



Dear Mae & Titlers, I can't write anymore tonight. Perhaps what little bit I've written so far, quoting the beautiful words from you, Mae, will have to do. The single petal of the rose....



The illustration at the right was done by Bruce Townley, and to the credit of the artist this is about as obvious a remark as I have ever made. When one looks for a credit or penned initial to determine the artist, one is really discovering the name of the craftsman. Bruce's works need not be signed; he is an artist.

This work was done on a 5x8 card sent bare of any word of explanation, unenclosed, through the mails. By some miracle the ripping and smudging P.O. machines were inoperative that day.

Why did Bruce send me this? Because, I am sure, the two aliens are standing on AITOI -- the word having undergone the Townley spacetime distortion. Why this editorial meandering of mine-- AITOI-- should cause this reaction in BT is perhaps as subconsciously buried in the Townley mind as are the reasons for the symbols in his art.



*THE HAT GOES HOME* is impeccable, a delight, destined to be a collector's item if I ever saw one. Illustrated with all kinds of drawings from over a dozen artists, and with photographs, and with tipped in Australian souvenirs, the 42 pages tell the story of Aussicon (etc.) as Mike Glicksohn saw it. Costs a measly dollar and all proceeds go for DUFF, the Down Under Fan Fund. Address-- 141 High Park Avenue, Toronto Ontario M6P 2S3 Canada. Better hurry! On the next page, having been reminded of my Aussiecard, I xerox the multi-signed card sent by Bob Tucker to me in August of 1975.

The National Space Institute has a *NEWSLETTER* currently at Vol 1 No 9 (the Sept. 76 issue). It's always 8 pages, slick paper, printed with photos & diagrams; you have to join @ \$15 annually (\$9 if you're under 18 years old) to get it. Wernher von Braun is Chairman & Hugh Downs is



Dear  
Don,

NU-COLOR-VUE  
OF  
AUSTRALIA

8/22

PLACE  
STAMP  
HERE

Greetings from...

Susan Wind John Millard  
John Bony Eric Lindsay  
Mike Blackburn - huh? (where is my copy of  
title with my  
article in it)  
Bob Silversky  
Bob Tuckett Lee Harding  
Palma Brown Paul Anderson  
John Chell  
Shayne McCormack  
Adrian

MELBOURNE, VIC., AUSTRALIA.

Reflections of the city lights across  
the Yarra River at dusk.

PC3  
NCV1305

COPYRIGHT NUCOLORVUE PRODUCTIONS PTY LTD  
Printed in Australia.



POST CARD

LATE NEWS FLASH =  
IT WAS A GREAT  
CON! 500-600 HERE,  
ALL TURNED ON BY  
SM OOOOOO TH!

— Bob T.

President. NSI is a non-profit, scientific, educational, independent voice on matters of space, it says; and letters to the editor are welcome! Address: 1911 N. Fort Myer Dr., Suite 408, Arlington, Va 22209. They are publishing a 600 page biography of von Braun, due out in Dec. at a \$13.95 price for non-members (members can get a copy for \$11.15).

I found it interesting that the leadoff article in this issue was done by Brad Biegon, a 14 year old, who talked with Ray Bradbury and Gene Roddenberry among many people gathered around for the Viking 1 touch-down. Brad writes: "I asked Roddenberry if he expected to find life on Mars similar to that found in his television series. He replied that 'I'm sure it'd be like nothing found in our television series. Most of the aliens were quite human because of cost factors, and unfortunately when you go through a casting book almost all the actors are disgustingly human.'"

The editor of the NSI NEWSLETTER is polling the readers with this question: Assume that funding would be available. What would you ask NASA to do next? If TITLE readers would send me their answers, I will send a tabulation to the editor, or even bundle all your letters together to send (in the latter case, keep your NASA reply on a separate sheet of paper, please, so I won't lose your other T-inspired comments).

There's a new reader in the circle, Fred Jakobic of 113 W Ohio St, Apt 4, Marquette, Mich 49855. Fred has been reading SF for 17 years but is just getting into and finding out about fandom this year, and comes to TITLE through the recommendation of Hank Heath. Fred sent me two examples of his so-called "doodles". Each is 15 inches high and so I can't xerox them; besides, they're in riotous color-- a sort of a mosaic of geometric forms, and very striking. They're worth framing to hang on my office wall.

THE SPAGYRIC QUEST OF BEROALDUS COSMOPOLITA is a little booklet/reprint of Arthur Machen's story illustrated by Mae Strelkov (covers & 6 illos) and Danny Strelkov (one illo). Available from Ned Brooks, 713 Paul St., Newport News, Va 23605. Edition limited to 500 copies. Price= ?



# 1P55

Robert Whitaker  
did the "duck"  
cover of the prev-  
ious issue.....

Rose Hogue: "Devoured T55 as soon as the postman plopped it through the mailslot on my freshly mopped floor. ((That's an in-joke between Rose & me.)) Love the cover; that bird has got to be the funniest thing I've seen all day-- reminds me of Sheryl's first animal artwork, very expressive and emotionally appealing...Love the Bradbury quotes-- can't help but admire his delightful selection of words...I really do stand in awe of him and Sturgeon! Did you ever get to read Don Ayres' aluminum foil loc? ((Yes, and it said, don't fill the indentations up with ink to read it, that's the easy way out. And the first way I tried!)) Robert Briggs had some neat things to say, but the closing comment about Bill Bowers was a bit barbed. I liked the fanzine editorial briefs-- is this to be a regular? ((Nothing in T is regular!)) Unfortunate they don't have PineSol in Winnipeg, surely something fannish could have been done with it-- and Phase III soap. Anyway Bathroom Con didn't sound as X-rated as I thought it might-- nice clean fun in fact! Did you compose the quotes and dialog for BONFIRE ONE from letters? ((Yes)) If so, you are a neat editor with a fantastic sense of timing and a feel for writing even if you do steal everything you use."

Ben Indick: "Yes, I too was wondering what happened to Denis Quane. ((Everyone is.)) Thanks for the HPL Tombstone Fund plug-- I've raised about \$50 for Dirk Mosig with half my list sold. What alarms me about Dr.W's note anent 200 Strekkiezines is not that there are so many BUT THAT I MAY ONE DAY START RECEIVING THEM. The mind boogie-woogies...!Bob Briggs is wrong about Bok; Bok was already popular in 1946. His FFM work started about 1942 with his outstanding 'Who Wants a Green Bottle' illo (a man on a mouse), and his classic 'Yellow Sign' was surely before 1945. Still, it is a cute warm article. BONFIRE is an amazing amalgamation-- a lovely, loving piece. It's what Fandom means."

Ah, here's a new country heard from...What

concise, long letter, and that's not an inconsistency...Has a real jazz beat..the writer Burt Libe, P.O.Box 1196, Los Altos, CA 94022. "I find it hard to choose between FAN TIME MACHINE and BONFIRE. ((sic)) Well, I choose BONFIRE ONE. Fascinating and informative article! Plus a first-hand account of a night out in the canyon wilderness. ((Hope you caught the 'fictionized'?!)) TITLE is unique-- far different from a Trekzine (well, you got to start somewhere!). I'm also relieved not to feel so highly mummified in age (38) when knocking minds in a zine." ((There's a lot more to be used in other sections, and a horrible unconscious (?) parody of Jessica Salmonson's letter-- written so well I simply can't reprint it. He ends with..)) "Disagree with Jessica about David's 'Super-star' status. Super-star, no way! He represents only one 'hit' -- tribbles-- followed by a flurry of subsequent rambling misses, and a swelled ego that begs exorcism. I dislike the 'hit-once-rest-on-laurels' syndrome which poisons today's SF and hope future SF readers will use boycott or whatever other options necessary to drive such literary leeches off pedestals they no longer merit. Others more deserving must have their fair chance to score (like, for instance, Delaney)."

Stephen H. Dorneman Coa, 131 Sowers St, Apt D-2, State College, Pa 16801: "Tell Stu Gilson that I'm submitting a bidet for the next BathroomCon site...Has Jessica ever read about PG Wodehouse's newt-fancier, Gussie Pink-Nottle? If not, I recommend his RIGHT HO, JEEVES for admirers of the farce/romance..."

Reed S. Andrus, CoA Nov.1, 226 E. 4800 So., Murray, Utah 84107: "Was very glad to see that we agree on Jackie Hilles. Her responses to trust and the lack thereof struck some familiar chords, bringing a sting to my eyes. There was an experience when I was about twelve that really got to me, and has stayed fairly fresh in my memory for almost thirty years now, so it must have been potent. One day I'll recount it, because of the cathartic effect it might have; without consulting professional help I have an intuition that it's the foundation of all my anger and hostility toward mankind in general. Tolerance is not my strong point."

Lester Boutillier: "Everybody's doing a duck cover these days. Quack, quack! ((T's duck was done by Robert Whitaker)) I tend to doubt that 1 out of 10 books today, reported by Briggs, is SF or fantasy. ((?))



