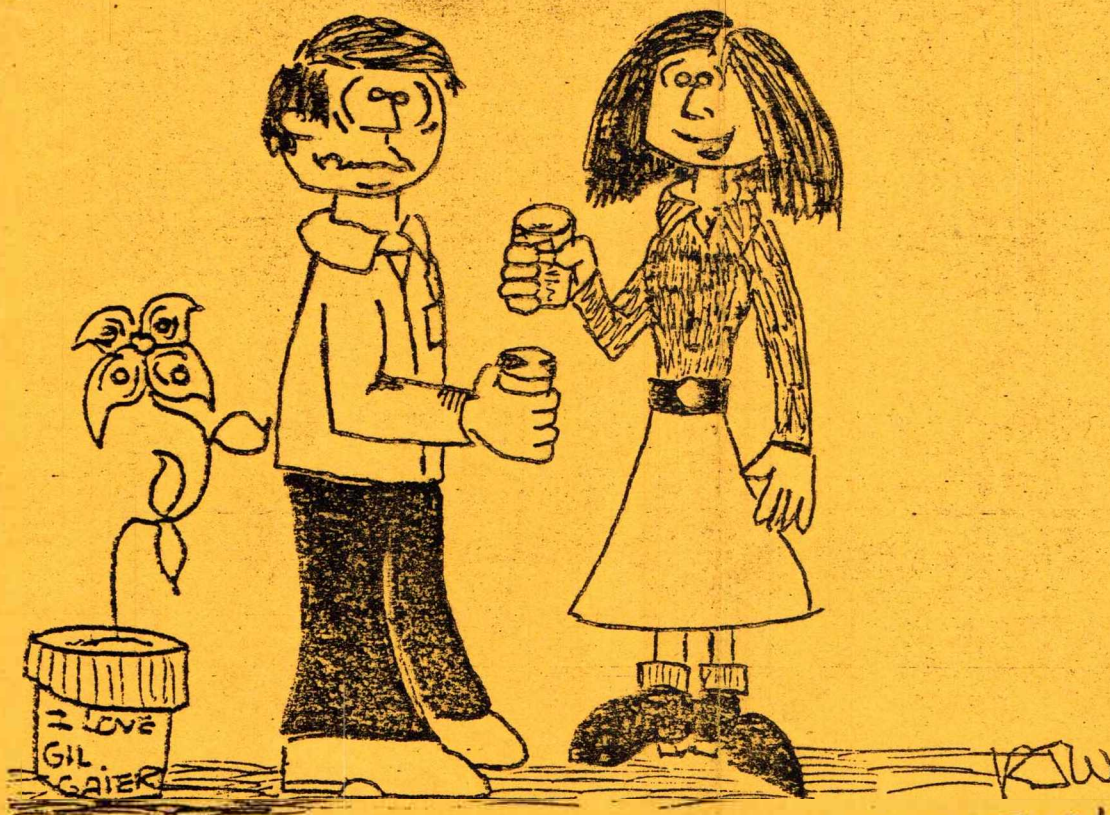




...YOU KNOW, I HAD A
SEX-CHANGE OPERATION
LAST WEEK...



X1: HOW TO STOP A CONVERSATION

Electronic Haiku

by Jon Inouye

Im-a-ges flic-ker

on a So-ny tel-le-vi-sion

@ Made in Ja-pan.

"P.S. I was shocked to see that Tony Tree can draw well enough to do a New York in 1980 illo for the StunCon Report. Pretty soon fans will be calling those long-snouted roaches Tony-bugs. Question: Is Tony Tree really Ben Indick? The Most Redheaded one refused to comment when asked this at the Fantasy Con in late October." -- John Robinson ((Would Ben's tree fetish be relevant to this?))

PROFILE OF A VISIONARY:

REPRINTED FROM THE SPRING,

1976 ISSUE OF

THE FRANKLIN INSTITUTE NEWS

*Reprinted by permission
of Isaac Asimov and Jo
Anne Sparagna*

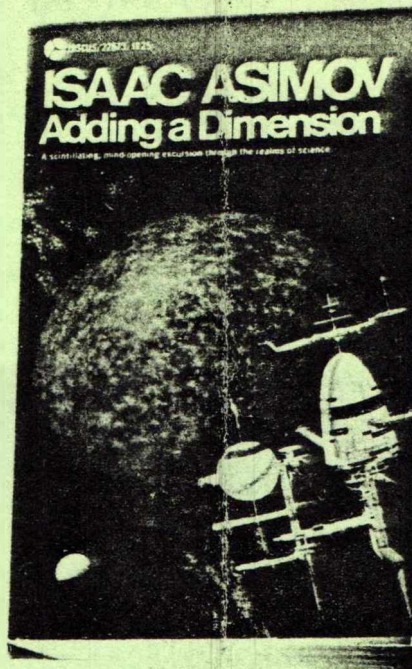
Isaac
Asimov



Isaac Asimov has spent most of his life concerned with the future, as anyone who reads science fiction can confirm. His *Foundation* trilogy was given the Hugo Award (the Pulitzer Prize of science fiction) for the best all-time science fiction series. But this best-selling author (of more than 170 books, with 10 currently at press) has written on an incredible array of subjects: the solar system, the Bible, physics, the brain, Greek and Roman history, the atom, and Shakespeare. He has a Ph.D. in chemistry from Columbia. His own favorite story, "The Last Question," deals with humanity's ultimate future; it was produced in 1973 in the Institute's Planetarium.

The enormous breadth of his knowledge has not made him stuffy. Asimov loves to tease and his humor is quick. Yet although he poses in his books as a buoyant and gregarious sort of fellow, he says he is actually intensely solitary. Given his druthers, Asimov would probably spend even more than the 10 hours a day he already does at his typewriter.

Isaac Asimov will speak at the joint dinner-meeting of the Institute and the American Chemical Society on May 20. The affair, to be held in the Benjamin Franklin National Memorial, will celebrate the 100th anniversary of the ACS.



NEWS: What's the point of science fiction?

ASIMOV: The point of science fiction is to write good stories based on societies other than our own, whether they have any chance of coming to pass or not, because the primary purpose of science fiction is to entertain the reader. These days, most of the doom stories are ecological. As we pollute the ocean, fix the air so we can't breathe it, or kill off wildlife, the story centers on how mankind tries to make do—or how some survivors make do. There are also stories about the aftermath of a nuclear war. Disaster makes good drama but I generally try to have my heroes overcome, avoid, or deflect disaster, because I like to win!

NEWS: Do you think that science fiction has a responsibility to predict?

ASIMOV: A secondary purpose, after entertainment, is to accustom the reader to the idea of change. There is no way of predicting the details of change. But it is important that you know there will be change, because it is the common

experience of mankind. Up to the last couple of generations there have been changes but they have been slow. Now things are happening so fast that in a given lifetime you can witness change. People don't want change, so you have to pound it over their heads. You can't get all people to take action against the problem of overpopulation, because so many don't feel over-populated. They can't bring themselves to believe that things will be different in 30 years. And so science fiction's great service to humanity is making people more accustomed to change.

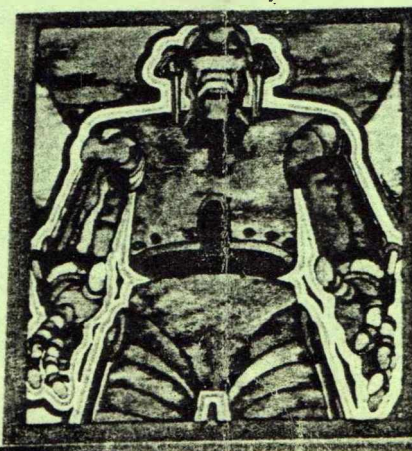
NEWS: You don't sound very optimistic about people.

ASIMOV: I'm pessimistic about them right now. I see insufficient signs that people are aware of the real problems of life and too many signs that they are aware of superficial problems. They still think in nineteenth century terms. The people of any given nation still think, somehow, that the most important thing to do is to keep

their own nation strong and do their neighbors in the eye—which is ridiculous. We can no longer live on the earth in that fashion. From here on in, we all go up—or we all go down. There is no way that we can reasonably and sen-

ISAAC ASIMOV

lucky starr
and the big sun
mercury



sibly expect our own small patch of earth to do well if the rest of

the world doesn't. We've got to take the planetary view.

NEWS: What do you think is the biggest single danger facing us?

ASIMOV: Population. North America, particularly the United States, is the major source of the world food reserve. If the U.S. harvest should be bad some year, nothing will prevent famines from taking place in large parts of the world. If we continue to increase the world's population at the present rate, then in about 10 years, even a good American harvest won't prevent starvation here and there. And in another 20 years, starvation may be epidemic all over the earth. When so many people are starving, heaven only knows how desperate they will be to destroy the environment just for the sake of another mouthful of food. Mankind has never faced anything like that before. There have been famines, but the famines have been in restricted regions. Mankind has never faced a famine which is continental, nearly world-wide. I

don't know how it will react and I fear it.

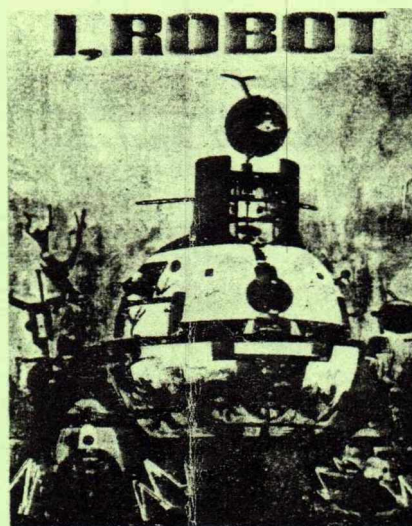
NEWS: Often in your fiction, the earth becomes over-populated and that's the impetus for going off to new worlds. Do you think that is an actual possibility or are we just going to have to deal with over-population here on earth?

