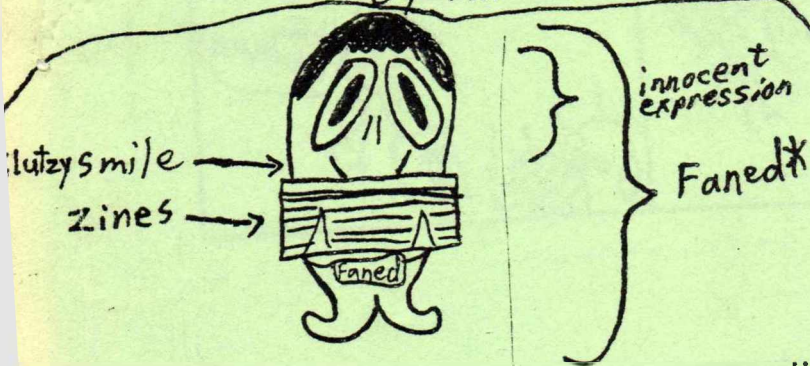


# HOW TO FAKE OUT AN INDIGENT YOUNG FANED\*

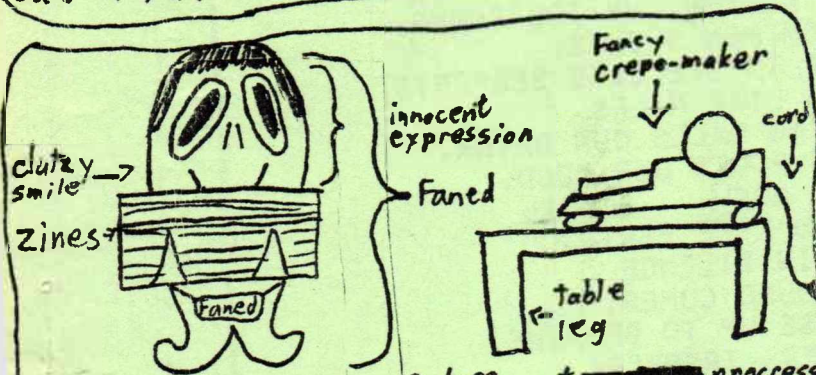
With apologies to  
Don Ayres + Jim Bheam

TITLE 63

By Anna M. Schoppenhorst + Jennifer Del Vecchio



We must first stress that we don't normally condone such an action as faking out a faned, especially the young + indigent sort. However, there are unavoidable situations in which the faned\* should be faked out for his own good, to prevent him from harming himself or his fmz. In any event, extreme caution should be exercised when faking out a faned\*.



There are a number of different ~~processes~~ processes that can be used in faking out a faned\*. The most effective is to hunt up an aunt who owns one of those fancy electric crepe-makers that closely resemble ditto machines. Let the faned run a few hundred sheets of twil through the machine during his free time. Observe the delight he experiences seeing the pretty gold sheets come flying out of the mechanism. This should dispell all traces of depression throughout the summer. However, if you are dealing with one of the more intelligent faned\*, he may notice that the twil coming out of the machine is golden + blank + coming out of the machine still more golden + yet still blank. If this be the case with your faned\*....

\*Publicatius Enthusiate

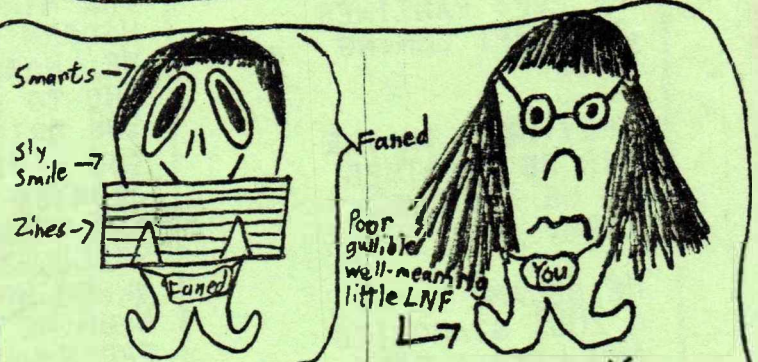
Fact 1: Some indigent young faned\* use their school's spirit duplicator for pubbing  
Fact 2: School is not open in the summer-time.

Conclusion: Most IYF's cannot publish during the summertime.

Result: Suicidal depression

You may not be able to tell if the faned\* you are dealing with is affected or not. The external symptoms are non-existent (due to the faned\*'s tendency to keep that innocent expression + a lutzzy smile throughout anything). If you suspect that your faned\* could be in need of faking out, ask these pertinent questions:

"When is your next ish coming out?"  
"Do you have enough staples?"  
"How's Business?"  
If the faned\* breaks down into a sobbing mass of hecto-gelatin, chances are he is in need of faking out.



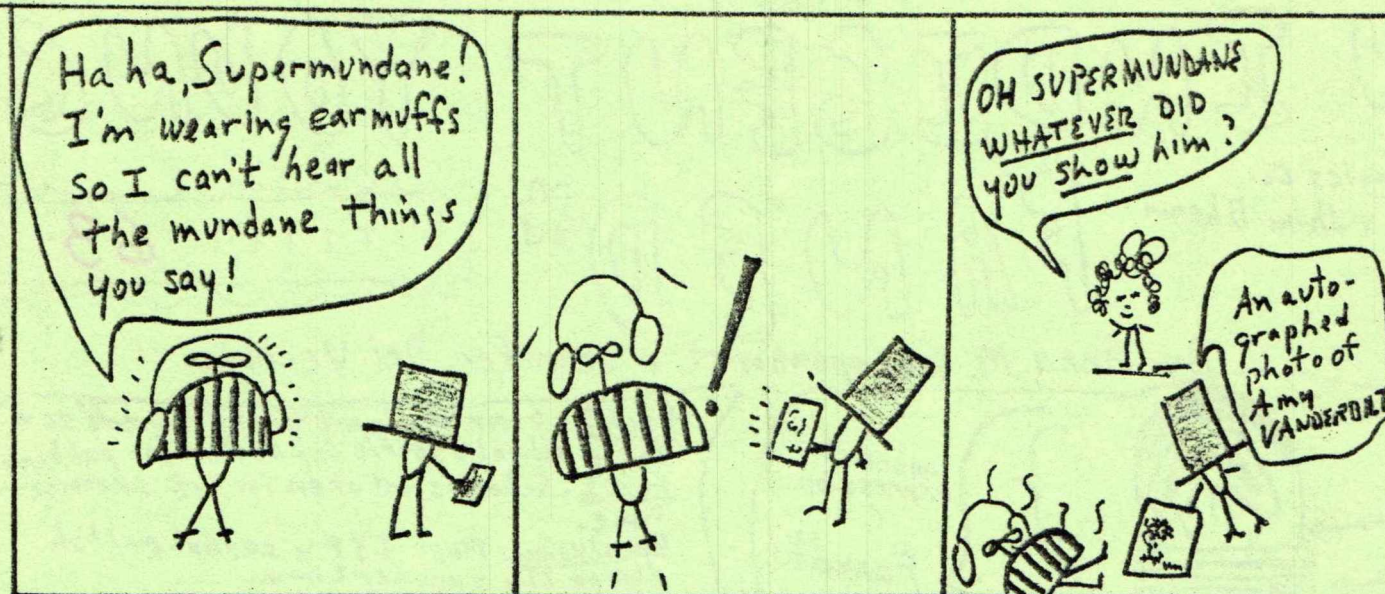
.... We submit that you yourself have been faked out by the faned\* and he was not + is not suffering from any depression or suicidal notions, and is simply trying to relieve late summer boredom at your expense.

We suggest you run the faned\* through the crepe-maker.

A.S.  
JDV

Note: Before all the faned\* jump down my throat let me say that some of my best friends are faneds. Jenny included. But the most of my enemies are faned\* too.





### A FANZINE GRADUATION BY JON INOUE

HE GREW UP ONE  
DAY AND WITH CAP  
AND GOWN  
JOINED THE SFWA.

HE LEFT FANZINES  
BUT KEPT COMING  
BACK

THEY WERE IN THE  
AIR HE BREATHED  
SO HE BREATHED  
THEM.

HE BECAME  
A 2001 STARCHILD  
AND LIKE A BABY  
BECAME A FAN  
AGAIN  
WHILE A FAN  
BAND PLAYED  
THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

TODAY HE ATTENDS  
SCIENCE FICTION  
CONVENTIONS.

### THE EARTH-DWELLERS BY GAIL WHITE

(For Brad Parks' cover on TITLE #61)

WHEN OUR GODS DIED  
WE HID UNDERGROUND.  
THE MINES BECAME OUR TREASURES,  
HIDDEN FROM MEN'S EYES.  
WE LEARNED TO SEE LIKE SERPENTS  
AND TO DIG LIKE MOLES,  
THE DRIPPING WALLS OUR DRINK,  
THE LIVING ROOTS OUR FOOD.  
STUNTED WE GREW  
AND COLORED LIKE EARTH,  
VOICELESS IN SILENCE  
WHERE NO SOUND COMES.  
WHEN WE RISE UP TO BREATHE  
EARTH-WALKERS TREMBLE:  
TROLLS WE ARE, THEY SAY,  
GREMLINS AND GOBLINS.  
WE CANNOT TELL THEM  
HOW HARMLESS WE ARE,  
WHO HAVE CHOSEN  
TO STAY LONELY, HIDDEN,  
RATHER THAN GO ON LIVING  
WHEN OUR OLD GODS HAD DIED.





## AS I THINK OF IT

Don't forget ARCHON I, July 15-17 here in St. Louis with George R.R. Martin as pro-GoH. Advance registration is \$5; otherwise \$7 at the door, and the door is in the wonderful downtown Stouffer's Riverfront Towers. For more information (or send money to) direct inquiries to John Novak, 1260 Moorlands Drive, Richmond Heights, Mo. 63117.

If you'd like instructions and a ballot for the FAAN Awards (winners to be announced at AutoClave, July 22-24) please get in touch with your local agent: USA - Bruce Pelz, 15931 Kalisher St., Granada Hills, CA 91344; Canada - Mike Glicksohn, 141 High Park Ave., Toronto, Ontario, M6P 2S3 Canada; UK - Ian Williams, 6 Greta Terrace, Chester Rd., Sunderland SR4 7RD, England; Australia - Leigh Edmonds, Box 76, Carleton, Victoria 3035. To count, ballot must be received no later than June 15, 1977 at your local agent's address.

