



T. 11 E

58

COMMENT ON T-55 WHITAKER 'DUCK' COVER
BY NEIL BALLANTYNE



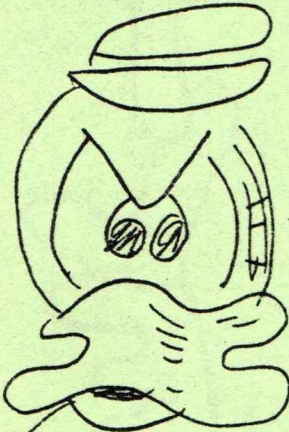
1.
Title so was
prejudiced!



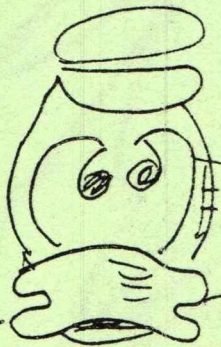
2.
you portrayed
ducks as ugly,
stupid looking
creatures



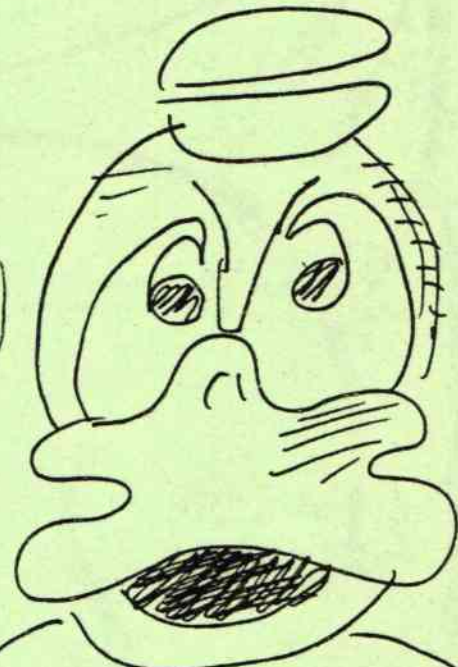
3.
I know no ducks
THAT ARE SUCH!



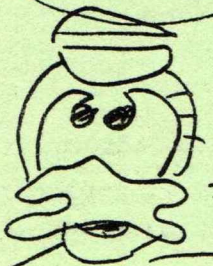
4.
Therefore
the popular
FRONT OF
DUCKS is
urging a
boycott of
TITLE



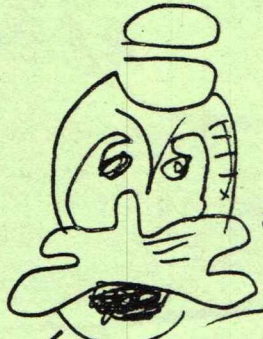
5.
If we
can find
any ducks
who read
it.



6.
whether any
ducks read
or NOT!!



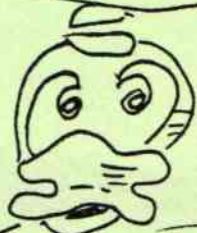
7.
WE will
Break you!



8.
And Fandom
will sup-
port us



10.
AND YOU'D
BETTER NOT DO AN ARTICLE
ON SEXING DUCKS!!!



9.
I mean ducks
are so lovable

best neil

AITOI (mixed with alternative paragraphs for the more discriminating reader)

THIS IS TITLE #58.

THIS SENTENCE IS BEING TYPED
NOVEMBER 23, 1976.

GAIL BARTON, PROMINENT DENVER
FAN, AND ACCOMPANIED BY LOCAL
DAVE KLAUS, VISITED ME TODAY;
I GRABBED OFF SOME BARTON ART!

Read the column at the right and see why there'll be no more Mike Bracken's dog jokes. The Bracken article further on was already set up and printed; let's consider it now Lisky's tribute. I'm hoping that Mike will later have ample opportunity to visit his pal.

ANY IDEAS? As part of my mundane occupation, a big-time advertising agency has asked me to come up with a "hula-hoop" for 1977. The toy (or whatever) should:

- 1) Immediately shout out SCIENCE CENTER (or Museum of Science)
- 2) Be made of plastic
- 3) Cost no more than \$2 retail

Naturally, were I to come up with such an idea I'd not make a cent out of it; neither will you if you supply me with an idea. A magic trick device; a boomerang; a flexigon; pyramid power. Bill Bliss-- where are you when I need you??

John Robinson writes that following the usual summer decline in fanac and fmz production, there doesn't seem to be the normal upsurge this Fall. I had already concluded that the response level to TITLE seemed to be dropping off and I had wondered if TITLE were becoming "old hat". Perhaps the "Robinson Effect" is broader answer. What's your impression?

Joseph Goodavage, a student of astrology, predicts a major quake for California at 3:24 a.m., May 20, 1980. Remember that date. He also says that kids born on Feb. 4th & 5th, 1962 are displaying remarkable intellectual and humanitarian capacities. Any brilliant 15 year olds of that birthdate in the TITLE circle?

SAD NEWS FROM MIKE BRACKEN

Lisky, the dog that became famous through TITLE, is no longer with us. When I moved here, I had no choice but to leave him with my grandparents. The dog's wanting to go in and out was just too much for my grandmother - not in the best of health- to cope with. So she gave him away. She tried all the relatives; none would take him. Then she tried close friends. None would take him. She finally gave him away to a society which finds homes for dogs. Not the pound, thank god. If I had known about it, I would have tried to find a way to bring him here. He was one of my best friends and I hope, I truly hope, that the society found him a home where he'll be loved. So no more Bracken dog jokes, please.

((No more jokes, Mike. And I'm sure he'll find a good home with love and appreciation.))

[illegible]

I don't know if I've brought this odd effect up before... Say you wake up in the morning and doze off. There's a clock at your bedside so when you wake again you can immediately look at the clock to check the passage of time. Two different (and both puzzling) effects happen (at least to me):

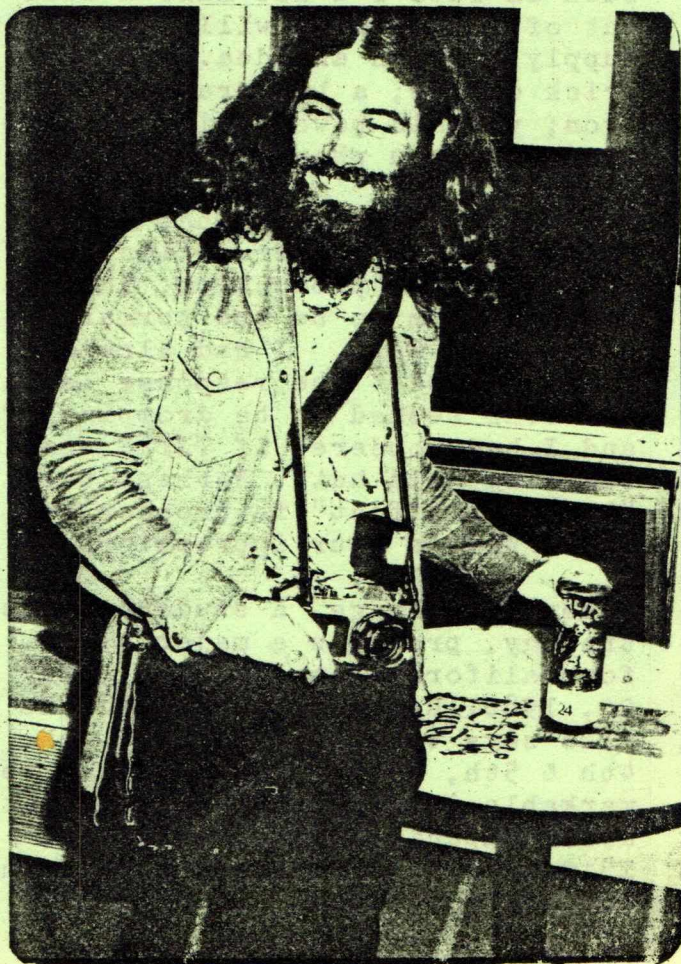
1. The clock shows only 3 minutes have passed; yet it feels as if I've been asleep for at least a half an hour or more.
2. The clock shows 25-45 minutes have elapsed, but I feel I've been asleep for about 3-5 minutes.

Question: why are there two widely different effects? The second one is more common with me, and is not as startling as the first effect.

I STILL HAVE SOME COPIES OF NAME,
the Dave Romm parody of TITLE--
it's free, and it's funny. Ask
for one.



Some photos taken at AutoClave by Rick Dey. Clockwise starting at 10 o'clock, Rick asks the eternal question: To Coors or not to Coors? Don (o-saur) Thompson and then Mike Glicksohn. Last, Rosemary and Gene Wolfe evidently prefer Colt to Coors to Schlitz to anything!



It is the last night of Torcon. Liquor stores have been closed for two days. (Why Canadian stores shut down on our holidays, I don't know; they were.) Booze was scarce in the Royal York. In addition to that, decent whiskey (i.e. Kentucky bourbon) was hard to find in Toronto. Fans at worldcons aren't particularly noted for their foresight, and in any case, hoarded liquor has a tendency to be drunk simply because it is there.

