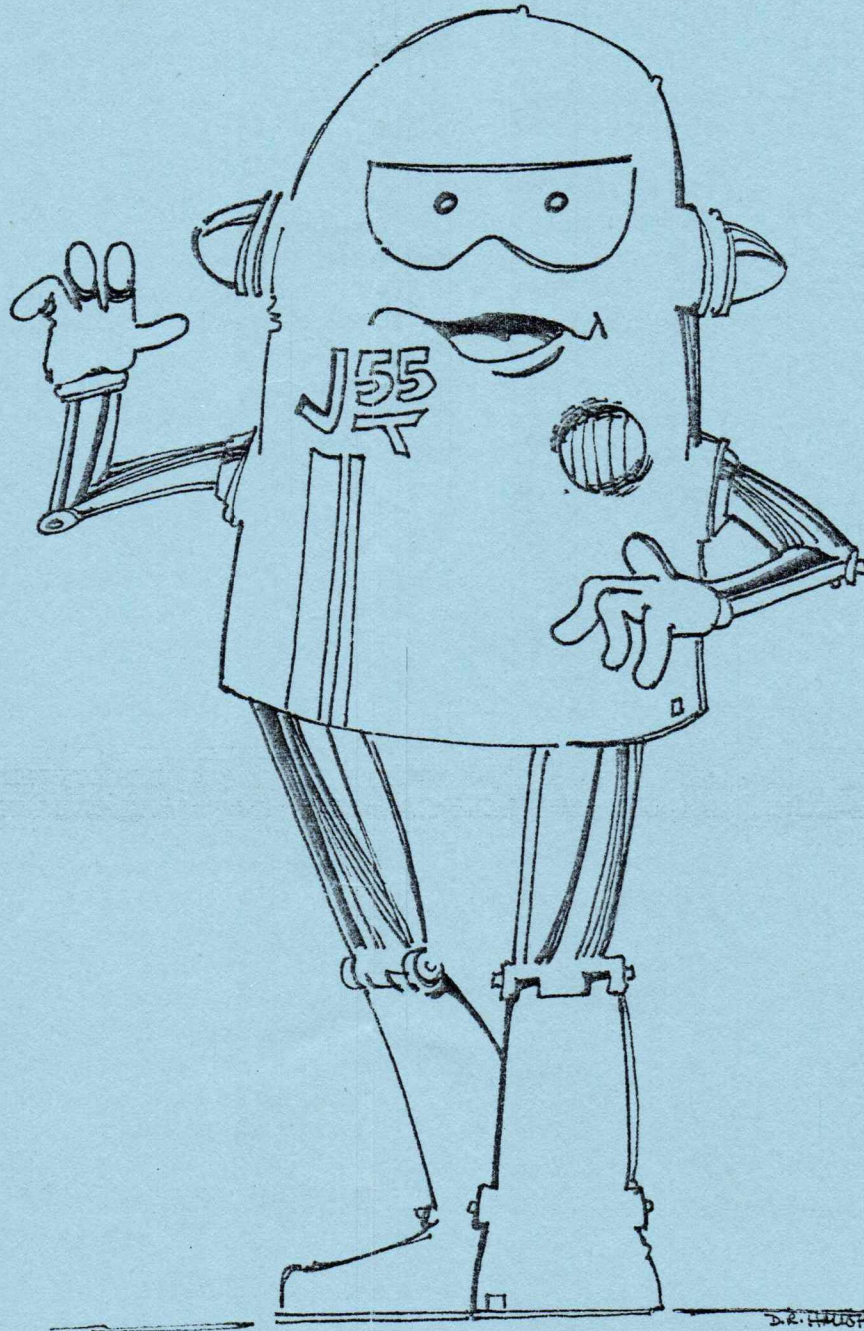


TITLE

Where East meets West
sort of a combination of Gunga-din
and Huckleberry Finn.



Anti

At the moment I'm thinking -- oh how far behind I am in fanac and mundaniac.... Scattered piles of this and that-- unfinished business. My TITLE desk unusable because of the mess and stacks. Trip to Chicago for a funeral, and another to Milwaukee from which I have just returned, and I was pall bearer at each. Two weeks in Florida sandwiched between. I've been

doing a lot of pacing back and forth-- which accomplishes zero; settle down, Brazier, grab control, do one bit at a time. Okay.

Ben Indick writes that a lot of his former customers are coming over to his second drugstore, his 'little' store, and that an insurance settlement still looks hopeful. To all concerned (and many have expressed a desire 'to do something for Ben'), Ben is self-sufficient and, as he puts it, is not a pauper. He mentions the many fine fen who wrote or called him.

Jon Inouye writes: "I have good news, there will be a radio version of STAR WARS. I have written that radio version and hopefully it will be syndicated in six to eight months from now." (8/1)

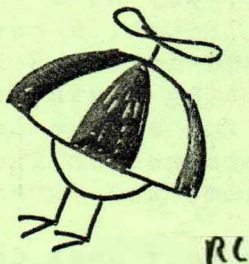
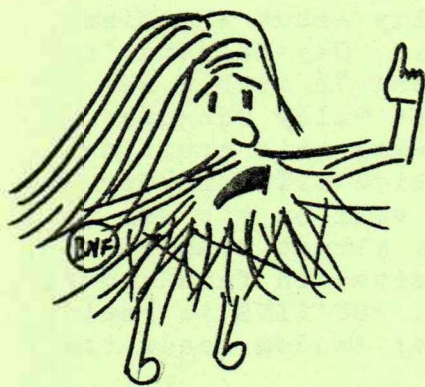
I real bright spot was a card from Gene Wolfe. When he wrote the card he was getting ready to leave for Suncon, but had time to say this: "I have to tell you that TITLE 66 is the best fanzine I can remember." As usual, Gene is ambiguous, and in his hurry probably meant that #66 was the best of the past issues of TITLE, not of all fanzines he's ever seen.

Well, they caught Son of Sam, supposedly at least. Ol' Doc Wertham got in the papers again before Son of Sam was apprehended, describing what kind of fellow the police should look for. Wertham, of course, has described this particular 'lover's lane perversion' before and knows what he's talking about. After the arrest one account mentioned that Son of Sam was listening to a 6000 year old man speaking through a dog. This, if true, does not jibe with Wertham's description and I wonder if SoS feigned this behavior to appear as a psychopath? Most important, though, is that the stalking murderers of lovers lanes will continue somewhere, sometime, in what can only be described as a 'normal' perversion.

One time I got an award from the local Dental Society for an exhibit I devised. Eric Mink, husband of Claudia, found humor in the old newspaper morgue file: "Dental Society to present plaque to Donn Brazier"- May 23, 1965.



Oh, go shampoo your
Face!



backwater in a hick town in the boondocks of fanzine fandom. By sheer thoughtful planning I have a bunch of fanzines with me that I've recently read and looded: this is definite evidence of Broad Mental Horizons. Ain't no way Donn 'Eight-cons-in-four-decades' Brazier is going to make me feel guilty!

Avedon Carol's third issue of THE INVISIBLE FAN is an unpretentious vehicle for the cartoons and writing of Alexis Gilliland and a quietly convincing voice of liberation for female fans and women in general. Heart of the issue is a meaty lettercolumn-cum-personalzone in which Avedon replies at length to the fans who responded to her last issue. Also included are a few movie reviews, an article on death-by-astrological-sign by Jessica, a column of delightful fake book reviews, and the usual fillers. All-in-all a fanzine easy to respond to.

Dan Steffan is well known as a fan artist but every couple of years he gets the urge to Pub His Ish and a copy of BOONFARK plops onto the fannish scene. #2 is an excellent fannish fanzine, with Dan complaining about the Fan Artist Hugos (aren't we all?), a competent but somehow rather dull pseudonymous article about tripping through the 75 Midwestcon (I did say it takes Dan two years to get up the energy to publish!), a Carrington reminiscence and the first Ted White fannish column in some time, which is a masterpiece on how to write fannish columns and happens to deal with the Warner-Wood fracas. Highly recommended to all fannish fans (who are probably getting it anyway).

Starting the Old Favorites list is QUANTUM 2:2 from the usual gang of idiots (MAD MAGAZINE, 1958) in Cincinnati. One of the more attractive of the offset (also half-size) fanzines, Q always features fine Streff artwork and seems to come up with at least one major article per ish. This time it's by George S. Howard (who he? Claims to have a fannish brother) about Ellison and C.J. Cherryh. Easily one of the finer pieces of fan-writing this year. Also featured are a satire by Robert Nathan, lots of book reviews, fanzine comments, letters and even a piece of --ulp! -- fan fiction. All in a most attractive package. Worth getting, if only to try and guess which six people will be editing the thing next time around.

BEN'ZINE 2 is out and worth a mention not only for

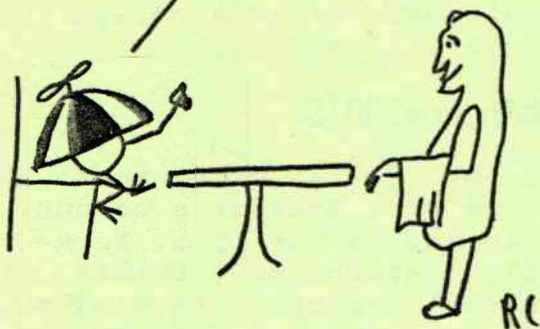
SNAPSHOTS BY MIKE GLICKSOHN

(Editor's note: I have three column installments in my file, and will use two of them in this issue with the original titles and words unchanged-- I'm in enough trouble already....)

