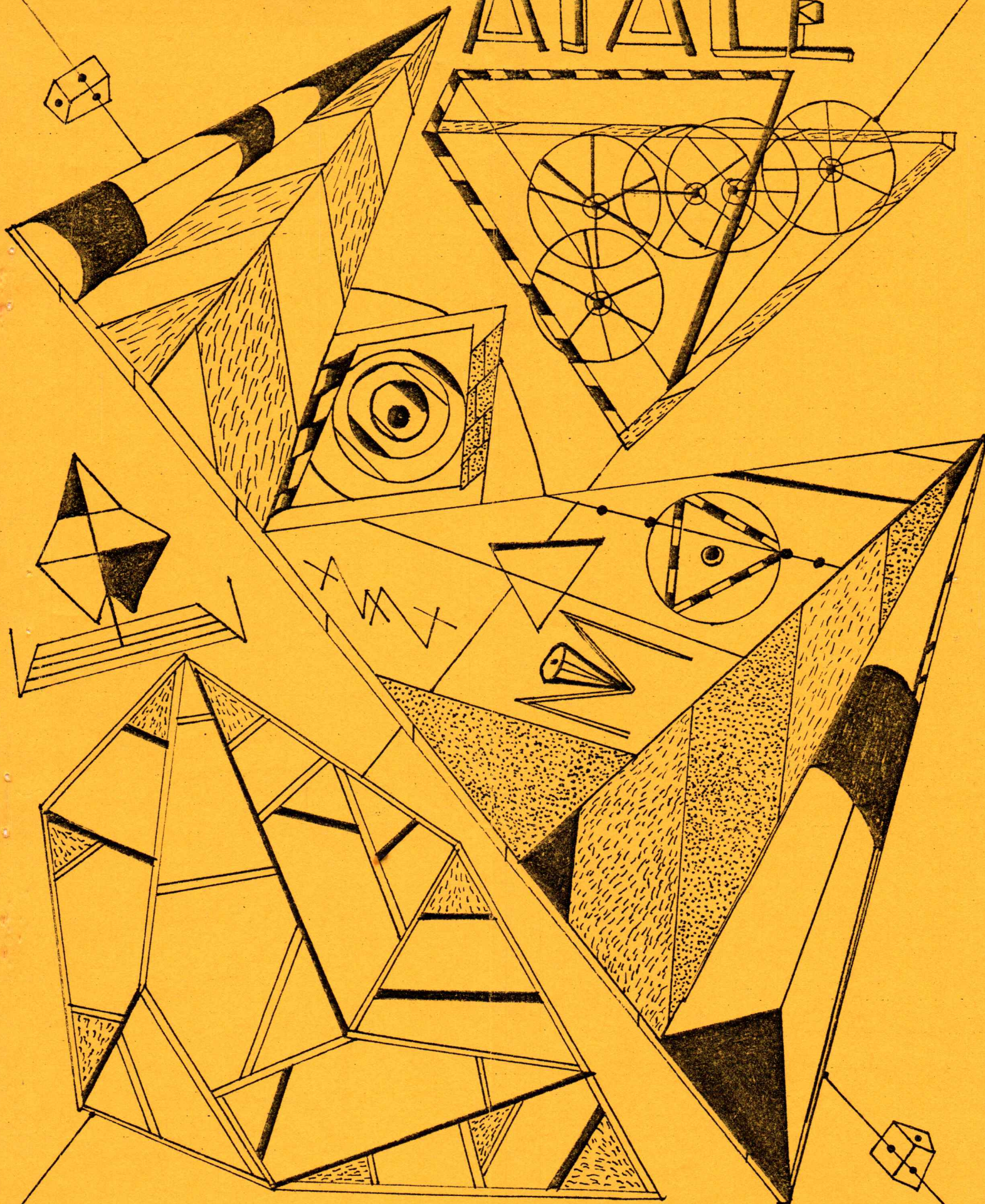
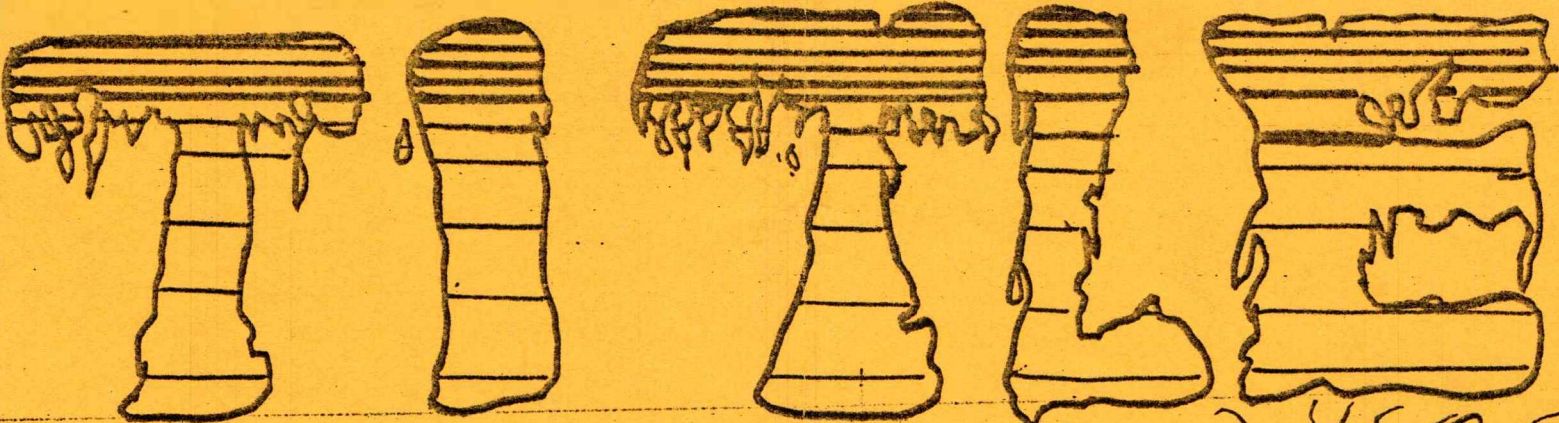


ATALE







TITLE #71 MONTHLY FEBRUARY 1978  
EDITOR & PUBLISHER DONN BRAZIER  
1455 FAWNVALLEY DR  
ST. LOUIS, MO. 63131 USA  
SAMPLE COPY 50¢; CONTINUED RECEIPT  
CONTINGENT ON USUAL RESPONSE WITHIN  
A THREE MONTH PERIOD.

+++++  
AITOI  
AS I THINK OF IT  
+++++

#### MIKE GLICKSOHN LIVES!

Garth Danielson and James A. Hall sent a form letter to apologize for their foolish action. They admit to an error "of judgement and ignorance." Because of their prompt explanation received here December 1, I shall forgive them (on my part anyway) for the turning and tossing on my pillow caused by the groundless report of Mike's death.

#### GENE WOLFE REPORTS STREET RHYME...

"Down the close and  
Up the stair,  
But and ben wi'  
Burke and Hare;  
Burke's the butcher,  
Hare's the thief,  
Knox's the boy  
That buys the beef."

As usual, and even in a quote, Gene has me puzzled-- what's the meaning of "but and ben wi'" ?

#### RAY BRADBURY LIKES "CLOSE ENCOUNTERS..."

Kevin Renick passed along for me to read the Nov. 20 "Calendar" of the Los Angeles Times. Bradbury is almost gushing in his approval of this movie. "We were waiting for this film before we were born," he says.



312277  
OCT 77



## FRED JACKSON LOOKS FOR COLLAPSE

"Actually," he says, "I think our present corrupt capitalistic system is going to destroy itself eventually. It's already started. I look for a collapse of our economic system before the end of the century. It will be followed by some sort of restructuring into a new system -- whatever that may be."

*Could happen... It's happened before. On page 11 of THE EMERGENCE OF MAN (a Time/Life book): "The pride and prayers worked as long as Persia was blessed with strong leaders. But many years before its final collapse around 330 B.C. the empire had begun to evidence some of the afflictions suffered by more recent superpowers-- among them violent internal struggles, corruption and raging inflation."*

## RACHEL CARSON ADVOCATES A SENSAWUNDA\*\*

"A fan's\* world is fresh and new and beautiful, full of wonder and excitement. It is our misfortune that for most of us that clear-eyed vision, that true instinct for what is beautiful and awe-inspiring, is dimmed and even lost before we reach adulthood. I should ask that each person have a sense of wonder so indestructible that it would last throughout life, as an unfailing antidote against the boredom and disenchantments of later years, the sterile preoccupation with things that are artificial, the alienation from the sources of our strength. If a fan\* is to keep alive his sensawunda\*\*, he needs the companionship of at least one person who can share it. It is not half so important to KNOW as to FEEL."

\* "child's"      \*\* "sense of wonder"      Computerized slightly from Rachel Carson's book THE SENSE OF WONDER

## SF ECHO WELL OVER HALF STENCILLED SAYS EDITOR ED CONNOR

It's been a long time-- too long. Any news about my favorite fanzine is worth thinking about. Though Ed has "managed only one stencil in the last ten days", the awaited issue is probably due out soon after Christmas.

## WILL XEROX KILL GUTENBERG? IS HEADLINE IN SCIENCE, 2 DEC. 1977

Trouble at the technical book sellers.. It's getting cheaper to Xerox the pages than to buy the book. As book sales go down, prices go up in order to obtain a profit; this leads to more Xeroxing. It is a vicious spiral that can only end in a cessation of new books to copy as book publishers fold their tents.



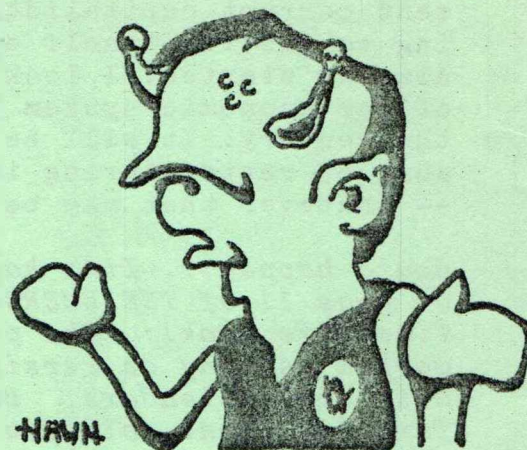
**"IN CAPITALISM,  
MAN EXPLOITS MAN.  
IN COMMUNISM,  
IT'S THE OTHER  
WAY AROUND."**



AIN'T WHAT SHE USED TO BE

A murmur or two of complaint printed in TITLE that the ol' girl ain't what she used to be brought a rash of similar howls. For a while I thought-- well, why go on. Then I thought of the old joke about the person who complained about the lousy food at a certain cafe, ending his complaint with "and they serve such small portions, too." Well, I serve it up (and whatever I'm doing it must please me) so if the food is bad, try a different restaurant. But remember, even if the food is lousy here, you get something every month and at very little cost.

