has ever been done before? Seems a good way to make a little money for the con and give artists a quick path to success.) Naturally, I didn't bother to watch any of the films, but there were several panels I had to miss which I'd have enjoyed. The tail-end of one on "Sex in SF and Fandom" had a rather hot name-calling interchange between panel and floor, but, like sex itself, it was all somewhat of a mystery to me as to what led to the name-calling.

Some people asked me for contribs to their fanzines. Since I didn't make a note of these requests, I can't remember who had been so foolish. Would the foolhardy ones re-request?

When I had a group of Titlers around, I asked them how they felt about a "vital statistics poll" for TITLE? I've learned that many readers are sensitive to violation of privacy, and what flak I took when I did the communication network study some years ago. The opinion was that a poll would be fine, and that anybody who didn't care to respond in part or whole had that option. All felt it would be interesting to see what the readers were like in the mundanish area of statistics-- age, size, education, other interests, etc.

Today is June 9-- as of yesterday's mail I've heard from three people I saw at the con: Karen Pearston, Dennis Jarog, and Mike Glicksohn. Mike says: "...the fanzine presented to me at AUTOCLAVE was a fantastic surprise, one of the nicest things that's ever happened to me, and helped make the weekend probably the most fantastic and love-filled three days I can remember. .. I think we're going to find a large number of very emotional con reports about Autoclave; I know I'm going to try my hand at writing one as soon as I can get the time. .. I'd have to rate it as the best con I've ever been to, topping even the two excellent Minicons that have held that honour in the past." Dennis says I ought to form an official Brazier groupie club. (What he means is I'd need a club to get a groupie together!) Karen (Kary) includes me in the "truly nice" people around, but "most fen seem to be truly nice, the only group I've ever seen in which this is so." Though Karen is a new reader of TITLE, I have great hopes for her. As I was signing at the hotel desk with Rick Wilber and Nancy Berg, a group of maybe four young people came up behind us. Somehow I could tell they were fans. So I turned and said, "Hi! You must be fans." There were 15 seconds of utter silence on their part. Karen explains in her letter that she felt I was from the Knights of Columbus convention, though not the Black Lawyers of Michigan also meeting. Also there was a suspicion I was up to no good because Detroit was "Murder City". The latter somehow seems more appropriate to me than being taken for a Knight of Columbus.....

June 14...Frank Balazs carded me that he was sorry to have missed AutoClave-- "if nothing else to see /hear your reaction to NAME." Dave Romm wrote that he enjoyed meeting me at the con and "you never stopped smiling the entire con, and your laughter was everywhere; and the effects of your laughter was everywhere. Even the Swiss Steak gave a sigh of relief when it knew it was going to be eaten by you and not me." ((Have you ever heard a Swiss Steak yodel a sigh?))

Jackie Hilles enjoyed herself at "one of the best conventions ever." She mentions her talk with Don C. Thompson & myself as "one of the nicest conversations I've ever had."

Ben Indick says: "I hated to miss Autoclave. I even called the airlines for info." His nefarious drugstore business kept him too occupied-- there was a run on red hairdye. One of these days, Ben!

Tony Cvetko writes: "You can take all the superlatives Gilson used about his con report and apply them to Autoclave. God how I wish I could get to more conventions. If only I was independently wealthy."

Jackie Franke writes: "Wally had to almost bodily carry me out of the hotel on Monday afternoon.. Poor ole Kubla Khan, a long-time favorite of mine, suffered mightily in comparison... Wasn't it nice seeing Don Ayres once more? Was almost like he'd never left for California."

June 16... Earlier in this section I left out a letter from Karen Pearlston's name-- the letter 'L'. Speaking of names, at the banquet table at AutoClave the subject came up about the common mispronunciation of my name as 'Bra-zeer'. I told how one time in high school I was in a studyhall with hundreds of kids when the principal announced over the loudspeaker, "Will Donn Brah-zeer come to the office." Everyone laughed as I, red-faced, had to leave. Everyone at the banquet table chuckled, but then Gene Wolfe got a big laugh as he asked: "But did you get an A or a

C?"

Sorry I've gone on and on about the con, but I wanted it for the record; an event in my life of which I'm very proud, and I think justifiably so. There have been several others--like being asked to be in Who's Who in America (I refused but still felt a small thrill) and being picked along with Golda Meier for the Univ. of Wis. alumni award in the year 1967. But being chosen as GoH at AutoClave topped every honor.

WHAT AM I READING RIGHT NOW?

Again for the record more than any other reason because I realize the question thrills you...

Frank Denton recommended ANOTHER ROADSIDE ATTRACTION so strongly that I bought the pb and dug in-- fascinating! I wouldn't call it SF (or even fantasy in the ordinary sense). However, it does have a set of odd people, strange happenings, ingenious descriptions (like the page describing the 34-foot long hotdog sign), and unusual philosophies. I wish I could tell you about the corpse, but I don't want to spoil any surprise-- I'm at the point now where I keep wondering how the characters are going to use the body (they are wondering too).

I've put aside both BABEL 7 and THE COMPUTER CONNECTION as not worth wasting any more time on, and have started in on Ellison's THE OTHER GLASS TEAT. I think that this Ellison experience is generating an idea for an article in my head-- a stylistic comparison between two angry men: Ellison and Philip Wylie. At the moment I am thinking of Wylie's effective but acidic style in contrast to Harlan's effective but shock-value style.

WHAT IS MY MAIN WORLDLY THOUGHT RIGHT NOW?

Why in hell aren't people more excited about the Mars touchdown?

+++++

THIS IS A FANZINE REVIEW

Among my personal egoboo at AutoClave, I must name NAME #1. Dave Momm handed me this greenzine of 14 pages, and for a moment I thought it was a copy of a bootleg TITLE. It looked like one, especially the mailing side; it even carried under the "Contents" a list of numbers from whom I had received locs. The numbers ran, without a gap, from 1 through 100 all neatly arrayed. Yes, NAME was a put-on. A fun-thing, a collaboration between Romm (whoops, Momm!), Frank Balazs, Tim C. Marion, Fredric Wertham, Brad Parks, Al Sirois, Mary T. Martin, and Ben Indick. The content takes-off on all of TITLE's departments, readers, and subject

NAME

matter; the zine was one and one-half years in the making, and completed just in time for handing out at AutoClave. Unless, however, the recipient was really familiar with TITLE (and bore toward T some degree of affection) NAME is too "in" to make any sense. Let me tell you why.

Who would know that TUESDANIAC (a whole page of "reader" comments about the day of the week) is a pun on MUNDANIAC? Who would know that Mike Beard's hat column CHEAPSHOTS refers to Glicksohn's SNAPSHOTS? That Tim Marion's cover (messed up by the "editors" to resemble a Shaver rock picture) carried the "hidden" letters for NAME, which I plainly saw and traced (as shown above). Would anyone know that AIDDOS (As I Draft Directly On Stencil) is a burlesk of AITOI? That Porkham's poem relates to some of the good doctor's earlier works? That Hank Heathen's formula might only be understood by Ned Brooks and Gary Grady? Etc.

Subjects touched on: newsclips, beer can collecting, contests, museum exhibits, criminal talent of readers, complaints by Paul Hitcher, a poll by the same, a review of THE HARDY BOYS by Inge Bendick & comments by readers such as Crisp & Charred Hulks, wild pickles, stoopid kwotz, & more. Al Sirois lampoons "Bill Nirvana" with an outrageous organic device drawing which turns the stomach. Etc.

I have cornered the market on the remainder of NAME (maybe 40 copies) which I will send to any reader who makes a request. In case I am overwhelmed, I'll send first to those people "NAMED" within. Here are some more: Spruce Townhouse, Ed Cackle, Bruise D'Arthur, Brett Henz, Dom D'NASA, Need Books, Dog Barber, Singa Long, D.Gravy Gravy, Buck Bowelson, Tulip Hunt, Jaded Offbeat, Pauline Metacarpals, Anna M. Rockenhorse, Eric Governor, Jim Amberwavesofgrain, Denis Quinine & more.

