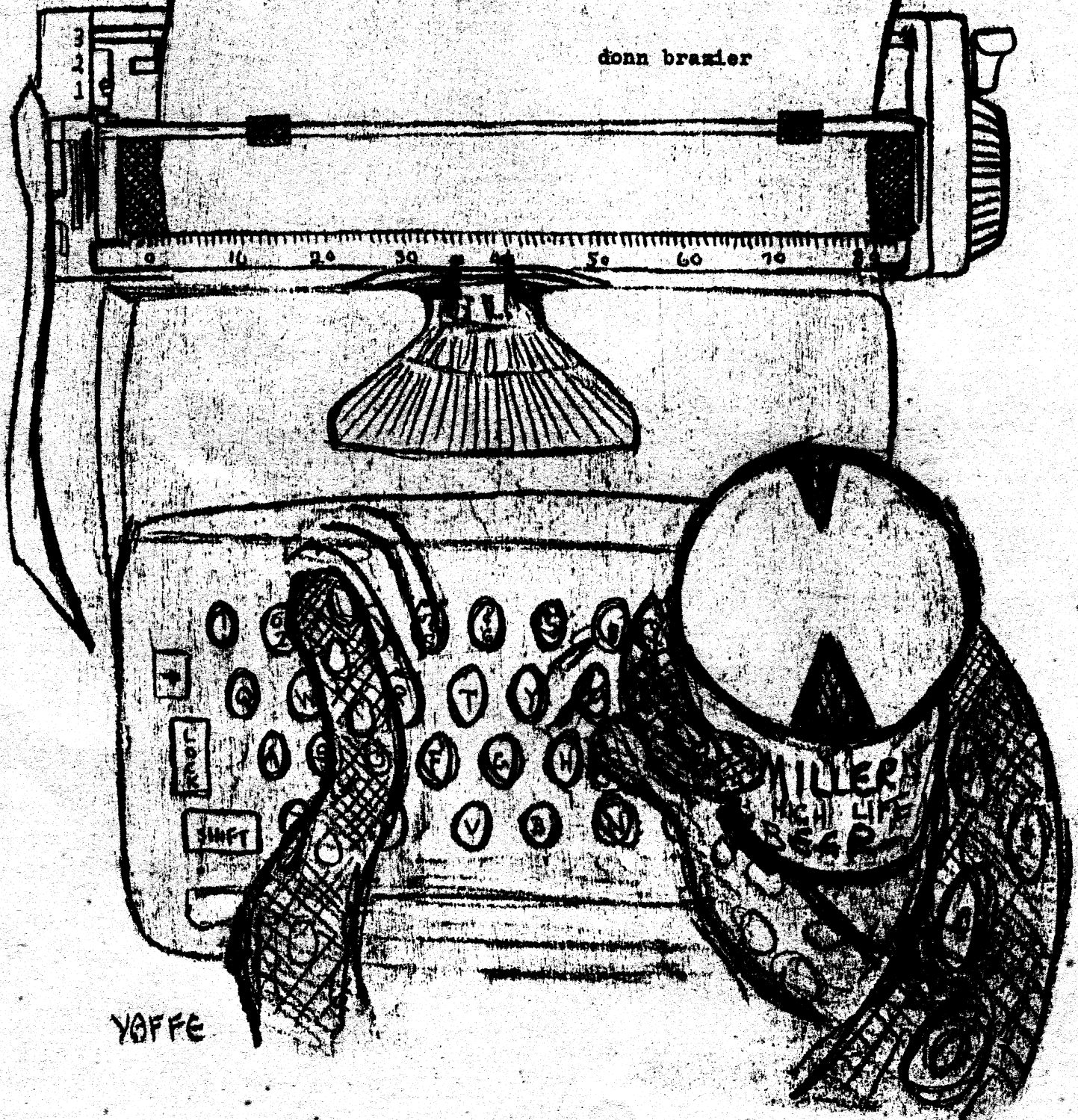


TITLE # 12

MARCH 1973

donn brazier

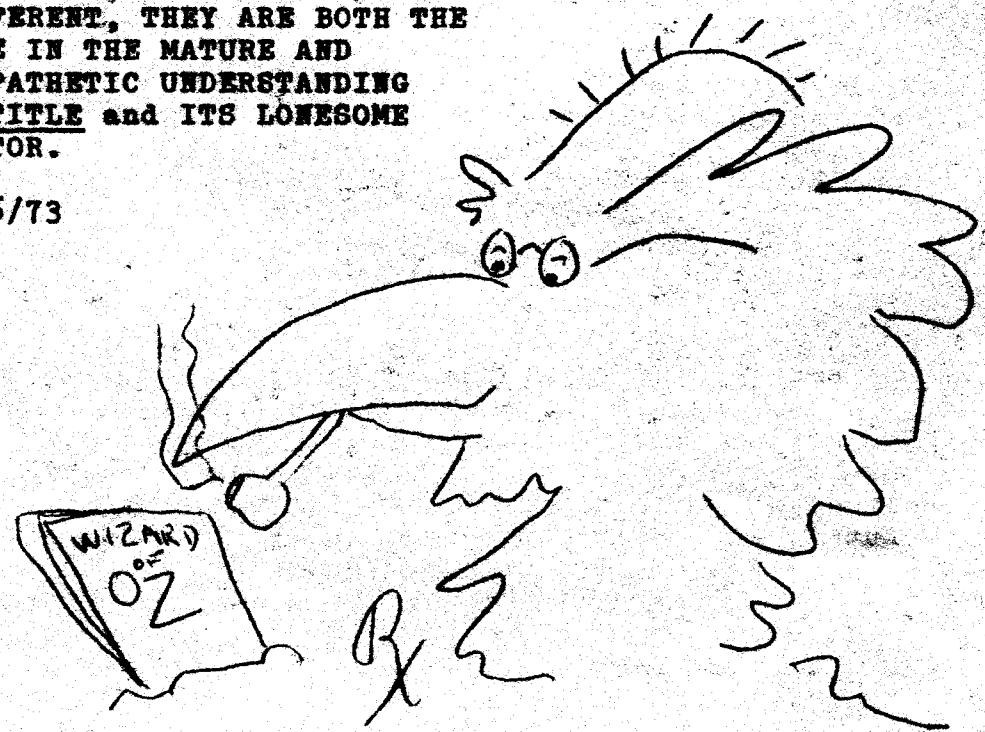




TOUCAN CAGLE

THIS ISSUE IS DEDICATED TO TWO OLD-TIMERS THAT HAVE BEEN AN ENCOURAGEMENT TO ME FROM THE VERY BEGINNING: ED CAGLE and BEN INDICK. THOUGH EACH ONE IS DIFFERENT, THEY ARE BOTH THE SAME IN THE MATURE AND SYMPATHETIC UNDERSTANDING OF TITLE and ITS LONESOME EDITOR.

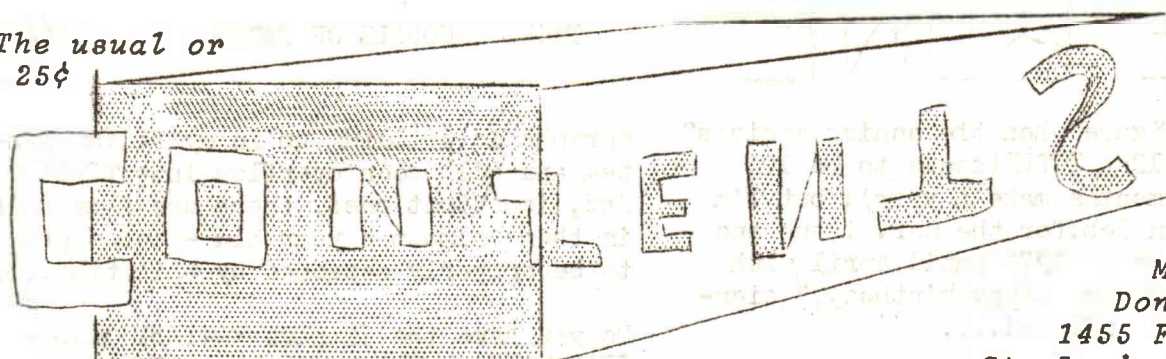
2/16/73



TOUCAN INDICK

M. Scott

The usual or
25¢



P3

TITLE 12
March, 1973
Donn Brazier
1455 Fawnvalley
St. Louis, Mo. 63131

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DEDICATION, Ed Cagle & Ben Indick, two asymmetrics, by Mike Scott
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ARTICLE, "Keep Your Warp Straight" by Al Jackson pp 8-9
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Garbage can by Ben Indick; diagram by Balazs
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OLE BONE

TAKES A COUPLE OF PAGES

p.4

How do you figure when the anniversary arrives? This is the 12th TITLE (seems to be 12 months & 12 months make a year); but I'm doing this in Feb. for the Mar. issue and I didn't start in 1972 until April with TITLE #1. "Anyway, happy birthday," signed Barbek the Inflamed....

Listen, ole Barbecue Buddies, don't write me letters of discouragement like, "Gee whiz, I wrote you a zillion page LoC and you only used one quote." There's the matter of timing. Here it is Feb. 12 and if your letter came the 13th none of it could get in TITLE 12 because I'm about done. Then, maybe your LoC gets split up into its parts and in T 13 I don't go into any of the topics for which you wrote such great parts. So, have patience -- it might take 6 months. But, yes, go ahead and write me gripe-letters; that way I know you're as anxious as Cagle without a wild pickle.

Someone (think it was Mark Mumper) said the Quick Quotes weren't as meaningful, etc. as they used to be. Methinks he was confusing Bregnant Baragraphs (meaningful quotes from books etc.) with snappy sayings & other trivia from Title readers which fit into Quick Quotz because I don't know where else to put them. Bregnant Bar-

agraphs is building up in my filing system and will soon overflow into TITLE. And, impatient ones, there are some BB's in there almost a year old - and ought to be properly seasoned by this time....

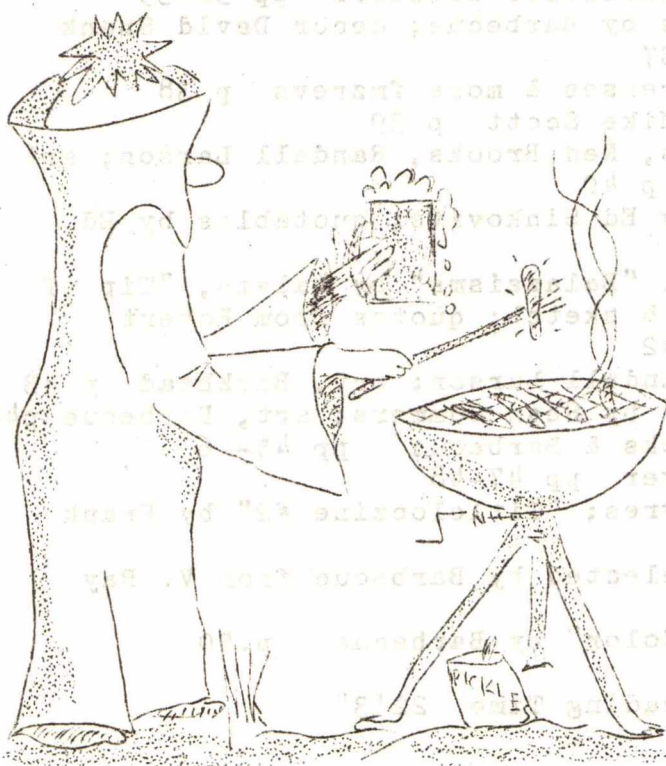
Do you have the 52 page FANTASY CLASSIFICATION SYSTEM by Alastair Cameron printed in 1952? I just got one from Chester D. Cuthbert who says he's not sure how many copies he has left. He will attempt to supply any TITLE reader at a special price. Besides being a way to classify sf/fantasy, the zine is an obvious 'plotting guide' to would-be sf writers who have only to mix the elements creatively to come up with hundreds of new ideas. After noting that only 500 copies of this were struck, I feel fortunate to have one.

A familiar theme in many of your letters is still: geez, it must be a lot of work to categorize the LoCs, etc. Granted, but if one wants to have fun as an editor, one should act like an editor, not a copyist. The typing, the cranking, the folding, etc. is somewhat of a bore, but the marking up of your mail, the classifying and pigeon-holing, and then the selection onto the clean stencil -- ah, there's the fun!

Frankly, too, there's the thrill of putting on stencil of something that I feel is a "communication"; and, as I type it, I say to myself: "Hope this doesn't pass over everyone's head, hope it stimulates some new-directional thinking. Not every piece measures up to this goal -- some is just plain nonsense, for fun; some is news & personal glimpses, a sort of glue to form a readership group.

The chain, the round-robin satire, had my link added to Arthurs', Lesko's and Balazs', and it is now in the hands of Jim Kennedy, or possibly on its way from him to Norm Hochberg.

Last July I picked up PSYCHIC, a prozine that seemed to be a notch above the usual occult crud. The next issue I saw on the stands was Dec. which reaffirmed the good impression. I wonder if anyone else has seen this magazine and has formed any opinions about it?



One of the many dangers of a 'quote-type' zine such as this is quoting out of context. And, cross my fingers, no one has yet sent me a bomb for doing so. Quoting out of context can get a guy into a peck of trouble; perhaps not so serious is the ever-present lack of clarity, to which I am afraid some new readers find fault and rightly so; but, geewhiz fellows, I hate to take the space to reset the stage for the newcomers. An example of a serious misunderstanding I could easily lead you into unsuspectingly is a little thing on p.42 of INTELLECTUAL DIGEST (Mar.) if I were to quote out of context. "At the Ok-
lo quarry in Gabon, West Africa, researchers found the isotope uranium 235 in the low proportions usually found only in 'spent' fuel from nuclear reactors." Makes one think of a long-lost civilization who knew atomic power; or a visit from ancient astronauts. However, the rest of the paragraph gives a geological explanation; I could have kept that part secret.

Same magazine gives another thought to the fascinating idea of an ancient civilization. It tells of two new ideas as to the cause of the dinosaur disappearance. Number 2 concerns thin egg shells. Now, friends, what is known today that causes thin eggshells? DDT. So, did the 'ancient race' use too much DDT and unwittingly cause the downfall of the dinosaurs?

Same magazine has an interview with two 'mind-researchers' inducing nondrug ways of altered states of consciousness. Read the experiment top of page 17 in which the old witch's cradle is used to swing the subject off his feet in a stimuli exclusion state. Think now...have you ever swung gently in the old fashioned canvas hammock on a quiet Sunday...did you not find your mind spinning fabulous tales of sweet-filled dream? ...Same article recommended to anyone who liked the book, THE CRACK IN THE COSMIC EGG... ((I may hve more to say about the 'cosmic egg' book at a later date.))

The subject of 'creativity' is one of my favorites (as is obvious since I pay out cash to experiment with this zine and have a hundred creative feedback artists such as you to keep the hopper full). I have been putting myself to sleep recently by watching the Randall Thomas 'little

pictures' (T #8) but last night I found something that must have worked great because I had time to do only one. Rules: take any three widely divergent objects and combine them into a moving picture. I'll confess my one and only picture (to sleep evidently in short order). First, I gave myself a horse; then a folded-accordion type Japanese fan; then a bunch of beebie shot. The fan became the horse tail, unfolded, and the beebies were in the valleys of the fan. As the horse shook his tail the beebies went flying out like a scattered shotgun blast. Yup, that's it! Not much good for anything except I WENT TO SLEEP. I'm rather impatient to see what my 'movie' tonight will be. Whatever it is, friends, I am never going to bring it up again. That's a promise!

Addendum to my note about maybe not seeing your quote or whatever in the very next TITLE: works the same way with topics being discussed. There may be a gap of two months or more; it's rather like the 'leap-frog' system of the SF Book Club. Think about it, and you'll see why they and I have the same problem and the same solution. Because, while you are working on LoCs to this issue, I am already at work on #13. ((My selection of books for 10¢ arrived today - what a bargain! Now, if they can only keep the computer on the beam!))

Has anyone seen the magazine (and 'game') called STRATEGY & TACTICS? Since the magazine is rather expensive I'd like to know more about it.

Now, since I publish no advertisements I shall list a few endorsements here:

"Congratulations on TITLE #11. It may very well be of the order of those things which are much sought after in later years." -- Claire Beck

"Title has a neat format." -- Don Blyly

"Meadows is right about your putting more and more in your monthlies. I can just see your quarterly being over 100 pages at this rate. And the thing about it is that you'd make the whole thing readable and interesting." -- Larry Carmody

((Had to get that egoboo on record-- as the Duke says, 'Love you madly!'))

Have I mentioned I joined the National Fantasy Fan Federation (NFFF or N3F) for the second time? The first time was when it first started - whenever that was, though I'm not sure that I was a Charter Member. Already I have received four letters of welcome; from Rose Hogue, Dorothy Jones, Sharon White, and Sean Summers. Also today arrived TIGHTBEAM #76 from Joe D. Siclari, 1607 McCaskill Ave., Apt 3, Tallahassee, Fla 32304. TB has Bureau news, letters, and info; in case you want to join (\$2/year) write to Janie Lamb, Rt 1, Box 364, Heiskell, TN 37754. Also from Alma Hill a 10-page report on NFFF problems, duties, and recommendations for the NFFF room/suite at conventions. Oh, Alma welcomed me back to the club, too. Seems like a mighty friendly over-200 group; a 'quick plunge into fandom' for the nufan.

This year, for the first time, the Museum of Science here is free; so we put out a fishbowl for the convenience of appreciative visitors and collect about \$30/wk. It helps.

I keep a record of mail in and out and thought you might be interested in the first class mail response to TITLE since its beginning. April #1-19; May #2-31; June #3-29; July #4-53; Aug #5-27; Sept #6-58; Oct #7-76; Nov #8-65; Dec #9-80; Jan #10-88. Now, before you are misled, the responses are not from different readers, otherwise 88 replies to 100 or fewer TITLES mailed would be incredible. You have to take into account guys like Ed Cagle who's sent me about 20 letters in the last 3 1/2 months; and Ben Indick with 13. Note I left off February because today is the 15th with 38 replies in. Part of the fun is watching your 'baby' grow; yet, I have limited circulation to 100 because it costs a lot of money to feed 'baby'.

Ben Indick sent me some clippings from THE VILLAGE VOICE which prove that LoCicero is not the only one that has problems with book publishers. Suits against writers; against publishers, etc. by people and groups who think themselves libeled or otherwise wronged. Nowadays it seems like a writer must not only have something to say and a craftsmanship way of saying it, but he'd better be a lawyer too. Wonder if fiction would give any trouble, especially sf/fantasy?

One of the local colleges is offering a course, 'Astrology: A Critical Study'. Get this now, by the physics department with a team of astrologer & astronomer! Maybe next year, 'Palmistry: A Critical Study' by a team of palm-reader and dermatologist. I suspect that certain of you will send me courses of your own devising.....

In a letter to Greg Burton I suggested that Jackson Pollack and John Coltrane - the one in art, the other in music - may have been ahead of their time in anticipating the holograph. Just as in the hologram negative, one small piece of the whole can represent the whole, i.e. if you leave the room when a Coltrane record is playing and then return you don't feel you missed anything; or blow-up photographically a small square of a Pollack painting and it looks just like the big original. Then Greg Burton said, "...it might be tied in with the type of thing Chip Delany and others are doing."

I'd have liked to print Don Ayres' piece on the 'irrelevancy of science' and some of the other shorter comments stemming from Paul Walker's first article, but Paul replied in length and was enough of that for this issue. I do want you to think about Kranefuss' drawing that sets off the article. It was not drawn for the article, since I've had it several months. Yet, the drawing reveals my own feeling that science, in even the silliest kinds of research, has a potential to be relevant to me and, I suspect, every civilized person. My statement reveals that I am primarily viewing science as a process that may or may not have a relevant end-product; and that the process is always relevant.

Is a word about BARBECUE SAUCE in order? SF fans are a wildly imaginative and lateral thinking bunch. I do not solicit, and yet I receive the strangest stuff. For these things was born the zine within a zine; I hope my serconnish readers will be amused.