ASIMOV: No, we won't. We can build space colonies, and over-population on earth will encourage it. But it's no solution, because it will take 50 years to build space colonies capable of holding 100,000 people, or even 10 million people. But at the present rate of increase, we're going to gain seven billion people in the next 50 years—if something doesn't happen to stop it—more than what we already have.

NEWS: If you had known, as you feel now, that space is not the answer to our earthly problems, would the fiction you've written be any different?

ASIMOV: Oh, when I say that

space isn't the answer to our earthly problems I mean specifically to overpopulation. It can provide answers to other problems. If we can control our population, we're going to have a rather dull world, relatively few children, and



a relatively large number of older people. We're going to have a sort of careful world. It's going to try to avoid the mistakes of the twentieth century. The result will be that it's going to make people

feel rather bound in and space offers us a horizon. It offers us an opportunity for additional growth, adventure and excitement. Perhaps it will also give us other places to live so that if catastrophe overtakes one habitat, there'll be others. It will increase our knowledge; we don't know what fallout there might be—wisdom fallout—back on earth. Space can do a great many good things for us, and I would still write about it.

NEWS: Where are we going to get the energy and resources for space exploration? It requires such a tremendous amount of fossil fuels.

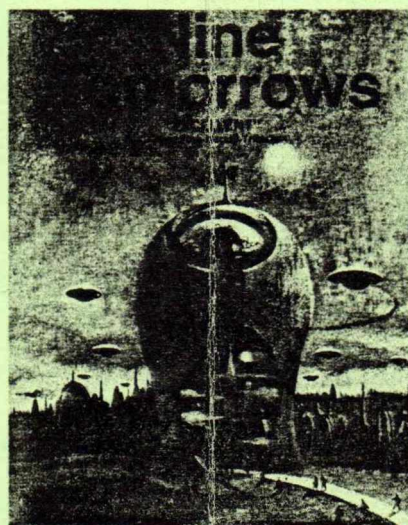
ASIMOV: As a matter of fact, that's another place where space can help us, because we can make an energy profit from space. If we build a space colony, we might be able to build a solar station in connection with it to collect solar energy more easily out there than on earth's surface. If we beam that collected energy down to earth in the form of microwaves,

for instance, we'll get more out of the colony than we put in. Then the colonies themselves may be able to build other colonies using raw material from the moon—getting from the moon all their metals, glass and their soil, and so on. They would have to get some of the lighter elements—hydrogen, carbon and nitrogen—from earth, but eventually they may be able to get it from the asteroids. Venturing into space, far from being expensive, except at the very start, might quickly turn out to be a highly profitable venture for man and for earth.

NEWS: One of the ideas you presented in the first story you ever sold was that every technological advance will meet with resistance. Are the current cutbacks on space exploration just part of that resistance? Is it possible that we have really re-evaluated our priorities and that space exploration will come to a standstill?

ASIMOV: I noticed in today's paper that world expenditures on military machines is now up to

\$300 billion a year. Mankind has decided, quite sensibly, that they can't spend \$300 billion a year on military matters and still have money left over to go into space, because for a while that will be a luxury. They're right. However,



there are only two alternatives for the twenty-first century—either we'll continue this expenditure on military matters and destroy ourselves or we will abandon this whole war notion, have a planetary

government, and not spend money on military matters. Then what are we going to spend the money on? We'll return to space because it will be a worthy project that will capture the minds and hearts of mankind and will be something that we can sink all that spare effort, emotion and involvement that now we put into this foolish destruction. We will buy space exploration instead of buying suicide.

NEWS: Why do your eyes light up when you talk about exploration of space? What is it that excites you about it?

ASIMOV: The future of mankind! We're going to go out there and be more than we've ever been! And if some day a million years from now someone writes the history of mankind, everything that has taken place on earth before going out into space will be mere prologue, it will be the time when mankind was still in its larval stage. Only on going out into space does the caterpillar become a butterfly.

NEWS: How will we change?

ASIMOV: We will become citizens of the universe. We will have a much better grasp of what the universe is. The earth will be put in much clearer perspective. We will have the opportunity, in a multiplicity of worlds, for developing a multiplicity of cultures, a multiplicity of ways of living. Man is going to be a universe in himself.

NEWS: Don't we have that on earth?

ASIMOV: Unfortunately, on earth, things are on so much smaller a scale that it becomes a matter of qualitative difference. It's hard to see it now because we're used to an earth-bound mankind, but when we get out there, people looking back will see how mean and impoverished the human race was when it had only one world and when different ways of life were in constant conflict. They will realize how human dignity really didn't have a chance to flourish on a single world.

NEWS: What do you think is the greatest technological breakthrough in history? In the twentieth century?

ASIMOV: The greatest technological breakthrough ever has to be the taming of fire, because that made everything else possible. And as for the twentieth century, it's hard to say what the greatest is because we're too close perhaps to judge. But I suppose the most influential technological breakthrough has been radio-television. It made the world potentially one world—everybody knows where everybody else is. We've made it impossible now for rich people to remain comfortably rich in the midst of starvation. Now the world knows how well off some parts are and the parts that are badly off don't like it. It makes for a completely different situation. Perhaps the second most influential change has been the jet plane, because it's made it possible for people to go anywhere they want, quickly, so that we can no longer seal off the world. Everybody is everywhere. This is good.

Anything that makes it difficult for people to be in isolation is good, because in isolation is death.

NEWS: What's going to be the next big technological breakthrough?

ASIMOV: An understanding of the neuro-physiology and neuro-biochemistry of the brain and nervous system, to find out what makes us tick, and makes us tick differently. The greatest puzzle in the universe, as far as we know, is the human brain. We know hardly anything about it. The more we know about it, perhaps, the more we can help make it sane. We need sanity.

NEWS: Have you ever doubted that the advancement of science is always for the benefit of mankind?

ASIMOV: No. I have doubted whether mankind is for the benefit of mankind, but I've never doubted science. I think that when things go wrong, it is not because of science in the abstract, but because people have misused science,

applied it with a view to immediate profit without regard—or perhaps in honest ignorance of—the undesirable side effects or long-term disaster. For instance, the most disastrous application of science has been the use of medical science to lower the death rate without simultaneously lowering the birth rate as well. Yet who is there who would say it's bad to cure disease? It's bad to ameliorate physical suffering? Or that it's wrong to stop epidemics? Obviously all this is right. But it's also wrong to lower the death rate and allow the birth rate to remain high. That is what I mean by the unwise use of science. It is not science that disturbs me, but people.

NEWS: In a future world where there will be certain limited sources of power, where families may be limited to two children, and where food distribution has to be highly regulated, are people going to feel like individuals? What's going to feel different in the everyday texture of life?

ASIMOV: I think education will

have to emphasize differences. In such a world probably most of the dull work of humanity—physical and mental—will be done by machines, by computers, by automated devices. Mankind will have more leisure, and that leisure will have to be educated for. We don't educate for leisure, we educate for work. Once we educate for leisure, if we make an effort to get each person who is educated to draw out from within themselves that which he really wants to do, we will end up with a large variety of people because we'll have people who want to do different things. You may want to write, I may want to collect stamps, another guy may want to sit in a hammock and sip lemonade, who knows? Most people think that if everyone were to do exactly what he wants to do that they'd just sit back and get drunk or go have sex, but those things are done because most people don't know what to do. You see, it's done because it's the easiest thing to do when you don't know what to do. They all have their place! There's nothing wrong with sex, nothing wrong with a

little drink, nothing wrong with a little of doing nothing. But none of that would really satisfy you for long if you were properly educated and knew what you really wanted to do. Another thing I look forward to is a rational educational system.

NEWS: Do you believe that reason can solve everything?

ASIMOV: No, I don't think that reason can solve everything, but I do think that reason is the only thing that can solve anything at all. There are people who believe now that reason is not the only route to truth, but no one gives me an example of any generally recognized truth reached by anything other than reason. Now, of course, someone can say "Through sheer intuition, or by inspiration or by taking drugs, I have discovered that the world is made up of a celery stalk." But can you get other people to agree with you? Anyone can claim any truth. I'm talking now about truths that we're not going to fight over, that we're

going to accept. Through reason, for instance, we've developed the electric light. Let us say everyone is willing to agree the electric light exists and that it gives light. Now maybe it's all an illusion, but it's an illusion we all have. Now, what is it that non-reason gives us that we can all agree on? Non-reason has brought us a great number of philosophical truths, religious truths, artistic truths, and so on, that are never universally accepted, that people fight over endlessly, that people go to war over, that people have slaughtered each other over. This is not truth to me, this is opinion. Now, there are a million routes to opinion, but only one route, as far as I know, to truth, as I understand it to be truth, and that's reason.

NEWS: Who are your heroes?

ASIMOV: Well, politically, my

hero is Abraham Lincoln. Scientifically it is Isaac Newton. Militarily, it's Hannibal.

NEWS: What kind of heroes do we need?

