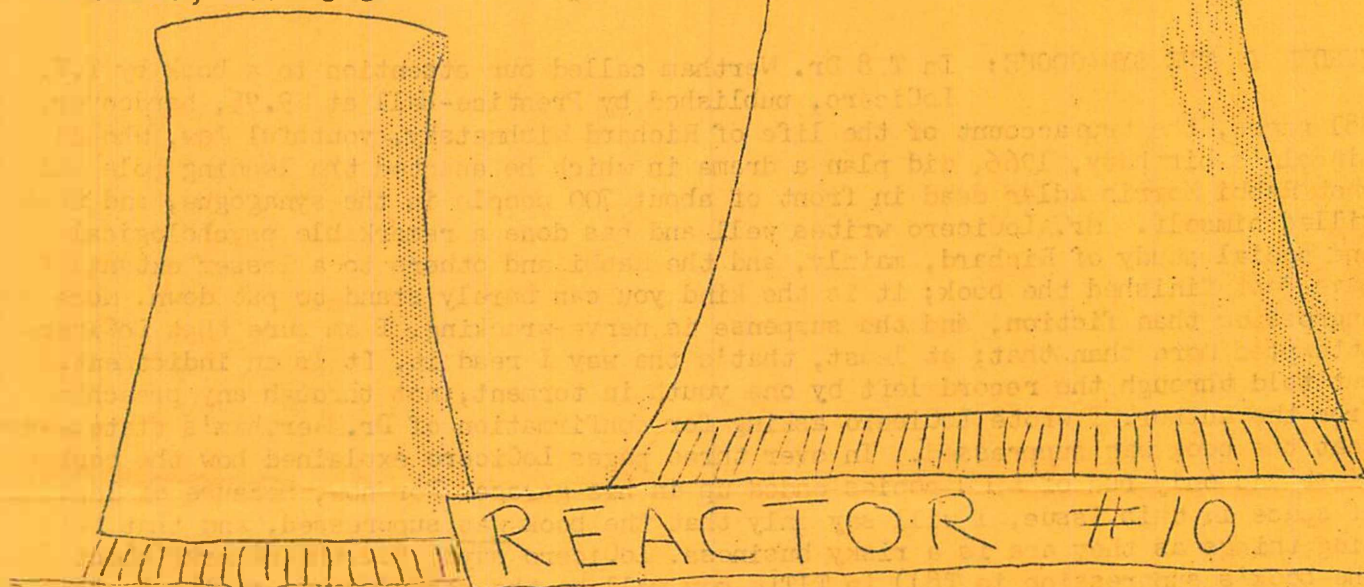


#10 JANUARY 1973

# TITLE

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COVER (The new look in skylines near nuclear power plants)  
IS THAT ALL THERE IS....editorial meanderings EDITOR  
MUNDANIAC....department of things that interfere with FAWOL  
HOOKED ON SF....department of confessions  
WE HAD LUNCH TOGETHER.... a special report.... JACKIE FRANKE  
YOU DIDN'T ASK FOR IT, BUT..... department of new topics  
QUICK QUOTZ....department in which readers' statements are  
taken out of context for better reading....  
A BOOK REVIEW .... humor.....JIM KENNEDY  
SELECTIONS FROM SOME LETTERS... humor.....DOUGLAS LEINGANG  
INSTANT FEEDBACK....a department pretty much up-to-date  
RANDOM RAMBLINGS.... a department of & from the SF world  
AUSSIES & AUSSIEFANS & AUUSIEFANEWS... column...ED CAGLE  
PILGRIMAGE TO HPL'S BELOVED HOMETOWN..article...BEN INDICK  
WHY SHOULD FANDOM BOTHER?...article.....JEFF SCHALLES  
HASTY IMPRESSIONS OF RICHARD S. SHAVER.....EDITOR  
LOOPING.....a column of sf.....JOHN LEAVITT  
THE TAIL END ....more editorial ramblings.....EDITOR

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IS THAT  
ALL  
THERE  
IS?



MURDER IN THE SYNAGOGUE: In T 8 Dr. Wertham called our attention to a book by T.V. LoCicero, published by Prentice-Hall at \$9.95, hardcover, 381 pages, the true account of the life of Richard Wisnietzky, youthful Jew, who on Lincoln's birthday, 1966, did plan a drama in which he enacted the leading role and shot Rabbi Morris Adler dead in front of about 700 people in the synagogue, and then killed himself. Mr. LoCicero writes well and has done a remarkable psychological and social study of Richard, mainly, and the Rabbi and others to a lesser extent. I have just finished the book; it is the kind you can barely stand to put down. More engrossing than fiction, and the suspense is nerve-wracking. I am sure that LoCicero attempted more than that; at least, that's the way I read it. It is an indictment, but told through the record left by one youth in torment, not through any preaching from the author. I wrote LoCicero asking for confirmation of Dr. Wertham's statement that the book was suppressed. In over three pages LoCicero explained how the book's first and only run of 4000 copies ended up in his garage. For now, because of lack of space in this issue, I will say only that the book was suppressed, and that telling things as they are is a risky business. LoCicero says, "...the remark((about the book's suppression in T8)) in TITLE may well be the story's only airing." The author will send any reader of TITLE the book for \$5.00. Except for the free book that LoCicero sent me, believe me, I have nothing to gain except also that I hate to see facts muzzled. That the author interviewed over 200 people connected with Richard from boyhood on, and studied Richard's own "significant documents", shows the depth to which LoCicero dug for facts. From several levels the book had several impacts on me emotionally. I recommend the book highly, or as I say GIG. More next month about the suppression angle.

BEVERLY C. JAEGER, nationally known psychic: Late in November, while awaiting my turn to be interviewed at a local radio studio, I began talking with a woman waiting beside me. She was BEVY, headlined as a psychic, ghost hunter, ESP instructor, hand analyst, psychometrist, and astroanalyst with a Research & Training Center in Maplewood, Missouri, a St. Louis suburb. She predicted "bad weather" for this winter, with tornadoes to strike parts of the USA where least expected. Frankly, she was not impressive, but this is no doubt due to my own faulty expectations. I was most curious about her school for training in ESP. Anyone can learn, she said. Students begin with bringing the mind to a point and then letting it relax to "spread out". Small successes at the beginning lead, with practice, to more complete successes. First training exercises are attempts to guess what's inside a box. Is BEVY openminded? She told me positively, "Yes, there are ghosts, but there is absolutely no communication with the so-called spirit world!" Unfortunately, I did not have time to find out what manner of thing a ghost was. She also said there's nothing at all in palm reading; she holds a hand and then gets a "feel" about the person's health, happiness, and fortune. In view of the fact she had an "agent" with her who handed out business cards, gave me to reflect that her fortune would come after a bit of mundane struggle in ways familiar to us all...and not by the exercise of her superwoman powers. Oh, she lectures and writes books.....

DRACULA: A picture story/review of IN SEARCH OF DRACULA (McNally & Florescu) in a December St. Louis newspaper shows a painting of a 15th Century Romanian prince who may have started the vampire legend; his name, Vlad Dracul, or John of the Dragon. The newspaper story is written lightly (women, whose blood is more favored than men's, should beware of men of ruddy complexion who order nothing but rare meat) but I don't know if the book is in the same vein (uh, no pun intended) or not. Anyway, wasn't it Robert Bloch who made vampires popular, after Bram Stoker? Anyone desiring said article may have same by asking me for it.

MEMORIES: An old college pal (a fellow high-jumper) just sent me a clipping from a Milwaukee newspaper. Written by Phillip Schumann, the article tells the success story of Bob Stein, owner of the Spectrum Bookstore. Phil says, "I discovered Bob way back in 1942 when he and I were two of a trio of enthusiastic science-fiction buffs in town. The third was Donn Brazier.." Upon receipt of the clipping, I dispatched a letter each to the old 2/3 of the trio to inform them that the 1/3 is back at it again. Bob's bookstore is at 2110 W. Wells if any of you oldtimers remember him and want to write. Are you listening Redd Boggs? I'm going to try my darndest to get Phil back into fandom; and write for TITLE because, man, that guy can really write!

PERIODICALS: Guess you've had enough time to report, all 25 of you. The number of non-sf periodicals and not counting newspapers ranged from 1 to 22. Not to embarrass anyone - no names. The average number of periodicals read was 9.5, so you can place yourself on that scale... Which periodicals were most often cited? Newsweek 10, Scientific American 9, National Lampoon 7 and Time 7, Mad 6 and Saturday Review 6 and Playboy 6 and National Geographic 6. Mostly, since there were 128 titles tallied, I would say that a great variety of specialized interests is what showed up in 25 responding fans. When two fans like Grady and Birkhead name the same magazine (Chemical & Engineering News) they ought to get together.. and Kaufman and Kennedy showing together on film magazines... Digby and Leavitt on electronics.. Mullen, Couch, and Schalles on psychology... Svoboda and Glycer on sports... and awfully sorry Mullen old chap you're all alone with the International Turtle and Tortoise Society Journal!

USELESS DATA: The periodical survey gives some insight, but this one.... When the new phone book arrived I ran through the last names of TITLE readers to see if their name was in the St. Louis directory. ((Barbecue, you've cracked!)) No Arthurs, Glycer, Indick, Schalles, Schneck, and Smotroff. How about that! Now on the other end: Jackson 1,280 of them, Lewis 960, Walker 930, Hill 815, Scott 790... Some names I thought a little odd had their St. Louis counterparts: Svoboda 25, Shank 20, Smoot 15, Cagle 20, Finkelstein 47, Mumper 2.

