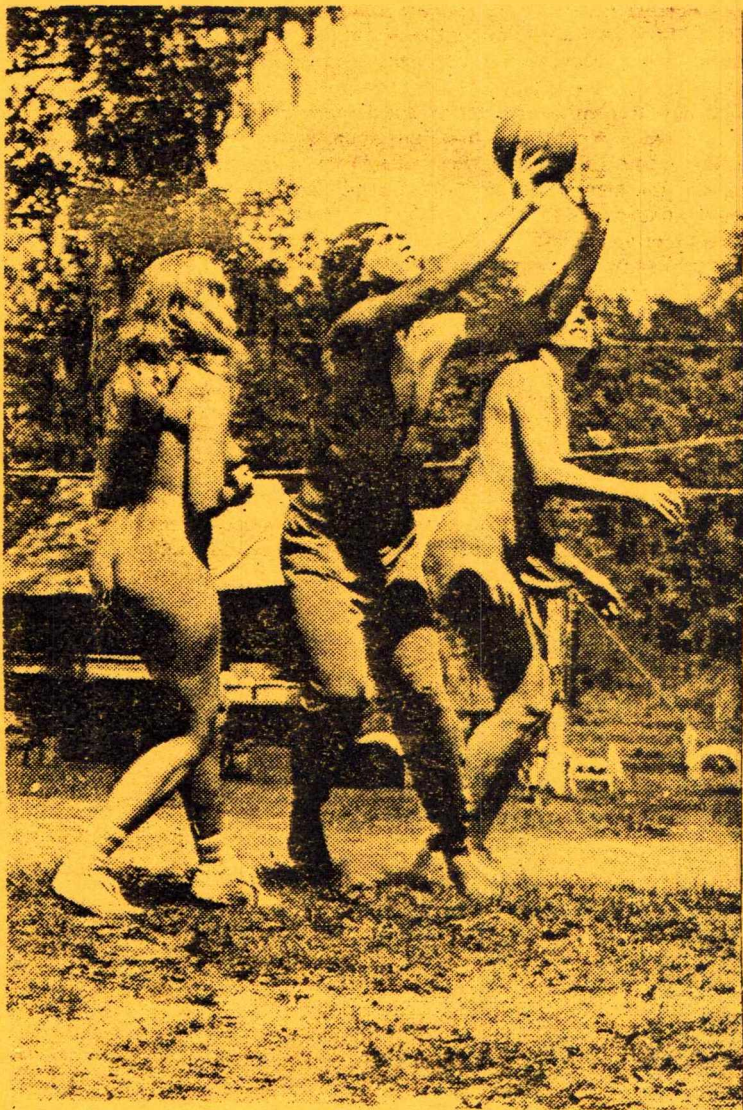


*It was their only chance!
Although it might des-
troy the universe!*



SOME COMMENTS ABOUT THIS COVER AND OTHER ART

BY DAVID V. JENRETTE

I've enclosed a drawing for your use (in any way you like: read enclosed ditto sheet).

((The enclosed ditto sheet tells a strange story summed up as follows: David does art primarily as therapy. This means he sends them out, rather than throwing them out; it also means he doesn't want rejections returned to him. He is not "ego-involved" with his drawings. So I have several, just the one cover, though, which obviously I'm using on this issue.))

I've always been amused by the very thin partitions between the mundane world and SF, so I've dramatized it here.

The drawing is based on a photo of a group playing volleyball. It's from a nudist zine-- and required little alteration.

((The newsprint photo is re-printed for the investigatory who want to compare the model with the cover art.))

Which reminds me of Virgil Finlay. I am also amused at those folks who consider Virgil a great artist. If you were a follower of girlie magazines of that era you would discover how he used those illustrations many, many times. At one time I had a small collection of the Finlay illos and the photos he used for them. Added to that is the old saying that "hands are the hardest things to draw" which may be true for Finlay. He often goes to great lengths to hid the hands-- take a look.

However, when it came to painstaking attention to detail and precision, Finlay definitely leads them all. I have some of his originals back in Jersey and the most amazing thing to me is that they were done full size-- not reduced from 1.5 finished size (which covers a lot of errors). But put me down as a Finlay fan any day even if he's not (to me) the great artist that others rate him.

Some of my special favorites are Edd Cartier and Boris Dolgov.

((Finlay, during my SF period when it meant something, was my favorite artist. At times I thought the faces resembled certain movie star types, but so what? It was his filmy "dots" that got me.))

AITOI as i think of it

It was a mistake for me to attempt 150 print-run. Not that I'm having any trouble finding people to send the run to, but that it's too much added work and expense on a monthly interval. Therefore, with this issue, I am dispensing with all trades in the hopes of going back to a print-run of 100 copies (or less). All fanzines I really faunch for will have to be obtained by my locating, contributing, or subbing.

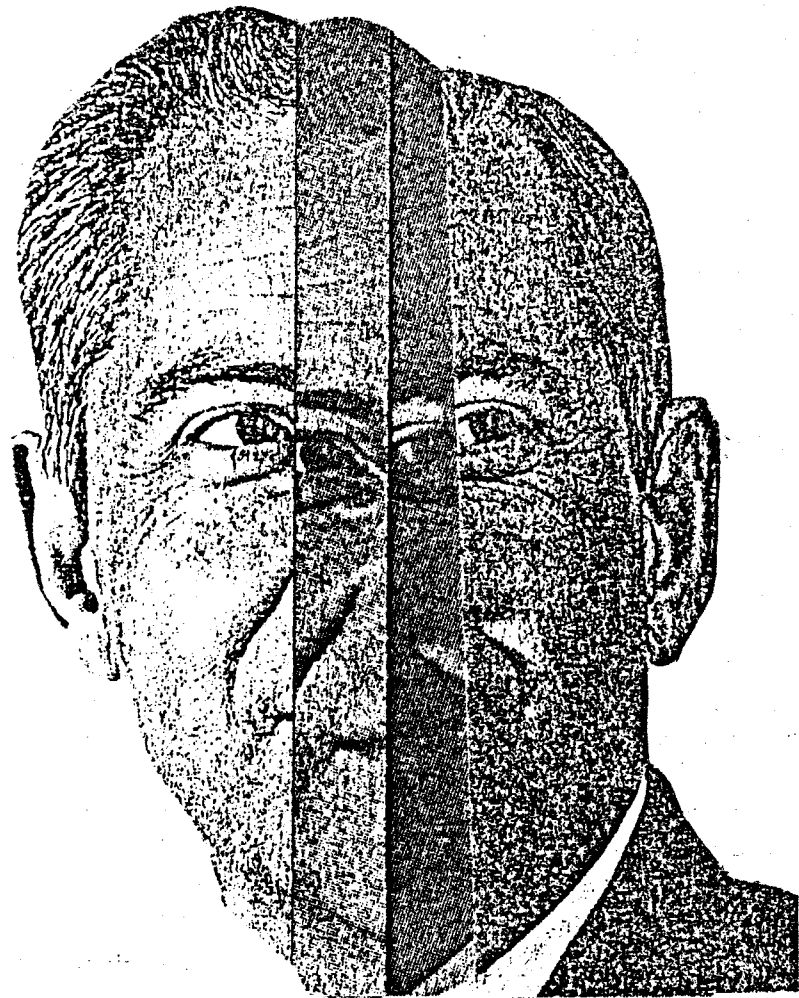
This system will force me to loc. My neglect in this area has been a matter of guilt-feeling. Also, previously silent fan-pubbers may be induced to loc TITLE within my arbitrary three-month period of grace.

Those people who did not bother to return TITLE

PROFILE #1 will find themselves on shaky ground as I continue to cut back the circulation. The way I figure it, since I'm knocking myself loose in a monthly production and charging no fees, the reader could take the time to fill out a questionnaire. In case you never found one folded into TITLE #60 (or you became a reader after that), let me know and I'll mail you one.

TITLE #60 marked five years of monthly publication; as a result of the annish, many readers sent congratulations.

On March 3, 1977, my doorbell rang about 9 in the evening. A delivery man stood there with a bouquet which I immediately handed to my wife, saying: "Wonder what the occasion is?" She said, "It's for you." I almost fell over. Ira M. Thornhill (practically a brand new reader) had sent me 5 bud-roses, a rose for each year. How about that? (See photo)



THE FRAGMENTED EDITOR





BRETT COX TAKEN AT DISCON II
BY TIM MARION. (Up left)



WILUM PUGMIRE IN COUNT DRACULA MAKE-UP.
(up right)

FRED JAKOBCIC (over right)



ANNA M. SCHOPPENHORST AND CAROLYN "C.D."
DOYLE. (Baby-sitting the Meisel kids)
(Anna left; CD right)

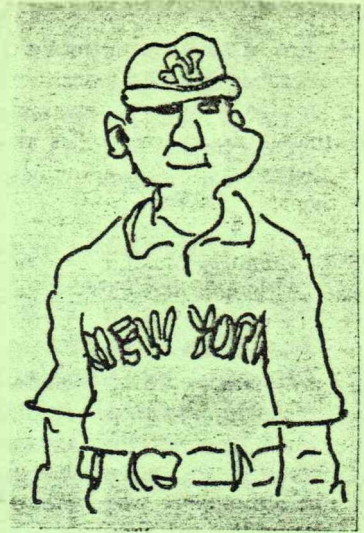
REED ANDRUS, CHRIS, & DAUGHTER
ALISON. (down right)



CRAB NEBULA #3 A COLUMN BY ERIC MAYER

+++++

In New York City where the approach of Spring is measured not by the buds on the forsythia bushes but by the number of radios you can hear playing late at night in the park under your apartment windows, I knew it was time for baseball. I didn't need to see the suddenly warm sunlight rolling the snow off the lawns. I doubt if I'd needed a calendar. When the major league teams gather for spring training, my thoughts turn to the game with the sure predictability of a vegetable tropism.



