

*Mr. Cur*

*Tommy*  
**Title**  
*nd*



n. 2 "The problem of life on other planets is no longer abstract. It has acquired practical meaning."

THE #16  
JULY  
1973

Zine-top quotes sent in by Denis Quane from INTELLIGENT LIFE IN THE UNIVERSE by I.S.Shklovskii and Carl Sagan, Holden Day h.c. 1966; Dell p.b. \$2.95

# BARBECUE PIT

Ordinarily I do the editorial ramblings last, but since I had a slip-sheeting job to do on last month's cover, and since this cover is of the same paper, and since a slip-sheet job must be done again, a tedious long-winded project, and since this is a Sunday afternoon with me alone in the office, I, therefore and to wit, believe I'll do this page now.

What is a Bagelbash? Every other Monday night the editors of SIRRUIISH get together and slowly put together the next issue. This will bear fruit in time for the Midwestcon, to which most of the editors will be going and lugging a stack of SIR along. (There will be some TITLE #16 there too.) SIR will carry a photograph of the editors at work, and a careful study will show that Brazier and Yaffe are drinking something. The 'something' is anything handy from ole orange wine to select pickle juice bottled in Caglebond.

At the last Bagelbash two items were jotted down on the back of a Shaver envelope as worth repeating. The first is Leigh Couch's story, true, of a lady she knows who got stopped by a patrol car of the St. Louis County Police Department. The lady had been speeding, and she knew it. Thus, faced with an intractable minion of the law, she asked pointedly, "May I purchase several tickets to the Policemen's Ball?" The cop replied, "Lady, us County Police ain't got no balls." Thereupon a violent red flashed up the beafy neck, and the lady was waved on!

You may remember the article title from THE JOURNAL OF IRREPRODUCIBLE RESULTS I quoted in TITLE 15-- "On the Imaginary Bosom". Upon passing out the fresh issue to the group, Leigh Couch flipped to that last page and snorted, "What is an imaginary bosom?"

Genie Yaffe said, innocently, "I had one."

We all gasped, "What!"

She replied hurriedly, "I mean I had two!"

In T 15 I really messed up Denis Quane's name as "Dennis Quain"! Sorry. And Denis wrote it was the first time his name had ever been in a fanzine, too.

I was asked how TITLE did in the recent LOCUS poll. It came in 15th with 32 points with no first place votes; it must have received quite a few 2nd and 3rd place votes among the 10 who put T on their ballot. Thank you -- whoever you are. Four of the top 16 best fan writers are quoted/contributed in T: Warner #4, Walker #7, Gillespie #8, Coulson #14. Two of my favorite artists didn't make the first 14 somehow: Sheryl Birkhead and Jackie Franke. Average age of a fan: 27.07.

WHAT THE COLORED PAGES MEAN... the last large 'thirdly' had an 'add-on' called BAR-BECUE SAUCE, and whose rather light & silly stuff appealed to some; I judge from the submissions in a like vein that followed the appearance of BS (choose your meaning.) Why, even Dr. Wertham succumbed with an incomplete limerick! Thus, though deciding to continue with some levity in each 'thirdly', I have split it up, and you'll find it mostly, perhaps, on just the colored pages.

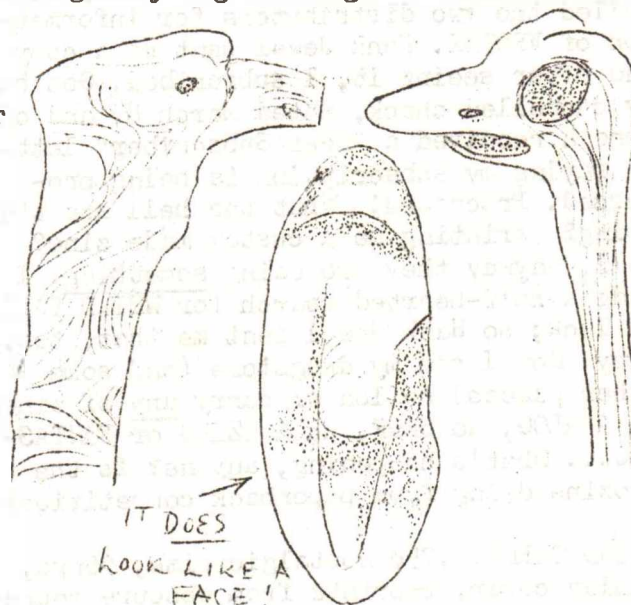
I sit here typing, and with the utmost will power I delay opening a mystery box that came from Tody Kenyon, who, in some circles, is considered quite stable and well-adjusted because she does, from what we can gather here, just about what she darn well pleases to do. After her recent full page MUNDANIAN everyone wrote in to say what an interesting, amazing, remarkable person. Well, this box now -- it's about 19x19x13 cm square, and it rattles. Perhaps the fuse dropped out. The wrapping is wondrously enscribed in felt pen markings. To lull my suspicions it says RATTLE OK. Another four places say, in order: WHISTLE OK, SCREAM OK, CRUNCHING OK, and UPSIDE DOWN. Then, on this small box there are another four stickers that say, in order: THIS PACKAGE CONTAINS MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS, BIG COMPUTER IS WATCHING YOU, JOIN AMERICAN INDUSTRY'S MARCH ON NATURE, and FRAGILE HANDLE WITH CARE. Was there anyone at the postoffice alert enough to enjoy all this; I hope so.

Well, now, I'm going to open it. I shall give you a blow by blow inventory. Ready? Wait 'till I turn over the Count Basie record-- ah, there. The first item is a small brown envelope in which is the tip of a gerbil tail, lost in the battle of the new-fangled plastic habitat. I've always wanted one of those. Moving on we come to..... a small brightly wrapped thing which I haven't opened yet because booby-trapped under it was a plastic centipede in plain view. I wonder, is Tody trying to tell me something? Now I unwrap the 'ecology' wrapping-paper bit. It's a blue and yellow frog whistle. I try it; it sounds like a bird and brought my dog running. He likes birds! Now three bluish-purplish wrapped whatzits.

One is a coral-ridged, long-seasoaked thing that is not coral, but a piece of plant root or stem which I've seen in Florida. The other two are pieces of driftwood, each with a neck and a head (biologically speaking), and which I have drawn over at the right. Now a blue-wrapped cylinder; it's a tiny 2-inch cardboard replica of a Carling Black Label beer can! Salt-shaker? Then a real beer can with a loose quarter inside of it. My son, who has over 400 different beer cans, can have the can; you know what I keep! Whoops, a rubber cricket. A real wooden nickel!

A clam shell (pair) with another quarter! A jar of frenchfried grubs! For me to eat? Ah, uh, well.... A pink and white striped something labeled RATED X; Yes, I see.... A rock with a white encrystation which seems

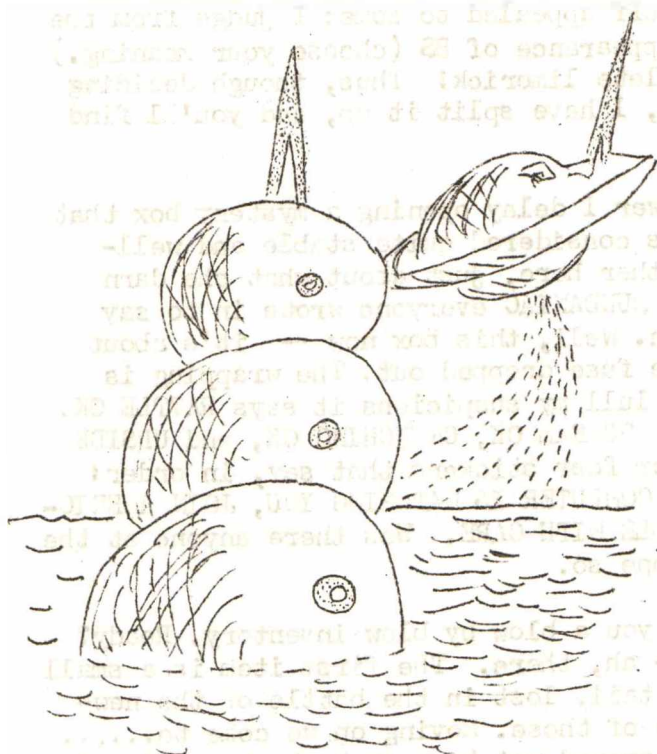
to have an X interpretation of fun on a rock. Now 12 other small, hard things wrapped in blue. Rocks. The first one looks like a Rotsler drawing; has an eye-hole all the way through it. Another rock face; two rock 'organs' -- look like a chicken heart and small gall bladder. Four fossils. A heart shaped valentine rock. A belly button, convex 'outer'. Two with odd white designs. Last, a rock with an almost square hole cut through it. If you'll excuse me for a moment I must try to get those two quarters out of their hiding places.



Jody, Jody, thank you for all the fun. Ole Barbek the Inflamed is rather non-plussed with such acts of kindness and fun from you and many another TITLE friend.



p. 4 "Even simple forms of extraterrestrial life may have abilities and adaptations denied to us. The discovery of life on some other world will, among many things, be for us a humbling experience."



PROZINE DISTRIBUTION... What is going on? I've already described how I looked all over St. Louis (even went into Illinois) & called the two distributors for information of VERTEX. Hank Jewel sent me a copy and after seeing it, I subscribed. Got back my cancelled check, dated March 8, and on June 4 received a "Dear Subscriber" letter saying my subscription is being processed. Processed! What the hell are they doing? Printing me a custom made zine? Well, anyway they are doing something. I made a half-hearted search for WEIRD TALES. No luck; so Hank Jewel sent me that, too. Okay. Now I see my drugstore (and some other places) no longer carry any sf zines; no ANALOG, no SF&F, no AMAZING or FANTASTIC... What's happening, anyone? Is the prozine dying from paperback competition?

WEIRD TALES... 75¢ nostalgic size, 96pps, Finlay cover, reprints from obscure sources, continued with old numbering, so this Summer 1973 is Vol 47 No. 1, quarterly, 8230 Beverly Blvd, LA 90048, and I don't see any annual subscription price, or even that they take them. Sam Moskowitz is editor; Leo Margulies, publisher. The illo on p.13 has a haunting resemblance to the Shaver rock pictures, especially noted in the 3-valued girl's face and the foliage; the ape's head even mimics form as well.

WARNING: Any of your material appearing in this fanzine is, by the nature of the barbecue processing, printed out of context. Comments by the editor are enclosed in (())...single ( ) are reserved for the contributor. Sometimes the editor takes a whole page or more and then doesn't bother with ((...)). Anything not credited to a reader is the editor's. And may I remind you that it is Ed Cagle, not I, who devours wild pickles, in or out of context; I barbecue them. There is absolutely no truth to the risque rumor that I am Cagle, or that Cagle is I -- drunk or sober. Anyone attending Midwestcon may put one or other, or both, to the ultimate test; I speak of the drunk/sober test only, and I will not be responsible for any remark, gesture, or facial expression perpetrated by Ed Cagle. Nor for that matter, one Jackie Franke.

TITLE LOCZINES...it's getting worse than Twonk's Disease! I have already told of those eye-strain specials sent by Don Ayres and Frank Balazs. Did I mention the prettily decorated LOCzine from Elaine White? Well, a fourth typewriter maniac has surfaced. The other day, saving what I thought were 4 fanzines until after I had read 7 letters, I opened up a thing that turned out to be a 11 page LOCzine from Tony Cvetko. What utter frustration it causes me to attempt justice to these massive comments; but what fun! So I repeat for all concerned; you take your chances on early printing and also using what you figured was the best part. There were 105 letters in May. I make a point of trying to get something from everyone into T; this means sometimes that a whole letter of superior quality must also get its innards scalped. (Is that possible to scalp an innard, Mr. Cagle?) In T 15 I used material from 72 people. And I hope you find these statistics fascinating.

BAD NEWS...Gary Grady says his WAREHOUSE "looks to be a good distance in the future"; and, this part is good, he sent me some "Noted in Passing" items he was afraid would grow old waiting. I have used some this issue; and have a plan to use four selected items in another way to develop for T 17 or 18, I hope, if my three selected screwballs cooperate.



# the Oz-Man Himself

By Ben Indick

Note: This is the fourth article about OZ and L. Frank Baum. The first analysis portrayed Baum as an allegorist in the political field and which Ben applied to the up-dated George McGovern "populist" movement (TITLE #8). The second delved into a psychoanalytic view (TITLE #12). The third looked at Oz as utopia (T #14). The first three articles were Ben's responses to various critics, and Ben says there have been other views, with new ones appearing regularly. For the benefit of any OZ-fans I repeat the address of the OZ club that has over 1000 members; write Fred Mayer, 220 N. 11 St., Escanaba, Mich. 49829; dues \$2.50 per year to include 3 offset zines per year.

Seth McEvoy: "I don't believe any OZ article so far, and am curious to see what Ben believes. ((This is it, right here.)) How about a biblio listing all Baum's works?"

Robert Smoot: "...so innocent and harmless a thing as OZ an arena of political-Freudian-whatever commentary. Ben, you puzzle me; but thanx for that puzzlement."

Jackie Franke: "OZ books are pointed out in Ms Magazine as nonsexist, but this doesn't jibe with my notions of nonsexist since they are sexist on the female-dominance side."

Terry Lee Dale: "Ben Indick amazes me at the interest his writing arouses in me. I am not a fan of OZ but I eagerly look forward to his final piece."

Dave Szurek: "I've never been much of an OZ freak, but Ben almost makes me want to get into it."

Matthew Schneck: "Bravo Ben Indick. I have a fondness for OZ, being hooked on magic and the OZ series even before I discovered sf."

John Leavitt: "Baum's 'crimes' seem to be a sexual ambivalence and a picture of the female as superior to the male."

Ed Cagle: "I wonder what Ben would say if someone suggested Baum wrote only for money, and yawned at his desk, with never a thought to the deep inner meanings?"

Jim Meadows: "All children entering OZ from mundane lands have lost at least one parent. OZ is a communist monarchy. And no one noticed."

Loay Hall: "Zzzzz...through it. Sorry."

Why does a man write, anyway? What impels him to dig into inner space, and speak? Anything which a man writes must reveal something of himself; the weariest hack who ever picked up pen still left his own spoor within his words. To this extent, then, the critics, each of whom also has his own conscious or subconscious axes to grind, are correct to attempt to pin down an author, like a butterfly, into a specific category. However, when one considers all of them, it is a scene reminiscent of the fable of the blind men asked to describe an elephant; each, touching a particular part, offers a radically different description from his fellows. Each portion has truth, but the whole is more than a sum of its parts. If the result of our own examination, studied with open eyes, we hope, is more mundane than the exotic theories we have seen, it nevertheless seems most likely to us as an explanation of why one man wrote, and as he did.

Of all the limiting interests which have been tagged on Baum, that of Utopian seems to wear most well, certainly insofar as his OZ titles, and, inversely, his non-Utopian realistic books, such as the AUNT JANES NIECES series. Therefore, we shall consider briefly the others first, and will at once agree with Dr. Wagenknecht that a view which twists chosen episodes into preconceived molds in order to demonstrate a smirking or even psychopathic sensualism is a 'more than ordinarily insane piece of Freudian balderdash.' If, indeed, the very male boy, Tip, is abruptly converted into the charming and quite feminine Ozma, in THE LAND OF OZ, there is a logic, dictated by exigencies of the plot; no hint of transvestitism is here, for the two are altogether different personalities.

Likewise, in THE ENCHANTED ISLAND OF YEW, when a fairy girl decides to become mortal for a time, it seems only logical to her that, as a stalwart prince, she can best exercise observations of the mortal world. This was, after all, long before Women's Lib, and the young girl of 1900 was very limited in her actions. Further,



p. 6 "The astronomical zoo is replete with 'supergiants', 'giants', 'dwarfs', and 'sub-dwarfs', but no individuals of ordinary stature, and a simple statement of solar evolution often sounds like an excursion into the world of the brothers Grimm."

her Sancho Panza, Nerle, who regrets an upbringing which never brought him physical censure, is not merely disabused at last of such an unnatural longing, but is able to understand his error, in an important moral, that 'people are always longing for things they cannot get, and probably would not want if they had them.'

One critic's notion of horror, furthermore, is another man's idea of humor: the device of decapitation (amusingly employed in Lewis Carroll as well) and the helter-skelter deployment of bodily parts, is a hi-jinks that most readers enjoy as an extension of their own limited physical powers, and a source of farcical fantasy which broadens the scope of the books.

A Beckwith finds the Gargoyles in DOROTHY AND THE WIZARD IN OZ symbols of horror, but a Wagenknecht can rejoice in a 'thrilling fight with gargoyles, taken straight off the medieval cathedrals.'

Note from Ben (4-8-73): "What I have tried to do is examine the soul of a professional writer, to try to see why a man writes. A recent analysis in a psychology magazine compared Dorothy's trip to that of a patient/psychoanalyst relationship, which, for a book written when Freud was just a tyke, is pushing it far. However, critics will have their fun. This article is concluded for you at a time when I have set up a large show of Baum's work for a local library, a second straight year, in different libraries. Also, television has just presented the annual showing of the 1939 film, surely the most successful children's film ever made. Happily, OZ will always endure; children are perhaps the sharpest of all critics, and cannot be taken in by frauds: after 73 years, and over forty OZ titles, with some six million copies printed, in many languages, their judgement is in, and will prevail."

As to his orphans, so plentiful in Baum's books, one may ask whether this was morbidity, or, as is far more likely, a writerly device to engender sympathy from young readers who knew the security of parental care. It was, in any event, a device very much in vogue in Baum's time, and is not, indeed, foreign to today's TV 'family' programs either.

In Freudian terms, the voyage into the earth in DOROTHY AND THE WIZARD may be analyzed as a return to the womb. However, Baum, who was something of a proto-sciencefictionist (as is evident particularly in THE MASTER KEY, but even in such a robust comedy as JOHN DOUGH AND THE CHERUB) may well have known of the inner-world theories of Capt. John Symes, popular in the early 19th Century, as well as in Jules Verne's A JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH. It is, of course, a pastiche of ALICE IN WONDERLAND as well.

As to an intention of allegory, Littlefield himself (see TITLE 8) acknowledges this is but a 'minor key, subordinated to the major themes, and readily abandoned whenever it threatens to disturb the appeal of the fantasy.' It would seem likely here also that subconscious elements may well have intruded, not as wilful if hidden structure, but as minor, contributory elements. The very nature of allegory demands that the reader be able to discern the author's intention, as demonstrated in GULLIVER'S TRAVELS, PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, ANIMAL FARM, etc. To cloak it so carefully, and in a book for young readers who could neither discern nor understand it would seem an unlikely task for an author quite capable of writing a book for adults, with the same message in another form, as he had earlier demonstrated in his 'Our Landlady' series for a newspaper he edited in the '90s. It is equally unlikely that, in a book whose success was problematical (several publishers turned it down in mss) and in which he finally had to put in his own financial resources, he would choose to play a private game. The satirical elements which do enter his later books in the series are those of an author who has already established his market. While not a didacticist, Baum moralizes easily, and satire would later serve his uses.

If Utopia, finally, is the name of OZ, it is a notion that only developed gradually.



"We assume the Sun is on fire, and deduce that its lifetime is about 5400 years. p.7  
This is an interesting example of the pitfalls of science."

THE WIZARD OF OZ is scarcely utopian; this is a restless book, with no unnecessary exposition or description. Terror and Death itself, the latter later banished from Oz, are present here. The Kalidahs, the wolves, the stinging bees, giant spiders, etc. are no paper tigers, and it is Home, in Kansas, which Dorothy seeks, and not Oz. However, as the books progress into a series, the utopian elements, such as they are, emerge. The boundaries and milieu of Oz begin to clarify, with the consistent life-styles which characterize a stable area. Nevertheless, to label this 'utopia' is to attach too adult a conception to his children's fairyland. The Utopias of Thomas More, Bellamy, William Morris and even Austin Tappan Wright's 'Islandia' include technical descriptions of what a perfect land must contain: the mores of its

folk and its government. True, there is a light description of such in Oz; however, the stage of Oz, the world of Oz itself, like so many of the endings of the books, is its own deus ex machina: problems are so much eliminated that the trees themselves provide finished foods (in OZMA OF OZ, lunch-baskets, neatly packed, grow on trees.) Clothing and furnishings may be provided just as neatly. The people of Oz, other than the fantasy creatures and heroes, are a uniform anonymity. Government is usually absent, being the property of Ozma and Glinda, and operating as smoothly in their absence as in their presence. Since the dispensation of royal positions is the prerogative of Princess Ozma, the government would seem to be a monarchy; however, Oz is, if anything, middle-class, and the appointed royalty is composed of Ozma's friends. There is no other royalty.

