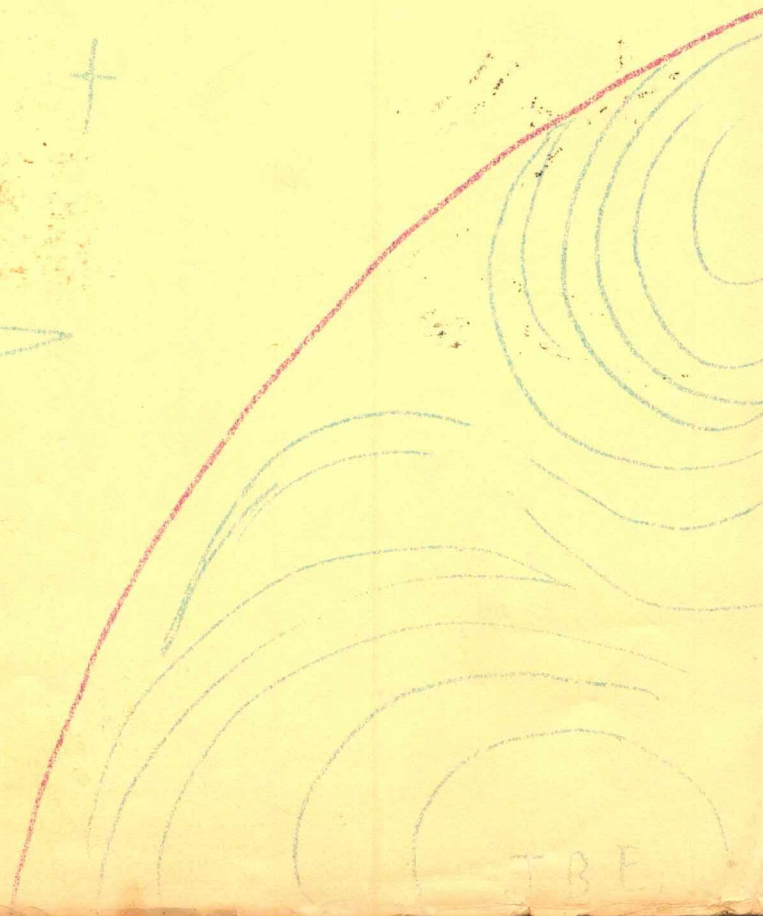
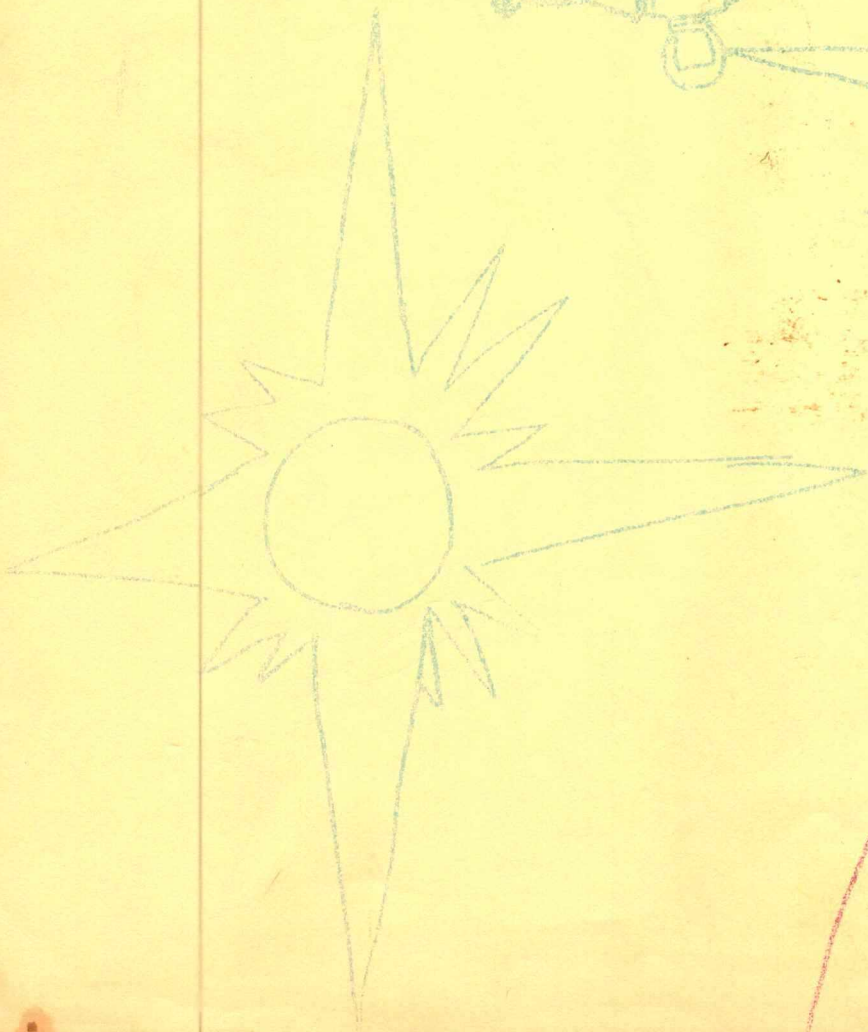


ZOH-HAR-SHIZ-TMID



TBE

This is DEFENESTRATION 1, a production of TANSTAAFL (the Science Fiction Club here at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute). Editor-in-Chief is David Singer, who you may hold responsible for perpetrating this travesty. Assistance was rendered by a host of others, who may or may not be credited later on, depending on how I feel. DEFENESTRATION is available for 25 cents (15 on-campus), trades, contributions, Loc's, whim, or being a member of the Rensselaer Union E-Board, from which all blessings and funding flows. Our address is: TANSTAAFL, c/o Rensselaer Union, R. P. I., Troy, NY 12181...it helps if you put "Science Fiction Club" on the envelope. This is Tute Press Production #4. Started 28 Oct 73.

In case anyone cares, you might want to consider this SOFA 4...the membership decided that Gary Schulze could have full rights and blame for that title, but we've still got a few LoC's on SOFA's 1-3, which will appear later on. Perhaps we'll graduate from crudzinedom by our third or fourth issue...on the other hand, there were those who believed that SOFA still had to graduate INTO crudzinedom!

Why can't typewriter, keypunch, and terminal manufacturers agree on a common keyboard? I have to use all sorts of keyboards in my daily work...about 6 or 7 in all...I can touch-type on all of them, badly. It certainly slows me up...otherwise I wouldn't have to think at all! By the way, I'd like to apologize in advance for the probably poor repro of this issue...not to mention the (so-far) complete lack of attention to layout. We try, but we're all only neos.

