



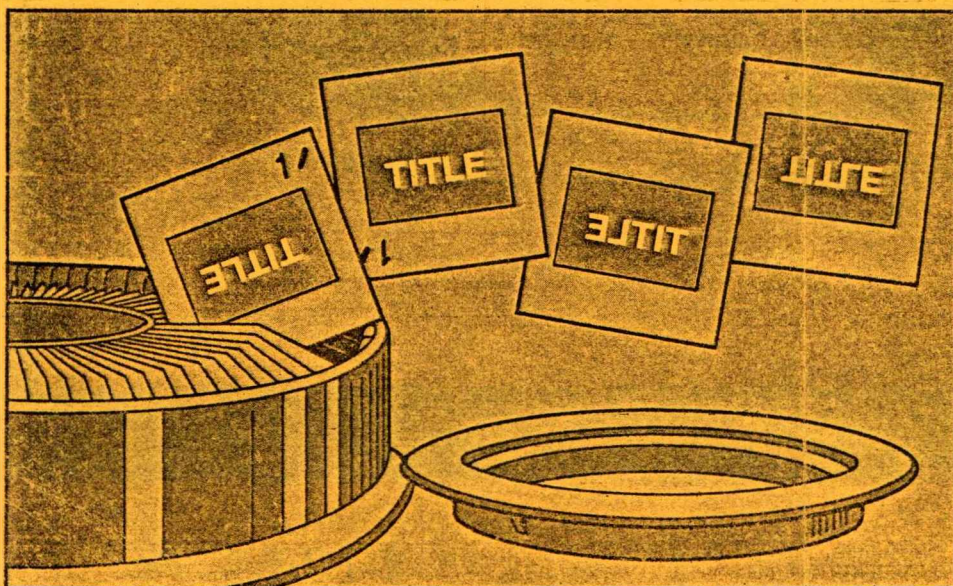
TITLE #65 AUGUST 1977

MONTHLY PUBLICATION OF
THE WILDE PICKLE PRESS,
PROP. DONN BRAZIER.
OBTAINABLE BY LOCS AND
CONTRIBS, OR 50¢ FOR A
SAMPLE. 1455 FAWNVALLEY DR.
ST. LOUIS, MO. 63131

FARRAGO #5 IS AWAITING
EAGER BUYERS @ 75¢

After TITLE's title was thought of the idea had to be evaluated. It passed all tests. It would not be attractive to the casual fringe fan; one would have to get to know the zine, not risking sticky quarters on something titled TITLE. It would receive constant mention -- if not reviews -- in the most unlikely places, rather subliminally as in the pages of AUDIOVISUAL NOTES FROM KODAK or the newspaper sport pages as shown in TITLE 63. The Kodak slide-handling instructions show TITLE in four different orientations. In each case, the TIT never disappears, as long as one knows how to turn a page upside down and also has a mirror at hand. A TIT, of course, is defined as a small or inferior horse, or any of various small plump often long-tailed birds. How you define it, well, that's your business; each to his own (or with her own, as the case may be.)

Thanks for the story, but
I'm afraid I had to do
a little editing on it...

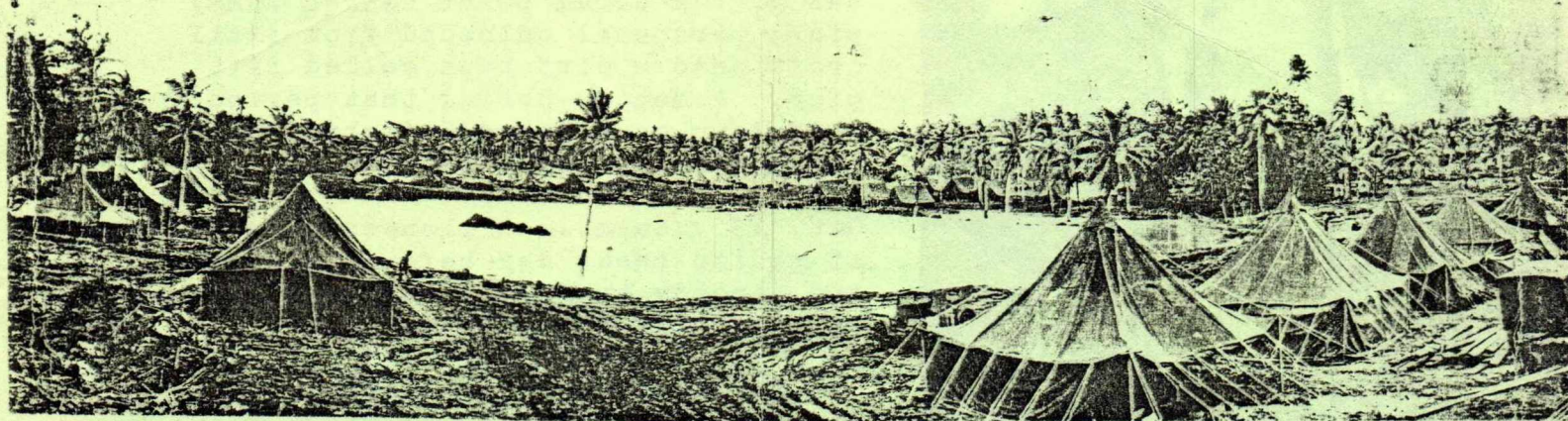


"Grok" is a new statistical term, described in JIR (Journal of Irreproducible Results, V23N1). Credit for the word is given to Heinlein, but the application is new; it measures the possible truth of a hypothesis (H) from votes of a number of observers of the data. A Grok is Γ and it's equal to trues minus falses.

$$\Gamma = n_t - n_f$$

WE HAVE A 'SLEEPY LAGOON' IN THE CENTER OF CAMP -- THE RECREATIONAL AREA, PLANNED AS A BALL DIAMOND. AS A JOKE WE ASK: "WHEN WILL THE SUBMARINE DETECTING RADAR BE INSTALLED?"

57 SG 10-18-44-2 HIST. REC APO 246 RES



THE PEEL & THE PULP - #7 CONSIDERABLY ABRIDGED FROM BRAZIER'S WORLD WAR TWO DIARY

October 2, 1944...Guam... Things are getting better now after ten days. We've moved from our pup tents into pyramidals. A multitude of ants, mud, rain, quick approach of darkness. Today, finally, I built a table out of bamboo, rope and wire which, though shaky, gets my things off the dirt floor of the tent. We're not allowed to write home that dead Japs are lying around unburied. One of our soldiers stepped through a Jap! Capt.Drouin, with the help of five men, captured a starving Jap with a wounded foot... We have no lights, except Lt.Dasher's gas lantern. At night there is shooting all around us. Drinking water is rationed. We've been eating K-rations, then C-rations, and now ten-in-one. Today we got bread.

Oct. 3...Guam... This constant rain rain rain is enough to drive you crazy. We slog around in ankle-deep muck. Rivers of muddy water race past our tents.

Oct. 6...Guam... The rain quit yesterday. Now it's very hot. We have a 'sleepy lagoon' in the center of camp-- the recreational area, planned as a ball diamond. You should see the multitude of frogs (or are they toads?) playing leap frog!

Oct. 7...Guam... Last night I received the Zero Hour from Japan on my Echophone radio. Some male voice oozed talk about cheeseburgers with the bun warm and browned and the cheese 'melting all over the place.' 'Betty' played records [American pop & jazz] in between joking with us, calling us boneheads, etc. I don't know what her object is...

Oct. 9...Guam... The day we landed on Guam I took some notes in my real small notebook which I'll now explain. The devastation of Agana [Guam's chief city] is horrible, like pictures of tornado wrecks, only worse; and the most amazing part is the way the natives sit by twos, threes, or fours on the shattered remnants of their homes and idly watch the military traffic roll by. It's apathy, yet friendly, for many of them wave and smile...That first night I worked on the pier,



CHILDREN OF THE MARIANNAS ISLANDS (GUAM, SAIPAN, ETC.) AT THE COMMUNITY WASHING CENTER. PEOPLE SHOW A RACIAL MIX OF POLYNESIAN, CHINESE, JAPANESE. IT WAS MY IMPRESSION THAT GUAM WAS MORE POLYNESIAN AND SAIPAN MORE JAPANESE.



and for a day and a night thereafter, checking cargo coming ashore. During that time I ate D-ration chocolate bars and stole some canned rations out of broken crates on the dock. The 'pier' was just a coral point called Sumay pier; personnel unloaded from small craft onto a dirt bank called Pitti pier. Sometime during that period I laid down on a board I fished out of the water and went to sleep...

Oct. 13...Guam... I planted a package of radish seeds day before yesterday, and already two green leaves have come up, defining five crooked rows.

Oct. 19...Guam... Guards on our ration dump killed three Jap soldiers about five nights ago; several got away. Articles carried included a bayonet, two grenades, an English primary reader, eating utensils, homemade knife, and a large sharpening stone. The bodies were tossed into the garbage pit.... What is the compromise between the Jap's delicate art work and poetic spirit, and their supposed bestiality? Their coins and paper money seem the work of women of sensitive feeling. Could the Japs be as bad as we've been told? We, ourselves, have some crumby soldiers--knocking gold teeth out of dead Jap's mouths, cutting off ears to pickle in a bottle, etc. Could Japs do anything worse?

Oct. 20...Guam...An overage of 16 officers exists, and I am one of them. I asked Col Canby to place my name for the vacancy of the 363rd Service Group for Education & Orientation Officer... The 42nd's B-24s began coming in today. Soon they will carry bombs to -- where? Formoso, Phillipines, Bonins..?... The Guam radio, WXTI, came on air yesterday-- about 1350 on my radio.

Oct. 21...Guam... This morning we went onto B-rations, which is everything canned but in greater variety than C-rations. We had pancakes and bacon, but the bacon was gone by the time I got there-- the chow line was so long...

Oct. 24...Guam... The B-24s are raiding Yap and Iwo Jima.

