

DEFENESTRATION 3, from David Singer, Buck 21 - Box 264, RPI, Troy, NY 12181. This zine is available for 25¢ in sticky quarters, stamps, money orders, or any other negotiable instrument, or for LoC, contribution, artwork, trade, whim of the editor, or some other, equally random reason. There is some vague, unspecified connection with TANSTAAFL, the "sf" club here at RPI, and some part of the funding is due to that connection. This issue is the special Activities Fair issue, and is Screw Press #7. Begun 10 Sep 74/2155 EDT.

Editorial D

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Why, you may ask, is this the special Activities Fair issue? Every year, in an attempt to ~~snicker~~ induce freshmen to join clubs and organizations, the Rensselaer Union holds an Activities Fair. I decided that it would be nice to have something to show the frosh (and anyone else I could find!), so after sitting for almost six months, planning to do this issue RealSoonNow, I find myself having to get it done in three days. At least, I've gotta do it if I want something fannish to partially counter-act the Starlord game that I really expect will draw people's attention.

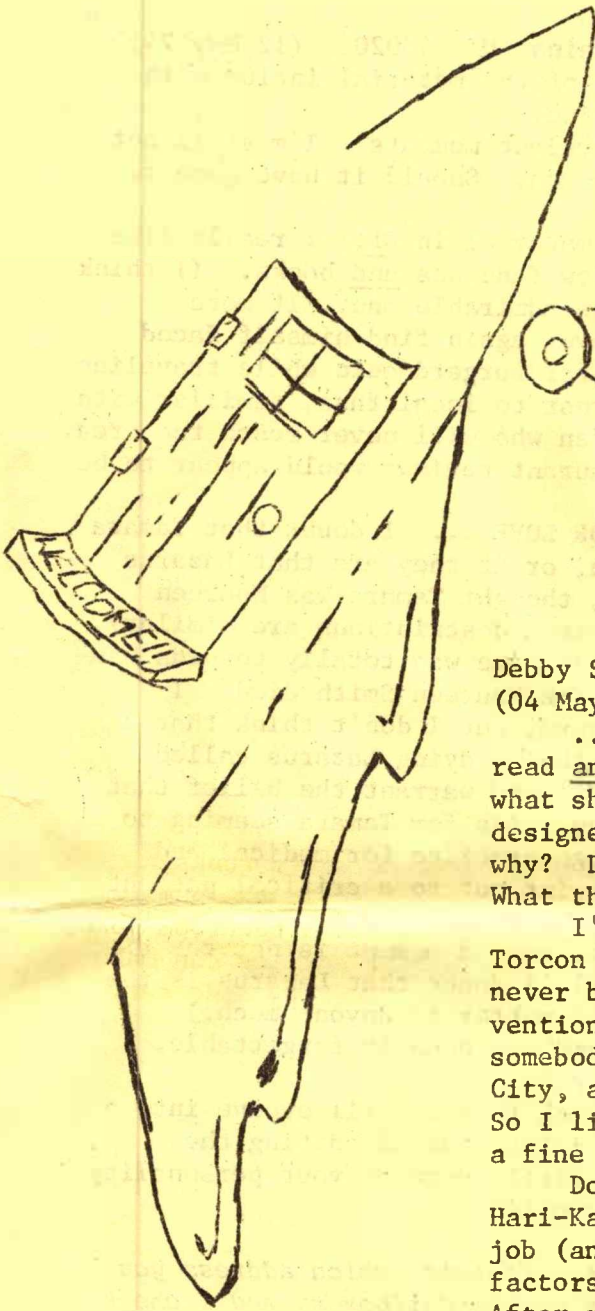
But, since I am rushing to put this issue out, it is rather devoid of some of the usual features, such as Mangle. And there is an awfully long loccol. In fact, it wouldn't be much of a distortion to consider this to be a letterzine. But nextish, things will be different. Do you hear me, world? I said, "THINGS WILL BE DIFFERENT!!!". Hell, I may even write something of some consequence.

But it's been nice getting back up to school; I'm just about caught up on my sleep, somewhat of a pleasant change from my normal situation. And since none of my classes have made any significant demands on my time (yet!), I should have the time for some fanac. I even have a typer in my room, which is a big help, since I hate writing letters by hand (and anyone who has ever gotten one of my hand-written letters hates it even more); I didn't have one handy during the summer. So I should be able to begin to make inroads on the accumulation of zines that arrived during the summer that I haven't Locced yet. At least I'd better.

