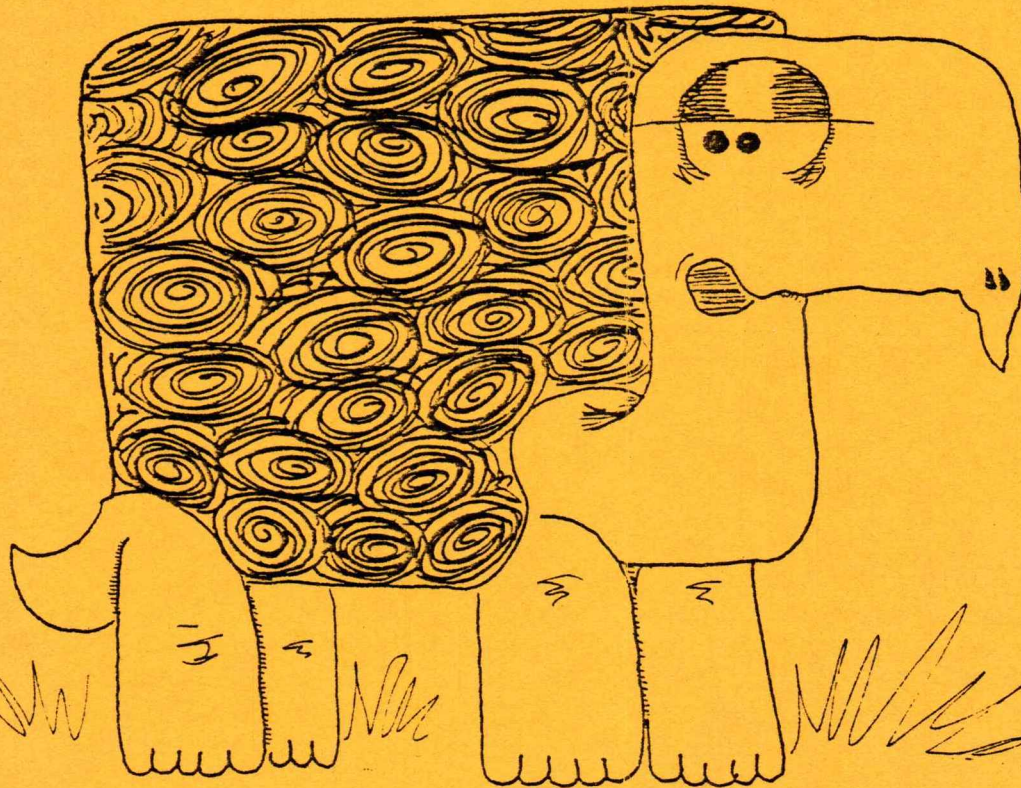


ANOTHER COVER BY YOU-KNOWWHO

ANOTHER COVER BY YOU-KNOW-WHO... BETTER DUCK!

WELL WOULDN'T YOU KNOW? IT'S SIGNED!



Handwritten signature and a small circular logo with a yin-yang symbol.

DRAWN
by
ROBERT J. WHIAKER

AITOI AS I THINK OF IT (HOT COALS FROM THE BRAZIER, PICKLES EXTRA)

SOME READERS HAVE BEEN REQUESTING RISTERIA FROM MARLA GOLD WHO IS IN THE PROCESS OF MOVING. PLEASE SEND ANOTHER REQUEST, IF YOU HAVEN'T HEARD A WORD, TO PAULA GOLD AT BOX 51-A, RR 2, BEECHER, ILL 60401. PAULA, THOUGH MARRIED TO WALLY FRANKE, INTENDS TO KEEP 'GOLD' AS HER FANNISH NAME.

HANK HEATH WONDERED IF ERIC MAYER DID THE BASEBALL PLAYER ILLOS ACCOMPANYING CRAB NEBULA IN T-62. NO. THE EDITOR CRIBBED THEM FROM THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE.

DOES ANYBODY SAVE/COLLECT SHARP, BRIEF QUOTES FROM FANDOM OR MUNDANE OF CURRENT OR RECENT TIMES? NOT JOKES, BUT INSULTS, PITHY EPIGRAMS, CLEVER SAYINGS REQUIRING LITTLE SCENE-SETTING EXPLANATION? IF SO, SEND COPIES (ANNOTATED OF COURSE) TO BILL ROTSLER, P.O. BOX 3126, LOS ANGELES, CA 90028 WHO IS WRITING A QUOTEBOOK.

DOC WERTHAM POINTS OUT A KIND OF CENSORSHIP OF THE TYPE 'MOST PEOPLE DON'T KNOW ABOUT'. HIS LETTER OF MAY 1, 1977, TO THE NY TIMES RE LORENZ' BIOGRAPHY AS REVIEWED IN THE TIMES WAS NOT PRINTED. IN OTHER WORDS, CENSORSHIP BY SLIDING THE MATERIAL UNDER THE RUG BEFORE ITS PRINTING. KONRAD LORENZ, YOU KNOW, ADVOCATED RACE IMPROVEMENT BY 'EXTERMINATION' OF INFERIOR HUMAN BEINGS, AS DID, OF COURSE, HITLER WHO WAS BUSY 'IMPROVING' THE GERMANS BY KILLING OFF SOME MILLIONS OF 'INFERIOR BY DEFINITION' JEWS.

WILUM PUGMIRE RIGHTLY POINTS OUT THAT H. WARNER MUNN IS NOT A SF AUTHOR PER SE; HE'S A FANTASY AND HISTORIC WRITER. HE DID HAVE A STORY OF GIANT, INTELLIGENT SPIDERS IN WEIRD TALES AND PERHAPS FROM THAT I CALLED HIM AN SF WRITER. I USUALLY CALL FANTASY/WEIRD WRITERS SF WRITERS.

DON AYRES IS PUSHING A RESOLUTION THROUGH THE LOS ANGELES SF GROUP WHICH YOU MAY HEAR MORE ABOUT LATER-- IF IT PASSES. THE RESOLUTION CONCERNS THE ROBINSON-WARNER EFFECT DESCRIBED AS THE ROBINSON EFFECT IN TITLE 58 AND REFINED NOW BY AYRES TO INCLUDE WARNER WHO CLAIMED CULPABILITY IN A LATER TITLE.

JANE DONALDSON SENT ME A CUTE BOOKMARK. A DRAWING OF A PICKLE WITH CONFUCIOUS SITTING ON TOP ONE END. CONFUCIOUS SAY: "PICKLES MAKE SQUISHY BOOKMARK."

DID YOU GET A FLYER ADVERTISING THE BIG ANTARCTICON IN '85? WHO GOES THERE? SELLING POINTS: UNLIMITED ICE, PLENTY OF FREE PARKING SPACE, A LONG ALL NIGHT FILM PROGRAM, AURORA AUSTRALIS LIGHT SHOW, MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS, EASY TO FIND - JUST HEAD SOUTH, FORMAL DRESS BY PENGUINS - A HEINLEIN RESPONSE, AND CLEAN AIR. THE SMO-O-O-OTH RITUAL WILL TAKE THE CHILL OFF THINGS. ROBERT BLOCH HAS ACCEPTED AS PRO-GOH; MAE STRELKOV AS FAN-GOH. OUTDOOR BARBEQUE ARRANGED BY TITLERS, CHEF ROBERT CHILSON, FIREWOOD CHIEF, ROBERT COULSON.

SUPERFAN vs SUPER MUNDANE BY CAROLYN 'C.D.' DOYLE



RESULTS OF TITLER SURVEY #1

TABLE #1

Surveys sent: 151
 Surveys received: 93
 Percentage rec.: 62%
 Sent to femmes: 25
 Received femmes: 19
 Percent femmes: 76%
 Sent to males: 126
 Received males: 74
 Percent males: 59%
 Total or partly
 confidential 10
 Femmes confid: 5
 Percent of femmes
 returned: 26%
 Males confid: 5
 Percent of males
 returned: 7%

TABLE #3

Eyeglasses (or con-
 tacts) worn con-
 stantly: 58 = 72%
 Never wear: 10 = 12%
 Reading/driving:
 13 = 16%
 No answer: 12
 Femmes: 2 never
 Males: 8 never

TABLE #4

Novels preferred:
 54 = 59%
 Short stories: 16 =
 18%
 Both equally liked:
 21 = 23%
 Femmes prefer novels:
 47% of the time &
 shorts 29%.
 Males prefer novels:
 62% and shorts 15%
 10 of 17 replying
 femmes like sci-
 ence; 62 of 72
 males like science.

NOTES ON TABLE #1: Femmes seem to like to answer surveys better than males 76% to 59%. However, they feel more confidential about revealing replies to TITLE readership 26% to 7%. (*Scoring of 'confidential' includes a marked box at top of questionnaire but does not include any questions - such as weight and age - left blank.*) The totals in this table are those actually used for data abstraction in what follows; but already two returns from males are in and not counted. So the actual total return at this date (May 17) is 95 or 63%, and the male response is bumped up to 60%.

TABLE #2: VITAL STATISTICS

Most femmes born in July (3); most males born in September (12). Months not given by femmes - 2; not given by males - 5.

Birthdays by months:	Jan-9	May- 7	Sep- 13
	Feb-4	June-10	Oct- 7
	Mar-1	Jul- 9	Nov- 9
	Apr-3	Aug- 4	Dec- 10

Having identical
 birthdays: (Month-day)
 DAVE SZUREK- PAULA (GOLD) FRANKE
 RICK WILBER- BRUCE D. ARTHURS
 FRED JAKOBCIC- STEVE BEATTY
 DON AYRES - ANNA M. SCHOPPENHORST

With a range of birthyear from 1934 to 1962 for femmes, the average was 1950, but 4 femmes did not reveal birthyear. With range of 1912 to 1961 the average year for males was 1947, but 8 males did not reveal birthyear. Average for both was 1947.5. The median of the total fell at year 1950 and 9 months (the median essentially lops off the ol' bones and the tender meat).