It's been like that for years. When I was in grade school, come the first warm day of the year, my glove and bat would come out of the closet along with a beat-up baseball, black with last October's mud. My neighbor and I would head for the field in back of his house. Once there, out of our parents' line of sight, our jackets would come off. Maybe it wasn't 50° yet but the sun was hot and you can't swing a bat with a jacket on. We'd take batting practice, the batted ball slithering and splashing alternately through half-frozen mud and patches of snow. Sometimes the ball would disappear completely into a drift that had built up around the edges of the field. We'd dig it out and continue playing as if nothing had happened, as if it were the middle of summer. It was taboo to complain about the ice you slipped on, or wince at the electric shock that numbed your cold hands when you hit a ball off the bat handle. We didn't want to break the spell.

After a while the sun would go behind a cloud, we'd notice our breath hanging in front of our faces, realize how chilly it was and head for home. The next day it might snow. We might not get out again for a month. It didn't matter. We'd initiated the season. Summer was all but here. We'd sit inside oiling our gloves and talk about how the Yanks were going to win the pennant again.

I knew the Yankee batting order by heart. Still do. Taking turns batting we'd run through the order. *Richardson up now, here comes the pitch. A short fly ball. One away. Kubek coming up.* I'd always try harder when it was Mickey Mantle's turn. We didn't have fences but the solid wall of trees at the end of the field made an attractive and easily accessible homerun barrier. *There's a long fly ball to center--going...going...GONE!* No one ever called homeruns better than Mel Allen, and if you were going to pretend to be the Yanks you had to pretend to be their announcer too. A lot of the balls that were *going...going...gone* really were gone when we ran back to the trees and brush to look for them. A baseball is smaller than you think. It hides under leaves. That didn't stop us from swinging from the heels though. Sometimes you'd find all the balls you'd lost the previous summer, black, bloated, hard as rocks, the seams split -- fossilized artifacts from a distant era.

The history of baseball always meant a lot to me. The Yankees weren't just a team; they were a legend, stretching back into a mythic past when giants strode the basepaths and silver spikes raised clouds of golden dust. I remember how excited I was when I got a baseball card with Babe Ruth's yearly statistics on the back. There was the myth, scientifically outlined in incredible totals of homeruns, rbi's, bb, etc.

I find baseball statistics fascinating. They give anyone obsessed enough

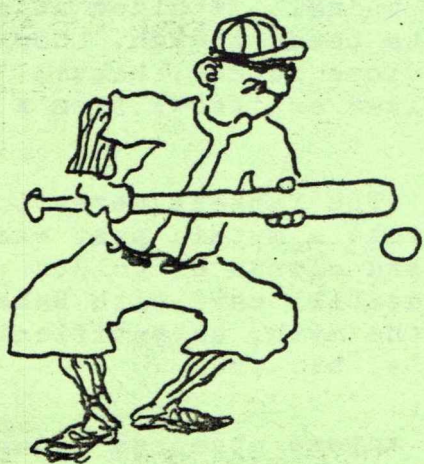
to care an exhaustive picture of every game ever played, dating back a full century. You can readily compare the performances of yesterday's players to today's. You can conjecture about which team was the greatest of all time. The '27 Yanks would've smashed last year's Reds. That's some consolation to me.

But the statistics fail to show changes in the game, shifts in baseball's reality. Just how dead was the ball in the early 1900's when whole teams hit fewer homeruns than Mike Schmidt and Dave Kingman? The real meaning of the statistics is elusive. Would Ty Cobb lead the league in homeruns today? Would Babe Ruth have hit 100? Or would night games and relief pitchers have insured he'd never hit 60? There are no sure answers. The baseball universe changes. Its laws change. Through the record books you can catch a glimpse of the pre-1900's, baseball in an alternate dimension, an alien game where pitchers threw underhanded from 45 feet away, walks were hits, and batters could indicate whether they wanted their pitches high or low. I guess I've always thought of those rows of figures as a kind of time machine, allowing the baseball fan to relive previous eras, participate in alternate realities.

I know that a lot of people think baseball's boring, inferior to football. They don't understand the game. Or perhaps they *prefer* football's regimented brutality to baseball's emphasis on the individual--the hitter versus the pitcher.

Some people say the baseball season's too long. But the 162 game schedule makes the sport a unique one to follow. It's harder to root for a championship baseball team than a championship football team. The football fan might see his team lose only two or three times a season, if that. Even the best of baseball teams drop 50 or 60 games. On the other hand, whereas the fan of a tailend football team might only taste a single victory in a year, the fan of the worst baseball team in the league still has reason to be happy 50 times.

Baseball is more like life. The best teams aren't anywhere near invincible, they just manage to win a bit more often than their competitors. And during the course of the season, even the most obscure players have a day or two to be heroes. Remember Jack Reed? I do. He won one of the longest games in history for the Yanks over ten years ago with a homerun in the 21st inning. For one day his name was in headlines. That's baseball. And with well over 1000 games to be played, each season invariably offers scores of improbable or record challenging occurrences. In baseball, something's always happening, whether your team's leading the league or not.



So in a few weeks I'll be following the box scores, and every day will be tinged ever so slightly with satisfaction or disappointment according to the fortunes of the Yanks and Phils. But I doubt that I'd be so intrigued with the words and numbers if I hadn't headed for the backyard that first warm day of the year; if I wasn't familiar with the smell of grass and leather and the incredible feeling you get when you make a running catch, stretching, to the limit of your abilities, or take that perfect swing and watch the baseball rocketing out toward the trees at the end of the field, further than you'd ever hit it before.

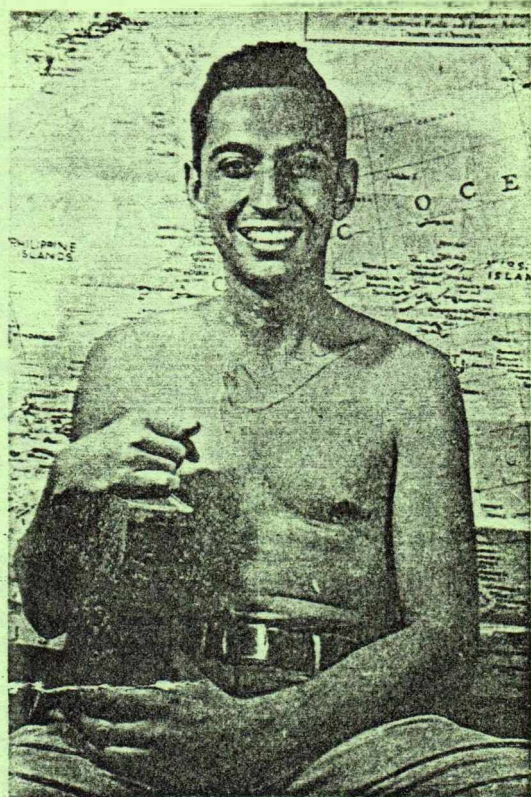
THE PEEL & THE PULP - PART 4

*substantially abridged from
Brazier's WW II diary.....*

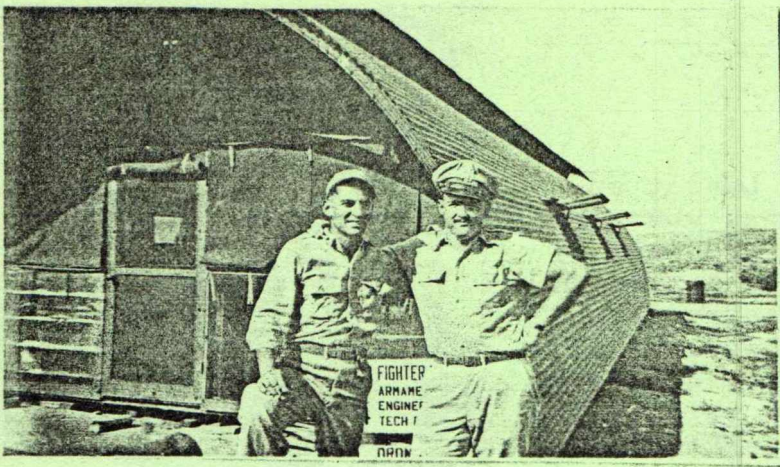
March 11, 1944 Kahuku, Oahu... Latest enjoyment is found in bull sessions where we certain younger officers roast the damn brass. Floyd, Galloway, Liming and myself are now going at it hard and heavy. *This* subject if taken down verbatim would fill scores of notebooks... The Officers Mess had many new waiters today. Our waiter asked if we wanted soup, so we asked what kind it was. He said seriously, "Just plain soup." We said OK, and it was with great interest that I waited for its arrival. What would *just plain soup* be like? Well, it was a thin, watery, beef stock soup with no solids....

March 26..same place.. This afternoon I went on a bombing mission! I wish, for the sake of excitement, I could say it was over enemy territory; instead, it was a practise mission over one of the uninhabited islands in the Hawaiian chain. Dave Liming arranged it through his contact by furnishing the 42nd Bomb Squadron some outdated bombs he had to get rid of by the end of the month. We reported to operations and were directed to S2 building where we listened in on the briefing. Take-off, flight pattern, speeds, altitudes, and directions of bombing runs were all rehearsed by the operations officer. The youth of the pilots and bombardiers was impressive. We filed out and drew a parachute (back type) and a Mae West, then went to the bunker and climbed into our B-24. We taxied out to the runway and one engine wouldn't idle, but the pilot took off anyway. We were in Flight B of two flights of three planes each. First we circled Honolulu in formation at 1,500 feet to give some general a show. Then we took out for the target and started to climb. We reached 9,500' for our first pass. I had earphones on and heard the bombardier give directions to the pilot for evasive action, then level out for the bomb run. Leaning down by the door into the bomb bay we saw the bombs slide off the racks, one, two, three. Not once did I see any explosions. These were 100 lb bombs. After three passes for a total of 10 bombs, we took out for home. Dave and I walked on the catwalk through the bomb bay, past the waist gun position, and into the tail gun position. Here we got a real thrill for the plexiglas covering of the tail was off and there was nothing between us and the ground but clouds. It was cold but I had my jacket on, and very little wind came inside, though we stuck a hand out into the breeze of the slipstream.

