



TITLE 18

DEDICATION OF TITLE #18

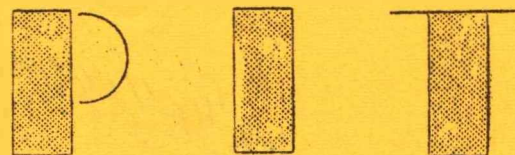
++++++

To the firm of STRELKOV, SVOBODA,
and SMOOT....

To Mae Strelkov because she is
probably about my age and writes
a lot better...

To Aljo Svoboda because he is
a lot younger than I but writes
so much prettier...

To Robert Smoot because I don't
care how old he is because he
writes so much funnier...



NUMBER 18 SEPTEMBER 1973

Donn Brazier, Editor/Pubber

1455 Fawnvalley Dr.

St. Louis, Mo. 63131

Available for the usual or sample
for 25¢

TITLE is a monthly scrapbook

All LoCs are subject to the dan-
gers of quotation in part or
out-of-context. Unless you DNQ
all letters are fair game.

+++++

The mystery of Buzz Dixon has been cleared up! His friends had been
worried; I even heard a rumor that he had been injured in a parachute
jump. After January 23 I had received no letters from him, but on
July 9 he sent me a long letter from Korea; he's well and there's not
a bit of truth in the parachute story. His address is:

Hubert C. Dixon, 413-90-1390

HHC 4th MSL Comp

Camp Page, Korea APO 46208

GOOD LUCK, BUZZ!

D. Gary Grady is using his mother-in-law's address at 702 Francis Mar-
ion Dr., Wilmington, NC, 28401 until he is able to find out and commun-
icate his Navy address to me. At the end of June he was slated to "sub-
mit to the Scalping of the Head at the USNavy Training Center in Or-
lando, Florida." He further writes: "It may seem odd to you that a
peaceful, cowardly, introverted soul like myself would want to enter
the armed forces, but it's a little less preposterous than it might
sound. I can count on going in not as a Seaman Recruit, but as a Petty
Officer, Third Class. Pay in that grade is not bad at all. Furthermore,
I will not be a deck scrubber, but a Navy journalist. And there are
those nice little commissary privileges. And free medical care for my
wife and myself." SO GOOD LUCK, GARY!

FAVORITE SF IN HARDCOVER WANTED

+++++

John Robinson, 1 - 101st Street,
Troy, NY, 12180, wants all of you
to send him your list of favorite
SF in hardcover. He wants to use
this in recommending books to the
libraries and colleges; and would
like you to make a carbon of the
list to take care of your own
locality. John wants to frustrate
the mal-distribution bug.

It would also be a good idea to
inform the mundane college book-
stores & libraries of forthcoming
SF books as listed by LOCUS and
Joanne Burger. The latter's add-
ress is 55 Blue Bonnet Ct., Lake
Jackson, Texas, 77566. The LOCUS
address is Charlie Brown, 3400
Ulloa, San Francisco, Cal. 94116.
John also says: "If your college
bookstore doesn't have a suggest-
ion box for magazines, Etc. arrange it"

THE BARBECUE PIT (*Rekindled*)

++ Sound the bugle! Barbek has returned! Here it is Tuesday already, and I returned Saturday, and I have yet to open all the accumulated mail, let alone read it all. But September is fast approaching and I must continue onwards with T 18. Trouble is I feel so mixed up, unorganized, jammed and piled high with household duties (terribly long grass, all the gear from camping piled in the middle of the garage, no groceries yet in the house, etc.), problems at work, my son Mike moving into a new house and needing my help -- well, you've all had the same jam-ups, and yet I want to keep the mag going on its monthly schedule. I tell you all this to sound the warning bugle that perhaps this issue will be as disorganized as my brain.

