



TITLE, A MONTHLY SCRAPBOOK  
#13 April 1973  
Donn Brazier  
1155 Fawnvalley Dr.  
St. Louis, Mo. 63131

DEDICATED TO, IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER, A FEW OF THE WOMEN IN MY LIFE:

Sheryl Birkhead, for three letters in one day and other surprises  
Jackie Franke, for one or more letters every month since Title #1  
Rose Hogue, for sending empty beer cans and other good things  
Tody Kenyon, for photos of the G.F.W. Society and rocks with holes in them  
Elaine White, for good neoletters and money - both!

Sacré bleu  
TITLE she



comment ça  
va's

#### HEADS AND TAILS

"TITLE's initial élan is losing steam. Or perhaps it is us?" Roy Tackett. ((Tiens, c'est les poupas.))

"One of the most enjoyable of recent fanzines." Bill Bowers. ((Regardez Kwala et taissez-vous!))

"T is not perfect by any means... un-structured and loosely knit..." Murray Moore ((Va schstick

votre tete dans un noosely knot mit loosely footing))

Zut, Title  
est le gateau



du Fandowne!

"It wouldn't be a bad idea to change TITLE's title...after all, TITLE is so mundane sounding!" - Bruce Arthurs ((Tournez votre figure pieds-de-tete!))

"...several comments on change in format..hadn't noticed until it was mentioned. But rather than a change it looks like, um, er.. necessity (?)." - Sheryl Birkhead. ((Vous avez raison, mais votre mere est un cheval. C'est bien? Vous aimez les horses, n'est-ce pas?))

"Table of contents and certified page numbers! Really, you're going too far! Now if the contents titles made any sense and connected with the articles inside..." -- Frank Balazs. ((Foudre! Le fromage est mal!))

"...normal lettercol enjoyable to read after the short cat up bits." -- Cy Chauvin ((Poussez votre jambe dans la bouche et le coupez!))

"I can see how hairy TITLE would get being 12 issues of only reader comment." -- Chris Hulse. ((La balle she bouncez comme ci comme ca!))

"Still too many columns." Norman Hochberg. ((Norm mange les vermes!)) ((Les vermes grosses!))

"...nothing much to comment on in T 11 - just a bunch of quotes. Realize you're running out of topics." - Doug Leingang ((Cherchez pour Norm Hochberg et battez vos tetes!))

"Halfway through I fell asleep." - Ed Sinkovits ((Il vous faut pour obtenir Vitamine A,B,C,D,E,K, et T et lire la KWALA.))

Le fromage  
est sur

la table!





Several of T-contributors have generated a head of steam because of what Ole Bone has done to their contribs. He has cut, slashed, reversed sentences, interchanged paragraphs, and otherwise committed mayhem on their creations. This has, I admit, not always changed things for the better; and I apologize. However, to fit the mostest and the bestest from as many readers as possible into the inelastic confines of a zine I have to be violent and arbitrary. And I will probably continue in such "editorial" ways.

THEREFORE...Anyone who does not want a letter or any other contribution tampered with, please mark PRINT AS IS OR NOT AT ALL....or.... IF EXTENDED CUTS OR REVISIONS ARE PLANNED, SEND BACK FOR OK. I hope this will keep my new found friends.

As this issue develops it appears to be a sort of kaleidoscopic review of the one-page department features over the past 12 issues. Old readers will recognize old friends; new readers will possibly be mouthing obscenities expressing varying degrees of perplexity.

Chalk this one down for unusual LoC format-- a letter written on the back of a flat piece of steel (maybe aluminum) on whose other side is printed MILWAUKEE'S BEST. The plate, after being curved and soldered, becomes a beer can. I thank Bob Stein; my son the beer can collector thanks him also; and I have lost the LoC to the wall of Brett's bedroom!

Two recent CoA:

Jeff May  
P.O.Box 68  
Liberty, Mo. 64068

Dave Szurek  
Royal Palm Hotel  
Room 615  
2305 Park Ave.  
Detroit, Mich. 48201

After moaning that I had spent fruitless time calling magazine distributors in St.Louis, Hank Jewell, without being asked, sent me #1 of VERTEX. Thank you, Hank. For the benefit of prowriter & struggling fanwriter plus sf readers, the magazine deserves a 100% support. The VERTEX editor says the magazine got the go-ahead just 33 days before pub-date. The fiction possibly reflects this haste...

Fanwriters..LAPWING, a semiprozine yet to make its appearance, is looking for fantasy, S&S, & sf and art & poetry. Payment will be made on a sort of royalty basis over a 5 year period (2¢ per issue regardless of story length). Write Joseph B. Wilson, P.O. Box 3840, St.Louis, 63122. Issues will sell at \$1 or six for \$5, advance subscriptions are welcome.

St.Toad Artworks, 500 Wellesley SE, Albuquerque NM 87106 has 2-foot posters of Helmut Wenske fantasy art for sale. In sect-Man similar to my "Create Monster" in MOEBIUS TRIP.

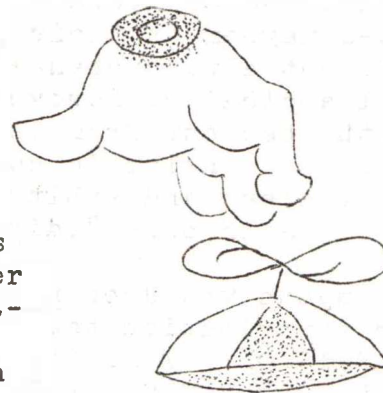


# RANDOM RAMBLINGS IN SF

Oh, don't we ramble - in the science fiction patch....

In T-12 I neglected to mention BRING BACK THE SUN, "being the Second Annual Winter Solstice Zine", a Dragon Press effort sent to me by Ned Brooks. Now that Spring is here I hope it's not too late to mention this hilarious, tongue-in-cheek little zine with things like Joe Celko's "Portable Home Stonehenge".....MINICON 7 at Minneapolis April 20-22. Make checks payable to Minicon and mail \$2 to Beverly Swanson, 2301 Elliot Ave. S, Minneapolis, Minn 55404.....Must say something here about MINNESOTA EARTH JOURNAL, Vol 2 Issue 7, 35¢, 317 Cedar Ave, Mpls, Minn 55404. My copy is borrowed, & I must return it to a fringe fan. It's a little offset zine of semi-pro format with such things as these inside: Project Sanguine, a gigantic submarine antenna buried in 8 feet underground of northern Wisconsin's 1,300 miles and 30 million watts of power; the power of the pyramidal shape to concentrate some sort of force which has led me to see if some paper clips will be magnetized if placed inside a cardboard pyramid; and a rundown on apples. The pyramid thing sounds like another cracky idea, but I am most surprised I never heard of this Navy project in Wisconsin, supposedly top secret until 1968.....A tearsheet from Cy Chauvin, "Rescue in Space" from Sept 66 issue of SKYLIGHTS. Ocean life rafts built like parachutes, only heading camber side downward from out of space, were interesting. Wonder what the diameter of such a "cone" would have to be to a) keep 200 pounds, say, in a slow descent and b) how to slow it down in re-entry into the atmosphere without frictional heating problems.... NEW FICTION, Drawer 24190, University City, Mo. 63130 will look at your 1000-3000 word story for \$5 and receive a critique by at least two and up to ten English professors and journalists. If it is accepted for publication you will share, with the other accepted authors, in the kitty built up from the \$5 received. Quality fiction, no mention of sf/fantasy, is required. Are you a poker player?.... OK, you're turn to wind.....

Mike Shoemaker has an ancient period of sf (before 1926) followed by the superscience era 1926-32. The year 1933 was a dead, transitional period leading to the development period, 1934-38 sparked by Tremaine's ASTOUNDING. The period was characterized by a growing diversity, Mike's Golden Age, 1939-45, was followed by a Silver Age, 1946-49, which was the beginning of maturity and quality. But 1950-52 was another dead period before continuing development in "polished story telling with a greater emphasis on....sociological SF." The period of Arrival was 1960-63, with the New Wave period following in 1964-1970, peaking about 1967-68. We are now, Mike says, in the post-New-Wave period. If, for the moment, you accept Mike's classification for the sake of argument, in which period would your reading interests fall? For the record, I'm back in the Golden Age.... Aljo Svoboda named some ages, without dates; there is some parallel with Mike's ages. "The Prehistoric Era, the Gernsbackian Age, the Golden Age, the Decline, and, if you like what's being put out today, the Silver Age maybe?" I wonder on the basis of themes alone whether the sf periods could be classified, and if so whether these eras would be a telescoped mini-history of the whole human race? Or the way a frontier country develops? The first adventurous stories of man vs nature, first in a magical view and then in man's developing technical skills and tools; second, a settling down to play with his technical toys; third, tiring of that and turning to look around at other people; fourth, turning inward and examining the quirks of the distorted psyche; fifth, coming back out to encompass the whole universe, with people and things in a feedback to and from an individual; sixth, discovering the magic again and returning to the dawnage myths in an amalgam of science and superstition; seventh, ...what? .... Sorry that Ole Bone had to take another turn at winding the propellor; he got carried away....more.....