April 2.. same place.. Friday night, after payday, we set up a table, covered it with a GI blanket and played a little blackjack, 25¢ limit on each bet. We've played a number of nights and I'm ahead \$12.75... A P-47 plowed into the ocean 50 yards offshore, and all that's left is one wheel lying on the beach. The pilot, a Lt.Col, died at the hospital. Old rum-dum Capt. Jacobs was as excited as a rooster...



FEARLESS BRAZIER READY FOR COMBAT DUTY... THIS PHOTO WAS NOT PASSED BY CENSOR AS A CODE WAS SUSPECTED... AND BRAZIER WOULD NEVER DO A THING LIKE THAT...UH....



Somewhere in the Pacific, Brazier poses with his buddy David Liming on the right. The infamous Quonset Hut serves as backdrop. Note the wrist watch looped to my belt, keeping wrists free of entanglement in mechanical equipment or rapid dismounts from jeeps and such.

Addressing me the colonel said, "Do the COs of the bomb squadrons know they're using dirty gas? We should have some written OK to show them." Suddenly breaking this train of thought in his nervous, jumpy manner, he said: "I'm telling this to Brazier, Jacobs, because I'm putting you into another job. You know about it?"

Jacobs snorted, lost his breath, and was barely able to squeeze out a no between his thick lips.

"I'm making Brazier operations officer. He's in my group and this will give him experience. We ought to have a flying officer in there, but since we haven't any, the next best thing is to put a technical man in there, and that's Brazier."

Jacobs was still dumfounded and about all he could do was to snort occasionally, "Well! .. Well!" He tottered around some as though his legs were stiff, then turned and strode out in a huff.

April 17.. same place.. How many times have I wished for some sort of recording device to make our barrack's chatter a matter of record! Just about every phrase is fresh, crisp, or typically in the military vernacular. Bernen utters unusual, unexpected and droll remarks. Liming is short and pithy, tending toward GI lingo. Waldman is brusque, decisive. Floyd injects the gutter with high intelligence. Galloway is serious, level-headed. No matter how hard I try to reproduce some of this talk, the result is elusively distant from reality.. Take the discussion about "droopy-socks", for instance-- a Red Cross girl. "Her face," says Liming, "makes me want to go somewhere and heave. And why doesn't she go bare-legged?" And Bernen says, "She could paint them OD." ((OD is that old olive-drab color the Army loved.)) Well, it's a fact, her stockings are *always* loose, wrinkled.

April 18..same place.. Some of the things that come up in operations:

April 16..same place.. Written orders put me in charge of base operations, succeeding Jacobs who was made postal officer. The circumstances were rather embarrassing to me and a tremendous blow to his ego. Oh, I knew it was coming sooner or later, but the way in which it was brought out nearly floored Jacobs. We went into the CO's office together to make a report on the dirty airplane gas we were getting.

"Sir," I said, "The tanks on the beach contain clean gas, much cleaner than that coming up in the rail cars. But the gas in the hill tank is extremely dirty. We've received verbal permission from Hickam to use the beach gas with special strainers."

runway lights out, crossing lights out, windtee lights out, planes shooting bullets into some area where they're not supposed to, transient planes to park, parts for Link trainer to order, parts for the Colonel's ship to get, A-3 at Hickam wants to know if the aerial gunnery range is open, plane comes down with one engine dead, truck runs over boundary basket, runway hole is repaired, personnel stroll across runway at unauthorized place, telephone company wants to put line in gunnery range, and are planes firing on a certain island because the engineers need to repair the range. And so it goes, a call or teletype to answer or send every 5 minutes at least. And now today the Colonel got a new airplane, a brand new C-47. That will be more hours of fussing around with mechanics, parts & supplies. And here we had worked hard getting his old A-24 into shape... Plans are flying thick and fast in rumor form that big things are in store for the 57th Service Group. I wonder...

April 23...same place.. Yesterday morning, while checking the new runway extension on number 30, I saw a group firing the "bazooka", technically called launcher, grenade. The lieutenant let me fire one. It makes an awful loud noise, but there's no recoil. A piece of science-fiction come to life!

April 25...same place.. What a day! The hole on runway 7 was supposed to be repaired by morning, but it wasn't. So I composed a teletype closing the runway & opening 12 for cautious traffic. After sending it, I went over to radio school to get my one-hour code instruction. Oh, I can't remember it all after that, and I'm too pooped to write it down even if I could remember. And last night a B-24 came down on its nose on runway 12, and since I'm crash officer too I was out on that until midnight.

April 28...same place.. So far I've had 6 hours of instruction in radio code, and can take about 4 words per minute. Sending is easier than receiving for me, but 10 words is absolute minimum, with 16/min good speed, and 25/min fast. Starting Monday I'm going to try to squeeze in two hours every day.

May 13...same place.. Galloway and I went to radio school that Monday I wrote about, and were we surprised! The building was empty! Wiped clean as a whistle! And by that afternoon the building itself was leveled to the ground.... My room-mate David Liming has been transferred to Hickham in the newly expanding Air Service Command. I can still hear him saying, "Oh, my busted back."

June 10...same place.. The Colonel has made it plain that I will go as group engineering officer, and as the 1st I cut loose of all base jobs, operations, and am now helping in engineering and supply.

June 11.. Bellows Field, Oahu.. We're on the southeast coast of this same island. We're out of barracks and into another tent city similar to the one we were in at Avon Park, Florida-- only this one is worse.

June 14...same place.. Listening to Duffy's Tavern, pretty good, especially the guy who murders English as in his song "Leave Us Face It." I realized tonight that I've been an officer in the AAF for two years. And what kind of a man am I after these two years? My letters home would probably give answers to that. But I've learned that human beings are not as intelligent and moral as I had thought. Every day

finds me more and more a lone wolf, with inward thoughts and dreams. The world I create is so much better than the one that exists outside --why spend any more time than necessary with the latter? ... Our forces have landed on Saipan and bombed Japan with B-29's. I expected the Saipan landing, though I thought at first it would be Guam. And it will be before long. The war is moving!

June 26...same place.. Lt. Edmund M. Boks (silent "s") gets up early every Sunday morning as on any other morning, and with clean freshly pressed khakis... ((I did and do like to sleep, and I prefer slovenly clothing then and now-- loose, baggy, dirty, comfortable rags.))

July 7...same place.. An order was cut on July 4 making me transportation officer in addition to my other duties. Seems that some major is due in for my engineering job.

July 15...same place.. Our group has just returned from a three day period of amphibious training at Waimanalo, just one mile from the gate. Galloway as S-3 made all the training plans. I as transportation officer had to get the troops there and back.... While riding in Honolulu with "Fearless Moose" Linsky, I had him run a redlight. Except for that \$5 fine (we got caught), I've spent only \$4 this month.

July 30...same place.. Last night we were under fire-- friendly accidental fire. A P-47 crashed on the runway and burned, but we didn't know this until breakfast time when we could see the white, crumbling skeleton. Sometime during the night a tremendous WHOOSH ! over our tent woke me up. In my hazy half-awake state, I thought the whoosh overhead was preceded by a loud explosion. Then I thought I raised myself on my elbows and looked toward the beach. A bright spot of light seemed to be out in the water, and a cluster of dark forms on the dunes. This thing about waking up and looking at the beach must have been a dream, for I've just now lain down and I can't see the beach from my bed! The whoosh, however, was real, for the noise was the discharge of the P-47 rocket as it zipped over our tents. Thank God the rocket did not land in our tents, for the explosion of the thing is terrific.... The new major who took my job is Major Kelly, a pilot well bedecked with ribbons.

July 31...same place.. A P-47 got out of control up high and the pilot bailed out. He was falling into the ocean, and it seemed so slowly, for he was higher than the clouds. At last he dipped into the water about a mile offshore, and you could see he was really coming down fast. His plane was out of sight, underwater, but white smoke billowed from the waves. Magnesium alloy is almost impossible to extinguish, and the plane was burning under water..

DAVID LIMING AND A P-47 ...

August 9...same place.. We are hot again! We'll probably load on our ship about the 13th. Now, according to regulations, I will have to hand this book in.

August 15...same place.. Oh heck! I'm going to keep up my book anyway...Two of our three ships are loaded.



SNAPSHOTSSSSSSSS..... A COLUMN OF FMZREVS BY MIKE GLICKSOHN

Fandom seems to be picking up somewhat as far as publishing is concerned. The last twenty-six days have brought thirty-four fanzines across the threshold, many of which I've not yet had the chance to read. But there are several items I can suggest you either get or stay away from in that accumulation...

ALGOL is always worth having. Easily the slickest and most-professional looking of the semipro-zines, ALGOL features a four-colour cover, and the best material Andy Porter's money can buy. #27 includes articles by Gunn and de Camp, an interview with Asimov, Lupoff's brilliant book reviews and Susan Wood's fine fanzine column, plus DiFate on SF art and a reprint from a real fanzine of James White's strikingly evocative fannish piece, "*The Exorcists of IF*", probably one of the five finest pieces of 1976. Thoroughly recommended, of course.

For serious and intelligent discussion of SF, morality, courage, future shock, and the old standbys of religion and politics, it'd be hard to beat MYTHOLOGIES, Don D'Amassa's fine, unclassifiable fanzine. #10 is primarily a catch-up issue so Don can clear his files. There's a small amount of new material, an editorial by Don about current things in his ever-hectic life, and an article on the stories of Robert F Young. It might be a lot like walking into the middle of a conversation, but for those interested in the exchange, often heated, of opinion and ideas, MYTH is *the* place to be.

If fanart and appearance is your forte, try ALTAIR FAN ART REVIEW, the newly ipartite half-size zine from Terry Whit-tier and Kim Bulot. ALTAIR is the genzine half, with book and fanzine reviews, letters and a column of bits and pieces by Ol' Bone himself. Attached ACE DOUBLE style is FAN ART REVIEW, a collection of fan art very nicely presented. Printing and design is excellent, and if the artwork itself doesn't quite match the concept, it's still a damn fine first effort and worth supporting.