TIME IS A HOAX BY BARBEK

In the pages of *TITLE*, readers have previously noted that time passes slowly for the young, accelerating as a person grows older. Summer vacation for the First Grader stretches on but summer for a 60-year old seems just the other week. We decided that this sort of subjective time was a proportion, a sort of equation comparing a totality of past time to a recent or present duration.

But what of realtime? Is there such a thing?

As I see time (or duration), it appears that without motion taking place within a defined space, there is no time. An hour of boredom -- without motion, without event -- drags. An hour of enthusiasm -- with motion, with event piling on event -- rushes by.

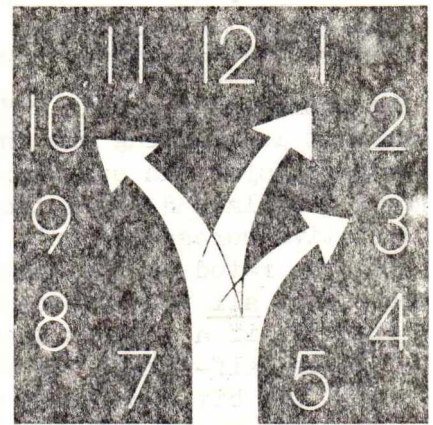
I don't think that this is subjective; I hold that realtime is actually relative and of variable duration. It has meaning only to the participants of the event-occurrence.

A clock is not a part of the event. A clock measures duration only for itself and an observer at any instant may look at the clock, not to get actual duration, but to find out clocktime. This is not realtime.

Let's say that a person is placed in suspended animation -- complete, 100% suspension of all body and mental activity, i.e. no motion. Upon awakening, the person will not have experienced any duration, even though 1000 years of clocktime have passed by.

Let's extend this thought to the universe. Picture a universe in which all motion has ceased -- a suspended animation if you will. No wind, no evaporation, no radioactivity, no galactic motion, no crystal formation, no rivers flowing -- nothing moves, all is static, structures are freeze-dried in space. Time has stopped.

You say, but I am there looking at this



TIME!

scene, and time must be passing by. From the instant my eye moves from a motionless tree to a motionless cloud, some time has passed. True, but that's not what I'm asking you to imagine. It's like the tree that falls in a woods and no one is there to hear-- is there a sound?

Imagine that you are not in the scene. Do you agree that time has come to a standstill? What, however, is your answer if we grant one small exception -- that a clock is running in the church tower?

What would you then believe? No time, or time?

To me, the clock is a hoax. How can a puny clock pit its tick-tock against the frozen immobility of the universe?

Seem logical? If so, then how can a puny clock pit its tick-tock against the frozen immobility of an hour of total boredom?

Which is REALTIME ?

ARE YOU SEEING STARS?

A Wind-Up of the Eric Mayer/Donn Brazier Experiment in Astrology

The intro was given in T-51-- I sent data, without identifying who the readers were, to Eric Mayer who cast horoscopes. In T-52 I explained how I then broke up the narrative horoscopes into "bits" which could be rated by the participants who were sent all the horoscopes. A "bit" was rated "1" if a perfect description; "2" if maybe half-right; "3" more remote; and "4" if the bit absolutely did not fit. Each horoscope could then be selected by adding the scores for each one, and the lower the score the closer the fit. (Of course, since each horoscope had different number of bits, the score was divided by the number of bits.)

In T-52 I printed each horoscope, still without identifying the ones Eric Mayer said went with each participant, or the ones which each participant said most closely fit them. I'll take care of that soon.

I printed raw scores for each horoscope (13 of them). Some feedback indicates to me that this table was not understood. Participant #1 rated each horoscope; the ratings are in the column under his/her identification as #1. He rated horoscope #1 as .160 (which had the decimal point dropped for simplification); he rated horoscope #13 as .215. Obviously, then, he thought horoscope #1 fit better than horoscope #13. In fact, his lowest score was for horoscope #1, meaning that of all the 13 horoscopes, he picked #1 as his own. Was he right?

For each participant (11 of them) this is what Eric and I wanted to find out. Would #1 pick #1; #2 pick #2; etc. If you want to refer to the table printed in T-52, you can see if the column number (the people) matches the row number (the horoscope) for lowest score number.

(For sticklers who are wondering why only 11 people are listed and 13 horoscopes-- #11 person did not rate all the bits and so had to be thrown out in the numerical study, and #13 horoscope was a fake which Brazier made up out of whole cloth.)

Since I don't see anyone running to the table in T-52, I shall proceed at the top of the next column to make a short list.

Person number & horoscope number made for him by Eric Mayer	Person's Name	Horoscope picked by person as closest fit
1	Don D'Ammassa	1
2	Jodie Offutt	2
3	Donn Brazier	3
4	Brett Cox	4
5	Jane Fisher	4
6	Mike Bracken	4
7	Dave Romm	4
8	Rose Hogue	1
9	Carolyn Doyle	13
10	Tony Cvetko	10, 3 (tied)
12	K.Allen Bjorke	13

Eric Mayer correctly forecast $4\frac{1}{2}$ people if we give only $\frac{1}{2}$ for Tony Cvetko. To be rigorous, however, Eric and I tossed out myself (who Eric knew) and Jodie Offutt (whose identity was suspected by Eric). That leaves a score of $2\frac{1}{2}$ right out of 9 cases. Does it prove astrology? Does it disprove astrology?

The answer is NO to both questions. However, the chances are tending toward the slim side that Eric could have hit $2\frac{1}{2}$ out of 9 just by luck.

Getting one correct would be 33.7 out of a 100-- so Eric, by chance, would have gotten none right $\frac{2}{3}$ of the time and 1 correct just $\frac{1}{3}$ of the time. Getting 2 correct could happen by chance 11.2 in each 100-- about a bet put on a horse at odds of 10 to 1, and having him win! It can happen. Now, getting 3 right could happen by chance only 2.2 out of 100. A horse at 50 to 1 odds comes in first!

Well, that happens too. But you see how close Eric came to "proving" astrology? Based on "bit" scoring, next issue presents Joe Phann's horoscope.....

FOR CLUB & T

BY RICK WILBER , in which AutoClave causes him to write about sundry things, but especially about writing fiction (fan or pro).....

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Donn, knowing full well that you will give a complete con report, and feeling totally intimidated by Gene Wolfe's con report in #49, I nonetheless thought that as your chauffeur for some 1200 miles I deserved, nay was obligated, to describe some of the more secret Brazier wishes and wants as discussed in my brave VW Bus as we trekked (did I say that word?) north and east to Motown.

The Glenn Miller and the jazz tapes weren't running quite right, as I recall, and Nancy (more about Nancy some other time) was sleeping, so I, as sole driver, and Brazier, as fGoH, amused each other with thoughts of what we'd like to be could we be whatever we'd like to be wherever we'd like to be whatever it is we'd like to be, etc.etc.....

"I'd like to sell some damn short stories," I recall as my prime thought, adding "and teach English and journalism at some small school, and coach baseball on the side."

((Parenthetical from Brazier as he types this... Rick is a tall, well-built baseball-player-type; his dad played pro ball and is presently a Scout for a major league team. Quite beside the point, but since I haven't met his dad and have met his mother some years ago as a result of her professional capacity as a Public Relations/Advertising executive, let me state that Rick is in a direct line to receive his mother's exceptional good-looks.))

Brazier, I could see in the mirror, smiled through his unlit cigar (no smoking in my bus) and said, "But you're doing most of those now." Which was, I only realized after later reflection, a subtle way of pointing out to me that my fiction doesn't sell, since the other things are accomplished to one extent or another.

"I," said Barbek, "would like to be editor of a magazine, and living in Hawaii." (Visions of breadfruit dropping from trees into a gaping Brazier mouth, temporarily unfilled with that damnable cigar). That, I recall thinking at the time, fits in well with the TITLE syndrome. Donnmm would like to be editor-for-real and get paid handsomely for what he loves best. Why not become Andrew Porter, I asked myself mischeviously? Surely therein is the answer to your dreams. Be a professional fanzine editor.