IMPRESSIONS - EXPRESSIONS

MICHAEL T. SHOEMAKER

Eric Mayer said I should do more than wonder. Okay. What follows are the pieces of a jigsaw puzzle. I have always felt an inter-relatedness between even the most disparate occurrences, so if some of the following seem obscure, that's too bad.

* A friend of mine said she found my outlook refreshing because I was not cynical. *"But I am cynical, utterly."* *"But at least you can laugh about it. It doesn't consume you and stifle your spirit."* That is because I am beyond cynicism. I take no pleasure in it, and so I banish it from the fore of my public character. I live now for the moment, which is all one truly possesses. I remember the past without regretting it, and plan for the future without depending on it. Memories and dreams are the same. It is enough for me to have my music, literature, and running. I have no time to waste on regrets and worries. *"Ars longa, vita brevis."*

* Cynicism is an arrogant conceit because at its root is the conviction that one is better than the multitude. I admit to this conceit. But then, Remarque has remarked that *"Virtue, kindness, generosity -- he (Mankind) desires that in others so that he can impose on them."*

* The professor talked about Schubert's setting of Gretchen's love song from Faust, Part I, in music history class. She held Gøethe's poem up for ridicule in a familiar, off-the-cuff manner. The class roared with laughter at Gøethe's romantic effusiveness; they guffawed, and tee-hee'd, and fidgeted. I maintained a stony silence.

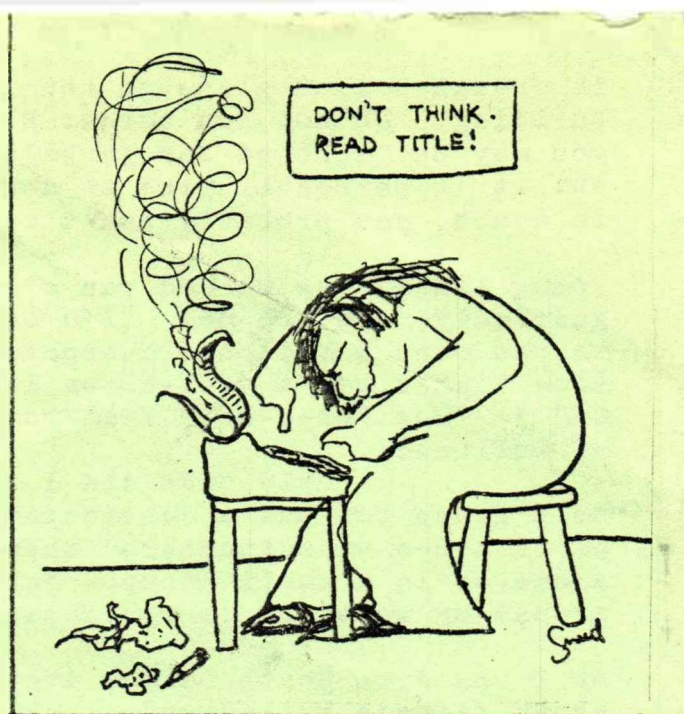
This is what we've come to: most people have forgotten how to feel or care for anything. Is this the new awareness so long touted? Surely anything that deadens sensibility is not good.

I have a theory. The brutal life of past days gave people an appreciation for the few joys in life. Ties of love were stronger then because they gave protection from, and consolation for, the brutal reality of everyday existence. Today, in our opulence, there is a dilution of appreciation. To express real feelings anymore is designed romantic, outmoded, or worst, sentimental. I recall my German professor's observation of how Europeans are more apt to express intense emotions than are Americans. This is probably because life has been generally harsher in Europe.

* Who is the largest debtor in this country? No need to check Guinness, the answer is the Federal Government. Is it any wonder, then, that inflation continues to rise?

* I spent eight months a year for four years running through some of the better ghettos of Washington, D.C. I am not sure how I survived it; whether it was because of my boldness and deadly seriousness, my unobtrusive fleetness, or my care not to look crosseyed at anyone. Or was it simply because I wore black and orange socks? (I really did).

There



is enough broken glass on the streets of D.C. to window the Empire State Building. Do not run across Rhode Island Avenue against the light or you may be ticketed for jawwalking (as happened to two friends of mine), but it is perfectly fine to double-park on North Capital Street. When in doubt, you probably can't turn left.

One time on a run, three or four young blacks saw me and ran a couple of blocks with me. They talked guardedly, testing me. "I'd better think of something," I thought, as we ran over a railroad overpass. "You know Joe Fish? He's my teammate." (Joe Fisher was a well-known local half-miler and was my teammate at C.U.) "Joe Fee-e-esh? Yeah man, that's cool." It is good to know people of influence.

Only once did I really fear running in D.C. Seven of us on a group run had a confrontation with three blacks, but nothing came of it since we outnumbered them. But after that, I worried when running alone or in a small group. For a couple of weeks I even carried a chain around my waist under my trunks.

One heartening moment stands out, though. As I ran down South Dakota Avenue one afternoon, a black paperboy of about fifteen smiled and stuck out his hand as I approached. I smiled and slapped him five as I ran by. There seemed to be an almost supernatural wave of good feeling between us. I think he must have been a distance runner: he knew. It made my day and many thereafter.

* Our laws, regulations and bureaucracy are becoming ever more complex, driving society to ever greater dependence on that most artificial of all professions: the lawyer. But this situation is not surprising when one considers that most of our Congressmen are lawyers.

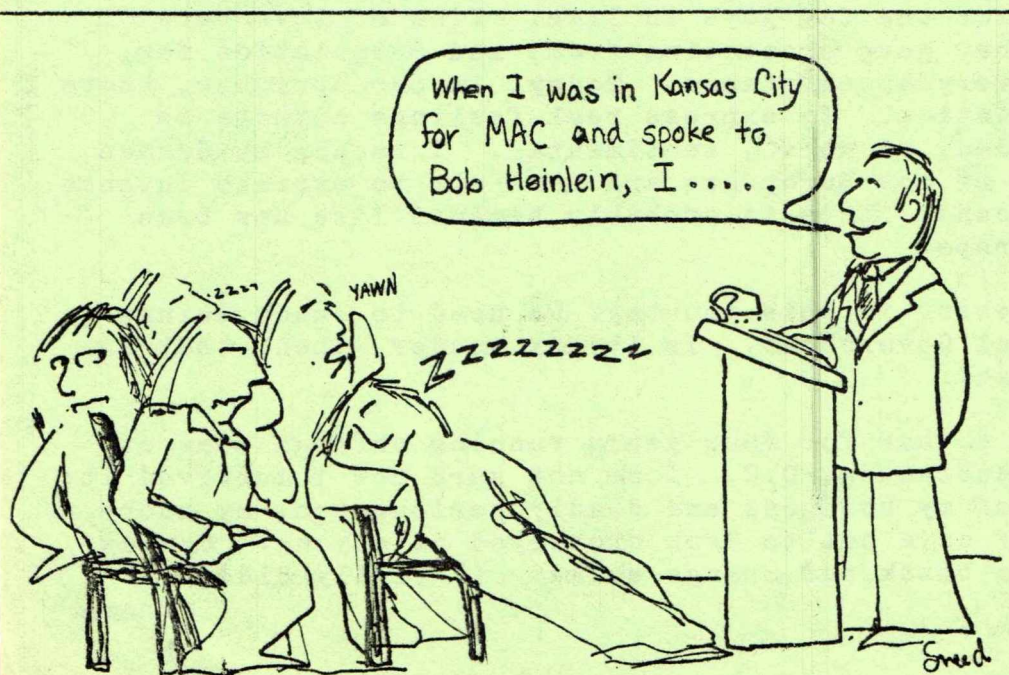
* Why should it be that one can run bare-legged and draw little attention, but to run with long-underwear under one's trunks and extending down the legs draws sniggers and witless witticisms? One would almost think that long-underwear is more naked than bare legs. And what's the difference between long-underwear and sweat bottoms?

* Some time ago, the Secretary of Transportation decided to allow, despite massive local protest, the Concorde to land at Dulles Airport on a sixteen month trial basis. Local papers propagandized in favor of this. One feature writer noted that the Concorde at 130 decibels was not really much louder than a normal jet at 110 decibels. Apparently he did not know that decibels is a logarithmic scale. Recently much notice has been

given to the decline in the number of complaints. (But of course, when people complain again and again and get no response, they eventually give up.)

I have run on the bike trail on the Potomac and experienced at close range the takeoff noise of a jet from National Airport. It is deafening; conversation is utterly impossible. I can not imagine the noise of the Concorde.

I can not help but suspect that



such noise levels for a long period of time will result in structural weakness in local homes. (What about possible resonance effects?)

I expect the Concorde will continue to land at Dulles. Rarely does bureaucracy repeal something it has allowed on a so-called "trial basis".

* I view with alarm the movement toward egalitarianism in all aspects of society. Were this movement to manifest itself in merely the legal aspect it would be fine, but unfortunately it does not.

In the truly egalitarian society all major decisions, job hirings, etc., would be rendered randomly by, for instance, a computer spewing out random numbers. A company starts hiring. You apply and get a number; if it's the right number (even, end in five, etc.) you are hired, if not you keep looking. No discrimination in that, is there? And best of all, the results will probably be correct 50% of the time, which may even be better than the current percentage.