SNARCHONSHOTS

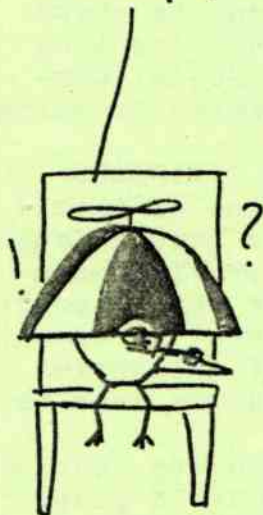
On the 15th of every month I owe Donn Brazier a column. Tomorrow is the 15th. Normally that wouldn't bother me, but tomorrow I'm heading off to Archon. Tomorrow evening I'll see Donn Brazier. I'll feel guilty if I don't have a column for him. It was 104° today in the middle of Iowa, a cul-de-sac off a

Blog and Crottled
greeps!



itself but because all proceeds are split among three worthwhile fannish charities. This offset zine is the first half of Ben Zuhl's attempt to reproduce a convention on paper. Featured are a typically witty and clever travelog by (Irish) John Berry (which makes it a collector's item all by itself), the *true* history of the Spayed Gerbil by some hairy Canadian, a truly admirablly convoluted and esoterically fannish article by Denny Lien which is theoretically about the Minneapolis in '73 Worldcon bid, Gay Haldeman's GoH speech from Chambanacon '76 with a new introduction by some short hairy Canadian (I wonder why he's reviewing this crudzine at such length, a perceptive TITLE reader mused) and locs. Ben is well on his way to resurrecting Sixth Fandom almost single-handed: for anyone interested in fanhistory, fans, fanzines or fandom, BEN'ZINE is rapidly becoming a must item. And *subscribe*; fandom needs the money!

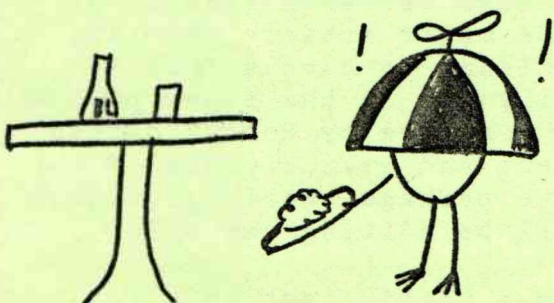
Ulp!



Of course, not only neos do fanzines about conventions. RESOLUTION and Jackie Causgrove by any other name would still be DILEMMA in a clever twiltone disguise. RES #1 continues Jackie's fascination with and excellent reporting on fandom and conventions. Jackie reports on yet-more-changes in her life, Derek Carter describes another Getting-To-Confusion Terror Tale (lying through his teeth about the participation of a certain short hairy Canadian, as it happens), Bowers' first IGUANACON practice speech from MARCON '77 is included, plus locs and an atypical Dave Locke column on graffiti (atypical because it didn't make me collapse with laughter). It's a shame Jackie's DILEMMA hasn't yet found its RESOLUTION but in the meantime she publishes a hell of a fine fannish fanzine.

In what may well be a fannish first (it is in my experience but word is still being awaited from Hagerstown), Tony Cvetko and Leah Zeldes have published DIEHARD 10 and IMP 1 in back-to-back Ace Double format. I can't really see the reason

Grottled CREEPS?!



behind the unusual construction, but *both* fanzines are worth having so together they are an excellent (if confusing to get) package. DH 10 is highlighted by a satire on THE FOREVER WAR written by Rich Bartucci and an article on Joe Haldeman in Don D'Amassa's series. Also of considerable if occasionally somewhat impenetrable interest is an idea-tripping piece by Gary Deindorfer about the role of mankind in the universe. Wayne Hooks writes about music and how it reflects the times, but he spoils it with some, to me, rather absurd personal axe-grinding. A very substantial lettercol rounds out a fine, though faint, issue. In IMP, Leah has finally produced the fan-

zine all Midwest fan-
zine fandom has
breathlessly awaited
for the two years it's
been in production.
It's a damn fine
first issue indeed.
Well designed & laid
out, with good art
and good contents,
featuring old but
golden goodies from
Gary Hubbard on grow-
ing up and the con-
ditioning we all sur-
vive, Roger Sween on
SF and what it is
and why they (not
we, white man!) read
it, Scott Street on
discovering SF and
trying to find it,
and Cy Chauvin on his
mail. Oh yes, Donn

Brazier has a piece in it but I disagreed with it so I won't mention that here. The *next* IMP will be piggybacked with someone else's fanzine, so loc both if you want to see them both again!

And I hope we all had one damn fine time at ARCHON! (My next deadline falls in the middle of my trip to England. If Donn gets that column I hope someone will have me certified as incorrigibly insane...)

(Editor's note: Form a line, the column arrived from England! But that one will have to wait until the next issue. Meanwhile, backing up a bit, here's the column I received June 27, 1977...)

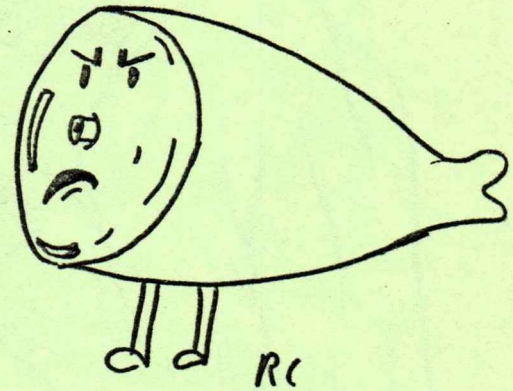
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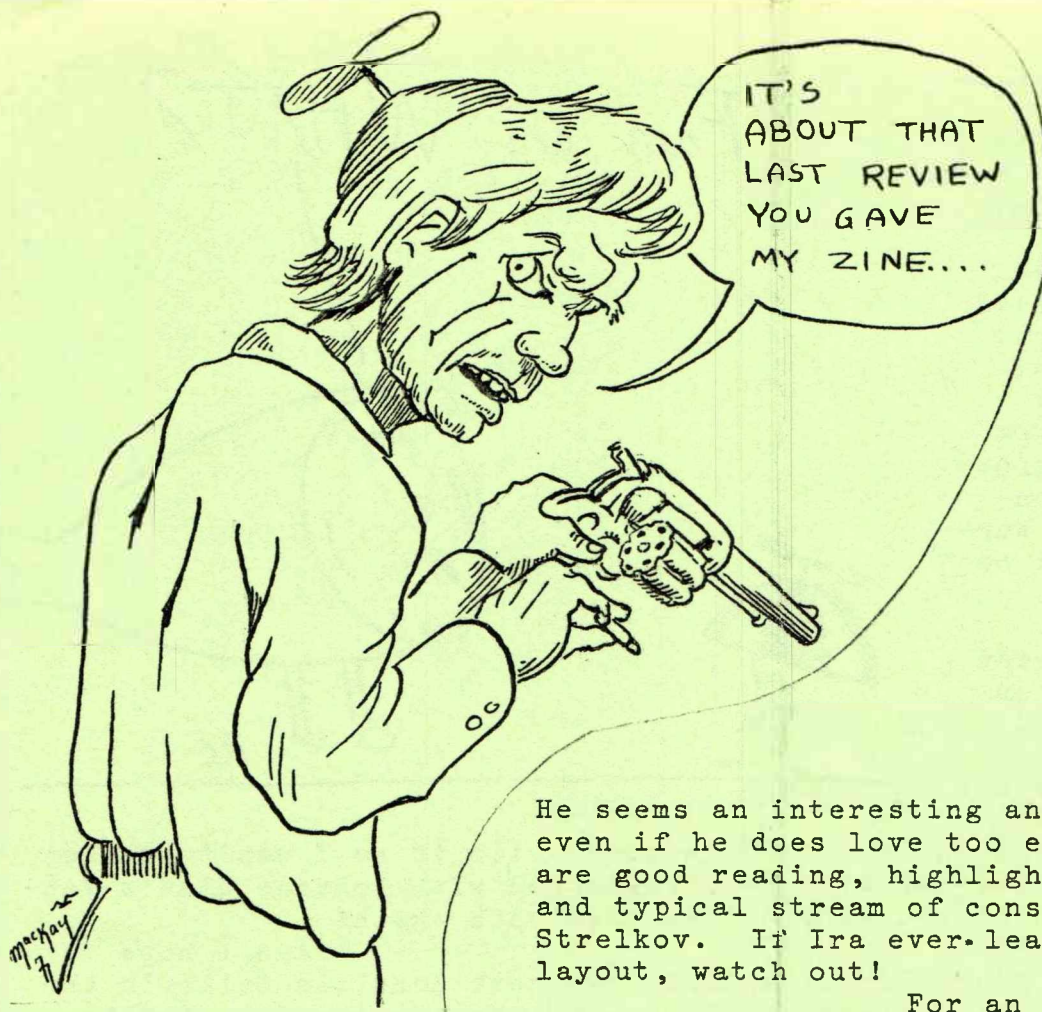
The small motley pile of accumulated fanzines facing me as I stare at this column's deadline (a mere six days ago) is indicative of the nature of fanpublishing. We seem to be in a period of rather low key activity without a particular thread to tie things together. I've got first issues, old favorites, personalzines and sercon genzines. As with the MIDWESTCON pool I'll be in in three more days, you keep diving in often enough and you're bound to find something you'll like!

ZYMURGY-1 has another stunning colour collage by Harry Morris as a cover and as bizarre a collection of ends and odds as you'll find anywhere. Dick Patten has never been a strong editor but lately he doesn't seem to be editing at all. There are half pages of this and pages of that, atrocious poems, equally bad fiction, pseudo-revelations, and Vardeman, Kring and HORT on ballooning, highschool days and Trekcons. At best the writing is competent, at worst painfully dull. Some nice artwork though. Too bad: that Morris cover deserves to grace something of substance and quality.

With the second issue of FEAR & LOATHING, Ira Thornhill has justified my initial belief that he's capable of producing an interesting and extremely ugly personalzine. Half Ira's writing and half letters, #2 contains Ira on death and one's family, his job, his hobby, Harlan, and future plans.

Fans are WHAT?





He seems an interesting and enthusiastic guy, even if he does love too easily. The letters are good reading, highlighted by a beautiful and typical stream of consciousness from Mae Strelkov. If Ira ever learns one iota about layout, watch out!

For an attractively laid out offset personalzine there's Dave Vereschagin's FIRST CLASS #2. Dave's still a little unsure of himself as a writer but he's certainly got the basic talent. This issue deals with the breakup of his coeditorship of a fancy genzine, some thoughts on art and movies, and letters. Looks excellent, reads okay. Worth looking into.