Take an American who discovered fandom through the talents and mythos of London's Ratfans and transplant him back to California and eventually he'll produce SPICY RAT TALES, Rich Coad's fannish personalzine with definite English overtones. Because I know and respect and admire the Rats, I thoroughly enjoy SPICY. #4 has Rich on life, a history of Ratfandom, letters, and detailed fanzine reviews. It's an odd hybrid of English and American fandom but a successful one.

THE MIMEOGRAPHED LONDON SUNDAE THYMES is the Ontario SF Clubzine but is turning into JoAnne McBride's personalzine/genzine even as we watch. Its first two issues have been most notable for stunning Derek Carter covers and the largest collection of typos ever assembled between two covers in the history of the English-speaking world. But things are definitely improving with each issue. #2 is dedicated to Joe Haldeman and features material about him by myself, plus a short history of OSFiC and various reviews and letters and local matters. It could be worth getting when JoAnne is freed from the restrictions of clubzine work.

Ira Thornhill has quickly made the transition from fanzine consumer to fanzine producer. His first issue of FEAR AND LOATHING IN THE NIGHT is slight: three pages of nicely offset art and twelve of abysmally mimeod introductory material of a pretty standard fare: intro remarks, a little history both personal and fannish and a letter from C.D.Doyle which is a small con-report on Chambanacon. A rather unpretentious beginning but Ira's

thoughtful and creative personalized Christmas card/fanzine with tipped in covers that came with it (because I was fortunate enough to be on its strictly limited mailing list) marks Ira as a fan to look for. F&L is worth keeping an eye on just to see if Ira lives up to the potential shown so far.

One fan who has always lived up to his potential is Eli Cohen, Canada's most persistent and stubborn immigrant. The 5th anniversary issue of KRATOPHANY features all the things that have consistently made K one of the better fannish genzines around. Eli's personal and Taoistic ramblings abound, with a retrospect on his fanzine. There are contributions from the KRAT stable of fine writers: Susan Wood on the San Francisco Zen center, David Emerson on history (his own), Jon Singer (likewise) and Angus Taylor with a serious look at Taoism and dialectical materialism (I kid thee not). Also a fine lettercolumn, of course. But even without these truly excellent written features, K #10 would be a fanzine you must have because it contains the latest installment of Judy Mitchell's brilliant graphic extravaganza, "Wendy and the Yellow King." Scripted by Mike Mason, this is undoubtedly the longest running and most creative graphic experience in any SF fanzine. Since this issue includes a summary of the past five strips, you can even understand what's going on, something most of us haven't been able to do until this issue! I consider KRAT one of the best of the currently available fanzines and recommend it highly.

This is a fanzine review column (so send me a buck and a quarter which I'll forward to DUFF in return for either THE HAT GOES HOME, my Aussiecon trip report with pasted in souvenirs of the antipodes, or AND LO GOD MADE ROTSLER FOR DUFF, 22 pages of hilarious Derek Carter cartoons on the theme of.... well, if you can't figure it out what are you doing on the TITLE mailing list?) but I'll depart from the norm and recommend a convention. ARCHON, in St. Louis, July 15-17, 1977. They've got all sorts of neat stuff lined up like Toastmaster: Donn Brazier. That's enough to get me there. (Gee, thanks; hope you come and heckle me a bit, not too much, ugh!, just a bit.) For information, write John Novak, 1260 Moorlands Dr., Richmond Heights, Mo, 63117, and let's all get together for a TITLE party in Donn's home town!

ALGOL 27, PO BOX 4175, NEW YORK, NY 10017. 68 PG, OFFSET. THREE TIMES YEARLY. \$4.50 YR; \$1.95 EA.

MYTHOLOGIES 10, 19 ANGELL DR., E. PROVIDENCE, RI 02914. 58 PG, Mimeo, QUARTERLY, \$1 OR USUAL.

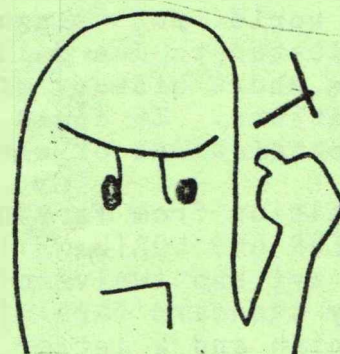
ALTAIR/F.A.R., 3809 MERAMONTE WAY N. HIGHLANDS, CA 95660. 32 PG, DIGEST OFFSET. QUARTERLY, USUAL OR TWO 13¢ STAMPS. SUPERB VALUE.

SPICY RAT TALES 4, 1735 47 AVE, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94122. 18 PG, Mimeo, IRREGULAR, USUAL OR YOU MIGHT SEND MONEY I GUESS.

M.L.S.T. 2, 411 DUPLEX AVE, TORONTO, ONT. M4R 1V2, 22 PG Mimeo FREQUENT, USUAL, OR 35¢, MAYBE.

FEAR & LOATHING #1, 1900 PERDIDO ST. #B97, NEW ORLEANS, LA 70112. 14 PG, Mimeo, SIX TIMES YEARLY, 3/\$1 OR USUAL.

KRATOPHANY 10, 2236 ALLISON ROAD, VANCOUVER B.C. V6T 1T6, CANADA. 46 PG, Mimeo, GESTATION PERIOD SOMEWHERE BETWEEN THAT OF HUMAN AND ELEPHANT, \$1 AN ISSUE OR USUAL.



THAT
DING-BLASTED
ROBINSON AND HIS
DING-BLASTED
EFFECT!

CLIPPING JOINT

When TITLE hasn't done this department for a long, long time, and the file has packed to about 3" thick, it is time to give a report and some credit to 48 readers who have material in the file. Ned Brooks has 21 items, with Pauline Palmer his nearest 'competitor' with 17. Then follow Mike Shoemaker and Steve Sneyd tied with 15. John Robinson and Bill Bliss are likewise tied but at 13 items in the file. Hank Heath is right in there with 12, followed by Rose Hogue and Ken Josenhans, each with 10. Marci Helms has 8; Don Ayres and Clair Beck tied with 7; Dorothy Jones and Simon Agree tied with 6. Now, these figures don't really mean anything except to show how often certain readers see something applying to SF, Title-Topics, or my personal interests such as jazz or beer cans. In no particular order I thank the rest of the 48 readers: Wertham, Norris, Beatty, Curtis, Balazs/Romn, Dorneman, Moyer, Mayer, Haugh, Hogue, Long, Goodson, Sween, Vayne, L.White, Gilson, Carmody, Townley, Jarog, DiFilippo, Connor, Salamon, Downes, Indick, C.Walker, Lankin, B.Breiding, Bjorke, Bowden, Szurek, Pearlston, Hooks, Zyger, Schoppenhorst, and Libe.

Naturally, I can't cover every clipping or Xeroxed copy; so, possibly of first priority is anything of real SF interest. The first one I pick up is unidentified as to magazine though it looks as if it might be from one of the 'intellectual' slicks and shows a full-page photo of Isaac Asimov sitting on his four stacks of published hardcovers. Depressing in a way to writers who can't even get one lousy short story published. Shows Isaac hugging his wife, Janet, and faanishly caressing her posterior. ((He divorced Gertrude in 1973)). Here's a NYTimes of 2/9/77 with an article by Ray Bradbury and a review of his LONG AFTER MIDNIGHT. The article is an adaptation (pro-space colonies) from Ray's Forward to Happenemer's book COLONIES IN SPACE. The book-reviewer, Joel Shurkin, says: "Ray Bradbury, at his best, is one of the finest living writers in the English language. It is a shame he is ignored by most critics. There is no one alive who can write as beautifully as Bradbury, none who can create a mood as well as he can." ((I agree, do you?))

Buried in two biographical pieces is the fact that each celebrity likes SF. Florida's Sen. Richard Stone, Democrat, "enjoys science fiction- Richard Heinlein's (sic) books and Star Trek." "Reading science fiction novels" is one of the things that Isabel Peron, deposed Argentine president, does.

Ghod, I've got clippings surrounding me, ready to attack. I've been at it two hours now trying to sort them out-- I give up! I'll just take some as they come-- from the 5 piles of those I saved because I found them very interesting for one reason or another.

Here's a "Santa Claus Myth Can Be Healthy Fantasy", UPI out of St.Louis & printed in a Virginia newspaper. ((Just a coincidence, that St.Louis bit.)) Two fans in the know about lime jello sent me a clip from NEWSWEEK which proved that a quivering mass of jello was alive according to the EEG recording! Well, we knew that, did we not? Ever hear of a tardigrade? It's a microscopic organism which can live in a suspended, dehydrated state for 100 years, and springs to life with a little water. Did they try adding a little water to Martian soil? Some Tennessee politician advertised that his opponent was a "proven homo sapien and heterosexual." The opponent was upset by the ad, but what could he do about it? Someone turned 5.6 million earth worms loose on 10 tons of garbage. Results: in six weeks, no garbage but 3 tons of excrement and 11 million worms. What has that got to do with SF, TITLE, or Brazier? I don't know (ask Alan Lankin who sent it to me.)

People who know me know that I'm very much against 'modern art', but greatly enjoy the humor in it. Shoemaker sent a picture of Richard Long's rectangle of chunks of similarly sized stones laid out on the exhibition floor. The critic waxes poetic about this 'artwork', arousing "complex emotions and reactions; they evoke an extremely quiet, contemplative mood." Ha! How about 'amusing, ludicrous, or stupid', Mr.Critic?

Here's a guy who sawed a tree limb in two and found a perfect profile of a man's head in the center. Maybe I can repro this 'discovery' in an article I'm working on for FARRAGO #5.

We had some talk in T of bookshelves falling over...well, did you know that the slump in housing starts has the book publishers worried? New houses are places for bookshelves for people to put books on which they never read...see why the book publishers are worried?