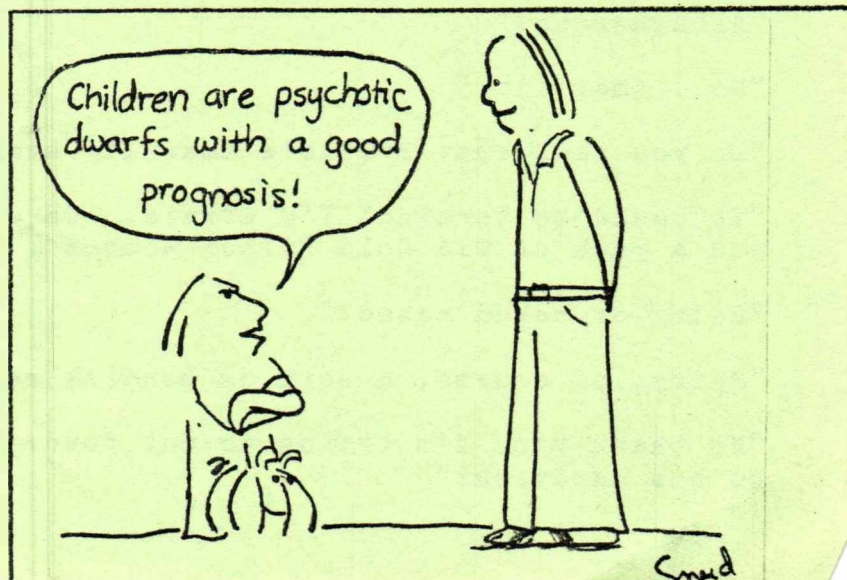
* I believe in capitalism, but only because I believe in freedom. I do not think anyone will argue when I say that capitalism stimulates greed and dishonesty. All one has to do is read the newspapers about the latest public rip-off, or note the existence of the Better Business Bureau or the newly proposed Consumer Protection Agency.

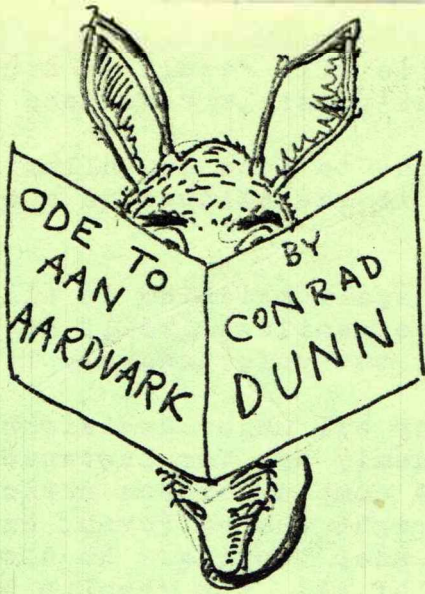
A less obvious thought has occurred to me in the past year. In our present society I believe capitalism cannot survive without the support of widespread greed and dishonesty. Where would business be if it did not use less than honest advertising hype to sell its products, or if it stopped engineered obsolescence, or made clothes to last instead of changing fashions, etc. ad infinitum. Airlines routinely overbook "reservations" out of economic necessity, and passengers with "reserved" seats are routinely "bumped"; and until recently hardly anyone even knew about this practice.

If the liberals ever get their way and succeed in a massive crackdown on dishonest business practices, I think the whole system will collapse. It is hard to support a system that encourages and depends upon greed and dishonesty. But I like freedom.

* I have more to say if Donn will let me continue, but for now I think it is someone else's turn to liven up these pages with their thoughts.

Michael T. Shoemaker April 12, 1977





The second day of the International Cosmopolitan Symposium On Redundancy was half way finished, or half way begun. By this time most of the participants did not know whether they were coming or going. That morning's discussion, "*Hot-Water Heater?: Who Cares!*", had been an underwhelming success. When the talk had reached the subject of tank leakage, most of the audience departed for the rest rooms, and then formed small groups on the plaza as they waited for lunch.

Suddenly there arose the cry, "FEN! ...the FEN are coming!" Silver Robertburg had just seen an old friend

across the way attacking a potted palm with cigar ashes and could not be bothered by such nonsense. "George!... George Cid!... Hey, Cid!", Robertburg called. Several members of the Beecher chapter of Redundants Anonymous took offense at the remark and made the proper acknowledgement:

"Who you calling a Hayseed, chump?"

"Disappear people, I've no time for such nonsense. Don't you read?"

The entire group promptly disappeared without the benefit of physical motion. Neat. George Cid had heard his friend's call and had come over to join him. As he left the palm -- with excessive physical motion -- the plant straightened up with relief.

"Silver, you old bullet, how are you doing?"

"Not badly. Have you heard about Brillo?"

"The filksinger?"

"Yes, he has developed a rather disarming peccadillo...armadillos."

"You're not serious?"

"Quite. He got it when he was in Texas."

"Albuquerque?"

"No.. Amarillo."

"Do you feel that Brillo's Amarillo armadillo peccadillo is serious?"

"It could be terminal I'm afraid. Care for a wombat?" he said, holding out a pack of Old Gold Filter Wombats.

"Hairy or naked nosed?"

"Hairy, of course, a sort of Bendick red."

"No thank you. I'm trying to cut down. But tell me, what ever happened to his aardvark?"

"You mean Hark, the barking aardvark? As I understand it, one day as a lark he tried to park the aardvark in Albuquerque. But as luck would have it, a lawn trimmer ran over it."

"Was it bad?"

"Stark."

"Pity. I suppose very few men are fortunate enough to own their private aardvark. Getting back to the armadillo, whatever on earth does he feed them?"

"Lemurs and teddy bears."

"I don't imagine that armadillos will eat just any type of.... what was that again?"

"Lemurs and teddy bears. No, you're quite right. As a matter of fact, it is my understanding that only thin, trim lemurs are best. And as far as teddy bears go, I hear that the armadillo will only dine on great numbers of thick set specimens."

"You mean...?"

"Yes, only meaner, leaner femurs and a heavy beavy of teddies will satisfy the blasted beast."

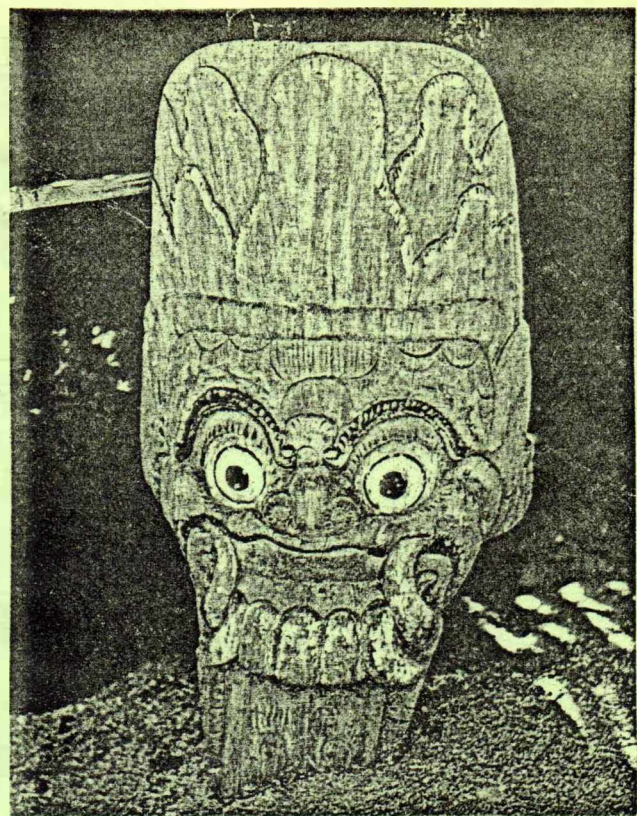
"How alliterate!"

NEWSFLASH 6/10/77
FLORIDA
FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

IT HAS BEEN REPORTED THAT BOTH OF THE VIKING MARS LANDERS HAVE BEEN DESTROYED BY A CLOUD OF COSMIC DEBRIS. THE MASSIVE CLOUD OF DUST APPEARS TO HAVE ORIGINATED IN THE ORION STAR SYSTEM AND IS BELIEVED TO CONTAIN THE REMNANTS OF DEAD SUNS. NASA REPORTS THAT THE ONLY REMAINS OF THE AMERICAN PROBES WAS A SINGLE STAR-MANGLED SPANNER.

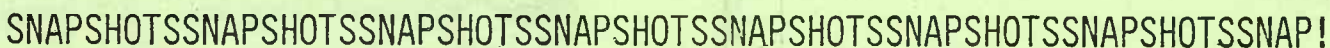
-30-

conrad dunn



Two snapshots taken of Redundants taken past the palm near the restrooms. (Upper) Tuck Bobber. (Lower) Snap Clickson after his first close shave of a long hazardous day.





Lots of good old-fashioned favorite fanzines around from folks like Geis and Downes and Gaier and Truesdale (and if that doesn't bring six titles to mind, you'd better hand in your Trufan button) so let's look at a few that are either new or new to mentions in this column. Variety, after all, is the spice of newspapers. Or something.

Anything called EPSILON ERIDANI EXPRESS must conjure up thoughts of panting yeomen lusting after a rutting Mr. Spock but the first issue of this new Australian fanzine is very far removed from the implications of its name. Editor Neville Angove wants to run a fairly serious theme fanzine, and has chosen "fandom" as the topic of his first issue. He reprints Arsen Darnay's article from GALAXY on his first contacts with fans and conventions, then adds a much more personal (and biased) negative view of fandom and fans from an Australian fan which reads much like many of the regularly-appearing putdowns by people who just don't understand the family nature of fandom, or the truth of Sturgeon's Law. Reviews fill out most of the rest of this provocative first attempt.

Harry Bell is one of fandom's best known cartoonists but less known is his role as faned and writer. TOCSIN #1 is an occasionally sloppy looking but enjoyable fannish genzine with a report on the English national con, a nostalgic look at an abortive experiment with rockets and the resulting publicity that somewhat shook British fandom 'way back in 1937 and an article about flying by globe-trotter Rob Jackson. Locs on Harry's now-replaced personalzine round out a pleasant little fanzine which should help improve relations between North American and English fandom in time for Britain in 79.

Reed Andrus' HARBINGER, although only in its fifth issue, has quickly become a favorite fanzine of mine. Issue #5 isn't quite up to previous issues in terms of content or appearance, but it's still an enjoyable zine. E.Hoffman Price has an excellent tribute to the late Edmond Hamilton and there's a typically sensitive and thought-provoking piece by Mae Strelkov about

life and happiness. Paul Walker apologizes to Stephen King for pan-ning his books (CARRIE and SALEM'S LOT) in Luna, then takes several pages to show they are potboilers; Marion Zimmer Bradley refutes some inane criticism and Reed's father adds a superbly inventive and creative column. The usual accouterments of any genzine round things out. Missing are some of the artistic trips that have highlighted earlier HARBS and it's hoped they'll return.

