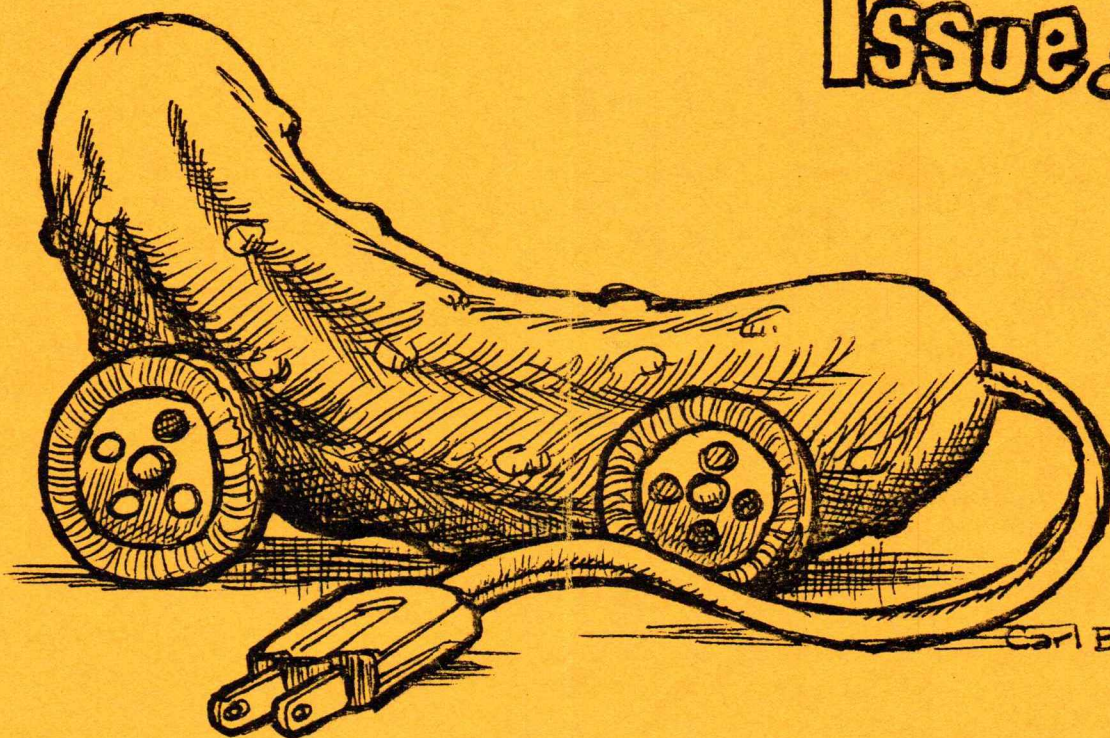


FUTLE

60

**Special Motorized
Electric Wilde Pickle
Issue!**



Carl Bennett

Title 60#

How did I become a BNF?

You see, it all started
with this here zine, TITLE...



C.D.

TITLE

#60 MARCH, 1977

FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF YEARS GONE BY
SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF MONTHS SIMILARLY RETROGRADE
LET'S TAKE A QUICK REVIEW
HOP ABOARD THE WILDE PICKLE TIME MACHINE
AND THE FIRST THING THIS EDITOR LOOKS FOR IS....
PEOPLE
WHO STARRED? WHO WANDERED IN AND OUT LIKE PLANETS?
THEN WHAT MAGNIFICENT, WHAT TRIVIAL
MATERIAL ?



"If TITLE is female, it is a prim, exceedingly healthy matron with a voluptuous body, cheerfully proper demeanor and a predilection for an occasional forbidden screw."

-- ED CAGLE, November 22, 1976

PEOPLE

Since the first issue, when 98 copies were mailed out and 19 people responded, TITLE has always been more interested in its 'people' and their ideas (far ranging from SF as they usually are) than in science fiction per se. Eleven of those people who got #1 are still with us, and they are:

Bruce D. Arthurs
Claire Beck
Ned Brooks
Ed Cagle

Ed Connor
Buck Coulson
Jackie Franke
Mike Glicksohn

Ben Indick
Roy Tackett
Harry Warner, Jr.

Some others picked up in the first six months are still kicking (the number after the name indicates when they hopped on):

Don Ayres 4
Frank Balazs 4
Sheryl Birkhead 4
Larry Carmody 3
Tony Cvetko 4

D. Gary Grady 4
Marci Helms 4
Rose Hogue 3
Randall D. Larson 2
Jim Meadows 3

Pauline Palmer 4
Michael T. Shoemaker 3
Dave Szurek 6
Paul Walker 2
Fredric Wertham 6

By applying the proper mathematics I calculate that a given average reader sticks around for approximately 31 issues, that's 2 years and 7 months. As I type this on December 23, TITLE has drawn 4,991 pieces of first class mail plus about 1,650 fanzines. For most of the time TITLE had a print run of 125 copies, and just recently went to 150. From that first issue response of 19, TITLE has always drawn on the average somewhere between 80 and 100 since issue #7. Highest ever were the months of July & August, 1973, when there were 135 & 134 locs (some readers doubling up.) This about 4 feet of letters piled up, though I've saved them longitudinally in two filing cabinet drawers. Obviously TITLE has not been able to print all this material, though I've sure tried. Thank you all for keeping it fun.

Some people drop out; I miss them. In no particular order I remember Al Jackson, John Leavitt, Tom Mullen, Mark Mumper, Nesha Kovalick, Ken Ozanne, Jim Kennedy, Elaine White, Terry Lee Dale, Matt Schneck, Ed Lesko, Joe Woodard, Aljo Svoboda, Al Sirois, Dave Singer, Hank Jewell, Ken Gammage, John Andrews, Patti Sobrero, and Norman Hochberg. More recent dropouts include Doug Barbour, Rich Bartucci, Steven Carlberg, John Carl, Ann Chamberlain, Jim Dapkus, James A. Hall, Loay Hall, Jackie Hilles, Jeff May, Wayne Martin, Denis Quane, David Shank, Robert Smoot, and Roger Sween. A few people have died: Arthur Louis Joquel, Alma Hill, Verne F. O'Brian, and Richard Shaver. And Warren Johnson definitely gafiated!

But TITLE picks up new readers-- and this could be an awfully long list, forgive me if I leave you out: Steve Beatty, K.Allen Bjorke, Bill Bliss (around actually since issue #10), Mike Bracken, Richard Brandt, Robert Chilson, Brett Cox (since #19), Chester Cuthbert (since #19), Don D'Amassa, Gary Deindorfer, Paul di Filippo, Steve Dorneman, Brendan duBois, Randy Fuller, Gil Gaier, Stuart Gilson, Hank Heath, Jeff Hecht, Wayne Hooks, Jon Inouye, Dennis Jarog, Fred Jakobic, Ken Josenhans, George Laskowski, Burt Libe, Eric Mayer, Dave Moyer, Will Norris, Jodie Offutt (since #12), Brad Parks, Karen Pearston, Willum Pugmire, Randy Reichardt, John Robinson (since 10), Dave Romm, Jessie Salmonson, Anna Schoppenhorst, Paula Smith, Ira Thornhill, Bruce Townley (since #19), Victoria Vayne, Gail White, Robert Whitaker, Neal Wilgus, Gene Wolfe (since #14), Leah Zeldes. And, of course, Carolyn C.D. Doyle!

To make TITLE international such stalwarts as these should be mentioned: Paul Anderson (since #12), Bruce Gillespie (since #13), Terry Jeeves (since #23), Eric Lindsay (since #7), Dave Rowe (since #14), Paul Skelton, Steve Sneyd (since #23), Mae Strelkov (since #15). Have I mentioned Bob Tucker anywhere? Or Dave Klaus?

Even the material in TITLE during the past 5-year can't be separated from the people who made it so. Hardly any of the 1274 pages would exist if it were not the fans who supplied the art, articles, stories, poems, comments, columns, and barbeque sauce. My job (most of the time anyway) was a simple (?) matter of editing.

Briefly, who did what in that first exciting year? The most popular "small" item into which everyone contributed was the question: what thing or experience gave you the greatest feeling of awe. The most serious discussion was stimulated mostly by Paul Walker and picked up by such people as Cy Chauvin and Don Ayres and continued into the 2nd year by Gary Grady & others. These were discussions on the relevancy of science or not and the business of SF criticism. Some people in the first year and not seen much in TITLE anymore include Leigh Couch, Mike Scott, Norman Hochberg and Al Jackson. Richard Shaver made his appearance that year and continued until his death. Some others TITLE doesn't hear from anymore were Ed Lesko, Dwain Kaiser, Buzz Dixon, and Jeff Schalles. And others: Mark Mumper, Aljo Svoboda, Jon Yaffe, and Sean Summers.

There wasn't a whole lot of art in the first year, and the first real cover didn't appear until #8 from an artist other than the editor-- it was Mike Scott's. And the next was on #12, by Jon Yaffe. Ben Indick's sketches of "Toucan Fans" are worth a memory chuckle.

Two things I started and disappointed me because they didn't catch on very well were "Cellular Automata" and "Operation P(p-1)-p+1". The latter was an attempt in #5 to apply the formula of connectivity to the reader/fan circle in an attempt to discover something about the communication links between fans. Quite a number of people either said it was none of my business which fans they wrote to or they hinted it was a project for the CIA.

Perhaps the most important TITLE revelation was the story of the suppression of T.V.LoCicero's book MURDER IN THE SYNAGOGUE, about which both the author and Dr. Fredric Wertham had things to say. Most tongue in cheek original article was by Frank Balazs when he tried to show by geometrical diagrams that Earth possessed the shape of a garbage can lid. Slightly more serious in intent (but just as humorous) were two pieces by Ed Cagle: "Ralph, the Psychologist & SF" and "Animo Non Astutia".

Ed Cagle continued his humor in the 2nd year (#16) with an amusing "Machine Psychology" aptly illustrated by Jackie Franke. Several fine bits about H.P.Lovecraft by Ben Indick in Year One were picked up by Harry Morris, Jr. Rick Wilber made his first appearance of many with "Bill the Galactic Hero as a Satire of Starship Troopers." Indick had several fine pieces about OZ and Baum. Bill Bliss popped in with his first bit: "Reality and Contraptions". At issue 19 Doc Wertham got us pretty well started on the subject of violence, which continued for quite a time. But the most stimulating for comment hooks of all was Paul Walker's "Fans- What Irks Me"; everyone sounded off on bad (and good) fannish habits.

Issue 14 had a cover I produced in fooling around with a 3M copier, and I'm still proud of it. Sheryl Birkhead came through with several fine covers.

One new thing was called "Trio". I posed the questions or quotes for three selected readers to reply to. The first in #17 was ably carried off by Ed Cagle, Tudy Kenyon and Bruce Arthurs. The second (#20) by

Doug Leingang, Claire Beck and Pauline Palmer. Denis Quane discussed seven good reasons for being a fan-- and now he has dropped out of sight, perhaps finding one overwhelming reason for not being a fan. Terry Lee Dale was inspired to write a rather fantastic portrait of one of fandom's startling fans: Ed Cagle.

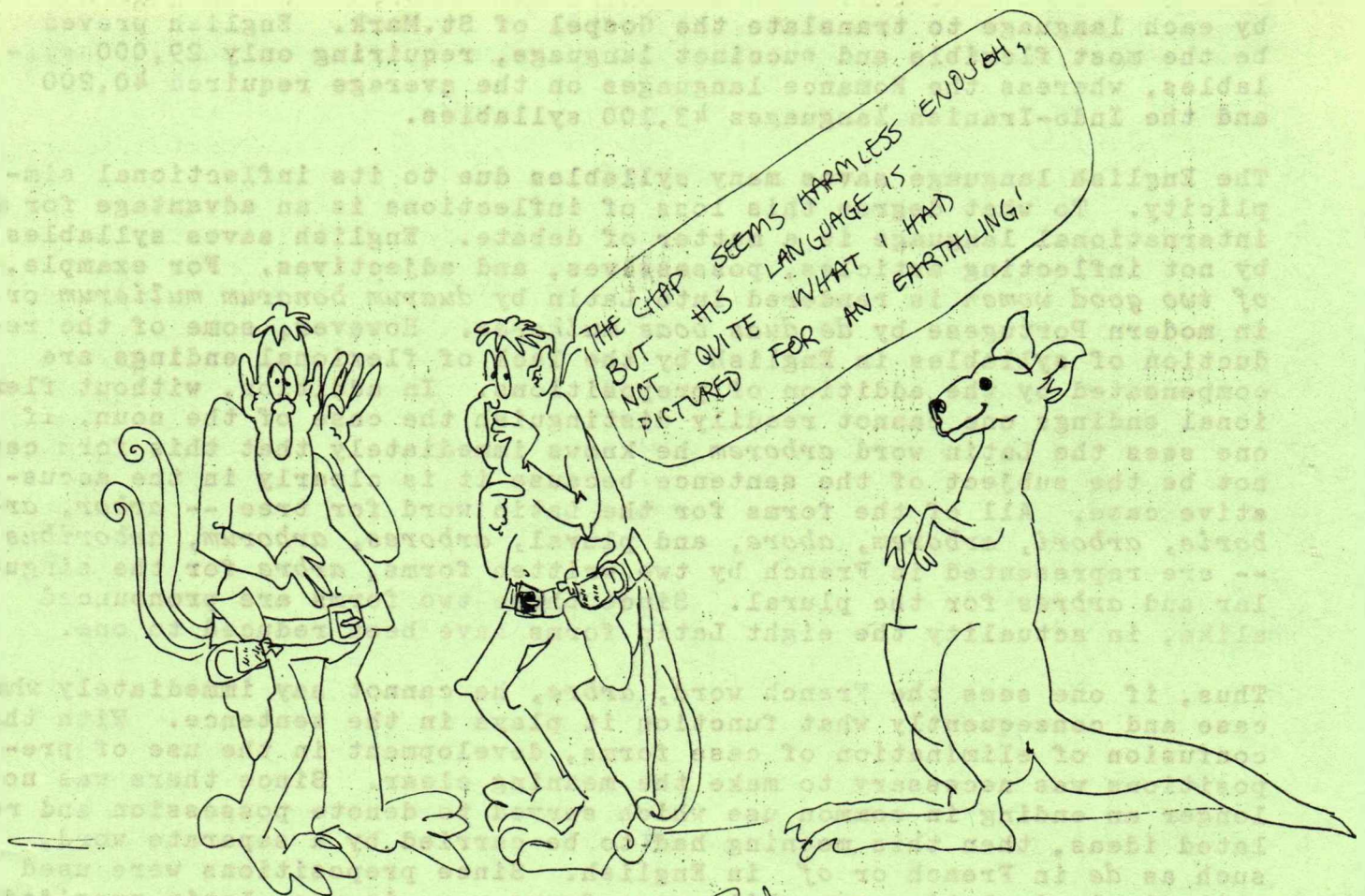
Another new thing for TITLE was issue #23 which departed from the usual format and copied the perszine kind of format, or a sort of long AITOI with readers' comments, etc. mixed in with continuous editorial comment and connectives. Also, with issue #24 TITLE sported its first silk screen cover, in 2 colors, red and black, on yellow stock, done by Magenta Hayes, a non-fan but a fine local artist.

