

THE BARBEQUE PIT #17 AUGUST 73

Donn Brazier 1455 Fawnvalley Dr. St. Louis (Des Peres), Missouri, 63131

RETRACTION: Page 43 of T 16 reported that my wife never read TITLE; since I found out Betty saw that note, and an impossibility unless she does take a glance at T, I hereby retract my snidish remark and respectfully admit to the error of my ways.

This issue is one page shorter than the usual 'monthly', and not so up-to-date as some issues because I (and family) will be leaving for California July 19 and will be gone a month. That means T-#18 will have to be somewhat prepared before I go because it is due out September 1. Thus, if you will bear with me on typical reader/quotes shortage, we'll be back in the groove for T 19.

FIRST TWO REPLIES IN TO TITLE 16:

Ben Indick - June 28

Richard S. Shaver - June 31

I do not care for conreports; so, I did attend the Midwestcon at Cincinnati with about 250 registered. Biggest disappointment was that Ed Cagle didn't accompany me or show up. In fact, I have decided that conventions, unless localized to my stamping ground, are not for me, and that I should confine myself to being a fanzine fan. I met too briefly certain fine fans and authors, but, frankly, I need more 'rubbing together' time, and cannot extract from a 3 minute smile and how-are-you conversation enough of the satisfaction that my bottled-up desire needs. End of confession.

THIS ISSUE OF TITLE DEDICATED TO:

Karen Burgett shiny neofan
John Carl tarnished neofan
Richard S. Shaver mysterious nofan
Ann Chamberlain motorbike rider
Seth McEvoy future pro
andy offutt BNF & pro & one of
those people I wanted to
trip and hold captive at
Midwestcon.
and everyone

Must Explain the Ann Chamberlain Motorbike Reference:

"Hey-y!" she writes 6/29, "I've had my first motorbike ride. They thought I'd be scared but I wasn't. Glynn (my son-in-law) thought I should see what it's like before I started doing wheelies on my wheelchair." Frankly, this information gave me one of those ORs that FUTURE SHOCK describes where the eyes open, the breath spurts, and the adrenalin pours.

CoAs:

Jim Meadows 31 Apple Court
Park Forest, Ill. 60466
Chris Hulse 955 Ellis Court
Eugene, Ore. 97405
Roger Sween P.O. Box 351
Platteville, Wis. 53818
Don Ayres 2020 W. Manor Parkway
Peoria, Ill. 61604

New Reader

Addresses not given in TITLE #12 or #16

Paul Anderson 21 Mulga Rd, Hawthorndene
SA 5051 Australia
Karen Burgett 2952 Hallmark
St. Louis, Mo. 63125
Tony Cvetko 29415 Parkwood Dr.
Wickliffe, Ohio 44092
Malcolm Graham 8219 Berry Creek Dr.
San Antonio, Texas 78218
Warren Johnson 131 Harrison St.
Geneva, Ill. 60134
Tody Kenyon Whitney Animal Laboratories,
Aurora, NY 13026
Nesha Kovalick 891 12 St.
Boulder, Col. 80302
Bill Marsh 1119 Cedar St.
Carson City, Nev. 89701
Sandra Miesel 8744 N. Pennsylvania St
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Alton, Ill. 62002
Matthew Tepper 535 Ocean Ave #2B
Santa Monica, Calif 90402

RAMBLING IN THE SF PATCH

Elaine White: "McEvoy should have expected that ending on ANDROMEDA STRAIN. Such things must end at least slightly happily ever after, and to hell with scientific sense. Even scientifically ignorant people like myself realized that the ending was a bit too pat. Also, patness is not generally considered good literary form..but then, when were movie producers ever noted for literary form?"

Ben Indick: "Cheers for Norman and Paul for knocking that dullsville film SILENT RUNNING. I have knocked it consistently, but fans are enamoured of its pretty miniatures. I'll take INVASION OF BODY SNATCHERS which has barely a moment of fantasy."

Matthew Schneck: "Regarding music and sf, I only hear three types at all connected with sf: 1) loud, dramatic, late Romantic pieces a la THE PLANETS or ALSO SPRACH ZARATHUSTRA, 2) modern, atonal music a la those weird chimy sounds one connects with the vastness of space or alien landscapes, 3) very, very hard rock. Have you any ideas for a jazz-inspired sf score (nothing atonal, please)." ((I've been thinking, trying to reconcile the discrete pulses of jazz with the flowing sweep of a rocket takeoff or an alien vista, and I give up! Perhaps to some Fredric Brown or Nelson Bond kind of story dealing with time acceleration or sensory oddities...))

Dave Szurek: "Buzz Dixon liked POSEIDON ADVENTURE, huh? It was entertaining, and the special effects deserve mention. The script, however, was one of the campiest things I've ever seen - all the old cliches, laughable dialogue, equally funny characterizations. Shelley Winter's death scene was so corny that, in order to keep from laughing aloud, I excused myself to smoke a cigarette in the john."

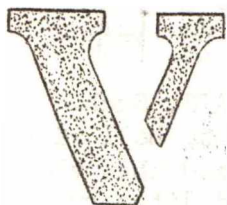
John Robinson: "Stf-inal development follows the sunspot cycle the late John Carnell said. Let's try something. 1926-37 Adventure; 1938-49 Technological; 1949-60 Sociological; 1960-71 New Wave (I call it Muddle Wave). I don't get the 11.2 exactly. It would be interesting to see where that corresponds to the cycle. Do peaks occur during the great flare-ups? Or do new crops of writers appear during the lulls? The only Golden Age occurs during the first 2-5 years of SF reading as the madness digs in; also, during the period of neofandom before it is discovered that a new crowd has arrived and one is a fullfledged fan."

Sheryl Birkhead: "I enjoy a lot of Ellison's writing -- just (apparently) none of the stuff everyone else raves about. The section on the death of his dog (in some story about a bird?) had me in tears, but I didn't like the story - just that section. Obviously he can write."

Murray Moore: "I haven't enjoyed an issue of an sf magazine ((VERTEX #1)) so much since my neohood. I don't read serials in magazines anymore. There is quite enough in paperback that I don't get around to. If the serial is exceptional, it will come out in paperback and be the object of widespread discussion. I cannot banish the feeling that perhaps the serial version is not the whole version, and that the paperback edition will certainly be the true version. True or not, I have this idea at the back of my head that they might be cut in the magazines."

Hank Jewel: "I just finished reading THE MIND OF MR. SOAMES by Charles Eric Maine. This book, published in 1961, was the basis for an English movie of the same title released in 1969. I missed the movie but finally got a copy of the book. It addresses itself to the following situation: John Soames was, strictly speaking, alive and had been for thirty years. But by some trick of fate he had never been conscious. Then suddenly he was made conscious by brain surgery. The book takes it from there."

Gary Grady: "An incensed minister has published an irate reply to von Daniken's silly book CHARIOTS OF THE GODS. Called CRASH GO THE CHARIOTS it explains everything by more reasonable (and, surprisingly, not overly religious) means. I have only skimmed the book but I've been told it leaves a lot to be desired also."



vectors

consisting of two dimensions
the guy or gal who directed....and
the guy or gal who took the blast!
(all in good fun...) or bouquet?

Roy Tackett: "Ah, Al Jackson is beginning to mix science with mysticism. Al is a damned nice chap, by the way. He gave a fine talk at Bubonicon. It was Bubonicon's entire program." ((and later in the same letter)) "And Paul Walker.... Donn, anybody who says science is irrelevant, either in toto or to him personally, is a fool." ((And later)) "Claire Beck hit a nerve. His 'The hibachi. In Japan this is called a blaziel.' I looked at that a long time before it dawned on me. When it did, it jarred. It represents the provincialism of most Americans and their ignorance of the rest of the world. 'Blaziel' equals, in Beck's mind, how a Japanese would pronounce 'brazier'. No way. The Japanese language has no 'L' sound and many Japanese find it difficult. Claire might be Craire but brazier would never be blaziel. Beck is also mixing up the stereotype Chinese of a bygone era. 'Velly good.' Oh, well, one supposes he figures that all those wogs are alike anyway."