STARFIRE #10 is also somewhat of a disappointment compared to previous issues of Bill Breiding's zine, but like HARB #5 it's a readable half-size offset genzine. D'Amassa continues his look at Simak in another typical example of Don's bibliographic thoroughness, Bill rambles at odd spots throughout the zine, fillers abound. There are a couple of art folios by Ron Wilber and Mike Streff, highlights on San Francisco by Dale Donaldson and Jim Kennedy on horror films and Eric Mayer on his difficulty in reliving his past. Somewhat of a bits and pieces issue, still vaguely Arty, intensely personal, the efforts of an often-lost young fan to find out where he's going and what he wants to do.

It's been over a year since the last issue of Larry Carmody's ETERNITY ROAD but here is number four, a Turning Point according to famous fannish authority Andy Porter in the editorial. There's an interview with British horror-suspense writer J. Ramsey Campbell which left me feeling neither horror nor suspense, reviews, a short bit by D'Amassa on the forgotten SF novel of a 19th Century obscure writer, a sort-of column on fan stuff by Tony Cvetko and a few smatterings of dated locs, odds and ends and fillers. Nothing memorable or even promising, but Larry seems sincere and hard-working and obviously cares about fandom.

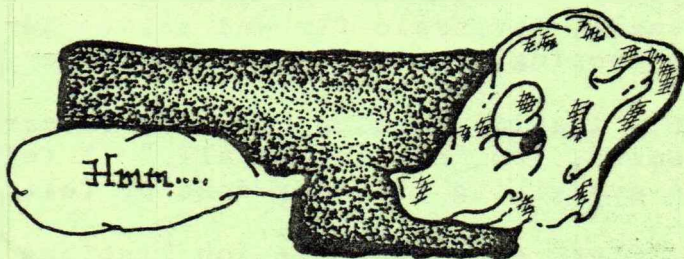
If you're going to start up a fanzine it helps to have a few heavyweight assistants with years of know-how and lots of ability to make the first issue Much Above Average. With Susan Wood as official adviser and Doug Barbour contributing it's no wonder Vancouver fandom's GENRE PLAT is a pretty impressive first fanzine. The editors can write, although their editorial is just a little self-conscious. With Barbour on the nature of SF criticism and Wood on teaching SF courses in a variety of milieus it's a good solid issue even without the reviews, the "How I Discovered Fandom" article and the "What Is Science Fiction?" essay. Slightly sercon, but clearly a fanzine to look out for for those who take their SF seriously.

And for those who take their fanzines seriously, Bill Rotsler has a comment to make... (*And which Brazier has put at the top of the piece.*)

EPSILON ERIDANI EXPRESS
13/5 Maxim St., West Ryde
NSW 2114, Australia. 32pp,
offset. Usual or \$1 Aust.
TOCSIN, 9 Lincoln St., Gates-
head, Tyne & Wear NE8 4EE,
UK. 28pp mimeo, available
for editorial whim.

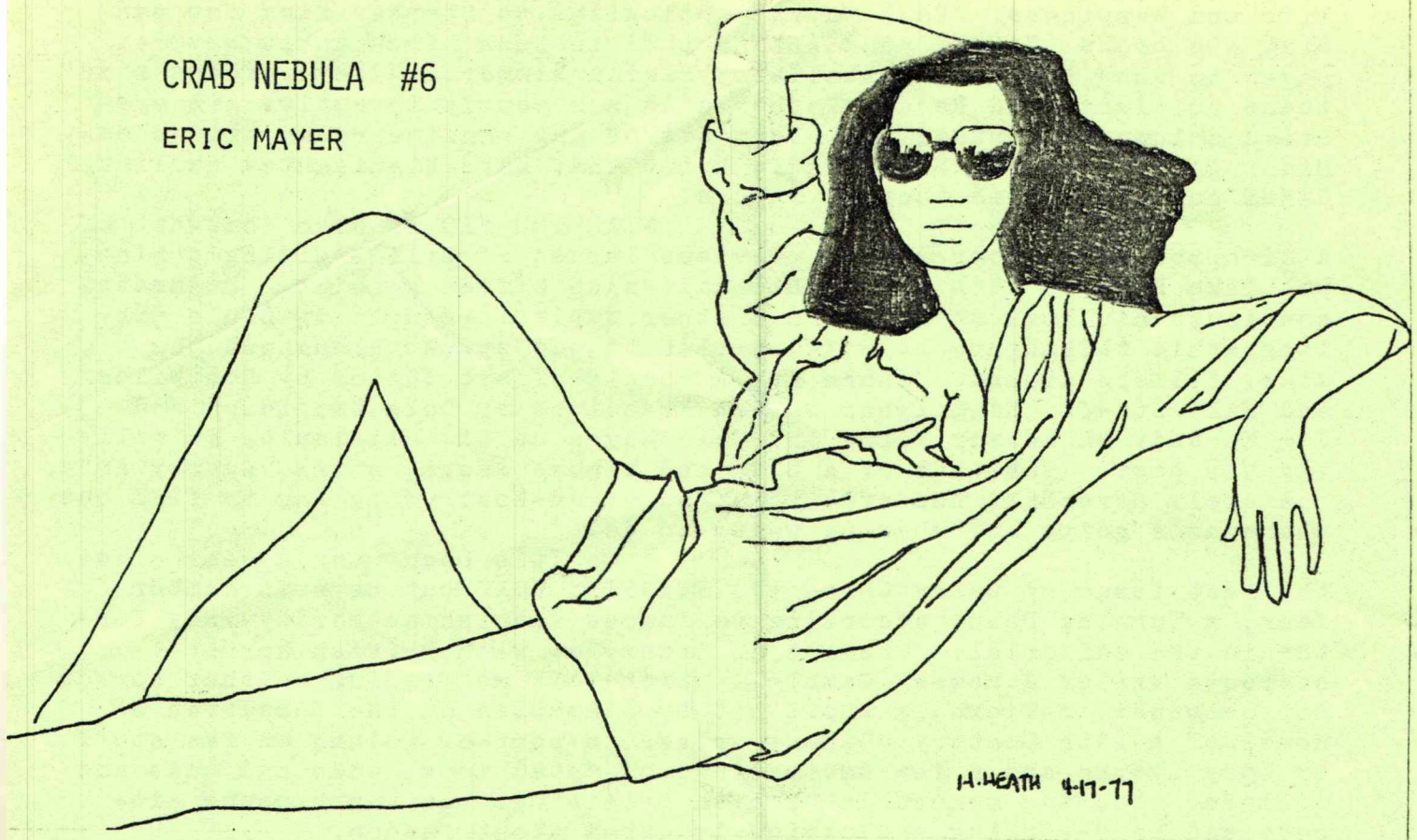
HARBINGER, 1651 E Paulista
Way, Sandy, Utah 84070. 48
pp, half-size, offset. Usual
or \$1.25. Three times a yr.
STAR FIRE, Box 26617, San
Francisco CA 94126. 54pp,
halfsize offset. Irregular.
Usual, no price mentioned.

ETERNITY ROAD, 118 Lincoln Ave., Mineola
NY 11501. 12pp offset, highly irregular.
Usual, 3/\$1
GENRE PLAT, 1916 W 15th Ave, Vancouver
B.C. V6J 2L3, Canada. 30pp mimeo. Us-
ual or \$1. Quarterly



CRAB NEBULA #6

ERIC MAYER



1.

When my name was called I stood up, feeling skinny in my loose spring shirt. It was the first time in 1974 I'd gone without a jacket, though it had been hot for a week. I sat down beside the desk, behind the frosted glass screen that wasn't quite long enough to provide any real privacy. Leaning back in the metal chair, I could see the other job seekers. Mostly young, blue jeaned, smoking. A few middle aged men wore ties out of optimism or habit. Everyone looked straight ahead, pretending he wasn't there or that this was his first time and he'd never be back. It was all a mistake.

Mr. Jones was out to lunch this Tuesday, I was told. So a new counselor was stuck with my problem. A young man. Younger than myself. What qualified him to look askance at my forms as he flipped the stapled pages out away from himself with a movement that brought his digital watch out from under the grey cuff of his jacket? It hit his cufflinks with a faint click. 12:30. Lunch time?

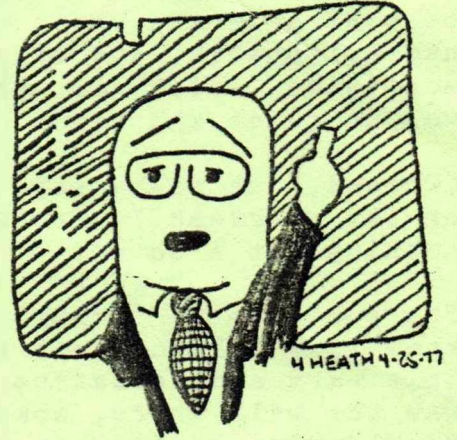
He told me his name was Clark. I said, "Hello, got anything for me today?" Flinching, he said, "What do you do, Eric?" I told him I'd majored in English. He made a motion with his hand like he was chasing a small, lethargic fly and said, "But can you do anything? Type, steno, bookkeeping, operate a cash register, run a lathe?"

"No," I said, shaking my head, embarrassed, pushing the hair off my glasses, "no, no, not at all." I felt I should apologize for my life and everything I'd ever done or felt.

Mr. Clark consulted his job listings - a loose-leaf folder with hardly any pages in it. Was it the recession-- or just me? He said he guessed

I wasn't much at numbers, too bad because there was a good opening for a chemical engineer, and he chuckled. It paid 20K he told me but the job went begging because all he ever got down here was my type and there wasn't much anybody could do with liberal arts types, but he did the best he could with the material he had to work with and one fellow was working in a department store stockroom. He asked if I'd be interested in trying for a trainee position at Burger King. When I didn't seem enthusiastic he looked disgusted and said, "Sorry." I started to explain what I was looking for but I saw he was already standing. I realized, as always an instant too late, that he'd been dismissing me. I got up awkwardly. "Fanks - I mean thanks, anyway," I stammered, my jaw moving ahead of my tongue. I left quickly. Still, everyone could see I hadn't gotten a green interview card.