Yesterday I met an English grad student who let me read four of his latest sf stories. His ideas are modern in the Harlan Ellison vein. I predict he will sell; so I wish to be the first to mention his name. It is Rick Wilber.

Let us pick up Louis Pauwels' and Jacques Bergier's THE MORNING OF THE MAGICIANS and read the following: "...we learned of the existence in Berlin shortly before the Nazis came to power, of a little spiritual community that is of great interest to us. This secret community was founded, literally, on Bulwer Lytton's novel THE COMING RACE....This Berlin group called itself The Luminous Lodge, or the Vril Society."

This small, harmless book of the 1860's that merely expressed an English nobleman's conception of a Utopia -- could it have sparked the philosophy of the Nazi party? Again, Pauwels and Bergier: "Bulwer Lytton, a learned man of genius, celebrated throughout the world...little thought that one of his books...would inspire a mystical pre-Nazi group in Germany."

If one is indeed fortunate to find a copy of Lord Lytton's little-known masterpiece, he should read it immediately. Bulwer Lytton imagined a race of supermen living beneath the surface of the earth. What made them the most powerful beings anywhere? It is a medical and psychological record that each individual has a latent energy within him, but which very few utilize. The Rosicrucians call this energy the "nous"; the Buddhists refer to it as the "samadhi"; but the French writer Jacolliot named it the "vril". It is an energy, when tapped, that allows its user to perform psychic feats.

Lytton's subterranean race, the Vril-ya, is not merely a group of exiles with occult strength, but the coming race. Soon the Vril-ya will enter the surface, but even the leaders of the race realize this entrance is at least a millenium away.

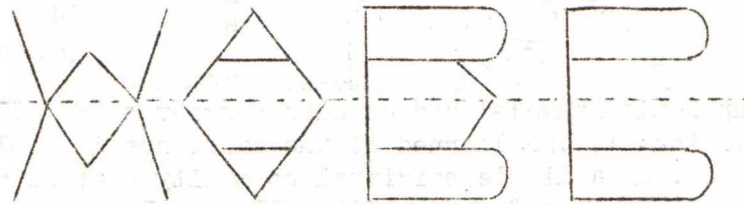
Lord Lytton, as narrator, describes the society he accidentally enters through a mine shaft. What follows in this Utopian adventure is a complete rundown of the entire underground culture: its language, which Lytton spends several chapters on, its social customs, quite different than those on the surface, and its government, which is a cross between a monarchy and a communist society. The content of the book, although intensely fascinating, seems to pale against its future.

The Vril Society of pre-Nazi Germany borrowed the idea of a possible society of mutations. Once again Pauwels and Bergier: "Whoever becomes master of the vril will be the master of himself, of others around him and of the world...The world will change: the Lords will emerge from the center of the Earth."

One cannot deny the presence of occult forces in Hitler's Germany. A brief glance at Hitler's MEIN KAMPF gives the reader the details. Hitler did not necessarily want a race of supermen or even the conquest of the planet. He dreamed for something beyond that: a goal of a perfect biological mutation, "which would result in an unprecedented exaltation of the human race and the 'apparition of a new race of heroes and demi-gods and god-men'". (MORNING OF THE MAGICIANS)

We pose again our original question: could this book of Bulwer Lytton's have had at least a grain of relationship to the Vril Society and the subsequent Nazi party? Maybe someone else has a more conclusive answer, but the idea remains the same: can a book, any book, spark a revolution or prevent one, literally? Would the United States have been as willing to enter the Second World War if Joseph Heller's CATCH-22 had been published in 1939? We cannot laugh this theory off as pure speculation and imagination, for one day we may come face to face with a coming race.

"To declare that something is impossible because it cannot be explained on a physiological or logical basis by our current state of knowledge is like saying that aspirin should not be used for relief of pain because the exact mechanism of how it works is not yet clearly understood." --



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I can remember as a teenager being taken with the idea of "anomilies" as put forward by Heinlein in STARMAN JONES. The story, of course, was a hyperspace method for FTL travel. Actually, I did not realize until a few years later that warps, hyperdrives and other space deforming FTL devices had a long history of use in science fiction, probably back to the early thirties. (Does anybody know of the first really reasonable appearance in SF of FTL "warps"?) Thus, as sophistication in my knowledge of science grew, I came to wonder if "warps" had any physical basis -- at least some theoretical justification. The answer is that there was no good answer until 1957.

As many may well know, Einstein had spent the last years of his life looking for a way to unify into a complete geometric field theory both gravitation and electromagnetism -- the so-called Unified Field Theory. Einstein and others never found a satisfactory answer along the lines they were working (though the effort still goes on as a back-room activity). However, in 1957, John Wheeler and one of his students, Charles Misner, rediscovered what is called "already" unified field theory (rediscovered because it was first written down in 1927 by an American mathematician, C. Rainich). Without going into details, this field theory says that you can unify electromagnetism as the special case where one is outside of or at least very far away from the charges and currents producing the fields.-- the source-free-case. Unified field theory isn't hot rocks because you still would need to fit in the "quantum" fields like strong and weak interactions, and that has never been done. But Misner's and Wheeler's speculations led to something else.

In their considerations of "already" UFT, Misner and Wheeler looked into the possibility that one could make a model of electric charges by saying they were lines of electric force trapped in a multiply-connected topology. (A what!? Bear with me; we will get back to this later.)

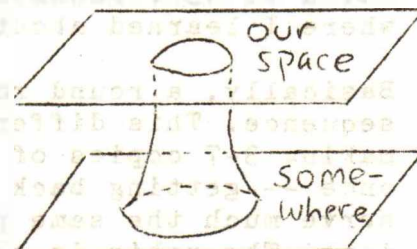
The main facet of General Relativity is its description of gravitation (some people think GR ill-named because its physics is mostly tied up in gravitation, but let's not get into that). But GR does give us a model of the gravitational field -- to be sure, a richer math model than that due to Newton. Now a math model in physics means of course differential equations (in this case, ten non-linear partial differential equations!). These equations must be solved for a particular physical set-up. Not many solutions to the equations are known, but a very important one is that given for the gravitational field surrounding a spherical mass, known as the Schwarzschild solution after the man who discovered it.

The gravitational field outside a non-rotating black hole (a mass that has collapsed under gravitation because it has evolved to a state where neither nuclear or solid state forces can sustain it against the mighty grip of the g-field) should also be a Schwarzschild field.

This is all well and good except that at a given radius from the black hole's "center" the math model of the gravitational field goes bananas. For some time this was known as the Schwarzschild "Singularity". It is

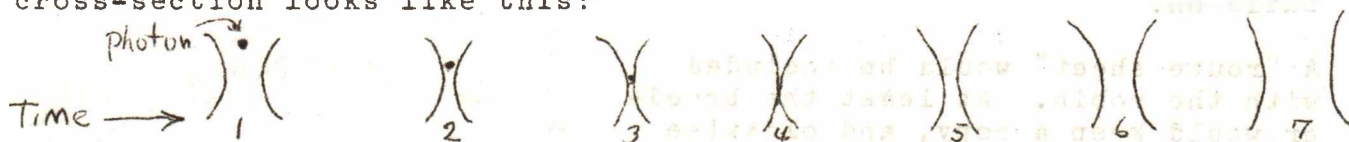
now known that this spherical surface is not a physical singularity, just a mathematical one, due to the system of coordinates chosen. In 1963 a fellow by the name of Kruskal discovered another coordinate system for the Schwarzschild model that extends into the region inside the Schwarzschild surface. (We are still left, though, with a singularity at the origin of the coordinates, and no one has been able to make that one go away!) Which, then, brings us back to Wheeler.

If you take Kruskal's coordinate system and (schematically) project the Schwarzschild model of the field into three dimensions, you have something that looks like a "hyperboloid of one sheet". The "throat" joins two planes of space-time as-we-know-it. If we call one of the planes our space, then the other plane may be our space, a long ways off, or it may be "somebody else's space", no one knows. (It is not known if this model strictly represents physical reality.)



So you have this "hole". It may go somewhere. Can you get through it? Once again Wheeler looked into this question. The conclusion is that if the hole is Schwarzschild, no.

Shoving a material body through a black hole is somewhat chancy since tidal forces are likely to tear it apart at some point. How about photons? This is what Wheeler investigated. (1) Consider yourself converted into photons in a matter transmitter. Say you have a matter receiver on the other side of the "connection". What happens is that the "throat" will not give entrance to the photons. This is because the geometry in the throat is opening and closing like a shutter. A cross-section looks like this:



Why? It would take too long to give a non-technical answer. Just remember in this Schwarzschild case, the photons get squashed. But what if a black hole is rotating? Ah ha! What might be called the rotating body model of a gravitational field was not known until 1963 (remember General Relativity was invented in 1916). It was put out by Roy Kerr, so these things are called "Kerr Black Holes" and are important since most things that can collapse to black holes should be rotating.

It turns out that when one makes the same kind of analysis of shooting photons through Kerr Black Holes as in the Schwarzschild case, they can get through! (2) Well, at least it looks that way. The trouble is that the Kerr geometry is so complicated that when one gets a result like this it is still hard to know what it means even if on the surface it looks straightforward.

So there you have it for the time being. There are hard math models of "hyper-jumps" -- maybe. Of course, finding the technology to take advantage of them is another matter.

1. "Causality & Multiple Connected Space-Time", Fuller & Wheeler, PHYSICAL REVIEW, vol. 128, p. 919
2. Brandon Carter, PHYSICAL REVIEW, vol. 174, p. 1559

10 ROBINS

by IRVIN KOCH

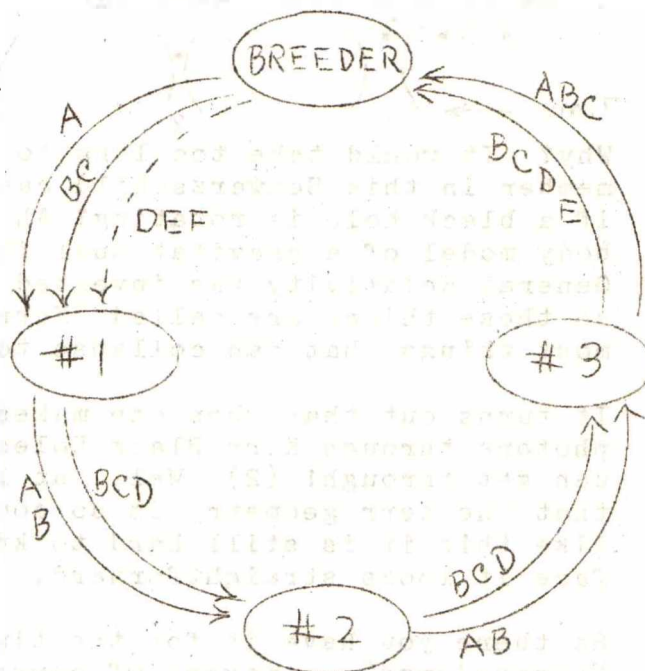
Pity the poor robin. Since Seth Johnson died, round robins have not been the great fannish birds they once were. The International Science Fiction Correspondence Club was the probably the biggest robin breeder of all time. When it folded, many of its members, including Johnson, moved to N3F. Johnson took over the Correspondence Bureau, and that's where I learned about robins.

Basically, a round robin is some number of people who correspond in sequence. This differs from the "dup letter", a method which entails making 3-7 copies of a letter and mailing it out to all participants at once -- getting back replies usually within a month. Now letter APA's serve much the same purpose only with more people and more complications. The robin is slower, but more like a conversation with people talking in turns. The breeder sends his letter to a designated person who then answers it by adding on and sends it to the next in line. This continues until the whole thing completes the circle back to the first person. He/she answers all the other answers, takes his original out of the envelope, and sends everything on again to the person he first sent to. It cycles until someone doesn't forward the robin, and no-one tracks down the break to restart the bird.

Johnson's system of embellishment was probably best. He'd get four people besides himself who'd be interested in some subject, or just wanted to be in a robin. If it was his usual "new fan" robin, he would make sure the second person on the list of five (a good number, neither too many or too few) was a relatively experienced (say 6-10 months) fan. If it was another type of robin, he'd make sure the second person was someone who'd come up with a good answer to his letter so the other three people would have both an example and a conversation to build on.

A "route sheet" would be included with the robin. At least the breeder would keep a copy, and old&wise robin addicts would also make a copy to keep. On the sheet would go names, addresses, and the order number of each of the links in the robin chain. Each person would enter the date the robin was received and the date he/she mailed it on. This helped get the cycle around with about 10 days average per person. Sometimes everyone would put a pic of him/herself on the route sheet.

There were also airmail robins and international or other large or small geographical robins, which made for shorter or longer cycle times. There were also "vultures"; these were robins in which all the people were kicking in 10-15 page answers



A small robin. This one shows the breeder starting off with one topic, "A"; some add topics but "A" continues back to the breeder who has chosen to chop it off.

Nowadays robins generally die from lack of attention, though generally a robin member doesn't worry until he hasn't seen his bird for two months. A good robin starter (if he's running some type of organization) or a plain fanatic robin breeder or writer will send out a dup letter to all members of the robin when two months have passed. This may or may not include a copy of his last contrib (contribution). Mainly the idea is to restart the robin. Johnson would send out a one-line letter with stamped postcard enclosed. When you find out who has dropped out from postcard non-return, you can restart the robin -- even if the person gafiating (getting away from it all) does not send the answers on. If the gafiator had any sense, he would have sent the bird on with a dropping-out notice enclosed instead of an answer. Then the breeder could have simply rung in a replacement, though of course you can always go on with fewer (or even additional) people.

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THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS
by James A. Hall

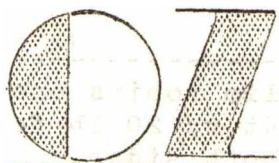
Who blames God for Love?...
Seeds sown in vanity of purpose
Speak foolishness and know
For while seeking in their minds
Themselves,
They find distorted images
Laughing back
Through their looking-glass
Of moonbeams and dreams of "Love",
Never suspecting
The reality beyond.
Relative happiness.

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One interesting variation (called a quad when it's a four person dup letter) is called the story robin -- a super story collaboration. It's what people used before THE GALACTIC LENS or story writing apas.

And cross-linked birds, even.....



AS NIGHTMARE

P.12

BY BEN INDICK

Author's note: To be honest in my writing, I have read and reread all of Baum's OZ and many of his other titles. I am not, however, concerned here with the later books by Ruth Plumly Thompson and others, which often, I am told (for I have not read more than one or two of them) have charm, but are basically derivative and with far less verve than the originals. Baum began writing children's books about 1897, and wrote them, as well as publisher's-list potboilers until his death in 1918. He wrote 14 OZ titles, and I believe all, or nearly all, are in print. But who reads Beckwith's poetry? And who IS Beckwith anyway?

We have already seen (TITLE 8) one interpretation of L. Frank Baum as Allegorist, wherein he hid a populist moral in a fable for children. Since he had a penchant for satire, other writers find hints of allegory in other works, such as a hint of ANIMAL FARM-type novels to come, in a chapter of his penultimate book, THE MAGIC OF OZ. However, the author of the popular OZ series (14 titles) and other fantasy and non-fantasy books under his own name and a half-dozen pseudonyms has had other interpretations as well. Perhaps the most unsettling is a Freudian one at the hands, or pen, of a New Jersey poet, O. Beckwith, written for the Fall, 1961, KULCHUR.

Beckwith's "Oddness of Oz" has much of the forced precosity of the magazine's name, yet it does have a certain relevance. He finds within OZ a disguised personal-nightmare world. He compares Dorothy's journey with that of Lewis Carroll's Alice. Whereas the latter "travels alone on a peaceful journey", Dorothy travels with "three truncated creatures" into terror.

In the second book, THE LAND OF OZ, a transsexual act occurs when the hero, for 95% of the book, a likeable, true-likeness of a boy, Tip, is abruptly changed into a girl, the adorable Ozma, henceforth to be unchallenged ruler of OZ, and very feminine indeed in all characteristics except overt sexuality (which does not exist in OZ).

In the third book, OZMA OF OZ, the leading characters must, for safety, dash between the legs of a giant mechanical man, who methodically and rhythmically raises and crashes down a huge steel hammer. Make of this what you will.

In the fourth book, DOROTHY AND THE WIZARD IN OZ, the heroes are faced with a "steady succession of horrible characters expressing the most implacable hatred of anything fertile or human... (One group of villains are named) 'Mangaboo': a word composed of three syllables of disgust, fright and horror... In all Baum's books the drama of male/female inversion is often played out." In THE LAND OF OZ, aside from Tip, a revolt of the women results in an exchange of household roles with the men. In OZMA OF OZ, Dorothy's pet hen, Billina, prefers the masculine diminutive of 'Bill'. The two major kingdoms, OZ and EV, are matriarchies; however, all automata, which abound in OZ, are male.

Analyzing THE WIZARD OF OZ, Beckwith finds that Baum has invested aspects of himself in each of Dorothy's companions: the Scarecrow is the just-born innocent; the Tin Woodman is the author at an older age, now

unable to love; and the Cowardly Lion is Baum in "man's conventional sexual role, but full of inward doubts." Finally, he is even Dorothy, who, through no fault of her own, kills her mother as she is born. (Dorothy's house, cyclone-borne to OZ, lands kerplunkity on the Wicked Witch of the East, killing her, as all readers and viewers of the film know.)

The Wizard is the father-figure Dorothy seeks, but he is a "horrible old man, suspicious and implacable", and tells her she must kill in order to gain his love. Glinda (the rescuing Witch) is "an ideal, too good for any man." Indeed, true love in OZ is between girls (platonically).

In no other American books, including Alger's, are there so many orphans. The "fondness for automata is due to this same rejection of natural begetting."

In psychoanalytical jargon, Beckwith states, decapitation is synonymous with castration, and, indeed, decapitation in one way or another is a favorite Baum device. Not only do heads fly off (sometimes intentionally, as weapons, sometimes as exchanges) with rapidity in stories from THE MAGICAL MONARCH OF MO throughout most of the OZ books, but bodies are sliced in half, arms and legs become displaced. Decapitation becomes a fine art in OZMA OF OZ when Princess Langwidere has a cabinet full of heads which she chooses to go with her mood and her attire. One character, Jack Pumpkinhead, made by magic of sticks and a pumpkin is afraid his head will even rot off! The obsession is such with Baum, states the critic, that he even amputated his own name, 'Lyman', into the initial alone.

Why, then, have the books had such popularity? "His popularity needs no further explanation: most of his readers were young girls who could appreciate his idolization

of an immature and impubescent femininity...a mirror of Narcissus."

To a reader already reeling from this Sacher-Masoch encyclopedia of sexual crimes, one can only be grateful that Beckwith failed to read ALL the Baum books. In THE ENCHANTED ISLAND OF YEW, not only does a fairy girl, desiring to become mortal, choose to be a Prince, but her companion is a young Sancho Panza who constantly wails that he has never been physically chastised. And orphans? Not only does the world of Oz have one in nearly each human it introduces, including Dorothy, and Ozma (and Tip before her), but they abound in his pseudonymous books as well, often non-fantasy: two of Aunt Jane's three nieces; the Flying Girl (an aviatrix) and her brother, who have only a widowed mother --who is blind; all five Daring children; Dot and Tot, who have a father and an invalid mother, but are left in the care of a governess; etc.

It is a formidable indictment of a beloved writer, whose books not only sold very well during his lifetime, but engendered a seemingly endless series of sequels by other writers. Baum, who had a keen sense of satire and humor, would probably have been amused by this excoriation. Today's reader may reach his own conclusions. Ours will follow later.

(Editor's note: This second OZ article will be followed by OZ AS UTOPIA, and then a "wrap-up" Ben Indick says, in which Ben gives his own theory of WHY Baum wrote.)