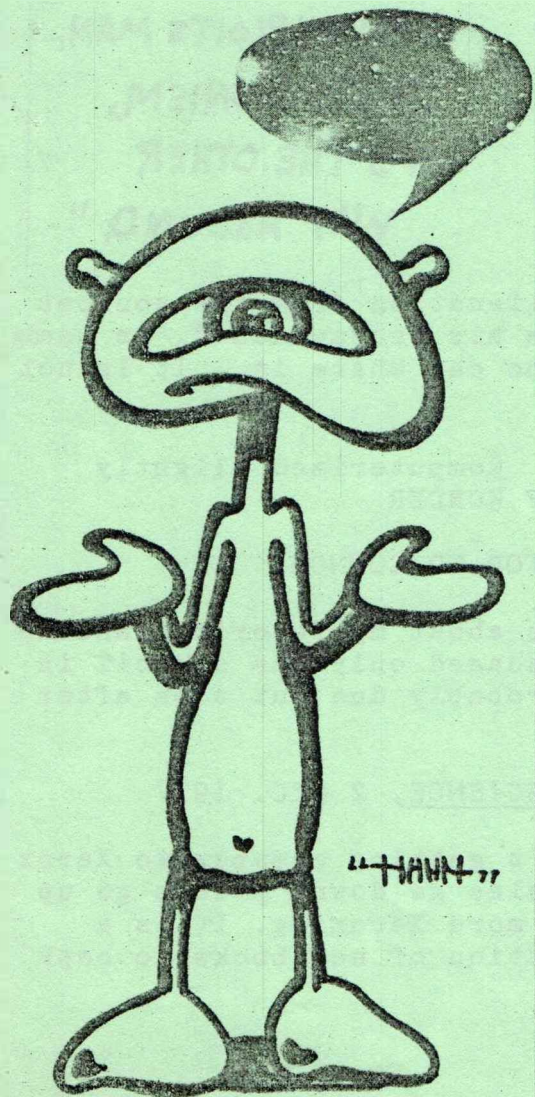
WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM  
ME??? PLASMA?



### FAN ENCOUNTERS OF THE FIRST, SECOND, AND THIRD KIND

Rather clever I thought.. the advertisement for the St.Louis SF Society's Christmas-Yule Party. First kind: a Worldcon, thousands of fans, most viewed at a distance. Second kind: a regional con, hundreds of fans, many seen at close distance. Third kind: a fan party, scores of fans, all at close range.

AT THIS DATE, 1-5-77, THIRTY-SIX REPLIES TO LATEST TITLE POLL



I expect more replies; thus, I'm waiting until next issue to start giving the results of the SF survey. I've learned one thing: there's little consensus. Fans are creatures of individuality. I've learned another thing: any number of fans nearly burst at the mere thought that their collection would be reduced to just one book. Such a horrible fate, it was, that these fans absolutely refused to consider the idea.

Seventy-nine different fans have been named as possible GoH's-- two people even included themselves! As I expected, my name came up a few times, but I am eliminated as the poll-taker and will not reveal my votes. Still, thank you all anyway. As it stands right now the leaders of this (cleverly ?) phrased popularity contest are:

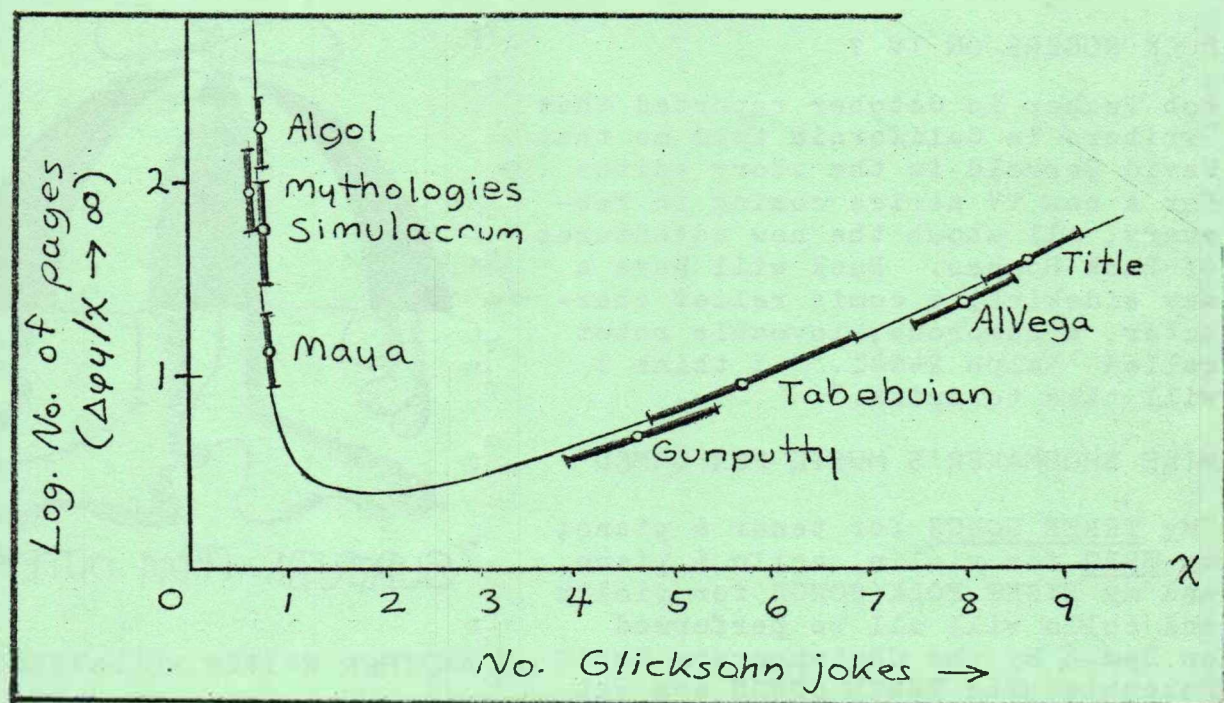
Bob Tucker	11	Walt Willis	7
Harry Warner	8	Bob Shaw	5
Mike Glicksohn	7	Lee Hoffman	5
Gil Gaier	7	Ben Indick	4
		Jackie Causegrove	4

As for novels most frequently mentioned as favorites, it appears that three are jumping out as winners: STARS MY DESTINATION, LORD OF THE RINGS, and LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS. Three living authors most frequently mentioned for conversation: LeGuin, Ellison, & Bloch.



# TARAL MACDONALD PLOTS GLICKSOHN HUMOR CURVE: TITLE WINS!

Taral Macdonald counted pages devoted to Glicksohn jokes appearing in various fanzines with the result shown on the graph. All I understand about the graph is that TITLE seems to coax more jokes per page out of Glicksohn ((how about re: Glicksohn)) than any other fanzine in which the barbershop counterspy appears.



ANDY OFFUTT REPRESENTED SF (ETC) AT NATIONAL WRITERS CLUB WORKSHOP  
WRITES JODIE IN LETTER RECEIVED NOVEMBER 2

At Denver, "Andy saw himself as an ambassador for the field with the opportunity to talk with people about SF, what it is, why it is popular, etc. Quite a few people left the workshop knowing that SF & HF are more than zap guns & BEMs, enjoyed only by children." Mystery, humor, whatever were represented but quite a few took an interest in Andy's discussion and "his group wound up in the bar after the meetings broke up." The groups had Sunday breakfast at separate tables, and "again, Andy and his group adjourned to the bar to continue the discussion." It must be noted that while the workshops and discussions at the bar were in progress, Jodie was shopping the big Denver department stores. "My bag is shopping," Jodie confesses. Jodie went into raptures over a Mexican restaurant called Casa Bonita, a place defying description; she wonders if any Titlers have ever been there.

BUZZ DIXON WANTS FANEDS TO ASK HIM FOR MATERIAL

"I'd love to write for other fanzines-- columns, reviews, articles, fanfic or just about anything. If you know of any faneds who need help getting started, put them in touch with me." ((Buzz has written some fine things for me which, unfortunately, I haven't been able to print yet. He seems to be very knowledgeable about SF & F movies. His address is 111B Meyer Ave, NBU-51-0, Ft. Huachuca, AZ 85613.))

DR. FREDRIC WERTHAM APPLIES THE "SHOEMAKER PRINCIPLE"

"Shoemaker's point in TITLE 69 that the 'causes' of cancer are usually not direct, mechanical, one-factor determinants is certainly well taken.



In pathology it is established that a harmful factor may not cause a pathological process directly, but affect the organism so that it has less resistance to minor infections or injuries. In my work with troubled youths I have applied this principle. One factor, be it poverty, race prejudice, disrupted family, unemployment or glorification of brutality in mass media, may not mechanically bring about a symptom or a delinquent act; but may merely lower resistance to other harmful influences."

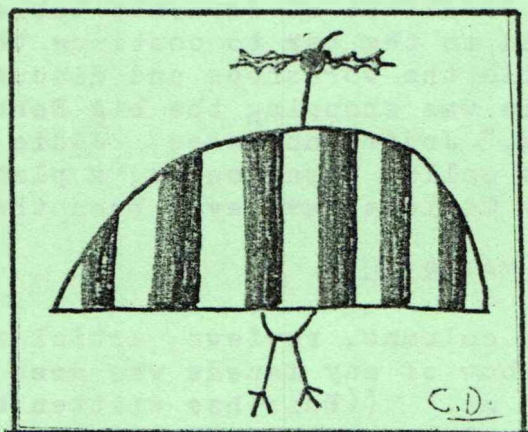
#### BUCK ROGERS ON TV ?

Bob Tucker in October reported that "writers in California told me that David Gerrold is the story editor for a new TV series coming in February, all about the new adventures of Buck Rogers. Buck will have a new sidekick, a comic relief character, a humorous, loveable robot called 'Ralph 24C41.' I think I will take to drink."