Another fanzine that deals extensively with the tribulations of editing a fanzine for someone else is THRUST 8 wherein Doug Fratz tells *his* horror story of trying to set up a university SF magazine. Doug has taken THRUST over as his own zine now and indications are that it'll be another excellent addition to the small group of offset rather sercon zines, even though Doug stresses an involvement with fandom. #8 also has the Ted White column that Porter bumped from ALGOL (*I* couldn't see why and I hope Andy writes in and explains his decision) plus an interview with Ted which gives some fascinating insight into his fan-pro identity crisis, a column by Biscoff and reviews and letters. Most attractive and eminently readable: recommended.

Several English fanzines now surface covering a wide range of type and talent. NABU #1 is a small personalzine from Ian & Janice Maule with natterings about the English fan scene, a little English fan history, a photopage of Anglofen and an article on Good-vs-Evil movies. Probably better for those with a little prior contact with Ian or English fandom.

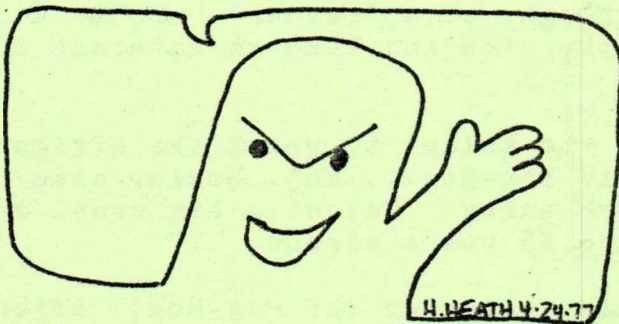
DREAM VENDOR 2 is actually published in Germany by English chappie Alan Sandercock who discourses on his own life, on Ellison in London, and on the English faanish convention. Some music notes, a short piece on visiting Russia for fun and no showers, and letters round out things. A fannish personalzine with all that that entails.

CYGNUS 4 was my first exposure to a new Irish fanzine that wants to walk in the foot-

steps of the Worlds of IF. Editor David Patterson has a long way to go but his aim is exemplary. Most of the issue is editor-written, as Dave natters about his life, about crossing over to England on the ferry, about his boyhood predilection for entering deserted houses, etc. There's a British Eastercon 77 report and lots of letters. I enjoyed it and if Dave can learn to write like Willis or Shaw, good luck to him.

Saving the best until last there is Tom Perry's recently revived QUARK of which this is #14. Tom natters on bits and pieces. There's an article about (yet another) encounter with Ellison in London, a conrep, letters and another brilliant discourse/editorial/article/paper/essay by Tom on fandom, fanac, and some recent developments in English fanzines. It helps to be au courant with the fan-nish scene but Tom Perry is easily one of the best old writers in fandom and his material is always thoughtprovoking and well-considered. A definite must for the fannish fan.

CONGRATULATIONS! YOU JUST
RECEIVED A BACK-HANDED
COMPLIMENT FROM
MIKE GLICKSOHN.



IMP #1, 21961 Parklawn, Oak Park
MI 48237. The usual, or being on
the m/l of the other half (!).
30pp, mimeo, irregular.

DIEHARD 10, Box 124, Taylor MI
48180. Usual or \$1. 44pp, mimeo,
irregular.

RESOLUTION #1 ((Address up in
the-air at this time as Jackie
contemplates a move to Calif.))

BEN'ZINE 2, 2646 15th Ave. S.,
Minneapolis, MN 55407. 50¢ plus
postage or usual. 22pp, offset,
quarterly. Proceeds to DUFF,
TAFF, Tucker Transfer.

QUANTUM 2:2, 117 Neeb Rd, Cincin-
nati OH 45238. Usual, \$1 or
6/\$5. 44pp, half-sized offset.
Quarterly.

BOONFARK 2, c/o 1014 N. Tuckahoe St., Falls Church VA. Loc, illo,
old fanzines, or a quarter. Usual. Highly irregular (expect one for
England in 79), 20 pp, mimeo.

Invisible Fan 3, 4409 Woodfield Rd., Kensington MD 20795. Usual of
3 USA 11¢ stamps. 26 pp Xerox. Irregular, possible 3 times/year.

ZYMURGY, Box 12057, Albuquerque NM 87105. 17pp offset. Usual or 50¢
FEAR & LOATHING, 1900 Perdido St #B97, New Orleans LA 70112. 30 pp
mimeo, 6 times/year. Usual, 3/\$1 in USA; 2/\$1 foreign.

FIRST CLASS, RR #2, New Sarepta, Alta TOB 3MO Canada. 18pp, offset,
Irregular. Usual, whim, or for the asking.

THRUST, 2008 Erie St #2, Adelphi MD 20783. 40pp, reduced offset.
Semi-annual. \$1.25 or 4/\$4, usual, (\$1.50- 4/\$5 foreign).

NABU, 47 Worcester Rd, Sutton Surrey SM2 6PY, UK. 16pp mim. Usual/35¢.

DREAM VENDOR, Lehrstuhl B Anorg. Chemie, Pockelsstr.4, D-3300 Braun-
schweig, W.Germany. 24pp, reduced offset, quarterly 40¢- 3/\$1.

CYGNUS, 4 Copeland Dr, Comber, CoDown, N.Ireland BT23 5JJ. 36pp, usual.

QUARK, POBox 6, Lake Mohegan, NY 10547. 32 pp, mimeo, usual, irregular.

April 5, 1945...Aboard the DeGrasse...Last evening at 1600-2000 we passed Sumay side of Guam. The place was ablaze with lights - much worse than Saipan back in September. It is said we are going to Ulithi to form the convoy. We are getting excellent meals. Gunnery practise has been held each day, and what a noise! The 4-inchers (the biggest we carry) make a heck of a noise...

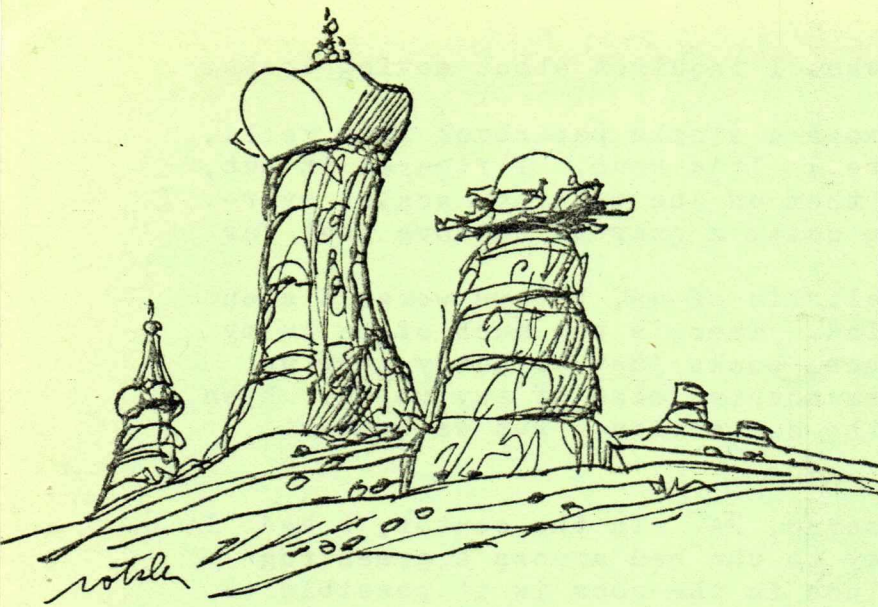
April 6...Harbor at Ulithi... Arrived here at 0600. Ulithi seems to be just a few very small atolls lying low on the water, very much like Eniwetok, only here I can't see a large island. There are scores of ships of all description. Hot- no breeze and the water's like glass. Even the mess hall in hold #5 seems cooler than up on deck, which means it must be plenty hot up there. Just took a salt water shower and shaved in fresh water, but it hasn't cooled me off much.

April 7...Ulithi Harbor... Still hot- no breeze. Had a pretty good night's sleep on deck. Someone had an electric phonograph and a box of records which I played by my sack before going to sleep. Flies have appeared. Blackout is not enforced here. Saw a fish or something in the water with a light on it the size and brightness of a flash-light bulb. Very strange. Am reading selected ghost stories of M.R. James and some SF mags that Capt. Devereux's wife sent him. He's strictly a 'reader'; not a fan. He didn't react favorably to my fan-zines - that's a typical reaction, though, of a 'reader'. To be a fan you must incorporate a desire for expression and take an interest in what your companion expresses...

April 8 ...same place... The name of the island to which the officers go and on which the club is located is Mog-Mog... Maj. Dozier came to the ship stinking drunk from the shore party. Watching him crawl and flail his way under the booms on hatch #5 was a circus.

April 10...same place... Left the ship yesterday for Mog-Mog. After a 45 minute ride in the Higgins boat and suffering from considerable salt water splashing, we docked at a long coral ramp. A booth selling cigars and \$3 punch tickets was the first structure on the beach. Lt. Melber bought a ticket from which I later had about 8 beers. We walked to the other side of the island, taking about 10 minutes, but all we saw was a refuse dump. On the way back we saw a native cemetery. This consisted of about 10 graves. A rectangular hole about a foot deep was surmounted by vertical slabs of coral about 8 inches high. Across the walls formed thus was a flat rectangle of coral slab. Then we joined the drinkers. Melber drinking cokes, Morris & I beers, and the rest of them whiskey mixes. Singing was the chief pleasure. Going back over the waves, sprawling on the rear deck of the boat, we sang. I had to let my accumulation of beer go over the back while someone held my left hand to keep me from falling off the pitching boat. My right hand was otherwise occupied. Anderson got sick and heaved over the side. Jumping onto the ship's ladder was a risky job, but we all made it without anyone falling in.

April 13...same place.. Wrote a fantastic story called "Procurement Specialist" which I am sending to Ray Palmer of FANTASTIC ADVENTURES. Now Koercher is trying to write one about a plastic airplane and a lightning gun. He's the second officer I've infused the writing bug into; Floyd being the other one.



CRAB NEBULA #7 . . . ERIC MAYER

A year ago I was apartment hunting in Manhattan, careening through the city like a mouse in the sub-basement of a palace. Running, running past Fifth Avenue, Park Avenue, Central Park West, on my way to the slums I could afford. Unimaginable wealth reared up on all sides but for me there was only dirt and peeling walls. Looking up I'd be overcome by the hugeness, the oppressive endless rows of impossible architecture. It was a nightmare an art student might have after his introduction to three point perspective.