**BUFFALO**  
**EVENING**  
**NEWS**  
**SPORTS**  
 Monday, December 13, 1976    Page 27

# I'd Swap Title For Super Bowl, Juice Admits

News Staff Reporter  
BALTIMORE, Dec. 13—  
Simpson won  
Football

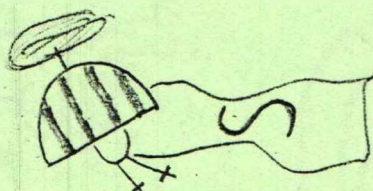
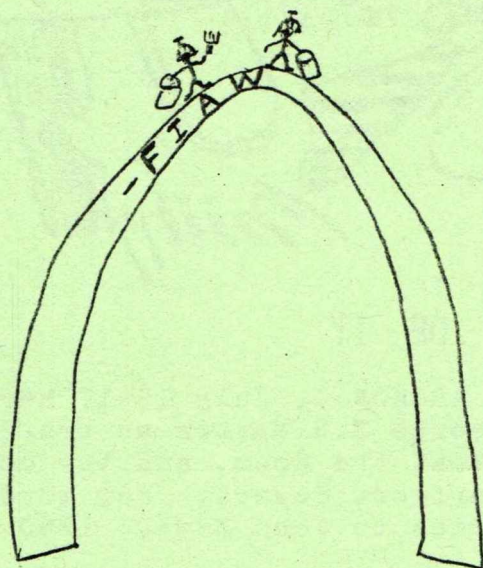
One way or another TITLE gets into the public media. Hank Heath's watchful eye spotted one way a "reader" will dispose of a back issue.

Chevrolet puts out a magazine for owners of their cars; it's called FRIENDS and has articles about travel (naturally). A recent issue carried an introductory exhortation for spacetravel by Ray Bradbury, followed by a long "poem" in the classic vein about the same subject. I wrote a letter to the editor of FRIENDS to say, in effect, *get more Bradbury, it was great!* Got a friendly letter back (what other kind could there be from FRIENDS?) which said they'd sure try and that my letter was being forwarded to Ray. I met and talked with Ray some 20+ years ago--



wonder if he'll remember my name, wonder if he'll respond regardless?

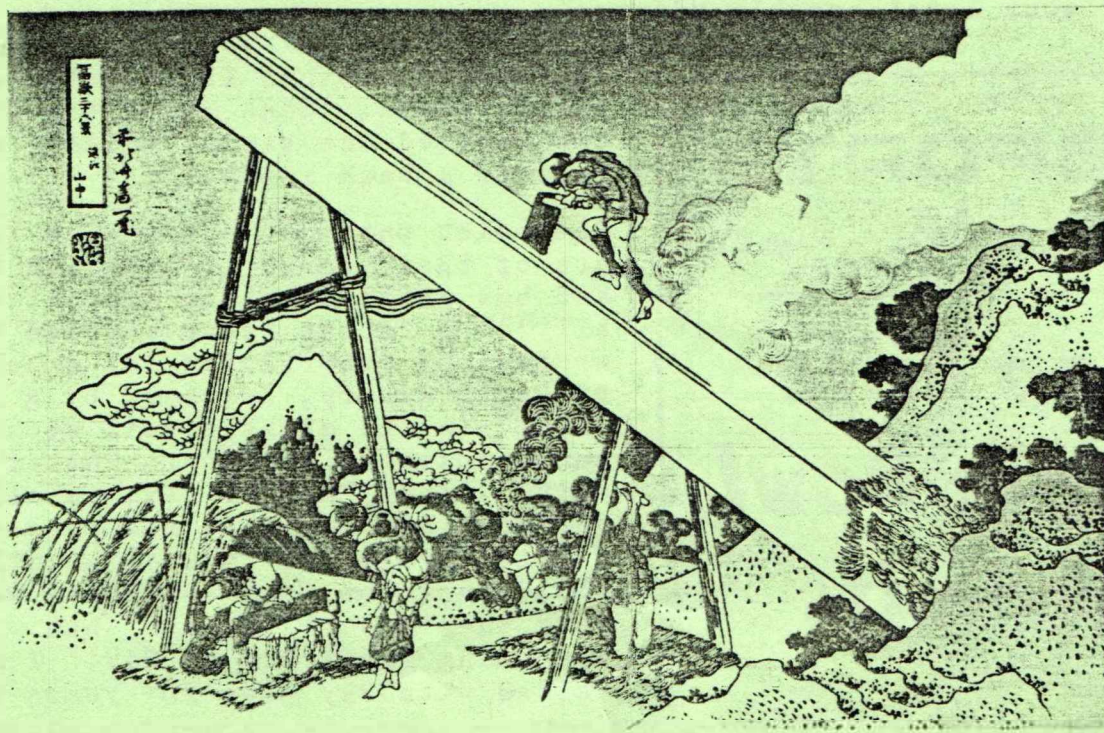
Awarded to me was a "diploma" and an accompanying letter from Will Norris notifying me of my appointment as "*Official Censor and Defender of the Common Weal.*" As soon as I find out what a "Weal" is I'll start my duties! It seems I must be "open for all oddities in especially those known as fans and crackpots" and I must have a "Swiftian sense of humor, straight or on the rocks." I've got to work on that last requirement, for as my wife says to me all the time: *Brazier, your sense of humor is not too swift.* I see, too, that I am now permitted to appoint others to this exalted duty; it is a matter requiring deep concentration and not to be taken lightly. Be warned!



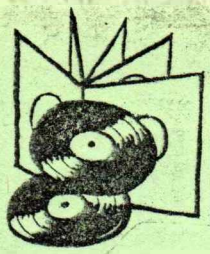
"... and I think I'm approaching ARCHON ! I can't see the hotel yet but two crazed idiots below are trying to paint FIAWOL on the Arch!"

C.D

Paula Smith sent the card below from Japan. She titles the picture, *HOW TO DO YOUR OWN FANZINE, PART 37A: PREPARING THE PAPER.* She reveals her streak of humor (which I had discovered in her at AutoClave) by saying: "I was so impressed by your WW II column that I went west to see the sites. Unfortunately, I overshot it. Oh well..."







## MUSIC FOR SCIENCE FICTION FANS BY KEVIN RENICK

Of all the arts, music is perhaps the most remarkable since there is some kind of music for whatever mood, deep feeling, or thought you might have. Music is the soundtrack to life; it is the one art form which communicates on a level that everyone can relate to in some way. The experience of hearing a fine record that seems to summarize all your current feelings is an experience few other art forms can contribute, with the possible exception of drama.

For some reason, *space music* (as it is commonly called) is the least written-about kind of music today. Perhaps its appeal is too limited, and the music is considered too strange for the average listener. The irony is that the music in most science fiction movies (i.e. the Ligeti pieces in Kubrick's *2001*) fully qualifies as *space music*, yet without the film such music is considered unlistenable by most people. In this column, I want to explore the *science fiction* kind of music existing on record today, music that allows the listener to see his own film in the privacy of his own home.

In the vast spectrum of rock music, *space rock* occupies a dark little band way at the end, far away from commercial taste. Pink Floyd are considered the "fathers" of this kind of music, but ironically they are considered one of the most commercial groups today. They don't really compose *space rock* anymore, but rather they write essays on the human condition, as in their latest album *ANIMALS*. This record is an extremely depressing look at different types of people and their social relationships to each other. People are represented metaphorically by kinds of animals, in this case dogs, pigs, and sheep. It's an interesting concept album, and represents a very pessimistic attitude towards society and the esteem in which different people are held. But it is much closer to being a rock album than a *spacey* album, even though the music has elements of science fiction to it.

I would sooner recommend certain older Pink Floyd recordings, as they better represent a definition of science fiction music. In particular, *A SAUCERFUL OF SECRETS* and *UMMAGUMMA* contain much of the music that made Pink Floyd famous. The former is only available on import, but has now been re-released as part of a double album called *A NICE PAIR*. This is a worthwhile collection which contains the weird, frantic, improvisational piece "Interstellar Overdrive", as well as the moody, hypnotic songs "Astronomy Domine" and "Let There Be More Light". There are also a number of surrealistic literary fantasies by madcap Syd Barrett, former leader of Pink Floyd whose strange attitudes eventually drove him to schizophrenia.

*UMMAGUMMA* is half live and half studio recordings. It is totally bizarre through and through, but contains the best version of the classic "Set the Controls for the Heart of the Sun". This song is eerie and haunting, and the barely-discernable vocals make it sound even more like a strange voyage in space. Also on this record is the long version of "A Saucerful of Secrets" which is frightening at times, but contains some very dissonant music. It is supposedly about the discovery of a flying saucer, but since there are no lyrics, one must use one's imagination. Other pieces on the album are largely



improvisational, and they vary in "listenability".

Another group recognized for *spacey* music is the German group called Tangerine Dream. They are quite popular in Europe, but all except their latest record can only be found on import in the U.S.A. Their music is totally instrumental, and sounds like nothing else currently being put out.

All of Tangerine Dream's records are worthy of investigation by lovers of weird music, but unquestionably their two finest LP's are *PHAEDRA* and *RUBYCON*. There are really no words to accurately describe the music on these albums. Tangerine Dream use synthesizers, mellotrons, and who-knows-what-else to produce positively unearthly sounds, which are applicable to the science fiction concept of your choice.

Side two of *RUBYCON* is worth special attention here because, to my mind, it contains one of the most frightening passages ever put on vinyl. The side begins with an ascending and descending "sound line" (it would be inaccurate to say "melody line") which comes from an instrument I cannot identify. The passage sounds vaguely like an air-raid siren (indeed, my first impression of the music was that it sounded like the end of the world in progress), but much more abstract. The siren effect fades into a positively ghostly passage which I honestly cannot describe. Suffice it to say it touches something deep; it makes you feel and think in a way you probably never have before. It could be the soundtrack music for the first meeting with the inhabitants of Planet Zintar, a devastating raid from outer space, a voyage to another dimension, what earth would look like after a deadly virus has wiped out civilization, etc. Your imagination is the only limit.

