



title 61

THIS IS NOT AN ADVERTISEMENT... I'M JUST OVERJOYED THAT
JON INOUE, ONE OF TITLE'S READERS, HAS A PAPERBACK OUT.
THE PRICE IS \$1.95 PER COPY PLUS 50¢ FOR POSTAGE AND
HANDLING -- FROM RANDEN PUB. CO., P.O. BOX 3157, CULVER
CITY, CA. 90230, CONGRATULATIONS, JON !

RANDEN

01611- \$1.95

ATTENTION
YOU ARE ABOUT TO
EMBARK ON A SCIENCE
FICTION EXPERIMENT

A NIGHTTIDE
BY JON INOUE

"Nothing like it since the
Illustrated Man"

RANDEN

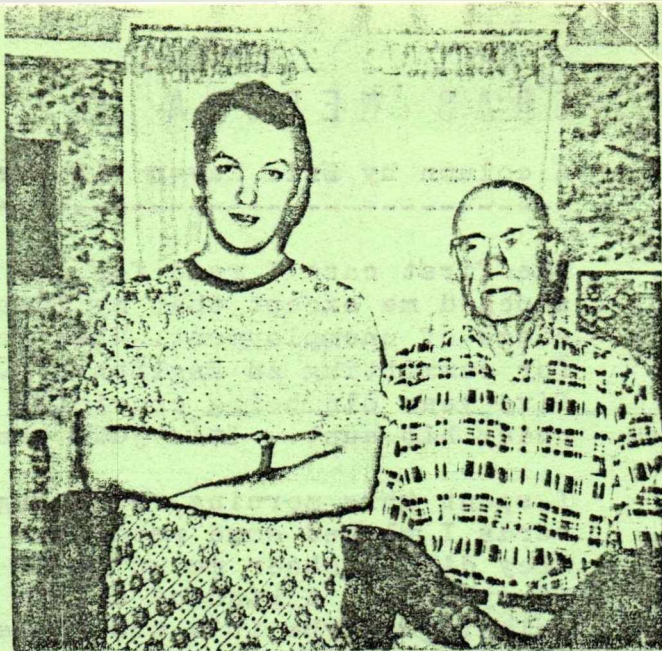
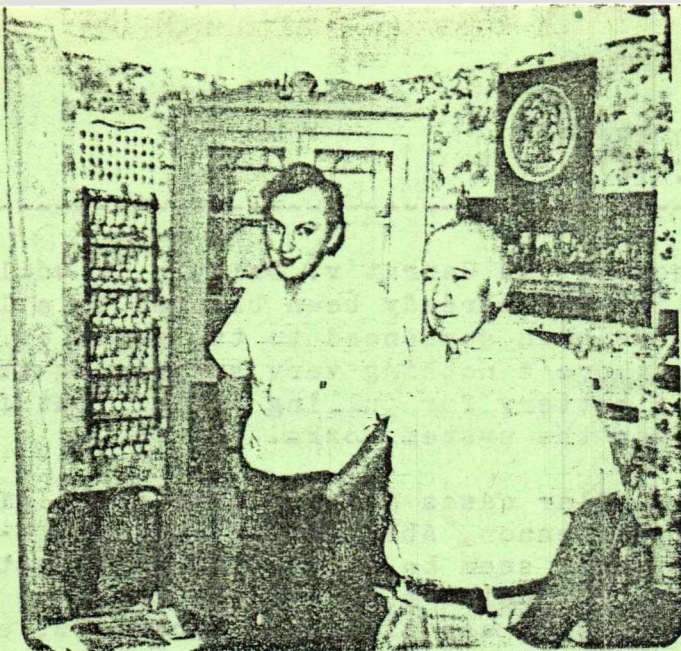
A NIGHTTIDE

01611-195

A NIGHTTIDE
BY JON INOUE

- A stylistic tour de force of a post-nuclear world, where the only survivor is an escaped mental patient
- A computer, "Cyb," not only takes over the world but becomes it
- The strange dreams of a robot who sleeps a million years

**There Is Nothing Quite Like
Them in Science Fiction
Today!**



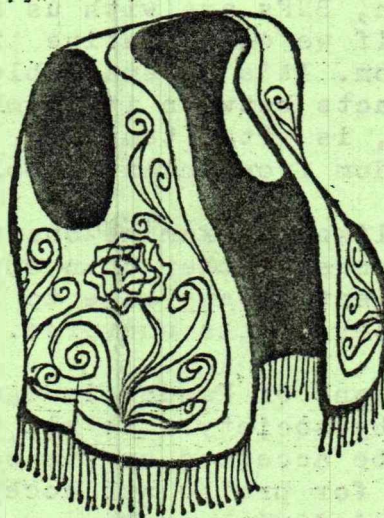
A I T O I OR AS I THINK OF IT

Letters and phone calls are coming in about TITLE #60, the 5th Anniversary; I can use the plural on *phone calls* because, after all, I did get two: Paul Walker and Gil Gaier. A few valentines have bled on my desk, too; again, the plural, for at least two arrived. So many thanks for the congratulations and the invitations to partake of heavenly bliss. Which reminds me that everyone wants to partake of more bliss (Bill Bliss, that is), and I have an idea that a longish resume of some of Bliss' eccentricities will one day soon appear in my more longish FARRAGO.

Wee Wilum Pugmire has a habit of sending me letters whose reverse sides are filled with Xeroxed photographs. Though a Xerox copy of a Xerox copy does not repro all that well, the top of this sheet shows part of a recent letter filled with photographs and head MUNN and ME. The younger of the two is Wee Wilum, sometimes known as "Frogmarsh". The older of the two is H. Warner Munn, SF author of course.

Mike Glicksohn sent me the Grant Canfield plug for Rotsler seen at the right. Mike says, "I hope you print this and help send Bill downunder." Perhaps Mike has a vest-ed interest!

I went to the St.L SF Soc meeting on 2/20 and was happy to see about 37.1 fans in attendance. (The point-1 is for Dave Klaus who waltzed in late. I met a lot of good people.



GRANT

**BILL ROTSLER'S
VEST...
SEND IT
DOWN UNDER...
WITH
ROTSLER
IN IT.**

CRAB NEBULA #2

A column by Eric Mayer 12 Dec. 76

The first case I read for law school was *Garrat v. Daily*. It would've shocked me except that my idealism had already been blunted by a long siege of unemployment. When you've been sentenced to two years of life for committing an English B.A., there's nothing very surprising about a five year old being convicted of battery for pulling a chair out from under his aunt. It's just the way the system works.

I spent this morning reviewing similar cases for my Torts exam. Afterwards I played some records-- John Lennon, Abba, Dwight Twilley -- but they didn't cheer me up much. I can't seem to get the cynical taste out of my mouth. A kind of acidic taste. Couldn't be all the tea I've been drinking. Maybe it's the three hours of assaults, and accidents, or the fact that the cupboards are bare due to overzealous Christmas shopping and for lunch I had to settle for a large plate of frozen corn mixed with canned peas and two tablespoons of peanut butter sans bread. Or maybe it's just that Donn Brazier has offered me this column.

Once before I had a column, in a local newspaper. I spent a lot of column inches trying, and failing, to plumb the depraved depths of Richard Nixon's soul. It was like searching for monsters in Loch Ness. It was fun. So now, as soon as I think *column* I think *cynicism*, *nastiness*, *anger*. Maybe I'd better get this off my chest right here in installment two and get it over with.

BNFs are ruining Fandom.

I don't like the idea of the BNF. It's ludicrous and a contradiction in terms. But some people seem to subscribe to it. I'd like to see it banished from the faanish vocabulary. It's one thing to want your work to be praised; it's quite another thing to want to be considered someone special because of your work. Or just BECAUSE. A lot of BNFs are like the guests on Merv Griffen's show. You know they're celebrities but you can't remember why. It's my theory that to become a BNF a fan has only to gain an unassailable reputation by the simple expedient of *outliving* nearly everyone who remembers what he actually did -- or did not do -- to lay claim to his title.

Whatever their origin, BNFs are with us and like science fiction we can point them out even if we can't define them. They're a part of the society we call Fandom. It's a remarkable society -- cohesive and lasting though the contacts between its members, scattered as they are throughout the world, is often tenuous. I'm surprised that no one has thought to study Fandom from an anthropological point of view.

For my purposes I'd like to examine one aspect of Fandom in what I think is a logical manner rather than empirically, remembering, of course, that the ancient Greeks came to logical conclusion that the Earth was at the center of the universe.

One of the basic notions of Fandom is egoboo. It greases both the cogs and skids of our hobby-society. We all want our work to be appreciated. We all want to be accepted by the society at large. Egoboo is simply the faanish term for praise and acceptance. That's where the BNFs come in. They're loaded with egoboo.

When I had my first article published in a fanzine I was still mostly

unfamiliar with Fandom and fans. I remember scanning subsequent letter columns for any comments on my work. Perhaps it sounds bad to admit that I was more interested in Joe BNF's comments than in Joe Neo's, but such was most definitely the case. Frankly, I knew neither BNF or neo personally, nor had I read any work by either of them. But I was familiar, in a vague sort of way, with Joe BNF since I'd seen his name mentioned in the locs of other fans, and in review columns and even editorials. In short, I knew that he was a respected member of the little society which I also wanted to be a respected member of. His opinion, for this reason, carried a lot of weight for me.

Certainly there's no tangible pressure on neofans to conform to the standards espoused by BNFs, but most do, because that's the way one manages to find faanish acceptance most readily. Fanning isn't much fun if no one praises your articles, or locs your zine, or says nice things about you in reviews. One can always find a place, perhaps an essentially more healthy place, in an apa or a local fanclub, but these are somewhat outside the mainstream of Fandom.

BNFs wouldn't have so much influence if fans didn't take them so seriously. Unfortunately the pronouncements of BNFs seem to color the opinions of a great number of fans, in rather the same way the polls following the presidential debates seemed to color peoples' opinions as to who won the debates. Rather than approaching new fanzines, fanwriters and fanartists with open minds, many fans approach them with preconceived ideas gleaned from the writings of some BNF.

I'm not trying to say there's an insidious plot or anything like that working here, merely human nature. Also, many would-be fans who disagree with prevailing faanish aesthetics simply don't stick around long, thanks to a lack of support. The fans who remain tend to be those who agree with the BNFs in the first place.

Since I'm probably already on several Fugghead of the Year lists by now, I might as well plunge ahead and try to pinpoint just what these faanish aesthetics seem to be. Just what is it that so many BNFs seem to want? Well, for one thing, superficiality. *Craftsmanship* is a heavy number in all aspects of fan endeavor. *Well-written* is how reviewers and loccers habitually describe articles they approve. Craftsmanship, of course, is just what the younger fan probably lacks. He might have imagination galore, but if his style isn't polished, most BNFs won't bother to praise the content.