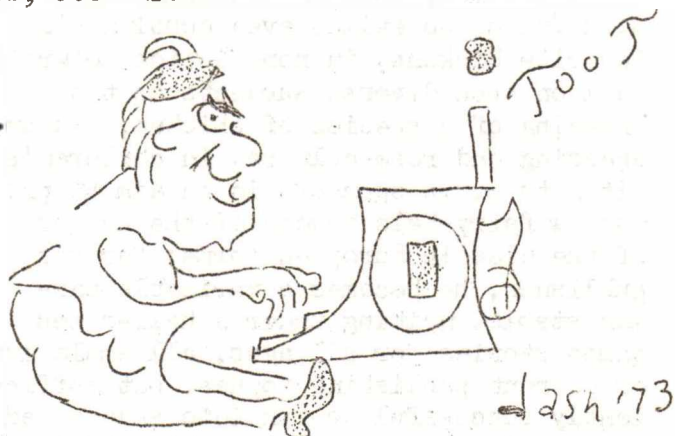
Oz lacks artistic endeavors: no one writes novels, paints pictures or sculpts, though several sculptures exist at the palace of the Tin Woodman. Art per se is personified more by crockery (Baum was at one time a salesman of chinawares) and jewelry. This is not truly a Utopia at all, but, for Baum, and for his readers, a Safe Haven, where not only is Life safe, colorful and assured, but Death itself is absent. Baum is no Thomas More, and his Oz is not a manual but only a place of joy and wonder.



What then can one say about the creator of these stories, and his rationale? It seems to me that the inescapable answer lies not in exotic explanations, which touch only upon phases and influences, but in a simple combination of elements:

1. The obvious need to make a living for a growing family,
2. the early realization that, as a natural story-teller, with a propensity for colorful tales, he loved to write and to communicate to children,
3. a sincere love for and understanding of children, with a desire to be a part of their world as he understood its needs.

These elements encompass his ambition, whereas rationalizations touch only upon the body, tail and trunk of Baum. His writings as a whole amply demonstrate his freedom from limiting inhibitions: his first commercial writing, a play, MAID OF AR-





p. 8 "One result of the evolution of our Sun through the red giant phase will very likely be the reduction of our Earth to a bleak, charred cinder."

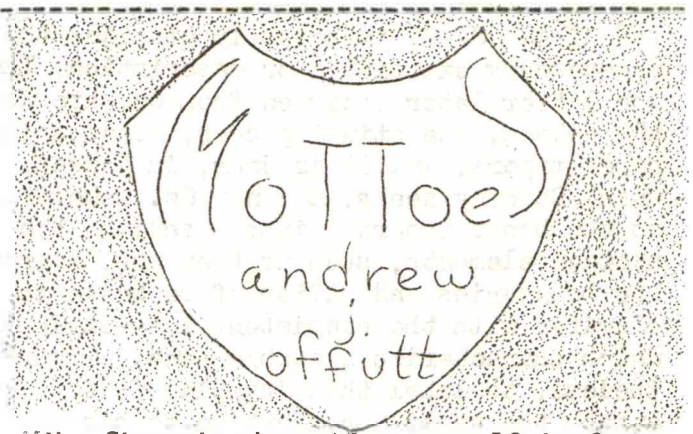
RAN, is an adult play within the Irish-melodrama manner of the time; his newspaper columns later are devoid of sentiment, and very much in the spirit of Mark Twain, sometimes even echoing his favorite Dickens; in non-fiction he wrote well on such diverse subjects as the breeding of a species of chicken, window-dressing and rose-culture; in children's literature, he succeeds in an aim to produce a fairy-tale devoid of the horror of the classic European forms; for his publisher, he becomes a veritable one-man stable, writing under a half-dozen names stories for all ages, all emulative of current publishing vogues, but sufficiently successful to run into several editions of each; he indulges himself in theatre, in plays and lectures, even films.

It is not, therefore, any limitations or compulsions which must amaze his devotees, but his sheer variety. Those who consider him the easy sentimentalist of the Oz books might do well to consider his AUNT JANES NIECES, which, until its eventual decline into a conventional ending, is an incisive portrait of individual greed and insecurity, with sharp characterization and solid plot.

Baum's happiest writing hours, however, and all his final years, were devoted to Oz. It is not merely a financial but an emotional solace. A man of love for his family, four sons and a difficult wife, he extended his imagination to create the daughters he did not have, idealized into graceful, beautiful yet recognizable creatures.

The one compulsion to which he gladly owned up, he stated movingly: "To please a child is a sweet and lovely thing that warms one's heart and brings its own reward."

((I typed this Memorial Monday; that A.M. the newspaper carried this headline in Hy Gardner's column: WIZARD OF OZ NO FREE-LOADER. MGM released the Judy Garland film over 10 years ago for NBC's \$800,000 for several TV showings. Recently CBS paid more than 1 million for more frequent showings, coming to about \$200,000 per time, usually fully sponsored.))



Mike Shoemaker's notice on p.13 is fascinating. ((Wanted: Motto to Live By. Send Yours to Title -- T #12))

I am what is called a corny guy in some ways; I not only have a 'wisdom file' with thousands of quotations from hundreds of people (admittedly heavy on Freud, Havelock Ellis, Vardis Fisher, Stendahl, and Ayn Rand), I have assorted quotations hanging here and there in my office. If nobody objects too loudly, I'll just lay 'em on you. The thing to do, though, is to think about each a bit; such a collection is no more fair to these (and my collecting of them over 10-15 years) than is a one-author collection fair, either to the writer or his stories. (But it IS a groovy way to pick up a swift couple of thousand.)

Madz' al-kull has been with me for several years. It was the motto of Sir Richard Francis Burton (no no, the knightly rover, not the nightly lover). It means "This too shall pass," in Arabic, and I reckon it's worth having around, if one will do you.

A big favorite is the motto of a character named d'Anconia in Rand's Atlas Shrugged. His was simply "Why?". That was my motto, too, long before I realized it. That's why I was not happy with P&G, for instance, and could NOT work for IBM, or the President, or any other militarily-structured entity. Why? (Similar is my own "WHAT FOR?", which is more meaningful to me.)

A few years ago, realizing that a deity was being blamed for a lot of failures and credited with a lot of accomplishments -- god is most often a crutch -- I devised a slogan that to me is very



"There are in fact too many causes proposed for the extinction of the dinosaur-- p.9 not too few."

meaningful, and that has adorned my office wall for eight or so years. It is ad majorem Homini gloriam. That is "To the greater glory of Man," to which might be added "and about time, too!"

There are also brief lines from both Byron and poor Thomas Wolfe on loneliness, a Montesquieu that is the very best advice to writers I've ever read -- in one sentence!-- and a few other things, including a brilliant Shaw that says much and much: "The only man who behaves sensibly is my tailor; he takes my measure anew every time he sees me, whilst all the rest go on with their old measurements, expecting them to fit me."

A friend of mine, an Atlanta insurance company VP, once called me just to lay on me this beauty, really magnificent and similar to Burton's help-me-get-by-code: "When the ceiling falls in on you, BUILD something with it!" Its anonymous origin makes it no less personally meaningful and valuable to me. It rises into my mind (along with Madz' al-kull, but I'm more an activist), I swear, automatically every time something really goes wrong. (I don't mean like a flat tire; I mean like I lose a publisher, as I have now and again, usually via the firing or quitting of an editor. They probably need the line, too.)

Finally, I was once impressed with the beautiful words of two long-dead men, as well as by their similarity. Both are extraordinarily Christian sounding; too damned bad for Christianity that one was a Jew and the other a 'pagan'. (Probably the two most 'Christian' men who ever lived were Marcus Aurelius and Mohandas Ghandi. Again, neither was a Christian.) Anyhow, I printed them fancily out on the same card, framed it, and hung it up. It says:

"What is right should be sought for its own sake, because it is right and not because it is decreed." --M.T. Cicero

"The good man seeks the day for the sake of the day and the light for the light's sake, and he labors to acquire what is good for the sake of the good itself and not of anything else." -- Philo Judaeus  
Try that.

# ASPARAGUS DROPPINGS

## RANDALL D. LARSON

Going to be talking about films this time -- even pseriously.

First matter on our agenda: Tarzan was a phony!

That's right, Buster Crabbe, who played the Lord of the Jungle in a number of movies in the 1930's, made the revelation when asked by a college student to demonstrate the famous Tarzan yell. Crabbe, a 64-year old grandfather, said he couldn't do it now nor could he do it in his prime 40 years ago. "Neither could Johnny Weismuller," he said, referring to another movie Tarzan. "Weismuller would simply open his mouth and the studio had a recording of three men, one a soprano, the other a baritone and the third a hog caller who yelled together," he said.

SOYENT GREEN is the type of film you have to see more than once to fully appreciate. At least I did. The second time, I understood the whole thing a lot better and caught a lot of subtle hints that led up to the ending. This meant that either I was incredibly dense the first time, or MGM failed to convey what they were trying to. I don't know which. The first time I saw it I shunned it off as fair, but after seeing it a second time, I now consider it a superb science fiction film, with a foreboding message and vision of the near future.

Charlton Heston gives an excellent performance, and Edward G. Robinson offers a fine job in a major role, which is nice---unlike so many other aging performers, Karloff, Lugosi, Chaney, etc., whose last roles were small irrelevant parts in poorly-made films.

One of the highlights of the film, for me, was the scene in "Home" where Robinson goes to die. Not only was this sequence effective, but the photography was some of the most breath-takingly beautiful I've ever seen. The combination of these mag-



p.10 "Possibly, there are other planets in the Galaxy, formed in regions where supernova explosions are few. Are there inhabitants happier for having no gold and uranium?"

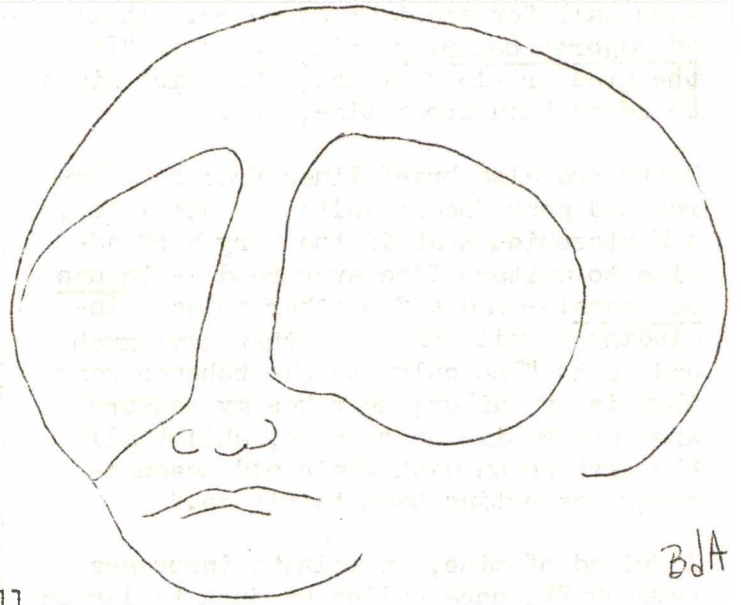
nificent landscape and nature shots indicated to Robinson and Heston the world that was -- and with an outstanding classical score that made the entire sequence fantastic. It was one of the finest scenes ever put down on film, and highly effective to the movie as a whole.

THE VAULT OF HORROR is the companion film to TALES FROM THE CRYPT, both films made in England by Amicus, and based on the old E.C. horror comics of the '50s. VAULT is a fairly well done thriller, technically, although not quite as well done as CRYPT. The four stories were average, although the connecting tale, involving the major characters who recall their dreams (via the four stories) was more effective than in CRYPT, particularly the ending.

"The Neat Job" story with Terry-Thomas bothered me; it didn't come off as well as it should have because Terry's wife needed more characterization. It was too drastic a change of character for her to suddenly kill her husband out of compulsion. What follows is plausible; her mind snaps and she decides to bottle up her husband, nice and neatly, but she didn't seem the type who's suddenly pound a hammer through her husband's skull ((ugh!)) when he started yelling at her. Lack of characterization is not the fault of the actors so much as it is the screenwriter -- which is a shame because Subotsky has done fine scripting previously to VAULT.

Perhaps European audiences found BARBARELLA interesting or amusing, but frankly I found the film to be a complete waste -- of everything. Of course the cast was excellent: Jane Fonda, Milo O'Shea, and David Hemmings in particular. Some of the sets were interesting, especially the labyrinth. Other than that I found little I could realistically enjoy in the film. The special effects, in most cases, were laughable (I know little about the laws of aerodynamics but still cannot understand why Barbarella's spaceship is able to fly the way it does.)

As a whole I found the film to be overbearingly sexist and as fine a woman as Jane Fonda is, I found her free-for-alls a little tedious. The dialog in many cases was something I'd expect from a current GODZILLA flick ("Many dramatic situations begin with screaming!" Barbarella announces). I'm sure the authors were trying to be satiric but it didn't come across that well at all. I'm not totally discouraged, and if one can get past the horrible opening and can stand the pathetic soundtrack, the film might be watchable, since the cast does a fine job. But as a serious venture into cinematic art, it fails miserably.



BJA



dash 73



"...Auguste Comte was seeking an example of a kind of knowledge which human beings would never achieve. Unfortunate man! He chose the chemical composition of the stars." p.11

# COMPOSITE COMPOST

BEING A CAREFUL SELECTION OF THE MORE GENTLE PIECES OF SEVERAL LETTERS OR SO  
OF THE ASTOUNDING ED CAGLE

WHICH ANSWERS THE QUESTIONS: WHERE DID HE COME FROM & WHERE IS HE GOING?  
A RISKY BUSINESS AT BEST

Despite my continuing interest with TITLE, I have lost out in commenting on the topics most generally delved there, and specifically for the manner in which things are often bandied about. This is not a criticism, but a statement that I am not one to pontificate, however kindly and gently I may do it. I do pontificate on occasion, but I firmly believe in the ideals of my childhood hero in the publishing realm, Nookan Flawk, esteemed newspaper publisher, who, when asked what he thought about didacticism, said, "I'm against anything that will raise taxes, and I don't give a damn who starves to death as a result."

Rather than mislead you into thinking of Mr. Flawk as a heartless old bastard, I shall quote you his remarks made following the above quote, which were strictly off the record. He said, "What the heck is didacticism? You talk like the janitor, son."

Our Avon Lady called the other day, the first visit in quite some time. She continues to shun the use of her own products, especially underarm deodorant, barring my olfactory functions' expectable deterioration over the years. Suffice it to shriek she had a distinct 'presence' in a closed space. The modern miracles of technology are as nothing in the hands of a true devotee to the 'naturalist' mode of personal hygienic habits, who cast aside any such phony chemical intrusions upon their precious physical vessel. Be that as it is, if she doesn't do something soon the flies will eat her alive this summer.

I suggest a fanzine review column in T wherein zines are chemically analyzed and rated on a basis of one through one-hundred as to their comparative material worth in salable extraction... Also a round robin story done by T readers one sentence at a time, only backwards; one sentence per writer, then pass it on. I give you the last line. 'The Elder God picked up the shovel and jumped down the mineshaft, whistling.'

Horse manure and taffy mixed would make excellent concrete paint for all the bridges in Des Peres, Missouri.

Ich bein gehalten. Diese frau ist schkeamen undt gopesteren mieneself to fixen der gerstunken waterspouten in der schnitzel-kuchen room, undt ich ist krank undt gefaggedout undt to veary to kombatten miene frau. Ist also spouten der vasser, ist der waterspouten. Ist squirten zwei meter onto der floor.

NO NOT DISRESPECTFUL IN CALLING ZINE KWALA BUT KWALA MEANS WOLVERINE SIT ON LOG ((edited previous verbal phrase)) IN MOON OF POPPING TREES STOP INDIAN LANGUAGE PLENTY COMPLICATED STOP LETTER FROM JOHN CARL STOP ASSUME YOUR FLATTERY RESPONSIBLE STOP FOUR FEN ALSO ASKED IF BRAZIER AND CAGLE SAME PERSON STOP ONE FAN ASKED IF CAGLE REALLY BRAZIER WHEN DRUNK STOP TALKED TO HARRY WARNER JR ON PHONE STOP TRADED HIS ADVICE FOR BEST HUMOROUS FAN WRITER FOR MY THEORY ON HOW TO SIT ON ((edited, again)) BEDPAN IN HOSPITAL STOP HARRY THOUGHT THAT TYPICAL FANNISH CONVERSATION STOP HUNG UP GIGGLING STOP ALPHA WAVE SCHMALPHA WAVE DAYDREAMING IS DAYDREAMING STOP MOST OF ALL OVERJOYED TO HEAR JON YAFFE GETTING ANY ENDITENDITENDIT

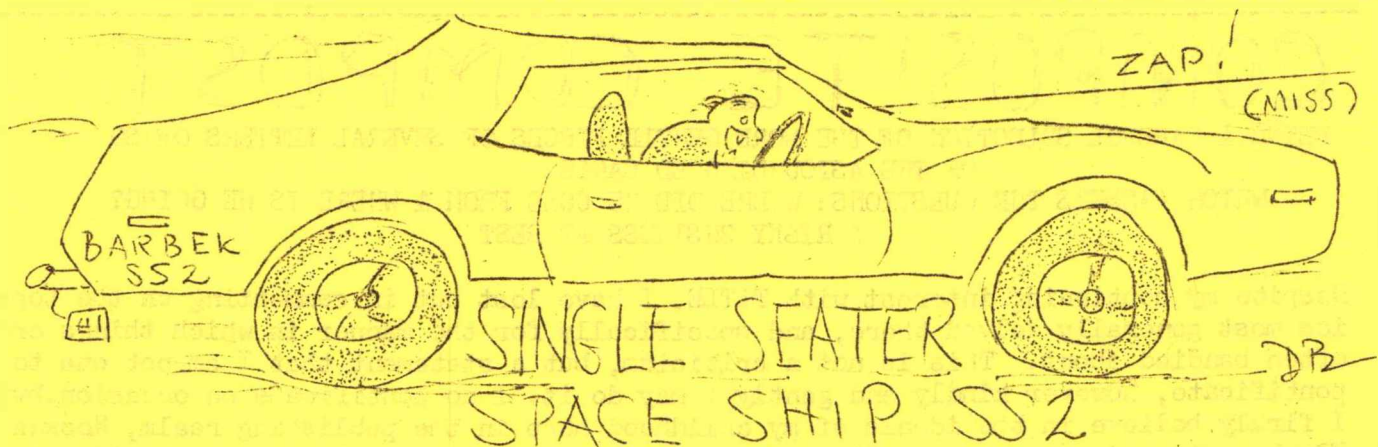
COCCIDIOSIS

Some words, alone, are arresting.



p.12 "Events occurring in the galaxy's interior can destroy life on millions of planets throughout the entire galaxy."

---



"Few of us now alive and/or living will ever pilot a spaceship."  
-- Spiro Nebula

What can we do about it? We can fake it! We can transform a mundane automobile into a rocketship. What's needed? A few simple materials and a great deal of dream power, and you, too, can be Walter Mitty. Here's how....

Let's assume your car has an engine; and it works. OK, leave it alone; it's your FTL space drive. However, for planet falls, you'll need some old fashioned jets. Simply attach a metal tag to the tailpipe, reading: JET ORIFICE. (See illo top page.) In the event the car has two such tailpipes, affix JET ORIFICE #1 and JET ORIFICE #2. On the gas pedal, using scuff-proof white paint, carefully inscribe: FUEL VALVE. At the 1/2 empty mark (if you're a pessimist) or the 1/2 full mark (if you're an optimist) of your gas guage paste on a small legend that reads: SWITCH TANKS. This is accomplished by depressing the low/bright light foot pedal or button. If, by carelessness, you have not watched the needle and made the switch, you are hors de combat.

Now and then your craft may pass through a cosmic ray shower (a mundane rainstorm). You are allowed 10 swipes of the cosmic debris eliminator (windshield wiper to most people driving Dodges or American Ambassadors.) You, as pilot, must come to a decision: use all 10 swipes at once or break them up into spurts. If, after the 10 swishes are gone, and you suffer impaired vision, that's the breaks of the game. You have been made partially blind by the cosmic rays. (If you'd rather blast through a solar flare, go ahead, it's your ship!)