++ I was gone a full month and put about 4800 miles on the new car - saw the sights like the Grand Canyon, Painted Desert, Meteor Crater, and most of the tourist attractions in Los Angeles. Since I was obligated to my family I could not do a job with calling or visiting fans, though I was able to pop in on Rose Hogue (I hope she still thinks kindly of me as she was scrubbing the floor at the time, which didn't bother me but Rose, being a woman, had to feel some slight pain.) And Dave Locke and his wife Phoebe and son Bruce popped in on me. Both visits were too short, which means I enjoyed them thoroughly. For all those fans in the LA area or on my route there and back, and who might have expected me to call or visit, I can only apologize.

++ One of the problems I'm still faced with (as already picked up from some of the letters I've had a chance to read) is that I can not do an adequate job of printing enough material from all your letters -- and quickly enough. Believe me, it bothers me as much as it does some of you; and outside of publishing daily or running to 100 pages per ish, I don't know how to solve the problem. This issue especially, I think, is going to show an utter barbecue stew with all kinds of good things not present...I sweat, ring my hands, and bow my neck for the sword!

++ Here it is Wednesday morning the 22nd & I have just opened the last of 64 first class envelopes (have yet to read them all and haven't begun to put them in the log book).

++ K.W.Ozanne, Australia, has sent a survey to 'about forty-five' faneds to run, in the hopes he'll get replies from many readers. He has given me an OK to receive the data from T-readers here & forward to him later. Here's what he wants: 1.Name 2.Address (may be withheld if desired) 3.Age (may be withheld if desired) 4. Year you started reading sf 5.Year you entered fandom 6. Fannish activities 7. Fannish claims to fame, if any 8. Name as many BNFs as you can, minimum 10 names 9.Which pro-zines do you read 10. How many fanzines do you get 11. Are you willing to reply to casual correspondence? YES/NO/MAYBE 12. Are you willing to fill out a more detailed questionnaire YES/NO 13. Add anything else you wish known. Ken says, "Results of this will be used to compile an interim 'Who's Who in Fandom'." He wants one reply from all actifen, and 'no hoaxes, folkses'. HIS deadline is Dec.31, and if you want to mail directly to him his address is 42 Meek's Crescent, Faulconbridge, NSW, Australia 2776. If you mail to me Ken says I can use the information in MUNDANIAC or any other approximate column. ++ His question #8 is interesting, for what names will be considered by the wide wide world of fandom as BNFs? What fanac will produce the most names -- cons, fanpubbers, loccers, First Fandom, fans turned pros??? SECOND THOUGHTS-- do not mail directly to me; mail directly to Ken. Repeat...mail your answers directly to Ken Ozanne.

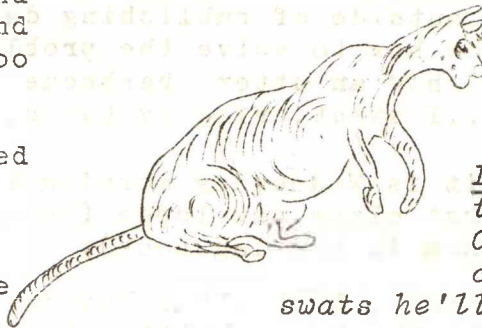
EXOTIC SPICES

THE MEAT IS ON THE GRILL SO SHAKE OUT THE SPICE

BRUCE D. ARTHURS sent me two cover drawings, one of which is a woman you'll probably see one of these days, but in the meantime I enjoyed Bruce's comment, as follows: "The hardest thing, though, was the breasts I kept trying to get the feel of her breasts for hours. 'Lemme see now... no, the right one's too large..unless the left one is too small..no, that still doesn't look right...well, get her left one off her shoulder and onto her chest where it belongs, you idiot..now they're both too large...' and so on into the night." ((Imagine that quote completely out of context!))

MARCI HELMS not only sent a bunch of clippings but went on and on in true essay fashion about....well, what follows is just a sample: "If they did not leap from the envelope and attempt to nibble your jugular vein, turn quickly (or sluggishly....whichever suits the day) to the little devils now. (The clippings, of course! the clippings!) They have been lurking about my desk, attempting to clog my typewriter for almost two weeks. Once they attempted to typejack this typer, but the comic clip fouled up all the other nimble beasties by tripping over his untied tennis shoe laces. The rest have been stoning, flogging and generally being nasty to the clumsy adolescent ever since. Fandom hath no fury like tripped up clippings!" ((Marci goes on beautifully for four more paragraphs on the secret life of the clippings, and I hope Marci doesn't mind that I left the comic clip with such an unresolved problem. The substance of the clippings? Some other time, friends.))