I probably possessed the only bottle of Jim Beam in the building that Labor Day evening, and I went forth in search of company worthy of sharing my prize. The bottle was disguised in a brown paper sack.

At the Cincinnati suite I found suitable company. Oh, did I ever! Two legendary fannish figures-- Bob Tucker and Walt Liebscher. Their eyes lit up at the sight of me and the contents of my brown sack, and the three of us sat ourselves down. I was in the middle, with Jim on my lap, and Bob and Walt on either side.

These two beautiful men started sipping and talking and I just sat there and listened, looking from one to the other and back again. As they talked, they reminded each other of stories; they puzzled over details, jogging each other's memories; they each furnished the other with names, places, and dates; they enhanced each other's tales. Their eyes shone. I heard fannish legends. Convention stories. Obscure fannish hoaxes. Fanzine one-shots. Slan shacks. Fannish pilgrimages. Bob Bloch stories. Worldcon bidding parties. Funny stories and happy times-- and sad times.

When the bottle was empty, my head was full of their reminiscences. It had been a good and happy investment of my whiskey. It was a marvelous experience. The Sense of Wonder possessed by these men who have been fans for so long was a beauty in itself.

I like to think Bob and Walt were as much attracted by my company as my Jim Beam. And who's to say, for those two gentlemen would never say otherwise.

obviously feeling as pleased as punch about the whole thing. So I voted for Nixon because I remember the Daly sneer when Ribicoff was speaking at the Democratic convention. I didn't like Nixon either because I remembered his witch-hunting days with Jumpin' Joe McCarthy. Should have known better. I helped put Nixon in office. Forgive me, everyone. I will not help put either Ford or Carter in office. Enough.

An Amusing Experience Contrived by the Youngster Who Edits This Zine

Sometimes people feel good in knowing that they have things they could use if they ever so decided. Such things, nationwide, as wilderness areas; or in the city, a strip of bramble and darkness where one can go birding or provide muggers with a victim.

The thriving suburb of St. Louis called Clayton several years ago tore down three houses on a residential street, a street where old established almost-wealthy persons lived and never came out of their houses. The proud Clayton Park Department erected an ugly stone thing with a pole and plaque. Except for this sign, the only remaining mark of man is a bench in about the park's exact center.

My assistant, Mrs. Yates, told me about this anonymous park, how she passed it each day in her car as she drove to work at the museum. She thought it was a big joke. "And Donn," she told me several times, "I have yet to see anyone sitting on that bench."

Much to her surprise, one morning as she was on her way to work, her eyes lighted on a man sitting on the bench, a newspaper in his hands. Her car slowed as she peered at the man. Her car stopped.

And I got up from the bench to join her in a good laugh. It had only taken me two extra miles and about 20 minutes to start this particular day off in grand style. And for the rest of the day, she had something to do-- telling other museum employees about their nutty director.

TONIGHT IS THE EVE BEFORE ELECTION

I'm voting for McCarthy. I wasn't sure about this, really, until New York state kept him off their ballot. I could smell the Democrat hand in that about as bad as I can smell a Republican hand anywhere.

Reminds me of my sudden decision in...was it 1968 when Humphrey ran against Nixon? I was all set to vote for Humphrey when on TV the night before election day, Mayor Daly (Chicago) was hugging Humph with fat arms and a fatter smile. And Humph was



Dave Romm, Sayles Hall, 179 Partridge, Albany, NY, 12203 11/12

Dear Donn,

Please don't drop me from the T-crowd. I really have enjoyed the past three issues; you've bounced right back from some of the pre-Autoclave Titles. But I have altogether too much work to do for school. I have de facto gafiated from much of fandom, alas. If you'll bear with me I'll loc eventually. Send anything to this address; I didn't even get the latest two T's until yesterday and hadn't quite realized how far behind I really was.

Thanx again and have fun, Dave

BEDLAM

The photograph above was taken in Dave's fanac period and is printed as a remembrance; we won't forget you, Dave; you'll live long in our editorial memory. We'll miss your sercon chatter!

ZOOS AND SCIENCE FICTION

by

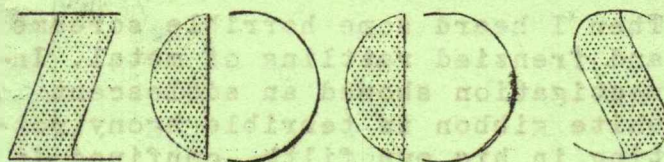
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1976



AND SCIENCE FICTION

I continually search many strange and unusual sources for SF story ideas. Zoos have proved the most fruitful and interesting for their vivid presentations of captor/captive relationships which pervade significant numbers of SF stories. Animal species and their respective/individual psychological personalities adapt differently to caging and captivity. Some adjust better than others. Some are happy; most are not. Some continually fight and struggle against their demise; others have yielded to hopelessness and stoic acceptance.

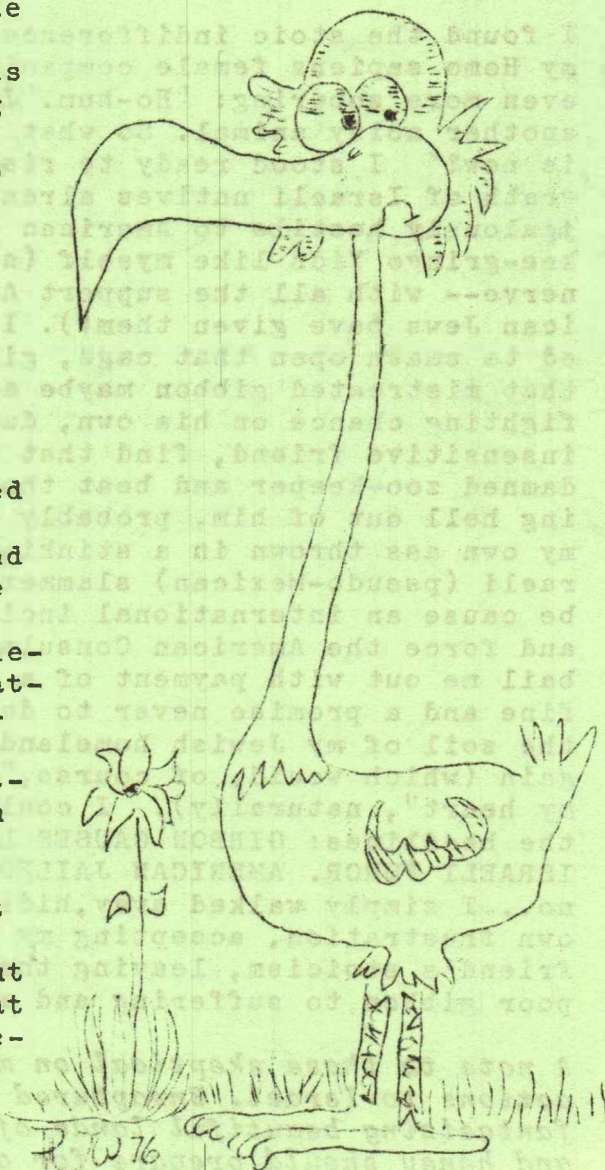
Technically speaking, every living entity -- especially, and specifically, nature's most sophisticated *Homo sapiens* -- experiences caged confines of some sort: family, job, household, socio-economic strata, area/city/county/state/country/continent/planet/galaxy/universe frontiers. Zoological situations provide subsequent analogies to human beings in some way or other -- which cast out seeds for numerous story ideas. The following are merely fleeting impressions and reactions, certainly not complete accounts in any sense, of several zoos, menageries, and preserves I have visited.

READ AND THINK CAREFULLY, *Homo sapiens*. THOUGH ANIMALS MAY SET THE BACKGROUND SCENES, MY DESCRIPTIONS EITHER DIRECTLY OR INDIRECTLY INVOLVE YOU!

Where should I start? My most entrenched memory drifts back to Tel-Aviv (Israel) zoo in September, 1963. At that time and place, one can best describe temperature and humidity with a single figure close to 100, which means the air can do double-duty in cooking and drowning living creatures. I summoned my own reserves of energy, barely groping along, struggling against semiconsciousness in that relentless sauna. To avoid the sweltering oven I finally scheduled siestas from 12 P.M. to 2 P.M. (Israel observes a peculiar "daylight wasting" time; sun rises about 4:30 A.M. and sets about 4:30 P.M. in September). The merciless heat broke but very little in the afternoons. Cast that setting with a visit to the local (municipal) zoo.

Most animals either slept or remained hidden. A few groped about listlessly.

(BELIEVE ME, I HATE
THROAT COLDS.)



Then I heard some horrible screams and frenzied rattling of metal. Investigation showed an adolescent white gibbon in terrible agony, rotting in his own filth, confined in a partly-submerged, barred bunker cell less than 2 feet wide by 4 feet deep in floor area, and 3 feet in height. Front bar spacing: 2' x 3', the rest solid concrete prison. He furiously struggled to break the reinforced door lock, crying, screaming, begging, pleading for anyone to help. I desperately wanted to assist his escape, do anything to ease his suffering. Where the hell was that damned zoo-keeper? Probably resting his ass in some air-conditioned bar on Diezengoff St., leaving the entire zoo unattended. Probably thinking more about his pay-day pound-notes and less about "menial" duties of animal care and comfort and plain decency.

