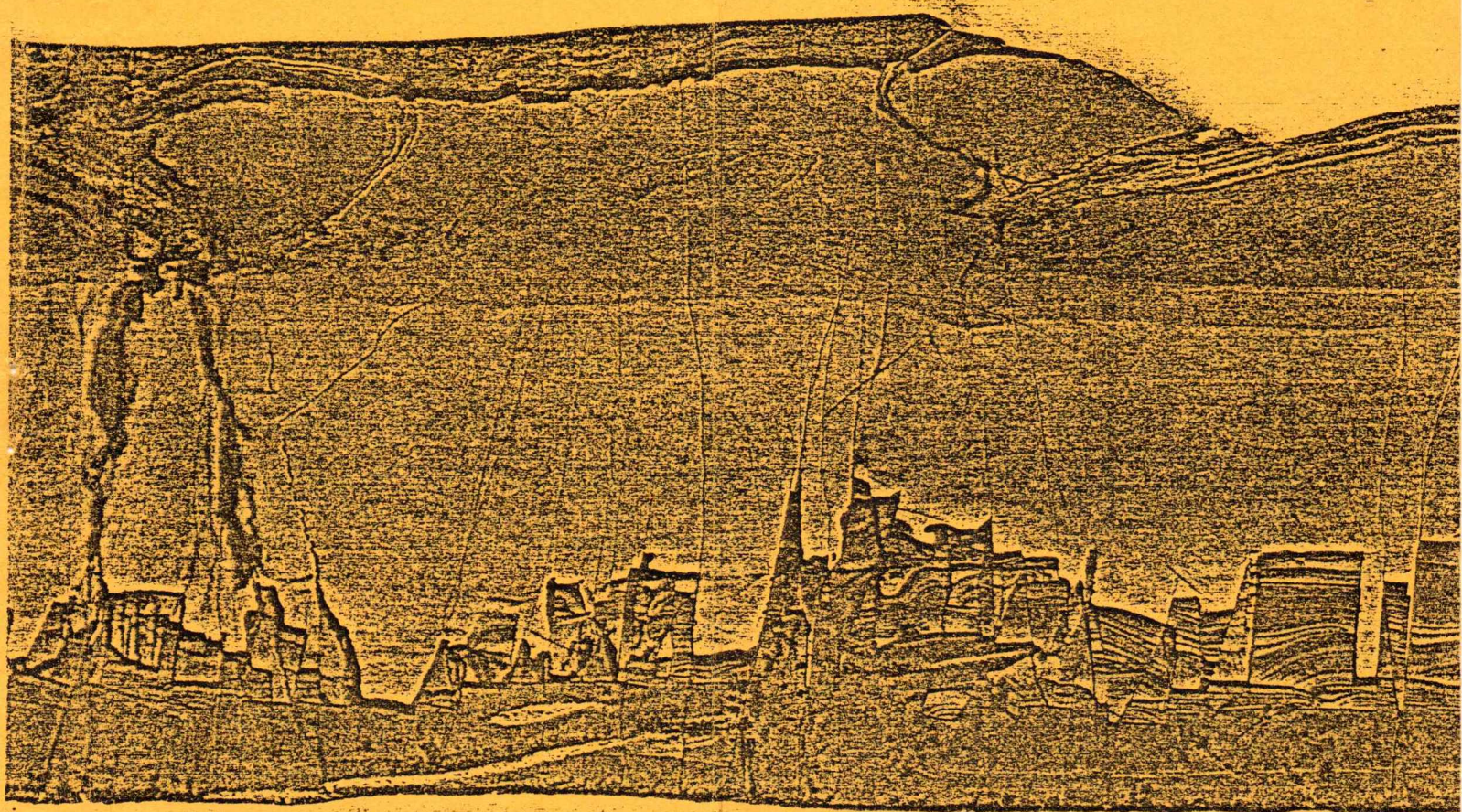


POST ARCHON





ARCHON AND ALL THAT ...

The cover is obvious-- St. Louis after the fans (with rope) departed. AND THE ARCH STILL STANDS! Not so obvious is that the Xerox picture on the cover is a slab of rock from the museum's collection.

Due to the necessity of running the Archon clips & report, do not be surprised if some of the usual columns are delayed to next issue.

I enjoyed the con. Saw a lot of good people whom I won't name because I do not want to omit anyone (there was a period Saturday night for which my memory calls forth no clear images). The best memory is the moment when, at the brunch, Tim Hays announced: "There will be an Archon next year." This could only mean the con was a success.

For the first time in my life I had a huckster's table-- selling some paperbacks, prozines, and fanzines. The latter went by the pound, the customer's sel-

ection, piled on the postage scale I provided. It was fun watching the buyer's indecision as he debated between three skinny zines as compared to the equal weight of one fat zine.

BEN INDICK... From a phone call I made to Ben following receipt of his two letters, I am happy to report that Ben was in good spirits, and was hoping for an insurance settlement which would permit him to buy a small drugstore somewhere. On the phone (and in a letter which followed the call) Ben seemed to think his mood right after the blackout as "intemperant". I thought his letters as printed herein were "restrained" (as compared to what I would have been under such circumstances). I so firmly beleive that a catastrophe like that should call forth some counter-reaction that I mailed a copy of Ben's letter to the local newspaper. To my way of thinking, words are a mild reaction-- I think I would have used a shotgun.

VACATION... This coming Saturday, July 30, I'll be headed to Pensacola via New Orleans on a camping trip. This is another reason I may not get time to knock off the regular columns (which are definitely here in my file); I ought to have this issue all run off before departing so I can do the mechanical stuff when I get back. Hope to call some New Orleans fans, maybe even Richard Brandt in Mobile. Ira Thornhill and his wife, Janet, may even show me some of the by-ways in the Quarter of New Orleans, one of my favorite places because of the flowered courtyards, wrought iron balconies, and jazz spots.

MUSEUM WORK... Have I ever told you that museum work is fun? One thing that gives me pleasure is that I must continually keep learning. In connection with an exhibit on "pure water" I toured the water company's purification plant--fascinating! Also toured the plumbing apprentice trade school to learn about cross-connections, traps, and back pressure. And for a big physics hall due to open this Autumn I must review everything I've forgotten about the subject.

A LETTER FOR OUR TIMES: JULY 1977

FROM BEN INDICK 7/14 & 7/17

It has been some four or five years since I wrote about our robbery at gunpoint in my pharmacy, an article which stirred your readers. A sequel, greater in impact, took a long time coming, but come it did, in yesterday's "Blackout". Cross-Hill Pharmacy, a store which served all customers fairly and honestly for over four decades, was totally destroyed last night by many of those same, if latter-day, customers. Grates torn from the walls, windows smashed, the interior an unbelievable litter, everything removed or shattered. It faced us the next morning, a terrible comment on the futility of our labor and our hope. Pilfering and dishonesty were part of each day's activity, but blind destruction? Are we the "exploiters" that apologists decry? We who were there first, who always tried to help, often at our own expense-- and loss? We who were thoughtful and kind? And, as well, idiots?

This morning perhaps the saddest thing we faced was the tragic, even tearful faces of our black customers (for the pillage and vandalism was almost wholly by the blacks), expressing sorrow, and inwardly expressing shame and hurt. These were balanced by the arrogant, mock-sympathy of the scum elements who did the job (as was confirmed by tenants of the building who saw it all, including brave attempts by harassed police to stop it.)

What is the villain? Not Con Ed, not the impotent mayor. It is the Welfare System, which has sapped a sense of self-importance and pride. It has encouraged indolence, fed jealous greed. It allows addicts an "easy" life and puts dresses on the transvestites without any need for them to work. Whether it be CCC or WPA, if these various examples of human detritus were forced to earn the money for their fixes, their hormones, their wigs, whatever, we might at last find in them a new self-pride. Meanwhile, the night of greed and envy produced a day where some neighborhoods are bereft of food stores, clothing and drug-stores entirely. It is destructive not only to those of us who have worked long and aggravating hours for - I sincerely assure you - no great return, but to the people themselves.

I have a little pharmacy a block away, barely subsisting after the loss of an adjoining medical group. We piled in whatever we could salvage, very little, but I do not expect it to last long. At a difficult time, I shall have to look for a job, unless we can, by unexpected chance, realize some insurance and perhaps buy a small store, hopefully out of New York.

On a personal level, I am most devastated by my realization of the deep sickness of this city I have so long loved. I do not think the city will survive; I see it go the way of Watts and Newark. Until the Black people face up to their own responsibility, and admit their failures and crimes, there can be no start. I say this bluntly, for it is true. Is not one of the most familiar sights as an aftermath of these black outbursts the hordes of grinning, waving, triumphant black children stealing and looting? Is there another group where children were so allowed to run rampant, with evident "adult" approval? It is equally obvious what the psychic and traumatic effect on them as future adults will be. There was some Hispanic element too, but not nearly so much.

For us, it is over, but goodness knows what is next. Like many of the other dreamers who loved the City, we hope to look elsewhere. In the absence of workers and dreamers, will the City at last destroy itself? The answer seems apparent.

#

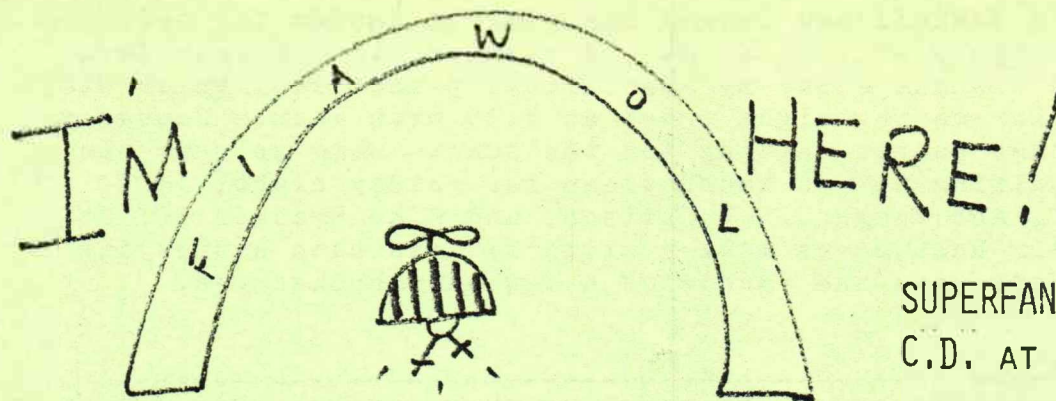
As for my last letter, I cannot withdraw anything I said. I do, however, wish to add that I do not hold black people as a race wholly at fault. Many came to see me, with tears in their eyes, and shame written across their faces, offering to help in any way they could. My belief is firm that the Welfare System is the real criminal, fostering a handout mentality. The government should be creating jobs, and healthy young people should not be given money without working. There is a dignity in knowing one has made one's own way, and very few such people were hooligans.

