

NUMBER ONE - APRIL, 1972 \*\*\*\*\*

A BARBECUE PRODUCTION \*\*\*\*\*

IRREGULARITY STUDIOUSLY HELD TO \*

### WHY ANOTHER ?

In this hobby (not a way of life) there can be but one answer: because the supply is greater than the demand. So, if you can't be bothered, don't send a card or letter... Some of you out there in gum-ball land may recognize the name. There once was a FRONTIER going about 8 issues in the early forties. Rather seriously pretentious, but fun for Brazier and Paul Klingbiel who sold out all 70 copies of #2 issue at the Chicon for 5¢ each. Then some time in there (my memory is hazy) I did a Ditto newszine either before, during, or after War II called EMBERS. Launched another biggie called T///////// that ran one issue, and before the next letter in the secret title could be revealed....The next 20 years were spent growing old in work that took me from Milwaukee to St. Louis. With a Worldcon at my doorstep a few years ago (seems like yesterday and that's what happens in the time warp) how could I resist.... I've wanted to get in the fmz business again, so here I am and here's TITLE.... Believe me, girls, I am not trying to compete with your B.C.#1 received the other day. I refer to the very interesting personalzine of Railee Bothman and Leigh Couch. But you up and did it, and I saw all the fun you were having, and the great letters you already had in hand. As yet you don't even know that I'm doing this; and you don't know that I'm going to ask you to contribute a little something to TITLE....Sitting here at the old Royal with Earl Hines and Johnny Hodges playing for me. Just hankered to toss that jazz reference in here to see what I might hook.... Also I have laid out an interview of Vonnegut that appeared in a recent Sunday Magazine (3/5). I liked his PLAYER PIANO and CAT'S CRADLE, but not ROSEWATER and MOTHER NT; his later works I haven't read. One sentence by the author of the piece irritates me: "Literary critics at first gave little attention to Vonnegut, dismissing him as a minor talent in the hack ranks of science fiction writing." Am I too sensitive in feeling that the meaning is that science fiction writers are hacks, and when they suddenly became literate they are no longer science fiction writers?

### NEW WAVE AND ALL THAT...

My return to Fanac came about at a time when many fans were sick of the subject. I am not, so bear with me. It used to be that a science fiction writer had or seemed to have a pretty firm grasp of the many scientific disciplines. He was able to weave the ideas in and out to make a wondrous story. Lately there seem to be stories called science fiction that have nothing whatever to do with science. This is not only mystifying (to this old gray head), but in the nature of a gigantic gyp. If I've laid out cash for one of these books full of non-SF, I boil. And it's only because I wanted SF and didn't get it. Had I read the story not so labelled - say in a book called MODERN SHORT STORIES - it wouldn't have bothered me. The so-called literary writers are killing science fiction by hoaxing us into complacent acceptance. They dazzle with symbolism, literary and historical references - all of which has nothing to do with science....Enough....

Probably more important as a disintegrating influence is the appearance of some of the pseudoscientific and superstitious beliefs of the past as new and true science. Example, the little bits about palmistry in STAND ON ZANZIBAR. It is rather distressing to see the astrology magazines selling so fast, the seriousness with which everyone accepts the reports of witches, etc. Using the experimental and investigative methods of science, civilization came out of the dark; and here we are, sinking back into all the mumbo-jumbo.... Reaction against technology? Sure there have been some mistakes. I'll take those mistakes with well let's see, this typewriter here, the hi-fi keeping me company, and the indoor plumbing just down the hall. The only thing that can rectify technology's errors is more technology. No amount of flag waving and hysterical marching can do a thing.... End of sermon.

Will someone explain why B&W TV looks more real than color TV ? And why a SF movie seems ridiculous?

*still SF as long as they have some elements in it, say future to comment*

*Comment*

# DEPT. OF ETZ

1. WISH I'D BEEN THERE FOR A LAUGH .... Tell me of some minor event in history that tickles the funnybone. Sample: from Lee Edson's book WORLDS AROUND THE SUN I read of Tycho Brahe that at the age of 20 he lost his nose which was then replaced with one made of copper. "...he enjoyed removing and polishing in front of his associates while they stared transfixed."