C L A S S I F I E D

IF ANY TITLE READERS ARE INTERESTED, I'D BE WILLING TO SET UP A CASSETTE TRADING SOCIETY FOR JAZZ MUSIC... Seth McEvoy

WANTED: MOTTO TO LIVE BY. SEND YOURS TO TITLE...Mike Shoemaker

"I, for one, wouldn't mind if TITLE became nothing but the section called Mundaniac." -- Dave Szurek

"Did you know 'Mundaniac' is at least a three-way pun? Mundane activity, of course, is the major meaning, but it can also be used for a 'mundane maniac' (a psychotic non-fan or someone who gets off with mundane objects or concepts); and there is its derivation from 'fanac'" -- Mark Mumper

MUNDAN IAC

Verne O'Brian 1/16/73 "No sooner had my electricity been restored here last Sept. ((Off since mid-March on Verne's ranch in Nevada, see T8)) I had to check in for an osteoneurological (think that's what they call it) bout of surgery on my right leg -- didn't get out until November and am temporarily on crutches for about another month during recuperation. The medics feel sure I'll have restored some more use in the leg when things are back to normal -- altho in 20 years after some 10 operations, both major and minor, not much improvement has resulted. Will just have to wait & see. I am trying to get some more work done on STARWORLDS #2 but the crutches slow me up some. I am using your excellent little short story, 'Quotation from a Classic'. Also a short by either Jackie Franke or Sheryl Birkhead, plus other misc. items similar to the first issue. Believe I will have most of it stenciled while I'm recuperating, but will have to wait till I shed the crutches to actually get it printed, so bear with me please." ((Will do, Verne, and best wishes for a speedy recovery and the blessings that real grit will eventually bring to you.))

Michael T. Shoemaker 1/11/73 "I'm 18, 6'0", 145 pounds, and am majoring in musical performance on cello at Catholic University. Next to SF, my overpowering interests (to the exclusion of almost everything else) are music, distance-running, all card games, and books. I am currently being coached in distance-running by Arthur Lydiard, and am training to run under 2:40 in the Boston Marathon in April, and to win the National AAU Junior Championship 6-mile in June, which will qualify me to race the Russians in Moscow. In the way of cards, you name it, I've played it. In the way of books, I love everything from fiction, to poetry, to philosophy, to science, to history, etc. If the world were to stop, I'd be perfectly content to spend the rest of my life reading. Ask your readers if any of them have interesting nicknames, and to tell the anecdotes concerning it. In high school track I was known as 'the breeze'. One summer I trained with a couple of friends who were better than I was. On our overdistance runs, they would pull away from me after a while. Then, I would gather my energy and surge ahead to catch and pass them, only to fall behind again later. Whenever I passed them, they would joke around with comments like, 'Gee, feel that breeze, Jim?' 'Yeah, that breeze sure does feel good in this heat.'" ((Hope you get your chance to race the Russians...taking your cello?))



ohh, you'd better remember this is a family fanzine

P.14

Norman Hochberg 1/21/73 "As for Norm

Hockshop -- that was my acquired nickname for many years and I titled my sports column in my high school paper 'The Hock Shop'. Now that I'm in college, they call me other combinations of four-letter words."

the DAILY...
Mundaniac

(A book, THE SMOOTS OF MARYLAND AND VIRGINIA by Harry Wright Newman -- any idea where I might pick up or buy a copy? -- Robert Smoot.)

Don Blyly 1/31/73 "I have been accepted by the U of Minnesota Law School, so I'll be moving to Minneapolis around the middle of June. So, if there is another PeCon or Chambananacon, they will have to be put on by other people. If PeCon, Chambananacon, and Ozarkon all fail to occur this year, the midwest will be rather low on regional cons -- but many more fans will be at Toronto simply because they didn't have anywhere else to go spend their fannish money."

Robert Smoot 1/31/73 "I congratulate you. You suggested my lineage from Holland, and I countered with a belief in Germany. Well, I wrote to a Robert Smoot in Maryland, who forwarded the letter to his father, also Robert Smoot. The latter is of the 11th generation from William Smoot who came to Hampton, Va. via England, from Holland in 1634."

JANUARY 15, 1973

Phil plays sweet Knick tune

Call him Jackson Five

By LARRY CARMODY
Special to the Press

Larry Carmody 2/29/73 "During the semester break from college my boss down at the Long Island Press decid-

ed to send me on the road with the N.Y. Knicks basketball team. I had been doing hockey, things like the Long Island Ducks and an occasional Ranger or Raider game. The guy who usually covers the Knicks was at the Superbowl, so I got pulled off the hockey teams and went with the Knicks. I've included a couple of clippings for your perusal. ((See banner headline above.)) It was a wicked trip, starting in Kansas City, then to Atlanta, to Houston, to Seattle, to Phoenix, to Los Angeles, back to Houston and then finally the return to New York. It really took quite a bit out of me and I'm sort of glad to be back in school where I can recuperate. Of interest to sf fans, Phil Jackson of the Knicks likes sf and has read a good deal of it. At every airport on the trip the security people would check my typewriter and my briefcase. Also we had to walk through a metal detector of some sort. It responded only to certain metals because my belt, zippers, watch, glasses, etc. didn't set it off. One of the other writers kept tripping the alarm. In Phoenix, this guy had only his wallet and a chapstick in his pocket and the alarm tripped. Since his wallet had no metal in it, the chapstick was proven to be the culprit. In L.A. he put it on the table with his typewriter and briefcase and walked through the detector without tripping it. ((Any explanations for the Chapstick Caper, anyone?))

Jeff Schalles 11/14/72 "Where I'm living now is like the most wonderful situation I have ever found myself in. A house with six great people, two of them married and the rest of us just good friends. A friend with a farm to escape to whenever it gets too out of focus around here. Three cats for enlightening philosophical discussions. A coal furnace with no automatic stoker. A Ford that starts every time. And fandom, of course. Hope things are as well if not more so with you."

((More MUNDANIAC, next page))

P.15

Lou Stathis 11/29/72 "SUNY is the abbr. for the State University of New York. Technically I'm a student at what they call 'The State University Center at Stony Brook', one of about 15 or so campuses of the outfit. The Cardozo College business is just the building I live in. For some unexplainable reason they've named all the dorms after famous dead New Yorkers and called them colleges. Don't ask me why, I too am baffled by the bureacritic mind. Norm Hochberg lives in Whitman College 100 yards to the south of me. I am in what is known as a suite where there are six slobes in three bedrooms, with a living room and bath between us. Better than I had last year with 30 maniacs on a long hall with one cavernous bathroom. I'm much more able to get things done this year. No schoolwork mind you, that's against my principles."

Jim Kennedy 11/3/72 "My life is too mundane even for a mundaniac, but I've spent some interesting non-fannish hours as a Student of Studies, Breeder of Cats, Player of Trombone and Listener-to of Records. My tastes in music range from classical (particularly as done on the synthesizer) to rock, with an emphasis on movie soundtracks, Simon & Garfunkle, Beatles and General Pop. I like very little Country Western, and much less jazz. ((For that last remark you incur the wrath of Barbek the Inflamed.)) I am also something of an amateur film-maker, with a collection of clippings from my animation efforts having received wild applause at a showing earlier today."

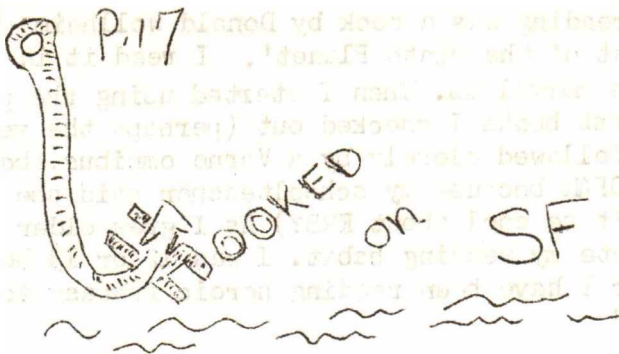
Arthur Louis Joquel 12/21/72 "My letter writing has fallen off due to my wife's having a flare-up of a malignancy. She is now back and forth to the hospital for another round of X-ray therapy; hopefully this time will get it all. ((Certainly hope so, Art.)) I have been going through 170 term papers in cultural anthropology, and checking 70 taped interviews of people over 70 years old having a background in a culture other than U.S. urban -- to quote my instructions. We are making plans for an Oral History archive in the Media Center at Fresno City College -- based on these tapes and the location of many ethnic and cultural groups in this region."

John Leavitt 12/15/72 "I broke my glasses and I'm very near-sighted. Have you ever tried to type with your nose 4 inches from the keys? My father is semi-retired and works 2 days a week driving taxi. The price tag on my new glasses is sufficiently large to convince my father to stop working and act as my chauffeur to drive me to a full-time job so I can pay for them myself. In about a week I should become a wage-slave; the income will enable me to move into an apartment, giving me more time, since in our small house I can't read or write after about 6. Once I get a job I can get a car and have both more time and money to devote to my various interests."

David Shank 12/21/72 "I am 5'7", wear size 7 shoes, have a 31" waist, weigh 130 lbs, wear glasses, have a heart condition, hate sports, am 20 years old, born March 22, 1952. I enjoy a good rock band, ice cream, making fun of freaks (hippies), talk hip. I am Caucasian, 50% Sicilian, 25% German, 25% French. I hate loud noise, 4th of July, thunderstorms, insects. I live with my mother and brother. I like Jerry Lewis movies. And peanut butter and jelly."

Randall Larson 9/27/72 "I am 18, a sf-comix-film fan living 40 miles south of San Francisco. Major interests: females ~~of similar age~~, physical geography, music, writing, and the motion pictures (visually and soundtrack)."

Buzz Dixon 1/23/73 "I flunked out of the Army airborne school due to a bad knee. Before I left I had the opportunity to discover a beautiful way to kill yourself. It's called the 34 foot tower. I'd swear it's closer to a hundred. You put on parachute rigging, get attached to a set of runners, jump out the door and slide fifty yards down a steel cable. Theoretically. Let us say I was assisted out the door by the sergeant. So mean, vicious, sadistic; we were so afraid we wanted to jump out of the tower just to get away from him. If one wanted to commit suicide, just rig the leg straps loosely over the testicles." ((Uh, Buzz, you mind if I contemplate suicidal thoughts with old-fashioned carbon monoxide?))



HARRY WARNER, Jr. : "The odd thing about the way I got hooked on fandom was my failure to get hooked the first time. I'd had a letter published in Brass Tacks ((ASTOUNDING)) in 1936 which included a request for correspondents, and I entered a limited fandom by corresponding with some other readers. But the letter also brought some sample fanzines, which I glanced at with no real interest or strong reaction. Then two years later one of those correspondents and I suddenly decided that we wanted to publish a fanzine, even though I'd never seen more than the first three or four samples. That's how SPACEWAYS began. I haven't the slightest notion of why I was indifferent to fanac in 1936 and so wild about it in 1938."

LARRY CARMODY : "Back around Labor Day of 1967 when I was 15 I spied in the local newspaper that there was a convention in New York. A friend of mine and I went by bus and subway to NyconIII where we stayed one afternoon. Met some authors and bought some books and magazines. All well and good, but it was an abortive entrance into fandom as I had no more connection with it for over two years. The next contact was the 1970 Lunacon at the hotel McAlpin in New York which I found out about in IF magazine. Here, I found out about fanzines, discovered what a Harlan Ellison was and other sordid things. Later that year I subbed to LOCUS and began to get fanzines in the mail. In 1971 I attended Mondocon, and then five of us went to the recent World Con in Los Angeles. But Jim Whoroski and the others I went with are more into horror films so we usually split up once at the cons, but that's fine, as each to his own."

MIKE GLICKSOHN : "At about age 8 I regularly listened enthralled to a BBC program 'Journey into Space'. Before that I clearly remember a lost-world-full-of-dinosaurs story in an Eng-

lish comic book, featuring prose not pictures. I must have read some sf then for when I picked up Wyndham's REBIRTH at age 11, I found I'd already read it. When I was 13 all my friends were busy stealing skin-books from the local drugstore. Not wishing to be considered a softie or a square (never underestimate peer-group pressure) I emerged panting and flushed with my prize clutched next to my clammy stomach under my shirt. A copy of MONSTERS & SUCH by Murray Leinster, my first sf book of my own, and which I still have in my collection. Even then I had that certain essential difference that sets aside the trufan! My first contact with fandom is far easier to remember. In the summer of 1966 I had just bought a new Honda 300 and, having read about Tricon, I set out for Cleveland. I saw my very first sf fan (Jerry Jacks, as it happens) in the lobby of the hotel and was hooked at once. So there, Donn, you can blame the whole thing on Forry Ackerman!" ((Huh??))

CHRIS HULSE : "The first bonafide fanzine I got was LUNA which I had read about in ANALOG and sent for and got about March, '72. I wrote to Dick Geis about SFReview and received a sample of RICHARD E. GEIS #1, and that clued me in on LOCUS. But REG#1 really got me hooked on fandom. It contained so many esoteric references, and mentioned so many interesting fanzines, I really went crazy. It really shocked me to discover how many people actually published their own thing -- all due to the effect of sf. Everyone I know doesn't even read, let alone read science-fiction."

BUCK COULSON : "Fandom was a natural outgrowth of reading fanzine reviews in TWS and/or STARTLING, and eventually my curiosity got the better of me. I sent off for 3 samples; FANTASY-TIMES, SPACESHIP (edited by Bob Silverberg) and MAD, ed. by Dick Ryan. I was mildly interested, but could take fandom or leave it at that stage. I was into ordering back-issue pulps. In one of the packages came a note from Dave Jenrette, asking if I knew there was a stf club in Indianapolis and giving me Lee Tremper's address. One visit wouldn't kill me, so I drove down. First meeting, I met Juanita. Second meeting Gene DeWeese rode along - and then I was hooked. I stay that way because about once a year I meet someone new and interesting."

JOE WOODARD: "The first sf story I rember reading was a book by Donald Wollheim; I think the title was 'The Secret of the Ninth Planet'. I read it in second or third grade, and I thought it was marvelous. When I started using the public library in fourth grade, one of the first books I checked out (perhaps the very first) was WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE. This was followed closely by a Verne omnibus. About that time I read TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR because my schoolteacher said she liked Tarzan books. (Who says teachers can't be cool about ERB?) As I grew older I read more and more SF and it came to dominate my reading habit. I was 12 or 13 before I decided I was hooked. The past year I have been reading heroic fantasy to the exclusion of almost all other fiction."

ROSE HOGUE: "I discovered fandom through the late Seth Johnson's Fanzine Clearing House -- he ran an ad in F&SF in the latter 60's -- I noticed it in August of 1968 and so sent a dollar off to "DISCOVER FANDOM" -- in return for my dollar Seth sent me 10 fanzines and later a short note with an N3F application -- I joined the N3F to my recollection on Halloween night of 1968 -- that seemed the only thing to do! From then on it was Fandom every day!"

" One thing seems recurrent in the various accounting of how/when TITLE-folk became hooked on SF.... almost all were Early Readers. Perhaps not actually learning to read before their contemporaries, though many did, but reading for pleasure instead of just in the classroom. An inconceivable insult: an illiterate fan! " --- Jackie Franke, 1/24/73

SETH McEVOY: "How'd I get hooked on SF? gee, it's been so long. My father read Amazing and Weird, and I guess he must have encouraged me. I remember that by the age of 8 I was getting special permission to check adult s.f. books out of the library since I had exhausted all the juveniles."

ALJO SVOBODA: "In fourth grade I bought STRANGER THAN SCIENCE, Frank Edward's collection of unbelievable facts. I believed all of it, and bought more right after, a book on 'parapsychology' by Han Holyer and a flying saucers book by Edwards. I was determined to obtain every possible book on the subject and read it all, which meant going into the adult section of the library. On one of my excursions into this foreign land, I happened to stop by Science Fiction, and I picked up Sam Moskowitz' MODERN MASTERPIECES OF SCIENCE FICTION. That started it. In fifth grade I devoured Arthur C. Clarke; Tolkien in sixth... In seventh grade I moved away from science fiction in an illfated attempt to put some culture in me, but by eighth grade I was back. As to fandom, you can blame John D. Berry and "The Clubhouse" for that. Like Jim Meadows and John Leavitt, FOCAL POINT was the big influence in the first few 'formative' months...sort of like Wonder Bread...."

JEFFREY MAY: "When about age 16, after reading sf several years, I began to look for sword& sorcery stories. In Nov.66 (I was 17) I found a copy of CONAN THE ADVENTURER with Amra's address. I got a subscription and in the summer of '67 dubbed myself a collector of heroic fantasy. It was my goal to get a 'complete collection' of heroic fantasy in English and put out an index. In 1968 I joined Baycon as a supporting member (till then I'd been mainly a subscriber to Amra and naught else), found SFWeekly's address in a progress report, & subbed in time to get the last issue. Andy Porter referred me to OSFAn & through them I began to subscribe to fanzines. In '69 I attended St.Louiscon, '70 Multicon at Okla.City, & '71 Dcon at Dallas. About this time my interest in collecting began to slip, and last year I did my first issue of ZOT! By this past summer I was out of collecting entirely and more fannish."

JAMES A. HALL: "Hooked on sf fandom? I don't know. I suspect it might have occurred when I first saw my name in print after joining N3F. Or perhaps with the first letter from a fellow-fan. Fandom comes to me through the mails."

BUZZ DIXON: "I got started in SF in a very unusual way. My grandmother took me to a museum where I saw a part of a dinosaur's skeleton when I was four. Soon my grandmother and parents were buying me picture books of dinosaurs. I remember buying Donald Duck comix and one of my favorite stories was about him and Uncle Scrooge flying off to the asteroid belt to find a place to stash all of Uncle Scrooge's money. Another comix I remember was a DC comix about a man who had two time machines, both of which looked like over-sized sputniks. I bought it because they were always traveling back to the days of the dinosaurs. I also watched a lot of TV shows such as MEN IN SPACE and THE TWILIGHT ZONE, the latter was one of my father's favorites and the only fiction show he watched. I also saw numerous Godzilla movies on TV. I began reading FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND (how many fen came into fandom thanks to Forry Ackerman?) and I purchased my first fanzine, a filmzine called PHOTON. My first fan letter was published in the next issue of PHOTON. The 1968 Deep South Con was held in Knoxville when I lived in East Tennessee. There I met Irvin Koch and became a member of the Gnomes, Elves, and Spacemen's Science Fantasy Society. In a nutshell, that's my story."

CHESTER D. CUTHBERT: "I cannot remember which came first, 'Tom Swift' or 'Tarzan the Terrible' in ARGOSY-ALLSTORY, but until I read Merritt's THE SHIP OF ISHTAR in ARGOSY-ALLSTORY, Burroughs was my favorite author, though I had earlier liked fairy tales and stories based on mythology. Since 1924 THE SHIP OF ISHTAR has remained my favorite book. Probably I concentrated on the fantasy field because I hoped to find another story which might equal it. It remains unsurpassed. As I dropped out of school after less than two months in Grade X, the imaginative conceptions in sf held me enthralled, and inspired me to study and improve my negligible schooling. I know that without that inspiration I could not have appreciated books to the extent of becoming a collector." ((Your editor adds that perhaps Chester would not have been able to write 'The Sublime Vigil' in Feb.1934 WONDER STORIES and 'The Last Shrine' in July 1934, same magazine. The first story was reprinted in Moskowitz' EDITOR'S CHOICE, 1954, and the second in Lowndes' reprint magazine FAMOUS SCIENCE FICTION #4, Fall 1967.))

DON AYRES: "Before much else, I got interested in dinosaurs. Reinforcement came from monster films like 'King Kong vs Godzilla'. The juveniles I read included the Zip-Zip series (beginning with the Venus one...there was this illo of this giant snake, see), LOST: A MOON by Paul Capon, the SPACE CAT series, all the Lang fairytale books, and a book about two boys who get hijacked on some professor's moon ship; the professor's dying on the moon deeply moved me. By 8th grade, my dad had come by some Tarzan. But there was some reason I didn't ever take to Tarzan like I did John Carter (maybe it's because I'm in love with Dejah Thoris). I had an early interest in mythologies, esp. Norse. Then one day I saw somebody reading Norton's BEAST MASTER and I was intrigued by the cover. While going on a Norton binge, I ran into Hugh Walter's story, PODKYNE OF MARS, and then a Blish. By then, I had found the local book stores and.... Fandom: I knew of the creature's existence for years, having read of it in the horrendous and forbidden tomes of Moskowitz. At the time, like all HPL heroes, I made little of it and left it as a legend. Found my first prozine, the August, 1966 GALAXY. I began a relationship, and read in it a note on the Worldcon at St. Louis, 1969. At Last! I had found the spoor of the beast. I ran into Don Blyly Saturday night; we had met earlier as the respective presidents of our high school chess teams. He told me about Pecon 1, where I met Tucker (the Eager Young Author trying to find out how to Break into the Pros). Although I picked up a few fanzines here and there, my relationship with fandom remained tenuous until 1971, the year of Pecon II and my discovery of LOCUS. Meanwhile, I quietly went through the hassle of starting an SF club at SIU. So far, all my efforts at producing a fanzine have met with failure, but I've been making notes on worthy material and before long... ((How about your recent, 1/4/73, Vol 1 No 1 TITLE LOCZINE -- a first!)) I will be in Toronto and have some plans for submission to EXTRAPOLATION as time and research permit."