And while I'm on my soapbox (Ivory Snow, of course--it may be pure, but its cover girl sure ain't!), Be Ye Notified: THIS IS NOT A CLUBZINE! It is published by a club, but it is not edited by a club. I am the Editor--make no mistake about that!

Time ain't nothin' but a string of chopped farts.

John Robinson

That seems like a fairly appropriate way to end this so-called editorial. We just tried a session of Four Deep...for which we have John Robinson to blame for reminding us of...the results:

He Parted the glass carelessly, throwing it floorward, shattering misconceptions wildly around the classroom over night.

/* That one wasn't too bad, but */

Mr. Spock threw up, splattering his drink all done, he reeled in and died.

/* So we aren't overly coherent...what do you expect from a bunch of knurds?? */

By the way, editorial comment here and there will be set off by /* *//
unless, of course, I forget to do it, in which case I apologize.

HANGING OUT

When it was first suggested that I investigate "hanging-out" I was doubtful and unwilling--to say the least. But, after braving my high school's first floor boy's bathroom to put up yearbook flyers (no kidding!), I figured I was ready for the center of town. (Of course, there was no one in the bathroom at the time--thank god--but, still, the last time I had breathed in so much smoke was in the teacher's lounge after a particularly rough poker session.)

To undertake my examination of hanging-out, I decided to attire myself in suitable clothing. Having previously learned that to wear anything but slightly-soiled jeans may cause cries of "faggot" from certain denizens of Croton's cement jungle, this investigator wore a pair of slightly-soiled jeans, somewhat muddied, thick-laced boots, and a blue denim jacket. All this was a mistake, as I should have realized that this would not fool them; nevertheless, it was better than corduroy pants and a green cotton jacket.

My plan, to help disguise the fish-out-of-water syndrome, would be to enter the town from the high school side, proceed past the variety store, linger around the delicatessen to examine the individuals there, ignore the stationary, and stop for a pizza and get out of the cold. My main question was what time of day to go. Clearly, during school time, there would be a large number of students taking advantage of the high school's firm 'closed campus' policy--and these persons may not be the usual and habitual occupants of Croton's picturesque sidewalks. Soon after school would yield the same results. Nighttime certainly would not have too many people taking advantage of our town's excellent services, such as the beauty saloon, the dry cleaner's, or the bank-turned-church. But this individual was not that curious. (Translate: chicken to brave town in the dark of the moon.) I finally decided upon just before and during dusk; a definite compromise, but it would allow me to observe the eating habits of the investigatees.

I started at five o'clock on a chilly Friday eve (denim ain't too hot). As I walked thru the darkened streets, I was occasionally accosted by some unfortunate asking for "loose change" or "a nickel." Having previously learned of this wont of theirs, I had ~~one~~ prepared: I had but one dollar with me...in bill form.

Eventually, I came upon a likely-looking wall to lean on. I gingerly placed my shoulder on the fake-brick ready and ready and somewhat expectant to experience some unknown or forbidden thrill that arises from this activity. I leaned for quite a while, watching the lampposts and No Parking signs and the condensation of my breath. There seemed to be no excitement in this pursuit or, perhaps, I was going about it all wrong. Lifting myself off the wall, I moved a few inches, and observed how all the others were leaning. I watched for quite some time, learning a number of different methods of leaning, but none of them were any different than what might be found in a school hallway.

Thru some miracle, my blood was still circulating, so I availed myself of this stroke of fortune and entered the pizza parlor. Here, I ordered a small slice. I paid, received change (realizing that I was now at the mercy of the nickel-askers), and sat down at a--er, um--clean table. I munched away, wondering what attracted people to this general area to "hang out." Was it, perhaps, the smell of burnt pizza? Mayhap, something about the enchanting light the streetlamps gave off? Or a darker, more fearsome reason? I finished my slice still hungry and cold and rather unwilling to venture outside. Night had fallen in entirety; I suddenly remembered that this night would have a full moon.

Now, this loyal servant is not superstitious or anything like that, but I did not feel myself ready to examine the occurrences (if any) that were peculiar to a night such as this. The moon had not yet risen, but taking into account the close proximity of a certain individual's house (you don't know him), I asked the store's proprietor if he had any garlic. Unfortunately, he did not, so I decided that it would be about time to take leave of the center of town.

Walking out, I observed the same persons hanging-out as before. I caught snatches of their conversation--usually about their problems. They did not examine their need--what it was that forced them here. Suppressing a sigh, I slowly walked away, having learned little more than I had already known, but now with a trace of pity, perhaps sympathy, perhaps hate for their parents--but it was all wiped away as I heard the howl of a wolf in the distance and started running for the security of home...

--Frank Balazs

I've written myself into a corner; now I have to wait for the floor to dry.

--Richard Shetron

And I don't have anything of a suitable length to fill this blank space, and our resident artist didn't show up tonight, so I can't ask her to work on it, so, I present a special feature:

W H I T E S P A C E :

What is the difference between SOFA and DEFENESTRATION? This is what Editperson Singer asks me. I must think briefly.

Most of the difference between SOFAs depended on how many rewrites were done on the editorial and filler material, and whether Shulze or Singer typed the mimeo stencil. But even there it wasn't final. Sneaky people sometimes jumped in at the middle of a typed masterstencil, and there were even more devious things than that. As things proceeded, theco-editors got a handle on just what they were up to, so SOFA evolved and improved.

Bill Bowers wrote to say that the repro in SOFA 3 was good. You don't have to be a genius to figure how they did that; they merely omitted the use of a backing sheet for the stencil.

Now there's a difference between DEFENESTRATIONSS as well. It depends on Dave Singer's resolution of the difference between his anal aperture and an excavation. He's picked up some experience in spotting anal items, that's what he rejects, but that, of course, only shows that he is not anal retentive like some editors who simply don't know how to tell someone: Sorry, does not meet present needs.

The problem right now is that he doesn't know what the "style" of DEFENESTRATION will be. Please write to him and tell him just what you like so he'll know what to print, and it will all evolve into the DEFENESTRATION "style."

Plug: Don't forget to enter the Dirty Old Vulcan Contest. All you have to do is write a short-short story or draw a cartoon with the following scene as the suggested opening situation: Nurse Chapel is seated on a bench, waiting for a bus or whatever. This Dirty Old Vulcan walks up and sits down.