I finally decided not to do a Worldcon report; suffice it to say that I greatly enjoyed it, but that I wish that I'd been able to meet more people. Perhaps I'll see some of you at the regional cons I'll be going to, or, maybe in KC in '76! I don't think I'll be able to be at Aussiecon, though.

In case anybody cares, this issue is Screw Press #7, even though I've already put #10 through RAPS; somewhere along the line, I managed to add 3 to my publication count when I should have added 1, and I'm picking up the lost numbers now. Clear? Good. Do you care? I thought not.

As I've been typing this, I've noticed how reluctant I am to hyphenate a word, and I think I have some sort of an explanation. I am what has been called a "rapid reader," and I think that I dislike hyphenated words because they slow my reading speed enormously. The same thing is true for double-columned zines, since the line width is less than one fixation for me, and that slows me down. At least, that seems to make some sort of sense to me. It certainly couldn't be because I'm too lazy to look up where to hyphenate the words, could it? *Could it?* Nah, impossible.



OUT THE AIRLOCK

Debby Stark, 1926 N. College, Tulsa, OK 74110
(04 May 74)

...I sat down and read the zine (--don't read anything while eating fried chicken) and what should I find at the very end perhaps designed to make me feel guilty? My name. But why? Does the mention of "WAHF" explain it? What the (expletive deleted) is "WAHF"?

I'd like to commend Mr. Schnaper on his Torcon II report. I really liked it. I've never been fortunate enough to attend a convention or even so much as a club meeting (though somebody wants to hold a future Worldcon in Kansas City, and if they do I can stay with my sister...) So I like to read about them and I thought it was a fine report. Encore!

Don't send me any information on Sacks' Hari-Kari Interview Technique, I need a full-time job (and I may have one, depending on a lot of factors out of my control. Aren't they always?) After reading the ad I wondered if I should let my old mother read the zine (her first experience with anysuch). What would she think about what her daughter has gotten into? Well, my sister

and I would buy what we thought was a rather risqué book ("Everything you always wanted to know about SEX but ..." for example) and read it on the sly and then put it in our bookcase. Then if my mother saw it, it was too late. The old girl never said anything anyhow; took the fun out of it a little...

/ But did you ever let her see Df? I never had any problems with reading matter like that at home...anything I wanted to read, I could...although I have to admit that my mother hid some of her books from me! And when I lent her my copy of Portnoy's Complaint, I never got it back....*

As you probably know by now, KC did win the bid for '76, but there should be some regional cons in or near Tulsa before then...try to go.

*And "WAHF" stands for We Also Heard From...and it's not intended to make you feel guilty...but it makes me feel a bit guilty, for not having the space to print all the good letters I got...dss */*

Marci Helms, 4581 Glenside Drive, Drayton Plains, MI 48020. (12 May 74)

Thanks for Df2. I enjoyed the majority of the material included in it. I think you've the basis of a good fanzine.

(Your colophon gave me a couple of ambivalent moments. I'm still not sure whether I'm right in addressing this to you. Should it have gone to Df's address?)

Mangle was easily the best piece(s) of material in Df. I really like review columns, especially columns that review fanzines and books. (I think the idea of reviewing local restaurants is an admirable one. If more editors adopted such a policy a fan might never again find himself faced with a choice of the near McDonald's or the far Burgerdoodle while traveling. But...they are probably of very little interest to local fans, familiar with the local eating establishments, or to the fan who will never reach the area. To those I'd think the addition of the restaurant reviews would appear to be a filler ploy.)

(On Robinson's review of TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE... I doubt that Tamara and Maureen Smith are indeed the same person, or if they are that Lazarus realized it. I think he called for Maureen, thought Tamara was Maureen (for there can be no denying that their physical descriptions are similar), whatever, only because his orientation at that time was totally towards Maureen. However, that is not to say that I think Maureen Smith died. I think she is probably still out there somewhere, but I don't think that a physical similarity to Tamara, and the fact that a dying Lazarus called Tamara Maureen, are substantial enough "proofs" to warrant the belief that Tamara and Maureen are one and the same being. (As for Tamara seeming to answer to Maureen...well, it is common enough practice for medical and paramedical emergency personnel to fail to point out to a critical patient that they are not who he perceives them to be. They often do not wish to sever the tenuous tie to reality. Certainly such a moment is not the time for lengthy explanations of who everyone is.) I doubt that Lazarus is the real Senior, but I also doubt that that would matter to anyone much.)