This music may be too much for some listeners. I have spoken with college students who like to get "high" by listening to Tangerine Dream, but I believe the most interesting experience to be gained from their music will occur simply by listening to *RUBYCON* or *PHAEDRA* when you are in a pensive (but straight) mood some night, and want your mind to go on a journey on the strength of the music alone. Tangerine Dream provide that opportunity.

A good introduction to them is their new album, *STRATOSFEAR*. This LP is not as intense as the others and contains more recognizable melody. *STRATOSFEAR* contains moments of real beauty, and is a goodsampler of their style for listeners unfamiliar with them. But be forewarned -- it's a big step from this album to *RUBYCON* or *PHAEDRA*.

There are many other groups and composers making *space music* for those who want it. It may be considered nothing more than avant-garde by the general public, but I believe it is valid and can do something special for SF fans.





## THE PEEL AND THE PULP - PART 5

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

August 15, 1944...Bellows Field, Oahu... Two of our three ships are now loaded, and we're delayed only by the non-arrival of the last ship, the one that will carry personnel and the cargo that's now in the bunker. Most everyone is fogging off now; two day passes have been granted to one-half all personnel. Everyone goes to Honolulu at every opportunity. Roger, Bill, and Chuck Dasher left Sunday and will not be back until tomorrow morning, Wednesday. It's lonesome in the tent without them.... On Sunday three officers and I were given a clean-up detail preparatory to our final evacuation from tent city to APO 247, which I think is Tinian. We loaded trash and hauled it to the dump all morning, and then at 11:30 the dump closed. So after dinner we took our last two trash-loaded trucks out the gate and up the highway toward Fort Hasse, whose dump stayed open on Sundays. (Really, you know, a first class A-1 dump.) I rode in the first truck; Lt. Pritchard, a signal corps officer, rode in the truck behind. Suddenly I heard an explosion; my driver pulled over and I hopped out. I looked back. My God, the truck behind us was completely swallowed in roaring red flames! We had three extinguishers, but they were as effective as pouring water on with a thimble. Someone had a shovel and tried to put the rear tires out with dirt and sand. I attempted to release the shovel fastened to the burning truck, and while doing so, the burning tarp shredded and fell on my head. I leaped back and rubbed my hair frantically to smother any flames that might be there; only a singe and a slight first-degree burn above my left ear resulted. (My hair is short, anyway.) By this time the heat was so intense I could not get close enough to the shovel. Some Gook farmers had run their garden hoses down to the truck. By what good fortune we'll never know, the gas tank and the two 5-gal gas cans failed to explode. The fire was finally extinguished when the local civilian fire truck arrived. Shortly, we drove the truck with its charred and soggy load back to Bellows Field. Captain Cox, against my arguments, put me on the investigating board as president. We met yesterday and called witnesses. We decided that the fire was caused by a load of hot trash, but that all reasonable precautions had been taken to assure that the trash was safe to load.... Sunday night, after this fire had happened, I felt an insane melancholia in which suicide entered my head continually. My wife, at home with her baby, kept me sane; I wrote in my book ((a small black personal diary in contrast to this war diary.)): *If it were not for you, I'd stop living; for without you, darling, my life would end.* I'm all right now; in fact, so normal I've volunteered to be president of another board, this one to hear a man being reduced from sergeant to private....

August 16... same place... We busted the staff sergeant to private; he should have been court martialed, for he grabbed his carbine and threatened another man with it. And there was a tussle for the ammunition.... Yesterday the PX received a shipment of fountain pens, and all the Parker 51's sold like chewing gum. No one even bothered or stopped to try his pen out.... Our last ship came in and we were given the go-ahead to load the remainder of our equipment and the weapons carriers from the bunker. So I spent an hour and a half phoning for trucks. At last I was able to get 20 trucks which are now shuttling back and forth to the pier....

August 21, 1944... aboard the "Cape Perpetua" on the Pacific... We loaded and left Bellows at 0700, and loaded the personnel on the ship at 0900. We left port at 1600, and at 1930 Oahu was just a faint cloud in the distance.

August 23... same ship... I feel like a skulking yardbird. From the States to Oahu I was in charge of policing up the ship; it was miserable. Several days before we left Bellows, I discovered I was going to get it again. I said to Major Siehr, "This is enough to make me go awol." I was deposed and Maj Makepiece & Lt Brinson were given the job. I was designated transportation officer -- ridiculous as a job aboard ship, and I felt they'd dream up something else for me to do. They have-- mess officer! But I have been fogging off, for that job is worse than the police up detail. I didn't even show up once in the messhall today. What do I know about mess, anyway? Not a darn thing. This is one time I'm not going to try to do a good job. But I have this guilty, skulking feeling of a yardbird gold-bricking.

August 25...same ship... Every night at -- just had a real alert but it was a friendly contact -- 0100 we have been turning our clocks back 30 minutes; tonight we turn them ahead 23 1/2 hours, which means we go to bed on Friday and wake up Sunday morning. We're going to cross the International Dateline; we lose Aug. 26 entirely.

August 30...same ship now docked in the Eniwetok lagoon about 2 miles from the nearest strip of land... There are about 50 ships here, of all types. It's something like a dream -- all these ships towering about three times as high as the land which seems like insignificant dots. Makes you wonder how these dots were ever discovered in the first place. We steamed by one island on our way into the center of the reef-bound lagoon -- slight turbulence marked a straight, long line of the coral reef connecting the islands. The island we passed must have seen fighting, for the trees were mere stumps and stripped poles, as photographed for the newspapers countless times. I hope our lay-over here is short, for the wet heat is miserable, especially noticeable now that the ship has dropped anchor. The eleven other freighters which came with us are also at anchor; the two destroyer-escorts and one destroyer have departed. We were given the following order by the ship's Captain over the loudspeaker: "There will be no swimming over the side of the ship." I can readily understand this, for there is a jellyfish about every five feet in the water. There are browns, blues, greens and pinks -- all hideously quivering and deadly looking.... We had two real alerts on the way thus far; one friendly contact already mentioned, the last negative. The Captain said, "Probably fish, just fish, relax." You should feel the tension of a real alert, the hurry, the excited chatter of some and the abnormal soberness of others. One enlisted man went crazy, and has been taken ashore. He was not badly crazy, just blew his top. They had to carry him through the messhall, while he yelled over and over: "How to think straight, how to think straight..." This was the title of a book he'd been reading out loud in his quarters and would not stop even when so ordered....

Sept. 1... still in Eniwetok harbor... Funny, there are very few airplanes. I've seen three actually flying overhead in three days -- a B-34, a B-24, and an A-24 or some similar Navy plane perhaps.

*(To be continued)*



If you go to law school you're in for a shock. You're going to be dozing through a \$5,000,000 breach of contract suit against Tri-City Home Improvement Corp., just fingering the change in your pocket, trying to figure out whether you have enough pennies to buy the new SPIDER MAN, and suddenly it's going to hit you like a 2000 page volume of BLACK's LAW DICTIONARY flung off the top of the World Trade Center by the losing side in a negligence action. You're going to realize you're sitting next to a guy whose boyhood idol was Felix Frankfurter.

It happened to me and I didn't enjoy it. Don't ask me how I realized. I just did. Call it ESP. Or a statistical quirk. There I was, minding my own business when my skin started to do a fair approximation of that "crawl" hack writers are forever warning us about. Then I got chills, naturally. I glanced to my left and there was this joker actually raising his hand in class, eyes glinting with judicial acumen. My heart took the express elevator to my stomach. I KNEW.

Standing in the subway on the way home, I felt queasy, like someone who finds out he's just spent the night with a Venusian armored slug disguised in a pseudo-girl suit. I could just imagine this freaky classmate gobbling down appellate decisions like popcorn. He probably played jud ges and tortfeasors as a kid. I pictured him, age five, bounding into his father's Wall Street office, "Look Dad. I'm Oliver Wendall Holmes!" as he sported a fake mustache. I felt damn sick. And for all I knew I'd walked right into a nest of them.

"I'm an artist," I groaned to Kathy, as I staggered into the apartment. "I'm an *ARTIST*, a writer, a former aspiring small town journalist. An English Lit Major. How the hell did I end up sitting next to Felix Frankfurter Junior? What am I doing here?" Gently, she pointed out that law school grads had an almost even chance of finding work, prospects considerably better than those for English Lit Majors who are eventually ground up for dogfood in the ineterests of social utility. Her logic was irrefutable. I admit it. I'm mercenary. I like to eat. You'd understand if you'd been out of work for as long as I was. A simple matter of survival. I don't have the skills or temperment to scratch out a living in part-time positions.

Still, law school's no ball. They scare you to death, starting with a lot of slick judges telling you about the academic attrition rate and the deans warning of cutthroat competition. You tend to get nervous. Jumpy. You feel a need to relax. After cramming for your Torts final you might decide to sit down with some Carlsberg Elephant Malt Liquor and read STARSHIP TROOPERS. Don't.

That night I dreamed In was in law school bootcamp. My whole class was lined up in some indeterminate dream place. Just me and the Junior Supreme Court. And a big burly judge came stomping down the line screaming stuff like, "res ipsa loquiter, res judicata, stare decisis." Sure enough he stopped right in front of me. I wasn't surprised. I'd already guessed this was a nightmare. He starts gabbling at me. Unintelligible stuff. My jaw turns to stone. I can't answer. I don't know whether he wants a simple "yes" or "no" or a dissertation on the implications of Hadley v. Baxendale. Worse yet I can't guess what the punishment for failure might be. Maybe knowing the implications of Hadley v Baxendale is its own punishment. I mutter something idiotic.

"Reversed," shrieks the judge. "REVERSED!"



I came awake kicking. Practically hit Kathy in the face. "Horrible nightmare," I explained. "I'm not supposed to have a Torts class Monday."

If you go to law school, you'll have Torts class, with your very own K---. A "K---" is a law prof in the grand old tradition. A real bastard, with a routine scripted by Heinlein and a psyche straight out of Malzberg. In Junior High I had teachers who kept notched baseball bats on their desks, who picked up recalcitrants by the neck and used their heads to wipe the blackboards. Comparing those kindhearted souls to K--- is like comparing thumbscrews to an iron maiden.

