





"That perfect silence. The sheer delight of being alive. The constant surprise of each day. I never seem to run out of astonishment."

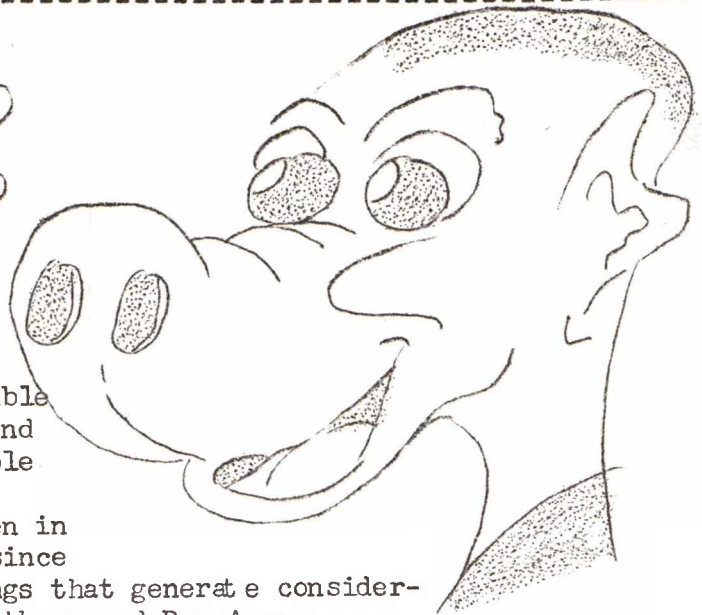
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# TITLE

# 14 May 1973

Editor:  
Donn Brazier  
1455 Fawnvalley Dr.  
St. Louis, Mo. 63131

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This issue dedicated to two gentlemen in the "A's" who have been with TITLE since issue #1 and done other foolish things that generate considerable quantities of love: Bruce D. Arthurs and Don Ayres.

Book Reviews: Some day I may break down (and brake down if there come to me many more 13 page TITLEloczines from that crazy reptilian-fancier in Illinois) and run a few book reviews, but not yet. However, this issue features THE SHAPE OF FURTHER THINGS, 'Speculations on Change', Brian Aldiss, Doubleday & Co., NY, 1971 hc \$4.95. The review consists of quotes across the top of each page. If quotes don't intrigue you, nothing I could say would. This zine is now open to your quote list from a single sf-associated book; give me at least 25 short ones which, in your opinion, will cause a reader to try the book. Right now, at least, I do not want the negative of this.

WEIGHT OF A SOUL: From Dr. Max Rafferty's column in the newspaper, April 2; "Dr Nils-Olof Jacobsen of Sweden has established the wight of the human soul at 21 grams, or about three-quarters of an ounce. He determined this by placing the deathbeds of terminal patients upon super-sensitive scales. When a person died and the soul left the body, he said, the needle dropped 21 grams." Why do these things always pop up in foreign countries? Anyway, what will this do to the 'frozen-body-suspended-animation' bit? Shall we devise a way to catch the soul?

For the record: lots of UFO sightings, over several weeks and by many people, at Piedmont, Missouri. Two of the characters interviewed said they would have shot it down had they had a gun. SIC SEMPER BEM! One more comment: the roads down there, over 100 miles away, were jammed by St. Louis sightseers. SIC SEMPER HOMO!

THE 100 YARD DASH: Both my 16-year old sons are on the track team. The coach told Brett that he was one of those who reacted more quickly to a touch on the shoulder than to the sound of gun or whistle when he jumped out of the blocks. My theory is this: everyone would react more quickly to a touch than a sound because we are conditioned to wait for the finish of the sound in order to get its meaning. A sound chopped off part way has a whole different character to it. A gun or a whistle has a definite sound pattern in time, and an untrained runner would wait for the completion. Perhaps a different nerve path for sound vs touch will blow my theory apart. That's what theories are for...

QuickQUotz: No one has noted that QQ is a copout to avoid the work of devising stringent categories and searching for the pertinent material. Please don't notice..

POST OFFICE: Sheryl Birkhead sent this item from Linn's Stamp News... A package in the Des Moines PO had burst open, scattering the pamphlets printed by the U.S.P. Service to tell the --you're way ahead of me, aren't you? -- public how to wrap parcels for safe delivery! SIC SEMPER PO!



"...sardines in the tin take no pride in canning industries or marketing research."

/3

MEN SAN: Bill Bliss happned ta remark dat TITLE was sumthin like MENSAN, or viceverza and so I told him ta send me a copie, cuz did jaknow dis zine is for people withover 100 140 IQ ? To show I belong I just spent 10 minutes searching for the zine because I thought I had it in my hand not over 30 minutes ago. Even accused the puppy of dragging it away. What I had in my hand was one of Shaver's 'little magazines' -the same 14cm x 22cm size as MENSAN. (Geez, Bill, no wonder I can't understand your explanation of machine contraptions containing parts that aren't there.) The zine has a lot of 'official organ' type stuff in it; but some of it consists of problem/puzzles and philosophical discussion. If you are high IQ and want to send out a 'feeler' --understand you have to take a test before you are eligible -- address is P.O.Box 80772, San Diego, Calif. 92138...

Handed to me at the last BagelBash by Genie Yaffe, whose husband, Jon, did the cover for T 12, and to whom I have been strict as all get out because...well... you'll see...

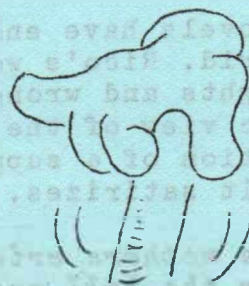
"Dear Donn, Here is a written comment, you S.O.B. I realize only 100 lucky people get a copy of Title but surely a cover picture by my highly talented husband is worth more than one copy of one issue. Since you only have to send one copy to this particular husband and wife pair, there is really no excuse to not send one measly copy of each issue. Otherwise ~~I~~ we won't hug you any more." ((Genie, after that I promise to send you and Jon one each measly copy. Will it help to state publicly that the outfit you wore to the BagelBash reflected your angelic qualities in a highly satanic way, and more than that -- you made the outfit! Do I get a hug from you - and Jon?? I'd better explain to nuTitlepeople that some of us locals meet every other Monday at Railee Bothman's house to work on SIRRUIISH and pass notes to one another. So, Rick Wilber, where were you?))

TITLE CIRCULATION: I'm trying to restrict circ to 100 as a nice, round figure I can handle financially; so I will be getting more strict...right now - no more free samples - must have 25¢. And there'll be few samples available, if any... There were 109 pieces of first class mail to issue #12 (some people wrote more than once in the month of March). And, listen people, thanks for the votes in the LOCUS poll, and a thank you to Rose Hogue for lending me the issue to read.

BIOFEEDBACK: Ned Brooks sent me a cartridge of a talk by Dr.Green on the subject - a fascinating lecture & one I want to report on later after I've transcribed some of the good parts. For now, a thank you to Ned.

FACES IN THE PICTURE FRAME: We get some strange calls at the museum where I work. Ring,ring.. "This is Mrs. So-and-So. I took the frame off an old picture and I see faces in the knots. I think they're fossils." I gulp a breath of air - here we go again! Since I'm going past there on my way to downtown, I say I'll stop in -- actually I want to see those faces. The knots are in the ancient veneer that backed the old photograph (I'd guess 90 years old). "Oh, yes," I say, "I see the horse's head, there's his eye." I pointed at it. "That's not his eye!" she said. She was highly upset with me, even though I was very polite. She became more upset when I said those marks were not fossils, but natural forms caused by the swirls of the knots and different pitch contents.

"But a fossil is any hard substance," she said; "You know I studied it out of the dictionary for two hours." I was so antsy by this time I said smugly: "I know more than the dictionary about fossils." She trailed me out to the elevator asking me if I didn't want a picture of them. Her son, by the way, is taking legal training to save America from the Communists. "Down, please!"



Any body else  
wanna rock  
the boat for  
a while??



## BILL THE GALACTIC HERO

AS A SATIRE OF STARSHIP TROOPERS  
Part II (Concl.) RICK WILBER

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As Leonard Feinberg notes in his book, INTRODUCTION TO SATIRE: "Satirists disagree as to whether particular individuals or general types should be the objects of satire. Harry Harrison in BILL, THE GALACTIC HERO, does not make a decision with Bill. Individual passages can easily display, when seen in the context of Rico in STARSHIP TROOPERS, both aspects of satire. As Feinberg further notes, "In theory, antisocial acts and anti-social individuals should be the objects of satiric attack." This, of course, is obviously met by the satiric attacks on war made by Harrison, both in reply to statements made by Heinlein (through Rico) and made upon war in general.