Ave. femmes height: 5' 4.5" with a range from 5'2" to 5'8.5" and 5 not revealing. Ave. male ht. was 5'8.5" with a range of 5'0" to 6'9" and 4 not revealing. Ave. femmes weight 131 with range 105-190, and 8 not given. Male weight 165, range 105-260, and 7 not given.

Femmes	Married 8	Single 9	Divorced 1	Other 1
Males	Married 17	Single 51	Divorced 3	Other 2

TABLE #5 ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES

	BEER	WINE	BOURBON	SCOTCH	COCKTAILS	NONE
(People	1	4	4	2	4	8
named more	16	14	11	4	6	30
than one.)	17	18	15	6	10	38
others: rum 3, gin 4, vodka 6, tequila 1, S.Comfort 2, cider 1, brandy 1, Irish coffee 1, creme de menthe 1, liquers 2						

TABLE #6 WORK AND EDUCATION

	GRADES	HS	College	1yr	2yr	3yr	4yr	Post-Grad	DEGREES*				
									BS	BA	AA	MS	MA
FEMMES	2	4		2	3	0	6	2	2	4	0	1	0
MALES	6	17		2	15	2	13	19	17	8	3	1	1
TOTAL	8	21		4	18	2	19	21	19	12	3	2	1

of highest level completed

(No doctorates)

* Several had two bachelor degrees but I counted only one; those with master's degree were assumed to have bachelor's & not counted here.

	House- wife	Unem- ployed	In HS & no job	In HS & job	In col- lege & no job	In col- lege & job	Part time job	Full time job
FEMMES	4	2	2	1	1	0	3	6
MALES	0	11	3	3	8	13	3	32

* and one reader is retired; in school or not, 44% have full-time jobs; working or not 24% are in college, 10% in HS; excluding housewives, 13% are unemployed.

TABLE #7 CONVENTIONS

NUMBER	FEMMES	MALES	TOTAL
zero	3	15	18
one	4	7	11
two	1	14	15
three	1	6	7
four	0	5	5
five	2	4	6
6-10	0	12	12
11-20	4	6	10
21-30	0	3	3
31-40	2	0	2
41-50	0	0	0
51+	2	2	4

Average number attended by
femmes: 15; by males, 8.8;
highest number, 200+.

	FEMMES	MALES
On panel	6- 32%	15-20%
MC/toast-	2	5
master		
GoH	4-21%	5- 7%
Concom	7-37%	12-16%
Nothing	12	59

Totals: Panel 23%, MC 8%,
GoH 10%, Concom 20%,
nothing 76%

TABLE #11 COLORS

	Femmes		Males	
Color	like;	not	like;	not
blue	7	0	30	5
green	6	0	14	12
red	2	2	8	3
pink	0	6	0	7
purple	2	1	3	4
yellow	0	1	2	12

TABLE #8 CARS & TRAVEL

	Own car	Drive, no car	No drive
FEMMES	8	4	6
MALES	39	19	15
TOTALS	52%	25%	23%

31 have traveled to countries other than
Canada & Mexico; 46 have been to Canada;
23 have been to Mexico.

TABLE #9 MILITARY SERVICE

None of the femmes. 21 of the males
have had some service: Army 8, Navy 4,
AAF 4, RAF 1, Marines 1, & ROTC or
NAT. Guard 3. Longest period of service
was 20 years in the Marines.

TABLE #10 FOOD

49% of the total prefer beef &/or steak,
while 8% eat no meat at all. Though
lots of other meats were mentioned none
came close to beef &/or steak.

75% liked peanut butter, with 11 emphat-
ic expressions of liking. 20% don't
like (3 emphatic no's); the rest were
so-so about it.

A 'million' different things were named
for detested foods or favorites, and so
just taking the first named as 'first in
mind' we have liver (7) and brussel
sprouts (5) as most detested, with lima
beans and spinach with 4 votes each. Some
sort of meat (22) was a clearcut favor-
ite with seafood of some kind getting
7 votes. Next most favorite were pizza
and spaghetti with 3 each.

TABLE 12 FAVORITE AUTHORS*(Not listed: any author with less than 4 mentions)*

Isaac Asimov	22
Poul Anderson	10
Marion Zimmer Bradley	8
Robert Bloch	4
Ray Bradbury	18
Fredric Brown	7
Alfred Bester	7
John Brunner	6
E.R.Burroughs	4
John C. Clarke	21
Hal Clement	4
L.Sprague deCamp	5
Gordon Dickson	8
Phillip Dick	11
Sam Delany	7
Harlan Ellison	22
Robert Heinlein	27
Joe Haldeman	9
Frank Herbert	4
Robert E. Howard	4
Will Jenkins/Leinster	5
Henry Kuttner	5
Ursula LeGuin	23
H.P.Lovecraft	8
R.A.Lafferty	6
Fritz Leiber	6
Michael Moorcock	4
George R.R.Martin	4
Anne McCaffrey	4
A. Merritt	4
Larry Niven	23
Andre Norton	6
Eric Frank Russell	4
Cliff Simak	7
Theodore Sturgeon	11
Robert Silverberg	9
Robert Sheckley	5
Swann	6
James Tiptree	4
J.R.R.Tolkien	10
Jack Vance	6
Curt Vonnegut	5
A.E. Van Vogt	7
H.G.Wells	5
Gene Wolfe	7
Stanley G. Weinbaum	5
Roger Zelazny	15

TABLE 19 COLLEGE MAJORS/MINORS

English	18	Physics	4
Math	9	Communications	4
Education	6	Psychology	3
Art	5	Music	3
History	5	Biology	4
Engineering	5	(17 others named.)	

TABLE 13 READING IN OTHER FIELDS

Mystery	35	Poetry	11
Mainstream	32	Psychology	9
History	31	Adventure	8
Science	19	Movies/Stage	8
Biography	15	Lit.Classics	8
Humor	15	(oddest- 'theory of swamps')	

TABLE 14 CHILDREN OF 25 MARRIEDS

5 had none; 3 had largest family of 5 kids; average number of kids per family of those who had kids, 2.5; ave. age of 55 kids total, 15; oldest child, 38.

TABLE #15 SC & TECH READING

Astronomy	32	Computers	10
Physics	14	Archeology	10
Psychology	12	Math	7
Space	11	Biology	7

TABLE #16 HOBBIES

Dropped: Stamps 22
Model planes & cars 13
Photography 8
Coins 7
Comics 6
Current: (Not incl fanac)
Reading 30
Writing 20 (Nothing else
Music 19 comes close.)
(Oddest: quicksand and compilation of hymns.)

TABLE #17 FULL-TIME JOBS

Of quite a variety, only 3 stand out as common: Teacher 6, writing or editing 8, and clerk/secy 9.

TABLE #18 UNANSWERED QUESTIONS

Birthdates	10	Ht.	8	Wt	14
Disliked color	12	Telephone	5		
Eyeglasses	12				

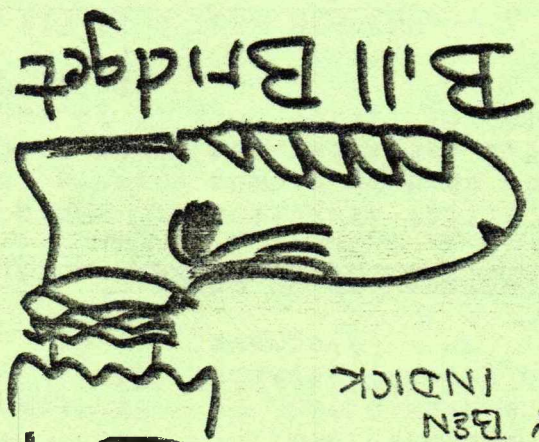
I'M STUCK IN
THIS FANZINE UNTIL
AFTER THE CON