This obsession with superficiality extends to production technique, an area where the young fan is at even more of a disadvantage. How can a high school student or college student afford the same high quality repro equipment owned by the older BNF who holds down a steady job and deplores splotch-sloppy mimeography? Such criticism, largely unwarranted, is frustrating.

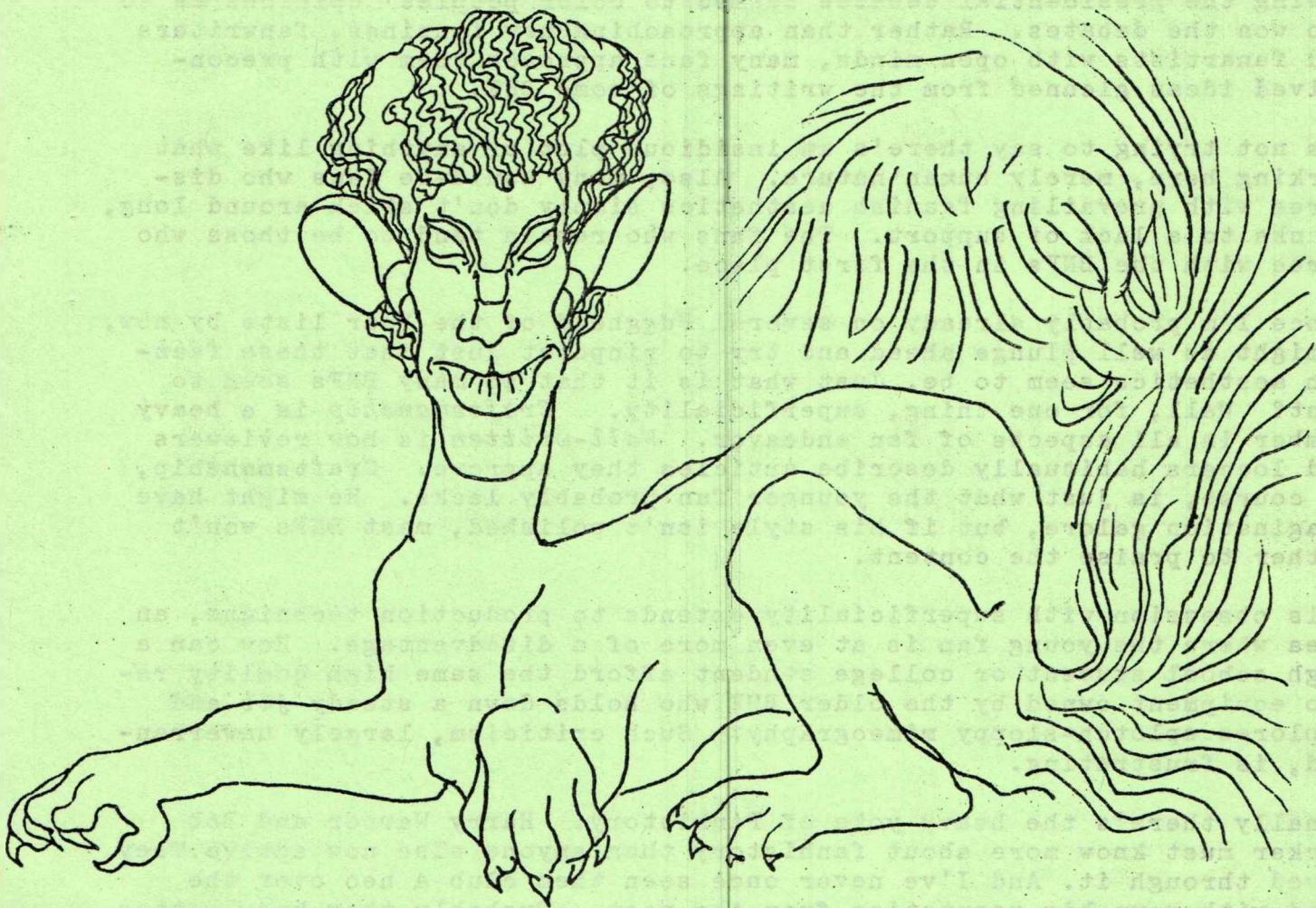
Finally there's the heavy yoke of Fanhistory. Harry Warner and Bob Tucker must know more about fanhistory than anyone else now active. They lived through it. And I've never once seen them club a neo over the head with some big reputation from the past. Probably they know better. A lot of younger BNFs don't know better. Faanish fans tend to be artistically reactionary. Time and again you see them comparing work favorably or unfavorably to Carr, or Willis, or Burbee. There's something wrong with a creative group in which the measuring rod of success is the work of some decent amateur writers from the fifties and early sixties.

Maybe it's heresy, but I honestly doubt that Walt Willis set down some sort of ultimate ideal for fanwriting. The science of fanwriting would be better off without its Ptolemies. Why not focus on originality instead of tradition? (I'll bet Willis would give us a lot more of his excellent work to read if so many fans didn't tend to conjure up his name like that of some literary demigod. Does the man *dare* to write anything anymore? I wouldn't.)

I have the feeling that most of the fans who have the motivation to produce original work don't have quite enough experience to bring it off with total success. And most of those who have the experience to do so are the ones who never wanted to in the first place and therefore stuck around Fandom.

Now, you might well ask, "what do you expect from Fandom? Aren't there good things being published?" I'd have to answer yes, there are. But couldn't there be *more* good things, more exciting, innovative things?

I guess law school hasn't wrung all the idealism out of me yet.



NOW I ASK YOU, HOW COULD I BE KING IF I DIDN'T HAVE ANY SUBJECTS?

BLOODSHOT EYES AND OTHER JOYS
SOME BOOK NOTES BY THE EDITOR

WERNHER VON BRAUN
BY ERIK BERGAUST
NATIONAL SPACE INSTITUTE, 1976

This book is not a 'hatchet job'; Erik Bergaust was on personal terms with von Braun for 25 years and thus can sprinkle his biography with anecdotes and (fake?) quotations galore. The book jacket describes it as "crisp literary style"; I have the feeling it might be very well called "Readers Digest style".

Inseparable with the life of von Braun is the history of rocketry, with a special insight into the German pioneers and the events of WW II from that side of the trench.

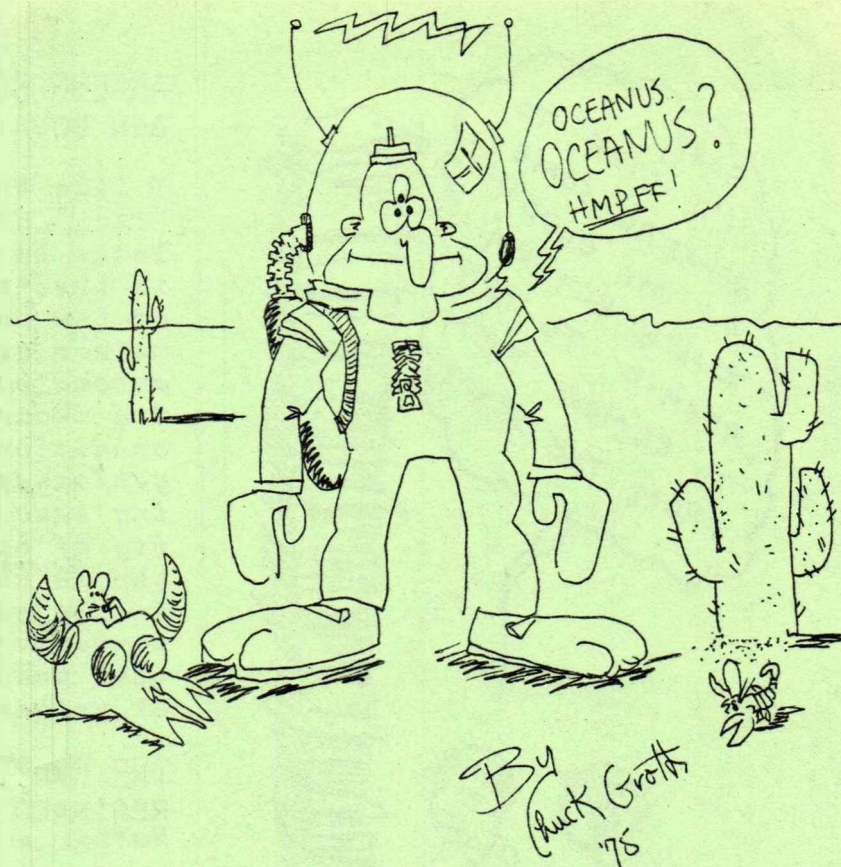
Although the book has 589 pages and dozens of small black & white photographs, it seems over-priced at \$13.95 *as a book*. However, for a rocket nut or disciple of a rocketman it is worth paying for.

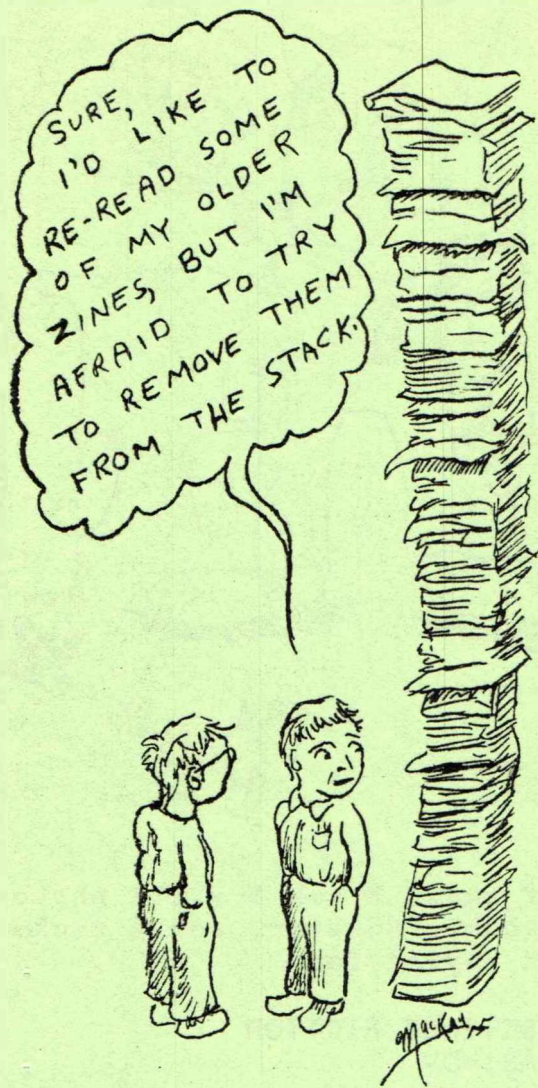
ALTERNATE WORLDS THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF SCIENCE FICTION
BY JAMES GUNN WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY ISAAC ASIMOV
A&W Visual Library, 1975, softcover \$7.95

A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF SCIENCE FICTION
BY DAVID KYLE
The Hamlyn Publishing Group, 1976, hardcover \$7.95

Both these books are bargains if you are turned on by SF art or are interested in the history of SF. Of the two books, I prefer the Gunn effort because of its parallel emphasis on the scientific progress, even giving a chronology chart of exploration and technology happenings side by side with the SF of the time. If all references to SF were eliminated from the Gunn book, one would still have a very readable account of the advances of science & technology through the years. The Gunn book also has many, many more photographs of SF authors and artists and editors (even a few fans) than Kyle's book. A collector might possibly like the Kyle book better, but a fanzine/con fan would enjoy Gunn's book better, if a choice had to be made between the two. I'd recommend that you buy both.