Imagine a big room filled with rows of desks. Imagine a drone emanating from the podium, over the edge of which is K---'s head. All that comes out of the loudspeakers is the sound of K--- snorting and snuffling. The man is allergic to students, and so bored he can't hold his head up except by propping his nose against the mike. Occasionally, out of the slurred mumble, you can pick up a word: "False imprisonment... guilt...drastic punishment..." K---'s hand is pressed on his forehead. The class is too much for him. He's in agony. A martyr with 80 arrows stuck in him, one for every student. The mumbling grows indistinct. He's nodding off, passing out. Everyone in the room has his hearing turned up to maximum, trying to pick up the dying gasp.

K--- SPRINGS! Clawing over the edge of the podium, his eyes bugging, screaming like a gargoyle, stabbing, stabbing with his right hand. He bellows, "You're going to sleep! Wake up! Pay attention!" (Eighty students, each a sudden expert on probability theory. If there's one chance in 80 of being called on and K--- calls on four students per class, how long do you have to live? Even Felix Frankfurter Junior is petrified. I see him counting on his fingers.) "YOU," screams K---. "You, in the back. STAND UP. State the next case."

You jump up, leaving your stomach on the seat. You're done for now. You've got about as much chance as a stray cat with a vivisectionist. Anything you say will be held against you. It's the inquisition. Remember 1984? Remember how they figured the hero out and stuck a cage-full of rats on his face? K--- wrote that chapter.

I liked my Torts exam better than the class. Maybe because I took it at 6 PM on a bitter January night when the winds barrelling down the streets of lower Manhattan froze my eyebrows to my glasses. By the time I reached the school, I would've been happy to attend my own execution so long as the gas chamber was heated.

If you go to law school you might enjoy the exam questions, too. Mr. A trips over C's drainpipe who then falls into B, causing B to spill a bag of oranges which D, coming into the alleyway, trips over just as E drops a book from a helicopter, X, which hits D on the neck, to the horror of J who, passing by, has his attention diverted, colliding with K's baby carriage, which is carrying an illegal load of fireworks, which sets fire to L's warehouse, which has complications ranging all the way to Z in Scranton. What causes of action will lie?

The frightening part is, you might know the answer.



# M I K E G I C K S O H N

SSSSSSSSSSSNAPSSSSSSSSSSSOTSSSSSSSS a column by that ol' shutterbug and whose name above is spelled out in caps to so indicate-- an idea from Hank Heath.

+++++

The first fifth of 1977 (fanzinewise, that is: it's the 20th fifth as far as important things are concerned) has been a good one, with many fine issues of many good fanzines appearing. In fact, good fanzines have appeared at too swift a rate for me to read them all, so this column is going to retread some already covered ground, recommending yet again a few of my favorite fanzines, with perhaps an occasional newcomer slipping in, not unlike fandom itself, come to think of it.

Quick: what's the best regularly-appearing Canadian fanzine? All those who answered SIMULACRUM get a kiss from Victoria and flunk the course. KRAT is the best regularly appearing Canadian fanzine, and #10 which I covered contentswise in TITLE 62 more than establishes the superior quality of the material Eli Cohen offers. In terms of appearance KRAT is far above average, but in terms of content, Krat stands by itself.

Quick: what's the best regularly appearing English fanzine? If you answered MAYA, you get a free enema from Doc Jackson; if you answered TRIODE, you get a free copy of a 1950's newspaper from Eric Bentcliffe; if you answered SMALL FRIENDLY DOG, you now have a date with Paul Skelton's wife; and if you answered STOP BREAKING DOWN, Greg Pickersgill will probably ignore you for the next four years. Me? I'll nod no matter what you said; I sure as hell don't know!

The latest double issue of MAYA, #12-13, is impeccably photo-offset, creatively laid out, superbly illustrated and contains some truly excellent writing. Highlights are the inimitable Leroy Kettle on how not to become a writer, Peter Weston dissecting Charles Platt and spreading his rather putrid remains for all to see, and a collection of "lesser" pieces that would highlight many a fanzine, including such staples as fanzine reviews, a column reviewing two recent books (by Chris Priest in a rather snotty manner, I thought), letters, etc. MAYA is English fandom's biggest award-winner and stands a good chance of winning some of "our" awards this year. Very highly recommended!

TRIODE, the time-binding fanzine, showcases the sort of writing that made Sixth Fandom famous. It may not be "relevant" to the unrestrained venom that often flows in modern fanzines but it reflects a quality of writing that one rarely sees nowadays. #24 has Warner on Hoffman, another John (Irish) Berry travelogue -- a term none of whose negative connotations apply to the inventive fannish creations of the Goon -- numerous letters, and a pun-filled Tom Perry article which tackles the problem of the post office in a way sure to amuse and challenge every trufan, the challenge coming from trying to track down all the immensely clever and subtle puns and allusions Tom weaves into his prose. Editor and publisher Bentcliffe and Jeeves have columns that round out a slightly anachronistic but very enjoyable fanzine.

Paul Skelton, under the impetus of his wife Cas and several dozen bottles of booze, publishes SFD -- #14 just out -- and also THE ZINE THAT HAS NO NAME 2. Both are essentially unrestrained, often manic, frequently drunken diary type personalzines featuring Paul's views of anything that happens to interest him, along with his readers' reactions and the thoughts they create in Paul. SFD is "hard to get" so Paul started TZTHNN to let people who might be interested in what he's doing sample his style. Do I like what Paul Skelton writes about and the way he and his friends write? Well, every so often I send Paul a pound note so I can get his fanzine airmail rather than waiting for it to cross the Atlantic by boat. Take it from there....

STOP BREAKING ~~XX~~ DOWN isn't the fanciest looking fanzine out of England and it may not even be the most fannish (depending on



whether or not your name begins with Charnock) but it's definitely one that's created a lot of interest in its first four issues. #4 has Rob Holdstock on how to become a writer - sort of - an English con report by Graham Charnock. Certified Paranoid, as well as editorials by Pickersgill and co-ed Simone Walsh, letters, and the acerbic, thoughtful, caring fanzine reviews that have made Greg Pickersgill a household word throughout the Hebrides. I love every grotty looking page of it!

Not every English zine is one I highly recommend; some are merely "worth keeping an eye on" (Jim Linwood Fanzine Reviewers' Cliche No.87.) Like Geoff Rippington's ARENA 5, a halfsize offset zine emphasizing a sercon approach, although tempered with locs and fanzine reviews. For some reason Pickersgill thinks highly of it. Who am I to argue with the Master?

Lest it look as if only non-American zines are worthy, let me wax eloquent over some recent US zines that should stimulate the adrenalin and open up some pores. SCINTILLATION 11 from Carl Bennett may well be one of the best fanzines of the year. And considering how new 1977 is, my willingness to say that is quite a commitment! SCIN is an offset newsprint genzine with superb and provocative material. Highlights include a hilarious article by John Varley "reporting" on the first Psi Olympics-- possibly the cleverest fanzine item so far this year, a well-written analysis of Geo Alec Effinger followed by a very entertaining and thoughtful first column by Effinger himself. Lots of reviews and letters and Bennett's often-devastating cartoons centered around his famous parodies (this issue neatly dissecting ANALOG). Negative highlight (lowlight?) is the continuing column by John Shirley which casts a jaundiced eye on SF and fandom but in such an uneducated and arrogantly self-serving way as to undercut the valid points Shirley has to make. I voted Bennett Faned of the Year for last year on the FAAN ballot, and I wouldn't mind seeing this issue of SCIN as Best Single Issue of 1977! You might note I was somewhat impressed with it!

Not every American fanzine is an award winner, of course. Another of Gil Gaier's fanzines (see last issue; and if you have to, you flunked the quiz) is VERT 3. Gil may not be the best writer in fandom, or the snazziest editor, or the severest art critic, but he still rates as one of the most honest and candid people in the field. VERT is a personalzine filled with Gil's thoughts on anything he cares about (which is just about everything!) #3 has a dated but highly personal Westercon report, zine reviews - one of Gil's weaker areas, I think - five photo pages and a heck of a lot of very personal, often heavy letters. Gil's an emotional, sympathetic, emphatic man, and he tends to bring out those qualities in his readers. Maybe what he does could be for you?

Somewhere, someone is doing exactly what you're interested in. All you have to do is sift through five tons of chaff to find a pound or two of wheat!

KRATOPHANY 10, 2236 Allison Rd, Vancouver BC, V6T 1T6, Canada. 46pp, mimeo, highly irregular. Usual, whim, or one issue for a buck, no subs.

MAYA 12/13, Rob Jackson, 21 Lyndhurst Rd. Benton, Newcastle on Tyne, UK NE12 9NT. (Sam Long is agent but he's due to move into Illinois somewhere in April and I don't have an address for him yet.) 3 times a year. \$1 each, 4/\$3. This ish \$1.50. Usual, if it's good usual.

TRIODE 24, (Agent) Terry Hughes, 4739 Washington Blvd., Arlington, VA 22205. 34pp, mimeo. Irregular (thrice a year?) Usual, or a buck, or whim.

T.Z.T.H.N.N. #2, 25 Bowland Close, Offer-ton, Stockport, Cheshire SK2 5NW, UK. 18 pp mimeo. Frequent. Usual, bottles of rare Scotch, worth a buck easily.

STOP BREAKING DOWN 4, 7A Lawrence Rd., S Ealing, London W5, UK. 54pp, mimeo. Damnably hard to get, but worth the effort. Send lots of money.

ARENA 5, 15 Queens Ave, Canterbury, Kent CT2 8AY, UK. 24pp, digest offset. 60¢ or usual. Probably quarterly.

SCINTILLATION 11, PO Box 8502, Portland, OR 97207. 48pp, offset. Quarterly. \$1.25 or \$3.50 a year, and usual. Well worth it! Subscribe, subscribe! ((Brazier-- yes.. I voted SCIN #10 bestzine of '76 in FAAN Awards.))

VERT 3, 1016 Beech Ave., Torrance CA 90501. Irregular; available for loc only. So loc what you think it should contain: you'll probably appeal to Gil. ((If you dig TITLE, you'll find a home with any of Gil's productions--Brazh.))



# HEY BABY, IT'S STAGNATION TIME !

K ALLEN BJORKE

o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o

I disagree with Wayne Hooks about English changing in the future, while agreeing with one change-- expansion. Modern culture and technology, while instigating its own changes in lifestyle, also has some stagnating effects.