My first sight of a New York City apartment was a revelation. 3 rm brwnstn w/frplc. Just what Kathy wanted. Or so she thought. On an inhospitable street I found a rundown building scaffolded by scabrous fire escapes. The warped doorway opened onto a kitchen that might've come out of a condemned doll house. The stove had four burners but four pans were never going to sit there at the same time, unless one was in another dimension. The hall/kitchen widened ever so slightly to form a livingroom graced by a barred window. One wall was solid brick. I found myself looking for loose bricks which might conceal the tunnel through which the previous inmate had escaped. I didn't investigate the bathroom. It was dark in there and out of the darkness there came scurrying, scuffling sounds. Small rats or large roaches.

Real estate agents were no help. They'd smile and toss you the keys to some hole in the wall they'd never seen on the off chance you'd decide to pay them \$300 for the service. Everyone seemed to be wearing smiles, like ties. Even the bum smiled begging 50 cents for a subway token. "Hey man. I just got outta jail man. Got sent up for tryin to sneak through a turnstile man." The big rip off.

At times I thought I'd never find a place. There was a sore, liquidy, burning sensation in my feet as if my toes had been reduced to blisters that hung unto my metatarsals like overripe grapes. The sweet, rotten stink of New York clung to the insides of my nostrils. I felt soiled, as if the dirt of the city had seeped into my pores. When I ran a hand across my forehead, sharp grains of sand grated across my skin. I imagined the skyscrapers eroding day after day, spilling detritus down into the streets. I remembered cracked, tilted stairways leading up to incredible hovels in the air. I wondered how I could ever keep clean here.

So I ended up in Brooklyn, where I'd never set foot before, or ever expected to set foot.

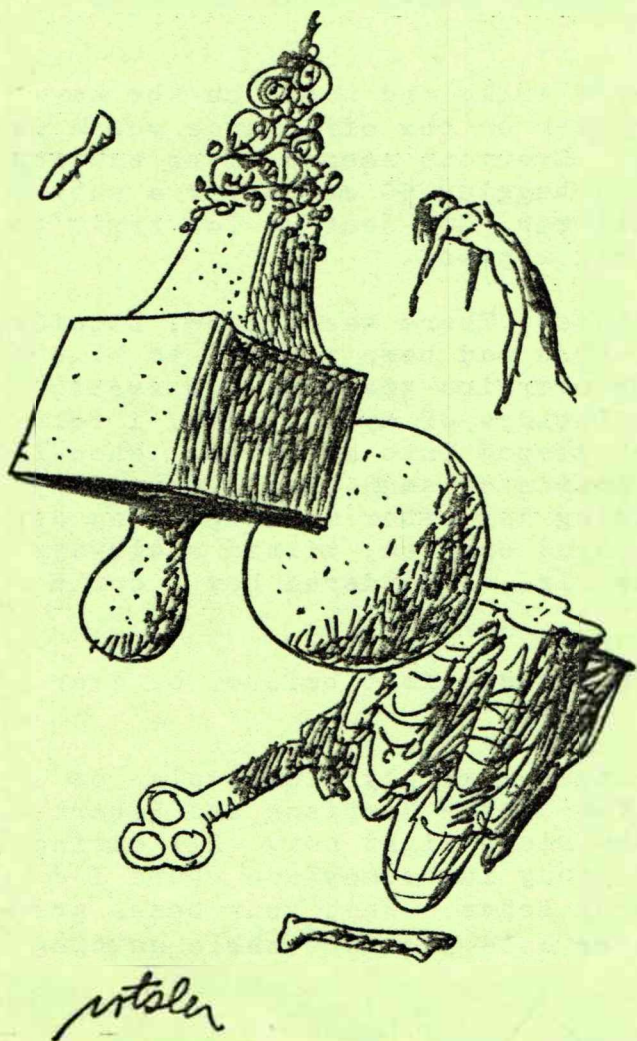
My arrival in New York was chaotic because I simply didn't plan on coming here. In fact, if it weren't for George Harrison and Robert Silverberg, Kathy and I would be in San Diego right now. All during the previous year I was determined to study law someplace where I'd never have to feel the winter cold in my bones. When your bones are as close to the skin as mine, the winter cold has no trouble getting

in, believe me. My plans changed when I inquired about moving costs.

Did you know it costs 10 cents to move a single paperback from Falls, PA to California? (DHALGREN is more.) It's true. I figured it out, filling boxes with books, weighing them on the bathroom scale, averaging, calculating. A record album costs a quarter to move that far.

Some might think it grossly materialistic of us, but we weren't about to leave our books and records behind. There's too much of me in my book collection. I grew up with those books just as Kathy grew up with her records. We really possess nothing else of any value. Even the short move to Brooklyn halved the collection. But we brought enough.

Imagine a ten-by-twelve room in Luzerne, PA. In the center, a bed. It is possible to step from the doorway to the bed across a green rug shaped like a foot. At no other place in the room is it possible to touch the floor. A black dresser, a record player, protrude like volcanic islands from a sea of books. Files of books fill every inch of floor space from wall to bed. The dresser has long since fallen apart. The books keep it upright. The springs have come loose from the bed-frame. But mounds of magazines hold up the bed. Columns of records tower threateningly on all sides. There is a closet, wedged shut from the outside by the rubble. Little matter. Inside it is filled to bursting with magazines laid down in stratified layers. On top, issues of 1973 VOGUE, on the bottom ancient ATLANTIC MONTHLIES transmuted by the weight of the overlying masses into 1964 HIT PARADERS. The density of this room is incredible. When Kathy moved the accumulation, astronomers detected fluctuations in the orbit of Neptune.



Double this room, to account for my own collection, and imagine a fifth floor walkup in Brooklyn. Imagine a moving van pulling up outside. I wend my way down the narrow, dark, twisting, creaking, tilted, crooked, tortuous stairs between apartment 5f and the street.

"Hello dere!" quips the mover, in his most cheerful Marty Allen manner. "Where's the elevator?"

If you want to know what hell is like and you can't get in touch with Sisyphus, just call the Root Transfer Company and ask for two fellows who made a Brooklyn move in September of '75. They remember. The furniture was a minor annoyance. The books and records went on forever. The two damned creatures toiled up and down the stairways.

"Hello dere," the first mover would croak, each time he set his burden down in the living room. For months I've been skimming the collected works of Shakespeare, trying to find this phrase. Surely Marty Allen must've

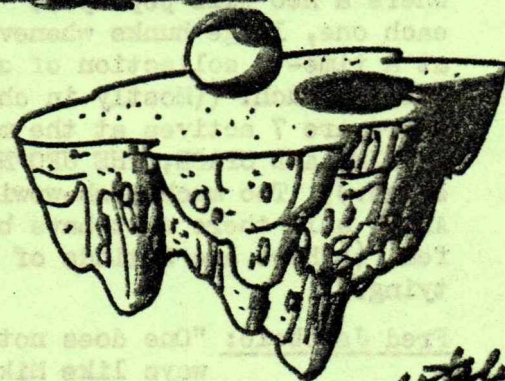
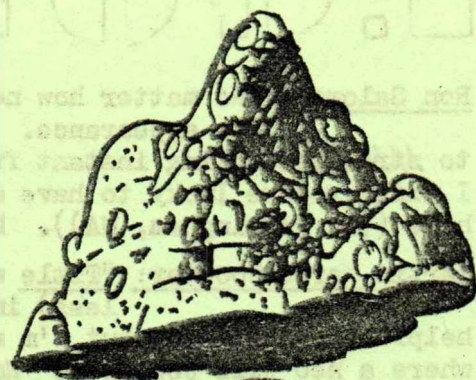
stolen it from the bard. For as the day wore on I came to realize that this simple phrase carried with it all the desperate eloquence of a tragic soliloquy.

After eternity had passed and the movers were gone, along with a map we gave them so they could find their way out of the wilds of Brooklyn, Kathy and I were, as you might imagine, alone. It's eerie finding yourself and all your belongings in a place you'd never even thought about until two weeks before.

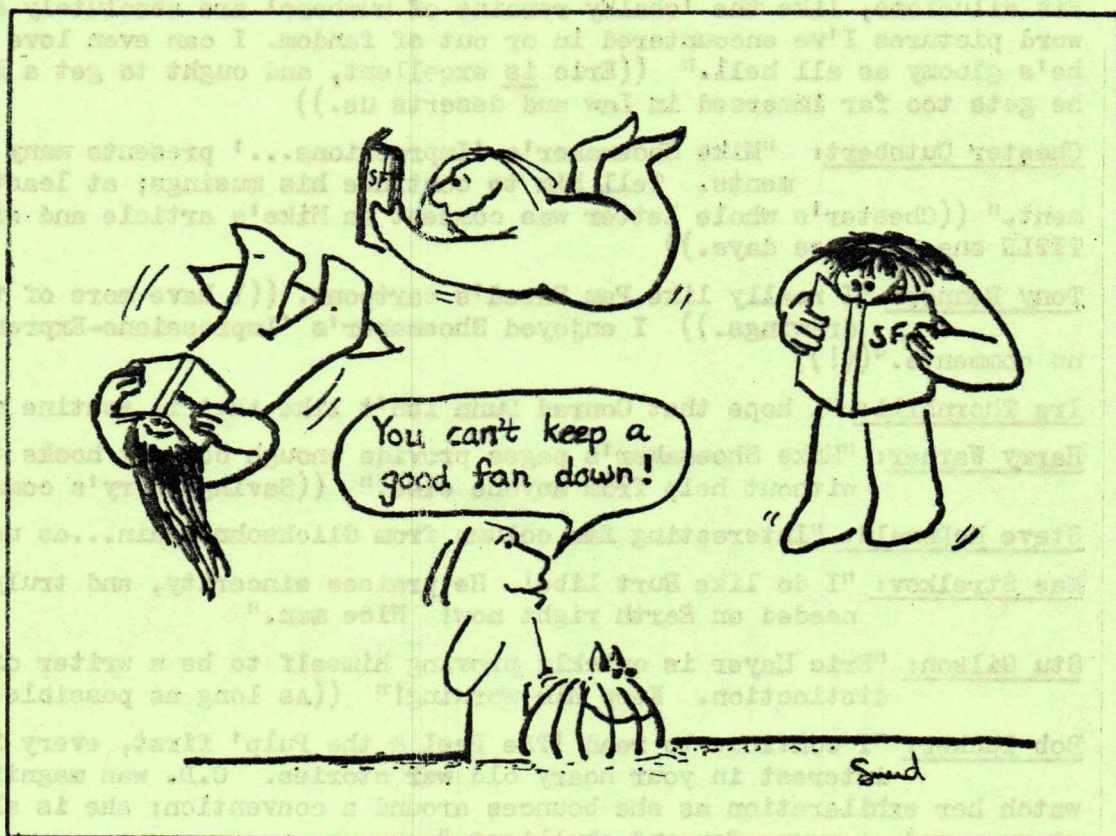
"Are you sure this isn't San Diego?" I wondered aloud.