Each book is of that large size (12x9 or so) which looks good on the coffee table, too. Verry impressive! Kyle's at 173 and Gunn's at 256 pages (complete with index for each) give plenty of opportunity to trap the unwary visitor who sits beside your coffee table.





UNEARTH #1 WINTER '77 THE MAGAZINE OF SF..... DISCOVERIES

A neat 96 pages for \$1; layout and styling much in the manner of AMAZING. This zine has 2 unique features, well, one is anyway-- the reprinting of a pro-author's very first sale. The other is that the zine's editors will print only unpublished authors. This saves the new writer from unfair competition with pros who sell their rejects out of the cardboard box, and sell on basis of name only.

Paul Di Filippo is one of the story writers.

ANALOG SCIENCE FACT READER *pb \$3.95* BEN BOVA, EDITOR *St. Martin's Press*

I like this sort of book. A series of "fact" articles explore present knowledge in diverse fields and extrapolate in the tradition of J.W. Campbell. Some of the themes covered include: *giant meteor strikes Earth, universe dies, automated human body parts, 'space'-the 3rd industrial revolution, alpha wave conditioning & behavioral science, hydrogen/oxygen car engine, designing a flying saucer, and, of course, the possibility of extraterrestrial life.* Of all the 12 chapters (i.e. separate articles) I enjoyed "Science Fiction is Too Conservative" by G. Harry Stine, who says that technology is moving faster than SF writers' imagination.

THE CRAFT OF SCIENCE FICTION REGINALD BRETNOR, EDITOR *Harper & Row, 1976 hb \$9.95*

I also like this sort of book. A series of 15 articles by pro-authors are designed to help the beginner. The material is grouped 3 ways: the SF spectrum (hard & soft, etc), the parameters of creativity (constructing futurologies), and trade secrets (general writing tips and applications to SF writing).

The authors contributing to this 'symposium' may influence your opinion of the book's worth, and so, here they are: Poul Anderson, Hal Clement, Norman Spinrad, Alan Nourse, Ted Sturgeon, Jerry Pournelle, Frank Herbert, Katherine MacLean, James Gunn, Larry Niven, Jack Williamson, John Brunner, Harlan Ellison, and Fred Pohl. *With a line-up like that, how can you NOT get this book?* You say you have no ambitions to write SF? Well, this book has more meat in it (about SF as a literature/genre) than the simple-minded 'how-to-write' books that WRITERS DIGEST sells. Of all the 'meaty' chapters I enjoyed Frank Herbert's "Men on Other Planets" the best because his information content per line seemed highest and most stimulating.

If you enjoyed Bretnor's previous SCIENCE FICTION: Today and Tomorrow (1974), you will find this volume equally valuable, and more so if you do, in fact, want to write SF.

THE PEEL AND THE PULP (installment #3 -- World War II notes from Brazier's blackbook, considerably abridged.)

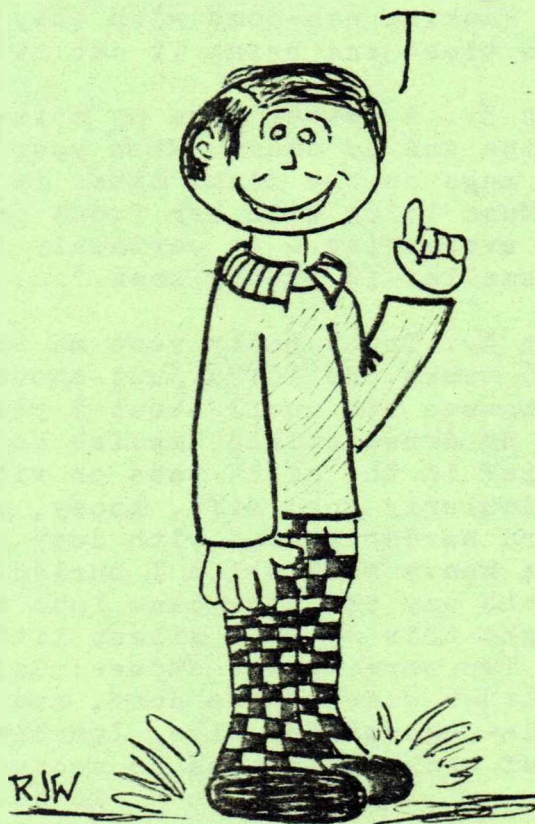
Feb 29, 1944.. Kahuku, Oahu.. On Feb 12 I wrote that some of the rank had been skimmed off, sent to school in Honolulu to learn the boat loading and unloading business. Well, Wild Bill Smallwood and Big Belch Garton are back again. "What did you learn at school?" I asked Major Garton, expecting some profound reply. His answer was: "I know the difference between a ship and a boat." Eagerly, with my thirst for this tremendous bit of knowledge brought to the bursting point, I asked quite simply and frankly: "What?" Then he spoke, and I knew. "A ship carries a boat." He emphasized this wisdom with a resounding belch...

Big David Liming, my chubby roommate and armaments officer, has been promoted to Captain; so this noon he appeared with a homemade Captain bar about three inches square pinned to his hat... Lt. Skolnick, our dental officer, wanders from room to room looking casually around until he spies the cookies, candy, or whatever and it doesn't matter what it is (I believe he'd eat horse dung if it were wrapped in cellophane). He will say with whole-hearted enthusiasm: "Oh, I've just been craving some of these." Just now, in celebration of his promotion, had a box of cigars and a box of candy on his bed. Dave was out of the room when Skolnick came in and took *two* candy bars. I insisted jokingly (though I really meant it) that he put one back. He refused: "I am foregoing the cigar."

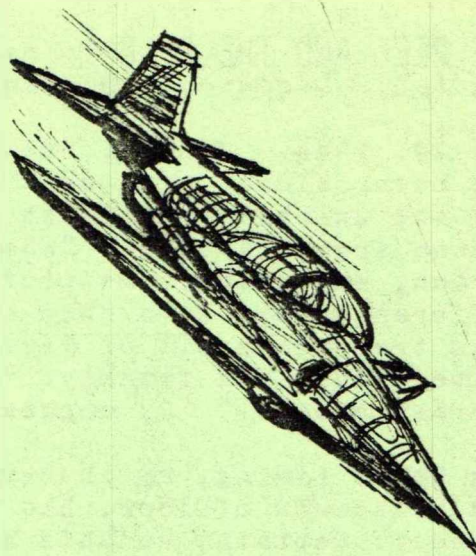
We were paid today and I received \$107.73. First thing I'm going to do is buy a \$50 war bond; then \$28 for the mess bill and a few dollars for laundry. Those are my only debts. The rest of the money I am going to save by limiting myself to a cash expenditure of 20¢ per day...

Skolnick went along as a passenger in a B-25 gunnery mission. He came back white, shaken, and with blood on his hair. This is what happened. The plane fired 15 rounds from its 75mm cannon, and on the 16th round something ripped off the front of the plane's nose and banged into the upper turret, shearing it off. Out of the nose, ammunition boxes flew back on each side and banged holes in the leading edge of the wings. It all happened very fast, and Skolnick banged his head, puncturing the scalp. Skolnick said he ordered the plane back to base-- he was ranking officer but forgetting that the pilot is in command of the plane. He must have screamed: "Take me to the hospital!"

BOREDOM
CAN BECOME FUN
IF YOU MAKE A
HOBBY OF IT.

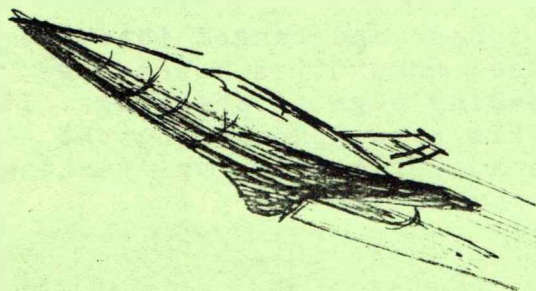


March 2, 1944...Kahuku... Lt. Floyd, C.O of Headquarters Squadron has peculiar ideas that have ruined the morale of the squadron. Fundamentally, this is his thesis: it is better to clean the brown stuff out of your pants first and pull the trigger when you get around to it. Such squadron duty is secondary to mind. Killing the enemy comes before eating, sleeping, and certainly before planting rose bushes in front of the barracks. Granted that we are on the island of Oahu -- a safe place many miles from the zip-ping bullet-- but there are still things of a technical nature to learn. He is a squadron commander and naturally the things things right under his nose stink the worst. He attends to these things..with a vengeance. Not fully comprehending the mission of his technical sections, he withdraws needed men, according to a so-called detail roster. But men in the motor pool were excused today. That is fine, logical, and for the best interest of their technical function of maintaining a vehicle. Branching from this development I'd expect the photo section and the tech inspection section to be excused. Not so. Why a tech sergeant should be pulled out of the photo lab to clean the latrine is beyond me. The high ranking non-coms wish they could dip Floyd's head in the toilet three times and bring it out twice...



March 3...A letter from my mother; she wrote: "Musclebound ((my cat)) is fine and so smart. When your trunk was unpacked we laid down those YANK mags on the desk. Later in the eve we went in the bedroom & there was Musc lying with her front paws and chin on your mags & purring like everything & it certainly looked as tho she knew they were yours. Her smeller is pretty keen." ...