Secondly, the apologists and rationalizers are enemies of their people. They should stop pandering to such self-pity, should not make excuses for crime, should firmly criticize it and should encourage a new approach - honest work. And the government should devote earnest effort to creating jobs.

Well-- now I must try to do something...

Best,
Ben





SUPERFAN AND
C.D. AT ARCHON

Ah, how shall I begin to tell you about the glorious weekend I had at Archon? Should I tell....

...about the raucous laughter (lasting a full 10 minutes) that greeted me when I flung open my suitcase and cried out, "Thank God, I brought my pills!" (They were prescription vitamin pills I'm supposed to take twice a day the doctor tells me.)

...about auctioning off empty Bheam bottles (and kisses!) for Tucker and DUFF?

...or, about getting a hug from Barbek himself?

All great, and many more, but... there's one too special...

The moment I entered the hotel, every fan I met told me to go up to room 448-- "Tucker's waiting for you". I went but Bob had just left. Five minutes later Bob was on the phone: "There's a surprise for you in room 881". I went. Kneeling inside, in front of the door, were Bob, Donn, and Rob (Chilson), greeting me with chants and bows of the most honorable sort. I stood near the wall, shocked for a moment, then slid to the floor, giggling hysterically.

I took this opportunity to pass out the meager offerings I'd brought to some of my favorite men: a picture for Rob, a single straw rosebud for Bob, and a 7 page story profusely illustrated, "The Little Neofan Who Could", for Donn. I read the story, and people like Gay Haldeman were *laughing!*

C.D.DOYLE IS COMING TO TOWN

BY DAVID "K.M." KLAUS

(Tune: "Santa Claus Is Coming to Town")

*Your eyes'll light up,
You'll smile so bright,
You'll feel real good,
I'm telling you right.
C.D.Doyle is coming to town!*

*She's making a list
And checking it twice.
She's gonna see all
Who're fannish and nice.
C.D.Doyle is coming to town!*

*She asks 'bout how you're doing,
She wants all to be well.
If it's not she'll change to
Superfan
And give those mundanes hell!*

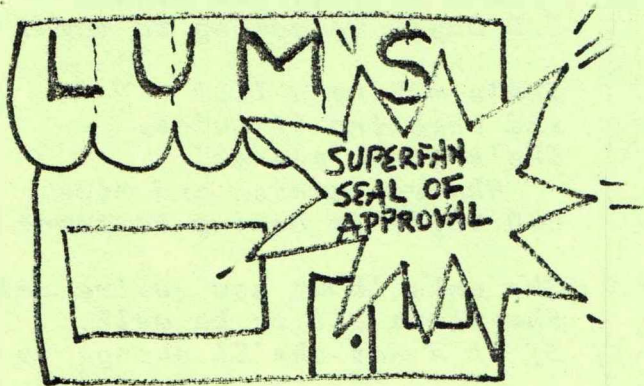
*You're eyes'll light up,
You'll smile so bright,
You'll feel real good,
I'm telling you right.
C.D.Doyle is coming to town!*

Dave (Klaus) told me that he wanted to start the celebration party (birthdays for Fred Haskell and Dave-- 2nd year in fandom for me) at 2 (A.M.), so promptly at 2:15 I invited everyone in the room down to the party. I'd brought along my speciality, prune cake, which was kindly devoured. For me the 'night' ended at 5:30 with Jackie Causgrove, Dave, and a few other people waiting for the sun to come up over the Arch. At 7:30, chalking up two hours sleep for Friday night, Jeff May dropped myself, Abb Vaughn, Rob Chilson, and Mike Bracken off at a Burger Chef (their hamburgers make a slightly less than satisfying breakfast) while Jeff made the rounds of a few used bookstores.

*I FELT LIKE A FANNISH PRINCESS-- AND NEVER STOPPED FEELING LIKE ONE
FOR THE ENTIRE CONVENTION!*

Upon returning, before I got a chance to go broke in the huckster room, I was off combing the steaming streets with Bob Tucker, C.J. Cherryh-- just about everyone going to Dalton's Bookstore for book signing. Bob introduced me to my hero, George R.R. Martin, who made my day by remembering that I had reviewed his first book, A SONG FOR LYA, and he autographed that and his new one, which I bought at Dalton's. Tucker was his usual charming self-- romancing the girls in the store and making everybody feel good.

We left at 1:45, and I was invited to my first meal out with a number of fans-- the Haldemans, Tucker, and some local fans. I highly recommend LUM'S-- yummy roast beef sandwiches. (Of course, the place could have been crummy as hell, and I wouldn't have noticed.)



Look for this seal, the
next time you're starving
at a convention!



From an idea
by
Rob Chilson

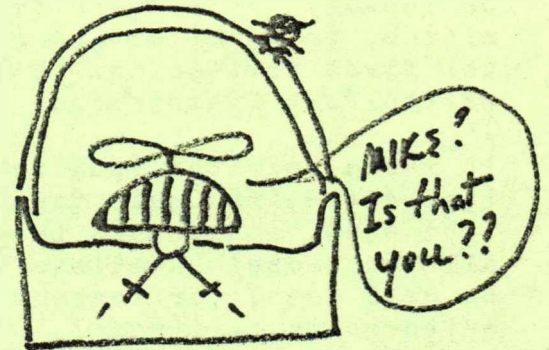
True to form, I missed all the movies. But I caught the Pro and Fanzine panels, as well as George R.R.'s reading-- something I would not have missed for any reason other than death (my own).

The wonderfully charming (and charmingly wonderful) David K.M. Klaus was there. (Inquire about his suspenders sometime. Don't ask questions, just do as I say, for once.) Also Rob Chilson whom I've corresponded with for a year and a half-- meeting, talking with, and just being around him made me terrifically happy. Because of this, I would have to call Archon a celebration in friendship. Bob Tucker was all over, of course. George R.R. Martin signed "To a very perceptive critic" in my copy of A SONG FOR LYA... I finally found someone to take a picture of him for me..all the best times.

AT THIS POINT THE EDITOR HAS
CUT A PARAGRAPH HIGHLY COMPLIMENTARY
TO SAID EDITOR.

I learned to party-hop at this con, starting with the Windycon party on the 9th floor. (Later, they were dropping balloons from up there into the pool...it was a good party...) The hotel floors were all circular, stacked like doughnuts-- great for seeing parties and all the people. (Heh, heh-- even when they didn't want to be seen!)

I helped wake up Jackie at midnight-- no, she wanted us to wake her up!-- got beaten by a slightly drunk Bruce Tucker playing chess-- ate a delicious hamburger (as well as sharing a dish of sublime strawberry ice cream with Rob) at 2:00 in the morning. (Cons are about the only times I have late night snacks-- and I call them dinner.)



Sunday morn, I arose, put on a dress. (Dave described it as looking like Joseph's coat of many colors-- he was so sleepy, it could have been stark black and just looked that way to him...) I wanted to look nice for the brunch. It was nice, getting good seats for the speeches, more than for the food. I felt very proud of Ol' Bone standing up there...

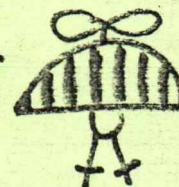
After the brunch, which ended at 2:00, the moments started to become precious. (I gave Mike Glicksohn a big hug before remembering that he was riding back with us, along with Rusty Hevelin.) I love giving good-bye kisses-- but I hate saying good-bye, though I prolong it, as we all do.

When we were about one-quarter of the way home, I said, in a contented voice Tucker reserved for good bourbon, "It was a hell of a con." All around me, I heard a resounding chorus of "YEAH.." That's the spirit I look back on the con now, four daze ((sic)) later.

Below you see the verse I composed a few miles from home. Right before this, I'd had a chance to catch a glimpse of Rusty, up front, leaning against a pillow at an odd angle, trying to rest up; of Michael Landis, resting his head, and blocking out the light that shone in his eyes; Mike Glicksohn, wedged into a corner on the other side of me, still not awake yet -- and Bill, driving straight ahead, thinking perhaps. I sat in the middle of them all, for one of the dozen or so accumulated treasured moments of my life. And felt something for them, as you might feel for relatives you loved, your kin, people who've been through things with you. It's a sort of love, and I find myself feeling it for more and more people every time I open a letter, or go to a convention.

We hold ourselves, and each other, together. We belong.

*"Oh, somewhere in this favored land,
the sun is shining bright.
Somewhere, 'dead dogs' are singing,
And somewhere, hearts are light.
But there is no joy in Indy --
C.D.'s home tonight."*



REPORT ON BARBCON

BY DAVID K.M. KLAUS (VMOF) VISIONARY MASTER OF SAINT LOUIS FANDOM

On Tuesday, July 26, after a post-mortem meeting of the Archon Committee, in an effort to get rid of some of the leftover Archon booze, the first invitational BARBCON was held at the home of Archon Co-Chairperson Barb Fitzsimmons.

It was a spirited (pun intended) example of drunken debauchery in the best Saint Louis fannish tradition. But trufans though we were (and are), and though we struggled mightily, we still didn't finish all the booze! Needless to say, another invitational BARBCON will be held soon, for reasons quite obvious. ((*Had I been there at BARBCON ONE there would have been absolutely no need for BARBCON TWO-- editor*))

And, to business, now-- although neither the hotel nor the exact date have yet been selected, sometime in July, 1978, there will be ARCHON II.

Co-Chairpersons are Barb Fitzsimmons and John Novak. Registration is again \$5 in advance and \$7 at the door, payable to ARCHON II and mailed to John Novak at 1260 Moorlands Drive, Richmond Heights, Missouri, 63117.

Saint Louis in 2003!

Humbly and Respectfully submitted.

YES, THERE IS A PEANUT BUTTER FANDOM -- THE ONLY FANDOM THAT STICKS TO THE ROOF OF YOUR MOUTH!

AT THIS TIME HEADQUARTERS, OFFICERS, DUES, AND OTHER UNIMPORTANT MATTERS ARE UNKNOWN TO THE EDITOR OF THIS ZINE -- THE EDITOR IS BUSY ON CONCOCTING A PEANUT BUTTER WINE OR BHEER IN ORDER TO WIDEN THE MEMBERSHIP.



H. HEATH 3-22-77

JOIN
PEANUT BUTTER
FANDOM



PROFILE of the Arts

Invasion of the Science Fiction People (It's just a convention)

Tim Hays is probably the best example of how hard it is to quit the science fiction habit once you've started it.

Hays got hooked on science fiction, or SF as he calls it, at the age of 10, when his mother gave him a copy of Jules Verne's "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea." He read it "about 12 times" and became such an avid SF reader that his mother began to disapprove of her son's reading habits. So Hays laid low and read SF books under the bedcovers at night with a flashlight.