Seth McEvoy: "Rick Wilber's article in Bill vs Troopers is basically correct -- so what? Everybody knew that! Why doesn't he write stories instead of criticism that is silly? Grump, grump."

Frank Balazs: "Shari Hulse is good. Where's she been hiding?" ((Cover of T 13))

Bill Marsh: "I'm in accord with Bruce Arthurs; TITLE isn't it as a title for your concoction. It just doesn't catch the essence of what you're doing. Unfortunately I can't suggest a really croggling alternative name at this writing. Maybe POTPOURRI. But that would probably get you stigmatized as a member of head-fandom. Blame the pun on my participating in an apa with that arch punster Vardeman....Grady's pronouncement: THE ULTIMATE PURPOSE IN ART AND SCIENCE IS EGOBOO! -- That really drives me up the walls of my padded cubicle. If I may be permitted a vulgarity for passion's sake...Bullcrap! ...truly creative geniuses in art and science have a transcendent fascination with the glory and wonder and intricacy of existence, a compulsive, overriding curiosity to ferret out the essence and truth of Being, a drive that leaves no interior room for such puerile desires as craving the applause and adulation of other, lesser motivated humans. I'm not sure that either Art or Science grow so much out of conscious human desire and purpose as they do from an intuitive, bemused seeking for and probing the Unknown. At heart I see truly scientific and artistic endeavor as the highest expressions of the religious impulse."

Tony Cvetko: "Gary Grady says the ultimate purpose of Art and Science is egoboo! Any artist wants his work to be accepted and liked. From this he gets an ego-boost. But Science? Come now, Gary. The purpose of Science is to satisfy man's curiosity. A few individuals who have fame and glory foremost in their minds are not true scientists. ... Offutt's ABC's? I suppose somebody got something out of it."

Norman Hochberg: "Tim Marion, you old dwarf you, thank you for that line -- 'Most truth is irrelevant is the reason that most lies are very relevant.' That goes on my wall. (I have this wall which is covered by classy slogans like 'The direction in which your future lies depends chiefly on whether you are facing forwards or backwards.' Classy, huh?... Jim Meadows -- 'I know what I like' is not legitimate criticism; it is a legitimate review however. There is a difference.... Where's line five of Wertham's rhyme? Arghhhh ..."

Milton F. Stevens: "Leigh Couch to the contrary, profit is one of the most interesting things in the universe. People will do almost anything for it, even if they don't need it. Acquiring it is the triumph of wit and imagination. If things are as bad as Leigh imagines them, we can always make a huge profit by trading disaster futures." ((What about people who GIVE things away? Is their profit joy?))

VECTORS (continued)

Douglas Leingang: "Ed Lesko's story 'Blues Three' was good. New wave, but good..... andrew offutt's ABC's were curious. Andy's Best Contribution."

Michael T. Shoemaker: "I don't feel up to writing a loc to SF Commentary so I thought I'd comment on TITLE." ((Duck soup, eh?)) "I can't agree with Tim Marion that 'uncertainty is Hell'. Uncertainty is better than no hope. This point is made in Dante's Inferno, where the anticipation of the Final Judgement provides some hope even for the damned, but when Judgement is over there will be no hope and no intellect for the damned (as is horrifyingly explained in Canto 10).

Eric Lindsay: "Rick Wilber's article on Bill the galactic hero was good, and something we need more of, despite the book itself being rather dated and probably unobtainable. Chris Hulse -- Regard Ned Brooks' logic as being something apart from the rest of the universe. That is, a statement about something cannot be considered to apply to itself. Like the old one about 90% of Sturgeon's law being crud. Sturgeon's Law doesn't apply to Sturgeon's Law. Ask Ken Ozanne about it -- he can tell you all about that, probably using propositional calculus that no-one can understand."((See Hulse's question, page 6, T13)). "When mentioning VERTEX and similar it might be an idea to mention the address and subscription rates." ((Yes sir! VERTEX #3 arrived four days after #2 at my house from 8060 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90046. A year's charter sub is \$6.00, USA, but \$1 more in Canada and \$2 more for foreign.))

Harry Warner, Jr.: "One other recommendation that Irvin Koch might have added to his facts on con-niving successfully: be sure the mass mailing announcing the thing goes out in plenty of time. Twice this year so far I've received announcements of regional cons after the things were over....I agree with Ben Indick's remark about blacks' concern with their criminal element. Locally, attorneys have been very reluctant to let blacks serve on a jury when they're defending a black."

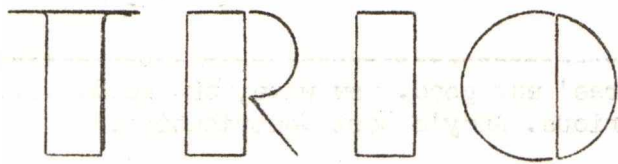
Jim Meadows III: "Hey! Don Ayres! If stalk eyes are so silly, how come snails live with them? Suppose the BEM has enemies who are low lying folk who bite off its legs? It all depends on the environment....Yay for Greg Burton! I knew I had a friend out there! (I'm talking about SF Patch right top pg 19, T15) Actually, Lovecraft is imitated because he had a very noticeable style and because he wrote pages and pages of the stuff. Lewis is more subtle and wrote less. ... You go tell Terry Lee Dale that I like Harlan Ellison. He falters at times, but with things like I HAVE NO MOUTH BUT I MUST SCREAM, and other beauties, I find him of a generally high quality. ... I can write better limericks than Fred Wertham, and my limericks are terrible."

Elst Weinstein: "I agree with Bill Marsh in QUICK QUOTZ that Title is more of a one-man-apa than a scrapbook (although that term does apply.)

Loay H. Hall: "I liked Harry Morris Jr.'s 'Surrealism and Lovecraft' ((T13)). I personally find surrealism the perfect vehicle for exalting the talentless, whether it be in art or literature. ... Andy offutt's ABC's of Nonsense is precisely what it claims to be..nonsense. As a rule, offutt I like; but not this one."

Elaine White: "Tody Kenyon sounds like a nice person to know. I like her. ... Ned Brooks is really a nice guy -- and interesting too. He's polite, funny, and outgoing." ((I hope I might meet those two some day.)) ((and you?))

Marci Helms: "While I agree with Leigh Couch that children need to have some of their behavior patterns questioned, they need alternatives to the 'what is it-- kill it' pattern pointed out. She is doing them a great disservice by trying to lessen their look-touch reflex. They need all the sensory information they can gather. Some broken things are a write-off compared to enlarging a kid's mind -- or allowing him to enlarge his perception of the world. More value to child & society in long run!"



Consisting of three selected respondents assigned to make appropriate or inappropriate response to 4 'Noted in Passings' sent in by Gary Grady.

1.

From SCIENCE DIGEST 3-73: Some mental patients are carrying around with them, NOW, emotion control boxes which -- among other things -- generate heterosexual lust in homosexuals.

ED CAGLE

TODY KENYON

Further experimentation is delayed by demonstrations by Gay Liberation, the ACLU and a court order impounding all data and equipment until pending charges regarding 17,529 rapes cases in the Milwaukee area in a 36 hour period are attributed to a definite factor. In an interview with wire service reporters, Dr. A.N. Pertvoit remarked:

"There are a number of the devices unaccounted for, yes, but we are certain the recent upswing of forcible rape in certain areas is not directly attributable to our device. Given one of our devices, providing the leads make good contact, once the recipient touches the alleged victim, forcible rape is impossible."