2. WHAT IS A GOOD NON-FICTION BOOK THAT STIMULATES SF STORY IDEAS ? I've several that seemed stimulating.

- THIS SIMIAN WORLD by Clarence Day
- BIONICS by Daniel S. Hallacy, Jr.
- YESTERMORROW by Kurt W. Marek
- A NATURALISTIC VIEW OF MAN by George Crile, Jr. M.D.
- DESIGNING THE FUTURE Robert W. Prehoda
- THE END OF THE 20th CENTURY Desmond King-Hele
- THE MYSTERIOUS SENSES OF ANIMALS Vitus B. Dröscher

3. WHATEVER HAPPENED TO....?

Is there someone you'd like to locate? Anyone know what's happened to PHIL BRONSON ? PAUL KLINGBIEL ? Just two old-timers I used to know thirty years ago. This next one will reveal my ignorance, but is FREDRIC BROWN still well and writing?

THE OBJECT OF THIS DEPARTMENT IS TO  
GAIN YOUR ACTIVE AND CLASSIFIED  
PARTICIPATION... LET'S GO WITH ETZ

*all you zorbies which reveals my side beyond side*

4. WHAT THREE STORIES WOULD YOU NOMINATE FOR THE ALL TIME SF HALL OF FAME ? Since I don't intend to print them, feel free to nominate a novel or short story regardless of length, age, SF sub-genre, or anything. I haven't decided, though there's a Bradbury I keep reading over and over for a reason that might be a psychological hangup: "Ylla" from THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES. John Collier has a gem or two also.

5. IN THE SAME VEIN, WHAT WOULD YOU PUT IN THE STINKO HALL OF INFAME ? Gad, you say with gusto. Well, there's one novel that I labeled EL STINKO, and that's Rosel George Brown's SIBYL SUE BLUE. No fair naming stories labeled SF (as in the ORBIT series of Damon Knight) which are not SF. These stinko nominations must be horrible but genuine SF attempts.

6. WHAT THREE PERSONS ALIVE OR DEAD, ANY FIELD, WOULD YOU INVITE TO YOUR DINNER PARTY FOR AN EVENING OF FUN (YOUR OWN DEFINITION) ? If Ben Franklin would keep his mouth shut of proverbs, I think he might have something to offer. And I would like to have Duke Ellington there to explain some of his orchestra voicings. I kind of think I might like Robert Bloch at the party because of his wit, SF knowledge, and sardonic looks.

7. WHOSE BIOGRAPHY (OR INTERVIEW) WOULD YOU LIKE TO READ ? I'd like to know more about Richard Matheson, Robert Sheckley, and Robert Silverberg.

8. WHAT SF AUTHOR NOW DEAD DO YOU WISH WERE STILL WRITING ? I'd like some more H.P. Lovecraft and Charles Beaumont. There may be other favorites who are gone and I don't know it - like Fredric Brown?

9. DO YOU HAVE ONE SINGLE VOLUME OF SF YOU'D TAKE TO YOUR DESERT ISLAND ? I guess I'd take Healy & McComas ADVENTURES IN TIME AND SPACE, 1946.

10. DO YOU HAVE THE FIRST PARAGRAPH OF A STORY THAT OPENS WITH A BANG AND WENT NO WHERE ? I threw all mine out. The stack of first pages was becoming a fire hazard! I'm thinking of the type that Fred Brown told of the man who knows he's the last man in the world - and then comes a knock on the door. If you send me enough of your still-born starts I'll make a special page out of them, and have a contest for their completion.

11. WHAT AMUSING INCIDENT OF FANAC DO YOU WANT TO RELATE ? Must be short; must be funny; must be true. Save X-rated material for conventions.