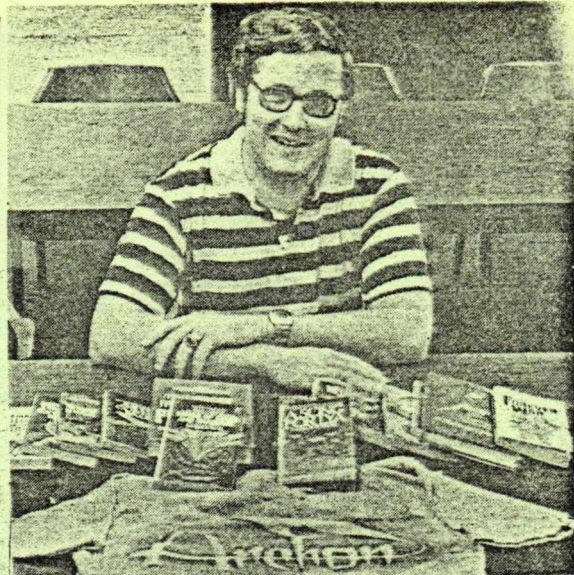
Even today, 25-year-old Hays reads about five books a week, most of them SF. He'll push a book in front of you, tell you to open to the first chapter, and while you're reading along, he'll recite the opening paragraph of the novel.

And while that kind of special knowledge may be lost on us non-SF types, it will be the common bond that will bring together some 250 SF fans this Friday in St. Louis. The occasion is ARCHON I, a three-day convention sponsored by the St. Louis Science Fiction Society. People from Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Oklahoma and Minnesota, among other states, will converge on Stouffer's Riverfront Towers to talk with other SF fans, hear famous SF authors read from their works, see some classic SF films and generally rub shoulders with their own kind.

"You can almost draw a profile of the average SF fan," says Hays, one of the convention's main organizers and an active member of the St. Louis society. "He is probably in his late teens, early twenties, college-educated; middle class; white . . . there are very few minorities involved in SF." The SF fan, Hays adds, is also probably "pretty smart," possibly one of those considered an "egghead" in high school. And SF fans, generally speaking, have interests that, in Hays' words, "most other people would consider strange, to say the least."

"SF fans might be slightly introverted on the whole," Hays says.

Tim Hays displays the science fiction memorabilia: the T-shirt that will be worn at the SF convention and the books he hopes to have autographed.



"They really didn't start opening up until they met other people who were into SF."

Although the convention is open to anyone who can plunk down the \$7 registration fee, don't expect to fit right in with the convention people. SF fans sort of have their own language. For instance, the convention is not called a convention, it's a "con." Those attending the con are sometime divided into BNF's (big-name fans) or WKF's (well-known fans, a notch down) and you might overhear someone complaining that they'd just been FAFIA'ed. That means they've been Forced Away From It All, usually by their mothers who tired of seeing their noses in SF books. SF fans also have the expression FIAWOL, which translates as "Fandom is a way of life." Or for those not into SF, FLUGDH: "Fandom is just a god-damn habit."

Either way, "fandom", the art of being a SF fan, is very real. Hays, a research associate for Washington University's Center for Development Technology, describes a SF fan simply as one who attends conventions or belongs to a fan club.

The 50-member St. Louis Science Fiction Society has gone under various names since 1971. It started out as S.T.A.R. St. Louis, which was the Star Trek Association for Revival, a group dedicated to getting the popular series back on television. That group splintered into Federation II, which contained more SF fans and a larger degree of seriousness about SF. Then, in March, 1975, the society was founded.

SF first gained popularity in the 1920's, when SF stories were printed in pulp magazines. Hays says both hardcover and paperback books devoted to SF were virtually unheard of then, so the only way the SF fan could read science fiction was in the pulps. In the back of the magazines, there always ran a column of letters, where fans could discuss the newest writings and tell each other about the places where SF material could be bought.

The letters led to club organizing and eventually, to conventions. The magazines continued on and still exist today. Among some of the better monthly publications are Analog, Fantasy and Science Fiction, Galaxy, Amazing, Fantastic and Cosmos, a quarterly. And while the magazines may not change a great deal, Hays says that for some reason, SF fandom undergoes a "flux" in the ranks every three years.

Hays says that conventions bring "SF fans out of the woodwork. Once people find out this (convention) is around, they'll be glad to lay down their money to meet other SF fans." Hays pauses, then says, almost reverently, as if he remembers a special moment, "It's such a wonderful feeling to meet another fan."

Why?

"Sometimes you feel like you're the only one around getting into SF," he says.

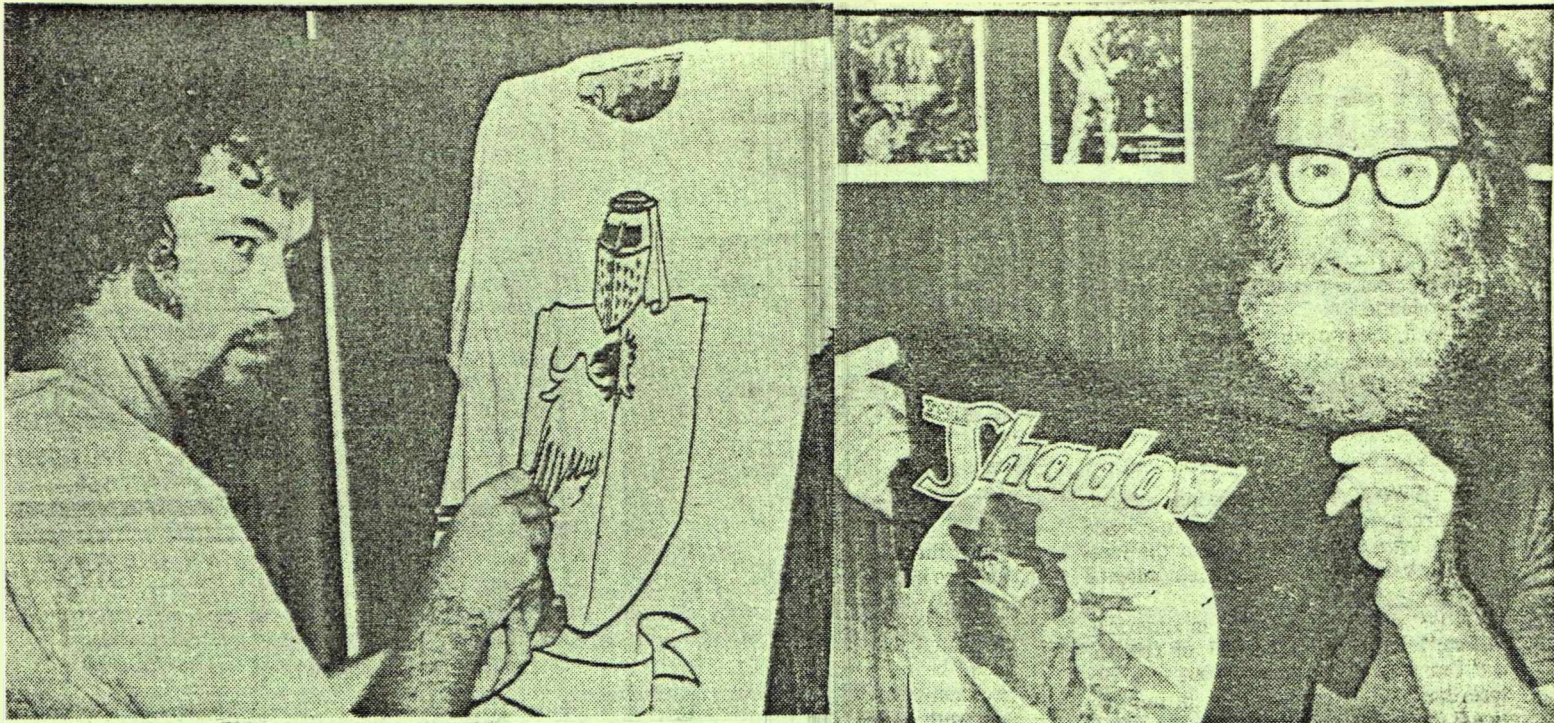
"I probably was the only one in my town reading SF," Hays says. Hays hails from New Haven, Mo., a small town about 50 miles west of St. Louis.

And while 250 people can gather for a three-day weekend to discuss SF, Hays says no one can really define what science fiction is. Pressed for a definition, Hays quotes SF writer and critic Damon Knight: "SF is what we mean when we point to it."

"You really can't define it any other way," he says.

For his first venture into organizing a convention, Hays and his organizers have managed to attract some heavy weight SF talent to attend. Guest-of-honor will be George R.R. Martin, who won the Hugo Award (SF's answer to the Pulitzer Prize) in 1975 for his novella "A Song for Lya." Also appearing will be authors Joe Haldeman (one of the first SF writers to receive a sizeable advance for a hard-cover book), Wilson Tucker from Jacksonville, Ill., and Robert Chilson, from Osceola, Mo.

"The convention will really be an organized party," Hays says. "It will give the SF fans a chance to socialize."



It's go, go, go as s-f (only novices say sci-fi) fans meet

By KATY GURLEY
Globe-Democrat Staff Writer

By Sunday morning the science fiction fans who had gathered at Stouffer's Riverfront Towers during the weekend were pretty well wiped out.

Some of them had not slept for 48 hours, sitting up all night hashing over whether the movie "Star Wars" was going to replace the television series "Star Trek" as a favorite among science fiction fans.

Others were just plain exhausted from nonstop movies they had watched or the panel discussions they had attended or the parties they had with old friends.

BLEARY-EYED though they were, about half of the 350 persons who attended the

convention were back at it again Sunday morning, making lastminute paperback purchases or trading battered copies of "Weird Tales" and other science fiction comic books and pulps.

The convention was one of many throughout the year in different cities all over the country, explained Walter Stumper, a member of the St. Louis Science Fiction Society, "There's at least one going on every weekend," he said.

The last official convention in St. Louis was in 1971, Stumper said, though a world convention (the biggest annual science fiction get-together) was held at the Chase-Park Plaza in 1969 and drew 2,000 persons from all over the world.

At this convention, science fiction writers

George R. R. Martin, Joe Haldeman, Robert Chilson and Wilson Tucker showed up to read their works aloud and speak at several panel discussions.

ANOTHER ST. LOUIS s-f fan (only novices say "sci-fi," one expert sharply pointed out) who helped emcee the weekend's events was Donn Brazier, director of the Museum of Natural Science and History.

"I'm not a convention fan," Brazier said as he stood in line for brunch, the second-to-last event of the weekend. "I'm not really a collector, either. I'm just interested in the creative, imaginative aspects of science fiction."

Brazier is editor of two s-f newsletters (called "fanzines") that have circulations of about 100 each.

Science fiction conventions draw all kinds of people, Stumper said. Many attend more than 20 a year.

ONE OF THOSE is Rusty Hevelin, who sells science fiction books from his collection at every convention he attends just to pay his expenses.

The retired industrial public relations man now devotes most of his time to collecting and talking about science fiction.

"Science fiction fans are communicators," the 55-year-old Hevelin said. "We get involved in it because we like science fiction, but also because we like the communication and friendship ties."

Hevelin said he got interested in s-f in the '40s, dropped it for awhile and got interested again in the '60s. He's been an avid collector

At left, Don Patterson of
St. Louis air brushes a T-shirt design;
and collector Rusty Hevelin.

and fan ever since.