Heinlein's Rico encounters very little in his military sojourn that does not reek of ultra-patriotism. All of his companions are patriotic to a fault. The fault, of course, is in their blind dedication to violence as the only vehicle available to them as patriots. Although he at first wanted nothing to do with the infantry, by the time the novel has progressed through the first few chapters, Rico is dedicated to the infantry and its policies. His acceptance, totally, of what he has been told are the reasons for violence and death, is complete by the time he "graduates" from boot camp. As Rico notes when discussing the possibility of his own death, "...a trooper isn't necessarily expected to stay alive...but they care a lot about how you die. It has to be heads up, on the bounce, and still trying."

In Heinlein's constructed future, the right to vote is given only to those soldiers who have served their two years. Rico says, "A soldier accepts personal responsibility for the safety of the body politic.... defending it, if need be, with his life. The civilian does not." This idea is not solely Rico's; it is what he has been taught. The future world is to be run by, and presumably for, the military establishment. Civilians are coddled, but not allowed to interfere, in the workings of government.

Heinlein, through various speakers, propounds other theories that support his generally Spartan future. No society, in essence, is worth having unless it is based upon regular and periodic bloodshed. Expansion through controlled violence and war is hailed in a manner disturbingly similar to Hitler and his "super race". Heinlein claims: "Man is what he is, a wild animal with the will to survive...The universe will let us know - later - whether or not Man has any 'right' to expand through it." All of these arguments for conquest, expansion, and violence are discussed, through Bill's actions and conversations, in BILL, THE GALACTIC HERO. A clue: Rico's enemy is a race of giant, fierce expansionist ants; Bill's enemy is a race of meek, tiny lizards mystified by man's capacity for war.

By the time the two novels have ended, each hero has faced, and adapted to, his particular world. Rico's world is a simple one, with simple blacks and whites, rights and wrongs. Bill's world is incredibly complex, a more realistic view of the future corrupt and decadent society. As such, the satirization of a supposedly realistic story becomes more real than that which it satirizes.

*"The music blared, the mothers cried...and the brave little band tramped down the road and over the hill and out of sight into the sunset."*



Certainly the Utopian label is that most frequently pinned on Baum. In the earliest serious discussion by a well-established writer on Baum's work, Edward Wagenknecht touches on this. In "Utopia Americanus" (later revised as "The Yellow Brisk Road", a chapter in his autobiography, AS FAR AS

PART III

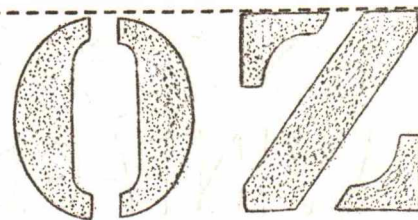
OZ

as

UTOPIA

by

BEN INDICK



YESTERDAY) he states: "The fairy tale is the highest type of literature...The distinction between utopia and fairyland is very thin. They come to be written in transitional ages, when the need for a new social order is seriously felt." Per se, a fairyland is close to utopia. Indeed, "Oz (is) an American utopia, not necessarily full of social criticism, but still containing utopian ideals."

These are most succinctly stated in THE EMERALD CITY OF OZ, in which an agrarian socialist society is described, wherein "all property belonged to the Ruler...there was no such thing as money...each person was given freely whatever he required for his use, which is as much as anyone may reasonably desire..." Everyone does what he wishes, divides time equally and with equal pleasure between work and play.

Sackett, in "Utopia of Oz", adds that the Oz books "represent an ideal country (&) have influenced generations of children in certain attitudes toward government and society." He finds in Oz a land of permanent frontiers, with a laissez-faire government in which an absolute ruler, Ozma, the young princess, deliberately refrains from the exercise of her great power so that adventures may occur. "Life...isn't much fun unless you can have adventures, and you can't have adventures when things are too civilized, orderly and expected."

Magic is inherent in this fairyland, but is prohibited to anyone except a few rulers, and, indeed, Magic itself is satirized in THE MAGIC OF OZ, when an unpronounceable word is a formula to produce it. War is abhorrent, and although it frequently threatens, it is either circumvented or handily upset. Ozma is benevolent; others, who may gain rule by force, such as General Jinjur (LAND OF OZ) are tyrannical. Events, established by Time and Tradition are best for Oz, which is why adventures are so necessary, to prevent boredom. Those who break the rules are treated to advanced systems of penology, such as Ojo in THE PATCHWORK GIRL OF OZ, who is considered temporarily ill and is given enviable consideration. Others are caused to forget past misbehaviors and misdirected selfish desires, as with the Nome King in THE EMERALD CITY OF OZ. When they forget what they have done, they become innocent and good.

Thus, Oz emerges as a self-sufficient, peaceful and contented entity, able to shut itself off from the rest of the world by invisible barriers. (Oz was no more successful in this than was Baum, when, at the sixth book, he attempted to end the series. Countless letters from readers and a need for money brought him back after three years.) Brotman in "A Late Wanderer in Oz", points out that Baum's vision of utopia is engendered by a midwestern mistrust, mixed with fascination for the great cities.

It is interesting that the 19th Century produced a multitude of utopian novels, including LOOKING BACKWARD, NEWS FROM NOWHERE, THE COMING RACE, etc. At a time when industrial growth was synonymous with progress, and the new theory of evolution indicated that change equalled growth, no writer considering a happier alternative to his own world could escape the influence of such thinking. Was Baum, then, in writing his tales to please children, actually inculcating therein his own theories of the perfect state? Is it a purposeful vision of a workable utopia in which magic is a symbol of benevolent power?

In our conclusion, we shall consider each of the theories -- political allegory, freudian compulsion, and utopian -- with special attention to the utopian, inasmuch as utopia is generally held synonymous with a happy, contented land, and Oz is surely that, if nothing else.

(To be concluded)

NOTE: Sackett's article appears in THE GEORGIA REVIEW, Fall, 1960

Brotman's article appears in CHICAGO REVIEW, Vol.18

Parts I and II of this Oz series were in TITLE #8 and #12



OLD  
and  
MELLOW

#### PLANTS

THAT THINK FEEL PRACTISE ESP GROGGLE & GROK - this heading and words that follow from, first of all, Bill Bliss:

"...has anyone used their polygraph-ohmeter-oscillio-graph to check up on the sex life of plants, uh, do they have orgasms while pollinating? Who cares about a disaster, like what a beet feels like just before being boiled? ((Maybe another beet? - to paraphrase an old joke..)) Some experiments: how frustrated a potatoe gets in a basement bin when sprouting time arrives; flowers at a funeral; how close does a power mower have to come before a blade of grass panics; does a cactus go on a binge when watered too often; suspicion in a noxious weed if unexpectedly receiving tender loving care; clover all worked up at the approach of a bumble bee; how does an oak tree react to a cow falling dead under it; sound of a felling axe, does it give a forest a case of nerves? Looks like a vast field that will require decades to explore. Plants are rather bound to have a different psychology than animals. A latter day plant psychologist sits lazily in the shade of an elm tree and watches his recording instruments hooked up to a dandelion -- "HOORAY! Here comes that woodpecker with the weak bowels again!"

After that blissfully serious commentary and suggestions for NSF grants, here's Dan Goodman with some levity: "On plants feeling emotions -- what for? If a weed knows it's about to be uprooted or nibbled on, what can it do about it? Run? I see no advantage to a plant to develop or retain such abilities." ((Ah, but, Dan, you have never existed as a plant. I have heard a wild pickle go into a paroxysm of the gigglings at....))

John Leavitt

dashes our hopes: "OK, Cleve Backster, even FATE Magazine is shying away from you. ...the editor says, in a recent issue, that researchers have been unable to duplicate Backster's results in controlled experiments and it's beginning to look like he was picking up responses to humidity and temperature changes..." ((Gee, if nothing else everyone blames the weather!))

Robert Smoot doesn't think it's too incredible since, after all, a plant is alive. However, never trust a Smoot, for he ends his dissertation on life, non-life, and non-non-life, with: "Which reminds me...My geranium and my venus fly-trap were having a little talk on military strategy yesterday. Uh-oh..." ((Since the letter ends at that point I assume that Smoot (or his fly) were gobbled up by a crazed geranium goaded on by a voracious venus fly-trap.))

The foregoing is what Richard S. Shaver would call 'The Big Mouth' - all talk and no action; well, Jim Kennedy did something (he says): "I took two petunias and planted them at opposite ends of the backyard. I then set a transistor radio by each plant. One I turned to KUPD, the Old Folk's station, the other I turned to a rock station. When the batteries ran out, I put in new ones. Both plants died; we had the second rain storm of the decade ((in Mesa, Arizona)), and the radios are now buried alongside the plants. Is there a moral here?" ((Moral, no, scientific fact. The petunias grafted root tendrils to the radios' B-plus circuit, and thus utilizing the added power gain, sent out violent rain-calling signals. Well, there is a moral, after all. The petunias were greedy and got more rain than they had bargained for. Just had a rather horrible thought, if you'll forgive my butting in this way...what if the grass at the foot of the arch here in St. Louis sends out tendrils and uses that gigantic hoop as an antenna to beam a message to its 'brothers' in a distant solar system? Want to do the story? Big 'grass brother' arrives and posts signs here: KEEP OFF THE WORLD! ))



WINTAGE VINE (continued) From plants to bugs in one easy jump....