SUBSIDIARY FACETS

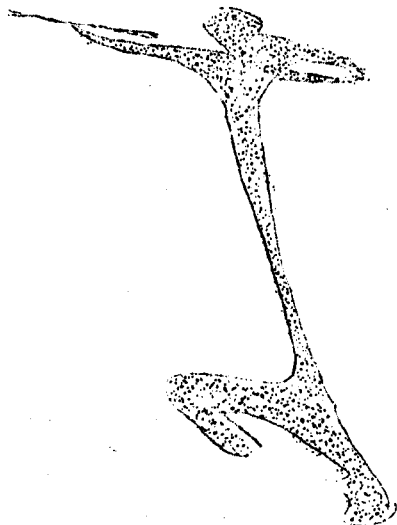
RAILEE BOTHMAN: "My hobby is having hobbies," she said when asked what else she did besides fanac. Being a reader, and always reading, reading, reading (she told me to repeat the word three times), she belongs to a mundane book club that meet to dissect just any old book around. She's a handicraft nut, what with ceramics, enameling, weaving, rug making, macrame, and stringing beads. Daughter Stefanie says: "Lecturing daughters is first!"

GENIE YAFFEE: she keeps tabs on one child, one dog, two cats, two goldfish, one live hermit crab and one more maybe so, and add one more child. She likes to sing in the choir and take a shower while letting the water hit her neck - not at the same time!

JON YAFFEE: he writes poetry, draws, and makes up songs on his guitar. Does some woodwork, perhaps to store his underground comics and "hardcore pornography".

LEIGH COUCH: "Thinking, i.e. day-dreaming, listening to music, movies old & new, radical politics, reading, all kinds of animals, being by myself, talking to selected friends, wishing I were someone else or somewhere else."  
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DRAWN ON THE WALL OF VALLTORTA CANYON  
BY A NUMBSKULL (?) OF THE STONE AGE



M o r r i s M i n o r  
by Jon Yaffe

Morris Minor  
Everyday paced briskly  
To the men's room  
Eleven thirty-five  
bong on the dot  
just before lunch  
Mustn't have such things  
upon the mind  
prior to or during  
the luncheon repast  
he felt

The men's room  
it is crucial to point out  
had  
in fact still has  
three urinals  
one two three O'Leary  
he thought

Morris Minor  
Everyday stepped neatly up  
to number one on the right  
to do his unique thing  
people are unique  
he believed

Today  
it is now safe to announce  
day of days  
that Morris stepped to  
number two  
the middle  
looked about to make sure  
no one was pee -  
king

and  
oh a bit nervous to be sure  
let go (umm)  
quickly  
readjusted himself  
and glided lightly  
his head in clouds  
to the sink

washed his hands  
twice  
and sighed  
Variety is the spice of life  
he dreamed

# A TALENT FOR JUXTAPosition

Page 58 of Doubleday hardcover CAMP CONCENTRATION by Thomas M. Disch; the author says, in substance: "the act of genius is simply the bringing together of two hitherto distinct spheres of reference, or matrices - a talent for juxtapositions." He then asks what takes place in the brain at the moment of what might be called the flash of insight. As he says, the moment that an Archimedes says, "Eureka". To arrive at this juxtaposition of unrelated spheres, the brain must be, for a little while, fluid, a sort of breakdown, but capable of reformation. As one of the characters points out a madman's brain can break down, but only a genius can reform the fluid disruptions into a new whole. Another character points out that perhaps a madman can reform, but his new scheme is wrong - a matter of bad luck.

I found this one page the redeeming feature of Disch's book, for the rest of the story before and after this page deals with the causitive agent in the breakdown of the brain in too brief form and wanders from here to there in literary fields and symbolisms which, I am sure, literary critics will adore. As a science fiction critic, at which I am an amateur, I protest the wasting of new brain reformations in fields other than science. It might have been exciting. But this is not intended as a book review.

