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GALACTIC COURT
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SECTOR 7

Good afternoon, and welcome to DEFENESTRATION 2. Your host is David Singer, and some of the furnishings you see have been provided by TANSTAAFL and/or the Rensselaer Union. Invitations to DEFENESTRATION are available for artwork, contributions, artwork, letters of comment, artwork, trade, artwork, 25¢, artwork, being a person of special merit, or artwork. DEFENESTRATION's address is: DEFENESTRATION, c/o TANSTAAFL (SF Club), Rensselaer Union, RPI, Troy, NY 12181. My address is: David Singer, Quad Box 264, R. P. I., Troy, NY 12181. You have just seen the colophon. Now, let us proceed to the editorial.

Well, it looks as if we're going to make it through the energy ~~crisis~~ problem after all. And already, people have started to forget how bad it was. With gasoline once more easily available, New Jersey is considering scrapping its odd-even rationing plan...I assume other states will follow suit soon, and we'll be back to normal. And then, this summer, when the gas supply grows slightly short, like it did last summer (remember?) people will be crying out, "Why wasn't something done?" And next year, when the heating oil grows short, and we're asked to turn out thermostats even lower.... While I believe that this round of the "energy crisis" was contrived, I think that it should have served as a real warning; it won't.

Would you buy a used car from Richard Nixon? How about if he told you that it got great gas mileage? He should know; he does pretty well himself.

I'm very interested in comment on the restaurant reviews I've introduced in Mangle. While I'm certainly no world-famous gourmet, I think I know when I like a restaurant. And the purpose of the reviews is to save someone who may be in the area from either eating at a McDonalds, or from trying a place and finding it totally unpalatable. I'd like to see other zines try something like this. Hmmm...I thought I'd stolen the idea from Linda Bushyager, but I can't find anywhere that she's mentioned it. So I guess I was just inspired by her.

Credits for last issue:

Cover--Jesse Eichenlaub

Mimeo--Ann Faller in the Rensselaer Union Administration Office

Getting the Backcover upside down--me

Collating--the members of TANSTAAFL, much against their will.

Funding--Rensselaer Union and other sources. By the way, this will be the last issue that the Union will be financing, at least directly. I do have, however, enough paper and stencils on hand for the next couple of issues, and these were purchased via the Union's funds.

Still available--SOFA's 1 and 3, and Defenestration 1; the SOFA's are 2/25¢, and Dfl is 25¢. SOFA 2 is, thankfully, out of print, or at least lost.

Some of the material in this issue of Dfwas intended for Frank Balazs' zine, parenthesis. Unfortunately for him, he is currently without access to a good mimeo, so () has folded, and he has given me some of the material he had originally intended to be in ().

An exercise in Incoherency

(Or: How I survived a TANSTAAFL meeting and Torcon II,
but not necessarily in that order)

Finally got time off for good homework and went to my first TANSTAAFL meeting. Entrance to a row of typewriters and a member of my bowling team (now in last place; 5-11). Is he head of this thing? Good grief! Handed a piece of paper and a pen and told to write. "About what?" I inquire questioningly. "You've got it," they say and resume typing. So I am not responsible for the following.

Received my tapes of the Torcon II Hugo awards and banquet speeches last Tuesday. Lousy quality, Bloch's speech got cut off at the end, but the memories of my first Worldcon! My first con of any kind, for that matter. I'm such a neofan, it's nauseating. Let's see, memories, under M...

Driving from Milton, Mass. (home of Hal Clement, myself, and no one else of any renown) to Toronto with my parents, luggage, and exhaustion. Ten hours and missing registration by fifteen minutes. Arghhh! Getting registered in the Royal York and my parents' leaving for their own hotel in mid-Toronto somewhere. Totally awed by the luxuriousness of the place. Also by the fact that my parents trust me enough to leave me alone here. Seeing my first real live (Oh gosh! Oh wow! Golly gee whiz!) author, Roger Zelazny. Getting his autograph (Rapture!) Going to the "Meet the Authors" gettogether in a full suit and feeling like a total fool when others show up in t-shirt and shorts. My God, there's Isaac Asimov! Or is that My Isaac Asimov, there's God? Boy, this copy is sloppy.

Second Day. Pick up registration junk and banquet tickets. Choice of food almost as good as the Freshman Dining Hall. The Hucksters' room, filling in my comic collection (you laugh and I'll clobber you). Watching a Star Trek "goodie reel" and rolling on the floor with hysterics. Picking up all the handouts. Listening in on the intellectual discussions by the authors. Some almost sounding human (I should talk. Then again, maybe I shouldn't). Head back to my room to read the comix and prepare for...

The costume ball. Show up in full suit again. I'm a slow learner. If you're female and an exhibitionist, this is your thing. Body paint and little else. Get to talking to chick next to me on balcony. Discuss the costumes. Leave afterward to Canadian Count Dracula Society room. (Trivia time! What's Dracula's first name? No, it isn't Count) Meet other strange sorts there. Get a free feed. She from Beauty, Ky. (Name ranks up there with Bountiful, Utah) Prone to psychic phenomena. Comes from large family, all with psychic phenomena. No one in family can wear watch. Stops after 1/2 hour, never to work again.

Return to main ballroom, see last 15 minutes of first Star Trek cartoon. Settle down to watch Robert Bloch film festival. Get comfy. About 3 AM start back to rooms. Had I been a devil-may-care sort, the night would have gone on forever, as the saying goes. But I would have trouble explaining the charge for liquor on the room tab to my father, soooo.....We parted company at the elevator. So it goes.

Next day. Computer games. "Frankly, Master, as a ruler, you are a flop!" Oh, well. Actually talking to Isaac Asimov. (The only true Ghod? Though looking at his middle, I think he believes in Bheer, as do us Tuteniks) Learning of Tolkien's death. Generally meandering around the hotel. No way I was going out into the 100-degree heat. Temperature didn't dip below 80 the entire weekend.