Lots of animal-based clippings.. strange doings by animals plus animals that are themselves strange. Koko, a chimp, who knows lots of sign language is not above fibbing-- like little kids. Some serious clips about the whale beaching incidents, and Ken Josenhans wonders if the whales are imitating the motive that prompted the Buddhist monks of Vietnam who set fire to themselves as a protest; the whales, of course, protesting man's ocean polluting activities. A rash of clips on zoos & animals followed Burt Libe's article on the subject. A picture here of a dinosaur made from old auto parts as 'artwork'; and quite a few dinosaur clips because it was shown in an early Title that SF fans, when in young pre-fan stage, were almost 100% interested in dinosaurs. And we can't leave the animal idea without a mention of the crazy fad in 1976 for the 'pet rock', which I guess because of the 'Shaver connection' prompted many readers to keep me abreast of the petrock news. I wonder if fans would buy (at a con where senses are dulled with booze & good fun) a Corflu Rock? There's nothing quite as practical as being the owner of a blue rock from the mysterious Island of Corflu.

Lots of anti & pro violence clips, many of them mentioning Dr. Wertham. The subject seems to go on and on. Meanwhile, Wertham reveals his sense of humor by sending a cartoon that was printed in a German paper, and translates the caption. Two aliens stand beside their flying saucer on the moon and are looking up at Earth in the sky. One says to the other: "Senseless always to undertake this long trip when they don't believe in flying saucers anyhow." I got a kick out of the flying saucer 'men' speaking German.

Has anyone met Tom Robbins? This article has two photos of two different men, each of whom might be Tom Robbins. Why is there doubt of Robbins' identity?

Think about it-- the slide rule has gone the way of the buggy whip, says this clip. Probably it ought to, but I wonder if engineering departments have stopped teaching it? Ominous is the tone of a clip about DNA research in general but in commercial drug houses in particular. Ominous because it might be so easy to spread a new kind of virus-- I wonder, have we already done this? Might explain why the government got so damn excited about the 'swine flu'..?

Space exploration, etc. is the subject of many clips. Those letters B & G and the number 2 on a rock of Mars. The space shuttle. Space colonization. "The Great Galactic Ghoul" that attacks different things in our space program. Some Rumanian Army officer who built and launched a 3-stage rocket over 400 years ago. Possibility of life on other worlds.

Among ecology/energy clips one on a solar power unit and another on getting gasoline from peanut shells. Plenty of gas anyway, seeing that gas is a kind of hot air..! Some clips on nuclear waste dumps, etc.

A Newport News, Va. newspaper story which quotes Kelly Freas. He says, "Science fiction art is fine art." And would he say otherwise? And here's an interesting clip that says "comic strip science isn't to be laughed at-- tells of a McDonnell-Douglass engineer who looks for clues in comics and SF, seriously folks! "Science," he says, "has a great deal more to gain from gullibility than from skepticism. Science fiction writers make an important contribution to science."

A news note that Philip Jose Farmer was honored at the SF Festival in Metz, France. The 5-paragraph item is about Farmer; the last line says, "The other honored American writer was Ted Sturgeon." That's like describing your sandwich as composed of bread, and, oh yeah, with peanut butter.

Would you believe this--Saudi Arabia is importing sand from Scotland! Seems the Arabian sand is not suitable for construction purposes or for packing mattresses used in hospitals. They're also importing camels from North Africa.

I've had to save a few clips for later use because one interesting statistic is that TIME has finite space; and this is the end!

BLOODSHOT EYES AND OTHER JOYS

SOME BOOK NOTES BY THE EDITOR

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THE INNOVATION MILLIONAIRES

GENE BYLINSKY

Charles Scribner's, 1976

Parts of this book first appeared in FORTUNE magazine, which gives you the slant-- success in the business arena. Ten chapters, each dealing with an individual personality, tell the fascin-

ating story of venture capital and entrepreneurs who gamble on a new high-technology invention or process-- and succeed.

Of all the chapters, I liked best the one on Kip Siegel. He carefully collected a stable of young scientists and set out to control the incredible energy of nuclear fusion. His outfit, KMS Fusion, was soon making the "big boys" sit up and take notice. While Siegel was proving to a Congressional Committee that multi-laser beams would succeed where, apparently, the magnetic bottle was bogged down, he fell over dead in his chair!

Other innovative breakthroughs: computer pulse-signal networks, thermo-electric engines, hormone insecticides, and pills or injections that deliver small doses of medicine over a long time span. These Horatio Alger stories, where most of the enterprising people began in garages or basement laboratories, should appeal to you if you (1) want to get rich, or (2) enjoy science/technology.

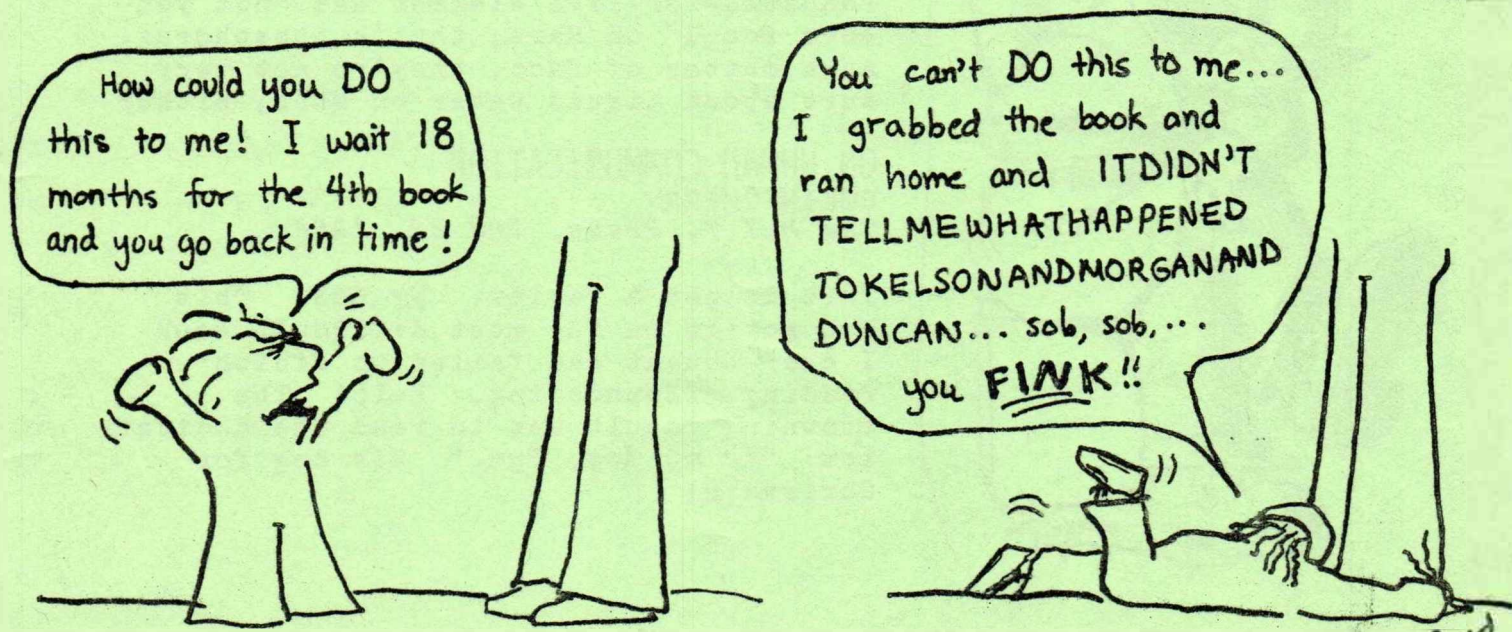
ISAAC ASIMOV'S SF MAGAZINE

Spring 1977 First Issue

You've all probably seen this; if you haven't, it's digest-size, 192pp, and guess whose picture is on the bright

red cover! Now, as the zine grows, if Isaac can keep the fantasy & "contemporary" trends in balance with "hard" SF, we'll have an excellent zine here. The first issue is off to a fair start, mainly because of its variety of content, for besides stories there're book listings & discussion by Charley Brown, an article by George O. Smith on the Smithsonian's new space museum, and a typical "first fanzine" kind of editorial by Isaac.

Of the stories, I liked Dickson's "The Time Storm" best, though the chill of the ending to "Perchance to Dream" by Sally Sellers was effective. For some reason, I could read only a few pages of John



Varley's "Good-Bye Robinson Crusoe" before tossing in the towel. Herb Boehm's "Air Raid", in its futuristic underpinnings (probably very clear to a person of the future), was confusing to me, though I kept on reading to find out what was going on. As for the short pieces by the BIG NAMES, Isaac Asimov and Arthur C. Clarke-- simply window dressing.

THE OCCULT: A HISTORY

Colin Wilson

Random House, 1971

I picked up this book second-hand in my favorite bookstore (in Mankato, Minn.) mostly because Colin Wilson wrote it and it was only \$1.25, with jacket! Took me quite a long time to read this book, but I'm glad I did, and for this reason: besides being a "history" it's really an anecdotal biography of selected occult personalities, and everything is given Wilson's personal observations and opinions, with considerable attention to possible rational explanations of phenomena. However, Wilson does believe that mankind possesses a Faculty X, largely unused and/or uncontrolled. Since most of the history is in Part Two (258pp) & you may not care a fig for that, try PART ONE, 91pp, which has most of the theorizing about the nature of Faculty X.

COLONIZING MARS: THE AGE OF PLANETARY ENGINEERING BEGINS

SCIENCE MAGAZINE, AAAS

Arthur L. Robinson, p668, 18 February 1977

This zine comes out every week, a largely technical report of diverse research, science news & opinion. Most of the time I merely thumb through it looking for something I might comprehend, and this time

I figured I'd call your attention to this one-page SF-come-true article. Certain people, not having found life on Mars, want to "plant" it there by starting such living things as the hardy blue-green algae of Antarctica. A catch: a computer study of life-compatible parameters of the environment on Mars says that the process would take roughly 100,000 years to be successful. I can't wait that long. Meanwhile, a study of the NASA table of 'limits of life' occupies my time. One thought-to-be-absolutely-required-for-life element has "not yet been found" on Mars; that's phosphorus. As a matter of fact, they're not very sure about liquid water on Mars, either.