ROUND ROBIN: Ed Lesko wanted TITLE readers to participate in a fiction story as reported in T8. Unless I've lost track, I think it was kicked off with an sf farce begun by Bruce D. Arthurs and sent to Ed Lesko. The following are listed in my notes as wanting to get in the act: Jackie Franke, Frank Balazs, Mike Shoemaker, Jim Kennedy, and Rose Hogue. Oh, and Brazier. Keep me informed guys and gals.

SHAVER: Jim Meadows writes: "Shaver's letter/article was beautiful. I've read two of his previous letters printed in Ted White's prozines, longer, empty...but this one is good, really good." I thought so too, and I have more on hand. But for the nufan I thought I'd better do something like I did in this issue before using any more of Shaver's own material. Meadows also advises to check some of the Ultimate reprintzines for Shaver stories if you missed them in the old prozines. Jim cites the INVASION OF THE MICROMEN from 1945 in the 9/72 issue of SF ADVENTURE CLASSICS. Jackie Franke expressed surprise that Shaver was still living, and was not too impressed with his letter: "Did Shaver ever try to state in simple straightforward English what he means? Another 'do as I say and not as I do' man. Is there no end?"

# MUNDANIAN

A DEPARTMENT OF MUNDANE DATA NOW COMBINED WITH SUB-FACETS THAT TELL MUNDANE INTERESTS

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Chester Cuthbert: Librarian-Treasurer of the Winnipeg SF Society for more than 20 years, Chester had his 60th birthday on October 16; married and has 5 children. Interests: book and record collection, "deep and sympathetic" interest in psychic phenomena and is a Life Member of the Society for Psychical Research, London, and "my joy and (I hope) never-ceasing wonder in looking at beautiful women." Chester disclaims any desire to become acquainted "with these marvelous creatures"; he just wants to see them in "all their grace and finery." His books and music appeal emotionally, and "emotion means more to me than reason." His music is light classical and popular with the melody more important than vocal or instrumental finesse; Bing Crosby singing the old songs appeals most, and most of his records are 78's. Likes piano, from "hot" piano to Charlie Kunz.

Pauline Palmer: Has a daughter who says things like "it's the Oneth of the month." She lives on a hill sloping down into Lake Padden, with Happy Valley below that and beyond, visible from her office window, is Bellingham Bay, a part of Puget Sound. "I make no claims to love the sea with a passion or any such nonsense, but can't imagine living land-bound anymore." She was born in Montana and raised in Eastern Washington which is about as far inland as she'd care to be. "Physiologically and psychologically, I can't stand heat." She collects wine-bottle labels and quotes she likes. You'll see some quotes from her when next I do BREGNANT BARAGRAPHS.

Sean Summers: His letterhead includes a motto "Aardvaarks of the World, Arise!" on top a picture of one, because he is an Aardvaark Freak, he admits. He must have had a chance to see some because he says he is an "Army Brat" and has never lived in one place more than three years. He carries with him on each move a stuffed Pangolin and a bat which normally hang on his wall. He likes to read Modern British adventure and mystery writers; likes to converse, argue, and write to new people. He is also a funny-man: "I also do other things but have forgotten them at this moment and am quite interested in remembering exactly what they were -- suggestions anyone?"

Tim C. Marion: This fellow is the "Merry Gnome of Norway", which fits because he finds different things about TITLE to be "cool". He likes Drama in school and will be assigned to play a part in ROMEO AND JULIET, but says, "I don't know what I will play." We all hope it's not Juliet! The Drama teacher also has us working on British accents. He lost a job in the local Newport News book store because the Big Boss picked a woman for the job. Happens every time, Tim.

David Shank: "Talking, reading men's magazines, walking in clear-skyed weather, drawing, children (if related), watching comedy movies, John Wayne flix, board games, girls, root beer, chocolate milk, long drives in cars, ice cream, the night air, meeting people, doing strange things for kicks (a few days ago I made flowcharts of the function of picking up my pet gerbil), animals, subways, baths, and being myself."

Randall D. Larson: Making plans to attend a 4-year college, Randall intends to major in cinematography and screenwriting. Updates some previous info with "I dance like a drunken hippopotamus on ice skates." He likes music: rock, folk rock, instrumental, especially motion picture soundtrack. "The only sport I don't fail miserably is badminton." Randall, is that a so-called "glove" sport? "Have a small company to publish stuff like FANDOM UNLIMITED, THE ROBERT BLOCH FANZINE, CINEFAN and stuff like that." He digs the fairer sex, girls, that is.

Dave Szurek: "I was expelled in the 12th grade and am currently living on general assistance. I've held several short-lived jobs -- door-to-door and telephone salesman, elevator operator, odd-jobs man, janitor at a skin flick movie house, even, of all things, a stint as a 'professional picketor' for the Retail Clerks Union. Have appeared in a few little theater productions, usually holding the lead role, playing such characters as sexologist, white Appalachian soldier, Israeli soldier, a dull stock character in a better left forgotten SF play titled "The Library Room", a sadistic Latin-American guerilla leader, an overly articulate Cro-Magnon with dreams of power, a villainous John Birch type in which miscasting was apparent due to my long hair and beard. Once wrote my own play, but the head of the company wanted so many changes made that I finally withdrew." Dave is 24, six feet tall, 150 pounds, brown hair and eyes. He writes, poetry in particular, and edits the fanzine, HYENA.

Mike Glicksohn: "I'm a teacher of mathematics in high school with a BSc and BEd. My chief hobby, apart from fandom, is enjoying Scotch whiskey. I'm 26 years old and the happy possessor of a snake, a rabbit and four gerbils. My wife has a cat named Puppy, but then nobody's perfect. I enjoy bridge and Diplomacy too, but only if beer is served at the same time."

Greg N. Burton: One of Greg's mundane professions is being a potter; another is teaching the guitar. Then he says, "And if I could sell some stories, I wouldn't mind adding writer to the list." He used to cast horoscopes and though somewhat skeptical about astrology, he likes the philosophy behind the type he used to do. "I bought you a brand new horoscope, with all the horrors you like best..." he quotes from HOLY MODAL ROUNDERS. Greg was 22 last October, married, has long hair but disclaims the hippy label. Likes Pharoah Sanders and the love shown towards music, their instruments, and the world of Sanders, Coltrane, etc. Peace ends Greg's letters, so the Pharoah Sanders quote seems to mirror Greg:

"The Creator has a master plan  
Peace and happiness for every man." -- KARMA, Pharoah Sanders

Al Jackson: In the University of Texas, Al is a grad student in the physics department, "so I guess I will get a PhD in physics and join the bread lines." This won't happen until next year, he hopes. He picked up his master's in 1966 and joined NASA in Houston for 4 and a half years "playing at space cadet stuff." Al says, "It was fun in the hussel and bussel of moon flight gett'n ready stuff, but after awhile I started moving up which means becoming a paper shuffler, and this was not for me."

Dwain Kaiser: "I organize hospitals and such for the Service & Hospital Employees Union Local 399, SEIU, AFL-CIO CLC, for a living. Keeps me on the streets and in trouble, so I enjoy it."

Buzz Dixon: In November Buzz was a Pvt. at Ft. Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, where he was a student in a Dept. of Defense school that teaches soldiers, sailors, marines, and airmen "how to be ~~great~~ good mediocre military journalists." He's hoping for permanent duty assignment at Ft. Bragg because it's near his home. Buzz sent a quote which may say more than any plain English, as Adam West in the movie, BATMAN, said: "Somedays you just can't get rid of a bomb!"

Tom Mullen: After starting toward a physics/astronomy major in U. of Wisconsin at Madison, Tom was suddenly hospitalized for a pain in the side which, after X-rays and such, turned out to be caused by kidney stones. He's okay now and was making initial contact with the Luttrell family, also in Madison, when last heard from. This is Tom's first year and some doubt is cast on his major field by his remark: "...unless something else really catches my eye."



# H O O K E D

ON  
F A N D O M

Tim C. Marion: Tim, at age 11 was interested in writing, and in the Sunday supplement read a piece by Naomi Marrow who wanted to hold meetings of amateur writers. He couldn't make the first meeting, so Naomi went over to his house and picked up a few of Tim's mss. and took them to the meeting. "...a certain Larry W. Bryant was impressed enough to call me up and ask me to come over so he could interview me for an article for the Sunday supplement, but they lost it, he claims... Anyway, Larry knew of my interest in s-f, so he introduced me to Ned Brooks...And so the rest, as they say, is history."

Sean Summers: "I was in Laos, and being an avid SF reader, I soon finished everything available. So I made a mass mailing to about 15 people listed in the back of F&SF. One of these had a grand offer of about 120 old prozines, and I bought them all just for the reading. Just about this time, the seller, Stuart Stinson of Michigan was gafiating. He threw in about 5 extra pounds of fanzines. This led me to write the odd people who put them out, and to join NFFF (a boon to a poor neo). Since then it's been fanzines galore and enough letter writing to keep a herd of rats in insulating material for several years."

Robert Smoot: Robert tells me how he became hooked on science-fiction (to be told later), but is unspecific with: "It was from there but a short step to fandom, and all too easy to get acquainted with other addicts of this welcome inducer. And thus I am here where I am now."