Ed Sinkovits (claiming to be Chester Cuthbert in disguise) relates a skin-crawling tale of a hike through a forest 'festering' with wood ticks, and then the strategy he employed that night in the tent shared by a buddy, quote: "After capturing the blighters I flicked them onto the other side of the tent where my friend was sleeping (this is called 'sharing'), turned over and dropped off into a blissful sleep. In the foggy morning my friend Wayne awoke in a rather grumpy mood, bitching about those two wood ticks which had attacked him in the early hours of the morning!" ((Repent, Sinkovits, Said the Wood Tick Man!))

Dave Szurek: "Sheryl Birkhead's got it together. When I was living at home, my father thought I was weird for, instead of stomping every bug I saw in the house, I would capture it and release it outdoors. I could never go along with the other kids' 'ant-stomping orgies'. To this day I find it hard to condone the legalized murder known as 'hunting'. Sure, hunting for food is one thing, but as a so-called 'sport' entirely another. Cockroaches do breed disease, and I've killed off entire herds with boric acid."

Jim Kennedy tells of the time he killed a black widow spider lurking in an old toy. He points out (correctly) that spiders don't sting but 'pinch'. Well, 'bite' wouldn't be wrong, either, except the business part is very like a pierced, hollow claw. But Jim is another 'ant-killer'. He says, "I once liked ants and would scatter food around this large ant hill. And I'd pile stones around it to prevent complete destruction when the garbage truck rolled through. So what did I get for my efforts? Bit on the thumb! Now I stomp on the little ingrates whenever I see them, and know damn well why I do it." ((Were you feeding them raw meat?))

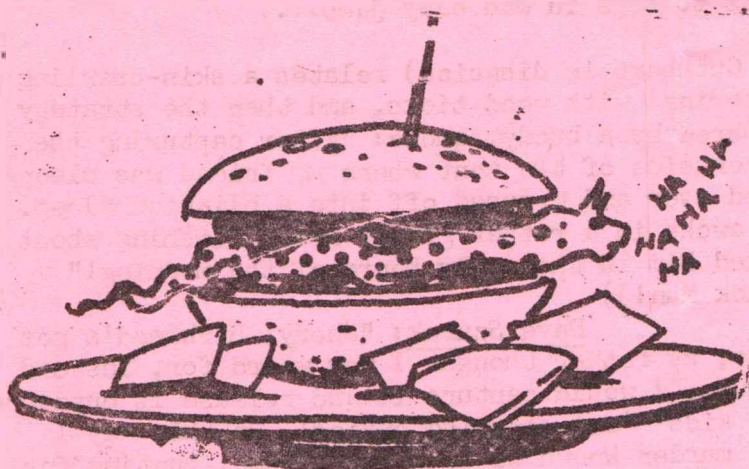
Leigh Couch springs from bugs to kids, listen..." 'Kill It Now' explores a subject I feel strongly about. I am almost Indian (asiatic sub-continent) about it. I deal with it in children all the time. ((Leigh's a teacher.)) I call it the, "what is it - kill it" behavior. The young people I tell this to are astounded. No one has ever said anything about it to them before; to do this has been an approved cultural activity. They are guilty of mindless behavior, quasi-animal behavior and unthinking conformity. Most of them see my point, temporarily, some see it for life." ((Hate to interrupt, Leigh. I want to applaud you for doing a service. But I argue the behavior is mindless or quasi-animal; I tend toward your unthinking conformity as another way of stating the habit is a LEARNED behavior and want to point out the similarity of all this to Dr. Wertham's views on violence, at least as I see it from him, as a learned reaction, and thus amenable to early control and a hopeful denouement.)) Leigh Couch continues: "I wonder if Sheryl has considered 'monkey hands' behavior, this look-touch thing people, especially children have? I must caution the kids on this constantly. I tell them their hands are not directly connected to their eyes, and it is possible to look at something without touching it. Very hard for them to do, goes against primate patterns. It is a good part of the reason things get broken and killed, small or delicate things, like chins and butterflies." ((People do see better when their fingers touch, so my eye doctor told me and proceeded to demonstrate to me with an experiment that amazed me - a two image letter that my eyes couldn't bring into focus, and then he said, 'now touch the card with your finger', and I did, and the letter literally snapped into one image!))

Roger Waddington: "The Natural History of the Gafia? Well, after reading Will Cuppy, it palls a bit; but it doesn't seem to have been noted just how many of them roam about in Mundania. In fact, they're often taken as pets, though they never can be house-trained, leaving puddles of fanzines round the borough; or are we talking about the same species?"

From Ed Cagle: "Homo erectus is living now. Leaky blew it. Erred, that is. Homo lecherous was killed for rape 4 million years ago. Homo inebruius is fanzine pubber species, and rare. Homo scunge has a half-month cycle."

Joe Woodard: "I never see pictures on the back of my eyelids, but single words or, more often, one or two letters."





YOU'RE

damn

RIGHT it's

IRRELEVANT

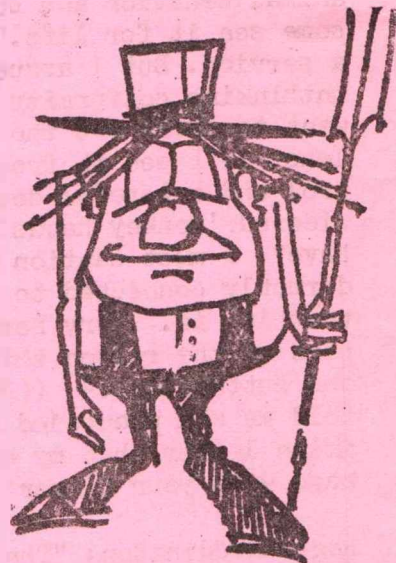
\*\*\*\* by Don Ayres \*\*\*\*

In two TITLES now (#9, 12), Paul Walker has voiced the complaint that, to him, science is irrelevant, also citing the criticisms of William Barrett. I address myself to both persons. In some measure I am indebted to a review in SCIENCE (12 May 1972) and a discussion in a scientific writing class for the article which follows.

Science has two principal parts, "pure" and "useful", based in their degree of usefulness to the human condition and the distinction should be self-evident by my choice of terms. In the case of "useful" science, two further subdivisions are commonly made: APPLIED SCIENCE and TECHNOLOGY. Example: the pure scientist is in the laboratory researching such obscure matters as *Drosophila* breeding cycles, the applied scientist is working on hybridization between desirable breeds, and the technologist is off on something big and probably secret (more so than the others) with the goal for profit.

Pure scientists are most likely found on school faculties or in government employ. An individual advances in esteem and position through his publications and the quality of his students. His papers are available for scrutiny, and before printing have undergone a torturous review; this keeps things honest. The thing to note is that there is no push to solve those problems deemed important to human interest.

The applied scientist exists in two guises: the agriculturist and the small-time inventor. The former is concerned with combatting pests, improving yield, and developing better breeding stocks. These techniques are published in journals to some extent, although details may be patented, as is the case with the inventor. He takes pieces of information from the pure scientist and combines them in various ways to service everyday needs. Once considered crackpot if his goals were obscure enough and a fix-it man if he was able to solve everyday problems, he was primarily an individualist who built better mousetraps and is today subsidized by large corporations which mass-produce his ideas. Whether patented by himself or by someone else, his ideas were generally not available to everyone who wanted to look them up, including the pure scientists interested only in the theory. Nor, consequently, were there many journals, unless POPULAR SCIENCE is considered one.



The technologist is more difficult to pin down since he may sometimes appear indistinguishable from the applied scientist, but he usually works on larger projects for major corporations or governments. His goal is an answer to a specific problem set down by the company economist and he gets to play around far less than either of the other two. He is more likely to be a member of a team, and his reports will be almost invariably patented and unavailable to other scientists for suggestions for "better" solutions or for criticisms of experimental procedures, etc. In other words, the team is playing the game without the referee.



"A writer is well advised to keep mum about whatever he is currently working on; don't let anyone know a thing, except maybe his wife, or else the bloom is apt to go off the plum..."

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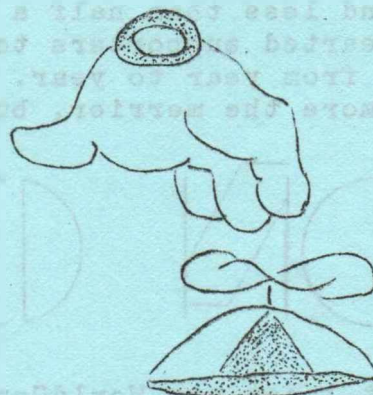
Now that the long process of orientation has been completed, it is time to look further into the problem. Science has been taking the blame for the actions of but one of its members (the anti-technology movement rarely distinguishes between friends and foes). Of course, the borders are thin enough that a good scientist, recognizing the importance of his research to the others, could cross over, but this doesn't happen very often to my experience and they are considered reasonably discrete in the following discussion.