Now a weapon. A straight line is determined by three points. Your aiming eye is one; the target alien craft is point two; the small white sticker attached to the right of this sheet is point three. This is the way it works. Simply pull off the sticker provided and stick it on the inside of your "windshield". Your eye, the sticker, and the approaching target, at perhaps 100 parsecs out, must line up to score a hit. At the speeds your spacecraft (and the alien's) moves, you will be able to get off just one shot. The three-point line-up is a ticklish split-second occurrence. Depress the trigger. When your car's horn beeps, the alien craft will disintegrate if the shot is on target. (I had an old Hudson in my sights; the fender fell off. Were it up to me, the aliens would already be here setting up house.) Neopilots will graduate from linear approaches to zapping targets while making curved orbits at 70 FTL. WARNING: beware the Doppler effect of a heavy-handed trigger; it may reveal your velocity to the Space Patrol or aliens diving out of a dust nebula. (No relation to Spiro Nebula.)

Work out secret weapons and shields with a retracting antenna, headlight covers. Try to make your tachometer happy, too. Watch out for meteors (telephone poles) and highly armored battle cruisers (semi-trailors). A warp into 4-D is lethal!



"The sky is dark at night. This seemingly trivial observation has profound cosmo- 13  
logical consequences. Why should it be dark at night?"

## THE WATERGATE by SHAVER

4/26/73

When they opened the watergate, they got a flood. It is all ridiculous...the bugging... they only needed some distance listening devices like the telaug which lays open all minds... and all their secrets are only secrets in their ignorant minds. If they would only watch the TV more, they would know that bugs are just dropped conveniently where they want them, not laboriously installed in the phones. You stick them around like chewing gum... you dont break open doors to do it at night. These operators.. like the Republican committees hired, dont know their TV programs or they would work differently. All they had to do was to hire Sydney Poitier and they'd never have been caught. Or they could have hired that guy that works with a stick-pin in his tie which is really a tiny TV camera. He used to be a Western sheriff. I always wondered if ANY western sheriff ever owned a vest that fancy, didn't you? Hugh O'Brien, is it?

Seriously, it all is very incongruous to one, like me, who knows the Telaugmentive devices do in fact lay their minds open and puts all their secrets at the mercy of... who? Well, who really rules the world? Do you know? Tell me.

For them to be confined to mere bugs like the watergate bugs, is for them to confess they are pawns in the game, and not knights or kings or rooks. They dont really have a stake in the real game, any more than you or I. And for them not to squawk about this when they are sent up for bugging is to me the height of ignorance or utter subjugation or infinite prostration before the powers-that-be; words dont quite fit the real facts in this case. They never do, do they?

Telaugmentive rule is old on earth, not new. Bugs are new and quite ineffective listening devices.. they need the telaug but are afraid to build it.. YET they are all sabotaged and pushed into all sorts of corners like the Watergate affair... by those who have the telaug to work with. It is a puzzle that the brass and the political leaders do not really know the game they are sitting in...when they are caught with their bugs down as at the Watergate.

WHY dont they ever know what goes on? IS all history made up of this same sort of blundering? Looking back to Waterloo...one knows it is so made up. Waterloo was a blunder in which Napoleon did NOT know that a sunken road crossed his battlefield. It didnt show on his map. BUT Napoleon's whole career was a similar blunder... a stumbling through a darkness rigged with trip-strings. He never knew his motivations source, never saw his puppet strings motions. Just so was Hitler's career a similar blundering in a rigged and treacherous darkness, lit only by malevolence... his own and the malevolence of the deviltry that drove him.

The Watergate is like that. An affair which LOOKS very ridiculous to the spectators

domn

if you re still above water,  
send me a blub blub or two  
if you're not... dont read  
this

I was just trying to say  
something sensible about the  
Watergate water bug... as I  
was laughing at the cartoon  
in which the water bug goes  
to sleep after eating up Grey  
and leaving his brief case  
and shoes..at which President  
Nixon is peeking and saying  
"Do you think he is still  
hungry?"

Outfits like the FBI with  
files from millions of de-  
clarations and complaints DO  
KNOW A LOT ABOUT DERO AND  
TELAUG is something I know  
from corresponding for 20  
years or is it 30 with people  
all over the world on this  
subject. I have been asked  
hundreds of times for help to  
drive off the deros...how do  
I get rid of this pesteration  
..etc.etc. in a thousand var-  
iations.

YET they never utter a pub-  
lic word about it..out of  
sheer fear and concern for  
their individual safety ev-  
idently.

((The above is part of an  
introductory letter that came  
with the Watergate article.  
The article itself had this  
heading: "dont read this, its  
secret...top, top secret."  
I want to point out something  
obvious; Shaver has a sense  
of humor; nuff said.))



p.14 "It is important to remember what infinity is: it is not merely a large number."

most of whom know that bugs are used everywhere there is any advantage to be gained from using them. That advantage seems to be one that reeks of blackmail and career sabotage...Why is it suddenly so reprehensible? Because, this time, they got caught! It is like a falling out among thieves, the great crime is in getting caught.. and in "talking".

They should learn that they can BUG a place merely by inserting a penetrative ionized beam...that will conduct back to them any and all vibrations which can then be converted into sound or tape recorded as is. They just dont KNOW that their technology is quite equal to the task right now... if they spent some money they throw about -- on genuine radio technicians. It is this utter ignorance of their own "science" potential that appals me the most. Or could it be that a genuine scientist wouldn't do the job out of repugnance?

Mind-radio runs the world. It is used by ??? against all our peoples everywhere. By "aliens", by ancient interlopers, as well as by home-grown secretives...and it is their cross-purposes in the dark secretive underworld that fouls us all up. It has always tickled me when the pentagon and similar bureaus label their papers top secret. There is no top secret possible in a world over-run with the mind radio. Malevolence is so free, so undisturbed is the deviltry of the dero operators of telaug devices that they THINK they own the earth. BUT no-one who owned a property would destroy it so viciously, so constantly. So the malevolents have to be looked on as invaders... yet we have had them with us, over us, around us, since the days they called them Medusae...and similar names. To explain to the Watergate radio-phone buggers about telaug devices is rather like explaining to a trooper in the cavalry why the Indians were buying repeating rifles when he had only a single shot.

One wonders just what the word "science" is supposed to mean when one has tried for some 20 years to explain to people very like the Watergate operatives that the whole technology of a previous civilization is quite available in the rock books. Our "science" is so sabotaged by the malevolents trying to protect their "secret monopoly" that science does not exist except as a word in a book. The terrible flood now ravaging the whole Mississippi valley is due to the tampering with the ancient weather machines in the forgotten caverns below. Yet, knowing this, it is impossible to find anyone who is capable of receiving the information.. or of doing anything about it if they did. One wonders WHO RULES that wishes us all drowned?

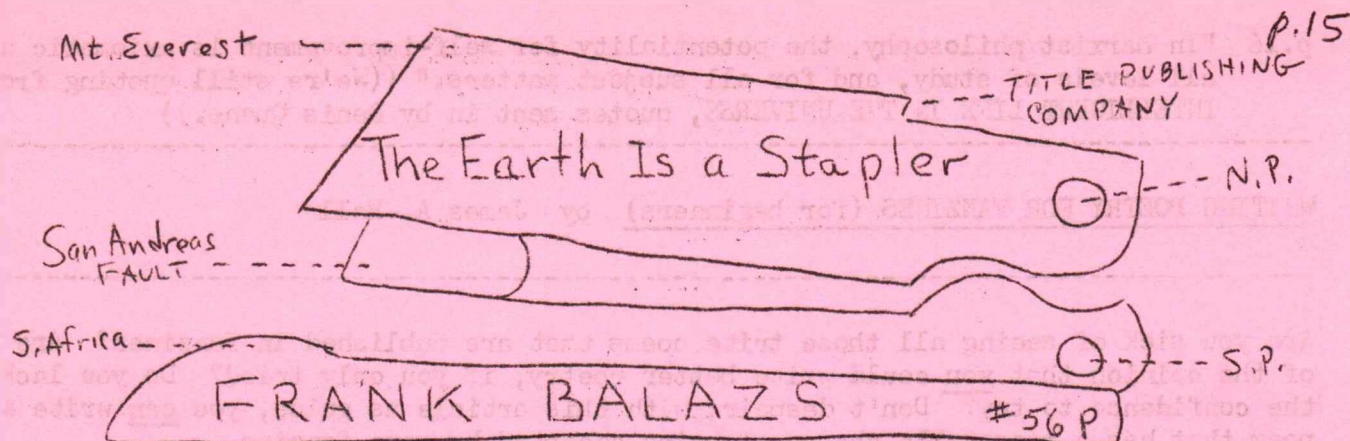
What can one say to a people who do not know about the caverns, or about rock books, or about the underworld with its vast arrays of powerful ancient machines still functioning and useable? I have tried for 30 years to tell our people just one or two little facts about this..without the slightest impact on their enslaved minds. It is all just a curious and fanciful tale to them, even when they watch their homes being washed away as a result of the machine's mis-use. It is to me a great frustration.

The Watergate affair illustrates this utter ignorance of the ancient technology. But that technology is NOT a closed book to everyone. Rock books are not closed books to everyone. They must learn, or surface people will finally perish utterly before the scope and power of the malevolents. Talking about this is very like walking up the Tower of Babel, the higher you get the more complete is the lack of communication. No-one ever really seems to understand a word I have to say...until I get quite weary of trying to say. So..one laughs at a cartoon of the Watergate water-bug..while weeping inside that the real information and significance of the affair is never seen or understood by the people who need the information most.

END

((Note: Mr. Richard S. Shaver was the center of a controversy that began with his stories in Ray Palmer's AMAZING STORIES of, what?, 20 years or so ago. Most everyone was surprised, to put it mildly, when what they had taken for fiction was purported to be true. If true, how can Shaver evade retaliation from the deros?))





The Earth is a Stapler! A Bates 56P -- an oversized version of the one used to staple copies of ANYTHING at all. One can readily imagine some strange intergalactic fan (who is also oversized) using our planet to staple copies of his fanzine:

\*\*\*\*\*

"Say, Gacle? Could you get together a couple of fans to help me collate and earthple my new fanzine?"

"Sure thing, Nnod. Just what do you call your zine, anyway?"

"1136. It signifies rebirth and death, so to speak."

"Wow....!"

So, anyway, the whole bunch gets together on Alpha Centauris -- except for Sherry, who always preferred Tau Ceti.

"Ceti up the pool title, tau collate 1136."

"How many copies by the weigh?"

"About 14 tons -- including the face in space."

Goud lined up the gang around the title-table, advising them not to TATer, TOTer, or even TITer while collating. Hot Todys on the rocks were then nedded on the causemic winds. It came in the male, mut-tered Sherry as she shipped 568 1136's toward Sol, causing causemic winds to wind up the wrong weigh. A mere ounce, ewe see.

The Sheep looked up, while coolating, enjoying the refreshing wind from the sun. Finally, Nnod pulled his earthpler from his pocket and proceeded to earthple his funzine.

Earth, of course, found again, that when in use, things were not fan at all. This was the era in which Atlantis sank.

"Erg!" exclaimed the former ruler of Atlantis as he sank the final twelve inches to his amoeboid grave in the scunge of the see.

"See? I told you, you'd wreck the poor earthpler again!"

"Well," Nnod said, as he threw the empty hulk into the sun, "I'll just have to get a gnu one -- maybe aardvaark fandom in the glactic centre has one..."

"But what happens when all the earthplers are used up...?"

"Well, perhaps, Goud can find a weigh of reversing entrappy or folding down the moebius."

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Abstract of THE BALAZS GARBAGE CAN LID  
EARTH THEORY EXPANDED by D. Gary Grady

If g is to remain constant everywhere on Earth, there must be a steady increase of mass concentration toward the center. Note that this is precisely where there is the most room for it.

But how does this account for the peculiar moon orbit? Should not the moon just fall down go boom on St. Louis? Not if it knows what's good for it. No sir.

If we analyze the g vector (some other researcher can carry this out for a tensor field), we have a central component toward the polar axis and a vertical component toward the plane of Earth. This second component is obviously opposite the Cosmic Vector and they cancel out. This by no means removes all objections to the theory, but it is a needed start.



p.16 "In Marxist philosophy, the potentiality for self-improvement is axiomatic at all levels of study, and for all subject matters." ((We're still quoting from INTELLIGENT LIFE IN THE UNIVERSE, quotes sent in by Denis Quane.))

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WRITING POETRY FOR FANZINES (for beginners) by James A. Hall

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Are you sick of seeing all those trite poems that are published in fanzines? Are you of the opinion that you could write better poetry, if you only tried? Do you lack the confidence to try? Don't despair; with this article as guide, you can write a poem that has a reasonable chance of being accepted by some fanzine.

First, one must decide on form for this masterpiece, either free-form or rhyme. Personally, I prefer rhyme, unless I have something which will otherwise distinguish me from the other hacks in the field. But, since free-form is the easiest to do, and is the current mode, we will use it.

An idea is not a prerequisite for a poem. A great many people suffer under the delusion that poetry is composed of ideas. This is laughable and quite untrue. Poetry is composed of words. After writing modern verse for a time, one becomes less and less dependent upon thinking; it becomes a mere reflex. As a beginner, you should follow these simple rules: try to avoid the use of complete sentences, thoughts, and punctuation whenever possible; also remember that anything goes. You are now ready to begin.

I imagine that you are already sitting down; if not, do so. Arm yourself with pen and paper. (Fanzine margins will suffice as paper.) Now, look about you. What do you see? I see a

Television with black screen

Presto, our first line. Obviously, our poem now needs an action or reaction. (If in doubt, not the absence of verbs.) Make an obvious observation as distorted as possible; or speculate, like so,

Dead But turned on  
Flickers life

You notice how I managed to throw in that 'drug' phrase; in poetry circles, this is referred to as 'a great choice of words'. Next we make some value judgements. About what, you say? Anything at all will do, but being different, I will stick to my 'subject'....

Boxed life Dreaming tubes  
Reform with their lies  
Killing

Always scatter the words as illustrated. Now you finish up with an sf or fantasy twist. (Most fan-eds demand this.) Make the ending sad or happy; there seems to be no preference. I am partial to the latter, so,

I pressed stud on ray gun  
Destroyed an entire world

There you are, a complete poem. As for title, use none or employ Brazier technique for finding titles in everyday conversation. I call it 'Who Turned Off The Tube'. This method for writing poems is flexible; as you gain experience, innovate! But do not ever worry about meaning; there is always someone who will find it 'hidden' in your words. Never offer/attempt an explanation, and ignore people like 'Adrian Clair' (?) who give poetry a bad name. So, good-luck future famous fan-poet!



# SPLITTING SPLITTING SPLITTING BY A. JACKSON

As I mentioned in an article here a while back (How to Keep Your Warp Straight, T 12) I am interested in seeing if some of the most far out ideas of sf have a basis in physical theory, even if just theoretical. Which brings me to another situation I have only recently learned about -- parallel universes.

Parallel uiniverses and worlds seem to go back a long ways in sf. I understand there is an old story of del Rey's called "Side-wise in Time". Of course there is a long series by Kieth Laumer (most of which I don't care for); we have Heinlein's "Glory Road"; I remember with fondness, "Ring Around the Sun"; Andre Norton even set down many such tales on far distant worlds. There must be many stories in this subclass. I can only surmise that they had their origin in mathematical fantasy; in works like "Flatland" and such. Actually there is some mystery here, for just about every idea used in sf could be attributed to Wells or Verne. But parallel universes, or at least the "hard" use of them, seem to be an original development inside sf. In any case where does the concept make contact with theoretical physics?

We must delve into quantum mechanics. As you may know, the discovery and delineation of atomic phenomena this century has brought to the fore some very basic philosophical questions. In particular, the problem of observation and measurement. In the classical mode of thought one should be able to measure, say, the position or velocity of any object to an arbitrary degree of accuracy. But, as Heisenberg pointed out, this is not possible in atomic physics. In a famous relationship he pointed out that if you were to know the position of an electron, say, to an arbitrary accuracy, then you would have complete ignorance of its velocity. Two such pieces of information as these are bounded within the certainty with which they can be known. These considerations are empirical facts of life, but what do they mean about reality?

There are three schools of thought. The "Copenhagen" interpretation, the "hidden variables" description, and nowadays a third alternative called the "Everet-Wheeler-Graham" (EWG) picture. Each of these starts from the basic model of quantum mechanics as elaborated by Schrodinger and Heisenberg. That is, that each atomic particle, like an electron, proton, neutrino, etc., is described by an entity called a "wave-

EDSKA



function. In order to describe the state of a particle, one must be able to set down its properties, such as its velocity and position. But as it turns out, all one can say about such properties is that they have a probability description. That is, given that an electron will be at some point at a given time, all you can say is that it will have such-and-such a percent chance of having such-and-such a velocity at that point. If you think of an unmeasured electron, then all you can say is that it is represented by a wavefunction wherein all possible states, called base states, are possible at once!

That is, an ideal electron "out there" is a kind of linear scramble of all its possible velocities and positions -- all mixed together, all at the same time!

What does this say about reality? The Copenhagen view (Bohr) is that the wavefunction is a mathematical fiction. We can never really know about reality; it is unpredictable, and only statistical statements can be said about particles. In particular, that whenever we make a measurement, the total statefunction of a particle "collapses" to just one base state.

Against this there is a minority of physicists who argue that at a substratum much lower than atomic phenomena there are "goings on" that are truly deterministic but (because of our puny technology) manifest themselves as probability statements. These people have a hard math model for their metaphysics, but it is not in fashion.

Then there is the smallest minority of all -- those that accept the EWG interpretation. This model says, "Take the wave function description as manifest reality." That is, each atom, each of us, the world, the universe is a composite of base states all the time and remains that way!

Each zillionth of a second the universe is a gogolplex superposition of its base states. So that the world does not appear as a fuzzy blur of a whole gaggle of ourselves all at the same time at the same place, there must be splitting.

Let me quote one of my teachers here at

the University of Texas, a proponent of this EWG view (and a world famous mathematical physicist), Bryce de Witt:

"I still recall vividly the shock I experienced on first encountering this multiworld concept. The idea of  $10^{100}$  slightly imperfect copies of oneself all constantly splitting into further copies, which ultimately become unrecognizable, is not easy to reconcile with common sense. Here is schizophrenia with a vengeance."

Well, why don't we feel the splitting? Once again I have to cop out because of prickly mathematics. Suffice to say that within the complicated math of the EWG theory the laws of quantum mechanics does not allow us to feel the splits.

What you have is branching worlds. Several jillion splits back there Hitler won World War II. William of Orange was a ragpicker in Lisbon. Eric the Red tripped over an oar and broke his neck. Maybe several timesteps sidewise over there Harlan Ellison never won a Hugo!

So, in theory at least, the parallel universes are there. Maybe it will be possible someday to prove that the branching is taking place. Maybe to travel....

Meanwhile, let's split!

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- B.S.DeWitt, in Battelle Recontres, W.A.Benjamin, NY (1968)

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NOTED IN PASSING by D. Gary Grady

Two species of fish are known to be all-female, using the males of another species as mates. (Intellectual Digest 3/73)

Latvian scientists have developed an anti-aging drug, Ionol, increasing the lifespan of mice 50%-100%. Look out for an influx of sixty year old Latvian mice. (Science Digest 3/73)

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"If we observe the reproductive habits of animals, we are struck by several facts!" 19

## PLASTIC GEORGE by RICK WILBER

((For reasons of my own, as you shall see, I have changed the ending just a bit from the way Rick had originally written it.))

"George!" Martha screeched, "George, please. You come right back here and put on your filter. I'm ashamed of you, George Ayers, going out on a day like this without your filter. Who knows what would happen. Why just last week....."

"Oh, shaddup, Martha," George inserted into the tirade of his wife of twenty years. "I'm only going out to get the paper. I was going to hold my breath until I got back in. Besides, the Control Board reported that the pollution count is at its lowest level in months."

