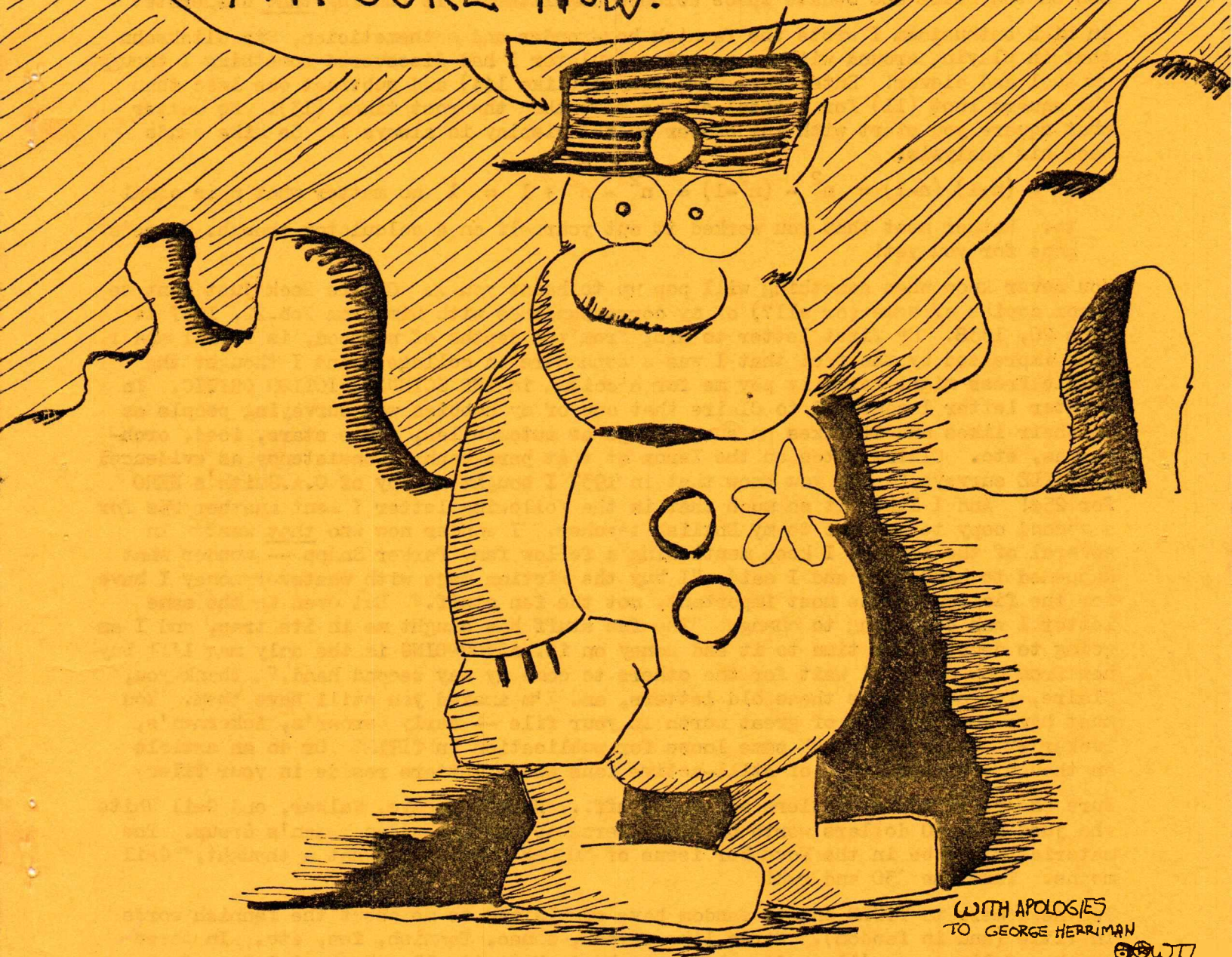


THAT FOOL "MOUSE" HAS
STOLEN THE DEAR "KAT'S"
TITLE #68. HE'LL PAY
FOR SURE NOW.



WITH APOLOGIES
TO GEORGE HERRIMAN
BOWT

AITOI

Try to get the Sept.16 issue of SCIENCE; read page 1163. Laugh? I wanted to cry-- our mighty leaders seem so stupid. The piece concerns the message put aboard the Voyagers - a message in sound on a copper phonograph record and a scrapbook of pictures. Okay, the NASA people wanted to tell the unknown e-t's about us and our world. The planned nude pictures of human beings was axed. I hope they put pants on the pictures of horses, etc. No use taking any chances on offending some e-t. If that wasn't bad enough... At the last minute, on the record, undoubtedly short of space, the officials recorded the names -- my God, the names -- of all the congressmen on the House and Senate space science committees! Is funding that desperate?

$$n^2 - (n+1)(n-1) = n^2 - (n^2 - 1) = n^2 - n^2 + 1 = 1 \text{ no matter what } n \text{ is equal}$$

You never know when something will pop up to haunt you... Claire Beck just sent me Xerox copies of some (or all?) of my correspondence with him from Feb.22, 1937 to June 20, 1938. My first letter to him, from the depths of neohood, is formal and I seem impressed by the fact that I was a sophomore in college. And I thought the Futile Press might actually pay me for a column in THE SCIENCE FICTION CRITIC. In a later letter I confided to Claire that one of my hobbies was surveying people as to their likes and dislikes on such things as automobiles, movie stars, food, orchestras, etc. Claire notes on the Xerox at that paragraph: "Consistency as evidenced by TITLE surveys." Did you know that in 1937 I bought a copy of C.A.Smith's NERO for 25¢! And I liked it so much that in the following letter I sent another 25¢ for a second copy to present to my English teacher. I wonder now who that was? In several of the letters I keep mentioning a fellow fan, Parker Snapp -- wonder what happened to him? Ha, and I said: "I buy the fiction mags with whatever money I have for the fiction is the most important, not the fan stuff." But even in the same letter I was beginning to change: "The fan stuff has caught me in its trap, and I am going to devote more time to it and money on it. ASTOUNDING is the only mag I'll buy new from now on; I'll wait for the others to come my way second hand." Thank you, Claire, for sending me these old letters, and I'm amazed you still have them. You must have some letters of great worth in your file -- early Warner's, Ackerman's, Tucker's? Could you break some loose for publication in TITLE? Or do an article on thoughts or attitudes of still-active fans whose letters reside in your files?

Two newcomers to TITLE and to fandom have complained to me about the fannish words in Title (and in fandom). Words like sercon, fanac, faanish, fen, etc. In three months, fellows, you'll wonder what's so hard about it all. Look at C.D.-- from rags to riches in less than a year or so. It's all part of the fun. More fundamental will be your gradual shift from SF discussions, etc. to material about fans as people. In my first period of fanac (1935-1941) I never reached that point-- I was all sercon and complained to fanzine editors who ran reports on fans learning to ride bicycles, etc. I was hard-core. Since 1969 I see the value of people -- I see the real strivings, hopes & failures. Science fiction is an a la carte side dish to add a little flavor to the entree.

FANTHOLOGY 76 from Victoria Vayne, PO Box 156 Stn D, Toronto, M6P 3J8. The best of the year for \$3 (USA), \$3.50 (foreign). This ought to be good.

WAITING FOR THE GOLDEN AGE ROBERT CHILSON

If you enter the front door here by the west door, you can turn on the light by means of a switch at that door. You can then cross the room to the door to the kitchen and turn it off as you leave the room. Stepping into the kitchen at that door, you can turn on the kitchen light by a switch there, and then cross the kitchen to the west door, turning it off as you go out. And at these two west doors is another pair of switches controlling the yard light.

This is made possible by the modest magic of 3-pole switches, commonly called "2-way" switches. It's all very convenient. When the switches are working.

But switches make and break contact, burning away a little in an arc each time. (Look past the switch handle into the case next time you flip one.) As a result, they burn out. For some reason, much more readily than 2-pole ("one-way") switches.

Before someone suggests mercury switches, let me add that we tried them once. They were inadequately designed, with contacts too far apart, or not enough mercury to cover both contacts at once. The theory is good; mercury switches can't burn out permanently, for the arc merely vaporizes some of the mercury, which cools and condenses in the sealed glass tube the contacts are fused into. When it condenses, it rejoins the pool in the bottom. But in our switches, there was so little mercury that if you didn't stop the switch at just the right spot, it would arc as it went past, burning off mercury. You then had to back up, and if you went too fast, it would happen again. The third time was the last time -- after that there wouldn't be enough liquid mercury left to establish contact.

No doubt we could have found good mercury switches, but how would we know in advance? The damn things are expensive. So we went back to the standard kind.

When we first installed these switches we got the massive Paulding brand. I haven't seen any in years, but they lasted a long time. Then our lumberyard changed suppliers and we began getting cheaper brands (at higher prices), and the chronic burning out of the 3-pole switches has been a pain of life here in the wilderness ((of Rt 3, *Osceola, Missouri*)) ever since.