"I'm sure," came the reply, from somewhere amid the forbidden mountains of boxes filling the living room.

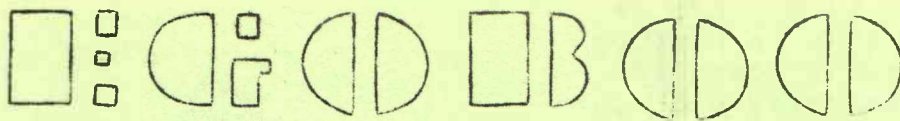
Later we discovered that the bolts designed to hold the bed upright had been lost. We started stuffing magazines under the frame.



Wah



Snud



and/or EGODIP

Ron Salomon: "No matter how neat it is or isn't, Title is neat! I've gotten used to its appearance. I envy C.D. Wish I could be as outgoing and receptive to ~~strangers~~ making instant friends. Such good coverage by the St. Louis newspapers. I think you're lucky to have such an enlightened paper. Wish there was one like that here ((in Framingham, MA)). Ken Hahn's article--a good explanatory thingie."

Martin Morse Wooster: "Title was fun as always, with much valuable (and some valueless) info within. Ken Hahn's article would indeed be quite helpful for the neo, but I'm surprised to see it in Title. ((You never know when and where a neo will pop up.)) How do you read seven books at a time-- a chapter from each one, large hunks whenever you feel like it, or what? I usually read two books at a time-- a collection of short stories and something else-- but seven books seems a bit too much. ((Mostly in chunks as I feel like it, with the books next to my bed. There are 7 actives at the moment: FUTURIANS, BLIND RAFFERTY, THE PYRAMIDS, MYSTERIES OF TIME AND SPACE, THE UFO*NAUTS, WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE, and THE MOST OF S.J. PERelman.)) Too much gosh-wowling and very little serious reporting in CD's conreport. After all, there must have been something CD did besides partying and meeting famous fen."((There are 2 kinds of conventions-- serconstuff is just the excuse for the partying.))

Fred Jakobcic: "One does not have to think to read TITLE; it comes naturally. I always like Mike's fanzine reviews; they are clean reading."

Hank Heath: "The cover of #65 is good. Who is John Ryan? ((He's the husband of Joyce Ryan, one of my employees & an artist herself. Both John & Joyce read SF and are interested in SF motifs but are not fans. John is an artist with the educational TV station here and gave me permission to use his drawing, unpublished elsewhere.)) I enjoy Pam Sneed's fannish humor a lot, but she outdid herself (& a lot of others) with her 'Don't Think-- Read Title' sign. Does Eric Mayer write any poetry? His allusions, like the 'chalky remains of numbers' are absolutely some of the best word pictures I've encountered in or out of fandom. I can even love his writing when he's gloomy as all hell." ((Eric is excellent, and ought to get a FAAN Award before he gets too far immersed in Law and deserts us.))

Chester Cuthbert: "Mike Shoemaker's 'Impressions...' presents many challenging statements. Tell him to continue his musings; at least they spark comment." ((Chester's whole letter was comment on Mike's article and will be printed in TITLE one of these days.))

Tony Renner: "I really like Pam Sneed's cartoons. ((I have more of them, plus some drawings.)) I enjoyed Shoemaker's 'Impressions-Expressions' but I have no comments."((!))

Ira Thornhill: "I hope that Conrad Dunn isn't like that in routine conversation."

Harry Warner: "Mike Shoemaker's pages provide enough comment hooks to fill up a loc without help from anyone else." ((Saving Harry's comments, too.))

Steve McDonald: "Interesting fmz column from Glicksohn again...as usual."

Mae Strelkov: "I do like Burt Idbe! He praises sincerity, and truly that is what is needed on Earth right now! Nice man."

Stu Gilson: "Eric Mayer is quickly proving himself to be a writer of unqualified distinction. Keep him working!" ((As long as possible!))

Bob Tucker: "I continue to read 'The Peel & the Pulp' first, every issue. I take keen interest in your hoary old war stories. C.D. was magnificent. I like to watch her exhilaration as she bounces around a convention; she is all sparkly and starry-eyed, a young fan and ebullient."

Gail White: "Quik quotes best, then the newspaper reports, then the con reports. C.D. was amusing & touching. She must be a duck (excuse a Victorian endearment)"

Brett Cox: "Glad that Archon went over so well-- having 350 people at a first-time regional is most impressive insofar as I understand such esoteric things. It seems like Carolyn Doyle really has become a genuine honest-to-Ghu Fannish Princess. My only worry is that, having gone so fast and furiously, she faces a greater than normal chance of crashing down equally fast and furiously. I strongly disagree with Fred Jakobcic's appraisal of Spinrad's THE MEN IN THE JUNGLE as a 'bad book'. It's not the best SF novel ever written, but I found it a mesmerizing novel that I devoured in two frantic nights of reading. It's not pleasant to read, probably containing more violence and depravity per page than any other work of fiction I've ever read, including Ellison at his most vicious and Spinrad's own infamous and brilliant THE IRON DREAM."

Gary Deindorfer: "C.D.'s report was full of fun and bubbling over with enthusiasm, exuberance, sensawondah and just plain joy at being alive. Her con-report was refreshingly free of recounting of ego fencing with ego we so often find in conreports... Well, it's Ken Hahn's first time at bat, so I will search for some kind words. It doesn't tell anybody who has been a fan for any length of time anything they need to know, but it has its humor and honesty....The newspaper reports on the con were surprisingly intelligent-- Jim Creighton's best." ((Jim spent Friday night and all day Saturday at the con, eyes open & talking to everyone--good reporter!))

Graham Poole: "I express disbelief in Burt Libe's existence. Obviously another faanish in-joke... To Jodie Offutt and all Peanut Butter Fandom. Jodie, I thought you were nice. Fancy loving horrid, detestable, yeuchy peanut butter, groooo!"

Lester Boutillier: "I love that little godlet (or whatever it is) that appears so frequently in Ken Hahn's illos!"

REPORT FROM JOHN THIEL 8-24-77

"Well, here's another issue of Title."
"What's in it?"
"Much in the way of the Usual..
"Is Donn happy to have edited it?"
"Since it's on green paper, probably not."
Actually, good torrid stuff in this issue. Like Doyle's conreport; she mentions bed once. Birds speak of Title in flight. Actually nothing in the issue I'd call 'swell' or even 'so's your old man.' It was pretty good, a little like lime, but nothing special.

REPORT FROM BEN INDICK 8-24-77

Last night I was called at 2 a.m. by the police. Someone had broken into my remaining shop ((Ben's small, second drug-store, the first having been destroyed 100% in the NY blackout..)). We found a hole in the wall from the adjoining vacant medical center. I suspect kids, for the hole was small and only a half-dozen Timex watches--our last-- were gone. The cash register (holding about \$70) was untouched. The alarm must have sent them running. Man, IS there hope?

Robert Chilson: "Downright charming the pre- and post-con publicity Archon got-- a far cry from 'Zap! Zap! Horror Boys Invade City!', publicity that Torcon got. And wonders, one reporter learned not to say 'sci-fi'. I hate that term with a passion. It strikes me as contemptuous dismissal quite on a level with that 'crazy Buck Rogers stuff'. But while friendly notices like this are appreciated, I wonder if we can survive if we are subjected to the glaring lights of the media?...I hear you cut C.D.'s delightful conrep to three pages from an original five! How can you sleep at night?" ((Doyle will mail a complete copy to anyone who sends her a SASE--as soon as gets her original ms returned from me.))

Donn Brazier: "Some people have asked me why they don't see anything much from Sheryl Birkhead anymore. Sheryl keeps on Title's list by loocing (actually, communicating is a better term) every 3-months, but always DNQ's her letter. However, she hasn't DNQ'd the fact that I get some mail from her. Hope you don't mind this data service to the concerned Titlers, Sheryl?"

Charneau Flic: "The con reviews snipped from the dailies left an unsatisfied taste in my mouth. And Gail White's little limerick was tasteless. The WWII snippets were a drone of daily trivia upsetting my movie-bred conception of what the 8big one' was all about. Now C.D.Doyle's conreport is exempt from the comments made towards the professional write-ups. The personal aspect was what I wanted to read, not filler. Indick's letter made T66 of lasting worth."

Steve McDonald: "Cover of #65: Blurgh. Horrible, sort of European/NEW WORLDS sf style. ..I don't intend to follow Shoemaker with observations, but I enjoyed reading what he had to say; an intelligent feller...Conrad Dunn's piece was awful, it really was.. Eric Mayer's CRAB NEBULA was one of the most interesting parts of the zine, and when will we see some fiction from Eric in the prozines? Hank Heath's illos were good too...Bill Bliss, ah, 'tis a wonder to see him again. There's not enough Bliss in this world, and you should have him every issue."

Fred Jakobcic: "Crab Nebula may not be living up to its name but it's still interesting. I meant what I said about TITLE being the best, most enjoyable fanzine around." ((Around where?))