ON HUMAN COMMUNICATION

COLIN CHERRY

The M.I.T. Press, 2nd Ed. 1966

This is not a review. My God! This has got to be the most difficult book I ever bought and failed to finish reading, floundering. Help! The crowning insult was to read the dedication: "To my dog, Pym." His dog for Chrissake!



+++++
STRANGE & UNUSUAL EXPERIENCES
+++++

CHICKENS! (Rated R) by Burt Libe

Many years ago one could raise chickens in rural downtown Los Altos. Situation: one kid (me), with peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwich in one hand and a potfull of mash in the other, about to enter cage (population: about 30 chickens) to perform daily feeding duties. Now even a nine-year-old knows chickens are stupid, docile, unable to fly, and quite harmless. Enter Burt Libe into coop, attempting to reach the feed bin. Unknown to me were such futuristic movie titles as The Birds, Frogs, and Shark. Had I been more intelligent, I would have written the script for the smash movie: CHICKENS! For at that moment, bedlam invaded that placid colony of fowl. How was I to know that the strong scent of peanut butter could revert hungry animal-worlds to savagery? Before I even knew what happened, the whole flock went berserk, seized by a crazed frenzy, jumping, squawking, pecking, biting, flying, flapping, attacking me from all directions, generating great clouds of dusty feathers. I barely escaped the wire cage with my life (luckily unscathed, except for a few sharp pecks on my hand). They had claimed my precious sandwich, leaving me to starve for another hour. Would they do the same for that crummy mash? No way! The mash remained untouched. Needless to say, that was the last time I ever attempted to eat a sandwich inside a chicken coop! My, what lives those chickens must lead!

+++++
PAPERBACKS SAVED MY LIFE -Stu Gilson

Last winter, while returning from Chester Cuthbert's on a book-buying expedition, I was approaching my bus stop and lugging an open shopping bag full of paperbacks (valuable Ace Doubles). When several hundred feet distant, I realized to my horror that my bus was already there and evidently about to depart (which would have meant an hour-long wait for the next one in sub-zero weather). Seized with desperation, I made a dash for it. The moment I stepped off the curb of an intersecting road, I slipped on an icy patch. Immediately, both feet flipped out behind me and I went sprawling forward on both knees. Dozens of books went fluttering in every direction, strewn all over the road and exposed to the wheels of passing cars.

My only concern was for the books which I scurried after. Had I stayed on my knees I would have been hit by a large van which I was aware of after it had crossed where I had been .

After retreating to the roadside, I could only cradle the books in my arms, the shopping bag torn wide open and useless. What to do? A woman stopped her car and provided me with a bag, and this only after declinging the ride she offered. (Her charity still haunts me; it's actually disturbing nowadays when someone acts as kind as she did.) Well, I retrieved most of the books (several damaged beyond repair) when I was thunderstruck to see my bus still standing there. The haste that led to near-disaster hadn't been necessary at all...*sigh*...

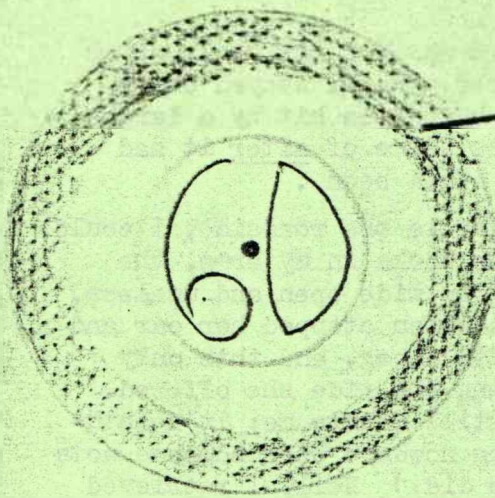
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NEGATIVE GRAVITY INDICATORS- Hank Heath

One of the most fantastic people I know was a physics prof of mine. He wouldn't allow any grad assistants to conduct the labs, because he'd miss out on fooling with the equipment.

One day, he was discussing what he referred to as "gravity indicators", such as pendulums and falling bricks. Then he got off onto "negative gravity indicators" by showing the direction of a flame on a slow centrifuge. A thought occurred to him. Helium balloons are also "negative gravity indicators". What direction would a helium balloon tend towards in a closed accelerating automobile? So, he dropped down to the dimestore and bought a couple of balloons. We spent the rest of the lab period in his car as he drove us around campus to experiment with the balloons in the car!

+++++
CHRONO-SYNCLASTIC INFUNDIBULUM - Tony Cvetko

I'm convinced there's a chrono-synclastic infundibulum in my bedroom. When I was removing the glass thing to get a burned-out lightbulb from my lamp, I dropped the little fastener. When I looked for it, I couldn't find it anywhere. I tore this room apart and to this day, weeks later, I still can't find it. A few days after that, I couldn't find a pencil and eraser I knew had to be there. No luck. I could not find them. It's got me baffled. It's got to be a C-S I.



ON TARGET #60

NODE 5 ODE BY CLAIRE BECK

Raise a glass or whatever to TITLE's
lustrum
No matter if it's I.W. Harper or just
rum
T 60 should be toasted
In view of the stodges Barbeque has
roasted
And of the cerebratively ideational
articles
The sort that warm the cockles of your
hearticles.
TITLE's one finer thing in the state of
Missouri
Whether or not the St. Louis zooie
Imported a kookaburra
Even if us mundanes are as bad as
Annadonn would have it that we are
(Consider it next time you crumple a
can from bheare)
The ereignis is smooooothe:
A milestone waywend trending to
Cibolaville and the fount of yooooth.

"Title #60 is the first
good issue in a long
time." -- Michael T.
Shoemaker.

"It's been a pleasure
being a part of TITLE
over the last five
years. I hope I'm still
there among the list of
'Survivors' when you
publish TITLE #120 in
five years from now!"
-- Mike Glicksohn.

"TITLE 60 is just the way
I remember it used to be,
only better." -- Buzz
Dixon.

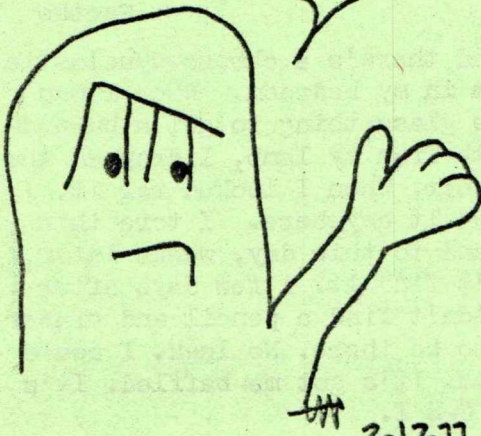
"There's not a single flaw
in TITLE #60 that I can
see." -- John Thiel.

"...as much fun as usual..."
-- Gail White.

"... such a beautiful, bouncy,
bright, filled up wonderful
issue! It was better than
your usual 'satisfying' zine.
When you're lying on your
tummy reading a satisfying
zine, you burp and smile
when it's over. TITLE is
spectacular! It makes you
jump around and start yel-
ling! Bronze it! Frame it!
Run down the streets showing
it to everybody! Mmmmmmm.
Such a nice issue." --
Carolyn C.D. Doyle.

I THINK I'M IN LOVE !

AND THEN I MET C.D. DOYLE AND
WE ((73 LINES OF DISCUSSION
OF BELTS, CAR TROUBLE, CONGOING,
AND BOB TUCKER REGRETFULLY
OMITTED - ED.))

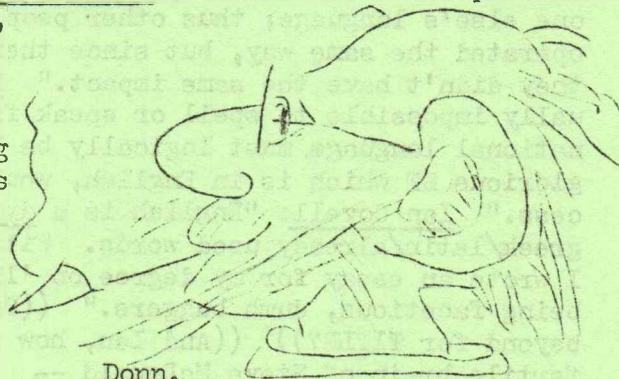


3-12-77

Carl Bennett's Cover: Terry Jeeves: "But...did you have to send a motorised electric pickle which only runs of 110v AC, and has an American plug on the end of its cable?" Reed Andrus: "...looks more like an electric dildo than a pickle. However, based upon superior gauch-ness, as well as archaic spelling, I hereby nominate you for membership in the Fraternal Order of the Giant Hydraulic Tube-Steak (FOGHT-S)." Wayne Hooks: "How many miles to the gallon? (Or is it volts?)" Dave Taggart: "Half-strange, but very funny." Brendan DuBois: "Really enjoyed it. Carl Bennett is becoming one of my favorite fanartists." David Moyer: "Great cover. But the electric wild pickle wouldn't get very far, the cord isn't long enough." Stuart Gilson: "Doubtless its erotic content will boost TITLE's first quarter sales to record highs." Eric Mayer: "One of T's best. Nice controlled sketchy style." Jackie Franke: "Really liked Carl's cover. He's rapidly becoming one of my favorite fan artists---crisp, clear drawing that rivals Grant Canfield's in professional polish. Congratulations on nabbing his talents for your 5th annish." Steve McDonald: "The cover idea is pleasantly amusing, but are you aware of the phallic symbolism, and that the motorized Wilde Pickle constitutes a very dangerous health hazard? One short could blow somebody's mind?"