March 4...Today Betty sent me the first pictures of my son Terry at age 6 weeks. He looks just about like any baby of that age. ((I was not to see him until about 2 years later.)) ... Sometimes I'm seized with an irresistible impulse to do certain acts of mischief, and like a thief in the night pass on without further ado. On a hike I saw a particularly good soft, gooey, muddy spot with its center radiating toward harder ground with deep furrows. It presented a natural target for a heavy rock which I hurled into the gooey center. The soft plop and the way the rock sank into the goo were sensuously enjoyable. I brought this up by a silent little trick I played in the latrine just now. Two were in the shower: Galloway and Hnatyshn. Their clogs were at either side of the door, and one glance showed that they were identical-- except for size. Immediately it flashed into my head to switch one of each, which was no sooner thought of than done. What happened in there when they dried a foot and stood poised to slip the foot in the clog, I don't know...



March 6... Now I'm assistant operations officer to a rum-bum Capt. Jacobs. He's a little fatty with pig eyes and a grin like a snake. Though he's jovial, it's a sinister joviality. He doesn't do a darn thing and now he's got me to help him...

(next-- a practice bombing run)

SSSSSSSSSSSSSNAPSSSSSSSSSHOTSSSSSSSSSS

MILK SOHN

I was really shaken to read Donn's list of the number of fanzines he'd received in the August-November period of 1976. He averaged 32 fanzines a month over that time, and I was positive I hadn't had even half that many... At least I didn't remember all that many fanzines, and I certainly hadn't written anywhere near the number of locs such an influx would normally precipitate. So prior to starting this column I counted the fanzines I've received in precisely the last five months. As they say on the detergent commercials: "I was amazed!"

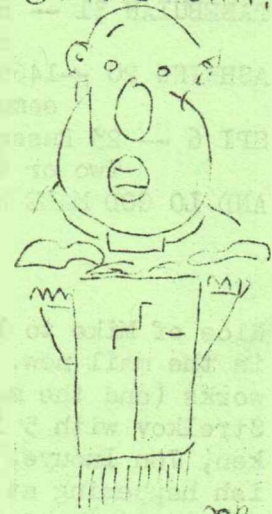
In five months I've accumulated (and forgotten most of) a hundred and seventy fanzines, or thirty four each month. And yet I barely seem to have enough fanzines to write a short review column for TITLE. Looking over that vast accumulation of forgettable fanac, I found that by far the greatest percentage of them were small personalzines, one-shots, newszines, mailzines and other publications that neither require nor inspire much response. I guess that is why I've written so few locs in the last third of the year. But there have been a few generally available fanzines worth commenting on since last I sat down to write for TITLE.

Possibly the best personalzine for serious non-stfnal material from west of the Mississippi (sometimes one has to qualify one's superlatives) is still DON-O-SAUR, Don Thompson's former monthly now on a somewhat irregular schedule. This is due primarily to the fact that Don is one of the best writers and thinkers in fandom and he attracts a lively audience to his fanzine. Issue #47 is highlighted by a discussion of law and order and individual responsibility with Don D'Amassa holding forth for a consistent intellectual approach and Don Thompson opting for a weak but very human emotional reaction. Fascinating stuff! Don T also talks about three cons he's been at recently and the lettercol includes a discussion on the need for a non-sexist vocabulary. The highest compliment I can pay this fanzine is to admit that what was said made me think a lot and begin to change my mind somewhat. D-o-S is a fanzine I find it impossible to keep out of.

For those who still read SF, Cliff & Susan Biggers publish FUTURE RETROSPECTIVE, a review-letterzine. The current double issue, #9-10, reviews fifty-two books, a bunch of fanzines and has several letters of an intelligent critical nature, plus short editorials and an interview with Michael Bishop. I only skimmed the reviews, touching down on the few occasions they mentioned a book I'd somehow read, but the reviews seem at least competent. It did seem, though, that Cliff and Susan are their own best reviewers. FRET comes in a two-column, micro-elite format in green ink on multi-coloured paper and is moderately attractive. They could do with decent artwork, though. A solid fanzine for the incorrigible hard-core reader.

After a too-long absence, TABEBUIAN is back and is as eclectic and delightful as ever! Dave and Mardee Jenrette's little fanzine should be well-known to most TITLE readers but for those who haven't encountered it, it is usually described as being impossible to describe. Issue #31 is a catch-up issue, filling us in on what the Jenrette's have been up to of late, but includes a serious

and now, readers,
from Snapshots,
the gospel
according to
GLICK SOHN...



article on education and territoriality. Dave also announces "The Illegitimate Neofan Guide" and requests submissions along the lines of "DNQ: Definitely Needs Quoting: you are honorbound to print immediately anything marked DNQ." Dave has one of the more inventive minds in fandom and TAB is worth subscribing to just to see it in action.

Frank Denton's ASHWING is as well-liked and highly thought of in fandom as Frank himself. Issue #20 is another neat more-or-less genzine, but this particular issue struck me as quite a let-down from Frank's usually high standards. Frank is almost squeezed out of the issue (itself a very serious loss) by Eric Mayer's article on caricature in SF, which I found slightly turgid, seven pages of Rick Stoker's diary which should have been edited down to about two pages, a twelve page piece of fanfiction which I hope amused the writers at least, another piece of fiction and some reviews. Were this the first issue of AW I'd seen I'd not bother to try another, but hopefully Frank's selection of material will be more to my liking next time. It usually is.

SPI is an offset, fanish genzine from England's Graham Poole, certainly one of the more dedicated and insane faneds around, Graham tends to personalize his fanzines, and SPI SIX comes with a cover satirizing the Mission Impossible opening sequence with your own name hand-written in at the appropriate places. Inside is a fannish editorial about directions for faneds, awards, etc., a short humorous piece on indexing your SF collection, a serious (and startling!) article on the state of education in England, a fanzine review column which deals with the generalities of starting a fanzine, a section about rock music, two short fannish pieces (Ben Indick and Mae Strelkov) and letters. Nothing really stands out either for content or writing but the whole is entertaining and is another worthwhile contact with fandom in the country that'll be hosting the 1977 Worldcon.

Lastly, no trufan can afford to be without AND LO, GOD MADE ROTSLER FOR DUFF, a collector's item one-shot created by Derek Carter and published by Your Humble and Obedient Servant-- myself. Impeccably mimeographed on one side of 24 pound white bond are twenty-two pages of brilliant Derek Carter cartoons on the theme of "Rotsler for DUFF", most of them intricate, full-page illustrations of the sort that only the Demented Hairy Englishman can do. All profits will go to DUFF, regardless of who wins, and the print run was only a hundred, many of which will be sold at CONFUSION. So order quickly!

I started a list of "Great Moments in Fanzines" for 1976, so I could vote wisely in the FAAN Awards. Why is it that I didn't add anything to it after the middle of August? Come on fandom, do your stuff: I've an old and tired sense of wonder that needs a boost! And if Brazier doesn't print this until 1977, make that year a big one!

DON-O-SAUR 47 -- 7498 Canosa Court, Westminster CO 80030. 40pp, offset. Usual, 35¢ or 6/\$2. Bimonthly.

FUTURE RETROSPECTIVE 9-10 -- 621 Olive St., Cedartown GA 30125. 44pp, mimeo. Usual or 50¢ (this double issue \$1) or 6/\$2.50

TABEBUIAN 31 -- Box 330374 Grove, Miami FLA 33133. 24pp, 4"x7", offset. Usual or 12/\$3. Was monthly.

ASHWING 20 --14654 - 8th Ave. SW, Seattle WA 98166. 40pp, mimeo. "Available for samurai swords, crock pot recipes, rustling autumn leaves..." Irregular.

SPI 6 -- 23 Russet Rd, Cheltenham, Glos., GL51 7LN, England. 20pp, offset. Usual. Two or three times a year.

AND LO GOD MADE ROTSLER FOR DUFF -- 141 High Park Ave., Toronto, Ont. M6P 2S3, Canada. One shot. 22pp, mimeo. Profits to DUFF. \$1 plus 25¢ postage, cash.

Nice of Mike to leave me a little space to tell you about FARRAGO (75¢ or 3/\$2), #4 in the mail now. It has 46 pages, with 2 fine articles, a discussion of Collier's works (and the man himself) by Ben Indick and an Argentina Mountain piece by Mae Strelkov with 5 large illos by Mae & daughter Sylvia. Off-beat fiction by Mike Bracken, Jon Inouye, and Larry Carmody, plus a "hard-core" tale by Paul Walker, a devilish happening at a rock concert by David Taggart, and a dream puzzle by Taral Wayne Macdonald round off this profusely illustrated quarterly. Editor Brazier recommends!

WAVES

Paul Anderson: "You should not strike back at a mugger, you know. He has the protection of the law on his side. You would be infringing his civil liberties if you stopped him from breaking in or committing a minor crime like stealing. I wonder how far we are from the days when a rapist can be free to sue the victim for inconvenience if the police are called?" ((This from Australia!))

Dave Rowe: "I remember some childhood terror while watching TV. During suspense scenes I would rush into the kitchen away from the telly, put my back to the adjoining wall and wait for the background music to climax, then rush in to view the results. The two scenes that really used to screw my guts were (believe it or not) two Government shorts, one with a near-baby playing with matches amongst crumpled newspaper, and the other of a youngster reaching up to the overhanging handle of a saucepan full of boiling water."

Steve McDonald: "Uhm, Bill Bliss. Yes, folks, another egocentric eccentric electronically inventor with flannel underwear made from bear hair. What a guy..and what a mind! ... You can write without ego...anybody can. The place where you do find ego is amongst published writers. But you'll find writers who are shy in company, and writers who are not shy in company. The latter tend towards being a load of old farts, with some exceptions. ... I ignore critics, perhaps because I'm not worth critical attention. 'Just as a failed thief turns thief-taker, so does a failed writer turn critic.'"

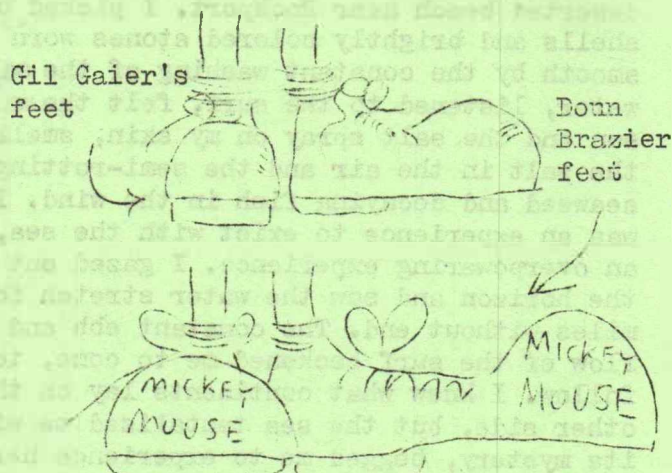
Steve Beatty: "Chester Cuthbert says people would rather accept death than loss of identity; but to some extent, those are the same thing."