Hugo banquet. Getting dressed up and knowing I was right this time. Listening to Lester del Rey, Bill Rotsler, Robert Bloch, and the rest. Asimov breaking down upon receiving the Hugo. Hugo rocket ships didn't arrive, so just awarding the bases. Asimov: "My God, has NASA cut back the spaceprogram that much?" Gerrold's getting a habit of coming in second.

So is Rotsler (twice). Glad to see Ben Bova get Best Editor. Filling John W.'s shoes quite well.

Last day. Cleaing up everything. Packing all the junk I picked up. Meeting my parents in the lobby. Leaving in a cloud of dust and a hearty "Hi-yo, Buick!" Next Year in Washington. Maybe even without my parents (I hope, I hope, I hope). Torcon III in 1998. Bloch for GOH.

--Gordon Schnaper



/* I feel that I must correct one injustice done in the above report. Gordon was not on my bowling team, although he was in the same league. And while his team did finish last, my team finished second...dss */



(advertisement)

Say, gang, don't you wish you could display nifty company rejection letters? Scant months ago, I had horrifying visions of being accepted and offered employment by some hot-shot company willing to pay me ten or twelve thousand dollars a year for my services. Why, (deleted) had even offered me a plant trip at the time, and I was terribly afraid that come this June I would be gainfully employed there.

That's when a good and trusted friend clued me in on the sacks' Hari-Kari Interview Technique. All it took was a few short hours of home study and in no time I had interviewers running from their recruiting booths in agony. Can this technique help you? Of course it can! You'll learn the time-honored technique of saying "This company sucks it raw!" just before the interviewer calls your name in the waiting room. You'll learn secrets like picking your nose and wiping the green slimy snot on the recruiter's desk, or sitting with your hands in your crotch and describing in morbid detail your insatiable desire to make love to one-eyed sheep.

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(NOTE: We cannot guarantee the success of S. H. I. T. in cases where QPA is over 3.5)

--Bill Bradbury

A Column by Mike Blake: () (I received this first installment many months ago. At that time, Mike called the column "Parenthetical Expressions"; I suggested he change the name because of the similarity of title to Aljo Svoboda's ill-fated column in ()#2. He sent me the name change, but the sands of time have swept it away. If he continues this column, he can incorporate the change in the next installment...if he recalls it. It will alternate with the final two columns by Leingang. After that, who knows...?)()

First of all, let me set the record (and Kevin Williams)' straight. According to the two volume, 2000 page American College Encyclopedic Dictionary the word "parenthesis" means: "the upright curves () collectively, or either of them separately used to mark off an interjection or qualifying remark." (Italics mine.) Of course, I have no doubts that ()'s infallible editor knew this all along, and was but holding back this revelation to see which of the Faithful would rush to his defense. And obviously, a "parenthetical expression" is what one finds within a parenthesis. Okay?

* * * * *

Much of my fanac revolves around the inhabitants of 19 Angell Drive, East Providence, RI, the home of Don & Sheila D'Amassa. They were the first fans I was able to locate in the state at a time when in seemed I was living in a vast fannish wasteland. About every other evening I drop in and we bandy around such vital subjects as whether or not APA-45 is going to the dogs (Don hopes not, since he is OE), has Seth McEvoy really gafiated or is it all a hoax, and the ever popular who sawed Courtney's boat?

One day, as we are sitting around the living room talking, Sheila suddenly asks, "Don't you notice anything different about the house this week, Mike?" A loaded question if I ever heard one.

Startled, I look around the room desperately, hoping to spot some re-arranged furniture or something of the sort. Nothing seems amiss.

"No," I finally admit, "what have you done?"

"How could you miss it? We just finished painting the house."

I examine the walls and ceiling more carefully. Yes, the color, white, did seem to be brighter, cleaner than I remembered.

"Oh, now I see. A Very professional job. I didn't even notice, it's so well done."

Don and Sheila exchanged an exasperated, isn't-this-guy-pitiful look. "Mike," sighed Don, "I have to disagree with your truly magnificent powers of observation, but we had the outside of the house painted, not the inside. Last week it was a faded brown. This week it's a bright red."

My face was, too.

See what happens when you try to be nice to people?

Now if only Don would have mentioned this earlier, things would've been different. Instead of feeling like a fool (what d'ya mean, that's nothing new?), I could simply have paraphrased the guard at the entrance to the Emerald City in The Wizard of Oz:

"Well, then! Why didn't you say so? Now that's a House of a different color!!"

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being in the nature of a section of assorted book, zine, restaurant, and other reviews of assorted books, zines, restaurants, and other things. Unless otherwise noted, books were paid for, zines were paid for or traded for, and restaurant meals were paid for; Anything not otherwise attributed is, of course, the product of YE OLDE HUMBLE EDITOR.

TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE by Robert A. Heinlein, Putnam, 605 pages, 1973, \$7.95.

Heinlein is back to prove that he can still write, even better than I Will Fear No Evil but with dialogue you can forgive.

1973 was the year of the Big Shit for someone besides Kurt Vonnegut and that someone was RAH. In TEFL all the accululated crap on Lazarus Long, aka You Name It, is dumped before the reader and though there's some garbage it is plain that there's a few minor sparklers amidst the works. By its arrangement and the (omitted x words) part that does not appear you should be able to tell that RAH has grown as a writer and that he has discovered many of his limitations as a writer.

I say that this was the year of the Big Shit for Heinlein because, though he may not admit it, the book reads like a mildly edited version of everything you ever wanted to know about Lazarus Long with all, or most, of the action removed. Oh, all of the action is not removed. We get some at the end of the novel. And perhaps RAH's purpose in putting it there was to show us that action is foolish, or that foolish people take action of the kind found in this book.

Heinlein has evolved. He's become somewhat more a 6. What's a 6? Well, in the continuum of motivation levels you find the following: 1--survival; 2--tribal; 3--barbarian; 4--religious, right and wrong, black and white, etc.; 5--capitalist; adventurer, banker, entrepreneur, the sort of civilized barbarian that RAH called the Competent Man; 6--motivated by the need for love and affection from his peers (and in the case of Lazarus Long the peers most sought out for such a hunger are female: mother, daughter, sister, cousin, neighbor, you name it).