Sheryl Birkhead: Her first year in grad school at Penn State saw the formation of the PSSFS. Because it was a rare happening to see prozines back in her Gaithersburg ranch, she now had close contact with prozines and with people who "actually read the stuff and liked it." It was through the Penn State SFS that she heard about a convention in Philadelphia, and "I've been going to cons ever since." At that first con she picked up a form for the N3F and that started her with correspondence in fandom. "Then I read LOCUS and subbed to that."

Jim Meadows: Reading the 'Our Man in Fandom' column in IF and 'The Clubhouse' in Amazing, Jim apparently sent for some fanzines, with STAR TREK CONCORDANCE, SPECULATION, and FOCAL POINT reaching his door first. "I didn't really get into fandom until FOCAL POINT went genzine. Then I started loccing and getting other zines, and at the same time I was getting into trekdom through Eric Wolff, and, well, here I am."

Ed Connor: "It was probably in a Ziff-Davis pub that I got the address which prompted me to send for my first fanzine; it was FANATIC from Charles A. Beling and came rolled up tightly. It was then I first wrote Bob Tucker; I had just discovered Fandom and having a fan that close was in those days something of a miracle."

John Leavitt: John's early intro to fandom parallels the prozine fan-chatter route described by Jim Meadows. "I subscribed to FANTASY COLLECTOR, since I wanted to buy all kinds a neat stuff, yuk,yuk! Then I subbed to FOCAL POINT because it was cheaper than LOCUS and Berry recommended it. When it became a genzine I went along for the ride and sent for other zines reviewed in it, ENERGUMEN and OUTWORLDS and most of the other faanish fanzines. I felt an urge to comment on things, made the WAHFs, and somehow found myself in the depths of the lettercols muttering inanities."

Jackie Franke: She somehow got into Trekdom and found two "relatively sane people" who led her to Buck Coulson's YANDRO, which led to PeCon 11, which "croggled my little mind". She finds the entire schtik fascinating.

WE'RE ALL GOOD FRIENDS...WE HAD "LAUNCH" together by Jackie Franke (condensed)

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At Chambana, several people were discussing the upcoming launch and how they'd love to go down there. Wally and I kept talking about going ourselves, but finally resolved to forget the matter a week after Thanksgiving. Then Friday morning, out of Andromeda I believe, Wally got the idea I should go, if I could get a ride. I called Phyllis Eisenstein in Chicago; after early encouragement she backed out later that night. Saturday I was crushed but Wally said to keep trying, one try is hardly an attempt. So I called Penny Hansen in Champaign; she and her husband would like to go! Be at their house Tuesday at noon, and I was off....almost flew to the moon myself!

Jim and Penny had picked up another rider, Don Blyly, and we hit the road at 2:30. It was rainy and foggy for 120 miles, then cleared up until we hit the mountain regions (okay, hills, but for a northern Illinoisian, they were MOUNTAINS!) near Chattanooga. Groggy, we finally got to Cocoa at 12:30 and found the way to Joe Green's place. Blyly had gotten press passes from the Student newspaper and had talked to Gordy Dickson before leaving Champaign about getting NASA press passes from Green or whoever. Naturally it fizzled. Penny had a short chat with "Doc" Clark, and he invited us to crash at his place should other sleeping arrangement be unavailable. We took off for Titusville and drove to the causeway on Route 402 where Wally and I had parked during the Apollo 11 launch '69.

Sat there from about four o'clock on. When the countdown reached eight minutes or so, we climbed to the car roof and hood. And waited... That 30 second hold was the longest blasted thirty seconds I've ever seen! After about ten minutes, as we were being attacked by mosquitoes, we got back into the car, opened a few cans of beer, slapped together some sandwiches and waited, and waited and waited. Penny bundled up on the hood of the car to avoid the bugs as much as possible, Don stretched out on the back seat, and Jim and I slumped in the front and all took sorely needed naps. Kept waking up every 20 minutes or so and checked the radio. When it looked like there would be a lift-off after all, the original positions were taken up again and we held our breaths...afraid to hope, fearing a scrubbing of the mission.

When it came, the launch was magnificent! The sky, from horizon to horizon flared up to a pale orange glow. The rocket seemed to pause for an agonizing split second and then hurled itself at the scattered clouds. I wish I were a writer and could find the words to describe the impact that night-time launch had on us, but they're simply not at my command. It was exciting, thrilling, nerve-tingling, all those and more. It was like seeing the Grand Canyon and Carlsbad Caverns in one fell swoop. Stunning. It took a few minutes after it was lost from view to even speak. It must have been a trick of the senses, but it seemed we could still hear the faintest of rumbles from its engines. Perhaps it was a carry-over from the roar of the initial shock-wave.

Slowly, the car over-heating because of the traffic on the packed roads, we stopped briefly at Joe Green's and then went on to Clark's and spent the night with him, his wife Rosie of nine months, and nine cats. After five hours or less, it was time to hit the road again. Stopped for awhile at the Space Center Visitors Center and bought some patches and booklets, then at a stand for some fresh Florida Oranges. Left Florida about one or two o'clock with intentions of driving to Andy Offutt's place in Kentucky to spend the night, where we had been invited. Andy and Jody are two of our favorite people, but it simply was not in the cards. Time was too short; we by-passed that route and looked up a fan, Ken Moore, in Nashville. Spent the night there after some drinks we needed rather deeply, as we were at the too-tired, too-flaked out point of Giggles.

Reached Champaign about 6:15 and called Wally. Roads still bad to the north so stayed over and reached home the next day after 2649.9 miles and a good time.



YOU DIDN'T ASK FOR IT, BUT .... some quick new topics

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Alma Hill: "It is evil to try to make little grownups out of kids. They need help and encouragement to be effective apes, hunter-gatherers, cave-dwellers (very fond of caverns under bushes in summer, behind furniture in winter) villagers, and so on along. And I wonder how many get as far as the race can go, as compared to those that hang up at some stage? It seems to me that the business man, rather than the poet, is the top of the tree. He lives by the golden rule, for unless both sides profit there is no repeat business. He does not use force but reason. He manipulates distribution rather than people. By comparison a Renaissance Man is an overage teenager, and a scientist is, as Newton said, a child gathering bright-colored pebbles of knowledge on the shores of an uncharted sea. A business man cannot deal with hopelessly primitive people (like the Apache who lived in a desert country where wells were so scarce and so valuable that he regarded everyone as either a tribesman with rights, or an interloper and enemy -- or like the North or South Vietnam 'nation') for he cannot understand thinking at that level of evolution, though it is valid in its own place. But among people capable of communication without relying on ethnic invariables, the business man is foremost. Without him the world would not support a fraction of the population with a fraction of the hope and joy we know today. Now would it? How could it? He doesn't have to have a banner with TANSTAAFL on it. He takes that for granted."

Michael T. Shoemaker: "Ned Brooks mentions rereading stories and causes me to notice that I rarely do any rereading. There are simply too many superb, unread stories. If ever I reread something, the reason is that I have forgotten some details of the story and the story is one that I deem worth remembering in detail. I have reread 'By His Bootstraps', 'Farewell to the Master', and 'Vintage Season'. The only ones in general literature I have reread are 'Moby Dick', 'Lord Jim', and 'Thus Spake Zarathustra'; although I intend to someday reread 'The Trial' and 'The Castle'. What do you other readers think about rereading?" ((Your editor has reread Bradbury's 'Ylls' about a dozen times, and can remember only Wylie's 'Generation of Vipers' and Zsolt de Harsanyi 'The Star Gazer' and Hersey 'The Wall'. A very interesting question is this: if you have reread a certain few books, what do they have in common, psychologically speaking?))

Ed Finkelstein: "...have you come across any information which confirms (or at least supports) the possibility of race memory? I've heard of a study on a group of rats that were raised identically except that one-half were taught to run mazes before they were bred. It seems the maze-wise rats' offspring after a few generations were able to learn mazes faster than their maze-naive counterparts.." ((There were some experiments in which maze-wise planaria flatworms were ground up and fed to maze-naive planaria, who then seemed smarter than planaria fed on plain old liver. I may be wrong, but my impression is that this 'evidence' has been discredited. Anyone?))

Lou Stathis: "I'd like to take Alma Hill's statement 'People shouldn't live crowded together' one teensy step furthur. Like eliminating the word 'crowded'. Just 'people shouldn't live together'. Period. Having to contend with other people's idiosyncracies makes most of us neurotic. Roommates drive me up the walls. People tramping into my room when I don't want any company makes me scream. To make things worse, I love New York City and despise the country. A ride on the subway; I feel tremendous. All you hicks can have your amber waves of grain and purple mountain majesty, just give me the Flushing local any day." Lou then describes some heavenly bliss, like a 'lungful of cool subway air wafting up from the trickle of green water bubbling between the tracks' and waxes poetic over a 'smudgy breeze limping across your face.' ((Well, Lou, what the H is wrong with you?))



"QUICK



QUOTZ"

Pauline Palmer: "...intrigued by your challenge to create names of research papers/projects. When I lived in Seattle and was dating a physicist who worked at Boeing, he told me of an engineer who called one of his reports, 'How to Erect in Space'. Not even Sidney Lurcher -- you'll meet him in WILD FENNEL -- could have made up anything better than that. ((Send me WF; also include Wild Pickle Cagle - sounds like he'd enjoy Sidney Lurcher.))

Chester D. Cuthbert: "I like Jackie Franke's remark: 'I'd like to understand more .. about everything.' I have underlined the key word. It is so much more important to understand than to know."

David Shank: "...how about a study on Platonian mynah birds proving that they can draw Rottiers with a Tim Kirkian accent?"