The third year started well with Michael T. Shoemaker's "Am I Hearing Things, or Is That a March They're Playing?". A kind of a brisk piece to point out that *The Marching Morans* was possibly a reality today. Issue #26 emphasized the sort of T-family that had already arisen by the appearance of a song and a potent beverage, the first by Doc Werthem and the second, a Title Royal by Jodie Offutt. Comments were still coming in on Walker's "Irks" and in T #31 Pauline Palmer wrote a piece called "To Irk Is Human". In T-30 appeared perhaps one of the worst covers (in ditto) ever foisted on fandom; but the issue was saved by what I thought was a terrific story, "Menace" by Eric Mayer. In T-32 I grilled old-time, First Fandom Fan, Claire Beck about those early days when he and his brother were, at youthful ages, already giants in fanzine and fan publishing. Prompted by the Shaver rock-picture theme, I did a rather long picture/essay on accidental art & design in issue #35.

Issue #40 in the fourth year had a finely detailed, fantastic cover by Eric Mayer, proving that Eric was a double-threat man who could draw as well as write. Paul Walker had a story "Sweet- with a Vengeance" which was a well-done human/alien contact tale (#41). In #42 Ben Indick wrote a shortened version of the first in his Sardonic Fantasiste series-- about Saki. (This was later expanded to full length in FAR-RAGO, and the series will continue there with John Collier coming up in the 4th issue.) Another intricate Mayer cover on T-46; and a clever cartoonish cover by Carl Bennett on #47. For fanzine historians the 47th issue is useful as it gave a rather detailed fan-activity report for the year 1975.

The fifth year started off with a bang with perhaps the best con report ever written: by Gene Wolfe, and called "Confusion". Most comments about this were to the effect: gee whiz, you mean that Gene Wolfe and the one who writes those great stories is the same person?!? People who knew about "Confusion" were not surprised when Gene delivered that hilarious GoH speech at Autoclave. Though several fans had tried reviewing fanzines for Title in the past (Mike Glycer, Eric Mayer, Jodie Offutt, Leigh Couch, & the editor) it was not until Mike Glicksohn started his "SNAAAPSHOTS" that anyone continued with some degree of regularity. This was the year for the great astrology experiment, started by Eric Mayer and winding up in a bog of statistics of interest to about four people. In issue #55 appeared a fake symposium, though supported by actual quotes, of a group of some of the best loccers in fandom-- "Bonfire".

No matter what was in TITLE, for me the past five years have been rewarding, for I've had the opportunity to hear from scads of fans and I feel that they're my friends. You're my friends. I savor the "family" kind of feeling; I regret that I can't publish all the material sent to me. I don't especially regret that I'm no master at layout!



By
Jack Broth
 -75

ENGLISH AS AN INTERNATIONAL LANGUAGE: A GRAMMATICAL VIEW

BY
 WAYNE HOOKS

Before determining the merits and demerits of English as an international language, the necessary characteristics of an international language must be established.

First, the language must be an effective means of communication for both the levels of everyday speech and technical discussion. It must be simple, but yet precise.

Second, it must be easy to learn from the viewpoint of the speaker of any language.

To be easy to learn it must be clear, concise, and regular. By avoiding such complex factors as structural irregularities, grammatical complexities of no functional value, unfamiliar and irregular word forms, and difficulties in pronunciation, the simplicity and ease in learning a language can be enhanced. Thus, two characteristics make a language more easy to learn than it otherwise would be. One is grammatical regularity. The other is word economy.

The word economy of the English language was proven by a study made by Walter Kirkconnel in 1927. He counted the number of syllables needed

by each language to translate the Gospel of St. Mark. English proved to be the most flexible and succinct language, requiring only 29,000 syllables, whereas the Romance languages on the average required 40,200 and the Indo-Iranian languages 43,100 syllables.

The English language saves many syllables due to its inflectional simplicity. To what degree this loss of inflections is an advantage for an international language is a matter of debate. English saves syllables by not inflecting articles, possessives, and adjectives. For example, *of two good women* is rendered into Latin by *duarum bonarum mulierum* or in modern Portuguese by *de duas boas mulheres*. However, some of the reduction of syllables in English by the lack of flexional endings are compensated by the addition of prepositions. In addition, without flexional endings one cannot readily distinguish the case of the noun. If one sees the Latin word *arborem* he knows immediately that this form cannot be the subject of the sentence because it is clearly in the accusative case. All of the forms for the Latin word for tree -- *arbor*, *arboris*, *arbori*, *arborem*, *abore*, and plural, *arbores*, *arborum*, *arboribus* -- are represented in French by two written forms, *arbre* for the singular and *arbres* for the plural. Since these two forms are pronounced alike, in actuality the eight Latin forms have been reduced to one.

Thus, if one sees the French word, *arbre*, he cannot say immediately what case and consequently what function it plays in the sentence. With the confusion of elimination of case forms, development in the use of prepositions was necessary to make the meaning clear. Since there was no longer an ending in common use which served to denote possession and related ideas, then this meaning had to be carried by a separate word, such as *de* in French or *of* in English. Since prepositions were used extensively in Latin even while case forms were in use, Latin provided the basis for this development.

Another feature of change which accompanied the disappearance of noun inflections in late Latin was the development of a fixed word order. This is a major attribute of the English language. The popular syntax is dominated by the simple clause, and this in turn by the subject-verb-object order, rendered necessary by the lack of distinctive case endings. In Germanic fashion the modifier precedes the modified, the adjective precedes the noun, and the adverb precedes the verb. For the dative case, English sometimes employs a word-order convention whereby if two objects are expressed without a preposition, the first is taken to be the indirect object, as in the sentence: *I gave the boy the book*. On the other hand, for both classical Greek and Latin the function of a noun is indicated by its form, not its word position. Therefore, the object might precede or follow the verb and still be recognized as the object. Similarly, the position of the subject may be varied without creating any great confusion. For example, the possible variations of the sentence, *An apostle sees the house*, in Greek present no confusion:

ἄπόστολος βλέπει τὸν οἶκον, τὸν οἶκον ἄπόστολος βλέπει,

ἄπόστολος τὸν οἶκον βλέπει, βλέπει τὸν οἶκον ἄπόστολος

All four word-orders clearly mean *An apostle sees the house*, since the word for *apostle* is in the nominative case due to its ending, and so on. However, a change in word order in English commonly means a change in meaning. Thus, the meanings of *The girl hits the boy* and *The boy hits the girl* are reversed solely on the basis of word order. There are, obviously, no declensional endings to indicate the reversal in meaning. Thus, with the loss of inflexions, two major attributes of the English language developed, namely, inflectional simplicity and functional fixed word order.

Having surveyed the consequences of the loss of inflections in the English language, one must again confront the issue: is the loss of inflections truly advantageous? As previously mentioned, a noted linguist has stated that the two characteristics that make a language easier to learn are grammatical regularity and word economy. What is more regular than declensional endings which clearly indicate the function of a noun? Also, these endings contribute to word economy, since added prepositions are not necessary. Then too, a variation in word order creates no problem.

On the other hand, inflectional simplicity of English creates flexible syntax. One part of speech can operate as some other part of speech. Every sentence is a frame into which syntactic units, or tagmemes, are fitted. When a word is forced into an unusual tagmeme, it is said to undergo a functional shift. For example in *ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA*, Act II, Enobarbus is explaining to Agrippa in Rome exactly what Cleopatra looked like as she glided along the river of Cydnus in all her glory:

*I will tell you
The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne
Burn'd on the watter... For her own person,
It beggar'd all description...*

Shakespeare gave this noun, *beggar*, used as a verb, the inflexion of the past tense. Since the new verb fits naturally into an accepted structural frame, the danger of ambiguity does not exist.

Functional change is peculiar to English among the Western languages and makes English reminiscent of Chinese. The nouns *eye*, *elbow*, *hand*, *skin*, *stomach*, *service* may be used as verbs; *show*, *hit*, *shave*, *smoke*, and *find* can be used as nouns. In this, the antithesis of English is Latin. In Latin one can determine the part of speech without context, as has been noted, but without context only a third of English words can be analyzed as to its part of speech. Many of the words that used to be different in English are now identical because the language has lost so many flexional endings. The relation between form and function in English is much more loose than in Latin.

The passive voice in English is another instance of flexibility. Also, the indirect object is promoted to the position of subject when a sentence is turned into the passive voice. *John gives Mary a book* may be expressed in the passive by either *A book is given (to) Mary by John* or *Mary is given a book by John*. The former type is common to most European languages, but the latter type is restricted to English and certain dialects of German and Scandinavian. Any one of these three--*John*, *Mary*, *book*--may be uppermost in the speaker's mind and may thus constitute the "psychological subject." This may be considered an advantage to express the psychological and grammatical subject simultaneously by means of sentence structure.

Unlike modern English, Old English worked through the use of inflections. After the Norman Conquest of 1066 with the dominance of French, the case endings of Old English disappeared. Thus, this was a phonetic modification accelerated by cultural conditions. It had far-reaching grammatical consequences, in that the prepositional phrase took over the role of the inflected noun, and word-order became an important determiner of grammatical function in English.

Will English ever become a universal language? This proposal joins about 1000 other proposals that have been advanced since the 17th Century. Some of these are: the use of two or more existing national lan-

guages, either on a zonal basis or in complementary distribution; modification of existing languages, such as Basic English; fully constructed languages not based on any existing languages; and constructed languages, such as Esperanto and Interlingua, in which existing languages supply or suggest elements of vocabulary or grammatical form in an effort to achieve the greatest ease of learning for the most people.

Whether or not English represents the sole solution is a matter of much debate. The views favoring and opposing the adoption of English as a universal language represent two opposing views concerning the role of grammar.

First, the traditional view which states that the language with the most grammatical rules, with the most inflectional endings, and with the most rigid structures is the easiest to learn because of its regularity and the one which offers the most efficient means of expression of thought. The proponent of this view prefers the classical languages like Greek and Latin.

Supporters of the second view find greater advantage in the analytical structure of the modern descendants of Latin, rather than Latin itself. Consequently, they prefer English. One of the advantages of the analytical structure of English is that it promotes needless repetition. Also, a fixed word order tends to economize phonetic material. English also tends to shorten its words.

In the future, the English language is expected to undergo a great growth of vocabulary with a simplification of grammar. Whether or not these trends in the evolution of the English language represent further grounds for the adoption of English as a universal language remains a controversial issue among grammarians.

THE END

THE BLISS FLAME ORGAN, HANK HEATH PRACTICAL PRINCIPLES

Bill Bliss mentioned in passing a "flame organ"-- there could actually be such a device.

The pipe could simply be old plumbers standard black pipe cut at varying lengths. The trick is to solder or braze a circular piece of screen about 1 inch up inside the bottom of each pipe. This screen creates enough turbulence of hot air to cause the pipe to oscillate.

The main part is to keep the pipes vertical so that convection keeps the airflow going through them.

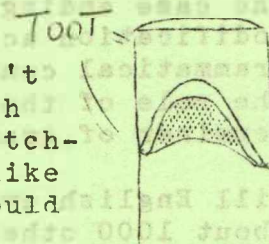
You can do a simple experiment with a piece of pipe, the screen, and a hand-held torch. Be sure to wear gloves. Heat the bottom of the pipe with the torch from the side; do not "blow" the flame through it. As long as the base is warm and the pipe is vertical, you'll get a musical note. Lay the pipe on its side and it'll quit. But if the pipe is still hot, when you erect it again, it'll start up again by itself. This might be a disadvantage to cutting off notes unless there are "stops" to prohibit the airflow in pipes whose notes are unwanted.

You could arrange the pipes in a circular system with a burner in the middle, about 1/2 inch up from the bottom. Then the pipes could be capped like the finger-holes of a woodwind instrument. A key could open the bottom of the pipe to let the air through.



air allowed in

air stopped



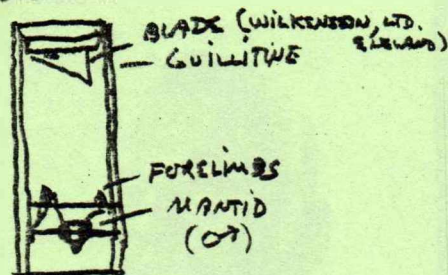
If the screens don't produce good enough tone, I imagine notching near the end like a penny whistle would improve it.

How NOT TO DO AN ARTICLE ON SEXING DUCKS

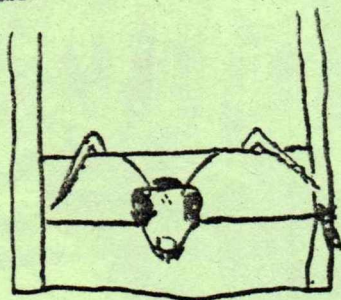
By Don Ayres And Jim Bhean
#5 in a series



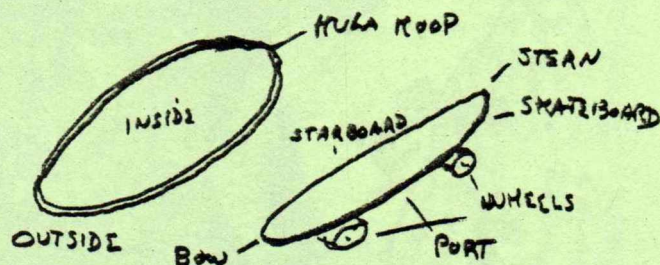
WE THOUGHT THAT WE'D TALK ABOUT A VARIETY OF TOPICS THIS TIME, EXCLUDING THE ITEM AT THE TOP OF THE PAGE. INSTEAD WE HAVE FEATURED A WELCOME SIGHT WHEN SUCH NOTIONS ARE BROUGHT UP.



MANY OF YOU PROBABLY KNOW THAT FEMALE MANTIDS KILL THE MALE WHEN MATING. WHAT YOU PROBABLY DIDN'T KNOW IS THAT IT IS DECAPITATION WHICH TRIGGERS THE MALE RESPONSES FOR COITUS (SEE NERVE CELLS AND INSECT BEHAVIOR BY ROEDER).