You do the rest. Example: Dirty Old Vulcan (holding up sandwich): Would you like a bite of my Tribble Sandwich?

And there are prizes as inducement to participate: First Prize: Cap Kennedy #1, Second Prize: Cap Kennedy #2, Third Prize: Cap Kennedy #3, Honorable Mention: Spock Must Die!

Do not procrastinate. The deadline is February 1, 1974. Send your entries (limit 200 words or one page) to: ASSFS, Box 530 DD, SUNYA, 1400 Washington Avenue, Albany, NY 12222.

And now something nice about Dave Singer: He must be doing right to have received enough material to fill two issues of DEFENESTRATION, and that's material he has accepted. Rejected material is not among the profusion of typescript. So send him your yeas and nays. Send him your articles and reviews. Send him your sterling letters of comment. Send him your zines in trade (he most likely will review that which he receives). And dig into whatever you've got (5s, 10s, and even 20s and consider sending them in as well). The budget is decidedly improved thanks to \$\$\$\$ from campus sources, and what they don't know won't hurt them until TANSTAAFL takes over the Union and even the entire campus. Why, membership has increased over 25% in one semester, and we have a rapid-artist added here as well. Now, if she'll only show up at DEFENESTRATION assembling meetings.... --John Robinson

No, dammit, I am not a John Robinson hoax!

--David Singer

FANZINE REFUSE AND HUGO PICKS

--John Robinson

I'll start this time around with my picks for Best Fanzine Hugo nominations. It's good to get an early start. Too many fans wait until January, and then it is too late what with mail service being what it is these days.

My picks, strangely enough, are in reverse alphabetical order, and go as follows:

1. TITLE
2. PREHENSILE
3. MOEBIUS TRIP
4. THE ALIEN CRITIC
5. ALGOL

Runners-up include: YANDRO, AWRY, THE ANYTHING THING, etc.

Donn Brazier doesn't want folk mentioning TITLE. It's too popular already. Donn says he doesn't want to put any more time or \$\$\$\$ into TITLE than he already is and that circulation will not exceed 100. Well, I like TITLE and I'm recommending that you give it your nomination for a Hugo and even put it 1st for LOCUS Poll.

Next comes PREHENSILE from Mike Glycer. I doubt if Mike will mind anyone recommending his zine. It's good. It's varied. It has LA fandom and then some. It is big for its price (50¢). Illos are great even though Mike is having problems getting enough processed at 50¢ per sheet (he refuses to pay \$3.00). Send for a copy and make up your own mind (see listings.).

Next we come to MOEBIUS TRIP (also referred to as Science Fiction Echo). Ed Connor pulled a first by making this over into a paperback genzine. Wow! That was a lot of work. And the contents were good as well, perhaps better than most previous issues. The price is right (75¢) for a 200-page paperback. Send for a copy. It's already a collector's item and a curiosity.

And on into semi-prozine territory: The Alien Critic has certainly advanced. Since Dick Geis took his name off the cover TAC has become even more compact. Half-sized, micro-elite type, professional offsetting and advertising as well. Dick includes a list of all the books sent to him for review and manages to cover as many as 25% of them. The price is \$1 but if you have a club the price goes down for multiples.

And finally Algol. For its slimmness it contains over 40,000 words. There are many and varied articles. The May '73 issue concentrated on Corrainer Smith. But there were also the old standbys: Ted White and Jack Lupoff, plus Brian Aldiss in a super-lucid elucidation. Andy Porter appears to be using sexy covers for newsstand purposes. A good part of his circulation now comes from newsstands, college groups and other group circulation arrangements. At 6/\$4 you're getting an excellent buy.

I must mention the runners-up. YANDRO would be right up there if it had 6-10 pages more of articles per issue. There's simply too many book reviews and letters as compared to articles.

It's too bad AWRY wasn't more regular. But there have been a couple issues already this year. Dave Locke says he's revamping the lettercol. One of these days Ed Cox may be back. Dave told me that Ed has just gone through divorce and is in the process of recovering. Tina Hensel is still around but not writing enough about f&sf. Other contributors have included Milt Stevens, Bob Tucker, etc.

Balazs and Schneck are attending separate colleges. Frank is at Albany State while Matt is at Swarthmore. That should not prevent them from coming up with more ANYTHING THINGS. But the cutback will lower their ratings temporarily. Watch for TAT anyway. And send to Frank for PARENTHESIS, his perzine.

I'd be pushing UMBRA but several problems exist. I need: a typewriter, a mimeo machine, and electrostencilling. So UMBRA will go dormant for a while. That isn't the end, however, for in the meantime there will still be: SENSATION, MOPERY, AND WHAT ABOUT NAOMI, FAANEE DOOLEE, MOAF, THE DIRTY OLD VULCAN CONTEST, and much more. I still have access to ditto. You may be seeing me in DEFENESTRATION as well. I do more than review fanzines.

TITLE (Donn Brazier, 1455 Fawnvalley, St. Louis, MO 63131). Generally available for the usual but you might get a sample for 25¢.

PREHENSILE (Mike Glycer, 14974 Osceola Street, Sylmar, CA 91342). 50¢ or the usual.

MOEBIUS TRIP (Science Fiction Echo) (Ed Connor, 1805 N. Gale, Peoria, IL 61604). 75¢ or the usual (maybe).

THE ALIEN CRITIC (Box 11408, Portland, OR 97211). \$1, 4/\$4, 8/\$7.

ALGOL (Andy Porter, Dept. F, Box 4175, New York, NY 10017). 80¢, 6/\$4.

YANDRO (Buck Coulson, Route 3, Hartford City, IN 47348). 40¢, 4/\$1.50, 12/\$4.

AWRY (Dave Locke, 915 Mt. Olive Drive #9, Duarte, CA 91010). Available for six 8-cent stamps or sterling letters of comment.

PARENTHESIS (Frank Balazs, Box 1007, SUNYA, Albany, NY 12222). He might just send you a copy if you tell him who you are and where you are and that you want a copy. And then again....

UMBRA (ASSFS, Box 530 DD, SUNYA, 1400 Washington Avenue, Albany, NY 12222). 40¢, 3/\$1, or the usual. Just write in and ask for a copy. You can ask about PARENTHESIS at the same time cause Frank Balazs is usually around when I open the mail.

And now it's my turn to do some reviews...I think that I'll divide them into three categories: Zines I Liked A Whole Lot; Zines I liked; Other Zines. The division, of course, is entirely subjective, and no one except my twin brother (if I had one, which I don't) should place too much stock in them. I've got a large pile to cover this time, since the entire summer went by without the TANSTAAFL mailbox being emptied.