Such games and trivialities added simply loads of fun to the drive, and became even more fun when Nancy awoke to partake of the repartee. As I recall, dimly, we were at our very wittiest around 12:30 a.m. somewhere near Ann Arbor, when, for some reason, every gilded thought struck me as a gem of wit

((Brazier butting in again... Somewhere along there at that time, befuddled as we all were, we thought it an epoch-making event that the VW speedometer was about to register 55555.5. When the magic figure came up, we almost stopped the VW Bus to erect a suitable highway marker as a National Shrine.))

- As we neared Detroit I began to hallucinate the delights of a bed and some hours of

sleep preceding a nice, bland but safe Hojo's breakfast.

"The Bheer Blast will be waiting for us," Brazier promised, somehow managing to actually put the 'h' successfully into a word where it absolutely does not belong (my advanced degree is in English, so I know these things.)

Beer, oops, bheer blast it, I grimaced inwardly, really? At this hour? Yes, indeed, and thank the gods that not only was the Brazier there for me, a virtually virgin conventioneer, to talk to, but Don Ayres was also present-- and he is a talkable sort (all that Hollywood nonsense notwithstanding).

And so the weekend went. Seminars, talks, bheer, seminars, bheer, etc.etc. ad nauseum. It was typical, I am told. It was fun, I am told and I can agree. It was enjoyable, I am told and can also agree. And, it was seductive. Having had a good time (even to the point of meeting Larry Carmody, who shares the dread malady of sportswriting and had even heard of the uiniversity wherein I trick students into learning-- sometimes--, I plan to attend another soon. Ghod help me.

In the last FARRAGO I was pleased to read some nice comments about my "Dodgers and Dancers". And at the AutoClave gathering, I was pleased to hear some nice comments about "The End of the Chase".

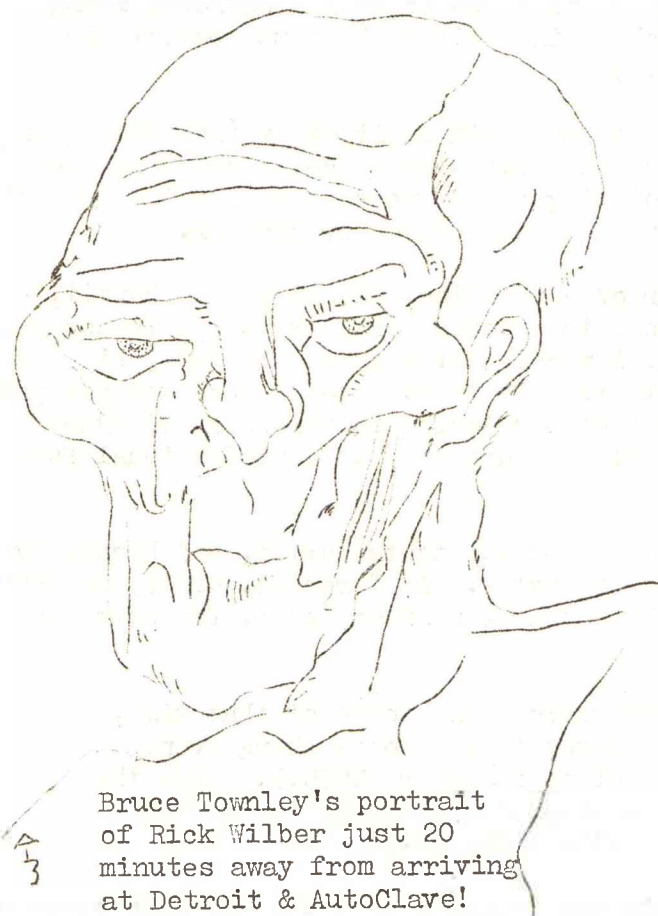
A note, by the way, about "Dodgers and Dancers". Everyone notices the similarity to CLOCKWORK ORANGE. Well, I wrote D & D before I'd ever read, or heard of, CO. On the way home from work one day, passing through the East St.Louis ghetto, three small black kids darted and danced across the fenced-in interstate. That action set me thinking, and the story moved from there. It was written, completely, in a day or so after that, although it's had some polishing since.

Getting back to my stories, it seems I'm always reading and hearing nice things but I never sell anything-- and because I enjoy writing so-called fan fiction and getting the egoboo that goes with hearing and reading nice things I was properly displeased with the negative comments about fan fiction in general both at AutoClave and in FARRAGO. All of which prompted a few thoughts.

((Brazier's Bump-- anyone interested in the subject of fan fiction and my short analysis of why it doesn't go in fanzines is referred to Bill Breiding's STAR FIRE #7 just out.))

I enjoy writing short stories. More exactly, I enjoy writing science fiction short stories. I like for people to read them, and I like for people to like them. I would like, no bones about it, for someone to pay me money for them. And perhaps, someday, that will happen (although I am not holding my breath). But all I hear now is "why doesn't he sell?" and "gee, this looks publishable." And I have comments to make about both remarks.

I don't sell, quite frankly, because I send very little out to be returned. As most readers for various magazines will tell you, the short story market is very tight. All that I write is currently be-



A 3
Bruce Townley's portrait of Rick Wilber just 20 minutes away from arriving at Detroit & AutoClave!

ing used in ST. LOUIS FICTION (which I edit) or is being used in fanzines. I place the stories there because I don't have the time/energy to give my fiction the proper 2-4 drafts to make it sell. I don't have the time/energy because I spend it writing a lot of stuff that does sell. I freelance heavily, and have sold to national, regional, and local markets. I now know a lot of editors; they know and trust me, and I sell, at anywhere from under \$100 to many hundreds a crack, virtually all my non-fiction. It is damn difficult, when faced with non-selling fiction and non-fiction that will, to spend the time/energy to write what won't put bread on the table. It is damn difficult, for the same reason, to take the time to write something like this. But there are times I feel able to say the hell with it. So it happens.

I do hope someday to be a consistent sf writer-- making real dollars for real fiction. But as yet I'm not convinced that my stuff can bring in the dollars to support the effort, and until then I'll continue to give most of the short stories to fanzines (oh, I try a few prozines now and then--but the odds, let's face it, are astronomical) and save the rewrites and hard labor for stuff I know will sell.

As for the other typical comment, the one about some of my stuff looking publishable, that may well be true. But looking publishable to a fan and being publishable for an editor are two different things. A good piece of fiction must be polished, and polishing is where I'm at my worst. About the only time I do it is when an editor sends back a piece of non-fiction and asks for a little work on one spot or another. Then, knowing the money is there, I do it. I would do the same for a sf short story, but I've not reached the point where an editor has bothered to ask for anything.

At AutoClave, Gene Wolfe was kind enough to read and criticise a piece that I had sent to PLAYBOY. His comments were most valuable, and he seemed to think that if I put a little elbow grease into it, it should sell. Well, if Gene Wolfe says so.. I'll try. I'm sending it to ODYSSEY, along with some other things. I have no great hope of success, but since the magazine is young, perhaps there might still be a little room for me.

Mercenary? But one has to eat. I'll continue counting dollars I can count on; and hope that TITLE will still use a short story now and then.

PAUL.

(It's in bad taste to have Paul's name so huge, but had I larger stencil guide I would have made his name larger....)

Cathy McGuire: "My worst insect experience was on a camping trip when our pup tent was engulfed in a wave of fuzzy caterpillars and daddy-long legs. We liquidated them with bug spray which destroyed the waterproofing of the tent as we discovered during the thunderstorm the next night. There was also the time the raven with the bloody beak flew out of my drawers, but that's another story...((Sounds like a good one!))

Wayne Jones: "A bully dipped my fur-lined jacket in an acid bath."

Ben Indick: "I do not like roaches. I was sipping a milkshake thru a straw and felt a fuzzy little thing come through. I spit and split."