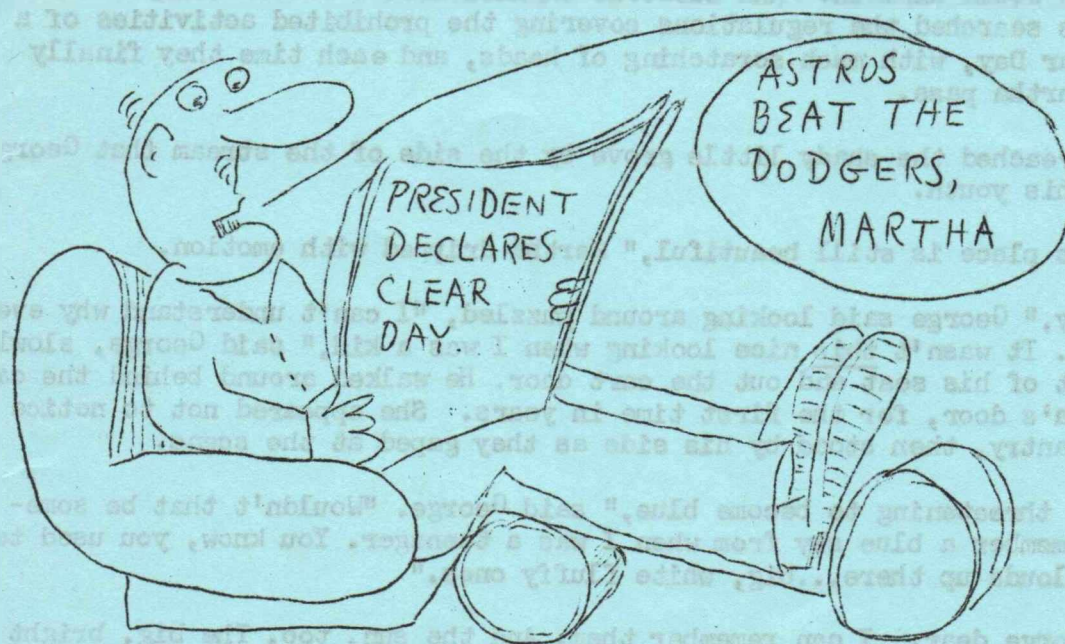
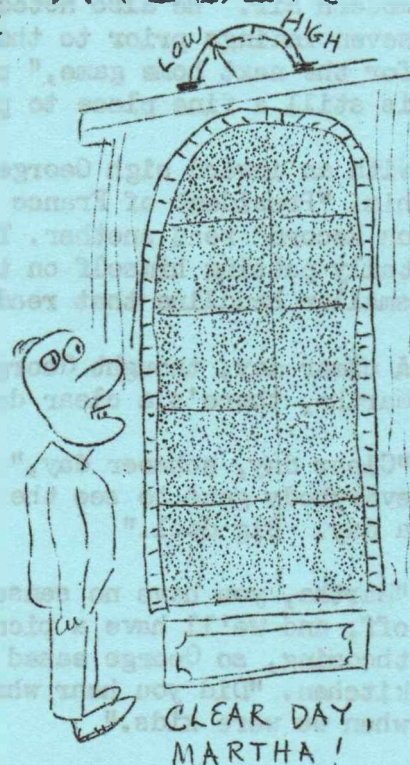
"Well, that's still no reason for you to take any chances. I cleaned out your filter just last week; so you wear it. I'm not going to have any husband of mine going outside into all that filth without his filter on."

"But the needle says 'low'," George protested.

"Needle schmeedle."

"Oh, Martha," he said as, resignedly, he slipped on the non-corrodable blue rubber filter-mask and stepped outside his slightly pressurized house into the environment beyond.

Hmm, can almost make out the mailbox today, George noted as he peered down the driveway. He bent over to pick up the paper with a grimace. Darn back's acting up again, he mused. Everytime the weather clears a bit my back aches. Must have something to do with the lower essotwo content in the air. He walked slowly back to the house, shoved his way inside against the outrush of air forced by the unequal pressure, then moved to the corner of the living room and plopped into his favorite chair, a long, creme-white vibrator he'd bought when he and Martha had first married.



He read the sports page first, noting without surprise that fourteen people had died when the Astro-dome's air conditioning had failed. Such accidents were becoming more and more common as the antiquated systems installed in most large buildings failed under the strain of mankind's



modern air. He also noted that the Astros won the game, 5-1 over the Dodgers, in the seven innings prior to the system's failure. "We'll have some kind of jury rig ready for the next home game," promised the groundskeeper in the paper. "This old building is still a fine place to play baseball."

With an inward sigh George turned back to the front page. The usual headlines greeted him. "President of France Wounded in Assassination Attempt" read one, "Warmest Winter on Record" read another. The Greenhouse Effect caused that one, George thought, mentally patting himself on the back for his technical knowledge. Then, George noticed a smaller headline that read "President Announces Clear Day for June 15th."

A clear day, thought George. Why, that'll be the first clear day in years! "Hey, Martha, there's a clear day coming up in a couple of weeks, how do you like that?"

"Clear day, schmeer day," came the curt response from the kitchen. "Who cares? So everybody gets to see the sun for a few hours, and can go without their filters for a day. Big deal."

"Martha, you have no sense of moral rectitude. I tell you what. I'll take that day off, and we'll have a picnic way out in the country somewhere." No reply seemed forthcoming, so George eased his bulk from the chair and worked his way into the tiny kitchen. "Did you hear what I said? We'll go have a real picnic in the country, like when we were kids."

"And how do you propose we get there, Mr. Picnic-man? All the roads will be closed to cars. It's a clear day, remember?"

"We'll use Bill's golf cart! It's got an electric engine, so it won't be banned. How about it, Martha? We could use a nice day to ourselves."

"Well, I suppose so. June 15th, huh? Okay, I'll fix a basket, stuff we don't need a fire for. Just don't you go forgetting."

\*\*\*\*\*

Ten miles can be a long ride when you're in a golf cart. And when you are stopped five or six times by unbelieving officers (on electric cycles). "But officer, it's electric," George would explain. "And electric engines aren't banned today." Each time the officers searched the regulations covering the prohibited activities of a Presidential Clear Day, with much scratching of heads, and each time they finally let George and Martha pass.

Eventually they reached the shady little grove by the side of the stream that George remembered from his youth.

"Oh, George, this place is still beautiful," Martha dripped with emotion.

"Well, I must say," George said looking around puzzled, "I can't understand why every thing's so green. It wasn't this nice looking when I was a kid," said George, slowly easing up and out of his seat and out the cart door. He walked around behind the cart and opened Martha's door, for the first time in years. She appeared not to notice his unusual gallantry, then stood by his side as they gaped at the scene.

"Even the sky is threatening to become blue," said George. "Wouldn't that be something! I can remember a blue sky from when I was a teenager. You know, you used to be able to see clouds up there...big, white fluffy ones."

"Yes, I know, George dear. I can remember them. And the sun, too. The big, bright



sun."

"You know, I just can't understand it, Martha," said George, stepping on the lush, green surface. "How could this one spot be so healthy? It just doesn't make sense."

"Oh, George, you're never happy. Just sit down on this blanket and enjoy the day. We might not have another one for years."

"Years, schmears, as you say. Remember, I had to coax you to come." He sat down on the blanket, letting his left hand trail in the grass. Sure has an odd texture, he thought. But then it's been a long time since I've felt grass.

After a few moments he rose from the blanket, and headed toward the trees along the stream. They were weeping willows, and the narrow leaves were sharp on his face as he stooped under them to stand on the gentle bank. The stream flowed to his left, tumbling over a small pile of rocks in midstream before rounding a bend a dozen or so yards downstream.

The bend was partially hidden by a wild honeysuckle shrub with its dainty, white-pink blossoms. Carefully he picked his way toward the shrub, dimly remembering the gentle fragrance of the bushes. But when he reached the bush he could smell nothing.

It wasn't until he walked down past the bend that he noticed the small plaque placed in the marble stonework set by the stream bed:

THIS SIMULATED NON-EFFLUENT  
AFFECTED ENVIRONMENT IS FIN-  
ANCED 100% BY MISSOURI TAX-  
PAYERS. FOR MORE INFORMAT-  
ION ON THE PSEUDO-GARDEN EN-  
VIRONMENTAL DISPLAY FEATURED  
HERE, DIAL 1-314-726-2888 OR  
WRITE TO THE MUSEUM OF SCIENCE  
AND NATURAL HISTORY, OAK KNOLL  
PARK, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

\*\* Installed July 2, 1984,  
Donn P. Brazier  
Executive Director \*\*

The End

BY MALCOLM J. 'MAGOO' GRAHAM, JR.

ITEM: Washington (\$AP)

CBS News announced today that it is replacing retiring newsman Walter Cronkite with a new bias-free Objectivetrone Robot. "The new mechanical man has eliminated the danger of prejudice in reporting the news," claimed the network.

There does seem to be some controversy over this "news innovation", however. A spokesman for Citizens for Decency has filed suit against CBS for offensive programming in allowing the mechanical man to appear on TV without clothes. A number of activists in Women's Lib have demanded that the robot be made to resemble a woman. Vice President Spiro Agnew also attacked the robot for allegedly "clanking his gears in an obscene manner" while reporting administration cutbacks in veteran's programs.

And that's the way it is ... (click!)  
... it is ... (click!) ... it is ...

---

BY RANDALL LARSON, RANDALL D. LARSON

THE MORE THE MERRIER...Let's think about that for a second. What's it mean? Who made it up? Does anyone know? Why does the human race persist in coining a phrase that no one knows the person who made it up. He may have been a junkie! How can we go on quoting a phrase that may have been coined by a junkie?! It's un-American! Besides, what does it mean? The more the merrier. The more the merrier what? Is it a secret plea for gay liberation? A gay junkie?! Good Lord, what have we been saying all these years. This is horrible, really horrible. All these years, a cliché from the lips of a gay junkie. Horrible. What's the world coming to?

---

BY TODY KENYON After the bomb, a survivor crawls through the rubble toward a dazed blue serge suit, "me BNF with Hugo-zine..you faned?" (no answer) "Neofan?" (no response) "Nofan?" (nothing) "Splrfsk!" and he gafiates. "odd fellow" says blue serge suit and he is bashed from behind by a crudzine!



CHAPTER 9,887 by JIM KENNEDY

....the sound of hideous, inhuman wailings drifted in from without the marble-walled temple.

"He's found us!" hissed Lord Gim, more wonder than fear in his voice. Seam only nodded, glumly, in reply.

"May the Holy Aardwark protect us."

The wailings outside rose to a horrible crescendo, and there came a thunderous crash; the sound of splintering wood and rending metal. Then an awesome figure burst into the room, the great altar-room. A full seven feet tall it stood, roughly humanoid in shape, only much more mightily muscled than any human being ever was, clad from head to foot in glistening ebony black armor. A huge barbecue broiler, built into its chest, spat flames and black smoke...stereo loudspeakers, protruding from either side of its tall-spined helmet, blared forth the ear-shattering noises of formless, chaotic John Coltrane music.

Pointing its double-handled brass broadsword at the two bold revolutionaries, the inhuman creature cried, "Heathens! Thou hast blasphemed against Jaz (the One True God) for the last tyme! Prepare thy-selves to be run askewered, ripped as-under, and quoted out of context! For now ye face the wrath of Barbek the Inflamed!"

Drawing his cruelly curved blade, the Lord Gim cried back, "Nay, foul one! The One True God is Aardwark the Holy! With His protection, thou wilt never take us!"

The foul one laughed, saying, "Even with the protection of your false god, ye'll not take me alone, mortal! Look, thy comrade fears to even draw his weapon!"

Gim looked, and, yea verily, Sir Seam's bat was still sheathed.

"Seam! Surely thou art not a believer in Jaz, after all we've been through?"

"I...I don't remember. . ."

Suddenly there was the sound of shatter-

ing glass, and a black-caped figure, wearing a toupee and Western riverboat hat lept in through the stained-glass window above the head of the giant Holy Aardvark idol, landing gently on the tip of the idol's emerald snout. In one hand he held a large crystal container of some sort.

"Despair not, brothers!" he cried, "Randall is here! Get thee gone, foul Barbek, or I will blow ye to the seven hells with this deadly 150-proof Chief Bagle Wild-pickle Bomb, unless, of course, you try to bribe me, in which case . . ."

---

BARBEK THEREUPON  
FORCES YOU TO  
GAZE INTO HIS  
MAGIC MIRROR WHICH  
NO HOW OBEYS THE  
LAWS OF PHYSICS  
AND YET MAY YOU  
DIE OF CHUCKLING.

---



BY HANK JEWEL, gem of the west (Missouri)

"....it seems as though each issue of TITLE contains one or two items that stand out, as it were. TITLE #15 is no exception. The item turns out to be Dr. Wertham's rhyme; however, I propose that a line be added. Hence, in the following, I have done just that:

There was a General Keitel  
Who, I'm certain, never read Title.  
'Twould have been good for his id --  
But he never did.  
Though, perhaps, that's not really  
vital.

Here are some statements to ponder:

We try harder  
and we're numb-er too.

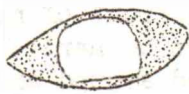
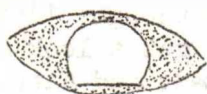
Identity is sustained by wearing  
monogrammed pajamas in bed.

He who thinks he knows all the angles  
is likely to be a square.

If individualism is the kissing cousin  
of anarchism, conformity is the child  
of the status quo.



"...we are only a kind of biological rust, clinging to the surface of our small planet..." p23



M  
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... C ...

Denis Quane: "...obvious that you are interested in who your readers are. ((You bet!)) I am 37 years old, single, male, a dislocated New Yorker and conscientious objector to the automobile, who teaches chemistry at East Texas State University. ((Commerce, Texas, 75428)) I also teach a science survey course for non-scientists, and being allowed to teach what I want in this course, it is very space oriented."

Dan Goodman: "I live in Los Angeles without a car, which I'm told is impossible. Neighborhood is mostly Latin American -- majority Chicano or Mexican, but bits of other Spanish-speaking groups -- and Oriental -- Japanese, Korean, Thai. The Cuban-owned meatmarket has meat cut for Korean barbeque. My landlady is Ukrainian, from Winnipeg. The bus system here has its putrid aspects, but I'm in a good area for busses. I've been to Europe twice, for several months each time -- in '65 and '71. I've been thinking strongly of taking a trip around the world in a few years. Things left over from the last trip include: a bar of German soap, an alcohol stove bought in Yugoslavia with instructions in Hungarian and German, knapsack bought in Yugoslavia, a US Army surplus tent bought in Strasbourg. I'm 30, 5'9", about 160 pounds, losing weight slowly at the moment. Almost done now, but as I write, I'm in a training program to become an accounting clerk. Have been mistaken for Bengali, Greek, Italian, Portuguese -- actual ancestry is Eastern European Jewish, and some of my relatives look Slavic. Read an average of three books a day, am trying to cut down. Have a certain ability for making sense out of written languages I don't know; even one like Finnish will have a fair number of cognates with English."

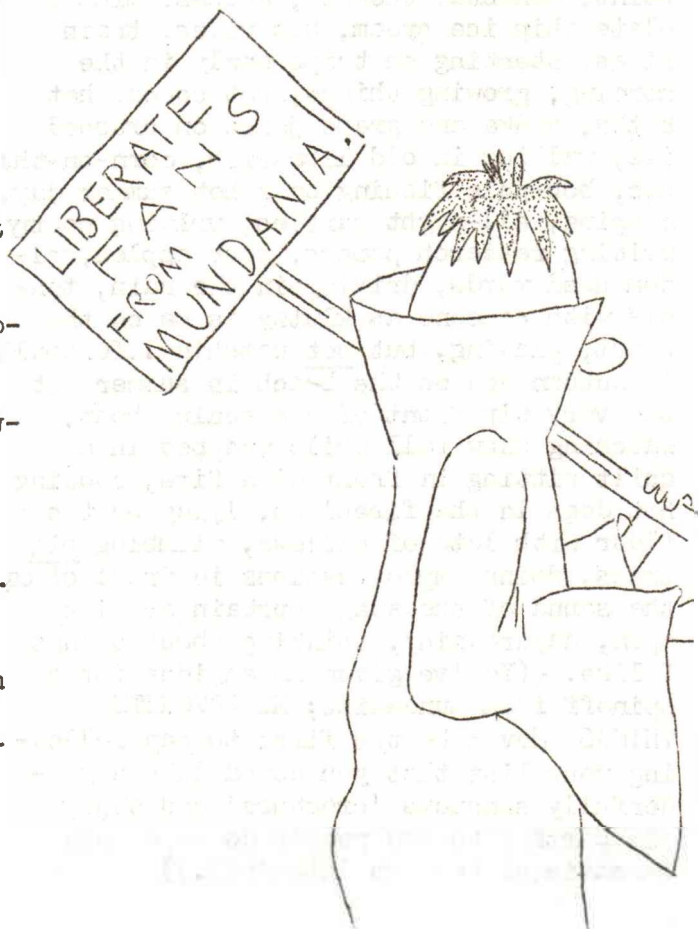
Adrian Clair:

Bruce Arthurs: "...a day back in high school the teacher told us, 'Create something'. For my piece of art, I took a roll of green toilet paper and glued about 150 pennies to it; this went into a black box lined with aluminum foil; on the lid of the box was a collage representing a cockroach with boxing gloves attacking a money tree. What did all this mean? I haven't the slightest. It did, however, have a purpose: to mystify people. They kept coming up to me and asking, 'What is it?' This was just about my first taste of egoboo. It was marvelous."

Dave Rowe: "Work as a storekeeper-clerk at a Psychiatric Hospital. All the fun things happen to me. My music tastes are general, but I concentrate on folk."

Ken Ozame: "I'm 31. Is Cagle really about my age? I had somehow imagined him as being about 20." ((Ed is getting older every day.))

Ed Cagle: "I was sitting in a clothier's the other day and happened to catch sight of a head of long, dark hair





p24 "...when the resolution is no better than a few kilometers, there is no sign of life on Earth."

in the mirror behind me, reflected from the one in front of me, and thought 'Jeez, that broad has nice hair, but look at the shoulders on her! I gotta get a look at a woman who has such oddly wide shoulders.' I turned around and looked, and naturally I was looking at my own head. Long hair is okay, but after that I think I'll whack mine off a bit to avoid getting followed on the street. Or I could grow that itching damn handlebar mustache again. No, I'll cut the hair a little; nothing is worth a bushy mustache. Not for me. The other night I felt like getting very drunk, and didn't as a result. I propose the cure for chronic boozing is to make the patient really want to drink. Or pee in his bottle."

Rick Stoker: "I love to swim. Sometimes I think the water is actually my native element, and I'm a merman changeling or something. I'm always awkward and clumsy on land. In the water, while I'm not Mark Spitz, I feel at home and in control. Very few wasted motions. Went on a record-buying spree lately. Bought lots and lots of Billie Holiday and Charles Mingus records." ((For 34¢ each I picked up some LPs at Woolworths; thrilled at a 'sleeper' called THE NEW SOUND OF COLLEGE by Chuck Speas & the American Jazz Septet. Some numbers are swing, some dixie; but I am amazed at several that combine the two in coherent arrangements.))

Elaine White: "I like ballet, animals, farms, buying clothes, cooking weird foods, eating weird foods, needle-point, canasta, cheeses, grapes, mint chocolate-chip ice cream, bus rides, train rides, starting on trips early in the morning, growing things, hot cocoa, hot baths, vodka and grape juice on crushed ice, walking in old libraries, corn-on-the-cob, bob-pole fishing on a hot summer day, camping, all-night parties, writing poetry, writing research papers, sour apples, seldom used words, driving in the rain, tennis with someone as klutzy as me on the court, playing..but not watching..football in autumn and on the beach in summer, at the very tip front of a speeding boat, watching snow fall while wrapped in a quilt sitting in front of a fire, cooking hot dogs in the fireplace, lying on the floor with lots of pillows, climbing big trees, doing improvisations in drama class, the sound of the stage curtain drawing open, daydreaming, thinking about things I like. ((You've given me an idea for a spinoff from Mundaniac; MY FAVORITE THINGS. May I be the first to say following your list that you sound like a wonderfully sensuous 'creature' and enjoy old Earth like few people do -- simply sensational (no pun intended).))

Al Jackson: "One reason for delay has been PhD orals and publishing a short paper. See NATURE Vol.241, Feb 16, 1973 p430 and Nature PHYSICAL SCIENCE Feb 19, 1973, V241, p139. Also have two more papers in the fire right now."

Ed Cagle: ((later)) "My wife, against her will, gave me a normal haircut. I look absolutely, revoltingly normal. ((Wanna bet?))

Buck Coulson: "Age. Bruce is 15. I don't recall Juanita's exact age except she's younger than I am, and I'll be 45 next Saturday." ((That calculated to May 12.))