As mentioned in *THE MOTE IN GOD'S EYE*, it may well be possible that mankind has reached the end of its evolutionary ladder, since now almost *everyone* survives and (usually, if given adequate opportunity) reproduces, while evolution was based on the concept of survival of the fittest. Thus, all strains of humanity will remain, and though there might have been some that would have transcended the norm, they will be "tainted" by "lesser" groups. (I know this sounds vaguely Nazi, but it may be true. The Nazis tried to eliminate the what-they-thought were the "lesser" groups. This concept has no place in politics, and I am confining the use of the concept for my own purpose.)

What has this concept to do with language?

Well, a similar thing has happened to sound. A century or so ago, Thomas Edison invented sound recording, giving man the power to arrest and replay his music and his language. And so, a number of things began to happen, the most important, next to sound recording, being sound transmission. In the 1970's, kids learn much of their language from television, and since they all get the same programs, they learn the same accents and the same words. They buy the same records and all copy the same pronunciation and sentence structure. And, as you know, a lot of "kid's programming" was made in the past -- so the kids are talking the same as they did in the 1930's, with the exception of a few slang words (few of the Little Rascals ever said "dynamite," except maybe Buckwheat). And even some old slang words have remained, like the slang usage of "baby".

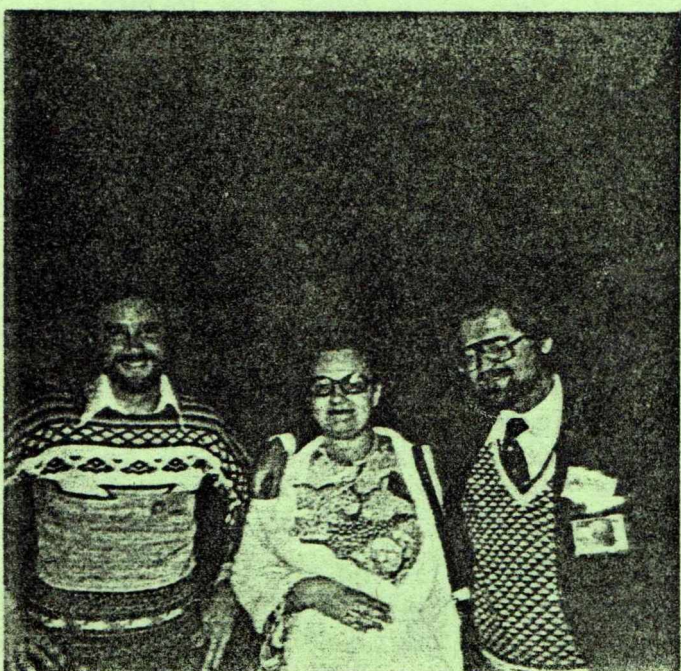
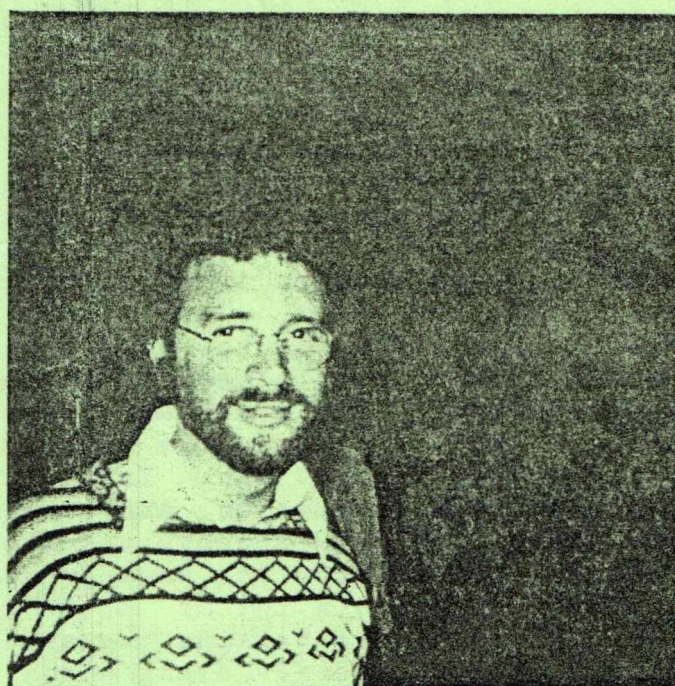
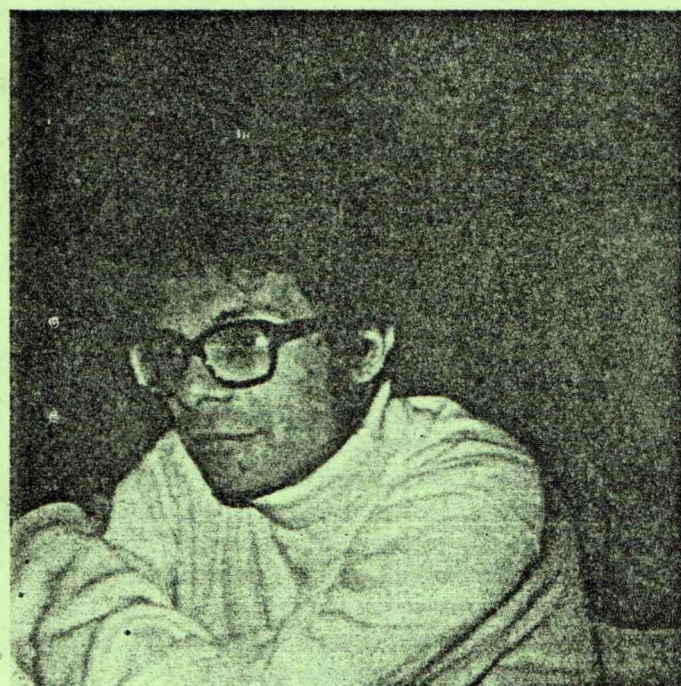
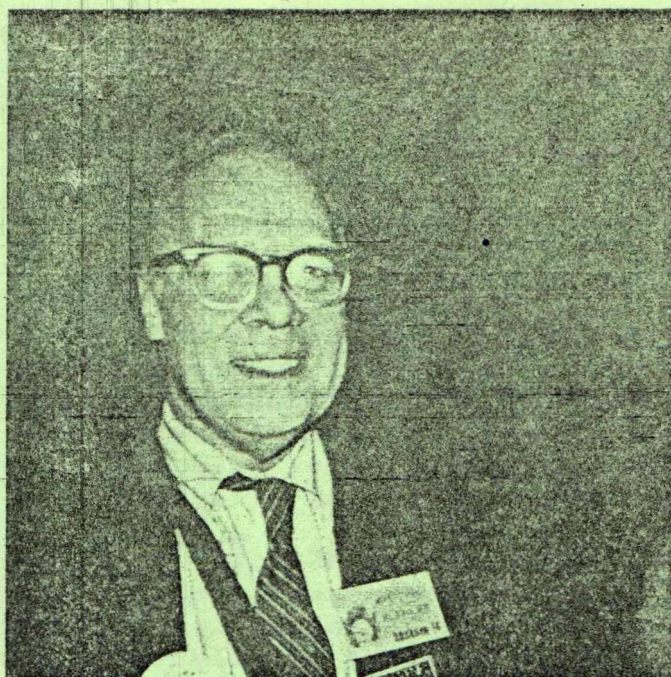
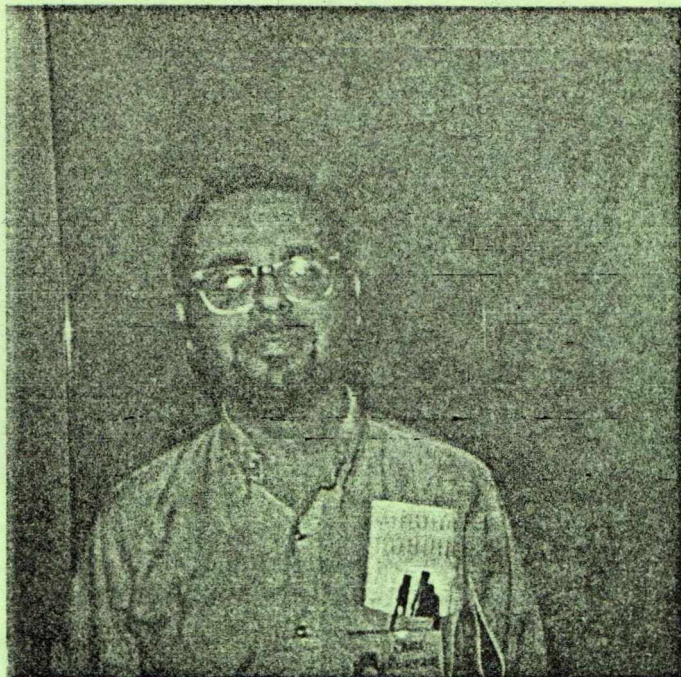
As the years go by, and mankind's already gigantic collection of recorded sound grows, the present form of the English language will become more and more crystalized. However, expansion will not be at all impossible, especially as technology gives us new toys to play with and their respective terms (who, five years ago, would have known what a "pong game" was?). But this expansion is confined to words, not structure, accent, etc.

The obvious argument against this reasoning is that recorded speech can also take the form of writing, in which case-- if valid-- we'd all be speaking Babylonian still. Until recently, the majority of English-speaking people were illiterate. But anyone can listen to a record. Though now that more people are able to read, it may well be that written literature will indeed have such an effect.



Tom listens to the first rock group: *MARY'S LITTLE LAMB*.





SOME PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY BRENDAN DUBOIS:

JOHN ROBINSON (upper left)

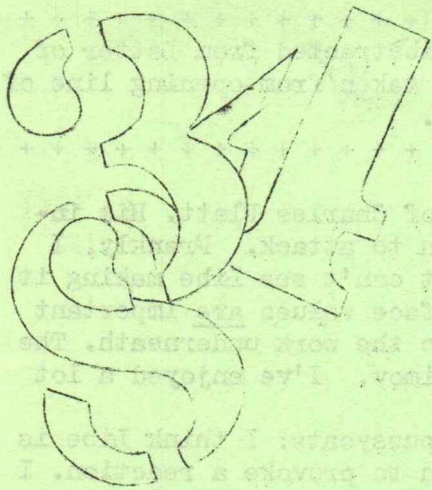
HAL CLEMENT (upper right)

DON D'AMMASSA (middle left)

DAVID GERROLD (middle right)

DAVID GERROLD, FUZZY PINK NIVEN,  
LARRY NIVEN (lower left)





TITLERIANA by Dr. Fredric Wertham

Numbers have a fascination of their own.  
They call for sober interpretation.  
They also stimulate vision and imagination.