Bob Tucker may be in his 60's but he does not look over 50. I envy him his trim figure. I don't think I'll be able to exude youth when I'm 60. And this about Tucker is good. It gives the illusion that fandom is still young, even eternally young. And this is very, very good.... Barbek's 'Best Editorial Briefs' was a highlight of recent TITLE history. I'm surprised no one thought of it sooner. ((I'm trying to convince Barbek to do another one.))

Brett Cox: "I'd like to put in a plea for TITLE #47, since I never got a copy and hence my complete run from #19 to date is interrupted, which bugs me no end... Who in ghod's name was in Myrtle Beach recently, besides me? ((I suspect C.D.Doyle)) ...The mystery fan was D.Gary Grady? I'll be damned. I was under the impression he had a beard....Briggs certainly made clear the massive changes that have taken place in fandom over the years. What he doesn't make clear, though, is whether he thinks these changes are for better or worse.How 'bout it, Robert? BONFIRE ONE was fascinating reading, and an ingenious format--far more entertaining than simply quoting from the letters. ((I could have done a whole extra issue of TITLE out in the time it took me to organize that piece; so I'm happy you took note of what I thought, if I may say so, turned out fairly well even though written down comments transcribed to supposed conversation often came out a little bit stilted.)) Glicksohn's reviews are excellent as always, but I protest--Phil Dick's article in SCINTILLATION was, I thought, a truly courageous piece, far from being 'self-pitying'. And I thought Mike was entirely too hard on STARFIRE."

Hank Heath: "Your BONFIRE has put us loccers on the defensive. I feel almost obligated to explain my loccking policy & compare it with the thoughts of Your Magnificent Seven. 1) I loc or poc every zine I receive; I feel that I have to earn the right to stay on a zine's mailing list.How badly I want to stay on that list is directly related to the quality loc I send. 2) I do not loc on day of receipt except in the case of TITLE & DON-O-SATUR. I scratch notes in the margin as I read & underline. Then the zine goes into my loc pile to be locced in order of receipt. It gives time to digest. 3) I include some nattering totally unrelated to the zine--to make the loc a piece of communication, not just a formality for receiving the next issue. 4) I don't care whether part of the loc is printed or not, nor whether

I made the WAHF's. 6) I'm not a critic. I figure any reasonably intelligent fan-ed knows how his zine has failed, and doesn't need salt rubbed in the wound.At least by me. There's enough Glicksohns and Macdonalds floating around with blue pencils. I don't have to get into that race. Especially since I'm having so much trouble putting my own projects out.... How does all that compare with the Mag Sev? Not too badly, since about the only thing they all agree on is that you ought to keep-on-loccin'! 10-4." ((Hank, your "unrelated nattering" is a joy to read, and since any faned would like some of the same, I now give your address and hope you get 10 fanzines every week--250 Dale Dr., Cassadaga, NY 14718.))

Wee Wilum Pugmire: "It was painfully obvious that all of yem whut wrote for BONFIRE write locs for selfish reasons-- to have yem publish'd. Sirrah, I donot think that that is the basic reason for loc-composition. The loc is for the editor. To compose a loc with the intention that it is going to be publish'd sounds a bit egotistical, a childish aspect of fans. A struggling new editor ended his letter that I received today with, 'Hope you'll answer'. It seems to suggest that many people haven't answer'd him, because his fanzine is not at all polished. That's pretty sad. Anyway, the article interested me, as I feel that letter-writing is something that people take for granted these days. Many good points were brought up, but at times there was a bit too much back-patting, and ye sounded like the loc-writing clique of fandom. This attitude wasn't actually in the column, as you were all having a bit of fun." ((A letter from Bill who read Jessica Salmonson's copy of T. The back-patting attitude inched its way into the piece because of my 'good-feeling' as I fictionized myself & long-time loc friends sitting around the friendly fire. Frankly, I was in a back-patting mood, and was warm to my toes. Romantic,if you will.))

Robert J. Whitaker: "Nice cover. I wonder who did it? ((Uh, beats me, you ol' web-foot! Hope it doesn't mean we're thru.))

Tim C. Marion: "My, hasn't Title changed since the days I was getting it...what-ever happened to the bits and pieces? ((I switched the catsup to A-1.)) The only thing that kept me reading BONFIRE was its style..the ideas on locs, fandom,etc. I've heard so many times that I'm nauseated." ((From the Big Mag Sev!??))





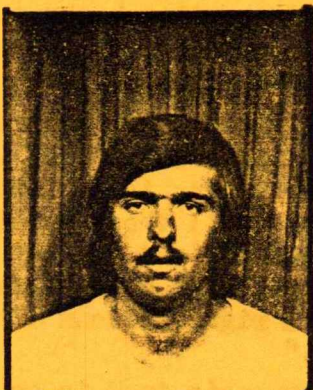
STU GILSON (SHOWING  
FARRAGO #2)



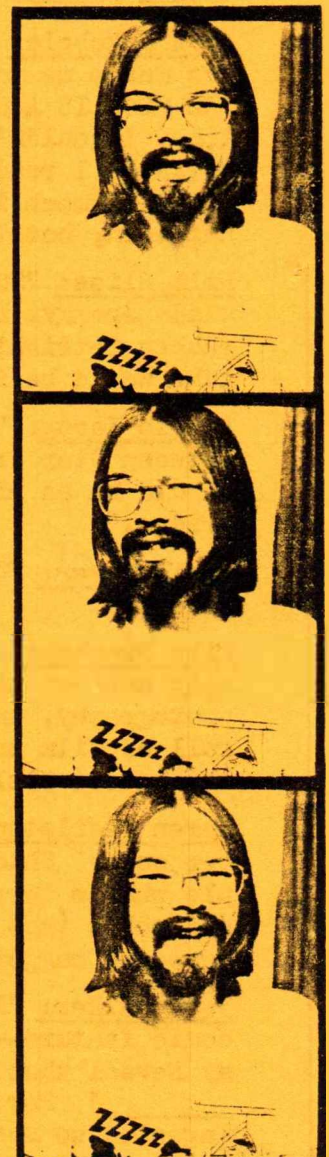
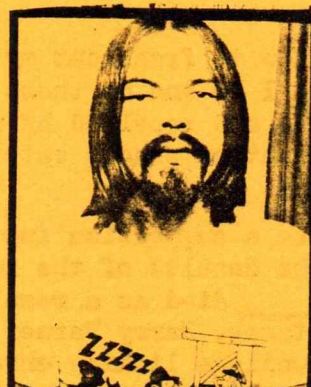
CELIA TIFFANY LAURINE WHITE



RANDY REICHARDT

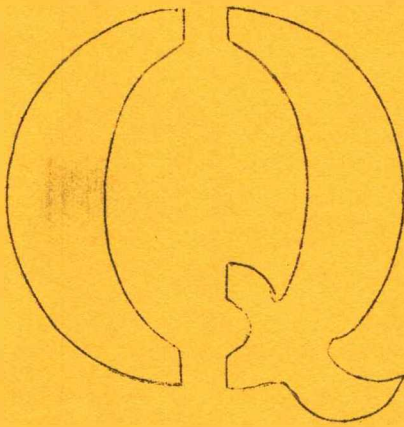


MYSTERY  
FAN  
#2 →



DAVE SZUREK





QUICK  
QUOTES  
" --- "

Hank Heath: "I wonder just how much of our artwork is affected by subliminal symbolism. It takes me a minimum of 1 hour to do a drawing, until it 'feels right'. But I have no rationalization of where this 'feeling' might've come from. Looking back, I see symbols I hadn't intended consciously. I tend toward huggable subjects. Gil Gaier recently stated he found a lot of unintentional phallic symbolism in his drawings."

Fred Jakobic: "Reading Patrick Hayden's loc makes me wonder how anyone could read THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS for the 5th time. I couldn't even finish it! Also, STRANGER I read once. I do not think I could stomach it again. I like the old Heinlein, not the new."

Bill Bliss: "Subliminal Seduction could get kinda freaky. To sell merchandise to a rubber fetishist, perhaps an old inner tube would be imbedded."

Dennis Jarog: "There should not be a gulf between Star Trek fans and SF fans. There should be an effort to bring ST over the bridge."

David Moyer: "Why does everyone hate Panshin?"

