

THE TITLER'S SONG by Fredric
Wertham

I like to be a Titler
Titling all along,
For to remain untitled
Would certainly be wrong.

I like to be a Titler
And weighing pro and con
Read all the Titler's letters
And follow the lead of Donn.

I like to be a Titler
Titling in my place.
Forget my little worries
And think of outer space.



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[Handwritten signature]

TITLE

P I T

TITLE #26 May 1974
Donn Brazier
1455 Fawnvalley Dr
St. Louis, Mo. 63131

The usual or sample
copy, 25¢

This issue dedicated
to several faneditors
I highly respect:

Bill & Joan Bowers
Buck & Juanita Coulson

DEPORT TUCKER: Just a reminder to send cash or auction material listing (not the items, just the list) to either: Jackie Franke, Box 51-A RR2, Beecher, Illinois 60401 or Bruce Gillespie, GPO Box 5195 AA, Melbourne, Victoria, 3001, Australia. If you haven't heard: fandom is going to send Bob "Wilson" Tucker, boy neofan and racy raconteur, to the '75 Worldcon, which, fortunately, is in Australia. To date, TITLE has collected \$7 in cash from TITPLE (or TEOPLE, as Jackie Franke prefers); thank you so far, but there ought to be more than that coming in for all the TITLES received. I, for one, am determined that Bob gets to Australia. Send your money direct to Jackie or Bruce if you wish, though I will give all of you credit as it passes through my hands. And I name this time the following who divvied in the \$7: Ben Indick, Mike Gorra, and Claire Beck.

OBJECTIVE ALIEN STORY: Eric Mayer says in his article that it might be difficult to make an "objective alien story" with any literary merit. Can anyone give an example of a story in print, or can anyone write one? A challenge, especially if you want TITLE to print it, for it'll have to be short. The problem appeals to me because I had attempted and submitted an article (not a story) on the objective viewpoint of the world as seen by the octopus, only to have it sent back because the magazine already had an article on the octopus ready for printing. I had picked the octopus because of its "alien" character and the fear the animal engenders in most human beings. And speaking of fear and Mayer's point that "our fuzzy imagination" serves to arouse fear better than an author's explicit descriptions, I am still hoping to print Eric's story, "Menace", which is the perfect example of Eric's point, and, who knows, may have been so written with that view in mind.

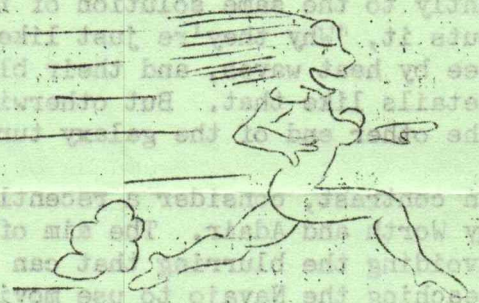
THE MIMEOGRAPH: Shortly after writing about the possibility of my loss of access to the "company" mimeograph machine, I was able to convince people that the machine ought to be kept for emergencies (when the Xerox broke down) and for long runs that might add expensive costs if done on the Xerox. It was heartening to see the readers rally around with offers to help or offers to solve the problem. Joe Bothman offered to offset for me free if I prepared copy on paper masters. Dick Patten made a fine gesture of help. And others, too many to mention, came up with all sorts of schemes, though my suggestion to accept prepared material a la apa was generally vetoed. All of this is pure egoboo for me; makes me think TITLE, even though a diversion, has a high value. You will be seeing some Ditto work and Xeroxing now and then, regardless.

SWEEN'S LIBRARY ARTICLE: Sorry I had to cut down Roger's article so drastically, but it was either that or not use any of it. Perhaps the whole article will get printed by someone sometime; it would be a shame to have Roger's analysis of the library system go to waste.

HOW HARD IT IS to refrain from making editorial comments while typing up other fans' fanzine reviews. I resisted, though it made me weak from effort. Let's agree to understand the variance of opinion, and that TITLE's editor does not necessarily agree with everything the reviewers say. Jackie Franke was a little taken aback that TITLE had two fmzrev departments, and may have in this issue, too, if all goes well. The explanation is that I am highly interested in fanzines and reviews of such, and will usually turn to that section first in any fanzine I receive. I wonder if other fan pubbers do the same? TITLE has 57 fanpubbers - more than half of its total circ and so the response to this question is important.