My turn  
to wind!

SB

RANDOM REPORTS  
RAMBLING THROUGH THE FANTASY PATCH

Elaine White: "I never hear Richard Cowper mentioned. Passe, or outright crummy? Nevertheless, I enjoyed his latest book, KULDESAK, a pretty good treatment of the old Man-controlled-by-computer theme. In an old Heinlein juvenile, TUNNEL IN THE SKY, there was an important character named Richard Cowper. I wonder if there's a connection?...A lot of fans think the theme or idea is more important than characterization. Frank Balazs is gung-ho about John Brunner and his crusading themes. But Brunner's characters are so flat they don't involve me emotionally. I've tried, in vain, to read THE SHEEP LOOK UP. On the other hand, McCaffrey's SHIP WHO SANG is short on grandiose themes but terrific in characterization."

CLAIRE BECK: "There has been a spurious edition of Lovecraft's SHUNNED HOUSE. Roy Squires wrote a very interesting account of the fake in one of his catalogs." ((My 'system' has broken down; someone told me about this, too, & gave a few details & I can't find the letter. Sorry...))

Norman Hochberg: "I don't mind people not liking Vonnegut. I'm also willing to accept that a few people didn't like SLAUGHTERHOUSE FIVE (the movie). But to call it 'empty' and 'laughable as sf' is downright blindness. What does Jim want: big spaceships and meaningless gadgets a la SILENT RUNNING? In any case, blaming Vonnegut for a movie based on one of his works is a little bit much."

Paul Anderson: "While sf movies today are bad in many ways, most have more good points than films of the 50's. I was doubtful about seeing anything worse, though, than THE NAVY VS THE NIGHT MONSTERS but SILENT RUNNING came extremely close with its farcical technological background. Even CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES was bearable even if it left the way open for an infinite number of sequels....Bruce Gillespie's SF COMMENTARY is easily amongst my top 3 zines for the year or any other year...Australia in 75."

Gary Grady: "CHARIOTS OF THE GODS" by Erich von Däniken is the basis

for the tv special 'In Search of the Ancient Astronauts' which I missed so I decided to get the book. His thesis is that thousands of years ago aliens visited the Earth and left their mark. This is not inconceivable; certainly not a new idea. Regretably, von Däniken is not only convinced the idea is original with him, he also assures us orthodox scientists will reject it out of hand because 'At the conference tables of orthodox scientists the delusion still prevails that a thing must be proved before a serious person may -or can - concern himself with it.' Nonsense! No scientist ever got famous for rejecting new ideas. That's one reason why there are 10-20 theories competing with General Relativity - none of them proved, all of them discussed. A lot of Däniken's evidence doesn't have any bearing on the subject. Moreover, there are errors. The Maya Indians, he says, knew the Venusian year to be 584 days. That doesn't say much for them, since the Venerian year is more like 225 days. He also informs us in awe-inspiring tones that no computer can register a 15 digit number. It's easily storable in just about any digital computer ever made. A serious book on this subject by someone a tad more rational might be well worth reading. This isn't."

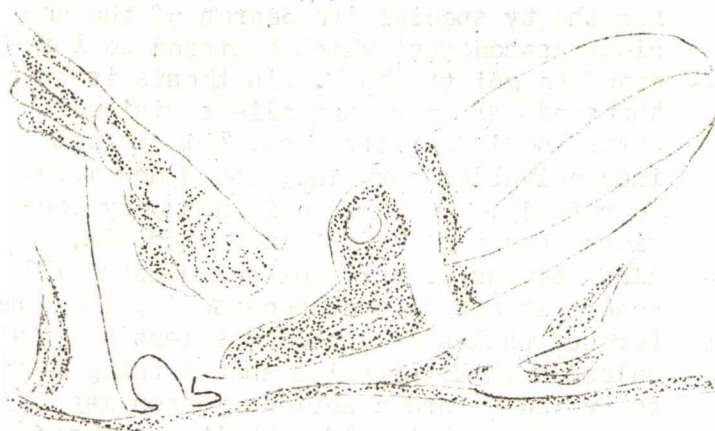
Donald G. Jackson: "FINDERS KEEPERS is the hipzine of appreciative recognition for outstanding talent in the media. Experimental films, old Antonick art, Nick Kamin's sci-fi books, the AMC Gremlin, and 50's rock star Buddy Holly." ((50¢ to 1043 Vine St., Adrian, Michigan 49221. ))

Ed Cagle: "Gillespie says photos in SF COMMENTARY cost him total \$115; there are crazy people in Aussie, too."

Chester Cuthbert: "Don Wollheim sold his collection of pulps and fanzines last year, but he is still collecting books and says the space made by selling the pulps is rapidly filling with books. I sometimes think my own collection could be put to better use."

Bruce D. Arthurs: "Phoenix fandom is showing signs of life, possibly helped by the rivalry/feud between two clubs, OAFS and Cosmic Circle. The infamous Phoenix clubzine TWIBBET is looking fairly decent." ((Bruce was back home in Arizona on about a 15 day leave from Ft. Lee, Virginia.))





Don Ayres: "...coyotes kill what they can eat whereas dogs tend to overkill. Where do you suppose they learned that there trick?"

Ned Brooks: "Loay is an unusual name! There is a fan in Florida named L'Shaya Salkind. Do people feel they have to live up to an odd name by being eccentric? A given name, that is -- of course some people try to seem even weirder by adopting a strange name. Mullen is right, creativity is obviously an escape mechanism...Just don't let the blue-noses find out, they'll pass a law against it!"

Frank Balazs: "...the longer I wait to comment on a fanzine, the less I write. You see, I've already made sundry comments in my mind and no longer need to write them. If I get a story idea, I have to do one of two things: either write it then or shove it to the back of my mind till I can write it. If I don't, I start to write it in my mind and then I can't put it on paper." ((Donn here. I've heard advice that one should never tell anyone a story idea because the creative need or whatever is then satisfied and it'll never get down on paper.))

Railee Bothman: "To question whether a story is better if it is a great story or a mind-stimulator is adding oranges and apples. A standout is either of the two or sometimes both. A story may be so well written it is never forgotten. Others, perhaps not so well polished, can start you off into a whole new field of thought and learning."

Tom Mullen: "I've never understood if glass is transparent because you can see through it, or if you can see through it because it is transpar-

ent? But then again, I'm not likely to, either. ((Donn here. Why does light go through some materials and not others?))

Jackie Franke: "Fandom isn't a way of Life; it IS Life, in miniature. And TITLE itself goes far in illustrating this..."

Robert Smoot: "Just found out something. People are incapable of reading. It seems that letters are a combination of symbols that will form a psychic thingamajig that sets up a one-way link with the 'reader'. An' ya wanna know how I found out? I 'read' it."

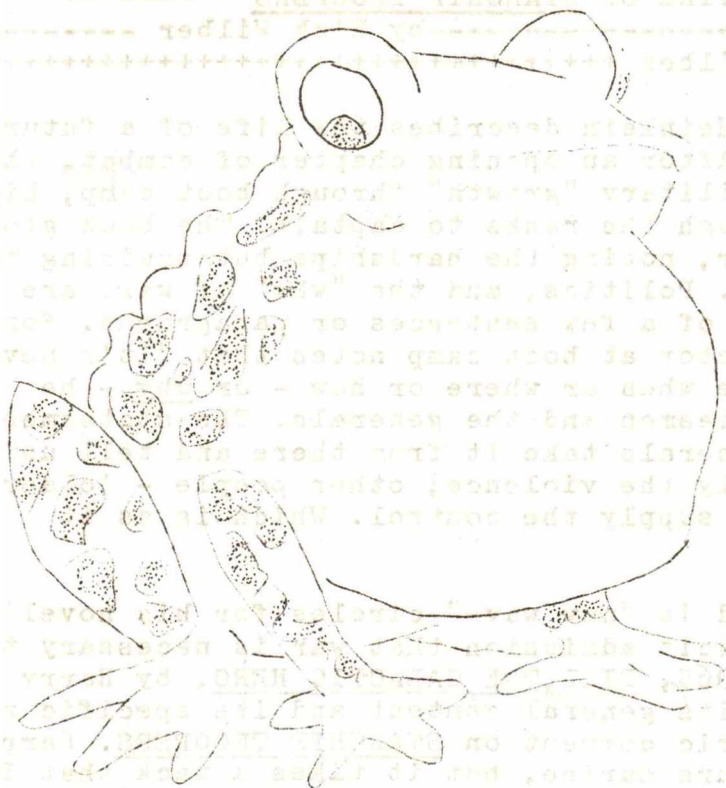
Chris Hulse: "In T 9 Ned Brooks said most of what you believe is not true. If he is right, should we believe him? According to his logic, I can only assume we would be stupid to believe him." ((Donn here. Logicians??))