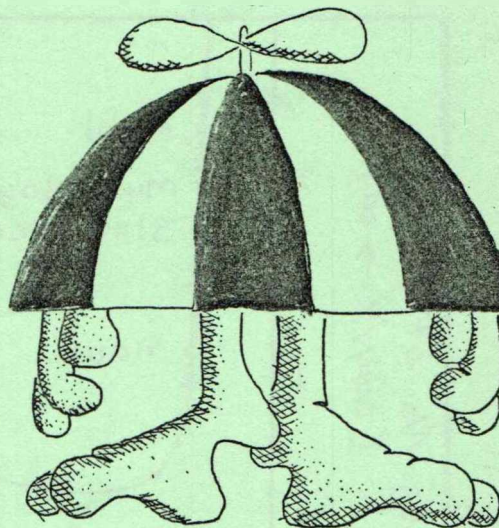
#### MIKE SHOEMAKER'S MUSIC PERFORMED

"My THREE SONGS for tenor & piano, my TRIO for violin, cello & piano, and my EIGHT FOLK SONGS for violin and cello will all be performed on Dec.6 by the Contemporary Music Ensemble. The THREE SONGS are settings of poems by Paul Walker." ((I find that very exciting news, Mike, and it all happened yesterday. Any chances of a cassette or 8-track tape for me to hear?))

CAROLYN DOYLE'S RECIPE FOR A SURE-FIRE WAY TO HAVE A MERRY CHRISTMAS -- STAND PERMANENTLY 'NEATH THE MISTLETOE! ((SEE ILLUSTRATION))



AS FOR ROSEBUD-- DID YOU KNOW THAT SCOTT JOPLIN PLAYED RAGTIME IN THE ROSEBUD CAFE OF KANSAS CITY ABOUT 1905? -- ROBERT BRIGGS ((An example of my 100 key computer.))



robert X 1071

"SUPERFAN FROM OUTER SPACE"

#### ANOTHER WRITER VOLUNTEERS FOR N3F

"About the NFFF and listing editors & writers, it sounds like a dandy idea. You can list me. I am always open for negotiation on articles, poems and fiction," says Wayne Hooks, 2200 Chalfont Dr., Apt 28, Richmond, VA 23224

#### DEVLIN'S REVIEW EDITOR REACTS...

"You're chart-happy, Brazier," says Buck Coulson. "I wouldn't even put the damned things in alphabetical order, much less make charts of the ratings." ((Yes..And to answer Wayne Hook's query: "How do you know when a person hasn't responded for 3 issues?"... I keep a chart, what else?))

#### BUZZ DIXON HAS PLAN FOR AGED ED.

"I'm organizing the Send Brazier to Cthulhu for the Summer Fund. Send you back to the Pyramid of the Sun. Seven brawny fen shall carry you on a litter to the top, where C.D.Doyle, bedecked in feathers and a smile, will be sacrificed to Yog Soggoth."

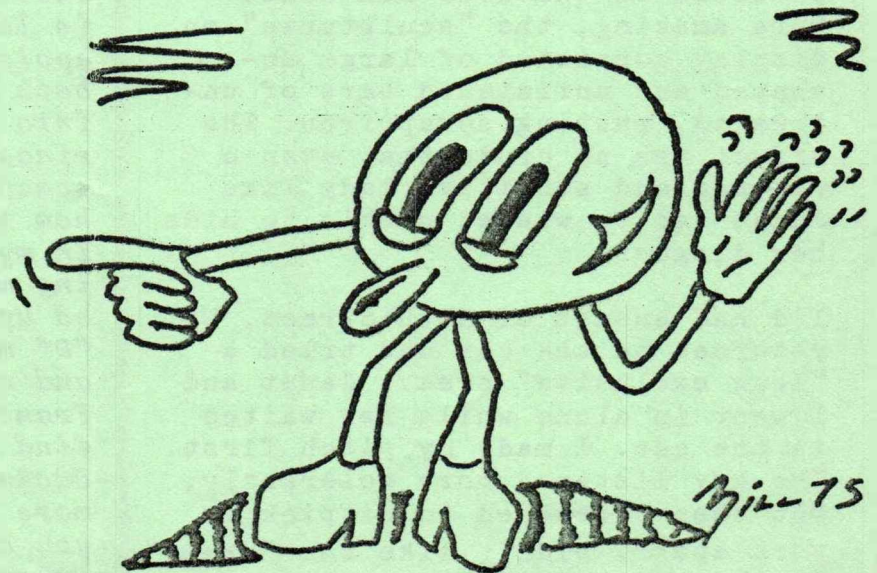


I last visited that city twelve years ago and dreaded going in again. But Ben Indick offered help in taking me to the most "exclusive" art galleries on 57th Street. I insisted Janet Indick come along and try to sell her work, too. Janet, Ben's wife, a sculptress in her own right, welds scraps of metal into interesting surrealisms. An unusually quiet woman with probing eyes-- one knows no detail around ever escapes her grasp. Ben, who knows "New Yawk" like his own backyard, agreed to take his car; I would pay the parking -- over \$5.00 per hour.

Enchanted electronic art, which I created and developed, has two unusual anomalies: it can't be properly photographed nor described in words. Those who have never seen my work will never know its beauty (interaction of sound and streaking of tiny colored lights). According to one of Ben's books, it even qualifies as CUBISM in the broadest sense. But proper classification of art so entirely new and different is best left to experts after I pass on. I brought along a 28" high demo unit destined eventually for a new home in the St. Louis Museum of Science and Natural History. The museum director, someone named Donn Brazier, and his staff had already delighted themselves with the tiny lights, and the director said to consider it sold upon my return to the city with the arch. But first the New York galleries would see its beauty.

Saturday morning, October 27, the three of us endured the caustic fumes of the unending Lincoln tunnel and headed under the Hudson River for the Big City. Eons later came the light at the other end and the instant madhouse of skyscraper canyons. Buildings tried to claw out at us and choke us from everywhere. We entered a hole-in-the-wall disguised as an underground garage. After the attendant took charge of the car, we exited and fought our way through the seething throngs. A strange cacophony of motors, horns, yelling, and footsteps echoed and closed in with deafening malevolence. People crowded from everywhere like thousands of maggots teeming and roiling through a decaying carcass.

Ben knows the rat maze well. After entering a grimy building and taking an elevator which led to a puzzle of strange corridors, we would somehow wind up at a gallery. We repeated such sequences for five or six different galleries. Upon arrival at each, I would plug in my demo and let it operate. Fortunately I had some prior warning of a society so skilled in rudeness and insult that each category had become a separate science. (And if any of you still think I'm bad, visit a New York gallery!) First lesson in the science is never to take one's eyes off the ceiling when greeting a new artist. I got the "sorry, not for us" rou-





tine in a bevy of unique ways. For in-, I'd forgotten that delightful elitism of sniffing the air while talking. Between galleries we joked about the dry sidewalks when we came "skidding" out. Ben kept insisting he wanted to see more than the bottoms of their nostrils while I silently wondered what was so special about New York ceilings.

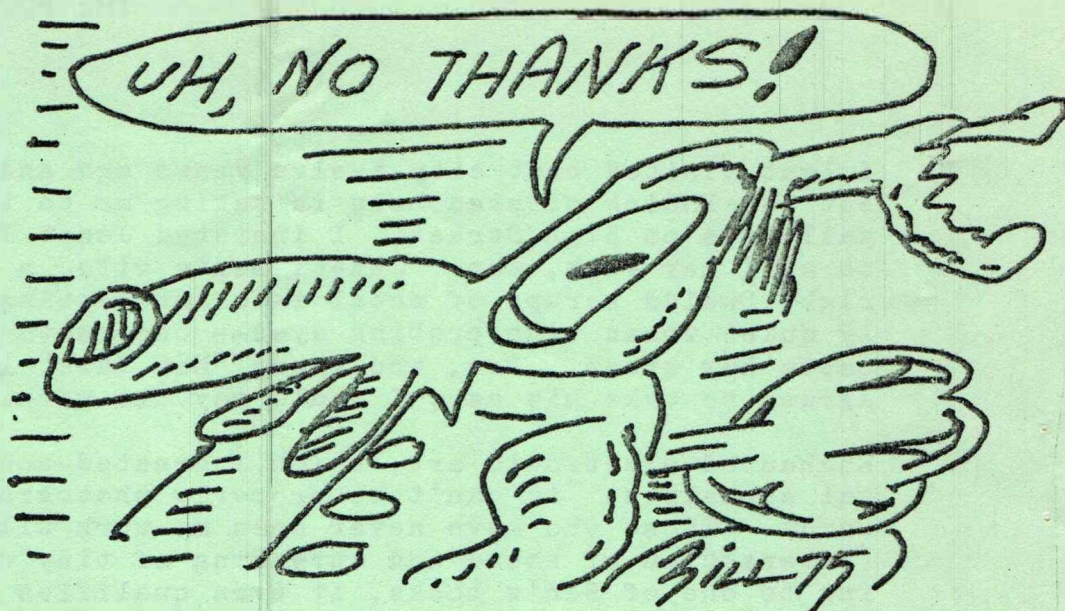
I always tried first and took the initial "bull".

I really didn't care

whether they bought or not; I only had to prove I attempted to make a sale for business purposes. Then Janet would size them up and try next. Fortunately, her work photographs very well and she had come far better organized than I. Still, her luck and treatment fared no better than mine. Ben, more accustomed to such stuffiness, and a surprisingly tolerant individual, tried to help by asking for suggestions for other galleries that might be interested, etc. In fact, I was amazed and impressed at how he succeeded in mellowing and injecting a bit of humanity into these impossible people.

But the highlight came at Caro Gallery. I had just plugged in my demo when this impeccably dressed punk in his late 20's comes up, mad at the world, and asks, "What's your problem?" I didn't bother to answer and started packing up my unit; anyone greeting people in that manner doesn't deserve the effort. Janet studied him and walked away. Ben tried talking to him anyway and I could see Ben's face flush with anger. The punk knew only one word: "No!" said as rudely as possible to whatever Ben asked. More amazing, the "sculptures" on display consisted of large unshaped and unfinished bars of untreated, rusting scrap iron. The effect was so crude that even a refined and sensitive lady like Janet had to wince, unable to hide her disgust.