MICHAEL T. SHOEMAKER: "I was vaguely aware of fandom, but I was too busy educating my self in 'basic classics of SF'. Attended my first meeting of the WASHINGTON SF ASSOC. Feb.1969 and joined in March. I've been very active ever since."

George Matthias, an Earth Science teacher in Croton-on-Hudson, NY, has proposed a most unique theory concerning the shape of the Earth. Most of us, of course, have lived our lives under the impression that the Earth is 'round', that is, a sphere. This is decidedly untrue: the Earth, says Matthias, is shaped like a garbage-can lid!

Your average garbage-can lid has a handle (Figure 1), but our Earth does not have this feature. It matches the lid in every other way: from its sloping sides to its flattened top. (See Figure 2 for idealized geometrical aspect.) In this Earth, the North Pole occupies the exact center of the lid and the South Pole composes the entire outer rim.

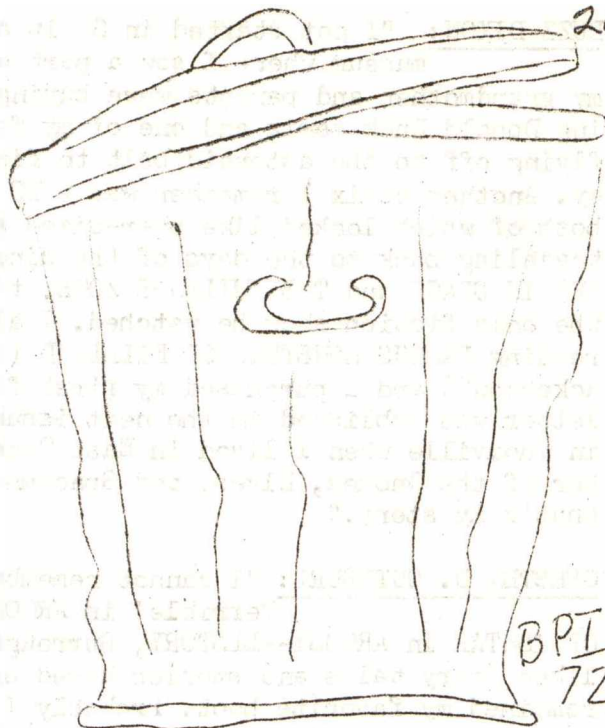


Figure 1

Of course, there are a number of seemingly obvious phenomena that seem to discredit this theory. On careful examination you will see that a garbage-can lid Earth is just as reasonable - if not more so - than a relatively complex dissymmetrical oblate spheroid.

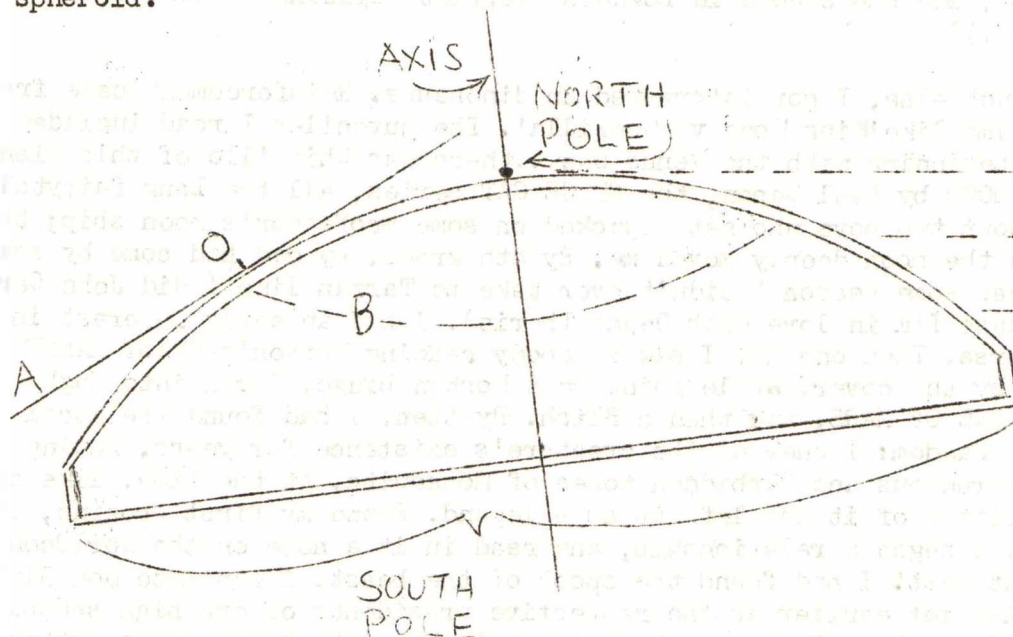


Figure 2
(Side view)

First, the horizon problem... On a spherical Earth, a ship would gradually fade from view as it sinks below your line of sight. The same thing happens on the lid-Earth. In Figure 2, line A is the line of sight of Observer O. Note how a ship would indeed sink below his line of sight whether it travels to the south or the north. If the same observer, O, watched the same ship travel east or west along a constant latitude (as Line B), the ship would once again sink below the line of sight as the ship followed the curve. An observer at the North Pole, within a critical short distance of a ship sailing, say, to the East would see the ship make a complete circle around him with the North Pole as the center. This crucial experiment involving an observer at the North Pole and an obliging ship sailing constantly east at or within the limits

of the observer's vision has never been attempted, for obvious reasons.

p21

The day/night cycle remains perfectly normal, for as you can see, the lid-Earth's axis is roughly perpendicular to its rotation (Fig.2). The axis, like the spherical Earth's axis, is somewhat off the perpendicular, but not enough to appreciably affect the day/night cycle. In the Northern latitudes close to the pole, there is darkness for six months and day for six months. At the South Pole, during darkness at the North Pole, there is constant daylight, and just the reverse for the next six months. This is best understood by studying Figure 2 which locates the South Pole on the underside or, rather, the underedge of the lid. A simple experiment with a garbage-can lid and a flashlight, acting as the sun, will demonstrate the truth of this.

Opposite seasons in different hemispheres (note that this term is erroneous when discussing a garbage-can lid Earth) cannot be explained so easily. But, as you can see, in Figure 2, the sun's rays (on the right) approach the perpendicular in the Southern hemisphere, while in the North, they approach becoming parallel. Since the Earth's orbit is that of an ellipse and because of the slight tilt of the axis, seasons are created. Thus, as shown in Fig.2, in the winter the Northern hemisphere is being tilted away from the sun, even though the Earth is, at that time, closest to the sun. The same phenomena are present in the spherical Earth theories.

Circumnavigation and equatorial orbits would correspond to Line Z in Figure 3. Polar orbits would correspond to Line Y. The moon would orbit in a similar fashion to Line Z. Radio contact with orbiting satellites is still cut off, as in the spherical Earth theory, because of the curvature of the lid-shape. This is similar to the horizon and line of sight effects.

There is no problem with the large South Pole, for it is known that the Antarctic is an immense land mass. Explorers pushing beyond the limits of the South Pole to reach the Earth's 'underside' have never returned. Perhaps, the other side is a duplicate of our side - only a perfect society from which no one wishes to return. Explorers from the other side may have died while crossing the wintry wasteland (obviously there is a layer of clouds here that screen the sun's rays and cause the far South to become frozen) or they have been simply labeled insane.

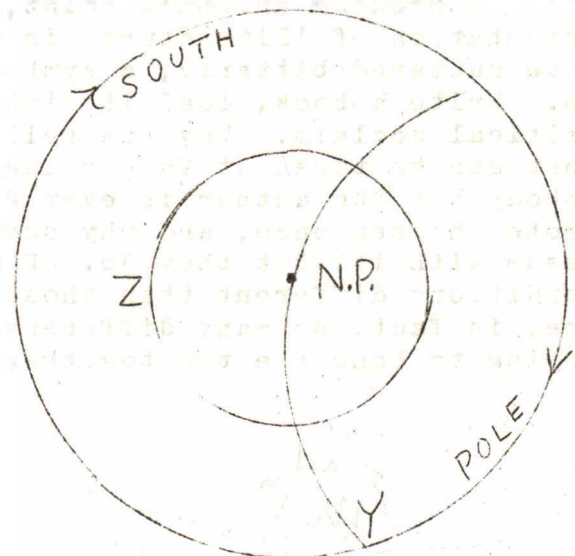


Figure 3 (Top view)

Another seeming problem is that of gravity.

In the garbage-can lid Earth, gravity should be much greater at the North Pole than at the South, because the North Pole is much closer to the center of gravity. Even with another "Earth" on our underside, the North Pole is closer, though not by much. Since the gravity over the entire surface is nearly equal, by measurement, the South Pole must have a concentration of massive rock that increases the force of gravity just enough. It is common knowledge that slight gravitational differences have been explained on just these grounds.

Finally, in the lid-Earth, it would seem that you could see the North Star (and many others) wherever on the surface you were. But, just as your eyes cannot record the entire night sky at one time, the mind cannot cope with the awesome infinity up there. The mind literally blocks off over one-half the night sky; a form of mass hysteria.

THE END

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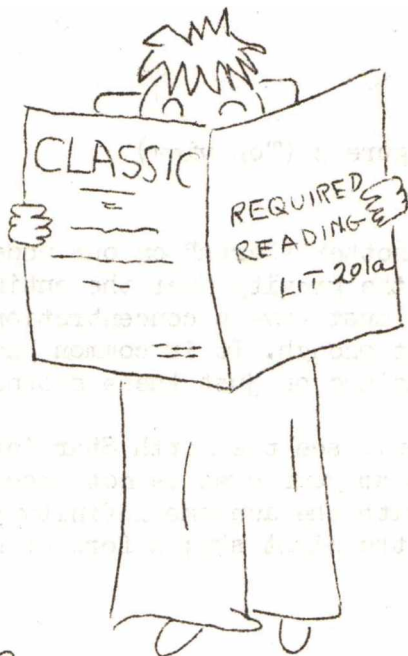
THIS CRITICISM BUSINESS IS GETTING OUT OF HAND

by DON AYRES from TITLE LoCzine, Vol 1 No 1, January 4, 1973

Yes, this criticism business is getting out of hand. You have to establish some sort of criteria for saying something is good or bad, or you might as well not bother saying anything at all because it means you will travel in circles. Somewhere or other, you have to make an arbitrary statement of what you are going to use as your criteria and hold to that yardstick. Of course it's hard; what isn't? And the more worthwhile, the harder it gets.

And there's this business of prejudices. Big deal. So long as the author is aware of them, what difference does it make? Allowances can be made if he does his readers the courtesy of letting them know. In my own case, I know that I can maintain a high opinion of a film or story on the basis of a few outstanding scenes. Then there's a masterpiece like A FISTFUL OF DOLLARS. A lot of writers and directors could learn a few things from that film, not the least of whom is Kubrick, who seems to have forgotten SPARTACUS.

As for criticism, there are still angles. Damon Knight claims SF can be reviewed by mainstream standards and does a fair job of arguing his point. Campbell, on the other hand, said it's not so. Personally, while conceding Knight's point, I have to lean toward Campbell. The orientation of 'Literature' is on characterization and 'meaning'. As I have muttered bitterly, a symbol can mean any damn thing you want it to. Write a book, load it with symbols and stand back to accept the critical acclaim. Why the hell don't some of you authors write things that can be taken at face value and don't have to 'mean' something? Nobody but the author is ever going to know what he meant when he wrote the sentence, and why should anybody but his biographers take issue with it? But they do. SF and most genre pieces are written under conditions different than those in which mainstream is written. There are, in fact, so many differences between the two that I see no use in trying to bang the two together.



Algis Budrys wrote a fine article when he resigned from his reviewing post in the Nov.71 GALAXY, and I'm fond of the del Rey in Oct.72 IF. How would all these mainstream 'classics' survive without the profession of the english (hell with the capital) teacher? That's a vested interest, if you want to talk about prejudices. Virginia Woolf, who complained about the writing of H.G.Wells, is the best sleeping pill I've found in a long time. How many of those 'classics' would you have read if it hadn't been a class requirement? I guarantee you I did NOT find Kazantzakis through a lit.class; I only know of two classes with enough sense to use his works. I promise you that he'll prove to be the finest writer of this century (admitting that he has had absolutely marvelous translations). My point

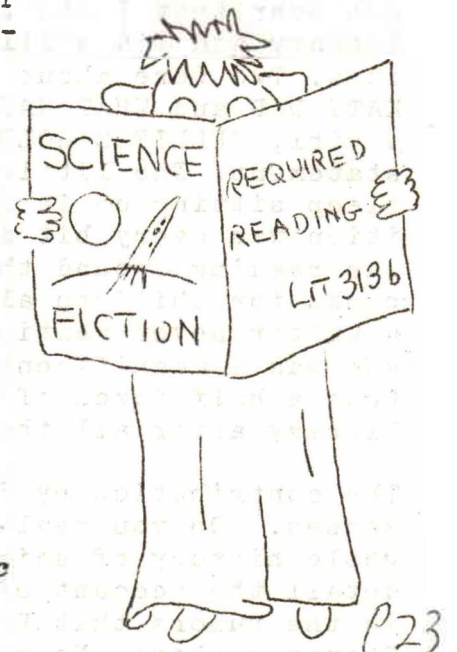
is that a classic does not require coercion. As Budrys says, why aren't people studying James Bond in school? Like it or not, the book communicates. HPL has inspired numerous authors to follow his ideas, but who has C.S. Lewis inspired to imitate him? Yet, whose works are presented as a highwatermark in lit courses that bother to bring any sort of SF in at all?

The criteria of the mainstream are not those of SF. Naturally, the mainstream cannot regard SF as Great Literature. Either that, or they must disregard their own criteria. To my mind, characterization is a matter of the reader's experience and an author can do more by sketching a character to the point where most readers will be able to orient themselves with someone they know and not an inch farther. The readers respond and the author gets a reputation for creating marvelous characterization.

Back to FISTFUL OF DOLLARS. We are told one bit of information about Eastwood's character. One! He once knew somebody like Marianne Koch and there was nobody to help. We can see that he's confident, loyal to friends, and as hard as a wall of diamond. What he reeks of is charisma, but we know little about him, about what or why he does the things he does. Yet he comes across as one of the most forceful characterizations ever to appear in the cinema. Who does it? The author or the audience? Characterization is a myth.

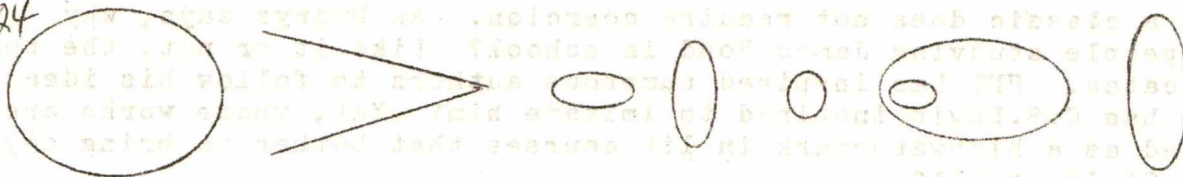
I'm being dogmatic, of course, but it profits one to set up such restrictions and rules; that way, you're sure when you break them that there's a reason. Doubtless, I have and will break every rule I've suggested above, but this type of attitude makes sure that I don't get a swelled head about the thing. One FISTFUL is worth a dozen CLOCKWORKS

Sorry, Dwain, but maybe literature has no vale as SF. Campbell said that "Mainstream literature is...a small local eddy in the whole stream of history, which is the proper field of science fiction." (GALAXY, Nov. 71). He's right; SF encompasses wider territory than mainstream or literature. What can literature put forward to compare to Stapledon? Part of the reason SF interests me as a writer is because I believe it to be BETTER than mainstream or literature for my purposes. I have an idea for a film, 'The Exapians', which I am very deliberately babying along. I have every intention of being Wagnerian and refuse to rush it. The film will be like nothing else, and no other medium except SF would be acceptable. As to vanguards, I consider a vanguard to be an artist whose new work is not to be missed. Heinlein's latest novel was almost universally bombed, but how many people read it? Why did they read it? The answer is that Heinlein wrote it. Similarly with THE GODS THEMSELVES. Consider for yourself which authors you immediately give precedence to when you find they've written something new. Do you read a new Edmund Cooper novel before a new Silverberg or Zelazny? That's what determines the vanguard authors; who gets precedence of your time.



"Casual perusal of a few literarily-admirable porno classics would make you aware of the basic similarity between the Bible and Fanny Hill."

-- Ed Cagle



THE WHOLE IS GREATER THAN THE SUM OF ITS PARTS

HARRY WARNER, Jr. December 25, 1972

Dear Donn: Goodness knows how many issues of Title have arrived since the last time I did my loc duty by one of them. But as Mae West once said under much different circumstances, goodness had nothing to do with it. I'm feeling poorly these days and Christmas isn't exactly the ideal time to write locs, but I don't want to get even deeper into moral obligation to you. You continue to put so many comment hooks into each issue that you make it impossible for a fellow to catch up on back issues without setting half a week for that purpose.

There are a couple of inaccuracies in Mike Glyer's data on FAPA. Dues haven't been \$4 a year for a long while, even though that's what the constitution says they are. Currently the dues are \$2 per year for members in North America and \$1 for those overseas. They've been reduced by general assent because the sum set by the constitution was building up the treasury to alarming proportions. More important is the incomplete information on what credentials are required of potential members. If someone wants to get on the waiting list and hasn't published a fanzine within the past year, he must have had contributions in two fanzines published in different cities within the past year, and I have considerable doubt that locs would count for this purpose. One general apa category that Mike doesn't mention is the extremely small and generally secret type. I know of one apa with only three or four members that has been going for decades, using carbon paper instead of duplicating equipment. The secret apa has the advantage of full selectivity over membership and members feel more at ease when they write frankly, because there's a smaller probability that their remarks will get reprinted in general circulation publications soon.

I must have been one of the few boys who didn't mind reading books about girls. I had an early inability to get interested in any fiction that didn't involve the time and general area I was living in. Once I got over that I started to explore the children's room of the public library and I'd still like to find copies of some of those early favorites. Two were about a lively British girl I read around 1930: WHAT KATY DID and WHAT KATY DID NEXT. There was another splendid story about a girl, NELLIE'S GOLD MINE, which contained one early mind-wrenching statement. The little girl's father developed consumption and had to sleep sitting up in a chair. The concept of sleeping in a sitting position was every bit as fantastic to me as the facts about astronomy I was reading around the same time. I think some of the Cornelia Meigs books for children also had girls as principal characters. Now, there's a writer never mentioned in fanzine articles on children's books, but she was a magnificent story-teller, and just last year I discovered that a half-dozen of her books are still on the shelves of the local library after all these years.

The contribution by Richard Shaver was a real surprise in two or three senses. Do you realize how important a good deed you could do for the whole history of science fiction, if you could persuade him to tell in detail the account of his relations with Palmer, how much truth may be in the rumors that Palmer did a lot of writing or rewriting for the Shaver mythos? No matter what a person thinks about the quality of the

stories or Shaver's theories, the Shaver episode must have a definite influence on the whole history of science fiction (building circulation vastly, thereby encouraging more prozines to be published eventually) and literary historians will eventually want such things as the principals remember them down in black and white.