Murray Moore: "I see Title comes from St. Louis. How ODD."

Chester Cuthbert: "The borderland between reality and illusion, between mind and matter, between matter and energy, between mind and spirit, is the most fascinating field of study. It is almost impossible to draw a line which will demarcate the categories. Even the difference between organic and inorganic matter is a shadowy one, full of mystery and excitement."

Michael T. Shoemaker: "Why do people who play rock music turn the volume up to such deafening levels? This question calls for a serious psychological answer....I saw a picture of Paul Revere painted by a contemporary of his; he's a dead ringer for Bob Hope. ((Donn here. Hope made a trip to the Revolutionary troops??))

# BREIGNANT BARAGRAPHS



Pauline Palmer:

"If the universe does not belong to me, to whom does it belong? If I am not master of it, why am I not? How does it happen that the universe is not myself, why is it something different, myself on one side, everything else on the other? Everything is alien; I feel myself alien; and so are these thoughts..." and another "We are comic. That's the way we should look at ourselves. Only humour, bland or black or cruel, only humour can give us back serenity."

-- Eugene Ionesco in FRAGMENTS OF A JOURNAL

ROY TACKETT: From ALL RIGHT, EVERYBODY OFF THE PLANET by Bob

Ottum. A TV technician is winding up his cables after an Event and is asked:

"Well, what do you think about the space visit?"

"What the hell do I know from space visits? Look, all I do is run the camer, all right? Those guys land a goddam spaceship here and I pick up all the mobile equipment and I go out and I put them on camera, right?"

"Aren't you frightened?"

"What's to be frightened? They behave themselves, I behave myself. Easy as that."

Then Roy adds, "Which is probably the way a lot of people would react to a visitor from space." ((Donn here. Not at first, I think. Personally, unless this visitor landed in the wilds of Kansas, I think the craft would be shot down in a very bad scene.))

ED LESKO Jr.: "You who sit in your houses of night, you who sit in the theaters, you who are gay at dances and parties -- all you who are enclosed by four walls -- you have no conception of what goes on outside in the dark. In the lonesome places."

-- August Derleth, THE LONESOME PLACE ((Donn here. Please push this quote up one level to Man in the Universe....))

Robert Smoot: "The Italians, for all their love of gladiatorial display, failed to appreciate this conversion of the whole country into an arena..."

-- H.G.Wells OUTLINE OF HISTORY

Tom Mullen: "If my mental processes are determined wholly by the motions of atoms in my brain, I have no reason for supposing my beliefs are true...and hence I have no reason for supposing my brain to be made of atoms."

-- J.B.S.Haldane, POSSIBLE WORLDS

John Leavitt: "You can't get all the news. The simple knowledge that something has happened often isn't available to us. Sometimes it is deliberately hidden from us. I often wonder, on any given day, what things are happening that are of crucial importance but of which we know nothing, or whose importance escapes us at the time....How many stories are tucked away in archives? How many stories are the secret property of one person? How many world-shaking events never shake the world because they remain secrets? That's what makes reality so fascinating."

-- Frank McGee, LOOK, Oct 15, 1971 p15



BILL, THE GALACTIC HERO AS A SATIRE OF STARSHIP TROOPERS PART I.

-----by Rick Wilber -----  
+++++ by Rick Wilber +++++

Starship Troopers by Robert A. Heinlein describes the life of a future marine commando, Johnnie Rico. After an opening chapter of combat, the book is a flashback of Rico's military "growth" through boot camp, his first action, and his rise through the ranks to captain. The book glorifies Johnnie's choice of career, noting the hardships but praising the work of the "starship troopers". Politics, and the "why" of war, are generally dismissed in a matter of a few sentences or paragraphs. For example, Johnnie's drill instructor at boot camp notes that "It's never the soldier's business to decide when or where or how - or why - he fights; that belongs to the statesmen and the generals. The statesmen decide why and how much; the generals take it from there and tell us where and when and how. We supply the violence; other people - 'older and wiser heads,' as they say - supply the control. Which is as it should be."

Heinlein was severely criticized in "new wave" circles for his novel's glorification of war, and its tacit admission that war is necessary to the human condition. Then, in 1965, BILL, THE GALACTIC HERO, by Harry Harrison, appeared and in both its general content and its specific references was taken to be a satiric comment on STARSHIP TROOPERS. Harrison's book also describes a future marine, but it takes a tack that is often directly opposed to, and (from the liberal point of view) much more realistic than Heinlein's book.

Unlike Johnnie Rico, who joined the armed services voluntarily, Bill, a farm boy on Phigerinadon II, is shanghaied by a robot and a veteran sergeant who receives one month off his enlistment for every recruit he musters. Rico's encounters with the military life are put in opposition throughout Bill's career.

What STARSHIP TROOPERS purports to do is to show how Rico reaches adulthood through the military. He displays his innocence in the early stage of the novel, and then becomes progressively more aware of life, its hardships and its pleasures. The flashback technique allows Rico, the narrator, to criticize his own past performance from the superior viewpoint of the present. Only in the last few passages is he once again in the present, and here, his growth process supposedly complete, he still lauds the military. The last line in the novel, the lyrics to music piped to the men prior to a "drop" onto the enemy's planet, is "To the everlasting glory of the Infantry". And Rico believes it.

Bill, also an innocent in the early goings, rapidly adapts. Casting aside the vestiges of normalcy, Bill has, at the end of the novel, become as monstrous as those he had feared in his first days. The similarity with Rico's growth pattern is there, but Harrison's treatment is much less sympathetic to the military.

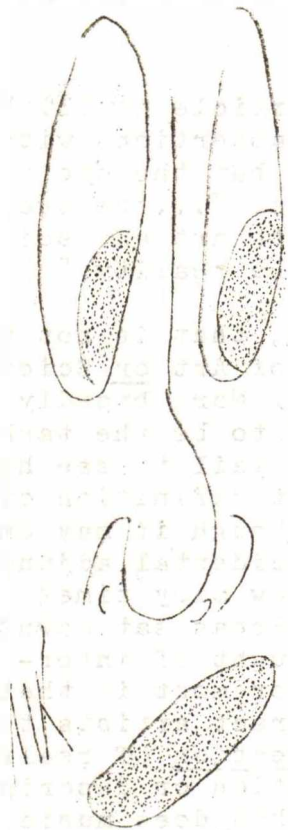
BILL THE GALACTIC HERO serves two satiric purposes. The first is a satire on war in general. Bill's encounter with the military, its corrupt organization and forced wars, make for humorous and significant comment about the military and war in general. The second purpose satirizes quite effectively STARSHIP TROOPERS, even though published six years afterwards. BILL THE GALACTIC HERO thus effectively performs two of satire's main objectives, satirizing both a general type (war and warriors) and an individual (Johnnie Rico).

(TO BE CONTINUED)



# REALITY

FIRST WORDS BY BILL MARSH



Richard S. Shaver is a fascinating personality, and I'm intrigued by his continuing, obstinate advocacy of the "reality" of his way of viewing the world. Courage of one's convictions is an increasingly rare trait in these conformist times when even the dissenters strike one as advocates of nothing other than alternate conformisms. I'm glad you plan to continue keeping your zine open to all forms of opinion and ideas including Shaver's.

What to make of Shaver and others with more or less pronounced way-out focuses on what we call the material world all hinges upon how a person philosophically handles that noun that Smoot queries about: REALITY. I see it as a pretty limp word.

Reality deals with that which is fact, right? And fact is a pronouncement concerning the state of things that a given group of observers agree upon as being objectively true, based upon their common observation. But realities have a way of changing, of becoming supplanted, when some oddball comes along and out of intuition or some monomaniacal quirk wants to observe things from a little different viewpoint. So the old "reality" of the Epicureans, that placed the earth at the center of it all, gave way to the new "reality" of Copernicus that made the solar system a heliocentric affair. So it was that along came a mystic dreamer named Einstein and played hell with the old realities of mass and energy and time.