I'd had enough of 57th Street. We returned to the car and tried a "less exclusive" area. Janet and I went in alone while Ben waited in the car. I made my pitch first. The guy listened more tolerantly, but then proceeded to nitpick my work apart. Didn't like the "shape"



#### MY ONLY OTHER POSITIVE EXPERIENCE

came when Ben drove a shortcut through Central Park, passing a few horse-drawn carriages. The bright reds and golds of the sudden trees reminded me of the virgin forests which once covered Manhattan. In 1958, Robert Buckner wrote a SF script, "Starfire", which focused on a telepathic/paranormal girl/alien from Sheliak (Beta-Lyrae -- the star) in love with an astronaut (with apologies to Barbara Eden). They both eluded searches by ducking into one of these one-horse carriages in a series of delightful escapades around this park. Somehow the whole scene came to life in my mind for those few fleeting moments. (Disney later mucked up the script into a grade "D" movie called "Moon Pilot" and changed the location to San Francisco. Pity.) Can't seem to find out much about you, Robert Buckner. But please write some more science fiction, wherever you are; you're good.



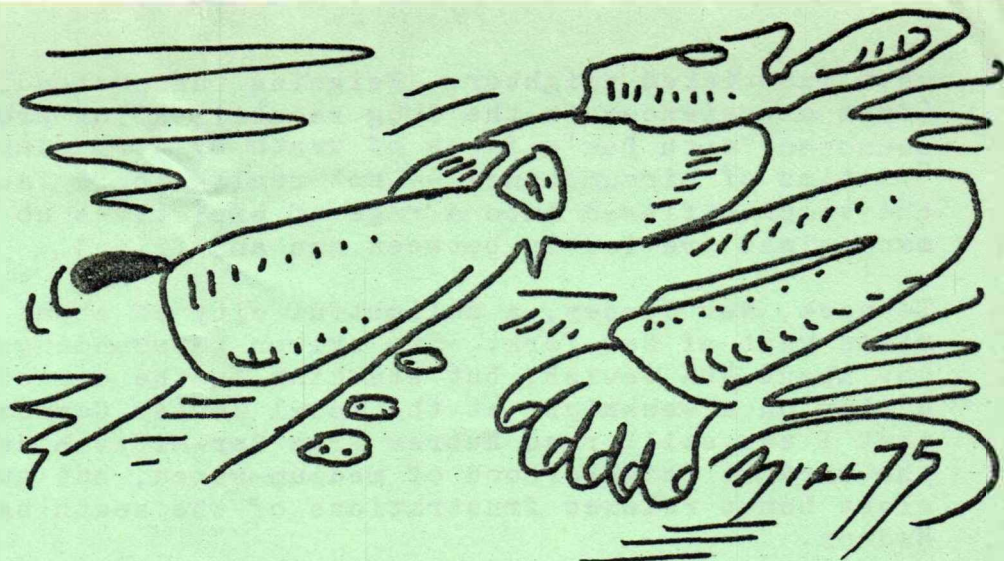
of the tree, plus other cynicisms. I handed him my card and poop sheet anyway. "Here's your stuff back," he sneered, "you won't be hearing from us." Janet sized up the situation and went to work on him next. She had her photos and poop sheets ready. This time the guy seemed genuinely interested; he accepted her info and treated her with unusual courtesy (for New York). They talked a long time; I think (and am hoping) she scored here.

"One more gallery," says Ben cheerfully, "in a less exclusive area (69th St.)." "Okay, just one more time," I agreed, reluctantly. I'd already had my fill of New York for years to come. Luckily, we found a parking place. I went in and set up the demo. There were some kids inside; and where kids and Burt Libe get together, there's always magic. The gallery director treated me with so much interest and courtesy I almost wanted to cry. Eventually I hope to sell to this gallery. After that we left the Big City for the safety of Teanneck, "New Joisey".

We then went to Morris Museum of Science in Morristown, N.J., a delightful little city about 40 mi. west of New York, where my art was received with the usual fervor of a normal and enthusiastic audience. I'm sure I made another eventual sale here. All-in-all, I had a very successful trip and sold off all my units with back orders to boot. I felt pleased to have had Ben and Janet with me during my sales calls.

In further relating these experiences to science fiction, I might suggest that Isaac Asimov open up an art gallery on 57th Street.

###



THE ESOTERIC ORDER OF DRAGON  
OR: THE SAGA OF TEANECK  
OR: BEN INDICK VIEWED BY BURT LIBE

= = = = =

A man in love with a city.

Upon first meeting this gentleman in his early 50's, somewhat balding, but with plenty of sandy black hair left in unusual styling, one gets equal impressions of a college professor or a famous symphony conductor.

*((Of course-- what else can a man look like when he slaps a 'sandy black' wig over his flaming red hair?))*

But Ben Indick is neither. A pharmacist, he felt too closely the recent horrors of a decaying New York City in the wanton destruction of his business. And the stories he recounts of addicts and riff-raff loitering near his surviving smaller pharmacy could give one nightmares for weeks.

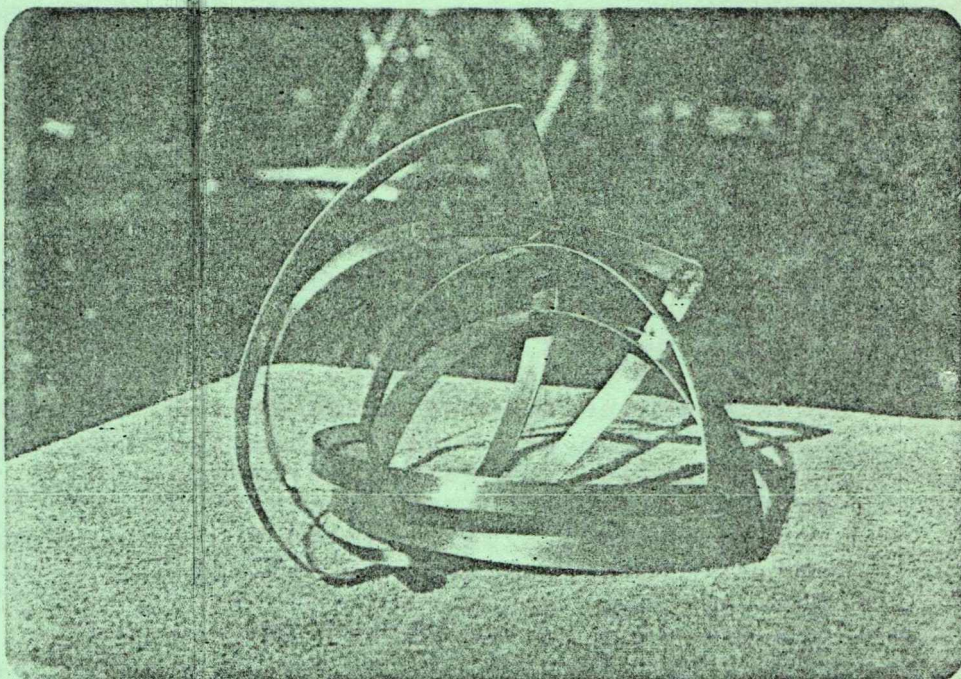
In his tragic love affair with the people, arts, theatre, and terrible decadence of the Big Apple, what strange contradictions must fight within him. But the magnetism controls, letting him accept this unusual charm without challenge or whimper -- magnetism which also boils like steam in a pressure cooker. Pressure which builds and strains inside a dormant volcano as evidenced by the visit of a some-



what inebriated neighbor. Feigning "understanding" of Human scum (from experiences in the drug rehabilitation program), said neighbor summoned forth Ben's fires of wrath by defending their actions as "victims of circumstance -- not really their fault". At which point the volcano flared into a rage of expletives no doubt heard and argued many times previously between man and friend.

Teaneck, New Jersey, a delightful city of about 25,000, lies about ten miles west of New York. Its sylvan surroundings shelter a population now about 40% Jewish, but stalking in the direction of a black ghetto. A play on a weeknight at the local Jewish Community Center reminds me that I can still read Hebrew from Bar-Mitzvah days. A walk around the verdant neighborhood of medium-sized, but quaint upper-middle-class homes relaxes frustrations of the seething cancer across the Hudson.

Outside the two-story domicile of Dutch-Eastern architecture stand metal sculptures of Ben's talented wife subtly announcing perceptive inhabitants. Inside loom books and books of every size/shape/description/subject intermixed with numerous forms of paintings and sculptures -- like two distinct personalities trying to blend without sacrificing individuality. No wall goes unadorned--each book, picture, sculpture, statue, has a story of its own, but none so impressive as a 5-foot length of massive bound volumes inscribed "ESOTERIC ORDER OF DRAGON". \*



A JANET INDICK SCULPTURE

A Jewish klansman? A Chinese rabbi? A dreaded sect? What had I discovered? I

couldn't stand the suspense anymore; curiosity overpowered me. Forgive me, Ben. You weren't there; but I just HAD to look. Surprise! Years and years of fanzines devoted to the life and stories of one H.P. Lovecraft. I knew something about the man; he had contributed heavily to the literary field, yet died in poverty -- a crule and rotten reward befitting many of talent who choose to pursue such careers. I loathe the horror genre and, therefore, have read only a biography of Lovecraft, the man, with his hopeless struggles.

Perhaps Ben's avid fascination with the horror genre might explain his unique relationship with New York City. The once-stately lady has grown old and worn. Yet, for some, her magic and charm remain. And Ben Indick continues to love her because, for him, there's no other way.

+++++

A P.S. TO BURT LIBE -- BY BEN INDICK

He's a big fellow, around 40, hunching over a bit in the casual clothes he prefers. He arrived in a late '50s auto in very nice shape with over

\* Only after I reached home did I realize there is no "R" in "DRAGON".



400,000 miles on it. I told him that the position his car occupied on the street was that in which my own car, several fateful months ago, had been smashed into, head-on, by an errant car. Although this disconcerted him, he did not move it.

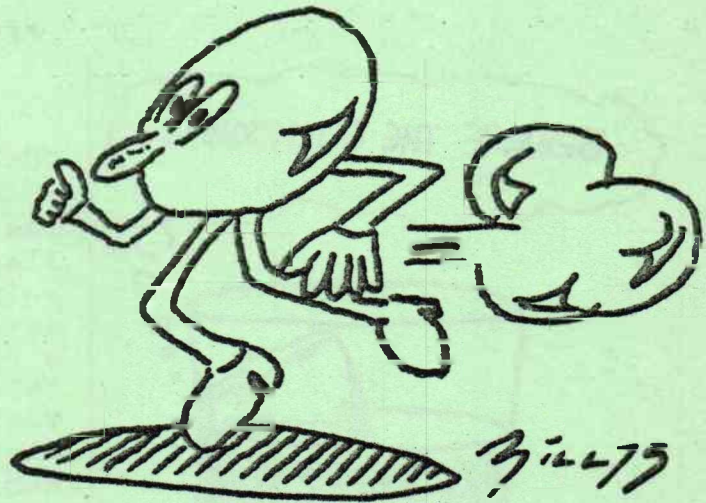
He unpacked several bags, a carton with his demo tree and a carton of 7-UP. I'm uncertain which is more important in his life, the tree or the drink. He demonstrates the former to everyone at all time, but he drinks 7-UP with every meal, including breakfast, and in restaurants as well. That he is a pleasant and easy-going guy may be understood simply from his visit. After all, I had never corresponded with him, or even talked via phone, before a few weeks earlier, and yet the entire visit was friendly and communicative. My wife and I had various other dates to keep, and he simply made himself at home. Nor were we concerned about a stranger here. Oh, my wife's jewelry, my own OUTSIDER, my daughter's stocks to African goldmines-- these were missing. But nothing else! (Just joking, for in truth Burt was scrupulous about TOUCHING THINGS, as you may surmise from his paragraph about ESOTERIC ORDER OF DRAGON -- he's got ME saying it!)