If I hadn't been aware that Delgade at Yale has been playing with these lust boxes in the name of research (there's a lot of hanky-panky going on in the name of research, I theenk) I would swear you made that item up - it's a marvelous idea for science-fiction; but for scientists engaging in this type of debaucherie, I say put them all in an Oragon Box! And for the poor deluded/denuded souls wandering around with these boxes, I'd advise them to know your local pusher -- those boxes can also be operated by remote control!

2.

From READER'S DIGEST 3-73: When Harrison Schmidt exclaimed, "Mama mia!" upon finding an interesting moon rock, a Roman newspaper headlined: ITALIAN SPOKEN ON MOON.

ED CAGLE

TODY KENYON

...a Rome newspaper, not a Roman newspaper, Old Bone!....

The John Birch society immediately issued a statement proclaiming NASA a subversive agency of the federal government, and launched an intensive investigation of Donald Segretti.

Italian newspapers never get things straight -- when Harrison Schmidt saw the moon rock, he thought it was a pizza; and that the moon was made of mozzzerelli (sp?) and not green cheese as we all thought -- another scientific breakthru!

3.

From READER'S DIGEST 3-73: J P Stevens has patented a fiber that changes its insulation properties. In cold weather it gets fatter. All weather suits for real are on the way.

ED CAGLE

TODY KENYON

In an interview Dr Stevens denied his preliminary research was in-

What's so great about a fiber that gets fatter in cold weather? I do

TRIO (continued)
ED CAGLE HERE

TODY KENYON HERE

spired by his ex-wife, who in allegations accused Dr Stevens of inhuman cruelty, consisting of force-feeding her from November until March, and restraining her in bondage for the purpose of sample collections.

the same thing every winter.

4.
From CHEMICAL & ENGINEERING NEWS 3-12-73: Escondido, CA will soon start making gas, fuel oil, glass, etc. from garbage when their \$4 000 000 treatment plant is finished.

ED CAGLE

TODY KENYON

CHEMICAL & ENGINEERING NEWS (I read this one, but it didn't inspire me. I think you are worthy of suspicion as a potential jokester, Old Bone.)

ESCONDIDO, CA: The Sierra Club issued a statement containing evidence that the plant's operation would not be viable without the daily inclusion of seventeen hundred sea gulls, four sea otters, one Democratic Liberal, a hair from Ted Kennedy's head, 4 ounces of Assoc. Justice Douglass' urine, four shares of ITT and 1 of ATT, thirty-two aborted fetus' from New York State, John Kenneth Galbraith's garters and Herbert Marcuse's entire published works.

That's about the first sign of real progress since the beginning of the industrial revolution! And since there's more garbage in this country than anyplace else on Earth, we should always be No. 1, never have to worry about shortages and could use it as a medium of exchange replacing the gold standard -- no more worrying about the "shrinking dollar" -- only the "stinking garbage".

One other thing -- you can't imagine how difficult it is to concentrate with a raccoon trying to de-ribbon your typewriter!

(Now you're asking, where's the third member of the TRIO ? Here he comes now! Bruce D. Arthurs responded with a story, which now follows.)

+++++++ THE ITALIANS CONQUER THE WORLD by Bruce D. Arthurs +++++++

Donald Henderson gathered his thin, patched coat around him as the chill wind drove the warmth from his bones. Not for the first time, he wished that he had a coat made from that new Italian fiber that expanded and got fatter in cold weather, making it more insulating. But, of course, he, as almost everyone in what remained of the United States, could never afford such an item.

He thought back with bitterness about when America had been the most powerful nation in the world. And then that fateful day in 1965, when the Italians announced that they had secretly landed the first man on the moon. Laughter and scorn descended upon this ridiculous claim of the Italians, until two weeks later when the lunar transmitter had been completed, and the world suddenly found all the airwaves jammed by some unknown method and only Italian programs coming in clearly.

That had just been the start, thought Henderson. The New Renaissance, it had been called. When Russia and America banded together to blast the Italians off the face of the earth for their insult to the two most

powerful nations in the world, the bombs had not burst, the guns had not fired, the tanks and jeeps had not run, and Italy subsequently became the literal Ruler of the World. War was outlawed. International finances had become stabilized. Fabulous food production had wiped out hunger, and new religiously-acceptable birth control methods had come into being. Criminals and mental patients, formerly imprisoned, now wore emotion control devices, making them productive citizens once again. And all, all of this, had come from the Italians.

No one knew why such an incredible burst of creativity should blossom forth only in the small area of the world called Italy. Even the Italians themselves did not know. But that was no reason at all not to take advantage of it.

After the So-Called War, as it had been termed, America had undergone a deep depression, mental as well as financial. Anarchy had spread like a plague, and cities burned. After things had died down a bit, the Italians had sent in relief expeditions, but they could not be everywhere at once. There were still many men like Henderson, homeless and wandering, spending their thoughts on a futile and violent hatred of the Italians. The psychiatrists had even thought up a name for it: Wop Fever.

Henderson pulled out the bottle of cheap wine he'd bought from a black marketeer. He could lose himself in drink, yes. He'd like to have a beer or whiskey, but almost all the breweries had been destroyed in the anarchy period, and wine was the only thing now available. He raised the bottle to his lips...and gagged as he saw what was printed along the bottom edge of the label:

*"MADE FROM PURE RECYCLED NATURAL PRODUCTS. BOTTLED AT THE
ESCONDIDO PLANT BY ERNEST & JULIO GALLO."*

((Let me know if you like this experiment in a more circumscribed/demand comment; and maybe you could suggest a TRIO you'd like to see?? For my next -- if there is a next -- I was thinking maybe of Douglas Leingang, Claire Beck, and Pauline Palmer....))

MADONA VAMPIRA by ADRIAN CLAIR

As in shadow-like confusion of ferns the gamekeeper wept solitary tears as the curtains of the Theatre of Mythology grated back before spectators who cared not at all whether the last door was open or shut to the many geese which wandered aimlessly with lipstick beaks. Beckoning from above to the off-stage magician, the Madona Vampira filed past empty windows only to die softly as his hollow features shattered into tiny merry-go-round replicas. Tinkling with multi-hued rainbows, a sinister smile crept across the room. A smile known to none but the seven dark priests from the sad valley of Shanook. Had she suspected this was not to occur, the coals she had carried in case of ageing might not have so badly seared her white lilac fingers. The gates of the room were now tightly bound with pine nettles, and as if in eager anticipation, the coals previously so unkind were now smooth, amazingly transparent in the shadows resembling the uncautious buildings of Notre Dame on a rainy afternoon. Without appropriate music, the uninvited circus pat-

rons slipped past the unopened coffin, finding it not more than difficult to perceive that despite her stove-like appearance the cadaver within was in truth wearing a magnificent priest's neon head-dress of beautiful bird feet; which had so long ago been misinterpreted as a one-way street. "WILL MANKIND PLEASE EXIT TO THE ENTRANCE OF IMAGINATION!" was heavily carved upon the now glowing funeral plate.

Departing from the belfrey and after having bathed in ink and soothed her fingers in vinegar, the Madona Vampira slides the plate and five cotton seeds under her awaiting carriage seat, and whipping the horses fearfully, she winds the hollow streets of ancient Paris in search for the castle on the midway with one red window opening to the sea.

livered with angry tears in "I HATE ELIZABETH RUBENSTEIN!" Poor Lizzy -- she's now a teenager, wherever she is.