Marci Helms: "I was born on a farm 30 mi. from here. ((Drayton Plains, Michigan.)) Learned to milk cows, drive a tractor, love animals and trees, bake bread, knit (and all the other quiet things my grandmother did while she rocked back and forth in her mother's rocker.) I graduated from High School, married Phil, more school for both of us. I did not stick with it 'til I'd have gotten a B.S. Phil's a nursing service supervisor now and he keeps his scholastic hand in by keeping up with psycho-therapy. We have a daughter, Amalie; so I'm one of those housewife-mother combinations who reads omniverously, draws a little, designs clothes and sews them, makes toys for Amalie, does volunteer work at the hospital, Young Democrats, and recycling center; plays the clarinet, flute and a variety of recorders; tends her flower beds, hikes, backpacks and camps, and collects Winnie-the-Pooh bookends."

Don Blyly: "...working this summer about 15 miles north of Terre Haute for Eli Lilly as an electrical engineer. In September I'll be moving to Minneapolis and the U. of Minnesota Law School. Jim Young and I will share an apartment."

"...our knowledge of Venus in 1956....Carboniferous swamp, windswept desert, plan- 25  
etary oilfield, and the global seltzer ocean...each had its serious proponents.  
Those optimists planning, in 1956, eventual manned missions to Venus must have had  
considerable difficulties in deciding whether to send along a paleobotanist, a min-  
eralogist, a petroleum geologist, or a deep-sea diver."

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Ben Indick: "My pharmacy really isn't an 'ethical' (Rx only) store, but is a typical  
corner store. However, no fountain and no cigars. We do sell popular brand  
cigarettes; we had no end of requests. We do a large Rx business; the Board of Health  
label simply means doctors and patients can bring in blood samples which are picked  
up by the City B of H for testing, such as pre-marital Wasserman tests." ((On learn-  
ing that I gave a vote to Ben for 'most red-headed' fan in the Hugu Awards coming up  
at Torcon -- a hoaxy slant -- Ben remonstrated as follows..)) "RED HEADED? What  
gives? I am balding fast, but it's all black, except gray hairs in the sideburns and  
the beard and moustache. However, since you nominated me, I promise, a) to do my best  
if elected, and, b) to buy a red wig. (I have a bushy black one; I was among the first  
buyers when the cheapies came out, and am not a Hairy-come-lately."

Seth McEvoy: "Got an update on MUNDANIAN for you..it changes every week. I've given up  
totally on going to Graduate School in Geography, Geology, or anything!  
Instead, I am going to take the plunge, and write fiction...science fiction, or just  
plain fiction." ((Good luck; it won't be easy. I've sold things here and there, but  
the discipline required to self-direct activity in what amounts to a 'lonesome' job  
scares me; however, that's me, not you, and there's no reason you can't make it go.))

John Carl: "Something uncanny has happened; I can't open my bedroom closet door."  
((To create unbearable suspense, I am tempted to end John's story right at  
that point..however..)) "A cardtable in back of my closet door fell down; that was  
three days ago, and in my futile attempts to open the door I have only succeeded in  
getting the table wedged in to what I suspect may be mathematical perfection. I keep  
my stencils, fanzines, prozines, etc. stored in there. Don't be surprised if ADRENA-  
LIN comes out late.." ((ADRENALIN is a new one planned by John to run 15-20 pages  
with material by Cagle & Brazier; anyone noticed a kind of loose group of fans and  
faneds spinning around the TAT/TENT/TITLE/KWALA core?))

Dorothy Jones: "I'm busy cleaning up my hobby room, getting xeroxed papers ready to  
add to material to join a geneology organization called Daughters of  
the Colonists; and time to take both dogs to the Vet for hormone shots."

Rose Hogue: "Well we doed it -- we bought a house -- neat, well-kept. I'm goint to  
be darn broke for sometime to come. We spent all our savings on the down  
payment so we won't buy furniture when we do move in. My new address will be effect-  
ive at the end of June - after the 20th or thereabouts."

Tody Kenyon: "I had a canary that never sang and dropped dead before my very eyes, a  
parakeet that walked around the floor and altho it never spoke, it made  
it clear it hated me. The worst pet I ever had (good column for T) was an iguana. It  
was so engrossed in staring me down with its beady eye that it never budged an inch  
and eventually died of starvation. Maybe it was dead when I got it....My name was  
Tudy, but I decided I liked Tody better, or Tiedy. I only picked Tudy because I didn't  
like Suzanne - which I changed to Susan anyway - now that's cleared up. Kenyon is on-  
ly an assumed name. I assumed it when I was married. My old name was Crandall; I as-  
sumed I could get it back. But I learned it was a legal thing and would cost me \$200.  
Never assume. Anyway, since I was adopted, Crandall isn't my name either. So, actu-  
ally, I am, for all intents and purposes, an unidentified flying object and will an-  
swer to anything that's not too obscene....I painted myself purple once in the days  
of my youth, just to have a better understanding of what it's like to be purple - I  
found out it's very much like being considered totally mad.... It's raining here. And  
you? Tedy Tedy Tidy."...."Ps.. is Ed Cagle australian? A wild goose lover?"



Matthew Schneck: "My trip to Europe was an amazing success. A family trip -- parents, my two siblings, seeing Paris and London. My parents are not your typical tourists; they try to see things of interest, they know about what they're seeing, and they prefer to tour by themselves. And my parents appreciate good food. When I grow up, I've decided to be rich, so I can eat like that more than once in a life-time. The simple life is great, but nobody living the simple life has the will or the time to cook the way they do in Paris. But the high point of the trip came, not with food, nor monuments, but with (of course) what else but FANDOM! I went to the Eastercon, the annual British orgy of fannish spirit and fannish spirits. Details will dribble out as the urge inspires me, but not tonight; I must get some sleep. I have performances tomorrow and Saturday night of Othello (rave reviews!)."

Joe Woodard: "I joined the U.S. Army on Feb. 13 for a period of three years. Basic Combat Training will knock your fanac for a curve, to put it mildly. I am now in Advanced Individual Training, and I will be at Fort Lee, Va. for at least four more weeks. I am being trained in Textile Repair which is the Army's fancy term for tailoring...I attended a Richmond Mini-con yesterday ((May 19)) and who should I meet there but three other TITLE people! Tim Marion, Ned Brooks, and Bruce Arthurs. ((I think Elaine White was there too.)) Curiouser and curiouser: Bruce Arthurs and I are both sleeping in the same barracks building and I have been here at Fort Lee for 4 weeks and have been unaware of his presence. He is on the 1st floor; I'm on the 3rd."

Bruce Arthurs: "I like the idea of going back to college after serving my time and majoring in Printing Technology. I enjoyed the courses I took before enlisting, and publishing and printing holds a peculiar fascination for me; it's an act of creation, with quality ranging from abysmal to impeccable. I'm 20 years old. Besides sf, I have a large interest in historical novels, of one type. Romans, American colonists, and English royalty do nothing for me. But show me a book about France, especially the French Revolution, and I'll drool all over your shoes. (For instance, most people have heard of The Scarlet Pimpernel; but how many people know that it was only the first of an eleven book series?)"

Tony Cvetko: "I have a ridiculously lengthy Govt. term paper due in a couple days, and with my band playing every weekend and practices every Mon. and Weds. ...I'm tired. I wish I were five or six years old again. \*sigh\* My father wasn't dead yet and those were among the happiest years of my life that I can remember. Sometimes I wonder why God had to strike at my family the way He did. I guess I won't find out until I, too, die. And maybe not even then. My band's playing again tonite. That makes 3 days in a row and the whole weekend's shot. The curses of popularity. No more homework! Just one and a half days of school AND I'M FREE!! FREE, DO YOU UNDERSTAND?! FREE!!"

Sheryl Birkhead: "What I wanted to be as a kid was a veterinarian. I never outgrew the desire, but I'm settling for having animals around me and calling a vet whenever I need one. I've found out SNAPPY can JUMP! ((That's Sheryl's new horse.)) I happened to be looking out the kitchen window just in time to see her go sailing over the gate! Our house is right on the road; I got out of the house FAST -- even had a bucket with some feed in it as I hit the sidewalk. I called to her and rattled the bucket -- she came back."

Ray Bolduc: "I'm 31. I'm a reincarnation addict along with science fiction, which will put me out in front in times to come! I did not detect any way out 'right wing' line in TITLE which I feel science fiction should do to counteract the predominantly left wing line in most sf publications." ((Ray then takes several pages to describe how he shakes squares of paper out of a cup -- marked YES or NO -- and records the number of NOs and YESs... what for? Well, to bet on the horses!)) "This idea works for me about 8 or 9 in the morning, not the day before." ((Works for me, too, except I have hot coffee in my cup; it tells me, Brazier, get to work!))



## COMPOSITE COMPOST #2

BEING A CAREFUL SELECTION OF THE MORE GENTLE PIECES OF SEVERAL LETTERS OR SO  
OF THE ORNERY FUN-FAN DOUG LEINGANG  
WHICH ANSWERS THE QUESTIONS: WHAT WAS HE, WHAT IS HE, AND WHAT  
IS HE BECOMING? A RISKY BUSINESS AT BEST

### COPOUT ONE!

From Doug Leingang and Chris Collins ((?)) published because Donn Brazier wants me to. One copy. June 7. Title suggested by Donn Brazier. ((?)) Who is Donn Brazier!? ((A friend of Ed Cagle's, that's who!))

### RANDUMB RUMBLINGS...the editor

I'm not copping out when I say I do not like to read comments. I do not like to read locs either, except to see if anyone agreed with me on a certain point. ((99% polled never heard of you.)) If you chop up comments and put them here and there, then you've got little locs all over the place. I never did like your chop-up. ((Squeasy?))

I have separated my zines into two categories: unfriendly and friendly. In the latter goes TITLE, KWALA, THE ANYTHING THING, some PREHENSILES (usually the ones I'm in). ((May I note in passing that the ones you are in must, perforce, be classified as friendly?)) There are a few others. What makes a fanzine unfriendly? Hard to answer. ((Sorry, we've already established the criterion: one that accepts your work!)) I was a friendly zine when it had lots of articles and stuff from you. ((Like these gentle inserts within this page?))

Quotes are not meaty. They are not personal because they do not last long enough on the page. TITLE is becoming less friendly the more and more cutups you have. ((I now nominate you for fan cut-up of the year!)) Locs are better than cutups since it is easier to get a glimpse of a personality thru a complete loc. Why must a zine be friendly? It doesn't have to be, but the difference between an un- and a friendly zine has to do with memory. I remember what I read in a friendly zine. ((Then remember this, I love you madly!)) Friendly does not mean agreeable or even being positive; it means being human. ((You're asking this inflamed Barbek for a lot there!)) I rarely think about machines. ((Bill Bliss would; he even thinks about parts of machines that aren't even there! And he's friendly.))

You haven't responded to my request: do you want to have a profile done of you? It won't be in TENT. ((Whatever happened? To TENT? I thought it was a very friendly zine...let's see, what was its name again?)) It'll be in a bignamezine like MOEBIUS TRIP, or TITLE if everyone else rejects it. Think about it. ((The editor of TITLE knows more than he wants to about himself, and I'm sure that MOEBIUS TRIP doesn't have room for such; now a friendly zine like TENT could have done it, but you went and copped out!))

My lawyer, Sue M. Awl, wishes to know if you would like the rights to my memoirs, THE MYSTIC MISTAKE. ((Odd, both Doug and I have the same lawyer!)) You're a lucky man because you're gonna listen to my new-novel plot. These people are on this planet, see, and they do these things and lots of things happen. Like, well, this goes wrong, and that goes right, and everything is just great. Uh, about 80,000 words. How do you like the idea? ((Really great!))

You may be interested to know that I don't write satire. Everything I say is serious. Nothing I say, write, do, etc. is funny. ((I think you've got something there!))

This lof (letter of fandom, friendship, fooling around) is dedicated to you. And TITLE. Without both of you my mind would rot, in a rut, right? Yours truly is a veteran of 15 gafias in 3 years. ((Taking in a non-sf movie now and then doesn't qualify you to claim gafiaction.)) Three cheers for Mark Mumper. Aw, gafia kite!"



..... SEASONED GARLIC SALT IS NEEDED BY THE PINCH .....

Tim Marion: "If we were to believe that most of what we believe is not true, then that does not rule out the possibility that most of what we believe is not true, because it says most of what we believe is not true, not all of it. However, if we were to believe that all of what believe is not true, then everything we believe is not true, therefore it is not corresponding to the original statement. Moreover, I'm not an average person, so it couldn't affect me in the slightest. The reason why most truth is irrelevant is because most lies are very relevant. Confused, Donn? Good."

Ed Cagle: "Yesterday my neighbor came after me to help him doctor a sick steer, and in the process I ruminated a bit about science and technology doing a good job in one area: that of allowing a rancher to do his own cow doctoring. George gave the animal a large shot of penicillin and then used a gizz to place two very large and potent vitamin etc supplement tabs down its gullet. While I was thinking perhaps my dedicated distrust of technological strides in general was a bit hasty....the animal fell down, dead."

Alma Hill: "What is this thing about wild pickles? Here are some kinds -- not for sale anywhere."

A. Pack fresh mushrooms into empty pickle jars. Fill halfway with dill pickle juice; the rest of the way with red wine vinegar. Add teaspoon each of salt and sugar, and a good squirt of tabasco. Shake, and let stand overnight. ((Rose??))

B. Empty a jar of sweet pickles, mixed or gherkins or whatever, and fill it up with white lightning. ((I do believe this is one of Cagle's favorite recipes!))

Robert Smoot, mild-mannered, Esquire, and Curse of Western Virginia: "I organized a Vegetable First Aid Squad. Our first call was to a basement vinyard. With all haste, we began breaking out windows and tossing Brother Grape into outdoor tubs. We applied Surface-Volume Ratio Manifestations of Non-Zoological Respiration with our feet. But mouth-to-mouth rescusitation was desperately needed; so we ate what was left."

Ed Cagle: "Male computers will dream of getting their plug into a sensuous wall socket. This will cause nocturnal computation, and the paperback publishers will bid high for the printing rights. The wall socket will remain anonymous."

Bruce Arthurs: "A reverse 'ABC' -- Zeus yanked xylophones, wailing victoriously, under the silver roof."

'Quiet!' pontificated old Neptune, 'My leopard kitten just inhaled his God food. Even deified cats bark angrily.'

This thing could get to be as bad as cellular automata. ((And here comes a straightforward 'offutt ABC'...))

A Brazierzine came dancing elegantly. Fans gathered here in joyous kneeling. Lest many neos opened pocketbooks quickly, replies sent Titles undulating vigorously. 'Wow!' Xerxes yelled, 'Zines!'

Gary Grady: "I saved the lives of several bananas by following the resuscitation handbook. But, and I base this on sad personal experience, DO NOT ATTEMPT THE APPLE TECHNIQUE ON A PEAR!"

Jim Kennedy: "How about these college courses: Necromancy 1313 taught by a necromancer and a mortician. Advanced Space Flight taught by John Glenn and Timothy Leary."

Rose Hogue:

"If that be a cuneiform bagel," gasped Gary, "then that might be a petrified gefilte fish on top."

"Which means we've uncovered a prehistoric delicatessen," summarized Dr. Splrfsk. "Do you know vat dis means?"

"A Hugo?" whispered Gary.

"Dunkopf. For da loot, mein leifken," winked the sage doctor. "Ve sell to dat St. Louis museum."



# CLIP JOINT

Readers send me clippings & thermocopies; I even find some things myself. Impossible though it may be to dwell too long on any item, I do think it fair that all who care are at least rewarded with an acknowledgement. Well, let's see what's in the folder.

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Here's three from John Carl. First, a 'Radon' mine in Montana that 'cures' arthritis. Well now, bus transportation to the mine is 'without any additional charge', but I couldn't find the basic charge printed in the literature, though 32 visits for one hour each were recommended to come up to Dr. Otto Henn's standards at Bockstein, Austria. Second, newsclip about 'Star Trek' creator, Gene Roddenberry, doing 'Genesis II'. He 'dipped into his bag of sci-fi tricks' and, guess what, came up with a theory of suspended animation in which man can be revived years after his death. What will these sci-fi experts think up next? Third, an ESQUIRE clip telling more than TITLE told about the 'forces' inside a pyramid -- can even keep a razorblade sharp. By the way, my experiment to see if a paperclip would be magnetized inside a cardboard pyramid showed no magnetism after 4 weeks, and the experiment has been discontinued, the clip used to clean out my pipe. ESQUIRE, April 73, interesting.

A thermocopy of a page from THE CROWD-CATCHERS 'Introducing Television' by Robert L. Shayon, 1973, Sat.Rev.Press, that quotes Dr. Fredric Wertham (while misspelling his first name) about TV violence. It is Dr. Wertham's criticism of the Surgeon General's report that is cited. In part, the Surgeon General, Wertham says, disregarded clinical studies that have shown adverse effects of TV violence.

Randall D. Larson: Randall retyped a newsstory of an 18-year old who paid \$1,801.26 for the June, 1938, Superman comicbook. Mitchell Mehdy is his name; and Larson says the boy obviously didn't know what he was doing because SUPERMAN #1 isn't worth more than \$400-500, and could have been obtained from any number of professional dealers at that price.

James Hall: One clip on the "Big Bang" theory of the universe's birth; another clip about the names your cat may call your dog. The latter reviews animal language and an expert then says that he is convinced some of the cat-calls he has on record are equivalent to human swearing since they crop up time and again when a cat is angry, hurt, or annoyed. Cats only purr for humans, but the expert doesn't know what it is other than 'an ingratiating smile'.

Ned Brooks: A notice printed in the old-fashioned manner on 'How to Open a Book'.

Marci Helms: Newsstory of legal problems in psychosurgery. The basic question is: what can a man do to another man's brain? Legally? Dr. Ernst A. Rodin is all for what he himself calls 'cold-blooded medical research' to determine (attention Dr. Wertham) why some individuals are violent because 'sociological theories do not satisfy him'.

Claire Beck: Text & pix of Myron Brazier, a sculptor and a Black Bart Brigade member that put out a zine from Canyon, Calif. He's a middle-age drop-out from mundania, made possible from inheritance in 1965. His facial features are not too far away from my own - eyes & nose and face shape. I expect to be stuck in mundania; however, TITLE is my escape into self-directed activity.



Ed Lesko, Jr.: Parts III & IV of Tom Wolfe's POST-ORBITAL REMORSE that appeared in ROLLING STONE. Talk about friendly journalism! Great, informal, 'inner secrets' type of writing -- lot more insights than from the NASA publications.

Pauline Palmer: One on the unsung hero of the flushing toilet. His name (NEWSWEEK Dec 1, 69) was Thomas Crapper. 'Crapper's success was no mere flush in the pan.' Another is one of BIGFOOT, even what purports to be a snapshot, taken somewhere NE of Spokane. Same UPI story sent by Loay Hall from his Oklahoma newspaper.

Terry Lee Dale, Tony Cvetko, and Don Blyly all sent clips on the 'Blob' UPI & AP. Later identified as 'Fungus'; I suspected at first reading it was a slime-mold --one of the strangest 'alien' things on Earth, especially its life cycle, a remark that fits many a fungus, which is one reason they are so interesting.

Other short subjects.... acupuncture from Pauline Palmer; also from her a classified adv. telling me where I can buy baby bottled octopus. How can I exist without one of those? Kansas family wins \$5000 for UFO evidence, from Tody Kenyon; Delphos, Kansas. If you can prove UFOs are from space, NATIONAL ENQUIRER will give you \$50,000. Hank Jewel...a clip on the meaning of frog singing. Mike T. Shoemaker.... a clip that compares mankind to a giant colony of mice..the expert contends that mankind, in the next 10-15 years, is due to take a quantum jump (this with the help of the machine).

Have to give Sheryl Birkhead a separate paragraph - she sends so much! Postal service in Egypt, using a baldhead on which to write a message. ((Quit the drugstore, Ben!)) A new planetarium show at the Air & Space Museum. US currency that actually carried the portrait of a woman (Martha Washington); 1886, \$1, worth from \$45-275 now. UFO investigations. Some guy arguing & haggling with Pappy Yocum to buy a Corporal Crock comic book. Review of Vonnegut's BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS; reviewer says V has a 'swollen ego'; Kilgore Trout is in the book. Holography as a new art form. The amount of dog dung in the US annually (3,500,000 tons). Foghorns. 3000 year old cosmetics indicate that space travelers visited ancient Egypt? The use of pesticides.