Hank Heath: "Worst piece of advice-- to not enlist; to, instead, enter college to go into math and teaching. It was from my high school counselor."

Donn Brazier: "Worst piece of advice--buy some Florida swampland where 'the big new airport is going to be.'"

Jeff Hecht: "Ticks bother me most. I woke up once to find one implanted on my lip."

Jackie Franke: "Worst advice-- be happy with what you have."

Don D'Amassa: "A bully, considerably larger than I, beat me up at the bus stop several days in a row. Finally, I took a baseball bat and lurked outside his home. One night I levelled him from behind, and gave him a skull concussion. Never had trouble with him again."

Rich Bartucci: "Worst thing said in public was to an anatomy instructor in a crowded classroom: 'Are you sure about that?'"

K.Allen Bjorke: "Gospel truth, most terrified when I was young and ran out of the room for fear Lassie would die on tv. 'Is she all right, Mom? Is she all right?'"

Mike Bracken: "My worst nickname is 'Fern'"

WALKER'S

TASTELESS

QUIZZ

(ugh!)

(selected answers to obvious tasteless questions - the whole thing dumped in my lap by the tastemaster of Bloomfield, New Jersey, where taste reigns supreme.)

Victoria Vayne: "With a real name like Van Asperen, you can bet I've had some doozy nicknames. The whole spectrum of analgesics comes to mind. I would say that Van Asperen is worse than any nickname, and the reason why fandom knows me as Vayne."

Donn Brazier: "Vicky, until the invention of the Brazier-Burgher, I suffered from an obvious mispronunciation of my name. However, it never stuck as a nickname, just popping up now and then. One summer, however, while visiting my grandparents in Tyler, Minnesota, I got a terrible poison ivy attack all over my crotch (front & back) and could only walk in a stooped-over position. The kids began calling me The Ape. Each summer, upon my return to Tyler, the kids persisted in the name."

K. Allen Bjorke: "Worst thing I ever said in public was 'Aww, shit!' on stage during a school music concert-- with a microphone. My nickname was 'Moose'-- God knows why with my negligible height."

Donn Brazier: "With my uncle, aunt, and parents standing by, I -a small kid - was admonished for farting. And so came the worst thing I ever said in public-- 'Yes, but Uncle Charlie does that!'"

Rich Bartucci: "I was terrified the first time I ever saw a cadaver in the gross anatomy lab; thank Ghu we didn't have to work on the ventral aspect that first day! Once it was on its belly and we were skinning its back, things went swimmingly."

Don D'Ammassa: "In bad taste is the journalistic approach mastered by Douglas Kiker which goes approximately: 'How did you feel, Mrs. Smith, when your son was crushed under the cement mixer five minutes ago?'"

Jackie Franke: "Most fearful moment came when my husband stopped breathing while we were going to sleep during his recovery after an automobile accident. I still have occasional nightmares about it. Other than that, the time we were in a campground during a tornado."

Jeff Hecht: "Surely the award for seedy restroom must go to one on a train. I have seen some incredible outhouses, but they were so incredible I went & used the bushes instead."

Donn Brazier: "After driving from Miami to New Orleans through carnival traffic near Panama City (all day and night) the family and I reached N.O. and I was ready to burst. I had to go bad. The public restroom in the Latin Quarter on that early Sunday morning was unspeakably filthy with droppings and yellow puddles all over the floor. I simply couldn't use the place. We drove on to Memphis within the hour, and if you'll remember, there were floods that year!"

Hank Heath: "SCREW, the sex newszine, bothers me as being in bad taste. Mostly because I don't think it should be labeled as bad taste."

Ben Indick: "I once told a dirty joke to some friends. I had just heard it, and had to repeat it. It was particularly vulgar, and I blurted it out too loud. One friend sneered: 'A little louder and we could dance to it.' I cringed. I still do."

Wayne Jones: "Worst thing I ever said in public-- Paul Walker. And my worst punishment was being forced to eat squash."

Cathy McGuire: "Worst piece of advice-- 'Don't trust men' and 'If you stand up for what is right, you'll be rewarded.' Both are bullshit. As for worst thing said in public, just last week I was at my desk telling a client how to get to a certain secretary's desk. Hearing her rather loud voice from the other side of the office, I said, 'That's her - the one with the mouth.' It got back to the office manager, who was rather upset."

Brad Parks: "As for seedy restrooms, I do not defecate whatsoever, I'm afraid."

Randy Reichardt: "A bunch of punks down the street got hold of a neighborhood cat, poked its eye out with a fork, poked it a few times with the fork in other places, kicked it, and whatever. The end result left the cat with a horrible limp-walk, and one eye (as if you couldn't guess)."

Dave Romm: "I was most frightened one time when I thought I was going to die and my life flashed before me. Slim pickin's I suppose, but you wanted brevity."

John Robinson: "Most frightening-- standing in my first pay line when I was in the Air Force. I never could salute properly. I figured they'd never pay me therefore, and I'd spend the rest of my life at Lackland. Terrifying."

Dave Szurek: "Now if Paul had stretched the question of being thrown out of work or classrooms to getting thrown out of bars.....! As for practical jokes, sometimes it seems that all of life is a practical joke..."

Ronald Salomon: "I had only one experience with the class bully. If I recollect correctly, after I took the thorn out of his paw we wuz friends for life and he always protected me from harm thereafter; and I'd still have him hanging around today if I hadn't run out of ~~food~~ ~~the~~ sacrificial goats at every full moon."

Anna M. Schoppenhorst: "It's bad taste for fems who wear knit bathing suits two sizes too small." ((Funny, I read that first as '...to size two smalls.'))

Mark Sharpe: "Thrown out of class for hitting a teacher once with a rubberband as she, tee hee, bent over to pick up a piece of chalk she had dropped, and presenting a wholly irresistible target."

Rosa Villaneuva: "Many times I've called my husband a stupid ass in front of his friends and you can actually see him change colors." ((Did you not then receive certain spots on your body which changed color?)) "On a recent trip we stopped at a certain well-known rest-stop. I had bought my son a chocolate candy bar from which he immediately removed the wrapper. Upon entering the restroom he handed me the candybar. I placed it between my teeth so as not to get my hands all gooey as I went to the restroom myself. Upon entering the cubicle itself I was met with the most unpleasant odor possible. The chocolate smell and the other didn't quite mix."

Gail White: "I have never blurted anything embarrassing in public. My husband, however, once stated loudly in a public restaurant that "You can get an erection from a Ruben's nude." Shy girl at our table nearly expired of blushes."

Harry Warner, Jr.: "Practical joke, yes, if you can count an anti-semitic fan writing a loc, signing my name to it, and making a trip to Hagerstown so he could mail it with a local postmark. I had stagefright as fan goh at the Noreascon, and giving my goh speech was my most frightening moment."

Leah Zeldes: "Most frightening moment was when my father cut his fingers off with a table saw and I was the only other one home. As for cruelety, I saw a puppy put into a washing machine."

Paul Walker: "A friend and I killed a small bird. We were practically infants, and I never did kill another animal, but I have not yet forgiven myself for it." ((When I was quite young I threw a stone at a cat in the tree, really never expecting to hit it; but the stone hit its nose and blood oozed out. I was surprised a cat had blood, but I felt so ashamed about it that, like you Paul, I still think about it and wish mightily that I'd never never have done it.)) "Being rather big-boned, I had to endure names like 'Tubby' and 'Fat Little Butterball'. As an adult, the worst I've been saddled with is 'the maniac'."

Gail White: "My college roommate, by an elaborate system of mysterious sounds, convinced me that there was a ghost in our room. I believed this for years, & her telling me the truth at last was one of the cruelest disillusionments of my life."

Donn Brazier: "I devised a fiendish practical joke while living in Army barracks. My buddy wore clogs to the shower, leaving them just outside the cubicle. I bought another pair exactly the same, but two sizes smaller which I would switch for his when he showered. Finding solitary moments when I could take them from his locker & replace with his own correct size was a problem. When he noted that the clogs were always too small after a shower I convinced him with scientific argument that the hot water made his feet swell up. He bought it! After a month or two I gave up and never did tell him the truth."