I have heard a fair number of complaints about the pure scientists because they are not working on the immediate problems of the human animal, but there are a number of excellent reasons for acting as they do. In the first place, it is impossible to predict exactly what lines of research will ultimately prove useful. Any of a number of examples may be cited: rockets, electricity, Mendel's experiments, Darwin's observations...the list can go on. These may give birth to others in turn; consider the benefits of the aerospace industry, most of which are forgotten about the time budget appropriations come up. They all originated in basic research which had no orientation to human problems. The reverse is also true; research into matters of human interest has helped scientists to understand basic principles. In the second place Homo sapiens is not the ideal animal to work with from an experimental standpoint for both sociomoral and facilitative reasons. Consider how little would be known of genetics had the research been done on man instead of Drosophila? Consider the difficulty of medicine because doctors were unable to dissect human cadavers until late in history.

In the third place, consider the fickleness of H. sap. The crazes, the fads that have come and gone; were science to operate in that fashion, many potentially important discoveries would be overlooked as they fell out of favor. Whatever else, the pure scientist must be free to follow his own bent. Besides, he probably wouldn't work well if forced.

Furthermore, there is a great deal of misconception about what science is and what it does. Paul Walker was a bit closer in TITLE 12. Science is essentially a way of doing things, a philosophy. It requires that phenomena be explained logically, accounting for as many aspects as possible, and relating them to other, similar phenomena. A logical model is worthless if it does not conform to natural situations, ideally, repeatable by any investigator who wishes.

(To be continued next month)



My turn  
to wind<sup>o</sup>

sez

Ed Cagle.....

The most common misunderstanding of present technological advancement is the motive behind the manufacturer's search for ever new and ever better products. The public thinks the 'makers' are bilking them and mistreating their personal safety and well-being, while the 'makers' blame restrictive governmental control for the occasional tragedy caused by toxic or ordinarily lethal consumables. The lawmakers fume at the courts for ruling against corrective legislation. This results in a large hubub, or as any fan might say, a Bhig Fhight.

We must seek channels of communication. What is needed is a method whereby the makers, the lawmakers, and the public can compile their various wants into a common pool, and devise a solution in the best interests of the most people. General Motors may suddenly be converted to an industry devoted solely to the redecoration of Bebe Rebozo's upstairs bathroom. There has to be an answer to the question. No longer can we depend on the rain to clear the air. Best we remain individuals and do what we can. Publish fanzines and drive the P.O. bananas.



10/ "I wish there were telepathy. It's the wishing I distrust. So much of science fiction proves ... to be wishful thinking, and thus an infantile idea. Telepathy is infantile."

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CON GAMES ANYONE ? by Irvin Koch  
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There are people who will tell you that even a small sf convention must have a couple hundred people, three simultaneous programs, dual 24 hour/day movie rooms, expensive lures to draw in GoHs and fans, and expensive committee costs. But a dozen con gamers from Minneapolis to New Orleans will say: "It's just not so, Bjo."

It only takes one fan to start a convention and less than half a dozen half hearted supporters to carry it one from year to year. Of course, the more the merrier, but

# CON GAMES

I can cite at least one WorldCon (1952 I think) that was almost entirely run by one person! It all depends on what the con intends to offer and who the one or half dozen people are.

At one extreme is what I'll call the "multi-programming con". It has, to begin with, a dozen hard core committee members and about that many helpers. They usually have been at it a long time, and the committee itself functions like a small sf club, whether it's part of a larger group or independent. It may throw two or three cons every year -- Worldcon bids, National special fandom cons (Fantasy, STrek, whatever), regionals, and locals.

It picks a good or presumably good hotel, one specializing in conventions. That means money all around -- costs to both the committee and con-goers. If all goes well that also means additional and well-executed services to both the com-

mittee and the attendee. I say attendee, not fan. When several hundred people, a minimum, show up, you find fans being treated like any other mass to be processed benignly.

Next a whole crew of GoHs are selected and offered free benefits and even fees of all sorts to come. Big name GoHs and MCs. Entertainers. Special programs for these characters to be shown off in. Good? Not if you're a fan and not a spectator. On the other hand, it is something to see.

Next come the other programs. Several at the same time. No way to avoid missing something. A program

for everyone, and if you don't like the comix hucksters, you can always go to a room party (if you know someone or don't mind open parties no better than a random group in the meeting room). Of course, if you live in a heavily fannish populated area anyway, no sweat, you came for the special programs that take a hundred people from all over the continent to support.

And the films. Two simultaneous programs 24 hours a day at least. And two or three different huckster-dealer rooms, a couple of art exhibits plus auction, and multitudes of tables pushing memberships at other events or just generally agitating/advertising some cause.

It takes organization to run this. A committee member to look after each facet, to deal with guests and guest-stars, to deal with the hotel, the press, security for the art room, troublesome attendees, and handle enough details to write a small book about. It takes phone calls and bills for long distance,



*"It often happens that by looking closely at something we see further. ... (They) had observed something that nobody else in the history of the world had made anything of: that the eyeballs of sleeping people move at certain periods during sleep."* /11

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postage, stationary, printing, a con-fanzine, program book, progress reports, proceedings, membership lists (computerized). As I said, a small book could be written on how to do it; in fact, Jack Chalker puts out something called the Con-Runners Guide.

The next step down is the conventional-worldcon, my definition again. Recipe: take one sf club with 20 or more members who can be relied upon, one hotel with 900 or more rooms, a dealers room, three special meeting/exhibit rooms (N3F, SFWA, and special fandoms - ERB, OZ, Heyer, HPL, Hyborian Legion, Count Dracula, etc.), an art exhibit/auc-

with a lot of nearby fans. Maybe you have an extra program and a BNPro GoH. It may even last overnight.

Moving up again, there is the mini-con. This may happen more than once a year and are like a club meeting lasting a weekend at someone's home

Then there is the Midwestcon style or Relaxacon. Zero program. Zero. None allowed. If there is a GoH, the only other thing your membership fee buys is a room full of booze. The variations are infinite. You show up and have a 2 1/2 day party in the most beat-up motel that will accept 50-400 fans. They

# ANYONE?

tion room, a movie room which does not operate when the main program is in session, and of course the main meeting room where one GoH and one MC plus some semi-GoHs like TAFF winners can sit at a banquet. Mix with open and closed room parties and pass out free goodies/advs plus future con sales at the main registration table. Advertise only to attendees of last year's con plus wherever you have your bidding parties at regional/local cons and clubs. Send out propaganda sheets only to the prozines and a few big fanzines. This recipe can also be used for a large regional con.

Next step down is less programing, less of a geographic area to draw in, less advertising/publicity, and of course less work. Less people to run it. Less cost per fan who shows up. You progress thru various stages of smaller regionals, local cities (Balticon, Lunacon) which are as big as regionals, down to the open meeting which isn't a con at all. All it takes for an open meeting is a large city club

may charge \$15 a con in LA, but in Ohio it's still \$2.50. You may not get a fancy badge or any badge at all, but you can drink up your fee in FANNISH company.

Now we have worked up to what I call the Southern Con. And for this I can furnish instructions. I found one. It's in its third year, fourth by the time you read this.

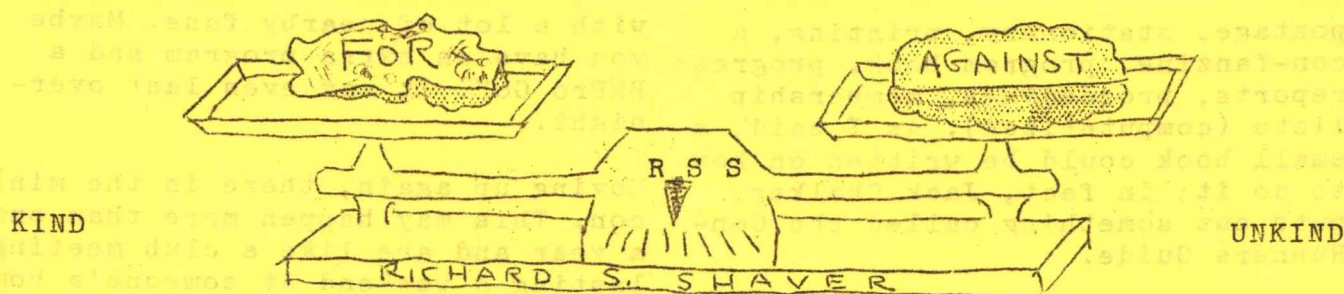
Assume your name is Don Blyly, Don Markstein, Minnesota Slim, or even Irvin Koch. You are a con man whenever you decide to be. You are a fan; therefore you do not expect to break even -- you'd like to but don't expect to. The next thing you need is one semi-loyal sidekick who can, with a moderate amount of arm twisting, be persuaded to help put up the \$100 you expect to lose -- like maybe \$20 of it -- and stuff a few envelopes. I won't name names on this one. I would suggest rounding up four other more-than-luke-warm fen to help out here and there

*(Continued next month with Steps One thru Five....)*



12/ "...engineers, who know quite a lot about the way the Universe ticks, tend to have less inhibited imaginations than psychologists, who, generally speaking, know practically nothing about anything."