Robert Whitaker: "In a few years a trend of student activity somewhat in reverse of what went on in the late sixties will occur. A conservative movement. Remember, I said it first." ((Robert J. made some sort of remark that Gil Gaier and I were similar except for our feet. I wrote back to inquire about this difference, and got the drawing shown. Except my feet are small; I can wear size 7 if the shoe is wide enough.))

Gary Grady: "Not only am I an independent discoverer of the Recency Effect, but I can recall when it occurred to me. I heard the word 'intercom' on TV when I was a kid, and I asked what it was. For the next two or three weeks it seemed I heard the word every day. The same thing has happened to me several times since. My dad said it was a matter of paying attention to something that had not registered before. Still, to this day I pay particular attention to the word 'intercom'."

Bruce D. Arthurs: "I went out on the sidewalk and hailed passers-bys. 'Excuse me, sir, do you hate Panshin?' I asked. 'I don't know,' he replied. 'I have never panshed.' "

Stuart Gilson: "I wish Stephen Dorneman all the luck in the world in winning the right to host next year's BathroomCon, though he can expect to get stiff competition from the lively group in Flushing, N.Y. " ((Gurgle!))



Drawing by Robert J. Whitaker himself!

William Goodson: ((From Malaysia)) "Burt Libe's letter tends to continue an old myth about the American diplomatic service. I have it on the authority of the U.S. Ambassador that consulates have no funds for bailing citizens out, or for buying tickets home. If in trouble, do not expect them to help with anything but your passport."

Rich Bartucci: ((A fafiator returns!)) "Two instructors stood at the back of the classroom watching over the horde of students diligently working on their examinations. After awhile a number of hands were observed flipping coins into the air. One instructor turned to the other and said in a low voice: 'Well, they must've reached question 37.'" ((Rich would like to know who wrote the tune to the MAC costume parade tune "The Memory of Mary O'Meara". Was it Bob Passavoy's wife?))

Ian Covell: "I see Robert Chilson keeps saying things. I presume this is the RC: author of the gorgeous AS THE CURTAIN FALLS and the - to put it mildly - bad STAR CROWNED KINGS and the...er... novel SHORES OF KANSAS. I have them all. ((RC is the RC - wonder if he agrees with your assessment & taste? Un-cola?))

Robert Chilson: "C.D. Doyle informs me that as of her last letter to me she had missed (sob!) nine days of school! Ah, the pity of it. Anybody who disagrees with me can blame my choler on the weather. Of course it is their reaction to the weather that prevents them from seeing the essential rightness of my position."

Ben Indick: "Donn, I know what you mean by feeling finished with a story; when I do a story or essay for fanac, I hate further work, as they are FINISHED, for better or worse... Business at the pharmacy is lousy. People either don't want to get sick-- or they just don't want to get well!" ((I took a double-take on that one.))

Dave Rowe: "I can never quite put my finger on what there is to being a Titler that keeps me happy receiving and loccing. After all, TITLE will never be the Best Fanzine, and perhaps that's it. It's entirely unpretentious, a warm gathering of friends & ideas, so 'Best' doesn't matter." ((Thank you, sir, & ta.))

THE CALL OF THE WILD - George Laskowski

Have you ever been called, or summoned to some place and not known why? Have you ever wondered what attracted man to set sail across the sea? In the summer of '75 while on vacation around the New England states, I was up early and walked along a deserted beach near Rockport. I picked up shells and brightly colored stones worn smooth by the constant washing of the salt water, listened to the surf, felt the warm sun and the salt spray on my skin, smelled the salt in the air and the semi-rotting seaweed and decaying fish in the wind. It was an experience to exist with the sea, an overpowering experience. I gazed out to the horizon and saw the water stretch for miles without end. The constant ebb and flow of the surf beckoned me to come, to follow. I knew what continents lay on the other side, but the sea tantalized me with its mystery, begged me to experience her. It was then that I understood why men had crossed the sea, why sailors desired to make that one last voyage, why Ulysses could never really settle down after returning to Ithica. But I can't really explain it-- only give weak analogies as to how I felt. I know now I could live by the sea and feel at home and forever baffled.

Paul Skelton: "I sometimes think that living is merely an exercise in compromised principles. My sympathies go out to Paul Walker if he thinks that life cannot be 'nice'. My dictionary defines this as 'agreeable, well-flavoured, satisfactory'. Life can be, and usually is, all these things to me, but then that is a pernicious fantasy for you. Look, Paul, it's cruel to give people the 'fantasy' of life and then bring them to the reality of death, but would you rather never have been?"

Sarah Rogers: "This is the first loc I've ever written (I guess you can tell), so if it's dumb... Maybe the next one will be better." ((Sarah, Sarah no loc is dumb. TITLE is blushing at its seduction; but now that you've broken the uh ice, I'm giving your address so you'll get lots more zines to loc: College Station, Williamsburg, VA 23186.))

Jon Inouye: "I once knew a throat specialist, Dr. Larry Spitz. For his medical internship he diagnosed laryngitis in the mirror, on himself. But he liked what he saw."

Steve McDonald: "This is gonna be shorter than average." ((11 pps))

Jeff Hecht: "I have noticed that such 'mundane' activities as plumbing sometimes lead to profound insight. For example, after attacking a leaky kitchen sink with a monkey wrench and a determination to put the pieces back together again more or less in the same way they came apart, I came to understand why plumbers are paid more than teachers. Plumbing works! Moreover this can be verified easily-- just turn on the water. Try that with a classroom full of kids." ((There are teachers and then again there are teachers; some few of them ought to make 4 times as much as plumbers, but this will never happen.)) "Bill Bliss' neon-tube-bender friend who burned a hole through a brick wall is not dead, just off at some government lab building 'thermal weapons'. Somewhere our govt has a 500,000-watt continuous wave laser that cost about \$40 million to build -- which is a good chunk of the \$100 million or so the govt is spending on thermal weapons (high-energy lasers, that is). This, by the way, is not exactly common knowledge -- matter of fact, I have a strong suspicion that it is classified at some level. At an estimated cost of \$80 per watt for large carbon-dioxide lasers (cheapest & most efficient type) the multigigawatt laser needed to launch even just a little spacecraft would cost over \$200 billion." ((IF I remember correctly, Jeff has now sold his second laser-based article to ANALOG.))

Jodie Offutt: "Alyson Abramowitz gave me a present because of something you printed in TITLE-- about my being busy coloring, she gave me a new coloring book full of designs created by a computer. Each design is full of optical illusions depending upon how you squint or turn the book. I am going to enjoy it very much. Alyson's gesture gives me even more pleasure -- thanks to The Title Connection."

Rose Hogue: "In the face of a problem, I usually take two aspirins and go to bed..so, Roytac, does that make me pro or con technology? Here's a 90 proof quote for you: Old enough to know better and young enough to do it. Tell dear Ben that I love THE CIRCUS OF DR.LAO."

Ira M. Thornhill: "The removal of one's adenoids may have effects that we cannot even begin to guess at upon the functioning of one's immunity system. Just as it was finally learned-- after years of training doctors that the thymus could be removed as safely as the appendix-- that such removal caused drastic lessening of cellular immunity, it is now beginning to sink in finally that tonsils and adenoids (and possibly even the poor old, much abused appendix for that matter) have their own immune functions. That they are there for a reason-- and are not simply evolutionary holdovers. So it goes."

Stephen H. Dorneman: "I have little faith in 'authorities' who tell me that 'a space race smart enough to travel here' would synthesize all their protein, be socially unable to make war, have cured all disease, etc. This assumes that all the sciences advance at the same rate, especially physical as compared to social sciences, which is patently ridiculous. And this isn't even taking into consideration such things as socio-religious constraints (they may feel that synthetic protein is an affront to God). Genius and serendipity are not predictable and result in non-linear advances of knowledge. If some physicist discovered a hyperdrive today we'd be visiting other star systems within 50 years. Pity the poor aliens who assume that, because we have the hyperdrive, we must be peaceful!"

Chester Cuthbert: "You ask if others have noticed the boom in magic. Magic is primitive science, i.e., an effort by man to control his environment. I prefer the scientific method but if it fails in its efforts to investigate psychic phenomena, I am prepared to accept the statements of authorities or the intuitions of mystics in default of more satisfactory evidence, simply because I do not believe that the scientific method has developed adequate tests for investigation. They may not even be susceptible to test by any means yet devised by scientists, though I do not grant any supernatural connotations. I am pro technology: I do not wish to give up rapid transportation and communication and a comfortable home with its appliances. At the same time, we must not get too far away from nature: we should develop means of intuitive kinship with the universe and an acceptance of our animal nature, as well as an adequate appreciation of our mental endowments. And we should use reason as much as our emotional makeup will permit... The one most-fearful thing would be loss of identity-- madness. Possibly this belief accounts for my interest in the phenomena of possession and dual or multiple personality."

Gary Grady: "I don't see why golf would be unfannish. It's pretty fannish the way I play. Golf is mediocre exercise, a nice way to look at scenery, and unlike games like RISK or tennis, does little to stifle conversation. What's wrong with that?" ((Golf is similar to pubbing a fanzine: you're vying with yourself-- you have an idea of what you'd like to do, and you pray it all comes out right! If you fail, there's no one else to blame.))

Stuart Gilson: "My greatest fear is that I'll lack the courage at some crucial point in my development as a mature individual to make a responsible decision and thence apply myself fully in its execution. Albert Camus never had it so bad."

Garth Danielson: "I remember my first contact with Bob Tucker. It was at Minicon 9. Allan Wilde introduced him to me and said I was from Canada. Tucker asked me to say something Canadian. I had nothing to say. Still don't."

Jackie Franke: "My 'mentor' in the ways of fandom when I was a Neo was Buck Coulson. I can't help but wonder from some Anna Schoppenhorst cartoons if she got swept into the same pathway I did.. At a recent con a group of us were idly musing about just how many fans were 'brought in' by Buck, and there seemed to be a high percentage present there. For a person who prefers to sneer frequently at fans and fannish ways, Buck seems to have been responsible for many debuts in fandom. I wonder if that fact causes him any sleepless nights...?"

Ed Connor: "In that nightmare Dave Rowe related, where he couldn't escape from the gorilla that was hugging him, I have just one question: was the gorilla male or female?" ((Female-- there's nothing queer about Dave.))

Mike Glicksohn: "I'm definitely pro technology. However, you left out my own favorite method of attacking problems: namely, augury. I've found that nothing is as successful as the disembowelment of a sercon fan within a pentagram of old HYPHENS. The fringe benefits derived from the reduction of the incipient Leland Sapiros of the world are an added bonus which only serves to enhance the positive attributes of the technique."