I found the stoic indifference of my Homo sapiens female companion even more sobering: "Ho-hum. Just another noisy animal. So what else is new?" I stood ready to risk the wrath of Israeli natives already jealously hostile to American Yankee-gringo Yids like myself (such nerve-- with all the support American Jews have given them!). I wanted to smash open that cage, give that mistreated gibbon maybe a fighting chance on his own, dump my insensitive friend, find that god-damned zoo-keeper and beat the living hell out of him, probably get my own ass thrown in a stinking Israeli (pseudo-Mexican) slammer, maybe cause an international incident, and force the American Consulate to bail me out with payment of a stiff fine and a promise never to darken the soil of my Jewish homeland again (which would, of course, "break my heart", naturally). I could see the headlines: GIBBON CAUSES LATEST ISRAELI FUROR. AMERICAN JAILED. But no...I simply walked away, hiding my own frustration, accepting my ex-friend's stoicism, leaving that poor gibbon to suffering and agony.

A note to those skeptical on my reactions to Israel. Enraptured Jews fantasizing beautiful lands of milk and honey should prepare for a rude

awakening. Tensions run high with customs and attitudes harsh and primitive, miserable sanitation, dirt and filth and disease prevalent, civilization backward, communication and transportation sub-standard. I could go on and on about the closest country imaginable to an anti-utopian frontier. I have often heard ex-Israelis say that should the Arabs go away, and peace break out, the Immigrant and Sabra (native) factions would immediately begin warring amongst themselves. Many immigrants especially from Germany have seen battle and concentration camp horrors none of us even dare visualize. I noted stories etched in their faces too chilling for release. But one has to admire the people (even begrudgingly sometimes) for their perseverance of belief and strength of conviction which has combined in a common drive to preserve their land and maintain a homeland for the Jews. All that in spite of what I have mentioned above. One not used to such contrasts should think twice before going to Israel. The country has a long climb ahead and will proceed to make that climb in its own peculiar way.

In Phoenix zoo a black panther hopelessly paces back and forth in his cage, hour after hour, day after day, month after month, year after year under the broiling desert sun, waiting and hoping for death to free him.

In San Francisco a ringtailed lemur's eyes are swollen in hopelessness as scavenger birds and squirrels steal his food day after day. Caged exotic birds sit listlessly as these same, smaller, thieving rogues fly in and out wire meshings, steal their food, alight atop their cages to taunt and aggravate them. Parrots and other exotic birds sit in open cages, with wing muscles severed, never to fly again.

A gorilla, isolated with a few others on an island moat, turns his back, defecates in his hand, and eats his own waste in desperation. Those dumb zoo-keepers would not

believe.....I saw! I saw!

Worse than above, helpless animal "prisoners" are regularly maimed, tortured, and murdered in "routine" acts of zoo vandalism casually sloughed off by local enforcement authorities as "harmless pranks". While I have mentioned but very few witnessed examples of depraved captivity, I am sure every reader could add to this list of animal horror stories.

However, life is not all that bad as zoos progress to more modern methods of captivity (though certainly not fast enough). Faring best are land and water fowl who have unlimited freedom of zoo grounds and ponds. San Francisco's "Monkey Island" totally functions with its own structured society. Children's (petting) sections also allow younger animals more contact and freedom.

San Francisco has a unique pond that contains several tame geese of various species. George, a Canada Goose (though I suspect he's really an Emperor Goose from his lighter coloring and variant feather patterns & because he looked and acted like a king), impressed me the most (even inspired a story) with his royal stature and disposition. I sensed he must have led flocks in his prime, probably outlived several wives and offspring, then voluntarily flew in to retire to the Good Life. I mourned the news of George's passing (of old age-- about 15 to 20 years it was estimated) in early 1974.

Another unnamed "fan" of mine, a white knob-billed goose, showered me with pecks of affection, rolling over, nuzzling up-- all in exchange for food. Another "pal" I named "Squeaky" because of some voice defect. Most geese I meet say 'hi' or 'hi-oh' in a loud semi-quacking or 'honking' voice. But this poor fellow could only manage something halfway between a whine and a squeak.

A red-brown Brahma hen did a real political job on me. Allowed to roam freely, she followed me around begging food in such a sweet throaty

moan I couldn't resist spending half a buck on the galliant lady to provide her a full-course dinner. She carefully and politely pecked up every crumb.

Colorful bantam chickens of several species roam freely in Phoenix zoo. Strangely enough, each rooster had only one hen mate and all mates were of identical species! Upon my feeding groups of chickens, one cock would spot a piece of food in what he considered his domain and guard it against others, allow his fair lady to eat first, whereupon, if she declined the honor, he would eat the food himself. (Let that be a lesson to fem-libs!)

Rheas (smaller, half-size versions of an ostrich with 3 toes instead of 2) also fare better than average at Phoenix with ample roaming area, an abundance of shade trees, and a running rivulet-stream. They also have contact with Homo sapiens over a low brownstone wall. I sat on that wall to rest, unaware, and one thirsty bird sneaked up his miniscule head and drank my coke. Other naive visitors received unexpected pecks at shirt-buttons, cameras, watches, snow-cones, or whatever else looked appetizing to a rhea.

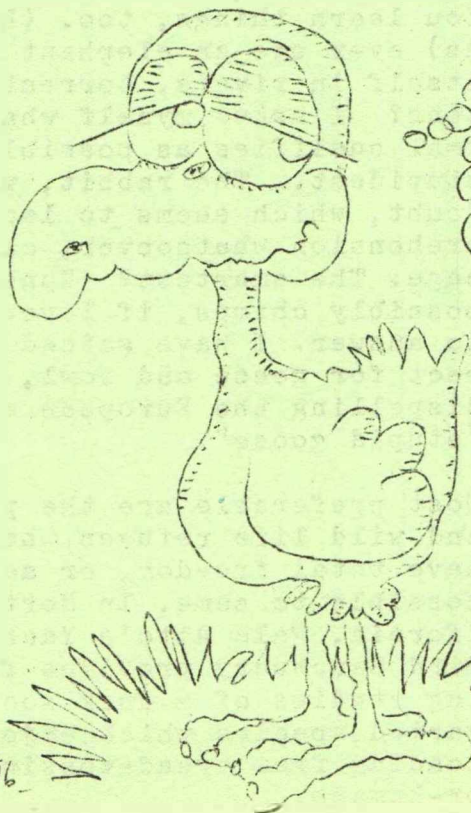
You learn things, too. (Los Angeles) ever see an elephant relieve itself in rivers, torrents, and tons? I asked myself what zoo animal qualifies as possibly the stupidest. The rabbit, without doubt, which seems to lack any comprehension whatsoever, cage or no cage. The smartest? None, really; possibly chimps, if I were forced to answer. I have gained more respect for geese and fowl, totally dispelling the European expression "stupid goose".

Most preferable are the preserves and wild life refuges where animals have total freedom, or as near as possible to same. In Northern California, Palo Alto's Yacht Harbor Bird Sanctuary provides fascinating studies of a duck society of varied species which enjoy free-loading from bread-tossing spectator-humans.

Mallards gang up on each other in vicious attacks for seemingly no reason. One drake, with one foot lame, fully adjusted to his handicap in a fearsome stature that would make ME even think twice. He could bite, peck, and fly better than many of his two-legged kin. Another, a female, also with one foot lame, was wasting away, too weak to forage for food or defend herself. Duck packs are vicious with the weak. I studied the pack carefully and came up with such names as Scar-bill, Scarface, Lamfoot, Halfbill, One-eye, Split-bill, Baldy, and Skin-neck to name a few. My fondest memory is that of a stunning young mallard princess, waterfowl's answer to Marilyn Monroe, swimming alone across the pond. Silver ripples of wake trailed behind, enhancing her beauty. Her graceful neck arched proudly over her sleek body. Sparkling white diamond patterns crisscrossed the tips of her bright brown feathers. She would soon find the drake prince of her dreams, only later to be abandoned, per mallard custom, with a nest of fertilized eggs to hatch into a hoard of ducklings which she alone would raise to adulthood. What a life for a mallard princess!

Frazier the Lion roams Lion Country Safari (CA) while the "public" slowly drives through paved areas in their "cages" (cars). Yet, this idealistic setup is located close to Marine Air Facilities where jets scream by at 4-5 per hour. Frazier had been bounced from circus to roadshow cages, and age had taken its toll, leaving a mangy, scarred shell of what once had been king of the jungle. Lion Safari struggled with declining lion population. Females kept battering prospective young suitors to shreds, refusing to breed. Enter Old Frazier, his last sale, amongst those sour-tempered females and the strangest of all chemistry began-- they LIKED him! They nuzzled and comforted him. Females started getting pregnant at an alarming rate! Only lions could understand whatever Frazier did or didn't do to make him such a big hit. But after dozens of cubs, Frazier died of old age in 1972 (human equivalent 145). I mourned his passing, but what a way to go! Memories of heroes like Frazier will constantly remind us never to give up hope. No matter how bad things get, they will eventually get better.