I want to return to Disch's fluid/new formation idea. Books on mechanical "new think" all stress the importance of juxtapositions. They even give checklists to follow in arriving at new ideas: such things as combine, subtract, multiply, reverse, inside-out, etc. I have used this idea for an article which Moebius Trip has been holding for necessary art work, called "How to Create a Monster". The mechanical methods can be consciously played through; the point is, why leave this to chance, when this is the way the brain works. So learn the tricks and use them to create. (This and the Nutt system of memorizing ought to be taught in grade schools, for we witness teaching processes shotgunned when there are rifle methods based on the way the brain comes up with new ideas.)

Now the madman part. By applying the mechanics you can come up with millions of ideas. And faster than a computer or machine if you know the method. Few of the ideas will be any good, but judgement comes later in the creative process. The madman comes up with an idea upon which all logical judgements are suspended; the idea becomes fixed. He had one blast at creativity and the reformation excluded his logical circuits - as though the one-time blast had blown all the fuses.

To me, the most interesting of the genuine SF stories are those that begin with a strange, unlikely assortment of things, people, and concepts and then the author weaves them together so cleverly, so satisfyingly, that the reader can't help but feel awe at the genius displayed. When the first installment of "Sinister Barrier" appeared, I had this reaction. Fredric Brown used to be great at this - perhaps he still is. A.E. van Vogt tended toward the multiplicity of ideas which I felt were too many to weave logically, leaving a feeling of loose ends, and an exclamation of "Wha happend?" You may not believe this, but I think Ray Bradbury has this puzzle technique, except his deal with people's reactions, inner and overt, in new situations.

Am I saying that the stories I like are contrived? Yes. The author must skillfully clothe the skeleton, that's all. I like Robert Bloch's tales, but from time to time, the skeleton shows. Give me a bare skeleton (a structure) anytime in contrast to the old slice of life and the incident when the front door fell off.



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# LEIGH COUCH

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I'm not sure I belong in a Donn Brazier fanzine. After all, he published Frontier, and other giant fanzines in the pioneer days of fandom. But he invited me and so, I suppose, he's willing to take the consequences.

Knowing Donn as I do, I'm sure his fanzine will have its own definite personality, and that it will be unlike any other publication coming out of St. Louis. I can hardly wait to see what it turns out to be.

All the good fanzines I have read and enjoyed have had a definite reason for being, such as to convey information, the editor's desire to communicate, a lively letter column, or other various and sundry goodies for parched and faunching fans.

Some examples you say? Name names? I'm agreeable. See below:

- LOCUS: This one is a pro & fannish lifeline with all the information you are ever likely to need. The editors are seldom visible, but look in the colophon for flashes of their presence.
- MOTA: Small genzine type with a warm circle of friends. The editor & his contributors' personalities come through very well.
- POTLATCH: Much discrimination in the selection of material because of coast-to-coast contributors. The editor's personality is very evident, but is many layered. The reader is never in doubt that this publication is definitely under control. Very smooth reading.
- MOEBIUS TRIP: There is a wealth of material here, following a standard genzine pattern. It is enlivened by the talents of various contributors and an interesting letter column. I have no idea what the editor is like; I can't find him in here.
- YANIRO: Again, lots of information but channeled through two perceptive minds. A genzine, but not a standard one; very varied material from interesting contributors. Discussions of all sorts of topics go on in the letter column. Fantastically reliable!
- STARLING: The best of all worlds! If your interests extend beyond SF into other facets of today's world you will be at home here. There are people here you will find in no other fanzine. My prejudices are showing, but only faintly.

So there it is: fanzine reviews of a sort. If you should by some chance be interested in receiving any of the above and want to know how to get them (you must be very new to fandom) write Donn a LoC and ask. We'll ((sic)) tell you & you can write to the editors. What they do is up to them.

Next time I'll review Donn's fanzine!

I HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR DEPARTMENT.... can be anything, real or unreal, SF or non-SF. There are two books I have been waiting for. The second volume of Harry Warner's ALL OUR YESTERDAYS; if you don't have the first volume, you are not a fan. And the 2nd volume of Gunther Schuller's EARLY JAZZ. It is really the only book to analyze jazz musically, but ends with about 1932 history and styles.