Zines I Liked A Whole Lot:

TABEUIAN 4, 5, 8 (Mardee Sue Jenrette, Box 374 - Grove, Miami, FL 33133, but co-edited by many people). 6/\$1, or the usual. A varied melange of science/math-type stuff, commentary on education (from a teacher's view, no less), and even some sf on occasion. Good Stuff!

YANDRO ~1 (listed above). The Coulsons have been publishing YANDRO longer than I've been around...that says something right there. Something of everything and something for everyone.

TITLE 15 (listed above). All sorts of stuff, mostly letters...an on-going discussion. Lots of fun just reading it...probably better if you're in it! KWALHIOQUA 3,5,6,7,8,9 (Ed Cagle, Route # 1, Leon, KS 67074). 50¢ or stamps, contribs, LoC's, the usual, "or, if you're short, the unusual". All monies and stamps go to "Mae Strelkov's Friends Fund" (at least until it goes over the top...the last I knew, it hadn't, but, as I said, the lack of response from here over the summer cut down on incoming mail). Cagle seems to have something of a fetish for Australian fandom, booze, and wild pickles. Makes for interesting and humorous read'g, in the great tradition of T. H. Walnut. GRANFALLOON 16, 17 (Linda and Ron Bushyager, 1614 Evans Avenue, Philadelphia, PA 19076). 75¢, 3/\$2, the usual. Very professional looking...it must be nice to be able to afford to do a job like this, but not being able to certainly hasn't discouraged me...it just gives me a goal to shoot for eventually. I preferred 16 to 17--17 was too sercon for my taste.

AWRY 4, 5 (listed above). A nice, light-in-tone, zine, with an excellent lettercol. Lots of food for thought, and lots to laugh about. And despite what John had to say on page 6, I don't think that the lack of sfish topics hurts...just because I like to read the stuff doesn't mean that I want to talk about it all the time. And for me, an extra bonus--Dave Locke seems to review books and agree with me! Now, if he'd ju't do records, he could save me a lot of money!

THE ALIEN CRITIC (listed above). The only problem I had was putting the damn thing down to go to class...also, I can't just pick it up, read an item, and put it down...but pehaps the continuing review of ADV has something to do with that. I especially liked the bacover.

MOEBIUS TRIP LIBRARY 17/Science Fiction Echo (listed above). Connor must have put an incredible amount of work into binding this...Maybe he (and we) will be lucky, and this will convince his local P. O. that zines really are books...I can't see anyone going through what it must have taken to bind this very often at all. 50(!) pages of LoC's.

INworlds 4,5,6,7,8 (Bill & Joan Bowers, P. O. Box 148, Wadsworth, OH 44281). Now a supplement to OUTworlds...available as trade if you don't qualify for Ow, but not available for money alone. I haven't seen an issue since the big change (again, I bemoan being cut off from fandom during the summer), but, these five were primarily devoted to zine reviews, with occassional letters. And Bill even complemented SOFA 3 on its repro! Somehow, I doubt that this issue is going to achieve that distinction...a different (and more spastic) typewriter, and different stencils should kill that.

Zines I liked:

GODLESS 4 (Sp4 Bruce D. Arthur, 527-98-3103, 57th Trans Co, Fort Lee, VA 23801). 35¢ or the usual. I dunno. The more I read this, the more I like it. In fact, if I'd waited another couple of weeks before doing this, I'd probably have put it in category 1, above. I especially liked the lettercol, but I would have liked to have seen GODLESS 3 (but then, I would have wanted GODLESS 2....). UMBRA 6 (John Robinson, c/o ASSFS, Box 530 DD SUNYA, 1400 Washington Avenue, Albany, NY 12222.) 40¢ or the usual. For some strange reason, I find it rather hard to review this zine...maybe it's because I have to face John every Sunday, and because he's one of my principal contributors. Nonetheless, something about this issue doesn't sit quite right with me...part of it is layout...it bothered the hell out of me to open it and be halfway through an article. I liked the zine reviews, but the rest of it just didn't quite make it with me. I hope John can get back to mimeo soon and do #7.

ADRENALIN 1 (John Carl, 3750 Green Lane, Butte, MT 59701). 25¢, 5/\$1, or the usual. A personalzine with contribs from Brazier and Cagle. Interesting, but short.

PARENTHESIS 1 (Frank Balazs, address above). Personalzine. I haven't seen later issues, but a talk with Frank makes me want to (do you get the hint, Frank?).

DZARMUNGZUND 8 (Joanne Burger, 55 Blue Bonnet Ct, Lake Jackson, TX 77566). The usual. Lots of good things, but quite a few which I didn't like, which is why it's in this category. Many Chemistry jokes (which I didn't understand in many cases). Still, I'm glad I got it.

Other zines:

LOCUS. (I don't have the Browns' new address or price scale handy.) I don't think comment is necessary; this is a zine which it is not a question of liking or disliking, but a matter of needing!

MAYBE 28 (Irvin Koch, c/o 835 Chattanooga Bank Building, Chattanooga, TN 37402). 50¢, 6/\$2.50, the usual. This issue basically only rated zines. Rather disorganized.

M I S S E D T H E F I R S T T I M E T H R O U G H ! :
(should be in Zines I Liked a Whole Lot)

THE ANYTHING THING 5,6 (Frank Balazs & Matthew Schneck, 19 High Street, Croton-on-Hudson, NY 10520, or you might try Frank at the address above). The usual or 40¢. Very interesting indeed, with lots of neat contribs, not to mention good stuff from the editors and interesting lettercol. Hopefully, Frank and Matt will be able to put together more TATs during vacations, and/or by mail. Please????

DILEMMA 2 (Jackie Franke, Box 51-A RR 2, Beecher, IL 60401). Personalzine, mostly lettercol. The lettercol made me wish I'd seen number 1.

(should be in Zines I liked)

LUNA MONTHLY 41/42 (Franklin M. Dietz, 655 Orchard Street, Oradell, NJ 07649). 40¢, \$4/yr 3rd Class, \$5/yr 1st Class. Sercon & news. Lots of reviews.

(should be in Other zines)

SPACE AND TIME 18, 19, 20 (Gordon Linzner, 83-10 118th Street, Apt. 4-M, Kew Gardens, NY 11415). 60¢, 6/\$3. Fantasy, which just isn't my cup of tea. A very funny comic strip in nr. 18, though.