Many captive animals have their



I GET DEPRESSED
EVERY NOW AND
THEN, BUT I'LL BE
OKAY.

own special niches in SF's caged treatments, and in the hearts and memories of those privileged to know (or have known) them. If we consider them human beings, we have the foundation for great science fiction stories.

-- Burt Libe 10/21/76

FTW 76

FANNISH CROSSWORD

BY

BOB TUCKER

"Don't know how you feel about crossword puzzles (some fans, like Buck Coulson, despise them) but I'm enclosing the only one I've ever put real thought into. If you like it, fine; if not, send it back and I'll inflict it on some other suffering editor."

Bob T. 10/23

Across

1	2	3	4		5	6	7		8	9	10	11
12					13				14			
15					16				17			
18				19		20		21				
			22		23		24					
25	26	27				28		29		30	31	32
33				34			35		36			
37			38		39			40		41		
42				43		44			45			
			46		47		48					
49	50	51				52		53		54	55	56
57					58		59		60			
61					62				63			
64					65				66			

- 1: Sturgeon's nickname (plural).
- 5: A parcel of land.
- 8: Salary.
- 12: One of Effinger's names.
- 13: --- Hamlet, pseudonym of Richard Lupoff.
- 14: Curved molding.
- 15: 1941 Isaac Asimov title.
- 16: A break in continuity.
- 17: Harry ----, pseudonym of Jerome Bixby.
- 18: Worries; troubles.
- 20: Trusting fans who let you borrow books.
- 22: Participated in a banquet.
- 24: "--- Earth First," 1939 Willy Ley title.
- 25: Breakfast food for toothless fans.
- 29: Author drunk on the floor.
- 33: Initials of 1930 Sewell Peasely Wright pseudonym.
- 34: 1944 Murray Leinster title.
- 36: A type of science fiction gun.
- 37: Initials of Interplanetary Transport Refueling Base.
- 39: Fan slang for prepaid replies by mail.
- 41: Technical knockout, in boxing.

- 42: "The Carbon -----," 1940 Douglas Drew title.
- 44: Any fanzine reproduced by a certain method.
- 46: Unhappy at losing the bid.
- 48: Unit of weight in India.
- 49: Lingers without purpose.
- 53: The glorious female in our midst.
- 57: "----- In A Blue -----," first word of a 1932 Harl Vincent title.
- 58: Bullring cheer.
- 60: Last word in that same 1932 Harl Vincent title.
- 61: Suffix for "medi" or "gladi".
- 62: A hill in San Francisco.
- 63: Favorite comic strip character.
- 64: Thompson and Thompson.
- 65: A kind of tide.
- 66: Favorite fannish pastime with opposite sex.

Down:

- 1: $H_2Mg_3(SiO_3)_4$.
- 2: Charles Lamb's pseudonym.
- 3: "----- Devil," 1950 Eric Frank Russell title.
- 4: Harlan's last word when he has no mouth.
- 5: Starship's diary.
- 6: Ellipsoidal.
- 7: Cause of Nixon's downfall.
- 8: A collection of certain old prozines.
- 9: Awry (not the fanzine).
- 10: A robot necessity.
- 11: Congers.
- 19: Author's instruction to printer.
- 21: Fiber knot.
- 23: Engineers possess shaggy ones.
- 25: 1950 James Blish title.
- 26: 1954 Francis R. Bellamy title.
- 27: Sour.
- 28: Pile fans, luggage, books and magazines into the car.
- 30: One-half of Eando Binder.
- 31: This bomb will be the death of us yet.
- 32: Geraint's wife (variant spelling).
- 35: Frequent Hugo winner for fanzine editing.

Down continued

- 38: Alfred and his family.
 40: Fan slang denoting science fiction.
 43: Girl's name.
 45: Vagrant spacemen, and their aged ships.
 47: The one worthless fan in a Slan Shack.
 49: Repeat 28 down.
 50: Up on top of.
 51: Annual Iowa City convention.
 52: Obnoxious fan.
 54: 1947 Henry Kuttner / C.L. Moore title.
 (as "Hudson Hastings")
 55: Abort the launch (two words).
 56: Imaginary word invented to fill this space.
 59: Diminish.

SOLUTION →

DON'T
PEEK!



G	O	N	S		B	B	E		S	N	O	D
O	G	O	P		B	O	N		R	O	J	V
N	O	O	M		E	L	O		E	C	N	O
E	N	N	A	F		S	R	E	I	I	O	T
			R	E	S		D	S	A			
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T	V	E	N		P	A	G		R	A	I	T
M	E	E	O		A	V	O		C	E	L	A
E	A	G	E		T	O	T		S	D	E	T

Do you know who wrote this letter? I do. I suspect it's a subtle comment on TITLE's content and editorial slant. Everything has been transcribed sic and thus the reader may conclude that the author is not now and never has been Italian....

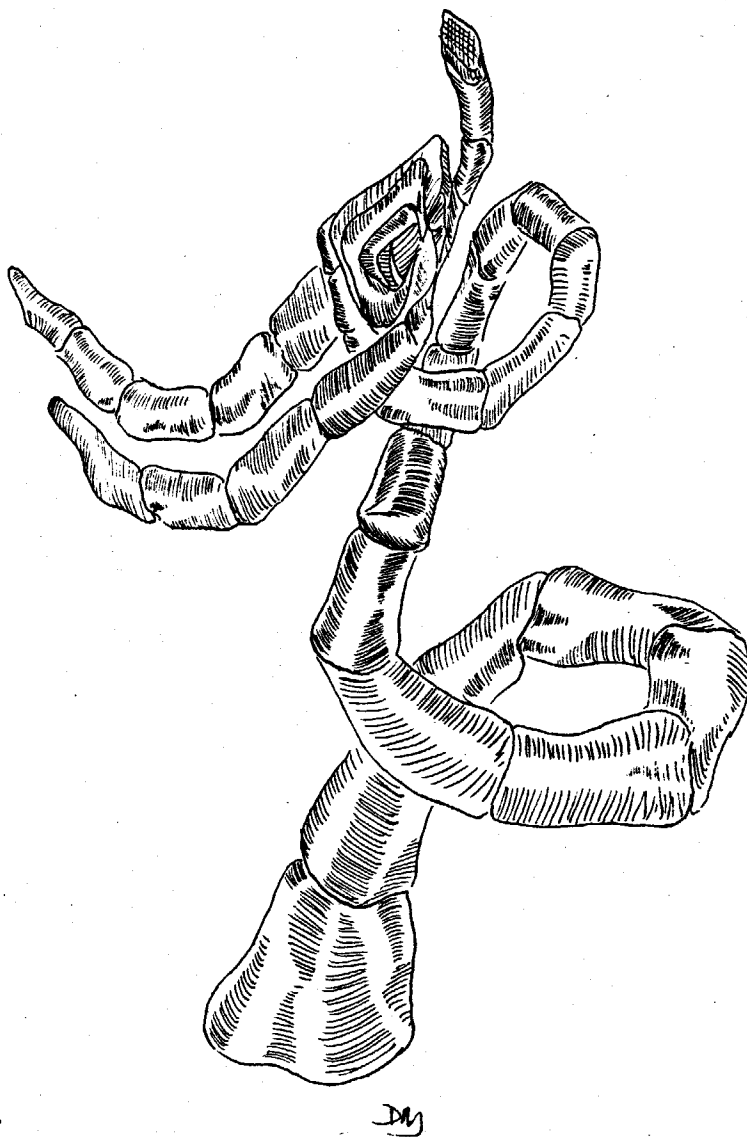
DEAR SECRET AGENT PEN PALL:

Sorry I haven't written sooner, but I've been tied up. I was tied to the tippy-top branch of a gigantic California red-wood, with a strand of spegetti, upside-down yet, by one toe. Hanging upside down is a hair-raising experience. I only recently worked my toe loose and right now I am blundering plunderly towards the earth. I guess that makes this letter "air mail," ha ha. By the time you receive this letter I'll be a splattery mess of goo at the base of this great tree, but that's the breaks. I knew this job was dangerous when I took it. By the way, do you realize there is enough wood in this one tree to make a box of toothpicks for every human being in the world?

When I was tied to the top of the tree, I was given a gun and told I could shoot myself in the head or the heart. I'd rather die!

Say! Wouldn't it be funny if everybody in the world were secretly a secret agent like us? Anyway, the reason I'm writing is that I want to tell you, before I die, my life-long guarded secret. I'm the only secret agent that knows this, and from now on YOU'LL be the only one that knows. Any maybe someday someone will tie YOU to the top of a tree by a spegetti strand.

Ya see, it's this way. Once upon a time there still is a mean old giant that lives in a castle way up on a rain cloud. Weird, huh? It seems the only way to get on this cloud is to grow a thousand-foot high bean-stalk. That don't happen too often. Anyhow, apparently this cloud is slowly drifting toward Washington D.C. Russia intends to seed the cloud at the appropriate moment and the giant and his castle will plummet shatteringly on Washington, destroying everything.



The strangest things in life are free. And as I dive towards earth I leave you with these words of wisdom: smart, brilliant, genius, wise. Get it? Ha ha. Yours till niagra falls-- the Mile High Spy.

SURE I KNOW...