MEETING WITH DENIS QUANE on March 29 and March 31 who was in St. Louis to attend a meeting of organosilicon chemists. Friday night until 10 he was busy with his fellow chemists; I went to his motel after that and stayed to midnight. He looked at some fanzines and locs I had received about his recent article in TITLE, while I looked over NOTES FROM THE CHEM LAB #4 which he hurriedly collated right before my eyes. It had been run off the night before, just in time to take a bundle of uncollated pages on his trip up from Texas. I had also taken along a cassette tape recently received from Malcolm Graham, and got Denis to read some things for Malcolm out of NOTES. I was served two rum & water drinks, the rum coming from a pocket flask which Denis grabbed off the table. We talked about fanzines, Ed Cagle, various feuds, cons (to which Denis has yet to attend), etc. I learned that Denis pronounces fanzine as fan-ZEYEN, long 'I', whereas I've always said 'fanzeen'. Since he was busy all day Sat. and I had things to do that night, we left with a plan to meet again Sunday morning at 8 for breakfast preceding his air-departure time of 11 o'clock. Things learned: he wants at least one science article in each issue of his zine, his art director is an attractive girl, his favorite zine is LOCUS, and he drinks his rum with coke. He plans each issue of NOTES and doesn't start work on it (usually near his deadline) until everything's ready; this impressed me because my system is so much at variance. I don't plan, and I start the next issue before the current one is finished. But, then, Denis is a scientist-type.

SWEEN'S LIBRARY ARTICLE (AGAIN); I think, will not be in this issue because it's a part of a new department called 'Articlocs' which has too many pages already done to squeeze in this issue. See how I plan ahead??



CLIPPINGS include one entitled "Your Name Can Affect You" (ST. LOUIS GLOBE 3/30) that almost seems as if the writer had been reading the name-thing that Ben Indick kicked off some issues back. Some experimental evidence is available proving names at least influence opinion (and by extension may influence personality??). A speaker gave the same talk to two audiences; to the first he was identified as Adam, to the second he was Myron. The first audience thought him more "dominating, competitive, and responsible".

John Robinson sends in a nifty on radio drama returning with the nostalgic title, "What Evil Lurks in the Minds of Men". Following up Eric Mayer's theory of fear-generation, it would seem that radio has the potential to be more frightening than bare-slab TV.

Mike T. Shoemaker sends a clip on the Maryland invasion by millions of blackbirds. Dorothy Jones set aside a clip on the Wisconsin man who said the comet was part of the plan to save 144,000 people from Earth; she finally mailed it to me. Jackie Franke sends "Black Holes Swallow Stars and Time". In this clip I read for the first time that light rays may wrap around and around the Black Hole so that an observer on one side may see multiple images of stars on the other side. Clippings from Ned Brooks are always surprising: one of the killer who was acquitted of murder but got a ticket for littering because he threw the man he had shot into the Ohio River! Another is of Lori Paton who found herself investigated by the FBI because, as part of her homework, she wrote for a book on the Socialist Labor Party. The clip ends with this sentence: "She was asked what she thought of her experience." Ned adds: "I would really have liked to read what Miss Paton thought, but apparently the Times-Herald does not consider the opinions of the main character in the incident worth printing..."

ATTACK OF THE HUMAN BEMS

BY ERIC MAYER

BEMS

The science fictional universe teems with aliens.

They can be found lurking in the darkness of dead suns, or inhabiting planets where night falls only once in a thousand years. They are as big as a world, or microscopically small. They have saved the human race almost as often as they have destroyed it.

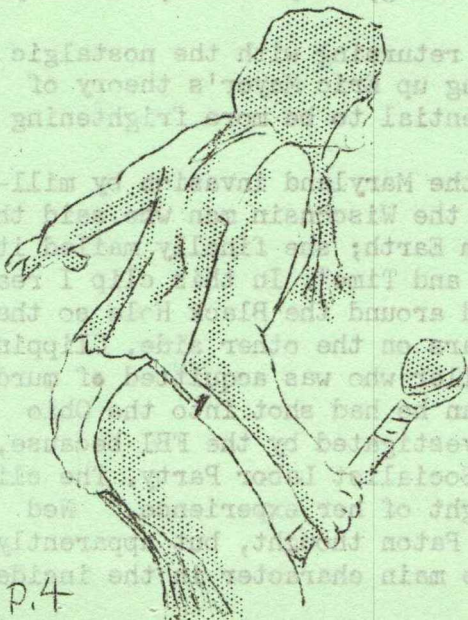
And yet, for all their omnipresence, aliens have been treated so badly by science fiction that even the best accounts of extraterrestrial life exhibit the same lack of imagination and logic as the worst.