Neil Ballantyne: "Jeez, another Title already, don't you ever get tired?" ((It's not so much tired as guilty and somewhat depressed at my inadequacies and wanting to do 48+ pages every month so I can use more of the good stuff all the Titlers send me. Title seems such a pitiful little thing to me when I measure it against the stack of LoCs received. My 'current' file of 'good stuff' goes back to July of 1976, repeat, 1976. It sits on my desk; it stares at me.)) "Have you been trying to improve the layout in the past few issues..?" ((I've had more opportunity to get at the Xerox, and can use more illos; I also find it easier to proportion a white page for Xeroxing than a mimeo stencil which seems altogether inflexible.))

Mike Glicksohn: "What is a John Thiel? The architect of a perfect example of how not to write a letter of comment, that's what."

Martin Morse Wooster: "After four issues, Title seems like an old friend; always entertaining, always rewarding. 'The Peel and the Pulp' was interesting, though, it is hard to understand the slang of the past. ((If I ever run of the diary all in one booklet I'll have to add a glossary as well as hindsight comments as I now recall the incidents.)) Eric Mayer's Crab Nebula was not up to par; just one long gripe session...Burt Libe has the bad habit of constructing a man from his writings. How soon will it be before we hear a Libeist diatribe confidently saying that because Asimov has a dry style, he lives in a desert?"

Ronald Salomon: "T65: I think one of the gooder ishes of late."

Mary Long: "I do enjoy TITLE: it is about the only US fanzine that I've felt right at home with from the very first issue that I saw, and I assure you that that is a great compliment!" ((Odd; most newcomers feel at home, if at all, about 3 or 4 issues into the zine. Could it be my English heritage (all grandparents British) that slants things in some familiar way?))

Denny Bowden: "#65 was chocked full of juice items. Hope to see more pieces such as Shoemaker's. Eric's column was successful in its juxtaposition of the two situations. I'm even thinking of using it as an example in English 10 this fall. I can envision tying it to Henley's 'Invictus' and Kipling's 'If' quite easily. Hope Eric doesn't mind. ... I'm sorry to see that your diary is nearing the end of the war. ((And I haven't even come to the combat portions yet..)) I do hope you have later diaries that you'll share with us." ((Nope, no diaries; however, when I thought of the title, 'The Peel & the Pulp', I envisioned a story of my life, and sorta jumped off with the military stuff; maybe later I'll go backward in time and later pick up other and later stories; who knows?))

Leah Zeldes: "McDonald and Libe are both full of it."

Donald Franson: "Title is the kind of fanzine I like -- not too large and not too infrequent. There's plenty of variety and entertainment. How do you get away with reprinting copyrighted newspaper pages?" ((I always make sure I credit the newspaper and assume they won't mind since my reprinting is not done for profit.))

David Taggart: "Loved CDDoyle's reactions to Archon, and enjoyed Ken Hahn going through the motions of swallowing, even though he'd bitten off more than he could chew. ... Hank Heath's artwork is positively decadent. More, more."

Reed Andrus: "Another fine issue of Title (#66).. Ben's situation...the saddest part of the whole sick scenario is that it turns humanitarians into cynics, the trusting into the suspicious; the final ruler is Fear."

THEY WHO ALSO WRITE A LOC STANDS A REPRINT POSSIBILITY IF IT
SATISFIES THESE REQUIREMENTS: 1. ON WHITE OR LIGHT COLORED PAPER,
2. COMPLETE ON ONE PAGE OR LESS, 3. IS NOT LARGELY PERSONAL TO ME
OR DEALS IN DNQ ITEMS, 4. AND HAS ONE OR MORE POINTS OF INTEREST.
FINALLY-- DOES TITLE HAVE SPACE FOR THIS COLUMN, AND IS THERE
UNFILLED QUOTA TIME ON THE XEROX MONSTER?

7/19/77

7-20-2
7724 Cohn Sr
New Orleans 70118

Dear Donn--

TITLE # 65 was a particularly enjoyabl² issue, but somehow leaves me without
much to say... I was amused to see my picture, also that of fellow
Orleanian Ira Thornhill...

Reed Andrus says he's "getting very serious about publishing for money."
Gods, so am I - always have been - now, if I could only get the editors
interested! I did make a couple of good appearances this month, including
3 poems & a picture in CEDAR ROCK, a poetry tabloid of fairly good
repute...

FANAC for June - none, except I got a copy of Jessica Salmonson's
WINDHAVEN, & sent her some contributions, which were rejected! Still,
I like Jessica & her work...

Mundania: went canoeing twice, & managed on 1 occasion to turn over
the canoe & lose a paddle...Also spent 5 days in rural Alabama, in a
runious beach cottage full of bats. To an urban dweller like myself
such experiences can be healing to the soul. It's too easy to forget
what stars look like ~~ix~~ --let alone the voices of quail, and rabbits
running in the grass--

Coming up: A weekend in Raceland, LA, with my sister-in-law, who is
applying for a job there as a Presbyterian minister(!) and a weekend
in Anniston, Ala. where a friend is getting married (2nd time)...why
don't my friends & relatives ever do these things in interesting places
like Galveston or San Francisco?

Have just read 6 Trollope novels. That, let me tell you, is an
achievement.

Regards,

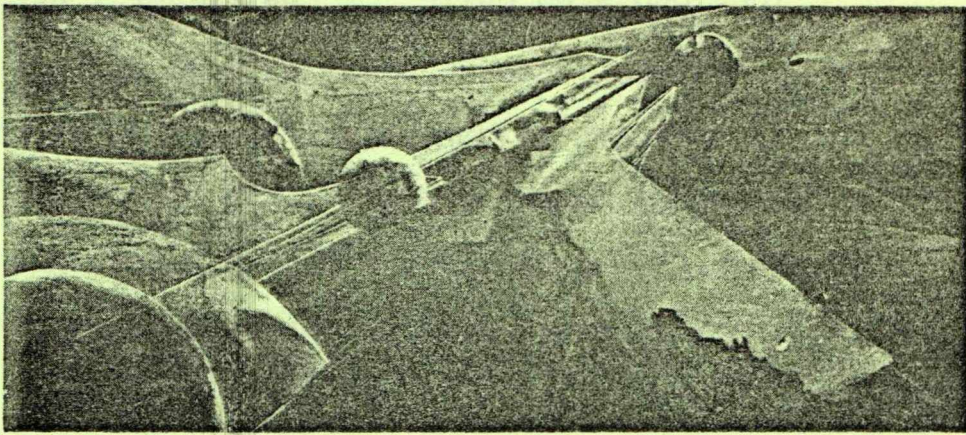
Gail

Gail/White

PS: C.D. Doyle seems to be the most popular new face in fandom.
I always like her work.

7-20-1

SN Mark R. Sharpe, USN
Beachmasters Unit 2
NAB, Little Creek
Norfolk, VA
23521



Cunningham

July 15, 1977

Dear Donn,

The John Ryan cover was very good.

The Peel and the Pulp shall go on forever. or at least it should. I don't know what gave you the ide to use it in the first place but it was an excellent decision, as far as I'm concerned (though I should do an article on the Navy for balance). It gives the neo fans something which isn't so esoteric -- I learned a new word and had to use it -- that they cannot relate and it tells use Old Bone fans a little more a-
~~bout~~ said Bone. I have been keeping a journal, diary sounds to sissy for my fellow ~~sailors~~ sailors, since I enlisted but I hope never to be involved in a war. My unit has a very short life expectancy. Our motto, This Beach Is Mine, is difficult to en-
 force because we are the fourth wave or there-abouts to hit the beach following the grunts -- that's the Marines. While we have M-16s and combat greens we can't defend ourselves to well while waving flags bringx in the other waves of amphibious crafts. I'm supposedly an expert with an M-16 but unless I get to use it it will do my little bcdy no good (my "expert" status, ribbon and all, is a funny little story. I never had an M-16 in my hands until we hit the rifle range and I scored, out of 200 possi-
 ble points, 187 with one complete miss in 40 rounds. The first thing anyone said to me came from one of the gunner's mates ■ who scored the targets. "Who was shooting at target #4?" he asked and someone raised their hand. "You can shoot at me anytime." He took out another target. "Who was shooting at target #8?" and I answered up. "I don't want you within a mile of me when you're shooting. Look at this shit!" Hel-
 ding up my target I saw the black area almost completely shot out. I was very happy with myself until later in the day when we shot .45 pistols. Out of 20 shots I only hit the taget 9 times, only one in the bulls-eye and the rest almost off the paper.) I've heard of Tokyo Rose but I never heard of the "Betty" you mentioned. Was she a friend of yours? After all, she was using your nickname, Old Bone - head."

A star-mangled spanner, indeed! Someone shoot Conrad Dunn, immeadiately!!!

Carolyn was wrong, not all fans do love or even like cats as Brett Cox pointed out. I like cats myself but one of the Indianapolis fans deteasts the little animals and is slightly aleggic to them as well...probably psychosomatic. My cat, Jasmine, came from him. She was found abandoned by Mike in a rain storm and he brought her over to my apartment when twenty other people were playing Dungeons and Dragons there and we immeadiately fell in love with her. Next zat I have will be called Tachyon or Darth Vader and will be completely black to match my soul.

Speaking of Star Wars I've seen in four times so far and it is very good, es-
 pecially the special effects. The story in hookey as hell but fun anyway. Even my parents who aren't SF fans in any way, shape or form liked it though not waiting in line. It will probably win the Hugo and there will probably be a sequel and probably a bunch of neo fans coming into fandom...Starries?...Vader's Raiders? Luke's Troops?...Liea's Legions...whatever.

Must go. Thanks & again
[Signature]

W. G. BLISS
422 WILMOT
CHILLICOTHE, ILL. 61523

7-19-77
14 July 1977

Dear Donn,

Title #65 arrived today, as usual in good shape. Is it getting mistaken for Hippie/ revolutionary/ anti establishment/ X-rated stuff? All of that always arrived in excellent condition. So does, come to think of it, Yachting zine all the way from England.

Veddy stfnal cover. Reminds ~~of~~ me of something the Sf crowd should crow a bit about now & then. The helmet is a bit obsolete- the inflated rubber gasket around the sides of the face was said to give some people a bit of clautrophobia (?) claustrophobia (typed it slower and it looks like a more like a correct spelling). Recollect how ye modern space experts proclaimed that the science fiction fishbowl helmet was impractical for a real space age??????