An Exercise in Incoherency was. A Column was equally forgettable. The S.H.I.T. ad was a pure National Lampoon gaf.

Thanks again for Defenestration... I think that it will evolve into a good fanzine if you exercise your editorial prerogative of editing the material a little more often, and you put a little more of your personality into it. I, too, like people better than "stories."

/ Actually, it doesn't make a whole lot of difference which address you use...I'm the only one who checks either of the mailboxes, and I check them both about three or four times a day, so I find any mail just as quickly either way. And, as you may have noted, I didn't even bother to list the Union address this time...mostly because I forgot. One thing that I don't want to do with the restaurant reviews in Mangle is limit them to restaurants that I've personally visited. Or even to restaurants that I'm likely to visit! And I'd like to see more faneds start restaurant reviews. I know that I would have been lost at Discon if I hadn't met a couple of local fans (femmfans at that!), who told me some fairly good places to eat. I agree with your viewpoint on the Tamara/Maureen confusion...I didn't think that Robinson had a sufficient argument for their identity. I wish you'd explained your statement about Maureen still being around, though, as well as your statement about Lazarus not being the Senior. Of course, if Maureen was around, she'd be the Senior, but, if that's not what you meant (and that's not how I read it), I'd be interested in a fuller explanation...dss */*

Brett Cox, Box 542, Tabor City, NC 28463. (11 May 74)

This issue is quite an improvement over the first one. The writing is better, as well as the art, and there is more of an air of organization about the thing, which in my mind helps.

I thoroughly enjoyed Gordon Schnaper's article. I could really identify with the references to his parents (although mine will probably insist on staying in the same hotel I'm in if I make it to Discon.)

I also liked John's review of TEFL. I loved the book, and I think it was the best '73 novel I've read (although I haven't read too many). The idea of Maureen being Tamara is a good one, and it makes sense--the nymphomaniac becoming a high priestess of sex over the centuries and all. And just for the record, I neither read the book in one day or in three--I started it, read for about a week until I got through the second Notebook excerpts, then laid it aside for two or three weeks, then finished it in about a week. It wasn't unusual; I did much the same thing when I read Dune and Stand on Zanzibar. Reading something all at once isn't necessarily indicative of liking it--I had to start The Left Hand of Darkness five times before I could get into it, and when I finished it, I considered it one of the best novels I've ever read. (On the other hand, I liked Bug Jack Barron, and I read it continuously over a period of about three days, without stopping for any significant length of time. So who knows? I certainly don't.)

I'm afraid I can't provide any comment on your restaurant reviews, because I'm not all that fond of food. Oh, I like a lot of things, and dislike even more things, and I'm allergic to even more things. I don't really like to eat. So it doesn't matter a whole hell of a lot to me, one way or another.

Aha! A long loccol! Well and good, my man...you will go places, I'm sure.

/ Yeah, and this issue has a long loccol, too. But I'd like to have more material to balance it out...maybe next issue, though. I saw you at Discon... how'd you finally work things out with your parents?*

*I can't really comment on your theory about reading continuously vs. enjoyment, since I very rarely read a book in anything but a continuous session. But generally, if I put a book down for any purpose other than sheer exhaustion (since there are some books I can't manage in one session, for example, Pynchon's V.), I don't pick it back up. There are exceptions, of course, but not too many...dss */*

An interesting ad appeared in the Wall Street Journal for Tuesday, September 10, 1974, on page 29. It was placed by a "concerned private citizen", and was a "Challenge to Scientists, Inventors, and Tinkerers." The gist of the ad was a proposal to develop a method of concentration of heat energy, which would then, of course, provide a viable solar energy setup. The fact that this scheme violates the laws of Thermodynamics didn't bother the author of the ad, and he gave two examples of "impossibilities" that still work...the hydraulic ram, and the bumblebee. He then gave a couple of quotes concerning the impossible and how to do it. I wonder if he'll get any response, or if everyone will just laugh the ad off.