John Robinson: "My old man used to spike me like a volleyball."

Dave Romm: "Embarrassing-- I went up to a US Senator at a party we were giving for him, and asked his name."

Brad Parks: "A spider once crawled on my arm. An ant once bit me. I killed them both."

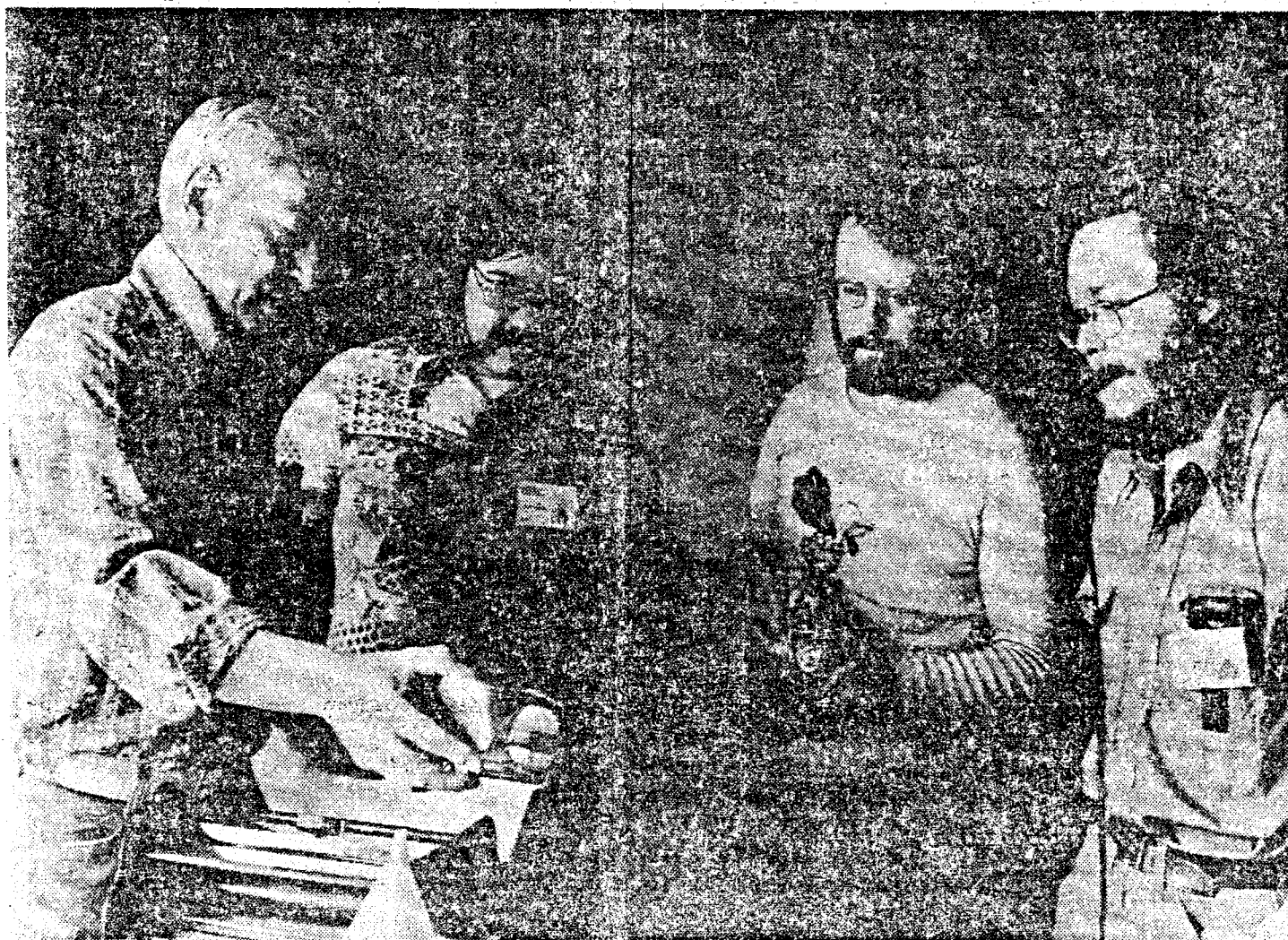
Cathy McGuire: "A roommate threw a pot of water on me and ran from the kitchen. Instead of chasing her, I filled the plastic chairseat she'd been in with about an inch of water. She came back laughing and then sat down! If only I'd had a camera!"

His magazine is out of this world



Family

Friday, June 18, 1976—Page 17A



Donn Brazier, left, shows some of his publishing equipment to, from left, Larry Carmody, a sportswriter from Long Island; Rick Dey, a Detroit social worker, and Don Ayres, a budding Hollywood script writer. All are contributors to fanzines.

St. Louis museum director honored by fanzine fans

By R.A. WILBER

Donn Brazier, director of the Museum of Science and Natural History in Oak Knoll Park, was recently guest of honor at a convention honoring his skills, not in science, but in science fiction.

Brazier was honored for his efforts in producing *Title* magazine, a small publication devoted to science fiction fans and their interests. He was one of two guests of honor at the convention, called Autoclave, held in Detroit over the Memorial Day weekend to celebrate the world of science fiction fandom.

Fandom, Brazier explained to some relative neophytes during the day-long drive to Detroit from St. Louis, is "an unorganized group of people from all over the world who have science fiction as a basic interest."

UNLIKE MANY casual readers of science fiction, the hardcore group in fandom takes its collective hobby seriously. There are fan groups in most major cities (including a presently quiescent group in St. Louis), and there are many publications which circulate among the fans.

"These amateur publications, called fanzines," said Brazier, "range in circulation from under 100 to thousands, and in quality from very slick to one-page typewritten. What they all have in common is that fans use them to communicate with one another."

Title, Brazier's fanzine, has a circulation of just 125, but the addresses range from England and Australia to Canada and nearby Edwardsville, Ill.

"The fanzines," Brazier explained later, between stints as a seminar leader at the convention, "are really amateur. There is no profit motive, and they really aren't for sale."

HE EXPLAINED that fans arrange to receive fanzines by either trading one for another, or by contributing comments, stories, fiction, or the like to a fanzine editor. Such contributions, or at times enough money to cover the mailing, will usually get a fan on the mailing list.

"The fanzines are for communication, entertainment, enjoyment, service, or, more commonly, for an ego boost," explained Brazier.

The fan editors, many of them as deeply involved in their own "real world" jobs as is Brazier in his, publish their magazines as a part-time hobby, although that hobby can take on staggering proportions as an editor's desires to communicate increase.

One editor at the convention, who publishes a slick magazine called *Algol*, seems to be on the verge of being ostracized by his peers

because of an overdose of fan editor activity. *Algol*, it seems, is now accepting advertising, boosting circulation, and paying its contributors—all of which are anathema to the purists.

AT AUTOCLAVE Brazier was fan guest of honor. Gene Wolfe, one of the brighter lights in science fiction's authorial heavens, was the professional guest of honor. Together the two held court for the long holiday weekend. Wolfe is not only an outstanding science fiction writer, he is also a frequent contributor to *Title*.

Brazier arrived at the convention hotel late Friday night and had some plans to steal away to his room for a recovery from the long drive. His 1 a.m. arrival, however, only increased the enthusiasm of the fans already present. He was immediately welcomed to the opening night party at the convention headquarters suite, and the high regard in which his fanfannish editorial skills are held.

was obvious

The first full day of the convention was assigned to panels and seminars, and Brazier handled both with ease. The panel on "Fanzines: Their organization and why people publish them" did not, perhaps, answer a lot of questions that people outside the field might want to ask. But the panel did show that *Title*, despite its small circulation, is well known and respected.

The seminar was more interesting. There the museum director-turned editor explained the intricacies of various methods of small-time printing to an interested gathering of would-be fanzine publishers.