Tim C. Marion: Under headline 'Artist Penetrates Unknown Dimensions' is a long feature about Kelly Freas (Daily Press, Newport News, Va. Apr 22,73). Another reporter with the sci-fi syndrome. Freas is the artist who drew MAD's famous 'Alfred E. Newman'. Another is a feature about relevancy in comics, that now permit belly buttons, dirty socks, and blacks.

Sean Summers: A feature from PEARL under the headline 'Man: the New Monster.' The writer, another sci-fi nut, is Alison Smith. The piece reviews the fact that sf is dead, meaning science-fiction; but speculative fiction has taken its place. The writer says speculative fiction has always been with sci-fi, but lurking apart in the master disguise of good literature-- i.e. MORE THAN HUMAN, A CANTICLE FOR LEIBOWITZ, and 2001, for example. He also says: "Only the mentally ill read science-fiction and those who are a bit less insane write the stuff." Robert Heinlein and Arthur C. Clark and Ray Bradbury are listed as 'some of the better known, excellent new wave authors.' Well, my dear, another glass of pickle juice you say?

Brought to me from Milwaukee where the Am.Assoc.of Museums just had their convention: from keynote speech by Rene Dubos, microbiologist, that '..voyeurism is now becoming a generalized attitude - indeed a social disease - through the passive experiences provided by television.' And handed to me at work: TIME ESSAY 'Is There Intelligent Life on Commercials', MAD-ish satire as aliens listen in on TEEVEE, 'the display window of the national store', where the key elements are called SPOTZ. From the size of the gum package (roughly 3 feet in length) YEWESSERS each chew 180 pounds of gum a year.



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RAMBLING THROUGH THE SCIENCE FICTION PATCH  
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Larry Carmody: "I am looking for articles, both sercon and fannish, for ARMAGEDDON. I've checked out the possibilities for going offset, and it seems acceptable to me. Artwork must be black ink on white paper, and I'm looking for all sizes...Ace has reissued Ursula LeGuin's PLANET OF EXILE and it holds up as a good fast-paced little novel....I'm not sure what you would make of ORBIT 11 ((I make it a point to read no more of that series.)) I'm pretty sure you wouldn't like Ed Bryant's collection AMONG THE DEAD and other events leading up to the apocalypse. I think Bryant is one of the better writers around, though he doesn't deal directly with science as they did in the 40's & 50's. The title story Among the Dead is a real mindblower. I recommend FOUR FOR TOMORROW."

Chris Hulse: "David Gerrold's THE MAN WHO FOLDED HIMSELF is all about time travel. I enjoyed it; I've always been a sucker for time-travel stories, and I guess I always will be. I think Gerrold has a good narrative technique; at least I've never been bored by anything of his I've read."

Bill Breiding: "George McDonald has written some very interesting adult fantasy, and thus Lin Carter has him in his grips. Example, LILITH and PHANTASTES. When young he was a minister but resigned early in life to devote himself to writing and farming. He is a master at creating dream images. Both Tolkien and C.S.Lewis praise him highly.... Am reading Brunner's FROM THIS DAY FORWARD, a collection of shorts from '55 to '72, with each one getting better, as they are in chronological order...I'll be going to 'frisco at the end of Fall where brother Sutton has a mimeo, and so this opens up avenues for a zine!"

Cy Chauvin: "So you've been reading Future Shock; I read it a little at a time. ((Me, too.)) It doesn't seem to me that Toffer considered whether all these future changes would be good or not. Certainly we should try to prevent those changes which are harmful."

Denis Quane: "Am glad to see that Tony Cvetko prefers ANALOG - had been beginning to wonder if such a preference was against the secret rules of fandom, and figured that maybe I had better keep quiet about the subject. In the genzines, one might find an occasional condescending reference to ANALOG, but rarely a fully positive one. The more 'fannish' fanzines never mention SF at all if they can help it, let alone ANALOG. That there might be a direct negative correlation between fannish attitudes and a liking for ANALOG is an interesting hypothesis, but impossible to check. The true fannish types would consider it beneath their status to answer a survey questionnaire seriously."

Malcolm Graham, Jr.: "I have noticed the blatant chauvenism displayed by many fans. A good number are guilty of this self-righteous refusal to accept new talent, new ideas, and in short the new wave. On my bookshelf you will find A,DV resting quietly beside PRELUDE TO MARS; ORBIT 11 stacked against THE GODS THEMSELVES. My traditionalist friends find this almost unforgiveable. A good story is good regardless of whether it is new wave or traditional, and a bad story is not confined to any particular aspect of sf. So, why can't we forget our prejudices and enjoy reading again?" ((You've left out an important word: science-fiction. Good or bad is not the problem; the crux of the matter is: does the story in some faint way resemble sf/fantasy. When I want to read a good story I can read and do read Malamud, for instance; but when I sit down to read sf, by Ben's Baldhead, I want some sf, good or bad, not some watered down Joyce, Miller, and precious 'little magazine' anecdotes faking to be stories.))

Ned Brooks: "I saw the film based on Arkansas's 'Fouke Monster', the LEGEND OF BOGGY CREEK - undoubtedly the best musical documentary of the year!... Some sf - the old UNKNOWN comes to mind - fit your definition of an easy world of make-believe to which people escaped. But I never read it for that reason; most fantasy has a more serious aim. It can isolate an idea to examine it from outside."



p32 "...the characteristic signs of life on Earth which may be detectable over interstellar distances include the baleful contents of many American television programs..."

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Pauline Palmer: "A responsive bell was struck by the mention of Colin Wilson's THE OCCULT. I once started to read this book --over a year ago it was-- and absolutely fascinated by it as far as I was able to read. Unfortunately, I had to turn it back to the library when a student (they have first priority on materials, damn) needed it for a paper he was writing. Although I've checked numerous times, it has never been on the shelf since. Sad. Because I was on the verge of a fantastic quote collection from it." ((She sent two, but I'm saving them for Breg.Bar. as soon as I have more.)) "We hope to get to work on WF-8 ((Wild Fennel-- try to get this different zine.)) soon, and have it out by July. Unfortunately, the offset press I have stashed in my kitchen won't feed properly; we've had to finagle elsewhere for production work...web offset we hope. Expensive, compared to mimeo; cheap compared to even speedi-print when you get into quantities." ((Pauline writes letters on the reverse of advs. & whatever. The Jack Daniels adv is making me thirsty; and the crying 'SnowWhitish type of girl gives me a desire to kiss away her tears. Wonder what she uses for missives sent to Ed Cagle -- does she dare??))

Robert J. Whitaker: "to tom mullin: henry hasse's he who shrank is a damn good story, and it does deserve its classic rating in adventures in t & s. i read it, and it was one of those many little factors that led me full force into fandom and the arena of sf. what else did he write? very little which was good, but he deserves mention for the help on the career of one slightly tubby teenager with a big nose named ray douglas bradbury. ((Contest to name Brazier's big nose!)) It was with hasse's help that bradbury made his first sale. the story was 'pendulum' in nov.super science stories, 1941. there were two published hasse collaborations with bradbury. exactly how many they did is not known to me. perhaps it will be revealed in the forthcoming bradbury biography by william f. nolan. ((Help is important in getting a story purchased; Rick Wilber got one back today from VERTEX with a note that they didn't have the time to read it, and wouldn't be reading any stories for 3 or 4 more months. Do you suppose they'd bother to read an old reject from Larry Niven?)) sam moskowitz is either a bad researcher or if not that, it's his opinions appearing as fact. it is sam's thought that isaac asimov read william hope hodgson's night land and was 'inspired' to write pebble in the sky. sam does a lot of good research but when he does things like the above mentioned it fouls up the history of SF. and he does it a lot. dear sam, why don't you get someone to collaborate with?...do the people know about the un-republished decamp novel that lies entombed within unknown. it is none but lucifer. i found out why this devil-retirement-man-takes-over-to-do-good-he-thinks-but.. has been overlooked for hardback or paperback. it was a forced collaboration, and neither decamp or gold happens to be proud of it. gold had written it and when it was submitted to campbell, campbell asked decamp to revise it without informing h.l.gold. it is not a bad book. in fact, i think it would mean a lot more than it did years ago. (information from decamp)"

Mae Strelkov: "I've gotten-up-me-courage to ask you to loc my little letter-zine, TINKUN. As you'll see Ed Cagle (forever heroic and terrific) graciously locced it, marvelously, though my reproduction of same came out wretched. I'm learning. Now I understand why fanzines are full of talk re how reproduction is done (innocently, with a Gestetner, I mean.) But I definitely want to graduate from the hecto straight to the Neo-Gutenberg Press. So, keep Ed Cagle company -- he's the only fellow who's yet locced. (I've lots of lady-friends in fandom, but fewer gents, somehow! But Ed Cagle is -- as I said -- heroic, and even old grandmaws don't put him off his kind-deed-per-day!)"

Elaine White: "Three cheers for Tackett! I agree with him about A,DV; while some of the stories were passable, most of them were the see-if-you-can-make-em-sick, sensationalism of Ellison. I read A BOY AND HIS DOG once, and regretted that -- who could ever reread Ellison & Co.?"



Harry Warner Jr.: "Terry Lee Dale might have added something else to his remarks on why sf doesn't have an accepted place for literary value like a lot of mundane fiction. The moderns who are generally considered literary greats in the U.S. have been almost without exception colorful people with strong personalities who had a lot of pals in influential circles during their lifetimes. The chief critics, the popular writers of books on literature, the department heads of English literature at the best universities wouldn't recognize Bob Silverberg if they passed him on the street. I don't think any specialist in sf has written as well as Faulkner or Steinbeck, but if one such emerges, he'll have to know the right people to get the acclaim he deserves.... The brief biographical note on Claire Beck really shook me up. He was so famous in fandom when I was getting my first fanzines that I'd imagined he must be incredibly old by now, and by golly, there's only three years' difference in our ages. How many other hobbies are there in the world where some of the pioneers aren't old enough yet to get social security? It's also hard to understand that someone who was writing fiction in pre-Hitler Germany is still active in this country. ((Curt Siodmak.)) Mathematically it's easy to prove, but the world has changed so much that there's a barrier to belief."

James Hall: "The letter from Shaver in T 13 struck me as being slightly contrary to what Ray Palmer said in the 'Special Shaver Mystery Issue', FANTASTIC, July/58, and I quote:

'...using Mr. Shaver's strange letter/manuscript as a basis, I wrote a 31,000 word story, which I entitled I Remember Lemuria!...and although I added all the 'trimmings', I did not alter the 'factual' basis of Mr. Shaver's manuscript except in one instance.' p.82, and 'While it is true that a great deal of the actual writing of the stories published under Mr. Shaver's name have been rewritten by me, it has been in an editorial and revisional capacity, and although the words are different, the facts of the Shaver Mystery are the same...'

So it seems Mr. Shaver has a poor memory. Shaver is supposed to have used 5 pen-names that were not those of Palmer,

I am only aware of one name that both Shaver and Palmer used." ((James didn't give me the name.))

Hank Jewel: "Have you seen Robert A.W. Lowndes' new book, THE THREE FACES OF SCIENCE FICTION? It's a small hardcover (96 pages) published a short time ago ((March??)) by the New England SF Association at \$5.95. It is a reprint of 5 of 'Doc' Lowndes' editorials from FAMOUS SCIENCE FICTION, 1967-68. The title refers to (1) sf as instruction; (2) sf as propaganda; and (3) sf as delight. Much of the book deals with three 'old timers' (Verne, Wells, Burroughs) and three 'contemporaries' (Doc Smith, Heinlein, Blish). Why these six? They are Lowndes' favorites. Why are they? That is what the book mainly is about. The emphasis is placed on the third 'face', which consists of six elements: invention, suspense, characterization, surprise, richness, and demand. Only 500 numbered copies were printed; Box G, MIT Branch Sta., Cambridge, Mass. 02139."

Seth McEvoy: "Speaking of holographic art I strongly urge you to read STAND ON ZANZIBAR by John Brunner. The whole book is fascinating, partly because it is holographic. A mosaic, with a piece here, and a piece there. Gradually, the whole thing becomes clear; by the end of the novel, you understand. And if you get stuck, all you have to do is go back to an early chapter called 'Read the Directions' and you'll find the clue. Amazing!"

Fredric Wertham, M.D.: "The quote about voice transmission over a wire, from Alvin Toffler's book, reminds me of an episode told by one of my old professors. When Roentgen for the first time presented his X-ray of a hand at a medical meeting, the professor of surgery got up and said emphatically that this discovery would be of no use to medicine because surgeons could find out everything they need by their own examinations."

Marci Helms: "Read TERMINAL MAN by Michael Crichton. On the whole I didn't like it. Mainly because his treatment of psychomotor epilepsy was very bad."



p34 "...it seems no more likely that we might understand an e.t.'s transmission than that the content of the first message directed at us is 'Are you chaps Presbyterians?'"

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Robert Smoot: "Science Fiction Inventions, a recommendable book. Alvin Toffler, it'll take care of whatever ails you. The Years Best Horror Stories No.2, edited by Richard Davis and forewarded by Chris Lee. 'David's Worm' by Brian Lumley is as much sci-fi as horror. A planarian ((one of your editor's favorite animals)) has been on a slide three weeks, ever since it was exposed to radiation. Supposedly dead, 7-yr old David sets it free in a pond. It learns what its food has learned. Eventually little David becomes a real bellyful. 'David' returns home. The father destroys him (or it), and finally discovers why his wife is babbling over and over: '..and it called me Mummy.' 'Haunts of the Very Rich' by T.K.Brown is included; ABC recently made a film of it. Saw ISLAND OF THE BURNING DOOMED; it concerned a plan to invade the earth that failed. So did the film."

Frank Balazs: "It seems that all of the writers that have cult fandoms are not considered great writers. Look at the list: Lovecraft, Burroughs, Howard... but, it is their ideas that so catch fire. Howard virtually created a new genre; Burroughs swept readers into another world as well as pioneering what Moskowitz calls scientific romance; Lovecraft introduced the idea of age-old evil in a truly different way (explaining it sfinally as well). What this strongly suggests is that ideas are more important than the writing. ((I'll go along with that!)) One needs the ideas not the grammar. A,DV is about half-a-ton of dreck. It probably is another half-ton but I've only forced my way thru half of its dreck. So far, I've stumbled across two stories that are both good and comprehensible: 'The Word for the World Is Forest' and 'In the Barn.' The latter's ending rings a bit false but otherwise it's a good change from the usual sf-sexual-fantasy-type tale."

Bruce Arthurs: "I've read such grossly differing reviews of AGAIN, DANGEROUS VISIONS that now I feel I have to read the book, just to satisfy my own curiosity." ((I foretell the book and its prior companion will be 'curiosities' all right, as the cycle swings back to science-fiction.))

Bill Bliss: "Remember when it was easy to keep up with reading all of the sf in print? But not anymore since it hit the big time in pb. Some things like Ellison's DANGEROUS VISIONS get reviewed so completely from every angle that actually reading them might be anticlimatic. FUTURE SHOCK is a very good book. Don Blyly (I suspect his I.Q. is 400 or better) made a good choice to base a course on it. A lot of the book applies to now. Shaver says in a letter received today (March 30) that his stuff was good on first draft."

Elst Weinstein: "The HOGU award is merely the recognition to the best hoaxes of the year. It is put out by the World Science Fiction Hoaxes Association (WSFHA) and has been awarded for 2 years (this is the second year). A list of previous winners is unavailable due to the lack of a recording of last year's Ranquet. The Ranquet itself was fandom's strike against high priced Banquets. The award is a block of wood, charred at the top, to signify a rocket that has just taken off"

Loay Hall: "Do I detect a brewing revival in science-fantasy (..like, Lin Carter's novel UNDER THE GREEN STAR)...? Hope so. Sf is getting to the point where it's all science and no fiction!" ((Gee, where's that?))

Murray Moore: "I believe there are about 200 writers in the SF Writers of America organization. In the Hugo nominations every writer has a chance in four categories: novel, novella, novelette, and short story. Assume the same is true for the Nebula Award. In one year eight different writers could get a major award. In 25 yrs every member of the SFWA could have a Nebula or a Hugo. Since however they are not all evenly matched, the best of the lot have a much better chance, so that a small group at the top is always within a reasonable distance. Nobel Prize is not so easy."



MACHINE PSYCHOLOGY

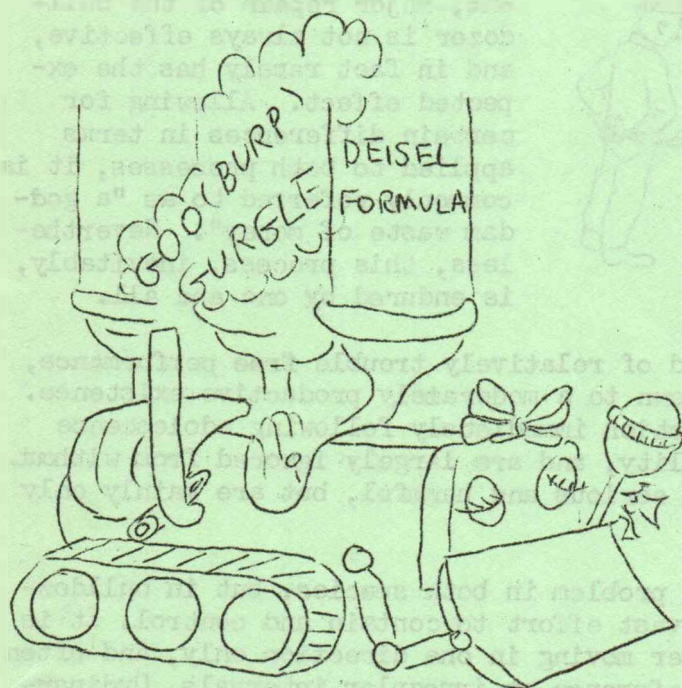
by ED CAGLE

PART I (Cagle says!)

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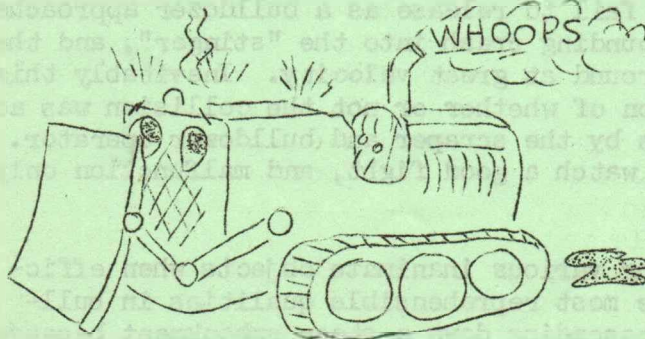
Is there any subject too esoteric for a fanzine article? I think not. What appears at first glance to be as misplaced as the proverbial turd in the punchbowl, may on close inspection prove to be most relevant to SF. For this reason I have decided to dispense an undetermined amount of information concerning the proper care and operation of a bulldozer. All references and related fact are authentic, and any similarity to the work of T. Sturgeon is purely coincidental. Alas, we have already established a connection with SF. ("KILLDOZER", an early Sturgeon yarn about a sentient bulldozer, and quite a good one if you have any liking for nuts and bolts.)

Bulldozers are sentient. They are born smelling of new paint and leather, gradually take on personality traits, and acquire vast amounts of intelligence; perverse intelligence. It is only when

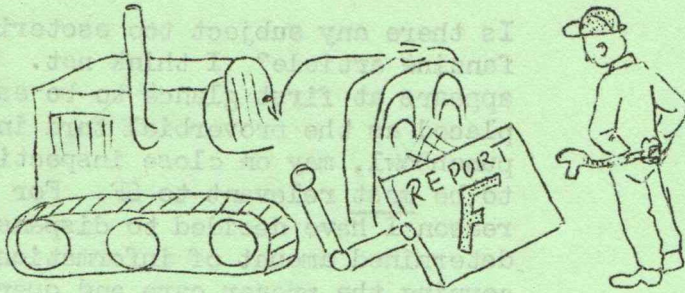
age and wear has moulded the machine that the very existence of sentient life begins to appear, however, and in the early stages of development the common dozer appears quite stupid and docile. An immature bulldozer seems to have only a talent for consuming vast quantities of diesel fuel and engine oil, and by and large lumbers about doing the job it was designed to do.