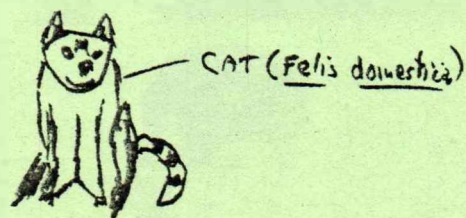
PROBLEM: THOSE OF YOU WHO WERE ALERT NOTED THAT OUR MALE MANTID FOOLISHLY PLACED HIS FORELIMBS OVER THE TOP OF THE STOCKS. THIS MEANS THAT THEY WILL BE CHOPPED OFF FIRST. ALLOWING FOR THE SPEED OF THE IMPULSE AND THE DISTANCE TO BE TRAVELLED, WILL THE MANTID EVER KNOW THEY WERE?



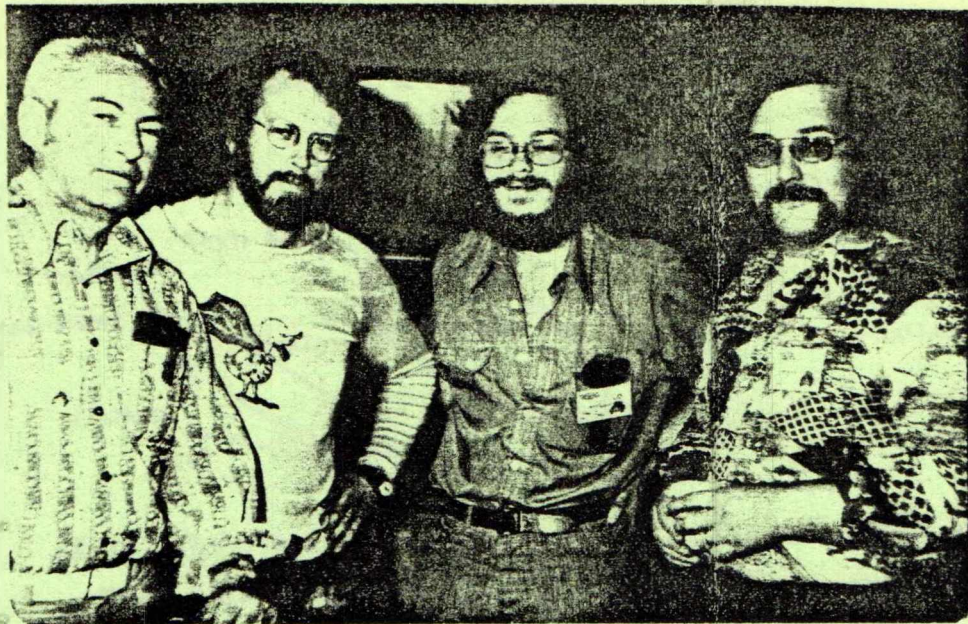
ACTUALLY, WE DO NOT MEAN TO BE BOORISH ABOUT SUCH AN IMPORTANT TOPIC, RANKING AS IT DOES JUST BEHIND THE NAMING OF DIRECTIONS FOR SKATEBOARDS AND HULA HOOPS. BUT, AS LONG AS THE TOPIC OF SEX HAS REARED ITS HEAD...



IF SUCH CURIOSITY IS AROUSED BY THIS, YOU MIGHT GO TO A VIADUCT, THOUGH ABOUT THE ONLY CREATURES THAT MATE THERE ARE HUMANS. MAYBE A COUPLE OF SPECIES OF DUCK, THOUGH WHY A DUCK WOULD WANT TO MATE THERE IS BEYOND US. PERHAPS THE HUMANS MAKE IT AN INTERESTING SPOT AFTER ALL....



A CORRESPONDENT RECENTLY ASKED US FOR ADVICE ON HOW TO REMOVE QUELLY CAT ODOR. WHEN SHE REFUSED TO VENTILATE THE HOUSE BY REMOVING ALL THE WALLS ("TOO IMPRACTICAL"), WE SUGGESTED SHE GET RID OF THE CAT. THE SAME SUGGESTION IS APPLICABLE TO PEOPLE WHO WANT TO SEX DUCKS.



Potzed Autoclave mimeo operators: Donn Brazier, Rick Dey, Don Ayres, Larry Carmody.



Potzed letter hack, Dave Szurek.

Rick Dey and Don C. Thompson.

Chief Titler.



Far left: Taral Wayne Macdonald.

Left: Gene Wolfe.



DON'T BLAME THE XEROX COPIER
ON THIS-- ALAN LANKIN'S CAR-
TOON TELLS IT STRAIGHT.

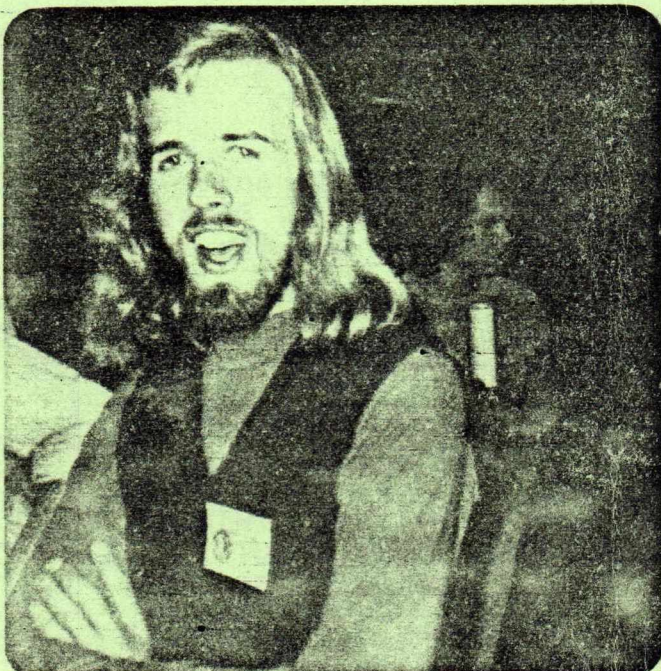
STARTING RIGHT ABOVE AND GO-
ING CLOCKWISE, TITLE PRESENTS
THROUGH THE COURTESY OF RANDY
FULLER'S CAMERA SOME MUGSHOTS
TAKEN AT BIG MAC:

GIL GAIER, TORRANCE, CA

DON AYRES, HOLLYWOOD, CA

VICTORIA VAYNE, TORONTO, CAN

DAVE ROWE, WICKFORD, ENG



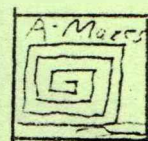
DUM (DELUDED, USELESS MANUSCRIPTS) BOOKS!

THE DUM BOOK CLUB GUARANTEE: "IF ANY DUM BOOK DOES NOT MEET YOUR STANDARDS..THEN YOUR STANDARDS ARE JUST TOO ~~at 1+2~~ HIGH, TURKEY!"
-- PRES. OF DUM BOOKS, INK., CAROLYN C.D. DOYLE.



#1 A-Mazes, Withropt, Ronald T.

Neat-o puzzles, mazes and plans for secret passages to tax the mental ability of the average 4-year old! SF fans allowed to take double personal tax exemption.



#2 The Big Crime, Neuman, E. Alfred

Phil knew he wasn't supposed to tell his locker combination -- to anyone! But Rhonda was his best girl.... With trembling fingers, he dialed the phone...



#3 Veronica Davis (originally titled V.D.), Gounre, Sybil

Her mother was an alcoholic, her father a whore, her little brother selling bad hash at school... Everything seems hopeless for Veronica-- until she meets this really neat-o boy with a mimeograph machine!



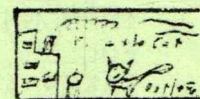
#4 B.L.E.C.H. (Blundering Libacious Egg-Cobbered Chivalrous Horde), Stratton, Thomas

The Great Egg has been stolen from the Church of All Galaxies, and only the women from B.L.E.C.H. can get it back -- if not too late! First in the exciting new series featuring Ms Ova Yolk and her all-boomin' gun!



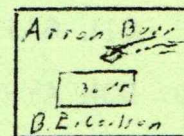
#5 Fritz the Cat on the Town, Sweetheart, Emily

The funny, exciting story of Fritz, an active cata- tonic, and all the fun he has in the big city. Explicit illustrations and stop action photographs.



#6 Aaron Burr, Forgotten President, Coulson, B.E.

Everybody's hero, Aaron Burr, captured in photo and text by famed computer technologist, B.E.Coulson. It is little known that Burr was Filmore's cousin.



#7 TV Times, Myob, Susan

Learn the true story behind the abandoned paperweight factory David Soul lives in! Read the exciting interview with sensitive, withdrawn Trev Jovolta! Extra! A poster showing Disco Duck -- after the party!



#8 Scary Stories, Craftlone, Phil, editor

We used to guarantee that if these stories did not turn your hair white, your money would be refunded. Since then, we have nearly gone into bankruptcy. But buy the book anyway, don't let that scare you away!

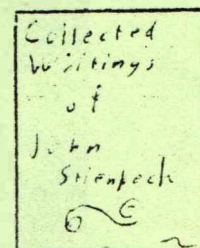


	ORDER BLANK	price
#1	2 whiskers from a gnome	
#2	Raquel Welch's phone no.	
#3	A plaid cufflink	
#4	<u>Ms.</u> magazine (circa 1850)	
#5	A Japanese typewriter	
#6	Missing watergate tapes	
#7	One (1) bisexual vampire	
#8	\$1.00 (Confederate money)	

BIG KIDZ KORNER

THE COLLECTED WRITINGS
OF JOHN STEINBECK

#9 NO MISTAKE, THIS
BOOK IS DULL, BUT IT
WILL ADD CLASS TO YOUR
SHELVES. IT'S DUM!



C.D.

SNAAAAAAPSHOTS

-- MIKE GLICKSOHN

There are times when a paranoid fanzine reviewer (is there any other kind?) might suspect that faneds everywhere are publishing solely to make sure that fanzine reviewers make fools of themselves in print. No sooner do I mail Donn a column stating that there has been a dearth of good fanzines of late when every faned on the continent contrives to publish an issue and get it to me the next day.

O tempora, o mores! as they say when requesting seconds in a Japanese restaurant.

From some of the comments Donn has published in response to this modest column, I gather there are those on the TITLE mailing list who are *really* new to fanzine fandom. Although I usu-

ally avoid reviewing the better known fanzines, let me mention some you really ought to be getting: *SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW* -- for the fan interested in SF, although Geis seems to be turning it into a combination of SF genzine and personal diary. Still, for the hard-core fan it's still one of the best; *OUTWORLDS* -- a beautifully crafted offset genzine of interest to anyone who enjoys good writing and lovely graphics, with material about SF and numerous other topics. No one but Bill Bowers knows what the *new OW* will be like, but I venture to guess it'll be worth having; *SIMULACRUM* -- the best-looking of the mimeo genzines. Material is of vastly varying quality, but it's a comfortable fanzine with lots to react to; and *MOTA* -- for the fannish fan with both knowledge of and interest in fans, fandom, fanhistory and fanwriting. Contains much of the best non-SF writing of the year.

So what else is new? Well, *NEW VENTURE* #5 is definitely new, and definitely little short of spectacular! A special art issue, it contains 118 offset pages featuring the art of twenty-five professional and fan artists along with biographical sketches of most of the contributors and an interview with and article by George Barr. Not all the artwork is what I'd class as excellent, and occasionally the printing quality lapses, but at a mere two dollars this has to be one of the best fanzine bargains of the decade for anyone at all interested in fantasy and SF artwork. And the majority of the artwork is extremely good. A splendid project! And when did you last see a full-colour Freas cover on a fanzine? (ANALOG don't count!)

Another beautifully offset fanzine with some really remarkable art is *ANDURIL* #6, an English fantasy fanzine. I'm not into fantasy, and I'll be honest and admit I've not read it, but I'm delighted to have a copy for my collection just for the artwork alone. There are stories, cr

ical articles, reviews, letters, etc, all in a most attractive package. If you enjoy fantasy, this looks like a fine fanzine to get.

If you enjoy people and their opinions, try *PHOSPHENE 5*, a very personalzine from Gil Gaier whose fifty-year old sense of wonder bubbles out of every page. (Some say it gushes perhaps a little too much, but naked emotions always affect some people that way.) In #5, Gil writes about himself, about MAC and the people he met there and the impressions he formed and then responds fully to a lengthy and personal lettercolumn. There are also four photo pages from MAC, plus a grotesque Townley cover. (Is there any other kind?)

((Except for this one right here, all parenthetical remarks are by Mike, not the editor.))

Another fan who pours out his soul onto the pages of his fanzine is Bill Breiding, editor of *STARFIRE* #8, another personal-genzine, with a moderate amount of graphic presence. Bill is searching for an identity both for himself and for his fanzine, and so far he hasn't quite found either but he writes movingly about the attempts. There's an odd "story" which starts out as a well-written piece of personal history and slowly switches into a less-well-written piece of fantasy. But it's all fascinating, a delightful column called "Bored Stfnal" wherein guests review atrocious books, some poems and a long lettercolumn highlighted by several pages from Don Fitch on hopes, lifestyles, etc which is as good a letter as any faned could hope to receive. There's a slight air of arty pretension to *STARF* (or maybe I just don't know how to react to naked emotion?) but it's an interesting fanzine.

Interesting for different reasons is *NOUMENON*, the New Zealand version of *LOCUS* but with the added dimension of letters, articles and fiction. Neatly offset, and amazingly regular, it's something worth getting for the antipodean SF news (the reprinted N.American stuff is, for obvious reasons, dated), the critical material, and as a gesture of solidarity for international fandom. Be honest now, what do *you* know about fandom in New Zealand?

For that matter, what do you know about fandom in DeSoto, Texas? Well, Michael Smith (at least the third fan of that name I've encountered) will tell you all about it in *THE POET'S GLASS EYE*, his personalzine of which one issue has so far appeared. It's a typical first issue contentwise: an explanation, some fiction, some poems, a little personal history and a con report. It's unusual in that the quality of writing is considerably higher than most first attempts. While wallowing in the hedonistic depths of gafia, I found it remarkably easy to enjoy and loc. It looks like a fanzine worth getting in on the ground floor.

In five days it will be Christmas. As a present the Post Office will not deliver a single fanzine to me that day! 'Tis the season to be jolly! I wish you all a belated Merry Christmas, and may the New Year be a good one for you, fannishly and otherwise. And thank you, one and all, for the parts you've played in making this last year one of the best I've ever had!