Harry Warner: "There's another way to get over the writer's block. It consists of working for a newspaper and being expected to produce five thousand-word columns every week of your own invention. When the weekly paycheck depends on finding material and writing the column five times between paychecks, the writer's block doesn't stand a chance, in much the same way as potbellies didn't develop in World War Two concentration camps."

Buck Coulson: "Of course science fiction is an adolescent literature. Brazier, you just didn't like the implication that you never grew up." ((I admit I haven't grown up--and it better happen soon or I'll be dead. Then, again, maybe I have grown up in a way that's different from stuffy serconish pretenders, and I'm casting no descriptions your way. I still think the best of SF is more adult than oft-done stories of the so-called verities of life.))

Michael T. Shoemaker: "Damn it! Why not put out a special all-Bliss fanzine."

Gail White: "After the 'Holocaust', will people who remember the old world best be in demand to reconstruct its literature, history, music, art, etc., or will they be considered useless & obstructive to the new order?"

Anna M. Schoppenhorst: "How does Doc Wertham feel about being referred to as Doc Wertham?" ((He's never said, but I suspect from my intuitive feeling about the gentleman that he rather likes it...just as I like Ol' Bone!))

Pauline Palmer: "...the life story of a famous old SF writer, well known for his in-temperate consumption of dubious tea, under which influence he wrote hundreds and hundreds of stories and novels, including this, his authorized autobiography: 'The Galactice Pot Boiler'."

Victoria Vayne: "Someone ought to collect interesting typos and assign fannish meanings to them. I believe Poctsard got started that way, and a few years ago in Toronto we came up with 'prevert'." ((I like that word stamplng, referring to the horrid job of stapling and stamping a 150-200 fanzines for mailing.))

ON TARGET specifically relates to comments directed to that issue; many comments in depth or fitting into traditional departments may be reserved for later printing.

HEATH'S COVER Reed Andrus: Nice; looks like something Ned Brooks would use on ICITM; must be Glicksohn emerging from his shell or whatever Canadians crawl into... Ronald Salomon: Nice. Linda Emery: Loved the cover. It reminded me of something I might have done in a less sane moment. In fact, if you keep printing artwork like that I might even get up nerve to try one.

((Go ahead, get up nerve!)) Richard Brandt: Good cover; typical Titler peeking out from reclusion. Brendan DuBois: Particularly liked the cover. It strongly reminds me of myself, peering out of my house to see if the mailman has come yet. Since I've been active in fandom, I more and more look forward to the daily mail. Robert Chilson: Reminds me in some ways of Rotsler. By the way, who's the character mailing out Title? He must be mailing it out; his flag is up.

WHITAKER'S HOW TO STOP A CONVERSATION #1 Lynne Holdom: Liked Gil Gaier's cartoon. ((Oops, Lynne; only the 'pot' was Gaier's and the question as to why Whitaker dedicated the flower pot to Gil is moot!)) Gil Gaier: Noted Bob's 'secret' message. The sentiments are returned, but he must be patient. SUNCON. Tell him SUNCON. ((That doesn't explain anything, Gil!)) Anna Schoppenhorst: Does Whitaker have more such gems? I imagine that if he does, he has had some very interesting conversations -- or lack of them. ((Yes, there are more, all in good time.)) Robert Chilson: "Oh, excuse my slip of the lip; the words don't come as trippingly since -- --" ((Punch phrase deleted, as I'll be sending the suggested caption to Whitaker for illustration in case he runs out of 'interesting conversations - or lack of them'.))

THE TONY TREE QUESTION Lynne Holdom: Both Ben Indick and TT have subs to TIGHT-BEAM; two different addresses too. I have often doubted whether TT exists. I'd be more likely to think he's either John Robinson or Dave Romm. ((In a personal letter to me, Ben, the Ol' Redhead, has denied forcefully (but without proof) that he is indeed Tony Tree. Ancient pharmacists trace their lineage to George Washington!))

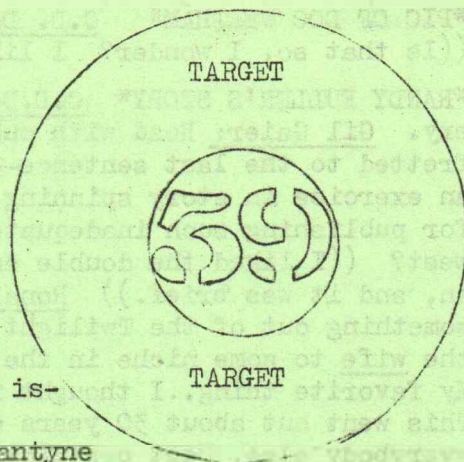
THE ASIMOV INTERVIEW ((Most comments were either 'ho-hum' or 'super!' depending upon the length of a fan's association with the Great Doctor's output.)) Brendan DuBois: Nice to see a visionary in today's short-sighted world. Whenever I try to talk to my classmates about over-population and the space program, they give me a look as if I had just crawled from underneath a rock. Ned Brooks: Hard to imagine how it must feel to be so satisfied with oneself. He's a good writer, though I don't care for his SF; it lacks any sense of poetry. The trouble with 'reason' is that it has been proven -- Godel's Theorem -- that in any logical system there'll be things true that cannot be logically proven from the postulates of that system! John Thiel: Visionary is truly an understatement. He's bought himself a pair of glasses through which he can well see the world. Jim Meadows: Just what/who is the Franklin Institute anyway? ((A museum of science with excellent science programs.)) Harry Warner: Have doubts about the world population continuing to be such a problem. The US has reached a stable population level, and could be falling. As other nations get Americanized, they should experience much the same influences that have hit this nation. Lynne Holdom: Educated people can be an underdeveloped countries' biggest problem as these people think themselves too good for the land and just swell up a growing bureaucracy that preys on the people. They want airports and fancy hotels, not improved agriculture, or education for the people. Gary Deindorfer: Where does reason leave off and intuition begin? Someday we'll have a higher vision of reality as reason and intuition interact. Ian Covell: His generally optimistic view of the future will discord with people in the newave (not me). Robert Chilson: He's let it hang out so long we know him by heart, and there is nothing new about him. Why change perfection? Neil Ballantyne: Did you really need it?

L
O
C
S

on #59

"Great! Best thing in the issue." -- Neil

Ballantyne



PIC OF DOC WERTHAM C.D. Doyle: Loved it. I'm convinced that all fans like cats. ((Is that so, I wonder? I like dogs better, more interaction.))

RANDY FULLER'S STORY C.D. Doyle: Nice, would have made a cute cameo on Night Gallery. Gil Gaier: Read with much anxiety; I wanted so much for it to be good that I fretted to the last sentence--and then laughed in relief. The idea was tired, but as an exercise in story spinning, he did well. Mike Glicksohn: Do you have a reason for publishing such inadequate, inconsistent stories, oh White Haired Sage of the Midwest? ((I liked the double entendre; also Randy is a youthful fan, a fellow-Missourian, and it was brief.)) Ronald Salomon: Cute, but predictable. Fred Jakobcic: Like something out of the Twilight Zone. Richard Brandt: The hero is just too stupid; send the wife to some niche in the universe where she'll never be heard from. Sarah Rogers: My favorite thing..I thought it was funny. Ian Covell: You just have to be joking. This went out about 30 years ago; Fred Brown used to do them, and so did Asimov and everybody else. Most certainly contrived. ((Brown is my favorite author; a contrived story can never, never be repeated-- a tour de force, and usually brief.)) Anna M. Schoppenhorst: Cute.

BOOK REVIEWS Lynne Holdom: I don't like books on psi powers or the great pyramids etc. Why is it that people seem to think that if one reads SF, one will believe in anything? ((What gets me is that most people, when they find out I like SF, start talking about UFO's. But all these 'etc.' subjects are interesting to me even though I, myself, disbelieve-- sort of appeals to the imagination.)) Jeff Hecht: DON'T WORRY! You don't live near a breeder reactor.. There isn't an operating one in the U.S. today, which is why we're going to run out of uranium sooner than planned, but that's another matter. Dave Szurek: 'Tis interesting. Will it be a regular column? ((As long as I read a few books now and then, but I am not going to accept book reviews from the readers, unless it's a takeoff peg for a short article. My so-called 'reviews' are a brief method of letting you all know what I've been reading.)) Ronald Salomon: About the Tom Robbin's quote -- in Brazil the exhaust of those alcohol driven cars smells like rum, according to NEW TIMES. Brendan DuBois: Ah, so the Old Bone does write book reviews-- excellent. Robert Chilson: You have a hard-headed approach and eclectic range of interests, much like Ed Connor and Dick Geis. That is intended as a double compliment, I hastily add, knowing nothing of your preferences. ((You might have added Buck Coulson if you're in a benign mood.))

SNAAAPSHOTS Ronald Salomon: Glad to see Mike reviewing zines not as famous as the 'top 20' everyone else reviews over and over again. Marty Levine: I welcome any new info on more zines. But who wrote the comment about PHOSPHENE #5-- well, I really do agree.

JON INOUYE'S POETRY Anna Schoppenhorst: His poetry eludes me. Sorry, Jon. Sarah Rogers: 'Two Definitions' was good; not the other one. Fred Jakobcic: I liked 'Two Definitions'.

PEEL & THE PULP Burt Libe: Enjoy your memoirs. Visited Kahuku in October, 1976. The torrid sun simmered my mortal body. Funny, you don't mention the weather. ((As you'll read soon, I'll be gone from there long before October; when I was there the weather was ideal, for me, since I like it hot.)) Ed Cagle: Easily my favorite part of #59. I like the feeling of looking over someone's shoulder at their private lives, and I also attach some vague romantic significance to the period during WW II. There was an excitement to the comings and goings of family service members to faraway dangerous places. I wrote letters to all of them every week and kept track of them whenever possible on a large map with colored pins. Simon Agree: The first thing I turned to was your military memoirs. It's fun; I like to read about the world before I was born. It seems as much a different world as any SF writer has invented. Ira Thornhill: I showed the P& the P to my brother (just out of the Navy) and he said to tell you that nothing has changed. Oh, really...? Marty Levine: My 2nd favorite is P&P. I don't remember if you're 17 or 70. ((This October, 60)) Robert Chilson: Absorbing. I especially liked the topical references, such as a desire to quit fooling around and win the war. Boy, that really dates the series! ((The series is presented as I wrote it at the time, without any updating or hindsight, with about 2/3 cut out so that the series can end within a reasonable period without inducing boredom.)) Gary Deindorfer: Fascinating, atmospheric writing. I look forward to more. Mike Glicksohn: A Captain

Glick who should be a snake appeals to me somehow. ((Snake? Or could you be the son of Glick?)) C.D Doyle: Interesting, but I don't think I could stand the military life. Killing people is only part of the reason-- I have a very strict sense of Privacy and independence... ((You could always be a private!)) Harry Warner: The picture is splendid-- the decorative shelf along the building just above your heads I have extreme fondness for. This particular specimen must have met its fate because of remodeling or because a superhighway headed that way. ((I believe Milwaukee is still full of such decor, and for any new readers I better hurry to explain that the phrase "your heads" refers to one of my own and one of my wife's!)) Hank Heath: I love it. I only hope I have guts enough to do something similar some 30-odd years from now. If 'lavender soup spoon' doesn't become a significant piece of fanspeak, I will be derved. Fred Jakobcic: Thought most healthy, full-blooded American males kept more of a black book with telephone numbers, etc... ((Having other things on my mind, perhaps I was unhealthy and empty-blooded!)) Brendan DuBois: WWII is pre-history to us younger fans, but your diary makes the time come alive. Thanks for doing it.