And, now, I think that does it. If I omitted something, I'm very sorry, and I'll probably find it just after collating this thing. (Let's see, now; that's corollary F-1 to ~~WTF~~ Murphy's Law....)

Just as a reference, SOFA 1 would have fallen in Other zines, and SOFA's 2 and 3 in Zines I liked. (Except, of course, that their editor wouldn't appreciate such a low rating....)

FOOD FOR THOUGHT -- M. Ticklebridges

NEVER SPEAK ILL OF DEAD TRIBAL CHIEFTAINS

My introduction to the exotic and erotic in foods came obliquely. It all happened during my first stay in the Arctic--the Martian Arctic.

Demographic studies of Martian civilizations for the US Gov occupied my time then. The annual sandstorms drove us to the Arctic where little study of civilization except one's own can be accomplished.

In my boredom I assumed kitchen responsibilities.

More to this: The cook became ill. Though he recovered--he proved this by decking five guards placed to keep him out of the kitchen--the crew refused to allow him his duties. His case, doctors reported, proved to be food poison. For twenty years the cook ate only his own cooking.

Left, then, fully responsible, my talents for innovation were taxed.

Everyone refused to eat anything resembling dishes prepared by the former cook. That eliminated the US Gov's A Cookbook for Martian Crewmen With Supplementary Dietary Guide, Forward by the Late T. S. Hornswoggle, the only cookbook in our library.

I muddled along on steak and spuds until I thought I might join the crew in a food riot.

More to this: I remembered with joy my college days when such were common.

Then on a trip to Mars Base One I found salvation.

I was side-tracked by a storm which no doubt the crew staged to lose me. I stayed over in a Martian village.

The Chieftain took a liking to me. He proposed marriage. I being almost a pure white virgin and aware of the alternative blushed and accepted.

No tribeswoman can marry a Chieftain without knowing how to make his favorite dishes. The only purpose of a Chieftain's wife being to cook. Martian Chieftains are well known for their promiscuity.

In six weeks of intensive training I learned the culinary skills and recipes to please the Chieftain and his insatiable appetite. This is, I am told, exceptional. After a brief ceremony wherein the Chieftain by example instructed the young men of the tribe in the proper way to make improper advances I prepared the Chieftain's favorite dish. That is Martian lizard fish under mud.

I pleased him with my work. He gave me freedom in gratitude.

I never saw him again until one night he and his tribe arrived at our outpost door. He was then ready for his final rest.

More on this: Martians practice a total ecology concept. They believe in returning everything to nature in the quickest method.

As you may not be aware, it is Martian practice to prepare in honor of their fallen Chieftain a feast. They generally join another tribe in the partaking of this feast, accounting for the long peaceful existence of Mars.

The Chieftain on his death bed selected me as chef. For this honor I will never forgive the dirty old man.

More on this: He did look remarkably like Issac...What's his name?

Dutiful to my husband and knowing full well the punishment for refusal, being exchanged for the Chieftain in the feast, I cooked the Chief as directed.

The unwitting crew of my outpost were selected as the sharing tribe. At the feast I received what must be the worst compliment ever paid my creations.

Major Stan Hogedensonstien, our leader through some blunder of bureaucracy, raised his head over what I believe to be the Chieftain's hind leg.

He said, "I have thoroughly enjoyed many of your locally inspired meals, Miss Ticklebridges, with the exception of Martianberry Danish, of course. However, I must say that this must be the sorriest cut of meat I've ever tasted."

"Never speak ill of dead tribal Chieftains," I replied.

* * *

Since I am sure to receive requests for both the Chieftain's favorite meal and for the recipe I used to prepare the old buzzard, I will state here that it might never be raised again that I have sworn in my marriage vows never to reveal either.

In later columns I hope to make amends for this by introducing you to a solar system of exotic and erotic gastronomy. Yours will be far less trying than mine.

M. T.

Future installments of FOOD FOR THOUGHT will probably appear in UMBRA rather than here, as this was originally submitted to John Robinson, but, since he won't be able to publish for a while, he passed it along to me. One thing that surprised me; tonight, while shopping, I happened to glance at the cover of Good Food magazine, and, guess who had an article within? None other than the Ghood Doctor A. himself. I wonder how long ago this column (FFT) was done?

TO RIDE PEGASUS, by Anne McCaffrey, Ballantine, 243 pages, \$1.25.

Warning: It's better to invest your money in another book. This one doesn't make it!

This book begins interestingly enough. The first section is the only portion not to have appeared elsewhere. "A Womanly Talent" appeared in Analog in 1969. It is well written, though some will say that it is sexist. I believe it to be the best section. Part three is "Apple," a short story that first appeared in Crime in the Thirtieth Century, a mistitled collection that should not have contained this story in the first place. Bad, bad, bad.

You probably saw the final section in Analog just a few months ago. The writing is competent but the logic is shaky. It's about a battle between the supposed good guys and a madman with considerable Talent. The battle should have gone one way or the other quite suddenly and not dragged on to the depths of boredom. I kinda like Ben Bova but I don't know what he was thinking about when he bought this.

Summary: Don't buy it. You might even find reading a free copy a waste.

-- Ray Zyers

And now, the Readers get to throw their opinions

OUT THE AIR LOCK

Frank Balazs, 19 High Street, Croton-on-Hudson, NY 10520 (07 May 73)

You spelled my name wrong!! Your very first loc and what do youse guys do?? Spell the lucky loccers name wrong. Really, I'm used to it when the local newspaper or even friends do it, but this is the first time in a fanzine! After all, friends you can forgive as they don't often see your name in full--and th newspaper is self-explanatory. Still, they did recently spell my first name wrong: Fransk? The worst rendition of my last name has been 'Ballacz" and "Balzaac' (a famous writer?), but I could add 'Balazas' to the list. The most common is 'Balaza' and 'Balaz'.

Now, get it right! B*A*L*A*Z*S Ya hear that world? Good.

And as to that review...How you can criticize us of bad repro when UMBRA was full of filled-in holes I can accept. But you didn't criticize UMBRA, did you? Gosh, golly, we have plenty of knocked-out "o's" but thru some miracle they never reproduce as black holes--just as the letter o. The unfortunate repro was due to a lack of slipsheeting, of course. But who wants to slipsheet by hand? Especially, since with #5 we had an all-too definite deadline. And even then the repro was a damnsite better than most fanzines--maybe we sent you an unfortunate copy, because there is certainly no page anywhere that even comes close to being unreadable.

Basically, I don't put much stock in repro when judging a fanzine. The main thing is that it does not impair the reading, because, to me, the writing is what zines are about not the perfect jet-black letters eye-pleasingly beguiling the reader. Of course, when reproing art it is a different matter... and we do fall down in that.