Murray Leinster's "First Contact", the story of the initial encounter between man and alien, is a classic that is more noteworthy for the author's handling of suspense than for his handling of science. Leinster's approach to aliens is all too typical. Light years from earth two spacecraft meet -- one human, the other alien. Both captains fear that to return home would reveal the location of their home planet and perhaps bring destruction to their race. In the initial stages of the story the aliens are totally enigmatic, but as the two ships continue to communicate the aliens reveal themselves to be basically human. In fact, both man and alien come independently to the same solution of their dilemma. As the hero of the story, Tommy Dort, puts it, "Why they're just like us...Of course they breathe through gills and they see by heat waves, and their blood has a copper base instead of iron and a few little details like that. But otherwise we're just alike." In other words, the beings from the other end of the galaxy turn out to be "just folks".

In contrast, consider a recently published study in anthropology, THROUGH NAVAJO EYES by Worth and Adair. The aim of the study was to investigate Navajo perceptions, avoiding the blurring that can occur in translation -- skipping words entirely by teaching the Navajo to use movie cameras. Now the Navajo are not aliens. They do not have tentacles or even antennae. Most of them work outside the reservation, which is itself becoming increasingly westernized. Nevertheless, the films they made were exceedingly odd and apparent proof that differences in Navajo cognition run deeper than mere semantics. Just a few of the peculiarities . . .

Despite the fact that all the Navajo participating in the experiment had been exposed to movies and television, their films were nearly devoid of facial closeups. They could not even be forced to take closeups of faces. When the anthropologists, in exasperation, tried to teach this technique (blaming it to a lack of technical knowledge) the Navajo proved to be remarkably obtuse. A communications breakdown had occurred. To Worth and Adair it seemed only natural that a movie should include facial closeups but to the Navajo, who avoid direct eye contact, regarding it as an insult, it seemed only natural that closeups should be avoided.

The mistake of dismissing evidence of a different cognitive outlook as technical incompetence was made more than once. For instance, a long portion of one film that showed nothing but a weaver winding up an entire roll of



twine (from first inch to last) was not due, as was supposed at first, to the movie-maker's reluctance to edit his film. Actually it was an example of "eventing". The rolling up of the twine, in full, was to the Navajo a single event and was represented as such in their language. A portion of the event, for example, the beginning and end which the anthropologists might have shown had they been making the film, would not have had the same significance.

Perhaps the most prominent characteristic of the Navajo films was the amount of walking they showed. The Navajo are a motion conscious people and this is reflected not only in their myths which are replete with journeys but also in their language. While a westerner might "get dressed", a Navajo "moves into his clothes". Before noting this fact, the anthropologists were perplexed, and a bit disturbed, to find that almost three-quarters of the footage taken by their students ended up with people just walking...period.

In a typical film, about silver smithing, the protagonist was shown walking to the silver mine to obtain silver and walking back again. Likewise, a film, purportedly about weaving, showed the weaver going here and there, gathering her implements, but all but neglected to show her at the loom.

The anthropologists had been forewarned. One of the Navajo had described exactly what he intended to film: "First the boy goes to the fence, then he goes along the fence to the lake..."¹ What was expected was that these shots were to transitions between scenes. But the completed film totally reversed the expectations. What a western film maker would have considered merely transitional scenes, linking important events, were the important events to the Navajos.

If human modes of thought differ so drastically is it really sensible to suppose that telepathic beings from a distant star, who have copper-based blood, breathe through gills and see by heat waves, could be "just like us"?

And yet science fiction (Even in top-grade sf, for "First Contact" is not just another frivolous space opera; it's one of the best sf stories ever written.) has proceeded on this premise again and again. The difference between man and alien is seldom more than chitin deep. Why do those pulp cover BEMs always abduct the most pneumatic females, and exactly what, in view of obvious anatomical incompatibility, do they intend to do with them? Is it realistic to suppose that all aliens will either come as conquerors, messiahs or explorers? Aren't these human roles?