ASIMOV: That's a good question. I suppose the kind of heroes we need are those who aren't aware of themselves as heroes. I think that a hero has to be a leader of some sort or another, and I would like to see a world in which leaders were unnecessary because human beings themselves knew pretty much what they had to do. It may not be possible ever to have it. I suppose in a real Utopia there would be no leaders, no heroes.

NEWS: Pretend that you're 75 years old and that I'm your biographer. What do you want to be remembered for so that I can be sure to put it in your biography?

ASIMOV: I want to be remembered as the person who wrote

well, in more different fields, more different times than anyone else in the history of the earth. There have been people who've written more books than I have, and there have been people who've written greater books than I have, but nobody has written as many books as I have that have been so good, in so many different fields. That's what makes me different from everybody else who ever lived.

NEWS: Do you feel successful?

ASIMOV: Oh yes, I feel successful. I feel successful because I make more money than I ever honestly thought I'd make, and because I'm known to more people than I ever honestly thought I'd be known to, and I've written more books than I ever thought I'd write, and I'm happier with my writing and my life than I ever thought I'd be, so . . . you know, if that's not success, I'm satisfied with it whatever it is. □

Dr. Fredric Wertham writes: "In Melbourne, Australia, there is a Society for Perpendicular Interment. Their purpose: horizontal burial takes up too much room in an overcrowded world."

Enclosed a photo taken the other day: Dr. W. psychoanalyzing a five-weeks-



old kitten. Diagnosis: cat-
atonia."

Below, Rick Wilber SIU Prof & free-lance writer, caught in a pensive moment at AutoClave. One will note the suggestion of a smile-- Rick is listening to Brazier expound and has every right to smile more broadly.



THE GIFT OF THE GENEROUS GENIE by Randy Fuller

Marlin Brolin walked into the shabby apartment with an armful of books, his wife screaming and ranting over him, as usual.

"Marlin Brolin! Where have you been all this time?" she questioned with chalk-board scraping vocal cords. "I thought I told you never to wander..." From that point on, he decided to ignore her nerve-wracking shrill voice, and to relax.

He put all the books away, and pulled out a musty GALAXY. He sat down in the worn-by-use print chair and started reading the brittle, flaking magazine. As he carefully turned the first musty page, the room filled with red, choking smoke. The smoke ran up his nostrils and trickled down his throat until he was coughing uncontrollably. His eyes started to water. The room smelled of fire and he looked around wildly through brimming eyes.

From the other room his wife battlecried, "Marlin Brolin! Are you smoking again? I told you never.... you know what it does to the curtains...."

He let her rave. From the red smoke materialized a genie, masculine, a little smaller than most, but a giant compared to Brolin. "Your wish is my command," the genie bellowed, "you have saved me from that wretched magazine. I've been between pages two and three for years. It's my duty to grant you three wishes."

Marlin Brolin put the GALAXY face up on the seedy table, stood up, smiled and said: "I would like my bank account to top a million, and have the old lady in there," he jerked his head toward the kitchen, "to know nothing of it."

"Your wish is granted, my idol."

"Lemme see..oh! I'd like a Rolls Royce, with all the extras, and, of course, I want it paid for."

"Where would you like it, oh humble hero?" the genie asked gently.

"Oh, the basement garage, but I want it so no one can drive it but me. And it needs to be rip-off-proof also. Can you do it?"

"It is done, oh wise master."

"Marlin!" came his wife's voice. "Who is that in there with you? I thought I told you...no strangers! Get rid of that smoke, too. I won't have it!"

"My last wish. I would like to go to some niche in the galaxy, so long as I can get away from her," and again he jerked his head toward the kitchen.

"Where in the galaxy, oh wondrous man?"

"Any ol' niche you can find, just get me away from her nagging." This time he didn't jerk his head toward the kitchen; the genie knew who he was talking about.

"Yes, oh wise one, so very wise one. I'm sorry that you fall into the same Fate I did." He waved his hand and was gone. Marlin Brolin shrank with the smoke into the GALAXY, between pages two and three. Face up, unable to pry himself off the flaking pages, he tried to scream. He couldn't. He was clouded by the red smoke. But in a GALAXY, he muttered ruefully.

His wife ran in, screaming. "Wait'll I get you, Marlin Brolin! You forgot to get the groceries. I'll get you," she rampaged. And then she saw the GALAXY lying on the table. "And this. Leaving smelly old second-hand trash lying on our good table like this. I've told you a million times..."

She slammed the magazine shut and thrust it into the bookcase behind her healthfood and astrology books. "Just wait'll I get you, wherever you are, you little pip-squeak. Where are you hiding...."



"Me Bat Dorston - who you?"

HANDBOOK OF PSI DISCOVERIES
BY SHEILA OSTRANDER & LYNN
SCHROEDER
BERKLEY 1974

This is not a book of the occult; it's a sort of experimenter's guide to a WIDE range of phenomena in current vogue--such as thinking plants, Kirlian photos, Schlieren aura 'detector', ESP, PK, Great Pyramid, and 'ghost voices' caught on tape recorders. Everything seems mundane and 'scientific'; yet it is obvious the authors are inclined to believe the results reported by others.

Anyone interested in home/garage experiments should get the book; it has helpful appendices and index. The book is a cut above the ordinary declamations of the occultists.

BLOODSHOT EYES AND OTHER JOYS
SOME BOOK NOTES BY THE EDITOR

ANOTHER ROADSIDE ATTRACTION
A NOVEL BY TOM ROBBINS
BALLANTINE 1972-1976

Odd, this book; not really SF or fantasy, but odd. Rather a religio/philosophical commentary on the times as devised by a set of screwy characters operating from a roadside stand and museum whose chief attraction was a tsetse fly, very much dead. The description of the 34-foot long hot dog sign (pps 71-73, is priceless. Later, the roadside attraction falls heir to the body of Jesus Christ, which creates its own problems.

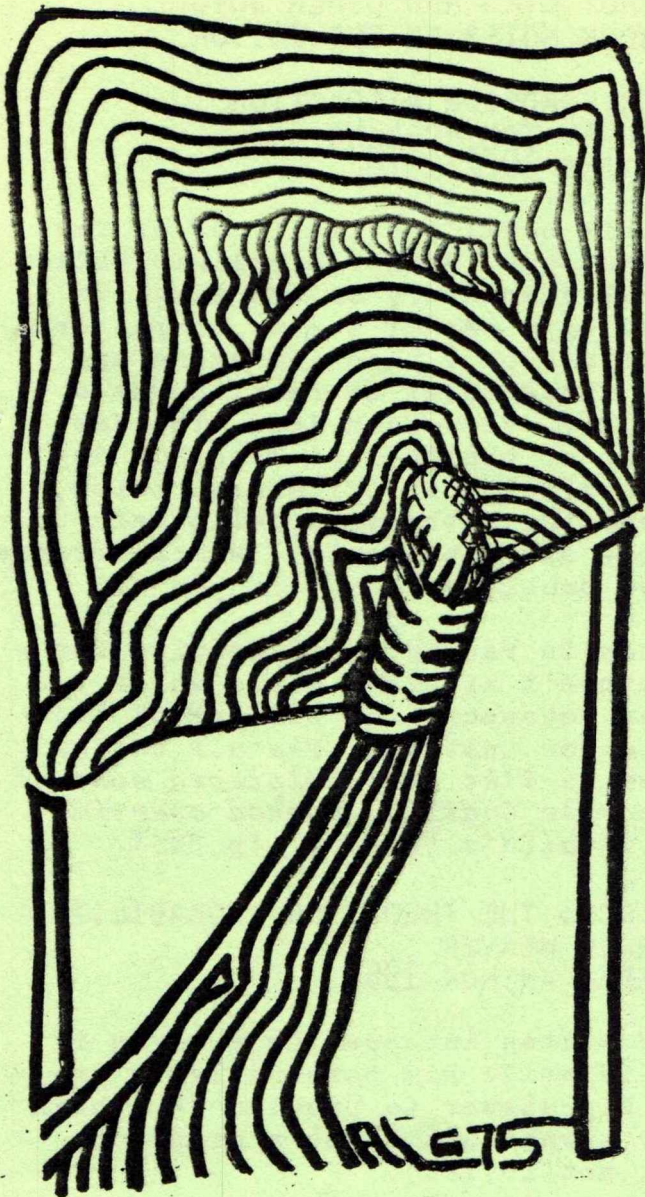
The book is really worth reading for the author's literary style which dangles metaphors and similes by the gross. For instance: *The air in the chamber is like the sculptured exhaust of a marble Cadillac parked overtime in an invalid's bedroom.* (p 325)

LADY LUCK: THE THEORY OF PROBABILITY
BY WARREN WEAVER
DOUBLEDAY ANCHOR 1963

Weaver writes interestingly, even if I had to write him personally to explain his answer to problem #4, which answer turned out to be a misprint (6616, not 10,110).

Weaver says in his foreword: *...the type of thinking about problems which one learns in probability theory is more than interesting, is more than fun (although I count that very valuable); it is of the highest importance. For no other type of thinking can deal with many of the problems of the modern world.* He heads each chapter with a quotation and the very first one (I. J. Good) emphasizes the importance of this kind of thinking: *Some billion years ago, an anonymous speck of protoplasm protruded the first primitive pseudopodium into the primeval slime, and perhaps the first state of uncertainty occurred.*

His examples (such as being late for church) are generally more exciting than drawing black or white marbles out of a sock.