I've enclosed an article you people may wish to use. If not, don't bother to return it--just tell me you're not using it. One reason you might be reluctant to use it is because it first appeared in STYX # 1 one of my apazines. Still, maybe twenty-five or thirty people saw it and I severely doubt that it would overlap your mailing list to any appreciable extent.

The main thing in #3 was the piece on Murphy's Law, which I did enjoy. Would add things to it, but I really don't have the time right now. The fiction I could have survived without.

As for The Moon is A Harsh Mistress; no, I haven't read it. I've got about one hundred books in my personal collection to be read, including Heinlein like Double Star. And since Robert Heinlein's recent works haven't overwhelmed me (Stranger in a Strange Land and I Will Fear No Evil) and since he's never been one of my favorite authors, I'm not anxious to read it.

/* I can plead innocent on both the *typo in your name and the review of TAT 5 in SOFA 3...the only thing I did in that issue was type the first 3 pages. I agree with you 100% about the relative importance of repro and content; while I certainly enjoy reading zines like GRANNY or INWORLDS and not being interrupted by typos or gratchy repro, I could live with the repro even if it was as bad as SOFA 1 if the content stayed the same. And you may have noted the pronounced absence of art from this issue...our artist-in-residence wasn't, and my artistic talent has best been described as "missing"...hopefully, I'll be able to get the cover from her and get it Xeroxed or electrostencilled before I mail this...we had a real neat logo for the lettercol, but it'll have to wait until the nextish. Sorry about misplacing the review of TAT in this issue, but these things happen. I swear it was a coincidence!!!! */

Mike Glicksohn, 32 Maynard Ave, Apt. 205, Toronto, Ontario. (07 Jun 73)

At one time I was given a small pad of memos with the printed title "From the desk of..." It was Andy Offutt who commented on how few desks he knew of that could write so I changed the wording slightly when I made this stationary, but considering the furniture mythos that infuses SOFA, those ancient notes would have been more appropriate, I think. So it goes.

/* Mike's letter is on stationary headed "Comments and opinions from the pen of...". Of course, it's typed. */

I share Harry's confusion with multiple editors, and if I were to criticize SOFA as you ask, it would be to indicate how difficult and mildly annoying it was trying to figure out who was saying what throughout the issue. I'm very old fashioned and conservative, as you may know, but I like to know clearly who is trying to communicate with me. That way I can praise and/or curse them as I'm reading.

The thought of a biweekly schedule is frightening to me, both as an editor and a reader. How can you get any feedback working on such a tight schedule? How can I write to you knowing -- or suspecting -- that the next issue is already on its way? For the sake of compulsive letterhacks like Harry and me, I urge you to restrain yourselves!

Is there a computer anywhere that functions adequately without regular crashing? One such unusually uncooperative machine helped drive me out of grad school (discovering and actively entering fandom helped too) and now that I'm trying to teach FORTRAN to eager young high school students, another forms a constant source of frustration. I wonder if anyone has ever tried to determine what percentage of fans are actively involved with computers in one way or another? From my own knowledge I'd guess it's quite high.

In ENERGUMEN, I eventually settled on simply indenting my comments in double parentheses after the letter writer was through with a particular topic. It may save space to comment right in the letter, but I've come to agree with those who find it an unsound practice. I much prefer to read what the letter writer has to say and then hear the editor's comments, if any. Looks much nicer, too.

The Noreascon mailing list was probably the closest thing to a list of fans in the northeast that has been compiled of late. You'd have to weed out the out-of-area types, but if they still had the listings, a simple sort-by-zip program would do it for you. If you care about such things.

Joel Nelson's contribution brings back fond memories. Among my first, and thankfully, long-forgotten attempts at fan-writing were similar pun-filled fictions. I have a soft-spot for the elaborate pun, and Joel gets off one or two that merit a grcan. Marc Glasser has some equally outrageous contributions and I'm glad to find that this is not completely a dying art. I trust they both entered F&Sf's recent Feghoot contest?

Articles on Murphy's law seem to appear at least once in every college-based fanzine ever created. And there are always one or two new restatements of the basic idea that amuse me.

ENERGUMEN was an expensive fanzine simply because that reflected my way of thinking about the sort of fanzine I wanted to produce. I didn't start NERG until after I'd finished college, and I had a little money which I could, if I wanted to, put into the zine. I wanted to. I didn't have to, of course, and the first few issues were put out when realistically I couldn't really afford such expense, but that's the way I wanted to do the thing. I don't regret it, nor do I feel that NERG has had the sort of bad influence that

"Jeff" suggested in his GRANNY piece. There are as many inexpensive, enjoyable fanzines appearing as ever, so on one has suffered from NERG appearing as it did, except possibly ourselves in financial terms, and perhaps many people have benefitted by enjoying what we did. Obviously the sight of GRANNY in all its expensive trappings didn't prevent you from putting out the next SOFA, and this is just as it should be.

Persevere, and enjoy yourselves, that's the key to fanzine publishing. /* To dispel any possible confusion, DEFENESTRATION is not co-edited. The entire thing (except for signed contributions and locs, of course), has been written, typed, and probably will be run off by ME, David Singer. So I guess that satisfies that objection to SOFA. By the way, Gary is now in Rochester, and he has been selected Secretary/Treasurer of the Rochester Science Fact and Fiction Society. I think they plan to publish a zine, but from what Gary says, it will probably be more of a "true" clubzine than SOFA was, or than DEFENESTRATION is. His address is 333 W. Squire Drive, Apt. 5, Rochester, NY 14623. The idea of a biweekly schedule was entirely Gary's...I leaned towards not more than monthly, and DEFENESTRATION will probably appear no more than 4 times per year, if that. It's partially dependent on how lavishly the Union chooses to fund us, and largely on when I feel that I have the time to produce it. And as long as I've just mentioned the Union, I may as well say that "opinions in this zine are those of the writer, and not necessarily those of Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, the Rensselaer Union, or TANSTAAFL." I expect that the next issue of DEFENESTRATION will appear during the January Term, probably around the 24th or so. Is that enough restraint??

If there is a computer which doesn't crash, IBM hasn't seen fit to give it to the outside world. Ours is just getting older and older, and the administration is in no hurry to replace it. RPI had had a letter of intent with IBM for a 370/158; we had to confirm with a purchase order by 25 Oct 73. We didn't. This probably means two or so years before we have another chance at one; by then, I should be elsewhere for grad school (QPA willing). Maybe this'll turn out to be a lucky break...perhaps IBM will announce FS before our order comes up again; but probably not.