Things, events, scenes, themes, and what have you, just pop in and out of this book. RAH will go along with a story for a while and drop it, sometimes by concluding the story and sometimes by just allowing it to slip away. The big mystery to me was first posed by Gary Schulze, former editor of SOFA (whoops, co-editor): Are Tamara, who appears out of nowhere in the middle of the book and is never explained, and Maureen Smith, Lazarus Long's mother, one and the same person? Is Lazarus really the oldest human known? Or is Maureen Smith, for whom no death records exist, the real Senior? Does the remark made by Lazarus on the final page of the novel come from confusion, or does it come from the sudden realization that Tamara and his mother are one and the same person? I'm sure that will spark some debates.

I have yet to hear from anyone who read this book in one day, though no one I know claims to have finished it more than three days after starting. So it does have its appeal. Get yourself a copy and follow Lazarus Long across 23 centuries, through several identities, on many planets, in wisdom and in foolishness, and you will probably come to the same opinion as I did:

the man has got to have the most colossal case of satyriasis ever recorded in fiction!

Yes, there's sex in this book. It would be quite dull without sex. But Heinlein's form of sex is gentle and friendly. And the amazing thing is just how gentle and freindly it can be with practically every woman who just knows who Lazarus Long is wanting to sex around with him. At the time of the story there are a thousand, million, billion, trillion, or so, humans in the galaxy and man is preparing to jump across to another galaxy. For the Harlan Ellison Memorial Purple Jellybean collection and a weekend at Pismo Beach, send in the closest estimate as to how many of those people are lineal descendents of good old Lazarus Long.

--John Robinson

Joe's Caterers (Kulik's Restaurant), 851 Madison Avenue, Albany, NY. Phone: (518) 489-4062.

Joe's has been commended by the New York State Legislature for services rendered. Despite this, it's one of my favorite places to eat anywhere, and it's by far the best place I know of in the Capital District. Joe's is a delicatessen, and their specialty is triple-decker sandwiches; best of these is the Number Nineteen, which is composed of Roast Beef; Lettuce, Tomato, Russian Dressing, and Horseradish in almost equal amounts. Although there isn't as much beef as one could hope for (especially at \$2.40), the quality is excellent, and I've never gone away hungry after having one of these. Joe's also makes the best cheesecake I've ever had; in fact, at times I've driven over there (20 miles or more, round trip) for the sole purpose of having a slice of the cheesecake (\$1.10). If you're ever in the Capital District, it's worth making a trip to Joe's. Substantially the same food is served at Platt's Place, on Wolf Road in Colonie.

AWRY 6, Dave Locke, 915 Mt. Olive Drive, #9, Duarte, CA 91010, \$1.00 for sample; then, sterling and frequent locs or selected trades.

I like AWRY. For a zine which "is devoted to the entertainment of its editor", it does a pretty good job of keeping me entertained, too. Dave Locke's style is very relaxed; so is the whole zine. Dean Grenell's column isn't quite as good as his in AWRY 5, but I still enjoyed it. Luckily, I don't have an eidetic memory, so I can enjoy rereading the zine again and again. I refuse to believe Tina Hensel's column, however; not that I can't believe that Dave is a confirmed skeptic, but that I can't believe that any faith healer could set up at curing hernias, and draw customers. Maybe people are more gullible than I know. There was also a multi-sectioned lettercol, extending over many pages, including one section of the "Space Controversy", a discussion which was generated in a previous issue. It added just the right touch of sercon to an outstanding zine. AWRY is going to be one of my Hugo nominees.

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MIDSUMMER CENTURY by James Blish, DAW, 159 pages, 95¢, 1974.

In their paperback, DAW has seen fit to include two short stories in addition to the "novel" itself. This makes the paperback a considerably better book than the hardback was, especially since I liked both of the short stories more than "Midsummer Century". The first short, "Skysign," seems more than vaguely familiar, because the plot is one of the old standbys...an alien ship appears above earth and asks for volunteers to be sent up; they turn out to be prisoners; one of them escapes from the aliens' captivity, and takes over the ship, or tries to. Blish has a slightly different ending, though, and that makes the story worthwhile. The other short, "A Style in Treason" deals with the efforts of a traitor to High Earth (which might be Old Earth, but might not be, either) to sell her, or, possibly, to buy another planet. It's a fairly "straight" action story, which is a considerable contrast to "Midsummer Century". And that's probably my main objection to "Midsummer Century"; at times, it seemed to me that Blish was writing a story to be discussed in a Philosophy class, rather than a story to entertain. I won't describe it, as that would spoil it, except to say that it is a Man against Alien story of a slightly different mold.

Locomotive 3, Brett Cox, Box 542, Tabor City, NC 28463, and Ken Gammage Jr.,
7865 E. Roseland Drive, La Jolla, CA 92037. 25¢ or LOC.

This zine was originally intended to be purely a loczine. In this issue, Ken and Brett have slightly deviated from this, by including "the Great Four-Way Debate"; but, since this will probably act as a very good stimulant for future LOCs, they can be forgiven. This issue has 26 pages, which are filled with interesting ideas, and people having on-going discussions, both on fannish and mundane topics. At times, it reminds me of a sercon Title. They've been having some problems because of their trans-continental co-editorship, but, by asking Loccers to send copies to each of them, they hope to reduce these difficulties. I hope so, because I like Locomotive.

Karass 1,2,3, Linda E. Bushyager, 1614 Evans Avenue, Prospect Park, PA 19076,
25¢, 5/\$1 (North America), the usual.

Karass seems to be a monthly newszine at first glance; but then, you look a little closer and see articles "In the Glicksohn Vein", among others, and you decide that that's not quite it. So, I'm not quite sure what it is, but I like it. The news in it is mostly fannish, and includes club listings, COA's, con listings, and other such useful stuff.