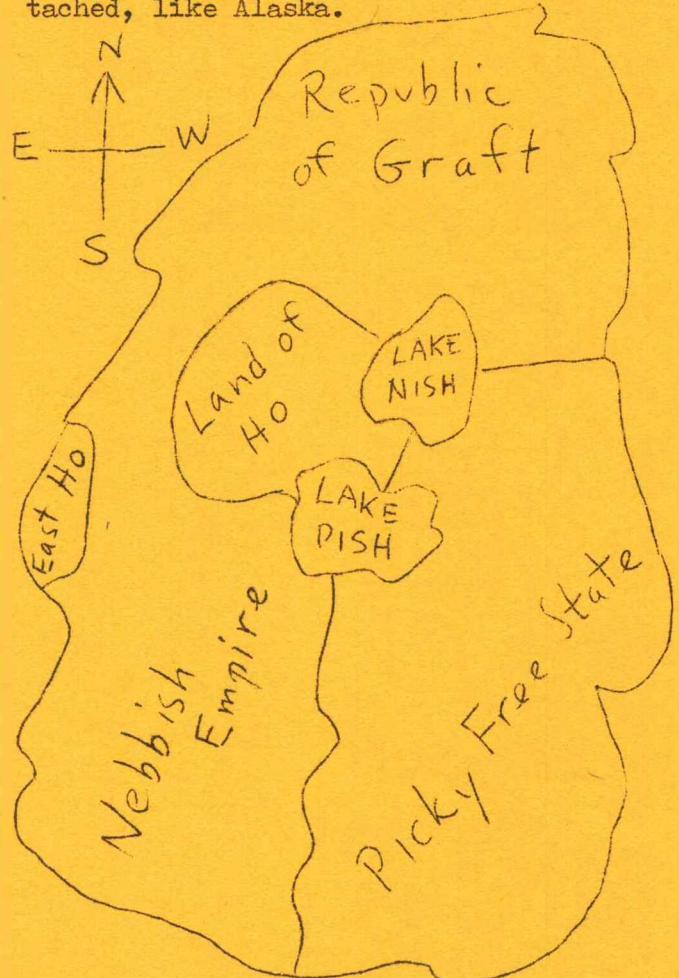
Mike Bracken: "It took awhile, but I finally managed to teach my dog the basics of photography, and today he used up half a roll of film taking pictures of my reading the latest Title."

Karen Pearlston: "How to freak out my garter snake? Shudder. I am one of those people who is terrified and repelled by worms and makes (not to mention slugs, caterpillars and maggots.) "

Paul Walker: "I have a suggestion for a comic feature-- 'The Results of the Autopsy Reveal that \_\_\_\_\_ died as a result of \_\_\_\_\_' For instance, Harry Warner had ingested so much mucilage licking envelopes that all his organs stuck together. Also,

although there was not a mark on the body, Mike Bracken appears to have died of rabies." ((Any contribs??))

Gene Wolfe: "As it happens, I have visited the island mentioned by Taral Wayne Macdonald--see map. The traveler's error was in assuming that all four nations were contiguous internally. As you see, East Ho, a part of the Land of Ho, is detached, like Alaska."



(Wolfe continued) "Most of my typing errors occur on the last line. (This type --pun-- of mistake is thus called a 'Wolfy'. Errors in the last word are double Wolfies, and error after the last word -- a "/" instead of a "?" for example-- are triple Wolfies. When a writer has made 10,000 Wolfies, he is entitled to quit." ((A new word enters the slanguage!))

Steve Sneyd: "At the moment Mars must be full of baffled indigenous scientists trying to decide whether Viking is an intelligent lifeform or not..all those coded messages it keeps sending, and the way it keeps playing with soil like a baby..real Earthmen'll come as a right letdown after so bionic a device.."

Marty Helgesen: "If emphasis in T is on content, why was 'Rural Removal' in that awkward layout?" ((Got it that way.))



Ned Brooks: "To me, the main objection to firing radioactive waste into space is the problem of various levels of launch failure."

Ken Josenhans: "Unlike most of the fmz I've seen that deal with personal matters, TITLE emphasizes the positive aspects of life."

Jane Fisher: "The Constitutional rights of students are usually ignored and constantly infringed. The most common is the universal practice of 'locker checks' without the student's knowledge and/or permission (or a search warrant). It is clearly unwarranted search and seizure. Yet, as far as I know, it has never been contested in court."

Gary Grady: "I dinna believe in Roscoe. Look here, now. Some people think the world is ruled by a divine Cosmic Intelligence. Hah! Look around you, turkeys. Where is there evidence of anything so grand and wise? Oh, no. I have the true religion: We are watched over by a benevolent Galactic Stupidity. So be it."

Chester Cuthbert: "We often hear people say they wish they were millionaires. But if they were asked: 'Would you surrender your identity to achieve that goal?' I think the answer invariably would be 'No.' No matter how unenviable our lot, our personality, our self, is the most important factor of our being: we would rather accept death than lose our identity."

Robert J. Whitaker: "No mind is free: all minds think in patterns, make people move in certain manners and cause them to use certain parts of speech. If there was total freedom, nobody would know what to do. Total freedom can be found only in dreams."

Stephen H. Dorneman: He suggests a way to escape the 'vicious circle' of conditioned behavior. "Suppose that whenever you have a choice to make you base your decision on the results of a truly random occurrence such as radioactive decay or the umpteenth digit of pi. After a number of such choices, you would then be the product of random decisions."

Neil Ballantyne: "I don't know what to think about your time theory, but this summer has flashed by faster than any I can remember. The whole family went west through the prairies, the mountains, to Vancouver and back through the states by car and tent. In three weeks. Great fun, The 3 weeks seemed like less than one."

Wayne Hooks: "Title is one of the few sure things in an unsure world." ((Referring to T's monthly appearance...))

Stuart Gilson: "It dawns on me that this 'rude affair', this 'scrapbook' has given me more insight into other people and has provided me with more joy than has any other fanzine. It's nice to know one is a member of that Title family."

Burt Libe: "Paul Walker, my favorite professional cynic, never fails to amuse me. I always marvel at how subjects look through his myopic, sheltered, cloistered, naive world."

Tony Cvetko: "Autoclave accomplished the task of turning me into a con fan, & I've since been to 3 others as well as spending weekends in Toronto & Detroit visiting various fen. ... By the way, I'll be nominating NAME for a Faan Award next year." ((There are still a few remaining copies of NAME, that funny parody of the Big-T. Just ask me for one.))

Bill Brummer: "Ah hah! So you noticed the resemblance between Ellison's style of writing and Philip Wylie's too, eh? Join the club. Great minds think alike."

Cathy McGuire: "About that Paul Walker quiz -- are you sure you didn't edit a few words from what I said about the raven? I don't believe that I could've said something that obscene and not have noticed it." (( Yes, I clipped a phrase, leaving a rather ambiguous sentence-- one of the few times I couldn't resist. I'm sorry, Cathy, if it embarrassed you; the double-entendre was the work of a dirty old editor!))

Leah Zeldes: "On Monday, when the Neo Fan's Room at MAC was emptied, the fanzines were put on the freebie table and I went digging through them and found a copy of TITLE #2. I went through the rest of the day proudly displaying my prize. In format, etc., it wasn't too different from T 54." ((Old dogs don't learn new tricks I'm afraid.))

John Thiel: "Your name means a candle-like means of illumination made out of brass. I hope you keep it burning for there's nothing so depressing as a burnt-out brazier." ((It's burning at both ends!))

Bruce Townley: "I engage in sci-fi fandom for fun and regard any kind of reading as escape; I have extremely flat feet."



# HOW TO SIZE UP YOUR CAIMAN

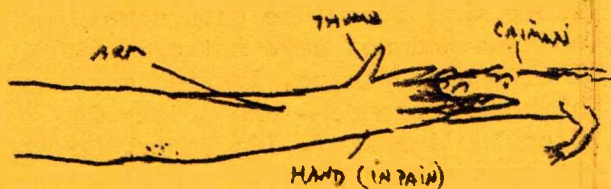
#4 in a series

BY

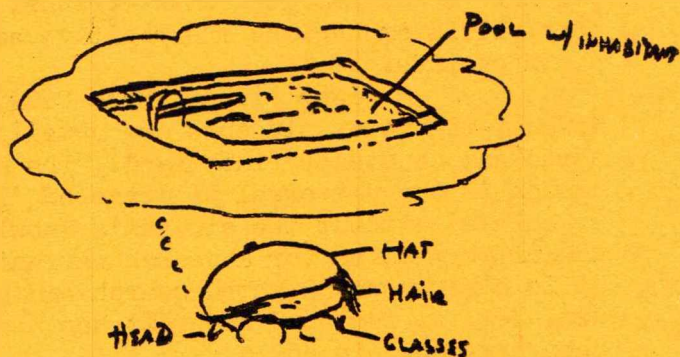
Don Ayres and Jim Bhearn



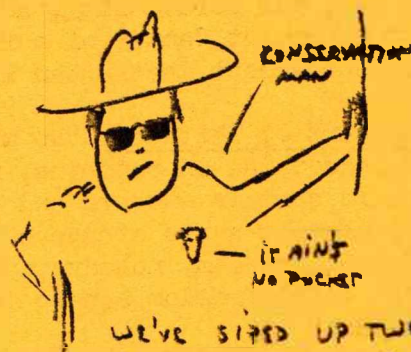
SINCE YOU'VE DECIDED TO MAKE THE PLUNGE AND BUY A CROCODILIAN, A FEW WORDS OF ADVICE ARE IN ORDER. EVEN THOUGH DEALERS CAN BE COERCED TO REDICULOUS PRICES BY CIRCUMSTANCES, YOU CAN'T BE SWAYED BY THEM, EVEN IF IT IS A BARGAIN.