ANN CHAMBERLAIN writes of her cat Teeney Tiny and draws a picture that I have traced here. "I made a stuffed rag doll cat and shook it at Teeney Tiny, after I had been petting and talking to it. Her hackles went up and she spat and clawed at it...it was too funny, and I laughed until my sides ached. After the laughter she slunk around here like that 'thing' I called Charlie was actually something to be avoided, since it didn't react to her vicious attack. More laughter... poor kitty! She wouldn't go near the thing for days!"



I'll give
that ol'
Charlie
cat a few
swats he'll remember!

HARRY WARNER, JR. is one of many who reacted, as follows: "You're too much for me. Just when I was all tensed and spiritually ready to write a loc on the 47-page Title, another issue arrived eight days later. This confused me so badly that I went into a locatatonic condition. Tonight I believe I'm back in touch with reality, although I don't guarantee that I understand how anyone can publish such a complicated fanzine so frequently."

ELAINE WHITE says: "Did you read in the latest PARENTHESIS that we are all hoaxes created by the three sole fans of the US and Britain? How do you like being a hoax? It gives me a great feeling of freedom because, after all, who can blame their problems on a hoax?" ((Being in a far away strange town I feel this freedom - next time I go I'll also make believe I'm a hoax.))

DENIS QUANE: "John Robinson, judging a book by its length is like judging a professor by the number of his publications - good only if you have nothing else to go by."

THE ELEPHANT MAN

A Review by Frank Balazs

In the late 19th Century there lived a very unfortunate human being called "The Elephant Man". Ashley Montagu has just consolidated the known facts about John Merrick and advanced his own theories as to his psychological make-up in a truly fascinating book, THE ELEPHANT MAN -- A STUDY IN HUMAN DIGNITY.

John Merrick suffered from what is now known as multiple neurofibromatosis. According to Montagu, this is a "fairly common disorder, occurring in about 1 out of 3000 individuals". The term simply means a tendency to develop tumors within the nervous tissues. But, in Merrick's case, the disorder was present to such an extreme degree that it was impossible for him to venture out into the streets without danger of being mobbed: "so terrible (is his appearance) that women and nervous persons fly in terror from the sight of him."

I won't attempt a description of him; suffice it to say that the previous quote was probably all too true. From the photos in the book, it seems an understatement.

John Merrick lived by exhibiting himself for money. Before these years he had been shuffled from workhouse to hospital to workhouse to hospital. Montagu advances the theory that he was nevertheless loved very early in life or he could not have been as good-natured as he was when he was finally saved.

Found by a British surgeon, John Merrick was taken in by a hospital for the rest of his years. Here, he spent his time reading, constructing intricate cardboard models with his only useable arm, and conversing -- with difficulty, as his mouth was so deformed -- with those who visited him. According to Treves, the surgeon, Merrick "was a gentle, affectionate and lovable creature, as amiable as a happy woman, free from any trace of cynicism or resentment, without an unkind word for anyone."