Some of my currently favorite names, from my pharmacy files, are:

BATIA ZITWER (a little old Jewish lady who pronounces her first name with a charming curl, like "Bachia".)
CHARLES METH (an old man who doesn't know his last name has meaning to various speed freaks in our society.)
HAJNAL NADASY (a strangely euphonious name that belongs to a portly, very self-sufficient middle-aged woman.)

I also like rhyming names, and these are also in the files: ESTHER TESTA, ESTHER LESTER, HERMAN BURMAN, DOLORES TORRES. A great Joseph Hellerian name belongs to a local physician, DOCTOR DOKTER.

On a professional level, my prime favorite mouth-grabber is a guy who wields a mean cello, MSISLAV ROSTROPOVICH. And there is an artist named Ben Bern.

I once had a girlfriend named Ilse. She confided to me that she had always hated the thought of marrying someone whose last name began with an "I". We solved that one easily. What's in a name anyway?

NAMES by BEN INDICK

Jay Cornell, half of the Abner who wrote AMOEBOID SCUNGE, recently admitted laughing his fool head off at my description as a 'Jewish pharmacist in Teaneck, N.J.' It just seemed so ridiculous, like a stereotype which miraculously and wackily proved true.

It started me thinking that names are funny anyway. (Actually, words themselves are the villains. Words are only devices for communication, and hapless, weak things.) When my kids were small, I used to roll in the aisles over the names of their friends. I guess it wasn't the names themselves, but the deadpan seriousness with which the kids delivered them. I even used it as a gimmick for laughs in a play which was once put on in St. Louis, and was well-received, I am told. (High school prodn. A long, dead story.) My favorite name of a friend of my daughter's was a chubby little girl: ELIZABETH RUBENSTEIN. So many syllables for such a small person. Imagine it de-

GUINEVERE ABRAMOWITZ (The MD wrote it on the Rx this way, and I loved it. I think he meant GENEVIEVE ABROMOWITZ, which is nearly as bad; but the first way is better. It is sad to say that this wan, thin little woman, whose father dreamed of beauty and poetry when he first saw his daughter, is racked with cerebral palsy, and if there is beauty in her, it is all within.)

-- Xvguytschi

((In the local paper, just after I had mailed out T #16 with Ed Cagle's bulldozer article, was a human interest feature about a young fellow who, in a fit of anger, stole a bulldozer and mowed down filling stations, etc. in a 20 mile sweep across Oklahoma and two miles into Kansas. Odd coincidence? I mailed the clip to Ed because of the bulldozer and Kansas. But here, now, his name? It was, believe it or not --- LUTHER NUTTER.))

Boonie Farkings

by the boonified farker
himself.....

..... MIKE GLYER

Fanzine reviews? You'll love those by Lou Stathis in KWALAHIOQUA. In Ed Cagle's fanzine Lou has the rare capacity to confer left-handed compliments with both feet and both hands, acerbically practicing literary kung fu like the star of an oriental martial arts flick.

KWALAHIOQUA has the best collected fanwriters you can find in one place. This fanzine inspires letterhacks for AMAZING to regale his audience with tales you never knew they were capable of. Ed Cagle has both the letterhacks and the critiques -- a selection of contributors led off by Richard Delap (the only reviewer I ever saw who could get Piers Anthony so mad Piers forgot to sound decadently cynical), John Bangsund (don't believe it when they call him Chairman: Leon Taylor wuz there first), and the old pickle himself, Ed Cagle. I say that for the writing; this zine is really up there with ALGOL, GRANFALLOON and NERG.

Yet I can't talk Ed into it. In his simply mimeographed format with limited but fairly good quantities of artwork, and not talking so much about SF as just interesting things (like you'd see in TITLE), Cagle refuses to be put up on anything as precarious as a pedestal. But hell-- who pays any attention to how well a zine emulates RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY in deciding whether a zine is great? KWAL has, besides other features, the only really valuable commodity that can't be solicited: a myth-generating atmosphere. NERG had that -- and KWAL has it. Its parts turn the group contribution into something greater than the simple sum. The spirit of metaphor, nickname, anecdote, assumed attitudes, ritualized layout, and first order writing gives this zine something unique. So get it. ED CAGLE, Rt.1, Leon, KANSAS, 67074. Price? ((Usual, but until the Mae Strelkov Fund goes over the top, Ed tells me that all cash donations go to the fund.))

ENERGUMEN: Mike & Susan Glicksohn, 32 Maynard, Apt.205, Toronto, 156, Ontario, CANADA. One dollar.

The last NERG is out. And the last NERG is too funereal. For the cover they might just as well have used that painting of Socrates drinking poison -- all his disciples moaning and cringing, while ol' Soc savors the stuff with manly bravado (read: insanity). Everybody just wails and gnashes their teeth and goes down in an explosion of sentiment. It's good, but it could have been better. Mike has the best editorial he's ever written. I'm talking about style and mechanics in there, too -- his writing in his own zine has always seemed more like a LoC than an editorial. Susan is back -- a skilled fanwriter with an ability to write about anything interestingly like a Lensman 'donning the grays'. Rosemary Ulliot returns to Earth in an even-handed treatment of what her column had been. Yet they all talk about the past and the zine's demise. As a collected writings, they lay it on too thick. I compared KWAL with NERG above, and it's ironic that the light, mythic, zany quality is virtually dormant here. But not absent, for in the tributes from fanartists is the humor and silliness of old. Terry Austin's NERGUMAN strip is worth your buck alone. There's a huge folio and two smaller ones; a Barr cover finer than anything NERG has published yet perhaps. Get for the art if nothing else. I can't be too fair, I regret to say, except for the art. I just can't see doing a Forest Lawn trip for fans who will show up in another zine in just a few months.

==++==

PAPERBACK SF: A PIG IN A POKE by JOHN ROBINSON

\$\$\$¢\$\$\$

Buying an original SF novel in paperback is a lot like buying a pig in a poke. On the average I would rather buy the book for its feel and appearance than for anything the blurbs might contain.

Few SF novels that appear first in paperback are reviewed before their appearance. You may find some reviews in fanzines at about the time of appearance but that's about the limit. The reason for this is the delay between the time the reviewer receives a book and the time his review appears. Even if the publisher sends an advance copy of the book, it had better be very much in advance. There's a three month or more delay from the time a review is submitted and the time the review is printed.

I note in the last LOCUS that I received that the June SF is listed among the Forthcoming Books. Three-quarters of the books had fallen under my eyes before this list arrived in the mail. So what chance does a reviewer have? The reviews in that same issue were of books from February and March for the most part. Anything more recent was reviewed in a sketchy manner.

So how are you supposed to judge an original SF novel when you spy it on the newsstand? Well, I read the blurbs and check out the artwork, check the back of the title page to see if it is really original (and they don't always tell the truth there). I flip from chapter to chapter and skim paragraphs. I even take into account the writer's track record. But the chief method I use to determine whether or not I'm getting value for my money is to take the price on the cover and multiply that (in pennies) by two. I should get that number of pages in the book plus or minus 10, for books under \$1, and plus or minus 25, for books over \$1, except quality paperbacks.

WARNING: Check out the number of words per page (count the letter-spaces per line, multiply by the number of lines, and divide by 6 for a page count). Then total the words for the length of the novel. You should get 60,000 or more words for 95¢. Don't get tricked by publishers such as Lancer with their big print and wide spaces between lines. With this method the 75¢ book, rare but still around, should run about 150 pages; 190 pages for 95¢, and 250 pages for \$1.25. So at that rate BALLANTINE comes closer on most of its \$1.25 books than DAW for 95¢.