A BOY LOVES HIS DOG

BY

MIKE BRACKEN

I stopped to pet a dog on the way to the University this morning, and he followed me for more than half a mile. He seemed sad when I finally flagged down a pickup truck.

He was there again as I walked home and again he followed me. I talked to him just as I would have talked to my own dog if he were here with me. That's just it, though; the cocker-poodle with whom I spent nearly all my adolescence is now half a continent away, amusing himself by chasing bird shadows in my Grandparents' back yard.

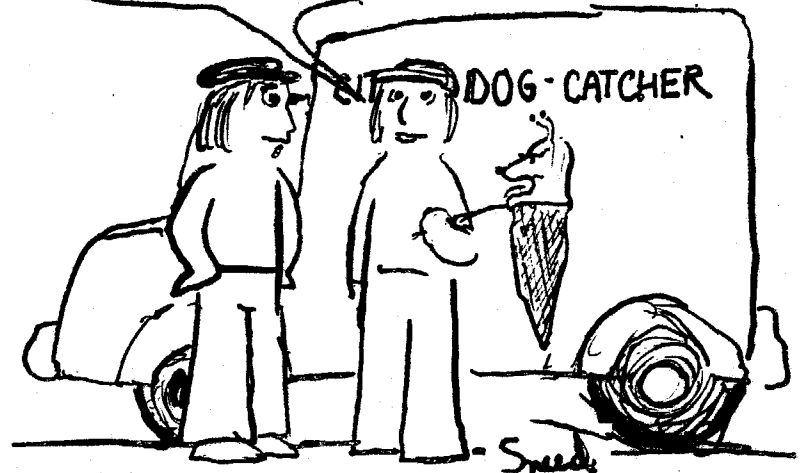
I find it hard, sometimes, to realize that when I come home from school he won't be there to bite at my heels or to jump excitedly all over me. It used to be nice having him curl up on the bed beside me when I went to sleep. And I can remember all the times he'd bitten not only my grandmother but my mother as well when they'd tried to rouse me in the morning.

I can also remember the late nights he'd walk out of my bedroom in disgust as I sat at the typewriter trying vainly to work out the difficulties in a story or a stencil for KNIGHTS. He'd come back later when all was quiet and lay down at my feet under the desk.

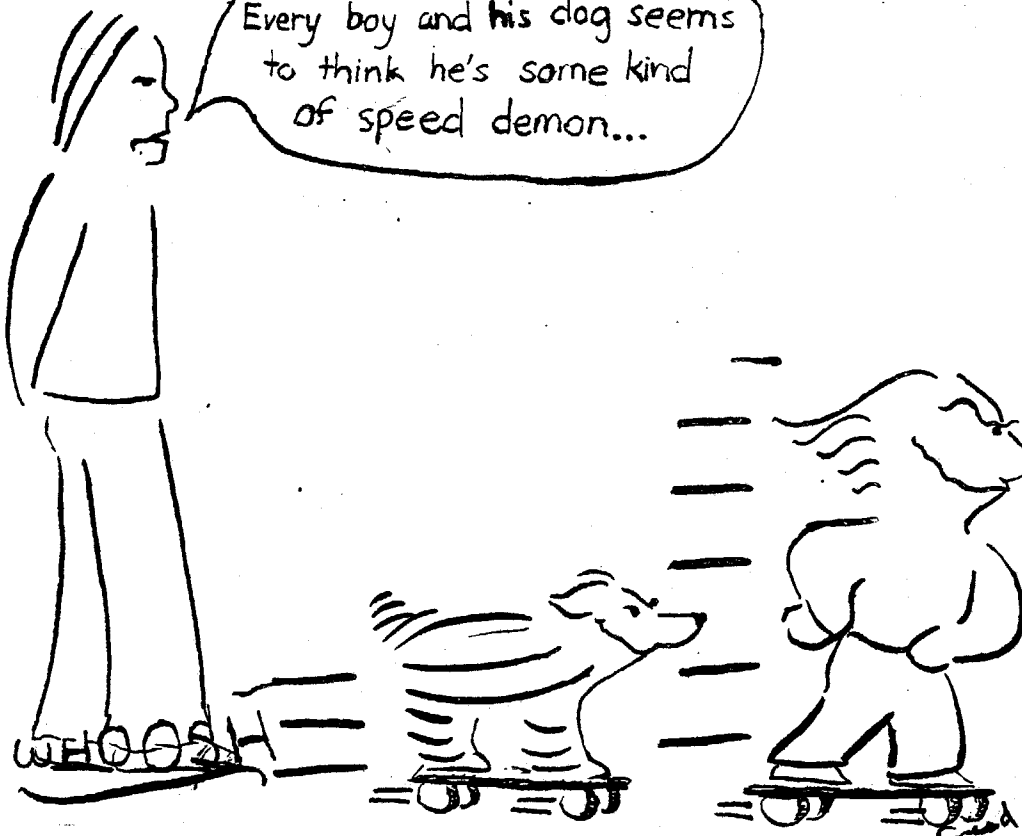
I don't know when I'll see him again. I wish he were here with me. I don't trust airlines and busses; I've heard too many stories of pets being frozen alive or suffocated. My Grandparents are taking care of him.

Until I can see him again I'll stop on the road and pet stray dogs and remember the times Lisky and I have shared

He says he's going to speak to the Orion Embassy about this.



Every boy and his dog seems to think he's some kind of speed demon...



-- mike bracken

10/28/76

Trekkies are true believers

By R. A. WILBER

St. Louis Globe-Democrat
Family
Thursday, November 11, 1976 — Pages 1-4F

Gene Roddenberry is a true believer.

The creator of Star Trek, the science fiction television series that has succeeded in re-runs far better than it ever did as a network offering, Roddenberry was in town recently to headline a Star Trek evening at the Arena. It was an evening in which the faithful gathered, some in full costume, to pay homage to the man who started with a pretty fair weekly series and ended up with a full-blown movement.

Roddenberry really believes in the movement, that swelling of popularity in a long defunct tv series. KDNL-TV (Channel 30) in St. Louis, which shows Star Trek, believes in it too, and played host to the evening so the local Trekkies could get a glimpse of their leader. Roddenberry is convinced that the movement is not only very real, despite a smallish St. Louis crowd, but that both the movement and the show that spawned it have real importance.

"STAR TREK was a message show," Roddenberry said backstage in the Arena Club between two parts of a speech he gave

that evening. "You can compare it to 'Gulliver's Travels.'"

Noticing the reporter's hesitance to accept an analogy that placed Jonathan Swift's classic on a par with the television series that was cancelled in 1968 after a three-year run, he explained: "It was my plan to use Star Trek as a trick, a way to get my message across — to talk about beauty, and tolerance, and topics like that."

The message, Roddenberry explained, is also, as he later told the audience, "that variety is the beauty of the universe, not sameness." That love of variety, of course, is why the Starship Enterprise, whose journey the show followed, was manned by a polyglot crew that mixed racial and national backgrounds — and almost had a woman as second in command.

"In our first pilot for Star Trek, Roddenberry said, 'we had a woman in that role, but the networks wouldn't buy it.'"

Instead, by the time the series aired the number two spot was filled by an alien, the imperturbable Mr. Spock.

THE NETWORK, (it was NBC, let it be said) was ambivalent about that first pilot. "They said it was too intellectual for you swabs out there," Roddenberry told the audience, which hooted in enthusiastic derision.

The networks gave instructions that a second pilot should be made, and it was, and Star Trek was a medium success for three years.

The show almost died after the second year, a victim of mediocre ratings and high production costs. A massive letter-writing campaign to NBC brought a short reprieve,

and Captain Kirk, Mr. Spock, "Bones" McCoy and the rest continued their explorations for another season.

That third season, unfortunately, was a critical failure, by most accounts, as well as a ratings flop as Roddenberry tried to popularize the show to attract more non-science fiction fans. Star Trek, supposedly, was really buried when its third season ended.

THE WHOLE experience, though, even with the ego boost that the Trekkies in all their adulation have brought, has left Roddenberry bitter.

"We simply can't afford our system of television," he said backstage. "We can't afford a system which says yes or no to a show on the basis of how much toothpaste it sells or doesn't sell. We can't afford to cancel a show because it doesn't sell hemorrhoid treatment."

He gestured eloquently, punctuating his remarks with a clenched fist emphasis, and added, "That kind of television has a greater impact against us than the atomic bomb. We have to take it out of the hands of those who sell a product."

He said much the same sort of thing to the audience during his two-part speech. He railed against the inanity of network decisions and praised the intellectual fervor of the Trekkies. With perfect timing he carefully fed the movement the news it wanted to hear.

"I can tell you tonight," Roddenberry said to the 4,000 or so gathered in the west end of the Arena, "that just three days ago I received word that the Star Trek movie (which has been rumored for years) has gotten the go ahead."

The crowd roared its approval.

"And," he added, hesitating for a moment to build the suspense, "we've been given an \$8.5 million budget. Paramount wants it to be a 'Jaws' or a 'Godfather.'"

"OF COURSE, they wanted us to drop the regulars and bring in some big-name stars." (Loud boos). "How does Richard Burton for Kirk sound?" (Loud boos, laughter). "And how about Robert Redford for Spock?" (Boos again, with a smattering of applause).