WE ALMOST LOST DETROIT BY JOHN G. FULLER BALLANTINE 1975

The author made preliminary plans for a novel, using the dramatic effect of a reactor meltdown. However, he switched to a non-fiction report, not wishing to do merely a "scare" novel. What he's done, to me anyway, is a "scare" non-novel.

Way back when, I was shoved certain ways by such books as Upton Sinclair's THE JUNGLE and John Fuller's 200,000,000 GUINEA PIGS. This path I took was a social awareness, and after reading Fuller's latest book, I realize I have strayed from the path. I realize I don't know a damn thing about the number of nuclear reactors, their location, size, type or past performances.

This book doesn't give the latest information of those matters; what it does is give an early history of contention between the scientific community and government, and among the scientists themselves, pro and con nuclear reactors. The book follows the progress of Fermi #1 to its eventual state of extinction, except for 30,000 gallons of radioactive sodium in steel drums now stacked in a roped-off section of a shed. Nobody wants the stuff, and there's no place to put it away.

Fermi #1 was a reactor of the "breeder" class. After my reading of this book, I would advise canceling out all such reactors, and even proceeding with caution on any plans for fission plants. The dead Fermi breeder cost \$130 million. And the newspaper (11/26/76) mentions the Komanoff study which reports the low efficiency of nuclear plants in actually delivering electricity. I'd suggest that power development funds be made larger for fusion reactor research. After reading this book I would not enjoy living close to a breeder reactor. And-- horrifying thought -- perhaps I do! I've got to find out.

IT'S ALL RELATIVE WHEN YOU TRAVEL FASTER THAN LIGHT BY JAMES S. TREFIL SMITHSONIAN, NOV. 76, v 7 n 8

Although this magazine is rather heavy in history and anthropology, the articles are short and well-illustrated, thus providing a variety. I generally find at least one article of interest to the SF fan. The one about tachyons, time paradoxes, and ftl here mentioned doesn't have much new to say, but it says it well and with diagrams. The author is familiar with SF-- quotes Heinlein's "All You Zombies".

S N A A P S H O T S by Mike Glicksohn + + + + +

It was Sir Walter Scott who said "November's sky is chill and drear" and nothing seems to have changed much since his day. November seems to be a doldrums month for many people, with the twin feelings of lassitude and lethargy taking over the spirit. I know I've personally fallen prey to the seasonal blechies and from the mail of late, so has much of fandom. The flood of fanzines has fallen off to a dribble and a somewhat dreary one at that. Many of the recent arrivals lack the print run or the quality to merit a review and it took considerable effort to find a few things to bring to your attention.

If there is any TITLE reader who has an interest in fanzines and fanhistory who has managed to remain unaware of the publication of Harry Warner's A WEALTH OF FABLE in a mimeographed edition, I'll be amazed. But, just in case, let me recommend it. The first volume of this history of fandom in the fifties was available at MAC, with the remaining two-thirds supposedly in the mail by the end of October. My other two volumes haven't arrived yet, but considering the season that doesn't necessarily mean they aren't on the way. The first part is over seventy pages long with a lovely cover by Ross Chamberlain. The whole thing is available from Editor Joe Siclari for \$8.25 (I think; they didn't put a price in volume one and my memory gets dim at times) and is well worth getting for the trufan.

TWO DEFINITIONS by Jon Inouye

Avant-garde

is a vacant garbage lot
full of existentialist
greasemonkeys
who are not sure
they are quite real.

Science fiction

is a collection of images
which do not exist
except in the battleground
of chaotic imagination
both on and off the field.

For the trufan with a sercon bent there is JANUS, a relatively new and rather serious fanzine from fabulous fannish Madison, Wisconsin. (Readers should not notice the obvious physical resemblance between JANUS and STARLING, Madison's best known fannish product, because the editors are extremely sensitive on this point.) To be honest, I only skimmed this fanzine. The letters are interesting but the numerous reviews and critical articles aren't exactly my favorite fare. But if you enjoy articles with titles like "The Search for Humane Heterotopia: Visionary Experiences in Contemporary Science Fiction", then maybe JANUS is for you.

For sercon material with a down under flavour I recommend CHAO from one of the truly unique characters of SF fandom, John Alderson. John produces his fanzine

under extremely trying circumstances, so it occasionally falls down slightly on the production side, but the contents make it more than worthwhile reading. The latest issue has George Turner, considered by many who know to be one of the best critics in fandom, writing on "Theme As An Element Of Fiction" and doing so well that even a hard-core fannish fan like myself thoroughly enjoyed it. Some reviews and letters and a piece of better-than-average fan fiction round out this issue which isn't typical because it doesn't have a long, fascinating, infuriating and provocative article by John himself who is surely one of the most surprising men in fandom. A typical issue of CHAO is a fine fanzine indeed.

Another fine fanzine, already mentioned here in this column, is QUANTUM from the Cincinnati group. With only four issues, QUANTUM has made itself one of the fanzines I'm most pleased to see in the mail. Number 4 is perhaps a slighter issue than the previous ones, but it still features Mike Streff's superb fantasy artwork, a collection of genzine type material and attractive appearance. Highlights are an interview with Dave Kyle, good letters, lots of fanzine comments. There are also two pieces of fiction. Still, reading them was better than being poked in the finger with a sharp staple. I think.

O'RYAN is a strange hybrid of genzine/personalzine published by Paul Ryan, an English fan who is both a writer and an artist. Unfortunately he isn't a very good artist, and there are quite a few full page illustrations that are less than impressive, and yet the fanzine as a whole is still enjoyable. Number 4 is the usual collection of editorial natterings, short articles, reviews and letters with no outstanding feature but a generally enjoyable tone. As one of the few English fanzines that doesn't circulate only among a small group of initiates, it's worth looking at. And it's been improving steadily since Paul's first

attempt and may soon be a really worthwhile effort.

Oddly enough HARBINGER is also into its fourth issue and it, too, is steadily improving, this time thanks to Reed Andrus buying some Letraset at the urging/complaining of some picky appearance freak in the lettercol. A well offset genzine with excellent covers and artwork and usually competent material, this is another fanzine I'm starting to look forward to seeing. Reed's best writer is his father, which must be somewhat of a sticky situation since Reed Sr writes better than Reed Jr, but Reed himself has a chatty editorial filled with comment hooks. There are reviews, poems which may delight you more than they delighted me, an absolutely mind-blowing graphic extravaganza by Gray Lyda (I hesitate to call it a comic strip because of the negative connotations of the term: this is wondrous to behold), fiction (sigh), articles and a very healthy letter column. A good fanzine; one that'll brighten up any November. ((And December on into January...))

As I type this, Thanksgiving for the majority of TITLE readers is less than 24 hours away. Well, fannishly there have been some good cons of late to be thankful for (the best of which Donn Brazier promised to be at and then didn't show, by the way) but fanzinewise it's been a little on the lean side. It's probably just the lean weeks before the months of plenty, though. In the meantime, the above six fanzines may help satisfy your fannish requirements.

A WEALTH OF FABLE - Three volumes, mimeo. Fanhistorica Press, Box 1343, Radio City Station, New York NY 10019

JANUS V2 N3, 47 pg mimeo. 143 W. Gilman #303, Madison, WIS 53703. 75¢, 5/\$3.50 or the usual.

CHAO, Havelock, Victoria 3465, Australia. 36 pg mimeo. \$1.25 or usual.

Quantum, 1171 Neeb Rd., Cincinnati, Ohio 45238. 52 pg offset, small. Quarterly, \$1 or 6/\$5 or usual.

O'RYAN, 29 Morritt Ave., Halton Leeds, LS15 7EP, Yorkshire, U.K. 40 pg offset, digest. Usual or 3/\$2.

HARBINGER, 226 E. 4800 S., Murray, Utah, 84107. 52 pg offset. \$1.25 or usual.

CYB by Jon Inouye

I couldn't think

the typewriter broke down

Therefore I am nothing.

As I consider it, I am cybernetic.

machine/keyboard and I are one

My typewriter broke down.

Since I couldn't think

I cannot write or create

Because my typewriter broke down.

My typewriter must be repaired.

Therefore I am nothing until it is fixed

And the fee bill is paid.

End....End.....End....

((Yes, I promised to be at Icon, even paid my \$5 and reserved a room, but got the flu shortly before departure-- probably not the swine flu, just the ordinary pickle variety.))

I'm typing this on the last day of November-- long way to go before T-59 is done-- have yet to finish the stamping of T-58 & get it in the mail. But I wonder how the receipt of fanzines has been here since January 1976? All I gotta do is count the fanzine log-in book:

Jan --	39	Jun --	44
Feb --	31	Jul --	47
Mar --	40	Aug --	38
Apr --	35	Sep --	32
May --	60	Oct --	28
(some of these		Nov --	30

picked up at
AutoClave)

Does look like a drop, but not too drastic. And, as far as I'm concerned, there's some good and bad in every month. Each day is a surprise. Today, it was a meaty & full-of-personality PHOSPHENE #5 from Gil Gaier. Ordinarily I don't get impressed with just paper & ink, but Gil's zine size, color and feel got to me before I even opened it. Offhand, I've had the same effect with SIMULACRUM and QUANTUM, each in its own way. But I enjoy the Gaier nattering in PHOS-- my compliments Gil.