You aren't the only Grown Man wondering what he's doing in fandom. Six days ago, I had the misfortune to experience my fiftieth birthday. It caused a lot of soul-searching and a certain amount of temptation: here was a rare opportunity to gaffiate instantly and totally, because the action would cause people to feel at least a small amount of sympathy, because of the excellent motive. But I'm going to try to keep going at this pace for at least another year or two, health permitting. One reason, I suppose, is loneliness: most of my family members are dead, almost all the people I enjoyed working with have fled the local newspaper staff, my neighborhood has changed from a fairly stable set of residents to people who move in and leave three months later before I've even learned their names. Fandom is my only set of contacts who are basically the same as they used to be. There's also the dreadful fact that I enjoy reading fanzines as much as ever, even though I'm increasingly unable to discharge the obligations involved in receiving so many. Finally, winning another Hugo seemed to imply a certain obligation to remain active for a while. Quitting now would be like the guy who leaves the poker game after winning the first pot.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry Warner, Jr.

THE FOLLOWING LETTER
IS FROM AN OLD SF FAN
AND FRIEND FROM THE EARLY

FIFTIES IN MILWAUKEE AND WHO RESPONDED TO A SAMPLE TITLE -- LETTER WAS
WRITTEN, LIKE WARNER'S, ON DECEMBER 25: SO, FROM BOB STEIN.....

I don't have a copy of THE OUTSIDER & OTHERS just now, but I do have a copy of Robert Bloch's first book -- inscribed to me. ((For sale??)) Also I have a clipping from the Sunday, Dec.13, 1953, Milwaukee Journal showing one Donn Brazier demonstrating some experiments with dry ice.... About the only SF magazine I read nowadays is ANALOG...Are you writing professionally now? Interesting to see you back in fandom. I have made occasional slight attempts to organize something here in Milwaukee but no one is all that interested to come to meetings or/and publish something. I occasionally think of writing -- did work on the newspaper in college...would you be interested in an essay on alcoholism, history of the detective story, or the Red Scare of the early 20's? ((Don't think so...)) My bookshop, SPECTRUM, has about 250 SF titles of about 6,000 books -- a little of everything. I have a bunch of old fanzines. I won't bother with a mail order business, but if any one is in Milwaukee, they are for sale -- mostly from the '50's, but some older.

My bookstore was fine - the income from it and unemployment compensation was enough - but the Bureau got unhappy about me being selfemployed & drawing compensation. I was obliged to make 3 valid job applications a week. Most employers were discouraged by my colorful work history & college education, but Burns Security hired me anyway, made me a sergeant in charge at Continental Can Co. & a promise of promotion if I do a good job -- so another chapter in my work history...

Bob Stein

Previous communication from this next reader was October 18.....

GREG BURTON December 30, 1972

Please forgive the long delay in writing, but I've locced nothing and written no articles in that time...fannish energy is spent in doing my Minneapa thing and damned little else. Fandom can't be my way of life. Also been drinking too much to write anything coherent, but I've got it under control again, at least for a while.

I got hooked on fandom through Alpajpuri, though contact existed maybe 7 or 8 years ago with fen. As addictions go, it isn't bad, though one can o.d. ((over-dose??)) on it pretty fast. SF got its hooks into me when I was 9 and read THE DOOR INTO SUMMER. Hooked. Whwhsyhey.

Actually, there's not too much to say in general to the world. I'll do my best to keep loccing you because I dig TITLE bunches (you'll be pleased to know that I'm planning to at least nominate you for a fmz Hugo), but almost all my time and energy are spent in music & related activities. There's an addiction for you, capable of consuming everything. And it does. So....

Tell Tom Mullen that creative activity is as much an escape from pain as a drug addiction (for many people, though not all), and is as difficult to live with. One does not become frustrated on alcohol or heroin, but as soon as something is created, or while you are working on it, you may get frustrated by it and get a frustration-feedback cycle that amplifies itself. I am convinced that the creative urge is the agony & ecstasy, a truly religious drive, and that any who aspire to such a life are insane, or sublimely sane. It is not comfortable. It is not secure. It's painful and slow and agonizing. When something comes out - like this letter - there is often the frustration of cliched phrases over easy, and the knowledge that anyone who thinks of it as desirable and romantic will have to learn for themselves. Why can't we all be cows and chew our collective cud without thinking about it?

peace,

Greg

DAVE SZUREK January 10, 1973

I may soon be off 'general assistance' because my case has a good chance of being transferred to 'Aid to Disabled'. I'd always heard that victims learned no later than their teens, but me -- I had to wait until age 24 to find out that I'm an epileptic of the grand mal variety. First seizure was really terribly frightening - not the seizure itself because I have no recollection of it - but waking in the hospital only to learn that I'd had a public convulsion was scary, to say the least.

Having had contacts in all fandoms, seems to me that one of the major similarities shared by most fen (apart from the creative aspect) is an interest in other fans as members of mundania. I, for one, wouldn't mind if TITLE became nothing but the section called Mundaniac. I've shown fanzines to several non-fans and most have trouble understanding this. Totally sercon zines don't mystify them, but one person's curiosity in learning about the private background of someone they've probably never met on a personal basis, seems odd to them. It is amusing to see their shock when they read a fanzine and find so many people talking about their private lives -- and so many others listening in interest.

About a decade ago I first got mixed up with organized fandom (mostly

as a monster fan). I did find most local fen - all fandoms included - to be narrow-minded and middle class. Comic fen weren't generally as bad in this respect as monster fen, and SF fen seemed to deviate from the path more often than any of the others. One of the major differences in SF fen seems to lie in heavy alcohol consumption -- many SF fen admit to being fairly heavy drinkers. Think I'll stop drinking, however. Imbibing has brought me too much trouble, and if I can't hold my liquor by now, I'd best abstain.

One faned tells me that I'm considered a psycho, and so is anyone else who believes a factual account I wrote, concerning occult experiences. ((What experiences??)) What gets me are occult believers who don't believe that I could ever have been involved because I don't fit a certain stereotype, claiming that all practitioners of occult arts (I am no longer such) live the same sort of life. I don't believe in self-denial -- may even be considered something of a mild hedonist, smoke cigarettes, drink, prefer meat to vegetables. So, to certain characters, I could 'never' possibly have been a psychic, a magician, or whatever. People like this are actually more narrow-minded than those who reject all occult doctrine.

I'll have to agree with Leavitt on the impossibility of complete objectivity. For instance, take Ayn Rand's philosophy, objectivism -- sounds good at the beginning, but, by the end, is an utter contradiction. It is, in fact, one of the most irrational, subjective things I've come across.

- Dave Squire

NED BROOKS December 24, 1972 and January 14, 1973

Brought your two recent zines to Atlanta along with some others. Down here for a couple of weeks, brought my old portable. Got together with some Atlanta fans last night and put out our annual BRING BACK THE SUN zine in honor of the Winter Solstice. Goes through SFPA. I'm surprised Glycer left out APANAGE (children's fantasy, Joanne Burger) and SLANAPA (general, OE rotates). SLANAPA is one of my favorites, a true operational anarchy -- no rules at all. And yet we have run quite smoothly for over two years.

I admit a prejudice against certain writers, but only after reading a number of their previous efforts and finding them 'bad'. I could be wrong, and sometimes am. Silverberg, for example, got much better than I ever would have expected while I was not bothering to look at his stuff. But my prejudices are not rigid, and if everybody begins to say that soandso is great, I will try to get a look at his latest work. But I don't think I would ever quite trust anyone who says he doesn't like Tolkien. ((Oh,oh!))

Surely Walker realizes that no one, not even Asimov, can call to mind on demand all the facts in THE UNIVERSE. The whole point of what we call civilization is its information retrieval systems.

Had no idea that Richard S. Shaver was still alive, but I see he still believes in Deroes as the cause of human misery -- just the old demon theory under a pseudoscientific guise. I guess you remember the Shaver Mystery and the stories in the old Palmer pulps; few current fans do. Shaver's contention that a true IQ test would have to be presented to a virgin mind on a moonless night before birth reminds me of a new test that does work on even newborn children. It consists of measuring the time required for the iris of the eye to respond to a change in light intensity.

I have read some about Degler and the CCC, but never understood why fans at the time got so excited about it...Who first said "I have a Cosmic Mind, now what shall I do?" As for that matter, who first said "That sounds vaguely obscene, and if there's anything I can't stand, it's vagueness!" But now that you have dug up Shaver and Frierson has resurrected George Wetzel -- all we need now is Claude Degler.

I just got a couple of weird things in the mail... My sister sent some dry fungi wrapped as a Christmas present, says they grow under her bed in Alabama. Until I read her note I didn't know whether I was supposed to eat them, smoke them, or wear them to church. She just wanted to know what they were. Also got a letter from Japan from a Japanese fan who had bought a copy of my HANNES BOK ILLUSTRATION INDEX - he wanted to know where he could get other artist indexes. His English was a little weak, but much better than my Japanese...

Alma Hill's Businessman had better start to do business a little more intelligently - the supply of stuff to sell is not inexhaustible. They have believed too long that "more is better" and "bigger is better", leaving us ungovernable cities, uncontrollable automobiles, and a world rapidly running out of space and time.

If this biofeedback really catches on, kids of the future may be taught control of the autonomic systems - the effect on our civilization is hard to imagine. A Dr. Green spoke here on the subject-- he had investigated a swami who could stop his heart, and a Dutchman (now living in the US) who woke up one morning when he was 15 and found he had control of all his autonomic functions -- this guy can push knitting needles through his biceps, with or without bleeding as he chooses. And he doesn't even bother to sterilize them - just tells his body to reject any foreign bodies. At one point Dr. Green asked him if he could control the bleeding and he didn't answer for about 15 seconds. Dr. Green later asked him why the delay, and he replied that he had to ask his body and wait for an answer! There's a cassette tape of this talk I could probably get and copy if anyone is interested. ((I am.))

What Tim Marion doesn't know is that comix do contaminate sf... This is demonstrated by the following experiment -- place a cheap edition of Van Vogt's WEAPON SHOPS OF ISHER between two Marvel comics for a month, and then try to read it. Reads like a superhero comic without pictures. I keep my few Eisner SPIRITS securely pressed between Kant's CRITIQUE OF PURE REASON and Swedenborg's THE TRUE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

JAMES HALL October 17, 1972 and December 29, 1972

*There once was a fellow named Donn,
Who always was turning on;
He did it, I fear,
Eating wildpickles with beer,
And now his mind is totally gone.*

I went to an "art" show last week. There was some beautiful work on display but the subjects were disgustingly trivial. Then there was the crud -- have you ever seen a canvas covered in paint after it has been set afire? I wish I hadn't. What passes for art these days seems more than a trifle superfluous. Poetry has gone the same way. People buy junk they can't understand, mainly because there's nothing there. Have you ever noticed how people worship things they cannot comprehend -- from primitive man to modern? I received a rejection note that said: "I'm no judge of poetry, but...."

James Hall 28

SCIENCE IS STILL IRRELEVANT --
HOWEVER.....
HOWEVER.....

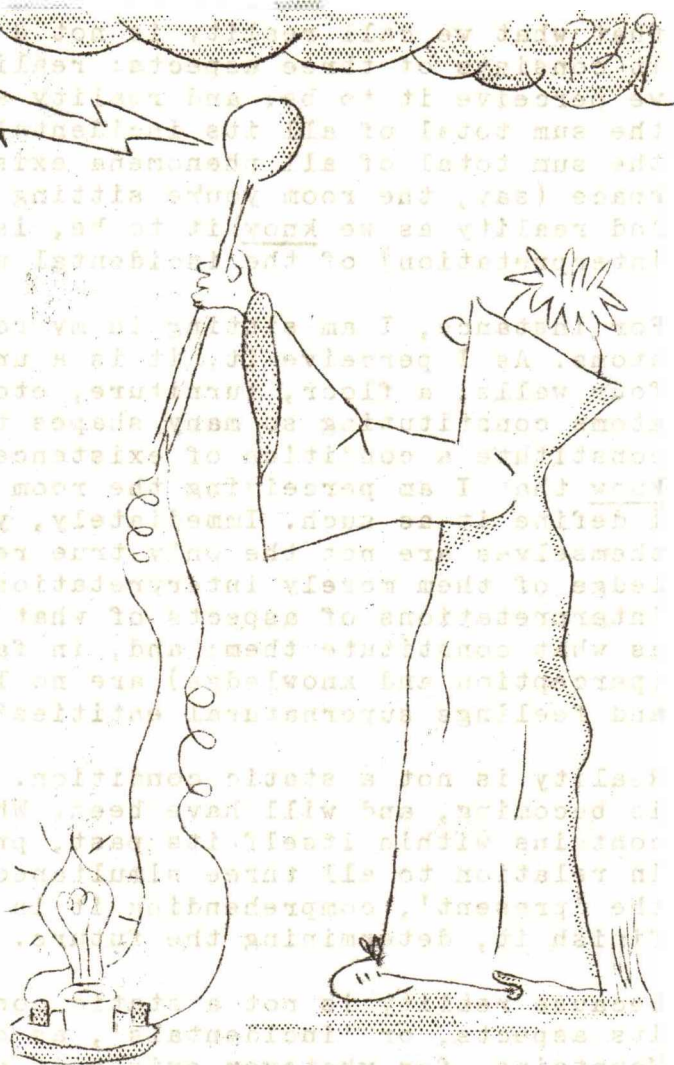
PAUL WALKER

Michael Shoemaker and Gary Grady complain that I was wrong to say 'Science is Irrelevant', and I would like to take this opportunity to agree with them. If I had said 'Science is Irrelevant', I would have been absolutely wrong.

What I said was that, to me, science is irrelevant. And I explained why at considerable length. But Shoemaker and Grady's remarks suggest that my problem is not unique for, on the face of their remarks alone, science is as irrelevant to them as it is to me.

Shoemaker plays the cello, and he defends his interest in science by saying that "because of my knowledge of accoustical theory...I have a firm understanding of the theoretical background of our musical system..." And Grady says that a knowledge of various sciences has made him more sensitive to art. Both are commendable sentiments, in tune with what I originally said about the inter-relationship of all knowledge. However, the illustrations they cite are largely incidental to both art and science. Granted, a knowledge of accoustical theory may be helpful to a better understanding of musical theory, but it is not essential to it. (Is it?) Nor is a firm understanding of science essential to a full appreciation of art -- or vice versa.

Science-types continue to be their own worst enemies, defending their passion in terms of its incidental facts; for in terms of the overall purpose of science, the theory of relativity itself is an 'incidental'. On the other hand, art-types continue to nauseate by insisting that art transcends the reality it is supposed to interpret; and in terms of the overall purpose of art, both Dali and Tolstoy are as incidental as Einstein.



The purpose of the knowledge that either passion treasures is not simply to know, or to possess, like a stamp collection, but to relate what is known - or thought - for the purpose of illuminating the 'unknown'. And the 'unknown' is nothing more than knowledge that has not been articulated.

It would seem to follow, then, that the purpose of articulating the 'unknown' would be to acquire new knowledge, but new knowledge is as 'incidental' as old knowledge, for all knowledge is only as good as what it can be used for. The most useful purpose for new knowledge is to discover new relationships between old bodies of knowledges. And the overall purpose of both art and science is to describe the nature of reality.

To understand the nature of reality it is necessary to understand

that what we call reality is not a thing - but a condition of existence. It consists of three aspects: reality as it is, in itself; reality as we perceive it to be; and reality as we know it to be. In itself, it is the sum total of all its incidental properties. As we perceive it, it is the sum total of all phenomena existing in any given point in time and space (say, the room you're sitting in) as they converge on our senses. And reality as we know it to be, is the sum total of our knowledge (or interpretation) of the incidental nature of the phenomena we perceive.

For instance, I am sitting in my room. In itself, the room is so many atoms. As I perceive it, it is a unified reality, a definable space with four walls, a floor, furniture, etc. As I know it to be, it is so many atoms constituting so many shapes that I define as four walls, etc. that constitute a condition of existence that I define as a room. But also, I know that I am perceiving the room as I know that it is a room because I define it as such. Immediately, you may ask if the 'so many atoms' in themselves are not the only true reality, and my perception and knowledge of them merely interpretations, which they are. However, they are interpretations of aspects of what exists, and the aspects are as real as what constitute them; and, in fact, the interpretations themselves (perception and knowledge) are no less real. Or are words and thoughts and feelings supernatural entities?

Reality is not a static condition. What exists is because it has been, is becoming, and will have been. Whatever exists, including you and I, contains within itself its past, present, and future, and it is moving in relation to all three simultaneously. You are reading this page in the 'present', comprehending it in the past, and providing you wish to finish it, determining the future.

Because reality is not a static condition, it is misleading to regard its aspects, or 'incidentals', as concretes, even if they be the Rocky Mountains, for whatever exists is not only moving through time and space but acting on it as well. So it might be better to regard whatever exists, including the Rocky Mountains, at least in one aspect of its reality as an 'influence'. What we call reality, then, is a confluence of 'influences' -- those we can see, those we know are there, and, also, these aspects that we cannot articulate, or the 'unknown'. (As regards the 'unknown', it may be something we can see, but cannot account for; or something we know is there, but cannot accurately imagine, such as an atom; or something we cannot see or know, at this time, and perceive as emotional, or intellectual, anxiety.)

Take poverty, for example. What is it? A lack of money? A state of mind? It may be either, or both, things, but we define poverty in the US today to include slums, illiteracy, malnutrition, discrimination, violence, and so on. From what we perceive of the condition of poverty, and from what we know of it, the strict definition of the word is irrelevant to the reality. However, the strict definition of the word is no less real than our knowledge or perception of the condition. And likewise, our knowledge of it is not more real than our perception of it and vice versa. In themselves, knowledge, and perception, alone are irrelevant to a full comprehension of the reality of poverty. Yet black militants will insist that they know what it is like to be poor; and white liberals will insist that they have seen poverty; and conservatives will insist that nobody has to be poor who is willing to do an honest day's work. (Of course, conservatives know this. They've seen poor people get rich.)

The fact is that poverty usually involves something more than the lack of money. We know this; we can perceive this; we can cite long lists of its causes and symptoms: blacks will cite white racism, whites will cite

capitalism, conservatives will cite laziness; but for each cause they cite, there are examples of areas in which the same causes were present but did not produce the same effects. And likewise, there are areas in which the same symptoms exist with more, or less, devastating consequences. In short, neither the causes, nor the symptoms, define the condition. Why?

Because the reality - or condition of existence - is the result of a confluence of influences upon a given point in time and space. Without being facetious, before there can be poverty, there must be people capable of qualifying for the definition of 'poor people'; and the conditions of the environment itself must be such that they permit poverty: no jobs, no opportunities. There must be areas capable of decaying into slums, etc. Poverty is not the invention of a sadistic white culture. Most capitalists don't want slums any more than the poor want to live in them. They exist, as poor people exist, because a variety of factors co-exist to make them a reality.

To solve the problem of poverty, we must understand that it is a confluence of influences which create the illusion of an independent condition. We cannot resolve something that does not exist. "Poverty" is nothing more than the sum total of its varied aspects and their interactions. And only by understanding each of its varied aspects, and how they interact to create the condition, can we determine which of those aspects are essential to the continuation of the condition. (Daniel Moynahan, for instance, advocates the Minimum Family Income plan on the theory that lack of money in itself is the crucial aspect of poverty. Recent research in nutritional deficiencies suggests that vitamin deficiency may be more responsible for black under-achievement than bad schools.)

But to return to my original point: the purpose of art and science is to describe the nature of reality. They accomplish this by determining the relationships between bodies of facts and perceptions to permit us to understand, and often to control, the composition of our varied conditions of existence.

In itself, science deals with incidentals and their relationships, as art, in itself, deals with our perceptions of existence. Both attempt to differentiate between perception and reality. However, as things are, both scientists and artists act as if the two fields had nothing in common. I don't want to be misunderstood as saying they have everything in common. Science deals with what we know of reality. Art attempts to articulate what we perceive, or what we think exists, and most often, to differentiate between our perception of a specific condition of existence and its actuality.

The two have different aesthetics which are not complimentary. Scientific discipline would inhibit an artist as I believe an artistic discipline would mislead a scientist. But artists, of course, have had better publicity for their aesthetics than scientists have had -- they write their own ad copy -- while it would be ruinous for a scientist to rhapsodize over his research.