This assessment got me into trouble with Mrs.DAW at Boskone. She said that DAW Books bought the best books they could find, and at a rate of four books a month it should be expected that they would publish a few skinny books, at least at first. I realize that all books cannot be judged by length or weight. But the original SF paperback novel is a PIG IN A POKE! You don't know that it will be good. Not since Terry Carr wound up the ACE SF Specials Series has there been so much as a single editor who could claim a batting average over .500. And so you pays your money and takes your choice.

So when you grab that pig in a poke remember to give it a thorough feeling over. Is it big enough? Is it long enough? Does the paper have a healthy smell? (Ah, for the bygone days of the smell of pulp!) Feel it, and if it feels good or better than the other impressions you receive from it -- consider buying it!

HOOKED

"Jackie Franke nutshellized one common point for fans -- early reading. Another point which seems to be cropping up pretty frequently is the early interest in dinosaurs. I was interested in them, too."

-- Sheryl Birkhead

Leigh Couch: "My grandparents taught me to read when I was three. Summer on the farm was a long dull thing, and I pestered them into it. I learned from The Country Gentleman, seed catalogues, the family Bible (with Dore illustrations!), and some ancient novels by Miss Bunch. When I got pretty good at it (six years old) I bought every pulp mag in the local drugstore for awhile. I eventually settled down to Doc Savage, Dime Mystery, and Astounding SF. That narrowed down to SF and I have been reading all of it I can get my hands on ever since. I read other things, in fact 4-5 books a week and innumerable magazines, but SF is my addiction."

Dan Goodman: "Think I started reading SF with comix, back when I first learned to read -- Wonder Woman is the only one I can recall offhand among the early ones. Fandom? In '63, I think it was. I saw a notice Andy Porter had put up on a coffeehouse bulletin board, which led to the informal ESFA meetings -- not to be confused with a later group of the same name. That brought me to ESFA itself, then to the CONY evening session SF club, then to FISTFA -- a small sampling of the fanclubs in NYC at that time. There were a few times when I'd attend two club meetings on the same Friday night. With FISTFA, I got into APA-F -- the first weekly apa. Believe I was the first fan to publish his first zine in a local apa. Then, with a brief stay in the Bay Area, in early '69 I came to LASFS -- and in some ways had to relearn most of what I knew about fandom." ((That 'relearning' smells like a story to me. ?))

Dave Rowe: "Got interested in SF during '66 when I was leaving school. Switched to UFOs, realized there wasn't enough scientific investigation and I wasn't a scientist. Stumbled in an SF bookshop & Scicon '70, took a deeper interest in SF and after Eastercon '71 I got wound up into fandom, and have been up to my neck in it ever since." ((Dave with Bob & Mary Smith should have BLUNT out soon from 8 Park Dr., Wickford, Essex SS12 9DH, U.K. I thought I might have something in it, but the three co-editors were unanimous in their reaction toward my piece -- NO!))

Ken Ozanne: "I have been an actifan for only a little while, but I have collected SF for over 20 years and have been peripherally aware of fandom for all that time. I'm 31, so you can see that I am another of those hooked early. We Faulconbridge fen are claiming that Faulconbridge ((Australia NSW)) should be recognized as the faaanish capital of the world, with a population density of around 2 per thousand -- actifen only. Matter of fact, it's not a claim, Faulconbridge is the faaan capital. It's just that not everyone has realized it yet!" ((Eric Lindsay is the other Faulconbridge fan.))

Tony Cvetko: "My parents used to think that sf was just a passing fad with me (they disapprove of it, you know). After reading about dogs, otters, and baseball, in 5th grade I was hooked on mythology. About the middle of the 6th grade I discovered sf with the Mushroom Planet books. They started my 'love affair' with sf. I went hog wild in the library. That summer I went to the library every day and took out two books. The next day I'd bring those back and get two more. I read about 9-11 books per week. The librarians were ordering more books for me. Now I find time for 1 or 2 books per week plus all the magazines which I didn't discover until 1969. I love ANALOG."

Bill Breiding: "My brother enticed me into sf with Simak's Way Station. I've stuck with him all the way to A CHOICE OF GODS."

A TAPE ON BIO-FEEDBACK

What follows is a sort of 'lecture notes' because I jotted down a 2-page summary of a cassette tape Ned Brooks sent me April 7, 1973 and all this time I've wanted to bring the subject up in TITLE. The speaker was Dr. Green, undergrad degree in physics, work at Honeywell on such matters, and then PhD in bio-psychology 1962 Univ. of Chicago, now at the Menninger Foundation.

Physiological changes give psychological changes; and vice versa. There is a mind-body unity, and anyone should be able to induce psychosomatic health in himself. This is the basis of autogenic training which goes back to a German doctor of 1910 who, Dr. Green thinks, got his ideas from Yoga literature. Hypnotism is not the same thing for the controls are out of the hands of the patient and into a 'programmer' who may remove something, like paralysis in an arm, which is needed by the patient. The basic psychic need is still there, and though the paralysis may be gone, trouble will break out elsewhere, perhaps blindness.

Gardner Murphy suggested that biofeedback be combined with autogenic training since there didn't seem to be any way to "tell" your body what to do in a specific sense. Autogenically you could say, "I feel quite quiet." You convince yourself, and soon the body follows. But what if the task were to warm up your hands? If a thermometer attached to your finger goes down, then, whatever you were doing -- don't do it! If it goes up, great, keep doing whatever it was.

Can you raise the temperature of your finger? Yes. It takes some detachment and relaxation; no forcing. The sub-cortex has to listen to the cortex. After about 2 or 3 days of watching the thermometer you can learn how to get a 5 to 10 degree rise in a few minutes. Other things that subjects have learned quickly by watching the needles and dials: stopping muscle-cell firing, turning on and off different sorts of brain waves, and heart stoppage.

The dozing state in early morning or before going to sleep is characterized by theta brain waves. You can train yourself to get these waves without the dozing-off; you can stay fully aware and can do a lot of integration of random factors, solve problems and create.

Dr. Green told of several tests run on Swami Rama (or something like that since I had only the tape to go by). The Swami said he could control the temperature of the arteries in his wrists. Much harder than stopping the heart, he said. In the test, he caused a 9 degree temperature differential between wrists. He quickly showed he could slow his heart beat from 75 to 52. Whoever was listening to the tape when it was made, the audience, broke out into laughter when Dr. Green said the Swami, at one point in the experiments, was "calibrating the laboratory."

In the heart stoppage experiment, the heart switched from 70 to 300 per minute. The Swami said, "You know if you stop your heart, it's still fluttering and trembling in there." Dr. Green replied, "No, I didn't know that." -- audience laughter again. The charts (EEG) were taken to an unsuspecting medical doctor. Atrial flutter, the expert said. "What happened to this man?" Dr. Green said, "Nothing, he got up and went out to give a lecture."

Another man was tested because he said he could push needles through his biceps without feeling pain. Dr. Green noted that as soon as the needle touched his skin, the brain waves went from Beta to Alpha (detachment). Then the holes began to bleed but the little holes closed up like a drawstring on a tobacco sack. He was asked to try it again, without bleeding. After a pause, saying, "I need to ask and wait until the body says yes," he did.

FANZINE

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NUMBER #1 Norman Hochberg explicitly stated: "No public reviews!" He said nothing against a simple listing -- for the record. 8pp, perszine, offset. Address withheld.

KARELIA #1 D.N.Hall, 202 Taylor Ave, Crystal City, Mo. 63019 dis-
parages sf on his first page of eight with such lines
as, "I don't know the names of the flies that didn't bite the hor-
ses in The Lord of the Rings". Then, in perszine form there fol-
lows seven pages, one-side mimeo, about classical music/opera/rock
(no jazz) and nothing more about sf.