The tree? A great gadget, a lovely work of art, an electronic whiz-bang... In a room of silence it is simply a tree object, covered with tiny bulbs and silver wiring. At any sound, sparkles of light shoot up it, in flashes of brilliant color. We had neighborhood kids and adults in to gape and gasp and laugh with delight. Youngsters played the piano to it, to see their music translated into light. Fantasia!

*((On December 1 the demo tree which the museum bought was installed on top the pipeorgan at "Old St. Louis Noodle and Pizza Co.", a restaurant, for the Holiday Season. Later it will be an eye-catcher in the new physics exhibit hall at the museum.))*

However, Burt was here for business.

I had warned him, in California yet, what he faced in NYC. He was insistent -- he wanted the top galleries to show his tree to. I told him that it just wasn't done that way in these places; first, they did not actually buy things, but would take them to show, and return them if unsold. Second, for exhibitions, they would want at least a half-dozen pieces to show. Did he have them? Nope, said he, he had only the one demo (he has sold many of them, but does not make extra stock.) No matter, he was going in, and if they were uninterested, it was their loss! Furthermore, a new artist asking to have his work seen, always leaves photos and slides; he just doesn't bring the object in! It isn't done! Burt was prepared to do it.



Saturday was the day, and you've read about it in Burt's graphic words. Janet, as a long-time would-be client of these galleries, was accustomed to their snobbery, although not quite on the level Burt suffered.



(Perhaps some of them were put off by Burt's casual approach; he would simply march in, find a wall socket, plug in the tree and look at them. Usually, they tried not to look back.) Very soon Burt, who hails from a town no larger than Teaneck, had had his fill of the Big Apple; however, we kept him hustling before driving off through Autumnal fields of glorious color to the Morris Museum. (Janet has a large sculpture there, displayed beautifully, and we were assured of a hospitable reception. Indeed it was, although the various department heads were not there, and Burt had to show his piece to lesser folks -- and a host of open-mouthed kids.)

It was a day we'd all remember, although, like the friend who cannot help chuckling when his best buddy slips on a banana peel, we have to smile in recalling Burt's tight-lipped simmering anger, and even my own! It is, after all, some sort of accomplishment to meet at one time such a bunch of snotty bastards!

The last laugh will be Burt's. His gadget, or objet-d'art, whatever, is bound to become well-known. It is beautiful, although currently more disposed to scientific interest than artistic; he has discussed Janet's preparing an abstract configuration for him one day, and then the two -- science and art -- will come together.

We had not known the cuss at all. He moved in on us with no ceremony, and made himself at home. He hollered at Asimov and the Bakersfield, California, traffic bureau with no let up. He snapped at my dog to stay away because of his allergies. When Paul Walker happened to call me, Burt, who had once corresponded with Paul, suggested we drive over -- which even I hadn't done yet. (Good thing we did -- Paul is extremely engaging; a great person.) He rushed to a local deli, a top place, bought piles of stuff and we got fat on it! He wouldn't go anywhere else until the last night. And then this big stranger was gone.

And, y'know what? We sort of miss him! Come on back, Burt. I happen to know a few dozen other galleries in New York City...

###

BEWARE THE GLUCKSOHN!



CONTEST..... DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?

The jigger (well, a little bigger than a jigger, after all) on the left is a -- possibly -- subliminal creation of one Hank Heath. I see the following: a bird looking backwards towards its tail, a black dog pointing at the bird, the word "TONTTO", a man's face with a cigar shoved up his nose, a face of a man examining a French postcard, the letter "D" with an "n" inside it, and a racing airplane flying upside down, and a sticky quarter. Score one point for all these you find, and an extra point for each other symbol you see. Bill Bliss is declared ineligible to win, but I'd like his interpretation!



RAMBLING IN THE SCIENCE-FICTION PATCH  
AND ACROSS THE FENCE

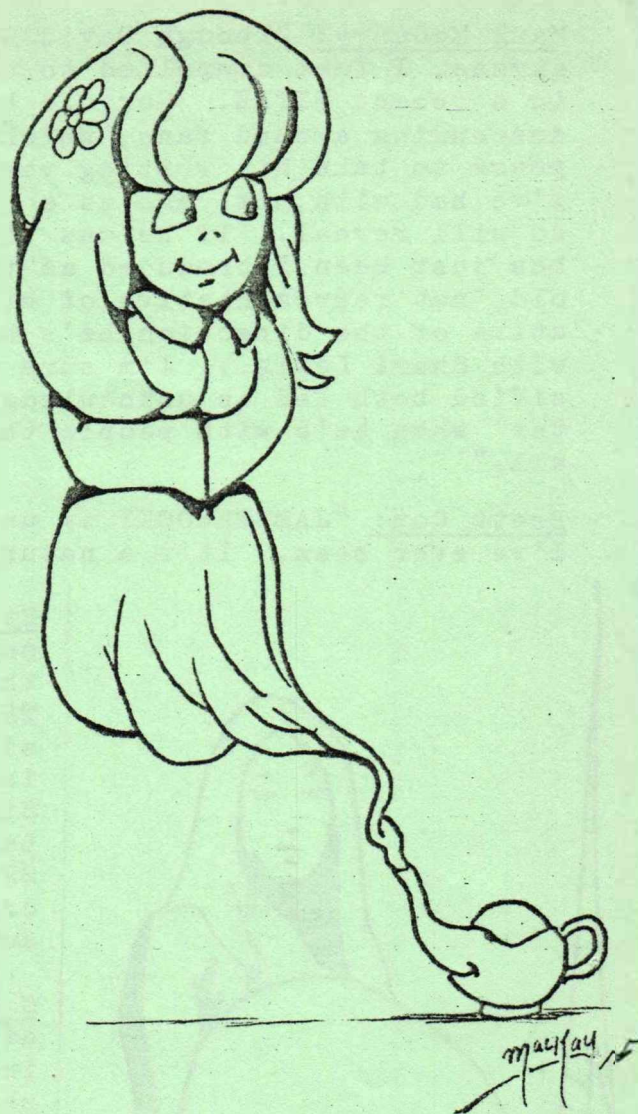
*Gary Grady responds to my complaint about the clothed humans and congressmen names sent along with the Voyager plaques.*

I disagree with you almost completely on the intelligence of the people who designed and put together the Voyager plaques. The device will never be seen by aliens, barring a miracle. It is a memorial, pure and simple. In the unlikely event it is seen by aliens, though, I doubt they will suffer from a lack of detailed photos of nude people (although I doubt that decision was really that bright, it is true that clothing is a characteristic of humans in almost every culture). The names of the Senators and Representatives who have supported our space program against consistent and ignorant public prejudice will occupy virtually no space on the record, and form a fitting tribute to these people who have put the future of mankind above political advantage. Oh, sure some of them are doubtless supporting the program because of lobbying efforts, but others (Teague, for example) are almost certainly decent proponents of space research for the sake of the future. Short of attempting to sort out the good guys from the bad guys, which I suspect is impossible in practical terms, I believe the tribute is reasonable and appropriate. Comment?

lison-- the easy kills and later easy lays of the pulp writers among us. MEN IN THE JUNGLE was pointlessly cruel, explicit, vicious, glorified the bestial, and generally presented mankind as unhinged. I don't believe in 'original sin' and I'm damned if Spinrad will create another myth for me. And you know something else? It was passed without murmur, nobody objected, nobody cared, but when he used sex and 'bad language' in BUG JACK BARRON (another bad book), then there was an outcry even into the chambers of government."

Rob Chilson: "On time stopping if all motion stops: readers with long memories will cry "Doc Smith!" Dick Seaton encased the Chlorans in a time stasis in SKYLARK OF VALERON lo these many years ago... He specified that all motion, right down to the subatomic level, would have to stop, and I think he's right."

Neil Ballantyne: "Like hell Brunner's books are good intro's for mundanes into SF!!!"



Ian Covell: "MEN IN THE JUNGLE is typical Spinrad pornography. I think in SF there are certain works that could be called pornographic: Norman's gor-y series, Anthony's sword (a splash of Spillane and 'I had my hands cut off and swords inserted in their place'), Russ's work, El-



Mark McGarry: "Though David Gerrold certainly needs no defense from anyone, I feel compelled to comment on John Robinson's slight of him in a recent TITLE. Gerrold has this reputation of being cold and condescending around fans, which has a certain justification, but he appears to take his writing very seriously, judging from conversations I've had with him, and as a reading of any of his last three books or so will reveal. If he was touchy around Robinson, it's no wonder. He has just been introduced as the author of a screenplay about ten years old, not representative of his best work, and certainly not representative of the direction he's heading. And then to have that compared with Shari Lewis... I'm sure Gerrold wasn't that upset, but it classified both men as unknowledgeable and smart-alecky. Gerrold is 'better' when he's with people that respect his accomplishments, as are we all."