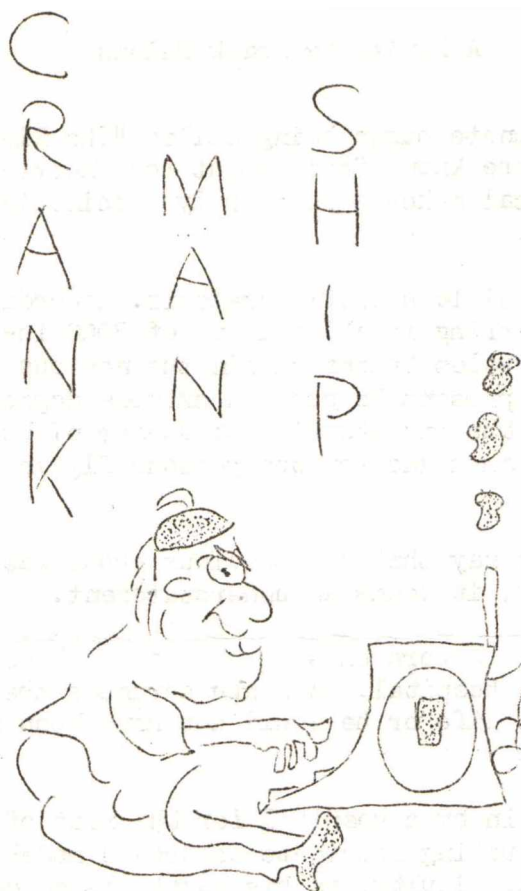
Why had this man come out of his experiences with such a personality? Montagu states, that according to modern theories, a major factor would be love in the first few years of his life. The theory is, basically, that once a proper foundation is built, no matter the later experiences, it cannot be broken down. "...Given the adequate material to work on -- that is, the genetic potentials -- the love that an infant receives during its first three years is fundamental for its subsequent healthy development." There seems to be enough proof that Merrick was cared for by his mother until she was forced to give him up. Thus, when he was finally able to live in peace -- with friends -- with excursions to theatres and to the country, he could only be content.

Just before, I said Merrick could only be content in his new conditions, yet this is not strictly true, as he died wanting to be just like any other human being.

Because of the overwhelming weight of his head, he could not sleep on his back for the danger of his head rolling too far back and suffocating him or snapping his spine was too great. One afternoon, his wish to be like others overcame him and he tried sleeping on his back. When his head fell backwards, it caused his spinal cord to compress and rupture, fatally.

This has been a brief summary of the book and I urge you all to read it. The question that seems to haunt one's mind is whether John Merrick was a freak of nature in his incredible personality, or is Montagu's theory correct?

NOTED IN PASSING from Gary Grady. C&EN 3/12/73 Saturn's rings produce radar echoes which indicate they are composed of big rocks a meter or more in diameter. The planet itself, however, produces no echoes at all and may be entirely gaseous. ((Burp!))



THE ALLIANCE AMATEUR, or N'apa, Number 57, the June 1973 mailing of 65 pages, mixed Ditto and Mimeo. Inquiries or \$1 for the bundle should be sent to the O.E. who is David K. Patrick, 27 Silver Birch Rd., Turnersville, N.J. 08012. Material by Tim C. Marion, Frank Balazs, Meade Frierson, Michael O'Brien, D.K. Patrick, and Brazier.

Kosmic City Kapers #1, Jeff May, Box 68, Liberty, Mo. 64068; usual or 25¢ for sample. Mimeo, 18 pages, perszine mostly though Brazier has a story and Jeff Glenn-cannon discusses sex in sf.

STARLING #25 from Hank & Lesleigh Luttrell at 525 W. Main #1, Madison, Wis 53703. 36 mimeo pages, genzine with emphasis on the scene; many electrostencil drawings-- the cover is hilarious commentary on everything. The usual or 50¢ to the reader interested in more than sf/fantasy. Recommended.

GRANFALLOON #17 is 56 page, offset?, genzine from Linda & Ron Bushyager, 1614 Evans Ave., Prospect Park, Pa. 19076 for the usual or 75¢. This is more in the sf/fantasy bag, but with some faanish material as well. (However, no recipes this time.) Linda has a long meaty editorial on commercialism which

raises a lot of discussion points. Her commercialism deals with sf worldcons, but brings in fanzines, too. I'm sure you'll want to read her editorial. There is some fiction and poetry in the zine -- highly unusual these days. Recommended.

SON OF THE WSFA JOURNAL #94 from Don Miller at 12315 Judson Rd, Wheaton, Md. 20906 for 25¢ and probably if you sent some usable news or revs. Mimeo, 10 pages, newszine, and, still, even after Don's postcard of explanation the most complicated trade system yet devised -- even including whether you get it first class or third class mail.