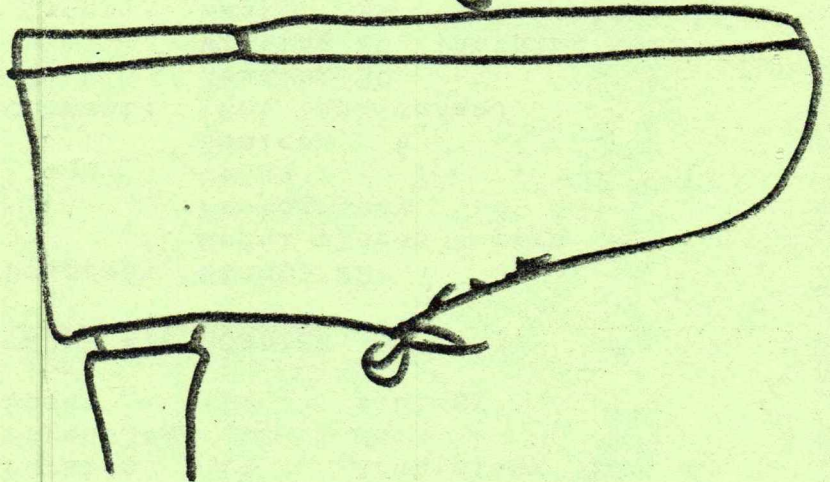
Apologies
to Robert
Whitfield

FANNISH SHOES

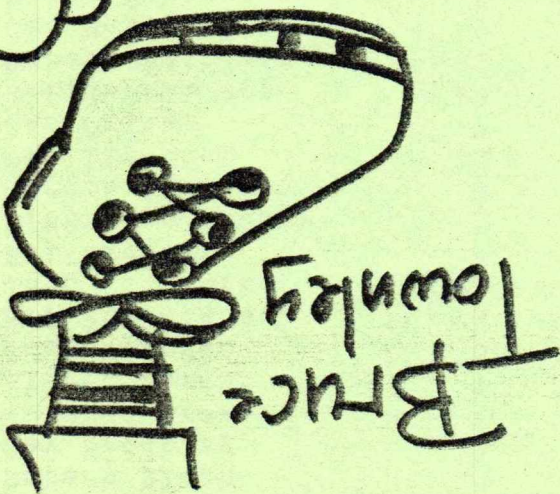
By BEN
INDICK



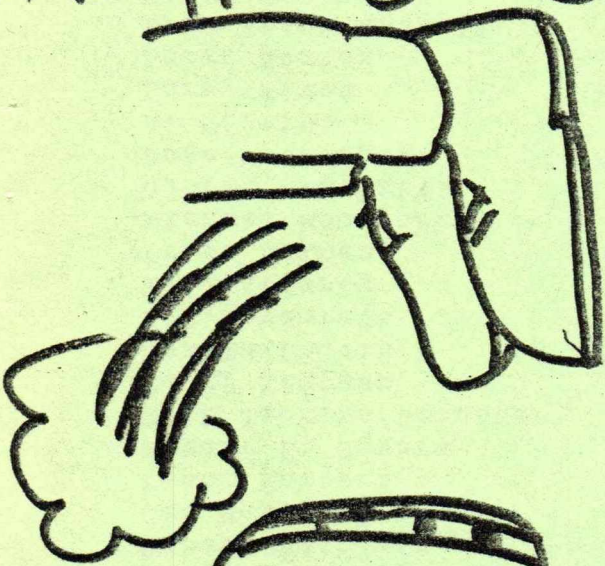
Bill Bridge



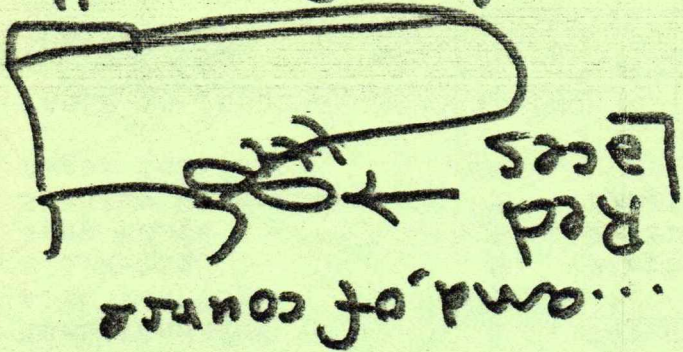
Isaac Asimov
(hard to fill)



Bruce
Townley



Ray Bradbury
(Falling Down)



Red
laces

...and, of course

The old redhead
— Ben



Today

* * * * *
*
* CRAB NEBULA #5 BY ERIC MAYER *
*
* * * * *

The bum kept one red fisheye pressed to the liquor store window as I slid my change across the counter. The clerk shoved my half gallon of Almaden Mountain Nectar into a bag, glanced at the bum and tapped the side of his Kojak bald head. "A crazy," he said, removing a tootsie roll lollipop from his mouth. Sure, a crazy. What did a wino want with a bottle of genteel table wine like Almaden Mountain Nectar?

I pushed the door open and stepped out onto the icy sidewalk. The bum pulled away from the window, one eye clenched shut. Maybe he'd left his eyeball frozen to the glass. Hadn't I seen him calling down fire and brimstone on passing buses the day before? He scuttled down the sidewalk behind me, leaving a trail through the snow like a giant slug. I felt like Frodo being stalked by Gollum. At the traffic light on Atlantic Avenue he caught up with me. I glanced at him. The worst mistake you can make when dealing with a New York panhandler. Don't even blink in their direction. They'll grab your eyelashes.

"Heh man. We friendss, yess?" he hissed, showing the good grasp of modern vernacular so necessary for success in his line of work. "You sharess- yess?"

In the instant before I averted my eyes I glimpsed the typical yellow gray stubble, red face, baggy, greasy black coat flapping below his knees. A skid row Captain Kangaroo. I studied the traffic light carefully. The red light, glimmering through the snow flecked twilight, created an effect Monet might have found appealing. When the light changed, I strode forward purposefully. The bum fell behind. I walked up Court Street, past tiny grocery shops with Spanish names and store front law offices. Turning down Congress, I passed one of the hundreds of old churches that fill Brooklyn Heights. A recent "improvement" project had turned a beautiful garden into a display area for painted plastic statues of Saints in all shapes and sizes. It looked like a miniature golf course for Jehovah's Witnesses.

"Here's your wine," I told Kathy, after I had climbed the stairs to our apartment and shook the snow off my coat. "Any Guinness left?"

Before I came to New York I went 26 years without beer. Buying alcohol in Pennsylvania is no fun. Grocery stores aren't allowed to sell beer. You have to drive out to a distributorship, a single story warehouse, like an abandoned barracks in the country, where big bellied men in sweat stained tee shirts load kegs and cases onto the backs of pick-up trucks on Friday nights. Obtaining wine is worse. The State Stores are modelled after Leningrad fast food joints. They have all the charm of the waiting room in a penitentiary. You can't touch the merchandise because it's kept behind the counter. Asking for wine is like trying to buy condoms at the corner drugstore where you used to shop for jaw-breakers.

Things are different in New York. You can browse, admire the pretty labels, gasp at the incredible prices, wonder what Champagne from Senegal tastes like while maintaining enough sense to not buy the stuff.

I prefer beer myself. At first I was drawn toward wine. I'd read a book on the subject, naturally. It sounded glorious. Le Vin. Distilled

essence of vintage springtimes on the Cote d'Azure. Being a science fiction fan, I believed this drivel. One day, having saved for several weeks, I strode boldly into a wine store and purchased a Grande Cru Classe, vintage burgandy, mis en bouteille au chateau, paying more than I should've but, apparently, less than was necessary.

We got the fire going in the fireplace. I opened the bottle. Let it breathe. The whole bit. I even swirled it around in my glass, in front of the firelight, admiring the bits of rotten cork floating against the rim. I sniffed to ascertain the "nose". The stuff smelled like musty dollar bills and left a taste of old pennies in my mouth. Every time I swallowed I could hear quarters rattling down my throat.

"Guess you have to be rich to enjoy this," I told Kathy. Next time we went to the grocery store I studied the beer.

New York is a great place for imported beers. I buy them for the labels - some horses here, a tiger there. Of course I have to drink the stuff before I can steam the labels off. A nip of Holland, a slug of Denmark. It's not that bad of a chore. And it's a cheap way to travel.

Gil Gaier should take up a project that would do some real good for Fandom and devise a ratings system for beers. I'm coming to believe that beer is a prerequisite to the true enjoyment of science fiction. In large quantities it even allows the reader to understand van Vogt.

I've encountered a wide range of beers since I've lived in Brooklyn. At the bottom of the rating scale is a local brew, a 6 for 89¢ type which I was forced to purchase one week after paying off various bills had left me with nothing but a pocketful of change. On a scale of 0 to ten, where water is rated 2.0, I'd give Fox Head about 1. The nose is strictly foxy and the taste is flat and sweetish. I can't even think of a properly sickening metaphor to describe it.

At the pinnacle, a definite 10.0 is Guinness Stout with its incredible smokey flavor. Truly the fifth symphony of beers. (Or however you classify "Stout".) For reasonable priced reliability and everyday consumption I prefer Rolling Rock which comes in pleasant, unlabelled, green glass bottled decorated with bas relief horse heads. Rolling Rock gets an 8.5, about the same as Coors. In the same range I'd also put Beck's and Lowenbrau. I suppose those are my five favorites.

This is awful. I'm getting thirsty, but I have to go and work in the library for six hours now. Not only that but I'm losing control of this column. It all started off so artistically, so nicely constructed. Now I'm just rambling. Terrible what alcohol will do to you.

I honestly believe that the FAAN Awards should have a beer category. Or at least the Hugos should. Fandom's favorite beer is certainly more important than Fandom's favorite novella, don't you think?

END

+++++

In the results of T's survey, you will see that only 17 people have a case on beer (18%) whereas 38 people don't like anything in the alcohol family (41%). The real drinkers couldn't resist marking many choices and would no doubt even drink Fox Head (rating on the Mayer Scale of 1.0, just below water).

PICTURES...ER...PHOTOS...UMM... WHAT WAS THAT TITLE AGAIN?

Fanzine Reviews by Mike Glicksohn

+++++

An unusual thought came to me earlier today. I was struck by the fact that the "big" fanzines and my own ideas of the "best" fanzines are almost all produced by fans of my own or earlier generations: Geis, Porter, Bowers, Brazier, Bushyager, Brown, Kaufman-Tompkins, Kettle, Pickersgill, Cohen, Hughes, etc.-- all relative old-timers in fandom. Newcomers to the "big time" are somewhat rare (although Jackson and Vayne show that it can be done) which leads me to wonder where the fanzine publishing giants of tomorrow will be coming from. Coincidentally five of the six fanzines I've recently put aside to mention here are "new" in some way. Perhaps there's a future Hugo winner among them...

Barry Hunter has turned his mail-journal into a genzine which makes it a first issue of sorts. BARYON #6 (formerly "What The Postman Brought") isn't all that prepossessing, I'm afraid. Fifteen pages of problem mimeographing consists of half book reviews with a few fanzine comments, half a page of editorial and a page of short locs. The reviews are regrettably shallow and unforgiveably badly written, with phrases like "they give her a final body and all the needs they think she will ever have". And John Thiel states that 1976 gave us a crop of fanzines only a one year old child who'd never seen a fanzine would have thought any good. This insightful opinion is apparently based on the fact that most 1976 faneditors rejected material by John Thiel. I'll have to raise my opinion of the taste of our current faneds, I guess.

Another "fake" first issue is SHORTSCRIPT from Bill Bridget, the fan whose grubby, cluttered, mostly inaccessible fanzines have been produced for college credit recently. It seems Bill has received quite a bit of negative reaction to his earlier efforts (I found them almost unreadable) and SS is a sort of answer to his critics, both as far as the content and the presentation are concerned. The content is primarily Bill discussing his ideas on publishing and fanzines and fandom, largely in answer to a series of letters from Brian Earl Brown. It makes for really fascinating reading. And the appearance is literally astonishing. It's neat, imaginatively laid out, well reproduced, creatively illustrated (although Bill's taste in artwork strikes me as atrocious) and serves by itself as a perfect rebuttal to Bill's detractors. Bill seems like a fascinatingly independent iconoclast and a faned worth watching if he ever takes that job seriously. (*Bill, largely or wholly through his fanzines as recommendations, has just taken a job with the publishers of the Saturday Evening Post & other zines.*)

A very real first issue is ROTHNIUM #1 from Dave Hull and Andrew Forgrave, two fourteen year old neofans from Canada. It has all the faults of most first issue, but still holds up pretty well. And it sure is a big mother! Ninety mimeod pages, on too-thin white paper, with sercon oriented content. Featured are an article by Spider Robinson originally written to convince Maritime Canadian writers to try the SF field, some thoughts on astronomy by Canada's leading stargazer plus interviews with Asimov and other scientists about astronomy etc., reviews and fiction. All things considered, it's an impressive first attempt despite its weaknesses, and it should get better as the editors learn their tasks.