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Ed Lesko: "From other letters I've read by Shaver I had gotten the impression that he was a stuck-up snob, but upon reading his piece in T 9 I've changed my mind. Once he gets off that rock picture crap he reads like a refined Vonnegut. I hope he keeps LoCing."

Aljo Svoboda: "If anyone can bring once-controversial figures out of the voodorks, you can. It's interesting to see how close Shaver's theory is to the Lafferty story, 'All Pieces of a River Shore' Maybe each tiny 'rock-picture' is part of one great jigsaw puzzle which will reveal the Secret of the Universe upon completion...or maybe we're part of the puzzle ourselves, and so have no hope of ever putting the thing together."

Ed Sinkovits: ((earlier letter))... "It's nice to hear from Richard S. Shaver and wasn't that one of his more coherent letters?"

Frank Balazs: "Shaver should send his finds to RA Lafferty and let him write a story about it."

Bill Bliss: ((No room to quote Bill completely now; he seems mostly in agreement with the rockbook idea.)) "Shaver expects everybody to be as perceptive as he is! Also expects others to take off on their own discovering and figuring things out. I have exhibited rock pics at the Pecon last year. Wallpaper mold, ink blots, clouds-- 'universal imagery'. Why & how? Has space itself been used for a recording medium?"

Ned Brooks: "I find it hard to believe that all the pictures visible in rocks and other natural formations were put there intentionally, or that all rocks contain pictures put there by ancient beings. That is not to say that some rocks may not contain pictures. Mae Strelkov once sent Phil Harrell a series of sketches of a site in Argentina that is rich in such pictures. Does Shaver think that the pictures seen in clouds were put there by some ethereal being? What about the pictures in man-made terrazzo flooring?"

Ed Sinkovits: "I see Shaver's still running around free. Too bad. But it's your zine and you can print whatever you feel like. A friend of mine was convinced that cattle were really extra-terrestrial creatures...communicating..by piles of dung. To be blunt, Shaver's 'theories' stink."

Roy Tackett: "Rock books? Sheesh! Shaver should get together with the Morman archaeologists. The latter's ideas of American prehistory are a fascinating study in bending the evidence to fit religious dogma. Ah, Shaver, my old and rare, rock me no rock books. My imagination is such that I can tell you stories beyond your wildest dreams."

David Shank: "You may be off your rocker when it comes to deros, but for the terrarium idea, you have my support. I don't believe in rock pictures very much, but I do think we were visited."



"And what ... will computers' dreams be like? It's hard to say, /13  
of course. I've a feeling, however, that they'll be no madder  
than ours."

# EASY

\*\*\*\* DOES IT \*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\* DOES IT? \*\*\*\*

Several bits have come burbling up through different channels, and though the agglutination is nothing new, I feel an urge to write about it.

BIT: attended a Duke Ellington concert recently, and, among other things, admired the nonchalant precision with which his band blew difficult music. One time I played a little while in a 14-piece dance band as a sideline, and we played well the torturous sounds of Stan Kenton. However, we struggled and mauled to pieces Ellington's flag-waver, "Cottontail". So at the recent concert I marveled at the relaxed ease with which the experts ran the rabbit through the brush.

BIT: completed Brian Aldiss' THE SHAPE OF FURTHER THINGS. Such a fireplace & slipper & dog book! A deep book, but so deceptively easy in expression and mood, that I marveled at the author's skill of uniting spirit and intellect in a gentle wallop. As Aldiss spoke to me I saw inside his brain and heart and, now and then, he let me look at the clouded moon outside his window.

BIT: complained to a colleague about the black swabs on newsprint that Fritz Klein (Kline?) perpetrates as art and for which thousands of dollars are paid. "Looks easy to do, doesn't it?" he replied. "You ought to try it sometime..." Then he told me how his whole art class tried to make some daubs with the same free skill because one of the students had made the same remark I had. The class daubed and swabbed and, at the end, they all agreed they had failed.

BIT: get a death-wish now and then. This is not exactly the same as a suicidal wish; it is simply a wish for ultimate peace and quiet associated with death. Also, the removal of external forces directing behavior contrary to inner-self goals. This is irrational since being six feet underground is more confining than the strongest "box" in life. And I doubt the existence of my awareness to enjoy this peace and quiet.

BIT: why do people read science-fiction? If it is an escape, is it an escape to the easy world of make-believe where anything and everything is possible? Does this fantasy world supply the peace and quiet? The crucial question: is sf a substitute for the death-wish?

BITS: saw TV's "Mayberry" last night and a plot element was that Aunt Bee always made the baby cry when she picked it up because, as it developed, she was too tense.

: ordered a new car and have thought twice about the possibility of smashing it up as I drive it out the dealers...

: baseball season brings a batter's slump, and the harder he tries to break it, the worse the slump...

AGGLUTINATE: There is a problem here, vaguely felt; there is a solution, hazily sensed. What in heck am I on the dim track of? And, whatever it is, is it going to help?

Heavily on my mind is the 145 page budget I have prepared and which I have to justify, face to face with the Zoo-Museum Commissioners of St. Louis City and Co. I have but three hours to wait, and I apologize for inflicting this page upon you. However, I feel some better, now that I've used your shoulder to cry on. Peace!



/14 "I've never understood how Isaac Asimov's androids could pass for human beings. They would be instantly detectable, however good their outward semblance. Indeed, I've often detected robots in our present-day society."

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((Each set of double (()) mark off the editor's intrusions.))

Frank Balazs: "When I was a nine-year old kid I fell about fifteen feet flat on my back. 'My god, this is it!' I thought while hearing the sound of an ambulance, not realizing they wouldn't be that fast. The ambulance wasn't for me, nor did I need it. Very scary."

Railee Bothman: "...during the Salem Witch trials, it was most interesting to see how much of the supposed witches' property went to the accusers and the officials."

Don Ayres: "...people read sf because it's the only literary form which plays with ideas...it is a mental exercise, as is Sherlock Holmes...maybe that has something to do with the high coincidence of SF people who read mysteries."

Don Blyly: "Is the increasing popularity of SF among young people partly a search on their part for heroes to fill the gap in the real world? And if young people fill their need in SF, how will they react to the defeatist-type 'heroes' in so many new wave stories?"

Leigh Couch: "If I could have one wish for Christmas, it would be for two uninterrupted hours of fanac 5 nights a week. I would publish a Hugo-winner for sure and get voted fan-writer of the year!" ((Donn here: she could do it! I suspect her desire for TIME stems from some remarks I've made at our Monday bi-weekly meetings about the inordinate amount of time I spend on this zine; had she the same amount of time to give, fandom would be the winner! Be sure you get on Railee and Leigh's B.C. mailing list.))

Cy Chauvin: "Sunset watching -- any appreciation of beauty, aesthetic enjoyment -- is not a survival characteristic, and not a product of natural selection. Yet it is a dominant part of our life -- Why? A completely materialistic viewpoint would not seem to explain this."

Ed Cagle: "Speaking of teams ((which he wasn't)), there is an amazing similarity in the McEvoy/Cornell... Balazs/Schneck... Hochberg/Stathis... combinations. Any theories on that? I see negatives attracting."

John Carl: "I can't imagine placing the blame for all the world's troubles on Deros and Vril, without so much as mentioning the real troublemakers: us."

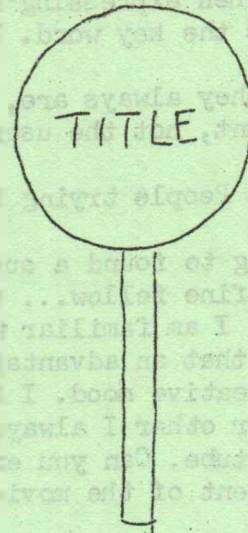
Ann Chamberlain: "...two writers, unknown to each other, can tune in to the same 'muse' and write the same thing, did you know that?" ((It has happened, but is it 'mystical' or is it coincidental subjection to the same set of stimuli by somewhat similar sets of interior receptivity?))