# Pregnant paragraphs

Harlow Shapley in Beyond the Observatory, Pages 47-49, tells how one breath of air exhaled today contains  $3 \times 10^{-9}$  atoms of argon, and that a year from now, wherever you are on earth's surface, your day's breathing will include at least 15 of those original argon atoms. He describes... "Every saint and every sinner of earlier days, and every common man and common beast, have put argon atoms into the general atmospheric treasury. Your next breath will contain more than 400,000 of the argon atoms that Gandhi breathed in his long life. Argon atoms are here from the conversations at the Last Supper, from the arguments of diplomats at Yalta, and from the recitations of the classic poets. We have argon from the sighs and pledges of ancient lovers, from the battle cries at Waterloo.... Our next breaths, yours and mine, will sample the snorts, sighs, bellows, shrieks, cheers, and spoken prayers of the prehistoric and historic past." 1967

THE IDEA HERE IS TO SHARE YOUR pregnant paragraphs WITH OTHERS... ANYTHING THAT STIRRED YOUR IMAGINATION.

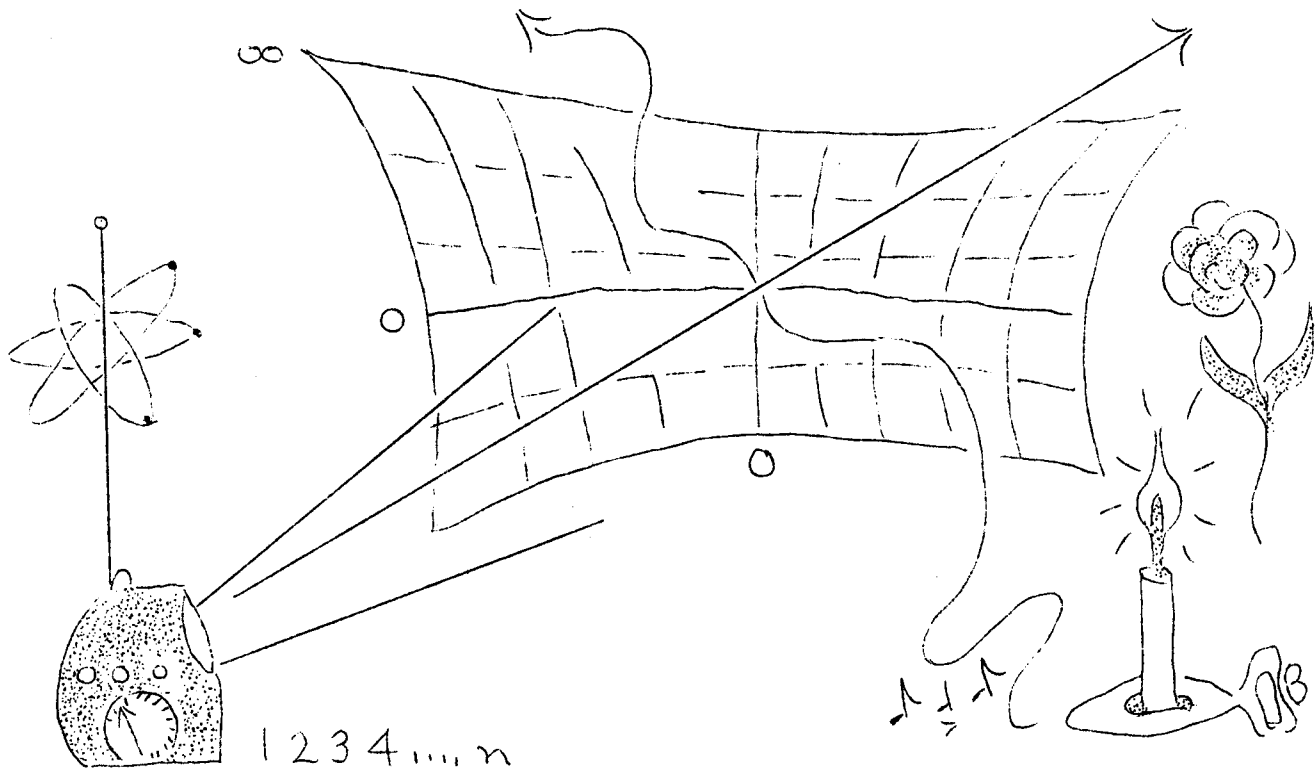
Colin Cherry, On Human Communication, 1966: "The system of description we call physics has a certain form, constructed of concepts and laws, which has grown in a certain way from the accidents of our own history. Had history been different or had we different sense organs, physics might have become constructed otherwise. I see no reason to suppose, for example, that physics would be the same on Mars ((if constructed by Martians - ed.)); nor need Martian mathematics have evolved along the same path." p. 17