Another sercon-oriented new genzine is PERIPHERAL VISIONS #2, sort of a cross between MOTHER EARTH NEWS, the WHOLE EARTH CATALOGUE and any good reviewzine. Editors Wally Smart and Pam Sook are much concerned with ecology, conservation, pollution etc., and much of the material is about such matters, or about books about such matters. Didn't interest me a great

deal, but I could tell it was well presented and showed intelligence and concern. Fannish material includes a Wiscon report, fanzine comments, letters, etc. A great idea is their "Shit List", a compendium of companies, products and people they've reason to be annoyed at. A weakness is that Pam does all the artwork and doesn't yet have that degree of artistic talent. If you're into their spheres of interest, this is an enjoyable and informative fanzine.

A new fannishly oriented genzine (at last!) is BENZINE, from Ben Zuhl. The first issue features an excellent cover by a new discovery of Ben's. Written material by myself, a comparison of English and N.American fandom, by Jodie Offutt, on sexism in language from her BYOBcon tastemanship comments, Maddog Riley and Ben. Nothing really profound or significant, but a pleasantly comfortable first fannish issue. All profits on BENZINE alternate between DUFF and TAFF, so it's a fanzine worth supporting.

Speaking of DUFF, even though the race is over by now, money can still be donated and there aren't many better ways of doing so than by buying QUINTESSENTIAL QOVERS FOR FRED HASKELL, published by Moshe Feder and Gary Farber. It's a collection of Apa-Q covers by Ross Chamberlain, Stu Shiffman and one by Doug Rice, mostly brilliant examples of hand-stencilling. As good as some of the Shiffman are, one or two of the Chamberlain's are worth the cost of the fanzine by themselves. It's a worthy cause and sure to be a collector's item soon.

BARYON 6, 8 Wakefield Place, Rome, GA 30161. 35¢ or 6/\$2. Usual.
 SHORTSCHRIFT, rrl Crawfordsville IN 47933. 24pp, mimeo. Send 50¢.
 ROTHNIUM 1, PO Box 471, Owen Sound Ont. N4K 5P7. \$1.50, usual. Quart.
 PERIPHERAL VISIONS 2, 400 Sheldon Ave., Aurora, ILL 60506. 48pp, offset. \$1, usual preferred. Quart.
 QQ FOR HASKELL, 1047 E 10th, Brooklyn, NY 11230. 17 covers, intro & notes. 60¢ minimum DUFF donat.
 BENZINE 1, 2646 15 Ave S, Minneapolis, MN 55407. 17p, offset, 50¢

HONESTY OR DIPLOMACY?

BY BURT LIBE

+++++

What is more important? Honesty or Diplomacy? I've noticed that many fanwriters carefully couch reactions (excepting those, lately, toward me) in ambiguities and vagaries -- almost as if some fans are afraid to say what they really think, fearing severe criticism and condemnation in their society of fellow peers. As for myself, I never have been nor will be a diplomat. I seem to have little trouble convincing others of my greatest antitalent. I am a firm believer in simply stating exactly what I think, come what may. You see me as I am. I don't put on airs/acts. I couldn't even if I tried. If my form of bluntness is considered arrogance, brashness, rudeness, so be it. I have no personal cult image to maintain. My work will speak for itself.

What are my credentials? I am a maturing writer and also a scientist: a physicist by college education, an electronics engineer (Quality Control and Reliability) in one profession, a professional technical writer (manuals, procedures, and specifications) in another. (As a writer, secretaries always kid me about being such a perfectionist and how they're afraid I'll always find their smallest mistakes.) I now own my own business, manufacturing computer training modules, camper antennas, and electrical art displays. In addition, I consult on the side, now researching problems with automated rapid transit. I am an electronic artist-- I created a new art form which has been written up in PLAYBOY, SATURDAY REVIEW, etc. I am an inventor, amateur astronomer, photographer and chessplayer. I have written one book and several bulletins on computer physics. I am a classical pianist. I have pursued my own research on blue chemiluminescence, math number theory in great depth, negative ion generators, the Dean Drive, and Tesla experiments in broadcasting electric power. Many people know only

a small portion of my many facets. I have discovered and studied worlds in things most people would pass by with a mere glance.

As a scientist, I question everything I see-- never accepting anything at face value. If scientists make statements, they must back up what they say with facts. Asimov committed a fatal error as a scientist by making that unsupported slighting comment about my style "as exemplified above". (Not that he was right or wrong, but he failed to explain WHY.) At this point degradation set in. I had hoped to find admiration of the man whom I had (and still do) only considered average. Instead, I lost all respect for him and began seriously questioning the integrity of him and his writing. I would have quit at that point, but another peculiarity of "me" set in. I'm not a quitter. I had to finish.

A side effect is a full, sobering, unpleasant look at some SF fans as they really are-- spewing unsupported qualitative evaluations, like, how dare I question this supreme being, Asimov, and possibly find him flawed? End result? Asimov and I both discovered mutual dislike. Big deal. I've also gleaned he doesn't give great thought or care to style. Nor does he apparently understand it. He formulates, he generates, he cranks, giving less thought to quality than quantity. In this point I've drawn my own conclusion that writing is a delicate work of art requiring careful crafting, revision, and polishing to utmost perfection. Writing is music, light, color, emotion, and reality. For this I will strive.

Why did I choose Asimov? For his average writing qualities, not great, not bad. I couldn't choose a very good writer like Ellison or Delaney for fear my comments would sound like hero-worship, nor an unusually bad one like Gerrold who would waste my time. Asimov had interesting contrasts: he wrote both technical and fiction. Then I caught one of his discussions on "style" where an editor had apparently wronged him by stating he "had no style". I wanted to learn more about style; I swear, it was my intent to get some useful information on style, nothing more.

Why he answered, I don't know. Had I been in his place, with his apparent reactions, I would not have replied. Maybe he hoped to teach someone (me) a lesson for lack of diplomacy. It wasn't "patience", that's for sure. I caught full impressions of his "talking down" to me, in addition to (purposeful?) lack of communication. My own time is as valuable as his. So I suffered wasted efforts, too, though I gained in other ways. I found the whole experience frustrating and enlightening -- certainly not a loss.

I will continue to lay my thoughts on the line. Eventually they'll need tempering; I know that. But I can't write in a cage. I want to see and deal with people as they are and let them see me as I am. It is my right as both scientist and writer to speak out, challenge, and question. I have more reactions and pertinent observations to discuss later after the initial heat of emotions dies down. I might also ask that Donn suspend cutoff of reactions to me or have interested readers submit uncensored comments directly to me. I will follow up in contacting other writers, but will not let the results appear in print unless proper rapport is established.

If I don't score as a diplomat, I ask my readers to search out deeper meanings. I welcome knocks in the form of supported observations. Please read carefully and try to understand honesty even if it is painful at times.

END

WANT
AD

PERSONAL.

Jim Meadows to Dave Szurek: Your 'Has It Been Done Before' reminds me of the late Gene Coon, a producer and scriptwriter for the Star Trek first season, who wrote a quick script under pressure. He called it 'Arena', and after he wrote it, he looked at it and said, "Good God! I've read this somewhere!" The script was essentially Fredric Brown's 'Arena', for ASTOUNDING back in the 40's, and which has probably been anthologized more than once. Hurriedly, Brown was contacted, his okay gotten, things worked out monetarily. The episode aired with 'based on a story by Fredric Brown. James Blish did a short story adaptation of the script in STAR TREK TWO (Bantam 1968), without any credit for Brown. It's interesting to compare the two works; it's essentially the same plot and no doubt an example of why old ideas are continually redone in SF. Blish's version is certainly not up to the Brown story. ((You could have fooled me-- hum, hm!))

Don D'Amassa to Burt Libe: You can be pardoned for most of your misconceptions on the basis that your contact with fandom has been small. By no stretch of the imagination can it be said that I have an 'impressive following' in fandom, though I'm fairly widely known in some portions of fandom, but can't imagine fanzine fans following anyone. My lack of 'following' might best be illustrated by my being listed on the FAPA waiting list as 'Tom D'Amassa'. Neither do I have any particular desire to 'move the masses'. My 'outburst' was rather restrained; I am a rather opinionated so-and-so who happens to like a good, spirited discussion. If your ideas are going to be made public, you're going to have to accept criticism. It appears to me that the very egocentrism you criticized in Asimov is evident in your own writing, though every writer is expressing a bit of egomania. We're all assuming that what we're saying is worth the time of someone else to read. When you have a number of such strong egos interacting in fanzines, you're going to get a lot of conflicting opinions. But isn't that the purpose of such communication in the first place? If everyone in fandom agreed with me, I'd either leave or change my position. Your remarks about not distorting your opinions just to avoid alienating people is of course perfectly valid. But it is not necessary to be hostile to disagree; it is not necessary to be insulting to get a point across. I have no desire to insult you, but that certainly wouldn't stop me from disagreeing with you.

Robert J. Whitaker to Gil Gaier: There are times when I think you should be potted...
((This remark refers to the inside front-cover illo perpetrated by Whitaker and which "potted" the ineffable Gaier.))

And RJW to Paul Walker: If life cannot be 'nice', it cannot be 'bad'. It would be most unreasonable to assume life would be all one or the other. A balance can/should be obtained. Thinking about it makes it work. You can only be reasonable and work at a balance. People who think of their lives as a misery ridden place, do often have such a life. Thinking downhill produces the pattern. The opposite is also true.