As far as I'm concerned, there's only one thing worse than trying to teach people how to use the computer; that's trying to help them debug their programs. This year, I'm employed (part-time, thank Ghod!) as a "consultant" at the Office of Computer Services. This lets me see all of the different ways you can go wrong using the computer, and there are a hell of a lot of them. Right now, the dirtiest four-letter word in the English language is "user".

I have to agree that waiting till the letter-writer is finished with a topic before commenting makes for a "cleaner" column, but, on occasion, it still might be more appropriate to interrupt the letter. I generally prefer to wait till the entire letter is done, but I do reserve the right to come in at any time. As far as the delimiters are concerned, /*...*/ seems "natural" to me because of my constant use of PL/I...in fact, in my class notes, I often find myself using them. The only other thing that might seem right is prefixing my comments with the word "Remark." as is done in mathematics, but how would I end them?

You're lucky; you only had to read occasional pieces by Glasser and Nelson; I had to talk with them from time-to-time, and, worse, listen to Marc "sing." Luckily, after a point, you gain immunity to such travesties, but the cure is as bad as the disease. In fact, it is the disease!

Expensive zines didn't have much of an effect on SOFA at all, except to give us a standard to measure ourselves by. But I knew damn well that we would

not be anywhere close to them, either in repro or content; it didn't bother me, just gave me an incentive to improve, and Ghod knows there was a lot of room for improvement, and there still is. Maybe eventually I'll be able to put out a zine like GRANNY or NERG, but if I can't, it won't bother me; I'll still limp along like I am now. The only thing that bothers me about this issue of DEFENESTRATION is the lack of artwork, but I've explained that once or twice already, and it should be a self-correcting problem. And if I decide to take this zine over from the club, I won't be as limited in resources, so, if I can get some artwork, I'd be able to electrostencil it. TANSTAAFL can't; the best we can do is ditto. */

Mike Shoemaker, 2123 North Early St., Alexandria, VA 22302 (16 Apr 73)

This is apt to be a short loc because the contents of SOFA # 2 are a little thin. But it is for that very reason that I am loocing your zine now ahead of such pressing items as the latest SF Commentary & Speculation, which generally consume a few hours to write to.

The article on the negative-base system was very interesting and unique to my experience. An important consideration comes to mind, however. Of what use is the system? The fact that it eliminates the use of positive and negative signs is not an advantage, but a disadvantage. It is much quicker to tell the sign of a number just at a glance rather than having to count the number of digits.

The Case of The Missing Joules was very good and should cure any punster in the audience forever.

This notion that all early Silverberg work is hack stuff without value is beginning to bother me. I thought the Robert Randall stories to be fairly good, and "Precedent", by Silverberg alone, is still one of the best things he has ever done as far as I'm concerned. His collection Dimension Thirteen is a fine example of the truly hack work he did produce, but Needle in a Timestack, a thoroughly superb collection of stories from the same period, shows one the other end of the spectrum.

John Robinson says: "No one knows how many books and stories Silverberg has produced." What makes him think that? A Silverberg bibliography by Mark Owings appeared in The WSFA Journal a little over a year ago. As for his New Wave/Old Wave comments in the article, all I have the energy to say is: Bullshit! Go talk to JJP if you want to discuss it.

/* Of what use is any of pure mathematics? And what guarantee is there that it will coincide with the "Real World" at all? While I agree that negative-base number systems are more limited in their usefulness than positive-based systems, and I think I would rather calculate in Roman numerals than to be condemned to use minus-10 numbers, the mere fact that it is possible to construct a self-consistent negative-based system might prove useful. I'm not sure how, but it might! And trying to create algorithms to calculate in negative-decimal was a very useful time-killer last year, while I was at the Computer Lab, waiting all night for my programs to be returned. It sure beat playing tic-tac-toe all night; at least this way, I could deceive myself into believing that I was doing something different. And it even gave Martin Gardner a Mathematical Games column in Scientific American! See! Negative-based number systems aren't completely useless. */

Norm Hochberg, 89-07 209 Street, Queens Village, NY 11427 (2 letters)

Well, sorry I can't trade but the fact is that I'm not publishing Regurgitation Six anymore. My schoolwork and other fanac became more profitable (meaning - personally rewarding) so RE6 was laid to rest. If I ever do anything again I'll try to remember to send you a copy.

As to the SOFA's on hand I basically think you've done too few issues to make any comments. Your goals are pretty vague but not all that original. The best thing for that, I found in my case, was to accumulate as many other fanzines as I could and read them all. Then I tried to produce something better than them all.

A few short notes: I don't think you really need to publish publishing news. At least not for fans. Both LOCUS and the WSFA Journal (actually, the SON OF THE WSFA Journal) carry them quite reguarly.

You do need artwork or, at least, better tracing in the artwork you have. Still, like most of the problems you've got now (amateurish book reviews, sparseness of true content, etc., etc.), this point will be cleared up in time and, at the rate of one issue every 2-3 weeks (wow!) you'll get that rapidly enough.

Best of luck in the future. Keep pubbing, that's more than I'm doing now.

/* I agree with you on the publishing news; even if someone doesn't like LOCUS to the point of refusing to read it, Publisher's Weekly should be available at virtually any library, and I believe that that's where Gary dug up most of his info for UPCOMING OUTPUT. Artwork is still a real lack, but I refuse to go into that again. Norm's second letter was dated 20 May 73: */

Of course you're right, the way to make SOFA better is to publish however you can and learn. Learn from locs and from other fanzines. You're right and I wished I was so smart when I started my first fanzine.

What this means, though, is that for "x" number of issues you'll be a crudzine. But - so what. Excuse my impertinence on SOFA's 1&2 but I intended no hurt. I only wanted to talk about improvements. /* None taken, Norm. I knew damn well that SOFA (especially 1) was a crudzine; this issue of DEFENESTRATION probably deserves that label, too, but, with time, I should improve, and I won't do that if I sit back and lick my wounds. */

DAW Books is, I suppose you know, is distributed by NAL so you can get review copies from them. I've found Ace, Ballantine and Penguin excellent for review copies, Doubleday - sometimes. For Dell & Delta write to Dave Harris, he might be able to help.

Artwork? Well, if you can trace why not get some fan art. Most schools have electrostencilling equipment and if you can get ahold of it you'd find many artists in fandom willing to give you stuff.