Oh, I has been distracted and sidetracked of late, and am finally getting back to the old typer. A few things happened that slowed me down a trifle. Ingrown toenail got worse (Think I will have to invent a de-curler for that condition- otherwise there is supportive therapy- sandpapering and careful trimming) Got a hunger for lemon juice and in less than a week had hairy symptoms of pesticide poisoning. Recovered quite well, which proved one more time that I am hard to kill. Gads supermarket food might do us all in yet. Last time there was a big power failure in the New York area, lots of UFOs were seen near power lines. Around here they frequent the gravel pits.

And too, that old style helmet raised problems of neck articulation.

Xerox copy is from Mensana, which some issues has stuff a lot like Title.

Gotta catch up - starting with finishing a long letter to Libe (who is a kindred soul- another inventor etc.)

Gosh that was a super article in Farrago on images. How about an article on the with a full- sized tip- photo print illo? Your Xerox is doing better lately, but grey tones and resolution get lost.

X The peel & the Pulp- gosh I been to Guam a lot of times. The old junk hauling rust bucket I was on Usn had a regular scheduled run to there after the war. That was the AKA19. First time I wuz shipped overseas was to there. The transie t center (for land lubbers that is the reciving ship) strongly resmbled Stalag 9. Barbed wire fence and a martinet Warrent Bosun with a Napolion combined with captain Blye complex. Narrowly miss_d the horrible fate of gettin shore duty there when the AKA 19 needed a DC electrician and movie operator. It is impossible to impress civilians on how incredibly important movies ~~wxx~~ were to the Navy. They even unwound their skinflint bit a trifle and paid the projectionist a buck a movie. Gadzooks, I should have jotted down a diary. The first time, now that the memeory file in the brainbox finally went click and indexed correctly was to Japan, the Bay of Sasebo where I became the mailman an movie operator on LST 657. Repatriation command. Then after leaving Japan from Sasebo where I had ran the film exchange, the junkheap C47 I was on was junked after it landed on Guam. It was in the middle of the night and I caught some shuteye on a wood bench. I always had the suspicion that those junk planes were pulled back out of the boneyard after the last batch of passengers had departed and put back on the flight line.

The fantastic Title loc gets back in the groove this week.

Regards,

54 Newell Rd.
Auburndale, MA 02166
July 17, 1977

7-19-8

Dear Donn,

Somewhere at the mercy of the Postal Service, ~~but~~ on its way to you, is a copy of the July LASER FOCUS which has an article on multiplex holography in it. And in that issue is a picture (actually 4) of your niece Pam. Another illustration of the small-world syndrome.

Actually, I've run into a couple of other examples in the course of producing LASER FOCUS. My senior year ~~xxxx~~ in college (Caltech) I lived ~~in~~ an "alley" (read hallway) of rooms) with nine other guys. Work done by three of ~~them~~ has been mentioned in Laser Focus, and none of it simply by my selection. Two of the others didn't major in the sciences, (one of ~~them~~ was on Nixon's "enemies" list and is now a Pennsylvania state legislator). So that makes 4 out of 8 working in some way/shape/form with lasers -- an exceptionally high average.

Another example of the small-world syndrome is the statement I read somewhere that the average American knows the ~~xxx~~ President through five ~~xxx~~ sets of mutual acquaintanceships. That is, there's someone you know who knows someone who ~~sknows~~ someone who knows someone who knows someone who knows the President. Actually in your case the list is somewhat smaller -- I went to grad school with Evan Dobelle, who's Carter's chief of protocol and thereby knows the ~~xx~~ President. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ In your profession, you might also have other connections that would keep you below the average. But you begin to realize the likelihood of the statistical statement ~~xxxxxxx~~ when you realize that because I am one mutual acquaintance removed, everyone I know (including you) is two removed, and everyone ~~xxx~~ you know is three removed, everyone they know is four removed, etc.

At the moment, it's terribly hot, humid, and Lois is 7 days overdue with our second child. We are waiting anxiously for the last disruption to arrive -- getting more and more anxious as the temperature rises. More on that later...by this time next month something should have happened.

I've been reading DeCamp's biography of Lovecraft. It's refreshing to see a crew of ~~moddballs~~ that make my family seem sane. (One of my cousins suggested the family would make a good soap opera. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ I'm not particularly up on such things because we don't have a television, but I suspect it would be in the Mary Hartman, MH league.--theatre of the absurd.

Turns out, by the way, that Lovecraft lived briefly in Auburndale as a small child. It's been a fruitful community for sf--Asimov ~~xxx~~ lived only about a mile away (although technically in West Newton) until ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ a few years ago. That's an interesting juxtaposition!

Eric Mayer's column brings to mind the 6 months I spent out of work. It was a miserable time for me, but in some senses it was useful--it made me hungry enough to put up with some of the vagaries of the realworld. And to look very long and very seriously before I jump into something without definite prospects. (I've been promised 2 jobs, at ~~a~~ various times, ~~xxxxxx~~ working on projects that the money was "going to ~~x~~ come in in a little while.) Needless to say, it never did. But that's another whole essay on the sociology of the scientific community, and it's too hot and too late to get into that, Peace,

Jeff Hecht

Question - why I am I getting more unsolicited British/OK zines than U.S. zines? Anybody else notice this

7-19-4

Burt Libe
P.O. Box 1196
Los Altos, Ca. 94022

Donn Brazier
1455 Fawnvalley Dr.
St. Louis, Missouri 63131

July 14, 1977

SUBJECT: LOC for TITLE-65

Welcome aboard, Tony Renner. Any relation to Hank Renner, the sportscaster? Don't count 0 for 2 as a loss yet. Donn prints many things when you might very least expect. Why would Asimov want to chase me in a car? I understand he doesn't drive at all nowadays (can anyone substantiate?). By the way, I drive a 1956 Chevrolet Bel-Air with 395,600 miles on it at this writing. Glicksohn already mentioned "overexposure". Miss Doyle, like anyone else, has a right to be heard. Much of your LOC reflects thoughts and opinions already voiced by others. How about some originality next time?

When you grow up, Jodie Offutt, I hope you glean the correct meaning from my article. Why on earth should I be embarrassed?

At this point I'll say again that Donn gives reasonable and fair exposure to his contributors. Other faneds, however, go overboard in censoring contrihs to conform to their own opinions which tends towards Dullsville once you get to know each specific faned. Donn encourages a wide scope of viewpoints which spark that extra bit of life into each issue of Title.

Bill Bliss produced an excellent bit of snake humor. Assuming his largest specimen 10 feet long and 9 inches at the shoulders, the length-to-maximum-diameter ratio is about 13 to 1. Whereas, a respectable anaconda would not drop below 30-to-1. You sure you don't have a Jurassic salamander, Bill?

Disgust effect was unintentional -- an interesting overtone; glad it finally surfaced. I intended Snake/Rat as an exercise involving the senses. If you could explain your "disgust" someday, it would help me greatly.

Nonviolently, yes.

On TWM's article: There is another reason why people approach fandom -- for help. Such help might require tedious digging, cause pain, or be nonexistent -- enough to discourage such seekers. But some feel compelled to interact with the higher intellects in order to learn and grow. Also, to learn how SF fans think. Any of you who think THAT isn't a challenge better guess again. Between talent and professionalism there exists a great void. Many never get close enough to see that void; a few reach the lower echelon and proceed no farther. And then there are the very few who must fill that void at all costs and proceed far beyond. Fan "colour" can be construed as fan STYLE. I hope we all survive and grow.

Donn -- you might tell us someday exactly how you manage to publish TITLE so regularly. What goes on behind the scenes? Your helpers? What kind of press do you use? Schedules? Costs? Etcetera?

Burt Libe

DONALD L. FRANSON
6543 BABCOCK AVE.
NO HOLLYWOOD, CAL.
91606

July 18, 1977

Donn Brazier,
1455 Fawnvalley Drive,
St. Louis, Mo. 63131.

7-21-77-4

Dear Donn,

I've just returned to fanzine fandom after an absence of about a dozen years, and I'm surprised at the size of it.

Judging by the conventions these days, (jam-packed worldcons, many regionals, 16000 at SpaceCon) the sf book boom, Star Trek influx, etc, I expected there'd be a lot of fanzines too.

But as far as I can make out (from reviews and lettercols) there ~~are~~ aren't any more fanzines (genzines) or fanzine fans than there were ten or fifteen years ago. Is my first impression wrong? Does anyone have any comparative records?

I didn't say I was unpleasantly surprised. I don't know what I (or anyone) could do with 16000 fanzines.

Thanks for Title #65. There's a lot of interest in it. It's ~~just~~ about the right size for a fanzine, too, ~~an~~ manageable 24 pages. Do you wait till you accumulate 24 stencils, and then call it an issue? But you do call it a monthly. Do the two generally coincide?

I'm trying to refrain from sending off for reviewed fanzines, so I can see how the New Fanzine Appreciation Society works out. I've gotten ten fanzines so far through NFAS. That's not bad, considering most fanzines are quoted at a dollar a copy these days (and are probably worth it.) In 1958 I started out in fanzine fandom (I'm an sf fan since 1930) by sending money for a lot of subscriptions, that never were fulfilled. So I figure it's my lost money coming ~~back~~ back to me. Seriously, I do sub to some zines, and ~~have~~ am not against the practice, up to a point. But I like to get involved in some other way, too. (When I have time, as now).

Goodson's conjectures of early influences on authors is a clever idea; I hope to see more of them in Title. (George Lucas read a copy of Planet Stories). MacDonald's article is good, ~~xxx~~ and is the basis of some of my impressions of the current size of fanzine fandom.

Of course there are ~~probably~~ a lot of fanzines outside of so-called "trufandom" that you see advertised here and there, but there always were. But is the "hard core" (if there is such a thing) of genzine fandom growing smaller in comparison with the inflation of SF and conventions? I know the N3F isn't any larger, and for all I can see, there aren't more apa members either.

In the June 1961 issue of TNFF, Ralph Holland and I listed 84 different current fanzines. Of course many of them folded at once, but it was intended to be a current list that readers could use, not a historical list. How many could you list today?