"ONE OF THE nicest things we do is have a fund that will send a fan to Australia for a convention or will bring an Australian here for one," he said. "That's what I mean by friendship." There is a similar fund for European fans, he said.

WHILE HEVELIN began packing up his unsold books to head home to Dayton, Ohio, other fans were resting up for the final event of the day, the "Dead Dog" party.

That just meant, Stumper explained, that all those who could muster up the energy would get together later in the day for a farewell party.

"After all," he said with a weary grin, "Conventions are about the only time these people all get together."

By Jim Creighton
Of the Post-Dispatch Staff

All these years, I've had the idea that I was a "fan" of fantasy and science fiction. But no, not for a minute.

Charitably, I might be considered "a reader." More likely, the label would be "a mundane."

This information came on good authority, from George R. R. Martin, who is one of the more successful, both financially and artistically, of the new generation of science-fiction writers. More important, at least for the purpose of making definitions, he has a firsthand acquaintance with the true meaning of the term "fan." He married one.

Martin explained last weekend at ARCHON ONE, a regional convention (or "con") sponsored by the St. Louis Science Fiction Society, that the only science-fiction fans in the strict sense are the members of the small community of enthusiasts who attend such affairs. They are a growing but relatively exclusive group, probably numbering about 10,000, give or take a Star Trek freak or two (or 2000) on the fringe of fandom.

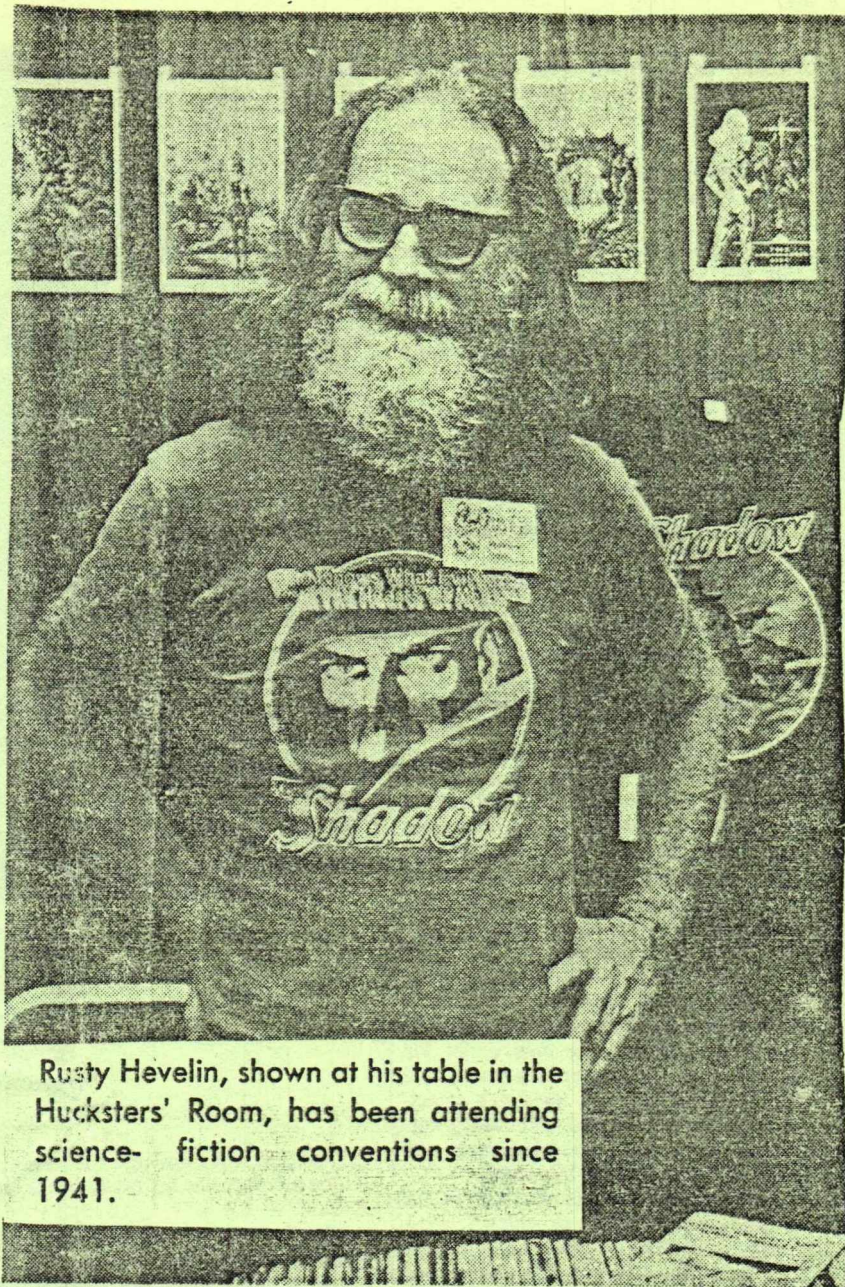
When fans are not at gatherings with names such as NYCON and LUNACON and BYOBCON and D-CON, where they have fannish fun and attend fanquets, they keep up with the writings of their fellow fanatics by reading fanzines. If they are enthusiastic enough, they may become BNFs, or Big Name Fans, like Gale Burnick, a con organizer and fanzine editor who married George Martin after their romance bloomed at Washington's DISCON II in 1974.

From the point of view of us mundanes, all of this fannish folderol may sound a bit silly, maybe even immature. But don't be fooled. If there is one generalization that you can make about science-fiction fans, it's that they represent an exceptionally bright, astonishingly well-informed slice of the reading public.

Carolyn Cherry, who taught high school Latin for 11 years in Oklahoma City, says that "as a teacher, I noticed that by and large the most perceptive of my students were science-fiction and fantasy readers. They weren't reading mainstream novels, the kind that appeal to people who read on the fifth-grade level. Science-fiction novels are not written on the fifth-grade level."

Carolyn Cherry is better known in fantasy and science-fiction circles as C.J. Cherryh (an "h" having been added at her publisher's suggestion). Her first published novel appeared only last year, but she already has three in print and two more close to publication, and she has said goodbye to drumming, amos, amas, amat into the consciousness of reluctant juveniles.

Cherryh, Martin and Joe Haldeman — who like Martin has won a Hugo, science fiction's equivalent of the Oscar — were among a half dozen or so pro writers who attended last weekend's ARCHON. This is what makes a science-fiction convention an unusual literary



Rusty Hevelin, shown at his table in the Hucksters' Room, has been attending science-fiction conventions since 1941.

Fandom's World: A Quick And Mundane View

phenomenon: the congenial confrontation of writer and fan.

"In what other genre do fans and authors know each other by their first names?" asked Lee Killough, a writer from Manhattan, Kan. "People come up and call me Lee. Can you imagine going up to John Updike and saying, 'Hello, John?'"

The "cons" date back to the late '30s, when the pulp magazines were the medium for science-fiction stories and fandom was considerably smaller. The first science-fiction conventions were in New York and Philadelphia in 1937 and '38,

and there weren't many more than a dozen enthusiasts on hand.

In 1939, some 13 years after Hugo Gernsback had carved out a niche for science fiction by starting a pulp magazine called *Amazing Stories*, the first "world" convention was held in New York, with fewer than 100 attending and Frank R. Paul, an illustrator for the pulps, as the honored guest.

When the third world convention convened in Denver in 1941, Rusty Hevelin was there, and he has been going to cons ever since, as many as 22 in a single year. Hevelin, who lives in Dayton,

O., had a table set up in the "Huckster Room" in the lower level of Stouffer's Riverfront Towers, where ARCHON ONE was held. He is a collector of fantasy and science-fiction books and magazines and usually brings along some stock to sell to help pay his convention expenses.

"Through the '40s (with a break for the war years), there was just one con each year, the world convention," he recalled, "but in the '50s, the regional conventions got going. There weren't many, maybe four to eight a year.

"In 1967, there were 10 or 11, and we were joking about having a con-of-the-month club. By 1970, this wasn't a joke; there were 16 or 17 a year. Now, there's

hardly a weekend in the year when there isn't a con someplace.

"Not all of them are strictly science fiction — some are spinoffs, like Star Trek or comic books or sword-and-sorcery — but there are at least 40 straight ones."

They have also grown much larger. ARCHON, the first attempt at a con by the present St. Louis fan organization, drew about 300 persons. Some of the large regionals on the East Coast attract more than 1000, while the world convention itself now has registrations of 4000 plus. And if you want to include spinoff gatherings, some Star Trek cons have attracted 20,000 prospective recruits for the Star Ship Enterprise.

These increases undoubtedly reflect the phenomenal growth of the whole field of science fiction. Where once the pulps were almost the only outlet for such writing, the paperback publishers are now churning out hundreds of science-fiction novels and short-story collections each year, and readership has expanded with logarithmic leaps.

"My generation was educated in the technical complexities in which science fiction tends to be written," said Carolyn Cherry. "The 30-year-olds today are

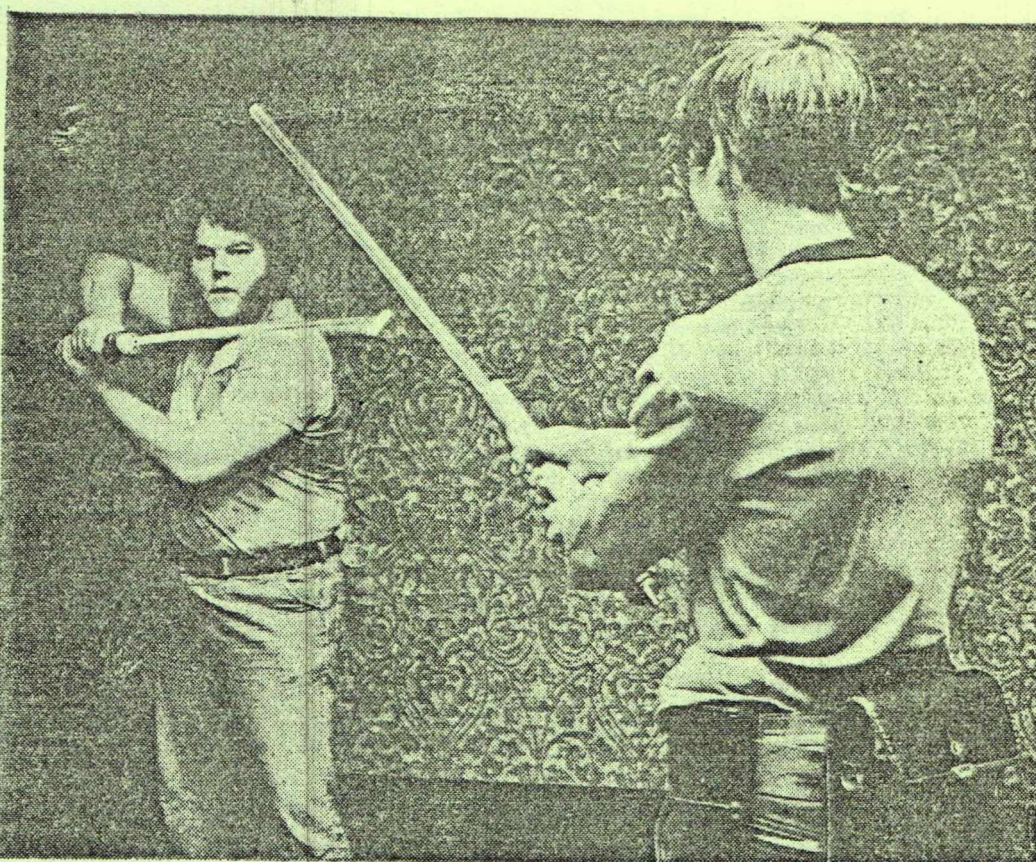
products of the Sputnik Age, and science fiction is on the crest of this educational wave."