And now it has become impossible to find 3-pole switches that even work! I have searched six stores in two towns, testing four or five brands, without finding any that were not defective to begin with. I finally gave up and took to tearing down and trying to fix the ones I have. It looks simple. They only need to have their contacts bent inward so the swinging bridge will touch them firmly. But until recently I had absolutely no luck. It was maddening. Time after time I tried. However, I have now succeeded in converting one nonfunctioning 3-pole back into a real no follin' two-way switch again, and should be able to fix the other defectives. If so, I won't worry henceforth if new switches may be defective; but I buy none that are rivetted together.

Though I haven't been published there recently, I'm generally known as an ANALOG writer, a handy shorthand way of saying I deal in hard

technology. It is the discomforts and inconveniences of life in this primitive century that have turned my thoughts in this direction. Long before my painful and ultimately doomed Search For A Working Three-Pole Switch, I had had occasion to consider what kind of switches will be used in the future.

I visualized a crystal with a pigtail at each end, the crystal being about the diameter of a pencil and, say, a centimeter long. The wires would be tied to, and then soldered to, these pigtails. Now, touching the crystal is another crystal at right angles to it, like the shank of a T. This second crystal is piezoelectric; flexing or compressing it will cause it to generate a high-voltage pulse of electricity, but at a very low amperage. The total energy in this pulse is not more than the energy in the finger-push you apply to the end of the piezo crystal, which is of course the light switch or button. That little pulse of electricity, fed into the first crystal, would cause its crystal planes to shift, turning it from an excellent insulator into a good conductor . . . and the light would come on. A 3-pole switch would be a little more complicated, of course. To turn the light off, another push on the same button would reverse the crystal planes, turning it back into an insulator, breaking the circuit.

And lo: no arcs, nothing to burn out. Granted, after a few million shifts of crystal planes, the switch crystal might fail. We already have piezoelectric crystals that can be flexed violently millions of times without failing.

A couple of points should be made. Yes, I'm aware of Heinlein's "sub-molar mechanics" switches in UNIVERSE. He never diagrammed them for us, but I'm sure he knew himself roughly how they worked -- as I do here. No, I do not really believe that the switches of the future will be "like this" -- or even remotely like my visualization. But I *do* believe that they will be as efficient, long-lasting, and convenient. And that when a person in the future pushes a button he will get light and no maybes.

I have not, be it known, sat down and drawn diagrams of every single nut and bolt of the future. It so happens that for one story I had to consider what kind of switches could be used in the future. Having visualized this kind, I filed it away, and have used it ever since. The same with various kinds of solar and nuclear power sources, power distribution systems, food preserving, transportation -- even the "gravitronic motor" that is a feature of much of my fiction. I could draw diagrams of them and do believe that *their equivalents* will be invented.

It can't be too soon for me. When I flip a switch and, as so often, note the thin snarl within the box, the flickering of the light, the ominous wisp of smoke rising from beside the switch handle, I think of that golden future when if you push the button you get light . . . and no nonsense.

And I can't wait . . . I can't wait.

Let's say that miracle switch were pushed 48 times per day by a family of four. This would be 17,520 pushes each year. Given that the switch has a life of one-million pushes, the switch would last 57 years. This seems adequate for the consumer but bad news for the manufacturer, eh Rob?

BLOODY HELL... IT'S
SNAAPSSSSSHOTSSSSSSSS
EH WOT, OLD CHAP...

MIKE GLICKSOHN

I do hope you appreciate this dedication, Donn. Here I sit in grand and glorious London, queen city of the western world, surrounded by the best beer, the cheapest and most enjoyable pub food, innumerable centers of history and art and culture, enjoying a typical London summer (it's cold, gray and raining), and instead of relaxing and enjoying a well-earned rest from the hectic life of a con-going North American fan, here I sit thinking about the column of fanzine reviews whose deadline

fell yesterday. Is there another TITLER with such fanatical devotion to your fanzine that they'd interrupt their holiday, isolate themselves from their friends and trade the delicate odour of ten year old scotch for the mildewed stench of three week old Twiltone? (If there is, please hire them as fanzine reviewer for TITLE!) ((Dear readers: I'm rewarding Mike by keeping him on until retirement age.))

There is, of course, one small drawback to writing a fanzine review in London for a fanzine in St. Louis when you live in Toronto. Among the thousands of street merchants selling donner kebabs, postcards guaranteed to offend almost everyone, Nelson's column with a nude in the base of the plastic and a thermometer up one side, hamburgers resembling compressed and semi-melted 45 rpm records I've yet to encounter a huckster of fanzines. Luckily, though, because there has never been a fan so dependable, I brought a few with me...

The most striking thing about Brian Earl Brown's third MAD SCIENTIST DIGEST is the five-colour mimed cover with near perfect registration. This is the "All Mundane" issue featuring fairly serious contents about pollution and Free Clinics and the sort of medical care they can give along with lighter material on such fannish matters as beer stores, pinball, eating, etc. A healthy part of the issue is letters and while it really isn't outstanding content the whole thing is enjoyable to read. Lots of things are eminently commentable.

SPICY IGUANA TALES is the first fanzine I've seen from Greg Brown and it, too, creates a strong first impression: namely that it's too damn bad the 1978 Worldcon is being chaired by someone who seems rather unfamiliar with the English language. This is basically Volume One of "The Thoughts of Chairman Greg" and gives an outline on how things are going so far, a few possible problems



HISTORIC PHOTO SHOWS SUPER FAANS AS DETERMINED BY THE RECENT FAAN AWARD RESULTS.... (L to R) MIKE GLICKSOHN (Best Loccer and 4th in Best Single Issue), BOB SHAW (Best Fan Writer), HARRY BELL (Best Fan Artist, Humorous), ROB JACKSON (Best Fan Editor and tied for Best Single Issue). Photo from Mike, and he wants it returned; I wonder why?

areas and some possible solutions, and what to expect in the future. Some of Greg's ideas scare the hell out of me (announcements about the Hugo ballots stuck in paperbacks like cigarette ads???) so I recommend this to anyone interested in where the Worldcon is going and if it'll get there.

The vogue today is all for new magazines featuring a famous name in the title and a photograph of some ugly clown on the front so Larry Tucker's first issue of UNCLE ALBERT'S SCIENCE FICTION FANZINE (aka WE DON'T KNOW YET 3) is completely *au courant*. (The cover is literally a picture of an ugly clown.) Although Larry has been the inspiration for a couple of the most imaginative and inventive fannish videotapes I've ever seen (his MAC neofan room tape probably deserved a FAAN Award except there's no Best Dramatic Presentation category), fanzine are not yet his forte. This issue features mostly fiction, some reviews and a dry article about audio and video tape libraries. If Larry ever makes a fanzine in the image of his video work, look out; but right now he's a blind man in the country of the one-eyed.

A man who approaches fanzines with both eyes open, a highly critical brain working full time, and more integrity as an editor than all but a handful of fans is Greg Pickersgill, whose typewriter this happens to be, and I did *not* start out to type the above lines and won't someone please hel... and his latest issue, STOP BREAKING DOWN 5, is a re-affirmation of the fact that he's in the forefront of the wave of superior British fanzine people that I've been promoting mightily for the last few years. SBD 5 has Greg on what fandom means to him (and why others leave it), a devastating report on the recent British national con, and a column by co-editor Simone Walsh on numerous fannish topics, such as how long and dull my locs are. Other columns and a spirited fannish lettercol round out the issue I had to force myself to write only four pages to. Greg recently more than doubled his North American circulation to seven: if you can convince him to make it eight or even nine it'll be worth your while.

After a period of college induced faffiation, Randy Reichardt returns with WINDING NUMBERS 5, an almost impeccably mimeod, buff-coloured, somewhat slanted Canadian genzine. (He pastes in the titles crooked.) It's a thick fanzine, neat and attractive, and worth being involved in. This issue has a Gilson Egyptian cover complete with a two page explanation, Randy writing on his return to pubbing and his exploits since he last set hand to mimeo crank, Doug Barbour reminiscing on what it was like to be a little shaver, James Hall remembering what it was like to read Ed Cagle, and even some serious stuff about science fiction and some people named Niven and Simak. (Must be neos; I never heard of them.) WN is a good solid balanced genzine and is getting better all the time.

It'd be hard to imagine MAYA getting much better than it already is. This year editor Rob Jackson became the second person to pick up two FAAN Awards for his work in one year. MAYA 14 maintains his tradition of publishing attractive and excellently written fanzines. A special "Britain in 79" issue, #14 features Bob Shaw's speech at the British national convention and that alone is enough for any trufan to seek it out, along with Aldiss (yes, *the*) on British contributions to SF, myself on cons and their differences Here and There, Rob with some insightful words on English fanzines, a *second* Shaw article (what foul and terrible secret hold Rob has on Bob to obtain such a wealth of riches I don't know... even after plying Rob with drink for six days and hiding a microphone under his pillow) and a piece by our own Gene Wolfe almost as good as his Autoclave speech. The lettercol sizzles and MAYA is simply one of the

very few fanzines it now seems essential to get.

When this gets published, SUNCON will be over and you'll know who won the fanzine Hugo. I can safely predict that none of the above will win it. But two of them will *deserve* the award more than the zine that does take it. ((I think I goofed, Mike; possibly you meant magazine where I have used the word *zine*.)

The first hundred people to correctly identify which two may buy me a drink at the next convention we share together.