Although its circulation is small, *Title*'s reputation is quite large, so much so that the fanzine was recently awarded second-place in an annual judging of such publications. The magazine, published monthly since 1969, is a one-man hobby operation.

"It was in 1969, at the World Science

Fiction Convention, held here in St. Louis, that I got started with *Title*," explained Brazier a few days after returning from the heady atmosphere that surrounds guests of honor. "I had been away from fandom (which is how sci-fi fans refer to themselves) since 1950, but that one (convention) got me all turned on about it again."

Title's readers are glad that the convention had that effect on the normally sober and scientific Brazier. In *Title*'s pages are a variety of columns, letters of comment (LOCs), short stories, critical essays, and more, all handled with the deftly humorous Brazier touch that more than compensates for the magazine's decided lack of visual appeal. *Title*, like good science fiction, must be read to be appreciated.

It all started for Brazier in the summer of 1934, when a childhood friend told him that since he was so interested in science, he ought to read a particular magazine.

"The magazine was *Astounding Stories*," said Brazier, "and I still remember the first story I read. It was 'Colossus' by Donald Wandrei. I was 17 years old then, (which most sci-fi fans say is a little late to begin) and it really got me started."

From reading the stuff to becoming a fan is not an automatic step. Science fiction fans are a curious breed, with the genre serving more as a central personality trait than an over-all topic of discussion. Many fans get together to share their common interest but only rarely do they wind up discussing the field. As one fan at the recent convention in Detroit put it just before Brazier's dinner speech, "We all know what we think about science fiction. We'd rather discuss other things here."

Enter fandom Brazier did, and loomed (wrote letters of comment), short-storied, and columned away until World War II intervened. Following his duty in the Pacific theater and Florida, Brazier resumed his fan activities until about 1950, when a growing family and a growing career took too much time.

It wasn't until the pace had slowed, in the late '60s, that he felt able again to become a fan. When he did, he became one with a vengeance.

Title #52, which is currently in the mail to those fans who did not receive it at the Autoclave gathering in Detroit, is a fairly representative issue. The first few pages of the 24-page dittoed fanzine comprise a rambling essay on previous issues. Then, in order, come a satiric article on how to determine the sex of your science fiction novel (which was inspired by a previous issue's satiric effort to determine the sex of your beer bottle); an essay on astrology by a *Title* regular; a lengthy and rather scientific appraisal of astrology, with an experiment and its results; another critical essay; and then a host of letters of comment at the end.

It makes for an interesting mishmash, and that is just what Brazier and his avid readers want. *Title*, after all, is really a smooth vehicle of communication between editor and fans.

As Brazier notes, "*Title* is not the place to coax neos (new fans) into fandom because most neos are very interested in science-fiction, which *Title* more or less ignores; and they don't know too many people yet and so might find the partial references boring."

All that may be true, but for the die-hard followers of Brazier's *Title*, each issue's arrival in the mail is an event worth anticipating. Most *Titlers* fire off their letters of comment within a short time, have the issue cover to cover to glean "inside" comment from it.

"*Title* is," said one convention-goer, "the most interesting fanzine to read that I go. It gives me a chance to keep up with what other fans are thinking and doing, has enough humor to make the reading enjoyable; and has some of the more interesting serious articles available."

R.A. Wilber is *Title*-Farrago writer. Rick Wilber, and a SF fan himself; he thus knows better than to use the term Sci-Fi, but the newspaper editor insisted on it because mundanes would recognize the term. Please forgive other small inaccuracies....DB



THE PRO AND

BY
TARAL
WAYNE
MACDONALD

I've never been a proper neo. From the beginning I lacked most of the distinguishing features of a neofan except for abysmal ignorance. For some reason, in particular, I did not worship the pros. Of course, it has been remarked that I was one of those inferior creatures who did not begin reading sf in the cradle. Although I had read some sf as well as fantasy earlier, it wasn't until 1969 that, through Asimov, my sensawonda opened up and I became an sf addict. This may explain the discrepancy in my development.

An anomalous neo or not, it would be difficult, if not outright impossible, to avoid pros entirely at cons, and perforce I interacted with a few.

Asimov I remember following around at TORCON to have a word with in spite of my aversion to idol worship. It took an effort of will to remain a part of the cloud of admirers that shrouded the man like a cloud of electrons about its nucleus. He was kind to all - especially a young boy who had flown to TORCON and wanted to talk about his story with his favorite author. He had thought of stfnal devices like "laser" phonographs, and wanted badly to be told he was clever. Asimov did and the boy smiled so much his head must have divided in two if the smile had been any wider. And Asimov was tired. That I remember more than anything else. When I had my turn I simply asked if I could photograph him and didn't bother him after that. Which may have been the kindest thing I could have done. As long as not everybody leaves him to himself, of course. An ego like Asimov needs some attention...

Ellison I've met under two circumstances. Once was a mass affair, the DISCON showing of A BOY AND HIS DOG, and I thought Ellison as MC was only somewhat less disgusting than his counterparts on afternoon television game shows. The night before, however, I had collared Ellison for a room party, and for the ten minutes or so we had him, he was a different person. Not that I found Harlan performing for 30 people instead of 3000 likeable, but the change in him was very noticeable, and I've been told that to his friends he is a sensitive person. I think if I were him I'd retire from public life - at this stage of the game

his writing doesn't need the hype and promotion to sell.

David Gerrold I disliked with no ambiguity at all. Only three times did I see him, and each time his behavior was "subliminally" hostile. At TORCON I dragged an even ranker neo than I along to get him autographs. I got him two or three before I found Gerrold, who told me to wait. Five minutes later Gerrold finished his conversation and mechanically wrote out his signature and dismissed me. Since I was collecting autographs for someone else I took this embarrassment ill. I saw Gerrold at DISCON twice. Once I wandered into a room party and found him surrounded by a glaze-eyed crowd of groupies. I looked in whenever I passed that room, and for the rest of the night he continued to talk about himself, his books, and Star Trek as if he were on a closed loop tape. Only the faces in the crowd changed.

Later that con I needed to find Jerry Pournelle for a friend and I was asking any pro where he might be. Gerrold was going up an escalator. Oh well, I asked. He stopped and I had to walk all the way up to meet him, instead of the more normal practise of meeting me halfway. He could have walked down a few steps of the escalator while I walked up. Most people would have. He didn't. Three instant turn-offs. His stomping on his "shadowman" reminds me of spitting at one's own image in a mirror.

Lester del Rey inadvertantly put me on a spot at FANFAIR III. During the party a Ballantyne book representative asked me if I'd like a copy of POLICE MY PLANET autographed by the author. Since Lester was sitting not more than 15 feet away and gave signs of having heard, I had no choice other than to agree. So my virgin paperback collection is marred by one autographed copy of POLICE YOUR PLANET. And all these years I had scrupulously avoided autographs of Zelazny, Delaney, Niven, Asimov, Ellison, and Anderson.. Can one laugh while chagrined?

I once illustrated a story by Gordon Dickson--in a fanzine, not a prozine. Gordy scribbled a note on my copy of the story before I got it-- he'd like to buy the original art. Now that is ego boo. Or at least it was until at FANFAIR I asked him if his offer was still good. What offer? A little later and a lot of bourbon under the bridge, he confirms he wants the art after all. Ahhh! The third time I saw him, not noting his condition, he had once again forgotten about the art. This time I was beyond reaction. I have the nagging feeling that if he had been drunk then also, I would have tumbled onto unimaginable vistas.

FANFAIR was notable for disasters. The management busting Joe Halderman's room party, evicting him, and threatening to retain his possessions. With legal help he eventually recovered his room, but he was boiling mad the rest of the con. The management wanted to shut down the consuite party, too. Joe's fondest wish was to bust the night manager right inna nose! The consuite party survived by some miracle and wound slowly down to a roomfull of collapsed figures and lethargic one-shotters. Joe fell asleep in the room where the mimeo was being cranked. He was dressed in an ankle length emroidered robe and apparnetly nothing else. As he twisted and turned in sleep, the robe crept up and up and... We finally had to throw a blanket over him when he started scratching himself as well.