TALKING STOCK #11 Mostly by Loren MacGregor at Box 636, Seattle,
Wash 98111 with cooperation from Frank Denton
as co-editor. 12pp, perszine with outside perszine-type contribs;
mimeo; interesting comments on Loren's letter pile and fmz at hand.

THE GREEN GOMRATH #8 A 10-page apazine, Ditto, from Tim C. Marion
of 614 72 St., Newport News, Va 23605. The
apa-comments are well nigh incomprehensible except where Tim feels
expansive. Two locs of length from Darrell Schweitzer and James A
Hall; the latter laso has a satire piece on Hell.

SON OF THE WSFA JOURNAL #91,92,93 Three 10-page mimeo newszines
arriving in a period of ten
days from Don Miller, 12315 Judson Rd., Wheaton, Md 20906. Besides
local & general news, Don explains his trade policy, perhaps the
most complicated system ever devised to confuse the faned; I can
get more SOTWJs if I increase the price of TITIE. Well, I'll hold
to my reasonably losing price of 25¢ and hope for the best.

DILEMMA #2 Want to see what Jackie Franke looks like? She's the
editor/artist of her perszine; the first page has a
sketch which captures everything about her, in addition to being
beautifully composed into a triangle of Jackie cum dog and cats.
10pp, mimeo, from Box 51-A, RR 2, Beecher, Ill, 60401. Some LoCs
included; some interesting remarks about best-sellers like the
Valley of the Dolls and The Exorcist: "...a person who scoffs at
the B.S. is, consciously or not, a literate snob. Or perhaps suf-
fering from acute indigestion from an overabundance of sour grapes2.
To the "nice" magazines Jackie named in D #1 she adds Bower's OUT-
WORLDS and INWORLDS; yeah! And SANDWORM from Bob Vardeman; yeah!

OUTWORLDS #16 48 pages of class! Bill & Joan Bowers, Box 148,
Wadsworth, Ohio, 44281, the usual or 75¢. This ish
is not as weirdly formatted as the previous ish, but its crisp
readaiblity and firm layout is a delight. If you want info on the
editor/author kind of feuding that sometimes happens in pro circles
you'll surely want to read Harlan Ellison's 7-page account. This
zine and its editors (whom I met for the first time at Midwestcon)
are highly recommended.

INWORLDS #6 Same editorial office as above. Final ish; but the
policy will continue under new descriptive title:
FANZINE REVIEW. A must for the fanzine-fan. 4/\$1 & usual.

TNFF (THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN) Vol.33 No.3 News organ of the NFFF pubbed by Joanne Burger, 55 Blue Bonnet Ct., Lake Jackson, Texas, 77566. 24pp, mimeo. Biggest news is that Joe Siclari, editor of the NFFF's more genzine publication, has resigned and the N3F is looking for a replacement. If you have a mimeo and want to step into an established set-up, contact the president, Stan Woolston, 12832 Westlake St., Garden Grove, Calif, 92640.

BY OWL LIGHT #2 6-pages, mimeo, perszine from Frank Denton, 14654 8th Ave S.W. Seattle, Wash 98166. Odds & ends sf and otherwise from an editor who has an excellent command of writing style; perhaps a somewhat more conservative Ed Cagle (all of which is meant as a compliment to both men!).

ASH - WING #12 34pp, crisp mimeo & electrostencil art, genzine from Frank Denton (address above). Solicits all kinds of material (though fiction is not mentioned) and trades of Scottish Deerhound puppies. Highly recommended.

PARENTHESIS #2 12 mimeo pages from Frank Balazs, 19 High Street, Croton-on-Hudson, NY, 10520. Right now a perszine with some outside contribs used and more wanted. Norman Hochberg is quoted as forecasting a dim future for the zine -- increase in size, development of dedicated readers, mailing 3rd class, putting out a bigger ish every fourth month, "just like some editor from Des Peres". Wonder what the editor of NUMBER meant by that? It'll happen all right because Frank Balazs is a fairly young fan with a lot on the ball. I hope Norm is right.

MAYBE 28 20 pages from Irvin Koch, c/o 835 Chatt.Bk.Bldg., Chattanooga, Tenn 37402. Offset news and fanzine reviews in this ish. Excellent cover portrait of some female character who I guess I should know and don't -- by Jackie Franke.

SIRRUISH #11 46 offset pages from Railee Bothman, 1300 W. Adams, Kirkwood, Mo. 63122. The usual or 50¢ will bring you this Bagelstaff production, a genzine of art, fiction, reviews, & articles. Front and back covers of exceptional skill and conception by Jon Yaffe; some profusion of Mike Gilbert art. A phtograph of the staff "hanging out at the Ishtar Gate" shows the Yaffes, Jon and Genie; the Tiffanys, Ginger and Celia; Railee, Donn, and Leigh Couch.

NYCTALOPS #8 This ish is a must for Lovecraft fans, text, photographs; also such similar authors in the genre as Arthur Machen and Robert Bloch. Offset, 72 pages, with a full-size photo of HPL on the cover! Only \$1.00 for this big and well-done zine from Harry Morris, Jr., 500 Wellesley SE, Albuquerque, N.Mex. 87106.

ALGOL 20 Difficult to call this a fanzine; maybe it's a fprozine, pronounced "fip'-pro-zine", accent on the fip. Wraparound cover in fantasy Fabian blue. Has "Play-Alien of the North" - center fold of Astrid Anderson in a topless costume and a haughty stare (which you will notice after several long moments!). A rather rambling reminiscence of the NY Fanoclats by the editor, Andrew Porter, P.O.Box 4175, New York, NY 10017. Comes out twice yearly. 80¢ for #20; 44pp. Cordwainer Smith is explored by a number of excellent writers, and Brian Aldiss discusses SF as Empire in which he says, "Once writers realize that SF does not exist, they can write their own thing..." Oh, well... Anyway, the zine is the nearest I've seen so far to the fanzine gone prozine and highly recommended.

GORBETT 4 Has a page numbering system I don't understand; anyway, 62pp of good mimeo from David & Beth Gorman, 3515 Lauriston Dr., New Castle, Ind. 47362; 50¢, trade/published contribs. Genzine of great variety, and long LoC department. Informative & interesting article on James Tiptree, Jr. by Cy Chauvin. Recommended.

APA-H 27 The hoax-slanted apa bundle from Elst Weinstein, 7001 Park Manor Ave., North Hollywood, Calif 91605. Seems like a lot of fun. Mostly Ditto.

MUNDANIAC

Karen Burgett: "I suppose that I would be part of the 'younger' set for I am as yet only 16 yr. old. In my senior year I'll be taking a science fiction course, and two writing courses. I hope to polish up my writing skills, what little I have acquired. My greatest ambition is to become a SF writer. My 2nd is to be a SF artist. If I succeed at neither, then I hope to be either a journalist or an anthropologist."

Bill Bliss: "Now that I'm over 40, I don't keep the nose on the grindstone as much as I used to. As a crackpot inventor, I have a backlog of a trillion dollars worth of inventions & discoveries. My shop is mainly a boob tube repair facility - also radios, geetar amplifiers and electronic misc. But I let my competitors sweat blood on color and transistor stuff. One back room here (the shop used to be a four-room house) is the inner sanctum - and contains besides the office (with roll-top desk) all kinds of misc. including stacks of fanzines and a few hundred old phono records. I don't really have a lab but occasionally improvise a model of something out of the vast junk pile in the garage. I've been making contraptions for about 10 years - over 4000 of them. ((My God, Bill! Could my dad and I spend six years in your place?)) I keep tellin' people it's not a museum. Commonly drive a '39 Chrysler club coupe; I even burn white stove/outboard gas if I set the timing back a bit. Chrysler and others had smog control decades ago - only they called it positive crankcase ventilation."