Even so excellent a book as THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS skirts the alien issue entirely. Le Guin's cosmos was populated entirely from Hain. The inhabitants of the universe are all related. The people of Winter, despite their sexual difference, are human.

Perhaps it is impossible to treat aliens in anything but an anthropomorphic manner. Just as Worth and Adair tried to interpret the content of the Navajo films in a western manner, so it may be impossible to interpret alien behavior in any but human terms, thereby misrepresenting it. After all, can a human science fiction writer conceive a nonhuman motivation? And would he want to even if he could?

It might be possible to write a story in

Following hints in Eric's article, your ed made up the scenario; it is not authentic but serves as layout balance for Indian artwork.

Silversmithing scenario

Protagonist walks to fence
Then walks along fence to stream
Birds take wing
He walks along stream to lake
He climbs cliff near waterfall that leads to silvermine
He enters mine
He walks out of mine with basket of silver
He climbs down cliff near waterfall
He walks along lake edge to river
He walks along fence
He dumps out basket at camp
Closeup small bracelet

end

P.5

which the aliens were merely observed, in a totally objective manner, without the writer drawing any conclusions as to motivation, alien thought processes, etc. But it is hard to see what literary merit such an account could have.

The foregoing probably explains why writers have been more successful in depicting aliens through their artifacts rather than (to be anthropomorphic myself) in person. Consider RINGWORLD, Larry Niven's fine but flawed novel. The trouble with RINGWORLD is that it is half science fiction and half fantasy. (I'm working here on an admittedly narrow definition of sf.) The ringworld itself, an artifact of an unknown and unglimped race, is a magnificent conception but this meeting of man and alien is diluted by the presence of several real aliens who are not really alien at all. It might be amusing to characterize a race, radically different from man as the puppeteers are, as "cowards", but is it scientifically valid? Niven's much acclaimed "hard science" approach apparently only extends to his machines. His living things are pure fantasy creatures. (Niven's use of wacky, one-track characters against a totally realistic background could make him the Dickens of SF!) It is ironic that an abandoned artifact, however impressive, should hold more mystery than a live alien, but it seems to be a law of science fiction.

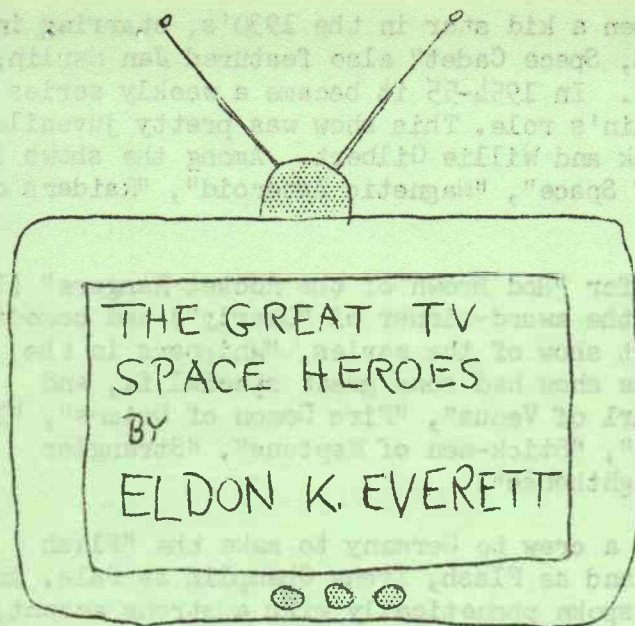
The artifacts always capture our imagination -- the waterspout in Heinlein's "Goldfish Bowl", Algis Budrys's alien "tomato can" in ROGUE MOON, Clarke's monoliths and, most recently, Rama. (In many ways another RINGWORLD, but without some of the earlier novel's flaws.) In such stories the aliens' presence is felt, though they never actually appear. Our rather fuzzy imaginings are more mysterious than an author's precise description could be.

Extraterrestrial life may be more alien than we can imagine. Reality itself may be nothing more than the order our minds impose upon a universe of intrinsically meaningless wave/particle occurrences. In discovering physical laws we may be doing nothing more than documenting the structure of our own brains. A being from another galaxy, possessing different thought processes may live in a different reality and be totally inaccessible to us.