On the next page I list Mike's fms data and some fanzines I've received in 1975. I ran out of room before finishing up with some perszines from people like Don Ayres, Frank Balazs, Bill Breiding, Rick Dey, Marty Helgesen, Craig Hill, George Laskowski, Jeff May, Brad Parks, Bruce Townley, Dave Romm, Mike Shoemaker, Roy Tackett. In any listing I'm always afraid I'll leave someone out; so forgive me if I did.

FANZINES MIKE REVIEWED

SFR, PO Box 11408, Portland, OR 97211.
Offset, quarterly, 50+ pgs, \$1.25- 4/\$4
OUTWORLDS, PO Box 2521, N. Canton, OH 44720
Offset, highly irregular, 40+ pgs 4/\$5
(Current double issue @ \$2.50)
SIMULACRUM, PO Box 156- Stn D, Toronto,
Ont., Can. M6P 3J8. Mimeo, approx.
semi-annual, with smaller letter issues
in between. The usual or \$2.50 for the
genzine issues.
MOTA, 4739 Washington Blvd, Arlington, VA
22205. Mimeo, frequent, 20+ pgs, usual.
NEW VENTURE 5, Rt 2 Box 135, Pullman, WA
99163. Usually \$1.25, 4/\$4, usual. Spec-
ial Art Issue (#5) @ \$2. No cash!
ANDURIL 6, 101 Eskdale, Tanhouse 5, Skel-
mersdale, Lancs WN8 6EB, Eng. Offset,
irreg., 48 pg, \$1.50 in US bucks.
PHOSPHEME 5, 1016 Beech Ave, Torrance CA
90501. Offset, quarterly, 40pg, usual
or 3/\$2.
STARFIRE 8, 151 Arkansas, San Francisco,
CA 94107. Offset, maybe three a year,
54pg. Usual or \$1.50.
NOUMENON, Wilma Road - Ostend, Waiheke
Island, Hauraki Gulf, New Zealand. Off-
set, monthly, 24 pg. Usual or 12/\$6
(seamail), 12/\$10.50 (airmail).
THE POET'S GLASS EYE, 604 N. Hampton, De-
Soto, TX 75115. Mimeo, "whenever pos-
sible", 16 pg, the usual, review, "for
the asking as long as the reserve holds
out".

INFERNO 10 - 13

Paul Skelton, 25 Bowland Close, Offer-
ton, Stockport, Cheshire SK2 5NW.
Mostly persz (with humor)

SELDON'S PLAN 38-40

Wayne Third Foundation, Box 102 SCB
Wayne State Univ., Detroit MI 48202
Genz with SF sercon slant

SWOON 2- 6

Arnie & Joyce Katz, 59 Livingston St.
Apt 6B, Brooklyn NY 11201. Fannish genz.

SF COMMENTARY 44-47

Bruce Gilespeie, GPO Box 5195 AA, Mel-
bourne, Victoria 3001 Australia. Ser-
con genzine.

QUANTUM 2-3

Arthur Metzger (and others), 1171 Neeb
Rd., Cincinnati, OH 45238. Genzfic.

RUNE 46-48

Minnesota SF Soc., 343 E. 19 St #1B,
Minneapolis, MN 55404. (David Emerson)
Genzine.

THE SF&F JOURNAL 86-87

Donald L. Miller, 12315 Judson Rd.
Wheaton, MD 20906. Genzclub

FANZINES OF 1976 - a partial listing of
some 444 fanzine issues received during
the calendar year at Wilde Pickle Press.
No ratings are implied by order of list-
ing, but any title on the list would ap-
peal to some fan, somewhere, for some
reason or other.

SHADOW 51- 63

Eric Larsen, 4012 Colby Dr. Raleigh NC
27609. Genzine with fiction.

DILEMMA 10- 13

Jackie Franke, 719 Yonge St, Suite 201,
Toronto, Ont. M4Y 2B5 Personalzine
recently expanding to genzine.

KARASS 19- 27

Linda Bushyager, 1614 Evans Ave, Pros-
pect Park, PA 19076. A newszine slant-
ed toward fans

ASH WING 18 - 19 - 20

ROGUE RAVEN 21-23

Frank Denton, 14654 8th Ave SW, Seattle
WA 98166. AW genzine; RR personalzine.

WINDING NUMBERS 2 - 4

Randy Reichardt, 833 Henday Hall Lister
Hall, Edmonton, Alberta T6G 2H6. Genz.

DIVERSIFIER 12 - 16

A.B. & Chet Clingan, P.O. Box 1836, Oro-
ville, CA 95965. Genz with fiction.

ERG 53 -56 & TRIODE 22

Terry Jeeves, 230 Bannerdale Rd, Shef-
field, Eng. S11 9FE. Genz

ALTAIR 2

Terry Whittier, 3809 Meramonte Way,
North Highlands, CA 95660. Genz.

FUTURE RETROSPECTIVE 5 - 8

Cliff & Susan Biggers, 621 Olive St.
Cedartown, GA 30125. Genz.

AL Vega 2 - 3

Alyson Abramowitz, 4921 Forbes Ave
Apt 205E, Pittsburgh, PA 15213. Genz.

REQUIEM 8- 13

Norbert Spehner, 1085 Saint-Jean,
Longueuil, Quebec J4H 2Z3. Genz in
French (and excellent)

IT COMES IN THE MAIL 19- 24

Ned Brooks, 713 Paul St., Newport News,
VA 23605. Persz & news (by the way).

YANDRO 234-237

Buck & Juanita Coulson, Rt 3, Hartford
IN 47348. Genz (& lots of persz)

HARBINGER 2- 4

Reed Andrus, 226 E 4800 So., Murray,
Utah 84107. Genz.

SCINTILLATION 7 - 10 (& DORK PIZZLE #6)

Carl Bennett, Box 8502, Portland OR
97207. Genz (with humor)

STARLING 33 -34

Hank & Lesleigh Luttrell, 525 W. Main
#1, Madison, WI 53703. Genz but into
pop culture.

XENOPHILE 23- 28

Nils Hardin, PO Box 9660, St.Louis Mo 63122. Adzine (some articles etc. on mystery & pulps as well as SF&F)

ALGOL 26-27

Andrew Porter, PO Box 4175, New York NY 10017. Semi-pro genz.

VERT 2 - genz, but mostly letters

GUYING GYRE 5-6 SF Project Ratings

PHOSPHENE 3- 5 Perszine

Gil Gaier, 1016 Beech Ave., Torrance, CA 90501

NYCTALOPS 10-12

Harry O. Morris,Jr, 500 Wellesley SE Albuquerque, NM 87106. Specialized in HPL, CA Smith, & other fantasy/horror.

SIMULACRUM 2A,2B, 3

Victoria Vayne, PO Box 156 Stn D, Toronto, Ont. M6P 3J8. Lettered issues are letter issues; #3 is genz.

WINDFALL PROPHET 15-19

David Taggart, Chandler Rd., White River Jct., VT 05001. Persz.

WYKNOT 4-5

Ken Josenhans, 364 E. Holmes, MSU, East Lansing, MI 48824. Genz.

WILD FENNEL 12/13

Pauline Palmer, 2510 48 St, Bellingham, WA 98225. Anything goes.

WELTANSCHAUUNG 3

Stephen H. Dorneman, 131 Sowers St. Apt D-2, State College, PA 16801. Genz.

STARFIRE 7-8

Bill Breiding, 151 Arkansas St., San Francisco, CA 94107. Genz.

PHOTRON 15

Steven Beatty, 303 Welch #6, Ames Iowa 50010. Genz. He also pubbed a FANZINE DIRECTORY #1, covering 1975.

KNIGHTS 15-16

Mike Bracken, E-3 Village Circle, Edwardsville, IL 62025. Genz.

THE HUNTING OF THE SNARK 4, 10 (?)

Robert J. Whitaker, PO Box 7649, Newark, DEL 19711. Genz.

DON-O-SAUR 45-46

Don C. Thompson, 7498 Canosa Ct, Westminster, CO 80030. Persz.

DIEHARD 8-9

Tony Cvetko, 29415 Parkwood Dr., Wickliffe, OH 44092. Genz.

GODLESS 12-13

Bruce D. Arthurs, 920 N. 82 St.,H-201 Scottsdale, AZ 85257. Genz.

EMPIRE 5/6-7

Mark J. McGarry, 631E South Pearl St. Albany, NY 12202. Genzfic.

S.F.ECHO 25

Ed Connor , 1805 N. Gale, Peoria IL 61604. Genz.

OUTWORLDS 27- 28/29

Bill Bowers PO Box 2521 North Canton OH 44720 Genz

MOTA 14-20

Terry Hughes, 4739 Washington Blvd. Arlington, VA 22205. Fannish genz.

GRANFALLOON 20 Genz.

Linda Bushyager (address under KARASS)

MYTHOLOGIES 8-9

Don D'Ammassa, 19 Angell Dr., East Providence, RI 02914 Genz.

MAYA 9-11

Robert Jackson, 21 Lyndhurst Rd., Benton, Newcastle on Tyne, NE12 9NT Eng. Genz (mostly fannish)

BIOYA 1-2

David Moyer, 502 Packer Hall, Univ. Park, PA 16802. Genz.

MAD SCIENTIST'S DIGEST 1

Brian Earl Brown, 55521 Elder Rd., Mishawaka, IN 46544 Genz

TAD (Tension,Apprehension & Dissension) 1

Paul Walker, 128 Montgomery St., Bloomfield, NJ 07003 Genz.

TANGENT 5

David A. Truesdale,611-A Division St., Oshkosh, WI 54901 Genz with fic

TABEBUAN 26-30

Mardee & Dave Jenrette, Box 330374 Grove, Miami, FL 33133. Anything goes.

GEGENSCHWEIN 26-28

Eric Lindsay, 6 Hillcrest Ave, Paulconbridge, NSW 2776 Australia. Persz with genz varying with issue.

KRATOPHANY 8-9

Eli Cohen, 2920 Victoria Ave Apt 12 Regina, Sask. S4T 1K7, Can. Genz.

K 1-3

Dave Rowe, 8 Park Dr., Wickford, Essex SS12 9DH Eng. Genz.

GRYPHON 1

Denny Bowden, 917 Tracy St., Daytona Beach, FL 32017. Genz.

ECLIPSE 8-9

Mark Sharpe (military service)

ERED NIMRAIS 2-4

David C. Merkel, RFD 1, 112 Mountain View Dr, Charlottesville VA 22901 Genz

SHAIBLES 2

Ed Cagle (and Dave Locke) 819 Edie Dr., Duarte, CA 91010 (Dave's address for sample copies- humor genz.

THE MAE STRELKOV TRIP REPORT- Ned Brooks

THE HAT GOES HOME & XENIUM 2.6

Mike Glicksohn, 141 High Park Ave, Toronto,Ont M6P 2S3 Can. The first is a special Aussie Trip Report.

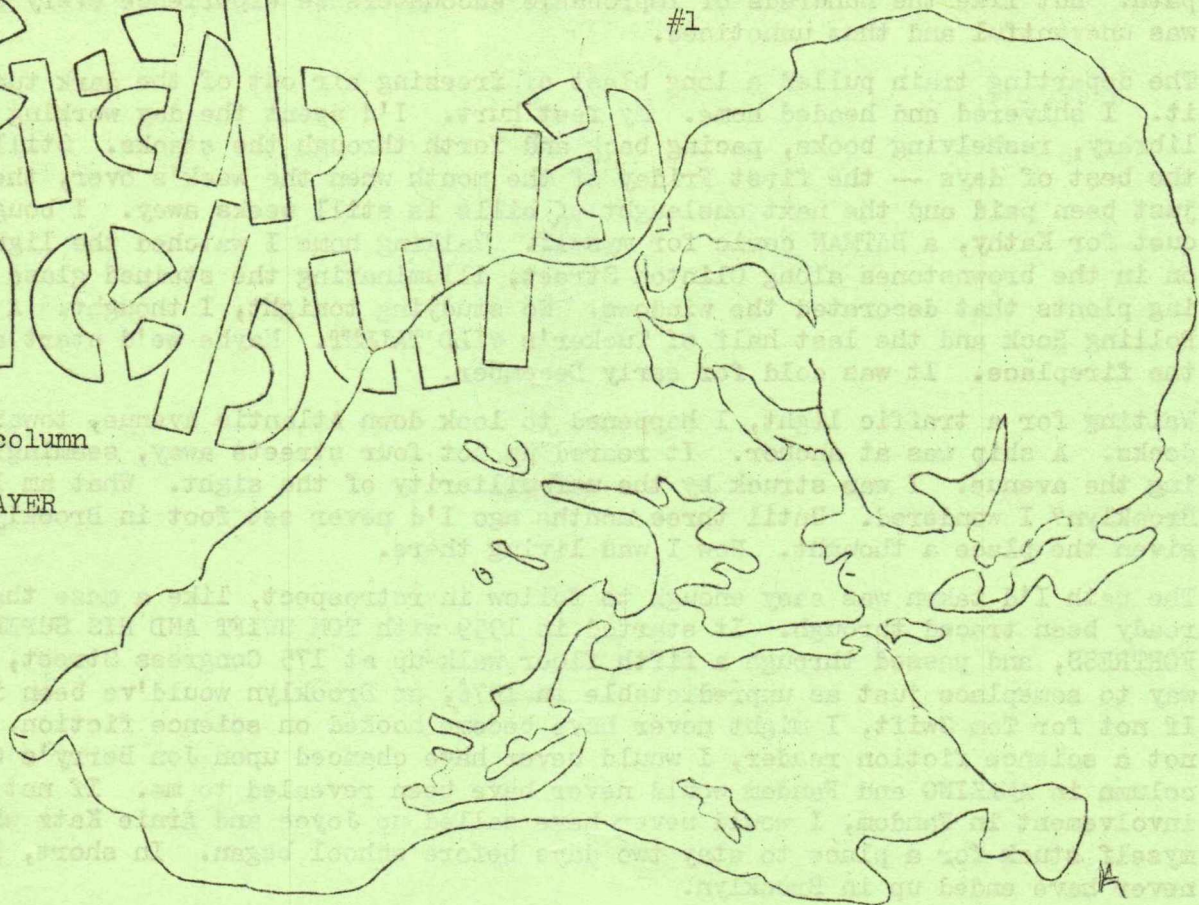
ABBA ZABA 7-8

Simon Agree, PO Box 901, Cotati, CA 94928. Anything goes.

Crime Ink

#1

a new column
by
ERIC MAYER



I heard the train pull in while I was browsing through the comics. I snatched a newspaper off the stand, tossed a quarter onto the counter, and sprinted for the stairs. I hit the turnstile a second before my token hit the slot and the turnstile hit me back hard, then relented.