HAVING DECIDED WHAT SIZED ANIMAL IS BEST FOR YOUR SITUATION, THE NEXT CONSIDERATION IS HEALTH. THE EVALUATION OF THIS IS SIMPLE, IF ONE REMEMBERS THIS RULE OF THUMB: A HEALTHY CAIMAN IS A SNAPPY CAIMAN. IF IT GOES FOR THE THROAT - OR AT LEAST THE HAND, THE ANIMAL IS PROBABLY HEALTHY.



AFTER ALL, SIZE IS AN IMPORTANT CONSIDERATION. YOU OBVIOUSLY HAVE TO OWN A POOL (OR SWAMP) TO EVEN CONSIDER PURCHASING THE ANIMAL OFFERED AT LEFT; HE MAY NOT EVEN RELENUISH POOL RIGHTS FOR YOUR PARTY (SOME CROCODILLIANS ARE VERY SELFISH). NOT TO MENTION SEASONAL PROBLEMS - A COLD CROCODILIAN IS AN UNHAPPY CROCODILIAN, AND PERHAPS UNHEALTHY.



WE'VE SIZED UP TWO OF THE MOST IMPORTANT FACTORS IN SIZING UP YOUR PROSPECTIVE PET, BUT NOTE, I'VE SAID NOTHING ABOUT SPECIES. FOR THE MOST PART, ONE BUYS WHAT ONE FINDS. A WORD OF CAUTION! THE AMERICAN ALLIGATOR AND AMERICAN CROCODILE ARE PROTECTED BY LAW

ONCE YOU HAVE SIZED UP YOUR PROSPECTIVE PET ON THESE IMPORTANT POINTS, YOUR SELECTION SHOULD BE SIMPLE AND THE ANIMAL SOON A FASCINATING PART OF YOUR HOUSEHOLD. AT LEAST UNTIL YOU LEARN HE IS SIZING YOU UP/....



# Science Fiction And Creativity

By Philip A. Shreffler

Over the Labor Day weekend a St. Louis woman turned her 15-year-old granddaughter loose among 3000 conventioners in a Kansas City hotel. And to make matters seemingly worse, this was the thirty-fourth annual World Science Fiction Convention — the largest single gathering of what many people consider to be the weirdest weirdos on earth.

Was this decision the irrational act of an irresponsible person?

"My granddaughter wanted to come to this convention awfully bad," said Mrs. Naomi Mundy, "and so I brought her. At first I had these horrible visions of letting a 15-year-old girl run around with a bunch of pot-smoking freaks.

"But I'll tell you something. I've never met a finer, kinder, more gentle group of people in my entire life than these science fiction fans. And remember, it's a gray-haired old square telling you this.

"Of course, they haven't sold me on reading science fiction yet, but I think I know why they love it. They seem to want to straighten out what my generation has done. They seem to be looking toward better times."

In a way, Mrs. Mundy is right. If there is one general characteristic that typifies science fiction fans, it is hope. But surprisingly, it is not necessarily a naive faith in science that makes the SF fan hopeful.

Whereas others might believe that science will solve all our problems, the SF fans know that it is man himself who must solve his problems. And they know that science is only as good as the men and women who make it a reality.

"We all have the same dreams," said Michael Fitzsimmons, a member of the St. Louis Science Fiction Society who attended the convention. "We look out and see that man and the universe are just in their adolescence. People who read science fiction are simply unlimited in what they see as possible.

"We've got the whole universe. We've got a kind of cosmic awareness. And the beauty of science fiction is that it cuts right across the lines of age, sex and politics."

Many people, however, tend to view avid science fiction readers as myopic oddballs, as maladjusted individuals who are incapable of coping with the world of present-day reality.

"That's not really true at all," said Fitzsimmons. "SF fans aren't abnormal. We may be more normal than anybody else. We've got a healthy attitude about life and we're generally very optimistic. Science fiction fandom is a way of sharing that optimism."

Fitzsimmons's wife Barbara added that she reads SF just for the fun of it. "There aren't many good movies these days," she said, "and television is crummy. Therefore, it's only natural to want to read."

Reading, of course, is what science fiction is all about. Everywhere in the convention hotel, usually amid the swirl of crowds and the roaring din of a thousand impromptu conversations, there were people curled up and lost in books.

At first, these solitary, benign readers might have seemed insignificant. Soon, though, it became clear that everything a science fiction fan is depends on books. Books stimulate the imagination, and the imagination is the source of human creativity.

"It may seem incredible," said SF writer Frank Herbert, author of the "Dune" novels, "but a lot of big corporations have been coming to science fiction writers and asking us to teach their product development people how to think creatively."

Herbert's point is that there may be

no group of readers or writers who are called upon more to exercise imaginative creativity than those involved in science fiction.

This is undoubtedly why the SF fans are so optimistic. When a person's life is oriented toward imaginative creation, rather than a sense of doom and destruction, he is bound to be hopeful.

Capturing this spirit well was the female fan on whose T-shirt was the legend: "Build Starships Now!" This is the slogan of a group that is trying to encourage deep space exploration at a time when public interest in the space program is waning.

But space isn't the only direction in which the imagination of the fans travels. The convention also drew hundreds of people whose principal inclination is toward magic worlds that never were and can never be — worlds

of dragons, sorcerers and shining heroes. Fascination with the deeds of heroes who must confront supernatural evil has been a staple of world literature from the days of Homer's "Odyssey" all the way through to "The Exorcist."

Something that these fantasy fans share in common with readers of historical novels and biographies is that they get a chance to slip off into wondrous worlds very different from their own. But fantasy fans may be luckier. Their worlds are those in which absolutely anything can happen.

The general division between science fiction and fantasy is that science fiction must be fairly faithful to scientific laws while fantasy may deal with the impossible — magic swords, hobbits, invisible monsters and superhuman men and women.

If the science fiction reader's optimism proceeds from his visions of a better world in the future, then the fantasy fan's optimism comes from knowing that he can plunge himself headlong into a better world than he lives in. As fantasy writer C. L. Grant put it, "I'm a Romantic with a capital R."

Suddenly, then, for one very special weekend, these 3000 devotees of both fantasy and science fiction were permitted to come together with dozens of their favorite writers to share the hopes, the dreams, the inside jokes, the bookish conversation and the often unvoiced good will that is SF fandom.

They came to hear panels composed of well-known writers like Robert A. Heinlein, Poul Anderson, Jerry Pournelle, Alfred Bester and Larry Niven. They came as aspiring SF writers and artists. They came to watch the SF movies that were shown virtually around the clock. They crowded into the Kansas City Music Hall to see a science fiction play. In short, they came to imagine.

Perhaps there was no single event at the convention that epitomized the fans' creativity more than the costume masquerade. Lines of people queued up for two hours waiting to get tickets for this most popular event at World Science Fiction Conventions. And the wait proved to be worth it.

With a thousand individuals packed into a hotel ballroom for four hours, about 50 contestants in glittering costumes paraded down a runway carrying on a tradition as old as the court masquerades of King Louis the XIV of France.

One by one, the crazy, hideous or wonderful figures stepped into the spotlights. Here was a 9-foot-tall robed creature with a coppery insect-like face. Then came a green, 12-foot giant holding a sword menacingly in one of its four arms. As if they had stepped out of a pack of tarot cards, there appeared the

King and Queen of Cups resplendent in flowing purple robes that sparkled with silver trim, holding scepters and cup-like human skulls.

The fantastic procession continued. Wood nymphs danced, monsters sham-bled, cat creatures pranced delicately.



From the pages of fiction they came, as if a gigantic book had fallen open somewhere and poured them out.

There was even a woman who had studied closely Aubrey Beardsley's famous illustrations for Oscar Wilde's "Salome" and had duplicated the costume perfectly.

In her Art Nouveau gown and cape, her face chalk white and her lips black in imitation of a black-and-white drawing, she ceased to be a familiar human being and became instead a work of art.

Then came a girl in a gray leotard,

her face silver and the letters "USA" done in red on her chest. She walked down the runway with her arms straight above her head. At the end, she stopped and lowered herself into a squatting position. She peered around tentatively.

She cupped her ear as if listening. Then she extended one arm, but it seemed to stick part way out. She tried to loosen it. Finally it came free and she reached down with her hand to scoop something from the ground.

She had done a pantomime of the United States's Viking I Mars lander.

Then it all came into focus. This wasn't just dressup, wasn't just immature Halloween nonsense. This was a group of people, both the contestants and the audience, who had a well-developed sense of esthetics. These were people who had dipped deeply into books, who knew the avenues of the stars as well as their own hometowns. They were people who had dreamed and who knew how to make those dreams into something tangible and beautiful.

But they were also people who had the good humor to be able to laugh at themselves. This dimension was evidenced by the young man who appeared dressed as a Viking warrior, his skin the color of a green apple. There was a raucous roar from the crowd when he announced himself to be "a Norse of a different color."

There was something fine and refreshing in all of this. After all in this Bicentennial year, Americans still carry with them the memories of Vietnam and Watergate. The news media are filled to overflowing with Northern Ireland and the Middle East, inflation and politics.