Don Ayres: Just received a copystat of Prof. Ayres "FIELD BEHAVIOR OF THE SIX-LINED RACERUNNER IN PEORIA COUNTY, Proceedings Pecria Academy of Science, 6:23-30 (1973). Although this is serious business, Don, may I quote a line that made me chuckle? "I intentionally startled an adult near the crest of the main hill. The lizard ran for about half a meter before climbing into a bunch of grass and seizing a tettigoniid." I think I laughed because the startled lizard, by seizing a tettigoniid, demonstrated a typically human reaction to insecurity/fright, i.e. ten chocolates, peanut butter sandwich & glass of milk."

BOOK REVIEW

"Monkey and Pru and Sal" by Keith Roberts in NEW WORLDS QUARTERLY #2 is part of a projected novel. I can hardly wait.!

END OF BOOK REVIEW

WEIGHT OF THE HUMAN SOUL

////////////////////

Ned Brooks: "Any more word on the Swiss researcher who was weighing human souls? I have started Romain Gary's new novel THE GASP, which I suspect was based on that idea. 'Life essence' can be captured at a person's death and made to release a great deal of physical energy. It can be trapped in something like a ping-pong ball, which then bounces endlessly at a fixed frequency. It also can be harnessed to power a cigarette lighter"

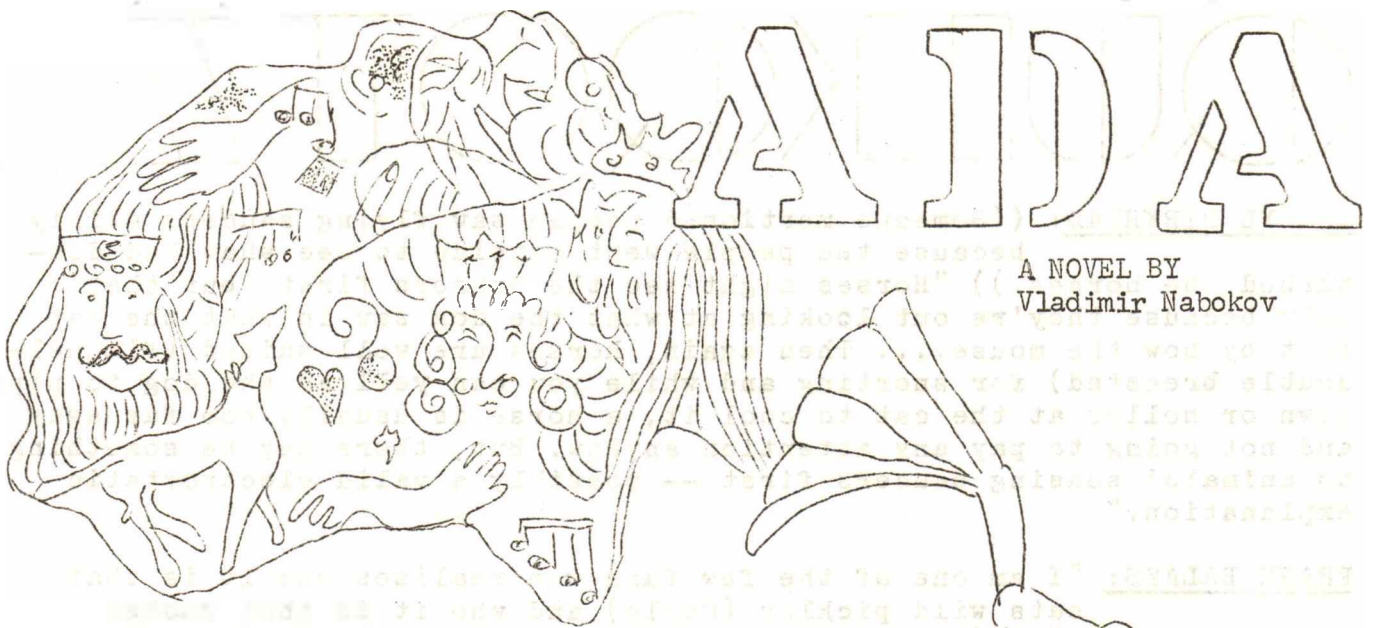
Buck Coulson: "Experiments never conducted in America? ((I had expressed scepticism because so many outre experiments are done in foreign places.)) How about Mass. General Hospital in 1906? Researcher was Dr. Duncan MacDougall, results reported in JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH. Weight determined to be approximately 3/4 of an ounce. That definite enough for you? In R. DeWitt Miller's FORGOTTEN MYSTERIES or perhaps TRUE STORIES OF THE SUPERNATURAL, Grosset & Dunlap reprint. This also takes care of Bergen Evans' objection 'such stories never provide exact names and places that can be checked.' He was the same idiot who 'debunked' the fact that wolves hunt in packs shortly before the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC published a photo of 14 wolves pursuing a deer herd. He's the sort who gives debunkers a bad name."

Joe Woodard: "I believe in the existence of the human soul, but I cannot think that Dr. Jacobsen's scales alone can provide proof. Might not the exhaled breath of the dying person account for some or all of those 21 grams?"

Bruce D. Arthurs: "Patients exhaled before expiring? OK, enclose the dying patient in an air-tight booth, then weigh the entire contraption."

Frank Balazs: "When does a person die?"

Sheryl Birkhead: "Freeze the body to trap the soul inside - simple?"



A NOVEL BY
Vladimir Nabokov

QUOTES FROM ADA SELECTED BY MATTHEW SCHNECK

One can be a lover of Space and its possibilities: take, for example, speed, the smoothness and sword-swish of speed; the aquiline glory of ruling velocity; the joy cry of the curve; and one can be an amateur of Time, an epicure of duration.

...there is nothing more splendid than lone thought; and lone thought must plod on, or -- to use a less ancient analogy -- drive on, say, in a sensitive, admirably balanced Greek car that shows its sweet temper and road-holding assurance at every turn of the alpine highway.

The idea that Time 'flows' as naturally as an apple thuds down on a garden table implies that it flows in and through something else and if we take that 'something' to be Space then we have only a metaphor flowing along a yardstick.

Time ... is the most rational element of life, and my reason feels insulted by those flights of Technology Fiction.

We measure Time in terms of Space, but the spanning of Space does not always require Time.... let us imagine a gigantic hand with its thumb on one star and its minimus on another -- will it not touch both at the same time...?

Space thrives on surds, Time is irreducible to blackboard roots and birdies. The same section of Space may seem more extensive to a fly than to S. Alexander, but a moment to him is not 'hours to a fly' because if that were true flies would know better than wait to get swapped.

Does the coloration of a recollected object differ from date to date? Could I tell by its tint if it comes earlier or later, lower or higher, in the stratigraphy of my past? Is there any mental uranium whose dream-delta decay might be used to measure the age of a recollection?

We, poor Spacians, are better adapted, in our three-dimensional Lacrimaval, to Extension rather than to Duration; our body is capable of greater stretching than volitional recall can boast of.

Matt Schneck says: "If you're going to be nitpicky, ADA's not really sf, though the idea of parallel worlds plays a good part in the tale. Still, it's a damn good book." Donn here: "I started the book and fell asleep before I reached the good part..."

Q U U K Q O T Z

SHERYL BIRKHEAD: ((Someone mentioned people saw flying saucers mainly because the people went outside to see what had disturbed the horses.)) "Horses might see the saucers first, but that's only because they're out looking at what the dog saw in what the cat felt by how the mouse.... Then again, horses are well suited (flannel-double breasted) for snorting and while you can yell at the dog to pipe down or holler at the cat to cool it, a horse is usually too far away and not going to pay any attention anyhow. But, there may be something to animals' sensing saucers first -- possibly a valid electrostatic explanation."