Once on the train I glanced at the front page of the paper, preparatory to flipping it over to get at the sports, when a headline caught my eye:

MAN KILLED AT CHAMBERS STREET STATION

That was the station I'd just left. The same one I passed through twice a day, going to New York Law School.

The man had been murdered -- pushed in front of the Seventh Avenue Express. By chance, he had placed himself at the edge of the platform beside a stranger who happened to be a former mental patient. Had he chosen to stand five feet to the left he would never have felt the hand on his shoulder as the train screamed out of the tunnel. If he had stopped to buy a newspaper, or perhaps if he had forgotten to stop, he would still be alive. If he had worked overtime that evening, if he had taken that other job years ago, if he had never come to New York in the first place, the fatal juxtaposition would never have taken place. It was a chance in a million and yet it wasn't a remarkable occurrence -- his coming to stand beside that stranger on the cold subway platform. Only the consequences set the event apart.

I got off the train at Borough Hall, edging through the crowd, my briefcase a sharp edge before me. I couldn't stop thinking about that newspaper story. I might've been standing on the Chambers Street platform at the wrong time and in the wrong place myself. The train doors slid shut on faces I'd never seen. Strangers, random molecules I'd collided with briefly and glancingly, without even noticing.

At Wall Street a young man in a sedate gray suit and a bright pink shirt had sat down across the aisle from me. Where was he born? How had he come to be at that particular spot at that moment? I realized that the probability of our paths coinciding momentarily was as small as the chance of the murder victim encountering his psycho-

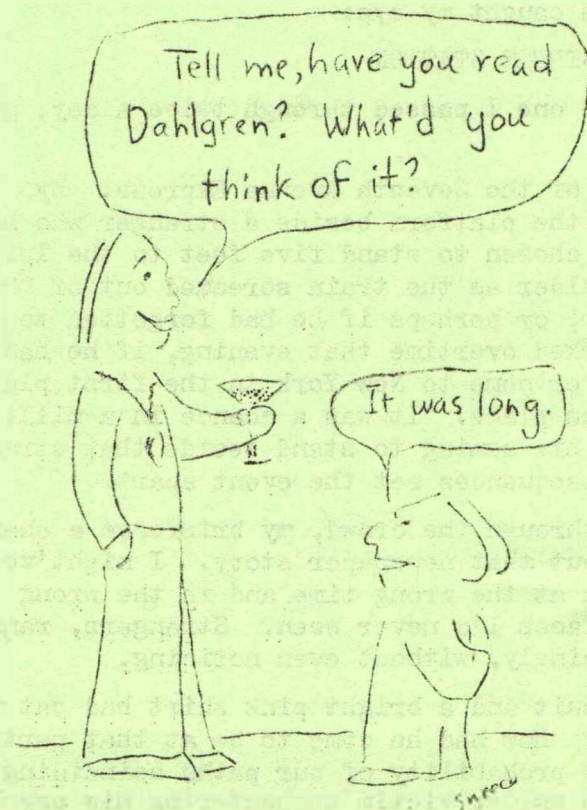
path. But like the hundreds of improbable encounters we experience every day, it was uneventful and thus unnoticed.

The departing train pulled a long blast of freezing air out of the dark tunnel behind it. I shivered and headed home. My feet hurt. I'd spent the day working at the library, reshelving books, pacing back and forth through the stacks. Still, it was the best of days -- the first Friday of the month when the week's over, the rent's just been paid and the next onslaught of bills is still weeks away. I bought a bouquet for Kathy, a BATMAN comic for myself. Walking home I watched the lights coming on in the brownstones along Clinton Street, illuminating the stained glass and hanging plants that decorated the windows. No studying tonight, I thought. A bottle of Rolling Rock and the last half of Tucker's WILD TALENT. Maybe we'd start a fire in the fireplace. It was cold for early December.

Waiting for a traffic light, I happened to look down Atlantic Avenue, toward the docks. A ship was at anchor. It reared up not four streets away, seemingly blocking the avenue. I was struck by the unfamiliarity of the sight. What am I doing in Brooklyn? I wondered. Until three months ago I'd never set foot in Brooklyn, or given the place a thought. Now I was living there.

The path I'd taken was easy enough to follow in retrospect, like a maze that's already been traced through. It started in 1959 with TOM SWIFT AND HIS SUPERSONIC FORTRESS, and passed through a fifth floor walk-up at 175 Congress Street, on its way to someplace just as unpredictable in 1976, as Brooklyn would've been in 1959. If not for Tom Swift, I might never have become hooked on science fiction. If I were not a science fiction reader, I would never have chanced upon Jon Berry's Clubhouse column in AMAZING and Fandom would never have been revealed to me. If not for my involvement in Fandom, I would never have called up Joyce and Arnie Katz when I found myself stuck for a place to stay two days before school began. In short, I would never have ended up in Brooklyn.

The chain of circumstances is, of course, considerably more complicated than that. The chances of my being here in Brooklyn, or in any other particular place, must be infinitesimally small. Life is nothing more than a series of improbabilities. You tend to forget, until you're reminded by some ghoulish coincidence such as the subway murder.



As I stood on the corner, waiting for the traffic light to change, watching the seagulls climbing the updrafts high above the anchored ship, I wondered how one would go about calculating a life. I thought of the probability trees pictured in math books -- how abruptly they branch outward toward an infinity of different paths.

Imagine a newborn child, imagine each second of his life as an event with X number of possible outcomes. How many possible paths might be generated in 70 years? What are the chances of his having taken exactly the path he did take? We are, all of us, walking impossibilities. Some of the unlikely paths we follow might end in notoriety, under the wheels of a subway train, or conversely, chronicled on the front pages of national magazines. But all are just as unlikely.

It isn't unusual for me to think of articles while I'm walking. I generate most of my ideas when I'm on my feet. Back in Falls, I'd hike up through the woods in back of the house, composing things that always looked better in the dim green

light of the forest than they did later, under my harsh desk lamp. It's not so easy to compose on city streets. You tend to run into cars and your chain of thought is broken.

My evening was not all that unpredictable. I finished WILD TALENT and several Rolling Rocks. ESP is a fascinating subject. I wonder though if the statistical proof that investigators like Rhine have offered is really an indication of ESP or a manifestation of the inherent randomness of life as opposed to the rigid order of the physical universe.

I can conceive of a duality of life. A WILL, a random, anarchistic force, locked into a physical brain. The brain is governed by the same laws, electro-chemical and otherwise, as the universe and but for the will it would be inert and predictable. And except for the fact that the brain is patterned to function within the universe the will would be nothing but a directionless force. Perhaps we experience the will itself most fully in dreams which depart so readily from the universal logic we're accustomed to.

I'm becoming sceptical of the value of statistics in predicting ESP. Considered statistically are the chances of someone identifying 10 ESP cards in a row any smaller than the chances of him showing up in the laboratory, at that particular time to take the test? Is the flaw to be found in the nature of life, in some sort of influence life exerts on the universe, or merely in the methodology of statistical analysis?

I'm sure I don't know. I got up off the couch and put a log on the fire.

((Column continues next issue but the subject & mood are different.))

fruitcake-- it'll do it every time.))

Later, Sandra's party was still going strong, and I ran into Bob Tucker again and Buck Coulson. Bob asked if I had been initiated into the Bug Club. I said nooooo, what was it? A gleam in Bob's eye, and Buck started smiling. ((This initiation ceremony is too secret and arousing for a family zine, and so 20 lines are stricken.)) ((And about 30 more lines get the axe because they tell of Carolyn's successful but plot-thickened search for someone to initiate into the Bug Club herself.))

Saturday morning I slipped into brown pants, a lovely brown print shirt with rainbows and such on it, and a gold circle pin with a pearl in it. I was just in time for Uncle John's Pancake House, with Mark Sharpe (who hadn't gone to bed), David Klaus, and a very nice femfan. ((Nine lines about the menu cut.)) Back at the hotel, I went about the lobby, trying to pick up things, and dumping them in the trashcan. ((That has me worried a little--I've seen things lying around the lobby of a con hotel.))

AND NOW,
I'M GOING TO TELL YOU ABOUT
CHAMBANACON

By
Carolyn "C.D." Doyle

I was nervous all that Friday, waiting to meet Steve Bridge (my ride) at the library at 4:00. So I took a bath, washed my hair, ate something nondescript for breakfast (perhaps my little sister) and changed the sheets on my bed, since I would not be able to do it Saturday, my regular sheet-changing day. I was wearing the outfit I had picked out days ago-- my blue jeans and bubblegum sweater with my tan, narrow belt. ((16 delightful lines about C.D. & a history of belts in her life are regretfully omitted.)) ((28 more lines deleted-- car trouble, etc.)) ((54 lines cut, parking, finding the room, seeing the lobby, and a discussion of opals.))

I introduced myself to some people sitting in chairs on the second floor overlooking the lobby, but recognized only one face: Bob Tucker! I'd been hoping to see him. Imagine my surprise when, upon shaking his hand, and my saying "I'm Carolyn" he asked, "Carolyn 'C.D.' Doyle?" He knew my name! He said he'd read a piece of mine and Anna's in a Britishzine not too long ago, and he liked it. Now I was immensely pleased.

The 'Smooooooth' ritual started. I passed up the Beam's Choice, but did raise my right hand. And, on the count of 3, with a resounding 'Smooooooth' I had participated in my first smoooooth ceremony, an event I was to repeat throughout the convention-- and I never drank a drop the whole time!

Then I went upstairs where Sandra Meisel was having her birthday party in our room. I squeezed in for a moment, but I don't like fruitcake, and it was very crowded in there, so I went out again. The time after this is a sort of blank. ((It's the

Trash all collected, I sat in a chair, at the end of a now filled couch, and knitted some more on Buck Coulson's chess-board I was making him for Christmas.

Marty Klug arrived from taking a shower. He looked a little quiet; we said hello, studied each other for a moment, the way you do with someone you know and have never seen. Fortunately, the huckster room was opening. ((About 15 lines dealing with Buck Coulson and Rusty Hevelin who made various sales pitches.))

In the art room there was one little white sculpture of a unicorn I wanted which, of course, cost too much. So I went back to the huckster room and stuck to books. After awhile I went back to my room and found that Anna (Schoppenhorst) was going to take the Meisel kids swimming, so I put on my suit and went too. ((No breath-taking descriptions of the suit??))

I caught the tail end of the Joe and Andy hour, my hair still wet. After that ended the fan panel started. I was sitting in the front row, of course, and Bob Tucker happened to be sitting next to me. ((No comment!)) While we were waiting for the panelists, I showed Bob my DUM Book Club thing. ((It's in this issue.)) He read it and laughed! He actually liked it! His favorites seemed to be The Big Crime and Veronica Davis. When I told him I didn't know who to send it to, he suggested you, Donn. ((He knows I have a taste for the absurd; Jim Bheam, too.))

The panel was interesting; Gordie Dickson was captivating and delightful. When the panel was nearly over, he happened to notice Sandra Miesel, in the front row, working on something, and said, "I mean, I know I'm not perhaps the most interesting speaker in the world...but when the audience is knitting while I'm talking..." Sandra called out that, as a point of order, she was crocheting, not knitting. The room dissolved in giggles. Sadly, then, the panel had to end, and the people dispersed.

That night I sat around the hall in front of the banquet room, with a lot of other people, waiting for the dinner to end so we could go in and listen to the speeches. Mike Glicksohn, on the panel, took a good look at my rather wild sox-- he'd thought I'd painted my legs! ((He's very observant-- always on the watch for girls who paint their legs!)) He also knew my name, which pleased me.

After that it was rather lazy. I met a very nice girl who was a pagan, with a little baby she called kitten. She told me about her husband, the head of paganism for the entire area. At 5:00 I went to bed.

Got up at 8 Sunday. Near 12 I went around saying goodbye to everyone: Rusty, Eric Lindsay, Mike Glicksohn, Ian, David Klaus, Marty Klug, Bob Tucker.... my first whole con had come to an end.

Chambanacan made me feel like I was officially "welcomed in" to fandom. I realized just how much we are like a familyand I felt awfully good to be a part of it.

* * * * *

((I apologize to Carolyn for my parenthetical interruptions of what I think is a rare document. I hope you felt the same almost-indescribable tingling enthusiasm revealed by Carolyn's account of her "first whole con". I want to meet her... who could resist? Hope you can make it to ARCHON in St.Louis this July...))

* * * * *

The Dave Klaus that Carolyn mentioned is another young fellow (not that C.D. is a fellow - painted legs?) with bubbling enthusiasm. He's popped into my office several times, bringing goodies to show me or news of St.Louis fandom, which at this time at least I've not taken part in. Yes, St.Louis is coming back!

The facing page is a copy of the letter Dave brought back to me from Chambanacan. Nice of him to get it started, and nice of all the people to sign and leave cryptic messages.

One day Dave brought along Gail Barton to introduce. We had a pleasant lunch, and I succeeded in talking her out of some artwork which will appear now and then in TITLE or FARRAGO.

Speaking of visitors to my office... I now have a firm belief that Ken Ozanne exists. He and his wife, Maria, and boy, Alexander are from Faulconbridge, also the home of Eric Lindsay. I had thought that Ken was a Lindsay hoax-- not so at all. Ken is on leave for one year to do research at DeKalb on number theory. He and Burt Libe should get together, for Ken's face lit up (past the hair) when I showed him Libe's article on prime numbers.

Dead Dog Party, Chabamaco
Sunday, November 28, 1976 C.E.

Dear Donn,

We know you wanted to be here
but couldn't, and we missed you. It was
a good con but it would have been better
if you had been here.

All our love,

David K. Mc Klaw

Where were you when I was coming down the pike?!

THAT DOES D, T TO FOR ME (I CAN'T READ ET EITHER) Ben Ziff

Donn - It has been a great convention. But, then,
they all are!