BWEEK #19 is a newszine/perszine/funzine sent by Seth McEvoy who, at the time anyway, was at Box 268, East Lansing, Mich. 48823. Mimeo, 4 pages, first class mail, 5 issues for 40¢. Seth has been accepted for Clarion/East this summer -- no dates given. He says he'll swipe from Brazier's article on strange moons -- as I used to say a thousand years ago, DIBS! Will BWEEK come out on its bi-week schedule now that Seth, we hope, will be turning pro??

TANSTIKKERZEITUNG #3 A perszine from Don Markstein, 2425 Nashville Ave., New Orleans, La. 70115, offset, 10 pages, for the usual. Humor and sf-slanted; darn good. Recommended.

PERCEPTIONS #1 From Warren J. Johnson, 131 Harrison St., Geneva, Ill. 60134; Ditto and 16 pages. Warren says he wants to pub a sf zine, not a Warren Johnson zine; and so he wants story, poetry, reviews contributed, though this first issue was almost 100% Johnson written. Warren at 15 years age shows a lot of skill, and a large dose of ambition. Good luck.

POWERMAD #2 Perszine from Bruce Arthurs, 57 Trans Co, Fort Lee, Va 23801, 8 pages, Mimeo. Recommended. Sample, 8¢ stamp; prints parts of LoCs.

SINGLE FILE #1 8 page Ditto pers/genzine from David Shank, 30 E. Laurel St., Lawrence Mass 01843. This ish poems and sf reviews and typical DASH sketches.

V E C T O R S

BUCK COULSON: "I couldn't pass up Murray Moore's erroneous calculations on the ease of winning a Hugo and/or Nebula. Agreed, the Nobel is a little harder to get - but I have serious doubts about the Oscar and Emmy. First place, there are not 'about 200 writers' in SFWA; there are about 400. Second place, Murray seems to assume that this covers all the stf writers there are. Just a few samples of people who are not members would include Robert A. Heinlein, Gene Wolfe, Ted White, Lin Carter, Thomas M. Disch, Philip Jose Farmer, Randall Garrett, Lee Harding, Lee Hoffman (who has never won a Hugo but has won a Spur from the Western Writers of America), Dean R. Koontz, Theodore Sturgeon...I could go on, but that's enough to give the picture, I think. Murray shouldn't make statements about organizations he knows nothing at all about (though I'll grant that most fans, myself included, make them about organizations we know very little about).

BILL BREIDING: "James Hall has got it ALL wrong." ((With his hints for writing poetry for fanzines.)) "Poetry, to me, at the very least is an explosion of feeling. Not thots. Not words. Emotion. That's right James I'm hoping that article was for fun and NOT out of seriousness. It's a very cold approach. Let's see some of your poetry, besides what was in your article. Your poem there was... (a shake of the head.)"

DAVID SHANK: "Your fanzine is like a ray of sunshine that broke through the clouds of mundane thought. I'm glad I'm a TITLE fan." ((I'm not modest enough to hide that line -- something I can read when I'm 100 years old & can't get the rocking chair to move anymore!))

John Carl: "Sheryl Birkhead is a fantastic writer as well as artist; a regular fan-nish jack-of-all-trades. Something to be envied." ((Correction: she's a jill-of-all-trades!))

Bruce D. Arthurs: "Being a persnickety scientific perfectionist (hah!) I deduced the following from Barry 'Young Bone' Brazier's story: at 3.51 oz. of gulick per pound of body weight, a 150 pound person would have to consume 32 pounds 14 1/2 ounces, in order to rise 1000 feet. But in the next to the last paragraph Kite pulls out an ordinary bottle of gulick, downs it, and flies out of sight. Obviously, gulick has a very high density and weighs about a pound per cubic centimeter." ((Yes, gulick has strange properties, but Barry weighs about 135 pounds and easily does away with 32 pounds 14 1/2 ounces of mundane mashed potatoes, a fact you'll come to know when you have kids of your own!))