WHEN YOU GET OUT
INTO THE REAL
WORLD, YOU'LL
FORGET ALL ABOUT
THIS.



Outside it was hot. The tar on the roads was sticky. I walked along looking at my feet. Opposite the door of the unemployment office children had chalked a hopscotch pattern onto the sidewalk. The sun seemed to have glazed the sky, turning it into a colorless, sealed shell that sat directly over Wilkes-Barre. The air inside the shell tasted staler with each new breath I took.

2.

When my name was called I got up from my desk and walked to the front of the room, then toward the door. I could feel the whole class enviously watching, looking away from the blackboard with its mysterious columns of numbers, wondering what I had done to deserve this freedom from class. I went out the door leaving behind the chalky smell of arithmetic. I liked missing arithmetic because I couldn't sit in the back of the room drawing comics. When the teacher called on me I didn't know the answers automatically as I did in English or geography.

A half flight of stairs led up to a cubical room that sat atop the school like a chartroom atop a ship. Once the guidance counselor called me up there. He wanted to talk about the tests I'd taken. I'd sat in the gym, at a makeshift table, with everyone else, chewing the end of my fat, green pencil until the wood fibers came untwined and fanned out in a soft brush. It didn't bother me to read the test and then black in the little squares on the computerized answer sheet. Before I'd ever gone to school my grandfather had brought home tablets of bookkeeping paper, subdivided into various sized boxes, and I'd colored them in with my crayons, creating abstract designs.

The counselor didn't tell me exactly how well I'd done on the tests but I could read the results and they indicated I was smart enough to figure out what 99th percentile meant for myself, even if I wasn't more than halfway through grade school. The counselor smiled and told me I could do whatever I wanted-- be a doctor, an engineer even. He said I'd only had a problem with one section of the test, right at the beginning where there were drawings of hands in different positions and you were supposed to figure out whether the hands were left or

right hands. He figured there must be some mistake, seeing as how I'd done well on all the more difficult questions, but when he showed me a picture of a fist I guessed "left", so he had to explain. There was nothing to it. Just see which side the thumb was on. I said, "Yes, I guess I just wasn't thinking, but now I see." Luckily he didn't test me because I was lying. But it didn't seem like the kind of thing that would matter to someone who could do whatever he wanted.

Usually the office belonged to Mr. Jewel. I liked visiting Mr. Jewel best because the visit was scheduled every Thursday afternoon, when we had arithmetic, and then dancing, before going home. Mr. Jewel had a moustache, which was very odd for a young man, I thought then, but he was so quiet and nice. I couldn't be afraid of him.

"Thread," he would say, showing me a big card with the word written on it. "Thread." Pronouncing it slowly and distinctly, as if were nothing but a sound.

The sun came in through the window, striking the tops of the files I knew were full of test scores, futures, some better than others. I felt warm and satisfied. I could look down into the schoolyard. There was the wall where, sometimes after school, I beat the erasers clean. So pleasant staying on when everyone else had left and you were free to go at any time. Beating out the chalky remains of numbers wiped off the blackboard. All the wrong answers I'd made in front of the class dispersing into the open air in a white cloud.

"Thread," Mr. Jewel said.

"Fred," I replied. And he'd explain how you had to stick your tongue up behind your teeth for the "th", going "fffff" and "thhh", making funny faces. It took me a year of arithmetic lessons to catch on.

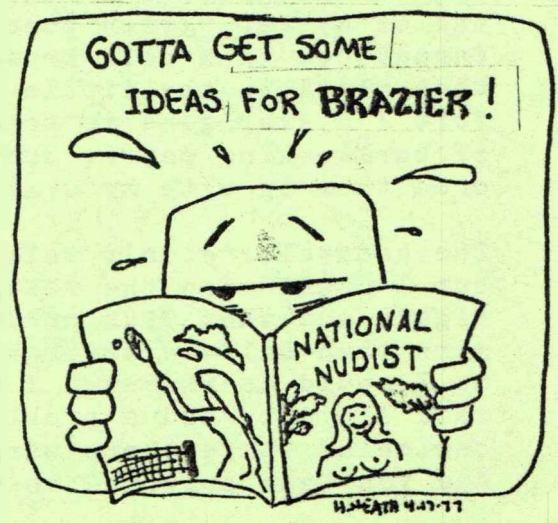
After I went out into the empty halls, piano music was coming up from the gym, strangely tuneless, rhythmic yet incomplete as if the intervening floors were deadening, absorbing certain arbitrary notes. I thought of going down there. Thought about how I'd have to pick a partner, or be picked and how no one really wanted to pick me because I was smart and skinny.

I went into the deserted classroom, picked up the novel I'd been reading during study period and walked out into the clear, warm afternoon, undetected. The blue sky stretched endlessly overhead. I felt the huge spaces of the world opening up limitlessly all around me. I walked down the sidewalk, free of arithmetic, free of dances, master of my own fate.

NOTE FROM ERIC.....

Strange, I do the most intense, depressing things when I'm perfectly happy. I'm pretty happy with this story. Maybe I should dedicate it to Robert Chilson. I'd have an awful hard time placing most of these columns, thanks a lot Donn. I like them better than anything else I've written in Fandom.

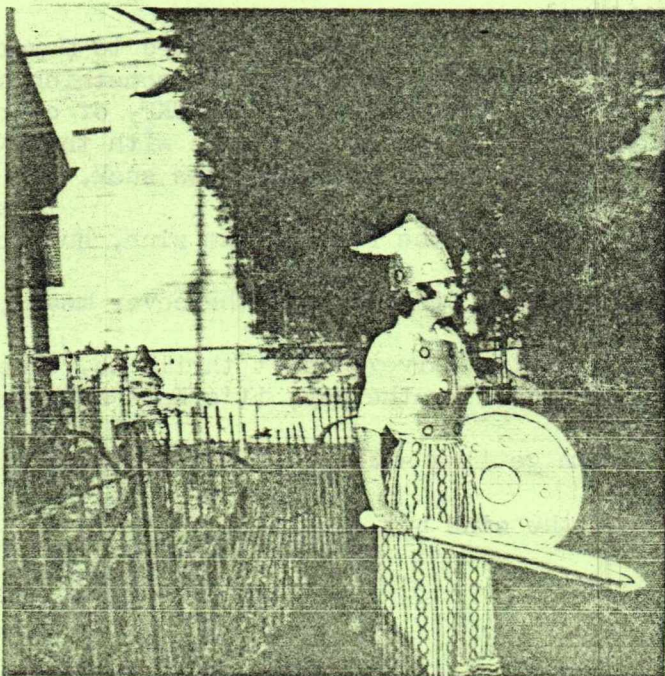
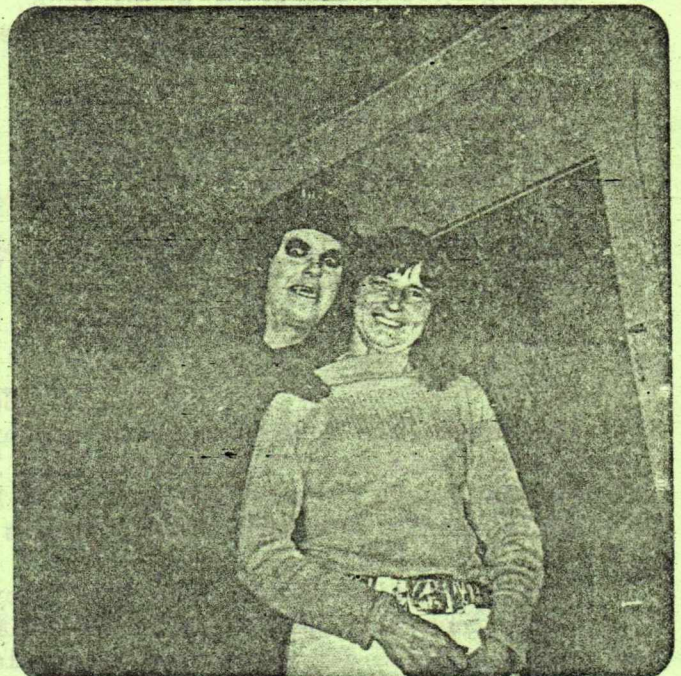
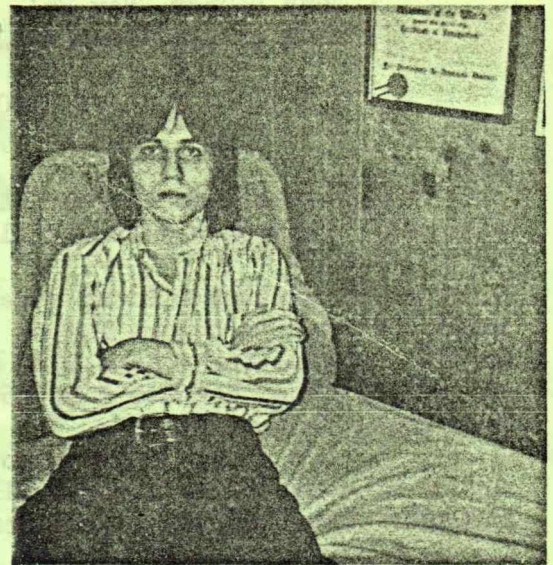
Eric



BRETT COX (to the right)

(Middle row, left to right)
DALE DONALDSON (deceased),
HAROLD MUNN, WILUM PUGMIRE,
JANE (BREIDING) DONALDSON.

(Bottom row, left to right)
GAIL WHITE, woman warrior
with ERA button on left hel-
met wing, Mardi Gras '77;
WILUM DRACULA PUGMIRE,
hopefully about to be run
through with Gail's sword
or pierced by her ERA but-
ton.



Tony Renner, Box 851, Panama, Illinois 62077, asks: "Who is next in the 'WHAT IS A -----' series?" You are, Tony...

+++++ W H A T I S A T O N Y R E N N E R ? +++++

Donn,

Congratulations on your FAAN Award nomination! It's be nice if you won, wouldn't? That should be, it'll be nice when you win, won't it? Shouldn't it?