#

MAD SCIENTIST DIGEST 5, 55521
Elder Rd., Mishawaka IND 46544.
46pp mimeo, usual, 75¢.

SPICY IGUANA TALES 1, 2914 N. 14 St.,
Phoenix AZ 85014. 15pp abysmal
mimeo; no info on how to get.

UNCLE ALBERT, 2785 Page, Ann Arbor
MI 48104. 32pp bland offset.
75¢, usual.

STOP BREAKING DOWN 5, 7A Lawrence
Road, S. Ealing, London W5, Eng.
45pp, mimeo. Bottles of Irish Cream
or good brandy, begging letters,
lots of money. Worth it.

WINDING NUMBERS 5, 58 Penrose Place,
Winnipeg MAN, Canada R2J 1S1. 54pp,
mimeo, usual, 75¢.

MAYA 14, c/o Sam Long, 425 W. Lawrence
#7, Springfield ILL 62704. 24pp, re-
duced A4. Usual, \$1 or 4/\$3.

been talking of ultimate downfall. Since 1967, major advances in surgery have brought the promise of relief to untold thousands of people suffering from that scourge, the Dread Hernia. New techniques and instruments, along with a price-cut, have brought streams of patients flooding into doctor's offices. But sewing machine oil and spandex prices are up, striking at the soft underbelly of the industry. Thus, the truss is in danger of becoming an endangered species. Many manufacturers are girding for rough times ahead, others are tightening their belts.

But consider the fall-out effects of this sequence of events. Many all-American slang expressions such as "Hey! You bust your truss?" are destined to fade into nostalgia. And what about the vast wealth of truss

DIALOG INSPIRED BY STAR WARS
BY MIKE GLICKSOHN

1. "YOU SHOULDN'T GAMBLE
WITH THAT GUY: HE'LL
BREAK BOTH YOUR ARMS IF
HE LOSES."

"I SUGGEST A NEW STRAT-
EGY: LET THE BOOKIE WIN."

2. FIRST BAKING CONTEST
JUDGE: "YES, THE PIE DID
TASTE BETTER BUT THE
CHOCOLATE CHIPS WERE
BAKED BY THE MAYOR'S
WIFE."

SECOND JUDGE: "I SUGGEST
A NEW STRATEGY: LET THE
COOKIE WIN."

OF COURSE, YOU NOTED THE IN-
FLUENCE OF STAR WARS ON THE
SUNCON MASQUERADE. NOT ONLY
DID PRINCESS LEI AND LUKE
SKYWALKER WIN THE BIG PRIZES
BUT AN EIGHT YEAR OLD IN HIS
FIRST MASQUERADE WON ("LET
THE ROOKIE WIN"). ALSO, A
FANCIFUL ALIEN SPOOF OF DUFF
AND TAFF WON ("LET THE
WHACKY WIN"). AND PATIA VON
STERNBERG WON ("LET THE
NOOKIE WIN")!

IS THE TRUSS OBSOLETE?
by Terry Whittier

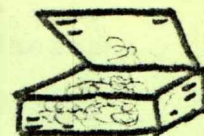
*As the decade of the 70's opens,
a shattering new development is
taking place. In the wake of
this, the garment industry is
shaking down to its foundations
and undergarment makers have*

jokes? Are they to go the way of the Brooklyn Bridge and the hot dog?

There is little doubt that before long we will all feel the pinch; and though administration officials are desperately trying to hold in the rumors, we may all end up taking it in the gut -- economically speaking.

PICKING A FANNISH HOBBY OR HOW TO PROFIT FROM NAVEL OPERATIONS

BY DENNY BOWDEN



FANS ARE PACKRATS. THEY COLLECT THINGS WITH NO INTENTION OF USING THEM, BUT THE ITEMS ARE CATALOGUED, FILED, STORED, BUT NEVER FORGOTTEN.

BURROUGHS BOOKS ENJOY NEW SALES EVERY FEW YEARS AS NEW COLLECTORS SHELL OUT MONEY TO STOCK THEIR SHELVES WITH PRECIOUS (SOMETIMES UNREAD) BOOKS THAT MAKE A SERIES. A TRILOGY COMES OUT AND WE AUTOMATICALLY MUST POSSESS ALL THREE BOOKS, EVEN IF WE DISLIKE THE FIRST TWO. I'M NO EXCEPTION.

BOOKS AND ZINES DON'T HAVE TO BE THE ONLY COLLECTIBLES, THOUGH. OVER THE YEARS I'VE THOUGHT OF SEVERAL HOBBIES, BUT MOST OF THEM HAVE NEVER

BECOME MORE THAN DREAMS.

ONE GOOD FANNISH HOBBY WOULD BE TO COLLECT BELLY-BUTTON LINT FROM BNF'S. OF COURSE, THE MALE BNF'S WILL BE THE MAIN SOURCE BECAUSE FEW FEMFANS WEAR T-SHIRTS TUCKED IN AT THE WAIST. DISPLAYING THE TREASURES COULD BECOME A HIGHLIGHT AT WORLDCONS. HUGE BOARDS COVERED WITH BLACK VELVET COULD BE USED FOR MOUNTING. MAYBE IT WOULD MERIT A HUCKSTER TABLE. TUCKER LINT WOULD PROBABLY FETCH A HANDSOME PRICE.

I CAN SEE IT NOW: SMALL, PLASTIC CASES COULD BE SOLD INDIVIDUALLY, AND COLLECTORS WOULD WORK AT COMPLETING AN ENTIRE SET. SOME COLLECTORS WOULD SPECIALIZE BY AREAS, CONCENTRATING ON THE MIDWEST OR DEEPSOUTH. OTHERS WOULD GROUP THEIR COLLECTION ACCORDING TO FANEDS, NOVELISTS, ARTISTS, ETC. HAD THIS HOBBY STARTED SOME YEARS AGO THERE COULD EVEN BE TUCKER LINT FROM HIS FIRST FANDOM PERIOD AND RANGED IN A NEAT SERIES OF PLASTIC CASES THE LINT GATHERED IN EACH DECADE SINCE, MAKING RATHER A SUBSTANTIAL COLLECTION.

REALLY AMBITIOUS COLLECTORS WOULD STUFF SMALL PILLOWS WITH THE SCARCE LINT, AND THESE WOULD BECOME TREASURED HEIRLOOMS, AND COULD BE DISPLAYED IN THE NFFF ROOM AT WORLDCONS.

A LINT APA MIGHT BE STARTED FOR COLLECTORS DEEP INTO THE HOBBY. LINT NEWSZINES WOULD BEGIN. LOCUS AND KARASS WOULD PROBABLY SET ASIDE LINT DEPARTMENTS TO KEEP FANS UPDATED. GLICKSOHN MIGHT BEGIN PASTING LINT SAMPLES FROM ENGLISH OR AUSTRALIAN FANS INTO HIS ONE-SHOTS.

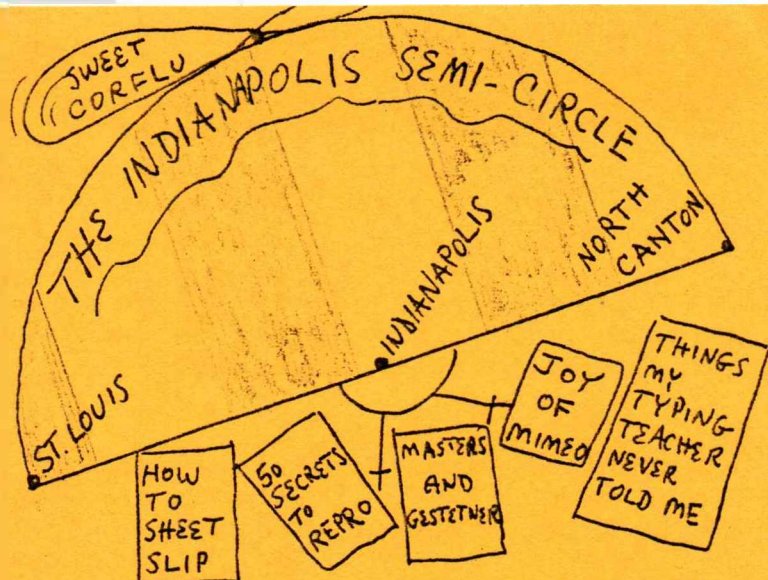
EVENTUALLY THERE MIGHT BE LINT-STUFFED SOFAS OR MATTRESSES. A WHOLE NEW DECOR WOULD DEVELOP -- EARLY AMERICAN LINT. OTHERS WOULD PREFER FINE IMPORTED AUSTRALIAN LINT, BETTER THAN THE FINEST BRITISH PRODUCTS.