\*\* Life upon Earth started three billion years ago. The universe has been calculated as seven billion years old, and its size as 7.2 billion light years. The Milky Way has been estimated to have 10 followed-by-11-zeros stars. To imagine the incredible density of a black hole, you would have to shrink the earth to 5.58 centimeters of circumference. During each century, the moon moves 1/100,000th of its distance away from Earth, so after some billions of years the

receding moon will no longer travel around the earth, but will be off somewhere on an orbit of its own. The Sufis believe that there are 18,000 worlds, and according to Hindu doctrine, a Day of Brahma lasts 4,320,000,000 Earth-years.

\*\* 95% of all animal species that have ever appeared on Earth have become extinct, 475 through the aggression of man. The dinosaurs were the most successful living creatures for 140 million years.

\*\* Two billion tons of water are carried twice a day into the small bay of Passamaquoddy. In the past six years the Sahara Desert has in some places expanded more than 100 miles.

\*\* There are at present more than 20,000 nuclear bombs, each more powerful than those used in Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The nations of the world spend annually almost 300 billion dollars for weapons of destruction. The US spent \$350,000 for each Vietcong killed. In the miscalculated British offensive in Flanders in 1917, 500,000 allied soldiers died in four months. Only 300 of the last 3,500 years of history were warless. And in NYC a murder is committed every six hours. Each week at least one of New York City's children is murdered, and in 1975 more than once a week a youth under 16 was arrested for murder. Every one of the 150 members of a Senior Citizens Club in the Bronx has been mugged at least once. Man has killed in the past forty years more than 60 million of his own fellows.

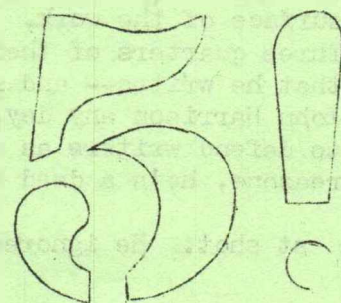
\*\* It has been calculated that only one in 563 billion people will be hit and injured twice by lightning; but in 1975 a man in Hamburg was struck and severely injured for the second time.

\*\* The Library of Congress receives each day 7,000 new publications to catalog and file. The world's output of new books is about 1000 titles a day. On this planet, 2,796 languages are spoken; 3,964 languages are extinct. The Bible is translated into 221 languages. The English language has 17,953 adjectives used to characterize a personality. Alexander Dumas, author of THE THREE MUSKETEERS, wrote 257 volumes. Thomas Mann wrote 24,000 letters in his lifetime. The longest sentence in scientific literature has 172 words (in Transactions, Am. Neurological Association).

\*\* In 70 years the human heart pumps 18 million barrels of blood. The average height of adult men and women has increased in the last 100 years about four inches. In 1939 there were 3,000 psychiatrists in the USA. Today there are 27,000.

\*\* When it was started, the Albany Mall complex, to house workers of the New York State government, was to cost 480 million dollars. The actual price tag now is one billion dollars. The MacDonald's Corporation has a chain of 3,550 fast food restaurants. In the oil industry it now takes more than \$100,000 of plant and equipment to employ each worker.

\*\* These are figures to ponder over.





+++++  
BURT LIBE VERSUS SUPER IKE, ROUND TWO  
by Steve McDonald, Jamaica

Quasi Article Abstracted from Letter of  
3-26-77; title taken from opening line of  
Steve's letter.

+++++  
As far as I'm concerned, Libe has behaved in the fashion of Charles Platt. His intention seems to have been less to spark a discussion than to attack. Frankly, I agree with Asimov in that Libe's style is obscure. I just can't see Libe making it as a pro writer until he changes his way of working. Surface values are important in any creative venture; they attract the viewer/reader to the work underneath. The surface can be glossy, as per Ellison, or plain as per Asimov. I've enjoyed a lot of Asimov's work, which is anything but textbook.

As for pussycats: I think Libe is the type who spends time driving nails into Harlan Ellison to provoke a reaction. I have found through personal experience that most of those pussycats are pussycats, and quite tame and friendly ones. The harsh exteriors come from being human beings. Ellison is tempermental, Asimov is all ego, Gerrold likes egoboo, Pohl is oblique, Bova is blunt and straightforward but capable of being as sharp as a switchblade. Scithers is a bundle of energy, Silverberg impatient. All human characteristics. If ever -- hell, when -- I get into the pro-ranks I damn well hope Libe will consider the fact that I'm Steven Edward McDonald, member of the human race, and not some kind of demigod that happened to fart during a session with the oracle. Sure some of these writers will bite you when you push them around; so will a cat. A dog will probably tear your throat out -- sure as hell Harlan would.

Libe missed the point about adornment. Asimov was saying that he doesn't produce flashy goods. The meat is there, but the packaging is simple. Such goods don't fall apart easily. The test of time, etc. etc.

Libe also missed the point about 'successful style'. The fact is, Asimov's style -- unadorned, simple, plain and straightforward -- is a successful style. He's a successful writer. The hell with whether Libe thinks that Asimov's style is unsuccessful because he happens to dislike it. The point is that Asimov's work sells, and sells consistently, unlike a lot of bestsellers that vanished in a year. Asimov's work from the 1950's is still around, alive and kicking. Asimov is what people want. He has never pretended to be profound, simply entertaining. Which he is. Egocentric he may be. He's got a right to be; he's made a bloody success of himself, and Libe isn't yet off the starting blocks.

I find that few writers have any concept and definition of style; once in a while, one will restyle for a particular story. Others just write. Asimov is consistent-- his books simply sell. A good many of his books have shifted enough volume to class as bestsellers; the bestseller lists tend to be week-by-week high volume reports, shifting up to 1000 copies a day in selected stores for at least seven days. A book can sell out a print run in a year, but never at a speed that, ZOONOM!, it appears on the bestseller chart. Asimov simply sells..and sells.

Libe somehow smacks of a child kicking around his bedsheets. His idea of trying to rock a few foundations smacks of Guy Fawkes trying to blow up Parliament. He didn't succeed either. Libe would be better off with a couple of literature professors on either hand, because they know all about the subject of style. But style is simply the way the author writes; it's a natural thing. Some don't have much of one. Craftsmanship takes practice. An author doesn't change his style; he only alters the surface of the work. New Wavers prefer to be obscure; half of them aren't craftsmen. Three quarters of them are no longer selling. The important thing about a writer is that he writes-- and sells. Frankly, I'd sooner read a good Asimov than a poor M. John Harrison any day. And vice-versa. See, I'm not protecting my god-- I'm trying to defend writers as a group. Let's face it, if Libe writes fiction as badly as he reasons, he's a dead horse in the world of writing.

Yeah, it seems Asimov had the  
last shot. He ignored Libe.

End of chatter. Ghu, what a noise!



I WONDER WHAT DONN BRAZIER  
WOULD DO IN A SITUATION  
LIKE THIS!



## CRITIQUE ON ERIC MAYER AND AND THE BNF (TITLE #61)

MIKE GLICKSOHN

Normally I pretty well agree with what Eric Mayer has to say, but... One might almost suspect Eric had deliberately set out to ruffle feathers, but his record speaks against such tactics so I'll assume he seriously believes what he had to say here. And I'll disagree accordingly!

The essential wrongness behind Eric's entire argument lies in his apparent assumption that BNFs *seek* that so-called "exulted status". The truth is that the status of BNF is *not* one that people can deliberately work towards; it's an honorary title that *other* fans impose on someone, *not* that a fan can take for him or herself. It has to be *granted* by your peers.

Possibly the most telling point Eric hints at without seeming to be aware of it is that the term BNF has become incredibly diluted by people who don't understand what it means. Herein may well lie the source of the wrongness in Eric's column. He may well have fallen prey to the common misunderstandings, and hence is writing about BNFs that don't really exist.

There's a tendency to give the title BNF to anyone who's been active for a year or so beyond the newer fan. Thus, we see some people calling Carolyn Doyle a 'BNF' or Tim Marion, or even Eric Mayer! Perhaps what Eric should be attacking is not the BNF phenomenon but the tendency for uneducated fans to toss the term around so indiscriminately. Some people think Donn Brazier is a BNF (and they might be right) or Mike Glicksohn (demonstrably wrong). Real BNFs are folk like Tucker, Bjo, White, Warner, et al; and they are - rightfully - a very small clique.

Another illogical thinking- Eric confuses cause and effect. He *blames* BNFs (whatever that means) because some people are dumb and treat their thoughts as if they were engraved on stone tablets. And for this he says BNFs are ruining fandom. But who is to blame? It's the person who slavishly accepted a BNF's statements as gospel. They are to blame, not the person who made the statements! To believe otherwise is to impose censorship on anyone who's been around a few years. "You mustn't say anything, seven people in Montana think you're a BNF and will believe anything you say, and we can't let you influence fan-



dom and garner egoboo in that way." But that way it's obviously ludicrous, but when you sift through what Eric has to say, that's what it boils down to.

Okay, to some people I'm a BNF. I'm not, and it isn't false modesty that makes me say that. But after ten years of fanning I doubt that I express my opinions any more forcibly or openly than I did as a neo. Obviously I've *learned* more about fanzines, fans, fandom, et al, since 1966, so I undoubtedly have more opinions now, but the way I express them really isn't any different. If Joe Fann 1977 puts more faith in my expressed thoughts than Joe Fann 1966 is that my fault or his?

On the other hand, there *are* fans whose opinions I respect more than those of others, and that's simple human nature. If Bill Bowers comments on my layout, I'm more likely to take what he says as more important than what some other people might say. This has nothing to do with BNF status, even though Bowers happens to be one. Some people have established themselves in certain areas that I really respect. (I, being - sometimes - human, care about what my friends think about what I've done: some of my friends are BNFs, some are erroneously considered so, and some aren't known to more than a few dozen fans. But their opinions mean more to me than those of some so-called BNFs which I have no overlap with. But I like to think that the opinions I rate as important are based on more than *someone else's* belief that a given fan is important.)