"But I can tell you," he said, "that it looks like all the regulars will be back with us for the movie." He smiled happily as the statement met with the best applause of the night.

The movie, Roddenberry told the audience, will be out in late 1977 or early 1978. The delay, he explained, involves the six months it will take to rebuild the set of the bridge of the Starship Enterprise (which must be updated to show the technological advances made in the 10 years since the series was last seen), plus the typical time to write, produce, and edit the full-length feature.

There is hope for even more, Star Trek fans.

FIRST, RODDENBERRY said, there "may be four or five Star Trek movies made." He added, "if the movies work, then all three networks have indicated an interest in making Star Trek a regular series again." The crowd loved it.

Roddenberry enjoys talking about the Star

Trek to come, the movies and the series that may all happen in a few more years, but even more he likes to remember the Star Trek that was — the Star Trek that was what many critics called the first successful effort to present serious science fiction in a weekly television series.

"Star Trek was good science fiction," said Roddenberry in the Arena Club, while the faithful watched a "bloopers" reel of Star Trek outtakes on the giant home-movie screen erected about center ice, "but it was good only within the limits of the medium. The visual limitations meant, for instance, that most of the outdoor scenes looked a lot like Southern California, and that everyone tended to be a biped (two-legged).

He grinned a bit at his admittance of the show's faults, and added, "Star Trek is not a depiction of what I think the future will be, either. To sell the show it had to use 20th century plots, and 20th century people." That, he clearly feels, is not what things will be like in a few hundred years.

Star Trek is an indicator to Roddenberry, an indicator of mankind's desire to forge on, to "seek new worlds," in the words of the show. Roddenberry thinks of that exploration as a destiny of man, a target for mankind to aim at. It all sounds like a little much for the creator of what was only a moderately successful television show for three years in the mid-1960s. But that was never enough for Roddenberry and his Trekkies. Star Trek, messages and all, will soon be back.

ROLL ME OVER BILL BLISS

((Bill Bliss, 422 Wilmot, Chillicothe, Ill. 61523, doesn't know I'm beginning a column from his many letters. Read on at your peril!))

Geniuses working quietly in garages....I have a large garage. Lots of junk in it that is raw material for crackpot inventions. Don't really have a MAD SCIENTIST laboratory. It would be fun to set one up though. This door sign would keep strangers out of my biological section:

DANGER! HUNGRY FLEAS!

One of my local friends is the local giant who otherwise is more than a trifle unorthodox. Yesterday he mentioned that his toilet (WC, can) seat started to fall down and he pointed a finger at it and thought hard and it flapped back up. Anybody else ever try that? It may be a first in psychic research. Give the physics crowd a bit to work on-- determining center of gravity of the common can seat and the coefficient of friction of the hinge bearings, summing the vector forces, specific gravity, di-electric constant and aerodynamic characteristics. Long term research to debunk mental can lid flipping would involve long term instrumentation and observation of thousands of can seats. Air currents (such as during a hurricane) or ground waves from atom bomb could cause the phenomenon. That would be of equal scientific value as the direction tall thin gravestones are toppled by such -- especially in cities such as Washington DC that are laid out like a wheel. Some day there may be a NATIONAL BUREAU OF COMMODE LID SPONTANEOUS DROPPING.

I don't go around cemetaries peering at gravestones, but one of my favorite epigraphs is:

NOT GONE WILLINGLY
BUT YANKED THITHER
BY SPECIAL REQUEST

Better than Esperanto would be cheap, small electronic translators. But customers would be forbidden to test the translators by going from Jabberwocky to Japanese.

Once, ages ago, I bought a jock strap from a corset shop in Frisco. It lasted for ages (I'm not very athletic) and many moons later tried to buy another one at a corset shop in Peoria. But they didn't have any. I explained how much customer faith had been generated by the quite durable jock strap I bought in a corset shop. They said that it must not have been a regular corset shop.

Komic strips usta have cornball humour. Nowadays it's mostly sercon. The Li'l Abner (way back before its creator showed up on TV) strip used to have a unique musical instrument-- a Pappyphone. It was the only one in the world. Mammy Yokum took a trumpet horn and jammed it in one of Pappy's ears and the mouthpiece in his other ear. (Some komics did have a bit of sadism like when she ironed his pants with him still in them.) Pappy allus complained it jarred up his brain when it was played.

Slush piles for SF zines could be foisted off on a fanclub. An aspiring writer gets a letter from them--

Dear S.Silb,
Unfortunately, your story about the rooster that laid an egg after the rooster had hatched from an egg sent into space in a capsule is interesting but does not meet the editorial requirements. However we have our own zine, XOXNOB, 400 mimeo pages every annish, and have been looking for a story like yours. There's no pay, but it is a good chance to get famous with 413 avid readers. Wot say?

Regards Hal, Cal, Montmorency, Sal, Clem, Agatha, Sam, Ed, Fat Fred, Jake, Otto, Lettabelle, Edgar, and Nerd.

There are great possibilities in educational toilet paper. People who have fast calls would have to do some speed reading. It would be great for musical instrument instruction although the space in many cans would preclude grand pianos, tubas, and harps. An electronic reverberation amplifier could simulate the acoustics of a large concert hall. And of course can paper is a natural propaganda medium. You could read anti-gas pill and pile nostrum advertising. Political and establishment messages would make good reading as would OSHA requirements for safety in WCs. Civil Defense instructions-- the water in the flush tank for drinking during air raids or other emergencies.

The best basic research should be how to do basic research.

I never have much trouble spilling coffee, but I have noticed a lot of people do. So here is an invention that solves the problem.



On psychic empathy of plants, I think weeds are hate-proof. It might be interesting to threaten some wild mustard with used photo developer though. Richard Shaver told me once that old hypo kills off trees, so I have been pouring stuff from my rock photo works on the stump of a weeping willow. But it sprouted again this year, but with peculiar looking leaves. They are broader and thicker and have a redish tint besides the normal light green.

Croquet could be hopped up by substituting a handball ball and surrounding the field with rebound boards. A small but powerful alnico magnet could be included in the ball. If the ball was hit with insufficient velocity through the soft iron wicket it would stick to it. Thus the traditional sticky wicket would be modernized.

A world is run by a computer (a SF cliché to be sure); it runs the world by adjusting reality (and very efficient when it is working properly). But lightning hits near it and messes it up. Typical married

couple:

(Sound of avalanche upstairs)

"WHAT was that John?"

"The closet was full of green golf balls. How in the hell can anybody find a green golf ball in the grass?"

Or-- the janitor at the zoo opens the broom closet door and finds it is full of a friendly python four hundred feet long.

((& asks for Glicksohn?))

You've been doing things about dreams... How to keep from having wet dreams -- don't sleep out in the rain.

I wonder if astrology would work if our solar system had 500 planets. A day without an eclipse would be remarkable. If a solar system had 2000 planets, astrologers would probably have been the first to develop complex computers.

A chunk of nothing is good for something -- creating good vacuums. All chunks of nothing are precisely of the same density and all weigh exactly nothing.

Those St. Nick disenchanters will some day proclaim: "The Cookie Monster is just a puppet."

A valve failure in a space suit plumbing system results in the wearer getting raped.

To discourage burglars, I have posted a small official looking notice on the garage:

WARNING!

SOME ITEMS IN THIS GARAGE ARE CONTAMINATED WITH GREEN HEPETITUS VIRUS AND CANNOT BE LEGALLY STOLEN

One super way to explore some permutations of perception is linear anamorphics. Especially of John Schoenherr ANALOG illos. Linear anamorphics are simply angle views-- that brings out secondary images in that art, and converts a lot of it into aerial views.

It is arduous to be anti-violence because most of the population is insane.

the peep & the peep

Chapter One: Notes, a World War II diary, considerably abridged.

Jan 26, 1944: Pittsburgh, CA. This morning we had our overseas physical exam, mainly a short-arm inspection. Some officers were joking: 'I've been declared unfit -- too short.'

Jan 29...aboard the Sea Witch docked in San Francisco Harbor... On the 27th we dressed in full pack-- and this one really was a full pack, not stuffed with crumpled newspaper -- and marched about a mile to the harbor in the river. The S.S. Catalina, a former excursion boat, waited at the dock. After about an hour's wait (you wait for everything) we marched aboard as the band played. Some enlisted men jitter-bugged together when the band played 'Shoo-Shoo Baby'. After another wait the boat got underway with a full complement of ravenous seagulls circling around; later, when our bag of lunch was issued (officers-25¢) we threw scraps to them and they'd catch the pieces in midair. We pulled into the dock about 6:20 p.m. after steaming past Alcatraz. After a long wait we disembarked into a big warehouse. A glaring light, placed at knee height and shining upward, hit us in the face. Military Police guarded the warehouse door. While we waited in line inside, Red Cross ladies passed up and down with coffee and cookies. Finally we gave our names in turn at the bottom of the gangplank and were issued a blue card with our compartment number on it. Our voyage was about to start; but this is our second day on board and we haven't moved an inch. Rumor says the engine is broken and that we have already missed the convoy.