Naturally, with increasing readership and increasing numbers of books being published, there are a lot more opportunities for writers, and they are able in some cases to avoid the long apprenticeships served by some of the pioneers in the field. If they happen to be particularly talented, they are also considerably better paid.

"Joe (Haldeman) and I have gotten lots of money for our new books," said Martin, "but just a few years ago, it was something you did for love."

Martin sold his first story in 1970 (it appeared in Galaxy magazine the next year), won a Hugo in 1975 for the novella "A Song for Lya" and has been nominated for several other Hugos since then. His first novel, called "Dying of the Light" (after a line in a poem by Dylan Thomas), is about to be published in both paperbacks and hardback.

Haldeman, whose novel "The Forever War" won a 1976 Hugo and great criti-



Fans of the movie "Star Wars," Ed Sunden of Chicago (rear) and Richard Cross of Eureka match "laser swords" that they made using acrylic rods as blades and flashlight batteries as power sources. (Post-Dispatch Photos by Karen Elshout)

cal acclaim, did even better than Martin on the advance for his latest book, Martin said.

But for every science-fiction writer who is approaching the high-income brackets, there are a great many more plugging along in their spare time, publishing in magazines such as Analog, Galileo and Fantasy and Science Fiction, trying to break into the paperbacks.

Lee Killough is chief technologist in the radiology department of Kansas State University's veterinary school. She manages to turn out short stories by getting up at 6 a.m. and writing until it's time to go to work. She began sending stories to the science-fiction magazines in 1966, but the first one wasn't accepted until 1970, after it had made the rounds three times. On the last try, she changed the name from "Baubles and Glass Beads" to "Caveat Emptor" and managed to sell it to an editor who had rejected it previously.

Science-fiction magazines pay by the word and sometimes not overwhelmingly. Six cents a word is pretty good, she said, but some pay only a penny. "The money is in books," she pointed out. "Otherwise, you can starve writing science fiction."

For an aspiring writer, though, it is presumably a bit of a turn-on to see your name appear on a magazine's cover between those of Ray Bradbury and Carl

Sagan, as Lee Killough's did in a recent issue of Galileo. And it is presumably gratifying to come to a science-fiction con and find out that you're a celebrity, a member of "prodom."

"More people had heard of me than I realized," she said. "It's kind of funny to have somebody treat me as someone special."

In a Pro Panel on critics and criticism, one of the events at ARCHON, Martin pointed out that a writer who attends a convention is in one sense submitting himself to a review.

"Usually, that's good," he said. "But I've been standing in a hall with a bunch of writers and someone will come up and say, 'I read your latest story.' You stand there expectantly, and then he says, 'And I think it's a piece of —'"

That hasn't happened to him personally, Martin said later, but he's sure it's coming.

"Science fiction is a small family in a way," he said. "Writers get reputations, and the fans begin to expect things of them. When you don't give them what they expect, they let you know."

"The reviewers who write in the fanzines always send us copies so that we won't miss the latest flaying of our book."

But a writer is a lot more likely to hear kind words at conventions, which seem to be dedicated principally to hav-

persons who are at their first convention attend such gatherings.

"What are all you people doing here?" asked one panelist. "Why aren't you out partying? If you weren't here, we could be out partying!"

ing a good time. Panel discussions, speeches and readings by authors are the stuff that convention schedules are made of, but they are just the framework.

At a Fandom Panel session at ARCHON ONE, it was suggested that only

BLOODSHOT EYES AND OTHER JOYS

SHORTSNAPS OF BOOKS BY
DONN BRAZIER

CLOSEUP: NEW WORLDS EDITED BY BEN BOVA AND TRUDY E. BELL, ST.MARTIN'S PRESS, 1977

Fascinating, well-illustrated SF BOOK CLUB selection. Sprightly written with chapters by G.Harry Stine, Jerry Pournelle, Greg Benford, Joe Haldeman, Hal Clement, George Harper, Richard Hoagland and Ben Bova. These are the "hard science" SF writers;

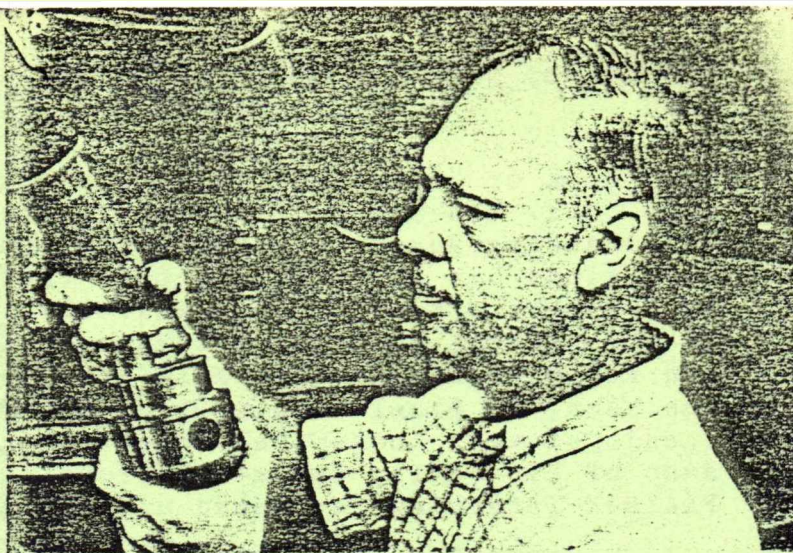
they know their stuff! I've ordered two more copies of this book; it's the sort I like because from the latest factual data these authors have the skill and imagination to speculate about puzzles unsolved and conjectured what-does-it-all-mean. The book of 222 pages (8.5"x 11.5") covers Earth/Moon, Mars, Venus, Mercury, Jupiter, other planets & possibilities beyond Pluto, and the origin of the Solar System. Lay-out and type face are excellent and invite reading.

THE STARCROSSED, BEN BOVA, PYRAMID, 1975-76

From the cover onwards this book, as every trufan will recognize immediately, is a novel about Harlan Ellison and his struggles with TV people. As the dedication reads: "To Cordwainer Bird...may he fly high and strike terror in the hearts of the unjust." The book is not SF, but it is about SF. Mundanes ought to like the story for itself as the hero battles his way through impossible situations; goes without saying that you'll like it. Bova has quite a number of great lines. One example, as he describes a gossip columnist: "While she still thought of herself as regal and statuesque, to the outside world she closely resembled an asthmatic dirigible swathed in neon-bright floor-length robes."

MILLENNIUM, BEN BOVA, BALLANTINE, 1976

After reading the two Ben Bova works above, I was so impressed that I bought this paperback. The story concept is excellent: to prevent a devastating nuclear war on Earth between USA and Russia in the year 1999, the twin Lunar bases of USA and Russia unite and declare their independence as a new country named Selene. I rate the book ZERO-- let me hurry to explain. Ordinarily I read more than one book at a time; a book with a score of SEVEN means that it was part of a 7-book process. A ZERO book is so interesting that it is read from start to end all by its lonesome. I fault the plot only at the sudden (and scarcely motivated) change of attitude by the rigid Colonel Colt which saves the day (instead of direct action by the hero, Chet Kinsman). However, highly recommended.



From the book, a portrait of Hal Clement. Other authors are similarly pictured along with biographical information-- with one exception, darn it!, Ben Bova.

WAMPETERS, FOMA & GRANFALLOONS, KURT VONNEGUT, JR., DELACORTE PRESS,
1974

This book of "opinions" is, according to my rating system, another ZERO book. In fact, it is an extremely hard grade of ZERO. Perhaps my advancing-years is responsible, but I find that non-fiction of various kinds has a lot more appeal than fiction on the average; this is such a book. Kurt, not unnaturally, has some things to say about SF in its several aspects: literature, editors, writers, fans, and his own relationship to the whole spectrum. The editors get a few pats on the back; SF itself and writers and fans get a few kicks in the ass. I enjoyed each anatomical target area, especially the sort of *snap-snap* of his Philip Wylie-ish prose. Example taken at random from a PLAYBOY interview reprinted as the last of 25 chapters:

PLAYBOY: In some of your books- especially THE SIRENS OF TITAN and SLAUGHTERHOUSE FIVE- there's a serious notion that all moments in time exist simultaneously, which implies that the future can't be changed by an act of will in the present. How does a desire to improve things fit with that?

VONNEGUT: You understand, of course, that everything I say is horseshit.

Vonnegut covers a lot of ground in his 25 chapters-- biographical, politics, NASA, science, life & death. One chapter, "Oversexed in Indianapolis", will delight residents of the Indianapolis Semi-Circle. As one of Vonnegut's friends said about him: "You put bitter coatings on very sweet pills."

NEW VOICES IN SCIENCE
FICTION, EDITED BY GEORGE
R.R. MARTIN, MACMILLAN CO.
1977, WITH INTRO BY BEN BOVA

This anthology consists of six previously unpublished stories by nominees for the first Campbell Award given, as we all know, to promising new writers. Represented in the volume are: Lisa Tuttle, Robert Thurston, George R.R. Martin, Ruth Berman, George Alec Effinger, and Jerry Pournelle. There's quite a variety of style/mood/type and, frankly, there were some stories I didn't bother to finish reading, for one reason or another. Best was Martin's own "The Stone City" --another tale filled with mysterious tunnels, caverns, & passageways. I also enjoyed Pournelle's "Silent Leges"

Nominees & winners from 1973 through 1975 are listed on the last page.



4-24-77

THE PEEL & THE PULP #8

Oct. 26, 1944..Guam..Saw Betty Htton live last night, and our jeep was stolen during the show. This afternoon Lt. Dasher and I went looking for it; didn't find it. We did, however, see some interesting roads and sights--an old Jap freighter half-submerged in a narrow inlet, a real, clean native village 20 miles north of here. Picked up three native girls. One told she'd rip her dress, go dirty, and muss up her hair so she would not appeal to the Japs. She said the best looking girls were sent to the "parlor" where the Jap officers spent their free time... Tuba and agga are native drinks made from coconuts I guess.