But in the middle of it all are these people called science fiction fans by some, weirdos and freaks by others. They are the people to whom Mrs. Mundy entrusted her 15 year old granddaughter.

"Please don't write what the other newspapers have written about this convention," said Mrs. Mundy. "Don't write that these people are crazy or irresponsible. Tell the truth. Say how good they are."

If the thirty-fourth annual World Science Fiction Convention is any indication, it can be written with confidence. The SF fans are good people.

At a few minutes before 6 o'clock on the evening of Sept. 3, the second night of the convention, a girl burst out of the elevator into the hotel lobby. "Viking II lands on Mars in 10 minutes!" she shouted to anyone who was listening.

She seemed to represent everyone at the convention. She cared. And it was probably a young person like her that Ray Bradbury had in mind when he wrote: "The stars are yours, if you have the head, the hands and the heart for them."

The newspaper describes Philip A. Shreffler as a "free-lance writer"; in the context that he is not a POST staff writer, true. Phil is a lot of things-- tall, dark, somewhat sardonic in appearance, but gentle, bright, and fluent. He teaches at Meramec Community College, heads up the local Sherlock Holmes scion, goes to fantasy & SF cons, has had a book on H.P. Lovecraft accepted, and is working on a book of fantasy author interviews. He is married to a charming woman who directs public relations for the City Art Museum.



Science fiction fan's version of Beardsley's illustration.



# SIR MIKE BRACKEN, KNIGHT OF THE PAPER SPACESHIP

BY BRETT COX

The first time I ever heard of Mike Bracken was on June 3, 1974, when I received sample copies of KNIGHTS OF THE PAPER SPACESHIP #'s 5 and 6. Co-edited by Mike and Joe Walter, it was a modest genre-zine which started out as "a science fiction magazine" produced under the auspices of the editors' high school English Dept. By the time I and the rest of fandom got acquainted with KPSS, it was becoming less of an "sf magazine" and more of a fanzine (#6 even contained a putdown loc from Warren Johnson), but it was still being done out of their school and still reflected the editors' unfamiliarity with fandom. I remember thinking at the time that KPSS was a fair little zine, but I didn't really go out of my way to stay on their mailing list.

## Science Fiction Buff

# SIU-E Student 'Fanzine' Editor

By SIU-E News Service

One day soon, no doubt, a science fiction fan magazine (or fanzine) will make its appearance on the campus of Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville, but people who know Michael Bracken won't be at all surprised. After all, Bracken, who will be a freshman at SIUE this fall, has published a science fiction fanzine off and on since he was a sophomore in high school back in California.

A fanzine is a publication by, for, and about science fiction fandom, a select group of people world wide who share their comments and criticisms about science fiction.

Using equipment belonging to the school's newspaper, Bracken and a friend, Joe Walter, produced a 15 to 20-page issue of a magazine which they christened "Knights of the Paper Spaceship." The name of the fiction publication was later shortened to "Knights," named for the Damon Knight who founded the Science Fiction Writers of America organization.

However, contributions to the first issues were fiction, not necessarily science fiction. Many of his classmates and friends became interested in contributing to the publication.

With each issue, the small magazine became more and more professional, moving

from a single column page to double column pages. The first copies had been given away, but Bracken soon learned that to keep the magazine going, he had to have money for materials and equipment.

"Copies were mailed to other high school English departments within the state, and more student contributions began to trickle in," Bracken said. Another high school was supporting a similar venture, so the two schools exchanged magazines.

By the end of the boys' junior year, an editor was needed for the school newspaper. Walter dropped the magazine and became the newspaper editor. Bracken was alone.

A mimeograph machine purchased by the boys had worn out, so Bracken's mother underwrote the cost of a new one. Bracken continued to publish. But what had been a 300-copy run had dropped to 75 copies. By the end of 1975, more than \$2,000 had been poured into the little magazine, and Bracken didn't even have a job.

Then disaster struck in the life of Mike Bracken. His mother died. It was a terrible blow to the young man. He went to live with his grandparents in Tacoma, Wash.

It was a difficult time in the young editor's life. "The fanzine was the only thing tying me to the real world,"

Bracken said.

Members of his family couldn't understand Bracken's struggle with the little science fiction magazine, but his grandmother had faith in him and his writing.

While Bracken was struggling to find himself again, a writer from Edwardsville was contributing to several fanzines. Rick Wilber, a journalism instructor at SIUE, is an avid science fiction writer and fan.

After reading one of Wilber's articles in *Title*, another science fiction magazine, Bracken wrote Wilber and requested permission to publish a longer version of the printed article in *Knights*.

An envelope bearing the return address of SIUE inspired Bracken to inquire about the university. "I wrote Rick and asked him to tell me about SIUE. He told me about SIUE, and so here I am," Bracken said. Wilber's encouragement led Bracken to apply for admission to the University.

While he is a student at SIUE, Bracken hopes to learn how to produce an even more professional magazine, through studies in art, English, journalism, and business.

The fanzine will probably surface this winter when Bracken obtains the necessary materials and equipment. "Right now, I'm touch-and-go with the fanzine. I don't even have a typewriter," Bracken said.

Edwardsville Intelligencer  
Thurs Sept 2, 1976



But then changes began to occur. With issue 7, Joe Walter left as co-editor and produced two issues of his own genzine (A FLYING WHAT?) and a none-shot (FANTABULOUS CRUD) before gafiating completely sometime in 1975. With #7, Mike severed all ties with his school by purchasing his own mimeo. Over the next three issues KPSS began to broaden its base with articles and art from more outside sources and an ever-expanding loccol. By now it had improved to the point where it was a zine worth getting, but it was still far from outstanding.

Then more changes and growth came about, all for the better. KPSS #11, Mike's first annish, was twice as big (54 pp) as any previous issue and contained a diverse selection of fine material, including a long autobiographical editorial which gave us our first close-up of Mike and set the tone for future discourses of this sort. With this issue, KPSS became (in my mind at least) a zine to watch for.

Came issue 12, and the growth and improvement continued. But now the changes were of a more somber tone: Mike's mother had died, and the issue began with a brief and touching dedication to her memory. There was no editorial.

Then issue 13 arrived, and it was hard to believe that it was the same fanzine. The name was shortened to KNIGHTS, the issue was 104 pp long with offset book-bound covers, and in his editorial Mike stated that he was going the superzine route of OUTWORLDS/ALGOL etc. in an all-out attempt to win a Hugo. These were impressive goals, and it was certainly an impressive issue, but there was an air of uneasiness bordering on desperation about it all. The issue was huge to the point of being bloated, chock-full of articles and art that in some cases seemed only to be there to take up space. And the tone of Mike's editorial served to turn off many of his readers. ("I want to win a Hugo, and if I have to sell my soul to do it, all I ask is a fair price...") At the time, I wondered if Mike was going to burn himself out before reaching his full potential.

I needn't have worried. When KNIGHTS 14 came out at Christmastime of last year, I knew that it had finally ARRIVED. Mike's editorial still reflected his far-flung ambitions and dwelt on the intense personal difficulties that were in part responsible for his sudden lunge after superstardom, but the rest of the issue was simply excellent-- 58 pp of high-quality articles and locs surrounded by a magnificent Sirois wrap-around cover.

And now we come to KNIGHTS 15. In the relatively brief time of two years, Mike has brought KPSS/KNIGHTS up from the level of crudzine into the ranks of the very best fanzines being pubbed today. (You don't have to take just my word for this-- in this year's LOCUS Readers' Poll, KNIGHTS finished 11th, close behind the likes of DON-O-SAUR and NOTES FROM THE CHEMISTRY DEPARTMENT and ahead of long-time luminaries such as STARLING and SF COMMENTARY.) Let's take a close look at #15 and see just how far KNIGHTS has come.

First, we have the zine's physical appearance. Set between two excellent coated-stock covers by Randy Mohr are 72 pp of generally well-mimeod text coupled with fair-to-excellent artwork. The spot illos often aren't anything to rave about, but there are several excellent full-pagers. (I particularly liked Phil Foglio's on page 4 and Al Sirois' marvelous inside back cover.) It's not OUTWORLDS yet, but it'll do nicely for now.