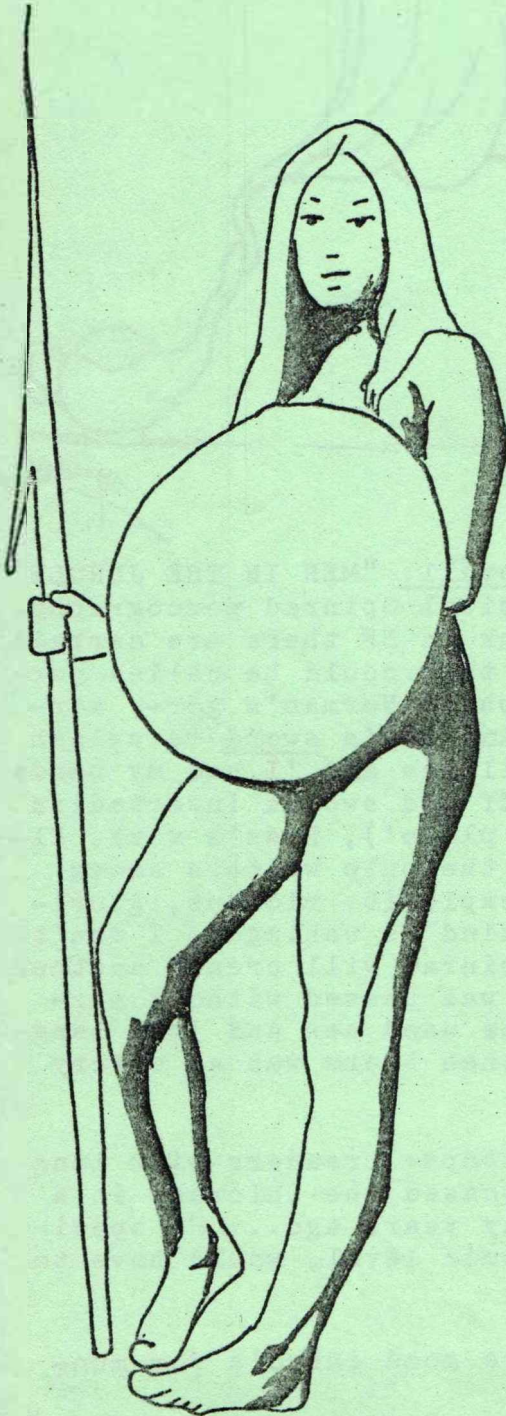
Brett Cox: "JABBERWOCKY is unquestionably the single most bizarre film I've ever seen. It's a natural for fans, and I recommend it highly."

Steve McDonald: "I agree with Eric Lindsay on the flood of action style SF novels.. that's why I wrote that little review of THE RINGS OF TANTALUS for Dave Taggart. I'm sick of the same type of thing. In comparison to Hook, Cap Kennedy, Perry Rhodan, Simon Rack, The Expendables and others, Laser is pretty good. It's fairly decent SF that Elwood is churning out, rather than crap that reads like Dr.Who meets the Blob during The Return of Godzilla."

C.D.Doyle: "Fandom helped (and helps) me discover what is the most important thing in my life--myself. Fandom wasn't afraid to show me love, to say 'Hey, C.D., you're all right!' That's something that really helped me. I find myself much more happy now--much more able to love and hence be loved--able to hug, and laugh, and just let someone know I like them in no uncertain terms. I also need Fandom from an intellectual standpoint -- that sea of mundanes gets so damned dull sometimes! I'm a zero in school and mundane social circuits. In Fandom I don't feel alone. And I'm more optimistic. There are good people in the world-- and isn't it nice that I know so many of them!"

Stu Gilson: "Hasn't anyone started worrying about the Ackerman collection being located in an area that is severely earthquake prone? I'm not being facetious here: it strikes me as a particularly unwise and dangerous thing for a collection of that importance and of that unreplaceable a nature to be housed in a single location. If something were to happen to it, the damage to our recorded heritage would be devastating."

Mike Glycer: "In reference to Shoemaker's pleading for Paul Walker, one hardly becomes a fannish legend, like Willis, by shunning





fandom except for an occasional contribution to a small-print-run fanzine."

Frank Balazs: "There's an exciting new SF film out called 'Close Encounters (etc.)', but its makers don't call it SF, so maybe it isn't. At least one reviewer has called it the best SF film of the '50's. That is some progress since STAR WEARY could be called the best SF film of the '30's (in terms of theme and plot). Don't get me wrong-- I like Star Wars but I know why I like it and cannot possibly call it a great film. I label 2001 so, the best SF film of the '60's, which even came out on time and everything."

#### STAR WARS VIEWING TALLY

Randy Reichardt	10
Sam & Mary Long	4
Tony Renner	2
Ned Brooks	1
Brett Cox	1
Donn Brazier	1
Harry Warner	0
Michael T. Shoemaker	0

AVERAGE 2.375

*The drawing at left by a student at Webster College -- Michael Burke. Reproed from a photo of same.*

By the way, if you didn't reply to my latest poll, you'd better come to the support of a favorite fan. Right now (after 31 readers voting) three fans look as if they'll be in: Bob Tucker, Harry Warner, and Walt Willis. Coming up fast are Bergeron, Gaier, and Lee Hoffman. So far 73 different fan dream-GoH's have been named.

Marty Helgesen: "The story about the man who smelled purple is 'The Man with English' by H.L.Gold in the collection STAR SF STORIES. It should be noted that he perceived the smell of purple. He did not emit it."

Robert J. Whitaker: "A bad critic is interesting and educational if you know that he's a bad critic. If you can see between his lines, you wind up getting to know a good deal more than before. "Idiot Criticism" is a form which avoids the issue, or is based on wrong assumptions about the book at hand. I have encountered reviews in national magazines which talk about the whole works of another writer, or spend the whole column talking about another book which is better than the one at hand."





Ned Brooks: "Have you heard anything about Loren Eiseley having passed away? A recent NASA publication referred to him as the 'late Loren Eiseley', but I haven't been able to find out if it is true. I just finished his excellent ALL THE STRANGE HOURS. ... Is that for real about the SALAMANDER WEEKLY? I can't believe anyone is really named 'Lester Antilles'! There are lots of fans in Austin these days: Don Markstein, Beth Schwarzin, Will Norris, Linda Emery all just moved there." *I suspect, Ned, that one of those you named might be 'Lester Antilles' and other strange names that pop up in SALAMANDER WEEKLY.* "Speaking of Frank Herbert, I hear he is working on a fourth book to be called LORN OF DUNE... " *((And you worried about Lester Antilles??))*

Rob Chilson: "You just may not like something that's really very good, and vice versa. I do not admire the Skylark books at all; they're drek; but I like them and re-read them every few years. Pohl's recent GATEWAY, which I admired as a superb piece of craftsmanship, I read only once and discarded. I didn't like it very much, you see. ... I once had an idea similar to Hank Heath's about differential subjective time rates, but never came up with a plot for a story. As I recall the idea, it was that one's mind interacts with one's environment. Thus a person whose personal sense of time was slower than other people's would have a watch that ran consistently slower than everybody else's. They'd say, 'I'm late because my watch is slow,' but the truth would be that their watch is slow because they're late. Edgar Rice Burroughs, in one of his few flashes of inspiration, posited that in Pellucidar where the sun always shines, time passes at different rates for different people, so while one spends weeks fighting off monsters, another is taking a short nap or reading a few chapters in a book."

Roy Tackett: "I don't really agree with Ian Covell's analysis of early SF although I'm still considering what you say about modern stories. *((Ian compared early SF to childhood; modern to adolescence; adult SF largely yet to come.))* Adolescence is a product of the middle 20th century. Such a state did not exist prior to WW II. It was created out of the whole cloth by post-war sociologists and inserted as a sort of purgatory between childhood and adulthood. Adolescence is an artificial concept used simply to make excuses for bad behavior." *((Much has been blamed on that segment of the population, but to my mind there is a mental & physical 'rite of passage' from childhood to adulthood and this transition of stormy upheaval exists no matter what term is applied to it.))*

Buzz Dixon: "As is my habit I'm watching a late movie while typing. This time it's DINOSAURUS, a film I saw at age 6 in 1960 and not since. It was the first film to get me thinking about how films were made and hence on to my planned career in film making. I remember my sense of wonder being tickled pink by the animation of the dinosaur models when I first saw it-- now I'm impressed by the tremendous realism of the caveman sequences in which the troglodyte slowly but surely learns about modern times-- including an encounter with the flush toilet."

SOUNDS TRAGIC TO ME!













Gary Grady: "Your remarks about replacing the word 'jazz' by the word 'science-fiction' prompted me to produce a program to do just that. It doesn't require a super computer either--just one that will compile and execute SNOBOL (the language this program is written in)." ((Gary then gives the program and explains how a jazz criticism piece can be changed to apply to science-fiction. Since I don't know how many of you have access to a computer handling SNOBOL, it seems best that I advise you, if interested, to send for a xerox of Gary's letter. Ever hear of Jack Woodford? He wrote some books on how-to-write-fiction; one of his methods he called 'The Chinese Method'. It consisted of taking a published story and plugging in new data for characters, locale, whatever but keeping the plot structure much the same. Well, this computer program sounds adaptable to creating 'new' stories as well as articles of vague critical writing. How about it, Gary?))

Gail White: "I read all printed matter last-page-first. " ((Who else does that?))  
"So you & Jodie Offutt can't eat popcorn! I eat popcorn every night--battered, salted, or plain. Among my friends popcorn is called the Staff of Life, or 'Staff' for short... If you will look for the November issue of Modern Romances, you will find, amid the assorted trash, a piece of my light verse.... This is one of the most serious things I really believe. I think society is in a bad way & it's going to get worse. Humane & humanizing relationships are going to be lost; people will feel lost & frustrated & isolated. They will do what they have done in similar periods in the past-- they will turn inward. There will be a revival of mysticism such as the world has seldom known before. I've been making this prediction for the last 10 years & I see no reason to alter it now."

Sam Long: "I can't say as Alvin Toffler's work interests me very much. I think there is a lot less future shock than he claims. On the other hand, many of his anecdotes are disquieting and are food for thought." ((Possibly you feel this way because you are, being a SF fan, immune to future shock; Toffler intimates as much.))

Harry Warner: "I've met a dog that stood above six feet on its hind legs. I was waiting for a bus when the dog and its owner came strolling by. Somehow, I struck the dog's fancy. It came bounding to me, reared straight up, and tried to lick my nose off my face, meanwhile propping itself up with its paws against my body, my back against the wall of a building. I didn't mind its tongue, which was the size of a washcloth, or the paw at the top of my chest. What really caused the problem was the other paw which had landed further down, in the dead center on my anatomy. I do not know which was worse, the way it hurt or the sudden suspicion that any faint possibilities of eventually marrying and fulfilling a husband's functions had abruptly ended for me. I didn't ride a bus in Hagerstown again for a couple of years."

Mike Glycer: "I've got a Title survey for you, Donn. Pick two fans-- if they were locked into a room until they thought of a great new invention, what would your two fans come out with? If Glicksohn and Ed Cagle were locked in one, they might come out with a revolutionary way to build model wild pickles in empty Scotch bottles." ((Any ideas, anybody?))