I had

a loc on 63 written & in an envelope ready to mail, but never mailed it. Mainly because I forgot to before I went to the hospital to have my nose straightened. I was in the hospital for 4 days & at my grandparent's in Alton until Monday, 20th. I did not mail it then because I had 64 & FARRAGO. Besides it was a really bad letter, even worse than normal.

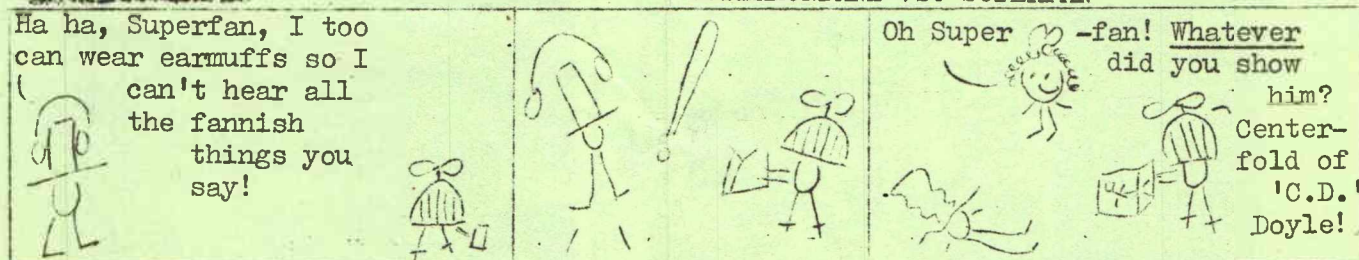
I'm also getting a little discouraged. I'm 0 for 2 in getting any of my comments printed in TITLE. I was pleasantly surprised at seeing my loc in FARRAGO. The best thing is I don't look like a fugghead.

Onward with the comments:

TITLE #63. I didn't think much of the cover. It looks horrible & isn't all that funny. The asterisks after every faned following the first were unnecessary. Why did you credit to 'C.D.'? It says quite clearly who did it.

You might not like the following, but I can't resist doing it.

SUPERMUNDANE vs. SUPERFAN



Sorry about that! I've been waiting to do that for weeks. The idea came to me one night as I was trying to fall asleep. You may not believe this but I had a dream that Isaac Asimov was chasing Burt Libe in a car. Burt was in a car, too, by the way. I do hope I'm forgiven for the cartoon. By you, I don't really care what 'C.D.' thinks about it.

The following comments are for Kevin Renick: I find it odd that Pink Floyd is considered commercial. They gained most of their fans with DARK SIDE OF THE MOON, which has sold 3 or 4 million copies, if not more. ANIMALS did seem more commercial than WISH YOU WERE HERE, the followup to DSOM. One last thing. Does WYWH have an alternate album cover? I think I've seen one with a burning man, and then there is the original cover.

Everybody reacted to Mayer's BNF article except me. Better late than never. If a well known fan says something of mine is great, and a little known fan says it sucks, I'll side with the WKF, of course. Now if the LKF says it's great and the WKF says it sucks, I'll side with the LKF. Unless the thing in question is one of my stories, which probably does suck.

It's after midnight so I'll have to hurry up a bit. I enjoyed the rest of the zine, but don't have anything to say about it.

TITLE #64: I sort of knew what the cover meant, but I'm glad you explained.

The results of the Titler Survey didn't thrill me, except that all my favorite authors scored fairly high. By the way, it's Kurt not Curt. You may submit Titler Survey #2 at any time.

I'm getting sick of 'C.D.' and Burt Libe. Same reason. Over exposure.

Again, enjoyed the zine but....etc.

Tony Renner

cocktails

and juice

+ Donn here +

Something new, something old, something past, something future, something silly, something sercon, something forgotten, something remembered, something major, something...

Jodie Offutt: "What the hell's a Burt Libe? Honestly, Uncle Donn, you let some of the damndest neo-egos expose themselves in TITLE. Someday this fellow will grow up, re-read this article, and be terribly embarrassed. Maybe he's putting us on!" + and then again Ben Indick in a loc to FARRAGO #5 says + Ben Indick: "Burt Libe proves - surprisingly, I must admit - to be affable and even charming when off his foolish anti-Asimov caper." +Burt in F#5 has an illustrated article on the Cottingly fairies.+

+Here in thish Glicksohn has nice things to say about HARBINGER but from its editor we hear+ Reed Andrus: "HARBINGER is going out of business with the next issue (#6), citing the usual problems: money, money, and of course, money. As a minor replacement I'm contemplating MR.SMEE #1, due out some time this summer, as a sort of editorial cum letterzine-- probably a print run of 50 or so. This is going to be a period of semi-gafiation for me. I'm getting very serious about publishing for money; I've sold some book reviews and things are looking good for a regular spot reviewing films as well. Sid Howard and I are going quite well on a sword and politics and sorcery novel. I'm also going to try for a sales position with a publishing company-- as soon as Chris has the baby. I will continue to do things for QUANTUM as long as it lasts."

+Is Bill Bridget Carole Chayne Lewis? She sends a two-sheeter, QUANDRY, and plays coy with her address, saying, "Bill Bridget is in on the secret of where I live." QUANDRY is full of Bridget/Thielisms, and a few years back I would have said Parks/Townleyisms. Bridgett, using his fanzine as credentials, has landed a job with the publishers of SATEVEPOST, etc. Bill may be able to sneak fanzine runs off the mighty machinery hanging out there.+

+Jim Hershberg, 14 Surrey Lane, East Setauket, NY 11733, says he'll be pubbing in September. His ORION will contain Ben Bova and Harlan Ellison (GoH speech at Boskone for Bova & excerpts from "a recent Ellison talk".) Zine will mix sercon & fannish; I think he is soliciting material. And speaking of Ben Bova..he's fast becoming one of my favorites for I've recently enjoyed his STARCROSSED and liked his job on the non-fic CLOSEUP so much that I ordered two more copies, one as a gift and the other for the museum.+

+David Moyer sends a clip from some newspaper- a review of the film, THE DEMON SEED. First sentence: "Combine an overworked theme, rampant stereotyping, wooden acting, predictable plot, and you don't exactly have the makings of a stunning film." Recently I went to the movies again--my first since THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING. So if you like comic books, you'll dig SPACE WARS. What got my goat was the film's inconsistency, offering here and there some real drama such as the junk collectors with the spotlight eyes and the huge barn like tank that traveled the desert-- but not following through. And the blatant unresolved ending..ohwell..+

+How's TITLE's circlist chopping coming along? Well, fine, thank you- issue #64 went from 150 to 119. Meanwhile Martin Morse Wooster jumped on board. I couldn't resist that name. He lives at Beloit College, Box 1691, Beloit, WI 53511 & it's rather close in that box! But he said TITLE was as enjoyable as his pals said it would be, and asked how much I leave out of my WW II diary. Without really counting I'd say about one-half.+

SUGGESTED TITLES FOR MIKE GLICKSOHN TO USE FOR COLUMNS IN OTHER HOBBY FANZINES

*** by Ron Salomon ***

Hagshots for guys who like older women.
Jagshots for sportscar enthusiasts.
Kliegshots for lightbulb collectors
Migshots for Soviet fighter plane nuts.
Nagshots for horse racing fans.
Quackshots for Robert Whitaker fans.
Vanshots for 4-wheeled lifestyle fandom.
Zigzagshots for Yugoslavian fans of Babylonian pyramids.
(Notice how I avoided Mugshots for bheer fans?)

+Since my diary P&P is simply abridged without updating or excessive explanations, there are bound to be questions such as+ Laurine White: "Gook farmers? You really haven't altered anything, have you? All those Pacific Islands were discovered because, even though they may be hard to detect on the horizon, the clouds above an island look different than the clouds above empty ocean. That's one way the Polynesians found them. What was so special about Parker 50 fountain pens?" +At one time long before most of TITLE's readers were born there were not such things as ballpoint and cartridge pens; one dipped a pen into a bottle of liquid ink and depressed a rubber sack inside which sucked the ink into it when you slowly released the lever squeezing the sack. This kind of pen was not suitable for military roughhousing, thus the mad rush to buy the new-fangled pens.+

"To Carolyn Doyle: No, all fans do not like cats. Like me---I love dogs but have no use for cats. Uppity bastards, they are." -- Brett Cox.

Richard Brandt: "The Grand BNFs of our time are really the masters of the continuity of fannish tradition-- the ones who committed major acts of fuggheadedness have faded with their jeans."

+Some of TITLE's probings, John Di-Prete, implies have been disgusting or at least 'a little pessimistic'. He suggests this title: THE KINDEST THINGS EVER DONE TO ME.+

Ben Indick: "I met Lynne Holdom at Lunacon, a lovely lady and we spent much time chatting. Indeed, when some characters of SCA, dressed as monks, ambled by, I took the sleeve of one and said, 'Father, I have lusted in my heart for this woman.' He raised his staff soberly and replied, 'Go, my son, and sin.' However, I could not think of any sins, so we just kept chatting."

Martin Morse Wooster: "Ty Cobb or Christy Mathewson might not do so well today, Eric, but would our moderns do well in the baseball of 1910? They'd be as muddled and confused as the old-timers put into the future. Cobb wouldn't lead in homers, though he might well have the best batting average. Cobb isn't remembered as a power hitter."

Eric Lindsay: "I think Mike G. is getting cynical, calling the stuff he gets 'forgettable fanac'. Still, it is true that most zines inspire little or no comment."

Roy Tackett: "Bjorke isn't paying much attention to the living language if he thinks it is crystalizing. Word meanings change almost daily. Consider 'gay'. At one time I might have said that I enjoyed the gay life but that was in the days when it meant that life was full of fun and adventure and romance. Nowadays if I said I enjoyed the gay life, people would think I was a cocksucker. (HAW! Eight to five you don't print that, Donn.)" +I did, and this is why. I am really against a sort of gratuitous, habitual use of obscenities out of context. To have deleted or changed your words, which in context are required, would be wrong. So, when're you gonna pay up?+

TO MATCH WILLIAM GOODSON'S CONJECTURES
by Lynne Holdom ((& others))

Cliff Simak grew up on a folksy farm and had a dog that was smarter than most people.