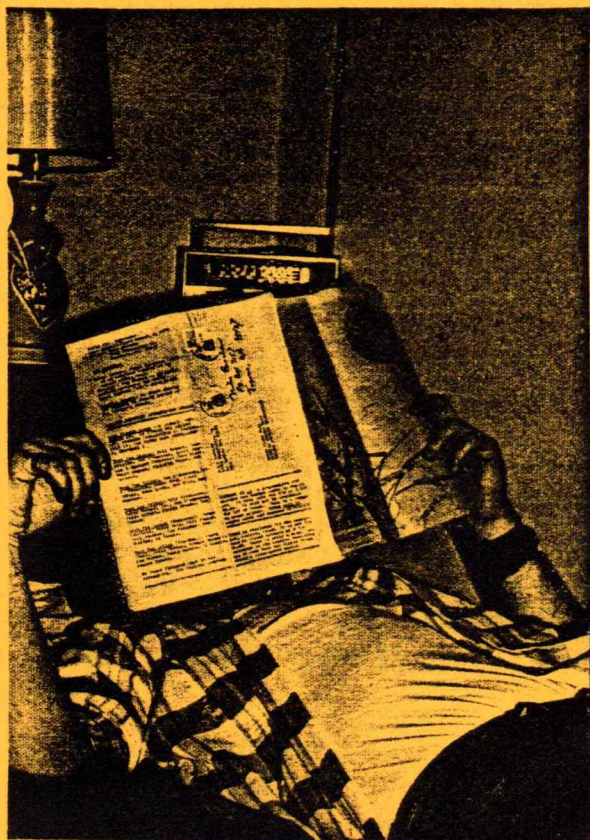
The meat of the fanzine is, of course, in the written contents which



begins with "Bracken's World", Mike's editorial. As in past issues, Mike uses this space as a forum for personal evaluation and self-assessment, which is cool-- it tells us more about the person behind the zine, who is, as far as I'm concerned, ultimately more important than any written document any editor could produce. This time Mike seems to have begun to Find Himself, modifying and backtracking on his previously stated goals (mentioned earlier in this article) of producing a sup-zine and winning a Hugo, while at the same time promising us continued growth and change. That is, I think, as it should be.



The articles begin with "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Science Fiction but Were Too Narrow-Minded to Ask" by Keith L. Justice. Keith has sneaked up on us as one of the most interesting



IN THE MAIL TODAY CAME THE PICTURES OF ME FROM A LISKY-EYE VIEW.....

*The first one is straight ahead from my dog's eyes.*

*When I told him he'd have to tilt the camera upwards, he got the second, looking up at me.*

*I was lying in bed reading TITLE when he grabbed the camera and took a third shot.*

MIKE BRACKEN  
Sept. 23, 1976



fanwriters around today. Some people have expressed displeasure with his rambling, wordy, and often belligerent writings, but I find them immensely interesting. Reading his stuff is like sitting down and arguing SF with a friend-- informal, informative, and almost always enjoyable. This particular article deals with many of the classic debates of the field (SF vs mainstream, emotion vs ideas, etc.) and in the process raises more questions than answers. But then, Keith never promised us otherwise. A fine article.

Next we have "From the Fire on the Mountain", a column by C.L. Grant, a professional writer (and a good one, too) as well as Executive Secy of SFWA. Both of these duties provide the basis for many of his columns. This particular one describes what the life of a writer is like (Lonely. And alone.") and puts forth a plea for direct author-reader communication as a stimulus to keep the author going. Grant's style is the exact opposite of Justice's-- spare, almost stark, a minimum of words for a maximum of effect. Some may not like it-- I do-- but whether you do or not, read what he writes. It's important.

After Grant comes "The Mothers and Fathers Italian Association", the first installment of a new column by Thomas F. Monteleone, also a pro writer and SFWA officer (Secretary). He gives biographical data and tells how he got into SF, SF writing, and fandom, more or less in that order. (It's worth noting that neither Grant nor Monteleone are fans-turned-pro, but pros-turned-fan. There's a lot of that going around nowadays.) His style falls somewhere between Justice's verbosity and Grant's sparseness, and is quite simply a pleasure to read. I look forward to his future columns.

"Paving Plans Revealed" by Neal Wilgus follows-- a one-pager where plans are revealed to pave over the entire state of California. (I thought they'd done that already!) Some of you might like it, but it was a bit cute for my tastes; I can't see why Mike bothered to print it.

The final article is "Tenn Has Klass", another of the ubiquitous Don D'Amassa surveys of SF writers--in this case, of course, William Tenn (Phil Klass). For a while it seemed that Don was concentrating solely on minor writers, but lately he's been getting into some of the field's bigger names-- KNIGHTS 13 contained his appraisal of Hal Clement, for instance. Don's articles are always informative, concise without being superficial, and just generally good. Hopefully someday they can all be reprinted under one cover.

The rest of the issue consists of book reviews and the lettercol. The reviews (by Cy Chauvin and Wayne Hooks) are well done; while I often disagree with their opinions, it's obvious that both Cy and Wayne know what they're talking about. The lettercol-- for me the main attraction of any zine-- is long (20pp) but tight and well-edited. My only complaint is that Mike's editorial insertions are too few and far between.

So, there it is-- an overview of KNIGHTS, past and present. The zine talked about here isn't the superzine Mike was at one time aiming for, but it is an excellent fanzine. And above all else, it is a zine to be admired-- in the face of tragedy and hassle which would have crumbled a lesser mortal, Mike has persevered, putting everything he has into his brainchild and producing a product which stands with the best. I feel confident that if you get a copy you won't be disappointed. Try it and see.

KNIGHTS, Mike Bracken, CoA, E-3 Village Circle, Edwardsville, Ill.  
62025. Mimeo & offset; quarterly; \$1.25, 4/\$4 or the usual.



DOUBLE ECLIPSE isn't a fanzine; it's a little magazine of poems and prose by Neil Kvern and Rhonda Boothe with drawings (not illustrations) by Randy Mohr. I know little about poetry and only slightly more about prose, but I requested a copy for the Mohr illos. Although, unfortunately, highly derivative in many cases, they are certainly well done, again indicating that Mohr is a fanartist to watch. To be honest, I didn't find the poetry appealing and the prose



[illegible]

+++



myself. And I wanted to be an individual, besides being the PROJECT leader and a teacher. Besides, anything that detracted from THE PROJECT or teaching was poor strategy. I needed a place to be Gil Gaier. To put my poetry. My art. My philosophy. My background. My emotions. In short, my self.

Thus PHOSPHERE, my personalzine was born. It's been more difficult being myself than I thought. I've always been (and am) such a damn good listener that the task of clearing my throat, finding my own voice, has taken longer than I thought it would. In fact, I'm still working at it.

But PHOS is not fannish. GYRE is not fannish. And I was becoming so. Where was that aspect of me to go? My poetry, art, and writing persona in PHOS didn't blend easily (as I saw it) with what I had in mind. Besides, I wanted a place where I could be of some service to fen who had been so nice to me and now who might need help. Also I wanted to share quotes from various sources with my friends, review zines, make announcements, plug things for fen, and publish parts of my correspondence that really didn't concern ME, but was of interest to many. (My god, it's beginning to sound like TITLE.)

So.. I really could put all three together. But they'd detract from each other. Also, they'd only get published about four times a year. The KILLER fact is that when I totaled up the pages in GG 5/6 (118), PHOS (32), and VERT (32) I'd be hassling a 182 page monster that people would use as a door stop. From my own eager fanzine reading I know that the thicker the zine the more likely I am to "put it aside 'til I have the proper amount of time to do it justice." No thanks. (Besides, I just moved the page count for VERT up to 38pp so I can get in several pages of fan and pro photos I took at Westercon 29. Did the same thing for PHOS to hold similar things.)

If I did drop VERT and called it PHOS, every other issue would be fannish and every other one personal. And neither fits well in GG. And I hate GIANT zines. And frequent publication does keep me in contact with my friends/correspondents-- at least every two months rather than every four. And my stapler will only open soooo wide. And... and....and....

Gil Gaier  
1016 Beech Ave.  
Torrance, CA 90501

# CB

REPORT ON CIVIL BAND RADIO FANDOM  
by Bill Bliss

My CB rig is just ears and no mouth. (One local is known as Big Mouth.) It's a receiver I built experimentally, and has gone through scads of changes in the last four months. It receives very well with an antenna that is just a four ft chunk of wire taped to the shop wall. Have to get around to constructing a transmitter one of these months. Hmm. My old Triplett signal generator is set up for crystal control and it would drive a 6L6 tube to four watts no sweat....

I've noticed in the fairly short time I've been eavesdropping in on CB'ers formats similar to SF fandom. There are neos who range in age from 5 to 82. Sub-CB fandoms tend to form with age groups, common interest, and occupation. The railroaders and truckers have their own thing going, as do the farmers. The local cat house (located in the Marina) has a CB, but that's commercial CB and doesn't count. The local gravel pit also uses CB commercially.

Was scanning the channels tonight and came upon what sounded like a gal getting stomped-- but I noticed it matched the action on a TV I had running on the bench. Turned the sound up and, yup, it was just some more excessive TV violence.

There is ancient CB fandom (First Fandom) -- a few have been on since very early days, and once in awhile one comes back from gaffia. There are CB equivalents of the late Seth Johnson and the legendary (but still very much on the scene of course) Harry Warner Jr. Locally those wise old men are The Michigan Hillbilly, The Turkey Jerker, and The Blue Ram. The latter two tend to wax X-rated at times, and The Turkey Jerker has a delivery a lot like W.C.Fields.