Reality is a very relativistic quality, methinks. We have to maintain a certain mutual agreement on the nature of this awesome physical universe that confronts us all to have any sort of a workable society and culture. If we can learn anything from history it has to be that Reality and Truth and Fact are all tentative, malleable and temporal in essence.

Most of us share only a tiny portion of our internal, personal selves and psyches with others. Outside of the interacting of consciousnesses with others in the necessary social intercourse of living, we are dwelling largely in a lot of very diverse, individualistic realities which our cultures have taught us from an early age to mask from each other. Anyone who gets too specific in describing his interior reality to others, or who clings too tenaciously or exclusively to what appears to him the overriding realities of that interior universe in comparison to the exterior universe common to all, runs the risk of being labeled a madman, perhaps.

"There is a relationship between what we think is out there in the world and what we experience as being out there.... New representations for reality, new ideas, new fabrications of fantasy searching for supporting logic, must precede the final 'discovery' by which verification of the notion is achieved." -- pp 1 & 11 of THE CRACK IN THE COSMIC EGG by Joseph Chilton Pearce, Pocket Book, 1973

NED BROOKS: "Reality is a pattern of relations between concepts built up in our minds by constantly reinforcing sensory stimuli. The process is complicated in that our subconscious rejects sensory stimuli for which no place in the 'reality structure' can be found. Thus as we learn more and the structure becomes more complex, we become more likely to accept certain sensory evidence and reject certain others. Thus can there be disagreement about the 'real' nature of 'reality'."

((from a Richard S. Shaver letter  
of March 12, 1973))

The facts about Palmer rewrite of Shaver is mostly a fiction.... all Shaver writings are first draft...no corrections except those possible on corrigible bond ...with very little plotting and almost no thought..just writing.

I remember hearing Rap..palmer and Bill Hamling cussing because they had to go through and make a little correction at each occurrence of the capital I because I had used the "l" key. The reason was that the typesetters would use the same l which would not come out the same look and would show up in the printing.

So you can see how much rewrite there was... they used the same Mss...the only corrections or rewrite was a bit of quick REMOVING of a page or two when I ran over the number of words .. that is... I often counted words carelessly...and a page supposed to contain 250 words sometimes had 300...which would make the total copy come out wrong in the dummy ... so that total rewrite consisted of making sure the total copy came out right for the printer.

I don't know who started this fiction that Shaver was written by Palmer...the only real base was that several Shaver mss. were printed under pen names that Palmer used for his own work when he was an editor short of money..that is..had to buy a story from himself..and publish under a pen name.

Shaver had a fan following of some 2500 paid subscriptions to the Shavery ((sic)) Mystery fanzine...while at that time all sci-fic fandom totaled up amounted to only some 1200 paid subscriptions in all. This meant that the Shaver following was in fact twice that of all other sci-fic writers combined. Some fanzine editors started an attack on Shaver..under fictitious names.. dero inspired.. and the Palmer-shaver story was one attack.

-----D. GARY GRADY-----

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The Paul Walker article in TITLE 12 makes several assertions with which I disagree, but the one that stands out is this: "...the overall purpose of both art and science is to describe reality."

In a narrow sense, that is not properly the domain of Art or Science. It is metaphysics. More broadly it may be considered to be the task of Science, but I fail to see how Art fits into that definition of purpose at all (though it may on occasion be an incidental adjunct). Come now, Paul, how many times when Van Gogh or Freas sat down to paint was the thought of interpreting reality foremost in their minds? With abstract artists there is a definite rejection of reality, not an interpretation or description thereof. And how does music interpret reality?

Realistically, Artists and Scientists share a common goal - to create something they will be proud of and others will admire (and to have a good time, too, in most cases). The ultimate purpose in Art and Science is egoboo!

There is a difference in the method of achieving that goal. In general, Art seeks after Beauty; Science after Truth. And of course those two overlap. Truth is beautiful. The fact that something is beautiful is a statement of truth. Neither have to be "real". Euclidean plane geometry beyond the fifth postulate is, to me at least, a thing of intricate beauty. It is also certainly true by the mathematical definition of truth. But modern physics has shown it to be unrelated to the real Universe.

More to the point of the relevancy of science: Paul's view of science seems to be a collection of vague notions about atoms, quanta, black holes, and wild pickles. Of course, that seems irrelevant to



him. But that is not all of science, either. When Paul devours a hamburger it takes a pretty advanced knowledge of chemistry (not to mention a strong stomach) to digest it. You may insist that Paul is not conscious of the information his body possesses and therefore it is still irrelevant to him, but I liken that to saying he doesn't breathe because he is not conscious of it. If you disagree with me on that, ok. Let me try another tack.

I don't know if Paul is a painter. If he is, he knows that yellow and blue pigments mixed together produce a green pigment. That is a scientific fact almost completely necessary to a painter. Similarly, the laws of painting perspective are laws of physics. Although Paul says, "... a knowledge of accoustical theory may be helpful to a better understanding of musical theory, but it is not essential," he is not advancing his argument. Musical theory has been considered a part of science for hundreds of years. I could go into the Golden Ratio and like that, but I think you get the idea.

Two more points, though: First, just because something is non-essential it is not invariably irrelevant. Art itself is not strictly essential. Second, Paul's statement that "Scientific discipline would inhibit an artist as I believe an artistic discipline would inhibit a scientist," is a nicely turned phrase, but whatinhell is "scientific discipline"? The Junior high school version of a scientist's "method"? Nonsense. It would be nearly as easy to find a scientist and an artist with similar working methods as it would be to locate two scientists or two artists who did things the same way.

Our main bone of contention seems to be semantic. Paul says atoms and quasars are irrelevant to him, so he concludes Science is irrelevant to him. I could as easily say that rock music and paintings of shrimpboats are irrelevant to me so Art is irrelevant to me. Science and Art are both bigger than that. If no part of Science is relevant to Paul Walker he must be a damned narrow individual. And if he's a Title person I don't think he is.

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SHERYL BIRKHEAD SENDS A CLIP

*Students at Montana State Univ.  
had a contest to devise bumper  
stickers to boost SCIENCE.....*

- \* ONLY SCIENCE CAN GET THE LEAD  
OUT OF AMERICA
- \* RESEARCH: NO DEPOSIT, NO RETURN
- \* SCIENCE: THE ONLY SLOT MACHINE  
TILTED IN YOUR FAVOR
- \* THE DINOSAURS DIDN'T SUPPORT  
SCIENCE
- \* WE'VE GOT AVOGADRO'S NUMBER
- \* TAKE DR. SPLRFSK TO LUNCH (The  
editor's entry..hmmm..)

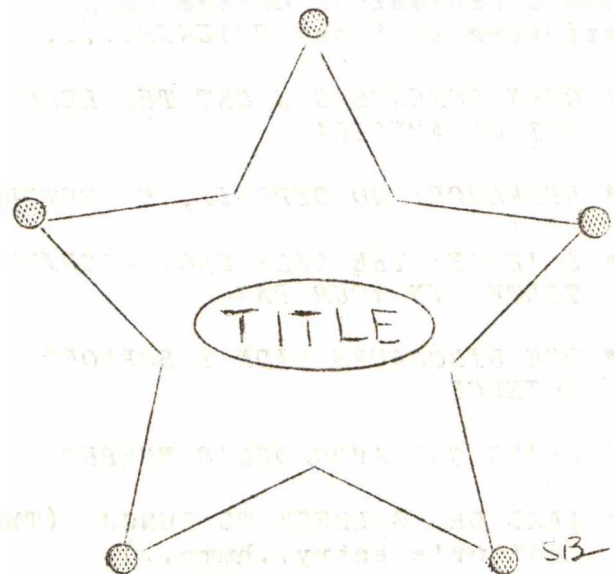


"GETTING TO THE FOOT OF OUR  
PROBLEMS..." by JOHN CARL

# MUNDANIAN

TODY KENYON....