Other Artwork & Miscellaneous: Steve McDonald: "...three front covers! I'm not too keen on Jenrette as artist--- he comes a little too near my level, which is around John Thiel's level, to be much good. I love the Cagle Comment under the illo, however. TITLE has also a bawdy tongue amongst her regular group of friends, and is quite unafraid to challenge the tenets of society (witness Burt Libe, of whom I shall be taking issue later)." C.D.Doyle: "Jenrette's drawing does seem to remind one of Ms.T. I loved Ed's comments on her. Groth's drawing above Wayne's article is adorable -- so nice, so winsome. The kangaroo looks like a fan." Rose Hogue: "Carolyn's inside cover says a lot, and I do often wonder how big an impact TITLE has had on many fans' fanning--- to some of us oldies it is about all we have left. Good to see the Jenrette art and to know he's still out there, as well as Tim C." Michael T. Shoemaker: "I really liked the Sneed illo; I laughed out loud." Anna Schoppenhorst: "Superfan is an enchanting little creature, as is his creator. Carolyn is getting up in the world. I liked the Groth illo best of thish, but it shows the influence of a certain MAD author, doncha think?"

TITLE'S People/History: PaulaGold: "The time trip was a bit depressing in that I'm a new reader of TITLE, so I've missed a lot of things...Oh well someday I'll know what's going on (maybe)." Ben Indick: "The review of T's past is touching. The years have slipped quietly along, haven't they, my friend? New Titlers come and go, which is as it should be, and also perhaps why a small core (like an axle!) should be retained. I hope we shall be together for a long time yet..." Jodie Offutt: "Speaking of old Ts and T covers, I've still got on my wall above my desk a framed cover of the TITLE that is a gold and red bullseye, offcenter. I still like it, too." ((#24, Mar '74, a silk screen by Magenta Hayes.)) Harry Warner: "It doesn't seem so terribly long since I received the first issue of TITLE. I wonder how many complete sets of it exist? Whatever you do, I hope you make some kind of provision for the preservation of that enormous loc file. It would have enormous importance for fandom in the far distant future and maybe even for mundane sociologists as a vast compendium of what fans in the 1970's think about a vast array of topics." ((I've saved every letter -- though almost all are badly scribbled on for indexing purposes; nothing has been done about their eventual preservation. Suggestions?)) Frank Balazs: "Frighteningly enough your survey was akin to a reunion, the realm of nostalgia-- five years ago? Ghod help me to find the strength." Brett Cox: "Makes me feel my age-- I'm turning into an old man at age 18." Denny Bowden: "Somehow I envision your zine work as a vast fantasy pistache that shines here & there with memorable scenes of issue #18, etc. Do you catch yourself relating climaxes of your life to various issues worked on at the time?"



Donn,

Actually, my profile looks like this. -- Ben Indick

Wayne Hook's English: Robert Chilson: "So much was over my head. I found it interesting nevertheless, and that's a challenge-- to interest a fellow even when he doesn't fully follow." Marty Levine: "A rework of something we have talked about at school." Jim Meadows: "How easy is English to learn by the Arabic, Chinese, or African. I'm disappointed that Wayne treated English as it stood up against Indo-European languages alone." Harry Warner: "English from the standpoint of linguistics or primarily because it's either the native or the acquired second language of so many people all over the world?" Rose Hogue: "A bit too intellectual for me. Why doesn't Wayne just say it's easiest to understand and learn and most of the world speaks it?" Buzz Dixon: "The two most subtle (and therefore complex and precise) languages are written Chinese and spoken English. The way we inflect our speaking of English can change the meaning of what we say (try saying 'He looks like a Greek god' and 'He looks like a Greek, God.') Because of this we can express our ideas more precisely than any other language. Thus, becoming fluent in English is far more difficult than becoming fluent in any other language." ((Catch this in Taggart's story in FARRAGO: 'The Soul, Brother.')) Fred Jakobcic: "Some of Wayne's English was Greek to me!" Gary Grady: "My compliments to Wayne for his very readable article. His presentation was fair and well-written, and I learned a few things from it. But with 'English as an International Language' I naturally have some quibbles."((Since Gary's quibbles bring Esperanto into the plot again, I am saving his remarks for a long Esperanto piece put together from my files.)) Eric Mayer: "Admirable. But there are still people around who become irate at writers who don't know the difference between 'which' and 'that'. I don't know the difference. And I don't care either. The meaning of language is built into sentence structure rather than into words. In NY you constantly hear other languages being spoken. Always makes me feel rather stupid and provincial, since I can speak only English." ((I am saving K. Allen Bjorke's comments as a clever artiloc containing a clever, but logical, idea-- watch for it.)) David C. Merkel: "Puzzling.. First Wayne states that an ideal candidate for universal language must avoid structural irregularities, etc. Then he concludes that English is a good choice in face of the fact that it is one of the worst offenders in irregular word forms, pronunciation, etc. English needs regularization before it can be a serious candidate." Buck Coulson: "There is a great difference between a language which is best adapted to become universal, and a language which has a chance of doing it. Conferring status, international trade, now television... But if the African nations ever become the powers that they want to be, then we'll all learn Swahili. And there is another factor: the English and Americans are notoriously unwilling to learn anyone else's language; thus other people have to learn English. The Blackfoot Indians operated the same way, but since their international trade was somewhat restricted, they didn't have the same impact." Dave Romm: "English has a fatal flaw; it's virtually impossible to spell or speak from the written word." Terry Jeeves: "The international language must logically be English, otherwise the vast majority of all that glorious SF which is in English, would need translating-- and lose much in the process." Ian Covell: "English is a dying language. Words nowadays are more hybrids of greek/latin/already used words. Within a century or two, it will have disappeared. I wrote an essay for my degree on '1990's and beyond English'. They all thought I was being facetious, dumb buggers." ((Can you amplify your ideas of English for 1990 and beyond for TITLE?)) ((And Ian, how would you classify the following couplet from the fertile brain of Steve McDonald --

" -- strip me, rip me, tear off my clothes,
I don't know about you but I wanna be squeeze!"

-- quoted from Jamaica fan, Steve McDonald, Fannish
Squeeze Song.))

On Ayres' Sexing Ducks: John Thiel: "Too many people prefer to discuss ants." Ira M. Thornhill: "Wish I'd taken this to Stven&Don'sCon as the general theme turned out to be Ducks after the daily conpaper was named QUACK. We had 26 QUACKS produced at the 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ day con-- some sort of record maybe." Terry Jeeves: "A simple way is to take two ducks of known sexes. Place male duck in Box (a) and female duck in box (b). Then place unknown into one box or the other. Ducks which get up to tricks in box (a) must be female. I understand that this system is infallible for all species bar humans...."

Carolyn Doyle Doublet: John Thiel: "Too bad you don't print any hoaxes. The DUM BOOK CLUB gives fans too much of a chance to send for the sort of thing they want, at nominal rates, and with no real effort. Should have printed a hoax in that same space. How come CD didn't mention m'boy Eric Kollenberg; I suppose she was a bit busy looking at BNF's." Ben Indick: "Although CD's booklist didn't amuse me much, her genuinely nice nature is revealed in her ConReport. Very pleasantly feminine. I'm glad that quality is still alive!" Robert Chilson: "CD's Book Club was good, but I don't think she ever made it back from Chambanacoon. I think she's still floating around somewhere with a smile on her face." Don Ayres: "If CD needs any justification for Steinbeck's place in American letters, it's to be found in his short story 'The Snake'." ((Don, how about a serious light-touch article on the snake or all reptiles in American letters?)) Lester Boutillier: "CD's DUM was a highlight of the issue, but her ConReport was almost the same version as I read in Ira Thornhill's FEAR & LOATHING #1." Ira Thornhill: "I nearly died when I saw CD's con report, so similar to the one I used. But I mailed F&L in the A.M. Feb.10 and you mailed in the P.M. same date. I scooped you! Obviously this means you're over the hill as a faned." ((Yup. To exonerate the charming CD I must explain the report was part of a letter, not a duplicate submission of an article.)) Eric Mayer: "CD is amazing. I sure couldn't write anything when I was her age." ((On Jan 10, CD was just 15!)) Ian Covell: "I am still astonished Carolyn is so damn young. DUM was truly funny." Steve McDonald: "Seedy Doyle's DUM didn't give me a boost, but her conrep was, um, interesting. I got quite a giggle out of your constant interruptions." Wayne Hooks: "If CD ever comes to a con in Richmond, I promise her a place to crash. Sounds like one of the more interesting people around." Dave Taggart: "If I were Carolyn, I'd shoot you for the things you did to her article." Brendan DuBois: "Doyle and Schoppenhorst are going to be major fanwriters/fanartists in the near future." Marty Levine: "CD and Gil Gaier are the only people whose personal con reports I enjoy. These two folks are able to let their beautiful sensawonda come out unhampered." Harry Warner: "If anyone gets up a petition urging you to print the entire conreport by C.D.Doyle, I want to be among the first to sign it." ((22½ sentences of more Doyle egoboo cut at this point.)) Brett Cox: "Delightful! That I can use that word without sarcasm is indicative of the amazing appeal her writing has." Paula Gold: "CD's firstcon story made me hate her immediately. No one should get on that well at their firstcon." Terry Whittier: "I really regret your deletions." Buzz Dixon: "How come when I was young I never met any girls like Carolyn?" Jackie Franke: "Why did you indicate precisely where/how much you cut? Not quite Kosher, mein herr. No one would've known, but you and CD, and now we all know. Tsk.." ((When readers' dismay became evident, I felt bad for my fiendish teasing; however, CD is still writing to me, though she deletes a sentence from every other paragraph.))

Eric Mayer's Crab Nebula: ((Discussion of his thesis will await another time.)) John Thiel: "Liked it about as well as a man can like anything." Robert Chilson: "Mayer's musings are amusing." Marty Levine: "The kind of personal writing I always like. I was caught by his feelings-- calm, almost suppressing the agony over the subject discussed." Michael T. Shoemaker: "I don't understand Mayer's column." ((Mike, did you ever play a waltz in 4/4 time?)) Anna Schoppenhorst: "I hope 'Crab Nebula' catches on-- I was fascinated." Jackie Franke: "Damn it! Mayer can write! Watch this man, he'll be going places soon." ((My sentiments exactly.)) Denny Bowden: "Mayer creates a fascinating mood in me." Mike Glicksohn: "Eric Mayer always writes an interesting article." Hank Heath: "A definite plus for TITLE. I look forward to reading more from him." Steve McDonald: "I like his style of writing -- damned good, almost like fiction. Am looking forward to the next edition."