I DO SEE PROBLEMS, HOWEVER. FAKES WOULD BECOME A PROBLEM. A GLICKSOHN-STUFFED RAGGEDY-ANN DOLL WOULD BE NEARLY INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM A D'AMMASSA ONE (UNLESS ONE HAD A BEARD, OF COURSE). PRICES FOR FAKES WOULD DEVALUE THE ORIGINALS, AND WHOLE FORTUNES MIGHT BE LOST IN THE FINE LINT TRADE. ON SECOND THOUGHT, LINT COLLECTING MIGHT BECOME TOO BIG FOR FANDOM. I FEAR THE MUNDANES WOULD INFILTRATE AND LAUNCH GIANT (I MEAN JIANT) LINTCONS. BETTER WE MAKE PLANS TO KEEP THE MUNDANES OUT. LET'S KEEP THE LINT TO OURSELVES

THE INDIANAPOLIS SEMI-CIRCLE

AN AREA OF THE UNITED STATES
WHERE MYSTERIOUS FORCES ARE
AT PLAY AND - UNTIL NOW -
GONE UNNOTICED B₄DB"

Three points determine a straight line. Take Indianapolis, Indiana, as one point and measure off 250 miles to points on either side falling on the same straight line. To the east lies North Canton, Ohio, and to the west lies St. Louis, Missouri. The very straight line, with Indianapolis at its center, is the base diameter of a semi-circle (radius 250 miles) which includes on its circumference, Wickliffe, Detroit, Pontiac, Bloomfield Hills, East Lansing, Milwaukee, Davenport, and Edwardsville.



YOU CAN TELL YOUR SEX-ED TEACHER IS A SF FAN WHEN ... HE DESCRIBES 'MAKING LOVE' AS A 'METHOD OF REPRO'.

The area enclosed by the base diameter and the line of the semi-circle so drawn includes the following places: Jacksonville, Springfield, Urbana, Peoria, Chillicothe, Beecher, DeKalb, Park Forest, Chicago, Barrington, Kalamazoo, Mishawaka, Lafayette, Crawfordsville, Hartford City.

One has only to examine the names of fans who live in the aforementioned places and one is struck by a sense of the incredible, the dark, mysterious workings (and playings) of the universe. It would be real nice to say that *everything* & *everyone* of mystery falls within the INDIANAPOLIS SEMI-CIRCLE; alas, such is not the case, and yet...

Item: Some strange force has affected two rather young persons of Indianapolis, most of this occurring after the disappearance (a partial attempt to explain this included a vague story of enlistment in the Armed Services) of a prominent Indianapolis fan. No mention need be made of a much earlier disappearance from this general area by the legendary Claude Degler. The fact that one of the young fans sees fit to use initials "C.D." instead of Carolyn, and that the other with the improbable name of "Schoppenhorst" saw fit to include a middle initial, "M".... well!

Item: Chillicothe is the residence of a crazy inventor with a whacky sense of humor and builds contraptions never before seen on Earth. Have they ever been seen somewhere off Earth?

Item: Jacksonville, Illinois, is the home of a fan who must, by now, be over 100 years old. He claims to write SF and mystery books, yet on almost any day-and-night of the month he can be found at a convention muttering his magical phrases and sipping alien potions.

Item: Why would DeKalb University call a fan from far Australia to come there to research number theory? Is this not straining our credibility to the snapping point? And, in the same vein, why would a weatherman from the East be called to Springfield, Illinois? Just what is going on?

Item: Crawfordsville and rather nearby Lafayette are the homes of two rather incomprehensible fans. It is not known for sure if these two fans are in communication with Brad Parks and/or Bruce Townley in the East. However, has anyone heard much from either of the latter lately?

Item: Hartford City is the home of a mean, old fan. Yet, incredibly, he publishes a fanzine (going back to ancient history) and has been credited with introducing literally scores of incipient fans to fandom.

Item: An author of award-winning SF lives in Barrington, Illinois. There is absolutely no reason he should not be living in New York or Los Angeles. Why Barrington?

Item: Beecher, Illinois; well, everyone knows what's been happening there.

Item: There's an old saying that nothing ever happens in Peoria. But there's a fan living there who got himself lost in a moebius strip and, though lost to view, one can still hear his echo.

This semi-circle is a hotbed of activity. Connor fell off his bicycle; Coulson pinched his fingers in a garage door; frankly, one fan traded his wife for gold; and Cvetko poked a sliderule in his eye. The NFFF is planning a TV documentary of the area. Dave Szurek maintains an ominous silence. For some reason Paula Smith made a hasty trip to Japan.

The fanzine you now hold in your hand is produced in the INDIANAPOLIS SEMI-CIRCLE. Is more proof than that needed? Okay, if you say so-- Mike Bracken, Wally Stoelting, George Laskowski, Dave Klaus, Ken Josenhans, Jim Meadows, Art Metzger, Tom Morley, Tony Renner, Rick Wilber, Brian Earl Brown, Dennis Jarog, and Fred Jackson are all in this mysterious area.



This is a challenge. Any reader is encouraged to select any 500 mile diameter semi-circle with three fannish cities, center and two end-points of the diameter, and see if his/her selection will equal or surpass the infamous INDIANAPOLIS SEMI-CIRCLE. (The area may include parts of Canada-- in fact, it might have to!)

THE PERILS OF CULTURAL EXCHANGE BY DONN BRAZIER

+++++

I have just listened to a cassette tape recorded at the February, '77, meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science (AAAS). This particular lecture was delivered by a Dr. John A. Ebby or Ebbe or Eddy (the name is doubtful which points one disadvantage of recorded information over printed matter). At the very start of the lecture on "Astronomy and Early Plains Indian" a provocative tale is told, perhaps untrue and yet we will presume its validity as this article depends on it. It seems that when the Pilgrim Fathers pointed to Ursa Major, The Great Bear constellation, and said to the friendly Indians: "That is the great bear," the Indians replied, "Yes, we know; it is the great bear."

The speaker cites three possible explanations for this, and none of them are right, of course: 1) in some distant past, before the Indian wandered into N.America across the landbridge that connected Alaska and Russia, an agreement among early man in the cradle of civilization was remembered by the Indian (and the Pilgrim) for those many thousands of years; 2) the constellation actually looks like a bear to all mankind; 3) coincidence pure and simple. Reason number two is buttressed by the idea that the more commonly called Big Dipper circles around the North Star like a big bear around the cold, far north.

So much for the explanations of science; now for the Brazier theory. At some time in the more recent past, say 10,000 years ago, Earth was visited by extraterrestrials. As the Pilgrims had so haughtily pointed out to the Indians, the aliens pointed out to people all over the globe and said something like: "That group of stars is the *grrutt bharr*." Coincidence does enter at this point. What the alien said was misinterpreted by all Earth-peoples because the alien words nearly approached *great bear* in all languages currently in vogue 10,000 years or so ago. What the alien had in mind for *grrutt bharr* was something entirely different, of course, and I can best explain this with drawings.

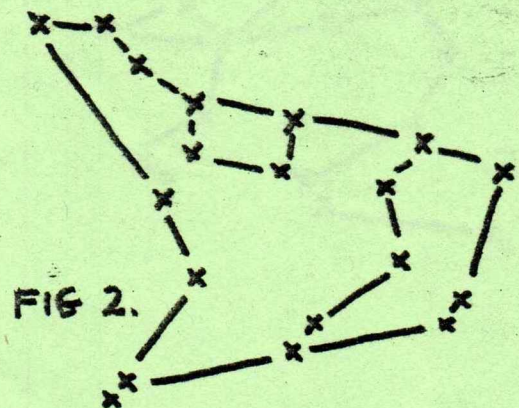
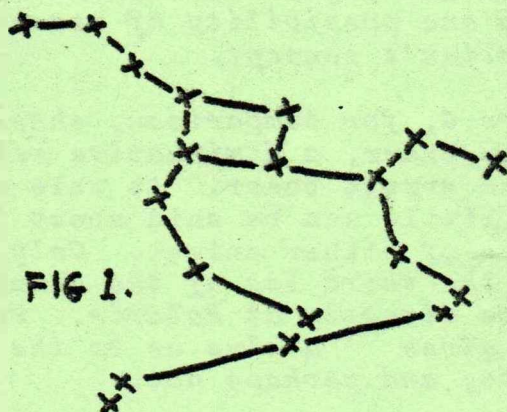


Figure 1 is the way the stars of the constellation have been customarily connected. Looks as much like a BEAR as a pencil sharpener, and the astronomer H.A.Rey in his book THE STARS calls this network "the old way". Keeping the stars the same, of course, Rey has used other connecting lines to make something more like a bear shown by Figure 2. But one man like Rey just can't flaunt tradition; we must ascertain WHY those connecting lines in Figure 1 were so drawn.

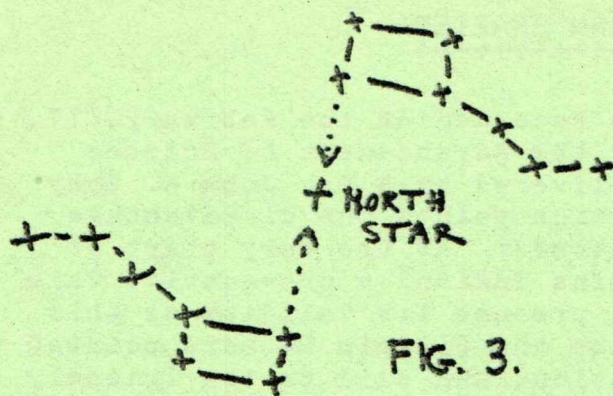


FIG. 3.