The point at which they do have everything in common is in their mutual summations. Both the point of Asimov's THE UNIVERSE and Dali's THE CRUCIFIXION is the nature of reality; and unless you appreciate the point, over and above, any of their incidental facts, you will continue to see art and science as two contrary fields of study.

R A N D O M

RANDOM RAMBLINGS THROUGH THE SCIENCE FICTION & FANAC PATCH

Hank Jewell: "My favorite sf novel is FLOWERS FOR ALGERNON by Daniel Keyes, and I was happy to see (in T #10) that Jackie Franke cites it as an example of sf as 'literature'. While true that the book, as well as the short story of the same title, has a great reputation, you are not alone, Brazier, in having a rather negative personal feeling toward it. Mike Shoemaker, for example, in an article in the WSFA JOURNAL #77 stated that he was distressed that it was even included in the top 48 stories (it placed 4th) of the ANALOG-WSFA poll of the greatest sf short stories."

Chester D. Cuthbert: "In all my reading I have encountered no other writer whose imaginative power could equal Merritt's, excepting W. Olaf Stapledon. But Stapledon appealed mainly to the intellect, Merritt to the emotions, so Merritt remains my favorite. His appreciation of beauty is a never-failing source of wonder to me." ((and from a 2nd letter)) "Looking through some old notes I came across the following: 'The Wheels of Time' by Florence L. Barclay is not a fantasy, but on page 8 mention is made that Dr. Deryck Brand had written an article on how mental impressions could leave an impress on walls or furniture - the theory outlined at greater length in 'The Upas Tree'. The idea of reincarnation and the psychic impressions made upon inanimate objects which commences on page 233 are the main themes that place this love story in the field of fantasy. Both these Barclay books were published in 1912, so antedate even WALLS HAVE EYES (1930)."

Buck Coulson: "Ben Indick holds up THE HOPKINS MANUSCRIPT as a superior example of cataclysmic writing? Now, I've only read this book twice; once shortly after it was published - say 1940 - and again when the sf book club reprinted it in 1964 or so. I have no intention of plowing through it again just to argue with Ben, so I will have to work from memory. I recall two major themes of the story; there may have been more. One was the 'scientific' content - that the moon is hollow, like a balloon. The second is that the western hemisphere does not exist; the author, like a good snobbish Englishman, dealt entirely in terms of Britain, the Continent (one of the most arrogant phrases ever coined) and, in the closing, with Africa. The writing style was of the sort one can blow dust off of. (Oh, I enjoyed the book; there's a lot of unintentional humor in it.)"

Irvin Koch: "I for one am more drawn in by the author who can actually write interesting girl/women lead characters. Bradley, Norton, Seabright -- mostly women authors do interesting girl/women leads. Nancy Drew you can keep -- and the Hardie boys with her."

Sean Summers: "Have you ever noticed the tendency in modern sf to downgrade the static culture? Over and over I come across the idea that a society not moving up on the cultural plane is slipping to become degenerate. Any race or group living an uncomplicated non-progressive life is exposed as a rotting shrivelled husk of what it once was. Nowhere do you find a well-adjusted complacent people that is not being dominated by some unmentionable power. Primitive peoples fall under this curse. They are either growing up quickly and savagely or ob-

viously of an inferior quality. And here again the ones that are in a steady state and happy with their existence are considered 'inferior'. Possibly this is a trait of our country or culture, but I find it widespread in SF with a vengeance. The Ace Double is a good example; they tell you anything that doesn't change is bad."

Bruce D. Arthurs: "I recently bought two sf-oriented cassettes: David Bowie's ZIGGY STARDUST AND THE SPIDERS FROM MARS and Uriah Heep's DEMONS AND WIZARDS. Both are good listening, but I can't give any semblance of a competent review since I know next nothing about music."

Claire Beck: "Because of notice in SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, the Sunday paper, etc. you probably already have this: THE GRAPHIC WORK OF M.C.ESCHER - Ballantine, \$3.95. Contains more than 70 plates, several of them polychrome. From woodcuts, linocuts, wood engravings, mezzotints & lithographs. Text is by Escher." ((I thumbed through it at the bookstore because I recognized the name Escher from various sources in the puzzle/paradox field; really mind-boggling effects in 2-dimensions. I wonder if a) this sort of thing can be done in 3-dimensions and b) if so, has anyone done it?))

Don Blyly: "I will be using FUTURE SHOCK for my SF class this semester, and am taking notes on things in it that, in my mind, apply to SF or fandom." ((Send the notes - or article - for I marked a lot of the book as very, very pertinent to SF and the kind of person who reads SF.))

Matt Schneck: "Frank Balazs and I decided to come up with a list of 500 Galactic Councilmen. It would be a great opportunity to see how talented we were at making up weird names, since each sector was not only to be given a Councilman, but a planet of origin as well. It took us weeks of hard work. One day, in a sudden and unexpected fit of sanity, Frank ripped the whole list up (all 18 type-written pages)." ((No comment!))

Don Ayres: "Why don't you start a 'Memorable Opening Line Department'? A good opening line should catch the reader's attention just as firmly as the opening notes of Beethoven's Fifth or Nielsen's Third. Here's one from Brown's MARTIANS, GO HOME: 'If the people of Earth were not prepared for the coming of the Martians, it was their own fault.' Heinlein's another who's got that part of his craft down well. ((Perhaps we all have different ideas of what constitutes a 'grabber', but sounds like fun.)) It's amusing that Colin Wilson decries HPL's writing, yet he is so captivated by the man that he keeps returning to HPL's theme. The ability to inspire followers is what makes HPL a more successful writer than C.S.Lewis and his Ransom things. Speaking of Lovecraft, why is it that French critics seem to sit up and take notice before our own? Poe, HPL, Farmer, Gershwin, and a host of others..... It won't do to say 'SF shouldn't be taught in the classroom' because it's GOING to be taught regardless. What's needed right now is a lot of feedback about what method most successfully shows the non-fan what this little universe is about. I favor a historical approach handled by thematic associations. SF is the literary form with the greatest potential. I submit that the finest SF stories not only do a competent job of characterization, but they go further than mainstream by characterizing the idea. We keep hollering that SF is a literature of ideas and overlook the fact that the idea itself serves as character and even protagonist. A well-grounded idea is just as important to the story as the fact that the hero is so well explained that we know why he squints."

Robert Smoot: "Just read ABSOLUTE ZERO by Ernest Tidyman, who wrote SHAFT and screenplay of both SHAFT and THE FRENCH CONNECTION. The book is one that a person keeps giving second and third thoughts to. Locale is New York, modern; it concerns Mr. A. True Blessing, founder of Hope, Inc. He is the most noted of the novel's characters who are unique, physically and soulfully. The aim of the 'immortality' novel is in three parts: 1) honor love 2) desire for immortality is omnipresent, and 3) take a closer look at nonconformity for the rejection of such may be the rejection of virtue. The book has wit and satire; over and under exaggeration - knee-slapping!" 33

RANDOM RAMBLINGS (continued)

Michael T. Shoemaker: "Just finished writing a 16 page review of every story in A,DV which will appear in THE WSFA JOURNAL. The book had a few very good stories and a large number of worthless ones, but it was, on the whole, much better than DV."

Rose Hogue: "Send ms to the N3F Manuscript Bureau -- just make sure you keep a copy of what you send. Argee --Robert Gersman has been begging for Ms..and for editors to use some of the stuff he has on file." ((Is that the same Robert W. Gersman of 3135 Pennsylvania, St.Louis Mo. 63118 ?))

Chris Hulse: "Does Asimov get into this fandom thing? I see he attends cons quite often, but I never read any letters from him in any fanzines."

Loay Hall: "Just finished Ellison's EARTH-MAN, GO HOME. I'm beginning to agree with Anthony Burgess. In the beginning Ellison, the Little General of SF, was original and exciting to read; but now he's become just another hack writer. Avram Davidson is another gone hack."

Norman Hochberg: "I'm folding REG6 in favor of an irregular personalzine. REG6 got to be the least personal of my fanac and so it went...Read TEG'S 1994, a book which is a description of how life in an information-oriented world would be. TEG, the female lead, is investigating the development of such a culture. The point is that we are not oriented toward information-access in our present society. I'm nominating it for a Hugo."

David Shank: "I am to go gafia until June. Please tell the N3F people via Sheryl Birkhead that all robins, correy, etc. must stop. My only contact with fandom will be letters to Bob Whitaker & TITLE. Tell Rose Hogue not to shed tears. I've got so much stuff piled up that I don't know what to do with it." ((Seems to be incipient Twonk's Disease to me; I predict an early recovery.))

Robert Smoot: "Just finished THE DEVIL RIDES OUT by Dennis Wheatley. and any poor unfortunate who has yet to read it will be well advised by me to do so. Can ye inform me of much on the man?

He's done about 50 novels. The DRO has a 1934 copyright. Does this mean Wheatley is very aged? Has he died? I recommend Gordon Taylor's THE DOOMSDAY BOOK which is a look at every manner in which Homo sapiens is affecting his environment."

Tim Marion: "Please plug the Sword and Sorcery Fan Federation and the NFAS. I am planning a discussion zine called SOITGOZE, actually my N'APAZINE. Mike Glycer should have mentioned REHUPA; it's an apa for R.E.Howard fans." ((Can any reader send a xerox of the Vonnegut article from a recent HARPERS? Tim has asked twice, and I don't have the mag.))

Mark Mumper: "Brian Aldiss' THE SHAPE OF FURTHER THINGS: Speculations on Change, is good reading for anyone interested in sf, the future, society in general, or the arts or sciences."

Tom Mullen: "I'm taking a course here at Madison called Fantasy & Science Fiction, taught by Fannie LeMoine. We'll be covering Clarke (Childhood's End), Miller (A Canticle for Liebowitz), Kapek (The War with the Newts), and other recent works like The Lathe of Heaven and old works like The Birds by Aristophanes and Bellamy's Looking Backward."

Chester Cuthbert: "I am currently compiling a Checklist of Fantasy and Science Fiction Books by Canadian Authors; a personal project, and I am reading all the books I include, to make sure that they qualify."

Buzz Dixon: "Just saw THE POSEIDON ADVENTURE. Who says they don't make movies like they used to. Production and acting was excellent. The film really surprised me; I didn't know Irwin Allen (Lost in Space, Land of the Giants and similar garbage) could do anything of quality."

Jeffrey May: "Last April I submitted two stories to Ted White. Six months later I wrote FANTASTIC and asked about them. I got no answer, and finally (Nov.) I wrote and said I was withdrawing the stories from consideration." ((I believe it's a plot to discourage unknown/amateur writers.))

Seth McEvoy: "Hardly anybody who isn't Ted White's friend ever sees print in AMAZING." ((Same way I edit this Barbecue Production, Seth ole pal.))

Roy Tackett: " 'Save us, oh Heinlein; lead us back into the wilderness, good Dr. Asimov.' Aye. But I fear those days are gone. Science fiction has metamorphosed into something called 'speculative' fiction. Meaningless stories about meaningless people and situations by meaningless writers. Time was when science fiction was written by people who knew something of science. Nowadays it is 'writers'. They know nothing of science but, oh! do they have style. Started with Bradbury, you know. He made it big coming from the fan ranks and so every Tom, Dick and Harlan decided to follow suit. Glycer says to Dwain Kaiser, 'Maybe you don't like SF anymore.' I don't like the stuff that is being passed off as SF these days. Giants we used to have. Midgets, we got now. Worse even. Look, I have a copy of AGAIN, DANGEROUS VISIONS kicked around somewhere under the bed. I bought the stupid thing from the book club. A sampling convinces me that I wasted my money. The book should win one prize, though. Never have I seen so much shit in such a small package."

Ned Brooks: "I thought Vonnegut's PLAYER PIANO rather bland and imitative, and SIRENS OF TITAN totally forgettable. I liked CAT'S CRADLE, also MR ROSEWATER and SLAUGHTERHOUSE-5, and the short stories and essays of CANARY IN A CAT HOUSE and WELCOME TO THE MONKEY HOUSE....I have gotten, I think, all of Dave Hulvey's zines, and he never seemed 'foul-mouthed' to me, certainly not as compared to the Meltzer piece in SYNDROME #1....Wandrei did write a story entitled 'Monster from Nowhere', totally different from Bond's, and appears in Wandrei's Arkham House collection THE EYE AND THE FINGER."

Jim Kennedy: "I'd like to start a fanzine. It's main feature, at first, would be a 'round-robin text-book of the future'. It would be done in chapters, each covering about a decade, and each done by a different TPerson (or other manner of fan). Fan A does Now-1990. I print about 200 copies of this, send one to Fan B, who continues the text, 1990-2000. I print this up, send to Fan C, etc." ((In a follow-up letter, Jim shifts gears a bit.)) "I'd like to write that first chapter, after all, but I'm still not qualified, and so I'm going to ask TPeople to write me some of their ideas on the upcoming three decades and I'll incorporate as much as possible into my chapter. So, what do you guess is upcoming, for the nation & the world?"

Fredric Wertham: "My book on fanzines will be published in autumn of '73 by the Southern Illinois University Press. It is not a study of either violence or science fiction. The title is THE WORLD OF FANZINES: a special Form of Communication. It deals with this form of communication against the general background of other forms in our society."

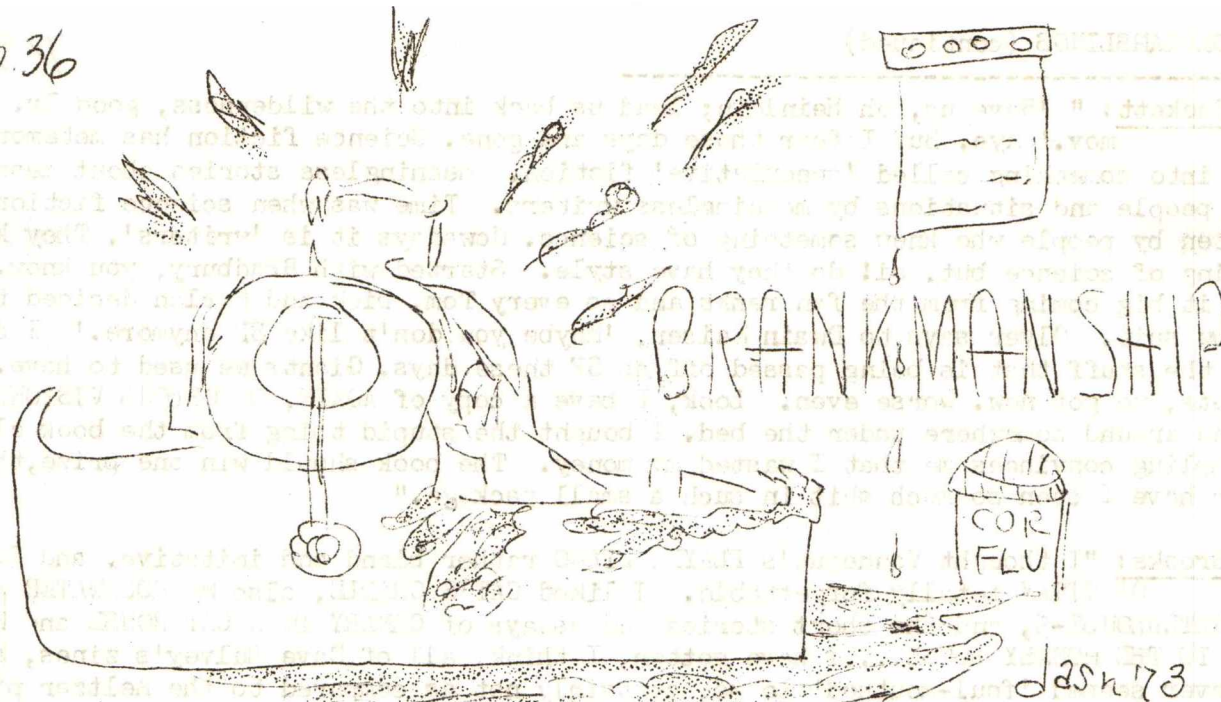
Douglas Leingang: "Charlie Platt wrote a letter with my rejected 3-chapter plus outline; said the book was 'insufficiently logical for my taste.' He said many of the ideas were 'a bit too fanciful'. Fancy that! He (Mr. Platt, to you) is a consultant for Avon Books and his letter is the longest thing anyone said, wrote, or retched about my book."

Jim Meadows: "The Feb. ish of MIKE SHAYNE MYSTERY MAGAZINE has fiction by Ron Goulart and James H. Schmitz, in case you're interested."

Randall Larson: "About Mike Shoemaker's comment on sf in the classroom: I agree that Bradbury is glorified far more than he is worth. I think he is competent and often an outstanding writer, yet his writing is juvenile sf. Similar to Andre Norton. H.G. Wells is a far superior author, and the poor students go through life thinking Bradbury is Ghod, never even hearing the word 'HG Wells'."

James T. Hall: "My zine S.T.A.R. will be ready for mailing late January, as long as I don't blow the duplication -- offset is almost totally alien to me. I have many fine surprises, one, a new artist with enough talent to make an even hundred of me. You stand warned now, coming -- the GREATEST FANZINE IN THE WORLD." ((I hope so because I was happy you accepted my column.))

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Last night, Feb.6, I began a fmzrev, with ratings and everything; I've thrown the stencil away. Two reasons: INWORLDS #2 arrived today & has 34 fmz reviewed with ratings for G-graphics, M-material, and O-overall. Should be enough, along with YANDRO that, except for the current #218 ish, also listed briefly and rated. Besides, I'm an upstart and have no business getting into the rating game; therefore, I will do 'impressions' and possibly brief quotes from fmz that TOLD me something since I am notoriously material-prone just as I am engine/mechanical prone in buying cars and let my wife take care of the important things like color, shape, and white-space.

INWORLDS ****

INWORLDS #2 being a fmz about fmz HAS to be interesting. 25¢/usual-8pp Bill Bowers

ENERGUMEN ****

ENERGUMEN #14 Silverberg special & full of graphics; also neat. \$1/substantial usual- 50 pp but lots of them wasted in pix though many pix are additional to the 50 numbered pages. Excellent sfish material. Definitely HUGO caliber; you'd better send for the #15, supposed to be the final from Mike & Susan Glicksohn.

MOEBIUS TRIP ****

MOEBIUS TRIP #16 by Ed Connor is 42pp of sfish & fannish material in straight forward layout, i.e. no games. One of my favorites. 50¢-5/\$2. Paul Walker says a lot about Lafferty & I liked this: "... it is more fun to review Lafferty than to read him."

NO ****

NO #12 has 30 pages but seems skimpy in amount of reading material; but Ruth's essay on 'amateur' writer vs 'unknown' writer is meaty. From Ruth Berman 25¢/usual. The front cover by Connie Faddis is one of few graphics that do more, for me, than take up space in any fmz; but the pic is psychological.

MAYBE ****

MAYBE #23 Layout & pix not up there in

the NERG & Hugo-class, but for fen interested in other fen and the good fun sf can bring, IRVIN KOCH's fmz is excellent but varies in emphasis ish to ish. 50¢-6/\$2.50-usual. 30 pp plus BABY #6 attached with 10 pages of LoCs. Has N3F news.

CARANDAITH ****

CARANDAITH #7 Alpajpuri creates with color, form, etc. in 70pp whose material can be read very quickly; art centered, but, then, so are auto chrome strips. \$1 or published LoC/contr.

GRANFALLOON ****

GRANFALLOON #16 48pp, neatly bound with tape, has exc art portfolio by Jim McLeod and other graphics. Material is light & not sfish, such as "Granny's Cookbook", some recipes. Linda & Ron Bushyager, 75¢

SIRRUISH ****

SIRRUISH #10 Con reports & light material done offset but after a variety of ed. staff typing. Railee Bothman, 50¢/usual.

KWALHIOQUA ****

KWALHIOQUA #3 28pp/monthly from Ed Cagle and staff. A personalzine approach with most interest in people & places, not sf required. No art, and reads better than it looks. 25¢/usual. Since Cagle thinks me funny & uses my material I am forced to recommend you try this odd fmz.