THE PEEL & THE PULP

(Abridged from a small black notebook kept by the author during WW2)

INSTALLMENT TWO

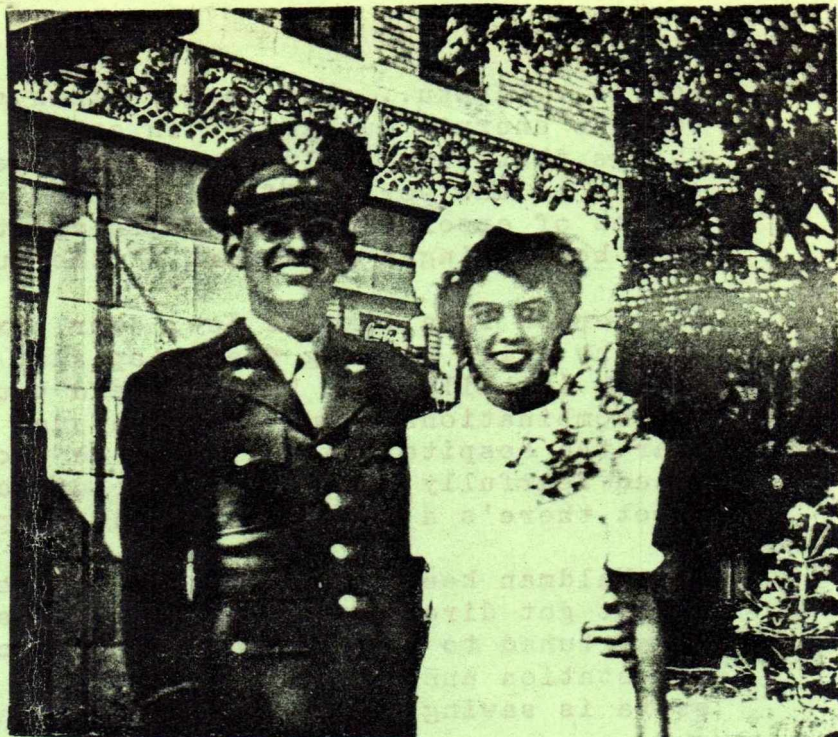
Feb.13, 1944... same place ((at Kahuku Air Base on the northern tip of Oahu))... Today I cut and sucked some Hawaiian sugar cane. I don't like it. It's too sweet. But today, also, picked a pineapple miraculously left behind in a picked over field, and this was ripe, sweet, and luscious.

Brinson, Liming, Bernen and myself hiked for miles, just for fun, up and up, over the mountains whose tips were dipped in clouds. We walked along gravel roads, then dirt roads; we were all eyes, ears and tastebuds. Dum-my guns, real guns, cast-off U.S. property, ferns, red clay and black dirt, slick mud, and the view behind us. The sea was total and blue, fringed in white from the breaking waves. In the far distance, like a faint gray cloud, rose another island.

After passing a hospital dispersed on a hidden plateau, the last vestige of animal life we saw was a trailer with a coopful of pigeons. It was hard work pumping your legs up the steep slope of the road, and so I removed my shirt and tied it around my waist with the sleeves. My cap was turned sideways on my head so that the points stuck up on each side, instead of front and back.

"Look," the others said, "Here comes Salvadore, the devil, with horns and tail." My shirt was waving out behind me in the cool breeze. They have taken to calling me Salvadore because of my exuberance over the book, *THE SECRET LIFE OF SALVADORE DALI*, which I have just finished reading.

On our way back from the summit we robbed a banana tree of a bunch of green bananas. We split it in two after we reached the Club. Bernen set his half just outside by the door as we went into the Club for a beer. Luckily David Liming went on directly to the BOQ, for Bernen's half-a-bunch was gone after the few minutes it took to drink one beer. David's bunch is now hanging high up near the ceiling of BOQ, ripening...



The author on his wedding day about two years previous to the events recounted herein. A fearless shavetail, he and his wife (Betty Deppiesse) spent most of two years in places like Georgia and Florida before leaving for the Central Pacific, with Betty returning to Milwaukee. In the two stateside years, the author picked up on aircraft maintenance (as best he could between goofy assignments to do this and that).

Feb.14...Kahuku... How much we look at and how little we see! Daily we tend to encrust our senses in opaque shells of indifference to those things that repeatedly strike the eye or ear. If we haven't learned to *listen* to the world, if we haven't learned to enjoy the rich and varied ranges of experience that touch and taste and smell open to us, we may well be missing a good part of the fun of being alive.

Lt. Bernen is a likable Jew, over six-feet tall, lanky, sloppy, and when he walks his big feet slap slap slap. He's a New Jersey man; his speech is built like his body and blurred by thick lips. He uses words and combinations of words in unusual and incongruous ways. For instance near the hospital on our hike, he stood on the edge of the road and gazed fearfully into a deep, woody, apparently bottomless valley. "Gosh I bet there's a lot of sick dead people down there!" he said.

Nat Waldman keeps running into my room, bubbling over with, "Guess what I just got direct on my radio-- Dallas, Texas!" So now I have my Echo-phone tuned to some low-signal station. Perhaps I'll be able to hear the station announcement through the static. To make it worse some orchestra is sawing its way through a classical number.

Some officers shouldn't be; they should be snakes. Capt.Dietz is our S-2 and the censorship of mail has fallen to him. Being a lazy, silver-tongued gadabout, this chore didn't appeal to him and he got the CO's approval for the Chaplain, Capt.Glick, and Lt.Liming to help him. The helpers would take some of the mail, but the next day it appeared that some of the old mail left for Dietz was mixed in with the new. And so on until some of the letters would be as much as five days old. Liming marked the letters that were left for Dietz. Among the supposedly new letters the next day were the marked ones. Dietz had hung himself! A trick like this he pulled at the expense, not alone of Liming and the others, but at the expense of the enlisted men whose letters should have been winging home to waiting parents or wives.

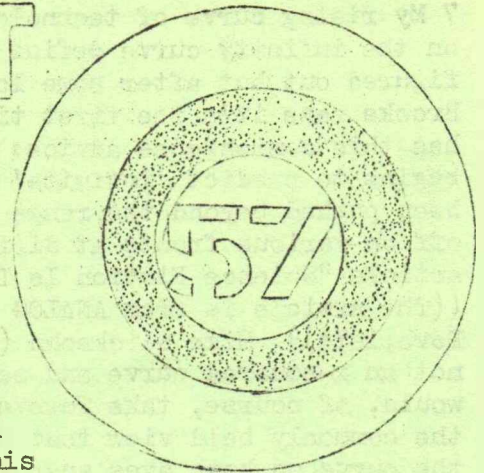
Feb 15..Kahuku.. For some reason the phrase "lavender soup spoon" popped into my head. It rocked and rattled inside my skull, refusing to be forgotten. There seems to be nothing special about the words.

Some of the enlisted men told me to read the ads in the newspaper about the whore houses. MASSAGE, MEN ONLY. NO WAITING. IRENE, MARY, HELEN, JANE and SUE to SERVE YOU, 3 DOLLARS AND UP. There were a dozen such ads, some of them two inches high. The men told me about the places. ((In Honolulu)) You enter and a woman takes your \$3 as though you had just bought a pack of gum. At the top of the stairs, you see signs: French, Old-Fashioned, Etc. You pick your style and wait in long lines. Then it's your turn and you have 3 minutes, maximum, and it may be less. Even before you're out of the room another guy is in and peeling off his clothes. My God, how wonderful!

Feb 22..Kahuku.. Work here drags. The hours appear to be 9 A.M. to 4 P.M., which is quite a bit shorter than the 7 to 7 over on the mainland. Lt.Brinson, the blond Georgia boy, hasn't done a tap of work since he's been here. He's the assistant finance officer. He's reading the morning paper right now. This is criminal, the way we fight the war. More men, more vehicles, and more gas and other supplies are wasted on social functions than is decent. You would think that the armistice had been declared. I'm guilty; we're all guilty. Every Saturday and Sunday is wasted. Night and day should be spent in beating the japs, but can we do it? As yet, we're not. Not even by faithfully keeping banker's hours.

(Next issue: Wild Bill Smallwood and Big Belch Garton are back.)

ON TARGET



1. Parks' Cover-- Three +, two -, and two ambiguous comments. Roy Tackett wonders why Brad copyrighted it as "I can't suspend disbelief enough to believe that anyone would pirate that." CD Doyle, Brendan DuBois, and John DiPrete liked the cover and the last named said, "...well worth the price of Title." Uh, is that a positive? Richard Brandt says, "A real nice cover; Brad Parks' art is almost good enough for it." Robert Whitaker says, "You were right in encouraging Brad and not turning him away, as many faneditors would have done. I sense a great deal of unrefined power in his stuff. If he keeps it up, he will be right up there with the pro artists in ability. And he still has a ways to go."

2. Dave Szurek's poem-- Anna Schoppenhorst says: "The poem was great. I can empathize with the sentiment therein."

3. Eric Mayer's mailbox cartoon was described by Carl Bennett, Richard Brandt, and Don Ayres, respectively, as "incredibly accurate", "particularly apropos", and "frighteningly correct."