Glicksohn's Snaaapshots: John Thiel: "How do you get a regular column from Mike Glicksohn?" ((Feed him plenty of M*I*L*K*..)) Paula Gold: "Mike is a fine fanzine reviewer. Usually, I read fanzine reviews just for information. But Mike's reviews are always entertaining, and after reading them I can usually decide which zines I would definitely like to have." Chester Cuthbert: "I always read Mike Glicksohn's reviews of fanzines."

Burt Libe/Isaac Asimov: Will Norris: "I'm not surprised at Asimov's cutting off the correspondence. I do not feel Libe's remarks to be witty, funny, or very flattering to himself. And his method is just short of arrogant."

TITLE #62 May 1977

Donn Brazier

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Free to writers & artists; 2 issues for \$1.00. No trades anymore; trying to get circulation back to 100 or fewer.

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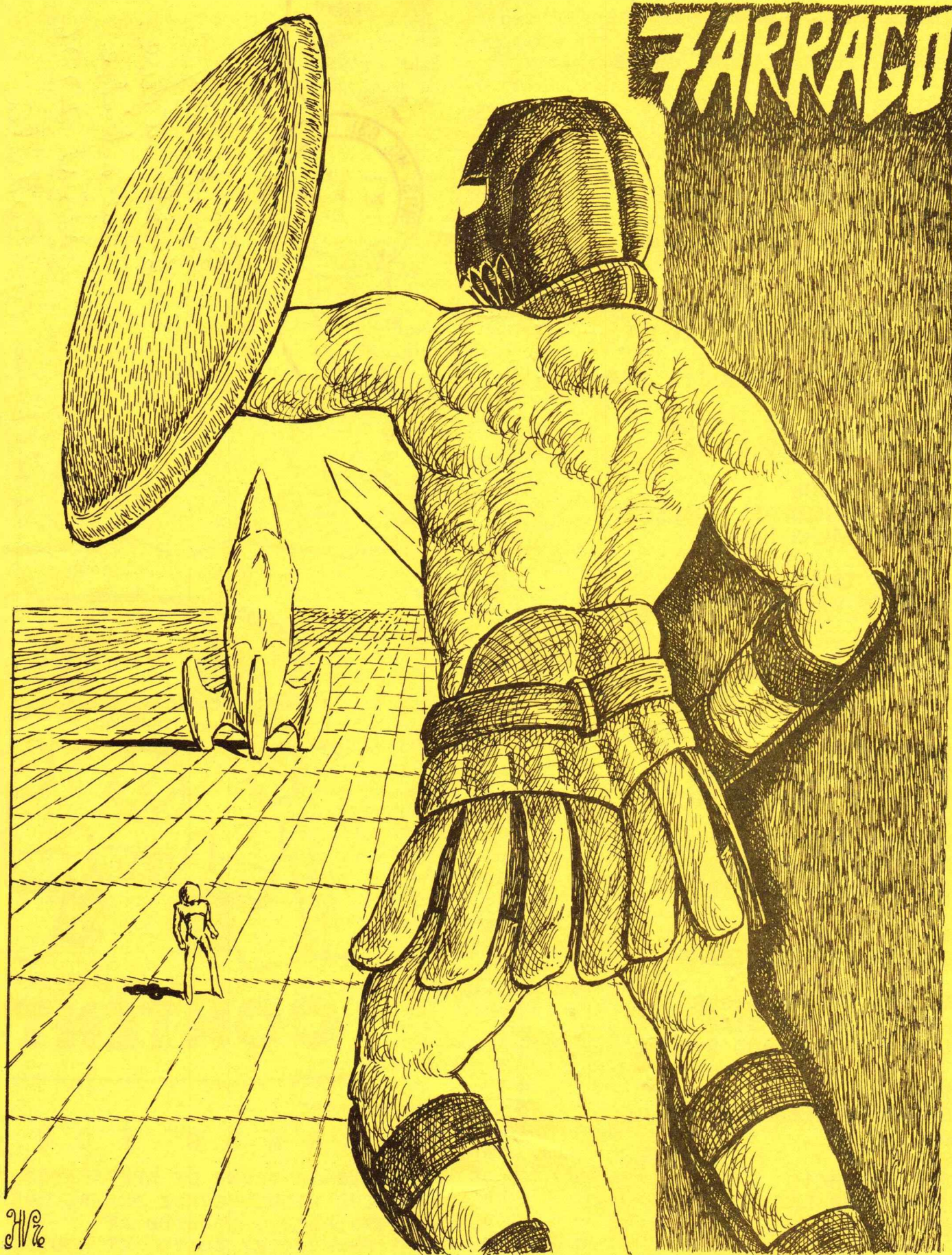
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Jeff Hecht: "I was disappointed to see the Burt Libe/Isaac Asimov dialog degenerate so rapidly on both sides." Ben Indick: "I find this Burt Libe business to be preposterous. I am not a major Asimovian, but I admire the man for his achievements, as well as for his patience with Libe. At best these letters are embarrassing; at most, they are insulting." Robert Chilson: "Libe's attempt to bring Asimov to bay was doomed from the start, for Asimov makes no bones about refusing to study and analyze his stuff. Anything in a story that is not doing good, is doing harm. A razzle-dazzle style distracts the reader from what Asimov is actually saying; further, too much characterization also detracts. As C.S. Lewis put it, 'If odd things should happen to an odd character, this is an oddity too many.' Asimov's characters are real enough to be credible. Reassured of that, we forget them and get on with the story. But Libe's comments were not without point. I'd like to see him take on a writer who would be more likely to be forthcoming on these subjects. Paul Walker could no doubt suggest one." Don Ayres: "Asimov took the proper course. I don't see any need for 'competent presentation', nor does Asimov. Why need he know his 'concept and definitions of style?' Would it make him a better writer? See Schweitzer interview in ALGOL 27." Paula Smith: "I'll nominate Burt Libe for the Aristotelean Award of Supreme Putridity Hogu. No one deserves it more." Robert Coulson: "Asimov seems to suffer fools with remarkable tolerance, even if not gladly. He should have told Libe to get lost after the first couple of exchanges, and forgotten the matter." Laurine White: "Why is Burt Libe being such a gadfly? Dr. Asimov has no duty to 'discuss' his characters or style, and he really doesn't have the time to do it in such depths as Libe wants to explore. So PEOPLE Magazine portrays Asimov as 'no less than a god'. Dr. A never said he was a god. He is a busy author and none of his books that I've read ever seemed obscure. Not having any best-sellers isn't such a big deal either. He is a successful writer, bestseller or not. What are Burt Libe's credentials that Dr. A should take the time from his writing to parry words with him?" Mike Glicksohn: Despite some valid thoughts in Libe's correspondence, I found him to be rude, arrogant and totally offputting. I'm surprised Asimov bothered with it as long as he did. Libe approached the problem with as much grace as a rutting hippopotamus. Printing this exchange does only Asimov credit: Libe and Brazier suffer from the exposure, sad to say." Steve McDonald: ((He writes at length on this & I shall feature it right soon now...)) "It seems Asimov had the last shot. He ignored a buffoon."

Donn Brazier: "Some sort of explanation is in order, I believe. As in fanzines, I go for content over presentation; so, too, I go for what a fellow says, not his manner of saying it. Yes, Burt was brash, but I got started on printing the exchange as I found Asimov's replies of interest. When degeneration set in I was committed to going on to the bitter end. I hope to keep Burt as a reader; I find him off-beat and I am willing to overlook his blunt jabs. He's no buffoon and feels, as it is his right, to be equal to (or more equal than!) anyone at all. This comes across as real brass, but forget the glitter on the trumpet's bell, listen to the notes. And, of course, Asimov doesn't have to listen-- he's got other things to do and in my opinion he does them well. And so, folks, let's close the shutters on this subject in its name-calling sense and stick to discussions of style, etc. as objectively as possible, which means I'll have to 'clean-up' Steve McDonald's essay when I print it."

FARRAGO



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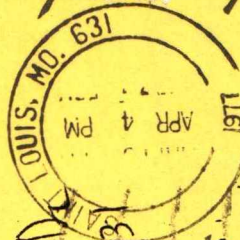
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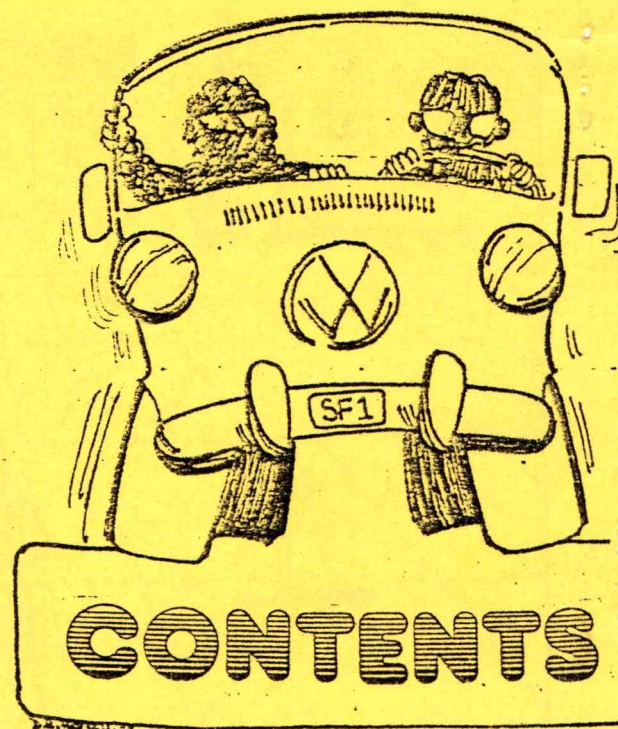


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