Frank Balazs: "Granted, as Mike Shoemaker said, that if one writes longer locs, there might be more printed; more printed leaves less room for articles and less articles mean less stuff to comment on. But, but... less stuff to comment on makes shorter locs giving more room for articles giving more stuff to comment on which leaves less room for articles which...."



Jackie Franke: "Ed Cagle's body is mind and all that. Control of 'involuntary' systems is being already shown in various experiments. Soon 'calm yourself' will be a valid suggestion. 'Whaddya mean you can't go to school cause you're sick? Cut it out, Johnny! Drop that temperature! Shrink those swollen tissues!'"

Ned Brooks: "If the comparison of 'metal fatigue' to the fatigue of human muscles is an indication of the level of Bose's work, I fail to see why he should have gotten a Nobel Prize. The analogy is useful only in the very superficial sense that it provides a useful name for the phenomenon. The actual physical processes involved in muscle fatigue and 'metal fatigue' are in no way similar." ((Perhaps Bose was a part-time poet?))

Sheryl Birkhead: "\*\*\*\*\* If you can find your name in this zine, you're intitled! \*\*\*\*\*"

Greg Burton: "Various authors are for different people. My mind follows patterns, the glow like a spider web with dewdrops at the junctures of the strands reflecting the sun, but I guess it doesn't work for everybody. I'm kind of sorry - I'd like people to share the joys I experience, but everybody's got there own fix to push. Life is a heavy habit to support."

Cy Chauvin: "I want to see sf become literate, but I don't want it to lose its own unique virtues in the process. Is it asking too much to want both?"

Norm Hochberg: "...absurd enough to be a fan truth."



A BOOK REVIEW by Jim Kennedy

EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT THE GAFIA (BUT WERE TOO SENSUOUS TO ASK) by Dr. Eminent Splrfsk, D.Barbecue Inc., \$9.95

In this, his latest volume in a seemingly endless study of the rare gafia, Dr. Splrfsk examines the shy species' (or varieties', the study is continuing) sex lives.

The book is recommended only for those strong of heart, for some of the revelations are shocking indeed. The doctor proves beyond any doubt (just to begin with) that the gafia have no sex lives as such, but achieve orgasm through the rapid cranking of Sears Model XXm277 mimeograph machines. The doctor admits that he has been unable to unearth the secret of their rapid reproduction, but closes with some fairly conclusive evidence that they are manufactured in a forbidden barbecue pit somewhere near St.Louis, Mo.

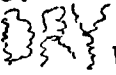
Other chapters include a psychological analysis of the Hugo-winning crudzine, GOO (published by the famous talking gafia, Irving Snirt), definite proof that the droppings of the gafia are more potent aphrodesiac than those of the asparagus, and the true story of Berney, the homosexual gafia who taught Richard Delap the secret of sexual intercourse with mountain lions\*, achieved brief fame as a rock singer, then died a tragic death at an aardvark orgy.

All in all, EVERYTHING..... is a much more interesting volume than The Godgafia before it, but Dr. Splrfsk will be hard pressed to ever come up with a study as shocking, sexy and fun to quote at conventions as his first tome, All Our Gafias.

\*See TITLE #7 CAGLE COMMENTS wherein Pickles Cagle does not tell 'all' of this mystifying accomplishment.

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TO CONTINUE WITH THE HUMOR PAGE, THE EDITOR PROUDLY PRESENTS SELECTED SENTENCES FROM THE LETTERS OF DOUGLAS LEINGANG.....

If EGOTRIP is ever brought back it will feature TITLE in its first issue. We'll rename it LITTLE, put out by Dann Crazier, its motto, 'You shoot the bull, we barbecue the steaks'. It'll display the usual ramblings of these fanastics: Mud Bricks, Muck Glyer, Roy Tookit, Sleep Walker, Odd Bagle, Dick Inben, Norm Hockshop, Sly Chauvinist, and last but not least Doug Gangrene.

TITLE 7 was dry like this:  Who cares what Connor said 'bout Chauvin who said som'thin' 'bout Brooks who.... You have done lots of work in classifying comments. You want an award for Atlas-Holding-Up-the-World?

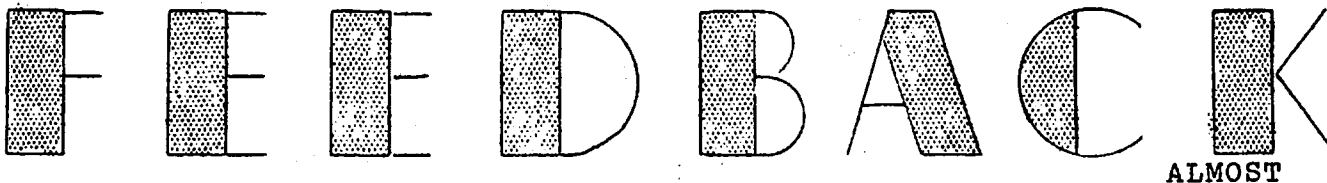
Yours truly does not write for egoboo, but to inform.

I make friends easily.

3 cheers for Ken Hicks. 3 cheers for Mark Mumper.

The best abbreviation is sfiction. I believe I invented that.

INSTANT



Tim C. Marion: "Randall Larson makes a valid point with his article ((about warring fandoms)). I know one extremely chauvinistic sf fan once spent a page telling me that I was a comix fan (as if that was some great sin) because I collected comix with Steranko art. He completely ignored the fact that I collect a lot of sf, as if comix contaminated the sf I collect!"

Dave Szurek: "Larson's remarks are a sad reality. I'm interested in several different fandoms - sf, films (horror & sf in particular), comics, Lovecraft, the occult, but don't care for sword & sorcery except in comic strip form. In the 60's there were a fair number of fanzines covering all fandoms." Dave names some from then and now, and recommends to Larson a Cepheid Variable publication by Steve Goble called STANLEY. "That a science-fiction club is behind this may astound Randall that it covers all fandoms."

Ed Lesko, Jr.: "It has always astounded me how much each field ignores each other, no matter how intricately they are intertwined. AMRA has barely noted the Conan and Kull comics, which have to be the most important breakthroughs in Sword & Sorcery literature in the last decade. My own theory is that fen like to think of themselves as members of an elite group, and show how their field is better than anyone elses field. If all the fen got together there would be no one to criticize, comparable to racial problems."

Bruce D. Arthurs: "I still read comics occasionally, and was in comics fandom two years before I discovered sf fandom. Sf fans I think, feel that sf is more mature than comics. The comics give too much. In sf, with the visual element removed, that portion has to come from the reader's own mind, indicating deeper involvement. I wonder if the hard-core comics fans, those who rarely or never read sf, suffer from difficulty in mental visualization? It might make a good study for some psychologist."

Sheryl Birkhead: "I'm an SF fan, not a collector and don't consider myself a comic or film fan. At cons I enjoy browsing through the movie posters and paging through the stills. But I think I'm one of the few fans who go to see the programming, and in a few cases, fans I haven't seen for awhile. So right now I still see a con as less of a party and more of a talky-listening session, with pros and fans alike on SF. A catholic fandom would, I think, have to be primarily social. Wonder if that makes sense?"

Mike T. Shoemaker: "I don't think that SF fandom snubs other fandoms usually. It may just seem that way because many fans have no interest in the other fandom(s). I myself have no interest in multi-fandom fanzines such as STARLING because of their diversity."

Mike Glycer: "...comics fandom is disliked because of its behavior; big-money packages taking advantage of pro artists, a pushy, money-making oriented group of traders and sellers. Several of its most visible (to SF fandom) members are obnoxious and idiotic."



## INSTANT FEEDBACK (continued)

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Ned Brooks: "The snobbery between sf fans and comic fans is well known.. It has some basis in fact - not that the 'comic' form is inherently inferior, I think it is a perfectly valid art form, but because the comic fans are so weird. From my own experience, they seem much more narrowminded and middle-class than the sf fans I know. Also, their traditions are different - I used to get, I never knew why, a comics fanzine in which everybody was addressed as 'Mr', which would be unthinkable in an sf fanzine."

Lou Stathis: "Comic fans? I don't think sf fans look down on comic fans because they consider comix beneath their dignity but because comic fans always seem to be skinny little kids with mucous dripping from their noses, outhouse manners and high pitched piercing voices. This isn't to say this is a description of Randall Larson, he being an avowed comic fan, but just that many of the local cons I've been to have been practically overrun by the little beggars."

Mike Glycer: Mike says that Randall Thomas' 'Little Pictures' are probably those described in SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN back a year or two ago. ((I must search that out.)) "You will notice," says Mike, "that when you rub your eyes the images become more acute and colorful -- in fact, some blind people are apt to bang up their eyes through constant rubbing, for it's all they can see."

Frank Balazs: "A corncob with a propellor!?!? Close your eyes and you see little pictures, huh? I get it: a bunch of psychos are what you all are. Maybe you and Thomas ought to see a professional. Actually, if I close my eyes and press on my eyelids I see all sorts of kalidescopic effects." Frank, I see that, too, but a little picture of a human face, etc. seems a different kind of thing...?

Ned Brooks: "The phenomena that Randall Thomas describes is also described in detail in Kingsley Amis' THE GREEN MAN - the hero has similar experiences, which his doctor says are related to migraine. I have seen such pictures myself, but I can't do it at will." I can't either, also I never have migraine.

Bruce D. Arthurs: "In a counseling session with the Chaplain, I was instructed to close my eyes and let my mind drift. My mood was bleak, and the things I saw were depressing; the major motive of all the images were the preponderance of black and the absolute motionless of everything. One of the images, a pile of interconnected human limbs, I recognized as coming from Cordwainer Smith's A PLANET NAMED SHAYOL, in which he attempted to depict the worst fate possible for convicted criminals."