TABEBUIAN 9,10,11,12, Dave and Mardee Sue Jenrette, Box 374--Grove, Miami,
FL 33133, 6/\$1, the usual.

The Tabebuian Society is still putting out this handy, digest-sized, enjoyable, weirdzine. Almost anything is in the purview of this zine, and it's almost always handled with a nice, light touch. I've only got two complaints:

1. They lost the copy of DFl I sent them for review, and
2. They keep talking about how warm it is in Miami. It's 10 April here, and there are 12 inches of snow on the ground!!!! Happy Springtime.

Ken Gammage, Jr., 7865 Roseland Drive, La Jolla, CA 92037, 12 March 74:

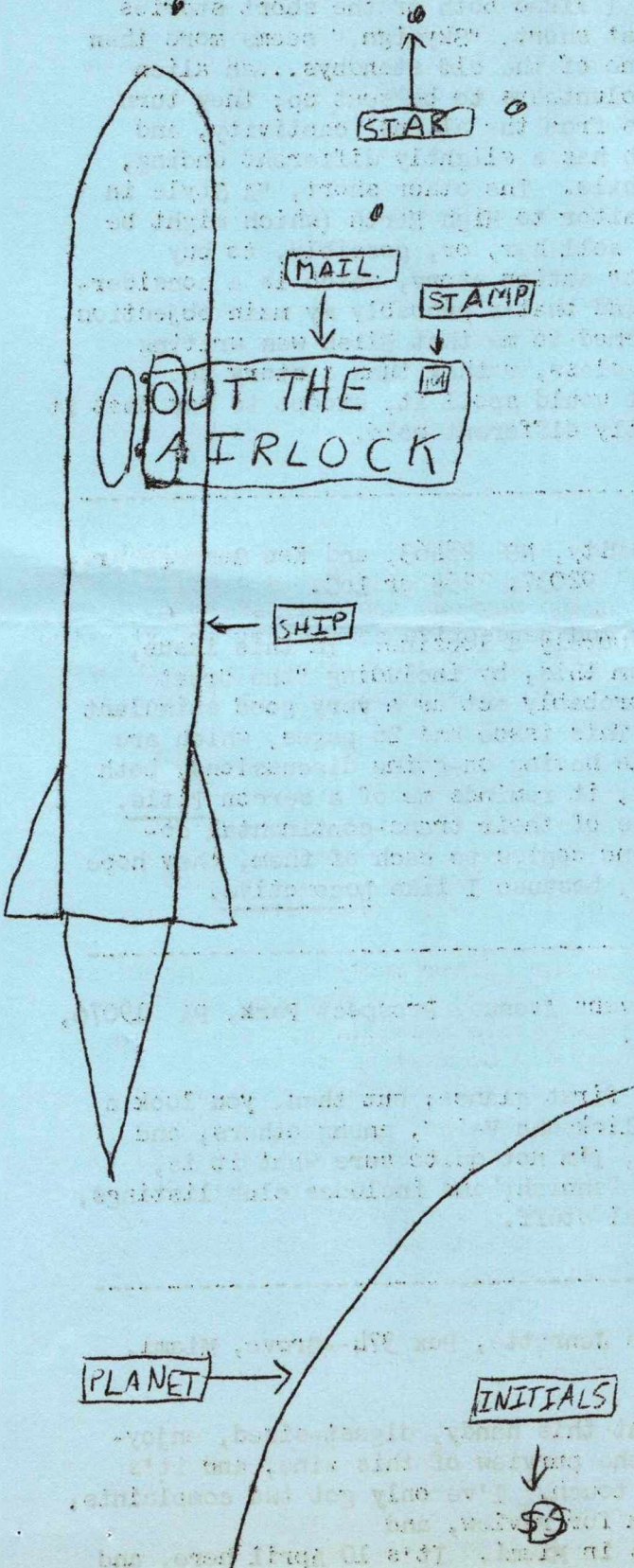
An unfunny thing about my loc to DEFENESTRATION 1: I forgot. Hell, I know that's no excuse! It's barely even an explanation, but there it is. Now I'm too late to help you with DEF2. But, here goes--

John Robinson's explanation of 'time' is classic. What, may I ask, is four deep? I enjoyed Frank Balazs' article muchly. I have never done thees theeng, thees "hangeeng aroun'", but eet no soun's fun, mang. I hope that you are going to publish the winners in the "Dirty Old Vulcan" contest. Or perhaps John will in MOPERY. Or perhaps...

What can I say about fanzine reviews? I'm glad that John, too, is a TITLE freak. It is certainly #1 on my list also. "Food for Thought" was highly amusing upon rereading. Very good. Locs were interesting to read, but I cna't comment since I had never heard of SOFA until reading DEF. And your Rallye thing was quite amusing too. Well, looking back, I see that you have a good zine here, and again I apologize.

/* Four deep is a way of composing interlinos en masse, to quote John Robinson from an earlier issue of UMBRA. Basically, it takes a group of people, a piece of paper, and some ~~perverted~~ inventive minds. Someone is chosen to start, and he puts four words on the paper. The next person adds a word, and covers the first word; then he gives the paper to the next person. In this way, each person sees only the last four words of the sentence. You stop whenever someone decides that you've hit a good stopping place. The results are rather variable in quality, as the samples in DEF 1 showed.

I don't know what John is planning to do with the winners in the DOVC.



I would imagine that he's planning to publish them, if and when he either gets a mimeo again, or when the Rensselaer Union's ditto machine works well enough for him to be able to print on both sides of the sheet again.

I'm glad you thought my Rallye piece was amusing; I didn't while it was happening! The car I used has gone away since, although not entirely due to the Rallye...it was a gas-gulper of the first order, with a 428 CID V-8. I've replaced it with a '74 Pinto, which gets considerably better mileage. But I have absolutely no intentions of taking it on any rallyes of any sort! I've learned my lesson! */

MICHAEL T. SHOEMAKER, 2123 North Early Street, Alexandria, VA 22302.
(23 Dec 73)

Damn it, there is no such thing as a crudzine! Only greater and lesser levels of mediocrity. The term is too damn ambiguous to have any meaning outside of any individual's head.