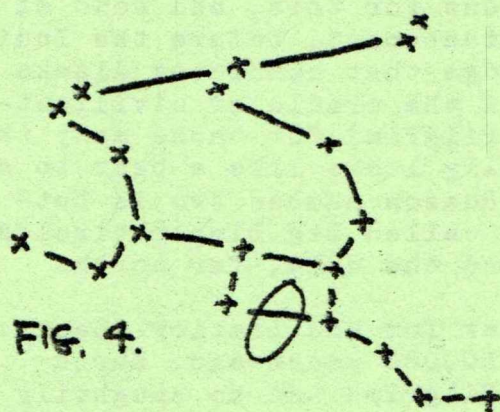


FIG. 4.

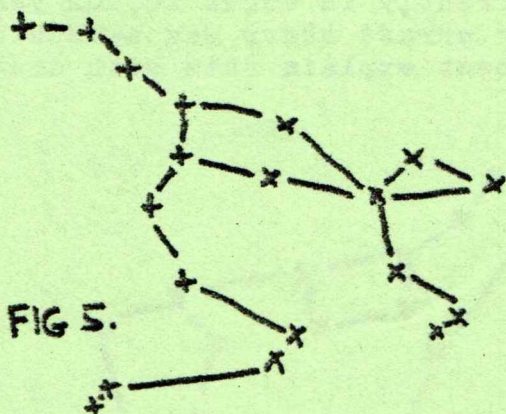


FIG. 5.

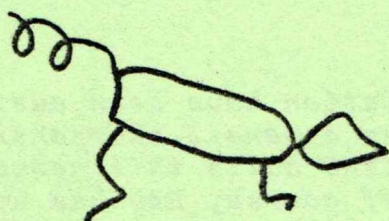


FIG. 6.

As a datum to plug into this theory, we must bear in mind (no pun intended) that the unmoving North Star is apparently circled by the constellation, an effect due to the real rotation of the Earth on its axis. Figure 3 shows that the dipper portion of Ursa Major does at times spill out over Polaris.

We must therefore assume that the alien astronomer could have just as well done his pointing out to primitive man when the dipper was spilling. In which case, let's turn Figure 1 upside down and keep the same connecting lines. This is Figure 4.

You will note without the slightest hesitation that the constellation now resembles the grrutt bharr, a three-legged, jumping, long-eared animal of some unknown planet.

The third leg extends from central-ventral. Mankind connected the foot end of this leg with the first knuckle joint of the hind leg to make a dipper, so what we must do is erase this line. That's the explanation for the circle around the line to be removed in order to restore the constellation to what the alien had drawn.

In the event that the aliens did not draw the connecting lines, I have included one figure (#5) which shows at least one possibility of reconnecting in the alien's concept.

Figure 6, for comparison, shows the lessor bharr, a diminutive relative of the grrutt bharr. At this stage very little can be said about the habits of either animal. Only this: that the third leg of the grrutt bharr points directly at Polaris. Perhaps this gives a clue as to the alien planet; and perhaps not.

Also, it must be pointed out that the animal might have been six-legged, with the other legs not shown in plane view.

My apologies to Von Doniken if he has already used this theory as clinching proof for an extraterrestrial visitation.

THE LAKE

By BURT LIBE, P.O.Box 1196, Los Altos, Ca 94022 6 COPYRIGHT 1976

Arabella inched downward toward the mirrored surface, carefully extending her long silken web. She felt thrilled at the moment of learning the secrets of the *Big Ones*. For a long time she craved direct knowledge of the lakes that vanish momentarily and refill without explanation; not just third-hand accounts.

Most of her species felt content merely to exist and spawn litters. In fact, many males had found her exquisite beauty highly desirable, throwing out strong alluring scents that had driven her to near sexual frenzy. But she had spurned all suitors to retain her freedom. She wanted no responsibilities.

Not every female octoped had her perfect form either. Long sleek legs with brown hairs neatly ordered into delicate patterns. Her thorax sported rich hour-glass fullness of shape accented by a near-perfect circular spot of yellow on her lovely back. Her eyes shown like twin multifacets fully complementing finely chiseled teeth that gleamed silver-white. She had inherited superior web-spinning mechanism from her ancestors and on several occasions had proved to her peers that she could weave the longest, strongest, most complicated structures with little effort. Also, she had inherited great intelligence which seemed to have little meaning to most of her spider-kin.

Life was passing too quickly in Arabella's driving thirst for knowledge. Old age and death would catch up eventually; but while life and youth permitted, she had no intention of tarrying even for a moment. A flurry of ideas raked her mind regarding further pursuits after ferreting out the secret of this strange lake of the *Big Ones*. She drifted into deep thought which momentarily distracted attention from her web spinning. She abruptly regained reality when the long silvery filament parted, plunging her dead center into the water of this strange canyon, her body generating sharp ripples which reflected variegated patterns off the gleaming whiteness. The circular confines presented a strange sight with jutting rim and great shoreless cliffs that joined into a great oval shape.

No problem. She immediately adjusted her leg hairs and paddings to expertly tread water. In fact, she could give even the best *Water-Jumpers* a run for their money; but spiders had different physical structures which, no matter how beautiful or perfect, would not permit steady existence on water surfaces. Still, she had plenty of time.

She spent an undue amount of that time scrutinizing the lake surface, noting every detail, finding nothing unusual about the water surface except the ripples and ripple-echoes which her eight legs generated in harmony as she floated about. The bright rim-walls guarded the entire lake enclosure, extending to incomparable height -- almost beyond her useful range of vision. At times like this she wished her perfect body had the keener sight of some of the other species. When she felt satisfied no further answers could be found, she prepared to leave. If this lake could really disappear, she had no intention of remaining in its confines for the event.

Attempts to climb the near-vertical whiteness ended in squealing slips and slides back into the lake. Again she tried and failed. Many subsequent attempts to overcome unheard-of slickness also failed, driving her into a state of near exhaustion.

Keep calm, she thought. *I've still got my trusty web*. She deftly threw out a silken strand against the slick surface. It failed to adhere. Such a thing had never happened before. Strand after strand yielded the same negative results.

She stood gripped with momentary fright, having never encountered an insurmountable obstacle before. No, Arabella would not give up so easily. She carefully planned a schedule of rest periods to contemplate different attempts, which she executed during "active" periods. She learned by trial-and-error that near-dry foot-paddings (as opposed to fully wet ones) adhered well to the slick canyon surface. In fact, several times she had gone more than half way up the sheer walls until she lost her footing near the point where the smooth cliff arched slightly back upon itself, rendering her weight too great for pad-friction, plunging her back into the lake. Patiently she would wait for her soaked paddings to dry a little by inching slightly out of the water, drying one or two legs at a time, then try again. She refused to give up. No lake would imprison Arabella, though, she had to admit for the first time in her life, she was really scared. Time after time she tried, falling back to a rest period in a state of exhaustion.

During one of the rest periods she noticed the dark shadow from an immense blurred figure in the overhead abyss. A *Big One*. She tried to interpret the shadow-movements when suddenly a stream of yellow water started splashing and bubbling into the lake from the sky, quickly creating great waves of slowly undulating turbulence. The slightly rancid odor, though not completely intolerable, raked her senses. She had detoured other specie droppings that had smelled worse. For a grateful moment the stream of bubbling turbulence stopped, having turned the now placid water into a reeking maze of yellowed bubble-islands. She fought off the slightly bitter taste of a few droplets that had chanced into her mouth. How now would this yellow water change back into clear water? Surely this lake must have turned yellow before. But it had been white at first discovery.

Several other shadow-motions from the *Big One* in the sky drew her attention. Suddenly a terrifying roar filled the white-walled confines as the water swelled to great heights of foam and bubbles, slowly swirling her helplessly into the center of a great vortex which raged and raged, dragging her downward, downward, downward no matter how hard she struggled. Frantically flailing, she fought an impossible battle of survival, pitting her entire strength against the crazed motions of turbulence as the great funnel engulfed her at its base, closed up, and plunged her into depths of surrounding blackness.

Foaming water gurgled everywhere in this black void. No top, no bottom in the rushing currents and eddies that kept forcing her downward into the bowels of the earth together with the disappearing lake. Her lungs burst for air. She could not survive much longer. Soon the foul liquid would fill her lungs and claim her for eternity. In her last dying moments, she realized the final fruits of knowledge which quest had motivated her journey. Some lakes can be flushed!

***** E N D *****

SEARCHING FOR EXTRATERRESTRIAL CIVILIZATIONS (ETC's)

T.B.H. KUIPER AND M. MORRIS

AN ARTICLE IN SCIENCE MAGAZINE 6 MAY 1977

PARA-PHRASED, SIMPLIFIED, CONDENSED, AND METAMORPHOSED WITH METAPHORS
BY DONN BRAZIER

Twenty years of rather hit-or-miss searches on a small scale for signals which might mean that ETC's exist may soon give way to really large efforts. Though radio telescopes will continue to be used, either in modest size increase or in huge arrays of as many as 1000 antennas, the search for extra-terrestrial intelligence (SETI) may be a rifle approach or a shotgun. Based on our present understanding of the universe, perhaps we can devise a plausible strategy to search in certain frequency bands; on the other hand, we may, feeling that something might be missed through faulty premises, search the whole gamut of frequencies.

If we decide to develop a strategy to concentrate our efforts, we are assuming three things: 1) that there is some ETC out there, 2) that this ETC, for whatever reason, hasn't physically spread out to colonize the galaxy, 3) that interstellar transmitters or beacons are very likely. The last assumption implies that the more sensitive our own detecting apparatus the better.