Harry Morris, Jr.: "I have experienced the little pictures. I believe it was back in the early 20's that Andre Breton and other members of the surrealist group in Paris 'invented' automatic drawing which was, simply, the quick sketching of these unrelated pictures." Harry tells how this was turned into a sort of round-robin game called Exquisite Corpse. "Salvador Dali took it further with his 'Paranoic-Critical' method (which was in effect going insane while remaining aware at the same time) enlarging the pictures into whole panoramas and worlds..but this is much like taking hallucinatory drugs, I suppose."

Dave Szurek: "I, too, receive 'little pictures', faces & animals mostly

Jackie Franke: "Who the dickens is Dwain Kaiser to say 'SF has no value as literature'? I'm not about to mount my hobby horse and beclaim all stf as undying Art, no more than I would for any other branch of fiction, but this damning of every scrap of SF is going a bit too far! My dictionary defines 'Literature' as 'written works which deal with themes of permanent and universal interest, characterized by creativeness and grace of expression...' Unless you are addicted to the out-and-out 'Hard SF', you can find many examples of the genre that aptly fit that definition (Pangborn's DAVY, Orwell's 1984, Keyes' FLOWERS FOR ALGERNON, Asimov's NIGHTFALL, etc.), well-written, strongly-structured tales which have spoken to and continue to speak to persons across national and cultural levels. If, of course, Kaiser limits SF to Great Literature, then he may do so; it's a free world. But this field which we all enjoy is just as much a part of the 'collected works of human imagination' as LYSISTRATA. Charles Dickens wrote for the masses, the 'pulp' of his day; who's to say that one of Our Own won't be known as well a hundred years from now? Only Time will separate a Classic from the run-of-the-mill works, and, thanks be to the gods, it isn't the Critics and they alone who decide which piece has merit; that honor falls to the reading public itself. Kaiser seems to be letting classroom rhetoric interfere with his judgement."

Ed Connor: "Dwain Kaiser must not be up on what is 'selling' in paperback today. Heinlein has to be considered in the vanguard now, because so many of his books are on the racks and sell rapidly. Possibly Arthur C. Clarke's books go most quickly; bookstores have trouble keeping his in-print titles in stock as they sell out invariably. Other hot sellers are Asimov, Poul Anderson and Ray Bradbury. Those are not all, of course, but they're among the vanguard due to undeniable popularity. They sell."

Robert Smoot: "Plans for Development' was as intriguing a fan-poem as I've come across in some time. But does ignorance mean innocence? Does the unrealisation or denial of fact mean those actions that go against the best manner aren't to be without disciplining? Is not guilt as great in the refusing to believe something without sincere objectivity as it is in knowingly and purposefully countering truth with non-truth? Is not denial of reality the greatest anti-virtue, and worthy of correction and condemnation?...The marvelous thing about SF and fantasy is that we can look at the decidedly unreal and thus have a basis of comparison to decide what is reality." Before you jump on Robert to ask him: what is reality? - in another letter he directs me to ask the readers of TITLE that same question. WHAT IS REALITY???

Lou Stathis: "...Paul Walker is one of the best critics in fandom (notice I didn't say book reviewer). I admire his perceptivity and intelligence as well as his clear, concise style. When done well, reviews (or critiques when they approach the level of scholarly dissection as Walker frequently does) can be as creative as fiction writing." Lou mentions some of the qualifications of a good critic: familiarity with the genre, knowledge of writing techniques, perception, and a novel approach to the writing of the review itself. "Most NY Times Book Reviews are hacked out according to established standards so beloved by High School English teachers, geriatric college professors and hump-backed newspaper editors. They're boring as hell, and that makes them worthless in my eyes." Lou agrees with Walker's 'despise on one level; admire on another' by citing his annoyance with Philip Jose Farmer's clumsy prose, yet marveling at his 'wonderfully warped imagination'.

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 Sheryl Birkhead      RANDOM RAMBLINGS IN THE SCIENCE-FICTION PATCH

Ned Brooks wrote Nov.13: "A few of us went up to Gloucester yesterday to visit Murray Leinster (Will F. Jenkins) and he got to talking about some hecto masters dropped to the Resistance in WWII - to prevent them being ruined by dew on the grass, they coated them with salt! The salt dissolved in a few passes through the machine...Jenkins is 76 now, a little absent-minded, but alert, still writing, and working on his front projection gadgets, held basic patents, now expiring - makes movie hero look as though he were in South Seas rather than in beautiful downtown Burbank." Ned Brooks writes an interesting letter - full of bits of knowledge. I tried to get him to write something more formal, but he says, "I am not very prolific, and I don't often think of anything worth writing." He sent me a 1969 SFPazine so I could see the multi-color ditto art by Al Andrews, who died a few years ago. Beautiful art can be done with the ditto process. Ned found MORNING OF THE MAGICIANS a fascinating book; and Damon Knight's biography of Charles Fort, "pretty good". He says he's trying to find a copy of Fort's one novel: THE OUTCAST MANUFACTURERS. News to me that Fort ever wrote one....

Ben Indick

says he could not take a course in SF very seriously, as Literature. He says, "There is very little that is good all-around writing in SF. There are no Faulkners, Fitzgeralds, Dickens..." Once in awhile he says a mainstream writer like Sheriff does a book superior to any by regular SF writers. Sheriff's HOPKINS MANUSCRIPT is "far superior as cataclysmic writing" than one such as Wyndham's OUT OF THE DEEPS. "I think straight SF is doomed as great writing because its genre limits it. If it is prophetic, it will in time be outmoded; if it is straight adventure, forget it, except as a juvenile classic." Ben adds that fantasy and weird sometimes get raves from critics because they have no such limits as imposed by the SF genre. FOUNDATION, very good SF, is hopelessly rooted in the 40's....Ben continues:"..the library currently has a showing of book forgeries." I'm wondering if there are any such forgeries in our field? Since I'm not a collector, I don't comprehend the importance attached to what seems a non-essential like a first-edition date. This past week I saw a machine-made etching, the knife guided by a laser-beam scanning the photograph. The result was so far superior in light-catching and light-changing to the original that the word ART is evoked. Product quality seems more pertinent than authenticity of, say, first-printing.

Jeff May, editor of ZOT out of Missouri, reports that still another Mo. fan, Chris Krasser, is about to let go another zine from Springfield. It will be 8pp offset, cover by Ed Romero and a whack story by Jeff- zine's name, BATCHWALLEY. This news will drive Harry Warner up the wall..

Ed Connor writes: "...when T-7 noted that P.S.Miller had a letter in THE SCIENCES castigating the editor for spelling phosphorus with an '-ous' ending, I could only shake my head in amazement. What slightest purpose is served by such inane flyspeck whining? Seems incomprehensible to most of us when we see someone else doing it, but probably we're all guilty of it at some time or another. I can't recall when I last did it, but I'm sure that some fan could refresh my memory."

Claire Beck says he doesn't watch TV and hasn't been to a movie in years, so "...my all time favorite science-fiction movie is still Alec Guinness' THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT of more than 20 years ago." Did I mention that Claire stuck 7, no purpose staples in his loc, with the note: "Nothing beats a good old staple war." I wonder if Beck's "ic,an,ous,al" in T9 related to P.S.Miller's 'phosphorous'??



In T6 Cy Chauvin wrote that sf specializes in experiences that are different from present day reality. Since I had been thinking on that same level, it was interesting to read a note from Greg Burton who, if I interpret him correctly, throws a sf story's 'experiences' into the universal human framework no matter how different the superficialities of plot make them seem. He says, "I doubt that the experiences presented in the sf I really like are that different from mine. Take NOVA for an example. The experience of going through a Nova isn't what that book is about. Any work of art is experienced by the reader/observer/listener, and it is this experience that the material is read/experienced for - not the experience on the level of plot inside the work itself. And if Cy really thinks that mysteries portray experiences similar to those encountered by detectives, or Westerns ditto to the settlers, he should read more history, or talk to a real detective. Both forms are wish-fulfillment fantasy. Almost 1/4 of the cowboys were black - how many black cowboys do you find in Westerns? How many about black cowboys???"

Lou

Stathis thinks that a fanzine column detracts from TITLE, and that many other zines cover that field. However, I want it, Olyer's, Couch's, or my own comments can fix. Lou is always pouring it to me. He says, "there you go again with that feces about stimulating vehicles to provide content-plation. Sheesh, you want computer generated plot summaries not short stories. To my mind any great idea must be creatively integrated with the literary elements of the piece for me to even give it a passing notice. If the writing is abysmal then to hell with it. Do you plow through things no matter how inept the construction if there happens to be a halfway interesting thought behind it? I know I couldn't, but then I think my standards are higher than yours." There is a piece in the latest PREHENSILE SIX by Dan Goodman talking about Tom Digby. Dan compliments Tom not only for having an abundance of ideas, but dealing with them concisely. Throughout the Goodman article are sentences or very short paragraphs that state ideas. Well, Mr. Stathis, I had more enjoyment reading those multitudes of IDEAS (without plot structure) than almost any story. If Tom Digby computed those ideas, then Lou, he is my favorite 'computer-generator'. I'd love to reprint some of those ideas here, but I recommend you send a request to Mike Glycer for PREHENSILE SIX. (A superior zine, by the way, a few too many book reviews for my taste, but excellently repro, illos, and provocative pieces.)