Edited by Andrew Bluemle, Saturday Science, 1960, p.145: "During the Middle Ages Damascus steel swords were known far and wide for their superior qualities. Legend has it that they owed their properties to the final heat treatment which they were given. In the late afternoon on the desert in the region of Damascus, a sword which had been shaped to its final form was inserted into a glowing fire until the color of the sword matched that of the setting sun. At this point, the smith withdrew the sword from the fire and quickly ran it through the thigh of a slave, thus quenching the sword. When cool, the sword was re-inserted into the fire until its color indicated that the proper temper had been reached."

"This concept of duplicating cellular growth and replacement led me to believe that if this process were carried to its extreme," writes Richard R. Landers, "the ultimate machine would be a man! While I was mentally humanizing machines, the realization struck me that the process of mechanizing humans was also taking place (through the use of eye-glasses, hearing aids, artificial arms and legs, electronic heart pacers and so forth). This latter trend, if carried to its ultimate extreme, indicated that the ultimate man would be a machine!" - Man's Place in the Dybosphere, 1967, pps 12-13.

A note from Scientific American's "Science and the Citizen", Feb.'72: "The mole cricket excavates a burrow in the shape of a double-belled horn: a single tunnel that branches into two two tunnels opening on the surface. The insect takes up a position below the junction of the tunnels, and its wing vibrations drive a tiny rasp across a resonating bar. The burrow acts as a pressure transducer that delivers a signal with a sound level of 90 decibels."

Jean Lipman-Blumen writes in Sc.American, Jan.'72: "...rejection of childhood religion might serve as an index of the degree to which a woman has disengaged herself from parents and family traditions." (Swingers take note - ed.)



This idea is not new, but can you give me examples from the ranks of fans and pros? The idea: that people who enjoy SF enough to read it, write it, and talk about it, i.e. fans, are also perceptive to art forms and may be performers as well. Einstein is always pictured as the abstruse thinker with his violin nearby ready for the muse. If, as McLuhan suggests, the artist precedes the scientist in catching the spirit of the future/now, then it seems logical that SF fans, all interested in the future, should perform as artists of some kind.

Jon Yaffe has already been described as a fellow who plucks out new songs on his guitar, draws, and writes poetry. And Railee Bothman creates a variety of objects from materials. Leigh Couch listens to music "from Glenn Miller to the Grateful Dead". And Brazier's fiddling with music, recorders, & such is competitive with SF.

I'd venture to say that some of the new SF authors are stylistically translating previous art experiments to typed paper; and not always with success.

There are some SF writers whose style

is poetic. Ray Bradbury comes to mind. This is perhaps one of the reasons for his success outside of fandom. Railee's daughter Maureen enjoys Bradbury "in his middle period". His poetic style led her, a non-fan (as yet?) to accept him. I tried to get some recommendations for her. The small group around the Bothman table, heavy with wine and cake, was sidetracked for but a moment, coming up with three suggestions:

1. Zenna Henderson's THE PEOPLE
2. Anything by de Camp
3. And Panshin's RITE OF PASSAGE

I kept wanting to say, "How about John Collier?" But there I ended. Do you have any suggestions?

AN ORAL COLLAGE (idea stolen from B.C.)