In the just-past-puberty CB fandom, the equivalent of Harlan Ellison lives a block up the street. (He bleeds at great length about getting ripped off by the



biggest CB dealer in Peoria-- his set died in warranty and they did a lousy job of fixing it). His handle is The Trojan Horse. The high school kids all have unkind remarks about the new school. "It was going to be a jail before the school board bought it." "I went there the first day and that was enough for me for the year." "Coed gym classes are a drag." Looks like it was a good thing I went through public school way back- 1932 to 1944, when it was just starting to fall apart at the seams. I found out setting other students on the drinking fountains is still considered great fun. There was a big hassle today when a new table was delivered to an English class and a student started tearing it up. All of the doors are locked save the front portal when school is in session to cut down on truancy. A freshman gal decided to take woodworking but quit today when the shop instructor threatened to beat a young male renegade's head on a workbench. I know that instructor. He's as rough as a cob and keeps modern renegades in line in old fashioned ways. Looks like teachers should rate hazardous duty pay.

There are fringe fandoms around CB. A few of the ham radio people show up on the channels where they grouch a lot about the CB'ers. Went to a hamfest (nope, never was a ham-- one of those things I was too busy making money to do) and they had a big sign up -- CBERS KEEP OUT.

There are non-responding CB'ers who have rigs and never talk-- just listen.

CB'ers yak at great length about their rigs and antennas, and most all of them seem to be weak on the technical aspects, but expend a large amount of mental expertise on what info they do have, much as duplicating methods are gone on about in great detail in fandom.

CB'ers have, of course, evolved their own argot, borrowing some from commercial radio and police dispatchers. When signing off they say 10-20 instead of -30- though. Single sidebanders use most of the radio ham lingo such as YL means frau. Calling somebody a 'flake' is the approximate of calling a fan a fughead. 'Ratchetjaw' is someone who yaks at great length without saying anything relevant. All mouth and no ears are inhabitants of Skipland--who sound a lot like a tape loop and seldom if ever respond.

Like most all hobbyists (well, all) they are eager to learn and pop scads of questions here in the shop and grok things

like how TV is double single sideband (one sideband is the pulse modulated color information and the other sideband is the FM sound and the picture info is AM right in the middle) and how a Japanese named Yagi invented the beam antenna, the most popular TV antenna also, etc.

CB'ers have Cons and usually call them coffee breaks.

They tend to regard the FCC much as fans used to regard the Postal Inspector.

I've only seen one equivalent of the lecture groocher in fandom. There's two of them around here. One is called 'the nasty kid'. He cuts in and bitches about letting breakers in and quotes rocks and shoals (Navy for regulations) from ye FCC. The other is in Peoria Heights and about once a week lectures at great length on proper, officially proper, use of CB and relates what stinkers some CB'ers are. The Turkey Jerker has threatened to track him down with a mobile and put a hat pin in his coaxial cable.

CB fandom is still quite young compared to SF fandom and as far as I have heard, a Degler hasn't appeared on their scene. And they don't have anything like THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR yet.

+ + + + +

I HEAR A SYMPHONY by Neal Wilgus

If I were a composer  
I would write  
an American Symphony  
for guns and orchestra.  
The first movement  
would use the  
proud guns of revolution  
to usher in the hope  
of a brave new world.  
But sad to say,  
the next movement  
and all the long bloody  
ones to follow  
would tell of civil strife,  
conquest and the inevitable  
corruption which follows  
when one's  
musical protagonist  
lives by the  
law of the gun.

-- Neal Wilgus  
Box 25771  
Albuquerque, NM 87125



# MUNNANIAN

Mike Glicksohn 9/22: "I have been rather busy since returning from MAC a mere 16 days ago. Apart from regular school chores and subsequent work at night at home, I've undertaken to help coach the senior football team. Three hours a day I'd normally spend on fanac. As a result, I've not written a review or a loc or a word for fanzines in two weeks. Add to that that I spent all last weekend chopping down trees up north and was entertaining Christine McGowan for five days and you see how little time I've had for locs and stuff, I guess it's 2nd place for me on the Brazier Fanac Poll this year!" ((This accompanied Mike's 'Ssssnapssshotsss' column--when did he squeeze that out? And this year I do not think I'll kill myself with another fanac tally...))

Karen Pearlston 9/9: "I work in the mailroom at Dun and Bradstreet. My duties include sorting and slotting financial reports and sending those reports out in the mail at the end of the day; doing the mail run four times a day. The only thing I enjoy about the job is running the postage meter, but I imagine that'll bore me after a short while. One of the ways I occupy my mind is by anticipating what mail I could possibly receive that day. I would keel over if my anticipations came true as I'd get 3 or 4 dozen letters and zines. I also sing a lot--whole musical scores. Today it was ANNIE GET YOUR GUN, except for 'Anything You Can Do' which is a duet. I was also humming 'After You've Gone' and 'Mek-ancholy Baby' ((sic;& better this way!)). I have imaginary conversations with people. I fantasize, mostly about movies I'll make when I'm a Great Director."

Bruce Townley 10/28/75: "I have a large, ungracefully aging, black, fat, tom cat for a pet. My favorite listening material is of the non-easy variety such as Steve Reich, Edgar Varese, The Velvet Underground, and Curved Air. I have worked as a sales person in the art dept of a large Dept store, and as a teller in a savings and loan and I escaped both without major injury. I am an atheist--'The Thinking Man's Religion, try one and see!' Marcel Duchamp, Lou Reed and R. Meltzer are my heroes (along with Simon Agree of course). I have a receding hairline and my favorite beer is Heinken and I think bicycles should be outlawed. I am rather clumsy. My major embarrassment is my eye fetish."

Stephen H. Dorneman 9/27: "I've done it! Left the fold, broken bonds, etc. in other words, note the CoA. In the moving I've lost 90% of my budding fanzine collection and am so far in debt that WELTANSCHAUUNG will be shelved indefinitely. Am now finishing up my college career (BS in March) by acquiring a tolerance for alcohol (21st b-day Oct 22), refereeing marathon Dungeons and Dragons games, and dabbling a little in non-fic writing for profit." ((The CoA is 131 Sowers St, Apt D-2, State College Pa, 16801.))

Burt Libe 9/7 & 9/27: "I'm an engineering consultant for the aerospace industry and work directly with the type of equipment you hear about in 'fiction'. I also write SF. I'm a little older than most of you people (got a late start in SF)--celebrated 20th high school reunion last month. I used to be 'Burton' but shortened it legally to 'Burt'. I've been into math more than 25 years (take note Hank Heath). Do you know how to solve higher-order algebraic equations on a simple hand calculator? The only thing that could interfere with my writing is a form of electronic art which I've created. Imagine me becoming an Electronic Picasso before hitting in SF!" ((If interested in algebraic solutions on hand calculator, send for LIBE BULLETIN #2 @ \$1.25 for 8 pages of instruction/example. PO Box 1196, Los Altos, CA 94022))

Randy Reichardt 7/28: "Grad school is fast approaching. I recall that when Tony Cvetko went to school last fall, you mentioned that he still wanted to receive fanzines. Appreciate it if you did the same for me." ((CoA: 833 Henday Hall, Lister Hall, 116 St & 87 Ave., Edmonton, Alberta, Can. T6G 2H6 ))

Malcolm Graham 8/7: "I am now attending the Univ. of Texas and find it much different than San Antonio College. My major is currently Magazine Journalism, but I'm afraid that changes as quickly as the weather here in Austin." ((CoA: 305 West 39 St, #102, Austin, TX 78751. He hopes to pub a combozine of sti/Trek; needs 'speculative' articles & art.))

Tom Morley 5/24: "I was working on my thesis this Spring, and I've finally got a job!" ((Apparently in math teaching for his CoA is: Dept of Math, Univ. of Illinois, Champaign/Urbana, Ill. 61801. ))



Wayne S. Jones 3/11: "I'm fourteen and my hobbies are zining, LoCing, and quoting Monty Python. My favorite TV show is SPACE;1999, and I hope Gerry Ford becomes President again. I'm in the 'gifted' program at school and involved in a community play as well as the lead role in the school play. I like car riding and have a strong dislike for bikes. I hope one day to teach physics but my real love is writing SF. I'm first clarinet in the school band. I don't believe in the theory of relativity and hope to prove someday that man can travel faster than light."

Cathy McGuire 1/27: "I'm new to fandom, tho I've been reading SF since 4th grade, some 12 years ago. I went thru 2 years of college as a psychology/philosophy major but am currently working as a receptionist until I can find the funds to proceed with my education."

Wayne Hooks 9/2: "Classes start this week. My field work assignment is with the VA Dept of Health Bureau of Alcohol Abuse and Rehabilitation. Last week my wife received her acceptance from medical school. If any Titlers know of any scholarship funds for medical students, I sure would appreciate information. My undergrad majors were French, German, and English, but I have 4-12 credit hours in Russian, Latin, Greek and Spanish which doesn't include informal study and audited courses. Now I'm going for my Masters in Social Work? At least my wife has an excuse for med school-- she was a chemistry major."