Glenn Garrett: "Without SF, fandom, rock 'n' roll & jazz my faith in life might be completely destroyed. Justifying your own existence is a continual problem. I need to find some talent (it sure isn't writing) which reminds me of one of the things Ezra Pound said. He criticized 20th century man for having no crafts. Everyone depends on some factory for its ready-made clothes, cooking utensils, etc. Each individual needs to develop a craft to express their creativity, their viewpoint of life and our universe's purpose. On television I saw a man who had somehow carved a little man in very great detail and fitted him inside the eye of a needle. Also he painted different animals on the side of a human's hair. Impressive-- almost unbelievable. I can't draw an animal on a page of this size half as good as he did on that hair." ((You could say that TITLE is my creative output at this time of my life-- I'll publish on the sides of 24 human hairs later on.))

Stuart Gilson: "With the advent of the neutron bomb we have witnessed the ultimate capitalistic weapon: a device which kills people yet allows all property to remain intact. Surely, then, the ultimate socialistic weapon can be but shortly forthcoming: a nuclear warhead which destroys all property but leaves all people untouched." ((Cleverly put; I admire tremendously the stylistic and meaningful levels of your concise paragraph.))

Wilson Goodson: "James White worked in both a hospital and a department store in menial capacities. John Norman lives with his mother and several bossy sisters. A. Merritt never went exploring in far off lands. Robert E. Howard never took fencing lessons. John Jakes never read Robert E. Howard; Andy Offutt did. Lloyd Biggle Jr. once read a law book and probably saw race prejudice face to face. Michael Coney has done some boating. Fritz Leiber has read Shakespeare and was once scared by a black man. Harry Harrison was once trapped in a crowded elevator."

Buzz Dixon: "The problem with TITLE is that it rarely offends. An article or comment usually is so innocuous as to be ignored."

Roy Tackett: "To Hank Heath: The Eastern philosophies stand revealed as bankrupt nonsense and the 'Now Generation' is the 'Then Generation'-- a tattered remnant of the Sixties that has been rejected and left behind."



August 11, 1945... Ie Shima [an island 2x8 miles, just off the coast of Okinawa]... Japan wants peace! But the Emperor wants to retain his sovereignty. Will we accept peace on that condition? As much as I want to get home, I still want to crush that Emperor to his knees. I hope we do not accept their one condition. Hirohito should be tried as a war criminal along with the militarists; after all, he could have stopped this war at any time since he was in supreme command... Had a long air raid alert last night during the announcement of the peace news; our planes are going out as usual this morning. We've had 173 air alerts to this date, and P-38's are stationed here now, as well as B-24's.

Aug. 16... Japs give up! The news came officially confirmed yesterday morning. Now what will we do? Last night two jap bombs hit a little island nearby-- so this was after the war was over... The jap peace plane is supposed to land here, perhaps tomorrow...

Aug. 19... Two jap planes painted white (obviously with a brush!) and with green crosses painted on where the meat balls had been, landed here today. The crowd was immense and over-ran the guards, barbed wire, and MP's at the last. That circular barbed wire was trampled flat in no time as the crowd of GI's went over it like veteran infantrymen. The jap crew was little guys in thick flying suits-- I couldn't see the bigwigs...

Aug. 24... We are now allowed to write home that we are on Ie Shima.

Aug. 26... Today I climbed to the top of the mountain [Tillie's Tit] at whose foot we live. It was a lot easier to climb than the Pali in Oahu, but still a lot of fun...

Aug. 27... The first definite word on discharges was received today! All EM [enlisted men] with over 85 points and all officers in A or B class. I am in B class! I'm happier today than I was when the japs gave up. This came so suddenly, so definitely! Happy day!

Aug. 28... Officers of the 364th Service Group... C.O. Lt/Col Musgrave, likes girls and liquor and doesn't know too much about anything; Maj Flannagan, loud filthy mouth, ignorant, and an ass kisser; Maj Dozier, loud 'old soldier' as brown as a nut; Lt Ed Quinn, hot tempered, small and wiry with pug nose; Capt Ray Devereux, a negative personality but reads fantasy; Capt Wilbur Harms, like a St. Bernard dog on a farm, big & friendly; Lt. Fred Melber, a kid with an ambling walk and blows up easily; Capt Moore, tall, heavy, boorish & ignorant, and I hate him; Capt Holly, holds his fingers stiffly which antagonizes me.... [etc]

Sept 4... Yesterday was our V-J celebration here.

Sept 6... Played soft ball yesterday -- made quite a hit at short-stop. Usually I'm so book-wormish nearly everyone thought I'd be lousy. I s'prised 'em.... My poison ivy is terrific. Wish I'd never climbed that mountain now...

Sept 11... Poison ivy all dried up... Turned in field equipment yesterday.



Sept 16... Strong winds and rain today; we're on the fringe of a typhoon. The wind has broken one of the 2x4 braces on my side of the tent. This morning, when I was OD [Officer of the Day], papers were scattered far and wide, so at 6 AM I was out chasing them down all over the fields and the theater. Also, the chapel blew down and Capt Harms' automotive shop!... Six of us have been temporarily classified as critical by the general - damn him- and wouldn't you know I'm one of them.

Sept 19... We six got our orders today, too. It won't be long now, I hope.

Sept 24... We're leaving tomorrow; I'm travelling very light.

Sept 25... Okinawa... So far only as far as we've gone. Last night I slept poorly, cold and wet, with only a sheet on a bare cot; I had given my mattress and pillow to a GI staying behind...

Sept 26... After lots of SNAFU..finally! 11 PM and we've just taken off. They called us to the landing strip at 4 PM, and we waited in the rain-- 7 hours! My one bag of personal things is gone somewhere-- books, clippings, a few clothes, curios.

Sept 27... Guam... Arrived at 0800 after an uneventful flight. While at the terminal I spotted my bag and pounced on it.

Sept 28.. Kwajalien.. We're now three hours ahead of Ie Shima time. Arrived at 0800 and left at 7 after supper...

Sept 28.. it's the next day, but the same date. Have just boarded a plane out of Johnston Island. This island shows the difference between Navy & Army, for this place is far superior to Kwajalein, an Army base. Buildings here are painted gray and trimmed neatly. A huge, fresh egg breakfast cost me 20¢... Arrived Hickam Field, Hawaii at 1 o'clock, and shoved right out again at 2;30. Red Cross girls gave us either coke or coffee and donuts..

Sept 30... Arrived USA yesterday morning-- first day in USA in 20 months. I'm at Hamilton Field, 28 miles from San Francisco. It's chilly, and I'm glad I have my heavy flying jacket with the fur collar which David Liming gave me... Boy, those fresh eggs are marvelous! And milk! ... Waited 1 hour for my call to Betty [my wife] to get through. Both she and I were so nervous we couldn't say anything. I was shaking like I was still in a foxhole. ... Saw a bright golden-yellow dandelion this morning..How shinningly cheerful it was! So American I felt warm all over to be home again.

Oct 11, 1945... Milwaukee... I am with Betty and Terry [my 2-year old son I'd never seen] and all my loved ones!

THE END

*(This has been the final installment of my war diary, much abridged for TITLE readers. Thanks for putting up with it all. Perhaps at some later date I'll continue other chapters in the Peel & Pulp, a title supposed to indicate the outer and inner environment of the editor at various stages of his life going back to October 4, 1917.)*



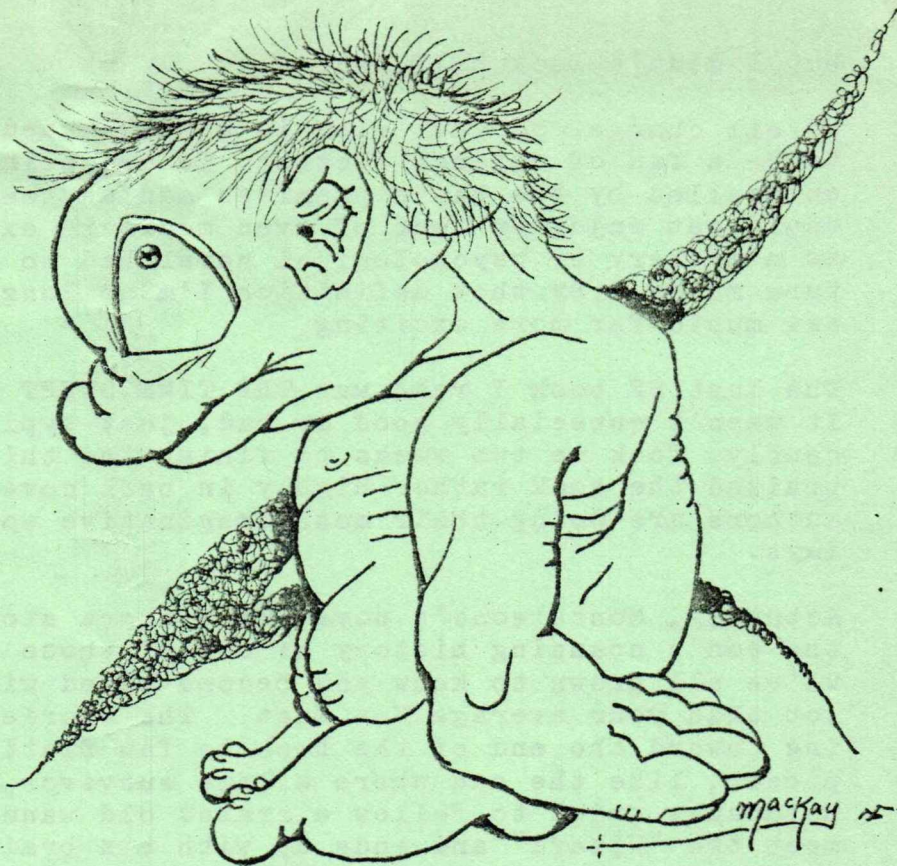
CRAB	oooo
NEBULA	oooo
ERIC	oooo
MAYER	oooo

I shaved my mustache.  
It was two AM.  
I was listening to  
records and drinking  
my whiskey warm.  
I'd reached the point  
where opening the  
refrigerator door for  
an ice cube didn't  
seem worth the trouble.  
I kept looking at the  
record jackets.  
The Ramones. The Dead  
Boys. The Jam. Richard  
Hell. The Sex Pistols.  
Elvis Costello.  
This was the New Wave,  
rock music style.  
None of those guys  
wore mustaches.