Q U O ' T ' Z €



Ned Brooks: "I made a Hieronymous Machine once, back when Campbell was going on about it, but it didn't work...Jim Meadows should be able to play the old vertical groove record on any stereo cartridge player with a 78rpm speed and needle. The stereo cartridge, after all, responds to motion in two planes that are 45 degrees to the vertical...C.S.Lewis believed that a book that wasn't worth rereading wasn't worth reading in the first place...I don't think the flatworm experiments have been totally discredited, nor has the concept of racial memory. But it hasn't been proven either...I quite agree with Stathis that people should not live together - even if only to the extent that in a family dwelling everyone should have his own room."

Terry Lee Dale: "I had always considered myself quite normal until I learned what comic fans are supposedly like; does this mean I failed because I'm quiet and have normal, not long, hair?"



Buzz  
Dixon: "Most people who take psychology subjects are really trying to discover what they are, who they are, and where they are going. I already know the answers to those questions about myself: insane, a paranoid, the bug house."

Jackie Franke: "Ben Indick's subjective view of a robbery was very interesting. One can't help but wonder how you'd react when confronted by a mugger or robber. Ben behaved wisely. Just hope the incident isn't repeated. Lead pipes as opposed to hand guns are pretty ineffective." ((Ben tells me he lost the pipe, good, I agree with Jackie; but I should talk as I have this handmade 12" 'dagger' standing by my bedside for the purpose of chopping the wrist of a prowler entering the window...could I do it? The way the courts are I would then have to drag him inside the house through the window and prove that it was rather suspicious for a stranger to use this entry at midnight...))

Gary Grady: ((In connection with the ART vs SCIENCE argument, Gary gives the regular lyrics of the inchworm song on the left, and his new lyrics on the right...))

Inchworm, Inchworm  
Measuring the marigold,  
You and your arithmetic  
Are sure to go far.

Pity me, you pity me  
As I measure marigolds  
Believing only you can see  
How beautiful they are.

Inchworm, Inchworm  
Measuring the marigold,  
Seems to me you'd stop and see  
How beautiful they are.

Pity you, I pity you.  
You will never understand.  
Knowledge makes them seem to me  
More beautiful by far.

Mike Glicksohn: "I'm not a reader of Scientific American. I always found that their articles on subjects I was interested in were too elementary, while on those subjects I knew little about they were too deep."

Mike Glycer: "The abbr. for the genre is our most treasured battleground. Bloody Sercon Fans, like me, naturally use SF; just plain sercon types such as librarians and academics often use sf. Distinguished senior fans and authors like Buck Coulson use stf - scientifiction. Use of sf means either you've read a lot of Clarion anthologies, or that you're trying to push some generic term like speculative fiction, science fantasy, speculative fabulation, or sadie fingerhut. Sci-Fi is that dreaded Corsican skin disease, and of course has nothing to do with the topic."



/16 "...the link between cause and effect in violence is complex and imperfectly understood ... as to whether it is safety valve or stimulant."

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Chris Hulse: "Paul Walker's interviews and articles are always well thought out, and when expressing his feelings and ideas, he is not obnoxious or insulting. Perception is the key word. Paul Walker has it."

Alma Hill: "...if a neologism is handier, as they always are, and is generally understood, the burden of learning is on the ignorant, not the users."

Norman Hochberg: "Shaver sounds a lot like over-zealous Jesus People trying to convert dedicated heathens like myself."

James Hall: "I'm beginning to found a suspicion that you are more than one person. ((Uh...)) Bruce Arthurs is a fine fellow... ((Why?)) Shaver shows up in TITLE. I suppose you can't win them all. I am familiar with Mr. Shaver's work from the 'good old days' but I do not consider that an advantage...I feel creative in direct opposite to Tom Mullen's depressive-creative mood. I have to feel good before I am able to write one word. For some reason or other I always get an urge to write after watching an old slushy 40's movie on the tube. Can you explain this? Note: what I write never has anything to do with the content of the movie."

Rose Hogue: "Agree with Tom Mullen that the best times for me to feel inclined to do anything really creative are when I'm depressed -- all my best poems are written then."

Al Jackson: "...we live at the Mayfly's pace on the cosmic scale of time. Why should not a star faring race live several thousands of years at a time? It is not a new idea but it's not as common in sf as FTL; I don't know why the idea hasn't been explored more. Immortality, even limited, could make small potatoes of the light barrier."

Ben Indick: "Tragic that LoCicero's book should have been suppressed, if such was the case. Certainly no Jew need have been ashamed of a book which demonstrates true insight into Jews and Judaism. In addition, it is useful for ANY parent of ANY faith to read it today, when our young people are confused and looking for answers. I want my son to read it, but he may think I'm proselytizing. Mr. LoCicero must be given both congratulations and condolences." ((This is about the non-fiction account of the shooting of the Detroit rabbi by one of his congregation, during services - MURDER IN THE SYNAGOGUE.))

Jim Kennedy: "...the Ancients inscribed their records on dirt clods (except for those records cut by the Nidslisks who recorded all their greatest hits on the underside of pond scum)."

John Leavitt: "Objective experience does not exist save as a philosophical concept. We are all totally subjective creatures who make the mistake of thinking we can be objective about anything. We form our own values, which aren't even internally stable. If we can't be sure what we'll believe in a week, how can we presume to establish standards to judge the worth of anything on a community-wide level, if not universal?"

Ed Lesko, Jr.: "I agree with Mullen; I do most of my stuff when I'm depressed. That's the only time I can think logically enough to put a story together. Good thing I get depressed a lot." ((Hmmm....))

Douglas Leingang: "...mysticism as it exists is nothing. Let me say this about that: there is no system on earth today which adequately teaches the neophytes how to change diamonds, uranium, plutonium, etc. into gold."

Jim Meadows: "No one can say that sf fandom should not bother with comix or film or monster fandom, because fandom is made up of separate entities who are going to do pretty much as they bloody well please, and if that includes mingling with other fandoms, then so be it."

Tim Marion: "...that most truth is irrelevant is the reason that most lies are very relevant. People like to hear lies; makes them feel good. What I say is a pack of foma."



"Education is a process that begins at birth; the rudimentary concepts of mankind as a member of an interstellar community are already being built into the very beginnings of speech."

/17



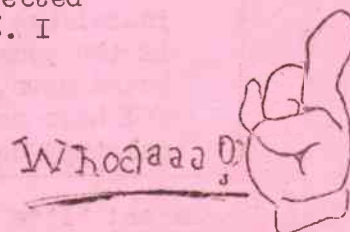
Mike Glicksohn: "I teach high-school math: elementary arithmetic, algebra, geometry plus introductory FORTRAN. Last year I had two calculus classes which I really enjoyed but this year it's mostly the younger kids with the simpler topics. I like math both as a subject to teach and to play around with. I couldn't teach it if I didn't."

Bruce Gillespie: "I'm 6'1", 26, a bit overweight. I was born in Melbourne, raised in a Melbourne suburb, and attended the University of Melbourne, which kindly gave me a BA and a Dip Ed. I taught badly and unhappily for two years at a Victorian country secondary school, and then by sheer luck gained a job as editor & writer for the Publications Branch of the Education Department of Victoria. Literary tastes fairly wide, from Henry James to Robert Musil to Patrick White; favourite writers are Philip Dick, Thomas Disch, Brian Aldiss, and Cordwainer Smith. Musical tastes run from Beethoven to the Rolling Stones; cinema from Antonioni to Chaplin. Political affiliation: sceptic, with more hostility towards the right than towards the left. Am unhappily unmarried, a condition which no beautiful lady seems willing to end. Much of my activity during recent years has been directed towards Australia's bid to hold the world convention in 1975. I hope to attend Torcon this year to put over our propaganda."

James Hall: "My life started when I was very young. To be precise, I was born at 6 o'clock on the morning of September 25th, in 1951. This all occurred not far from legendary Ravenscraig Castle (immortalized in so many Gothic tales) in the town of Kirkcaldy in Fifeshire, Scotland. Memories of Scotland grow somewhat hazy now. My father discovered he could be well-paid if he came to Canada, so at the age of six I found myself in the second largest country in the world." ((James tells me that his contemplated zine, S.T.A.R. is now delayed indefinitely.))

Rose Hogue: "I'm a fungus and mold fan myself -- really enjoy

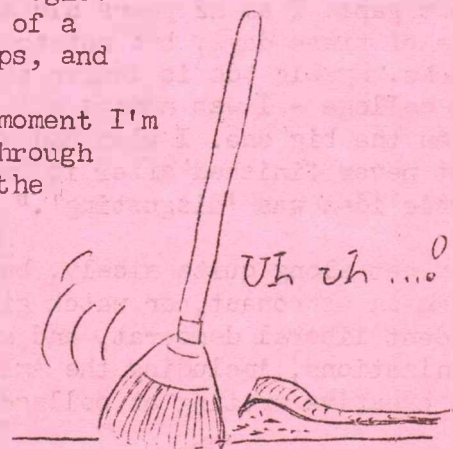
mushrooms and toadstools and the like!! Not to eat but to look at and enjoy."