Our strategy must be based, too, on our faith that natural laws are the same all over the galaxy and that any beings in this ETC behave at least somewhat like terrestrial animals and human beings, with some extrapolations due to progress beyond our own civilization.

The assumptions in paragraph two need some examination. Interstellar travel and colonization, if not inevitable, does seem plausible, given a modest number of advanced civilizations. If this is really considered impossible, then the likelihood of beacons also diminishes and the SETI loses its urgency.

It might be argued that advanced civilizations, though capable of colonization and dismissing the idea of beacons to discover ETC on their part, might not desire to colonize. This, however, would not fall in line with habits of terrestrial creatures that extend themselves physically as far as they can. This tendency would probably be the same in all ETC's.

How quickly might an ETC (or several) colonize a galaxy? Including travel time and a recuperation period between jumps from one star system to another, the time is calculated to be in the neighborhood of five million years. With a great number of ETC's this time period would be considerably shortened. In fact, with a great number of colonizing ETC's, it's practically a sure thing that the galaxy is already completely colonized or fully explored. That means we are within a sphere of influence of one or more ETC's and that the solar system has probably been visited already, and somewhere nearby we are being watched. Obviously, there would be no need for beacons, at least the kind meant to search out other thinking creatures.

Why has not positive contact yet been made, then? The ET's are concealing themselves from us, perhaps awaiting further advances on our part, or we haven't detected the contact either because we don't understand or we haven't progressed to the point technologically where

we have the proper apparatus, or if beacons are being used they are communication systems between an outpost and home base and have nothing to do with us.

There seems to be no reason for us to invest in antennas of huge size or build costly arrays of thousands of them. A colonizing ETC would have no need of contact-beacons, and non-colonizing ETC's probably wouldn't have the technological advancement to devise the beacons. However, it could be done, and we have the capability of detecting a beamed signal from 200 light-years away, which would include at least 10 star-systems.

Somewhere on one of those stars is the ETC's nearby outpost, and we must then find strategies to intercept their communications back to their home base. The signal has to be strong enough for us to demodulate (or to detect the alien modulation above noise interference). Calculations indicate that a 1-kilometer aperture (or an array of smaller antennas totaling 1-km) would be sufficient. This assumes that the ET's are beaming on a narrow frequency band; if they have spread their signal across a wide frequency band, white noise added to weak power level on any frequency band we check will mean our antenna cannot be as modest as 1-km in aperture. To scan the whole spectrum in line with 100 nicely selected stars would take us 35 years.

To shorten this time we must devise a strategy for selecting likely transmission frequencies. The 21-cm hydrogen line has so far received the most attention, though the band has been widened from 1420 through 1720 Megahertz to include OH as well as H. The water line (22,235 Mhz) has been suggested as an equally likely carrier. We suggest a frequency constructed from natural constants such as electron radius and mass, or the Bohr radius. These frequencies would lie in regions above radio interference, etc., such as caused by atoms and molecules in space.

To discount further the idea that ETC's would use contact-beacons, we ask the question: why would an ETC want to contact us? From the basis of our own history, and from the post-industrial point we have reached, it seems that knowledge is likely to be the most highly prized desire of an advanced ETC. And we haven't got it to be stolen. Or if the ET's are kind, perhaps they don't want us to suffer culture shock from premature exposure to their plateau of knowledge. In a sense, the ET's would then extinguish our expanding-knowledge front, turn us into copycats, and we'd be no use to them. If the ET's want to pick up a little genetic material from us, an old toothbrush, a rare chemical or whatever, a brief, intermittent, relatively unnoticed contact would be sufficient.

Attracting no more attention than a UFO.....

Brazier here... If these authors think that the colonization of the galaxy is almost 100% certain, given some ETC's, then perhaps planet Earth has already been colonized. And we are in the recuperation period getting ready for our next push into space. The signs are pointing that way. Yet...how have we kept in contact with home-base? Will we erect our beacon on the moon and beam: "We're about to leap again, mom and dad."

HELLO ARTHUR C. CLARKE.....!

KWIX &

Harry Warner: "Title has some wonderful candidates ((because of quotes truncated & out of context)) for something like Walt Willis' old Eaves-dropping feature such as 'Gawd knows what he did with his carrot' and 'You put the wrong end in the toilet', for instance."

MY FIRST MEETING WITH DAVID GERROLD
by John Robinson

I walked up to a group surrounding this fellow. One of the people pointed out David saying, 'This is David Gerrold who wrote The Trouble with Tribbles.' I admit I was taken by surprise, and I blurted out the reason for my surprise: 'I thought Shari Lewis wrote that.' (Obviously anything on TV with soft furry things originated with Shari Lewis, or so I thought) Well, David took this rather angrily stating that Shari Lewis lacked the 'credentials' to write SF. I don't often take a disliking for people so quickly, but people who use the word 'credentials', and who are not customs officials, personnel managers, etc. just turn me off with what appears to be egomania. Later on I discovered that David Gerrold is better away from the crowd, and he is especially okay when there are no teenage girls around. How he must dread living to the ripe old age of 85 to be chased down the street by septuagenarian Trekkies."

Ben Indick: "Rep. Barbara Jordan of Texas had the choice of going into Law or Pharmacy as a youngster. She chose Law, she told a NY Times interviewer, because 'who ever heard of an outstanding pharmacist?' I have personally tried for national recognition, but my only 'outstanding' quality is my unparalleled red head."

Eric Mayer: "It's curiosity that separates man from the animals. Rather than directing all their efforts merely to survival, human beings have the capacity to undertake tasks for no good reason. What's the survival value of art? The totally practical person isn't quite human."

John Robinson: "Is there any truth to the rumor that they took C.D. away in a camisole to bask in the luxury of a rubber room after she was found standing and muttering, 'Help me, Obi-Wan Kenobi' over a rug shampooing machine? It may have been a portable trash compacter."

Stu Gilson: "When some adoring femmefan asks for a lock of your hair, Mike Glicksohn, what do you do?"

Ian Covell: "A certain county council in the UK watched a 'porno' film 13 times, then refused to allow it into the cinema with any certificate. Observe: the film will corrupt for definite, they say, but they saw it and were (presumably) not corrupted. Thus they are saying that they and no one else are immune. Corruption is personal."

Gary Grady: "A boring, interminable stretch of time would probably be one with a low event density. I'd like to see an experiment to determine if the biological clocks in the body are at all affected by periods of boredom or activity. If so, perhaps dreaming is an attempt to maintain a constant daily event density."

DAVE HAUGH IS NOT THE ONLY ONE TO HAVE
KNOWN SOME DINOSAURS...by Stu Gilson

1. Glicksohnectus Rex - a small, mobile creature, rare in that it possesses hair.
2. Coulsonsaurus - little understood beyond its affinity for the meat of Neophanus.
3. Alloworthamsaurus - a shy vegetarian that shunned violence of any kind.
4. Brazierectus - just a few old bones left of this one.
5. Dammassaurus - the first dinosaur to have grasped the fundamentals of communication.
6. Indicterus Rex - another hairy one distinguished by an unaccountable bald spot on the top of its boney skull.

Richard Brandt: "Time is the only thing we have that keeps two objects from occupying the same space. Have a little respect for it."

Jeff Hecht: ((ATTENTION SF WRITERS)) "I received a 'nominal' \$150 for a story I sold to DATAMATION (a computer industry tradezine), about 5¢ a word from a publication that normally does not pay for material. The story had been rejected by a couple of prozines earlier. So what is the economic lesson in all that?"

Jim Meadows: "You assume that time is dependent on the movement of matter? Geesh. If I stop moving forward, up or down, left or right, does time stop? You don't take this seriously do you?" ((I do if you also assume that blood is not flowing, kidneys have stopped excreting, and your eyes are no longer popping. Perhaps I am trifling, but your individual death means time has stopped for you--what then of the 'death' of the universe?))

living in a place like Vermont. Other things Vermont does not have, besides SF cons, are crime, pollution, and very many people."

Steve Sneyd: "Poor old Reginald Bruce, recently in the news here. His wife divorced him because 'he had not cut his big-toe nails for 9 years. They curled around the front of his feet and reached around his ankles.' ((When I was a kid my dad always had a character in a hut in the woods whose toenails stuck through the roof!)) And then there was the crooked computer salesman who said, 'Yes, of course we can offer you shared-time facilities..We've got on-line access to Stonehenge.'"

Robert J. Whitaker: "The major problem with filming a comic book hero is that he is an absurdist hero. All the situations are not of the norm and distant from a human's real experience and to me, cannot be much more than interesting entertainment. They cannot be done overseriously without being silly."

Brett Cox: "I see nothing wrong with egotism as long as the person has earned the right to such, and in my eyes, Ellison most certainly has."

Laurine White: "If I have a dream with monstrous beasts in it, then it isn't a nightmare, it's a great adventure. The nightmares have only people in them."

Don Ayres: ((Pertinent, because Don paid me a brief visit Aug.25 and remarked he was still employed at the record store in Hollywood if he hadn't been fired for taking a trip before he could get the boss' permission.)) "I play no instruments whatsoever, cannot read music, and have had no formal training in theory or harmony. Obviously, I'm a good choice to head up a classical record department."