Nov. 9...Guam... So far there have been three air raids on Saipan but none here... We surplus officers are getting a lot of sacktime. My only duty right now is censoring mail...

Nov. 21..Guam.. Another week of rain. I've dug a three foot deep slit trench just in case of air attack, for the moon will be full soon. So far I haven't had Dengue Fever-- some of us get what we call Half-Day Dengue, which is just another name for goofing off in the sack. Lt. Floyd keeps drawing house designs. He's an avid booster for Texas & Oklahoma, as is everyone from those states. I wonder why?... The Marines, the 3rd Division, have been practising amphibious landings all week. Wonder what's next for them?

Nov 28..Guam.. Big raid on Saipan by Bettys and Zekes. AA shot down 6 Zekes and one of our own P-47s; P-38s got 6 Zekes. But the raid completely destroyed 9 B-29s and damaged 11 others.

Nov 29..Guam.. Shocked! The radio reported the news today about the Saipan raid: "We suffered no losses." Ha! So our reports are always true? Ha!

Dec 4..Guam.. Rumors that there'll be a combined raid of B-29, B-24 &



A NONCHALANT POSE STRUCK BY BRAZIER SOMEWHERE IN THE MARIANAS OR RYUKYUS

B-25, plus Naval dive bombers and battleships on Iwo Jima. Maybe the Marines will strike there next?

Dec.20..Guam.. Four days ago we were issued mattresses and pillows. The first morning after that I overslept and missed breakfast. There's a fresh water shortage. Soldiers have to await their assigned days to take a shower... German breakthrough in Belgium. Those scientific, daring Huns will have some atomic device soon, if they haven't got one now... Two doctors of science are conducting frequency tests in connection with ionospheres. ((sic)) They live in a shack separated from us. I overheard some enlisted men talking about them as the "mad scientists"! ... I'm studying code again - speed about 6 words per minute.

Jan 3, 1945..Guam.. Terry ((my son who I'd not yet seen)) is one year old today, and he can walk already. Is he a Slan?... New Years Eve here the men cut loose with guns of all types-- tracers hung crimson beads in the sky. All charges were dismissed by Lt.Col Canby... We've had some practise alerts, but nobody gets out of bed anymore. Until we hear the ack-ack we're not getting out of bed, everyone says.

Jan 19..Guam.. Just returned from a three day pass to Saipan. We hitched a C-47 ride to Tinian, then a hitch on a C-47 to Isley Field #2 at Saipan. We see sights-- Mt Tapatchu, caves, etc.-- and learn about the troubles of the B-29's and jealousies between B-29 and B-24 groups.

Jan 22..Guam.. The B-29s have trouble getting back from targets. Gas supply is figured to the bare minimum, and a pilot I talked to, Bob Engle, said he wasn't afraid of enemy action but of the long trip home. The Japs have a daring, two-engine streamlined in-line engine, fighter plane which flies in and out of close B-29 formations. Windows of the B-29 frost over under the pressurized system... For three days now Navy Corsairs and Hellcats have been flying west from Agana Field. I wonder what's cooking? Can it be the attack on Iwo Jima?

Feb 3..Saipan.. Left the 57th Air Service Group; joined the 364th Air Service Group on Saipan. I'm under Maj.Dozier of the 612 Engineering Squadron and over Lt.Melber and W/O Pinske. Dozier, about 40-45 years old, weather-beaten dogface; Pinske about 35 is also an old dogface. Our group services the 318th Fighter Group (3 squadrons of mixed P-47s and P-38s) and the 6th Night Fighters (P-61's). The P-59 has now been demoted to a training plane, and the P-38 seems on the way out.

Feb 22.. Saipan.. A new plane, P-51, arrived here last week for a different fighter group, and are poised for Iwo Jima, the battle now entering the fourth day. Bob Engle, the B-29 pilot, told me how his prop and flown off; the story was written up in the Honolulu paper:

Feb 28..Saipan.. The 318th is getting rid of all the P-38s and will get all new P-47N's. This is the P-47 with the bubble canopy and the square wing tips.

Mar 12..Saipan.. We've received movement orders; we're boxing and crating like mad...

Mar 20.. Saipan.. We're practically ready... Dave Liming & I followed the rugged road down from Mt.Tapatcho radar station. Rough. We looked over some cave a Jap general was supposed to have occupied. It was still full of Jap heavy ammunition. We burned some of the long black sticks of powder. I picked up a Jap book of some kind.

Apr 4.. Aboard ship in Saipan harbor-- the ship is the DeGrasse...

SF FANZINE

Michael T. Shoemaker: "The relationship of SF, fantasy, and mysteries is that they all deal with things out of the ordinary. Or, if one adopts an Al-diss-like line, they all allow one to escape from the mundane world and engage in personalized power-fantasizing. ... THX 1138 is an excellent example of a remarkably fine movie which could never be done as a novel. In terms of plot and ideas it is a mish-mash of stale cliches. But as a movie it is almost unendurably realistic, superbly photographed, well-acted, well-staged, well-edited. There are, I think, a few movies adapted from books which are superior to the book. However, I don't want to pursue this line as I think entirely too much emphasis is already placed on comparing movie versions with the books they're taken from. ... There is simply no limit to the absurdities that can be perpetrated by the fanatic worshippers at the shrine of HPL. 'The Moon Bog', 'The Picture in the House', 'The Terrible Old Man', 'The Nameless City', 'Polaris', 'The Thing on the Doorstep' and 'The Evil Clergyman' are uniformly terrible (just to name a few). And other admirers of Lovecraft than myself have said that HPL is best read in small doses to avoid the boredom that comes from the repetition of his same plot devices and adjectival prose. HPL vastly superior to Blackwood? The mind boggles. HPL's merits are considerable, but his style does not number among them, whereas Blackwood, even in his poor stories, always exhibits a style of the highest literary quality rich with precise imagery and great psychological depth."

Tony Cvetko: "Haldeman's THE FOREVER WAR. What a book! It's brilliant, just brilliant, and I'm going to read it again. The characters, the war, the aliens, the future Earth--all come alive right before my eyes. The last time I felt that way about a novel was CHILDHOOD'S END (which I've read several times). His use of time-dilation is the best I've ever seen. And although I can't imagine homosexuality becoming 'normal', the book is so good that I was able to accept the idea, without agreeing with it. It's the best book to come along in a long time. 'Sitting here in a bar with an asexual cyborg who is probably the only other normal person on the whole god-damned planet' is probably the best line in the book."

Lester Boutillier: "Poul Anderson has said recently that a new golden age of SF is a-booming, and emphasis will once again be on hard SF. We do have major new writers like Michael Bishop, Michael Coney, Jerry Pournelle, and George R. R. Martin. Arthur Clarke disappointed me with IMPERIAL EARTH though."

Laurine White: "WEST SIDE STORY was on TV last night. Amazing how the short member of the Jets reminded me of Harlan Ellison."

Carolyn Doyle: "Before I discovered fandom, whenever I read an SF book I liked, the old sensawonder started working and I'd go into a little bit of a daze, wishing SOMEWHERE I could meet real live PEOPLE who liked this stuff, and who wrote this stuff, and who dreamed dreams, and didn't think the world was going totally down hill. CHILDHOOD'S END-- talk about being affected by a book! THE CITY AND THE STARS also excited me. A SONG FOR LYA made me wonder if I was going to cry. Bradbury should be savored, but I just can't stop in between his stories. De Camp's poems are among my favorites. But are other fen getting high on these works like I am? I don't often hear about people just really being knocked out by a story, leaving you in a cloud for a few days. Maybe they do, but they just don't talk about it; I hope so. It can't all be the cynical world of wit, can it? ((I think that 'first contact' makes for the kind of high you describe, but these new discoverers of SF aren't the ones writing in fanzines or elsewhere. By the time they are doing fanac they have become somewhat jaded-- or smarter with experience.))

Wilum Pugmire: "Harold Munn is working on a new novel, THE SWORD OF MERLIN. He has sold one of his newest tales, 'The Well' to DAW's next year's BEST HORROR STORIES, edited by that kind gent, Jerry Page. I have all of Harold's books-- all autographed."

FAVORITE TEN SF NOVELS
T.L. Bohman Mar. 23, 1977

J.G. Ballard THE CRYSTAL WORLD
Ralph Blum THE SIMULTANEOUS MAN
Sam Delany THE EINSTEIN INTERSECTION
Joe Haldeman THE FOREVER WAR
Frank Herbert DUNE
Walter Miller, Jr A CANTICLE FOR LEIB-
owitz
Edgar Pangborn DAVY
H.G. Wells THE TIME MACHINE
Gene Wolfe THE FIFTH HEAD OF CERBERUS
Roger Zelazny LORD OF LIGHT

FAVORITE TEN SF SHORT STORIES
T.L. Bohman Mar 23, 1977

Arthur Clarke 'The Wall of Darkness'
Ursula LeGuin 'The Field of Vision'
Ursula LeGuin 'Vaster than Empires
and more Slow'
Fritz Leiber 'Gonna Roll The Bones'
R.A. Lafferty 'Rainbird'
Edgar Pangborn 'Longtooth'
Cordwainer Smith 'The Game of Rat and
Dragon'
Gene Wolfe 'The Island of Dr Death'
Roger Zelazny 'A Rose for Ecclesiastes'
P.A. Zoline 'The Heat Death of the Un-
iverse'

bury. His style, especially in early collections such as THE ILLUSTRATED MAN, is terribly amateur, like something out of a fan-fic-zine. Bradbury's strength lies in his imagery, which can be nothing short of incredible. SOMETHING WICKED...will always remain one of my few top books for this very reason. It is out of imagery that Bradbury creates the mood which can be intense, but relies heavily on the visualization as a foundation. Bradbury doesn't 'tell', he 'shows'."

Steve Sneyd: "Recent sale of SF pulps at Sotheby's 'holy of holies' of UK auction world definitely means the investment wallahs have moved in. Time to increase the insurance on old files of ANALOG. It's become an 'Art Market' at a stroke."

Chester Cuthbert: "I read Wilson Tucker's THE MAN IN MY GRAVE recently and was pleased with his treatment of an otherwise gruesome theme, modern Burking. Perhaps I shouldn't have capitalized the word, though it originated with the Burke and Hare business long ago in England. I still have a few mystery novels by Bob to read, though I read his SF." ((What is Burking, or burking?))

Ned Brooks: "If New Wave stories need explaining, they can't be very good stories. But good here is highly subjective - some fans obviously enjoy them. The possibility of getting any sort of enjoyment out of speculative fiction, or an sort of creative writing, seems to me to lie in a sort of tension between not understanding and understanding perfectly. If you understood it perfectly, you probably found it boring and didn't need to read it at all; if you understood nothing in the story you probably found it boring too. In my own case, I find many of these NW stories not worth the trouble of trying to understand them- but on the other hand most Old Wave stories are boringly familiar. In between are masterpieces by LeGuin, Lafferty, Tolkien, Sturgeon, etc."