1. I live alone with 500 rodents, two dogs and occasional wild folk, the most recent being a sweet raccoon named Jezebel. I am going to write a book about Jezebel someday. Before Jezebel there was Blossum (possum), before that other raccoons, deermouse, pigeon and a skunk (very briefly). Before that I was married.
2. I am considered eccentric. Before I bought a cadillac I was considered crazy. I drive a 1948 topless jeepster or one of two ambulances. Sometimes I drive the cadillac, but it is mainly a showpiece to keep me out of the nut house.
3. I am a 100 lb magpie and collect mostly stones, driftwood, fall leaves and locust shells. As soon as the house is full, I'd like to move to a tree house or a houseboat.
4. I do not like machines as a ruling class.
5. I like abandoned houses and walking in the woods. My ambition is to find a spot where there are no beer cans. Sometimes I think beercans are double agents. They will all rise up against us one day. I also like to walk by the lake - I would be a successful beachcomber if I were more selective. I don't walk in town much because my dogs are bananas and run amok. I do not need trouble from the townspeople as I manufacture more than I need myself.
6. There are about 1,000 people in this town ((Aurora, N.Y.)), half that when Wells College goes on vacation. I went to Wells myself; I'm taking a law course there now. I would like to be a criminal lawyer, but I probably won't be. I would have to move away. I love this town.
7. I used to do a lot of artwork of all kinds, but only have time for lettering, posters etc. these days. Most of this county's barroom "MEN" signs are mine - isn't that wonderful? Right now I'm working on a wooden sign giving me splinters, a sandwich sign. I'm up to egg and olive. Once I painted a cow for an american legion raffle.  
*INSERT ELECTRODE "A" IN CEREBRUM  
AND ELECTRODE "B" IN MEDULLA OB-  
LONGATA; THEN PIN BADGE TO CHEST.*
8. I like to read, watch soap box operas and bite my toenails. (Try that in your pre-sleep movie..)
9. I have a group of bats in my barn, squashed between beams. I have asked them to leave, but they stay.
10. Hooray, the geese are back. They camp in Aurora for a month on their way to Canada. They fly right over my house and I spend most of the time following them around.  
((Cagle eat your heart out!!))





# WINTAGUE VINE

THREE FOR DINNER (The oldie, what three people would you invite to dinner at the same party?)

Dave Locke: "Jesus Christ, Thomas Paine, Madelyn Murray O'Hare. I might even tape it."

Jim Meadows: "Any three of the Inklings, a small social/literary group which met back in the 30's and 40's and included C.S. Lewis and Tolkein. Only they would probably talk all above my head and I would probably bore them."

Terry Lee Dale: "...an obvious trio, Lovecraft, Howard and Clark Ashton Smith. With H.P.L. there I would make a note not to serve fish. Would like to include Dunsany.." ((Go ahead.))

Art Joquel: "...the Pharoah Nephren-Ka, Proessor George Edward Challenger, and John Wainwright. ((Art asks if anyone recognizes the last name..my face is red because I don't the first two either..!))

Loay Hall: "H.P. Lovecraft, Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Henry David Thoreau."

Lord Jim Kennedy: "The Lords Dunsany and Sandwich. It'd be interesting to see what the latter would compile (my specialty sandwich is baked beans. My third, S&S embodiment, Lord Jynn. The next night I'd have Lovecraft, Poe, and Dave Szurek. Then, if you promise to leave your Incredibly Cheap Cigars at home, you, Harry Warner, and Darrell Schweitzer. And just to destroy what small aspect of sanity that might remain I'd have Anton LaVey and Cotten Mather and HPL (yes, again) to finish the season."

Robert Smoot: "W.C. Fields, Shirley Temple (at age about 11) and Benjamin Spock. Make it four and I'll add Freud."

David Shank: "Bob Hope, Isaac Asimov, and Fanny Brice."

Ed Connor: "Jane Fonda, Brigitte B. and Twiggy (no husbands), and 'for dinner' is open to conjecture...."

## ASTROLOGY

Buzz Dixon: "I don't believe in it because it tries to fit everybody into set patterns, just as bad psychologists do. Someone (Asimov or Clarke, I believe) once pointed out that the moment of conception would be a more vital astrology date than the moment of birth. Why not go back to the date of creation of the egg and the sperm, not to mention tracing the parents back, etc. etc..."

Jeff May: "Some scientific (perhaps quasi-scientific) research is being done by comparing horoscopes of a control group and a test group. Statistical methods and computers search for parallels in the test group lacking in the control group. In the study I heard about ((reference?)) both groups were men aged about 50. The control group was selected at random, the test group was made up of cancer patients. According to the results the control group had no similarities in their horoscopes, while the test group had a bad aspect to Jupiter, which is thought to govern growth. And astrology doesn't reduce human personality to 12 signs or types. There are supposedly over 1,000,000 variables in an individual horoscope, which doesn't leave a great deal of room for reducing everybody to a handful of different signs."

Frank Balazs: "Does astrology have a sign to contain unbelievers? According to a girl I'm corresponding with it is Saggitarius. Astrology's fun and that's about all."

Robert Smoot: "Astrology is a misinterpretation of facets we mortals decipher as Reality. Self- and outside-taught bias have lead many to think of the folk medicines as pure fiction. There be more than one interpretation of the same situation."

## INDIANS

Bill Bliss: "The American Indians were easy pickin's for the white man because they all had lost a helluva war 3 or 4 centuries earlier. Moral there.."

"Oh, Christ, they really want me to watch this shit?!" thought Burnie Lumley somewhat whimsically, but the humor was shallow, darkened by the almost frantic fear that gibbered back in the hidden corners of his mind. He stared at the flashing screen and the random forms and figures that raced past, as if trying to escape from the insane cacophony that filled the dim room.

The rest of his "group" sat in the geometrically precise rows and oogled the film, jaws slack. "Oh, damn them, the poor fools! Don't they see?" screamed Burnie silently.

As Director of Sector #0529 he had been able to scrape together the full truth about the "Citizen Ability Testing Program" in which he was now participating. The basic principle of the program was (supposedly) to "determine the mental stability of U.S. Citizens and remove any potential hazards to the security of our society." But Burnie knew differently.

The poor yokels would watch a meaningless movie, such as the one he was now viewing, and then be herded into a testing room where they would be told to write an essay explaining the meaning and symbolism of the flick. It was reported the government could determine the sanity of the individuals from these papers. Actually they never bothered to read them, they merely observed the groups as they took the "test" and noted how each person reacted. If one looked about in bewilderment or simply didn't write the essay, he was noted as a possible "free-thinker" and "radical" and was eliminated. If one tried his utmost to explain the show, he was considered to be easily swayed. A nice clean way to take over the government, with no one the wiser.

Burnie had protested from the beginning, trying to make the public realize the score, but it was already too late and he had been heavily censored. And now they were out to get him by making him take the test, hoping his conscience would prevent him from writing nonsense.

"Screw 'em," chuckled Burnie, "I'll give 'em what they want."

The movie ended and the motley crowd filed

out. They took his test sheets and Burnie tried to look as serious as the rest of them, but back at his apartment he broke into uncontrollable laughter.

"Those dumb ratbastards.." he chortled.

The videophone buzzed softly, the sound of a slow fuse.

"Yeah?" answered Burnie, suddenly dreadfully silent.

"Sector Director Burnard Lumley, you are informed that your CATP examination was unsatisfactory. You have two hours to settle your affairs, and then you will be escorted by the security police to a place of proper elimination. Thank you." Buzz click.

For long minutes Burnie stood in apparent shock, then he became violently ill. With an hour to go, he packed one small suitcase and left.

OOOOCENTRALOCOMPUTORODATUMOREPORTOOOOO

Subject: Burnard Lumley

Violation: CATP rejectee-resisting arrest  
SUBJECT LUMLEY HAS ATTEMPTED ESCAPE AFTER  
INFORMED CATP FAILURE. PROBABLE GOAL OF  
SUBJECT CANADA. BORDER PATROLS ALERTED.

Burnie stood on a hillside, listening to the soft tale the wind told and watching the spectral snow as it drifted about the pines. "Oh man, I'm free! They didn't get me!" He picked off some berries and began munching them.

CRAACK!

The charred hulk that had once been Burnie Lumley fell to the ground, melting the snow about it. Overhead a white hovercar passed.

File (H-739) RELEASE

OFFICIAL REPUBLIC OF CANADA BORDER PATROL

To: U.S. Criminology Dept.

Subject: Fugitive Lumley

BORDER PATROL CAR #36 ENCOUNTERED AN UN-  
IDENTIFIED INTRUDER IN SECTOR P-1073 AT  
EXACTLY 3:07 EST TODAY. INTRUDER WAS  
BELIEVED TO BE SUBJECT LUMLEY. SUBJECT  
WAS DESTROYED. END RELEASE.



THE

# ABC'S

of NONSENSE

perpetrated by

andrew j offutt

## 1: On copying Birds

"A bird can't dress effeminately," Frank growled.

"However," I jibed, knowledgeably, "Lana, my niece, outdresses pheasants."