The alien problem is perhaps the most intriguing in all science fiction, raising questions concerning human nature, reality, and the meaning of the universe. But it remains largely unattacked, and perhaps unattackable. Someday, someone will try to depict a true alien. In the meantime reptilian marauders will continue to be attracted to enlarged mammary glands and man and alien will strike out across the universe hand in tentacle, the assumption being, as Tommy Dort puts it, "Perhaps intelligence evolves in parallel lines..." Perhaps so. But parallel lines never meet.

THINK CAREFULLY BEFORE READING THIS by Andrew Darlington

This is a bureaucratic poem.
Please sign (in block capitals)
in triplicate upon receipt.
Knock before entering.
Read the instructions carefully.
(Do not exceed the stated dose)
Do not park on the nouns.
Do not walk on the consonants.
Do not spit on the vowels.
Do not recite loudly.
Please leave this poem in the
condition in which you find it.
Flush after use,
and DO NOT do THAT.



THE GREAT TV SPACE HEROES by Eldon K. Everett

The explosion of science-fiction popularity during the 1950's was caused in good part by a welter of TV shows dealing with outerspace adventures. Although video tape was not available then, kinescopes (movies taken off the front of a TV screen) were in use, and recently at various conventions some of these films have turned up, showing the Trekkies that Star Trek would have had strong competition if it had been aired back in the 1950's.

Does anyone but me recall the Buck Rogers TV show that came on the air in April of 1950? No, not a TV showing of the 1939 movie serial; I mean the live TV show. It opened with a film shot of a rocket taking off horizontally. The actors wore

"flying-belts" that were big enough to be beer-barrels on their backs. As early as 1951 I tried to locate some stills from the show, but have never been able to do so.

VARIETY reviewed the first show (from N.Y.) saying: "Apparently with the N.Y. water shortage in mind (writer Gene) Wyckoff spun off his tale about a couple of 'tiger men' from the planet Mercury, who came to Earth with a horrendous scheme to drain all the water off the earth to gain control of the universe. Only trouble with the script was that it was played entirely on interior sets. Lack of exteriors cramped the space mood it should have had. With some clever sets designed by Al Hoshong for background, producer-director Babette Henry took good advantage of the camera's mobility to further the pseudoscientific gadgets. Cast, in what might be the fashion of the 25th Century, played the story well. Kem Dibbs made for a handsome derring-doish Rogers, and Lou Prentiss was an attractive Wilma. Harry Kingston, as Rogers' crony, and Harry Sothern, as their inventor friend, overdid the histrionics slightly."

Quickly on Buck's heels, an L.A. producer named Mike Moser began a show called Space Patrol. It was a daily 15-minute show

(over 800 of them), a Saturday morning half-hour show, and a weekly radio show. Initially, it starred Glenn Denning, but he was quickly replaced by Ed Kemmer who played "Commander Buzz Corey", with his sidekicks Lyn Osborn (Cadet Happy), Nina Bara as "Tonga", and the most beautiful blonde to ever hit TV, Virginia Hewitt as "Carol".



Most of the shows were written by Norman Jolley. Among the half-hour shows in 1953-55 were: "Fiery Pit of Pluto #3", "The Hate Machine of Planet X", "Lair of the Space Spider", "Marooned on Procyon 4", "The Red Demon of Venus", "Sorcerors from Outer Space", and "The Underwater Spaceship Graveyard".

The show was so successful that Moser began production of a "Space Marines" series, but he was killed while crossing a street in front of the TV studio. His wife, Helen, tried to syndicate the 800 kinescopes in the late 1950's, but only an L.A. station re-ran them. (Where are those kines now?)

On October 20, 1950, ABC began running Tom Corbett, Space Cadet as a thrice-weekly

show. It starred Frankie Thomas, who had been a kid star in the 1930's, starring in the serial "Tim Tyler's Luck". "Tom Corbett, Space Cadet" also featured Jan Merlin, Al Markin, and occasionally Margaret Garland. In 1954-55 it became a weekly series with radio actor Jack Grimes taking Jan Merlin's role. This show was pretty juvenile, written mainly by Albert Aley, Jack Weinstock and Willie Gilbert. Among the shows in 1953-55 were: "Comet of Danger", "Gremlin of Space", "Magnetic Asteroid", "Raiders of the Asteroids", and "Trojan Planets".