I have never received a zine that was completely worthless to me, but I must tell you that yours comes closest. (Please don't throw anything! I have some constructive suggestions to make in just a minute) The editorial ramblings were totally uninteresting and only served to take up space. The Balazs piece was terrible. This kind of a topic is best handled humorously, but Balazs rambles without direction and the piece lacks even a single humorous idea or turn of phrase. The fanzine reviews are useless to me. Fanzine reviews need either interesting and perceptive commentary or extensive coverage; these have neither. The only thing of interest here was learning John Robinson's Hugo preferences. The letters were passable, but lacking in the on-going discussion that a loc column needs.

Now for some hopefully helpful words. Almost all new fanzines start with the problem of lack of contributions. How long this problem remains is a combination of luck and editorial hustle. Some editors have it easy; they become well-known convention fans or they get in with a clique of good fanwriters and then have a steady source of material. Most editors, however, have to do the following:

- 1) The very first, essential step is that the editor must resign himself to the fact that the first couple issues or so will be mostly editor-written. By this, I don't mean that the editor should write trivial, space-wasting anecdotes and ramblings. The editor had better be willing to take the time and effort to do some honest-to-guh good fanwriting, whether humorous or serious.
- 2) Then the editor mails out lots and lots of free copies to compulsive letterhacks and potential contributors. The idea is this: The editor-written material should be meaty enough to draw heavy response. Then, by having a lively, intelligent lettercol of discussion in the next issue, the editor will thereby interest potential fanwriters.
- 3) Fanwriters want to see a good lettercol, and they want to be in a well-established zine, not one that might fold up any minute. This means that the zine must be published with some continuity. No more infrequent than quarterly is best. Be considerate of your writers, praise them and prod them.
- 4) Jerry Lapidus once observed that there are two kinds of editors: the active and the passive. It is almost a necessity for editors of new zines to be active. The editor must go out and hustle material. Write letters to potential contributors and even supply them with ideas of something to write about.

I have done these things with my own zine and, despite the prejudice against ditto (even high quality ditto), I now have a nice file of good material and the future looks bright.

/* Lemme wipe some of the blood off, and I'll be right with you. Even though you didn't like DF1, I much prefer a letter like yours, which shows signs of actually caring about the zine, to one which says only, "Golly, I really liked your zine...please send more!".

I have to believe that there is such a thing as a crudzine, at least as far as one person's opinion goes; but I believe that they are usually such that everyone can agree that they are, indeed, crud. SOFA 1 was such. It suffered from a total lack of content, poor repro, and an over-emphasis on "cuteness" deriving from the title. Looking back on it, I'm not sure that I'd classify DF1 as crud; probably not. But I also don't look upon the term crudzine as a term of total contempt. If a zine is the best that the editor can produce at the time, even if it actually is a crudzine, the editor deserves some form of recognition for producing it. If it's a crudzine, by all means tell the editor so, but give him some constructive suggestions, such as you did.

One reason that DF1, and probably DF2, is so light on content is that I'm only doing this as a spare-time activity. If it begins to seem too much like work, I put it aside until I feel like approaching it again. That's why there's a one-month gap between pages 1 and 2 of this issue. That's why, despite my hoped-for publication date of early January, this stencil is being typed on 19 March. And while I know that I could probably put forth a better zine if I put more time into it, I just don't rank pubbing high enough on my list of priorities to do so. As it is, I strike a compromise between my wishes and my other activities, and I produce what I do. I would like to be able to guarantee that I'll publish quarterly; I'd like even better to publish monthly, but I know that I probably won't meet any schedule that I set up. The main thing is that I'm publishing Df for my pleasure; if it makes other people happy to read it, fine. If not, that's fine too. I don't want this zine to grow into a monster that would force me into gaffiation.

I know I haven't really replied to any of your comments; except the one concerning frequency of publication, but I don't really have a reply to them. It seems to be a difference of attitude rather than anything else.

On rereading my comments, I get the feeling that you might infer that I am angry at you. That would be entirely wrong; as I said, I'd much rather be criticized in an intelligent fashion, such as you did, than admired in a blind fashion. */

BRETT COX, Box 542, Tabor City, NC 28463. 11 March 74.

Got DEFENESTRATION 1 today, and thank you very much. I always have trouble making decent comments on back issues, but I'll try.

First off; you are not a crudzine. The term "crudzine" has always, to me at least, implied sloppy repro as a prerequisite. The mimeo on DF1 was very good and readable in the extreme.

And how about the writing? Well, Df 1 did have a sort of jumbled air about it, as if you dumped all of the stuff in there without giving a damn how it

came out. And the writing itself wasn't all that great. But still, I can't quite bring myself to refer to DF as a crudzine.

Outside of that, I can't think of much to say, except that I think that TAC must be considered as superior to TITLE, although any comparison between the two is inherently unjust. And I urge Frank Balazs to read The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress--it is by far the best of Heinlein's "recent" novels (post-1960, maybe?).

I realize that this is ridiculously short, but...send me DF2 & I promise I'll do a better job on it.

/* I wish I could take credit for the mimeo job on DF1, but it was done by Ann Faller at the Union Administration Office. The only thing that I even "helped" with was the bacover, which, as you probably noticed, was upside-down. And I have to admit to not taking very much care with the layout of the last issue, since all I did was sit down with the material, the typewriter, the stencils, and above all the corflu, and typed until I was done. This issue, I've at least tried to section off the material a little better. The only comparison I'm willing to make that concerns TITLE and TAC is that they're inherently different. I enjoy both of them, although in different ways. */

NORMAN HOCHBERG, 89-07 209 Street, Queens Village, NY 11427. 27 Dec 73.