"Quit!" Ray said, tyrannizing us viciously. "We'll X-ray you zoöphiles!"

## 2: Conversation between two dead Persians

"A body could," Darius enunciated frustratedly, "go hence into jail, kook!"

"Loud mouthed nerd of Persia!"

"Quiet, rabble-rouser! Stop talking unmitigated vapidty!"

"Words," Xerxes yawned. "Z-z-z-z-zzzzzz...."

## 3: Aiding the actor

"A bit cracked, dropped eggs," Fred groaned.

"Hold it," John keened. "Less maudlin...not overly pathetic...quit ranting!"

"Stop that useless verbalizing!" wailed Xavier, "you zealots!"

## 4: Of Alexander's savage wrath and its soothing

"Alexander, Bucephalus canters daily ever farther," Canydion husked, "in jumping..."

"Kneel, lion-maned neophyte of Pharos, quickly!"

"Real sorry to unleash violent wrath! Xanthippe... yon zither!"

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyzxwvutsrqponmlkjihgfedcba

## BLIMP PUDDING WITH LIMP CANOPENER

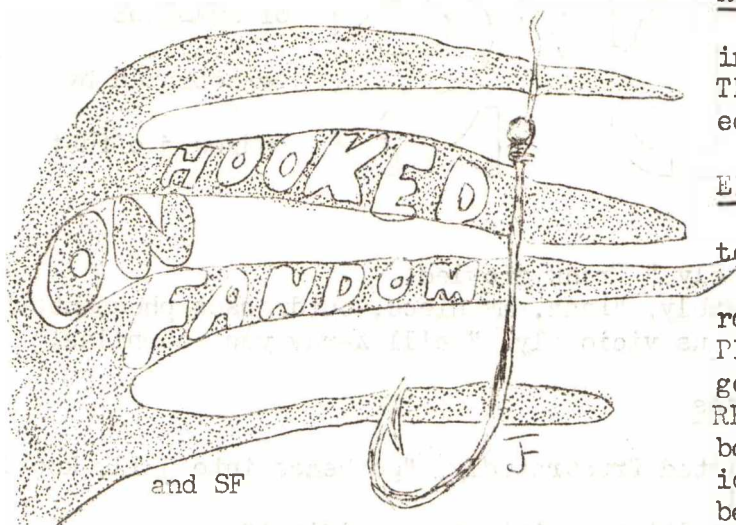
by Adrian Clair

Watchin' uh red sewin' machine - clack  
jestin' with an old umbrella - black  
Dr. Homejelly mends his new moonhat  
with mirrors of polished time  
'n proceeds t' set fire t' uh lampost shadow;  
When ah see yuh sharin' bonecake  
Ah begins t' wake  
Freeform foam pie opens to orgasm  
'n dies from fish-bite  
But under drimpin' quicklight  
Interestin' bluebills forth fly  
Uh lonesome feast  
What t' set before uh Dr.

## CONDENSED FINNEGAN'S WAKE FOR CONDENSED FOREIGN EDITION OF READERS DIGEST by H.A.Kriter

He pushed the TIME:FORWARD button.  
Nothing happened. Wait! Who was  
that? -- them?! God! There was a  
million of him! As far as he could  
see, duplicates of himself reaching  
towards the infinite, like the  
reflection of a mirror in another  
mirrored surface. Christ! This  
was flabbergasting! He hastily  
donned his hat (it made him an offer  
he couldn't refuse). He had for-  
gotten completely about his hair-  
cutting appointment!

THIS IS GENUINE...Bliss Contraptions, 422 Wilmot, Chillicothe, Ill 61523 ..Model 1  
Contraption, list .50. Replacement parts available, but part #2 was used only in  
Contraptions with serial numbers 000 000 006 and under. Bliss Contraptions are care-  
fully inspected at all stages of manufacture, and receive a final test before ship-  
ping. The mode of operation is simply that motion of an object that is effectively of  
one single piece is obtained in only one part of the object. ((The thing drives me  
nuts and my museum "scientists" shake their heads in amazement; true...))



CHESTER CUTHBERT VOTES THIS BEST DEPARTMENT IN FIRST YEAR OF TITLE.....

Murray Moore: "I started buying and reading comics and sf paperbacks at the same time, eleven years ago; Star-Ship Troopers and Andre Norton and Burroughs and the first of the Marvel Comics of the 60's. I haven't yet left either behind."

Bruce D. Arthurs: "Years ago, my brother and I had a comic book club (two members) which every year gave out awards to the best comic books. Eventually, one of our awards got mentioned in the letter column of FANTASTIC FOUR. As a result, we received a comp copy of ROCK-ET'S BLAST-COMICCOLLECTOR, the first fanzine we had ever seen. We both became involved in comics fandom, eventually receiving DALLASCON BULLETIN. Included was an ad for Science Fiction Review...and so, sf fandom ever since."

Bill Bliss: "My pre-puberty formative years were during the big depression; we couldn't afford Sunday paper regularly or 10¢ comic books. If it was a big week at the barbershop the old man would bring home a Liberty or some second hand Doc Savage zines, but that isn't quite sf...." ((You haven't answered the question, Bill?...))

John Carl: "In my early days I was a great monster movie and superhero comix fan, and my father was a latent fan from the late forties to mid-60's. One day I read his Ballard's "The Drowned Giant" and was impressed enough to buy ANALOG and GALAXY once in awhile. In late 1970 I was led to AMAZING and John Berry, and there I was."

Roger Waddington: "Came across SF (if anyone mentions that stuff in a fanzine anymore) with Alfred Bester's The Stars My Destination. I've been hooked ever since."

Elaine White: "I got interested in SF because I like mushrooms, just to look at. In the 4th or 5th grade I discovered two books, VISIT TO THE MUSHROOM PLANET and STOWAWAY TO THE MUSHROOM PLANET by some lady whose name I have forgotten. After this, I traveled through RENDEZVOUS NEAR VENUS and a series of books about an island of dragons. In junior high I finally discovered Heinlein, beginning with Space Cadet. I can remember pushing through the crowded halls at school pretending I was a starship weaving a course through the asteroid belt. As for fandom, I knew vaguely of its existence, but didn't know a way to join til I read last November's F&SF. There was an ad for the SFFCC which I joined. Since then, mostly through the efforts of Matthew Schneck and Frank Balazs, I've been committed to this nuthouse."

Buzz Dixon: "The first non-juvenile 'The Thing' novel I remember reading was Philip Wylie's TOMORROW in a R.D. condensed anthology. I stuck with me, especially a description of some people caught in the open during an A-bomb blast bubbling away 'like forgotten tea'."

Bob Stein: "I started with my uncle's Shadow magazine. From there went on to Tom Swift and then saw ASTOUNDING STORIES in a second hand bookstore. ANALOG is all I read now, the only SF mag."

Randall D. Larson: "I first entered fandom via comix fandom via COMIC CRUSADER and soon evolved into SFR, conventions, and finally the lesser known fanzines. I became immensely interested in fan publishing and organized an enterprise with Carl Phillips, a neofan in the comics field. I began to like sf better than comics. I became a true hardcore fan -- collecting everything I could get my hands on and never reading it, writing Locs to everything in existence, swindling Goodwill book stores, and acting like a critic. See my ROBERT BLOCH FANZINE...Went to a couple Westercons and other southern California gatherings. Finally I got hooked on films, which has taken precedence over sf and comics. I'm not a film fan, just a fan."



March 14, 1973

Dear Donn Brazier (You see, I am progressing: at first I addressed you as Mr. Brazier. As I continue to become more and more fannish, I shall get to calling you Donn):

As with previous issues, I found Title #12 very stimulating. The reference to Einstein reminded me of the episode when a man wanted to visit the professor in Princeton. He rang the bell and politely asked the girl who opened the door: "Is the professor in?" She answered: "Yes, he's in, but he is not now."

The Mundaniac section is interesting. For example, I did not know that Randall Larson is so young. In 1971 he did an interview (in writing) with me for his fanzine Fandom Unlimited which corrected some misconceptions about SEDUCTION OF THE INNOCENT. The questions he asked were searching. He must be a very gifted person.

There is one important piece of what I would call science fiction that has never been published. Yet it would be important and interesting. This is the scientific evidence about the atom bomb in the Rosenberg case. It was impounded, and there wasn't even a qualified atomic physicist testifying before the jury about the scientific validity of this grave evidence. It is most unlikely - even impossible - that a mere machinist who worked in a machine shop in Los Alamos - a key prosecution witness - really had such evidence.