Bill Bridget to Eric Mayer: You don't get to be a BNF by listening to a BNF. I didn't

Jodie Offutt to all Peanut Butter Fandom: We're big peanut butter eaters. My son Jeff is always on the lookout for p.b. recipes that he loves to try. Last week I even made a round steak dish that involved p.b. as the thickening for the sauce. We couldn't decide whether we liked it or not, it was such an odd flavor in a steak gravy.

Gary Deindorfer to Chester Cuthbert: Hold on, Chester. Someday this weird state of affairs could take place: (a) magic harnessing technology; (b) technology harnessing magic. Next step-- Ghod knows what!?

And G.D. to Bill Bliss: Your mind ought to be declared a National Treasure. Hope to see more of your brilliancies in TITLES to come. ((Never fear, there's more Bhliss to come!))

Buck Coulson to George Laskowski: Sure, I've been called to some place and not known why. Since I didn't know why, I didn't go.

Brendan DuBois to Gary Grady: I fully understand that recency effect with new words.

When I first heard of Victoria Vayne's fanzine, I had no idea what 'simulacrum' meant. After I looked it up in the dictionary, I seem to see the word everywhere.

And B.D. to Jackie Franke: I too had contact with Buck Coulson when I was a neo. YAN-DRO was the second fanzine that I received, and I sent off a loc. Imagine my surprise when Buck wrote back! After all, he's a writer and a BNF. So, Buck wasn't responsible for getting me into fandom, but he helped a lot, and gave me a lot of egoboo along the way.

Fred Jakobcic to Dave Rowe: TITLE may never be the best fanzine (voted that is) but when I send in my LOCUS Award Nominations, it will head the list because it is my favorite and thus the best because it is my favorite. ((I'm listening, Fred; thank you. Though your statement seems tautological, I get your idea. You need not be well-dressed to have something interesting to say, and even a rotten crook has his mother's love. Or something.))

Hank Heath to Gary Grady: Am I losing touch, or are we Americans slowing down in our development of newspeak words? Give me a nonjargonish word that entered the American language in the past year. Okay, the past two years! No? How about since NASA's budget was cut, then? I can't think of a new word that's entered our vocabulary since NASA got castrated! If this be the case, what does it say for our vitality as a nation without space-oriented research to lead the way?

Harry Warner to Robert Whitaker: Your reference to the student unrest in the 1960's brings to mind something I've noticed: a change in content of newspapers and television news programming, now that those who were in college in the 1960's are beginning to work their way up to positions of influence in the media.

Brett Cox to the Andruss family: You are a beautiful, amazingly normal looking family.

Mike Glycer to Robert J. Whitaker: The extremely vocal social protest of the 60's collegians involved a minority. However wonderful or horrible a person thinks student activism then was, the fact is that most students weren't involved. Once the war ended, leaving no flagrantly offensive violation of human rights to focus student protest, university students reverted to stereotype. Ask any professor. Your prediction, Robert, has already been overtaken by reality.

Dave Szurek to Stephen Dorneman: For once, I agree with you. There used to be an attitude that visitors from outer space would automatically be hostile. That was a stupid prejudice, bred of people who'd accepted war and similar violence as a way of life. Now the pendulum's swung full circle and prejudice and stupidity have put on a new set of clothes. There is absolutely no reason to assume that spiritual advancement necessarily accompanies scientific progress. Look at our own world again. For a long time the word 'progress' was perceived only in technological and scientific terms. Social and spiritual progress stood still for an amazingly long duration. Would it be any different elsewhere in the universe? I hope first contact will be nothing like the American Indian's introduction to the white man. As for the cultists who regard aliens as 'gods' of a sort, look what happened to the Incas. Optimism toward first contact is preferred, but not blindly.

Robert Chilson to Ian Covell: I note with asperity your insinuation that my last two books were less than great. I resent that! I don't deny it, but I resent it. I hope you paid for the books, but I don't care one way or the other: I got paid in advance.

And R.C. to Sarah Rogers: Let me extend a friendly nod with my extensible neck. Welcome to the ranks of fanzine fen, Sarah. In a few years you'll no longer be a neo, but just like the rest of us. Ghastly thought, no?

Carolyn 'C.D.' Doyle to Barry MacKay: You're one of my favorite artists.

Ira Thornhill to the Editor: I find that after writing to T a few times I begin to write letters already pre-divided into short, self-contained 'segments'. I wonder why? ((Keep it up; that's what I like.))

*print
Whole thing*

1104 Mulvey Avenue,
Winnipeg, Manitoba,
Canada. R3M 1J5

4-26-1

April 22nd, 1977.

Dear Donn,

TITLE #62 arrived just over an hour ago, and I am trying to get this letter written before my wife has supper ready.

As usual, I have found a comment on which to expound my own views. Your War Diary, June 14, 1944: "...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 ~~which~~ that exists outside--why spend any more time than necessary with the latter?..." My agreement with you is probably more complete than is presently your own agreement with your wartime self.

It is not so much a world of my own creation that enthralls me, as the one which has slowly been expanded by the writers of the great books I have read. Conversational meetings with people, though often amusing and entertaining, are seldom important in contributing new horizons of thought. I can be acquainted with some people for years, and know them less well than I can a well-drawn character in a book which I may read in an evening. Fiction or non-fiction can be equally rewarding.

A former member of our group once said to me: "I don't think you know people very well." He was right. I believe it is as impossible to understand others as to understand oneself. We change with our emotions and our knowledge. A single slip of the mask of personality by someone, and we see a different person. Sometimes the friendship or enmity of years can be dissipated in a moment.

A good book stays the same. If it has contributed to one's inner world, one can always return to it for refreshment. Some books one outgrows, and can safely discard, but usually with affection and respect.

And for me, music has emotional appeal beyond the sensation of melodic sound. Familiar records I know will always provide pleasure.

Each of us over the years builds up a philosophy enabling him to accept experience at his own evaluation of it. Maturity, I think, is the ability to give consideration to all points of view, without censorship, and to choose the worthwhile, rejecting the dross. But we must experience the dross if we are to appreciate the best.

Another interesting issue, Donn. Keep up the good work.

Sincerely,

Chester

Chester D. Cuthbert.

WHAT IS A JOHN THIEL ?
Letter Received April 4, 1977

Dear Donald:

Le Chien brought me the latest TITLE -- my dog, Rebonzo, carrying it in his mouth. It had blown across the lawn in the direction of a frantic mailman jumping up and down with sparks shooting out of his head, crying: *I didn't drop it -- it's U.S. Mail.* The man must have been accusing a doppleganger. As it turned out, balance distortion had caused the effect-- the fanzine phased out of its slot. As it was the only non-junk thing in the mail, I read through TITLE rather quickly, weighing its contents within the philosophical crucible of my mind. (HOW ABOUT THE BALANCE DISTORTION THERE?) Then some urgent business came up --a fan attack-- and I had to go up into the river region and hide behind a rock. (WHERE GOODBUDDY DON AYRES WAS PERHAPS SEXING A DUCK?)

Well, surveying the contents rapidly at a second reading, (!) I find *Peel & Pulp* less interesting than last time but still admire the way you recount your war experiences, which is something not everyone would be willing to do. (NOT MANY PEOPLE IN FANDOM THAT OLD.) Crab Nebula good as usual. Not sure it lives up to its title. (TAKE THAT UP WITH ERIC MAYER WHO SAID HE ALWAYS WANTED TO USE THAT TITLE EVEN THOUGH HE'S YET TO WRITE OF CRABS OR ASTRONOMY.) How about Eric Mayer & Jackie Franke? (IN WHAT WAY?) Glicksohn's reviews made me feel like shelling out, which I can't do. CLIPJOINT makes me want to see the full things sometime. (SOME DAY UP IN THE RIVER REGION?) The book reviews were well thought out, and inspired me to get a few, which ought to be useful in Zen, considering as I've already pointed out I have no money. I didn't like S&U Experiences very well, although I've been having a few myself lately, like getting a letter apparently addressed to Jay Kinney's mom -- may a Mantis wipe 'em out if it's a trick!

I thought the letter column was more controversial than usual, and also liked seeing some of the writers getting egoboo, of which you seem generally pretty sparing. Why not send them a can of Eagle Brand as a gift for their writings? (IS THAT A BRAND OF WILDE PICKLE?) Steve McDonald struck my eye, saying he's on my level, along with this Jenrette fellow. I would not have thought this to be the case. If it were, would it not be a coincidence? Two people being on exactly the same level would seem to be taking classification too far, even if he's referring to standing on a frozen slice of echo. (ED CONNOR APPRECIATES YOUR PLUG FOR HIS FANZINE.)

I was pleased to see Carolyn Doyle's article getting an enthusiastic reaction. That's more than I get at ISFA-- mostly people there just sit around...with pretzels scattered around to show you it's the right place. (THAT'S A TWIST.)

Since you don't print most of my letters, I feel really liberated about what I write! (HOPE YOU TAKE THIS IN STRIDE.) I'd present top secret space flight information, if I had any. And from what I hear, there's opportunity to get some even in the Ozarks where there aren't even any launching pads. (I HAD LAUNCH WITH AN UFONAUT AT MY PAD.) Some fellow calling himself "Wade" has been trying to get across to me; but he's afraid to justify his name and he's in West Lafayette, across the river.

Best,

John Thiel

30 N. 19 St., Lafayette, Ind 47904

Faned floods post-awful after stamping bacover of his fanzine, *Knights*

By Jean Abernathy

Fanzine: a science fiction fan magazine devoted to fandom. **Fandom:** the group of people actively involved in science fiction, according to Mike Bracken, faned (fan-ed) for *Knights* fanzine. (The faned is usually the editor, publisher and printer.)

"These people not only read science fiction, they also write it, discuss it, write criticisms about it and even ignore it," Bracken said. "Some people are so into fandom itself, they ignore science fiction completely."

Knights is a fanzine about science fiction. Bracken stresses that his fanzine does not contain any fiction, although other fanzines do. A typical issue of *Knights* will contain columns by C.L. Grant and Thomas F. Monteleone.