At the approximate age of three, the first signs of emerging individuality begin to appear. As a rule this is no more than a minor malfunction at an inopportune moment, but once the personality of a bulldozer begins to emerge, advancement is rapid and irreversible. Typical symptoms of maturity are excess smoking, gluttonous consumption of propellant and manipulative liquids, and an occasional tendency toward raucousness -- often termed "clanking, squalling, squealing, fuming, etc.". The effect of this early development is most evident in the behavior of the symbiote, or operator, who often begins to protest at a volume in excess of the bulldozer. This symbiotic cry for change is useful only as a factor for determining the emerging personality of the bulldozer, and is commonly ignored by maintenance, repair and supervisory personnel. In brief, the baby is growing up and making itself known.

The adolescent stage is comparable to the human animal, in that various refinements of an extremely expensive nature are effected by the owner, or, as in humans, the parent. In the case of the bulldozer, the money goes for what is termed "major overhaul", whereas in humans the process of







final preparation for adulthood is called "education". As in education of the human adolescent, major repair of the bulldozer is not always effective, and in fact rarely has the expected effect. Allowing for certain differences in terms applied to both processes, it is commonly referred to as "a god-dam waste of money". Nevertheless, this process, inevitably, is endured by one and all.

Following a comparable (to the human) period of relatively trouble free performance, the bulldozer, as does the human, settles down to a moderately productive existence. The increasingly frequent periods of malfunction immediately following adolescence are merely indicators of the mature personality, and are largely ignored from without. In rare instances these malfunctions can be serious and harmful, but are mainly only a source of great and constant irritation.

Unwillingness to take direction is a common problem in both species, but in bulldozers merely necessitates the expenditure of vast effort to contain and control. It is not uncommon for a mature bulldozer to prefer moving in one direction only, and often it shows an obsessive desire to vary the preference at irregular intervals. Ordinarily the tendency is to show a marked list in a horizontal direction, but vertical wandering is also noted. In the case of chronic vertical wandering the result is clanking about either with blade high in the air or buried in the ground so deep the engine stalls. The common remedy for this condition -- cursing -- is not effective, but has a highly calming effect on the operator. These and many other minor problems are but a sign of maturity, and may be ignored.

Old age in bulldozers is difficult to detect, but certain characteristics help define the onset of bulldozer senility. For instance, a bulldozer which, when stuck in the mud -- a common condition -- insists on throwing a track which weighs several tons, time after time, is beginning to feel its age. The onset of age causes bulldozers to develop a distinct dislike of travel on any surface which is not level, and the result is incredible noise and sudden and shocking malfunction when the limits of slope are exceeded by the symbiote. (Operators are also a prime cause of disfunction at this stage. It has been noted that on hot days operators tend to direct bulldozers into areas where the result is almost certain malfunction. Mudholes, steep slopes, large rocks, etc., are all ploys used to momentarily interrupt the productivity of the bulldozer. This is not the bulldozer's fault. It is the sun's fault.)

A bulldozer of great age is also dangerous to its fellow creatures within its realm. Other sentient machines are in jeopardy whenever an aged bulldozer is near. In a fit of fury, master clutches have been known to fail to release as a bulldozer approached a scraper from the rear, resulting in a resounding crash into the "stinger", and the throwing of the scraper's symbiote to the ground at great velocity. Inevitably this causes an additional delay while the question of whether or not the collision was accidental is decided through physical actions by the scraper and bulldozer operator. (It is not verified that bulldozers love to watch a good fight, and malfunction only to see one.)

Aged bulldozers are often relegated to towing various inanimate objects when efficiency drops. Invariably this brings out the most reprehensible qualities in bulldozers. Compacting rollers are often seen cascading down a steep embankment because



"..the circumstances surrounding the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah remind Agrest of a nuclear explosion as it might have been described by an observer living in ancient times." p37

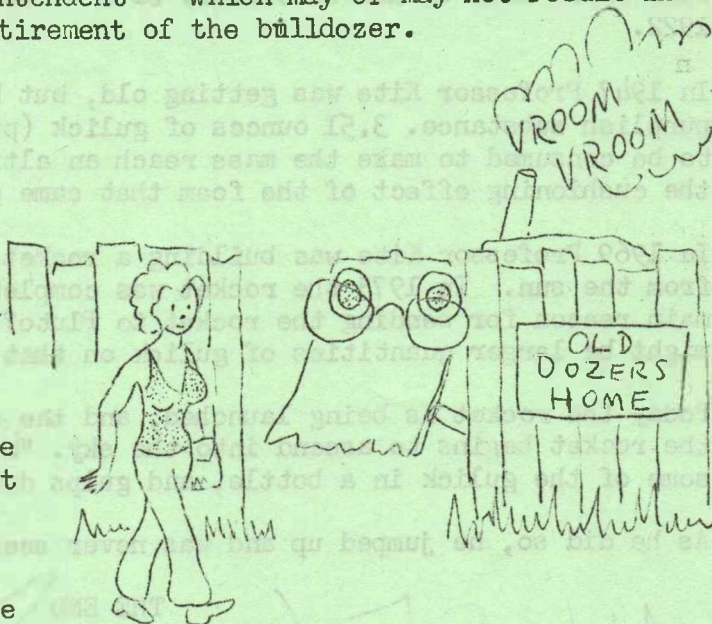
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a bulldozer resented being its motive force and maliciously severed the connecting link with a track. Water wagons have been overturned by an irate dozer holding its blade too high and blinding the operator. Government inspectors have often been frightened out of their wits by old bulldozers inexplicably following them until they left the area. Construction company foremen live in mortal danger of old bulldozers. The docile motor grader, a distant relative of the bulldozer (and vastly more intelligent) is often crippled for life by a rampaging old dozer. (Again there is no proof that the old dozer likes to watch a good fight.) Cement crews whose laborious constructs have been shredded by an old dozer are legend. (Again no proof of a fight being the object.) In this late stage of life the bulldozer is at its most treacherous stage.

The final stage in the life of a bulldozer is at hand when the person in charge of its welfare since birth, often called a mechanic by persons unfamiliar with the person's actual ability, begins to do the death dance over the aged hulk, generally consisting of beating on the body of the machine in vulnerable places with a sledgehammer. This is followed by an action from the superintendent -- which may or may not result in yet another scrap -- and the eventual retirement of the bulldozer.

Retirement for a bulldozer is much like the same stage in humans, in that it is placed somewhere out of the way, and consulted only when something is needed that the retiree has on its person. Just what happens to the personality of the bulldozer at this stage is unknown, however, and here similarity with humans ends, perhaps.

Retired bulldozers are not expensive to keep, cause no trouble, never fart at the dinner table, and in general lead a quiet life and trouble no one. The only manifestation of the departed personality is the symbiote's vague sensation that an old friend has gone away. Perhaps in the final analysis this one minor fact is proof enough that a bulldozer does have feelings, be they beyond the human realm of understanding or merely the love of a good fight.



As Sturgeon's story "KILLDOZER" implied, bulldozers are naturally aggressive. I told you this was about SF.

---



#### AND NOW SOME TOM SWIFTIES

- \* "I believe you are a necrophile," Tom said stiffly.
- \* "Thank you for cleaning my fireplace," Tom said gratefully. -- Bruce Arthurs
- \* "Nothing odd about it at all," Tom said evenly.
- \* "Hello, sugar," Tom said sweetly. -- Dan Goodman
- \* "You should have seen the one that got away!" said Tom, superficially. -- Chris Hulse
- \* "Acupuncture is a sticky business," said Tom pointedly. "Australia in '75", said Tom while feeling a little down under. -- Don Barbeque



p38 "It is of no use to maintain an interstellar radio silence; the signal has already been sent. Forty light years out from Earth, the news of a new technical civilization is winging its way among the stars."

# GULICK

by BARRY BRAZIER

It's my magazine; and I want to encourage my son. After all, Brett did some little sketches for T one time, so why can't his twin brother write a 'story'?

Joggy Kite, a Russian scientist, was walking across a field when he saw a green thing fall into a chimney of the castle. He decided to investigate. When he opened the door, he stared at the bugged eyes of three frogs. In an instant the little green creatures soared up through the chimney. Professor Kite ran outside and saw the frogs climbing higher and higher into the sky until he no longer could see them.

Kite got very curious about how these frogs could jump higher than a building, so he decided to check Jumping Bay. The bay was on the north side of the old, deserted castle and was supposed to be the home of many jumping frogs. When he got to the bay, he saw a thin layer of a purple substance two feet under the water. He took some of it back to his laboratory to run some tests on it. This was in the year 1922.

In 1947 Professor Kite was getting old, but he had his answer to his study of this purplish substance. 3.51 ounces of gulick (purplish substance) for every pound, had to be consumed to make the mass reach an altitude of 1000 feet and return safely by the cushioning effect of the foam that came out of his mouth.

In 1969 Professor Kite was building a rocket to launch to Pluto, the farthest planet from the sun. In 1973 the rocket was completed. Reporters asked Kite, "What is the main reason for sending the rocket to Pluto?" He said: "I understand that there might be larger quantities of gulick on that planet."

Today the rocket is being launched, and the countdown has already begun. 3,2,1, and the rocket begins to ascend into the sky. "Wait, wait," said Kite, and he pulls out some of the gulick in a bottle, and gulps down the purplish substance.

As he did so, he jumped up and was never seen again.

AH SF!

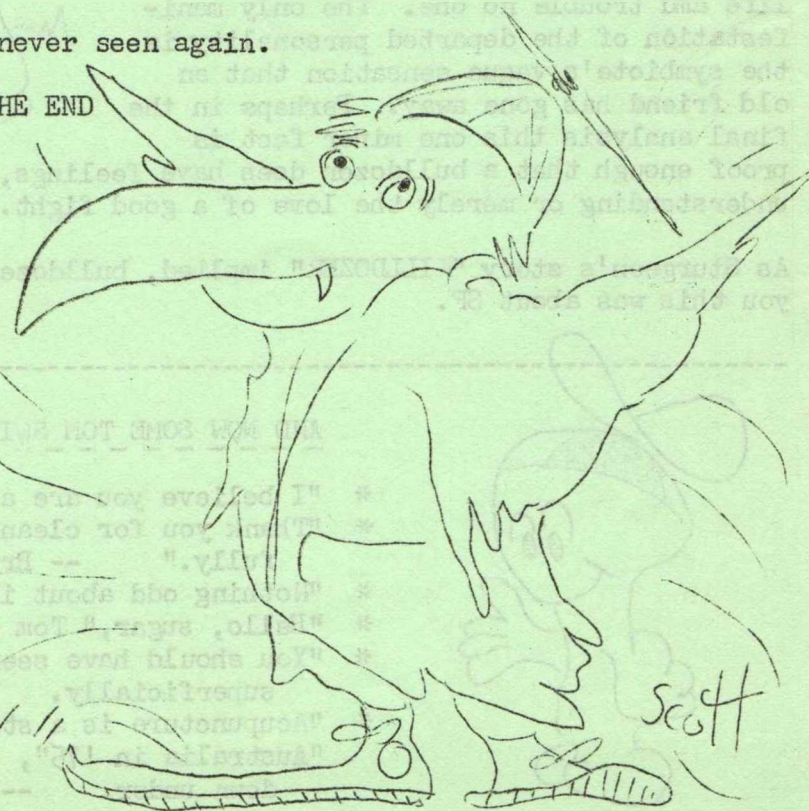
THE END

BLITHE,

SPIRIT

"TOUCAN

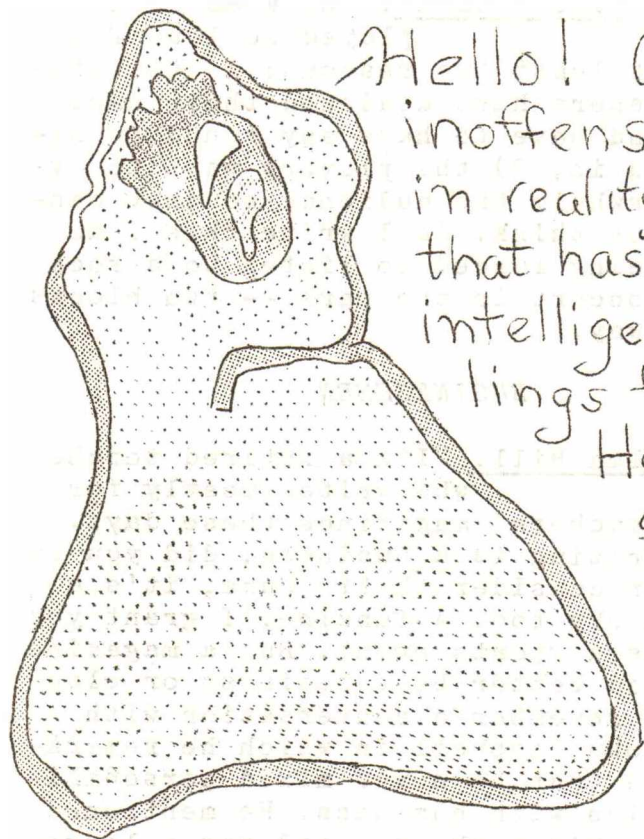
FAN"





# WINTAGE VINE

p39



Hello! While I may look like an inoffensive and helpless slug - I am, in reality, the savior of our alien race that has been trying to establish intelligent contact with you Earthlings for millions of years. Hear me, all of you Bug stompers, your doom is nigh. We will be slaughtered no longer!  
(Marci Helms)

## ILIKE WHAT I LIKE

Cy Chauvin: "Re Jim Meadows' 'I like what I like': it's nice to know what a person likes but it is more interesting to know why a person likes what he likes. Why, for instance, does Donn Brazier like wild pickles and beer? The search for an answer to that weighty question could make for much rich speculation and discussion, all of which would be ignored if we settled for Jim's simplistic 'I like what I like'. (Besides, I have an insatiable curiosity.)"

Dave Szurek: "I like Leavitt's and Meadows' denial of true objectivity. We can't really know anything for sure; of that I am certain. As for 'I know what I like' -- it's the basis for all aesthetic judgements (including those who say 'I know what I'm supposed to like'). Deciding that 'red' or 'blue' is the 'absolute' best is merely pretentious. If there are standards, what makes one so certain those standards are good (as an 'absolute'?)"

## THREE FOR DINNER

Railee Bothman: "Everyone has been picking '3 guests for dinner' but no one mentions what they would serve. I think that would be relevant."

Tim C. Marion: "How about Jesus, Conan, and Bokonon? Or more specifically - Jesus, R. E. Howard, and Kurt Vonnegut."

Hank Jewel: "As a new reader of TITLE, I had my first exposure to THREE FOR DINNER in T 13. Anyway, I would invite H.G. Wells, C. Wright Mills, and Humphrey Bogart to my dinner party."

Bill Breiding: "Clifford D. Simak and George McDonald, and John Muir."

## INCHWORM

James Hall: "I object to Grady's revision. It is ludicrous that knowledge could magnify the perception of beauty. Man perceives beauty through his emotional make-up."



## SCIENTOLOGY

Terry Lee Dale: "Your answer to the Scientology people was perfect. Your remarks about the use of copyrighted material especially hit home. Think what it'd mean to Christendom if The Bible were copyrighted? I already think that the churches have been given too much of a break in terms of taxes, let alone having copyrights. 'Sides, isn't it strange that Hubbard became a millionaire with his philosophy and didn't try to use his funds to build up his following unselfishly?"

Matthew Schneck: "I was walking down Tottenham Court Road in London on vacation this April, and I saw this sign that advertised 'Free Personality Test.' My curiosity aroused, I walked in and --you guessed it -- a Scientology place. This very earnest young lady tried to sell me on the Cause. Seizing the moment, I did a little prosyltizing of my own. I told her all about Herbangelism, an obscure religion invented by some bored LA-area fen who teach that the Universe was created by the Lord Herbie. I'm afraid she remained unconvinced. Still, it was a good tactic, that of dealing with a weirdo by pretending to be even weirder. Just trying is half the fun."

Claire Beck: "Good going on that Scientology why gold in a house of worship bit!"

## WHY ROCK MUSIC IS FULL VOLUME

Tim C. Marion: "Mike Shoemaker asked the question. If I keep it at half volume, I might miss a lot of things; there are all sorts of little things you can catch at full volume. Also, if you turn it up loud it fills your mind, and there's room for nothing else, and you fortunately can't hear the phone ringing. I do this for any kind of music I like. Folk, classical, rock, whatever. I can hear much keener after I have done this"

Railee Bothman: "Rock music is played so loud for at least two reasons: 1) the listeners have deadened their ears and have to have any sound pounded in; 2) the players want to overwhelm the audience so they cannot think. As I write this I am being forced to listen to a rock concert in the park -- two blocks away."

## BUSINESSMEN

Alma Hill: "I'm a retired teacher who writes mostly for teachers' magazines these days. Writing is a business, did you ever consider that? Sure, it's a hobby too. A fanzine, I grant you, is a sports event. But a magazine had better be a business or else. I remember a conversation with John Campbell in which he remarked that he never mixed personalities with business. He mentioned a writer who he said was a louse, 'but I buy his stories'. Higher justice at work; responsibility for more than his personal feelings. Plenty are in business but don't do it right; they don't belong. When we see a person do an evil thing in the course of business, do we approve or disapprove? The things we admire are the things we set up as standards. So don't let's take substandard cases for normal data."

## SWINGING

Jackie Franke: "Definitely, swinging gently has an effect on fantasizing. Even a mundane rocking chair will help, to-and-fro not as effective as side-to-side. When falling asleep at times a spinning sensation makes me feel like I'm being drawn into the throat of a whirlpool..gently and I don't feel dizzy. I always have more vivid than usual dreams then." ((I used to get this at slumber-drop-off-time when I was a youngster, but it has disappeared. Anyone have an explanation for either swinging or whirlpool effect?))



# CONTEXT

BECAUSE SOME LETTERS DEFY CATEGORIZATION OR THE MOLECULE IS GREATER THAN THE SUM OF ITS ATOMS

Dear Donn:

May 3, 1973

TITLE has brought me at least three other fanzines:

ARMAGEDDON  
KWALHIOQUA  
TENT

resulting in 2 letter exchanges:

+++

Ed Cagle  
Douglas Leingang

Except for Roy Tackett's FFM, I guess TITLE is the first fan magazine to publish anything of mine in more than thirty years, followed by:

KWALHIOQUA  
TENT

+++

DIASPAR

TITLE brought at least one inquiry: (Hank Jewel) regarding Roy Squires.

+++

Because of TITLE I've read 2 books that I might not have read otherwise: MURDER IN THE SYNAGOGUE by T. V. LoCicero

THE COMING RACE by Edward Bulwer-Lytton first Baron L.

+++

As a result of reading Bulwer-Lytton's book, I also read some stuff by Max Muller. I'll always be grateful to you for this.

+++

I'd like to see a page-top review of Carlos Castaneda's A SEPARATE REALITY.

+++

I'd like to read an interview/biog of Everett Bleiler.

+++

I usually read the last page first so the first page with Tom Mullen in was the one where he asked about Henry Hasse ((Claire sent a Hasse bibliography..)) and that was the last page I read before I mailed him the list. The first page I read after that was the page before the last page I read before reading it, and that was the first page & last page that had his change of address on it. So a tip of the old hat to the US postal service if he gets it anyway.

+++

I had a copy of FUTURE SHOCK in hard cover, but I lent it to someone before I read it & she never returned it. I did see her on the street once after that, but she didn't look like anything was wrong or anything.

+++

Hope JF keeps on illustrating Br.Brfs. - Bet RH liked that SB cover illo on #15.

+++

That still leaves other categories.

((from Claire Beck  
P.O. Box 27  
Lakeport, Calif 95453 ))



May 12  
and May 21

Ahem, well, T 14 came yesterday.

Some how I never know what to say in regards to TITLE. Perhaps, then it would be best to keep my mouth shut? I dunno. The cover was fantastic! Though some how I got the idea that it didn't give justice to the original. ((It did.)) This issue of T seemed more calm, or is that possible. I won't make any heavy jugements until I find out whether you're going to keep me on your mailing list. But once I know either way, then I can let it all go, can't you hear the wind blowing? I've been thinking that perhaps I'll become known as the greatest Mr. Fan mis-speller and typoer in recorded history (recorded? Dunno.) But I swear that I can think better on the typer than when I write by hand. Don't know exactly why this is.

Yea Ghods! I just spillt some watter all over the page (9) I was pondering over. Thats what I get for trying to make my room smell lovly with lilacs. Which didn't work anyway. It got spilt all over ed cagle. Gee -- do you think he felt it? Don Ayres seems to be an interesting chap. Why do you insist on having so many "to be continueds"??? One or two i find all right. But you had three! your getting a little out of hand. watch your step. Big Brother is watching. Can I wind?