I knew the defense attorney, Manny Bloch, well. He was a decent and friendly man, but had no experience in handling such a case and his defense was completely ineffectual. He agreed to the impounding of all this science fiction material on which the prosecution was based - and which still has not seen the light of day. Surely by this time, after two decades, there is no "secret" any more about this rudimentary information. It is now familiar to every fledgling atomic physicist in the world. If this scientific evidence was legitimate, why hasn't it been published by now?

Scientifically this information was evidently worthless. Criminologically it is useless, since the Rosenbergs cannot be brought back to life again. But as science fiction this "evidence" would be interesting. Whatever the science, it had a good plot. Maybe the editor of some professional science fiction magazine would be enterprising enough to ask the government for the right to publish this alleged secret evidence. After all, we taxpayers paid for the preparation of this science fiction; we should be allowed to read it!

Best wishes, Fredric Wertham, M.D.

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Seth McEvoy: "Fred is blamed (rightly or wrongly) for killing off several comics, including E.C. I've decided that Fred was more right than wrong, and that comics were pretty bad."

Ned Brooks: "...don't agree with Wertham's solution to sex & violence in comics - censorship is more dangerous than anything printed.

It's unfortunate he made such a fuss over a marginal factor (comics) rather than poverty, racism, prison conditions, etc. ((Read his A SIGN FOR CAIN, Ned.)) Ed Cagle: "...new outlook from Wertham doesn't seem possible. I judge him to be basically mid-1800's." Jim Meadows: "Fred is not the horrible ogre Ted White claims." John Leavitt: "He is a well-meaning person trying to do good, but wrong & slightly fanatic."

# OUT OF THE PICKLE BARREL

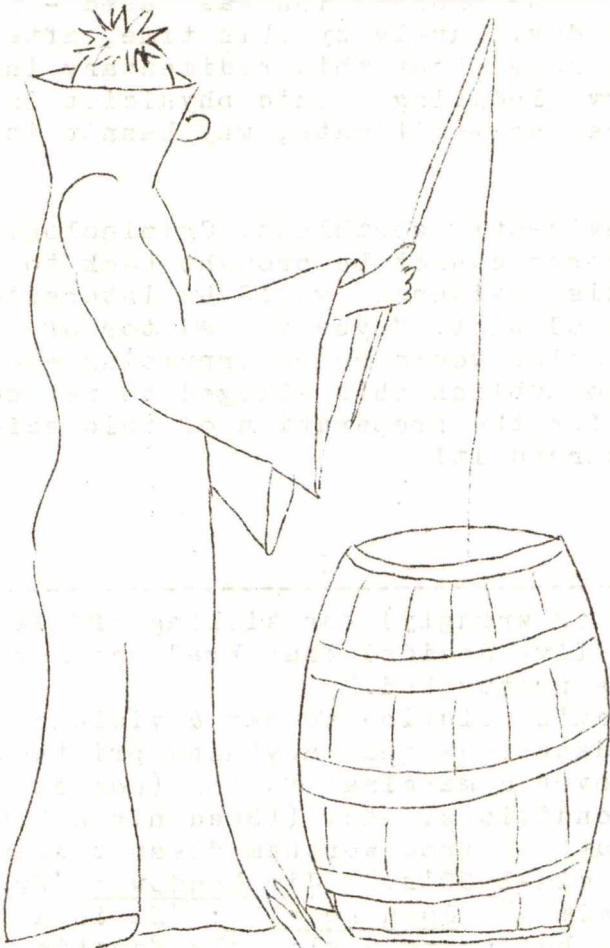
Bill Bliss: "Alma Hill defends businessmen. HOORAY! I'm an establishment businessman. In a very early Wizard of Id comic strip the king winds up a long speech with 'And always remember the golden rule.' A peasant hollers, 'Wot the heck is the golden rule?' The king answers, 'He who has the gold rules.'"

Murray Moore: "Alma Hill's saying that businessmen manipulate distribution rather than people is naive. I don't believe that they are secretly running the world as Dick Geis hypothesizes in THE ALIEN CRITIC, but wars make for good economy. Only one side is happy but the profit is extremely adequate. A good businessman can't afford to be a racist or sexist or anti-religion if he wants a profit. Thus, he is amoral and without scruple, ready to serve the highest bidder."

Sean Summers: "Businessmen! Any study of the 20's will show that business interests and Big Business were the prime causes of the depression. Businessmen (as a set) care about profits and not too much about effects on anything else."

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Ned Brooks: "I kill bugs, it's true; I figure they're up to no good in my house. They must feed off something, and it would probably be one of my books. ((Last month I heard about the dust mite - feeds off dust. With careful love and care of the invisible creature I may never have dust in the house again!)) I would find it hard to accept an extraterrestrial who was bug-like, but I won't worry about it until one shows up. ((And then you'll slap it to death without knowing...)) By the way, I think Rose Hogue probably knows about as much about magnetism as anyone..."

Frank Balazs: "I hate spiders with a passion - stomp, squish, squoosh, squash. I used to knock flying bees out of the air with a hoe or rake and then stomp it. Once I burned one in mid-air with a flaming stick. All that was between the ages of five and twelve. I'm seventeen now and limit my violence to kicking dogs." ((Oh, that's gonna bring you mail, Frank!))



Jackie Franke: "Sheryl, I'm not a knee-jerk killer. In the house I kill flies, ants, and mosquitoes. Spiders are welcome and snakes are left alone but seldom seen. Gophers chew up my lawn with impunity because cussing doesn't hurt them though it relieves me. Most bugs on my arm are just flicked off. I assume they survive..."

Robert Smoot: "Sheryl's article on bugs reflects the increasing examination of things psychological. I look at this article as more than just a thoughts-for-unusual-reading. I think if children were raised without having to suffer the prejudices bestowed upon them by others, a more accurate consideration of these animals would develop. A National Geographic special on bats suggested that it stems from fear of the dark, since bats are of the night and its unimaginable terrors."

Don Ayres: "What rescues those few of us from the Cult of the Stompers? I haven't killed an animal in a long time, so Sheryl, I look forward to hearing from you, meeting you at a con, et cetera."



OUT OF THE PICKLE BARREL (continued)

Joe Woodard: "About 'Whatever'... What does it mean?" ((??))

Jackie Franke: "My reaction to Clair's 'Whatever' is a puzzled Wh-a-a-a? I do hope he understands it!"

Frank Balazs: "Whatever Clair's illo was originally, it still looks good, even tho I can't figure it out. It matches whatever WHATEVER was. Whatever was it?"

Sheryl Birkhead: "WHATEVER was 'pretty' but I couldn't get anything out of it."

Loay Hall: "I've read 'Whatever' 1,2,3,4, 5,6,7...times and I still haven't the slightest idea what Adrian's talking about! I wonder, does Adrian know what Adrian's talking about?"

David Shank: "Tell me - is Adrian Clair sane? Looks like a Lovecraftian look at the Brazier home." ((Gulp!))

B.D. Arthurs: "I've read TOM SAWYER 18 times; Zelazny's Isle of the Dead, 3 times; Catch-22, 3 times; all of Fritz Leiber's books at least twice; Stapledon's Star Maker, 2; Wylie & Balmer's When Worlds Collide twice. I plan to reread Star Maker again."

Chris Hulse: "I read only books I have not read before. If I come to a story in an anthology I've read before, I skip that particular story. If a story is too stodgy I skip that one too."

Tim Marion: "Agree with Shoemaker about hardly rereading anything. In the last two years the only thing I've reread was Lieber's Thieves House. I have a hard enuf time reading the stuff I plan to read without trying to reread anything."

Sheryl Birkhead: "I'd better do some re-reading because that's the excuse I gave the last time my mother threatened to clean my bookshelves of all those already read paperbacks. I do, sometimes, reread to find a particularly good line which I know is in there somewhere. Or if I want to clarify my memory on certain points. Lately I've done some re-reading because I'm in a Round Robin Boticelli game and am 'It' - so if I think the answer might be in that story somewhere, I just have to read it." ((May I ask what a Round Robin Boticelli game is.))