Ted Cogswell is the only pro I've corresponded with, pleasant while it lasted. Funny though. It seems I heard the last from him when I admitted I couldn't recall ever reading any of his stories. Sorry Ted! I didn't mean it like that.

Now somebody should have told me I shouldn't be in the SFWA room, but the few authors who were left at that time in the morning were strewn senseless over the furniture and no one objected. Behind the bar I found Poul Anderson. I may be one of the few people who

(Conclusion of Taral's THE PRO & I)

can pronounce Poul's name right, besides Poul himself. (However, even then I'm never sure if I remember how it should be said.) I sat down at the bar and was promptly warned by Poul that I shouldn't touch any of the glasses or bottles. His wife had had infectious hepatitis, he said. I didn't drink anyway, I told him. Then I had a few words with him before, in blurred condition, he returned his attention to a friend of his propped up against a wall and suggested they end the night. Only a few words, some to the effect that I liked Chee lan best of all his characters and found her rather sexy. So did Poul, and that's why he wrote her like that. Great! So I'm not the only one who's weird and I can mention things like that safely.

A mixed bag authors are. Some I've sort of liked, and some I've instinctively disliked. But, really, I know none of them well enough to justify my reactions. One thing for sure...most of them are interesting people, and not knowing them is a shame.

+ + + + +

"Glicksohn's Theorem: $\sqrt{3} = 2$ for large values of 3. " -- TBIYTC, p.25

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To Cathy McGuire from K. Allen Bjorke: "Your nightmare rarely bothers me, except in the case of really big delays -- sometimes I'll see an old LoC and just barely remember it, reading it instead as someone else's. Sometimes I'm amazed that I could have been so fuggheaded or so perceptive. In this way, fandom lets me monitor myself -- I am able to continuously compare myself of today to myself of, say, 3-4 months ago, or sometimes even longer."

In TITLE 49 I quoted from my notebook about books I had read that Biggle, as editor of NEBULA AWARDS 7, had included "no good stories". Having handed T-49 to Lloyd at AutoClave, I received on June 24 this WANT AD: PERSONAL: "You say in your comments on books, 'I wrote in my notebook--' And I have no quarrel with anything you write in your notebook. Literary judgements are subjective -- oh, how they are subjective-- and you are entitled to yours, expressed any way you like in the privacy of your notebook.

But when you publish your notes as reviews, you should beware of an essential distinction. Most critics and reviewers tend to think they are Ghod. Ghod's pronouncements are never subjective.

The conscientious critic or reviewer is aware of the fact that many may and probably will disagree with him. He also is aware that there is no perfect work of art; and that while he is panning something by nitpicking flaws, someone else may be praising the same work by spotlighting its strong points. I constantly am being awed by the fact that one reviewer can say, 'an excellent book', and another can say, 'a lousy book,' when they are talking about the same book.

The conscientious reviewer says, 'I found no stories in this collection that I liked; or None of these stories appeal to me.' Ghod says, 'There are no good stories in this collection.'

A good reviewer never forgets that the judgement he expresses is his own-- and that his own judgement is the only one he's entitled to."-- Lloyd Biggle, Jr.

W

THE PERSONALS

where the readers
meet nose to
tentacle

A

D

N

T

To Lloyd Biggle, Jr. from Donn Brazier: You are absolutely correct, of course, and I thank you for the cautionary advice; I have perhaps been guilty before. In my defense I state only that having quoted my notebook it seems reasonable for everyone to presume that it was, in fact, my personal opinion-- and not an objective fact. In truth, I treat every reviewer as speaking from his own personal viewpoint whether he says so or not. About the last well-known person I had complete faith in was Albert Einstein. And most of my readers, including you, Lloyd, for giving me constructive advice for what was, as I see it now, an unkind and certainly brusque remark.

To Cathy McGuire from Paula Smith: "Actually, Fandom is a way of cracking up. Unlike Vonnegut's Billy Pilgrim or Leinster's Sam ('This is you'), fen don't generally recognize such disjunction in time. They live with it, and do not react coherently to or against it. Fish aren't aware of water. Too, isn't it the editor's job to keep his stuff from deteriorating by editing out dated or time-dependent material, or by getting into print ASAP? It's always the editor's fault, don't you know."

To Anna M. Schoppenhorst from Bill Bliss: "Me a genius? Time out while I look up genius in the crossword puzzle dictionary. Ummm. I was somewhat of a prodigy-- learned to read at 4½ and was reading sercon at 7. Quite a few of my ancestors were inventive. But it's mostly that I seem to lack some inhibitions and have an unorthodox mentality. Madness-- oh that runs a parallel to the Salvadore Dali kind combined a bit with the Charles Fort definition of madness. I've always had a liking for the bizarre and outlandish and outrageous."

To K. Allen Bjorke from Jane Fisher: "I'm glad that I'm not the only person who dreams in third person. K.Allen, this is obviously a sign of creativity, perception, intelligence, and need I add -modesty."

To Robert Whitaker from Lester Boutillier: "I disagree that comics could not be transferred to films and done straight. Comics use movie techniques in breakdowns and layouts; they'd be great as well-done movies. Today's comics are science fantasy with realistic characterization. Movie special effects are certainly equal to the task. Paramount is supposedly making plans for a movie version of The Fantastic Four. And there's a Hulk movie in the works from THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT's producer. I'm not convinced that these movie will necessarily be bad, or would have to be."

To Dave Szurek from Eric Mayer: "I'm a tea fanatic too. I can't write, listen to records, watch TV, read, or breathe without a cup of tea. On one hand it's a nervous habit. I don't smoke, so I fondle tea cups instead of cigarettes. On the other hand I do like the stuff. Oolong is a favorite, but I like all kinds, with the exception of Lapsong-Suchong (incorrect spelling I'm sure) which tastes, to me, like smoked bacon!"

To Bill Bliss from Tody Kenyon: "Thank you for your great, but alas, belated, idea to paint my front steps -- currently they are plain old fire engine red, but are up for repainting this summer...I'll try to follow your plan then."

To Sheryl Birkhead from Jackie Franke: "You make me furious! I'm the sort who can get hooked on serials in no time flat, and giving us the snake saga in dribs and drabs is lighting up that old urge again. I'll end up turning on the TV and getting caught up in a soap opera again if you don't wind up this story soon... Cruel, you are." ((You heard the lady! Send this zine another installment, Sheryl...))

To Jon Inouye from John Robinson: "Your remarks about inflow/outflow remind me of something I heard Gordie Dickson say at Boskone a year or two ago. He had been writing eight years before he had his first case of writer's block. Much as he tried, he couldn't break it until he decided that since his reading had inspired his writing that he should read more in order to refill the well. It worked."

Ron Salomon to Mike Glicksohn: "Heaps of praise for SnAAApshots. You've found a middle ground, and for me it works. Valuable. I note that 4/9 of the zines are from abroad, leading me to conclude that ~~the conspiracy~~ fandom is global in concept."

Mike Glicksohn to Tony Cvetko: "Your feeling guilty about not loccing fanzines says more about you than about fandom. Unless fandom is fun one should move on, but fellow fans will understand when pressures of time and mundania compel one into fafia and won't demand excessive fanac. You should know that. Get yourself together...."

????????? SNAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPSHOTS ??????????????????????
oooooooooooo

+++++++ OR ----- MIKE GLICKSOHN [x+y=y]

We most definitely seem to be in the midst of a fannish publishing boom. Over a dozen people brought their latest fanzines to Midwestcon to distribute them, as did over fifteen thrifty faneds at AutoClave. And the mails bring at least two every day. With this many fanzines around it's impossible to even read them all, let alone review them. But I've got a pile of the things festering on the floor and munching on the desk legs, so I'll take out those I've mentioned in the last three columns and see what the rest look like....