Cy Chauvin muses: "...maybe all sf stories are set in alternate universes... none of them are ever really set in 'the' future. If they were, they would become present-day contemporary fiction, just as that kind of fiction becomes historical fiction after a certain number of years. When I read Heinlein's THE MAN WHO SOLD THE MOON, it reminds me of a parallel/alternate universe story. Man landed on the moon, but it happened far differently than Heinlein or any other sf writer told. No sf story has come 'true'." Then Cy takes issue with my casting economics, etc. out of sf. The best sf, he says, deals with all sciences as a whole. He cites the example of the effect the automobile has had in technology, economics, culture, etc. A robot story should speculate economically and socially as well as the physical science elements. He wants a balance, and states my position, I guess, when he says: "...you just don't want to see the physical sciences pushed out by the other stuff..."

**A**USSIES & **A**USSIEFANS & **A**USSIEFANENS & 'Ow yer goin' ayte?' by Ed Gagle &  
Eric Lindsay, 6 Hillcrest Ave., Paulsonbridge, NSW 2776 Ornatrylin

\* approved by the Gillespie Bureau of Propaganda Standards \* ... in his absence, by EC

Not long ago, Old Bone allowed it might be worth trying an interview bit with the Australia Fans, to acquaint US fen with Aussie fen. In a few days letters were on their way to Australia which contained a list of questions that were at best....whimsical, but pertinent. Eric Lindsay, who publishes a zine called GEGENSCHWEIN, got one list of my questions, and immediately sent back an answer that expressed mild dismay at the result of any such impulsive actions on his part. Actually, he said, "I can't answer those questions! What are you trying to do? Get me out of fandom?"

I lied to him by saying, "Why no, Eric! Whatever made you think a thing like that?"

Eric moderated his formerly negative stand on the matter by saying, "Aw, I don't know. Maybe one of these days."

That was a few weeks ago. The other day a letter came from Eric, typed on the back of the copy he used to type the answers to my questions on stencil for his zine. He included an apology for having misunderstood my suggestion that his responses were to be printed in TITLE. In view of the fact that the bit has already been published, I shall replace it with an introduction to Eric, to allow TITLE people to better understand Eric when I do get something out of him. Heh heh heh....

Eric Lindsay is a young, single, handsome Aussie, who recently built a new house, and who is making subtle noises about capturing an American bride. It seems he favors greasy, clotted, fat-loaded US cooking, or something. He works in High Finance, and makes long voyages on the train at regular intervals in connection with his work. It is during these voyages that he writes and publishes his fanzine. He writes all personal letters at work.

The Beautiful Blue Mountains surrounds Eric's home. A man of poetic leanings, he is often wont to describe the clouds which float lazily across the face of the mighty peaks just outside the window where he sits at his desk. If one were to gaze out a window on the opposite side, one would see an asphalted wagon track mistakenly named the Great Western Highway shimmering in the distance.

Eric collects odd and unusual furniture, strictly for practical purposes. One of his most unusual pieces is a desk with a drawer that forecasts the weather with amazing accuracy. It is reported that his writing room is papered with US maps, but the report is unsubstantiated.

For recreation Eric takes extended tours of the Never Never on a small and very unreliable motorcycle, carrying leaking bottles and cans and jugs of every description. The Australian tradition of taking a brief sojourn from the daily grind, often termed 'a Walkabout', thrives - or at least has thriven - in the breast of Eric Lindsay. Recently Eric completed one such journey into the interior of Australia, and placed an interesting article on his travels in a well-known US fanzine. Eric is a man of the Great Outdoors. He loves nature at its most ruthless, and was once known to drive for 49 hours through a driving rainstorm, following it in its course down the eastern coast of the continent. The rumor that he was actually trying to outrun the storm, and in so doing managed to stay within a mile-wide squall for a record amount of time, is not verified.



ERIC LINDSAY (continued)

Literarily, Eric is prolific and well acquainted with many of the ranking figures in Australian literature. He almost rode to the Sydney SF convention in the private vehicle of one of the most renowned authors and publishers ever to have emerged halfway from the Australian Outback, the famous and individualistic Aussie humorist and historian, John J. Alderson. (Publishes CHAO) Though not a man to trade on the names of the famous, Eric once hinted that he actually watched the infamous AussieFan John Bangsund spill claret into equally accomplished and erudite Aussie John Foyster's very strange looking beard. Eric modestly denies knowing these famous AussieFans personally, by swearing that his relations of these incidents are true.

Duty is all-important to Eric Lindsay. Though he suffers great personal anguish, he serves as the President of the Sydney Science Fiction & Elevator-Inspecting Group; he reigns over meetings that are models of order. His record for official business meetings completed is 7 minutes.

US fen should know Eric Lindsay. Despite the editorial criminality I alluded to previously, Eric is a Trufan. Also a crack pistol shot.

end....

And, at No. 135 is the very Shunned House itself. Ironically, it has not been restored, nor does an old colonist's nameplate grace it. It is not deserted, but, in this area of shined-up, newly painted small houses, it is just sufficiently shabby to make a Lovecraftian comfortable! Unlike the other houses, it is fortunate enough to possess a garden alongside it, large enough for another of the characteristically small houses. The garden is somewhat, appropriately, weedy, and is contiguous with the first story of the house, reached by a stone staircase. (Anyone familiar with Finlay's superb draw-

PILGRIMAGE TO HPL'S BELOVED HOMETOWN - Ben Indick

(After the tantalizing few sentences on this subject in Ben's letter printed in T8, I asked Ben if he would tell us more -- and he has.....)

I took advantage of a brief New England vacation this past summer to detour home via Providence. It was, after all, about time I should make my pilgrimage to HPL's beloved hometown. Were my wife and two teen kids equal idolators, it might have been a more extensive visit; as it was, I was lucky to squeeze in a few minutes of HPL between ice creams.

Providence is, in spite of HPL's enthusiasm, and forty years later, a typical major New England town, rather sprawling, difficult to get around in the outmoded small streets, which have a way of ending abruptly in new pedestrian malls; built around decaying industry, old mills, broken-down areas into which the immigrants HPL detested moved, and are now leaving, a shapeless mass bisected by major highways and encircled by others, all dotted by innumerable filling stations and ice cream stands.

My patience, never an outstanding quality in my makeup, was quickly worn, and, after a number of directional errors, I decided to skip his last actual home (moved to a new site now) and also to skip the cemetery (my family finds no wistful rumination in the contemplation of things and people past) and just opt for the famed, infamous "shunned house".

I did manage to find, finally, HPL's beloved Benefit Street, and this was our first amiable surprise, for, if anything, the street must be more beautiful today, and redolent of its considerable colonial past than it was in HPL's day. It is a very long street, on a high part of Providence; Brown University lies behind it, on even higher ground. The street is quite narrow, wide enough for one row of parked cars, and perhaps another car-and-a-half width, and it is lined with homes of Revolutionary War vintage. The beauty of the street is that most of the homes have been or are being restored, each with a name-plate of the owners in those "ancient" times. Tree-lined, the street is one to find rest and loveliness within.



## PILGRIMAGE (continued)

ing, somewhat condensed from actuality, can picture this for himself.) The bottom, basement floor, is at sidewalk level, and has several windows and a door. All are shuttered or, obviously, barred; they would prove easy ((sic)) entrance for burglars. However, this contributes something to our mood as we suspect strange creatures locked within. Our reverie is somewhat broken, though, by the appearance, in a bay window at the far side of the house, of a device HPL would have de-tested, would have flown from, would have truly shunned this house -- an air conditioner!

I took two quick photos, difficult because of the irrelevant line of parked cars, and the heavily boughed trees in full bloom o'ershadowing the house, and then we also fled. I hope to be able to return to Providence, however, to revisit this house, and, perhaps, see it more fully; also, to visit other Lovecraft sites.

I do not have his imagination which could ignore contemporary intrusions, and repeople the area in colonial terms; however, I have an appreciation which can accept his mind's eye as demonstrated in his splendid letters.

Having given you, or having tried to give, some beauty, allow me to present something of the opposite, the Beast, in contemporary life.. ((continued next month))

## WHY SHOULD SF FANDOM BOTHER WITH OTHER FANDOMS ?

--- by Jeff Schalles

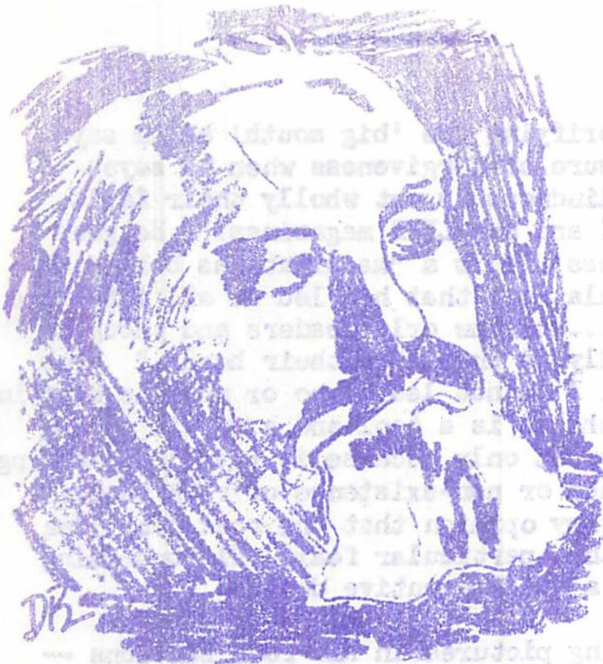
Why does Mr. Larson think that SF fans should get along with and inter-react with Comics, Monster, and whatever else fandoms? There is a slight relation here, but so slender as to lead me to believe that the fans involved in each are of completely different temperments.