1:22 AM

11/29/76

Donn - Sorry you couldn't have been here - (of course,
I'm also sorry that Glickson/LINDSAY is here, so -)
Come to Confusion! Bill Bowes

Donn, you better go to confusion, even if you can't. Best Eric Lindberg

I will remember it well. Penny

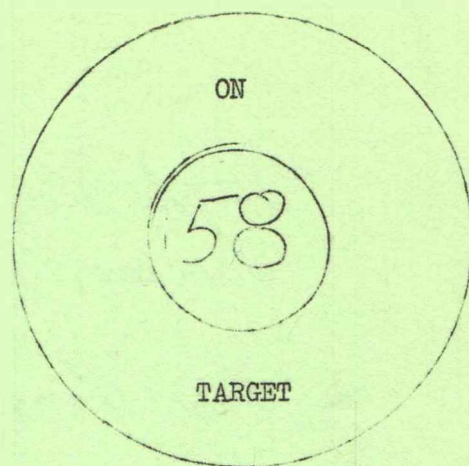
Don't forget, they don't leave
Any place to say "Sorry for
couldn't be there" - Next
Time! Eric

Never let it happen again (we counted on you) - Andy

There doesn't seem
to be any room left
for Andy

1:31.5 AM 11/29/76

Cover by Mike Kranefuss-- an "eleroo" Rich Brandt calls it: Only one reader liked the thing, and I wonder if she was looking at the same cover I was. ((I've been known to pull B.S. tricks...)) This ladyfan needs help; name, Anna M. Schoppenhorst.. According to her.."one of the best I've seen in a long time." Don Ayres, the zoologist, says, "Why does that cover seem to challenge me? But the creature won't get far on that single leg." John Thiel says, "If I were a cavilling art critic I might be tempted to call the cover 'wretched', but since I'm not one of those I think it's a pearlike ((sic)) wonder, one of those beings that hop through the Happiest Days of Our Lives. As friendly as near any faned I've seen." Dave Taggart and Ned Brooks don't mince any words; the first, "Outrageous cover!!!", the second, "Ghad what an ugly cover.."



The gadget or whatever for the museum which I said had to be the Hula Hoop of 1977-- saved for another issue, since a number of fans included drawings. There's still time to shoot me an idea in case something has popped into your head.

The Robinson Effect, or the supposed decline in fanac: John Robinson says, "For cryin' out loud! I note that fanzine pubbing is down and you call it 'The Robinson Effect. It isn't my fault that '76 was a bum year for fanpubbing." ((I honored the discoverer, not the cause.)) Though Don Ayres claimed to have personally done a lot of fanac in the summer, and the R-effect surprised him, most fans agreed, for different possible causes, that, yes, fanac had dropped as evidenced in fanzines received. Victoria Vayne says, "In the first half of the year the fanzines I received filled up a whole box originally containing 8 reams of paper, and the 'take' of the second half of the year came to only half of that." Lester Boutillier wonders, "Is con fandom slowly gaining the predominant place in our subculture, at the expense of zine fandom? New cons spring up every day, while apas are dying all over." Alyson L. Abramowitz had a somewhat similar thought: "We had a Worldcon in the USA this year and fans put money into going, while last year without a Worldcon here people put more money into fanpubbing. On the other hand, I haven't seen anything like the Robinson Effect in reference to AlVega." Hank Heath has a theory: "When the economy is up, fanac is down and vice-versa. Or restated, fanac tends to parallel 'misery loves company' phenomena." Eric Mayer seems to take an opposite view, that lack of money, postal increases, and 'the lousy economy' are reasons for declining fanac. Harry Warner figured it was due to his own drop-off in locs; Dave Taggart hopes the R-effect is true because he thought it was himself; Stu Gilson thought he had 'started to give off disagreeable odours.' Let this end with the comforting thought that "The Robinson Effect" may, like other things, go down through fannish history.

Earthquake prediction: Roy Tackett opines that Joseph Goodavage is 'going out on a limb.' Roytac says, "Most astrologers and seers predict earthquakes and the like on the day after it happens." Remember the date, time, & place: May 20, 1980, 3:24 a.m. California. I'll give him a minute either way..uh, whose time, California's?

Time sense in morning dozing: A number of people took off on other interesting and puzzling aspects of sleep and/or time sense, but I'm saving all that for another time. Mark Sharpe says the reason that 5 minutes of dozing is really 25 minutes is because I've dreamed, though I don't remember it, of being on a FTL voyage and the 'good old Einstein time dilation is then in effect.' ((Makes a lotta sense, Mark...)) Randy Fuller says I'm bored, so no wonder 25 minutes feels like 5. Ian Covell says I don't want to get up and thus 3 minutes real time becomes a terrifying subjective 30. Or something. Stu Gilson says one cannot gauge time while asleep, and the effect is only lessened somewhat while dozing. "However long I might doze," he says, "I cannot for the life of me regard that period in terms of finite divisions of time." Harry Warner thinks it has to do with dream versus dream-less sleep, but not the Mark Sharpe FTL fancy. Roy Tackett says time without clocks is purely subjective and differences come about because of a person's activity or lack of it. A sort of boredom effect as suggested by Randy Fuller, I guess; somewhat like Barbek's recent "Time is a Hoax"..

PHOTOS: Fred Jakobcic says, "One thing your picture section proves is there ain't no such thing as a mental picture of what a fan should look like." John Thiel says, "That was a nice picture of Dave Romm. He's a lot handsomer than I would have expected from looking at his fanzine." By the way, if FAAN Awards votes can be personal, I got such a kick out Dave Romm's NAME that I am considering giving it a nomination.

Jodie's Experience: Anna M. Schoppenhurst: "Indeed beautiful; I've not seen a finer example of the patriarchal forces in fandom." John Thiel: "Offutt's story is an ugly rather than a beautiful experience." And now from Ian Covell about her writing style: "She has - like andy - an easy flowing style that gets its message across in a light, conversational way. I like it; also the article."

Park Bench Tale: "Delightful," says Roy Tackett, "Incidents that make life worthwhile." Karen Pearlston didn't think it anything more than "somewhat amusing", opines it's the kind of thing where "you had to be there." Bill Brummer sent me a 2-page trick of his own which I'll save for another issue. Anna M. S. says I'd better not pull anymore tricks like that or they'll make an exhibit out of me for the "psychiatry" section! ((Everyone knows I'm a little nuts already.)) I might point out that Anna M. is not well-off either; about Dave Romm's beautiful portrait, she said, "He has a nice typewriter."

Election: I'm not quoting anything here; it's all over. Some agreed with my vote, some disagreed violently, and some voted for people I never heard of. Well, that's our system. I only wish we had more and better choices.

Burt Libe's Zoo: Don Ayres: "Anthropomorphic; this is a mistake. Perhaps his 'mallard princess' was the ugliest duckling of the flock from the mallard's point of view." Rob Chilson: "I once dropped peanuts into a bird enclosure. The ducks would catch them, but the geese, or swans, never even tried - they'd bounce off their beaks, but the dumb birds wouldn't open them." Chester Cuthbert: "I wonder if Libe has any ideas on human imprisonment along with his article?" Eric Mayer: "ZOOs was interesting but I found the SF connection rather tenuous." Harry Warner: "I don't go to zoos anymore. I've grown chicken-hearted. I'd like to see animals become drug addicted to stop suffering in cages." Ian Covell: "I never go to zoos; I don't like caged animals. I don't even like pets- they're corrupted, pampered, petted, lowered by their human possessors." Most readers countered with stories of zoos they knew; few made comment on the "tenuous connection" to SF. But Jim Meadows did: "Libe lessens the SF possibility by asking us to consider the animals as human. One of the limitations of many SF writers is that they consider even ET's as human. Zoos deal with caged non-humans, and this idea is as interesting, if not more so, than the well-worn idea of caged humans." Gene Wolfe: "Zoos are living proof that we are uncivilized." Dave Szurek: "We've always been assured that animals are at least as happy in a zoo as in the wild if not happier. But I can't be sure. Who went inside their heads to find out?" Brendan DuBois: "Saw two young hoods chasing after a tired old peacock, trying to get some of its tailfeathers for their giggly girlfriends. It's enough to make me vomit."

GOT TIME TO READ THIS? by Hank Heath

The time expansion and dilation effect when you are asleep or dozing is easily explained.

In the first place, time is not real. It is an arbitrary exercise of the imagination imposed upon us by Western scientific philosophy. It's a useful mental tool for mechanical processes, but, whereas we agree on a means of measuring it, we must remember that it is a collective agreement we made upon our imaginations.

So, during the day-awake times, we keep control of our imaginations to conform with the agreed time-sense. But, asleep we revert to a looser control of imagination and (hence) of time. So, the clock 25-45 minutes that seemed like 3-5 was 3-5, and the clock 3 minutes that seemed like $\frac{1}{2}$ hour was $\frac{1}{2}$ hour.

Now, why did the clock show incorrect time? Obviously, the clock is part of a different reality (and imagination) than time is. It's just that clocks are useful tools to attempt to bridge the two realities (imaginations) though they are obviously not measuring real time. Just mechanical time. See? Simple, wasn't it?

The thing is then to try to free yourself of the straight jacket of the clock. This is the first step in developing your karma.

Pay in the collection plate on the way out!



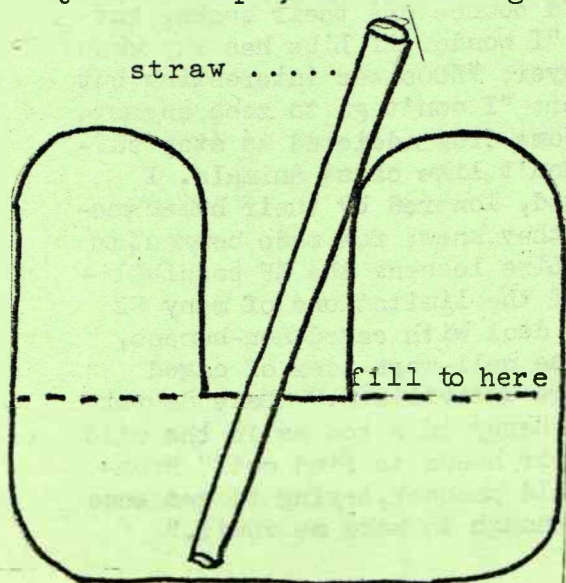
Wilum Pugmire: "For a couple summers, I lived in a cage, behind bars, as a wild-man from Borneo. ((see photo, left)) I was desperate for work, and I had some pretty rough times behind that row of bars. People would throw things at me, spit at me, mock me. It grew intolerable once, and I broke out. That was a mistake. But it's not something I like remembering. There were some nice people though, mostly young kids who would talk to me.

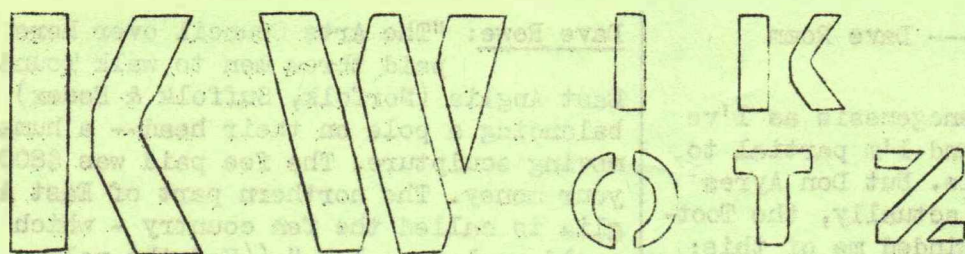
Libe's comments on Israel as a digression in his zoo article brought these... Ben Indick: "I presume you've seen my Israel report in SF ECHO. I was there only 10 days & do not argue with Libe's impressions; however, the same can be said for anyplace. In the Bronx (& all NYC) everyone is mugging each other and we can't eat without sharing the meal with cockroaches; London is decaying; Venice is a cesspool; etc. Libe has lost sight of the forest for the trees. I recommend to everyone, esp. American Jews, a trip to Israel, to see its warts and its hopes. You will see a fascinating, enduring

gutsy bunch. I offer you as lasting witness - Entebbe. WHO ELSE had the daring AND THE COMPULSION THAT MADE IT NECESSARY?" Karen Pearlston: "Being Jewish, I get a lot of pressure, but I don't know enough about the situation to make up my mind. And, because reporting is so biased on both sides, I won't be able to find out until I go to Israel, something in the far future. If I had the money, I'd use it to go to England. All I heard from a relative is how clean, modern, happy, friendly and united the people are. Burt gave me a lot of food for thought."

BILL BLISS' COLUMN: Terry Jeeves: "...a faulty valve in a spacesuit results in the wearer getting raped.. (Where can I get a faulty spacesuit?) I am reminded of my early teaching days when I inflicted the standard essay: 'Write something about Christmas'. One young sex maniac turned in the following sentence: 'Mother was watching telly, and father was busy in the kitchen raping a parcel.' Which I felt was a better hoo-haw than our standard story books which began...'The Queen held two balls...' Ian Covell: "Bliss is very intelligent, very funny. Did you know that the reason gravestones exist is to stop the dead from rising and tormenting those left behind?" Mike Bracken: "I spent a year working for my grandmother who owns a corset shop, and we must have stocked a half-dozen kinds of jock straps, or weenie grips as we called them in Jr.High."

Ned Brooks: "Silly coffee cup altogether too easy to knock over. See cross-section of cup that wouldn't spill even if it turned over. Also the coffee would stay hot longer because the convection current is disrupted - the same principle is used in those trash cans whose contents will not burn. There are disadvantages, of course - it's a bit hard to clean. Maybe it could be coated with teflon on the inside. ((The worst part of this clever cup is the way a straw is required; can you design one thin section for a top lip?)) Alan Bosco: "Yes, it's surprising that propaganda toilet tissue isn't with us already."





and other things

Hank Heath: "We all know that we don't have every waking second stored away in our brain, nor all the memories locked away in infinitesimal compartments. Else we'd all be suffering from acute information overload in the first year or so." ((I wonder.. Might all be stored but accesible only in part or at subconscious producing stimulated by accidental correlations with some aspect of reality and those memory parts easily recalled? Don't long unremembered things pop into one's head without conscious willing? They must be stored in the cobwebbed section of the brain..))

Mike Bracken: "I stumbled upon a very fannish thing relating to music. My mimeograph keeps a very precise beat and I frequently do a little jig while I'm using it. One day my mind snapped and I realized it made a perfect metronome, so I pull out my guitar and practice to the beat." ((I have done a variety of jigs to the beat of the mimeo; halving or doubling time are two variants. I have been observed by mundanes while in the act, something which causes laughter but no imitation by these poor souls. However, my education director was so impressed by the rhythmic sound that he and I used the mimeo as the basis for a musical tape utilizing other tools and equipment around the museum. Perhaps the time is ripe for another such project-- the result to be featured at a convention.))

Ned Brooks: "That is a curious correlation Ben Indick mentioned, that girls don't like Charles Finney's DR LAO - of course, these girls were not a fair sample from the population as a whole. As Ben says, they were girls that he liked. I would expect a TITLE survey to show that girls do like THE CIRCUS OF DR LAO, but of course the girls who read TITLE are hardly a representative sample either." ((If one were to ask a mundane girl if she liked THE CIRCUS OF DR LAO would she think it a sexual proposition? Sounds like a 'perversion' to me, but interesting for all that!))