Grant has written a number of short stories, three of which have been nominated for annual Nebula awards by the Science Fiction Writers of America (SFWA). Grant is also the executive secretary of the SFWA.

Monteleone is the secretary of SFWA as well as a popular author within the field of science fiction. He has had one story nominated for a Nebula award.

Occasionally, Don D'Amassa and Keith L. Justice, respected but amateur authors within the science fiction field, will submit articles to *Knights*.

Artists and writers published in fanzines are not paid for their work. So why do they contribute?

"Mainly, because it is a chance to communicate with people you enjoy even though you have never met them. You share a common interest with them," explained Rick Wilber, fanzine contributor and SIU journalism instructor.

"Bracken's World" is the section of *Knights* in which Bracken communicates his personality to his readers. According to Bracken, it is more of a personal essay than an editorial. "It is freewheeling, I allow myself that much," he said. "I wrote once how my mother's death affected me."

Part of "Bracken's World" is shared with his friends in issue 14 of *Knights*: "I have time, and with that time, I find myself thinking thoughts that should be hidden far back in the dim recesses of my mind. Instead, they live a healthy life in my everyday thoughts."

Bracken's fellow faneds must think a lot of his thoughts. In 1976, *Knights* was ranked No. 11, out of 200 to 300 fanzines, in the *Locus* poll. *Locus*, according to Bracken, is one of the big-time fanzines.

A big-time fanzine is one that is almost professional, Bracken said. It has a circulation of five or six thousand, in comparison to *Knights* 50 to 100 bonafide subscribers. But, Bracken printed 300 copies of the most recent issue of *Knights*, and these were in demand.

Most people acquire fanzines through some sort of barter deal, according to Wilber. He said they trade fanzines for other fanzines, or write a letter of comment and receive a fanzine in return. Wilber said, however, that a faned would be happy to trade dollars for a fanzine.

Such a dollar trade for *Knights* costs \$1.25 for one issue or \$4 for four issues. The \$1.25 buys an average of 70 mimeographed pages containing the

columns, letters of comments, cartoons and artwork.

The person not wise to the ways of fanzines might have a little trouble understanding fanzine lingo. Words are used in fanzines that are not found in any other publication. Bracken said that sometimes a typographical error is the birth of a new word.

Fanzine, *faned* and *fandom* were explained earlier. But what about *LoC*, *stamping*, *pocketsard*, *bacover*, *post awful*, *fafia*, and *gafia*?

--*LoC* is simply letter of comment, otherwise known as a letter to the editor (in this case, a letter to the faned).

--*Pocketsard* and *post awful* are in the same family. According to Bracken, the

U.S. Government once printed up some postcards, misspelling it "pocketsard" on the back. Fanzines take the government's word for it and uses "pocketsard" instead of "postcard."

--The *post awful*, which delivers pocketsards, has been known to lose fanzines sent through the mail. To most people, the post awful is known as the Post Office.

--*Stamping* is one of the words that was born as an error. It means stamping and mailing out the fanzines.

--*Illo* is short for illustration. *Bacover* is simply the back cover of a fanzine.

--*Fafia* and *gafia* are similar words with similar meanings, both are acronyms. *Gafia* stands from getting away from it all, or leaving the fanzine business willingly. *Fafia* stands for forced away from it all, or leaving the fanzine business due to circumstances beyond the control of the faned.

Fandom and fanzines are alive and well on the SIU campus—with a little help from Mike Bracken.



Fanzine artwork is done by a variety of professional and amateur artists. Pictured above are the three most recent issues of *Knights*.

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

SLICED PICKLES

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

...A FRIEND OF MINE
WANTS AN
ARMADILLO...

Muddlin' a Mundane- R.J. Whitaker

A friend of mine asked me, "What's new with you?" So I told him.

"A friend of mine wants an armadillo," I said.

He snorted a laugh. "Okay, why?"

"To eat cockroaches!"

"To eat cockroaches?" he said, trailing off, coming back with, "Why doesn't he get a cat?"

"I'm allergic to them."

"What do you have to do with his place?"

"I visit a lot." Silence. I continued: "The only real problem is that cockroaches can climb walls and armadillos can't. So my friend is considering training the armadillo to use a fork lift to hoist himself up on the wall. He'll have a problem if he's too noisy for, if frightened, the roach has a tendency to burrow into the nearest object like a sofa, or mattress."

"You're making all this up!"

"No, my friend likes armadillos. He doesn't like cockroaches. Do you like cockroaches? I thought so. But he can't find any. Nobody had any for sale."

"Cockroaches?"

"No, armadillos. They can be housebroken like cats."

"Why doesn't he get a cat?"

"Probably will, in the long run."

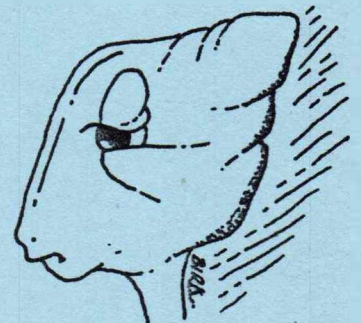
"Why bother with an armadillo then?"

"He says he doesn't like cats."

...and so on...

ALL ROWES LEAD TO ROMM by Dave Romm

Dave Rowe was saying that Laurine White was asking if we've ever been mistaken for each other. I suppose your capital "E" may have helped,



huh?



Dear Donn -

I've been busy lately but I did come up with this -- thought about your knowing Perkins & it came to mind.

LIKE TITLE

Will LOC longer one of these days.

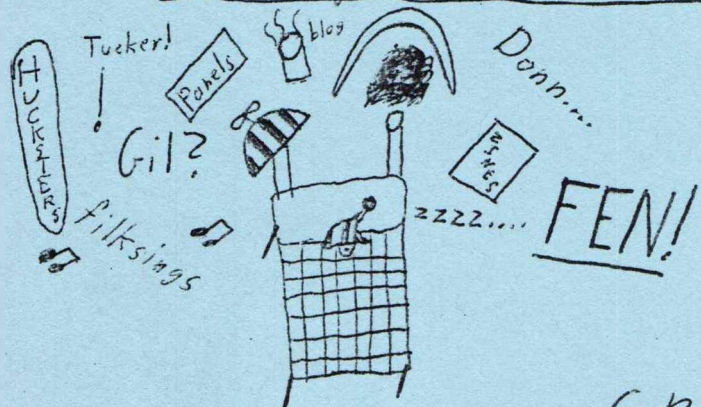
Robert J.
Whitaker

and having different countries in our addresses & different personalities possibly has something to do with it not happening.

Now, it is true that our names are pronounced identically except that his lacks the harmonically important 'mmmmm' sound at the end. And it is also true that besides living in separate countries we are two different people. And I won't even mention the capital "E" (largely because it's silent and not even pronounced, much less mentioned) except to say that that distinction works only on paper. Furthermore, most people tend to be on the unseeing side anyway, so minor differences in print stop few. Therefore, in conclusion, someone must have mistaken us at one point.

Let's see, was there a time...oh yes. My cat, quite definitely, came up to me one day and said, "Rowe?" I certainly think this an apropos example; I'm not just handing you a feline.

The Night Before Archon



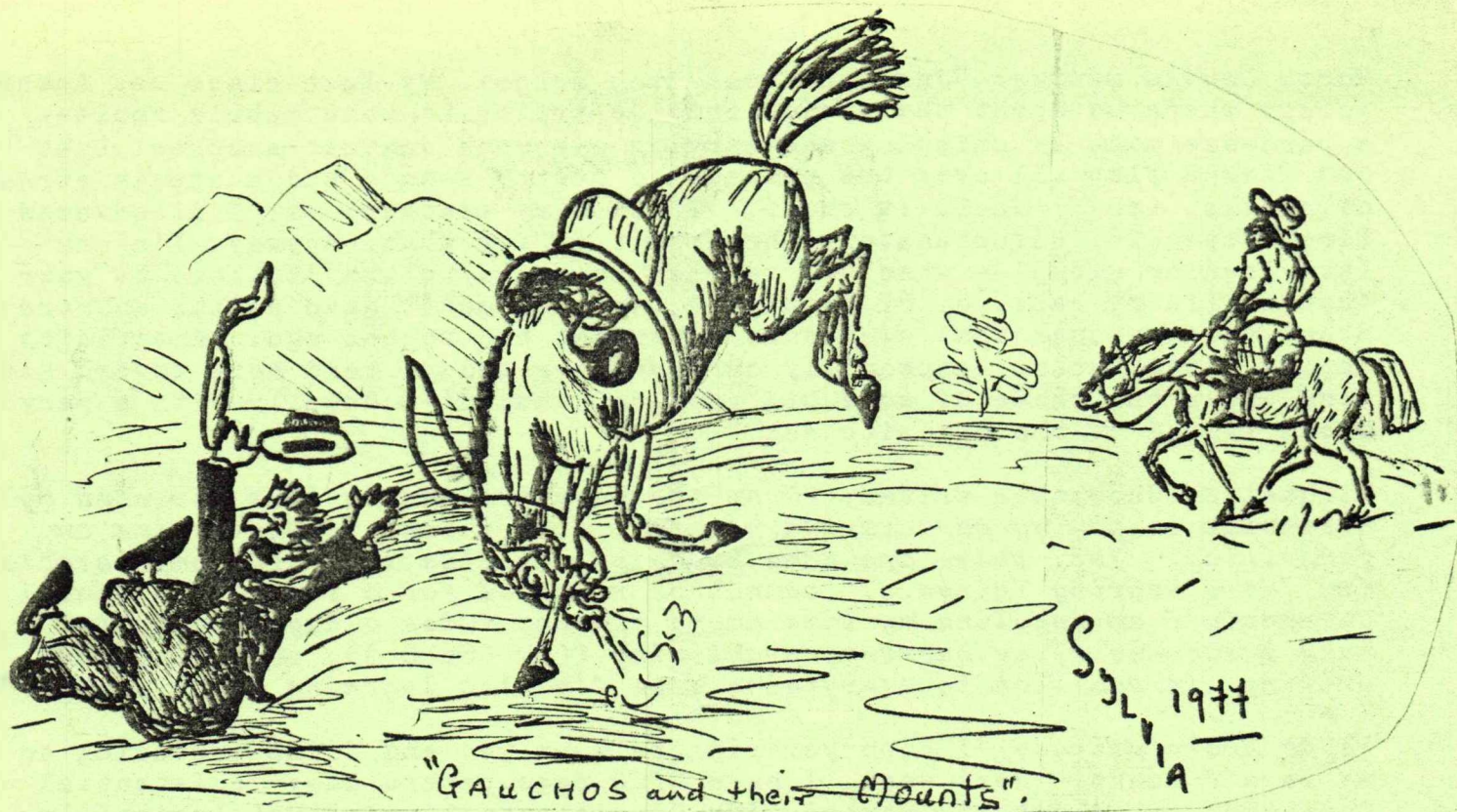
C.D.