Chris Hulse: "...the most mundane you could get would be what 'you always wanted to do as a kid'. Myself, I really had a bent for being an archeologist -- 'cause I dug dinosaurs! I don't know when I gave it all up. I wonder how many people in this world actually got the chance to work at something that appealed to them since childhood."

Seth McEvoy: "...my profession at the moment is showing movies, 35mm, on the campus. I have decided to not get a second bachelor's degree, but instead a master's in Geography. I'm going to school part time. I spent two summers working full time for a Congressman -- Riegle. Also, I was manager of an art-supplies store, owner of a book shop, bureaucrat in the Neighborhood youth corps, and factory worker for GM."

Roger Waddington: "...at the moment I'm hovering on the edge of unemployment, having gone through short-order cook, bronco-buster, truck driver, and the rest. This job at Town Hall I'm determined to lose! I need the time to get back on top of the ever-growing pile of fanzines and such more than I need a job. I have to choose between fandom and mundania, and where before I would have gaffiated, now I'm much wiser!" ((Roger advises his neglected contacts that SOMETHING soon will be coming your way.))





(MUNDAN IAC, continued)

Dave Szurek: ((in explanation of his change of address...)) "My fiancée (getting married in April) and I were lounging in my rathole of a room. Knock on the door and "You got a phone call downstairs!" I open the door. Two knife-wielding guys wearing masks jump in, each finding the element of surprise one big benefit in getting their blades against our respective throats. "Okay, you white m---f---, where is it?" demands the one taking care of me. "Where is what?" I snap back. "Yer money, m---f---! Where do you keep it?" Now a dime, even, had been so alien from my life for the past few days that I was downright befuddled. "I'm broke! Haven't got a cent!" I got out finally. "Whaddaya talkin' 'bout? All white people have money." Both of us were tied up and, for some reason, sacks were put over our heads. They searched the place, while threatening us verbally with death. One of them kept coming back to touch the knife to my throat. Finally, unable to come up with any money, they stocked up on our food supply and left, with the standard shtick, "Wait ten minutes!" The number of racial cracks they made convinced me that this was something more than a robbery. I checked out the next day. "

" I've begun to wonder about the average age of fans. I've noticed a number of husband/wife teams, and several mentions of children. A few writers have made statements about being in college or grad school. I'm a high school senior, which is the youngest I've seen so far. How do the percentages break down, according to your guess? " -- Matthew Schneck. ((I have no idea right now -- maybe TITLE will run a personnel-type data questionnaire sometime.))

Mike Shoemaker: "I've been practicing and rehearsing 5-6 hours a day ((cello)) -some very difficult music, orchestral accompaniment for Strauss' Don Quixote and Bartok's Violin Concerto."

Sean Summers: "Mundaniac column...found someone with a similar interest. Tell Greg N. Burton that there is another Coltrane fan reading TITLE. I am mainly an Alice Coltrane fan, probably heresy to John Coltrane fans but... I like Pharoah Sanders very much also."

Claire Beck: "My statistics are: Age, 53. A widower. Operating Engineer by trade & my Dr. told me to quit smoking & lose 30 pounds. When you sent us those great columns in 1937 I was 17 years of age. Became 18 in Sept. '37. My brother Groo bought the press for \$25 and it required some over-hauling. ((SCIENCE FICTION CRITIC)). Lakeport is my home town, but I haven't always lived here. 4 1/2 years in the army during WW II, 3-4 years in the San Francisco Bay area, a year in Nevada, quite a few years in Mendocino County. At present I live 60 miles from the job site & driving 120 miles a day doesn't leave me much time for dieting & avoidance of tobacco."

Tody Kenyon: "I ought to fill in some gaps. I am 42 years old and regressing daily. It's possible I may 'grow up' one of these days, but not today. Along with my 100 pounds (almost) I am 5'3" in my socks. My big toe is longer than my second one. I took a survey of toes when I was in college - I was amazed at how many people (girls, anyhow) have second toes longer than the big one. I also had a survey going about belly buttons (convex or concave) but never finished after it came to the attention of the assistant dean who felt the whole idea was 'disgusting'."

Malcolm Graham: "I am half blind. For the most part I can get along quite nicely, but I cannot drive, read normal print without aid, become an astronaut, or watch girls with any hope of success. I am 17 years old, an ardent liberal democrat, and a space freak. I am a member of numerous aerospace organizations, including the American Society for Space Exploration. I plan to major in creative writing at college."



"One of the limitations of the sf field is that one is never quite /19  
an independent voice, but always has to walk under an umbrellla,  
even when the rain has stopped."

# RAN D O M R E E P O R T

Tom Mullen: "As for periods of stf (which I prefer as a designation) I think there are very, very roughly three: preprozine, prozine (1926- about 1968), and New Awareness. In preprozine, stf was scattered all over creation, with H.G.Wells as its real father. Then Gernsback started the stf zine, and around 1938 Campbell entered as a major influence. Heinlein, Asimov, Padgett began. Then in 1950 F&SF and GALAXY brought more emphasis on soft sciences and people. Bester, Laumer, Emsch, Pohl, Kornbluth, and Boucher. Then, in the late 60's, things like DANGEROUS VISIONS, and increasing academic recognition. Stf came to have some value in the world. Some of the so-called New Wave and surely the rise of the original story anthologies would come under the heading of 'New Awareness', both on the part of the stf world and the non-stf world, poor souls that they are."

Mark Mumper quotes a fairly long passage from Bob Silverberg's A TIME OF CHANGES that deals "specifically with the drug experience, but as you will note, it serves as a beautiful metaphor relating to the perception of life." Mark explains that the quotation "sums up nicely the way I feel about new and alien things that are ordinarily dismissed with a shrug because of the difficulty of relating them in verbal terms." The passage comes after Kinnall Darival has felt and perceived after putting the flask to his lips. "None of this came to me in words or even in a flow of images, but rather in a rush of received knowledge, knowledge that entered and became part of me after a manner that I can neither describe or explain...one cannot put into words what never was in words...look for no explanations fashioned out of words, but put the flask to your lips..."

Seth McEvoy: "I watched ANDROMEDA STRAIN and was on the edge of my chair during the last scene with the laser. Then I fell off my chair in astonishment at the totally idiotic way the problem was solved. But I suppose most people don't care whether the ending made scientific sense or not."

Jim Meadows: "'I know what I like' is not only a legitimate critique, it is the only legitimate critique. To say otherwise is to follow the established norm: everybody says PLAYER PIANO is a fine novel, so it is. That is called 'I know what someone else likes'. Presently, however, I do not think PLAYER PIANO is a fine novel. I couldn't get started in it. Therefore, 'I know what I like'.... The Chicago Daily News stopped calling Beverly Friend's occasional sf column 'The Sci-Fi Scene' and switched to 'The S-F Shelf'. Still badly written, though."

Roy Tackett: "Norman Spinrad is superb in the short story form and absolutely horrible as a novelist."

Matthew Schneck: "The ideas of infinity and instaneity have always intrigued me. I remember Poul Anderson's 'Kyrie', I think, which dealt with time distortion around a black hole. How about the latest wrinkle on the theory, white holes. If you theorize that substance entering a black hole enters another universe, dimension, what-have-you, obviously to maintain the Law of Conservation, the place where matter enters our universe would be a white hole. Presumably scientists should come up with a white hole soon." ((Almost 6 months have passed since Matt's comment; have white holes been found since?))



20/ "So there arises the lure that beckons all simple philosophers:  
to reduce all diversity to a single strand!"

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(RANDOM REPORT, continued)

ART Joquel: "Remember him?" Art asks on thermocopy of biog. piece by Ron Taylor about Curt Siodmak from the THE FRESNO BEE news-paper. Data: In 1942 Siodmak, then a movie writer in Columbia Picture's 'B-unit', fled into Mojave Desert for 90 days to write DONOVAN'S BRAIN. That book has sold 5 million copies. A quarter century and 2 dozen books later Siodmak expanded the medical sf plot into HAUSER'S MEMORY. In 1931 Siodmak was still in Germany where he wrote FP101 CALLING, a floating airfield in Atlantic story. Siodmak lives in Three Rivers, CA, on South Fork Dr. House sets on oak-covered hill surrounded by cattle. Siodmak guesses he has written 30-35 books and maybe 70 movie & TV films. His DONOVAN'S BRAIN still brings in \$1,000-2,000 annual royalty. When he was 8 years old a children's zine pubbed his first fantasy in pre-Nazi Germany. He has directed films, but he says that's too much work; books are easier. ((If a T-reader is a Siodmak fan, I will send this copy to the first request coming in.))