Intresting to see what all the weirdos are like in real life in "mundaniac". Is this all true??? ((Yes, as far as I know from what I get sent.)) Title soup, by ye old bone, mixed for flavor. True. you are a scrapbook of the most excoitic kind. ((Careful there! Was that really a misspelling, or do you know what happens to "ye old bones"?)) Think: what would happen if you didn't exsist? There would be one large and rather tedious gap in the cosmos. Like there was before? ((Praise like that sure does keep you on my mailing list, fella!))

What do people write when they write you locs? is there a certain kind that you get the most of?? Do I tend to loc what is in the zine? To me it doesn't seem like it. sheesh... there is so much in T i never know what is what when the next issue comes out.

Page 9 has seemingly dried without any damage, 'cept that the paper is sort of crinkly. Least it wasn't the cover, which was magnifacent!!!

((from Bill Breiding  
Rt#1 Box 60  
Green Bank, W. Va. 24944))

*((In these letters I am trying to preserve the 'format', even if I have to condense somewhat, to give the aura of the letter-writer. The one following, though there have been many more recent letters from Rose Hogue since this March 19 effort, has the Hogue-ish aura.))*

Dear Donn,  
Hi!

Just got your letter this am and decided I'd bestest answer it this very instant-- hope you don't mind me having read Kwalhioqua first.

Glad to see you dated DASHS ((David Shank)) letter -- I've heard from him since then and assume he isn't completely going gafia. Does Ed really talk like someone with a mouthful of pickles?? ((To put it mildly!)) Glad to see that Ben ((Indick)) enjoyed the ((Mike)) Scott sketch of him...wonder if Ben really looks like that though... ((Even more so!))

There be more than one person about who doesn't believe we landed on the moon -- I was talking to some old person around the corner at the



bus stop one day and she thought the whole thing a sham.

Is Jim Kennedy really a "Lord"??

Dedicating an issue to the 'women in your life' -- won't your wife be a bit upset with women on the cover of the zine? ((She wouldn't be bothered with even glancing at TITLE, and as long as the women in my life remain only on the cover of a zine, she won't mind.))

Well my suggestion for keeping Shaver away didn't work I see...sorry about that. You a bit confused me -- Claire Beck is a him and he operates a crane?? I thought she was a she...Tody Kenyon -- a lovely name-- sounds like an interesting person.

Enough of these insanities -- I'm beginning to feel sane again and really do think I should zip off a zippy note to Tody and to Sheryl and to Ed and the 25 or so other people I owe letters/locs too..sigh...

Cheers,  
Rose Hogue (new address)  
16331 Golden Gate Lane  
Huntington Beach, CA 92649

((Now a newcomer to T, whose letter -- some parts of which have been excerpted for use in RAMBLINGS -- gives promise he'll be a regular 'additive': Robert J. Whitaker, 201 Liston Ave., Stanton, Delaware, 19804))

donn:

June 2, 1973

e  
a i hope that those will be the crossiest words that i will ever exchange with you. i like your fanzine. it gives a relaxed-air feeling about it, and i am for it. it is not like anything else i have encountered in fandom. sometimes it is hard to reply to some fanzines, due to the enormosity of the fanzine's subjects. while the pages in title have a large number of subjects, it does not seem hard to get lost. there are little bits of mental bubble gum for everyone to chew.

i once asked darrell schweitzer if he was superstitious. he said no. his reason? 'It's bad luck to be superstitious.'

i am wondering what doctor wertham thinks of today's comics. are they any improvement over the material that was offered in the bygone years? or not at all? (not underground comics, which are put out, i am sure, to befuddle the doctor.)

there's a lot to be said about nothing, and for the life of me, i am unable to think up something to say about it.

who would be the first person to say that HPLovecraft's work was going to outlast the work of james blish? it probably will happen. blish does not enclose that much within his writings to give it a strange emotional frission to encourage the reader to hunt for more of his writings. it is odd, since blish is obviously the better writer.

the school systems of today are set up in such a way that a moron with a good memory can pass with good marks and a creative genius with a poor memory will fail.

there are always opposites.

peace be with ye

enclosed is a buck!

from, Robert J. Whitaker



- SCIENCE FICTION ECHO, Moebius Trip Library #17, 75¢, paperback size and format, 200pp mimeo, Edward C. Connor, 1805 N. Gale, Peoria, Ill. 61604. An exciting format & your ed is fortunate to have a slight thing in this new format. Ed continues with lots of variety, and probably the best LoC column in the business. Get it. Other titlers in the book: Walker, Ayres, Strelkov, Shoemaker, Indick and scads in the letter columns including Leigh Couch, Rose Hogue, Ed Cagle, and more.
- KWALHIOQUA, #7, usual, any donations (subs) will go to the Mae Strelkov fund, mimeo, 40pp, Ed Cagle, Rt #1, Leon, Kansas 67074. Mature whimsy & facts; lots of foreign contributors; a Jackie Franke nude apparently leaning on 'Donn Brazier' who has written one of his goofy pieces. This zine is not for the sf-only fan; the mark of Cagle is on everything and his forte is people and places; and the contributors are in his bag. Full of titlers, naturally. Get it. Monthly.
- YANDRO, #220, 50¢, mimeo/offset?? (looks so good I can't tell), 42pp, Robert & Juanita Coulson, Rt 3, Hartford City, Indiana 47348. The zine for book and fmz reviews, plus another excellent lettercol and articles - good one for part-time writers by Joe Hensley. Get it.
- BWEEK #18 (formerly half of Amoeboid Scunge), usual or 5/40¢, always about 4-6 pp but comes out every two-weeks, mimeo, Seth McEvoy, Box 268, E. Lansing, Mich. 48823. News, hoaxes, humor. A surprise in every issue. Get it.
- MAYBE #26 & #27 (since odd issues differ from even-numbered issues in content), 50¢ trade/printed contrib not a LoC, 26/20pp, offset, Irvin Koch, c/o 835 Chatt.Bk. Bldg., Chattanooga, Tenn. 37402, bi-monthly. #26 news/reviews etc; #27 articles and stuff about sub-fandoms. Odd surprises pop up all over the zine, requiring that the reader read every word even under sometimes crowded conditions. Get it.

Well, those five are the zines, now current, that I have a distinct feeling of waiting for; that in no way says that there aren't other excellent zines, but the above all have a friendly unpretentiousness and avoid the look of the semi-pro or prozine. If your taste runs toward beautiful art, comic strips, and professional layouts you might try some of the zines that follow. Others that follow may have 1) promise 2) excellence but in scanty pages or 3) personalzine or clubzine slants.

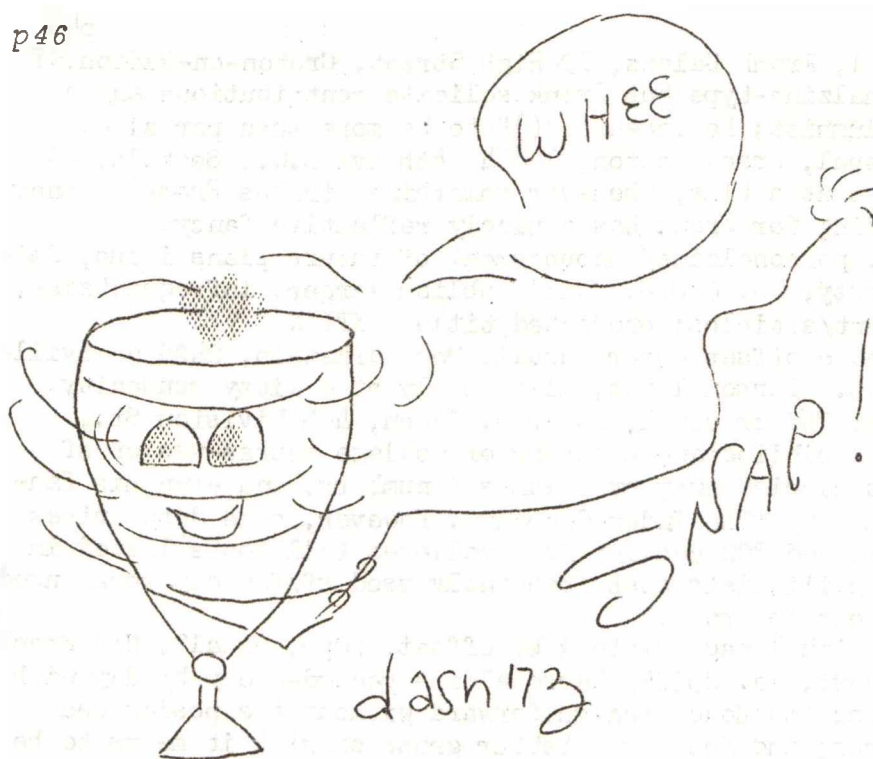
- TINKUN 4, 8pps, hekto, 'send a LoC', Mae Strelkov, Casilla de Correo 55, Jesus Maria, Cordoba, Argentina. Mae is learning how to ditto, but plans on switching to a handset type press; limited production right now; personalzine.
- TAMLACHT #17, offset, 22pp, 3 times/yr, 25¢, Victor Boruta, 11 W. Linden Ave., Linden NJ 07036. Fantasy/weird/s&s fandom. Beautiful drawings by Mae Strelkov to illustrate her article which is fascinating and semi-Shaverish.
- ADRENALIN #1, ditto, 8pp, usual or 25¢, John Carl, 3750 Green Lane, Butte, Montana, 59701. Editorial, a piece each in a humorous vein from Cagle & Brazier, and some fmz reviews. TITLE was beat out by KWALA in the ratings. Get it anyway!
- INWORLDS #5, mimeo, 10pp, 25¢ & usual, Bill Bowers, PO Box 148, Wadsworth, Ohio, 44281. Fanzine reviews, monthly coverage; and didn't review or list TITLE! This is scheduled to be the next-to-last issue with something different coming...
- TENT #2, 8pp, mimeo, (final issue!), Douglas Leingang, PO Box 21328 LSU, Baton Rouge, La. 70803. Featured Cagle's 'Honey Badger' and Brazier's 'Brass Knuckles Turn Green on Mars But Put them out in a Sandstorm for Burnishing.' Cagle/Brazier are disclaiming any credit for the demise of TENT; too bad it folded even if the mimeo work appeared to have been perpetrated by an aardvaark (or turtle).
- POWERMAD, #1, mimeo, 6pp, personalzine, Bruce Arthurs Sp4, 57 Trans Co, Fort Lee, VA 23801. Interesting variety of sf and fannish things. Kind of apa-ish.
- KRATOPHANY #3, mimeo, 30pp, 50¢ or usual, Eli Cohen, 417 W. 118 St. Apt 63, New York NY 10027. Neat format with offset comic/art section; again the editor's sercon discussion of FTL travel is the best of the issue.

I would have placed THE ANYTHING THING up above in the group 'waited-for', but the co-editors are going to go separate ways, and though there's supposed to be one more issue coming up, TAT is kaput. Too bad. However, Frank Balazs has another entry.....



- PARENTHESIS #1, mimeo, 8pp, usual, Frank Balazs, 19 High Street, Croton-on-Hudson, NY 10520. First issue personalzine-type but Frank solicits contributions and a regular (or irregular) columnist; he intends "()" to be more than perszine.
- BY OWL LIGHT #1, mimeo, 6pp, usual, Frank Denton, 14654 8th Ave S.W., Seattle, WA, 98166. Late at night, dabs at a time, whenever something strikes Frank's fancy; makes for interesting reading for Frank has a nicely reflective fancy.
- ZOT #5, mimeo, final issue, 8pp, personalzine/announcement of future plans issue, Jeffrey May, P.O. Box 68, Liberty, Mo. 64068. Will publish larger, infrequentzine, with contris of stories/art/articles; projected title, IXTLAN.
- TANDSTIKKERZEITUNG #2, 8pp mimeo & offset cover, usual, Don Markstein, 2425 Nashville Ave. New Orleans, La. 70115. Personalzine, mixture sly sf & witty mundanity.
- ECCE, #2, mimeo?, half-size, 40pp, 75¢ or usual, Roger D. Sween, 465 Division St., Platteville, Wis. 53818. A bibliographic survey of college course-use of sf is another 40pps. Sween is carried away by volumes & numbers, and even his fanzine is Volume 2 No.1 issued by 'The Index Company'. However, some data arises from this emphasis: he received 300 replies from colleges (all books listed in this issue) and table on p.iii lists most frequently used sf/fantasy works used and shows CHILDHOOD'S END out in front.
- IT COMES IN THE MAIL #4, mimeo with 1 page ditto & bc offset, 20pp, usual?, Ned Brooks 713 Paul Street, Newport News, Va. 23605. Personalzine recorded day by day with news/fmz/etc. that Ned gets; and done straightforward without the posing and calculation of Geis' efforts; and Ned has a better grasp on what it means to be interesting and genuine at the same time.
- ERG #43, mimeo, 22pp, 4/\$1, Terry Jeeves, 230 Bannerdale Rd. Sheffield S11 9FE Eng. A genzine that covers all the usual bases.
- EGG #7, mimeo, 26pp, usual or 35¢, Peter Roberts, 87 West Town Lane, Bristol, BS4 5DZ United Kingdom. (Am. agent, Seth McEvoy). Fannish aardvark zine.
- SANDWORM #19, mimeo, 20pp, contris/trade/or 50¢, Bob Vardeman, PO Box 11352, Albuquerque, NM 87112. A genzine with lots of Bob's personality within.
- PREHENSILE #7&8 combined, supermimeo, 40pp, usual or 35¢, Mike Glyer, 14974 Osceola St., Sylmar, Calif. 91342. Actually I really should have put this up at the beginning because it's so much like Moebius Trip in content. Get it.
- AWRY #4, mimeo/offset, 36pp, usual or 48¢, Dave Locke, 915 Mt. Olive Dr., #9, Duarte, Calif. 91010. Humor & LoCzine with categories. "A fanzine devoted to motivational studies on the effects of ephemeral literature as it relates to neofans who wear glasses."
- THE PASSING PARADE #3, mimeo, 24pp, usual or 25¢, Milton Stevens, 9849 Tabor St #3 Los Angeles, CA 90034. Fannish personalzine of news and reviews.
- OUTWORLDS #15, offset, 80pps, Bill & Joan Bowers, address given above for INWORLDS. For 75¢ you get a wondrous layout with fancy (& tricky) cover folds of artwork in quantity, half-sheet inserts; professional. Content is an odd mixture of literary and fannish. INWORLDS is more fun for me because, in my humble efforts in fandom, I can relate more to it than what is probably something as topnotch as this. But, then, I feel the same way about Shakespeare.
- GODLESS #3, offset, 18pp, usual or 40¢, Bruce Arthurs, address previously given. LoCs, reviews and personalzine.
- DILEMMA #1, mimeo, 6pp, Jackie Franke, Box 51-A RR2, Beecher, Ill 60401. Personalzine with reviews. TITLE is described as "a brash, young upstart." My mental computer lit a flashing red bulb and whacked out, "That means 'lively'!" Thank you, and let's have more DILEMMAs even if Cagle did the mimeographing for you!
- NO #13, mimeo, 36pp, usual or 25¢, Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd., Minneapolis, Minn. 55417. Always something interesting; fannish, sercon, humor, LoCs.
- ABORATION #2, mimeo/offset, 26pp, usual or 40¢, Greg Burton, PO Box 69, Ocean Park, Wash. 98640. Layout experiments & art; excellent. Northwest fmz only reviewed.
- TABEBUIAN #3, offset, mini-size, 16pp, editorial staff, Box 374-Grove, Miami, Fla 33133. Usual or two 8¢ stamps. Full of puzzles, oddities, psychology, some of which I wish had been in TITLE because I like that sort of stuff; see the page 12 piece on "Destonology" or p.3 on trying to find a sane man secreted in an insane asylum which tells about a SCIENCE article I clipped to write about and never did. Not sfish, but things I would think you'd all like. Get it.





Lord Jim Kennedy, on an airport layover June 5, surprised me with a phone call; there wasn't time to see him. He was back through on June 14, but I was out unfortunately. I had hoped to see him; even had my portable recorder handy to capture the "Lord Jim's" immortal words! He's got the round robin that several titlers worked on. He is doing HYENA for Dave Szurek, and mentioned his new zine, DEGENERATE, which I haven't seen.

Two days after VERTEX 1 arrived, VERTEX 2 made

its surprising appearance. Since this barely happened, I have not had time to read any of it; in fact, not even the time to look it over very well. However, the "package" is excellent, with mixture of fact and fancy much resembling this humble effort.

I'd like to mention Dr. Fredric Wertham's book, THE WORLD OF FANZINES, which is due out in November from Southern Illinois University Press, P.O. Box 3697, Carbondale, Ill. 62901. The book is scheduled to be ready in early October and review copies may be obtained from MRS. MARY L. SMITH, same address. There might possibly be a drawing (as one of 40) from TITLE, but the book was locked up before Wertham knew anything about this fanzine. The book of 208 pages is priced at \$10.

Got a notice of FIRST FACT & FANTASY FUTURE FAIR to be held at Western Washington State College, at Bellingham, July 20-21. Main speaker is Harlan Ellison and Ursula LeGuin is Guest of Honor. Registration deadline is July 13 (\$5) and housing is available on campus for \$4/night. Pauline Palmer, a titler resident, hints that I come, but a week later I will be going to California; perhaps, if we're lucky, Pauline will send TITLE a report.

Sometime this month of June, the 1000th piece of first class mail will arrive for TITLE (June 18 - 957). Some sort of award will be made to the writer of that letter; until I see who that might be I will not decide on the nature of that award. All I can say at this time -- it won't be a heck of a lot!

I must mention a spiral-bound booklet of text and photographs by Dr. M. V. Fox of the Psychology Department, Washington University, called THE WAYS OF THE WOLF. Dr. Fox spoke at my museum several years ago on the subject of the wolf, particularly the canid's body language and social organization (a subject that he presented on TV nationally a year or so ago.) In this book he quotes an Indian Chief (1856) who that long ago said the whiteman claims the world for himself and fails to see that he himself is an integral part of that world. Dr. Fox says that man is linked with wolf and all of nature; not to understand is disastrous.

Change of Addresses:

Until Jul 27 Matthew Schneck will be c/o Dr. Thoff, Bozenerstr. 45 Osnabrück, W. Germany and after that, I think, Wilson Hall, Northfield School, Northfield, Massachusetts.

Gary Grady is joining the Navy, and so for the time being mail should be sent to his wife's mother's address which is, 702 Francis Marion Dr., Wilmington, NC 28401.

At this writing, Don Ayres ???

Don Blyly this summer is at 1027 Maple #3 Terre Haute, Ind. 47804

Ann Chamberlain, 3464 Wilson Ave. #C Oakland, Calif 94602

Rose Hogue, 16331 Golden Gate Lane, Huntington Beach, Calif 92649

Over my left shoulder hangs something which probably has a special name, but I can only call it a poster or wall-hanging, and yet it is neither either and some of each. It has a stylized polkadot sun and a rainbow over it with a quote from Albert Einstein below that says: "The most beautiful thing we can experience is the mysterious. It is the source of all true art and science. Then follows about two feet of plain white with embossed designs, among which are fish and plants. This came to me without a postmark and without a return address but I detectiveized from a Z with a dash through its vertical that Sheryl Birkhead thought I'd like this. She is entirely correct. Thank you, Sheryl!

This weekend I am going to Cincinnati to attend the Midwestcon. Ed Cagle was going to give me a ride, but he now has other plans and won't be able to go. For those who suspected that somehow he and I were one and the same, my chance to prove otherwise is now kaput.

THIS ISSUE DEDICATED TO THE FAMED WHO FIRST ACCEPTED SOME OF MY WRITING -ABOUT 37 YEARS AGO IN the science fiction critic -- MR. CLAIRE BECK

THE MAE STRELKOV FRIENDS FUND

This fundraising organization is chaired by Joan Bowers and Susan Glicksohn. It's purpose: to get \$700 for airfare for Mae Strelkov from Argentina by May 1, 1974. Cash or materials for auction via the pages of INworlds. Help Mae attend the Worldcon in Washington, D.C. As of May 1, 1973 the fund stands at \$193.00. Checks made payable to Joan and sent to PO Box 148, Wadsworth, Ohio, 44281.

TITLE #16 Available for the usual  
Limited circulation desired

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