Hey. I can't believe that I've had this issue of Defenestration for so long. I've long since given up trying to loc everything I get, but I do try to loc interesting things and first issues. I know how I felt for a long while until I discovered some sort of niche somewhere within the bowels of fandom. Lost. I was very grateful for the letters from all of the people around. So....

John wants us to tell you what the style of De should be??? I'd think that would be up to you. Personally, I'd like a fanzine that was fairly informal and not like a typical genzine at all but that's not telling you much of anything. And that's good. The style of the fanzine shouldn't be something artificially grafted on, it should come from the editor's own style and personality. Now, I may soon make some comments about how I think you could improve De (I know I did on SOFA, and I'm still sorry), but it is still essentially you who must know how to do things to your own zine. You. Not me. Not John Robinson. And not even Seth McEvoy (This has been Fannish Reference #1. Stay awake.).

I'd appreciate it more if John would be a mite more specific on why he liked those zines he picked for a Hugo list. I dig fanzine reviews, I really do. Occassionally I even publish a zine which is nothing but fanzine reviews. I reviewed Defenestration in one of them but I don't remember if I sent you a copy or not. I think I did but my bookkeeping is so fouled up that I guess that five hundred fans may at this moment think I've died.

Not much else to comment on the contents of De. I could bullshit for awhile on graphics. Like how it would help if you titled your articles so we knew where each began quite clearly. You might also find that with no art, double-columning or stapling the zine at the top corner only helps to open up the page. You've got a lot of grey area with no space for the eye to relax. I found my eye relaxing often by looking at my newly cleaned sneakers. At least they didn't have grey marks all over them. Oh, in another day they'll look lousy but for now....

Seems like I've diverted again. Too bad, I shouldn't try to write these things so late at night. I guess I'll give up now. Until next time (It's been a loooooong time between issues for you, hasn't it?). Bye.

/* Yes, it has been quite a long time since the last issue. And it probably won't be as long till the next issue, but I don't gurantee it. Or my spelling.

I really wouldn't enjoy publishing a zine that was specifically designed to appeal to as many readers as possible...I'll leave that to the prozines. But I am interested in what people think of the zine; if I weren't, I could save myself a lot of time and postage by just typing the zine up, then throwing it away. But I don't think that John was asking the readers to actually dictate the style of the zine; he was just asking for suggestions on my behalf. But, as far as content is concerned, I'd rather wait and see how reaction goes to things I do print than to get reactions on what I should print in the future (But, of course, articles, columns, essays, etc. are a l w a y s w e l c o m e.). I'm more receptive to comments concerning layout and graphics. I agree wholeheartedly with your comment concerning the absence of white space in the last issue; while it didn't look as bad on the stencil, I find my eyes looking elsewhere when I try to read the lettercol. I don't like double-columned pages, but I do think that some more white space is useful.

And as far as titling is concerned, I've tried to be a bit less confusing this time. Who knows; I might even decide to invest in a lettering guide for the next issue? Or I might have my Selectric by then, and be able to use the very tall typeface, whatever it's called.

And I don't understand why you're "sorry" that you made comments on how Gary and I could have improved SOFA. I didn't think that they were out-of-place, or that they were directed at me personally, and I don't think that you did anything that would have stunted Gary's or my growth in fandom.

And yes, you did send me a copy of BIG MAC '36, which I didn't review in Mangle, because I think that reviewing a zine which is all reviews of zines is carrying things a bit far. That way lies madness! */

MARC S. GLASSER, 2022 East 18th Street, Brooklyn, NY 11229. 20 Mar 74.

Pounds, shillings, pence. Having made this a sterling loc in characteristic Glasser fashion, I hereby resolve not to quit until I finish it. /* easier said than done...*/ /* hmmm, this is your style of comments that I stole, David, isn't it? Well, if you want to include your own comments, change mine to some other method of setting-off. */ ((Yes, you did steal my comment brackets, and I'll get even someday! But, in the interests of harmony, I'll avoid interrupting your letter any more till it's over...dss))

First, I thank you, albeit several months late, for sending me the zine. With Schulze, Nelson, and myself long gone, I feared that SOFA had gone out the window; I guess I was right. I don't expect that Gary will resume pubbing under the title of SOFA; how many Rochesterians /*?*/ would join in a publishing effort named after a computenmachine in Troy?

Lessee...flipping thru the DEFFEN (is that a permissible abbreva?) we find.

A yellow space labeled "white space". Fantastic planning.

Myriad reviews of zines. Would that I could even read the mundane publications I now find myself on the receiving end of. /* I just ended a sentence with a preposition, something I know I should never do; ah, well, it's just one of those things up with which we all must put. */ But in between being Gainfully Employed, and Furthering my Education, not to mention replying to communications from fellow alumni, I do most of my reading on the Big Messed-up Trains (That's BMT or "subway" for you out-of-towners.) during the 45-minute voyage to Business Address each morn.

A piece by one M. Ticklebridges pertaining to astronomical gastronomy /* or is it the other way around? */. I hereby place the MSG Stamp of Approval (a 4¢ commemorative from 1959) upon this, conditional upon its being read at some time other than immediately after a heavy meal.

The lovely loc section, featuring comments on a piece of furniture I once was connected with. /* there I go again, ending a sentence with a preposition. One day, I'll write a letter in which I'll end each sentence with an interjection, hah! */ Also about quality of computers. I can add to that discussion the item of information that the financial institution /* or in strictly technical terms, "bank" */ for which I now work (WORK???) has three 370/165's hooked together to do its basic workload, and rare indeed is the day when at least one isn't down, or when turnaround is faster than several hours on testing-type (as opposed to production) jobs. So the programmers have plenty of time to waste writing programs to play craps and blackjack, creating pictures of Snoopy and fold-out printouts, and inventing COBOL data-structures like

01 THE-MORNING.

05 THE-STATION-EARLY PICTURE X.

05 IMUS PICTURE X.

so that they can change an index variable by saying SET INDEX-VAR DOWN BY THE-STATION-EARLY IN THE-MORNING., or even MOVE IMUS IN THE-MORNING TO WNBC.