Dave Szurek: "Hall is right that poetry is not usually a product of ideas, but then again, it is not just a bunch of words either. Rather, poetry is an expression of feelings and moods that cannot always be described in themselves. Neither prose nor poetry-writing is an entirely cerebral activity, but most poetry is the less cerebral and more sensual -- a sharing of the senses with people on the same wave-length. I'm not saying it's always topic-less, but that it conveys the feeling rather than the details."

Tody Kenyon: "Is Ed Cagle a cookie?" ((I wait in suspense for Ed's reply...))

Ray Bolduc: "In your fanzine review why not Richard Gies? I did not know you were anti sematic?" ((All 'sic' -- and I don't think I understand...))

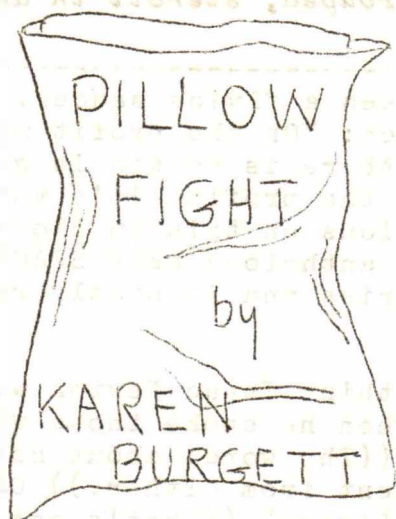
James Hall: "How does Ed Cagle manage to remain so interesting time after time on any subject? Maybe there is something in wild pickle consumption. I hereby nominate 'Machine Psychology Part One' as best feature in #16."

Tony Cvetko: "My, Shaver sure does have a good imagination, doesn't he? I hope his little article was supposed to be a joke."

Jackie Franke: "Shaver's article was the best I've seen by him yet. I do wish he'd recover from his prattle about deroes and telaug though; he seems to have such a lively working mind that he'd probably be a most fascinating person once the obsession disappeared."... "What to say about Cagle's brief paragraphs? He's such a unique person that I find it hard to equate him with anything like 'discussion'. Of course fandom's full of unique people, only some are more unique than others."

William Wilson Goodson, Jr.: "What the heck is a wild pickle?" ((Spreading outward from Leon, Kansas, is a wild pickle fandom, best explained as relevant madness; but as to the exact nature of a 'wild pickle' only Ole' Sock Cagle can give you the answer to that.))

Denis Quane: "Right after my complaint that fans (as distinct from readers) look down on basic Science Fiction as found in ANALOG, you put Malcolm Graham's complaint that fans are prejudiced against the New Wave. Well, I don't know about that. I've only been reading fanzines for a few months, but I've already seen three full-scale, detailed, story-by-story reviews of AGAIN, DANGEROUS VISIONS. This shows that the work is considered an important literary event, worth taking seriously. This hardly is evidence of 'blatant chauvinism'. On the other hand, you see things like 'resembles the typical ANALOG story of the late '60's...light relaxing reading, but don't expect anything much more.' The typical F&SF story is a recognizable type, but reviewers do not use 'a typical F&SF story of the Ferman period' as a put down. My point is that many SF fans tend to look down on basic hard-core SF -- the kind that still is drawing in new readers. Just look at comparative circulation figures."



The morning was one of those lazy hot "summer" ones. I don't remember exactly what time it was -- somewhere around nine or ten I suppose. But anyway that doesn't matter now. School was out for the season and I was just enjoying the vacation the way any sensible student would -- asleep. I was having a rather pleasant dream at the moment, though I don't recall at present what it was.

But I remember lying quite still with my pillow all scrunched up between my arm and my head. The low sun was coming through my window, casting its warmth and light about the small room. I stirred enough to raise myself drowsily and shade the window. I plopped back down onto my disarrayed blankets and pillow without bothering to situate myself properly into my bed. I slept -- or rather I tried to at least.

I had at first thought it was the morning sleepiness and shrugged it off, but it seemed that my pillow was moving slightly! I snapped my eyes open trying to discern the movement -- if any. The pillow heaved up a little, then down. And up again. Like breathing. I still lay there greatly puzzled but not too overly concerned. I smiled to myself as I came upon an answer. It was my dog Chris, I thought, greatly relieved.