GEGENSCHEIN ****

GEGENSCHEIN #8 Eric Lindsay. 48pp Mixed bag genzine with poetry and people-interest & no surprise that Ed Cagle, Aussie-phob, interviews Lindsay & Wodhams tells why he likes the USA. 50¢-3/¢1

THE ANYTHING THING ****

THE ANYTHING #4 Frank Balazs & Matthew Schneck, 26pp genzine of lightstuff, high priced at 40¢ becuz they want contribs & need a little substance. But fun anyway. THE ALIEN CRITIC (formerly REG) **** THE ALIEN CRITIC from Richard E. Geis is a 50 page diary, #4 very solid reading uninterrupted with art or fiction segments & covers bks, fmz, & opinions on everything. \$4/yr for 4 ish. Worth it.

YANDRO ****

YANDRO #218 32pp, 40¢/4-¢1.50 Missed the Buck Coulson fmzrev this ish; but there were the usual bkrevs including many non-sf things like chess and S.African history that dilute the fmz' impact.

NYCTALOPS ****

NYCTALOPS #7 C.A.Smith memorial issue & a must for his fans of which I'm one, 100 pp offset/illo. Exc in all ways & worth more than \$1.25 for this special. Harry O. Morris, Jr. Came out Aug.72, 1000 ea.

PREHENSILE ****

PREHENSILE #6 A Moebius Trip type genzine in format & content with many of the same authors. Mike Glyer, 54pp, 35¢-3/¢1 Part II of a Chapdelaine telepathy piece & other exc.content. One of the best.

AWRY ****

AWRY #3 Dave Locke cuts up LoCs, too; his fmz is accurately titled - I'd like to appear in it but got rejected; will try again sometime. 32pp humor/genzine; no subs taken/ substantial LoC & contribs or a sample for six 8¢ stamps.

OUTWORLDS ****

OUTWORLDS # 3.5 Bill & Joan Bowers big zine with sfish with art; this & some of the rather 'slick' zines don't quite get to me, like, say, Prehensile, but that's my problem not this zine's. One of best. This ish 60¢; future ish 75¢ & accepted & printed LoCs & arranged trades. 40pp

DYNATRON ****

DYNATRON #50 Roy Tackett in the MT-genzine mode, 36pp, no art, 25¢/usual Some good material for Doc Smith fans. Roy's been going 12 years with this!

THE PASSING PARADE ****

THE PASSING PARADE #2 Milton F. Stevens 25¢/usual, 20pp Inside info on LA-world con & some fmzrevs. Has the flavor of a personalzine

CELESTIAL SHADOWS ****

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CELLSTIAL SHADOWS #10 Tim C. Marion's dittozine, genzine, 28pp, 25¢/usual, some poetry & fiction. Glad I got even if only for the dittowork.

ANANT ****

ANANT #3 Penny Hansen, 1607 Lincolnwood, Urbana, Ill. 61801. Revs & LoCs. 25¢/usual, 15pp

WILD FENNEL ****

WILD FENNEL #7 Offset, even margins & art from P.W.Frames 36pp 25¢/usual Poetry & misc oddities sf & not, similar to some of the amateur press things of 30 years ago.

UMBRA ****

UMBRA #4 Rather like Anything Thing in content & format, from CAPCON (John Robinson) 40¢-3/¢1 30pp

NUTRICIOUS ADVENTURE COMIX ****

NUTRICIOUS ADVENTURE COMIX #1 Thermocopies, one side & reduced type. Film & comix slanted with pix; interview with Blish! Personalzine of Randall D. Larson, 4/¢1/usual.

AMOEBOID SCUNGE ****

AMOEBOID SCUNGE #8 I look forward to it; an informal personalzine on about a 2-week schedule. 4pp Write & you'll get. Has sf/con news & opinion. Seth McEvoy or Jay Cornell, Jr.

REGURGITATION SIX ****

REGURGITATION SIX #4 Norman Hochberg is quitting this gen/personalzine. Too bad. PLACEBO SALTED SMOKED SALMON ****

PLACEBO etc. #3.5 Leftover LoCs taken off the ice by Moshe Feder & Barry Smotroff relating to Placebo #3 even tho #4 appeared last summer! Doesn't say how to get. 24pp

B.C. ****

B.C.#4 Personalzine, Railee Bothman & Leigh Couch, offset & spiral bound, 20pp. Misc & LoCs; art. No subs/just write.

SYNDROME ****

SYNDROME #2 (tho it was labeled #1) from Frank Lunney, 50¢/usual. 36pp, art, genzine & fannish.

CYPHER ****

CYPHER #8 James Goddard & Mike Sandow, UK eds, but send 60¢-4/¢2 to Cy Chauvin. 86pp. Am. & UK writers, genzine, but no fiction/poetry. Repros of prozine covers & other graphics. Much material on & by E.C.Tubb. Has short comic section.

GALACTIC LENS ****

GALACTIC LENS #3 (?) Mike Glyer, I think; don't understand this zine; perhaps Mike can explain. Mixture of contr/produced pages, mimeo, ditto, etc. & many type faces.

In the belief that names and addresses printed in TITLE 8 are still available for reference, herewith address changes and new TITLE readers: (* is CoA)

Appelbaum, Jeffrey 5836 W. 25 1/2 St.
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La. 70121
Bliss, W.G. "Bill" 422 Wilmot, Chilli-
cothe, Ill. 61523
Bowers, Bill P.O. Box 354 Wadsworth,
Ohio 44281
Connolly, D. Francis HKMS-14 MAG-14
GRP SUP MCAS Cherry Point, NC 28533
Cox, Brett Box 542 Tabor City, NC
28463
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Frierson, Meade Box 9032 Crestline Hgts
Birmingham, Ala 35213
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Bellingham, Wash 98225
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Ore. 97211
Gilbert, Mike 22 Koster Blvd. 5A
Edison, NJ 08817
Hall, Loay H. 210 W. Florence Blackwell
Okla. 74631
Helms, Marci 4581 Hillcrest,
Drayton Plains, Mich 48020
Hulse, Chris 815 Belmont #One
Long Beach, Calif 90804
Jackson, Donald G. 1043 Vine St.
Adrian, Mich 49221
Jewel, Hank P.O. Box 244
Warrensburg, Mo. 64093
Jones, Dorothy 6101 Euclid Ave.
Bakersfield, Calif 93308
Kaiser, Dwain 390 N. Euclid
Upland, Calif 91786
Korbas, Charles 1611 Miller St. Apt 101
Honolulu, Hawaii 96813
Lunney, Frank 212 Juniper St.
Quakerstown, Pa 18951
Marion, Tim C. 614 72 St.
Newport News, Va. 23605
Moore, Murray Box 400 Norwich,
Ontario, Can. NOJ 1P0
Palmer, Pauline 2510 48 St.
Bellingham, Wash. 98225
Robinson, John 1 101 St.
Troy, NY 12180
Shank, David 30 E. Laurel St.
Lawrence, Mass 01843

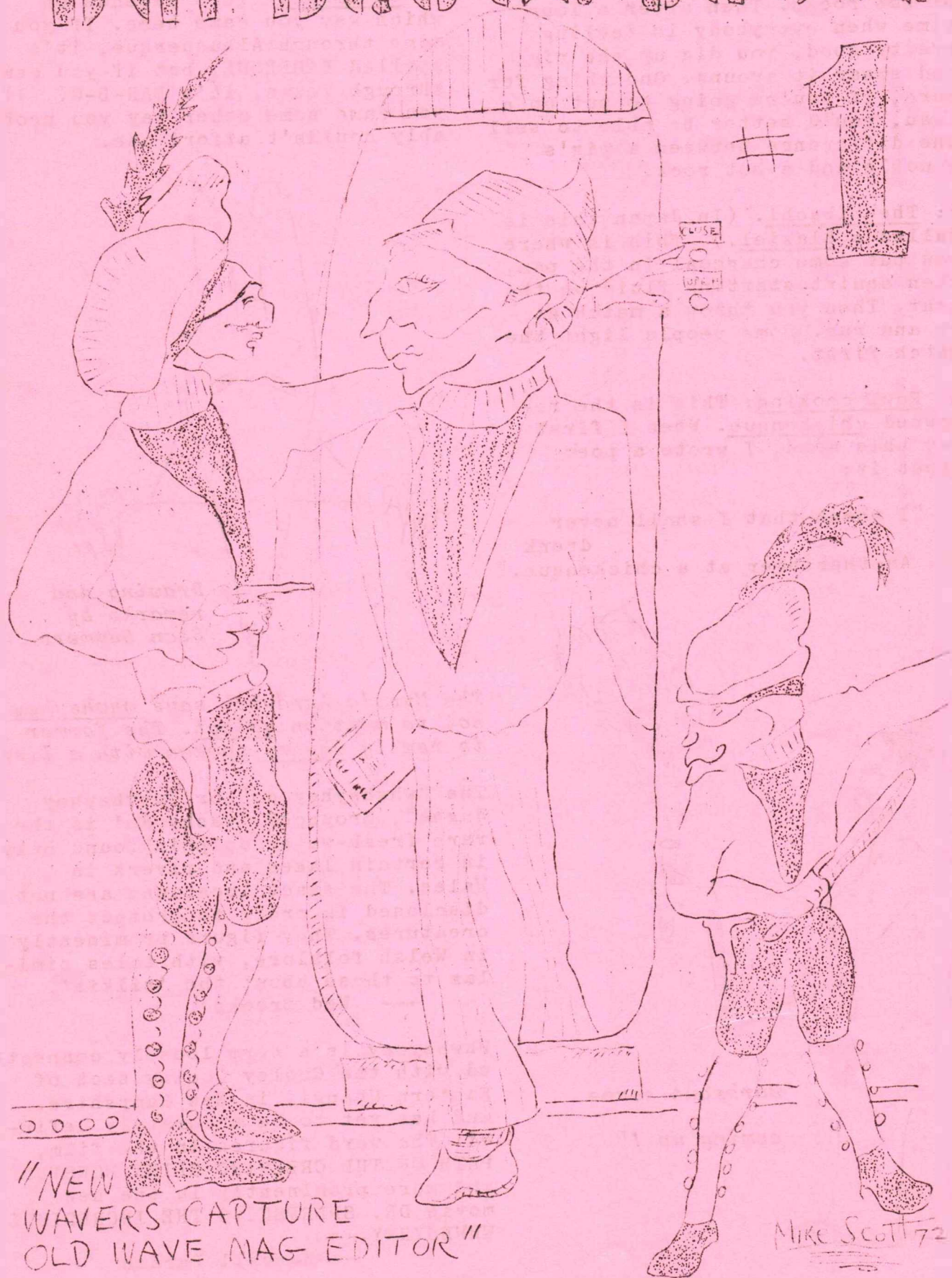
Shaver, Richard S. P.O. Box 356
Summit, Ark. 72677
Sheffield, M.K. 180 Jacobson
Ben Lomand, Calif. 95005
Siclari, Joe 1607 McCaskill Ave. #4
Tallahassee, Fla 32304
Sinkovits, Ed 397 Home St. Winnipeg,
Manitoba, Can. R3G 1X5
Stevens, Milton F. 9849 Tabor St. #3
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Milwaukee, Wis. 53233
Summers, Sean West-700 Jester Center
Halls, Austin, Texas 78784
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Apt 208 Des Moines, Iowa 50321
White, Elaine 1644 Kempsville Rd.
Virginia Beach, Va 23462
White, Sharon 1040 1/2 Main Ave.
Long Beach, Calif 90813
Wilber, Rick 31 Fairway Estates
Granite City, Ill 62040
Williams, Joe Bob 2011 Wedgewood Lane
Carrollton, Texas 75006
Woodard, Joe 521 Wenonah Ave.
Oak Park, Ill 60304

MORE CRANKMANSHIP - FMZ LISTINGS

S F COMMENTARY ****
SF COMMENTARY 30 Bruce Gillespie, Oct 72
38 pages, lots of photographs, incl.
great ones of Lesleigh Luttrell, DUFF
visitor, and prominent Australia fen
D CON PROGRESS REPORT ****
D CON PROGRESS REPORT #1 8-page offset
with photos plugging the D-CON '73 at
Dallas June 28-July 1. Write Box 242
Lewisville, Tex 75067 - before Apr 1
conticket is \$6 attending, \$1.50 sup-
porting.
DJ ****
DJ 5 Joe Bob Williams 28 pp Neat copy
genzine with illos reminding of UNKNOWN
WORLDS 4/\$2.00 & contris/trade
SHAI-BU ****
SHAI-BU 5 Murray Moore genzine 15 pp
"colour co-ordinated"
ARMAGEDDON ****
ARMAGEDDON 1 Larry Carmody who set out
to produce a 'crudzine' and did. Ditto
8 pp
IT COMES IN THE MAILS ****
IT COMES IN THE MAILS 2 Ned Brooks 12pp
personalzine with chronological comm-
ents a la THE ALIEN CRITIC

Barbecue sauce

#1



"NEW
WAVERS CAPTURE
OLD WAVE MAG EDITOR"

Mike Scott '72

+++++
REPORT FROM PLUM COULEE SF CLUB
by Ed Sinkovits Jan. 17, 1973
+++++

.....and poor Sammy, he ain't been to a club meeting in weeks, just wanders around from library to library in a daze mumbling something about a 'Necronomicon'. Folsom says it's a case of demoniac possession but not to worry cause if he don't get well soon by himself then he knows of a quick sure-fire cure but I'm not so sure myself cause I still remember the time Folsom persuaded me that I could walk on hot coals in my bare feet and we even had to give the money back cause the marks weren't so amused and one of them soon found a strong rope and kept trying to tie a noose in it. Folsom said that we should try again in a week when the moon would be right but I said that maybe it was his turn to do the walking and he didn't say much after that. Anyway I'm glad Folsom's got a strong back cause I didn't feel like crawling all the way back home. Boy were those stones hot!

I wish I could enclose a copy of this month's clubzine but they came and took them away. Oh, yeah, they took Pacha away too. One of them called him a 'porno-pusher' and the other said something about post office violations and I guess that means we need a new editor for SNAKEBITE. It's too bad The Squirt ain't around anymore cause he used to edit a couple of fanzines and stuff a while back. Maybe you didn't know it but one day we caught him out behind the clubhouse reading funny things and all I'm going to say is one of them books was by that Ellison fellow (I accidentally saw his name on a cover when we burned them) and so now you know.

I hate to admit it but this ain't the first time that one of the club members has betrayed us. At the bonfire out to Omand's bog where we burned the books, Squirt was screaming and pleading with us and at times he'd froth at the

mouth and start croaking about 'the New Wave' but we'd shut our ears tight and have nothing to do with these blasphemous matters.

I told you in my last letter the club was going to hold elections soon and we finally held them last week but things haven't changed too much. Wilton's still president and I'm still v-p and Folsom's still treasurer. We haven't got a secretary cause that's a girl's job and there ain't no girls allowed in this club. No sir!

There was almost trouble when Little Farkings wanted to know how come there were only thirteen members and yet nineteen ballots had been filled out and he actually had the nerve to suggest that maybe someone other than Folsom should take care of the ballots and do the counting and so forth for a change but I sure put him in his place when I accused him of still reading Heinlein and he said no, but not very loudly and everybody laughed at him and now we won't hear anymore from him for a while. Anyway, Folsom promised to issue a treasury report next month (it's been two or three years since the last one) and with that the meeting sort of broke up and it's time for me to break off here also.

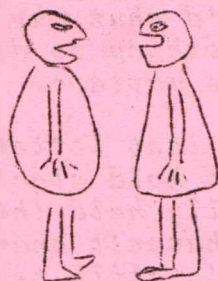
Yours truly,
Stefan

=====
+++++

Ed Cagle says..."Two gallon jars of my wild pickles exploded last week. Over 50% of them were nearly mature enough to ambulate. Too bad about that. They were delicious, though...I just sent a Frisbee to Terry Jeeves. The thing he wanted to know most about the US was: "What the Hell is the Frisbee Game!!"....A pickle, ole bone, is only an old soak of a cucumber....Norman Hochberg says I'm incoherent! Arrrrr & gaaaahhhh."

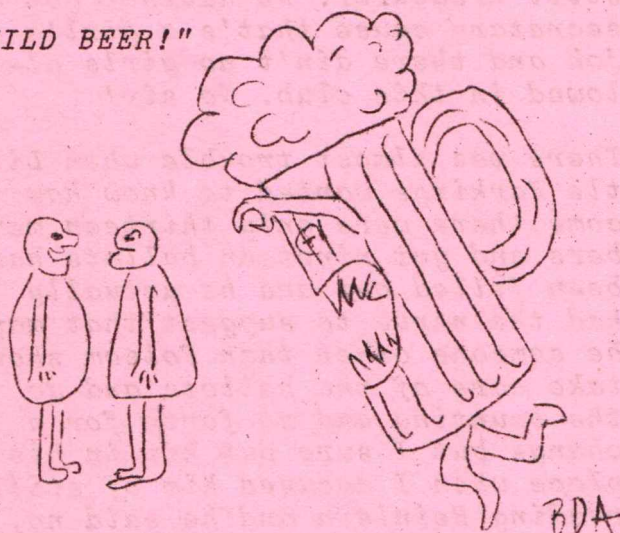
***** A TIP OF THE HAT.... Randall Larson
(Second in the daffy series)

"What do you get
when you cross
wild pickles with
beer?"



"I don't know,
what?"

"WILD BEER!"



One of my hobbies is collecting Frank
Balazsisms from his 'zillion' of letters
to Ole Barbecue, to wit:

"I didn't have any onion soup on Thanks-
giving.

"Just nothing at all will make me laugh
uncontrolably, but luckily, that's some-
thing I can control rather easily but I
do chuckle a bit.

"I'm the type to want to be allergic to
penicillin.

"I'm the only person Matthew Schneck
knows who makes typos while writing.

"My high school is across the street from
a graveyard - wonder if that means any-
thing?

"You can become very disgusted with what-
ever you're chewing on - sometimes even
when you don't want to.

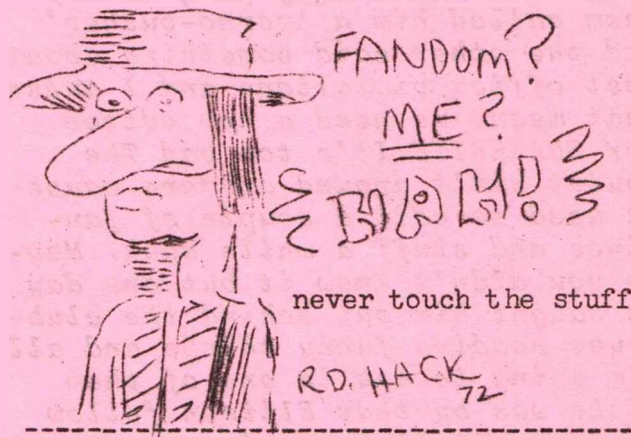
"I really would like to become a pro and
just today I received a rejection from
David Gerrold.

"The light bulb to my desk lamp burned
out yesterday.

((Frank, you're wonderful!))

A tip of the hat to Dave Shank. Unless of
course you're not wearing a hat, in which
case you can't tip it. Unless you borrow
someone else's and put it on your head.
Then you could tip it. Unless the guy did
not want you to borrow his hat, in which
case you'd have to forget all about it or
tip the hat while it was still on the oth-
er guy's head. But you might get hurt. Of
course there may not be anybody around
who has a hat to tip. Or borrow, depending
on what the other guy wanted you to do, if
there was another guy. Then you could al-
ways tip your toupee. If you are wearing
one. If you aren't then you can't tip it.
Unless you borrowed one from somebody, if
there was anybody around. But that falls
into the same category of laws and princi-
ples as the hat escapade. But you don't
have to call it an escapade. Really it was
just a small occasion. Or happening. Some-
thing ridiculous, at least. I always wear
a hat. Except when I'm showering, sleep-
ing, or typing letters to TITLE. It's a
western hat, technically a riverboat hat.
My friend calls it a cowboy hat. It's not
a cowboy hat. It's a western hat. Or riv-
erboat hat, technically. So, I can tip
my hat to Dave Shank. You can, too, if
you're wearing one. But if you're not,
then see above.