Mike Glicksohn, 141 High Park Avenue, Toronto, Ontario M6P 2S3. (21 Apr 74)

Should I talk about appearances of this issue? Perhaps not. At least it is easier to read thanks to the judicious use of white space, but the artwork is terrible, the off-set (or set-off)((or pick-up))(((take your pick))) is incredible and page two, which apparently is about TORCON was blank in my copy. If you've got a spare page two sitting around, I'd like to see it. I am more than eager to find out how people reacted to the convention.

Amusingly written anecdote by Mike Blake. Shows promise for that sort of fannish writing, and we need new people in that area of fanac. Encourage the man.

I am one person who hasn't finished the Heinlein magnum opus in three days. In fact, I read the first half of the book while flying to and spending a week in Iowa City over a month ago and I didn't pick it up again until two days ago. What is more, I was in the middle of the short novel that takes up the middle part of the book when I shut it for the last time. It's not that I find the book all that bad, but it just doesn't urge me to continue reading. I still have two hundred and seventy four pages to go, and that should see me through to Discon quite handily I imagine.

I doubt that I'll ever be in a position to benefit from your restaurant reviews but for local people I think it's a damn good idea. If I'm ever in Albany passersby are likely to be startled by the sight of a hairy distraught individual banging his head against a brick wall and screaming "What was that name David recommended?? WHAT WAS THAT NAME...!!!!" until I succumb to the weakness of malnutrition, a victim of an errant memory...

Golly!, Mr. Faned, slipsheeting sure would help, yessir...

Mike Shoemaker's remarks are most sound (too damn many Mike's in fandom nowadays.) His scheme ought to work, although with today's current level of saturation in fanzine production, it may run into snags. I'd suggest that the editor who wants to publish a top flight fanzine today would be better off trying to develop his own new writers and the start. The "regulars" can be attracted later once the fanzine has established a good reputation, but relying on already well known fanwriters to help establish your zine is sheer folly. There are just too many fanzines and too few good fanwriters.

You and I have differing publishing philosophies, David, which is only to be expected. I used to publish primarily for my own pleasure too, but being me, that meant doing the best damn job I could possibly do and producing the best-looking fanzine I could with the resources I had at my disposal. I could never consider publishing a spare time activity in the sense of not giving it my very best efforts. It was spare time, of course, but that never stopped me striving to do as good a job as I could. You could do a better job with Df if you wanted, but if you don't there's nothing wrong with that. Chacun a son gout, as we say...

Oh dear. I wasn't going to comment on repro, was I? But it fits in with what you say about getting material from better known writers. To be blunt, why should a writer such as Cy Chauvin or Paul Walker or Arnie Katz or whoever your taste in fanwriters runs to submit material to a fanzine where his precious words will be covered over with the reversed pick-up of someone else's writing? Good repro is a deciding factor in who gets what material, even though you might argue that it shouldn't be.

Good letter from Marc Glasser. Witty. Clever. Interesting. Glad I'm there to balance things out.

There is a fan called Gluckson. Lives in the woods somewhere on the west coast. Luckily he is short, hairy and thin so we're easy to tell apart.

There is no opposite of BNF. It doesn't need an opposite either. Not being a TITLE reader I don't know about MNF. There is WKF for "Well Known Fan", to distinguish those of us with a modicum of fannish notoriety from the true masters in the field. MNF might be "much named fan", "mike named fan", "mightily noxious fan" or any of a myriad others. Brazier is the one to ask.

/ But it would be too easy if I asked Donn, and I might even get the answer. What fun would that be?*

*I think that I haven't made myself clear as concerns my publishing philosophy. I don't want to be guilty of perpetrating a crudzine, whether in content, repro, or any other area. However, I can't rank publishing as the driving imperative in my life, so I can't justify spending vast amounts of time and effort and money on it...half-vast, maybe, though. So I take advantage of opportunities to let others help with the zine, such as using the mimeo service at the Rensselaer Union. The problem with that is, of course, that I lose control of the quality of the zine at one of the most important steps in its production. So for this issue, I've made tentative arrangements to do the mimeography myself, using the Union's machine. The quality may actually suffer, since I've never used a mimeo before, but, dammit, I will be the one responsible, not one of the Union's secretaries, who doesn't know or care what she's mimeoing. I'll see what happens; if they're too busy with other mimeo work, they'll have to do the zine, but I hope not. I hope I've made myself clearer...I think it's clarified things in my own mind, at any rate...dss */*

Ben P. Indick, 428 Sagamore Avenue, Teaneck, NJ 07666. (16 Apr 74)

Rather than attend a mildly onerous chore of writing up an alumni column for my old pharmacy school zine (a three times a year task) I'll take a few minutes off for Df.