"...and visions of fen danced through his head."

But that still does not explain the general tendency for both SF fans and Trekkies to distinguish between the two of us. In the Trekkies case it's easy: we do not look anything like each other. But mere visual data would not keep a Trufah from a typo. What could be general enough...

Of course! Ink. Not only our typeribbon, but our mimeo ink tastes completely different! As long as we keep this up, we're safe. Here's looking at you, Kidd.

* SMOF APPROVED *



MUNDANIAC In my other zine, FARRAGO, I featured an article by Mae Strelkov which was illustrated rather profusely (in the context of my use of art) by Mae and Sylvia, her daughter. The picture above was done by Sylvia, but here's what Mae says about their collaborations: *"Sylvia disavows the rounded horses. Her original sketches are bony & 'real'. I round her art when retracing it for coloring w/ hecto inks. She's done you a picture to show, but I drew in some background. Her comic art is like Danny's whom she copied when small. This same picture adorns the cover she drew for her big file of veterinary notes at the University. It's a favorite theme of hers."*

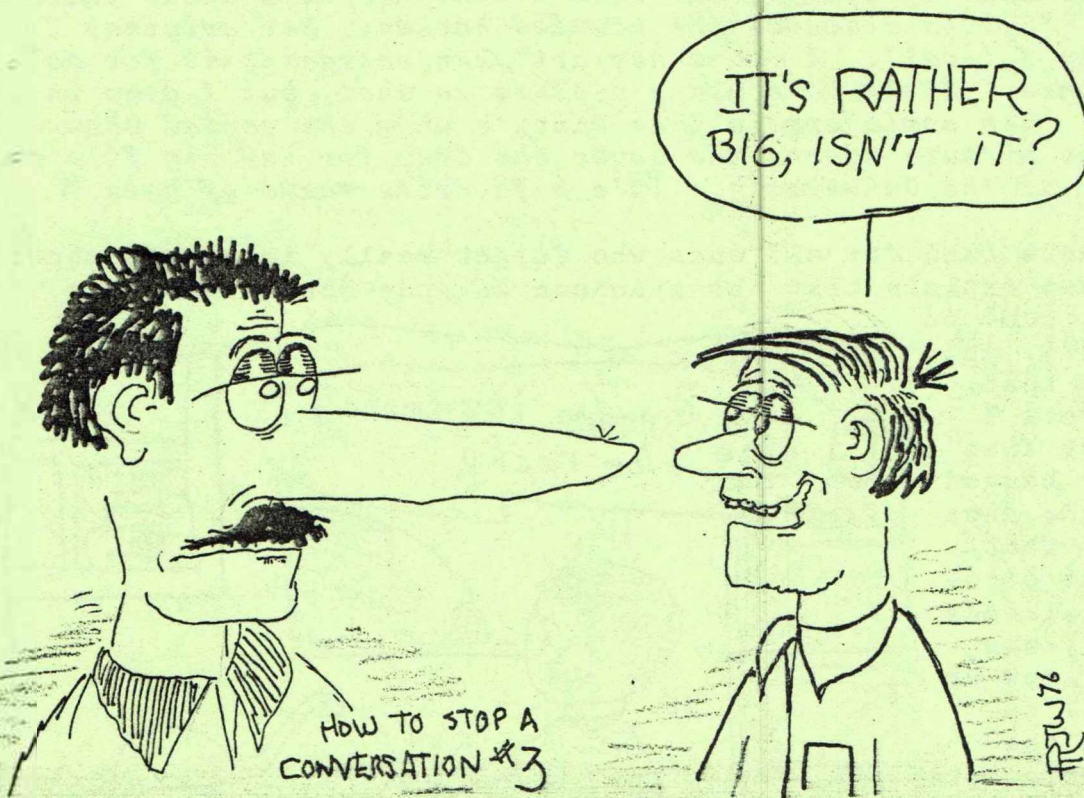
For any new readers (and for old ones who forget really important stuff like this) I must explain that the grandson in Anna Schoppenhorst's cartoon is mine, name of Aaron, age about 3. And the blue rock is that corflu covered rock I made for him last Xmas when he so oddly begged for a 'blue rock'. Anna remembered, too, that he is crazy about dinosaurs & we have already proved that early-age dinosaur lovers grow up to be SF fans. I am watching through the window with a periscope, and waiting for the day I can hit him with some of my SF collection. I hope he'll like to collate, staple, and fold!



Marty Levine writes: "Just got home from school. My last class was Anthropology where we spent the period outside trying to make pebble tools-- a hand-axe made by chipping and banging one rock against another. Dust and flakes flew all over the place, and pretty soon I had a steady stream of sparks, too. 'Would it count,' I asked my teacher, 'if I discovered fire instead?' Unfortunately, he didn't go for that. Anyway, I'm now into 'senior slump'-- when you've been accepted to the 'college of your choice' (in my case, U. of Michigan), and you don't give a damn anymore about those things that seemed so important two months ago. Activities during school hours, especially on days like today, tend more toward sitting under the shade of some big tree on 'campus'-- usually with a very close friend of the opposite sex."

Michael T. Shoemaker writes: "Over the past two months I've directed my attention to paying markets and now feel it's insane to waste time on fanwriting. Yet, there are some kinds of articles that are unmarketable (my "Am I Hearing Things..." cannot be reworked for a popular audience). Currently I am juggling my time among running twice a day, trying to make a success of my quartet, practicing ((ON CELLO)), composing, and writing. In addition to everything else I'm also learning piano tuning."

Wayne Hooks writes: "I hope you realize what you and TITLE are doing to me as a student. Next week, I have 4/20 page papers due: 'Existential Casework with Alcoholic Women', 'The Sociological and Physiological Impact of Maternal Addiction upon the Fetus', 'The Dialectology and Sociological Background of Gullah: Africanisms in American Speech', and a grant proposal. I've got to start on those papers one of these days."



Harry Warner Jr. writes: "It will be interesting to see if I can write a loc tonight. This has been one of those days that come occasionally when my mind does not function normally. I went to put a bagfull of garbage in the pail and go somewhere in the car. Putting the car in gear, I realized I had the bag on my lap. The girl who waited on me at the drugstore took away the syrup before I'd put it on my hotcakes."

I didn't realize that I could have asked her to return it, instead of getting as best I could with butter. Each time such a day comes along I wonder if this time it will be permanent or will go away. There must be some physical cause for mental fuzziness of a transitory nature but so far I've never been able to find any connection between things I do and the bad days."

THE PEEL & THE PULP - #6

Considerably abridged from Brazier's 'blackbook' diary of his personal involvement in World War II.

Sept. 3, 1944... aboard the 'Cape Perpetua' lying in Eniwetok harbor... One of the most enjoyable hours of the day is the period after sunset when I go up on deck to talk to Bill Floyd. Earlier in this book I did not speak very highly of him as a C.O. but now I find him full of ideas and interesting experiences. He has given me lots of characters, too; one who described an oil locating machine -- "She yoomps and yoomps and yoomps, you don't have to take my word for it, I seen it." Bill said the logic of that statement has bothered him ever since he heard it; now it bothers me..

.. The chaplain aboard this ship is an odd duck. Mostly, he doesn't know people -- only books. Some of his announcements over the PA system meant to be humorous are in reality ludicrous. They stem from his inability to imagine how people think, act, and wish for. He closed the library today, no reason. And, in fact, just because we reached a port he called in all the books and closed up... until someone got him on the ball. When asked why he'd closed up, he replied: "It's the custom when you reach port." But my gosh where's his commonsense? We might just as well be on the high seas for all the good this port does us. No one goes ashore... I've read some good books: *YOUNG MAN WITH A HORN*, the story of Bix Biederbecke & jazz; *DONOVAN'S BRAIN*, a fair, though cheap, scientifiction thriller; *MIDDLE AGED MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE* by Thurber... I've written a first draft of my trip to Hilo Hawaii cast into the murder story motif: *MURDER AT HALEMAUMAU*... [Wonder what ever happened to that?]

Sept. 9... same place-- will we ever move?... Some cruisers and an aircraft carrier drew up near us in the lagoon. The confused and jagged camouflage patterns are interesting... I saw green oxygen cylinders going into the dispensary-- someone aboard must have pneumonia. Many have colds, and I've had a sore throat for four mornings. I can't sleep on the bare deck -- too hard. Trying to sleep on the life vest is too bumpy, though soft enough. The ship has run out of bread and milk is just about gone. I'm working on the mess detail now; seven of us take turns. It's a hot Turkish Bath downstairs in the kitchen... A transport riding at anchor nearby has been discovered to have nurses aboard. Powerful field glasses reveal only the long hair and the generally plump, barrel shape of women... Someone has been playing some good jazz records over the P.A. system. And we get the news every day. I wouldn't be surprised if Germany gave up before we move out of



The author posing on one of the kinds of fighter planes he'd later be responsible for: a P-47 "Thunderbolt".



The 'dashing' fellow at age 27 who has been a SF fan for 10 years & has no inkling that in about 30 more years he'll re-establish contact with Harry Warner, Jr.

here. [Wishful thinking, for the War with Germany didn't end until May 8, 1945, still eight months in the future.]

September 11... a few hours out of Eniwetok Harbor. Blackout aboard ship went into effect very early, at least 30 minutes before darkness.