Feb 1, 1944...aboard Sea Witch on the Pacific Ocean... On Jan 29, Saturday, the freighter weighed anchor and plowed through swelling seas beneath the Golden Gate. Land was wreathed in fog and disappeared in 45 minutes. I wonder when I'll see that land again? Either accidentally or purposefully we are not in convoy; we are alone. From this point on, I don't know more of that first night; I heaved four times. Until this morning I was still sick and dizzy and spent practically all my time in bed. If it were not for this cleanup detail I'm saddled with, I'd be in bed right now. We have been instructed not to write a thing about the boat or what we do on it in our letters home. The enlisted men sleep four deep in the various holds, their bunks practically on the floor and touching the ceiling. Our bunks have mattresses, but theirs don't.

Feb 3...This voyage continues and so does my cleanup detail. It has been a thoroughly disliked trip. Last night I lay on a hatch awhile and watched the stars and moon gyrate overhead. I watched the sunrise. Surprisingly, the most beautiful and delicate coloring was in the western sky... Every night we set our watches back at ten o'clock about 23 minutes. I believe our time is being set directly from the sun.

Feb 1, evening... This afternoon we were treated to gunnery practice. Eight 20mm cannon and four 3 inch cannon and one four-incher. The big cannon shots all fell short, but the 20's pierced the black smoke bursts in the sky. The tracers were easily seen in the sunlight, and they seemed to curve lazily toward the target. How a bullet goes so fast in feet per second and yet seems to fly so slowly, puzzles me. We are now one day out of Hawaii and passing through possible sub-infested waters. Tonight and at dawn we will have to stand at our boat stations. Subs strike at dusk and dawn.

Feb 4, 1944..This is supposed to be our last day on ship. The chaplain and the soldiers have been supplying musical entertainment. One morning boxing matches were held. A carton of cigarettes cost 45¢ at the ship's PX, and I bought a Gillette razor with 3 blueblades for 27¢. Movies were shown every night on a sheet in the messhall. We eat only twice a day, breakfast at 7 and dinner at 3:30.

Feb 4..later We are now docked in Honolulu Harbor. Most striking is the lofty mountains whose tips are in the clouds. They are green and beautiful. It looks so cool up there. Here and there as dusk came, house lights flickered up the slopes. Then I saw one of the most pleasant sights yet seen-- a stop and go light. First red, then green it flashed in familiar fashion. We won't debark tonight.

Feb 6...Kahuku Air Base, Oahu..about 35 miles from Honolulu on the opposite tip of the island. The weather is marvelous -- shining sun, cool strong breeze, white clouds in a blue sky. They say the temperature doesn't vary more than a few degrees all year around... We eat at the Officers Club for \$28 per month... This whole place is a big surprise. Are we living in tents? Fox holes? Outside latrines? No! We live in barracks better than what we had in Florida, and the latrine is inside and gleaming white. We don't realize we're overseas.

Feb 8... Sgts Kerr and Kelley have been given the job of bringing some tech orders up to date. As yet I don't have a job, and some of us are going on to other parts. Who?

Feb 12...The scum at the top has been partially skimmed off. Maj Birkhoff, Air Corps supply officer, who probably never did a day's work in his life. Maj Garton, S-3, with facial characteristics of an imbecile and skeletal qualities of a jellyfish. His only aggressiveness was his loud belch. Maj Smallwood, S-1, who acted like a man would act if a corn cob of suitable roughness were rammed deep into his anus. All three went back to Honolulu to learn how to supervise the loading of transports. Wild Bill Smallwood, who imagined himself a rough-and-ready soldier, was especially sore at the brushoff.... I have just stepped into the job of Base Tech Inspector and will probably become Air Operations Officer as well. I've already looked over the control tower, power plants, instrument flying trainer, photo lab, crash crew, and weather station.... I tried to get close to a coastal gun but the guard halted me with rifle & bayonet at port arms. The beach is not much-- narrow, dark sand, and no sea shells. Give me Fort Walton or Panama City, Florida, any day. I played some croquet and a set of tennis. So far I have tasted fresh coconut, pineapple, and banana. I have still to eat some sugar cane....

(Next month-- Sugar cane??)

MY DOG THURSDAY by Wayne Jones

I, not surprisingly, have a dog. His name is Thursday. You may wonder why we call her that. Well, we got her on Thursday, and we had no better name.

Thursday is an unusual dog. She is a Norwegian Elkhound, standing roughly 2½ feet, and roughly 2½ feet wide.

Once, my grandmother used to give her doggie bites (really, that's what those things were called!) Then one day my grandmother ran out of doggie bites. Thursday, being the food greedy dog she is, stole grandmother's boots and refused to give them back until grandmother brought home some more doggie bites.

My brother, always anxious to teach Thursday new tricks, taught her to get balcony from the sink. Well, one day we were having roast lamb for Sunday dinner. Mom, in a hurry, set the roast on the sink. Uh huh, that's right. The whole thing!

Thursday would be a black-and-white dog, even in a color photograph.

Strangely enough, Thursday has a crush on the mailman. His left ankle to be precise.

Thursday's favorite pasttime is sitting underneath a tree. She'll sit there for hours, not doing anything except barking at the squirrels and waiting for Friday -- or Saturday. Her latest trick is sitting on her rumpus. She has only been able to do this lately, considering her diameter.

Thursday is a very lucky dog. In her lifetime she has consumed over 12 lemon cream pies, 5 steaks (but that's another story), 1 lamb chop, and over 100 pounds of Recipe dog food. And part of grandmother's boot.

FROM THE SAFETY (?) OF THIS COL

by

Dave Rowe (July 17, 1976)

How come there's so many fan parties all of a sudden?

Good question..since there's been only one weekend lately that hasn't contained a fan party in the London area, and a couple of weeks had two or three... The question came from Brian Hampton, the Kitten's very own boffin. He'd probably have discovered the theory of relativity but Einstein had a 70 year head start. Relativity is a 'neat bit of thinking' to Brian, but fans...that involves too many random factors for logical thinking. Maybe the hot weather brings them out. And it is hot. We've had days in the '90's during June whereas we usually feel fortunate to reach the 80's by August. Some places haven't seen a drop of rain for 2 months (and this in England??) Butterflies are out in force, but dying of heat. The fields of corn have ripened 2 months too soon and look like a sea of sawdust. Even at night the heat persists...

It is not 11p.m., Saturday. I'm ascending nine concrete flights of stairs in an old Victorian tenement building - an odd shaped citadel of people-hatches, built to house those trapped in the rat-race of London's industrial revolution. The ground floor is boarded-up and the entrance looks the same. Half the building is being demolished! Pieces of the stairs I'm climbing have self-destructed anyway. Cradled against my chest is a plastic bag whose contents chinks-- 3 bottles of cheap booze to help the party and my dry throat along. Valhalla is a top floor blue door whose window streams light into an otherwise darkened corridor....

It opens. People. Hot, sweaty, noisy lovable people. I dump the booze in the kitchen, fill up a mug with Dry Reserve Cyder and go in search of faces I know amongst oddly shaped rooms inlaid with gloss painted wall cu boards. The cupboards' period-panel doors are half open, revealing boxed games, laundry, candles and an Oliver Hardy mask. The walls are covered with giant xerox copies of front pages such as "Another Ghoulish Murder in Whitechapel" and "Man on the Moon." A sense of chaos reigns....

The fans present are from the London University groups whose fanatic is The One Tun every first Thursday and parties whenever. Most of

of them have never even heard of OUT-WORLDS, let alone seen a copy.

"Hih Dave," says a face I know. "How are the Kitten's going?"

"The Kittens have went- almost." (Kittens is the Kingston SF group)

Later the stereo and speakers are disconnected and transferred up to the flat roof where they recommence booming out Byrds, Stones, and Mersey Beat. The roof is a maze of chimney stacks, with high iron railings all the way around. Beyond is the London skyline, to the fore, 19th Century slums squat, to the back, a scattering of 20th Century monstrosities tower. A hazy yellow moon shines. Any minute now we expect Mary Poppins to fly in.

"Hey! If there's a haze around the moon, doesn't that mean there's a frost," says a sweating Ghengis Khan, in open shirt and tweed trousers. Only the height of the railings saves him from Nemesis' wrath!

I'm greeted by a warm grin from Venus who is losing her freckles and gaining her womanhood. Catherine the Great is cradling a sleepy black kitten. "He's tired," she coos.

"He ought to be," says Disraeli. "Earlier on we were playing five-a-side football with him."

Catherine looks up horrified. So do the whole of her court from Hitler to Yogi Bear. Disraeli merely looks despondent. "You should worry?" he says. "He won."

It's now getting on for 3a.m.; the booze is drying up, people are flopping down. It's time for silly games. A victim is chosen to leave while we supposedly make up a story she is to guess with questions answered only by yes or no. Actually we agree to reply yes to any question ending with a y, s or a vowel and no to everything else. She returned and ended up with a 'plot' about two people, a male and a female, who are indoors, but aren't there when the story begins, or ends, and they don't do anything while they're there. Put a New Wave author's name to it and we might have sold it to some trendo mag.

Sleep..scattered bodies...dawn.. slowly, life returns to the slumberers...breakfast of toast and coffee...