Weinstock and Gilbert were also responsible for "Rod Brown of the Rocket Rangers" (1953-55). It starred Cliff Robertson (yes -- the award-winner of "Charly") and comedian Jack Weston (as "Wilbur Wormzer"). The first show of the series, "Whispers in the Wind", was written by Theodore Sturgeon. The show had some great special fx, and among the shows in the series were: "Bird-Girl of Venus", "Fire Demon of Deimos", "Invasion from Dimension X", "Magic Man of Mars", "Stick-Men of Neptune", "Strangler Trees of Titan", and "Terror in the Space Lighthouse".

In 1955, Motion Pictures for Television sent a crew to Germany to make the "Flash Gordon" film series. It featured Steve Holland as Flash, Irene Champlin as Dale, and Joe Nash as Zarkov. All others in the cast spoke phonetically with a strong accent, and many of the films were unintelligible. It was made on a budget of Green Stamps or something, and has happily disappeared. If anyone cares, a couple of the episodes were: "The Brain Machine" and "The Witch of Neptune".

Another film series, "Rocky Jones, Space Ranger", was produced by Roland Reed Productions. It was another bummer of 1953, designed so each 3 episodes could be spliced together to make a 90-minute feature film. It starred Richard Crane, former "Our Gang" kid Scotty Beckett, Sally Mansfield and Patsy Parsons. Some of the titles were: "Beyond the Curtain of Space", "Crash of Moons", "Pirates of Prah" and "Silver Needle in the Sky".

The grand-daddy of 'em all, however, was "Captain Video"; it began in June 1949 on the DuMont Television Network. Initially, it starred Richard Coogan, but came to flower with Al Hodge, who had for many years been the radio voice of "The Green Hornet". With Don Hastings as the Video Ranger, the show went on until 1955. Among the scripters during this run were Robert Sheckley, Jack Vance, Don Wilcox, Walter Miller Jr., and R.S. Richardson.

During the later years, the filmed special fx were more exciting than anything "2001" had to offer. The program was on daily and ran serials of 3-4 weeks, including "Dr. Pauli's Planet", "Giants of Planet X", "I, Tobor", "Man from Tomorrow", "Swordsmen of Lyre", "Star-Ship from Yesterday" and "Tobor's Return".

When the daily show folded in 1955, a Saturday morning show called "The Secret Files of Capt. Video" began. Its first episode was an adaptation of James Blish's "The Box". Al Hodge was so typed as Video that he couldn't get any other work, and as late as the mid-1960's he was opening supermarkets in his Capt. Video uniform.

Yes, those were the good old days. . . .

A HAPPENING by Ann Chamberlain

One time on a visit to my Aunt Clara's -- she had a horse in the barn next to the chicken coop and my cousins, Earl & Lyman, were doing their chores. I saw the horse raise his tail and knew what that meant. The rectum folds in and out, in a rolling motion, and out comes a... So I whispered to Earl, "Can you aim a chicken's egg so it hits on the folding-in motion?" He could, and did..the egg was folded in nicely. "Hey Lyman, this horse's gonna lay an egg!" "Not possible," he grumped. "Well, LOOK." He looked. His eye was glued on the egg that landed unbroken on the pile of soft stuff. Pop-eyed and slack-jawed, he stood transfixed....I'm still laughing!

"We're Watching the Skies Again: Sci-Fi Explores New Heights" by Tom Shales (Washington Post, 12/30/73)

Underlined, numbered, and annotated by Michael T. Shoemaker who says: "...must rank as the most brainless, newspaper faddist article ever. Here follow my annotations for your amusement and to purge my rage."

"In the '50s, we watched the skies. In the '60s, we were too busy. Now we are watching again." 1. Maybe he was too busy. "We see...the return of the UFOs." 2. It's only been the return of the media to coverage of UFOs. "Science fiction has returned as well." 3. Oh? Returned from where? "It's never been completely extinct." 4. That's comforting to know. "but now it is making its greatest comeback of the past 20 years." 5. Here it becomes apparent that he's late in cashing in on a passing faddist enthusiasm; but, what the heck, Mr. Shales does have to write about something. "The New Science Fiction..has been developing for years." 6. It looks like he's heard something about the New Wave, but doesn't realize he's writing at a time 6 yrs past its peak and 3-4 yrs past its decline.