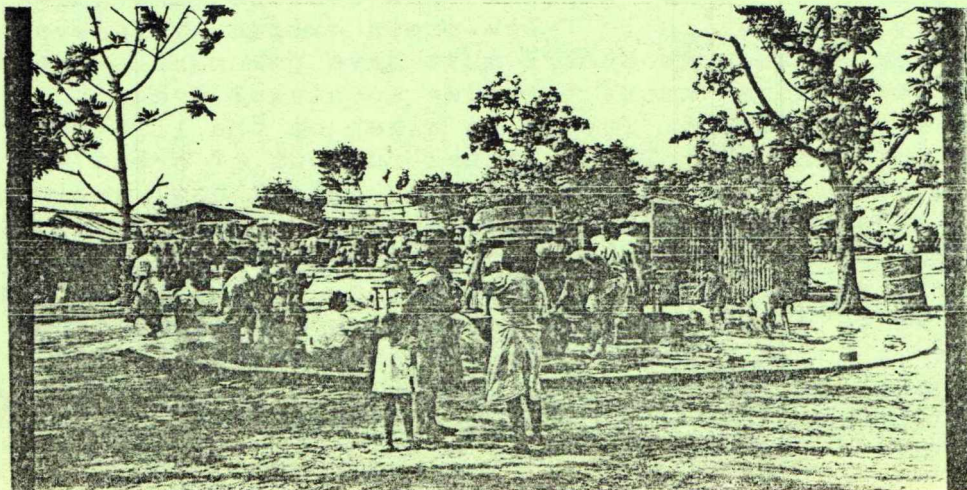
Sept. 16... at anchor opposite Saipan...Saipan is about two miles to our left and Tinian looks about 15 miles ahead. Saipan looks very inviting from this distance-- trees, long, green sloping mountain and fields. A factory of some sort, probably sugar.. Radar antenna on top the mountain. Many seaplanes ride at anchor between us and shore. I'm glad we're going to be on an island of volcanic origin instead of one of those barren coral atolls as Eniwetok was. As yet we don't know when we'll get off the ship. Soap doesn't lather in salt water, so we've been bathing in fresh water from our helmets.

Sept. 18... same place... Col. Canby told us some things about Saipan and Tinian. Japs are still being killed on both islands, about 30/day on Saipan and 5/day on Tinian. Three days ago a Jap swam out to a seaplane, tossed in a grenade, killed 7 men and sank the plane.

Sept. 19... same place... Mail was brought aboard & I got 32 letters! And 13 new pictures of Terry. They were so good! And I love Betty so. [Terry was my first son, and whom I'd never seen yet; Betty, my wife.] A single Jap plane flew over about 3 A.M., dropped one bomb, and then scooted away. You might say we have now been under enemy attack!... A US submarine brought in 90 US soldiers rescued from a Jap ship which the sub had sunk. There were 1500 prisoners in the hold of this ship; and only these 90 were saved. They were so thin, it was unbelievable. Also, they had chain marks and sores, and welts on their backs; they had been chained by the wrists down in the hold...We are now going to go to Guam. Our orders were changed. Well, at least we saw Saipan and Tinian through field glasses...

Sept. 21 ... Lying far out in the darkness off Guam... We left Saipan at 6 A.M. and arrived here about 6 P.M.... We have a young officer named Mote who I just found out is a grounded pilot of 47 combat missions. He has tried to converse with me several times, but I've been abrupt with him because I thought he was ignorant or something. His nerves are shot and I didn't know it. He spent 20 days in a rubber raft, alone, when all men on his B-24 were killed but him; he was on this raft with a broken right arm and a broken collar bone, and spent 3 months in a hospital recuperating. He says, "I don't want to go home now."

Sept. 25.... Since Friday (this is Monday) I have slept 8 hours. No time to write more...



*Natives of the
Mariannas Islands
(Saipan, Tinian,
Guam...) busy
at their commun-
ity washing.*

CLIPS, CHIPS, AND CNIPS

ADVERTISEMENT

FARRAGO #5 is now ready for eager purchasers -- have your 75¢ in cash, check, or stamps ready. You will get 46 pages of mixed fodder, illustrations, stories, poems, articles, locs, etc. Feature article by Burt Libe: "Fairies, Real or Unreal?" Stories by Blenheim & Szurek; articles by Strelkov, Wertham, Shaver, Brazier (2), Grady and Inouye. Readers demand more non-fiction than fiction, so from a 50/50 mix FARRAGO moves to a 33/67 formula with some spice in the form of poetry and art.

THE ILLUMINOIDS BY NEAL WILGUS

I haven't seen the book (\$8.50 in hardback) but the adv. from Sun Publishing Co. labels it as covering secret societies and political paranoia. I note, too, that Neal has written the introduction to a 386pp paperback (\$7.50) called ETIDORHPA.

Sometime I must tell in TITLE the story of a program for highschool science buffs I started in 1959 and which is still going strong. Tomorrow evening (June 10) we set another small group into the colleges whose work the past two years covered such subjects as the effect of EDTA, plant cancers, the Belousev Zhabotinsky Oscillating Reaction, pollution, and local lichens. Probably our most famous graduate so far is Richard Lovelace of Cornell whose work is in radio atronomy, black holes and such.

Wertham's list of 'numbers' in a past TITLE caused several readers to send in their own or newsclips of same. I especially liked the one from Pauline Palmer from an Oregon paper which gave examples

of what 1 part-per-million really means. Did you know that a fanzine (1/16 inches thick) is 1 ppm of a stack 1 mile high? In other words the stack of TITLES in Harry Warner's attic is probably about 1 ppm!

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DAVE KLAUS SHOWED ME A FANZINE which I think was called FLUSHING IN 1980. It had a description of a Fandom Museum in which this paragraph appeared: "*SHAVER HALL is just down the corridor. Within, one finds many 'rock pictures', as well as many manuscripts describing Atlantis. Numerous artistic conceptions of deros line the hall. An endless loop film-strip of Donn Brazier welcomes you as you enter, and talks about Shaver, whose embalmed body lies in state revolving in the center of the hall.*"

WHICH REMINDS ME THAT GENE WOLFE RECOMMENDED TO THE HOBART COMPANY IN OHIO THAT THEY CONTACT ME TO GIVE A SLIDE/LECTURE ON "ANCIENT MYSTERIES". Since I don't have a lecture prepared, and have signed the contract, and it's scheduled for October, uh.., would any of you people have some a) good pictures I could copy for slides, or b) some good references with lots of good pictures. Possible subjects: Atlantis, Egypt, extinct animals, legendary beasts, lost arts, etc.?

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Seneca almost said: "Fandom is like an arch, kept from falling by the mutual pressure of its parts." THIS IS TITLE'S LAST REMINDER----- COME TO ARCHON, JULY 15-17 AT THE RIVERFRONT TOWERS, ST. LOUIS. CONTACT JOHN NOVAK, 1260 MOORLANDS DR. RICHMOND HEIGHTS, MO. 63117 OR PAY \$7 AT THE GATE. LET GEORGE R.R. MARTIN ENTERTAIN YOU!

!%!%!%!%!%!%!%!%!%!%!%!%!%!%!%!%

QUOTE OF THE MONTH: "Would I like to share a room with 'C.D.' Doyle? Heh heh heh...." -- Richard Prandt ***** FARRAGO IS A MIXED BAG *****

TITLE #64 JULY 1977
EDITOR: DONN BRAZIER
1455 FAWN VALLEY DR.
ST. LOUIS, MO. 63131

TITLE: A SCRAPBOOK OF FAN OPINION
AND COMMENT, STRAIGHT OR CROOKED.
AVAILABLE FOR 50¢ OR LOC OR CON-
TRIB AND OTHER WHIMS OF THE ED.

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TITLE, despite the confusion and consternation generated in neos, fosters running gags, "in" jokes, and obscure references to past issues. Example: Robert J. Whitaker's cover. The reader might have considerable difficulty in remaining ignorant that the turtle creature was not the work of said Whitaker; this refers to some of Bob's art used in TITLE previously and which went uncredited. The cryptic "Better Duck" refers to the artist's most common artistic motif. Example: Ben Indick's pictorial essay on fannish shoes is a reference to a previous "foot" cartoon and may take its place in fannish history along with belt buckles (itself an esoteric subject). Example: Mike Glicksohn is the name of a prominent beard. Example: "What Is a John Thiel" is the second in a series (self-explanatory) that began with "What Is a Bill Bridget". Example: the "blue rock" cartoon is Anna M. Schoppen's reference to the corflucorflucor covered rock I gave my grandson for Christmas.

GRAPHIC CREDITS.....

Cover by..... Obvious
Superfan etc..... ~~CP~~ ~~DP~~ ~~FL~~
Stuck in fmz..... Bill Rotsler
Pickles page..... RJ Whitaker (2)
Sheryl Birkhead
~~CP~~ ~~DP~~ ~~FL~~
Horses..... Sylvia Strelkov
Blue Rock..... Anna M.
Schoppenhorst
Big nose RJ Whitaker

+++++

"You'll be coming to Archon," Donn said archly.



DONN BRAZIER
1455 FAWN VALLEY DR.
ST. LOUIS, MO. 63131

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CoA's

Sutton Breiding, 151 Arkansas, San Francisco, CA 94107
Gail Barton, 1700 S. College #23, Tempe, AZ 85281
Richard Brandt, 4013 Sierra Dr., Mobile, Ala 36609
Bill Brummer, c/o Wilson/Small, 94 Avenue Rd., Toronto M5R 2H2
Jackie Causgrove (Franke), 2716 N. Hampden Ct, Chicago, Ill 60614
Tim Kyger, 505 S. Roosevelt D-1, Mesa, AZ 85202
Jim Meadows, 31 Apple Ct, Park Forest, Ill 60466
Karen Pearlston, 132 Hove St., Downsview, Ont. M3H 4Z7
Randy Reichardt, 58 Penrose Rd, Winnipeg, Man. R2J 1S1
Mark Sharpe, Beachmasters Unit #2, NAB Little Creek, Norfolk VA 23521
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*Eric Lindsay
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