Anonymous 10/7: ((Paraphrased)) "Walt Liebscher-- Rosebud trufan-- is old, ill, broke, and needs some love and cheering up. A fanzine or two, a card or letter to someone fandom owes a lot to. His address is 5341 Raphael St., Los Angeles, CA 90042." ((Hope some Titlers will follow through on this. I met Walt in the Grand Old Days of First Fandom and enjoyed his fannish zine productions.))

Linda Emery 10/4: "We went down to Columbia Gorge last week and my husband left me and the kids in the truck while he got out to conduct some business. I came up with this while waiting...I am not a poet.

Towering peaks forcing their way  
skyward

Smogless skies swathed in angel hair  
clouds

Pastel sunset hues

trees, emerald grass, sloping hills  
Peace, but for how long?

Hank Heath 9/27: "Boy, am I ever disorganized this year-- haven't even got my normal around-the-house jobs started for pre-winter. Car's not winterized, the lawn mower is hardly even summerized, let alone to be stashed for the cold months. I did get the attic closed up & a new zipper for my winter work jacket. But I still gotta bring in the picnic table, chop up some wood, seal the eaves on the upwind side, brace the fence, and put in a stock of Michelob (I need anti-freeze too, ya know! The upcoming kid & the lack of a teaching job has me in a tither! I'm job-hunting whenever possible, or stockpiling up on baby paraphernalia at other times."

John Thiel 9/15: "The job at Purdue University which I spent two years attaining has just fallen through and I have no hopes of acquiring a new one. My Basic Education grant was rejected on the grounds that I have too much money--and yes, I have no money at all, and average \$20 a week at earning. This augurs ill, and I don't expect to be in fandom for very much longer. Needless to say my fanzine PABLO LENNIS hasn't much of a future." ((Sounds like John could use some cheery words, too. Address: 30 N 19 St, Lafayette, Ind 47904 ))

Tony Cvetko 9/9: "My schedule this semester includes: 'Relation of Materials to Design', 'Technology in Western Civilization', 'Numerical Methods', 'Senior Project' (helping a prof design & build an improved hydraulic gear motor), 'Senior Seminar' (1 cr.hr.crap). Speaking of school I must get some work done. Turn the radio off. Stop munching peanuts. Put the zines away for awhile. Suffer with quiet agony. I hope I can concentrate enough to get some work done between the cons I'm planning to attend. It'll be rough, but with this being my last year of college, there's not much room for error."

Chester Cuthbert 9/1: "My second son will attend college in Indianapolis for three years preparation for the ministry. Muriel and I will have only my youngest son and my younger daughter (they are mine while they are good, Muriel's when they aren't, and ours when I remember the facts) at home."

Don D'Amassa 8/30: "\$1100 repairs on my car, washing machine broke down, front door lock broke, diarrhea, and other curses. Very frustrating."



=====

SHORTY MAC by Jodie Offutt  
((Selected excerpts from 9/17 letter))

=====

The convention was absolutely wonderful. It was the smoothest-run con I've ever had to do with. The committee seemed to work together beautifully and if you needed somebody and had a problem or a question, there was always somebody around and willing to help or find the proper person to help.

From a personal point of view, it was also the best convention I've ever attended. My dad always told me that anticipation was greater than realization, but that never stopped me from taking childish delight in anticipating whatever event was coming for me. I still do. The realization is just as exciting as (if not more so) the anticipation.

I saw all the people I wanted to see, plus quite a few that I didn't expect to run into. I managed to have conversations with nearly all of them. This was helped because less than half of the 4000+ registrants showed up, making it a much smaller group.

I was constantly complimented on my article in the last Progress Report, giving me ego-boo enough to last the rest of my life. I was constantly aware, and over-whelmingly so, that I was walking among friends from Minnesota and California and Pennsylvania and Illinois and Tennessee and Ohio and Canada and Missouri. It was exhilarating to be among them all at once!

I met Gil Gaier whose Sense of Wonder is nicely tempered with maturity.

I saw Don Thompson (Denver) nearly the first thing after we got there Thursday, and Don had already been in the Huckster Room and bought some books.

I was fascinated at the willingness of people to pose un-selfconsciously when asked if they would let me take a picture of their shirts.

I was astonished and amused at the number of catty remarks made by females about Patia Von Sternberg after her strip show.

I met Dave Rowe whose Essex accent is so thick I had to ask him to repeat some things several times before I could understand him.

I was so happy for Joe Haldeman's Hugo I cried when I congratulated him. Joe was a very popular winner. The Hugo presentations began so splendidly and Bob Tucker was so resplendent as he walked across the

stage that I laughed and applauded with tears in my eyes.

I met Frank Herbert, a twinkly-eyed man who seemed delighted to hear about my son being such a fan of his books.

The Bushyagers hosted a fanzine-people party where I saw all sorts of names transferred from fanzine pages to nametags.

"Are you any kin to Andrew Offutt?" I was asked by a California fan who then told me that THE CASTLE KEEPS is such a favorite of his that he's bought several extra copies to give to friends. I took him up to the SFWA suite so Andy could hear that compliment first-hand.

Jackie Franke and I party hopped one night and finally decided all the action was in the elevators.

Robert Heinlein was a much more visible GoH than anybody expected and he seemed to enjoy himself thoroughly.

I got tears in my eyes again when a fan told Andy and me how much she enjoyed the Heroic Fantasy luncheon and panel Andy hosted. She went on to say she had been put down by a woman who told her she acted like a neo by showing her enthusiasm about what a good time she was having at the con. May she always be a neo!

I even talked about SF novels for a half hour with Peter Edick of Toronto!

In the Art Show I bought some very classy-looking stationary. (And wished I had \$\$ for some of the sculpture.) In the Huckster Room I bought some more FIAWOL/FIJA-GDH pens, and a Randy Bathurst coloring book.

I bought the kids each a cylalume light stick. (Andy said I should have bought more.) I went across the street to Macy's and spent some money on clothes for the Offuttspring.

Bill Rotsler said he probably 'signed' 200 program books-- all different. He did a personalized name tag for me that makes me giggle with pleasure every time I look at it.

What am I doing now? Why, I'm already thinking about and looking forward to the next one-- the Fantasy Con in October in New York!



+ / + / + / + / + / + / + / + / + / + / + / + / + / + / + / + / + / + / + /

## FINAL ANALYSIS

Cover on T-55 Robert J. Whitaker  
Cover thish: Danny Strelkov  
Aitoi art -- Bruce Townley

Skel writes: "I finally built a bookcase for my fanzines and hung it on the wall. I filled some odd-shaped Scotch bottles with coloured water to act as bookends. Oh, indeed it was a thing of beauty, but alas, it was not destined to be a joy forever. One day whilst I was at work it kamikazied onto the floor, spewing neatly sorted fnz in all directions, staining them all the while with coloured waters of rainbowed variety. After that I was off fanac for a while." ((I, too, hung lotsa shelves on the wall, and while on top the stepladder adding one last item to the top shelf, it began coming at me. Holding it precariously I hollered for my wife. She came running, sensing the desperation in my voice, and I handed records and books to her as fast as I could. It took a half day to take it all down and do it right, with wing bolts-- as I foolishly skipped the first time.))

Steve Beatty's project, FANZINE DIRECT-  
ORY, 1976 edition (covers 1975), is now  
available for 60¢ from Steve at 303 Welch  
#6 Ames, Iowa 50010 (a CoA). It's a 54  
page monumental work & cheap for all the  
labor expended.

Anyone else get a request from J. Peeters  
of the Universiteitsbibliotheek (Belgium)  
for a copy of his/her fanzine?

CoA for Eric Mayer is 175 Congress St,  
Apt 5F, Brooklyn, NY 11201.

I've just returned from a week in Minnesota where I visited parents & relatives. Had my 59th birthday party there. Returned home to find a BD card from the NFFF BD well-wisher, Elaine Wojciechowski. Thank you, Elaine.



Donn Brazier  
1455 Fawnvalley Dr.  
St. Louis, MO. 63131  
USA

Eric Lindsay  
6 Hillcrest Ave  
Faulconbridge NSW  
Australia 2776

Third Class Mail  
Return Postage Guaranteed

+

Robert J. Whitaker's THE HUNTING OF THE SNARK #10 arrived with a penned question on the otherwise blank backcover: "Are you a fan? Someone said you're a BNF." Okay, Robert J., I've given you maybe at least four mentions in this issue as the cover artist of T-55. Am I forgiven? And what was meant by this editorial 'stuff' on the last page: "If not for their feet, Gil Gaier & Donn Brazier would be cousins." How did you know my feet are crazy by American standards, though not be the froggy feet of the French?

Bill Bliss has a funny/clever letter to the editor in the Peoria JOURNAL STAR. It concerns future Venutians trying to decipher some letters from an Earth stone remnant of our 'ancient' civilization. I plan to write the newspaper editor to recommend that Bill be elevated to regular columnist.

Now & then I've briefly mentioned 'my' Science Career Program at the museum. Our most successful graduate is Richard Lovelace, now director of the radio telescope in Puerto Rico. His research with us in his high school days was on spherical antennas.

See ya