"Poor thing," I said in 'puppy-dog' talk, "I didn't know I was laying

on you!"

I groped all about and under my pillow looking for the little mutt. She was a tiny thing but I did not find her.

I sat bolt upright and reached for the shade, shedding a little light on the subject. My hand went shakily down to the pillow. It heaved, up and down, up and down. I jumped out of my bed. I was about to call out, despaired as I was, but quickly checked myself. There must be an explanation, I thought, a little frantically. And I would find one.

I approached the pillow slowly, cautiously. It looked all right, I thought. What could it do to me anyway? -- Bite me? I hesitated. But I cast aside all (at least most) of the fear and touched the misshapen pillow I had known since childhood. I felt brief sentimentality for it. And so I quickly snatched it up and held it close.

It was moving! I didn't believe it! It was actually trying to free itself of my grasp! It was casting about like some wild animal. For some reason I held on, squeezing it tighter and tighter. Finally it struggled no longer. I released my grip and it fell silently to the floor. It was dead -- or so I supposed. I had killed it.

Somewhat amazed, I fell satisfyingly back into bed. Well, at any rate, it was something to tell at breakfast, I thought, drifting back into dreams.

The morning sun rose higher. Soon its partner star would come peeping over the foreign horizon to join it. The new day grew warmer, by the slanting blue-green rays of the second sun.

THE END

"My first fanzine contribution! Maybe it's lousy & you'll toss it to the trash, but at least it's something!! -- Karen Burgett.

VECTORS (Continued and as I come upon them, ungrouped, stencil in and out of the typewriter.)

ROY TACKETT to Sheryl Birkhead: "I have never seen a flying saucer. Nor have my horses." To Milt Stevens and Leigh Couch: "On the profit motive, Andrew Carnegie is said to have said that there is no sin in getting rich -- the sin is in dying rich. It's not the profit, it's the game? Chad Oliver had some interesting observations on this in Blood's a Rover recently reprinted in the Agberg edited anthology DEEP SPACE, which, by the way, contains eight excellent stories and is highly recommended by yhos."

K.W.Ozanne: "I was under the impression, and I think Isaac Newton was too, that he was making an original statement when he spoke those words that Bill Marsh attributed to Albert Einstein. ((The words about not losing that youthful sense of wonder are excellent from either.)) On 'three for dinner'... have you read Van Loon's Lives?" ((That's one for me!)) Can offer myself as evidence against Denis Quane's theory that there is a negative correlation between reading ANALOG and faanishness. At least I have been reading ANALOG-ASTOUNDING for around twenty years now. As to whether I am a true faaanish type, you will have to form your own opinions. Yngvi is a louse!"

CANCEL CANCEL CANCEL CANCEL CANCEL

Time is too short; this will revert to 10 page/first class; #19 will pick up again.....++++..... Enjoyable, but short, visit from Aussiefen Eric Lindsay and Paul Anderson on way to Deepsouthcon and Torcon..... Railee Bothman leaving for Europe first week of September- secret mission to locate new supplier for bagelbash supplies; she does deserve the BAGELBASH AWARD....COA- Bill Breiding, 2240 Bush St., San Francisco CA 94115.....Sean Summers is in Rangoon, Burma -- can be reached with that address coupled with Department of State, Washington DC 20521..... Claire Beck preparing history of printings from FUTILE PRESS of the late '30s..... COA, Dave Szurek, 4417 Second Apt.B-2, Detroit, Mich 48201.....COA, Pvt Joe M. Woodard, 333-48-8690, 40th Supply & Service Co., Fort Carson, Colorado, 80913..... Arrival of TITLE LOCZINE #4b from Don Ayres, of itself only 11 pages single spaced, but when added to LOCZINE #4a totals 20 pages.... Holy jumpin' lizards!

TITLE
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FIRST CLASS MAIL

FIRST CLASS MAIL