John Robinson: "Be on the lookout for the next phase of fannish artwork-- photography. Pictorial con reports, covers, fanclub reports. While only a few fans can draw or care to draw, it is well within the means of the majority to learn the rudiments of photography and create fannish artwork from darkroom collages. Don't be surprised if there are Hugo-winning fanartists of the '80's who are photographers." ((Yes, there are beginnings and it's bound to grow; I would expect zines such as OUT-WORLDS and ALGOL to be in the best cash position to do justice to photo-art, mainly because of the subtle gray/white gradations requiring good offset and good paper.))

Dave Romm: " 'I don't like pumpernickle,' he said wryly." ((How do we know that Jonah was really swallowed by a whale; perhaps the translators didn't recognize the idiomatic expression as, say, meaning Jonah was in a pickle-- as you are for that horrible Tom Swifty.))

Harry Warner: "You are in select fannish company, Donn, with your liking of golf. I can remember only one other fan who did and that was Walt Willis, so maybe you and he know something that the rest of us don't. Maybe someone could some day compile a list of all the things that are least popular among fans. It's strange how fannish tastes run. They don't always go against popular tastes. Poker, for instance, seems to be the most popular card game among fans, just as it must be among middle and lower class males. Almost all fans have unbounded admiration for peanut butter, of all things! But where is another fan who shares my worship of Julie Andrews?" ((Dave Klaus tells me there's a 'peanutbutter fandom'-- I'd like to join!)) "Since so many fans seem fond of magic, maybe a magic act would be a good investment for a worldcon. It might be possible to find a magician who could convert some of his tricks to fan-slanted objects or traditions." ((Great idea!)) "Love C.D. Doyle's tiny sketches. This is so like the Lee Hoffman tradition that I'm daring to hope Carolyn will develop into someone just as prolific and influential in fandom as Lee was."

PARENTHENOGENITICANDY --- Dave Romm
((My Title))

I don't care for Parthenogenesis as I've never been to Athens, and I'm partial to later books in the Bible. But Don Ayres' musings did remind me (actually, the Tootsie Roll I just ate reminded me of this; Don had nothing to do with this) of (no, wait, it wasn't the Tootsie, though that has strong sexual overtones, but the wrapper of the candy bar next to it in the machine, but unfortunately, I don't remember what that was.) something I (isn't it a shame that vending machines have de-personalized candy bars? I remember when I was growing up that to get a candy bar you had to go to the neighborhood candy store. At first there was one just around the corner, but it soon closed and we had to go about a block away to get candy. The people in the middle of the block didn't like this setup, because we were always going through their yard as a shortcut.) experimented with (we had a whole mythical structure based on the owner of the store, one Hile Blanchard. Who would be stupid enough to have a name like Hile? He was a nice man and I hope he forgave some of the ruder insults the other kids inflicted), without her parent's permission (I never did any of those childish things of course. I was too mature, too intelligent, too timid. I always stuck up for our dear candyman. I always stuck up for the underdog. Probably some sort of identification since I was always the underdog also. The 'secret compartment' of my ring I filled with Super Underdog Energy Pills, and all that. Yes, I retreated into fantasy. And I loved it. Which reminds me... I've forgotten what I was going to say. Oh well.

afraid of mundanes, mostly my peers. At first I marveled at their idiocy, then I began thinking that since I spend so much time around them that I might contract some of their mundaneness. I came to the conclusion that it was very unlikely. But ever since then, in the back of my mind, there is this little voice that screams, 'Battle Alert! On your toes! Mundane approaching!'" ((Join the group, Anna; you're at home.))

Tony Cvetko: "I'm through with this gafia/fafia stuff; Fandom Ia a Way Of Sanity. Without SF and fandom, I found myself staring out of windows a lot, and I was losing touch with school and myself. But now I've regained my senses and I've left the idiotic mundane world behind." ((I wish to heck Wertham would write a piece for TITLE in an attempt to identify the basic difference, in terms of psychology, between SF fans and mundanes.))

Denny Bowden: "I've related to the warmth of comments about Bob Tucker. Last March I wallowed in the possessiveness of BEING with him for two days while he came to speak to my high school classes. We both learned much. His was the first approach at modern high school students who find so many things a 'drag'. When Bob left, I felt a void, and yet I'd known him only two days -- he's that type of man..." ((From any corner of any kind of SF fandom you'll get no argument to that.))

Dave Rowe: "The Arts Council over here paid three men to walk round East Anglia (Norfolk, Suffolk & Essex) balancing a pole on their head-- a human moving sculpture. The fee paid was \$800, your money. The northern part of East Anglia is called the fen country - which could explain a lot." ((Had the poles been topped with brushes and the handles stuck you-know-where, the streets of E. Anglia could have been swept as well as beautified.))

Robert J. Whitaker: "I've met a lot of people with beards. They act and look like all the other individuals with beards. Too many individuals who claim to be individuals are putting on an act. Me? I'm a conforming individualistic non-conformistiscizing dual personality who claims to be a nebbish." ((If I had a beard (which I've never had) I'd sure miss the brisk feel & aroma of lime/lemon/menthol after-shave lotion in the morning.)) "I've never been comfortable with reality-- even if it's impossible to set down what reality is. It gets in the way of my impossible beliefs."

Roy Tackett: "For my part I am obviously PRO technology and believe it is the only thing that can solve our problems. Technology itself didn't create them...human greed did that." ((Roy and I see alike on this (and many another aspect) and in selecting these quotes from my burgeoning file of past locs I think a 5th Annish is a good place to restate some philosophies.))

Anna M Schoppenhorst: "Where would SF be without technology? The writers have to have something to build upon..." ((Alas, this kind of SF tale seems almost extinct.)) "I am

FINAL. ANAL. YSIS

Latest of the "gee, I'm confused" letters is from Marty Levine, 1023 Elizabeth St., Pittsburgh, PA 15221. Seems Marty wanted to try a TITLE. So I sent #59. Marty says:

"I found most of it confusing, frankly.

It was for 1 of 4 reasons. Either

- a) So many references to past issues without an explanation, or
- b) The whole thing was incredibly 'in-group', or
- c) I'm too much of a neo, or
- d) All of the above

It has been the consensus of previous newcomers to TITLE that it takes about three issues before partial adjustment sets in. This confusion bit is done purposefully-- as my long-ago professor in secondary ed at college used to say (following the gestalt philosophy): "The first step is to confuse them." In the context of TITLE, some first-time readers throw up their hands and take their brains elsewhere-- good! They will never be curious; they will never dig; they will never revel in the odd fact, the abstruse, the preposterous. Ah, but those who try again! It is to those people that TITLE is aimed, neo or BNF or pro.

Too, though my theory is that new ideas for SF plots are in abundance, it is my fond conceit that this zine has some bare bones plot ideas in every issue. Though TITLE rarely discusses SF per se, it does always discuss its basic building blocks at all times. And these ideas are brought forth through people. If I deserve any credit at all, it is not for putting out a good zine at regular intervals; no, it is for assembling a bunch of extremely alert people who write my zine for me. You don't have to be a good cook to boil down the soup; you supply the spice and I just let it simmer. Perhaps that flash of the phrase "lavender soup spoon" I reported in "The Pulp and the Peel" was a prophetic symbol of my future.

Well, Marty (and some past newcomers now regulars), you inspired me to restating my goal with TITLE. Incidentally, I've not heard from Bruce Townley lately. Is that remark confusing, Marty? Regulars will comprehend my concern.

So now you know-- I didn't want to produce a good zine per se. That took hold of me recently and I pubbed FARRAGO on an irregular schedule. The fourth issue is now in the works. Beautiful cover by Vic Kostrikin; heart warming story by Mike Bracken, "The Magic Stone"; a music/drug theme story by David Taggart, "The Soul, Brother"; Part II of Ben Indick's sardonic fantasistes, this time about John Collier & his works; and assorted art and a lot more I haven't printed yet. The zine is for sale only at 75¢.

Jane Donaldson has asked me to announce some sad news... Her husband, and editor of that fine fiction production MOONBROTH, is dead. Dale died January 4, 1977 at 2 a.m. after 3 weeks of hospitalization for lung cancer. Jane writes: "He was a good, kind and gentle man. He was my life." Jane adds that there'll be an announcement about MOONBROTH later. We'll miss it if it can't continue, but that's small potatoes to missing Dale. Jane lives at 616 NE 118 St, Portland, OR 97220. You may not know that she's Bill & Sutton Breiding's mother. Why not drop a cheering-up note?

St. Louis is going to have a con! Barbara Fitzsimmons is Co-Chairperson of ARCHON-- 4538-B Karole Manor Dr, Berkeley, Mo. 63134. Date-- July 15-17. Leigh and Nor Couch are fan GoHs and George R.R. Martin is pro GoH. Guess who the toastmaster is -- me. Yup, Ol' Bone. Don't let that keep you away; in fact, I'm hoping a bunch of Titlers will come see me-- and the beautiful Couch people and award winning George R.R. More details as they develop. The consite will not be the Chase-Park -- it will be the gorgeous pretty new Stouffer's Riverfront Towers, a close haul to the arch, those riverboats, and all that jazz at Laclede's Landing-- and downtown of course with the stadium, joints, and restaurants galore. It can't miss!

"I dunno what it is, but TITLE no longer has a zing to it for me. I'd appreciate your taking me off the trade list, and I'm doing the same with ALGOL. Best wishes."

(signed) Andy

Well, fine. It's been a long time since I have done more than marvel at its format and filed it away unread. Also releases a copy of my 150 print run for one of the people rhapsodized over earlier. By the way the editor of Asimov's prozine, George

Scithers, earlier in TITLE's history, was one of those who said that TITLE was not for him. Perhaps I'm wrong, but I had the idea that George was into fantasy more than SF. If I'm right, how hard will the SF in Asimov's zine be? Will the stories explore the odd views of the universe & the commonplace that you supply to TITLE? I have the first issue, but I've not had a chance to read it. Don Ayres has just written me that Dickson's story has haunting imagery but that Sherwood Springer's "The Scorch on Wetzel's Hill" is "very very good despite certain nuances that make it seem trite and may well be the one I remember longest out of the issue." I noted the stack in the drugstore was sold out in a few days, while ANALOGS still remained.

Went over 5000 letters to TITLE on Dec 27 which means there'll be over 1000 locs to T in each of its years on the average. The first issue was lowest with 19 replies; highest was Dec '76 with 140 locs from approx 145 copies mailed. At Autoclave Linda Bushyager pondered why it took me so long to process the mail. Well, I log all this in and then index each letter by its contents so I can segment comments-- and I get behind, thus a thing like KWIK KWOTZ which is a real farrago. I regret that I can't answer all this mail or loc all the zines received besides. It takes me 30 hours a week to do what you finally see in TITLE.

Yippe..I won a prize. I entered Marla Gold's scribble contest with multiple entries. I couldn't beat out Terry Jeeves (who cheated, I think, in that his scribble appeared too complex to be a single extended line) but I came in second & had a lot of fun. See RISTERIA #1 & 2. The prize was a 3" square of red-purple paper with a tiny green dot on it. Try Paula & Marla's RISTERIA, it's a funzine: PO Box 743, Cincinnati, OH 45201.

Sydney Glutz and Frealaf Thorolfsson sent me a card from Kennedy Space Center where CAPECON will be held in 1980. Thanks for the pic of the con-hotel-- Apollo's assembly building. Yes, it does appear to be large enough to handle the crowd. Uh, under what name do I file that card?

The First Fandom Roster of Jan.1, '77 has 181 names. Not counting myself, there are 5 regular T-readers: Claire Beck, Bob Tucker, Terry Jeeves, Roy Tackett and Harry Warner. In case you don't know-- all had fanac before 1935.

Did I mention Garth Danielson's "Christmas Booke"? It's a lovely 4x6 booklet with text by Garth and tipped-in illos relating to Christmas. The illos are some of the best I've seen collected in one publication. There's Stu Gilson's Xmas on the moon (?), Riley's Russian sleigh equipped with machine gun, Riley's monster reaching out of the fireplace past the Xmas stockings, Gilson's happy monsters tearing Santa apart, Riley's BUY! poster with Santa pointing the finger, Gilson's robot Santa oiling a little girl robot, and several other more traditional views of the holiday. Danielson's text is obvious from the title: "What Have You Done with Christmas, Mr. Madison Avenue?" I don't know if he has any extra lying about but just in case his address is 616-415 Edison Ave, Winnipeg, Manitoba R2g 0M3.

Ponder this: what would happen to a candle flame if placed in zero gravity for 10 seconds and then returned to normal gravity? If you know, don't write; otherwise, what would happen? (We assume normal temperatures, atmospheric content, etc. would prevail.)

The other day I read of a laser switching device that had a capability of something like 300 billion on-off per second. That is fast! I, being excited about it, attempted to convey its rapidity to my assistant (the same one who played a part in the park bench story). I switched on and off her light. "How many times a second could I do that?" I asked; "Maybe six times?" Then I told her about this laser switch and illustrated it with a hand-quivering gesture. She said, while looking at my shaking hand: "Oh, it's faster than that."

One of the problems I have is remembering if I already wrote something, such as the two incidents above. Mainly, I guess, is that I've mentioned them in conversation so often that I have an undue familiarity with them, and think: oh, I must have written it in TITLE. So forgive me if I do repeat something-- like the ice cube story... In a Flash Gordon episode Earth (because of some trouble with the sun) was becoming terribly hot. Discomfort was rampant. A housewife reached into the refrigerator to get some ice cubes to place on her fevered brow. She dropped the ice cubes in haste, exclaiming something like "Even the ice cubes are hot." Now that is really science fiction! Can you think of similar absurdities? Or make up some?

Before Hank Heath got his teaching job in Buffalo, he worked 2nd shift at a place getting new shipments of flowmeters for some test equipment they were putting together. The stuff came packed in a box about the size of a coffin and full of those plastic "peanuts" to protect the contents. Hank was going to bury a fellow worker in the box by covering him with the peanuts, then tell the arriving 3rd shift to unpack the box. Now let our dastardly hero continue the tale---

"Last time I wrote, we were just about to pull a practical joke on the midnite shift. Well, it didn't go quite as I expected. I got elected to bury myself in the box of packing material (sample enclosed). It turned out to be terribly difficult to breathe as the stuff kept the CO2 I exhaled from diffusing. And my glasses fogged from the water vapor.