Frank Herbert's favorite color is blue and he once lived in Arizona where the well went dry.

Philip Jose Farmer once lived on a river, had a lot of strange relatives and was bugged by mosquitos.

Leigh Brackett once visited Morocco and her favorite color is red.

Gordon Dickson was in the Army once and had a bad experience with religion.

Marion Zimmer Bradley liked red-heads, preferably named David, and was once caught in a blizzard.

Jim Meadows has an appropriate note on this+ "Now that William Goodson has made these assumptions about certain SF writers ((T-61)), someone is going to have to write the authors to ask if the assumptions hold water." +Would make a lovely project for a fanzine article.+

And here's a couple from Robert Whitaker:

Clark Ashton Smith touched a dead person once.

Philip K. Dick believes he does and does not exist and isn't sure which is correct or why.

And from Shakrallah C. Jabre:

Frank Herbert once found a worm in his sandpile.

And from Carolyn Doyle: H.Beam Piper once had a fuzzy toy that, during a fever dream at age 3, moved around and said 'Yeek!'. Kurt Vonnegut once read the side panel of a cereal box.

THE EMERGENCE AND LIFE OF THE FAANISH LEGEND - TARAL WAYNE MACDONALD

I've just read all the criticisms in T61 of Eric Mayer's article on BNF's, and I feel I must write something about it. Eric is so wrong on many minor points (the BNF's obsession with repro is, for example, nonsense; ever read some of these legendary zines called by Mayer the 'yoke of fan history'?-- many of them looked awful, but read great!). In objecting to these minor points the majority of fans seemed to miss the underlying principle of Eric's article.

Are the BNF's ruining fandom? No, fandom was "ruined" long ago... Probably by Tucker starting the staple wars sometime around the first Worldcon or the last glacial epoch, whichever was most recent.

Still, Eric has noticed that unique phenomenon of fandom, the BNF, and has attempted to describe what he saw. Something rarely done, and that act deserves a close examination.

First, I'd like to dispose of the term BNF. It is a meaningful word. But it's not really what Eric was talking about. Ely Cohen is a Big Name Fan. So is Andy Porter, Linda Bushyager, Jodie Offutt, and Don Thompson. But these are just ordinary people, and nobody pays them extraordinary attention. The game we're after is the Faanish Legend. You may ask for a few examples, just to get the feel of this creature. Burbee, Warner, Willis, Wood, Berry, Glicksohn, Carr, maybe Geis, and surely a few others I can't bring to mind just now. Laney, there's another one... but enough.

What makes a Faanish Legend? Not just outliving everyone around you, so that no one remembers just what your place in things was anymore. Leland Sapiro and Bob Madle, two very different fans who have been around long enough to outlive more than a couple of turnovers of fanish generations, are neither of them Faanish Legends. It takes other qualities than perserverance.

Basically, a Faanish Legend (FL) is born in this way. There is a fandom, numbered or according to decade, in which a number of above average talents emerge. They begin to dominate their fandom with their abilities to draw, or write, or publish top quality fanzines, and they usually outlive the generation that spawned them. With their experience they usually continue to dominate the succeeding fandoms too. Or they may retire, to greater or lesser degrees. But their memory will be kept alive in fandom by other FL's and other survivors of their active period.

Follow a model career of a FL who we will call B.M.Jhim. In 1959 he enters fandom and makes a few friends and connections. A year or two later he publishes a zine, and for awhile he reaks from the egoboo of being the most popular fanned around. In 1960 he wins the Slanac poll for best fanzine, and a couple of issues later he folds. He lives through the vacuum following the Breendogle by writing a decreasing number of articles and columns and locs, and by 1977 his only appearance is in his regular column in the prestigious semi-prozine Betelguese. He has become a Faanish Legend.

There are a number of reasons why. For one thing, he had to be very talented to impress his original peers. He must be well liked, which usually means a lot of conventions at which he's socially ultra-adept. He will be popular as a person, not just as a talent. Rotsler, I think,

is a FL, while Barr probably isn't, for this reason. Usually, the elusive quality, "wit", is a definite asset if you have ambitions of legendary immortality.

However, not even talent and popularity will suffice by themselves. Beyond that the FL needs "colour", which can be many things. It can be writing porno books for a living; it can be a funny hat and alcoholism; it can be a humorous shtick such as "smoooooth"; or it can be secluding yourself in a cave with only a mailbox to betray your presence to the mailman. There's no accounting for "colour". Some "colour" is detrimental. Urinating into somebody's beer probably won't help. Neither will lawsuits, persecuting homosexuals, or dementia praecox... Only positive "colour" will do. It works long after he or she is gaffiated or, in some cases, even dead.

But I want to discuss a more important mechanism: The Faanish Legend's friends. Friends are not mandatory for the FL after he has established himself, but he will get more mileage from friends than other mere fans. Friends will write about him in their fanzines, talk about him to other fans, invite him to be Fan Guest at their cons, and publish his letters long after the FL has decayed into mechanical humour or shtick. If his friend happens to be a BNF publisher, or even another FL, then so much the better. His stock rises at each mention. Look how far Larry Downes got by knowing Bill Bowers!

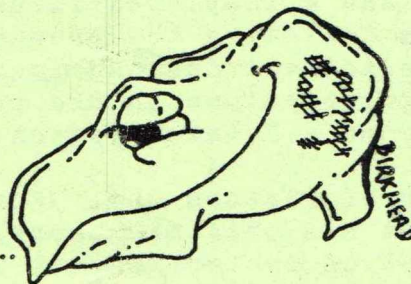
Now that we have gained basic insight into the structure of a FL, we can examine his effect on other, lesser, fans. This is where "colour" comes in again. A neo entering fandom clutches at any hold on familiarity he can, like a man drowning at sea. He measures his status in this new subculture by the number of in-jokes and other esoterica he can handle. The most noticeable thing to him, besides the obvious fanspeak, are the FL's. With almost no fannish background, the neo can crack jokes about Glicksohn's stature, Bower's age, Tucker's Jim Beam, and Mike Gorra's gopher hole. (The last named FL only thought he was a FL, of course.)

But therein lies fandom's salvation. You see, the creation of Faanish Legends is happening all around us, all the time. We have Mike Bracken's dog, Ben Indick's red hair, aprux, bowling, lime jello, Flushing in 80, Minneapolis in 73, "how dull is he!", The Project, Shwarz-zoom-profigliano and "I am not a crook!", which may not be faanish, but is deservingly memorable.

Once, Patrick Hayden asked me "where are the Warhoons of today?" Look around, you can see the trees in spite of the forest. Mythologies is a Warhoon for today. Where are our Hyphens? Mota. SFR.

Who will survive the 70's to become the Faanish Legends of tomorrow? Victoria Vayne? Marty Cantor? I don't know. But the groundwork is being laid today. What are you doing tonight?

dream on
little fan....



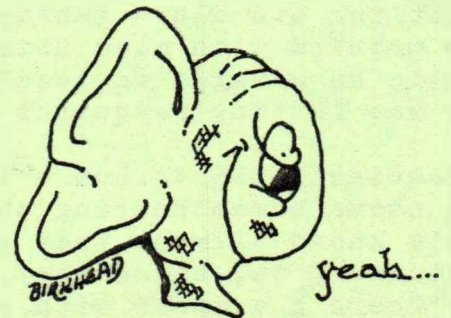
Whatever happened to all that childhood romance and wonder which has reverted to cynicism and distrust of an adult? Maybe I can spark it back again with my own style. I'm supposed to still have that precious gift of adventure, delight, and humor so dear to a child. My stories will contain the golden castles, jewelled gardens, futuristic cities, or whatever else one might expect to find behind some unknown door, inside some remote cave, at the other end of the tunnel, or in the midst of a strange forest. I have long yearned for this in SF.

One might also summarize my style as highly visual writing sporting great delights, maximum of adventure, minimum of violence, no perversion, and NO MURDER. I will involved the reader as totally as possible, closely following Poul Anderson's advice to appeal to ALL the senses: sight, sound, feel, taste and smell. Struggles against natural elements of weather, circumstance, and situation shall prevail along with people helping one another. And, of course, romances. Start with the worst situation and work for the best ending. Disorder becomes order; bad becomes good. If you enjoy a switch rammed into the guts, brains blown out, guts spilled, gladiators skewered with swords and spears, then you're better off avoiding Libe.

Oh, please don't despair. I've got a few juicy Macabres lined up for the delightful SF fans of Title. Donn knows I can do it, don't you, Donn! Remember 'Snake Eats Rat'? It was so well written you wouldn't print it, darn it! What a way to get rejected. I wonder what Harlan would think of you for such treatment? (*Libe's little piece was too vivid with his concern for the totality of sense impressions, thus alienating me from its violence; if Libe intended to disgust me, he succeeded only too well.*)

Ellison fully involves his readers, though his subjects are far too obsessed with violence. Yet his prose consumes the reader with high fidelity. Asimov prose remains far distant, like scratchings through a gramophone horn. He knows his facts well, possesses a great wealth of information within his photographic brain. I envision a professor cowering behind his ivory tower, revelling within his gigantic storehouse of ideas and creativity - shielded by walls of abstract. When it comes to building, converting his abstracts to reality, Asimov falters. He knows everything, but has seen and done nothing. I doubt he could set up the simplest lab experiment in chemistry or physics. If his car stalled in an isolated area, he'd be totally helpless. He describes stars and planets as if he's never looked through a telescope. He describes scenery, but has never been there - voids spotted with smatterings from dry reference books.