Karen Pearlston: "For a long time I was reading almost no SF, though I was reading a Heinlein juvenile every few months. Strange, especially since I hate Heinlein's attitudes. However, he used to tell a damn good story. After Autoclave last year I searched out Gene Wolfe's THE FIFTH HEAD OF CERBERUS, and enjoyed it very much."

Marty Levine: "Is Bradbury the best living writer? He was my introduction to SF, so perhaps I was a bit blinded, though his prose struck me as the most beautiful I had ever read. The mood he could create! Then I discovered Delany, and now Bradbury, God bless the brilliant man, is #2. Delany, in my mind, cannot be surpassed for his vivid images and his fantastic imagination. He uses exquisite unnecessary details; he makes the most odd characters come alive."

Ian Covell: "Colin Wilson is an infuriatingly intelligent writer- it's just that his novels are so damn talky. Read his THE STRENGTH TO DREAM about those writers like Beckett etc., in which his principal point is that their downer view of the human race - while accepted as correct and thus (Good) Literature - in fact bears little relation to reality and is more conditioned by the generally warped minds of those authors who, it always turns out, had lousy childhoods."

Fred Jacobic: "You want to read a bad book? Read THE MEN IN THE JUNGLE by Norman Spinrad."

Dave Rowe: "Other writers can present and create mood better than Brad-

IKWIX

OR DIGGING' THROUGH THE FILES

Steve Sneyd: "Some time ago on our commercial TV, a series of ads for instant mashed potatoes introduces Martians who parise users of the product and laughing at users of traditional potatoes. One of these featured the Martians spying on a housewife in my hometown of Huddersfield. A week later, local paper reported that since that advert appeared on the gogglebox, sightings of UFOs had gone up 900%" ((All UFO champions ought to study the psychology of suggestibility.))

Lester Boutillier: "I saw a strange exhibit in the New Orleans Museum of Art not too long ago. It consisted of modern lawn chairs and tables and plastic ferns, set out on modern furry rugs. Rest lounge? No, many people made that mistake, so there was a guard posted there. Can you imagine such a setup as an art exhibit?" ((Yes. But people ought to take a psychology course in gullibility.))

Stuart Gilson: "SF is not so much a preoccupation with changing social values as in the technology that causes these social changes to occur in the first place. SF writers are too inquisitive to deal merely with grass roots; they prefer to seek out and assess the causes of our troubles." ((Stu, did you know I used this sentence in a lecture I gave on SF?))

Hank Heath: "Doug Henning, up & coming young magician, said, 'I perform magic, not magic tricks. Everything I do on stage is magical. And I believe in it.' I mopped the spilled beer from the floor. This kid had sensawonder better than I'll ever be able to develop in 100 years. Whatever sensawonder and magic are, they have a very similar effect on you. If you're open to it. Which leads me to conclude that fandom should be a group enjoying magic as well as fanac. Either way you're probably under a spell." ((Agree. I grew up on fairy tales and then jumped to SF, and I find odd little happenings in the everyday world with that same 'magic'. Incidentally, the Conrad Dunn of the previous issue is a magician as a sideline.))

Gary Grady: "A prediction and a suggestion... We have TAFF and DUFF-- why not OFF, the Orbital Fan Fund, to send some Grand Old Fan up in a shuttle when tickets go on sale? I'll start taking nominees..."

Don D'Amassa: "I don't know if the CIA has a fanzine collection, but I remember when Little Jimmy Wright was reported to the FBI and investigated because he claimed in a fanzine to be a card carrying communist. And I also know that I was in a great deal of minor trouble in Vietnam for receiving them, and that my mail was monitored for at least a year after I returned to the states."

Chester Cuthbert: "Each issue of TITLE contains something of permanent value. I have thought of re-reading my file of issues from the start and setting down those things which I value, but it seems that too many other activities rob me of the necessary leisure."

John DiPrete: "Contempt is currently in vogue for ALL types of fiction. It's a truism today that the 'Big Pro' markets demand articles and art- not fiction. Thus, as fiction is scorned in prozines, it is similarly scorned in fanzines."

Gail White: "It seems to me that the most revolutionary of mankind's inventions was the electric light. With it we lost our last great link with nature. First, we lost the necessity of rising with the sun and retiring with the same. Second, and more significant, we lost contact with the moon and stars in cities blazing with artificial light. The torch, the candle, and the open hearth were our sources of warmth and light, and were, in addition, symbols of warmth and light beyond themselves. The electric light is a scientific miracle, but it never inspired a line of poetry. We are isolated from the skies & from each other in our electrically lighted caves." ((There's an SF plot germ there, Gail- nice thought.))

Shakrallah C. Jabre: "Astrology has lasted 6000 years because the sun, stars, and planets have been in the sky for over 6000 years. People need a reason for them to be up there, and astrology is as good a reason as I have ever heard. But I still don't believe in it!"

Tony Cvetko: "Here's an item that bothers me, that old saying, 'If man were meant to fly, he would have been given wings. Properly this should read, 'If man was not meant to fly, to question, to seek the unknown, he would not have been given the brain he has.'"

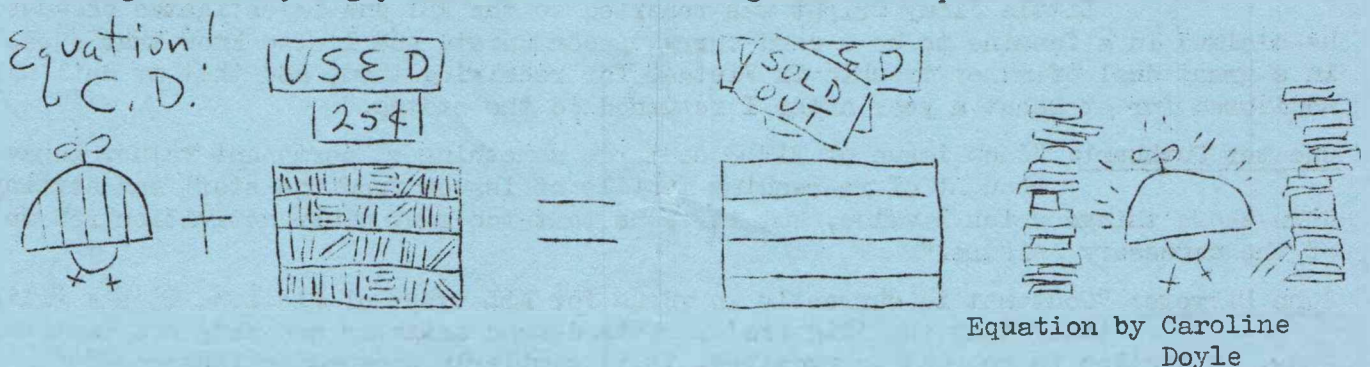
Eric Mayer: "I don't think the perszine wave is a good thing. Lately all one has to do is to spill one's guts all over a batch of twilltone or to talk about your sex life or somesuch. Doesn't seem to matter whether you do it well or poorly. Instant superfan. I feel that there are some personal things which are nobody's business. No matter what group I become involved with I always seem to be at odds with the establishment."

Taral Macdonald: "There is bad taste and poor taste. Bad taste is not knowing quality from junk. Poor taste is displaying stupidity. In fandom everything is discussed from menstruation to coprophagism, and very little of it is in poor taste."

Ronald Salomon: "Today's educational system is turning out dumber people. High school graduates can't read, write or count. And they're suspicious of those who can. Asimov's 'The Feeling Is Power' is now fact- people can't add; if they did not have their pocket calculators and cash registers they'd be lost."

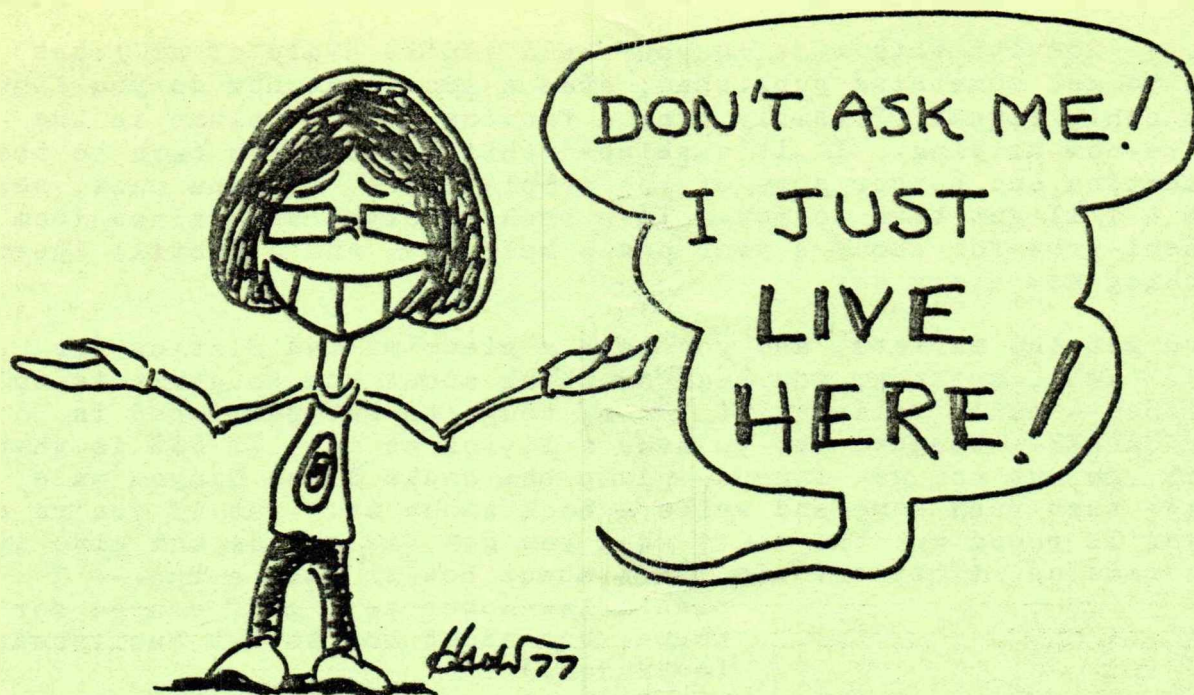
Dave Szurek: "I awoke one morning to the flabbergasting sight of a tiny mouse taunting my cat just like something out of a cartoon. Beast #1 was situated so as to be safe, and it knew it. It seemed to be having the time of its life driving Beast #2 crazy."

Jeff Hecht: "One reason that the USSR is so far ahead of us in laser isotope-separation research is that the Soviet government provides generous amounts of money for basic research. Our government, in contrast, ties most of its funding to specific applications-- 'energy', 'drug abuse', or what have you. So our researchers are so harassed by the politics that they don't have time to play in the laboratory and make the basic discoveries that are only found by 'playing around'. More mud can be flung around by angry scientists than a Congressful of politicians."