Respecting someone whose work you have personally rated excellent is one thing; slavishly going along with someone whose name you've seen a dozen times in different fanzines is entirely different. And just because one might respect and admire the writing of a Willis, the art of a Canfield, the mimeography of a ~~Will~~ Wayne, the layout of a Bowers, etc. is no reason to give credence to their opinions on any other subject. (If I talk about Scotch, you'd better believe me: but any other opinion I might voice will, with 35¢, get you a cup of coffee. And I wouldn't expect to be treated any other way.)

So I disagree totally with the entire underlying assumptions of Eric's article. I also disagree with some of his seemingly factual "statements". I doubt that most of the *real* BNFs are incapable of recognizing original creative thinking even if it lacks the facility of expression we've come to expect from our better craftsmen. Nor do I think there is anything wrong with trying to proselytize for good standards of fannish expression. If I encounter a new fan with good ideas that are poorly expressed, I'll say that, giving both positive feedback and constructive criticism. Would Eric Mayer have me do anything less? Somehow I doubt it. Praise what is good, point out what needs improvement: that has always been and should always be the basic guideline of fannish commentary!

The same reaction goes to Eric's rather silly comments about superficiality being so rampant among BNF reactions. In a word: bullshit. If you deserve the title BNF, you simply aren't so insensitive as to be unaware of the problems confronting younger fans. (As a college student, I still managed to publish fanzines that were widely greeted as being among the best-looking mimeographed zines of their time. A "steady job" and a few decades of experience aren't necessary.) Finally, I'm totally in disagreement with Eric's remarks about comparisons with earlier fanwriters and faneds. Denying earlier talent just because it's "ancient" is ludicrous! All in all, I find a usually logical and intelligent fanwriter falling all over his rather big feet on this topic.



# TOIL.

# WORK

# MANUSCRIPT

BY JON INOUE

Where did Isaac Asimov get where he is -- stellar, biography after biography, feature upon feature in the major publications of the science fiction field? Why is Roger Zelazny, Poul Anderson, Robert Silverberg, Ursula LeGuin, Harlan Ellison, where THEY are? Is it magic? Strokes of genius?

And what am I -- or the hopeful writer who might be reading this -- doing here? Namely, here in these lower, dark regions behind the curtains of professionalism, our fanzine and semi-pro magazines?

To expand this further, when did Dickens, or Poe, or Leo Tolstoy reach their state of fame and wide acclaim and endless remembrance?

They produced an effect-- that is true. They could write. These individuals in both the SF and mainstream do have talent. We grant them this. But many other unheard writers have blushed unseen in the background. Some of them will emerge into the limelight. Others will degrade into levels of self-pity, turning out "experimental" works which only a select few no doubt would read.

A person has an ability and, through lethargy, loses this. He idles. At some point where success and celebration look bright, in comes the rejection slip. In comes what he considers "disaster", and word which is difficult to confront: FAILURE. FAILURE is synonymous with giving up. An artist can never really fail. But he can "quit", without ever knowing why.

Surely, those celebrities in SF, fantasy and mainstream did not arrive by chance alone. Neither are talent and ability enough, single-handed. A very vital factor must be applied at all times. When this peculiar factor is NOT applied, we have disaster.

And this factor was and will always be WORK-- meaning, getting the job done.

A steady income comes from working con-

stantly, from eight to ten, twelve hours a day, at least five days a week. We associate hours with work, all right. But sometimes with sweat. Mention "work" and a person weats, thinking, "No. Not today. Right now I'm going to a science fiction convention." So much for "work". But to keep these jobs we have inherent a steady, consistent ability to WORK.

This factor has really been missed by writers that have not "made it". When a writer with talent wanes, look for that missing factor, WORK, and rehabilitate. Back on the job again, he will make it. And that's the simple and happy message of this job of writing.

Writing can be deceiving as there is a myth generated by the misinformed that writing is not "work", that writing is something magical which occurs late at night and under drugs. This is where a writer can go dead wrong; the trap is fatal, believe me, as I have personally found within a recent period. Producing greatly, I wanted "time for a rest." This false Elysium results in a kind of "off the job" policy.

Writing is perhaps one of the most difficult lines of work for a beginner, not because it might be physically strenuous or mentally tedious, to say nothing of creative postulates. It is difficult in that one must confront writing. It is easy to go astray unless you intend to WORK, and really work at it and finish what you wanted to finish and then say, "Time for dinner. End job for the evening. Now let's go to the convention..."

Any of you pro or fan writers know that the hardest part is actually starting that story. "Well, I'll wait until divine inspiration strikes." That's what he said ten nights ago at midnight. The divine inspiration never came. THE PLANET OF THUNDER never materialized in any bookstore....

The way to succeed is to view writing as any other form of work. Bricklaying, com-



by Steve Sneyd

puter programming, watering the lawn, or being a housewife. We might be said to be in the construction business-- building a story to its conclusion. This takes endurance equivalent to climbing Mt. Everest.

Most jobs have a boss, or neighbors are watching, or if you are your own business you have actual material things to send to solid customers. All watch you, supervising, expecting the work to get done and the daily grind moving. But WRITING? Nah, that isn't work...

You can't fire yourself. You must keep at it, and it is hard, tedious work. The penalty for lethargy is degradation. Before you know it, you haven't written anything and you're behind schedule and the train of thought is broken. An entire piece can be ruined this way, believe me.

Writing is a unique art form. Like most art forms it is generated by those who are proficient. That's where "professional" derives. An amateur isn't serious in this line, so he can't deliver. His schedule is erratic and undisciplined. It often has nothing to do with inability. It deals with attitude, and that attitude concerns work. Like any job, the ups and downs are apparent. One gains skill by keeping at it. SF writing, editing and publishing operates in this vein. Many struggling writers look for "tricks of the trade" which aren't there. The "trade" is learned like any other work. There must be the willingness to do it.

I do not believe any member of SFWA who has reached the upper echelon has done it with talent alone. The story of Harlan Ellison, for instance, is one story of a determined writer-- pushing, pushing. A success story, too. Look around the SF publishing arena. Is that name salient?

Successful writers are deservedly where they are.

And the potential "great" in the ranks of the unknown had better get busy and WRITE. This is me, and you, if you're the one about to sketch an outline for THE BRAIN FROM AMOEBA, or some such space opera.

The lazy deserve where they are. And that is the welfare echelon-- near the bottom.

END

when the magic  
boot puts its  
teeth in her  
face Corinna's  
tongue in fear drops out &  
slithers away crimson  
snake gorging on  
our leavings to grow up &  
become a ship as great as  
bright as Flying  
Dutchman's even the base of  
each hawser big as  
taverns where men  
laugh with  
ill-suppressed  
fear forever

as the vessel huger every  
day swollen with venom  
devastation revenge the other  
naive cliché attributes of  
revenge sucked from each port it  
swallowed set it

growing without cease until  
at last it fell right off the  
tight little  
edge of Earth spawning  
sparkling silent frozen  
words to fill all  
vacuum's distress

a ring a  
coral satellite a  
second Saturn wreath

a pair of lips to make  
in constant orbit round  
infinity a

beacon to the seeking  
galaxy of

planetfall at last  
shark to all poor  
remoras now it  
points its  
finger at

another goddamn

squealer

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## TARGET #61

BRAD PARKS' COVER: Wilum Pugmire: "...an odd expression in that gent's eyes; wonder whut it is he's thinking or looking at?" Brett Cox: "...better than much of his previous work." Gary Deindorfer: "...Lazurus Long in a watchful moment. Nobody's going to mess with that old geezer..." Brendan DuBois: "...you, Brazier, in a couple of more years?" Mike Bracken: "Brad's getting better. A few more years and he'll be among the best fan artists." Hank Heath: "Good grief! Another Brad Parks! Everytime I turn around, there's another one staring me blatantly in the face. His style irritates me, so I take time to examine his work, I find that maybe, just maybe, he's actually good. Interesting anyway." Anna Schoppenhorst: "...one of Brad's better pieces. It conveys terror. The poor fellow probably fell over dead when he saw what he was waiting for." Carolyn Doyle: "...the wrist watch is a cute addition." Ira Thornhill: "He grows on me...very effective. If the beard were full and he had glasses, it would pass for me waiting for the postman." Neil Ballantyne: "Parks is better than the last one he did for TITLE." Ian Covell: "Nicely observed in stance and tension." Ben Indick: "Glad to see Brad on your cover. The illo has some good qualities, but his shading is dubious, and the thigh is simply enigmatic. If the right hand is nice, the left is distressingly shoddy."

TITLE #61 IN GENERAL: John Thiel: "...not the best issue yet but I must say you're never boring; nor is Hoss." Ira Thornhill: "...had the unfortunate fate of having to follow the very special #60."

INOUE'S PAPERBACK: Ben Indick: "Inouye or Randen--maybe they're synonamous?" Jim Meadows: "...gee, this isn't a vanity press thing, is it?" John DiPrete: "Jon is editor of Randen Books." ((I don't know Jon's relation to Randen Books- ed.)) Hank Heath: "He's well earned publication; it's overdue." Bill Bridget: "Jon has been professional in his attitude toward writing, even though his writings tend toward the experimental, artistic, for which the market is limited. My best to him."

PUGMIRE AND H. WARNER MUNN: Chester Cuthbert: "...pleased to see Munn receiving notice in fanzines; his Werewolf of Ponkert pleased me greatly in my early reading of WEIRD TALES, and last year I read The Banner of Joan which extended my information concerning Joan of Arc." Fred Jakobcic: "To be honest, I don't think I know who H. Warner Munn is."