It is an amiable zine, but I wish I could have seen more of you and the people you have around you who are important to your zine than all those locs. Oh, they were good locs, even the earnest girlfriend of yours, who takes the zines more seriously than a fan possibly could; but so MANY. Better a few more "advs" like Bill's vulgar but funny schtick (like Woody Allen and Mel Brooks, whose fine antic moments must be paid for by sitting through much dreck) or reviews of eateries we never will try out (since we all just LOVE to "take a break today, just get up and get away, to ...ychhh...McDona ld's??")

Incidentally, although it is one of the film's most charming moments, it is my regrettable duty to inform Mike Blake that the "horse of a different color" appears in the film of THE WIZARD OF OZ only, and not in the book. Dorothy and her friends simply put on green spectacles (as do all Emerald City folk) and walk about the place.

Well, what more can I say? It's a hell of a note to have, more or less, covered everything. Am I going to HAVE to get at those letters? HAH! How would you like all your locs to discuss, in very few lines, the individual's being a member of various professional groups, a loyal deacon in his church,

and having some kids? Huh? Not so good, eh? And in spite of my efforts to cajole some schmaltz out of that herd of druggists and escapees into medicine and dentistry! Well, it's for the old school, so back to work. Thanks for a brief but pleasant respite.

(25 Apr 74) In New York's Greenwich Village, a bunch of locals got uptight because a McDonald's was moving in. Admitted, McD's is crap, but hardly worse than most of the tourist traps already on the mean streets. However, it appears they are demolishing one of the remaining nice old houses in the place -- there are a few left -- and that is bad. You can always build a McD, especially because they're so dreadfully standardized, but you cannot recreate history. On the other hand, after McD goes the way of the vanishing White Tower, maybe art critics will just dote on their fading golden arches, as 20th century Americana.

Just mentioned this because of your abiding interest in good food.

/ I hadn't noticed that White Tower was a vanishing breed. Admittedly, the food they serve is no better than the typical McDonald's-type place, but, then, it's no worse, either. But then, it's possible that they were a lot bigger before my time, if you'll pardon the expression. And I was reading a John MacDonald dated 1954 (All These Condemned) recently, and I was sort of surprised to see something compared to a White Tower hamburger...it wasn't an idiom I'd ever heard anywhere before.*

*I like a long loccol. But I would like to have more material to balance it out...this issue is going to be somewhat extreme in its imbalance, I'm afraid. At least my locs are interesting, though...I guess that's something I'm lucky in...dss */*

Kevin Williams, 2331 S. 6th, Springfield, IL 62703. (21 Apr 74)

Thanks for sending me Df2, and thanks, too, for naming it that. I've had a peculiar fondness for the word ever since reading Clarke's story, "The Defenestration of Erminitrude Inch."

I really don't know what I'm going to say in this. Here it is, nearly midnight on a Sunday, when I'm supposed to be in bed so that I can wake up tomorrow fresh and ready for another day of what the Springfield School Board, with complete disregard of semantic correctness, calls "education," and I'm sitting here at my typer trying to say something. Irk.

About the energy problem: Yeah, it looks like lots of gas has alluva sudden appeared. (Probably brought by the counter-part to the sinister forces messed up the tapes and broke into the hotel and gave goldfish all across the country fin-rot.) I personally was rather pleased with the energy crisis, out of the naive hope that we'd all wake up to the fact that fossil fuels are running out in addition to being inefficient and messy, so let's switch to something else, okay? All that happened, though, was that gas prices went up (and have stayed there) and environmental concern went out the window. The fact that gas prices went up is rather interesting. Remember when the Arab oil embargo was put into effect, how the oil companies said that would raise prices because oil was scarcer? And remember how when the embargo was lifted (alright, nobody leaves the room; somebody lifted my embargo) they said that prices would be raised again because the Arabian oil was more expensive than the oil from other places? That strikes me as rather odd.