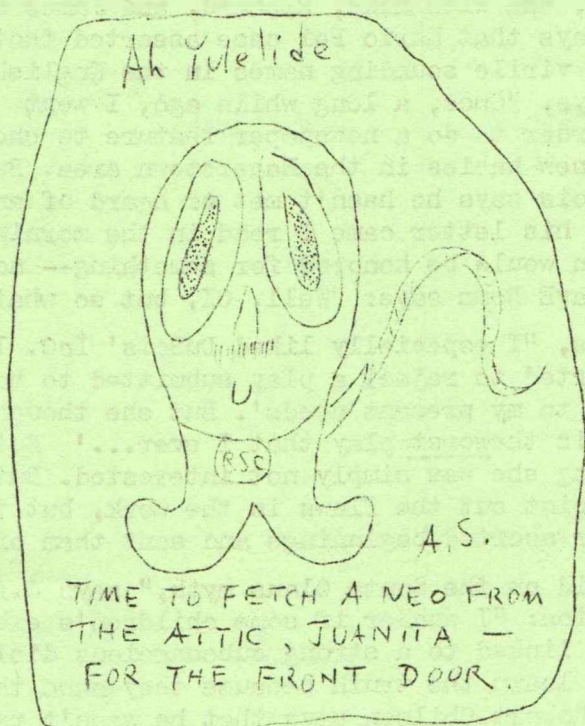
4. Victoria Vayne's piece on first names of fans evoked crushed ego responses at being left additions to the list, and a long analysis of feminine names (not covered at all by Victoria) by Dave Szurek who says that 36 names appear at least twice, and 20 of them more than twice. He has 7 Patricia's (Patti & Pat included) and 7 for Susan's. Ann then follows with 5 and a whole flock of names at 4 and 3. Szurek also adds many male names missed by Victoria, and concludes ("with all due modesty") that David is the most prevalent, followed closely by John, and with Mike, Richard, and James as second, third, fourth runnersup. Simon Agree says that Mario Pei once asserted that according to a college survey, two of the most virile sounding names in the English language are James and Kirk. Harry Warner says, "Once, a long while ago, I went through hundreds of birth announcements in order to do a newspaper feature to show which names were currently most popular for new babies in the Hagerstown area. But I can't recall how they fared." Brendan DuBois says he hasn't met or heard of another person with his name. Well, the day after his letter came I read in the morning paper here that Circuit Attorney Brendan Ryan would be honored for something-- now you've heard of another Brendan, Brendan. Dave Romm says: "Well, OK, but so what?"

5. Brendan's split-locs-- Robert Chilson says, "I especially liked DuBois' LoC. It reminds me of the time Katherine Hepburn started to reject a play submitted to her by telling the usual polite lie, 'not suited to my present needs'. But she thought, why lie? So she began another letter, 'This is the worst play that I ever...' But why be abusive? So she began another letter saying she was simply not interested. But that wasn't right. In the next she tried to point out the flaws in the work, but that didn't do. In the end she bundled up the four aborted beginnings and sent them off."

6. Santa Claus-- "I doubt if I'll raise my kid on the Santa Claus myth," says C.D. Doyle. Harry Warner asks a penetrating question: "I wonder if some children's extreme reaction to Santa Claus revelations could be linked to a strong subconscious dislike for their parents; they grow upset when they learn the truth because they sense they must feel more gratitude to old enemies?" Robert Chilson says that he wasn't raised with the myth and would have preferred it at the time. "To this day," he says, "I make very sharp distinctions between reality and fantasy, as do my brothers. Perhaps for this reason none of us takes much interest in politics." Gary Grady planned some 'experimental tricks' to expose the Santa fraud when he was about 7, but canceled his plans "when it occurred to my materialistic mind that I might not get the toys I really wanted." Like several other readers, Neil Ballantyne went along with the deception just to keep his mommy & daddy happy. ((I remember doing that, too.)) Hank Heath feels it's a delightful myth and still plays the game with his 10-year old and wonders who has the most fun-- her or him? Lynne Holdom & Anna Schoppenhorst confess that their belief in the myth did them no harm.

7 My rising curve of technology bit-- Anna Schoppenhorst says frankly, "...your theory on the infinity curve defies me (but then I can't add)." I thought I had this thing figured out but after some locs from some mathematicians, I'm with you, Anna. Ned Brooks says it's the first time he ever saw an analysis based on the Tan function & has this commonsense advice: "No matter how good a mathematical model may be, when it begins to predict 'infinite' values for some parameter, you can be sure that it has been pushed beyond the range for which it is valid. Technological advance will level off on various fronts at different rates." Robert Chilson calls my attention to an article "Science Fiction Is Too Conservative" in which a similar curve is described. ((The article is from ANALOG and reprinted in ANALOG SCIENCE FACT READER, ed. by Ben Bova, 1974)) Mike Glicksohn (and Ned Brooks, too) said I should be using e to the x not an x -squared curve and says, "To cross to a 'really' infinite amount of advances would, of course, take forever." Hank Heath (in a full page of math) disagrees with the commonly held view that advances are proceeding exponentially, and that anyway the curve on both axes approaches infinity, which I guess is what Glicksohn told me-- it takes 'forever'. Hank, I plead a 'Schoppenhorst' with most of your page. Burt Libe says the same thing you do, Hank-- I think! Libe concludes: "...technology will reach infinity in an INFINITE number of years. But, then, technology may never reach infinity at all, according to practical applications of math theory. NOTHING can reach infinity in the real world." ((Not even after FOREVER?)) Tom Morley-- another one of these genuine math people-- says "your world model makes as much sense as the BS put out by the Club of Rome. The meaning of approaching infinity is Clarke's statement that any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic." I like Gary Deindorfer's idea that if we reach infinity, we wake up in a higher dimension universe, and find that the space-time universe was just a dream-- and go on from there. "You might say," he says, "that I have a mystical turn of mind." Steve Dorneman says in effect, what's to worry, we're leveling off already!

8. The Julie Heath Commercial-- Bill Bridget says, "The piece by Julie Heath is priceless."



of touch with math or the whole thing was a farce, eh? It has been my understanding that the slope & the equation of a curve are two different things. When I wrote that thing I thought I knew what I was doing--all you people are making me wonder. Alan draws two other likely curves and I won't argue. My point was the meaning of advances as infinity is approached (or reached)? Alan hazards a regression ever backward in a counter-evolution.

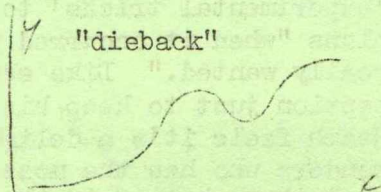
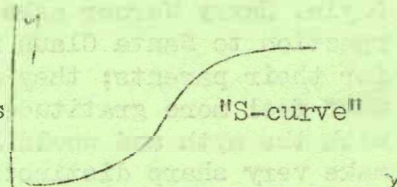
9. Dill

pickles etc.-- Lynne Holdom says, "I wish I could think of a pickle story- one that's a dilly? Maybe that wasn't kosher?" You know how poltergeists usually show up if young children are around? Well, Hank Heath says that whenever he leaves his sweet little daughter home alone, a good portion of the pickle jar disappears. Hank believes there must be a space warp wandering around his house--one that apparently causes pickles to disappear.

10. Space

1999-- Roy Tackett says, "Ah, Michael Muzell puts his finger on the difference between sf fen and 'Sci-Fi freaks'. Sf fen do not suspend disbelief for the most im-proble nor demand heroes be human."

Alan Bosco's loc on technology etc. just arrived today. He says he's either out



TO

• Dr. Isaac Asimov
c/o Fawcett Publications
P.O. Box 1014
Greenwich, Connecticut 06830

FROM

Burt Libe
P.O. Box 1196
Los Altos, Ca. 94022

12/9/76

↓ SUBJECT OPEN LETTER Article

DATE Oct./12/1976

MESSAGE Dear Dr. Asimov -- Hope this note reaches you. Enclosed is a copy of my "OPEN LETTER" series which will appear in a fanzine. Should you be interested in replying, please let me know and I will arrange for same and advise you of final placement of the article. If I hear nothing, the article stands as is to jog your synapses a little -- or, at best, start you thinking. I will be generating several of these "open letters" on other pros, also.

Bt Libe

SIGNED

REPLY

Dear Mr. Libe:

in re style - Maybe you're right, but in that case my architecture is unadorned. Angkor Vat is very adorned, the Parthenon is not. The Woolworth Building is quite adorned, the Empire State Building is not. Unadorned architecture can be a good and workable thing, too. Mine is unadorned

In re nice guys. I admit some writers seem a little difficult to take---but like everything else, you've got to know them. Get past the harsh exterior of Ellison, Spinrad, Gerrold et al and they're every one of them pussy cats. I admit that I like everybody and perhaps am not a good judge

SIGNED

Isaac Asimov

DATE NOV/16/1976

Rediform 45 471

Poly Pak (50 sets) 4P471

SEND PARTS 1 AND 3 WITH CARBON INTACT - PART 3 WILL BE RETURNED WITH REPLY

ISAAC ASIMOV'S REACTION TO BURT LIBE'S OPEN LETTER
(This reaction made to "open letter" in ms. form, not in context of TITLE packaging.)

10. More on Space 1999-- Roy Tackett continues, "I contend Sci-fi freaks' do not willingly suspend disbelief; it is just that they are too dumb to know any better. But, yeah, I suppose their heroes would have to be human-- 'What I mean, man, is we're all human beans, you know...' ((Digression, but Bill Bliss mentions both Tackett and bean-- "That Roytak word F---k could have been Feek! That's the noise a squeak bean makes when squeaked.))) Robert Briggs and John DiPrete both liked the reprint as did Anna Schoppenhorst who said it was "great"; John said, "As you may recall, I am a semi-newspaper columnist. Thus I enjoyed the well-written review of Space:1999."