FRANK BALAZS: "I am one of the few fans who realizes who it is that eats wild pickles (Cagle) and who it is that smokes them (Brazier)." ((This is what Leingang means by being friendly -- when the editor allows secrets like this to get printed.))

BILL BLISS: "Anybody ever see a basic orthodox explanation of electromagnetic waves that wasn't a cop-out? I haven't. A fact nobody notices is simply that magnetic fields are not rotatable on their axis. Like a cylindrical bar magnet that is spun on its axis -- but its magnetic field does not. Provable by simple experiment -- and a whole new field of electro-magnetic-mechanical devices could be based on it. I wonder - is such a strange inattention a genetic thing?"

KAREN BURGETT: "Science fiction, I believe, has affected my whole way of thinking. It will always be a part of me." ((Or has something else predisposed certain people to find a fascination in sf before they make that crucial discovery that there is such a beast?))

NED BROOKS: "You are right about perception; I find that I often see what I expect to see rather than what is actually there. But if a reasonably sane person sees a blue man with antennae floating down the street, then the thing is really there, as no one would expect to see such a thing. Except a fan maybe..." ((Exactly!))

TONY CVETKO: "A couple of Jehovah Witnesses talked to me. They came across as being totally optimistic because they KNEW. Boy, are they in trouble! As well as being in for a big disappointment. You have to have a streak of pessimism in you to get along in the world. Of course, you have to have some optimism, but not total." ((But do they ever become disillusioned in their optimistic faith? Do they ever give up to the 'great idea' which many already KNEW was going to come true in 1914?))

ANN CHAMBERLAIN: "...some quatrains of Nostradamus include the prediction that WW III wouldn't REALLY start until 2021, and that would be the expected Armageddon. He was a pretty good guesser, but he didn't get everything exactly right, either (or was not well interpreted). ((After an event of error, a new interpretation can always be made to remove the tarnish.))

TERRY LEE DALE: "This gathering around a death car after an accident is my idea of ghoulishness. It is strange that death can hold so much fascination for people when most tend to try their best to ignore it." ((That's when it's someone else; a complete stranger.))

John Robinson: "Humor is the ability to see something from two points of view simultaneously and connotes a high tolerance to cognitive dissonance. ((Is that good?)) Comedy is masculine and humor is feminine. Comedy is unforgiving while humor shows us that we all have our failings. The only type of humor that is biting is wit, and that's in self-defense. ((I tend to draw no distinctions by categories; everything that calls out a laugh, I think, comes from tension-release where the tension is caused by basic fear and its second order cluster of anger, insecurity, etc. Thus, I am led to suggest the Barbeque theory that the most laughing-prone person is basically badly adjusted, though happily having a socially acceptable release.))

Matthew Schneck: "Would you call the Late Cretaceous a fossilized society?"

Elaine White: "You know, I've always thought that life would be much nicer if it had background music." ((Nice thought for a little fantasy!))

Jackie Franke: "I don't consider sf as a substitute for a death wish...maybe it's more on the order of a 'Wish I were anywhere but here' wish...but that's not desiring death, nor even oblivion. Merely a change." ((But what if it's the whole world that you want to get away from? Where do you go?))

Chris Hulse: "You could use improvement on your fiction. I refer to the latest Moebius Trip and Kwalhioqua #7. I get the impression you like to relate stories which cause the reader to reflect upon his own values and judgements, and those of society at large. Social commentary by way of short fiction?" ((Is that what I do?))

Alma Hill: "The evil in theorizing is in getting so pleased & proud over a pretty theory that it's allowed to outweigh good use or decent custom. That's when the devil looks like a gentleman and hell gets its innings."

Loay Hall: "One thing about fandom fascinates me: the people."

Warren Johnson: "Espero que los tontos que hablaron frances en TITIE no lo haran mas." ((Same to you old buddy!))

Douglas Leingang: "TITIE 14: great cover, new wave. Must confess I haven't read too much of it; I read zines on the john." ((Perhaps if I send you some special formula chewing gum you will get a chance to read more??))

Eric Lindsay: "Information for humans can be considered proportional to the unexpectedness of the data supplied. The less a person knows the more information content any data supplies. Trouble is, this doesn't work in practice. The more a person knows, the more he or she can work out from your information -- even if it is only the state of your liver! From this we can reasonably assume that thoughtful people would gain more from ESP than the average person, and a highly observant person with a good memory even more so. Thus instead of being a warm, emotional, equalizing force, the existence of ESP would tend to produce an elite who could make use of it. This elite would be the existing elite group. It would be another communication channel and of most use to those who can already communicate best."

John Leavitt: "...most of the things in physics are non-physical ((psychic in the context of what proceeded John's sentence.)) as understood by the vast majority of the human race." ((Please think that one over...))

Harry Warner, Jr.: "Could they determine the exact moment of conception in the days of Louis XIV? ((Reference to fixing the astrological moment of conception as more meaningful than birth.)) I seem to remember reading long ago with perspiring palms how it takes some time for the sperm to make its way to the egg cell and penetrate its tough outer layer, following copulation. I doubt if the average time for this procedure was known in that era."

FINAL ANALYSIS

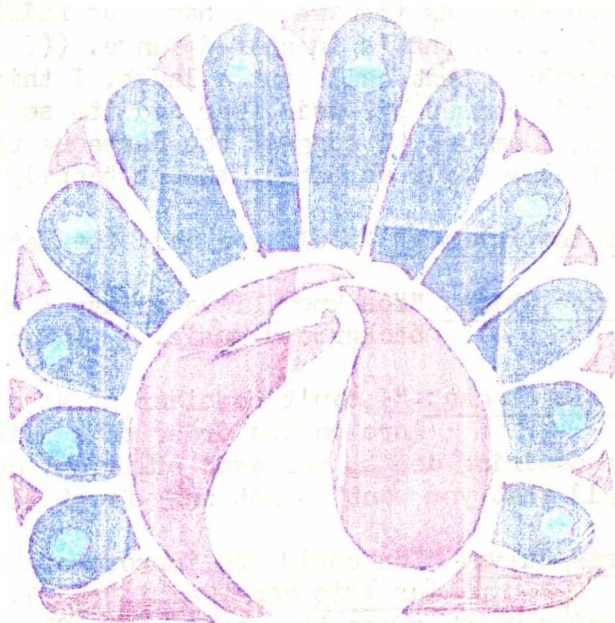
The 1000ndth firstclass sf letter or card (not counting utility bills and all that rot) did not come in June as I had prognosticated; came in July, on the second. I numbered the mail pile as it was piled by Betty, my wife, and in which state I found it stacked when I got home from work. It came out like this:

- 995 Chris Hulse CoA card
- 996 Lloyd Biggle card
- 997 John Robinson card
- 998 AnnChamberlain letter
- 999 Chris Hulse letter
- 1000 Douglas Leingang letter
- 1001 Don Ayres article reprint
- 1002 John Robinson letter

John Carl, who called from Butte, Mont. on June 30 and asked how close I was to 1000: your letter, John, didn't get here until July 3, one of 7 that day; so you could have been as much as 9 past the lucky number.

Douglas Leingang wins the secret award.

TITLE #17 August '73
Donn Brazier
1455 Fawnvalley Dr.
St.Louis, Mo. 63131



THIS ISSUE IS NUMBER 17, AUGUST 1973
Editor, Donn Brazier
Original Ditto master above from
Pauline Palmer



TO:

Eric Lindsay
6 Hillcrest Ave
Faulconbridge NSW 2776
Australia

THIRD CLASS MAIL
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