ASIMOV/LIBE EXCHANGE Jon Inouye: We have SOCIAL CIRCUITS that turn on automatically whenever a person, fan or pro, enters upon a crowd. The basic personality is submerged. I invite any fan to approach authors on a one to one basis, on a personal, non-group level-- and watch the difference! It will be an eye-opener. Unless your game is fan vs pro vs personality vs-- well, I think you might know what I mean.

ELLISON/LIBE/D'AMMASSA Burt Libe: Before this goes too far, I'd like to point out that Ellison is one of my favorite writers. I've met him personally, appreciate his blunt honesty, and find his writing highly communicative. I wouldn't mind D'Ammassa's chides if they were for the right reasons. Before Don lectures on slights and manners, he should first work at correcting the Hyde-D'Ammassa (which I never thought existed). A sobering view of what boils within such a likeable veneer. I used the word "arrogant" in reference to another writer, not Ellison. The word "ogre" reflects Don's own branding, not mine. I mentioned Harlan in the Openletter because of Asimov's less-than-subtle reactions to him in the "Foreward-2" of Dangerous Visions. Also, many readers harbor intense dislike for Ellison. I have gleaned many such reactions from my correspondents, some of whom have flatly broken away because I LIKE Ellison. Others hold me in less esteem for the same reason. Don D. has created an impressive following in fandom. I sense part of his outburst as an attempt to "move the masses" -- a reaction I can't fight off. My outspokenness never gains unwanted (false) friends. My own further philosophies: 1) Know who your friends are, and 2) You can't lose a friend you never had. As a non-fan I can only judge as one-to-one intercourse and let others decide as they may. Why would a non-fan be interested in Title? To learn; to ascend. I'm already a professional technical writer. That's not enough for my inner self. I found Chilson's reactions most highly informative in applying VISUAL to writers. While Asimov's methods of praising himself may disarm others, even cause them to smile, I can only sense his stuffiness and conceit with splatterings of hypocrisy. I dislike the fact that many who dote on "style" cannot (or will not) explain and back up their arguments. Ira Thornhill: D'Ammassa defending Harlan? Doesn't he know how hard Harlan has to work to maintain that shadow-man? Harry Warner: D'Ammassa did a real service.. All of us get grouchy moods and most of us have personal buttons which create temper reactions if accidentally pushed. Somehow the custom in fanzines is to extend Harlan's unpleasant moments into a complete, false character. It must be about the same process that caused Laney and Burbee to create the legendary Al Ashley out of the real Al Ashley. Nodbody who produced such good fanzines and wrote so well in other fanzines could have been as close to idiocy as the legendary Al Ashley. Frank Denton: Agree with D'Ammassa. Recently Harlan was in Vancouver to do an interview program for CBC. He was delightful during his stay of a couple of hours. He stood quietly talking to groups of fans and was just good company.

ESPERANTO Ned Brooks: Those damned diacriticals. Hank Heath: I wasn't sold on the stuff by that one taste of the 3 Laws of Robotics. Anna Schoppenhorst: Looks like a rehash of Latin with some German conjugations thrown in. ((Gary Grady's long pro-Esperanto letter will have to await special presentation...))

BILL BLISS Stephen H. Dorneman: Bill's imagined Gathering of the Gods ruined the last section of Moorcock's The Sailor on the Seas of Fate for me. There a man is doomed to become The Creature Who Always Lives due to listening in on such a convocation of Gods. Ed Cagle: His mysterious Mrs French intrigues me. Maybe we all know someone similar. Our Local Version is a woman 55 or so whose husband vanished into thin air 10 years ago. She lives well without working and manages almost total anonymity in a small community. She helps out here during summer camp and is constantly surprising me with her knowledge. One never expects a midwife to do a complete tuneup on her car, and swear in Cherokee while doing it. Robert Chilson: Grand. Volunteers wanted who will tear up their copies of Title and staple up a book of Bliss... Simon Agree: Tasty. What a friend to fandom is our Billy-boy. Please continue. Linda Emery: Please more of Bill Bliss. With that kind of thinking, who needs a mind? Who needs anything? Marty Levine: Best part of the zine; absolutely loved it. Anna M. Schoppenhorst: I tried Bill's rock mystery. It didn't work. Could you worm more info on the experiment of the swinging rock out of the ol' genius? Like what shape were the rocks, how heavy, etc.? ((Personally, I think it's a perceptual phenomena. An old machinist came into my office after viewing the perception exhibit I put together and told me how he had discovered apparent motion in a stationary object very close to a spinning disk on his lathe. Allied to this: spin a spiral painted on a disk, stop it, and for a moment the disk seems to turn backwards!)) Ira Thornhill: But what in the Ghods of the Universe get together for an arts and crafts show? There's this weird little Kinetic sculptor over in the corner fussing over his current masterpiece, "un-TITLED creation". Now there's a cover for you! ((Do it, do it!))

JODIE OFFUTT & VOTING Wayne Hooks: Anyone who votes for the lesser of 2 evils is prostituting his vote. The great thing in America is the right not to vote. Ian Covell: Jodie can write and make you enjoy it. Dave Szurek: Jodie's writing sends out consistently good vibrations, but I can't share her disapproval of Prepare-for-the-Future experiences.

MISCELLANEOUS C.D. Doyle: Donn, if you were not a fan, your grandson might not have wanted a "blue rock". ((He's a 3-yr old fanatic on dinosaurs too; I can't wait to introduce him to SF.)) Chester Cuthbert: Honestly, Donn, do you equate the life-force or aura with the amount of water present in the Kirlian -photographed specimen as the chief causal variable? ((I don't deny a "life-force" per se, but I accept the finding that moist objects make superior Kirlian photos.)) Dave Szurek: Your attitude toward science, parapsychology, and the occult could be more open. ((Why don't the 'mystics' get all excited about St. Elmo's Fire or the methane glow coming up out of a swamp?)) Wayne Hooks: How about a little more of what you, Donn, are doing? ((It's sneaking in!)) Laurine White: A closer look at Lankin's art on p.10 shows it is sexual in nature. Not quite as subtle or impressive as the famous RUNE cover a couple of years ago.... Is there anything to Pyramid Power? ((I know it doesn't magnetize paperclips, I tried it. Most effects seem to be easily explained by one of two rational ideas: subjective expectation of results (keeping razor blades sharp) and enclosed airspace with unaccounted-for humidity/convection effects.)) Simon Agree: Sure, Lynne, writing is communication, but surely the writer is entitled to pick his audience, and vicee-vircee. Obscure writing was a competence and a necessity to the medieval Alchemist; even to this day there are those who find challenge in difficult or even opaque writing. Stephen H. Dorneman: All cultures known have either used the axe or the adze, never both. When some agricultural combine passed out some thousand of axes to native workers, the next morning the Westerners were greeted by the sight of workers arriving for duty, axeheads broken off and tied back on the handles exactly perpendicular to how they had been-- adzes. Ned Brooks: Donn, as for your hammer made with the handle in two pieces, are you sure that this object was ever intended for use as a hammer? Could be a superstitious attempt to copy 'whiteman's magic'? Or a subtle joke on the worthless repair job? ((You're right; I don't know.)) Ed Cagle: Tackett's definition of civilization is painfully accurate, but I prefer my Irish grandfather's view. He would point to a grove of trees and say, "Just remember that behind every tree there is something that is either screwing or eating something else." Linda Emery: I'm surprised you didn't know those songs, Donn. I thought you were a music fan of sorts. ((I'm a jazz fan.)) Eric Mayer: Mike Shoemaker should do more than wonder where the thought-provoking articles are; he used to write them....



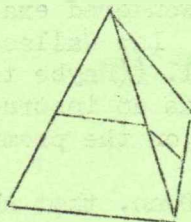
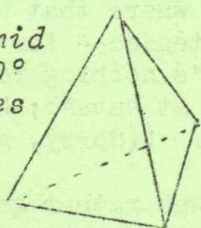
PLASTIC HULU HOOP OF 1977

WHAT COULD BE THE NEW FAD SENSATION OF 1977 AND MIGHT SERVE TO ADVERTISE OR PROMOTE SOMETHING LIKE A SCIENCE MUSEUM? MUST BE PLASTIC AND MANUFACTURED FOR TWO DOLLARS OR LESS? 'T WAS SOMETHING LIKE THIS I ASKED FOR HELP ON BACK ABOUT TWO ISSUES AGO OR SO. HERE ARE A FEW SUGGESTIONS SUITABLE FOR A FAMILY ZINE.

Gene Wolfe proposes a "Helicopter Hat" with a string-wound shaft; pull the cord, and "the prop and openwork crown would lift into the wild blue yonder." SF fans would love such a beanie-- except most of the fans are already in the wild blue yonder!

Terry Jeeves suggests a puzzle: put the two pieces together to form a pyramid, both pieces being exactly the same size and shape. "It is amazing how hard some folks find this to do."

Pyramid
of 60°
angles



cut & you
get 2 pieces
like this
with the 2-
cut faces
being squares



Hank Heath says a workable Klein bottle could be made, though "the bitch, of course, is machining the original model-- but you just wanted an idea." Hank says you can fill such a bottle with liquid, but from the bottom



The bottom of the top
piece is open.

Fill here
but turn upside
down first.

Harry Warner recommends a hulu hoop built like a moebius strip. ((Maybe the user would disappear into the nth dimension!)) Several said to put the museum's message on a frisbee. Victoria Vayne, due to association with some SF stories that had commercial messages on homing devices, singing letters, etc. said in effect: "Drop the whole thing!"