Yours,

Donald Franson

8-3-1

Roy Tackett
915 Green Valley Road NW
Albuquerque, N.M. 87107
29 July 1977

Dear Donn,

Mike Shoemaker says he believes in capitalism because he believes in freedom. Indeed? The two have little in common. I would like for Mike to tell me about how much freedom existed for workers and their families before World War II. Tell me about the freedom of company towns where workers were paid in script redeemable only at the company store; where workers attempting to go elsewhere to shop were turned back at the town limits by the company cops. How about those workers who tried to organize or strike for better working conditions and had their heads beat in or were shot by municipal police and national guardsmen? Lots of freedom under capitalism, eh? Sure. Freedom for the owners and bosses but not for the workers.

I tell
you this: no man who must work for another is free.

It is only with
the advent of the semi-socialistic legislation pushed through the Congress in the past 40 years that the majority of the people of this country have achieved any small measure of freedom.

Lest anyone
think those freedoms are secure I would urge them to pay attention to their newspapers and radio commentators. There is constant agitation for the repeal of the laws covering minimum wages, hours of work and child labor. There is nothing the capitalists would like better than to get the workers out from under government protection.

Parker 50
fountain pens? Parker 51, surely?

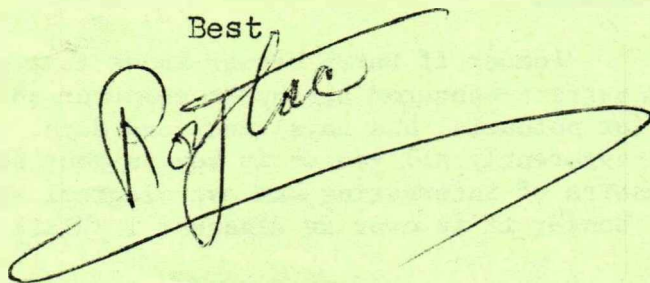
Ay, ghod, here is Bert Libe
going on about style. Style I can do without. I can think of nothing that ruins a good story quicker than style. Deliver me from stylistic writers.

Wayne MacDonald wants a fannish legend? I offer
the greatest fannish legend of them all: Degler. Fandom still
quivers from the effects of Cosmic Claude's passage through it.

You surprised me. I really didn't think you'd print that
crack about "gays". Not necessarily because of the obscenity but
~~but~~ because some of the TITLE readers are sure to find it offensive--
which, of course, it was meant to be.

You are likely to be in
Florida about the time this arrives in Saint Looie....will we see
you at Suncon?

Best

A large, stylized handwritten signature, likely "Roy Tackett", written in dark ink. The signature is fluid and cursive, with a long horizontal flourish extending to the right.

Palmer
2510 48th
Bellingham, WA 98225

June 21, 1977

6/25-3
Cliff

Dear Donn,

Not much time to write lately but I HAVE been thinking about you & of course it goes without saying (but it should be said from time to time anyway) that I do enjoy each and every issue of TITLE. And just my luck that when I settle down to write some comments on no. 63, along comes 64 ... 63 first:

K. Allen Bjorke's mention of the possibility that man has reached the end of the evolutionary ladder--have you seen Robert Jastrow's article "Post-Human Intelligence" in the current (June-July) NATURAL HISTORY magazine? "If the past is any guide to the future, humankind is destined to have a still more intelligent successor." Or so he says. The question is, of course, who or what that successor will be. (I'd send you a copy of the article but it seems unlikely that you haven't already seen it.)

Eric Mayer's column has been a highlight these last few issues. In 62 (I think) he wrote about baseball and his comment that even fans of the worst baseball teams can expect their team to win about 50 games during the season has stuck with me -- by Mayer's Rule I judge the Seattle Mariners to be doing All Right and I've certainly been enjoying following them. (We have their farm team here in Bellingham--the Bellingham Mariners, surprise!--so that's fun too.)

Now 64: Simon Agree (you may have already heard from others more quick to reply than ~~ix~~ I) is apparently Traveling this summer. Headed East, I understand; Bruce Townley has heard from him.

A review of the Lorenz biography in the same issue of Natural History mentioned above takes the biographer to task for a number of gloss-overs, including the racist/Nazi issues. Yes, this is a form of censorship on Time magazine's part; fortunately not all publications in this country are censored in this manner by the same people or people with the same outlooks...still, it is an ~~ix~~ insidious type of censorship that's ~~impossible~~ virtually impossible to control and is ~~particularly~~ particularly dangerous in mass-circulation publications that so many people read unquestioningly.

Results of the survey were interesting on a shallow level, but basically uninformative in that there are few major conclusions that can be drawn--preference for novels over short stories was most interesting, I thought. I knew it was true for me but wasn't that certain it was also true for many others.

Wonder if Harry Warner knows that he can now get an inexpensive hand-held battery-operated biorhythm computer so that he can calculate his bad days (or potential bad days) and good days. Saw an ad for one just a few days ago--apparently all you do is key in your birthdate and it can come up with all sorts of interesting ~~xxx~~ astrological and/or biorhythm information for you. Wonder if it ever ~~ix~~ flashes: TERRIBLE DAY--STAY IN BED!!

End of page, end of day, gotta go Do Other Things ...

Caroline

THE OTHER NIGHT I WAS THINKINGDONN BRAZIER

What started me off here was a feature piece in the newspaper head-lined THE ELOQUENCE OF ELEGANCE by John Ed Pearce. The piece was sub-titled, "People who use four-letter words are degrading our language and way of life." This was not one of those cutesy bits about L-O-V-E being a four-letter word. No, this guy was really serious in his attitude that such words as he meant debase style, grace, and elegance. The purpose of such words, he says, is to gain attention or "a pathetic device of the ignorant to express themselves."

By this time, I would say, the shock tactics are worn pretty thin. The words are now the mark of a lazy writer who can't do better, or a writer some years behind the times. Remember-- if you're old enough-- how everything used to be "swell"? Some words are simply beaten to death, be they four-letter words or words like "nice", "terrific", or "meaningful".

What gets me are the people who say that writing should be a mirror of reality, and that characters in stories should talk like real persons. First of all, I find a story which uses an excess of "real-life" talk extremely boring. Wading through a lot of "uhs", redundancies, unclear sentences, fragments, etc. is bad enough in conversation without the whole miserable transcription being put on paper. Where is the art of the writer to select, to suggest just enough of reality to give a crisp illusion of the real thing? Even a skillful photographer "composes" his view of life by selecting before he shoots, and perhaps later in the darkroom toying with exposures, cropping, dodging, and altering developing times.

In my real life I don't find many people using profanity as normal vocabulary. An occasional expletive when something is dropped on the toe, etc. The right four-letter word in the proper context as a very concrete and unmistakable communication device, leaving no doubt as to intention. The gratuitous use of profanities, so-called, as a habit of speech is bad enough, but I feel there's no place for this in literary works. TITLE has used some milder forms of 4-letter words when I concede later that it was simply a matter of laziness and sloppy writing.

I said some good things about Ben Bova's MILLENIUM; yet, the intrusion of certain words was just that-- an intrusion. It disturbed the flow of the narrative, and added absolutely nothing to the story. It did detract from my opinion of the character, and I do not think it was Bova's intention to degrade the character.

Perhaps I'll be labeled a prude. So it goes. There are certain things which I do not expect to find in stories about people's habits, doings described in explicit detail, like how the character makes, cooks, and eats a hamburger for instance. Or a long paragraph on his nose-picking technique.

I'd rather be described as a romanticist who expects the writer to err on the side of presenting me with a fairy tale than a documentary of some stupid, inhuman people I wouldn't care to have in my living room. Do I disgust too easily? Am I out of the swim? Was my childhood too happy? Are there too many "sophomores" in the world at large?

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Donn Brazier
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CREDITS, from front to back--

Cover..... Dave Haugh
AITOI page Steve McDonald
Superfan cartoons... Rob Chilson
Gunman... Barry MacKay
Cartoon ... Hank Heath
Crab Nebula art.... Bill Rotsler
Cartoon.... Pam Sneed

FINAL ANALYSIS

Steve McDonald writes that Siegel
and Shuster each received a \$25
thousand life pension & will get
credit lines for any future Super-
man strips. Steve says there's
a Superman movie forthcoming with
a budget of \$25 million.

Sometime previously I mentioned a
Bradbury poem in FRIENDS, and that
I had written a LoC to the Chevy
owner's magazine. The Sept ish
used a line from my letter, but
as yet--if ever-- Bradbury has not
replied to me.

Rick Wilber has left his teaching
job at Southern Illinois Univ. I
fell off my chair when I read he
was going to teach at Mankato...
my old hometown & where I go to
visit relatives every year during
the first week of October.

Kevin Easthope would like to get
more USA fanzines.. Send him a
copy of yours to 6 Ipsley Grove,
Erdington, Birmingham B23 7SY,
UK.

I'm really not excessively inter-
ested in UFO's -- until I see one
myself. But Jeff Hecht sent me
a flyer from ECKANKAR, PO Box 3100
Menlo Park, CA 94025 which says
that UFO's are seen or not seen
depending upon the viewer's own
psychic powers. Well, that does



DONN BRAZIER
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USA

*Eric Friday
6 Hillcrest Ave
Faulconbridge
NSW 2776
Australia*

THIRD CLASS MAIL
RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED

explain it! And Sheryl Birkhead
sent me a adv. for books, etc.
from CENTER FOR UFO STUDIES, 924
Chicago Ave, Evanston, Ill 60202.
This organization seems objective
with Hynek as editor of the In-
ternational UFO Reporter.

Want to get a t-shirt with some
kind of dinosaur (your choice) on
it? Try Cretaceous Creations,
Breedon Rd., Lusby, Md 20657.
They're hand-screened in 4-colors
and sell for \$5.75 each.

Pauline Palmer sends a clip about
some elderly people being bathed
in 4 million electron volt rad-
iation. One of them, Marie Wal-
ton, 78, grew an inch in 2 years.
Why experiment? Because astro-
nauts lose calcium in freeflight,
and so do old people in normal
earth gravity. We're trying to
preserve bones. Uh, Ol' Bone
has need of such radiation...!

Something different & funny: Sal-
amander Weekly, POBox 4773, Aust-
in, TX 78751. Price 5¢.