I stand corrected on the matter of parenthesis being plural or singular. It still doesn't sound right to me, but if the American College Encyclopedic Dictionary says so, I'll shut up.

I really liked the S.H.I.T. and ANTI-FAN ads. I hope you run more like them.

Right on Ken Gammage! Booooo Brett Cox! How dare Brett say that TAC (whatever that is) is better than TITLE? Surely his days are numbered. For it is written in the holy book, Barbs from Barbek, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me, else your ass will be used to stoke the furnaces of hell, and your spleen shall be marinated in pickle juice." And it is written, "Thou shalt adhere only to the Holy Word of Barbek the Inflamed, for I are perfect." And it is written, "This joke has about run its course." Amen.

/ I think Donn Brazier has created a monster. Would he please come to the Information Desk and claim it?*

Somehow, I begin to doubt that anyone got the fact that the Anti-fan ad was just that...a real, paid (in official U. S. Postal Disservice stamps), honest-to-Ghu ad! Just like those Hyperion Press ads that were in just about every zine a couple of months ago.

*It should be interesting to see what happens to gas prices this winter, especially if Rocky gets confirmed as Vice-President. Somehow, despite my desire to trust President Ford, I can't see a government with a Rockefeller in the number two spot doing very much to regulate the petroleum industry. After all, look at all that was done without him. Are you still looking? So am I....dss */*

Loren MacGregor, Box 636, Seattle, WA 98111. (26 May 74)

In the loccol you talk about people's names, and I can hold up my head with the best of them. I can forget anyone's name within five minutes, any time, any where.

Occasionally this can be embarrassing, but generally it goes unnoted. All I do is stare directly at someone when I'm initiating a conversation, making it clear that I'm talking to someone specific; once the conversation has been started, it doesn't make any difference whether or not you know someone's name, since it will be obvious from the context whom you're trying to get to reply.

However, I do have a secret embarrassment, which in these days of liberation of various types should be confessed and expunged. Back when I was in high school, I was enamored of one particular lady, who was brilliant, witty, lovely, and totally captivated me. Yet I was totally unable to keep her name in mind.

The first few times I met her, I'd start the conversation by asking her name once again; after awhile, though, I felt guilty, and could no longer force myself to ask. Actually, I was afraid of hurting her feelings and ruining any chance I might have with her. So I'd call her "Beautiful" and "Doll" and almost anything else in creation in order to avoid her real name, whatever it was.

It was incredible! The longer I knew her, the more ridiculous the situation became. I'd sneak around where she couldn't see me, ask perfect strangers if they knew the name of so-and-so. Once, when I was trying desperately to fix the name in mind, I invented a little poem, a word-game designed as a mnemonic exercise.

Nothing worked; at the end of the year, I even looked in the yearbook so I could locate her picture and find her name that way. She wasn't pictured that year.

Somehow I learned her phone number, and I'd call her fairly frequently. If she answered, I just started talking. If her parents answered, I just asked if their daughter was home; fortunately, they only had one daughter.

I went all the way through school, and I never did learn her name.

I'm very much into restaurants, and visit them whenever I have the opportunity, which isn't often these days. However, Seattle has some really nice, inexpensive (*cheap!*) places, and more are opening up every day. There's even a small book out called THE POOR MAN'S GUIDE TO SEATTLE RESTAURANTS, which is invaluable, even if it only has about 90 places listed, and ignores some of the greatest.

Really, if I were ever to put on a con, I would send out something similar, with a map and directions to each place included. One of my biggest annoyances in traveling to cons is being unable to pinpoint a few good places to eat; I'm as much a food fan as I am a stf fan.

TORCON II made a good stab in that direction, but...

Actually, what I want is an entertainment guide to each city, subdivided and cross-referenced. Where are the pinball machines? And which machines are where? Which ones have weak flippers? Which ones will ring up games if you lift them off their base and tilt them to the left? Where are the bookstores? Which ones are living in the dark ages and selling Spider-Man #1 for 10¢? Where is the street booze, and is it straight stuff or fortified to bring it up to proof? ("Fortified wine" is cheap booze with grain alcohol added to give punch.) Who are the dopers?