MAYER'S CRAB NEBULA: Wilum Pugmire: "...disagree entirely that 'BNFs are ruining Fandom'; popular fans are an institution. They don't wallow in their own egoboo. The only BNF I know is Jessica Salmonson; her enormous ego doesn't usually get in the way of her sweetness. She didn't set out to become a BNF, I'm sure. To criticize these people for being whut they are is pretty dumb. Most of the BNFs I've corresponded with are humble and talented people, special people, people who care about fandom enough to do a good job in writing for our culture." Jessica Salmonson: "BNF to me just means well known. Eric's column doesn't tell me anything tangible about why it is sinful to become well known. The clannishness of some BNFs is the only aspect that appals me. At the only con I've attended to date, I was unable to get near Frank Denton, Susan Wood and John Berry until I proved I was a BNF too, and that is appalling." Lynne Holdom: "...agree. I enjoy other fen because I like discussing ideas and/or SF. Is fandom a popularity contest like so much of the mundane world? If so, forget it. Sure, we like to be appreciated, but I'd rather be appreciated by a few than have to strive to please everyone." Ronald Salomon: "I thought neofans were encouraged not to conform and that was part of the lure of fandom. Methinks, we're all 'well-respected fans'?" Jim Meadows: "I can't agree. BNFs are not ruining fandom. Some fan's attitudes toward the better known people are not helping much, though. Fans must develop a more mature attitude toward celebrities and fame, which will take at least another century." Don D'Amassa: "Eric has some points worth making, but in the absence of specifics, I suspect he's building a paper tiger. I've certainly never felt snubbed by BNFs. I'm not even sure that the term has much meaning any more. If it ever did." Brett Cox: "Well-written and interesting, but I can't agree with what he says. In any field of endeavor, there are bound to be people whose reputations eclipse their compatriots. Honestly, I don't think fans are as awestruck by BNFs as Eric seems to think they are. Certain people deserve recognition for accomplishment."



MORE BNF STUFF FROM MAYER'S CRAB NEBULA: Jodie Offutt: "He has the BNF concept backwards. A BNF is one because other fans make him so. He is well-liked. He is generous with his time to fanzines, conventions and his fellow fans. Run fandom? Naw! The BNFs I know are too busy enjoying fandom to want to run it. When the experienced faned is critical, he is trying to give the newer one the benefit of his experience. New faneds would do well to remember this. If the older faned is intolerant, it is probably because he knows the neo-ed can produce better work with what he's got. My criticism of some new faneds and fan writers is that they don't care enough about their work to take the time to polish it. I feel put upon when I read a fanzine that hasn't been given its best efforts by editor and contributors. There's no excuse for not taking time to produce the best possible. And I think there are some very fine fan writers among us today, not 'old-timers' either. God knows, there are enough outlets for the creativity of fan writing!"

Gary Deindorfer: "I think the article is 15 years late. Does anyone really take the idea of the BNF seriously anymore? There was a time, but times have changed. Nowadays we even laugh at Big Frogs in Big Ponds, such as national politicians. I think Eric is worried about a problem that doesn't exist. He should have named a few names, given some specific examples of BNFs throwing their supposed weight around."

Buck Coulson: "Mayer has one good line: 'BNFs wouldn't have so much influence if fans didn't take them so seriously.' You take seriously people you personally find to be reliable. But Eric's a bit off-base, as in his comments on mimeography. Sloppy work is not due to poor equipment but to lack of knowledge of how to operate the equipment. Anybody can make his zine legible, and that's enough, no apologies needed. For the average neo, originality is damned near impossible; there's no way he can even know what's gone before. What he can achieve is an interesting presentation. As for the idea that 'we all want to be accepted', I suppose it's true in a regrettable number of cases. I've never quite understood the urge to conformity, particularly in fandom. Why should I give a faint damn whether fandom at large accepts me? Why should you? Why should Eric? What's fandom at large going to do about it if it doesn't accept us - nothing, right? So what's the problem?"

Fred Jakobcic: "Does Eric really mean what he says? BNFs are good for fandom, helping many neofans to advance into the swing of things. A little egohoo goes a long way to make one feel involved; it's good for one's soul."

Hank Heath: "Enjoyed it much. 'Committing an English B.A.', eh? Love it. Mayer should be a poet, the way he shapes words, regardless of the ideas contained therein."

Karen Pearlston: "Since when are apas not in the mainstream of fandom? They make a chunk of it. Or maybe I just feel this way because I'm in six of them but still haven't been able to get my genzine out? As for BNFs, I ignore the fact that they are. There are few of them around, really. Bob Tucker, who I met at WindyCon, is probably one of the few real BNFs. There's probably going to be an excursion to visit Harry Warner during BaltiCon, and I expect I will react similarly. Anyway, fandom is amazingly trivial, though still a way of life."

Harry Warner: "The BNF concept is simply a synonym for lots of fanac which isn't hopelessly incompetent. But there is a scarcity of good written material for fanzines nowadays."

Anna Schoppenhorst: "When one is told by a BNF like Harry Warner that one is a great writer, it gives one some measure of confidence to continue onward."

Mike Glycer: "Mayer's BNF diatribe makes him sound like the number one believer in BNFs -- which probably makes him one of the few people who do. How about naming names?"

Victoria Vayne: "I've seen BNF groupies in action. They brown-nose, they beg for contributions for their zines only from BNFs and ignore the good stuff that newer fans do... Here in Toronto we have only one BNF, Glicksohn, but I suspect that Mike, as would any BNF, might be embarrassed by puppy-dog-like devotion. And that they sometimes get. You have to work to get outstanding mimeo results just as possible on a vintage handcrank as on a new 466."



EVERYBODY REACTED TO MAYER'S BNF ARTICLE: Dave Szurek: "BNFs are victims of clique-crazed over-reactors with superficial values and a warped perspective. And it's universal."

Robert Chilson: "Over-stated. Any society is going to have some ranking of its members, and some medium of exchange. In fandom, egoboo is the medium. It sure beats money. But sloppy writing is often the product of sloppy thinking; more often, of simple ignorance. If a neo isn't told what he's doing wrong, how will he know? I didn't begin to learn to write until editors started telling me what I was doing wrong. For a neo, Mayer had good stuff. Not quite as good as Glicksohn would've done it, but pretty good."

Carolyn Doyle: "A BNF is any fan who is known to 50% of fandom. They're nice people, who pub zines, go to cons, and love fandom. A BNF tries to help the newer fan (like me) in a friendly way. But most of all a BNF is the most approachable person you'd ever want to meet. He reeks it. Neos are scared of BNFs and so approachability is an important factor in being one."

Eric Thornhill: "Please remind Eric that BNFs are basically a joke, so why should he bother trying to stomp them-- except for Glicksohn. Mike is so much fun to stomp, and it's easy too, as he is a bit on the short side."

Richard Brandt: "How dare Eric assail the very foundations of fandom, the BNFs? Show me a BNF who isn't worthy of the name. Seriously, the BNF's role is maintaining the continuity of fannish tradition. If the neofan looks toward the BNF as a guidepost, it's because the BNF is so visible. The neo has to stick around for a long time before the pieces fall together. You don't see really bad writing from long-time fans because the ones who stuck could handle criticism, and stayed around long enough to improve. The ones who committed major acts of fugeheadedness have faded with their jeans."

Neil Ballantyne: "I agree, but I'm not sure why. I've seen a lot of junk published, fannish or otherwise, that deserves to be kicked out, by BNFs or not. And as for content vs. style, it's style that makes content palatable. I definitely agree with his comments about Willis. Fans of my age (16 now, folks) have for the most part never seen any of his writing, yet our humor is dictated by the stuff he did 20 years ago."

Ian Covell: "A BNF seems to mean those who get mentioned more often than they get printed."

Ben Indick: "Can't really agree. Any BNF worth his salt will bear the title with modesty. And what does Eric mean by 'the heavy yoke of Fanhistory'? There is nothing wrong with using a standard of good work from an earlier period."

THE PEEL AND THE PULP: ((briefly)) Wilum Pugmire: "Glad yr putting more of yrself into the zine." Ronald Salomon: "HighPoint-- hope it doesn't end too soon." Jodie Offutt: "I listen with great interest to WW II stories." Karen Pearlston: "Please keep it up for a good long time." Harry Warner: "Highlight. A century from now your series will be discovered with as much excitement as when nowadays a previously unknown Civil War diary turns up." Bob Tucker: "Prime interest to me, but I wonder how many Titlers are following this with comprehension and informed interest? Thirty-five years is ancient history; equal to Hannibal ambling across the Alps. I've had reason to be distressed that students today still have Hannibal and Charlemagne pounded into their heads, but no one tells them about concentration camps that existed in the US during WW II." Terry Whittier: "Too far removed to be really interesting and involving. Not enough of how you felt and what you thought." ((I'm refraining from retrospect comment, might possibly wrap it up that way; right now I don't want to color anything I actually wrote 33 years ago.))

MIKE GLICKSOHN'S SNAAPSHOTS: Brett Cox: "As good as ever, but what is a 'mailzine'? I thought, after 4 years, I had all the in-group terms down by now." Brendan DuBois: "I garner from the heading that milk is Mike's favorite drink?" ((Right!)) Ian Covell: "Fanzines-- all that work, all that giving. Never quite certain whether they're insane for doing it, or the sanest people in the world for wanting to." Fred Jakobic: "Always like Mike's fanzine reviews." K. Allen Bjorke: "Reminded me of my own long-overdue zine. I must get that thing out!"



TITLE #63 June 1977  
Editor & Publisher & Stamper:  
Donn Brazier  
1455 Fawnvalley Dr 50¢ or  
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This issue dedicated to Eric  
Lindsay, Australia, for putting  
me in charge of the paleontology  
(i.e. ol' bones) section of his  
fascinating fanzine, GEGENSCHWEIN.

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Would anyone like to share a  
room at ARCHON with Carolyn 'CD'  
Doyle? Let her know at 1949  
N. Spencer, Indianapolis, IN 46218.

Anyone having experience with  
mimeo machines & related tools of  
the trade, please get in touch  
with Victoria Vayne who is pre-  
paring a helpful manual/publicat-  
ion. PO Box 156 Sta D, Toronto,  
Ontario, Can. M6P 3J8.

Which gives me a chance to repeat  
that Terry Jeeves has taken his  
ERG duplicating columns and bound  
into a "special". Mail \$2 cash--  
not checks --because Terry stands  
to lose 40% in exchange charges if

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he has to fool around with cheques.  
Address: 230 Bannerdale Rd, Shef-  
field, S11 9FE, England.

While watching "War of the Worlds"  
on TV, I was shocked to hear the  
hero pronounce gyroscope with a  
hard "g". More amusing than shock-  
ing was the line about the as yet  
unknown aliens: "They'll probably  
move at dawn." (For the attack.)  
And the mysterious magnetic force  
of the aliens knocked out watches,  
telephones and powerlines. However,  
automobiles scurried around with  
no ignition problems whatsoever.

"Any relation?" Jeff Hecht asked  
about model Pam Brazier of a shower  
bath hologram recently shown at a  
Construction Industry convention.  
Yes, she's my niece whom I've not  
seen since her baby days.

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