11. Richard Shaver-- Bill Bridget gave a special thanks for the Tribute from Eldon Everett. "Two people," Bill says, "turned me on to SF originally, Dick Shaver & Marion Zimmer Bradley. It means something." Jim Meadows disputes some of Everett's statements. Circulation, for one, of AMAZING. One-quarter million tops is Jim's recollection, admittedly better than any prozine today. Jim questions, too, whether Shaver had much to do with that circulation. Jim says, "Shaver was not published in AMAZING for more than a few years, and he outraged many fans, and no doubt increased the derisive snickers from non-sf readers." ((Jim, I stopped reading the zine when Shaver began occupying each issue, and fellow fans were mightily critical at the time but he must have attracted the UFO/dero fringe to the zine.)) Ben Indick says, "Everett's letter about Shaver was touching. In my next IBID I'll have an amusing satire by Eldon on an aspect of the Lovecraft legend!"

12. Libe's OpenLetter to Asimov-- In this issue somewhere (I think, since I'm working on T-60 at the same time, I'm not that sure at the moment & somewhat confused since I'm also doing material for FARRAGO #4) there'll be a 'first phase' intercommunication between Libe and Asimov. Fred Jakobcic, Jim Meadows, and Harry Warner more or less feel that the distinction between craft and style is not that great or as Meadows says, "Libe is playing a rather useless semantic game...". Fred says, "Style/craft-- does it really matter (to the writer maybe)?" Harry says, "If Burt wants to use 'craft' for the concept which others think of as 'style', that's a minor matter, since both sides seem to agree that authors who do it write better than those who don't." Whatever, Meadows says that Asimov has a style which is "very much Asimov, a sort of meat-and-potatoes approach to telling a story, with a glint of humor." Robert Chilson admits we can point to it, but we find style hard to define. "Jack Vance and Theodore Sturgeon are both highly visual writers, yet how different their views. Heinlein and Asimov are not visually oriented; yet how different their descriptions. Asimov gives brief flat descriptions of anything essential to his story, ignoring everything else. Heinlein merely tells you what a thing is and how it works, leaving you to figure out what it looks like. Thus to say that a person has no 'style' begs the question; even a muddy picture is a picture; a tumbling shack is a building. To say that a person lacks STYLE (in the high-nosed sense) is merely equivalent to saying that he lacks 'class'."

12. (Continued on another slant) Harry Warner says that a few authors' occasional behavior should not invalidate Asimov's belief that 'writers in general are such lovable creatures'. "That's undoubtedly why he included 'in general' in the sentence." Robert Chilson says Asimov's lovable people comment 'and a joy to all who know them' is not irony. "It is Asimov's now-famous method of disarming hostility by praising himself in such a way as to cause the reader to smile. He himself asserts that it is 'a kind of cheerful self-appreciation' but admits that his friends consider him 'a monster of vanity and arrogance' (BEFORE THE GOLDEN AGE)." Lynne Holdom says, "...what the hell is Burt Libe doing saying female writers have this thing about style? As a female who writes reviews, I resent that. I consider competence more than 'style'. Upon occasion a certain writer's way of plotting or putting chapters, paragraphs, etc doesn't work for me. Upon occasion a story is so unorganized that I couldn't tell what the hell was going on. After all, writing is, or should be, communicating. Where can you get without this? Obscure writing is often just plain incompetence, and a lot of people are just plain afraid to call bad writing, bad. ((The old EMPEROR'S CLOTHES fable?)) I find much of the NEW WORLDS school incomprehensible, but I am not automatically against everything that appeared there. I even like some NEW WORLDS writers such as Roberts and Aldiss. But I have never found a writer that I liked everything by. I imagine that writers vary in love-ability as well as everything else."

A DEFENSE OF HARLAN ELLISON
by Don D'Amassa

Burt Libe's slighting reference to the personality of Harlan Ellison is extremely irritating. Whether we like to admit it or not, a large number of fans - usually not fanzine fans thank heavens - are pushy, obnoxious, and seem to feel that the pros should cater to their every whim. Even in fanzine publishing there are some fans - particularly the very young ones - who really enjoy taking swipes at established writers in print. It's good for their ego.

Now, most writers are far too civilized to respond to this in kind. But this kind of civilization is perhaps unwise. I'm far too polite (in person, anyway) to be rude to people unless extremely provoked. My true attitude comes out much more often in print. Ellison and a few other writers seem much more willing to express themselves forcefully in person. To a great extent, I envy them this. Now I won't say that Ellison has not perhaps from time to time over-reacted. Most of us have. I'm probably doing so right now. But that doesn't mean that statements like Burt's should be accepted at face value.

As a matter of fact, Ellison was here on a speaking engagement a few weeks back and came over to our place for a few hours afterwards. Although we didn't encourage it, a number of local people came over who weren't really fans, but who wanted to socialize with a 'professional writer'. There were a few of these people who were particularly obnoxious. Ellison was extremely tolerant - possibly more so than I would have been under similar circumstances. He certainly wasn't the arrogant ogre that Burt paints him, and I think he's done the man a distinct disservice. It is, alas, a disservice that is quite common in fandom - not solely with regard to Ellison. Common politeness seems to be an ever scarcer commodity.

Peace....

Richard Brandt asks: "Why is Linda Emery putting up turnips? Don't they have a place of their own?"

Mike T. Shoemaker asks: "Where are the thought provoking articles and comments, the former abundance of insights, the controversy, and the humor (in TITLE o' late)?"

"Nix on what that character told Gene Wolfe," Claire Beck says. "One of the best stories I ever read was by an English prof. That was STORM by George R. Stewart (about 1937). Seems to me that there are other successful writers who've been associated with universities & like that." Robert Whitaker adds that English teachers can't spell, but they can pick misspellings out of students' compositions.

13. This and that -- For those who enjoyed hating Nixon, Gail White (and several other charter members) has formed the International Watergate Nostalgia Club. ((Keep minutes on tape?)) Gail thought the Mae Strelkov mermaid drawing was beautiful and wishes it might have illustrated her story (Gail's) which may appear in RADIX someday.

"Civilization-- the willingness of a majority of the people to slave for the benefit of a small minority in the mistaken belief that they- the majority - are receiving some sort of reward."

-- Roy Tackett

Roy Tackett tells about some farmers in Tanzanyika or 'some equally improbable place' who always tilled their fields with short handled hoes-- 'real stoop labor'. The farmers complained about a shipment of long-handled hoes-- the extra work involved in cutting off the hoe handles before they could use them. ((In the Milwaukee Museum where I used to work, I always enjoyed showing the native African hammer they had copied from some Englishman's. The model's handle had been broken and then overlapped and tied together with wire. In copying this the natives made the handle in two parts tied together!))

Simon Agree points out that removal of adenoids (a common thing in tonsilectomies nowadays) may cause a drop in sensitivity to smells. "Could this be a source of the complaints against 'hippies' ca 1967 that they don't take baths and they smell? Used to be heard quite often from folk who had been around since before adenoid removal was common." Brooks writes that hydrogen sulfide (which smells like rotten eggs) is poisonous, and sometimes people thought, wrongly, that the danger was past because they no longer smelled it. Ned adds that he doesn't think this sensory decline applies to sounds.

Jakobcic, Brooks, Cagle, Beck, and Glicksohn don't like turnips, either. And

THIS MAY WELL BE THE FINAL PAGE OF
TARGET #57.....

The Rhine reprint-- Michael T. Shoemaker says of it, "...a tired rehash..." Stephen Dorneman says, "Was thought-provoked by it and surprised by the recent date of it. I had thought work in parapsychology was foundering across the board." Victoria Vayne made up her own 'Rhine cards' ((Zener cards)) when she was in college and was astounded at the number of hits people made. "Then I found out that the magic marker I had used to draw the figures had bled to the other side."

On compressing music Gary Deindorfer ((alto sax man in the Lee Konitz tradition)) cites "some droll fellow who compressed the Wagner Ring cycle, which runs on for hours, by tape processing to a single quintessential blip of sound. It reminds me of a story in IF called 'Abbr.' about a society where all the great art works are reduced to their presumed essence-- on a sheet of white canvas, the smile of the Mona Lisa, a recording of the first four notes of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, etc. Maybe there's an element of truth to that, if you read between the lines of existence the way I tend to do." ((When I 'condensed' a 3-minute pop song to less than 20 seconds, I could no longer hear its 'essence'.))

Harry Warner says Mike Shoemaker's 'time element in harmony' brings up all sorts of roads of inquiry. "One small example is the way composers in the early 18th century expected trills to begin on the upper note, not the lower note. This creates a lightning-fast discord which disappears as soon as the ear hears the lower note and accepts it as the main, harmonious one. Then there's the little passage Richard Strauss uses whenever the silver rose is mentioned in Der Rosenkavalier. It consists of several different chords, each contrasting with its neighbors, over a steady background vibration. Maybe it's this rapid shift of discords that results in the passage's effectiveness."

Modern future shock song-- Jim Meadows suggests to Harry Warner that Bob Dylan's 'The Times They Are A-Changing'. Also Don McLean's 'American Pie', and perhaps Paul Simon's 'Kodachrome'. I hope that Harry has kept up with contemporary music better than I have because I don't know any of those.

Most comments about my school integration comment missed my point. I was not remarking about the rearrangement of class levels but about the reason for it. Don Ayres agreed the "rationale is lousy-- in fact, it sucks." Ed Cagle in his younger days would have jumped down my throat but "the kid has begun to suffer the age-induced shift to conservatisim... Let us petrify together..." ((Can an ol' bone do more?))