"So I was lying for about a full minute in this box. The midnight man was told to open the lid and check out our new flowmeter. When the kid raised the lid, all he saw was the white packing peanuts. But as soon as I saw light, I started slowly raising up from the waist with my arms extended straight out like a Frankenstein monster. When I finally could see, I was confronted with a bug-eyed nightman rapidly back-peddalling away as fast as his terror-paralysed legs would let him. The midnight man finally laughed along with the rest of us, but he still keeps his distance from large boxes."

I wonder... I've noted that museum-type people are always playing practical jokes of simple to intricate variety (and I might relate some one day). And I've noted that fans are full of hoaxes of various kinds. Therefore, what personality characteristics correlate with the perpetration of practical jokes? And do you have a good one to tell?

Several readers suggested that, after the appearance of some newspaper stories (reprinted in TITLE) in which my name along with my fanac were mentioned, my Board of Commissioners would be wise to my nefarious activities. Gail White says, "So there's no need to be a closet fan!" Uh, nobody on the Board said a word, i.e. I had already guessed that perhaps none of them could read.

Gail White writes that she does not save fanzines and "after I finish with my TITLES I usually throw them away." She will send them to anyone who wants an extra.

Gail's address is 7724 Cohn St, New Orleans, LA 70118. What do you do with fanzines? Jodie Offutt takes hers (or some of them anyway) to give away at cons to the neofans. I save many, but I also give many away to any local fan who'll lug the box out of my house or car.

Jim Meadows asks what I was doing between 1950 (when I gafiated) and 1969 (when I returned). "...perhaps busy raising children?" he asks. The answer is that yes, and other things like making a living. In 1950 I had one 6-yr old, one 4 yr old, & one born that year. In 1957 I had twins to add to the problems. In 1946 I returned from overseas military service and got a job as a teacher at the Milwaukee Public Museum for \$2700 per year. I began moonlighting: Saturday night playing in a big swing band and Sunday and 3-4 nights a week managing a bowling alley. I kept on reading SF, but fanac had to go. You may gather that supplying food, shelter and clothing for kids is the greatest obstacle to FIAWOL. And rightfully so.

Robert Chilson asks a question I've answered before--about my name "DONN". I've never been DONALD-- my mother named me after the writer Donn Byrne who had stories in COSMOPOLITAN, which my mother read. She just liked the name. Robert signs his letter "ROB" -- not Bob.

Brendan DuBois loves the name of my street -- Fawnvalley Drive". "It sounds soft, and faintly mysterious- a Tolkein-like place rolling through hills and tiny houses with smoke coming out of chimneys. And a fan of some sorts in each house. Each morning, mist rises from the valleys...." Fawnvalley is soft with trees & curves & all the houses have fireplaces so smoke comes out the chimneys. I have a small creek running through my backyard-- and oodles of birds such as cardinals I'm feeding sunflower seeds to on this snowy day in January. The street runs through a subdivision in Des Peres (about 20+ miles from downtown St. Louis); the division is called Harwood Hills, so we have very tiny hills-- more like a slope or two. And I'm the only fan. However, Tex Beneke (from Glenn Miller's band) lived on Fawnridge, a block away-- except he was (is) never home, playing on the road. The houses are medium-sized ranch types with the usual bastard styles (Japanese, New Orleans, barns) thrown in. If you look on a map, I am within walking distance of the intersection of Hiway 40 & 270-- that is, if you walk about 3 miles.

TITLE #60

March 1977

Editor: Donn Brazier
1455 Fawnvalley Dr.
St. Louis, Mo. 63131

A monthly scrapbook available for the usual if accomplished within a three-month period; trades at the whim of the editor (on both sides). A sample may be had for 50¢. Warning: ordinarily this zine deals not with the surface of SF but with the people & ideas lurking about in the depths.

CREDITS

Cover..... Carl Bennett
Inside cover Caroline Doyle
Title Logo Tim C. Marion
Title page illo..... Dave Jenrette
Kangaroo illo Chuck Groth
Out of focus illo "Snap" Editor
Crab Nebula illoo..... Marty Levine
Dhalgren illo Pam Sneed
Dead Dog letter Dave Klaus

FINAL ANALYSIS (continued)

Several loose pages are enclosed; mail each requiring same to proper recipients, join ARCHON, and staple the Libe/Asimov exchange to the zine if you wish. I did not staple the latter because the print came too near the margin for easy reading if stapled in. The other of the two co-chairpersons is Tim Hays. Today I filled out my FAAN ballot. In best single issue of 1976 fanzines I considered various numbers of the following: Scintillation, Empire, Knights, Name, Quantum, The Hat Goes Home, Tangent, Simulacrum, Harbinger, SF Echo, Mythologies, Star Fire, Nyctalops, Requiem, Outworlds, Rune, and Winding Numbers. The Title Profile sheet is perhaps the first of a widely spaced series, each asking for different info.

Foreign readers tell me about several ish of TITLE arriving together, or issue 58 after 59, etc. Paula Gold tells me that issue 58 arrived in Cincinnati 37 days after mailing! Speaking of Paula, I was told by her that she & Wally Franke are getting married in February.

Surprise... I heard from Buzz Dixon again. He has returned from overseas and is now at 111B Meyer Ave, NBU-51-0, Ft. Huachuca, Arizona 85613 and anxious to resume fanac.

Some fan pubbing notes... Randall Larson plans a zine called REBORN: THE CHRISTIAN SF FANZINE. He says, "Sort of a personal-



Donn Brazier
1455 Fawnvalley Dr.
St. Louis, Mo.
USA

Eric Lindsay
6 Hillcrest Ave
Faulkenbury
NSW 2776
Australia

TITLE #60
Third Class Mail
Return Postage Guaranteed

zine basically for Christian viewpoint." Neil Ballantyne is working on his own zine & needs material -3214 Spruce Ave., Burlington, Ont. L7N 1J2, Canada. Same for Brendan DuBois whose zine may be called ASPERA. Address: 283 Dover Point Rd, Dover, N.H. 03820. Gail White has a poetry booklet, PANDORA'S BOX, available from Carytid Press for \$1-- 7724 Cohn St, New Orleans, LA 70118. For limited mailing, CURIOUS PERVERSATIONS, a perszine from Dennis Jarog should be out in mid-February.

Neal Wilgus sent a Xerox along of his review of WE ALMOST LOST DETROIT (printed in RIO GRANDE WEEKLY. His review is a lot longer (with more facts) than mine, but we both believe that breeder reactors are lousy. But whereas I'm for fusion R&D, Neal feels that solar power and other alternatives, including conservation, offer better solutions.

By the way, I ran out of pages to finish ON TARGET for T-58.

ANOTHER SERIES OF EXCHANGES BETWEEN BURT LIBE AND ISAAC ASIMOV
WHERE, APPARENTLY, LIBE HAS THE LAST WORD AS ASIMOV RETIRES
FROM THE FIELD....

TO

• Dr. Isaac Asimov
10 W. 66th St., #33A
New York, N.Y. 10033

FROM

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

DATE Dec./ 6 1976

↓ SUBJECT Your Note 11/16/76

MESSAGE

Dear Dr. Asimov -- Adornment represents only a small part of "architecture" -- the SURFACE. I gather from your comments that you evaluate creativity in terms of the presence/absence of surface values, which may underlie your "problem". The best word I can apply to your style is "textbook".

You're absolutely right. The writers I mentioned and others really are pussycats once you get past their harsh exteriors. However, before you climb into the same cage with one of these pussycats, I'd like to remind you of the shortage of lion food.

Bt Libe

P.S. -- Open Letter was published in Donn Brazier's TITLE-57 zine (Dec., 1976), 1455 Fawnvalley Dr., St. Louis, Mo. 63131. Copy of your reply and my own subsequent comments above will be signed forwarded to Donn for further publication -B.L.

REPLY

Dear Mr. Libe--

The best word I can apply to my style is "successful."

The best word I can apply to yours as exemplified
in your letter above is "obscure."

Isaac Asimov

SIGNED

DATE Dec/10/1976

TO

• Dr. Isaac Asimov
10 W. 66th St., #33A
New York, N.Y. 10033

FROM

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

↓ SUBJECT Your Note 12/10/76

DATE Dec./ 16/1976

MESSAGE

Dear Dr. Asimov -- I don't try for style in very short letters, only to bring forth contrasts for discussion. Re your "successful" style, I'll agree that in your treatment of scientific FACT, you have an uncanny knack for organization and clarity. If you had written the college texts, education might not suffer the pains of most author-profs who excel in knowledge and lack communication skills. However, when organization and clarity are applied to prose (by anyone), the results seem to diverge. Case-in-point: the article in People Magazine (11/22/76) which portrayed you no less than a god, but raised the startling facts that (1) none of your many books have made the best seller lists and (2) your "characters may be ciphers". At this point I might suggest an article in your regular course of work relating your own concepts and definitions of style. This subject is sorely in need of competent presentation. Best wishes for the holiday season.

SIGNED

Bt Libe

REPLY

I don't have any concepts and definitions of style. I just write.

As for not having any of my books on the best-seller lists---that's no definition one way or the other of excellence, as I hope you know. Besides, my books stay in print and don't get remaindered, something not true of many a fancier author.

And as for my characters being ciphers that is, perhaps, the writer's notion; it is not my readers' notion.

I think I have gone as far as I want to go in this correspondence.

Farewell. Best wishes.

SIGNED

Isaac Asimov

DATE

12/20/76

TO

• Isaac Asimov
10 W. 66th St., #33A
New York, N.Y. 10023

FROM

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

SUBJECT Your Note 12/20/76

DATE Dec. / 27 / 1976

MESSAGE It's time you thought about concepts and definitions of style. According to my info, some of your books are out of print; others are children's books only a few pages long; many are anthologies of pre-published stories. I've also noted similar characterization criticism from several other of your readers. I agree regarding the direction of this open correspondence (assuming shorting of brain synapses can be considered "direction"). I'll state any pertinent point even at the risk of rocking a few foundations, shaking an ivory tower or two, even shattering an engrained premiss. Had originally hoped for some pointed discussions regarding style and characterization, minus sidetracking. However, it seems I might better communicate with a human than a god.

SIGNED

B. Libe

REPLY

(THIS SPACE UNUSED BY ISAAC ASIMOV)

SIGNED

DATE / /

NOW'S THE TIME TO BEGIN THINKING ABOUT SENDING 75¢
FOR FARRAGO
IT'S INTO ITS 4TH ISSUE
HAS ARTICLES, STORIES, POEMS, ART, AND LETTERCOL
IT'S THE PICKLE PRESS PRESTIGE PUBLICATION
AND THAT'S WILDE NEWS.....

THE 1977 FANZINE ACTIVITY ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS: NOMINATION BALLOT

When completed, send this ballot with a ~~deductible~~ fee of at least \$1 and a SASE to one of the agents listed below to arrive between Feb.1 and March 21, 1977 (or March 14 to agents outside N. America).

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
Phone _____

The FAAn Award was created in 1974 to encourage excellence in the central tradition of Science Fiction Fandom. It is the tradition of fannish fanzine fans with a love of serious discussion of SF and of those (often the very same people) with that indefinable sense of humor and community that puts the extra "a" in "faanish." These fans write about SF and about each other in magazines which do not pay contributors and which are published for enjoyment to which financial gain is incidental. This positive kind of amateurism - doing things for the simple love of doing them - is endangered, but worth preserving. We believe that the active practitioners are the best judges of excellence in a given art or craft and that recognition from fellow practitioners (peers) in one's field is the kind of recognition most valued by creative people. The FAAn is therefore deliberately limited in scope to those fans and zines it defines as "fannish" (not pretending to be a universal award or claiming to replace pre-existing awards and polls) and limited in participation to those fannish fans who were creatively active during the past year (1976). If you are such a fan, we hope you will participate by nominating and voting and publishing the ballot.

You may make from one to four unranked nominations in each category for which you qualify to nominate. (Qualification to nominate in even one category will be qualification to vote in all on the final ballot sent to you in your SASE in April.) Please skip any category for which you technically qualify but in which you are not really knowledgeable. Remember that the awards are for excellence in 1976, not for career or cumulative achievement. Hereafter, the words "fan" and "fanzine" in all their forms refers to fannish fans and fanzines as defined above.

BEST FAN EDITOR: (To an individual or team for all-around editing in total fanpublishing output. May take into account work on more than one title.) To nominate, you must have edited a fanzine in 1976. Please cite: _____

BEST FAN WRITER: To nominate, you must either be eligible to nominate in the Best Fanned category or have written one or more articles, essays, editorials, reviews or stories published in a fanzine in 1976. Please cite: _____

BEST FAN ARTIST (Humorous): To nominate, you must have had fanart (of either variety) published in a fanzine in 1976. Please cite: _____

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BEST FAN ARTIST (Non-Humorous): To nominate you must have had fanart (of either variety) published in a fanzine in 1976. Please cite: _____

BEST LoCWRITER: To nominate you must have written at least two letters of comment which were published in the fanzines of different faneditors. Please cite: _____

BEST SINGLE ISSUE: (To the single, all-around best fanzine issue, one-shots included.) To nominate you must have qualified to nominate in at least one other category. If you do so qualify, but didn't nominate elsewhere, fill in the appropriate credentials line above in order to prove your eligibility to nominate in this category.

The Fanzine Activity Achievement Awards Committee (FAAnAC) has sole authority to rule on nominee, nominator and voter eligibility, recategorization of nominees and all other matters pertaining to the awards. The current members of the committee are Bruce D. Arthurs, Sheryl Birkhead, Frank Denton, Moshe Feder, Jackie Franke, Mike Glicksohn, Mike Glycer, Rob Jackson and Bruce Pelz. One-third of the committee is elected each year (to three-year terms) by those who nominate and vote for the awards. If you qualified to nominate in at least one category, you have the right to nominate your fellow fanzine fans to places on FAAnAC. Successful nominees will be listed on the final ballot. You may make up to four nominations.

When completed, send your ballot, donation of at least \$1 or equivalent (which pays for the trophies, postage, repro etc.) and self-addressed, stamped envelope (in which you'll be sent your final ballot) to:

American Agent: Bruce Pelz, 15931 Kalisher St., Granada Hills, CA 91344
Canadian Agent: Mike Glicksohn, 141 High Park Ave., Toronto, Ont. M6P 2S3
British Agent: Ian Williams, 6 Greta Tce., Chester Rd., Sunderland SR4 7RD
Australian Agent: To Be Announced

If you have any questions or suggestions about the FAAns, please write to FAAnAC's Secretary, Moshe Feder, 142-34 Booth Memorial Ave., Flushing, NY 11355. A sheet outlining the history of the awards and giving the rules in more detail is in preparation. A SASE would be appreciated.

VERBATIM REPRODUCTION OF THIS BALLOT IS ENCOURAGED