Bill Bliss lists lots of ideas-- even plan descriptions for a simplified model of his "Pop Art Machine". I think I'll draw that up, maybe use a photo of the one he sent me, for use in TITLE later. Bliss' list: moebius strip kit, a sundial that reflects a spot of light onto a chart inside the house, a small volcano that erupts smoke & plastic peanuts, turkey feather helicopter kit, some electrets (permanently charged pieces of dielectric), perpetual motion machine kit, a high-powered high-pitched whistle to break wine glasses, and (if suitable tubing could be found) some of his really startling "contraptions #1 ((which incidentally I lent to a Monsanto scientist for study, and he then skipped the state with it-damn!))

WHAT IS A
Dear Donn,

BILL BRIDGET?

For a man who said--in TITLE 58-- that my remarks were obscure, and proceeded to link my personal obscurity to the place I reside... you seem to have linked up my remarks well enough in TITLE 59 to the material to which they applied in TITLE 57. ((I have a slipped temporal lobe.))

Donn, your ways of getting acquainted with folks leave as much to be desired as mine do. You decide that Anna Schoppenhorst is a haox because of her name ((Really, the middle initial, which I thought was carrying it just a little too far.)). Your letter to John Thiel indicates obscurity on his part-- dammit, man, why do you blame other folks 'cause you don't understand them? Guess it's natural-- as folks get old they get crochety. And that shot at Crawfordsville ((Bill's home?)) isn't exactly deserved, as this was the home of General Lew Wallace, who wrote Ben Hur. Unfortunately, Ben never wrote back. ((Just because Ed Cagle lived at one time in Leon, Kansas, well...!)) I wrote to a lot of folks when I saw my first fanzine in 1975. That was partly why I began pubbing... five folks out of 50 answered my letters; but I got a lot better response to a totally worthless piece of mimeography called FIRST DEGREE. ((Did you get a letter from the mimeo manufacturer?))

Crawfordsville is also the home of Wabash College. ((I've wondered exactly where that was located, though I'm still a little hazy about it.)) Lew Wallace attended-- for approximately two weeks, and then he quietly left school. ((Maybe there's nothing to do in Crawfordsville on Saturday night?)) Ezra Pound was an instructor at Wabash; however, he was discharged shortly for having a prostitute on the premises. ((Sorry, guess Saturday night isn't so dull after all.))

Still, Donn, that shot was rather good, linking up an obscure person and an apparently obscure town. A valiant attempt at humor, which must come with difficulty at your age. ((Among other things.)) The whole concept of TITLE is a challenge for us youngsters; and an admirable gesture in the very teeth of encroaching senility. ((Never say 'teeth' to an old person!)) I admire your guts. You're a real blue-blood, even if it is mostly correction fluid and plasma that keeps you going. ((You forgot peanut butter!))

After reading your early work in Tony Cvetko's DIEHARD, I can truly appreciate how much talent you had then and so you really don't have a great deal to lose as your faculties slip away. Your admirable mental activity is possible because your interests activate what brain cells you have remaining to you. Yup, it's a grand brave thing you're doing, old man pubbing TITLE every month. ((How did that slip in my boy?)) There must be something to possessing the years and years and years and years and years and years ((etc.)) of fanzine-ing experience.

I can picture me, if I live that long, at your age-- seated at the typewriter in my wheelchair, while a fanzine plays softly in the background-- naturally my hearing aid is going to pot on me again and that's why it's playing so softly. Being a nostalgia freak, I still type my zines, even though nobody remembers how to read or write. What's left of Fandom (since Vonnegut got the Nobel Prize in Literature) are typography heads who get a charge out of looking at the funny black marks on the funny white thing called a "page". Yes, the Coulson's are gone...

You didn't understand my references to Bogart, but then I hear you placed last in a Sherlock Holmes trivia quizz, so I guess that was to be expected. "Nothing Ever Happens in Cairo" is the next segment of my serial-- I'm dedicating it to you and your density. We'll follow the trail of a missing manuscript to the Great Pyramid and other places. ((Don't forget the climax in Crawfordsville as Bill Bliss applies the semi-reciprocating rotator to the mysterious Mrs. French...))

I'm taking off now, because I don't know what happens next. ((How's this page for starters?))

Bill Bridget

A FEW CONCLUSIONS from a letter by
William Wilson Goodson, No.11, Jalan 2112,
Shah Alam, Selangor, Malaysia

Rereading my old favorites at the library here (bookstalls aren't scarce but money is) I have begun to notice certain--what an English teacher would call-- recurring motifs. One cannot make judgements about an author's life or views from one story. It's too easy to find him in an off-moment or worse yet, mistake the villain for the hero. One never entirely knows what Shakespeare believes or worships since he lets his characters live entirely by themselves.

At any rate, I have come to a few conclusions about my favorite authors:

Robert Heinlein likes cats, is happily married and once disliked some man named Digby.

Robert Sheckley once met a comedian with a Jewish accent.

R.A.Lafferty grew up in a large family.

Anne McCaffrey must have seen a dragon picture while a child.

Harlan Ellison has had a sexual experience.

Roger Zelazny has read a book about mythology.

Ray Bradbury must have met a truly horrendous child. once.

Harry Harrison was once frightened by a rat.

Poul Anderson has read a book on the interaction of planetary structure and surface environment, and suspects that one of his ancestors was a viking.

Larry Niven must have had a playmate who yelled at him, "I'm going to rip you apart."

Henry Kuttner once must have met a sly drunk, the kind that can solve problems then but not when sober.

H.P.Lovecraft once brushed against something in the dark.

H.G.Wells surely must have had more than one wild dream.

Hugo Gernsbach must have been bitten by a complicated looking machine.

((How close did BILLBILL come to the truth? My only addition would be that Bradbury was caught out in the rain a lot.))

HAS IT BEEN DONE BEFORE? from a letter by
Dave Szurek, 4417 Second, Apt B2, Detroit
Michigan 48201

One of the frustrations of trying to write professionally is that once you get down on paper with an idea you consider fresh and original, it suddenly dawns on you that it's already been done by somebody, somewhere - even if one hasn't himself read the story.

For a particularly frustrating example, just after I'd narrowed this certain idea down, a fringe-fan friend told me about a Fredric Brown piece with which I'm unfamiliar. I'll be damned if the two stories weren't almost identical! It was a depressing moment, but I'm glad I learned about it in time.

Brazier here: Dave, you've said something which I think is very true, and the fact of which bothers me all the time. It is one of the reasons (not the chief one) why I never submit professionally anymore.

Part of the trouble is the kind of story I like to read and the same kind which I like to write. It might very well have been the same sort that Dave Szurek wrote as a "duplication" of Fredric Brown.

The trouble is that a Fredric Brown tale is one of a kind-- it depends on a clever gimmick. The story is so heavily marked by that gimmick that a whole new set of characters, motivations, scenery will not change the story, will not cause the gimmick to disappear. I do not mean to lessen the magic of Brown by calling his idea a "gimmick"; I just don't have another word handy for what I mean. Each of his stories (and he's not alone in this, of course) is a tour-de-force. It cannot possibly be restated.

With that kind of glaring road-marker, an amateur will cruise along with what he finally thinks is a new idea...but wrong. It's been done, as Dave says, by somebody, somewhere. What's the solution?

Write adventure, change the locale & characters, but keep the same plot of search, revenge, what-have-you. It'll be a new story-- that no one has done. Or write S&S, new-wave, horror, etc. Write stories which aren't based on a clever idea, or a gimmick. Originality will consist of putting a new suit on the old frame. Just one thing--I don't want to bother.

TITLE #61 April 1977
Editor & Publisher & Stamper:
Donn Brazier
1455 Fawnvalley Dr.
St. Louis, Mo. 63131

A monthly scrapbook, available for the usual if such an event occurs at least once in a three-month period; trades if both you and I feel the urge. A sample may be had for 50¢. The strictly serious, S&S fanciers, horror buffs, and boardgamesters will not find this zine to their liking. Circulation limited to a press run of 150 copies, of which the editor takes the one that turns out the sloppiest. Actually, TITLE is open wider than the editor's mind (and that's not saying too much!). Each issue of this zine connects with previous issues in a diminishing ratio of ambiguity, confusion, and utter chaos as time winds backwards. All issues are dedicated to Nufnaf, that mysterious ingredient without which nothing was, is, and will be. Bowers, why in 'ell can't you be that precise in your editorial musings?

ART CREDITS AND OTHER STUFF

Cover.....Brad Parks
Bill Rotsler's Vest.....Grant Canfield
The Lionized Fan.....Gail Barton
Oceanus?.....Chuck Groth
Fmz Stack.....Barry Kent Mackay
Boredom Can Be Fun.....Robert Whitaker
Airplanes.....Terry Jeeves
The Gospel.....Neil Ballantyne
((I changed the caption from what Neil sent: "...from TITLE, the gospel according to Brazier.."))

The identity of Mystery Fan #1 whose photo appeared in #54 -- Paul Walker.
The identity of Mystery Fan #2 whose photo appeared in #56 -- Dave Szurek (who, like Superman, was without his eyeglasses in that photo, making it a rather difficult puzzle.)

Incidentally, unless people send me more photos I find it difficult to print a photo page. I have one of Brett Cox that needs some additional support from companion photos-- kinda soften the shock.

Filled out questionnaires are coming in. Thank you. I noted that one question was faulty because I left out a word. The 2nd part of item 10 should have read: I have the following favorite non-SF authors. As of this date (Feb 23) there are



*Eric Lindsay
6 Hillcrest Ave
Fairmount NSW
Australia 2776*

Third Class Printed Material
Return Postage Guaranteed

26 responses from males & 7 from females. Oddly, September as month of birth claims 8 of this total. And this is more odd-- of that many people, according to statistics of a random audience, it's almost 100% certain that 2 people should have been born on the same month & day. Not here. Are we dealing with an 'alien' assembly of people(?)? This group is characterized by eyes that need glasses: 19 always and 6 more part-time. And get this: 4 people skipped that question-- most skipped question so far. Are the 'aliens' on the alert to a giveaway characteristic?

One person wanted, in return, to know how I filled out the form... Here's the series: M, 10/4/17, 5'9" 165 lbs, married 5 kids, MA Equivalent, full-time museum director, glasses for reading, interested all science & parascience, short-stories as favorite SF, read mystery-science-math-music-oddments, beer & bourbon, favorite meat- porkchop, detest cauliflower and other cabbage types, I love peanut butter and adore cashews, favorite color is reddish-orange, worst color is muddy greenish-brown. When would be a good time to submit Profile #2?