ESPERANTO

Ned Brooks writes: "If Brett Cox wants to see some Esperanto, I'm sure Grady will send him a sample copy of QUINTO LINGUA, a little periodical with parallel columns of English, French, Spanish, German, and Esperanto (I think). ((I used to subscribe to that fascinating zine, but since I did so for the French, your ed can't remember for sure if Esperanto was one of the five languages covered.)) "Gary and I argued about the value of such an artificial language one night, and I think English is already de facto the universal language. But it would be interesting to see an effort to write fannish in it.."

Well, Gary Grady has come through! I copy his 'fannish' Esperanto in double space so I can enter the diacriticals. As Gary says, what he has written should be 'self-explanatory'....

LA TRI LEGOJ DE ROBOTISTIKO

La Unua Lego: Roboto devas ne defekti

homon aŭ, per malago, per-
mesi homo defektiĝi.

La Dua Lego: Roboto devas obei ordonoj

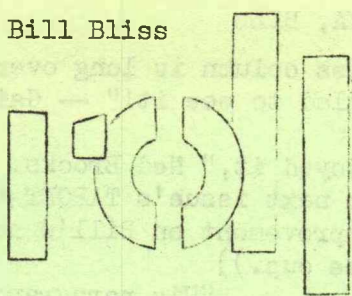
de homoj, escepte kiam mal-
observus la unuan leĝon.

La Tria Lego: Roboto devas protekti si,

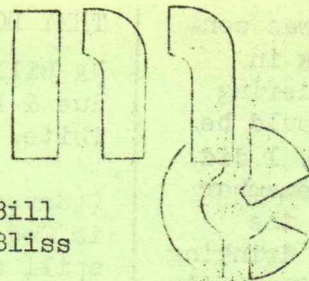
escepte kiam malobservus la
unuan aŭ duan leĝon.

Gary writes: "The chief aim of the Esperanto movement is to get schools everywhere to offer it instead of the much more difficult languages that the kids never do learn, never use, and turn them off. By the way, if you're not going to run my rebuttal to Harry Warner, that's cool. But you might mention that his 'argument' has been debunked any number of times by Dr. Mario Pei and other linguists." ((I received Gary's 'rebuttal' in August-- and I will, I will run it.))

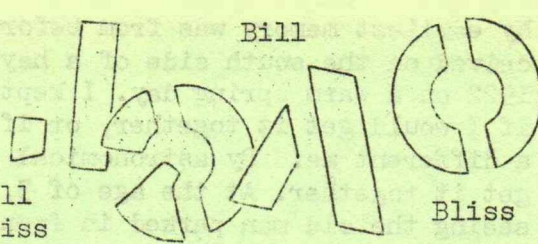
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"Enjoyed it," Ned Brooks. ((Saved for next issue's TARGET #58 is Ned's improvement on Bill's non-spill coffee cup.))

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BY THE TIME YOU READ THIS
HE MAY HAVE MOVED AGAIN
BECAUSE HE'S IN THE
ARMY (?) NOW...HERE IS
MORE THAN YOU WANT TO
KNOW ABOUT.....

MARK R. SHARPE

"I have decided to get in on the act, though I doubt anyone will care. I am 6' .01" and weigh around 200 pounds. I'm a cross between Junior Samples of Hee-Haw and Mr. Universe. In other words, fat but stronger than a bull around twenty cows. I do not drink or drug.. can't afford it and not inclined to try either. I have a passion for spicy foods and chocolate as my waistline (41") will prove. I have an IQ (a totally worthless piece of information) of 146 and a reading speed somewhere in the range of two letters an hour. I hate cats, dogs, fish and wombats, but have an obscene passion for boa constrictors. I wear size 14 shoes and a size 15 ring, collect coins. My favorite author is Ursula K. LeGuin, and the worst author in my opinion has to be Robert A. Heinlein..at least his last two pieces of litterature. I am extremely nearsighted. I have a 164 bowling average and a 14 handicap at golf. I'm very non-violent and favor gun control and abhor violence..at least at the moment. ((This was written in February, and here Mark is with a (choose one) gun, typewriter, mop bucket in his hand at Orlando, Florida. And has the food & exercise in the military cut down that 41" waistline?))

TITLE #60 MARKS 5th
ANNIVERSARY OF 60 CON-
SECUTIVE MONTHS-- OR
SOMETHING-- CAN I
RESTRAIN MYSELF TO
CUSTOMARY 24 PAGES..?

DIARY OF A CURIOUS HOUSEWIFE # 1

*You, Too, Can Vote... If You're Tall
Enough.....by JODIE OFFUTT*

On Election Day there was a voting machine at our court house for the express purpose of allowing children under eighteen to "vote." (I won't question here how our county came to have this expensive piece of automatic equipment available for kids.) My 12-year-old daughter said she sure would like to go down town and vote.

My 18-year-old son announced that he just might not bother to vote-- aaaay! What's one vote?-- even though it was the first election since he's been eligible.

What could I say? Vote! It's free, isn't it? Vote! It's a good patriotic feeling of oneness with voters all over the country. Not very solid reasons, so I kept them to myself. He may have been going through a stage of rebellion against anything established, common to most college freshmen. Or he may not have taken the time to inform himself of the candidates and their issues and simply didn't feel qualified to vote.

I well remember the first time I voted. I was so excited and eager to cast my ballot! I was 21 and had been for nearly a year. It was a presidential election, and I voted for Adlai Stevenson. The only drawback to my first election as a registered voter was that the voting age in Kentucky had been lowered to 18 that year and my younger sister went to the polls with me. I felt somehow cheated and robbed of my rite of passage.

In some ways, I think my daughter is being cheated of the thrill of her first vote by being allowed to work the voting machine at age twelve. By the time she's 18, pulling levers on a machine will be old stuff.

Perhaps my son has been involved in straw voting during civics classes and taught to use the machine, and the excitement of casting a ballot was experienced and forgotten, way before his votes counted.

Our society of advanced technology and up-to-the-minute psychology has given us trial voting, trial marriage, simulated space travel and other prepare-for-the-future experiences. By the time the real thing comes along, it can barely be recognized, let alone appreciated. What a shame!

TITLE #59 February 1977
Editor: Donn Brazier
1455 Fawnvalley Dr.
St. Louis, Mo. 63131

This monthly scrapbook is available for LoC or contrib made any time during a 3-month period. The 24 pages are more fandom oriented than SF oriented. Samples may be had for a donation of 50¢.

THIS ISSUE CREDITS & COMMENTS

Cover..... Hank Heath
#1 How to Stop a Conversation...
Robert Whitaker
Bat Durston... Terry Jeeves
Bloodshot design....
Alan Lankin
Ah Yuletide... Anna Schoppenhorst

Had I not been a fanzine fan I would have failed this Christmas as a proper Santa for a grandson. This boy, Aaron, is not quite 3 but first priority on his want-list is a "blue rock". The museum has some fine blue rocks (malachite, azurite, etc) in the collection. Can't use one of those. All the rocks in the gift shop are too small and crumbly. Then comes inspiration: why not use a nice sized rock and paint it with mimeograph correction fluid (corflu) which is blue and dries like fingernail polish impervious to water. Luckily, Tudy Kenyon had sent me an egg-sized rock covered with grayish thread-like hills & rills (which she had called 'early dragon throw-up'). That rock has now been transformed into the prettiest 'blue rock' you ever did see! I hope it pleases my eccentric grandson, and may he grow up to love SF!

Speaking of the holiday season, I must thank the great number of Titlers who sent me Christmas cards this year. You all know who you are, and you also know that I didn't send you a card. Another one of my hangups: I have never taken kindly to the mechanical routine of greeting cards-- even though appreciating getting some. I'm sure that a card from a fan is not mechanical like one from my insurance agent.



*Eric Lindsay
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Faulkner
NSW 2776
Australia*

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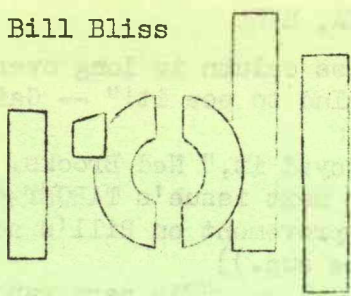
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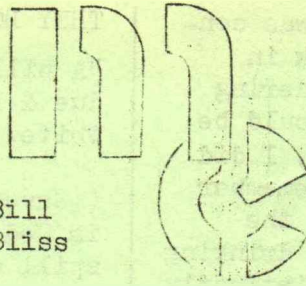
TITLE often has pseudoscience in it. Your editor enjoys pseudoscience, but jumps in glee whenever a rational explanation turns it into science (or complete hogwash). The Kirlian photographic effect is genuine as far as concrete photos go, but the explanations have been couched in pseudoscience "aura", "life-force", etc language. Three scientists investigated the effect to determine causes of variation in the strange photographs. Their conclusion: a normal corona-discharge effect whose chief causal variable was the amount of water present in the specimen photographed. People with sweaty palms made excellent subjects-- regardless of their psychic talents.

See you in March!

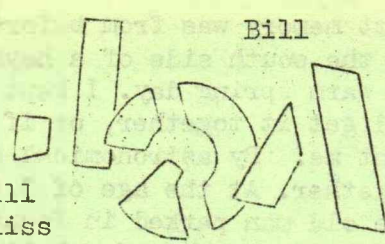
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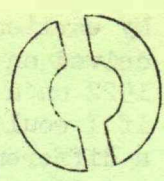


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