The coming weekend a party in South London, then one at the Isle of Dogs, then... "How come so many tired fen all of a sudden?"

Bob Tucker (11/18): "I have a job. After three years of unemployment, I have a job with a local drug store, a chain store. My job has no title beyond 'Fitter' but my duties are fitting glass eyes and trusses to the infrequent customer who wanders in seeking same. I got the job when I went in to purchase a replacement glass eye, having lost my original. No one in the store had the courage or the technique to fit it, so I showed them how it was done. The management was so impressed by my skill that I was hired on the spot, given a title ('Fitter') and a company rule book.

It soon developed that customers seeking glass eyes do not come in the store all that often, and the manager was distressed to see me reading magazines from the rack all day, so he also gave me the job of truss fitter. The store does have truss customers, sometimes as many as one or two a day. I was given a small private room at the back, adjoining the pharmacy, because the female customers didn't like to be fitted while standing in the aisles between 'Glasswares' and 'Kitchen Aids'. The room has two chairs, a small basin, and a bar of strong scented soap. The company rulebook insists that I scrub my hands before fitting a truss, but it says nothing about the fitting of glass eyes. I suppose no one cares if I have chocolate or pulp mites on my fingers. I'm waiting with bated breath for my first glass eye patient."

Mike Bracken (11/19): "School has been moving along rather well; doing fine in Math and Theatre and haven't yet been able to figure out how my 3rd class (Art) is coming along. Anyhow, I started working on SIU-E's campus newspaper, THE DAILY ALESTLE, doing paste-ups. Tonight we got the paper pasted-up in three hours, and my eyes are just plain exhausted-- and the rest of me isn't exactly raring to go either."

George J Laskowski Jr: (11/26)

"Many things have been happening to me since we met at AutoClave-- a summer course (student teaching), a new job which meant moving from home and setting up a new apartment and getting reorganized with all my fan materials, books, records, lesson plans, and preparing classes from texts I hadn't used before. Busy??? Naw, not me *glub, glub*, barely staying afloat."

WHAT ARE THE CHANCES THAT....?
Brendan DuBois (10/28)

"Skel's escapades with bookshelves reminded me of an incident... We are remodeling the upstairs part of our house, which contains my bedroom. Subsequently, one of my bookshelves had to be torn down and I deposited the books in a nearby corner.

Now, enter my dog, Eric. Eric is a large, yellow Labrador retriever, with a distinct lack of brains. (He was once hit by a car because he was asleep in the middle of the road.)

Anyway, one afternoon, when my parents were at work and I was at school, Eric had a problem. He had to 'go' but nobody was around to let him out. Picture this if you will. He has the entire house to choose from, all three floors. He chooses the upstairs. He now has the choice of two bedrooms: my brother's or mine. He chooses mine. He now has the choice of approximately 60 sq.ft. He chooses only one square foot. The square foot where my books are. I got home after my job at the bank, and my mother presented me with the news. Some books were salvaged, but a couple were, er...pretty bad off and had to be buried. I await the completion of the remodeling so that I can re-erect my shelves. I am contemplating wrapping the two lower shelves with Saran wrap."

Stephen H. Poineman (11/26): "Apparently I will still be going to school in the Spring, even with enough credits to graduate at the end of the winter term. It seems that if I don't go to school at least five months of the year, my parents can't claim me as a tax deduction. Also there are a number of courses offered in the Spring I'd like to take. Anyway, I still don't know what I'll be doing after graduation..."

Gary Deindorfer (11/26): "Yeah, I think I'm getting in the swim of things concerning your zine. Speaking of being a jazz fan, as one jazz fan to another, isn't it great that all this great stuff is being reissued lately? Pure gold. By the way, I am a jazz musician as well as a jazz fan. Alto sax is my main instrument. I don't exactly make a living out of it, but am able to augment my income a little. If you have a cassette tape recorder, let me know and I'll send a tape of my music." ((Would enjoy that, though my 8-track cartridge player gives better fidelity than my portable cassette player; I also have reel-to-reel. Since I'm a has-been on alto sax, I'd enjoy your conception all the more.))

Richard Brandt (11/26): "The other day we experienced the earliest snowfall in NE Texas in 25 years. It having snowed in Mobile only twice while I was there, I hadn't seen the stuff in ten years, and it was nice. Only trouble was, some people threw me to the ground face-forward and knocked my left lens out of my glasses and into the snow. I didn't see it for three days when a bypasser almost stepped on it and brought it to my room. Luckily I had it back before I had to direct my Final Production in TV II, which surprised me by being absolutely perfect: everything happened right where it was supposed to, the timing was just right, and it was a beauty. However, the videotape machine didn't record it. Arrrrggh. So as I walked out of the studio, I found the sun was shining again for the first time in five days. As if to say, hey, it's not all that bad."

Simon Agree 11/22: "Picked T-57 out of my box this morning on my way to screenprinting class. I got on the bus, found a seat near the back, and read your zine all the way to Santa Rosa. Just as I was almost to my stop, I look up and there's this girl sitting across the aisle with the most beautiful legs I've ever seen and a short short short skirt. Absolutely beautiful,

and the whole time she was there, I'd been absorbed in a fanzine! You should be proud, Donn Brazier, for your ability to transport man beyond transient desires. Also for your ability to make me kick myself until sober...." ((DON'T LOOK AT LEGS...
READ TITLE !))

Wilum Harry Pugmire 11/22: "I am just now finding myself interested in mystery fiction. It has affected me profoundly, almost completely replacing my interest in weird lit'rature. ((Next sentence is a caption to a small photo.)) Wilum in his first college play; they needed a dead blood-soaked body to sit in a torture chair, with eyes poked out; it was a natural for Wilum...I sold a few of my rare Arkham House books just so I could get THE ANNOTATED SHERLOCK HOLMES...Saw Jessica tonight; she found a job as a secretary! Will she spout radical women issues when her boss pinches her..um....!"

Harry Warner Jr. 11/22: "It doesn't seem safe to classify myself as a plant lover, after Title has had discussions on such topics as bestiality. But I have managed to keep alive several small houseplants which my mother owned when she died in 1957. I've also succeeded in saving the lives of most of the inhabitants of several planters that I received while in the hospital six years ago. It's a miracle because some plant experts warned me that they musn't be watered often and couldn't endure much light. They were in terrible condition before I rebelled, put them in the windows where the sun shines the longest, and gave them a pint or so of water every day."

Bill Bridget 11/23: "Nothing ever happens in Cairo." ((Like the rest of Bill's loc I find that remark obscure-- Bill lives in Crawfordsville, Indiana.))

John DiPrete 11/24: "Glad to see Hank Heath's got a job as a teacher; right now I'm looking for a job, myself. No luck yet. But I'm not complaining. Or am I?"

Denny Bowden 11/15: "I've semi-gafiated, working on my school newspaper. The schedule I've set is a gruelling one. We've done five issues this year, and if we maintain our schedule, we'll print 19 issues during the 36-week school year."

Ken Josenhans 11/24: "Homework calls."

TITLE #58 January 1977
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TITLE is available for the usual,
but that usual must occur at least
every three months. TITLE is a
monthly scrapbook of 24 pages &
for sampling purposes 2 issues may
be had for \$1.00.

FINAL ANALYSIS & OTHER TAIL ENDS
+++++

Art Credits:

Cover -- Mike Kranefuss
Zoo Denizens-- Robert Whitaker
Pretzelalien-- Dave Moyer
Dog cartoons-- Pam Sneed

All material unsigned or uncred-
ited is either by the editor or
(in some cases) by Robert Whitaker.

In an adv for the EXPLORATORIUM
COOKBOOK (a construction manual
for exhibits used in the SanFran-
cisco Exploratorium) I noted with
pleasure that one of five of
their exhibits unavailable for
outside reproduction is THE EN-
CHANTED TREE. Guess who created
that popular exhibit? Our own
Title author Burt Libe. I haven't
had the pleasure to see Burt's
electronic art, but Claudia Mink
at the museum here reports it is
the best thing at the Explorator-
ium!

Bill Bliss sent me several things
to read recently, one the paper-
back WE ALMOST LOST DETROIT, a
non-fiction account of the terrify-
ing breeder reactor Fermi #1. I'll
review this book soon.

In a recent Roy Tackett quote I
changed his word from what it was
to F--K. I've been bawled out &
instructed to say that the miss-
ing letters are "you & cee". The
word in question is one I refuse
to print or use in everyday con-
versation, keeping it reserved as
the most powerful word I know for
use in its proper context.

I must apologize to Dave Rowe for
making extensive cuts out of his



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column. In doing so I see that I
created a rather fantastic effect
with characters such as Ghengis
Khan, etc. (I rather like the ef-
fect, actually). But the reason
for the names is explained by the
party-game of slapping a new name
to the back of each guest whose
purpose in life is then to guess
his identity with questions answe-
red by yes or no. It's a game of-
ten played at 1455 Fawnvalley Dr.

This issue is heavy on dogs, and
if you missed announcements else-
where in this issue, please, no
more dog stories, jokes, or art...

This issue will be mailed early
(before Dec 10) to escape the dis-
asters at the post offices....