I have no interest in Comics and Movies, other than a slight respect for some of the higher quality products of the field. I have little interest in discussing the history, politics and traditions of SF fandom with someone who knows so little about it as to think that it is in any way similar with these other fandoms. To my knowledge, and if I am wrong I will eat all these words, Comics and Movie fandom are in their infancy, little more than 10-15 years old at the outside. They are populated with hoards of youthful devotees, but very few of older stature and experience. The majority of them have little or no interest in SF fandom, except that they like to go to SF cons to trade comic books with each other and get in the way of the people for whom the convention was originally intended. I do not go to Comic Book conventions. I have no interest and no reason to go. I respect their right to hold their own conventions for their own purposes. But I do not see it written anywhere that I have to accept them with open arms at my own affairs.

SF fandom is much smaller than either Comics or Movie Fandom. True SF fans number probably less than 1,000 (not counting transient neofans, fringe-fans, gafia fans and the like), and less than half of these comprise the hard core of convention attendees. But these other two fandoms have legions of fans (and they brag about their sizes) numbering many many times as many as SF fans.

To put it bluntly, SF fans are fed up with these other fans. Most SF fans are quite displeased to find quantities of Comic and Movie fans at their private functions. The World SCIENCE FICTION Convention is not the place for Movie and Comix fans to gather to peddle their wares. If they want world cons, they should organize their own. Every SF con to date has been run by and for SF fans. The attendance of Comics and Movie fans is incidental, but frightening when you realize that as many as two-thirds of the attendees aren't even interested in the actual programing. Cons have to resort to around-the-clock movies to keep these crowds of unknown, disinterested non-SF fans from flooding everything. I am not a snob. I merely ask that people who want to interact on SF ground know something about the fannish ground upon which we stand. I respect them, but I have no time for their history and background. I see no reason for comradeship. We're not headed in the same direction.





RICHARD S. SHAVER (from photo)

## HASTY IMPRESSIONS OF RICHARD S. SHAVER

(Since the Shaver letter, partially reprinted in TITLE #9, your editor has received 5 more letters including pictures, comments on pictures, and printed pamphlets from Mr. Shaver, and expects more momentarily. This is an informal resume of that material.)

Richard S. Shaver, by his own admission is an old grouch; he may also be a genius. He has the one thing that all such men have: a fixed idea, apparently unshakable by all current standards of scientific knowledge and even commonsense. If he is mistaken in his fixed idea, he is not a genius. That's how slim the dividing line is, and which side he is on depends only on the future. There are enough examples of past misjudgements to make one wary of instant condemnation. However, blind acceptance, without a kindly skepticism, is also in error.

What does Richard S. Shaver say? What is his fixed idea?

It is entirely possible that he may correct me, but this is what I understand. He thinks:

1. There are pictures (even words) in rocks
2. In natural size or magnified we can see these pictures.
3. They were put there by an ancient technological process by either human or pre-human or alien intelligences (the doubt of the agent being my own at this stage of the game.)
4. The pictures we see on rock faces or slices are distorted, or partial, or sectional portions.
5. The pictures were meant to be seen in sequence (as in a 3-D motion holograph) by use of a projector available to the intelligences that produced the "cassettes".
6. The proper interpretation of the pictures and words reveal lost knowledge.
7. Anyone of us, by diligent study, can "read" the rocks, granting certain misinterpretations because of the distortions previously cited.

Richard S. Shaver is sincere. He is frustrated. He is lonely for understanding. For instance, he writes: "...the hard part is to find an intelligent listener like yourself to explain or prove rock books exist. I have been looking for YOU for some 18 years, and only just now found you. No one else really believes or listens. they give me a long song dance about ink-blots, cloud pictures, etc." But I had written just such an explanation to him, which for the moment he seems to have forgotten, but later in the very same letter, he says: "...you proceed to tell me you don't believe in them, that they 'must be' like cloud pictures or ink blots...I am so used to this particular gambit I can repeat it all in my sleep."

Naturally, Shaver is down on authoritative science. He has had some experience with being shuffled off - with at least one museum curator he mentions and others to whom he has sent photographs of rock pictures. No need to quote his bitterness here for it is highly understandable.



(Shaver continued)

He is also down on the world's educative process, glorifying the 'big mouth' as he says. Thus, although condemning most moderns, he has a measure of forgiveness when he says: "...people can't be bothered to look or think. This blindness is not wholly their fault, and is part of the same process that removed our LOOK and our LIFE magazines." He goes a little further than castigating the educative process; it is a "machinations behind the scenes, the same secret applications of mental manipulations that has led us all into this deadly box of pollution and world population density...all the orid leaders and thought leaders are removed from the scene of action as rapidly as they show their heads." From the evidence of his communications of the past month, I cannot learn who or what is carrying on these machinations. He says only, "...the establishment is a tool and a victim of the manipulation by ? for ? what end?" I mention this aspect only because it reveals something of Mr. Shaver, and has nothing to do with the existence or non-existence of rock books, unless some of the books have told this story. It is my opinion that the rock book idea would be better received if Mr. Shaver did not have this particular fear. Without being specific about this "secret group" he twice mentions a "telaugmentive device".

Let's get back to the rock pictures. I admit to seeing pictures in his rock sections -- just as I see pictures in clouds, dark bushes on a deserted driveway, and ink blots. The latter is not a comparable example because an ink blot, though random, has a bi-lateral symmetry, which already duplicates many of the bilateral forms we know. However, a skyfull of fluffy clouds with their reptiles, sheep, faces, etc. are not only comparable, they are in motion WITHOUT a projector. I could develop a fixed idea that extra-terrestrial beings are actually projecting a story sequence in the clouds. Mr. Shaver might well scoff.

But I have several times asked him (after admitting I do see pictures in rocks) what makes him think the pictures were put there... As yet I have received no answer. I have been treated on the one hand with scoffing scientists and on the other hand as sympathetic to his idea. He has told me dogmatically that if I would only study the pictures I would understand that an intelligence put them there. He has taken back his calling me a "big mouth" -- done to get my attention -- but so far nothing he has shown me go any further than items 1 and 2 on my previous summary of his idea fixes. Perhaps he is leading me rather slowly to point 3.

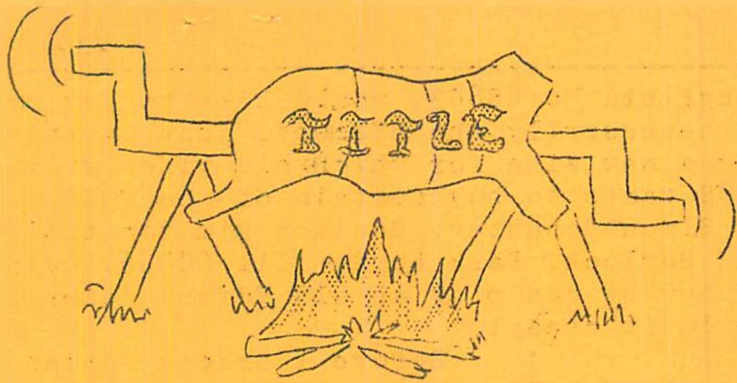
Mr. Shaver has to explain some perceptual phenomena. For instance, he sent me a picture of the moon (a sort of big rock book) in which he saw a queenly head with a pointed nose facing a man's face, the man with his fist and extended thumb touching his chin. I saw it too, but I also saw some other pictures he didn't mention: a doll (sort of like ancient movie star Clara Bow) with a black blouse and a long metallic skirt; a William the Conqueror type with chain mail helmet (the doll's skirt) drinking from a cup with a spoon in it (the fist and thumb of the other figure); a turban-wrapped swarthy native getting his tongue cut out. The point is that figures (and the field, too) are ambiguous, and don't fall into patterns until a gestalt snaps into the brain. Some people never can see the figures. Once seen (and this may take a finite period of time), the 'secret' figure is always then seen immediately and one wonders how it eluded notice so long. Also, pictures may alternate between the dark areas and the light, or ups and downs may reverse. In 1971 SCIENCE magazine's cover reprinted a classic figure which everyone sees as a pretty lady, but continued looking shift the figure to that of a witch whose nose was formerly the chin of the beautiful woman.

Because of perceptual investigations into the above phenomena, and others, I am sure that appropriate and more credible explanations have been brought forward.

However, since TITLE is a sort of journal of idea & opinion, in a small universe, you can expect to see some more of Shaver's ideas in these pages.



THE FINAL ANALYSIS  
THE FINAL ANALYSIS  
THE FINAL ANALYSIS



where everyone gets a bit  
of the barbecue.....

JIM MEADOWS rants: "Brazier you unmitigated fiend! The monthlies are almost as big as the quarterlies! You fiend, you gafiator, you two-stapling fout spewing blog chewing ruffian!!! This is already the 5th page of my loc. You'd better get down to a decent size or the Great Bird of the Galaxy will condemn you to hectoed zines for the rest of your days." JOHN LEAVITT complains softly: "Donn, why did you increase the size of TITLE? The thought of facing a zine of such size and content three times a year was bad enough, but every month is terrifying. It's gonna be rarely that I get up the steam to loc everything. You have forced me to become selective; \*sob\*." MICHAEL T. SHOEMAKER says: "...impressed with large size, good, but don't let it get so big that producing it becomes too great. One of the best things about TITLE is its frequency and regularity of a perfectly monthly schedule." ((To these & similar remarks, your ed says..you've forced me into it with all the good stuff from so many good people...monthlies will be about 20-22 pages; quarterlies (or thirdlies as the case may be) will be about twice that size. Great Bird of the Galaxy - get a coconut stuck in your throat!))