Brett Cox: "I'm not surprised when no-neck bible-beaters decry research on the effect of pot on sexual response as 'immoral', but when an intelligent person calls it 'unnecessary', well, that surprises me." ((It's not just pot-- could be any thing affecting sex which I figure has been here a long time and will continue so in spite of the effects of pot, rhubarb, or peanutbutter, and to throw money away on research of that type seems of low priority.))

Harry Warner: "So many books I read years ago have escaped from my memory. So I wonder if it was any use to read them. Maybe they're still in my subconscious affecting my outlook. Human eyes can't see an unmagnified human cell, but we can see a human arm, which is nothing but a lot of those invisible cells."



OR BUSTING INTO FANDOM BY KEN HAHN (ILLUSTRATED BY THE SAME)

How tough is it to get into print these days? Not as tough as one would think, Horatio. Okay, call me a liar. My name isn't Ishmael anyway, so wouldn't make sense to call me that. So call me a liar.

You've busted your back hunched over one of those funny little machines with all the pretty buttons. You've tapped out a piece of what you're sure is fine fan fict (or fact-- but for this article, we'll use fiction as an example-- or the word 'story' to apply to all forms of fanac, excluding letters of comment-- I mean if one zine doesn't print your letter, you can't very well send that letter elsewhere, now can you?).

So now all you have to do is toss that dyno SF yarn into an envelope, mail it off to your friendly neighborhood zine, and wait a month or two 'till it comes back gift-wrapped in fabulous fanac paper.

Ain't that the way it works? No?? Oh. Well, pardon me, as Nixon said.

What did happen to it? Possibly it went the way of all flesh and organic matter, never to be heard from again? Or did it come back in the self-addressed stamped envelope you so thoughtfully provided? *You did provide one-- that's the second step to writing for the fanzines. Or semi-pros. Or whatever.*

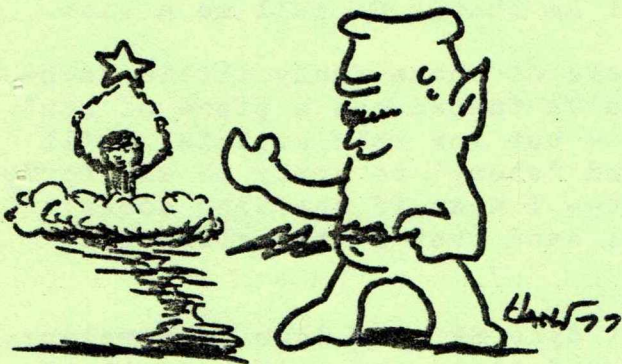
No, I didn't skip a step. The first step was writing the thing. Oh, sure, if you want to get technical you could say the first step is checking out the zine you're submitting to-- but that falls under the category of preparatory research. Helpful, but not *necessary*. Besides, there's that one iddy-biddy chance that the fanned of the mag you had in mind has a bug stuck in his ear the day your piece falls into his mailbox, and he returns it, by way of the Flash.

So what do you do about *that*? Hang in there. And try again, another zine, and another. You've got this issue of ----- in your hand. (Note Bene: See how I left that line blank? That's so I don't have to waste paper if Donn Brazier sends this back. I can just-- oh, nev-

er mind...) So with this zine in your hand you're aware of at least one place to get something published, even a loc. But how do you find out about other zines? Possibly from a fanzine review column in the zine you're now holding. If it's skipped this issue, then turn to the letters section and bother some of the people there. If you want, send me a SASE & I'll get back to you. I've been involved with zines from apas to semi-pros for about a year and a half now, and I'm still learning something new every day.

Now you've got the markets, and you have a piece of fan fiction (or whatever). Well, whatever you hear or think about how tough it is to get published-- don't believe it! Sure, tough to get published in ANALOG or GALAXY-- tougher yet to make a living at it. If \$\$\$ is what you expect, go out and get famous-- jump the Snake River Canyon on a pogostick-- then rush home and write a book about it. But if you're a trufan, you'll pound out the stuff when you get the chance and give it away to a fanzine. (This article isn't about how to make a Buck-- I push a lawnmower at a golf course for that-- but about how to get Published-in-Fandom.)

SEEK
and ye
shall find.



Okay, your first story's all set to go. Try the prozines if you want to, that's up to you if you think there's a chance. And the money for all that postage. If you want to get yourself a handle in Fandom, you can't think, "I'll write this one, then I don't have to write any more." Uh-uh. You have to be willing to crank it out. You've got to have *material*.

How do you think up ideas? How do you get started? Just start. That's about it. Just start writing. Reading a lot helps a lot, but you can read forever and never *write*. Read all you can, but write all you can, too. Don't worry about getting an idea, or setting the world on fire. Just write *something*.

(If you're set on \$\$\$, try the prozines like I said, but consider the semi-prozines. Some prozines pay 1¢ per word and semi-pros pay from 1/4 to 1/2 cents. Since prozines are harder to break into to, it might be easier to hit a semi-pro market twice. Or more. Then you'll end up making more \$\$\$ in the long run.)

But WHAT? You can't find a fanzine that wants your stuff? Not even for payment in copies? Neither could I when I first got into this deal. BUT SINCE THEN I LEARNED SOMETHING ELSE ABOUT THE WILD WHACKY WONDERFUL WORLD OF FANPUBBING --

THE APA

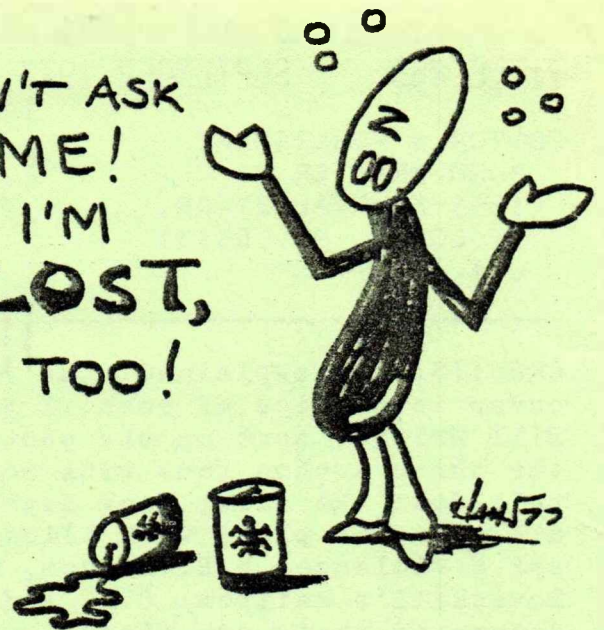
What's an apa? You type out your own zine (or pages) and run it off on a mimeo or fluid duplicator or if you have the bucks, offset, and send 'x' amount of copies to the APA head honcho. He and/or they collate your zine with other zines and send the collation (bunch of individual zines stapled together) to all the members of that APA.

The only thing I've done in APAs so far is to draw individual copies of cartoons or art and send them in for collation, so I'm not sure I'm too well thought of in those apas. For anybody interested in pubbing or yakking with other fans ('fen' -- I'm still learning) an apa is a good place to get the feel of the fan world. A recommended apa is SDNY, head honcho is John Robinson, 1 - 101st St., Troy, NY 12180. This apa is recommended since John is looking for new members; many apas have waiting lists longer than my right arm. So if you've been looking for a place to get involved other than by loccking a zine, why not try joining this apa? And no, you don't have to live in New York State to belong.

Guess that's it. If you learned something new from this article, glad to have been of assistance. If you knew it all and you're still reading, well, thanks for taking the time. Hang loose and keep punching!

Uh, one other thing-- don't be too tough on the kid. It's his first article.

DON'T ASK
ME!
I'M
LOST,
TOO!



TITLE'S ACCEPTANCE POLICY

This is a good place to talk about my policy, if one wants to get that dignified with the concept.

First, TITLE uses a great variety of material and anything may go, except....

Second, it ought to be brief. Eventually I may publish everything in the file but the longer pieces wait their turn longer than shorties....and...

Third, it can't be pro-type fiction but it may be fannish or comic in a way entirely useless for prozines or semi-pros.

Fourth, light, human-interest, fannish pieces fit better into the brief format than sercon; brief sercon is okay.

Fifth, TITLE pays ZERO CENTS per word.

Sixth, neos are extremely welcome.

Seventh, to fit space (etc.) the editor may fool around with your deathless prose -- so you take your chances!

WHEN IN
THE COURSE
OF
INHUMAN
EVENTS..



TITLE #66 SEPTEMBER 1977

EDITOR & PUBLISHER:

DONN BRAZIER
1455 FAWNVALLEY DR.
ST. LOUIS, MO. 63131
USA

CREDITS: as explained, the front cover is a slice of rock; I think Bill Bridget sent me the photo of the three Archon fans with rope to pull down the arch; Hank Heath is all over the place with illos for sex & violence, P.B. Fandom, and Loveskill's mailbox; C.D. and Hahn decorated their own pieces.

FAAN AWARDS -- 1977

BEST FAN EDITOR:

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Rob Jackson | 4. Donn Brazier |
| 2. Terry Hughes | 5. Victoria Vayne |
| 3. Jerry Kaufman & Suzanne Tompkins | 6. Don D'Ammassa |

BEST FAN WRITER:

- | | |
|------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Bob Shaw | 4. Leroy Kettle |
| 2. Don D'Ammassa | 5. Jodie Offutt |
| 3. Susan Wood | 6. Pete Weston |

BEST FAN ARTIST (HUMOROUS):

- | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Harry Bell | 4. Alex Gilliland |
| 2. Grant Canfield | 5. Dan Steffan |
| 3. Derek Carter | 6. Bruce Townley |

BEST FAN ARTIST (NON-HUMOROUS):

1. Jim Shull
2: Tie: Jim Mcleod- Al Sirois
4: Tie: Stu Gilson - James Odbert

BEST LOC WRITER:

1. Mike Glicksohn
2. Harry Warner, Jr.
3. Jessica Amanda Salmonson
4. Jodie Offutt
5. Don D'Ammassa
6. Ben Indick

BEST SINGLE ISSUE:

1. Tie: MAYA 11 (Rob Jackson)
SPANISH INQUISITION 7-8
(Kaufman & Tompkins)
3. RUNE 48 (Fred Haskell)
4. THE HAT GOES HOME (Glicksohn)
5. SIMULACRUM 3 (Victoria Vayne)



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I counted 78 voters on the official "results" sheet mailed to me by Bruce Pelz. Of this number, to my knowledge, exactly half of the people had never seen a TITLE. Therefore, I received my votes from a pool of 39 people who pushed me into 4th place. Thank you all for your misguided opinions. I feel my main claim to editorial fame --if such it be-- is the godawful amount of time I put into this monthly publication of 24 pages each. There is little time to fuss over the layout and other niceties, and I'm happy to see some voters overlooking the zine's haphazard appearance. Regardless of any award, you can't beat the fun of that constant locking generated in readers by a monthly faanish kind of zine-- and that, my friends, is why I'm here. That full mailbox is better than a full stomach.

Uh, don't forget FARRAGO into which goes a little more planning and lay-out. Does anyone remember FARRAGO?