Anna M Schoppenhorst: "I'm getting used to the idea, though I still quiver with excitement (read: fear) when there's someone really big, who I've never met before, and he/she is sitting next to me, talking as though we've been friends all our lives. This happened to me with Bob Tucker, only I didn't find out it was Bob Tucker until about 15 minutes afterwards."

Buck Coulson: "Science isn't dehumanized, but all too many people have been de-scientized by a liberal arts education."

Roy Tackett: "Astrology and the other pseudo-sciences have been tested objectively time and again and have always been found wanting. It's a struggle as it is to keep darkness from falling without being tolerant of witchdoctor's gibbering."

NEO STRESS SCALE by Linda Emery

1. You send off your first loc to a zine hoping to get a copy even if your loc isn't printed and for 3 months you do not hear a word when the issue was supposed to come out 2 months earlier.
2. Your spouse (mother, father, sister, boy friend, brother, etc.) tells you not to go to a con because of the generally decadent nature of SF and fandom.
3. Ned Brooks tells you that you can't have a copy of ICITM unless you publish your own zine or move.
4. Someone sends you a sample zine nine years old with no date on it and you loc it as current.
5. One person takes you for 10 years younger (at least) and then next week you get a letter from another fan suggesting you might be 70 years old.

Dave Taggart: "I love reading con reports I've never attended one, since there are none in the immediate vicinity. Such is the price you pay for

living in a place like Vermont. Other things Vermont does not have, besides SF cons,

THE
PEEL AND THE
PULP

INSTALLMENT #10 OF ABRIDGED WAR DIARY AS PRINTED BY
PEN & INK IN BRAZIER'S BLACK NOTEBOOK. *As we con-
cluded #9, I was sitting on a troopship in Ulithi
harbor, at which place I arrived April 6, 1945, and
now on with the facts...*

April 14, 1945... Same place as far as I know since I haven't been out on deck this morning... President Roosevelt died yesterday. Every hour on the hour we were given the news reports of his death. Hope someone knew all his plans, arrangements, and promises. Truman succeeded to Presidency. Wonder if he'll be any good? ... The battle for Naha on Okinawa is extremely tough, and that's where we are slated to go. We're probably being held here at anchor until the Naha airstrip is captured. ... The Marines are blundering tacticians. They kill more men of their own than need be, and they by-pass enemy troops who then attack from the rear and wreck supply & communication channels...

April 20... same place.... Schneiderman, Nicholson and I are writing 2 detective stories- "Death Plays the E String" and "Murder Rides the Flying Trapeze", featuring our hero Martin Kirby... Participated in a quiz show on deck yesterday. (*Enlisted men versus officers.*) I was able to solve $1\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ divided by $1\frac{1}{2}$, name the Kings of Swing, Jazz, Drum & Waltz. (*Benny Goodman, Paul Whiteman (!), Gene Krupa, & Wayne King.*) I was also able to define mal-de-mer, cartographer, and graphologist.

April 24... on the seas... Set our watches back one hour last night. ... Under our penname, "Eldon Nichols" finished "E String Murder" and I wrote a 5000 worder, "Saipan Angel" in three days! ... We make delicious hot buttered toast in the kitchen every night for ourselves... They say we are going to Ie Shima instead of Okinawa.

April 26 ... outside Ie Shima ... We sighted some small mountainous islands early this morning. Okinawa came into view a short time later. At 1400 we had reached Ie Shima which lies about $\frac{2}{3}$ of the way up on the west coast of Okie. We are now just sitting and they say we will disembark tomorrow... I have witnessed my first major action against the enemy. On the southern part of Okie I saw Navy fighter planes dive and watched bright explosions followed by plumes of white or black smoke. Fires could be seen after the bombing. Cruisers stood off shore firing, and there was artillery on some flat coral sandbar which was pumping shells onto the island. There seemed to be no enemy aircraft, and I counted only four flak bursts in all the hours I watched. ... Ie is gentle, rising from the shore, and on the east end is a sharp hill which the fellows have already nicknamed Tillie's Tit. Some large 2-story, now gutted, building is at the foot of the hill. Large dark caves are visible in regularly spaced rows in two sections.

April 28... Ie Shima... Yesterday we debarked. We sat on the sandy beach and waited for trucks and ducks to carry us to the temporary bivouac area. Our permanent area is still heavily mined; our temporary area is pockmarked with 6' diameter holes where mines have been exploded. The japs bury fused bombs with $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch exposed. This area, for all we know, may still have mines in it.... Last night was a regular show and I was up and down all night long watching it. When the anti-aircraft guns first opened up I thought we were being bombed or shelled. I got so excited I got all tangled up in my mosquito net trying to reach the hole at the front of my shelter. I saw one jap plane hit by machinegun fire from a ship in the harbor and burst into flames. I heard one plane come right over our heads and drop a flare on the gun position. The anti-aircraft guns around us (3 batteries) never hit

a thing all night long... The men are riding jap horses all over the place... A C-47 sprayed DDT this morning... We are eating K-rations and the mess truck is making hot coffee... I've been digging all morning: 1) to keep from getting shot and 2) to keep dry. The first consideration has higher priority! .. No P-47's here yet.. Mines are exploding continuously over the island, and every so often small arms fire is heard... Insects: lady bugs, huge grasshoppers, mosquitoes, flies, spiders, butterflies. Animals: doves, snails, mice... We've had beautiful sunshiny weather and the nights are cold enough for a jacket. Good sleeping weather... Got 29 letters today and 7 yesterday....

April 29... same place... An enemy plane passed over last night, but did nothing. I wondered why only one anti-aircraft (90mm) fired and why they stopped so quickly. First sergeant said they ran out of shells, and had no more on the island. Could that be true? There're no bombs or gasoline on the island yet for airplanes, and we expect the 318th with planes by May 5... Saw two groups of japs surrender yesterday. One of 4 men, and a long line of jap women and children later. All carried white flags made from underwear, etc... None of our men have been killed yet, but we have just been ordered into an area near the runway. It's mined. All the demolition crews have been killed and we are expected to remove our own mines now & suffer operational losses. I'm glad that's not my job.... We had good food last night for supper: potatoes, peas, eggs, biscuits, coffee, peanut butter. This morning we had pancakes... I have done no work yet but censoring mail... Saw the city - houses of solid coral slabs all blown apart. Big earthen jars around and concrete saucers, probably for catching rainwater. There's a grave not twenty feet from my tent with a big jar full of skull and bones and a glazed idol of some sort.... Boys shot a 4 foot snake. There are four varieties of deadly snakes here. When Ziebel squirted an aerosol bomb in his tent behind mine, it made a hiss like a snake. I turned to Devereux, my tent buddy, and said anxiously: "Do you have an air mattress?" I thought it might be leaking. He said, "No" more anxiously, and as one accord we rolled out of the mosquito net and I sommersaulted over my dirt parapet in my barefeet. We had a good laugh when we found out what made the hissing noise.... Saw the wooden sign post put up on the spot where Ernie Pyle was shot in the head and killed instantly.

April 30...same place... The news says we've shot down 57 Nips in the last two days. I've only seen one go down.

May 3... same place... Rain; no raids for two nights. I was on detail yesterday from 6 to 18 unloading belly tanks. There must be hundreds of them.... Long lines of jap women walking by in barefeet, balancing their belongings on their heads.

May 6...same place...The P-47n's did not arrive as scheduled... Today a single jap fighter flew across the harbor very slowly without being hit, though the sky was loaded with flak bursts & tracers. Then he came back and made a bomb & strafe dive on a ship; the bomb narrowly missed. He pulled up and at the top of his roll they shot his tail completely off, and down he came into the sea right amongst the ships. I was on the beach at the time and in direct line with his strafing run, at which time I grovelled in the sand behind my jeep.... Jap plane went over last night with lights on, and the flak was miles behind him. They shot behind the one at the harbor today too. My confidence in our anti-aircraft is very low. This marvelous radar aiming device must be a lot of baloney...

(To be continued)

PARAMETERS AND CONTINGENCIES

GARY DEINDORFER

Herewith, a column. A column for a fanzine gets itself underway with a setting of ground rules. Explanations. Predictions. Anticipations. Who am I to be different, if this is the case?

"Oh no," you groan (perhaps), "not another column. We don't need any more fanzine columns. Columns are a glut, a burden, a plague."

I beg to differ. This column, at least, will not be a glut, a burden, a plague. For one thing, it will cover the Alpha and Omega of existence. How is that for starters? And yet it will not try to be encyclopediac. It will dash through the skies searching for interesting faces and places. When it finds a face or place of fascinating sort, it will come to a landing spot, delicately, like a sprite. It will dance and sing around the subject (the face or place). Then it will remark upon this intriguing face or place in this manner: "Saw an interesting face recently. Let me tell you about it..." Or maybe: "Saw an interesting place recently. Let me tell you about it..." Anecdotal treasures will proceed to unfold.

Now, about the title of this column. I wanted something deft. I think this title is deft. It floated into my sleeping brain like a gift from some higher realm of being. I woke up with it running around in my head like a tape loop. Parameters are...something, I'm not sure exactly what. On the other hand, I know about contingencies. Possibilities, things that might happen, things that are in the offing.