Until that time, either Xerox, offset or ditto covers are best for you I guess. If you can afford either of the first two say so to artists and you'll get good stuff. /* The course of this zine is totally undetermined at this point; so far, I find that I enjoy fanpubbing (although I haven't gone to beard the mimeo machine in its den yet), so I'm considering taking the zine over from the club in its entirety; that way, I'll be able to fund it to whatever extent I feel desirable, as opposed to a compromise between what the membership wants and what the Union E-Board is willing to give us. Until then, I'll probably have to stick with Ditto covers, although I'm going to try to get this issue Xeroxed (if I ever get the cover design in the first place). I don't think that RPI owns any electrostencilling gear, so if I want that, I have to go over to A. B. Dick in Albany and pay \$3 or so. That probably won't happen until and unless I take over the zine. But, if

there are any artists that these caveats haven't scared off, I'd be more than happy to accept work for use in these pages. */

How'd you lecture on fandom go, Dave? Maybe you could print that in SOFA? /* It was a disaster, but I could probably print it as an interlino. That was about all the work I put into it, and it showed. But the professor counted it as my required "oral presentation," so it served its purpose. And I got lucky; neither John Robinson nor Ben Sano showed up for that class, so I got off without "help" from the audience. */

I wonder if some future fan historian will recognize the late 60's - early 70's as the age of the "professional-looking fanzine" or the "anti-crudzine age." With Tom Collins' move out of The Fan Press in Georgia we might never see another IF, Mike Glicksohn is folding Energumen and Bill Bowers has started Inworlds. Does this mean the end is near? Who knows?

You can kick me if I burn you out again but Murphy's Law articles are a dime a dozen in fanzines. In the past year or so I've seen them in Prehensile and The Proper Boskonian as well. Oh well. At least you're fannish now.

Tell Glässer the opposite of a neofan is a BNF or a mundane (whatever he wants).

Once again, I'm sorry to have convinced you I hated SOFA. It ain't one of my favorites but it's only issue 3.

Just you wait!

I wonder if TAT, SOFA, UMBRA et al means a resurgence of upstate fannishness. Might be nice.

/* I dunno...I sort of like the "word" 'paleofan'...maybe we could use it for a BNF who gafiates? Hope you like DEFENESTRATION a little more than you liked SOFA, but I always appreciate constructive (slash!) criticism (rip!). Live and learn, as they say. */

If there were any other locs written on SOFA, they've gotten lost over the summer, or else they've vanished in the depths of my filing non-system. If any do come to light, they'll be printed, even years from now...it might take that long to get to the bottom of my room and find them.

ANYONE WANNA GO ON A RALLYE?

That was the question I was asking virtually everyone I saw for the past week and a half, and I finally got an affirmative answer, so Saturday, October 27, found me, my navigator, and my car eagerly awaiting our turn to start the 20th Annual (that means, held twice a year) Sigma Alpha Epsilon Rallye. The first leg was a Monte Carlo leg, and was really easy...we only garnered 50 points (of course, the fact that they told us exactly when to arrive at the checkpoint might have helped there). Full of confidence, we embarked on the stickmap. Oh, you don't know what a stickmap is? Well, take a regular map and mark off your course; grab the two ends, and pull. Then make all intersections look like right-angle turns, and you've got it. Easy to follow, especially if you start at the wrong end, and after correcting that, ignore the instruction which tells you exactly where to start following the stickmap. One hour later, we've finally come to the conclusion that we must have taken a wrong turn somewhere, so we painfully retrace our course, and I discover that we started the map 0.2 miles early. Fifteen minutes later, we come into the

second checkpoint. Needless to say, we're a bit late, and we max it. But our troubles haven't even begun yet, for the next instruction says to take a left at the Σ AE sign, and change speed to 14 MPH. Now, a word of explanation is in order at this juncture for those who are uninitiated. At each checkpoint, you are assigned a departure time. You leave from a sign, which has the current mileage, the instruction you are trying to complete, and the speed you are supposed to be doing. Both my navigator and I would have sworn that that sign had " Σ AE" on it. WRONG! But I take the next possible left, which puts me on a truly terrible road, but one which 14 MPH is a fairly reasonable average speed. The road narrows, and narrows, and narrows, and... Suddenly, we find ourselves negotiating what must have been a logging road in the 1800's; it's covered with leaves, which I'm skidding in, and it's no more than 1.2 cars wide, if that. But we think we see tire traces, so ONWARD! Rocks begin to appear in the road, and I can feel the car hitting them. It's a good thing I had new shocks put on, or I'd never make it without losing my oil pan. I don't see how Σ AE could expect people to go on this sort of road, but ONWARD! Then I come up against a rock which I can't get over; the mere attempt produces scraping sounds which are most unpleasant. I can't even back off of it. We finally decide that we must have made a mistake somewhere, but here we are in the middle of nowhere, and we have a car to move. We get out, and go walking about another quarter-mile up the path; it doesn't improve, and it shows no signs at all of leading to civilization. So we decide to go back, and "back" is the word. You see, there's no way we can turn the car around; not without having a damn good chance of putting it over a 30-foot drop, which would not be good for its resale value, to say the least. Have you ever tried to back a Thunderbird down a steep, narrow, twisting path? It's a truly fun experience, indeed. And the rocks are still hitting the bottom of the car, only slower now. And we slip sideways on many of the curves, because the road is bounded by big boulders, which slope onto the path itself. To make a long story short (and it was a very long story), we finally reach a point that we can turn around at (about a mile down, and an hour or so later); we do, and head back towards civilization (well, Troy really isn't "civilization," but it was all we had). Luckily, I don't think that I damaged the car seriously, but if you know where I can unload about 15 pounds of spare chrome....

Once back in Troy, and after eating a hearty "victory" lunch, my navigator and I both decide that rallyes are great fun, but not for us. But still, Σ AE will be holding the 21st Annual Rallye in April or May, and I'm sure the cry will go out, "Anyone wanna go on a Rallye???" Some people just never learn.

Speaking of machinery and my great love for and understanding of it, I just tried to destroy this typewriter, and I was partially successful. Luckily, it is still under warrantee, since I succeeded in wiping out the quote key and the plus-equal key. Many thanks to Ralph Elwell for loaning my this machine, and I hope it gets better soon.

And on that cheerful note, I hereby declare this issue of DEFENESTRATION to be officially at an end.

TANSTAAFL
c/o Rensselaer Union
R.P.I.
Troy, New York 12181



To: Jackie Franke
Box 51-A RR 2
Beecher, IL 60401

THIRD CLASS MAIL