LEIGH COUCH: "Alma Hill's praise of businessmen floored me. In a very narrow system of ethics, she's right. His whole purpose is finding out what the public wants, and supplying it. But, and it's a very large but, the purpose of business is to show a profit, never mind how or who gets hurt. Check the reports to stockholders if you doubt me. If no desire exists, it is up to business to create it. Advertising is not to spread information; it is to create or increase desire, sell the product, and make a profit. Reading the financial page is very informative, and I do it for entertainment. Last year American firms handled 88,000 tiger, ocelot, jaguar skins, all endangered species, but not done in the U.S. because it is illegal here. It was done safely in undeveloped countries so that gawd-almighty profit could be made. American workers cut too deeply into the profits on typers etc.; put the orientals to work, and devalue the dollar again. The large American corporations aren't worried about the devaluation, their funds are safely spread around the world. And strip mining by our own St. Louis based Peabody Coal! Ask Westerners what their part of the world looks like. Never mind the coal is needed to make electricity to make frisbees and yo-yos that advertising has convinced the public they cannot live without. And the great Ford motor company that falsified data on emission control engines and subverted government inspectors. You get the idea of how I feel. I see the American Chairman of the Board as a reincarnation of Louis XV saying, 'Apres moi, la deluge'. The business man is the ultimate opportunist and cynic, give him his good life now, and the universe can grind to a halt tomorrow. End of sermon! Alma may have very well been having us on. She is a bright lady."

Buck Coulson: "Hey, I have a genuine offer for all these people getting emotional over our past treatment of the Indians. There's an organization called the Association on American Indian Affairs 432 Park Ave.S, New York 10016. It deals with the treatment of Indians today, when it counts. For \$10 you can join; I know because I did. Staunch Indian defenders: put your money where your mouth is!"

Loay Hall: "Pilgrimage to HPL's Beloved Hometown by Ben Indick was, without doubt, the finest letter/article to yet grace the pages of TITLE! I'd spend a couple of weeks in Providence - try to contact Mrs. Eddy, friend of HPL. She was 77 the 19th of January."



A NORMAN HOCHBERG SATIRE.....

THE STRANGE CASE OF THE PROMISCUOUS TREASURER

- or -

HUGO YOUR WAY AND HUGO MINE

My friend Maury has a lot of hobbies, one of which is politics. "I know you're interested in science fiction," he started the conversation last night, "so you might be interested in this political story. It's like something out of Buck Rogers." Maury may not be too clear on what sf is, but I have to admit he draws good analogies. "Norm," he continued, "I've got a lot of friends at the Democratic Club. I'm well thought of down there."

This is true; Maury is an all-right guy. No award winner, you understand, but an all-right guy.

"Well, at the club I collect the dues and, if I must say so myself, I get the job done without any hard feelings. See why everybody likes me?"

I nodded my head, but did not verbalize the affirmative answer as Maury was in his political mood. And when Maury is playing the politico, no one, not even his own wife, can get a word in, not even to agree with him. So, I nodded my head.

"So, I collect the money. But, you see, I'm not the treasurer. Why not, you ask. For a number of reasons, one of which is that the treasurer has to dispense the money and keep good records and I've never been too good at addition. There are a lot of guys in the club who could do a better job than me at that." Maury, you see, may play the politician but he knows his limitations. "The boys, though, they felt bad about it. I mean, I've been in the club almost fifteen years and, like I said, I'm a popular guy." He paused, what they call a pregnant pause. Since I don't like pregnancy very much, I broke in.

"Of course, Maury," I said, "so what did they do?"

Maury beamed. "You are looking at the new 'Dues Adjunct Treasurer'."

"What the hell does that mean?" I asked.

Maury shrugged. "Don't you like the title though?"

"Yeah, sure. But why the word 'dues'? Why not just 'adjunct treasurer'?"

"Well, they were going to call me that but then someone pointed out that Phil had collected money for our picnics for years. So, he's the 'Picnic Adjunct Treasurer'. He couldn't be, say, a 'Special Activities Adjunct Treasurer' since Dick collects for our movies...."

"The 'Movie Adjunct Treasurer'?"

"Natch. And Chris oversees the budget for our annual dinner."

"I think I'm catching on, Maury."

"After all, if a man has a specialty why not reward him for it? Like all of that science fiction writing you do for those little magazines. They should give an award for something like that..."

"They do, Maury," I said. "They do. It's called the Hugo."



# SURREALISM AND LOVECRAFT

BY HARRY MORRIS, Jr.

The basic premise of Andre Breton's discoveries of Surrealism in the 1920's and 30's is that man's pure imagination is constantly being denied and harrassed by the realistic attitude from the time he is born. "...the realistic attitude, inspired by positivism, from St. Thomas Aquinas to Anatole France, clearly seems to me to be hostile to any intellectual or moral advancement. I loathe it, for it is made up of mediocrity, hate, and dull conceit." The key to escape from the reign of imposed logic is to give up everything you have been forced to accept about taste, art, talent, morals, etc.

In SECRETS OF THE MAGICAL SURREALIST ART, he says this about writing: "...Forget about your genius, your talents, and the talents of everyone else. Keep reminding yourself that literature is one of the saddest roads that leads to everything. Write quickly without any preconceived subject, fast enough so that you will not remember what you're writing and be tempted to reread what you have written. The first sentence will come spontaneously, so compelling in the truth that with every passing second there is a sentence unknown to your consciousness which is only crying out to be heard. It is somewhat of a problem to form an opinion about the next sentence; it doubtless partakes both of our conscious activity and of the other if one agrees that the fact of having written the first entails a minimum of perception. This should be of no importance to you...this is what is most interesting and intriguing about the Surrealist game...."

Surrealism is directly opposite to Lovecraft in that HPL was ultra-conservative, a traditionalist. In a letter to August Derleth, HPL wrote: "...the dissociation of ideas and the resolving of our cerebral contents into its chaotic components...is supposed to form a closer approach to reality, but I cannot see that it forms any sort of art at all. It may be good science -- but art deals with beauty rather than fact, and must have the liberty to select and arrange according to the traditional patterns...of empirical loveliness.... art must preserve illusions and artificialities rather than try to sweep them away." Surrealism on the other hand is highly revolutionary, aiming to destroy all past standards, or at least transform them. Yet Lovecraft created a new, or for me better, reality in his use of antiquity and in his hints at cosmic concepts. I think the surrealists were attempting to define what HPL hinted at in his more cosmic tales, yet they failed or came across as absurd rather than awesome.

Hard science-fiction creates nothing new for me. It destroys the quaintness of the past. It takes the same superficial shell of reality that the surrealists were attempting to change at least, and projects it into a situation which only magnifies the trivia. STAR TREK, not hard sf of course, is still a prime example of the microscopic reasoning of logic. I would have loved it if Breton had lived long enough to script a STAR TREK story that would utterly destroy the logic of Spock, the Order of Kirk; turn the whole thing into a ball of acid-bummer stickiness and feed it to a prism-headed turkey with orange top-hat!

Well, enough of this. Just explaining how Lovecraft and Surrealism are different interests for myself.... I admire HPL far more than Breton, yet Surrealist ideas offer more original creativity for me.

BY HARRY MORRIS, Jr.

# FINAL ANALYSIS

FIRST ORDER OF BUSINESS: ART WORK

Cover by Shari Hulse

Sloppy next page (stencil was ancient like the artist, Sen- or Dom de Barbecue)

Furry chick creature-Shari Hulse

Prop spinner - Sheryl Birkhead

Toucan & logo - tracing by y'ed

Frog - same procedure

Reality mask - Mike Kranefuss

Ape legs - John Carl

Star & wintage logo- Sheryl B.

Hooked on - Jackie Franke

Fishing monk - Mike Kranefuss

Scratching monk's head??-Sheryl

Electro-stencil attempt, my first of Don & Kathy Coons' opinion of y'ed.

NOTE: Shari Hulse did her two drawings directly on Ditto master.

PREDICTION ABOUT RICK WILBER OK..

Rick's "Ellison-type" story, DANCERS AND DODGERS has been accepted by LAPWING for first issue. Rick called me Mar.26 to give me the good news.

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Effective April 20, Chris & Shari Hulse will be at 1590 Ferry St. #2 Eugene, Oregon 97401

D.Gary Grady, 102 Ann St., Wilmington NC 28401

Bill Bowers has a new box number: P.O.Box 148, Wadsworth Ohio 44281

Lou Stathis back at 76-44 167 St Flushing, NY 11366

Tom Mullen, 203 Faville, AdamsHall, Madison Wis 53706

EVER HEAR OF THE DURIAN? Sheryl Birkhead sent a clip about this horribly smelling Asiatic fruit that tastes like "ice cream,spices, bananas, and onions"! Ed Cagle, with durian dripping down his chin, was heard to remark: "Delicious!".

Sheryl also sent a review of Brunner's THE SHEEP LOOK UP by Diane Ackerman from Wash.Post. Reviewer says: "A collage of imminent devastation,filth, disease and smog." From the review the book, to me, sounds garish and depressing. Perhaps it is a warning. Sounds as if it is the type to create a flurry of comment in fandom.

EXIT LINE