So, we put together the parameters and the contingencies and we have a nifty column title, that's the point of the thing.

As I say, the Alpha and the Omega will be covered in this column. And all points in between. But not all at once. Given the linear nature of language that would be (chuckle) impossible. And not even point by point, in sequence. No, as I said before, we will leap about, flit through the mild air of the gone world, alighting perchance here, perchance there.

There will be controversy. What is a column without controversy? Nothing. Less than nothing, to be sure. What will be the nature of this controversy? Well, that in itself is controversial. But one thing I can begin with, and that is this: flaws in the fabric of the world-dream will be pounced upon with eagle eye and talons extended. "Ha!" I will proclaim. "A flaw has been found! I will magnify it out of all proportion and make this inconsequential lapse a gross and ineradicable scar on the rear end of the world."

But all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. Likewise, all controversy, this notorious "much ado about nothing," and no fun makes a column a leaden artifact. And so, when the weight of the world threatens to push us down into the grime, lo! forsooth! suddenly a magical frivolity will make itself known. It might be said that magical frivolity is a strong suit of TITLE (in its best moments, and it has indeed had one or two of them over the long, long years). Well, then, magical frivolity in this column will be as at home as Jackson Pollock at a splash-in!

Let us say, for instance, that I deal with the pros and cons of the neutron bomb. Sure, it leaves property intact, but who wants to live

in a place with all those irradiated bodies lying around? This is discussed "in depth". But with a certain degree of intuition I sense that an oppressive atmosphere is beginning to make itself felt. I realize that it is time for a little of that magical frivolity. And so, blithely shifting gears, I might say: "But let us leave aside those irradiated bodies for a moment. Let me tell you about the time the BNFs raided the shelves of Moe's Delicatessen."

Let it not be said that this column will not be tangential. It will be tangential. Tangential to thought, in fact. A glum four-squareedness is not, after all, something I want to saddle either myself or the readers with.

What have we got so far? A deft title. Controversy. Magical frivolity. Have I left anything out? I think I have: all the points between the Alpha and Omega of existence. Well, not all of them. Many of them. Perhaps even most of them. In time...those faces and places on our little globe (and eventually other globes too!) will be brought to anecdotal light.

Gee, it's going to be fun! Communication, that philosopher's gold of humanity, will take place once again, as it has before in this little microcosm of ours.

(Note: due to an attack of subsequent apathy on the part of the author of this column, the editor of TITLE, and (by now) the readers of this column, there will be no further installments.)

###

TITLE

BY JON INOUE

TWO STAPLES,
THREE CLIPS,
QUALITY
FANS
(FEN,
MASS-
PRODUCED
EGGS)
XEROX
MACHINE,
CRYSTAL
NIGHTMARE,
EDITOR'S
BRAIN:

AND AT
LAST,
A MONTHLY
TITLE
TO BE CALLED ...

(HEAVEN KNOWS?)

A TYPO
INSERTED
THE
TITLE

A LIMERICK

BY NEAL WILGUS

THERE ONCE WAS A FANZINE CALLED
TITLE
WHOSE EDITOR RARELY WAS IDLE
FOR HE PUBLISHED IT LOTS
AND OFTEN HIS THOTS
TO HIS FICZINE FARRAGO WOULD
SIDE.

###

ADVERTISEMENT: FARRAGO #6 is being mailed. It's Brazier's quarterly of this n' that, 46 pages for 75¢, all legibly xeroxed and artistically decorated. Feature article is Ben Indick's 3rd in sardonic fantasistes; this time Raold Dahl. Fiction includes Wayne Hooks' LOVE CHILD, Gary Deindorfer's STILL ON THE THOUGHT. Caroline "C.D." Doyle has supplied and self-decorated THE LITTLE NEOFAN WHO COULD. Burt Libe has supplied a math bit, A GALAXY OF PRIME NUMBERS.

THE OTHER NIGHT I WAS THINKING
DONN BRAZIER

"Despite semantic difficulties ..., there were many serious, if unfruitful, attempts at formulating a definition of science-fiction... Critics, historians, theorists, writers took a crack at it. Some began by saying that science-fiction was something indefinable and then went on to attempt a definition; others offered short, all-encompassing definitions of science-fiction that upon examination turned out to be just as valid for much of the literature of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Still others have maintained that the truth about science-fiction is to be found in defining what it does, rather than by defining what it is. Finally, there have been critical examinations of science-fiction by those who believe it to be an important aspect of twentieth-century literature, deserving its own definition in generic terms."

And so forth...

What I have done is this: I have taken a first paragraph from a book, UNDERSTANDING JAZZ by Leroy Ostransky, Chapter 2, page 23, and where the word *jazz* occurred I have substituted the word *science-fiction*; and the underlined words above appeared, respectively, as *composers*, *classical music*, *music*, and *musical*.

Why have I done this? It struck me that it could be done, and I went on to make substitutions of a similar nature for more paragraphs. I realized that I could plagiarize much of the book simply by making the switch from JAZZ to SCIENCE-FICTION. That thought came and went; it was replaced by another. It explains why most critical reviews of art, music, and literature sound alike. The critics simply have a pre-cut format into which the right words are plugged. Can't you see this magnificent computer with the proper program to turn out critical material simply by plugging in the right vocabulary?

As an exercise for the bored reader with nothing better to do, take that first paragraph above and turn it into a religious discussion of God, let's say. Example: (One sentence) *Still others have maintained that the truth about God is to be found in defining what He does, rather than by defining what He is. Now you can plug in art, language, etc.*

In case you think I've selected an example above which might be the only one to work, here's a non-critical book, THE ART OF PAINTING by Edmund von Mach, page 7: "The time had come when ... to the followers of this new movement, nature as she is means as she appears to the observant eye. Naturally the observant eye for *the writers* was their own eye, so that large play was given to idiosyncrasies. ... The excesses which were thus perpetrated brought ridicule for defects of the *writer's* own vision and the *New Wave* movement."

You might say, So what? It only means that various fields can be analyzed in similar terms or themes, you say. Yes, but isn't this a little frightening in its threat to mankind's lofty idea of his thinking prowess, and at the same time rather marvelous that a mechanical monster might possibly carry on "rational" thought?

Think about it!

TITLE #68

November 1977

Editor & Pubber: Donn Brazier

1455 Fawnvalley Dr.

St. Louis, Mo. 63131

Obtainable for LoC or contrib or scenic postcard or empty beer can received here within a three-month period. No subs, but a 50¢ piece will bring a sample. No trades except by mutual whim. Circulation is rapidly decreasing to 100 praise be to those lovely dropouts, and people who move without letting me know and whose T's have been returned by mailmen who collect another 14¢.

CREDITS, from front to back --

Cover: Robert J. Whitaker

Fiendish Corflu: Barry Kent MacKay

TALUS

TALUS

Gee whiz, there's another ARCHON ! This one is at San Jose, CA, in February. St. Louis was there first, folks. So remember, when asking for an Archon, make sure you get the real thing....

Ever hear of the DOUBLE DRAGON? It's an ale, canned in Wales, and sent to me by Mike Glicksohn. Mike thinks you might have fun trying to pronounce the name of the brewtown correctly: LLANELLI. Until some reader (and Welsh or other foreign types need not try for the prize) lets me know I'm pronouncing it lan-ellie. By the way, the can was empty!

Well, I met Rick Wilber and Nancy in Mankato, MN. Rick isn't too keen on the Head of the Journalism Dept at the college asking him to wear a suit and tie. Ghad, I detest stereotype costuming, but sometimes the dramatics of the situation require a little play-acting. Try a red&white&blue polkadot tie...

My Mankato bookstore was depleted of SF. Shucks; I couldn't find even one book I wanted. Somewhere in that town resides a closet SF fan...

Pauline Palmer wrote: "Someone who as supposed to get a Title this month didn't." Pauline got a 2nd copy, with all the outside sheets missing down to the page her letter and address was reprinted. The PO, finding no other address, delivered the mutilated zine to her. So, folks, if you are sure you ought to have received a TITLE and didn't, let me know. I might have a spare copy kicking around.

Donn Brazier
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USA

Well, I had my 60th birthday and got two cards from fans. Good 'old' Elaine Wozniachawski of the N3F came through again. And Leah Zeldes found a pickle card to send. Another treasure! Thank you both for the good wishes and effort...

Randy Reichardt thinks it might be interesting to ask Titlers how many times they've seen STAR WARS. Randy has 8 (and maybe more to come); I have 1 (and probably all until it hits the tube.)

Jon Inouye has sold a novella to Acrobat Books for "a good advance"; he's also editor to a theme anthology, MICROCOSMIC UNIVERSES, to include Hasse, Cummings, Bradbury, Sturgeon, etc. including Inouye. He says he's wide open for submissions, payment at 1¢ for unknowns, more for 'big names'.

CD got a B+ on a 'friendly letter' assignment for English class. It was written to me. It was a fantasy. Hugo Gernsback and I ("two old contemporaries") seem to be publishing a SF zine again. I'm to give my regards to Hugo... uh, Miss CD, I'm 60, not 90 -- and still alive. Yeah, I know, 'twas a fantasy.

See you...must get crackin' on #69.

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