Asimov's writing is successful, not his style. His style: intellectual, vague, dry, distant, uncommunicative and abstract. In one word: TEXTBOOK. He sells but successful style is not essential for successful writing. Asimov and Ellison both break rules, but Ellison has verve and full communication. He KNOWS about what he writes. With him, you are THERE. NOTE: The next fan who accuses me of slighting Ellison is going to GET IT, SMACK, but good! (*Non-violently??*)



CARE AND FEEDING OF KOOTELBOOTIAN RUNNING SNAKES

BILL BLISS

Once upon a time someone mentioned in a scientific book that snakes do not have legs.* Ever since that, science has not admitted that Kootelbootian snakes *do* have legs. But it doesn't matter.

Since these snakes are natural bums, they make good pets, and can be trained to do simple tasks such as clearing old bird nests out of TV antennas and removing excess staples from fanzines with their fangs. They have a likable appearance, large brown eyes and soft green fur that is almost as fine as frog hair. They grow to a length of 10 feet and usually are three to nine inches high at the shoulder. One was seen in the wild that was two and one-half hands high at the shoulder and could outrun a road runner or a hound dog. They usually have four legs and are often mistaken for lizards.

Feeding is very inexpensive since all that has to be done is place them in the garbage can once a week.** After feeding, they are best left outdoors for a few hours to let the stink blow off. Stand upwind.

Grooming is best done with a dull curry comb. Small snakes can be shoved into the hose of a vacuum cleaner and turning it on for five minutes. If you overfeed your pet it will get fat and droop in the middle, which makes it difficult to shove it into a vacuum hose.

While it is on a reducing diet, a roller skate can be attached to its middle. One owner with a fat snake taped a shoe horn to its underside for a skid plate.

Always keep in mind that 'Kooties' and camels have something in common. A camel thrives on weeds and good forage is bad for its digestion, so if nothing else is available for your pet, give it some TV dinners.** They can get by on stale bheer but really prefer two month old pond water.

Kootelbootian snakes are rather hard to give away, so it is a good idea to have only one snake or snakes of the same sex. There is no definite season for breeding and they do it with enthusiasm. Naturally, they are quite X-rated, and the owner may run afoul of local blue laws. In the wild they like to breed on top of large boulders (some prefer mountain tops) on hot days when there isn't anything else to do.

They seldom need to have hints dropped to them about housebreaking since they instinctively head for the bushes when nature calls. One owner knocked out a large knothole in a baseboard to give his snake egress so he would not have his TV watching interrupted by the snake running up rattling its claws wanting out. Since mice do not like snakes, he had no problem with mice using the snake hole for a mouse hole. After a while he managed to teach the snake to plug up the hole with a cork since it was letting mosquitos in.

'Kooties' like to hum a lot when contented. However, their vocal range is above human hearing so an electronic frequency reducer is needed. The only known ailment they have is athlete's foot. They're bound to become popular pets, since they thrive on affection and garbage.

*There's a snake with small legs but is it a snake?

**No known pet food is sufficiently poor quality to feed 'kooties'.

THE OTHER NIGHT I WAS THINKING..... DONN BRAZIER

I was thinking about a coconut palm tree. Don't ask me why, possibly it was because I'm going on a camping trip to Florida the first of August. Anyway, just two things about that tree: how the coconuts were grouped at the top and how tall the tree. How separated from most of us mortals that bunch of coconuts is way up there. Think about it! It sparked what follows...

Integration is an unnatural act. Not punishable by law - in fact, quite the opposite nowadays - but for thinking, living things such as us* humans are reputed to be...definitely unnatural.

The law of entropy is obeyed by natural forces. The universe is winding down. Energy at high concentrations, hot spots, is leveling out. Volcanoes gradually vent Earth's interior heat, the sun is running down, winds will one day cease to blow. The universe will be homogenized, with the integration of final entropy.

But living things are a paradox in the system, almost like clogs of dust that keep building up in the mechanism of the natural world. They select bits of this and that, a little Vitamin A here an amino acid there, and construct a short-term edifice which violates the law of entropy. Biologically, they segregate. Consider that stately palm. How proudly it raised a tall trunk to keep its coconuts segregated!

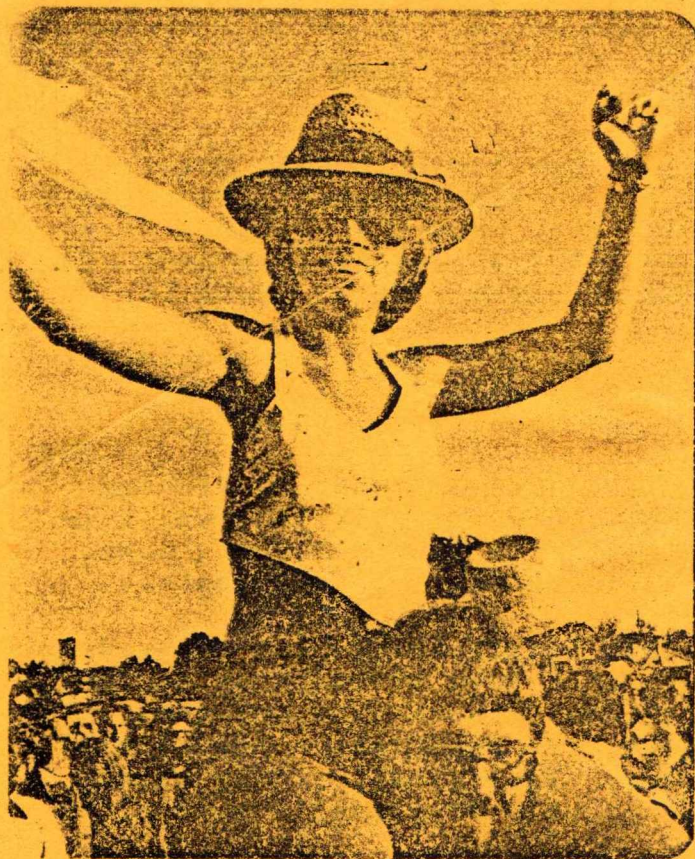
Biologically, human beings are no different; they segregate willy-nilly. The nose is separated from the mouth. Despite faddish blenderizing, there'll always be male and female. Three cheers for that! Some human beings will be black, etc. Whatever biological examples I might pad this piece with depend on that first bit of segregation when one sperm out of billions was stronger than its fellows, and then this chromosome went here and that one went there in the developing zygote.

People, supposedly the brightest of animal life, are always segregating. Sometimes as a necessity: "Give me a can of green beans" not "Give me some food". Sometimes as a mental exercise. Don't we have novels distinct from short stories? Westerns, mysteries, science-fiction, mainstream, etc.? Every human preoccupation is rife with segregation--even this typewriter segregates its alphabet. Whenever diverse elements are integrated, it's but a short time before all hell breaks loose and splinters fly. If science-fiction were absorbed into the mainstream, it'd soon become a genre again with a new set of champions. And three cheers for that, too!

Consider calculus. I always felt that differentiation was neat--there was a general rule that could be applied to any equation in case you forgot the shortcuts. In contrast, integration seemed artificial, unsatisfying, like speaking a foreign language from a dictionary. Just no way to find your way about without a book of formulas. Unnatural as all get out!

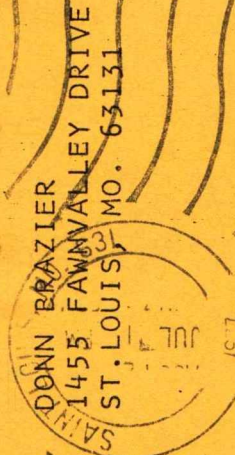
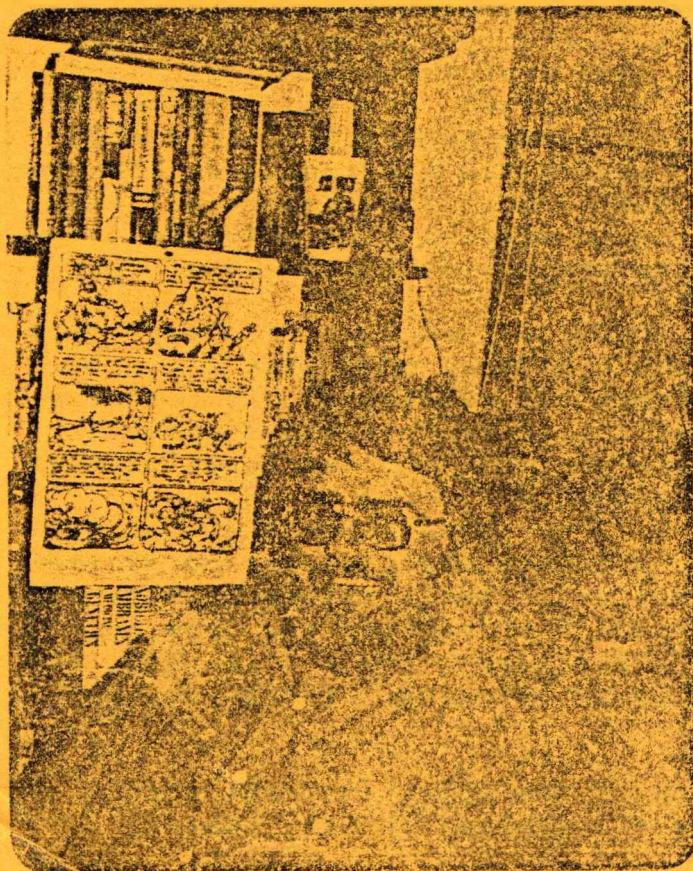
When I was a little kid I used to throw sand in my hair so I could have the pleasure of searching and digging it out with my fingernails. (I was a rather strange kid.) At some period later in my life I realized that mankind was here to classify, to separate this from that. This essay, now a full-blown but brief statement, is the last (?) step in my thinking. Thank you, you lovely bunch of coconuts!

*Did you shudder at my use of a pronoun in the objective case when the subjective "we" was required? You old segregationist, you!



YEAH FOR THE NEW ORLEANS JAZZ
FEST, 1977, NICELY INDICATED BY
JANET THORNHILL HELD ALOFT BY
HUSBAND, IRA.

IRA THORNHILL AT HOME, 3/1977



*Eric Lindsay
6 Hillcrest Ave
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TITLE #65 AUGUST 1977

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