But I digress. And distress.

I would have written a scathing reply to Mike Shoemaker's comments on my negative-binary-number-system (now about one year old), had you not written it for me. Thank you muchly. If I don't get into an infinite loop, I may even try to work out a division algorithm one of these days and send it to you.

One more thing, to Norm Hochberg: Does one automatically become a BNF after being a fan for a specified period of time? If so, what is the temporal period after which this magical transformation takes place? If not, you have the reason for my question as to the opposite of a neofan.

Ah, well, I find that I have nothing more to say, and while that never stopped me before, I shall not continue this loc that way--I'll save it for my mass-produced MESSAGES FROM MSG, new official title of the Glasser Experiments in Mass Communication. Or maybe my proposed entry to NYU's new APA (which is called, logically enough, APA-NYU or APA-^g (no, that was not my idea)), tentatively titled BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN. Until further communication ensues, may I close with the immortal words of Mr. Spock: "Sir, there's a multi-legged creature crawling on your shoulder." Portions of the preceding were pre-recorded.

MIKE GLICKSOHN, 141 High Park Avenue, Toronto, Ontario M6P 2S3. (18 Nov 73)

Shape up, lad, shape up! The bacover of my DEFENESTRATION #1 was stapled on upside down which meant that every time I picked it up I got it upside down! What's worse, I generally read two or three paragraphs before I noticed it!

I won't discuss the absence of artwork since you talk about it yourself, but a word or two about the absence of layout might be in order. It's worst in the fanzine reviews, where large paragraphs just run into each other and make reading the magazine more difficult than it need be. A simple space between reviews would make it much more readable. The use of space to enhance readability is relatively easy to master, and makes for a much more attractive fanzine. Maybe nobody else cares about it, but it makes my enjoyment of any fanzine that much greater. (Paragraphing would help the lettercol a lot too.)

As advice to John Robinson: never ask your readers what they want to see in your fanzine. Publish what you want to and then find the readers that enjoy what you are doing, not the other way around. It makes pubbing an infinitely more satisfying experience.

I'd like to see a little more imagination used in designing titles for your different sections, but that comes with experience. It doesn't even need art either: with just a typewriter and a little effort you can easily create attractive and effective headings and separators. Be that as it may, I'm glad to see fanzine reviews here. I always like fanzine reviews, and can tolerate fanzine listings also. I don't agree with a couple of John's selections for the fanzine Hugo, but that's par for the course. It seems to me that next year's award shapes up as a battle between ALGOL and TAC. My money, if I had any to wager that is, would be on TAC.

The "Food for Thought" column about eating dead chiefs goes to prove the truth of the old adage, "One man's meat is another man's person", I guess....

I sympathize with Frank Balazs and his trouble getting his name properly spelt. The 'h' in Glicksohn has been a source of trouble ever since I was old enough to have to spell my name to people. I've been asked many times "Are you sure?" when I try to get that elusive letter in the proper place and generally I drop it out for simplicity's sake. As an example of how tricky it appears to be, I'm amused that the Australia in 75 Committee continually spells the name as "Glickshon". And they really ought to get it right.

Nobody wants to slipsheet by hand, Frank, but some of us do it anyway, cursing viciously all the while. I slipsheeted over 90% of NERG, well over 200,000 sheets of paper. Was it worth it? Well, of course not, but it was important to me, and I still slipsheet XENIUM for the same reasons. Forgive us our idiosyncrasies as we forgive those who don't slipsheet against us....

I'd agree with you on the frustration inherent in trying to teach students to debug programs. My charges come to me with the most self-evident errors in the world and want to know why the program didn't work. The arrival of a really difficult error is a cause for celebration for me! ("Undefined transfer at ISN xxx" is about the commonest simple error they never understand.)

I find myself partially agreeing with Norman Hochberg (but don't tell him. I said so) about the how and why of publishing. I started a fanzine on the premise that I could do better than 90% of the people currently publishing and sending me their products. And when I saw an idea I liked in another fanzine I tried to adapt it to my own ideas for publishing. But it's also important to have some idea of what you want to do in the way of a fanzine. Hopping haphazardly around using good ideas from other people will produce a very disjointed zine unless there's an underlying idea holding everything together. That's why asking the readers what they want to see is such a bad idea. If you're adamant about this not being a clubzine, then make it your own zine, not somebody else's. (Is there an apostrophe there somewhere? Often I'm glad I teach math, not English....)

The opposite of neofan is BNF, Norm? Pshaw! (Pshakespeare, too, for that matter.) The opposite of neofan is fan, that's all.

I went on one rally once as a navigator. I did relatively well, although it was a novice rally with no fancy map stuff to do. We were in an MG-B. On one particularly windy, gravelly, hilly section, every one of the fifty-odd cars taking part was at least three minutes late at the checkpoint. Except ours. We were two minutes early. I never went on another rally after that....

/* How come? Did success go to your head, or something? At least I quit rallying with an absolute failure to my credit!

You must not have read the last page of Dfl too carefully, or you would have noticed that it was not only stapled on upside down, but printed upside down, too. That, of course, was to fool you into thinking that it was right-side up.

I shudder every time I look at Dfl and try to read those solid pages of text. I've tried to use white (well, really canary, blue, and/or green) space better this time, as well as trying to delimit sections with some sort of titles. What I'm afraid of for this issue is that this typewriter won't have cut the stencils well enough, and all the letters will be broken. Well, if I hadn't been so short-sighted, and worried about things like a car, gasoline to feed the car, and food to feed me, I'd have a Selectric right now instead of this broken-down, ancient, decrepit Royal. Probably this summer I'll take the plunge. (But then, what will I do for an excuse about the repro?)

I don't see why anyone should have any trouble spelling your name, Mike; it's really very simple: Glucksohn. Actually, I very rarely misspell names; I totally forget them, and go for weeks talking to them and not knowing their name. But, for some reason, this very rarely happens with girls.