ED CONNOR says: "Glad to see your interest is not diminishing and that the zine continues to be fertilized by a vociferous readership." ((A few readers have expressed concern that TITLE's format is changing.)) In a December letter JACKIE FRANKE says: "Do I note a change in tone? More columns, less interaction of readership." And in a January letter Jackie continues: "You seem to be going through a subtle evolution in format. I like it, but do be careful, please! Don't rely so heavily upon reviews, reports, columns, etc. that the taste of immediacy is lost or overwhelmed. TITLE has the flavor of a rap session, and its uniqueness is appreciated." NORMAN HOCHBERG says bluntly: "Maybe I'm being a reactionary but I'd like to see the old TITLE before the columns and articles took over. TITLE had a particular flavor that no other fmz had and now you're losing it. Don't, please." ((Editor's rebuttal to all this...in the past the thin monthlies were all reader/editor at 10-12 pages; the present thicker issues still have 10-12 pages of the same with added articles/columns/etc. I figure you've gained, not lost; besides, it's the readers who send me their 'extended' thoughts. Evolution cannot be stopped!))

The BRUCE ARTHUR cartoon over at the right is used to illustrate an odd phenomenon... About four readers are mistaking me for Ed Cagle, the publisher of that 'different' fmz, KWALA. They are saying that I eat wild pickles with beer. Not so, repeat, not so! Speaking of KWALA, T-12 will review it and other fanzines received recently, such as a beautiful ENERGUMEN and other beautiful specimens of crankmanship.



RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!  
THE WILD PICKLE'S  
OUT OF ITS CAGE!



FINAL ANALYSIS (continued)

P. 20

JEFF MAY, 1603 E. Division, Springfield Mo 65803, would like to buy or otherwise get old fanzines - not necessarily the BNZines, just average fmz of interest. Jeff is planning a new zine for which old zines will be considered payment. JIM MEADOWS wants to buy certain of the POGO books of Walt Kelly published by Simon&Schuster. Contact him for titles and haggling over the prices - 62 Hemlock, Park Forest, Ill 60466. Jim has a question: does anyone know how he can play an old Edison record with the up-and-down grooves and do it cheaply?

Before I traced Adrian Clair's drawing (p.7) it looked sort of like a ship sliding off the way; after mimeoing I see a clown-like cowboy, and I'm sure Adrian is tearing his hair out by ole Barbecue's transformation!

I had a chance to say something about sf on a local radio (FM station) in early Jan.; interviewed 15 minutes about the usual sf cliches.

Forgot a ROY TACK-ETT note I should have used earlier in Final Analysis: "I think the main problem with your format is that it leads to comments on comment on comments forever and ever amen." I am reminded of DOUG LEINGANG opinions of a similar nature; and the Maury story by NORMAN HOCHBERG from a past TITLE about the "recycled newsstories". This is another reason I have used more articles/columns/etc. in what might be called "hassle relief".

I really hate to mention this, but on the SCIENCE magazine of 5 Jan.73 there is a picture of a rock slide and Shaver has conditioned my mind to see "pictures" in it; faces, a man digging or collapsed in the picture's center, and a girl's profile over his shoulder, and a large white dog with a cask of beer in his mouth, and a little man peering out of a cave (but upside down) and a...  
uh....

Way back in November I sent a request to Loretta Vitek for her questionnaire from which she was to get information for a "Senior Essay". Not a word...anyone? Has the senior essay come and gone, and has she written the facts about fandom?

CHRIS HULSE asked why TITLE is called TITLE... It is not called BARBECUE, KWALA, SPLRFSK, or SPACEWARP. All the good names have been used; and so I let the general stand in for the specific. TITLE will also win the grandest title of them all: the Hugo Podzyski award for more than 50% legibility.

What one item did you like (or dislike) most in TITLE 1-11? Can be a phrase, a paragraph, a thing, a.....

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# LOOPING

WITH  
JOHN LEAVITT

A DEPARTMENT ABOUT ODDITIES AND OPINIONS IN SCIENCE FICTION & FANTASY

---

In 1809 Benjamin Bathurst, the British diplomat, vanished on November 25th; on the same date in 1872, the last entry was made in the log of the MARIE CELESTE; also on that same date in 1926 Poul Anderson was born. John W. Campbell and Robert E. Howard died on the same day, July 11. The lead character in Kurt Vonnegut's MOTHER NIGHT is named Howard W. Campbell, Jr. Not that I think any of this means anything.

A final exam I wrote on PALE FIRE by Nabokov, THE FRENCH LIEUTENANT'S WOMAN by Fowles, MOTHER NIGHT by Vonnegut, and THE INVISIBLE MAN by Ralph Ellison showing how they are all fantasies pulled down an A-.

If you do all your reading in bed, Mr. Editor, I can see why you prefer short stories. Whenever I become horizontal I only have one reaction: sleep. Uh, well, when I'm alone of course.

I'm fascinated by Nazi Germany because it's the only example in recent history (or maybe all of history) of a truly alien culture. Every other culture - Oriental, aboriginal, Moslem, American, etc. - all had a sort of common base -- the ideal of "light". The Nazis were building a culture based on the ideal of "darkness". Alienness attracts me because it is so strange, and repels me because it is against everything in my own culture.

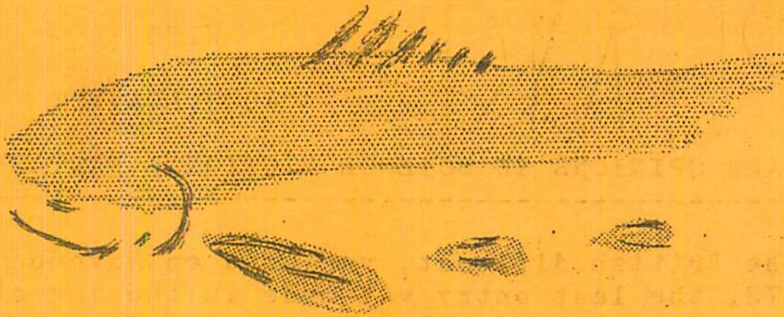
My whole philosophy centers around the "might-be-ness" of things. The way I see it, everything we know or believe, no matter how logical the process of thought that leads to it, has an irrational emotional decision at the base of it, even if it's just choosing which sources of information we are willing to believe. Every logical system, even geometry, has things which must be accepted without proof, that are incapable of being ultimately known to be true or false. Objectively, all sources of information are equal, whether a dream, a newspaper account, or actually witnessing the event. It is impossible to function in an objective world, therefore, because your sources of information would continually contradict each other. That's why I'm down on literary criticism with standards assumed RIGHT, so that GOOD and BAD are determined by them. I keep in mind that everything, no matter how rational it appears, is ultimately derived from an emotional guess. And so by being subjective I'm being more objective than the people who claim objectivity for their subjective views. Any objections?

I just joined the Universe Book Club. The books I got are MASTERING WITCHCRAFT by Paul Huson, THE NEW PAGANS by Hans Holzer, WHAT WITCHES DO by Stewart Farrar, and a very thick book called THE OCCULT: A HISTORY by Colin Wilson. He wrote a Lovecraftian novel, THE MIND PARASITES. It wasn't bad, but...HPL it wasn't. How anyone can say Lovecraft, CASmith, or A. Merritt were bad writers is beyond my ability to grasp. Disliking them, yes, but unreadable! No!

The founder of Cal Tech, Jack Parsons, was a disciple of Crowley and a friend and collaborator in magic with L. Ron Hubbard. Ain't that a surprise?

Blish says more to me than 90% of the writers in the field, particularly in his best work like SURFACE TENSION.





THE TAIL  
END

Eagerly you await the connectivity report...but, sorry, the sample of T-readers reporting (and counting only other T-readers in the net) was just 19 plus T-editor. Maximum loops came to 361 with actual loops of 63; this is a saturation of 17.4 %. There were just two non-connected loops, however, with the tiny loop between one reader & Brazier -- all other readers were interconnected without looping to TITLE. Maximum direct connections with others was eight for one reader (omitting T's editor who, of course, is connected to all 19.) It would be interesting to compare this sampling with another kind of group - say the Turtle Society - except that I'm in no other group.

Thinking of acupuncture, and having access to an ohmeter, I wondered if there were spots on the face that might show different resistances between themselves and the common lead grounded in the mouth. I discovered such a spot (two actually because of symmetry) at the inside corner of the eyebrow. The very next day my son received an annual review of science for his encyclopedia set, and in which there was a drawing of a head with locations of acupuncture spots. Yes, the eyebrow corner was just such a spot! Then I found other acupuncture spots -- all of them having a lower resistance on the meter. What this might mean I have no idea - are there nerve paths? Blood vessels? Something else offering less resistance to the feeble current of the ohmeter?

Shaver has me seeing faces, etc. in everything! Have a couple of dandies in a photo of Mars. Then, Jim Kennedy sent me a Xmas card showing a deer, some foliage, and sky. In the blue of the sky & a piece of white cloud there is the bearded profile of Richard S. Shaver himself! Unless Lord Jim Kennedy has a beard, a sharp nose, and a piercing glance!

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