Terry Lee Dale: "I admit that sf may not have produced a Hemmingway or a Scott Fitzgerald but look at the vast number that write in main-stream and the hundreds of years of building up to its present height. Compared to this, sf is a mere fledgling and has had only a few dabblers. Yet to dismiss it as having no value is a sad mistake for it has all the redeeming values of modern literature in that it can criticize, satirize, entertain, and has the added freedom of not being confined by modern trends. The only way to learn whether sf has any real literary merit is to let the future, and the people, decide. I feel it will definitely have some."

Cy Chauvin: "I think the affinity between the two forms, fantasy and science-fiction, is unmistakable, and undeniable. Fritz Leiber's ILL MET IN LANKMAR won a Hugo which is given for 'Science-Fiction Achievement'. Also, why is it that the most respected prozine is called FANTASY & SF, or why is it that every prozine in the field has had a fantasy companion at one time or another, from the hard-sf ANALOG (with UNKNOWN) to the new wave NEW WORLDS (with SCIENCE FANTASY/IMPULSE)? Or why is it that Ursula K. LeGuin's fantasy novel A WIZARD OF EARTHSEA was published as an Ace Science Fiction Special?"

Ed Connor: "...you might like the paperback INVISIBLE HORIZONS by Vincent Gaddis...one of the best of its kind, covering various aspects of 'unknown' happenings. I consider it a 'must' for anyone wanting a comprehensive rundown on things like the 'Bermuda Triangle', etc. Then a group of three pbs by Daniel Cohen who has taken the 'skeptics' attitude: MYTHS OF THE SPACE AGE, A MODERN LOOK AT MONSTERS, MYSTERIOUS PLACES. ...I feel 'something' is coming to a head in the field of psionics (so-called). Too much really authentic evidence has been piling up. There appears to be vastly more to 'para-psychology' than the average sf fan has, I'm sure, thought probable, even when extrapolated fictionally to some future time. It may very well be that death of the physical body is really not death for the individual. (And I've always been a skeptic, eschewing organized religions.) No, we won't find Phil Farmer's RIVERWORLD waiting for us, but we may be in even better circumstances than its inhabitants. But I'm no fanatic; I just form tentative conclusions and await more data. The possibilities are staggering. I urge everyone who has not done so to read Goodavage's ANALOG article (Dec, 72), trying to maintain a reasonably open mind. (I could mention a few rather prominent SF fans/readers whom I feel are incapable of open-mindedness, but I won't.) ((Some of T-readers have accused Ole Bone of this particular failing; really, I, too, await data.))



EXPLANATION OF THE  
"AS IS" LETTER ON  
YOUR RIGHT.....

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Way back in August, 1972, in TITLE #5, I reviewed THE SCANDAL OF SCIENTOLOGY by Paulette Cooper, Belmont/Tower, 1971 and included the impressions of my own visit to the Scientology "church".

Just about 8 months later I received the letter at the right. In order to reproduce it as shown I have had to spend \$3.80. The letter raises several interesting questions.

It is quite evident that the Reverend Andrew Bagley did not actually have in his hand a copy of the Title issue. My home address is the only address I ever put on Title; he has used my business address. Also, he has spelled my name wrong, both the Donn and the Brazier. This is prominently displayed in the Title #5.

From this I conclude that the information was relayed to Rev. Bagley over the telephone or in conversation, and probably at a quite late date. By whom? Who really cares? Someone there is who isn't particularly impressed favorably with either Title or its editor.

All of this is relatively unimportant, though highly interesting, since the number of "fans" in St. Louis who received TITLE #5 is on record; it is a very small number.

What really interests me is the evidence shown by the highest member of the Scientology group as to what constitutes being a

# The Church of Scientology of Missouri

4225 Lindell Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri 63108

(314) 534-1060



L. Ron Hubbard  
- Founder -

Don Braziers  
Caknoll Museum of Natural History  
3 Caknoll Edg Bend & Clayton Rd.  
Clayton, Missouri

26th March, 1973

Dear Mr. Braziers:

I have received a copy of your mimeographed piece "title" where you review the book "Scandal of Scientology" at some length.

Beginning with the publication of this book upon the introduction to retail sales, the author, Miss Cooper and her publishing house have been placed in litigation for rather large sums. While the case has yet to appear on the docket of the Court we have also advised all that might carry this particular title that we consider the volume to be anything but fair in its presentation of the subject of Dianetics and Scientology.

It is not only for her biased opinion that we are entering the field of litigation with all the attendant costs. She has openly pursued a course of libel and mongering of slanderous rumours that are cleverly designed to ruin the character of persons connected with the subject. She has also used copyrighted materials without the permission of the author. These are all separate charges and they will be taken up each one on their own merits.

The persons presented in the volume as Scientologists are treated in a manner that demeans dignity, the opposing persons are presented as victims of some plot to "enslave them", - were such a point to have any truth in it, ordinary recourse to law would be a simple solution to any such problem. None have so offered any such case. It is simple to lay charges against anyone. It is then the province of the accused to defend themselves. This we are doing.

Almost without exception, the people that are today presenting Scientology and Dianetics are workers in a field of the "labour of love" taking from the subjects very little in the form of recompense and giving of themselves to a degree that would be unreal to anyone perceiving it. It is done from the view of a far more ancient truism than present time; "It is holier to give, than to receive."

I hope this presents some of our side to you.

In faith,

*Andrew Bagley*  
The Reverend Andrew Bagley  
Pastor of the Church

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"clear" -- one of those remarkable people whose mental equipment has been purged of all handicaps, all blocks to learning and wisdom. A study of the letter shows that the first sentence is either a falsehood or a misstatement. If Rev. Bagley received only the tearsheet from Title #5, it is then obvious that he did not receive the "mimeographed piece Title". A clear mind has no need for that. Some unclear phrases and a misspelling might be typographical errors; do clear minds make them?

The fact that author Cooper used materials from copyrighted sources (by Scientology or Hubbard) seems the best possible place to get an idea of what Scientology is all about. It seems a little odd to me that a non-profit religion, getting tax breaks etc., should need, want, or be allowed to copyright.

From the rate schedule I saw at the "church" it doesn't seem that much is given for what is taken; I take less for this TITLE-labor-of-love.



CONTENTS & ART CREDITS

Cover: Editor's lucky accident  
 Editorial: logo, Sheryl Birkhead  
 'handy', Sheryl  
 Bill the Galactic Hero - Part II  
 Conclusion, Rick Wilber  
 Oz as Utopia Part III of Ben  
 Indick's OZ series  
 Wintage Vine: logo, S.Birkhead  
 You're Damn Right It's Irrelevant,  
 Don Ayres, art, Don & Kathy  
 Coons, Part I  
 My Turn to Wind, Ed Cagle, "handy"  
 by Sheryl Birkhead  
 Con Games Anyone, Irvin Koch Part I  
 Shaver on the Scales - readers  
 Easy Does It, editor  
 Quick Quotz, readers, lollipop, SB  
 Mundaniac, readers, art, Sheryl B.  
 Random Report, readers  
 Scientology Letter & editor's ex-  
 planation  
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 Final Analysis, editor

FINAL ANALYSIS

Loay Hall, 210 W. Florence, Black-  
 well, Okla 74631, is writing a long  
 article/review on the development  
 of S&S fiction and would like co-  
 operation - bibliographic data on  
 titles, authors, etc. He can't pay  
 for the info but would sure apprec-  
 iate some help.

CoA- CAPCON, John Robinson, UMBRA  
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 Albany, NY 12222

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 Political Psych., Culture, and some  
 miscellaneous in Last Words and  
 Access Information. SF books & films  
 on pps 204-205 annotated by Dave  
 Estrada & Duncan Shepherd. 45 nov-  
 els (the best, it says) are listed:  
 Anthony, Asimov, Bester, Blish,  
 Brunner, Clarke, Heinlein, Silver-  
 berg, Sturgeon, Weinbaum, Wells,  
 Zelazny. And others. The whole book  
 is a professional TITLE.

Terry Lee Dale sent two clips: one  
 headline is UFOs On Mining Mission  
 Research Experts Believe, and tells  
 about the Piedmont saucers. The be-  
 ings (?) are after lead. Other is  
 Big Bang Theory Gets Back Up Fact,  
 and tells of deuterium in Jupiter's  
 atmosphere. "Good evidence the un-  
 iverse is not in a steady state,"  
 says Smithsonian expert.

Donn Brazier took the dollar away  
 from Doug Leingang with his tale:  
 (now get this) "Brass Knuckles Turn  
 Green on Mars But Put Them Out in a  
 Sandstorm for Burnishing." Doug  
 calls my story "new wave"; Ed Cagle  
 would have won but he refused the  
 dollar! See next issue of TENT  
 from P.O.Box 21328 LSU, Baton Rouge  
 LA 70803. Doug has an assistant ed  
 by the name of Christopher Collins.

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 ST. LOUIS, MO. 63131

TO -

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