Eventually, you can turn the entire city into a convention, and do away with the restrictiveness of one hotel....

Sorry I couldn't come up with a Sterling Loc; they all go to Dave Awry.

/* That's ok, I'll settle for plated lox.

I used to think I was bad with names, but I have to admit that nothing that I've ever done is anywhere close to as embarrassing as your problem. My main problem is being introduced to someone once, and then seeing them from time to time on the street. I just feel hopelessly stupid when someone greets me, "Hi, David!", and all I can do is mumble, and hope they won't notice that I don't know who they are. Something that really confuses people is just to smile and nod to them, even if they are total strangers...it especially bugs me if it's a girl doing it, 'cause I'm afraid that I should know her from somewhere! At least at a con, people carry their names on nametags, so I have a fighting chance of being able to call them by name...now, if I could just read the damn things from a distance!...dss */

Frank Balazs, 2261 Indian, SUNYA, Albany, NY 12222. (note CoA) (April 74)

I have three reasons to tear apart Df2. Please note that I am not feeling very good at all. The terrific food we get served here made me incredibly ill last night. I vomited five times in the course of about eight hours--a true bummer...especially since the last two were practically dry heaves. Anyway, my entire body is permeated with a feeling of general weakness and lethargy and I've been reading some fanzines, regretting the fact that I'm not getting the various things done today that I'd planned. Already my shoulders are disagreeing with the fact that I'm typing, but I have got to do something, goddammit!

Okay, first off, there's that Anti-Fan Flyer. Booo! That Stevens character is not the correct choice for DUFF--he is anti-fandom. He has feebly threatened my life and told John Robinson to wipe me out. To show the mentality of JR, he feels he has accomplished this mission because I am playing a corpse in a college production of a play.

Your "review" of Joe doesn't do it 100% justice, because Joe's has more than just great triple-decker sandwiches. About a month ago, I had an open-faced turkey sandwich for \$2.50. The amount of the food and the high quality of it made it worth more, much more. Onion rings cost \$1 but they give you such a heapingly excellent amount that at least two, if not three or four, are needed to consume it. Once, Wendy Lindboe and I split some strawberries they served. We got 24 amazingly large fresh California strawberries and oodles of whipped cream for \$2.50. It was well worth the price. And, of course, they serve complete dinners like the normal fancy restaurant at higher prices; I've never had these, but the quality ought to be as high. Unfortunately, with the passing of time, the store next to Joe's caught fire and the fire spread to Joe's and...I haven't seen the damage yet and I assume they were insured, but it will still be some time till Joe's gets back on its feet.

Finally, I strongly disapprove of your revelation concerning 4-Deeps. The Albany State Club oh-dee'd on those damned things last semester and it took a meeting or two for things to return to normalcy.

/ I have to admit that, when I agreed to take the Anti-Fan ad, I didn't know anything about any of the candidates running for DUFF. But the entire discussion is rather dated by now, since Discon already has come and gone, and Leigh Edmonds is currently touring the country.*

*And, as for Joe's...as far as I know, they still haven't reopened, more's the pity. But I never did get past their triple-decker sandwiches and French cheesecake, both of which are, fortunately, available at Platt's Place. Although I was shocked the day before yesterday, when I went to Platt's and wasn't hungry enough to even try the cheesecake...I must be slipping or something!...dss */*

WAHF: Sheryl Birkhead and John Robinson; in addition, it is quite possible that, in the process of moving from Richmond to Troy to Richmond to Troy, I somehow ~~lost~~ misplaced some letters. I don't think I did, but if I did, I apologize to the writers.

What those funny characters on your mailing label mean:

L...you LoC'd	L?...will you LoC?
C...you contributed	C?...will you contribute?
T...we trade	T?...will you trade?
W...my whim	
\$...you sent money	

And, of course, the number stands for the last issue you will receive unless you do something. A zero means you will receive this forever and ever, you lucky soul, you!

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Artwork on page 3 is by Sheryl Birkhead.

Defenestration 3
 c/o David Singer
 Buck 21 - Box 264
 R. P. I.
 Troy, NY 12181
 (12 Sep 74)



Jackie Frank (T?, L?, C?, 4)
 Box 51-A RR2
 Beecher, IL 60401