You always get sick on Monday  
 I'm fond of iridescence  
 I don't go round and round in  
 circles anymore  
 I got these in New York for forty cents  
 Between us we went berserk  
 The minister is sexy  
 I get the rainbows before I get the  
 dazzle  
 An abominable hysterectomy  
 Paper flowers trimmed with jewels  
 Only seven inches  
 Real people and plastic people

Many people, knowingly or not, struggle for top position. Others simply enjoy existence, or suffer through it. Some surveys, aiming at the nature of the "generation gap", indicate that herein lies the essential difference between the old and the new, respectively. Top position is achieved, and the top dog cannot afford to rest on his blue ribbon couch; there's another dog nipping at his tail. Competition interacts in the midst of status symbols. This pull and push is reflected in sports, daily life, wars - not to mention technology races between nations. All of it requires a structure.

I am reminded of all this because of my experience with the Osfans, a local SF group. Hardly anyone there gave a hoot about structure. SF talk was an impossibility unless you happened to find a kindred soul and pulled him or her into a distant corner. A glimmer of structure was visible in a) regular meetings b) officers. However, the meetings were totally without form

like the broth on a prune whip. Parties were constantly being planned (and held) but if a meeting showed no evidence of SF, what could be expected from a party?

And that's the way the Osfans seemed to want it. Reactions of the disillusioned fans, both hardcore SFers and newcomers arriving out of curiosity, were to drop away from the club. But no one told anyone else they were dropping! At least, I was in the dark until much later when a few of the dropouts got together for a SF purpose and confided in each other.

The group's new president, Joe Butler, did not drop out; when he took office he decided to act, to put some SF into the meetings. He should be the one to write about his aims, and his difficulties; perhaps he will. For right now, his "thing" is to stay with OSFA and make it work. I don't know him well, but I have talked with him enough to know that he is sincerely dedicated to the task. However, he has had fits of depression (not in a medical sense) brought on by some bumping of the head against the wall. Perhaps he will survive; perhaps he shall succeed. Because he wants his efforts to succeed so intensely (and he is an intense man) I am pulling for him in a figurative sense. As yet I'm still not willing to gamble a Sunday afternoon, once a month, for an unrewarding (possibly still) experience.

The trouble between SF-fans and SF-faans apparently is widespread; otherwise why the cartoon in Moebius Trip #8 that showed a newcomer arriving at a SF club where he expects SF talk, and one of the group says: "Will he be surprised!" Well, I was a newcomer to the club and I was disgusted, though it took several meetings to convince me that SF wasn't spoken here. In the meanwhile, before it sank in, I had taken a young SF reader to whom I wanted to introduce fanac. We may never hear from him again. His name, Robert Schmidt.

So, until I hear good news from Joe Butler, it is farewell to what I call the CCCC. The 4 C's stand for Chatter, Coke, and Conviviality Club. Let me end by saying that CCCC is OK for those who want it; I don't.

Sky-cupped cyclops  
vast parsec distant,  
evesdropped by  
cybernetic spider webs  
whose coded intercepts  
are fluorescent blips  
on glassy cathodes.

What is your message?  
What universe secrets  
can you tell?  
In microseconds sibilant  
do you speak in ten words  
or less?  
Or do you send  
galactic googols  
of giant primes?

Oh, Shamoon !  
(and other wizards  
of information theory)  
A stellar-born enigma?  
Or man  
that bears the stigma  
of relative stupidity?



- I. Does the subject in question now read, to any degree whatsoever, that branch of fiction encompassed in the term FANTASY and/or SCIENCE FICTION, published in commercial magazines or books; and this is his only connection with Fantasy and/or Science Fiction. - F. prozinus
- A. In addition, he corresponds with fans or sends letters of comment to fanzines. - F. locus
- B. In addition to all that's gone before he has had articles, fiction, poetry, art work, etc. printed in fanzines. - F. scribblus
- C. Further, he has published at least one issue of his own fanzine and has sent copies here and there. - F. publus
- D. Each of the above may have the variety conventus. Thus, if your subject falls into one of the above species, and in addition attends or has been known or reputed to attend conventions and the like - F. sp. var. conventus
- II. If the subject has at one time carried out any of the above and no longer does so - F. gafiatus
- III. If the subject never reads professional Fantasy or Science Fiction, though he may utilize a fandom mailing list to propagate a new religion, sell dirty mags, and even attend conventions and look like a fan. - F. fakus
- There is one variety to Fanus fakus and that is the person who collects SF but doesn't bother to read it. - F. fakus var. collectus