((Below R.D.Larson wearing western riv-
erboat hat and toupee simultaneously with-
out tipping!))



"My English teacher took TITLE 9 & NUT 1
to a teacher's meeting. She liked them
pretty well. She's been avoiding me. You
know, like walking on the other side of
the hall and the likes." -- Robert Smoot

"I'd like to buy the world a pickle,
To keep it fannishly." -- David Shank

Randall D. Larson and his

ASPAPAGUS DROPPINGS



This is one of those incredibly strange articles in which the author spends a page trying to convince you that he is saying something when in reality he isn't saying anything at all. The author is usually aware of this, but rarely admits it. So he spends paragraph after paragraph trying to say something without making a total ass of himself. And he usually fails miserably.

I've seen these articles many places. FANDOM UNLIMITED was full of them. So was NUTRICIOUS ADVENTURE COMIX. Why faneditors even print the drivel is beyond me. In studying such works, it has dawned on me why authors even attempt to write such articles when they have nothing to say. Usually, it's that they owe an article to somebody and the deadline's just about up and they can't or don't want to get out of it. Or they see a high class fanzine like TITLE or something and decide they want to get into it and become a Big Name Fan. So they sit down at the typewriter all set to go and then discover they have nothing to say. So they fake it. But the reader, being intelligent and sophisticated, can sense this and it immediately turns him off the article. Thus, most of these articles are never read and the author becomes an obscure hack, never to hear the words Big Name Fan again in relation to himself.

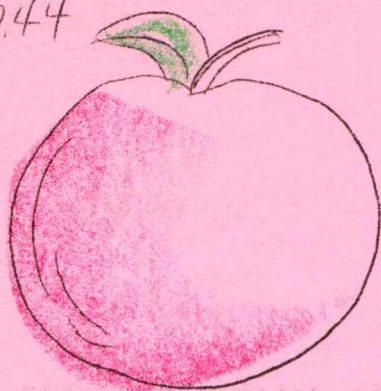
Tis a sad story, no? This has caused the downfall of many a writer, ruined by the curse of "Nothing to Say". But it is such a ridiculous field to fall into. Many a famed author has found this situation but remedied it excellently. There are so many subjects, even confined to a single genre, that the author could speak on, that to even think he has nothing to say is a sign of laziness. There is no excuse for an author typing out a dull piece merely because he has nothing to say. He could easily think of something. Examples: "My Life with Hemorrhoids"; "The Day We All Looked Up to Harlan Ellison"; "My Sister Reads Comics"; "Why Ted Sturgeon Should Stop Writing and Take up Weaving". There is no end. A writer can not say he has nothing to say. He can easily think of something. Even the simple ideas I suggested can be adapted to each genre. If you're a western writer you can write a fascinating piece on "Max Brand and Why He Should Quit Writing and Take up Weaving". If you're into comics, you can do "Peter Parker's Life with Hemorrhoids", and so on.

I'm still baffled by all this: writers writing when they don't really have anything to write. But I'm sure by now you, the reader, will realize that there is no excuse for a writer to, say, turn out a bad piece merely because he has "nothing to say". Let that be a lesson to you!

I don't have much more to say, so I'm going to cut this article short.

++++ CUT SHORT +++++

p.44



Friendly ruddy cheeked apple in good health.

RESUSCITATION HANDBOOK FOR PLANTS

by Sean Summers
Government Publication 66-28z (Price 25¢)

Today, Taxpayers, we go into the important subject of how and when to give artificial respiration to Plants. You never know when you will come upon a gasping stalk of corn or a Blue Apple! Everyone should be prepared and should be skilled in the various first-aid techniques for each of our brothers in the vegetable kingdom.

Apples are high on the priority list. They are all over the place and, and as you can see, are friendly ruddy cheeked fellows. When you see one turning blue, you know he's in a

peck of trouble. Immediately, and time is of the essence, grab a sharp object (pencil will do) and apply it to the west funundrum right in back of the stem. Push it through the apple completely until there is a free passage for air. Then blow strongly into the hole. Pretty soon your sick apple should turn a nice red color again. The only problem is that this emergency procedure causes a partial lobotomy, but who cares if the apple can't move from the east core out?

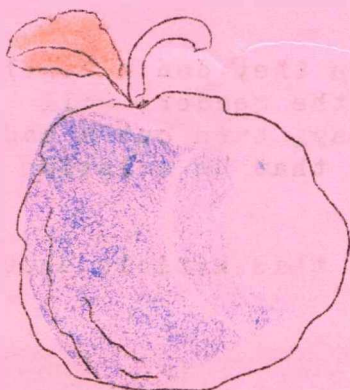
Next is your good friend the banana. When he turns purplish green, he isn't getting enough air. Surgery is quite difficult and should be performed by the most dexterous person available, a rutabaga, or someone with an extremely long tongue. You must cut a channel, lengthwise, through the banana. This method is 99% effective, if you get all the goo out of the channel, which is why a long tongue helps.

As for oranges, forget it! If an orange becomes asphixiated, that's it. No method to date has been found to help the poor guys at all. Your best bet is to eat him right then before rigor mortis sets in and you crack your teeth.

Olives, on the other hand, are usually quite simple. Just pull out the stuffing and place said olive in front of a fan. An unstuffed olive can be stuck right into the fan. This allows oxygen to reach every part of the olive, but unfortunately there's a high mortality rate. (Most fans like olives.) Most sick olives may be found in martinis, and beware that you do not mistake a healthy ripe olive for a sick green one.

Avocados are fun. Cut a small hole in the side of the avocado and insert a straw. Suck in and out 47 times. If you are not accustomed to avocado juice, be a little careful the first few sucks. Stick the original contents of the hole back in when the avocado has begun to breathe again.

Sick apple gasping for air; not too friendly.



Cucumbers are odd. Slice off the top tip (not the bottom tip). Then let water run on the exposed flesh as it is a water breather. If the cucumber remains sickly green and wilted, make a pickle out of him. There is a strong market in Kansas for pickles.

Publication 66-29c discusses the strange habits of the wild pickle and how to give it artificial respiration with bheer.

CELLULAR AUTOMATA

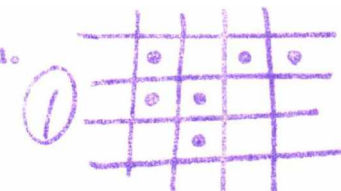
Blame Ned Brooks.! He drew a picture of a barbecue brazier, using graph paper and consisting of dots in the squares...looked like the sketch at the right. He then took it step by step in the Conway "Game of Life" or cellular automata, and he said that my monogram reduced in 5 steps to a stable boat.



What the heck am I talking about? Well, it's a sort of game on a low level, an analogy of population growth and decay on the next level, and out of sight into mathematical analysis on the third level. Well, let's skip that third level and go down to the cellar of cellular automata and see what the rules are.

Start with any small area of a graph paper with a dotted pattern. That's the first generation.

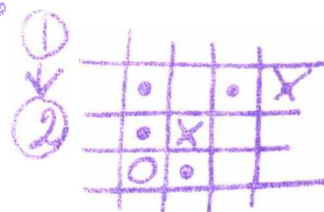
OK, what happens in the second generation to each square which may represent living cells, for instance? Well, a given cell may die, it may live, or it may help spawn a new cell. Those are the three alternatives.



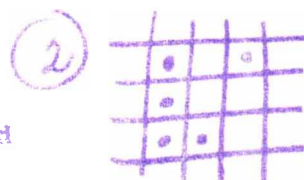
A given cell (dotted) in the first generation lives if it is adjacent in any direction (down, across, & diagonal) to two or three other dotted cells. Next to one, zero, or four & more, it dies.

X = dies O = new cell

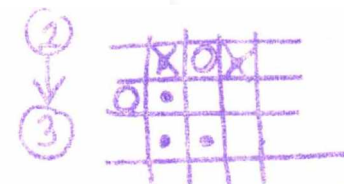
By dying it is meant that that particular square does not get a dot in the succeeding generation (though it might very well get a dot in later generations.)



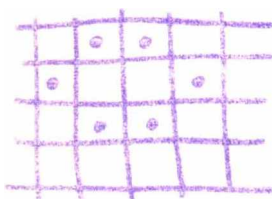
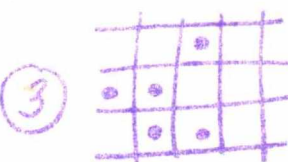
A new viable cell is spawned if the square is next to three and three only living cells.



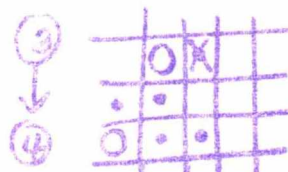
Sometimes your original figure will go on and on for many generations. Sometimes it will fade away to nothing. Sometimes it will end in a stable figure to which no change is possible. Sometimes it will end in a simple repeating figure called a "blinker".



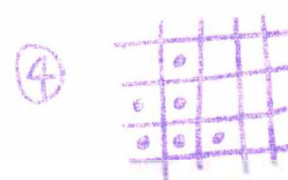
On the next page Ned has taken two figures, both of which end in stable figures. The first is a "boat"; I forget what the next is called, maybe a pair of boxes. Anyway, a figure such as the "boat" is stable, as shown:



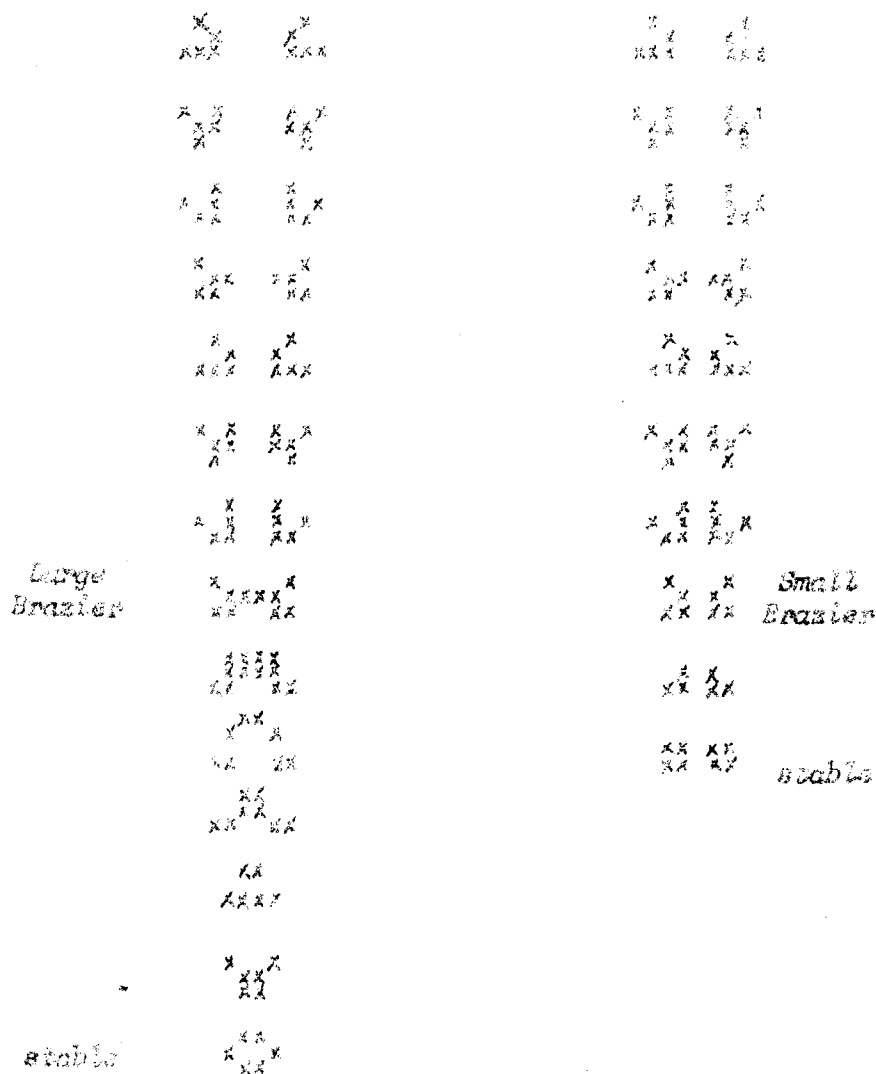
ALL CELLS LIVE.
NO BIRTHS.
NO DEATHS.
STABLE POPULATION!



Ned says: "I have written to Magnavox suggesting that their new Odyssey toy be adapted to play Conway's 'Game of Life' on the TV screen. The thing only simulates competitive sports at present. Bah..."



WHEELS is shown the symmetrical collision of
 30 gliders at right angles
 with even and odd intervals,
 leading to the evolution of the BRAZILIAN



THUS, even the Brazilian may become stable...

Some quotes from two letters from
Richard S. Shaver: received here
Jan.4 and Jan. 22.....

P.47

SHAVER



Some indication of a
portion of a "rockbook"

If Ed Connor calls Velikovsky a jackass
I am honored to be included but not
especially honored by the Churchward
reference as I think him so wrong on
salient points. Ed ought to read his
writers before he jumps on them...

Tell Ed that a jackass has a body and
I think he will get the connection...

those three legs are a great compliment... I had no idea I had arrived
in society. Anyway, I don't think he ever read Velikovsky if he says
Churchward in the same breath. Evidently Ed is an orthodox acceptor of
the status quo in pre-history..which would make him one of those cen-
sored in Britain for not discovering the forgery in the Piltdown jaw-
bone...Truth is I never tried to stand beside people like Velikovsky
and with the occult wool like Churchward's interpretations I have never
had the slightest sympathy. That is...we are three cows of totally dif-
ferent breeds. We have one thing in common...a common curiosity about
the past.

About fanzine editors, maybe they ain't all cretins...I will withhold
judgement for awhile...maybe there is one that ain't. If I could throw
a rock to St.Louis from here I would put Ed's name on it and heave...
but if he wants to know what the past is about, he will have to look at
some rocks for himself. *((The rock would have to carry all the way to
Peoria, Mr. Shaver, in order to get Ed's attention!))*

Rocks contain pictures put there by previous civilization...the point
is not arguable as anyone can check out the statement by just looking
for them industriously. *((This is the gap I cannot leap; for seeing the
pictures is one thing and saying they were produced by a previous civ-
ilization is another.))* Seeing such pictures in the small complex size
does take some lens work and some actual industry so there are criti-
cisms by people too lazy to look for themselves. It's rather like in-
sisting there is no moon because you are too lazy to look up. *((I will
admit the moon's existence, but what if you had told me the moon was
put there by a previous civilization? I would want to know the reasons
why this could be so. I admit there are pictures in rocks; how they got
there is my stumbling point.))*

The big argument is the pictures are "accidentals"... it is not a valid
argument because people made them in a reversible form no accident could
do. *((Why not?))* I wish you would stop repeating I don't explain how
to tell accidentals from purposeful pictures...because I do explain.You
just don't get the explanation...they reverse is not a simple couple of
words but most profound fact. They reverse all over the place in sever-
al sizes like no other picture. Once you look at enough of them you
catch on but you don't catch on by comparing them with inkblots or
clouds.

I always thought Amazing was lousy, especially after I fell out of
their graces...and I still do. Scific is a matter of imagination and a
sticking to the possible over the pseudo-scific..that is, extrapolation

has to BE extrapolation and it has always irritaed me they classed me with the fantasists because they didn't KNOW the facts on which I was extrapolating and building...I like fantasy and am endlessly irritated by the type that ignores all science and all logic and works from anything to anything and reason is out the window. I can distinguish between scific and fantasy which may come as a shock to those who never read me. The part they don't know is that we all are struggling against a mind-destroying monstrosity and losing the battle...and how to tell anyone what's going on is rather like explaining to the man at the slaughterhouse you are not a pig even as he slits your throat. The part they don't know is what makes guys say things like "I stand back ten feet from those who 'know the truth' and from Shaver fifteen feet"... and I understand perfectly because they just don't know and recognize what in H we are talking about. How to tell them is an impossible job. There is mind control over the world...and people don't know the tel-augmentive devices exist and are used clandestinely in all decision making and even in lowly things like price setting.. It's like Dante's picture of Hell... all our lives we hear about it as a real-unreality.. and to discover there is such a place inhabited by flesh and blood people as well as flesh and blood devils...deros...is too much. There isn't any real use in talking about it any more than there is the preacher's version as a real-unreal afterlife thing.

A telaug is a mind-radio and is not exactly any mysterious impossible sort of thing but something that is very like our radio but in different wave-lengths..those used by the mind itself...micro waves of very small size. They exist and have existed...a product of a previous civilization as were the rock books. You don't "accept" them.. and you don't take the time to study the facts of the matter before you sound off..which is what I mean about a big mouth in our modern generation... they sound off too soon on subjects they have NOT really plumbed fairly.

Now look..there IS constant mental tamper via mind-radio. You suffer and I suffer. Whatever the letter I write sounds like, don't get tee'd off..it's what they want us to do. We have enemies..the same enemies that kill'd JFK, Dag Hammerskjold, and LIFE and LOOK.

Now about skepticism. Skepticism is the art of closing the eyes to logic and refusing all evidence you don't agree with beforehand...according to its present practitioners. Skepticism is the art of stating the same negatives over and over while someone is trying to tell you about something you don't want to hear. Skepticism is the art of having a closed mind while pretending to be fair and open. Skepticism is the art of refusing all evidence in all fields that do not agree with your preconceived ideas of what is, should be, and must exist. Skepticism is a way of being blind to all new developments in all fields. Skepticism is the wonderful Mr. Weather Balloon...what's his name, Cundrum or Condon or something...being fair and open while condemning all his confreres to accepting his opinions alone.

You are a typical mind enslaved... skepticism that closes eyes and keep saying the same thing over and over,I am skeptical... what the skeptics did with Fort...missed his point entirely in their love with their own blindness.

Tell Meadows to write me and I will send him something really beautiful

Your eyes are obscured by your pre-opinions, like all scientists, you are an assumptive thinker. U see what U want.



The only zine of its kind
anywhere in the world

P49

VOL 1 no. 2 (Two, zwei)

LOCZINE

January 23

Don Ayres' logo headed a 9-pager (down 2 pages from #1); but it is not the only zine of its kind as see below:

TITLE LOCZINE * 2

from Frank Balazs, Esquire

January 24

Frank Balazs pooped out after 4 pages, but his loczine had a thermofaxed cover that seemed to be a portrait of an editor doing a TITLEloczine. Detracting somewhat: only one staple as compared to Ayres' two "contraband wire staples".

Don Ayres edited his zine while drunk. Page 1 1/2 is a busty woman from a Jerry Gross film. This is followed by some pseudoscientific claptrap about the planaria, illustrated with biological art. Then a tear-sheet from SCIENCE claiming horses always see flying saucers before human beings do, since people are always "going outside to see what frightened the horses". Page 5 has a fold-out that tells of the "SCI FI SOCIETY" that Ayres started and how they the members are talking of attending the Kubla Khan in Nashville, April 27. The last two pages are purple Ditto prose on the subject "Terrestrial Community Evolution and the Rise of Early Mesozoic Reptiles". Since this zine had an edition of But one copy, I will quote juicy sections from time to time.

Now for the Balazs creation... Composed while under the influence of some rare, exotic drug, possibly nutmeg. Items from this zine will be quoted from time to time: such things as Frank's passion for spiders, his rip-out on Irvin Koch for omitting mention of N'APA, faith in FTL, a few 'whatevers' said about Adrian Clair, a whole page just made for BARBECUE SAUCE with its column by Clarence Pittsbottom, a championing of Don Ayres from whom there was not even one quote in TITLE 11 after receipt of Ayres' 11 page zine, and concluding with some jokes from other planets cribbed from NAT LAMPOON, like:

Q: What do you call a hunchbacked Martian?

A: Pregnant

QUOTE OF THE MONTH DEPARTMENT ----

"Pseudo Time interjects genocidal demands upon persons otherwise gauged to live in concord with Nature's Dynamic Time monitorships. Pseudo Time pollutes and misguides the Mind. Pseudo Time-Zone time is naught but blind precipitation." -- V. Ray Alexander, 1967