I wouldn't mind helping people debug their programs as much, if it weren't for two things: 1) the dislike that compiler-writers have for providing English-language error messages, instead of cryptic things like "IEY004I SYNTAX", and the fact that people turn their minds off as soon as they come up to the window for help...after all, I'm there to do their thinking for them, aren't I?

If the opposite of neofan is fan, what's the opposite of BNF? And, for that matter, what is "MNF", which I've seen cropping up in TITLE lately? */

/* I sent a copy of Dfl to a non-fan friend of mine, just to see what she would come up with. She's been interested in sf for a long time, so I thought her comments might be interesting...they were, but not quite in the way I'd expected. */

DEB DALTON, SUPO 9905, Tucson, AZ 85720.

Mind you, I'm very opinionated, and may have missed some points of subtlety, but what annoyed me was

1) too little stories 'concurrently registered' with too much jimmerjabber from odd people. (2 stories--short with three letters--long. Letters should be generally brief and only if they are brief, quite brief, should there be as many as 3 in a zine this size. Makes for disappointing reading otherwise.) Also the review article was too long. Cut to 1/3--maybe 1/2 when it's really good stuff. Especially if this is coming out more than once a month. Don't deplete your review market.

2) layout (is layout this much discussed 'repro'. And what is a loccer? God forbid it walks and talks.)

N. B. (1) and (2) are annoying to the point of nauseum.

layout--you have what I would cunningly call a mishmash layout. It's also repulsive. I would suggest that for ease of reading and delight of eye that you find some way to visually differentiate between things of interest (i. e. stories) and commentary. Such things as large and small type have been used in the past with fair success. Not cluttering a story with fore and aft jabbing would help. Experiment. But as it is you have a monotone for a magazine. The dit-dot lines around the famous quotes are okay, but don't crowd them right after a story, etc. It looks like a church circular, trying to get everything on one page. Whether or not you are trying to conserve space is immaterial. Cut down on the extraneous and you'll have lots of space. Mind you, don't cut out all the extraneous; just control it so it doesn't overrun the zine.

3) be more particular with the stories. 'Hanging Out' was too wordy and never got off the ground. Trimmed down, and with the emphasis shifted a bit it could have been interesting. You should have sent it back for a revision before publishing. 'Never Speak Ill, etc' was better, but it lacked a catchy punch line. With a modicum of trimming and a punch line it could have stood on its hind legs, tho. If you're not getting such a rush of stories to be picky, put the mag out less frequently. Quality not quantity. You might mention to the creative writing prof next semester that an assignment in fantasy writing would be neatie-cool and then collect some of the papers.

--odds and ends--

4) drawings in the illustrative sense I won't worry about too much as yet. A cover pic is nice but a drawing doesn't help a lousy story any. You might emphasize the s-f cartoon, it would 'lighten' the mood of the mag some and that would help fight the tendency to wordiness. Here again a lousy cartoon isn't worth much, tho a half-decent poem; or set of poems, or similar per mag would give nice variety too.

5) unless yellow paper is cheaper, you could also consider changing paper colors per issue. This would allow you to also put a white cover on a yellow issue, for example. A small point but it gives a touch of class.

/* Well, Deb, although you have some good points there, you seem to have misunderstood the purpose of this entire exercise. I'm not out to publish "stories" as you call them--there are many zines devoted to fiction, and I don't intend to compete with them. What I want are articles...whether they

are serious or humorous. If you ignore those facets of your comments which deal with "stories", the remainder looks very much like those that most everyone else.

The 'jimmerjabber' as you call it, is really what the zine is about... people. This is my zine (oh, oh...here he goes off on this crusade again!) and I find people much more interesting than stories.

And I have to laugh when I read that about "don't deplete your review market". I have, sitting on the floor, about 20 zines to review, not to mention various and assorted books, and anything else that comes to mind. I'm afraid that I'm going to have to give a cursory treatment to everything again; I'm not really worried about depleting my review market.

You, Deb, are now a loccer. Congratulations. To give you another hint, what you wrote is a letter-of-comment.

I have to agree with your comments regarding layout, and I hope that this issue will meet with your approval more. How would you like to submit some artwork for the next issue?

Only one other thing I feel I must mention...how can you suggest that I go and print the sort of unmitigated shit that is commonly handed in in a "Creative Writing" class, even if R. P. I. had one? That is one field of endeavor in which I do not think that Sturgeon's Law applies (if you don't remember, Sturgeon's Law states that 90% of everything is Crud.). Instead, Singer's Corollary applies--99.99999% of all "Creative Writing" is Crud. */

JOHN ROBINSON, 1-101st street, Troy, NY 12180. (06 Nov 73)

It's good that you point out that YOU ARE THE EDITOR AND OPERATOR of DEFENESTRATION. I had quite a problem breaking UMBRA out of the clubzine category. Readers should realize that a university box is useful because it is cheap or free and can be used all year round. Other connections with the club are tenuous and subject to the participation of members.

Ah yes, three or four Margaret Ticklebridges thingees will appear in SENSATION (not UMBRA). You'll probably have two or three more issues of Df out before the next UMBRA. I hope to put out 6 issues next year to catch up.

Keep up the good work, and don't forget to put in other pieces like the rallye thing. Readers like editors to be folksy and talkative. Don't ask me why, but it's related to the same mystique that says that you should have illos. It kind of reminds me of the way grade school and junior high teachers assign construction paper projects for book reports, etc., instead of accepting typing. How well I recall getting bonked in the gradings for attempting a newspaper form of project for the poem "Snowbound." I would have done better with crayons, colored pencils, construction paper, and cutsey drawings. But that's the way the fanzine mystique crumbles, and the way teachers think.

/* Wow...a 10-page lettercol (in a 20-page zine...sorry 'bout that, Deb). And there's even a WAHF: Frank Balazs (notice, I even spelled it right, Frank), and Debby Stark. */

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A Column was originally intended for Frank Balazs' zine, Parenthesis.

Artwork:

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p. 8--David Singer

Anti-fan flyer provided by John Robinson.

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