Well, four of them look rather overstuffed! The latest issues of STFR, EFFEN ESSEFF, SPANINC and GRANFALLOON amount to some 270 pages of basic genzine fare, quite a bit of which could have been pruned somewhat to make for tighter, more readable fanzines.

Mike Glycer's STFR is primarily a combination of book reviews and letters although a couple of fannish columns lighten the load. As it happens, I read very few books, and so I read very few book reviews, but Mike certainly has a stable of very fine critics working for him and undoubtedly they're producing good stuff: there's not one of them would dare cross a faned like Mike! The letters are mostly fine and feisty, arguing matters fannish and otherwise, and Mike is never shy about entering into the thick of any argument. Dave Locke has a bits'n'bites column that shows why I think he's one of the best of the current fanwriters. All in all STFR has the smallest amount of padding of the four and is well worth getting hold of.

EFFEN ESSEFF, from Phil Foglio and C*H*I*P B*E*-S*T*L*E*R (that better, Chip?) probably has the most eminently filler-type material, as most of the astute letterhacks pointed out, but it also has a lot of really superb artwork (notably from co-ed Phil and Greg Vanderlue but the twenty-two other artists help!) which almost makes its construction from seemingly dozens of one and two page bits and pieces tolerable. The material is fairly standard: editorial comments, reviews, faanish tales, letters, etc. with a couple of pieces on the technology of the blinkies which you don't hardly find in just any old fanzine. EFFEN ESSEFF needs a lot of tightening, a lot more care in design, and a few heavyweight writers to match its artists, but nevertheless it's a good fanzine to look at and wonderful for reading in the bathroom since hardly any contribution lasts more than two pages.

GRANFALLOON has a publishing schedule that could best be described as "infrequent" and it looks like things will be getting more so in the future. And that's a shame because the schedule seems to be defeating the zine. Unless nostalgic feelings are colouring my memory of old GRANNIES, this is the weakest issue in some time, which is strange considering there are fans like Tucker and Warner present. But it doesn't seem to fall together properly. The lettercol is short and rather weak, and the genzine material is primarily fannish with articles on fanpolls, apas, fanhistory and fan GoHs. I enjoyed it, but there's none of the old pizzazz that once made GRANNY sparkle and there's nothing here to add to my list of Year's Best. A worthwhile fannish genzine but one that has certainly seen better days.

Perhaps the same could be said of the latest SPANISH INQUISITION but that's because its last two issues were among the best of the year. This double issue combines the "live fanzine" from Balticon and some additional column and letter material and once again it strikes me as being too big to be successful. There's simply too much material, so that even the good pieces (such as a delightful fannish column by Thespian Peter Roberts and a typically droll bit of personal history by

Loren MacGregor) get a little lost. Lots of regular columns, covering topics from Tom Lehrer to Nero to recent interesting technological advances, are joined by guest articles about soviet films, Dorothy Parker, and the joys of getting one's head split open. There's a thirty page lettercol and even a long-forgotten installment of Elliot Shorter's TAFF report from over five years ago. All neatly produced and designed, of course, PANINC is a damn fine genzine, certainly worth getting and getting into, but it isn't quite as sharp as it has been.

In a class by itself, and certainly a fanzine to watch, is the first FAN-HISTORICA, a fanzine devoted to fanhistory and consisting primarily of reprints of classic and significant pieces of fan writing. This first issue has a beautiful cover by Ross Chamberlain, probably the greatest hand-stenciller of fannish art around, with editorials by editors Joe D.Siclari and Gary Farber explaining the idea and the creation of the zine. There's an original piece by Lee Hoffman about the history of her legendary fanzine QUANDRY and reprints by Jack Speer, Bob Silverberg, Ginjer Buchanan, Harry Warner and Redd Boggs. There's a lot of good new artwork, primarily by Stu Shiffman, including one that's been hand coloured by Karina Girsdansky to a greater degree than I've ever seen done in a fanzine before. Starting with next issue they'll be serializing Francis T.Laney's AH! SWEET IDIOCY! For anyone interested in the roots of today's fandom and in the quality of past fanwriters, this zine is a must!

I don't usually review apazines for any of my columns because the nature of most apa material is so ingroupish that it's of little interest to most outsiders. An exception is WHITE NOISE from Rick Dey. Rick uses his apa mailing comments as platforms for small articles and statements of personal belief and he's a damn good writer as well as being intelligent and perceptive. The last three issues of WN, #10-12, have seen the development of a forum on the philosophy of Harry Browne. author of HOW I FOUND FREEDOM IN AN UNFREE WORLD and to say that it's provocative would be a classic understatement! Rick will make extra copies according to demand, so if you don't mind a little meaningless (to you, I hasten to add) apanattering, but do like being stimulated to think and join in some pretty thoughtful conversations, try WHITE NOISE.

PHOSPHENE is Gil Gaier's personalzine and is by far the most interesting of Gil's many fannish undertakings. Certainly one of the most enthusiastic, growing fifty year olds around, Gil has settled for this issue on a combination of personal diary and dialogue with his many correspondents, and the result is an enjoyable kaleidoscopic pattern of ideas, with something for everyone. In fact, my problem with PHOS is that there is so much of interest in it, I simply don't have enough time to loc it. Gil may well be among fandom's worst artists but he's among its best people and his fanzine is a reflection of that.

While going through this pile of fanzines I kept taking out those I was rather unenthusiastic about, so these are mostly fanzines I think you'll like. ((Left out for lack of space: PANTEKHNICON, SPICY, TABEBUIAN, SWOON, MOTA, BREAKING DOWN-- see next issue. DB))

STFR, 14974 Osceola St, Sylmar CA
91345. \$1 sample; usual. #5, 53pp
EFFEN ESSEF #3, 2312 N Clifton,
Chicago, IL 60614. 3/\$3, usual. 76pp
GRANFALLOON 20, 1614 Evans Ave.
Prospect Park PA 19076. \$1, usual
50pp mimeo
SPANINC 7-8, 880 W 181 St #4D, NY
NY 10033. Thish \$1. 86pp mimeo

FANHISTORICA #1, POBox 1343, Radio
City Sta NY NY 10019. Usual, old
fanzines, 50¢. 42pp mimeo
WHITE NOISE, 43 Grove, Highland Pk,
MI 48203. A 13¢ stamp.
PHOSPHENE 4, 1016 Beech Ave, Torrance
CA 90501. Usual, 3/\$2 32pp
offset, quarterly

TITLE #53 August, 1976
Editor: Donn Brazier
1455 Fawnvalley Dr.
St. Louis, Mo. 63131

TITLE is available for LoC and/or contrib, but a new policy of 2 ish for \$1.00 will suspend the participation requirement. Because of the uncertain future of FARRAGO, I'll probably be trading TITLE again.

ART CREDITS:

Cover.....Mike Bracken
Inside cover.....Gil Gaier
Three photos.....Mike Glicksohn
NAME logo.....Tim Marion
Portrait.....Bruce Townley
Photo (newspaper) Rick Wilber
Logo: Pro & I... Arrived on Taral's
stationary

COMING NEXT ISH:

Cover by C.S. Horstman to illustrate
"Free to seek a brighter sun
Some have not fleet wings..."
Mike Bracken's Dog in Photo
Rural Removal... Neal Wilgus
Photo page & photo contest to
identify the Mystery Fan
Psi
How to Fake out Your Garter Snake
by Don Who-Else Ayres
The Fan from the Time Machine
by Robert Glen Briggs

Plus the regular features and
other hasty surprises.....

Memory of World War Two

Lavendar soup spoon,
From pendulous precipice
Dangling diddle-swoon,
Twirl'd its glinting carapace,
Envy of the waning moon.

-- Robert Ruell Savorder

Memory of an 8-Track Rock Tape

Feasting off-white worm
Snug-safe within my bowels,
How you snake and squirm,
Held fast with jagged jewels
To my bleeding endoderm.

-- Robert Ruell Savorder



TITLE #53
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28-9-76
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Camdenbridge
277b

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