I remembered my Contracts class. Everyone without breasts wore a mustache. Even the professor had a mustache. I went to see Beatlemania and in the scene where the fellow who plays John Lennon wore a mustache, he looked more like my Contracts Prof. than John Lennon.

Something was going wrong.  
When I stopped shaving my lip  
eight years ago it was a pretty  
revolutionary act, in Wilkes-  
Barre. The only other person I  
knew who had a mustache was my  
next door neighbor but no one  
noticed him because he was sev-  
enty years old and had had it so  
long it seemed almost a part of  
him. Now everyone had hair on  
his face. I was in the majority!

I had some more whiskey. In the  
old west doctors gave their pat-  
ients whiskey before hacking off  
gangrenous limbs. "It's okay, Doc.  
Only a flesh wound." Sure. I  
knew better than that. I stagger-  
ed upstairs and into the bathroom,  
slipped a new blade into my razor.  
I thought, "It is a far far better  
thing you do..."



#### THE SHAVING CREAM SIGHED OUT OF THE CAN

Lathering it on I wondered what horror might confront me once I'd hacked away the undergrowth. Would I look like I did in high school? God forbid. I administered another shot of whiskey. Why not? I couldn't tell anymore if my hand was still shaking. Blearily I gazed into the mirror which was fogging up as the hot water ran into the sink. A few stray hairs poked up out of the white froth. I'd never tamed the damn thing very well. I raised my hand. "Here's looking at you kid." A few quick swipes and it was over.

ALL OVER. GOT 'EM BOTH.

When I woke up the next morning my lip felt cold, and my head hurt,



but I didn't look half bad.

We all change. So what else is new? I used to wear a mustache. I used to be a fan of science fiction. To me, being a fan meant that I was so enthralled by the basic premises and devices of science fiction that I could get enjoyment out of even mediocre examples of the genre, whereas a mystery or psychological novel had to be something special to turn me on. By that definition I'm no longer a SF fan. I find the new music far more exciting.

The last SF book I read was THE TIME SWEPT CITY by Thomas Monteleone. It wasn't especially good or bad, just typical of the SF I've read recently. Took me two weeks to finish the thing. Ellison and Zelazny praised the book rather highly in back cover blurbs. Some veteran authors are doing their most imaginative work in the blurb genre these days.

Actually, Monteleone's novel is a short story collection chronicalling the eon's spanning history of one of those inhuman automated cities we've all grown to know and become bored with. It's a better patch job than your average Van Vogt. The stories range from mildly affecting toward the end of the book to fan fiction quality. Several of the pieces, like the one where a lone survivor of the ever popular nuclear holocaust tries to follow a crazed old wanderer to "Oz" in order to meet the "Wizard" and ends up with his brain inside a machine, are just plain embarrassing. Anyone who had to take the time to type such drivel out on a stencil would probably decide it wasn't worth the effort. Monteleone's prose struggles and strains to convey substance which simply isn't there. Like many SF writers, Monteleone seems to think he can metaphorize us into caring about essentially shallow characters and situations. Maybe it's possible, but not for a writer who starts off one story with the assertion that "The western sky was an open wound."

At least I could understand what Monteleone was saying most of the time even if he didn't make me care about any of it. Charles Grant, on the other hand, writes English as if it were a second language. My copy of ASCENSION was missing the last 20 pages. Just as well. The publisher couldn't buttonhole a single one of Grant's SFWA buddies to plug this alphabet soup.

OF COURSE YOU DON'T  
KNOW WHAT I'M GETTING  
AT.... I NEVER EXPECTED  
TO BE UNDERSTOOD IN  
MY OWN TIME....



Did you hear the one about the intrepid adventurer in a world of cowards who decides to take a long walk on the ancient highways left over after the nuclear holocaust in order to get Somewhere Important to the Fate of the World and meets mutants and other nasty things on the way? Well, here it is again. Why anyone would want to rewrite this old clunker, especially when he does it worse than it's been done most other times, is beyond me.

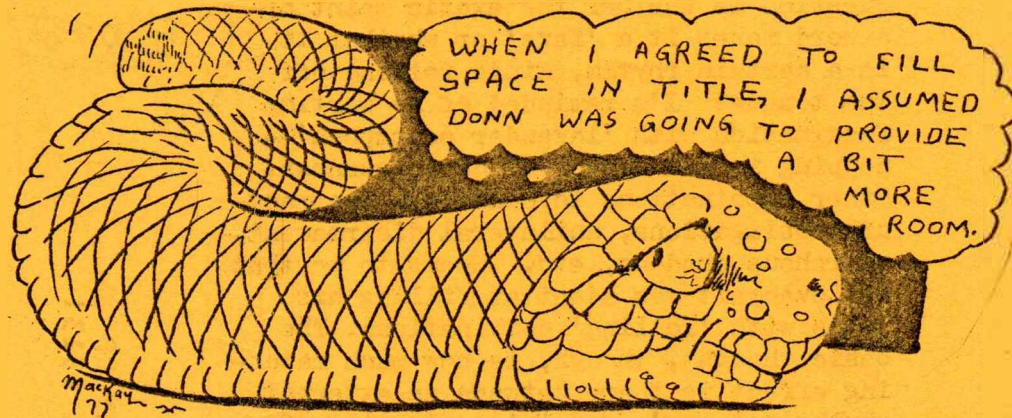
Grant makes some changes, not to say improvements. There are renegade androids in the woods rather than mutants.

His hero is intended to have "depth". Translated into modern SF terms, "depth" means he whines a lot, has muddy Freudian musings, and is kind of obnoxious and incompetent. Don't SF writers know any



admirable people? Frankly, Grant's writing style is so vague, I couldn't tell what his characters were supposed to be feeling most of the time. I'd come to a tangle of verbal gymnastics and I'd know that the characters were supposed to be emoting but their thought processes bore no relation to my own. In the old days the thoughts, feelings and motivations of characters were indeed simplistic, but at least they were recognizably human. Grant's characters never come to life, never start to move of their own accord. You can see the puppet strings as the writer puts them through their paces.

The setting is predictable - a suburbanite's idea of wilderness and a supposedly frightening city that's considerably less harrowing than the Lexington Avenue IRT at rush hour.



And why is it, I wonder, that SF writers - a pretty damn conservative bunch by artistic standards - insist on cranking out rebel protagonists?

I picked up the new GALAXY (no date, v.38 n.8) and wasn't inspired by the short stories there either. Major characters include the rebel fighting for individuality in a computerized world, your basic infallible muddler/expert/adventurer, a cartoon strip alien and the President of the USA. Three of the four stories depend on a surprise ending and the other is, I guess, a kind of surprise in that the rebel gets killed instead of saving the world.

So isn't there anything I like? Well, I thought Christopher Priest's THE INVERTED WORLD was sensational. But we need more than one great new writer. While I'm waiting for Priest's next book, I'll play some records. Plenty of them around.

+ + + + +

## THE OTHER NIGHT I WAS THINKING ... EDITOR THIS TIME A SERIES OF SHORT SUBJECTS.....

\* Having just returned from Mexico, I thought of the abundance of churches gilded inside with gold and the peoples' down-on-the-knees dependence upon these cultural/religious foci. How is it in the USA? Where does our money go? Where is the new building? Hospitals and medical centers. Penthouse facilities, with swimming pools and apartments, for the very rich. Dining rooms, gift shops, bookstores, drug stores, florists-- one could live there, as well as die! BlueCross, not God, makes it possible. Gold is replaced with incomprehensible stainless steel, plastic tubing, and phosphorescent curves and beeps on TV-type screens. Doctors are the priests; and they know everything. The stethoscope hangs around the neck, not the holy cross.



\*\* Ronald Salomon wrote that someone told him his favorite word was 'antimacassar'. He says, "My favorite word changes from time to time. I stumped 'em all with my current fave, 'aspidistra' (a fern of the lily family, an oriental houseplant, I believe). These words seem to come into earshot repeatedly, then vanish." My question is whether the exotic taint of a word makes it a 'fave' or whether it is a certain rhythm, kinda rolling off the tongue? I'm reminded of my wartime fascination with 'lavender soup spoon'-- popping in and out of my consciousness. Other combinations to consider: contractual obligations, unilateral disarmament, amorphous shadows, etc. Seems to me that HP Lovecraft was adept at filling his tales with 'rolling' combinations. The basic thought, though, is how much matching effect is there between an external rhythm and one's own internal pattern? Some of the appeal for jazz to me might be this rhythm matching-- maybe?

\*\*\* Gary Grady disagreed with my favorable remarks about Vonnegut's WOMPETERS, FOMA, ND GRANFALLOONS. He agrees that Vonnegut can write well, but he says, "He can hink hardly at all." Next, Mike T. Shoemaker in his latest THE SHADOW LINE writes about a Pirandello play, "...I actively dislike (it). I find myself so at odds with its inflexible underlying philosophy, that I cannot stomach it at all." Now-- I can intensely like a work that is Gradian nonsense or Shoemakerist disagreement. I can get upset, angry, argumentative, but still rate the piece highly for its interest, which far outweighs my agree/disagree feelings. I will tend to rate low if I cannot understand it. How do you readers stand on this difference between Grady/Shoemaker & me? Is there, too, not something so bad in all departments that its interest level is very high? I mean, there's so much to disagree with...

\*\*\*\* Think of musical instruments, and how they must arise in a way adapted to human fingers, mouths, etc. How the lips function with a trumpet; fingers on piano or along a clarinet tube. Now imagine some extraterrestrial with different body parts and what sort of instruments this being could coax sound out of. And what sort of sound? Or something besides sound? Could an e-t play a 'thermal' instrument, forming chords of different radiation levels, or whatever. Has this facet been covered in any SF story?



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Graph..... Taral Macdonald  
Superfan..... Robert J. Whitaker  
Xmas Superfan .....Carolyn Doyle  
All 'Nostril' illos..... Craig Hill  
Beware the Glick..... Hank Heath  
Genie.....Barry Kent MacKay  
Beautiful Warrior..... Hank Heath  
Star Wars poster.... Michael Burke  
Tragic ..... Ken Hahn  
All of Crab Nebula....Barry Kent MacKay

This is the first issue mailed out in 1978. Would you care to ramble about the year 1977 in SF & Fantasy & Fandom? What was good, bad, meant to be sensational but wasn't? Best fanzine issue? Fastest rising fan? Some fan, perhaps sadly, in decline? The prozine scene, paperback publishers, film & TV? Whatever comes to your mind without a whole lot of research. Art, music, one-shots in the field. Anything. "Survey 1977".