This is a preliminary classification open to your suggestions and revisions. Dr. Lee Settee and Trulie Twomen recommended that there ought to be a species or variety, at least to cover the professional who is also a fan. It is the authors feeling that this constitutes a separate Genus, perhaps Professionalus. We are in need of your help.

Perhaps the species could be assigned point values like rare and beautiful orchids. Certainly a Fanus publus ought to rank higher than an ordinary weed such as Fanus prozinus. However, a F. prozinus var. conventus should be assigned some bonus points that conceivably bring him higher than a Fanus locus.

There is one other important matter. Degree of activity within the species varies considerably. For instance, the author is a F. publus var. conventus, one of the top species, he confesses blushing. However, he cannot compare with other members of the same species and variety. If we make a rough arbitrary judgement, for which I must warn you we have as yet no good measure, we can say little to moderate activity will be indicated by (1). Moderate to better than average (2). And way up high with the big boys (3) or big girls (3).

Therefore, this author is Fanus publus (1) var. conventus (1). Now to earn a final point ranking we can multiply the highest of species & variety measure (if the subject is a variety) by the point value assigned to the species as a position. Thus, if F. publus is ranked 4, then this author's place in fandom is  $1 \times 4$ .

What is your rank? What are the ranks of people you know? Let's hear it from the ranks! According to the system proposed, no fan could get higher than 12. Unless there are bonus points involved for, like, being president of your local fan group, attending six conventions out of five, and driving a car fully loaded through the front entrance of the convention hotel. Or vice versa.

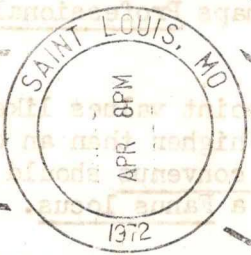
THE FINAL ANALYSIS: I've decided that if you care to get more of TITLE and you do not care to write, you can try any four consecutive issues for \$1.00....If you have a short story running to a single page, article the same, anecdote, poem, whatever, I'd like to see it for TITLE. If it's longer, there are other plans afoot..... A baragraph is a weather instrument, right? And a paragraph is a group of sentences instrumental in whether or not. Had no intention of that when I reversed the "p" to "b"; I thought that a "b" looked more pregnant than a "p".....I was going to name a few new arrivals in the fmz field, but nothing has arrived.... F&SF quote on jacket of CAMP CONCENTRATION: "A young writer whose name will probably be better known outside SF in a few years than it is inside the field now...." Very probably true. Not commenting specifically about Thomas M. Disch, but widespread renown is no criteria for excellent SF writing.... Without a structure there can be no surprise. Oatmeal with lumps in it. Departures from randomness give the message. When Bacharach's music became popular I wondered why, and I have decided it was something very simple and so simple that the effect is losing its power. In his melody line he placed a few surprise reversals of direction; when you expected the tune to go down, it went up. Had there not been that melodic expectation or structure, there could have been no surprise. And there shouldn't be too many surprises or the whole thing becomes random again. That's the trouble with most of the way-out, serious tape music - not enough structure to appreciate the deviations....

There's a bunch of conventions in the area coming up soon, but since I'm a seldom attendee, I can't give you any more info than this one: PECON 3 in Peoria, Illinois, July 7-9, with Philip Jose Farmer as GOH. Write Don Blyly, 170 Hopkins URH, Champaign, Ill. 61820. He'll be at that address until June 1....

Next issue - hope it's full of your comments. That will be the easiest way to keep Brazier's fiction out of TITLE. He has several one pagers just aching to get in. By an unbelievable effort of will, he kept them out of this, the first issue....

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