"But this season it has reached a new, broader, harder-to-ignore intensity." 7. One gathers that he and others would like to.

"For the young, its chief disciples..." 8. Looks like he's trying to link SF with the youth revolution; perhaps in an attempt to downgrade SF in the eyes of the Establishment? "Sci-Fi...has infiltrated the movies, the literature and the music of the young." 9. Notice the blatantly subversive connotation of infiltrated. "No longer does the danger come from creatures of the deep,...or from cycloptic goblins sent from Venus or Mars. It is not so much our stars as ourselves. The new sci-fi sees the enemy more clearly within..." 10. This pigeon-holing of the old and the new demonstrates vast ignorance. "The new sci-fi...our potential to build machines that will not so much destroy us as replace us, and...our coming ability to artificially...create life." 11. Implying that the old didn't? What about R.U.R., The Last Evolution, or The Machine Stops; and I seem to recall that Frankenstein was written around 1819.

"..characters tend to confront forms of life not monstrous or tentacled but in fact superior to homo sapiens.." 12. Implying that all the old stories were like that. What about Weinbaum, among others, or "Farewell to the Master"?

"a growing doctrine..that sees humanity as one of the lower forms of life..'2001' offered the notion that a superior form of life has been observing us from afar.." 13. That's been in SF for ages; look at "Forgetfulness".

"Sci-fi is a major preoccupation of the young. It is making inroads into their minds through their music...spacey groups are using more and more Moog synthesizers and outer-worldly themes..." 14. Linking again to the young.

"What's brought science fiction back?" 15. Reiterating his idiotic belief that SF was gone. "Such returns usually follow cataclysmic scientific breakthroughs -- like the..first atom bomb which precipitated hundreds of UFO sightings..." 16. The fallacy here is believing there is a necessary connection between two unrelated events. UFO sightings have been with us for ages. Charles Fort cites hundreds before the advent of the atomic age. Another way of looking at it is that aliens began observing us more, once we made the important advance of atomic power, and so they're seen by us more. "...with computers writing poetry.." 17. Oh well, if they are, it certainly isn't good poetry. "But its ((SF)) new rise.." 18. The same old bit. "Partly sci-fi is an escapist sort of thing." 19. Actually, all fiction is an escape from reality; so called 'realistic fiction' attempts merely to induce catharsis as did the Greek tragedies.

"Almost unanimously, today's sci-fi depicts the future earth as a miserable place... technology teams with totalitarianism..." 20. Like hell it does!

"...and space travel, now commonplace..." 21. Not so commonplace that I can have lunch on Mars if I want.

"Nobody goes hopping from planet to planet and killing monsters any more. That's strictly from trash." 22. Uh huh, like Starship Troopers maybe?

"..now popularized by writers like Kurt Vonnegut, it has gained a new respectability .." 23. I'm sceptical of this so-called 'new respectability'. "...and a wider audience -- primarily among the young." 24. The same old bit about the young. "Galaxy magazine, circulation 100,000.." 25. Bullshit! " 'People are searching for answers to this fantastic new world,' says James Baen, 30-year old editor of Galaxy and 'Sci-fi is the only place they can get those answers.'" 26. I wonder if Baen really said 'Sci-fi' or if he said 'science-fiction' and Shales simply changed it to 'Sci-fi'. At any rate, this quote shows remarkable ignorance.

((Continuing the quote from Baen)) "'So much of the stock of science fiction is no longer fiction. It's getting harder and harder to stay ahead.'" 27. Galaxy had better fire Mr. Baen; he sounds like one



of the opposition: 'What are you science fiction writers going to write about now that science has finally caught up to you?' asked the reporter. "There are the cultists, the real fans." 28. Cultists: another loaded word. "...books..whose cults keep increasing.." 29. And again. "...says Christine Taylor..'..sci-fi is escapist. It's very simplistically moral and politically didactic. People have gone from political activism to escapism.'" 30. The same old nonsense. "Not on every campus is the sci-fi craze predominant...people are not as utopian any more." 31. As if all SF were just a passing fad. What does he mean 'not as utopian any more'? As if they ever were. "and perhaps the biggest cult..." 32. And again.

"This is what sci-fi warns us against; that our technocratic superplastic society will spirit away, or dissipate away, whatever it is that makes us people and not pods." 33. Here it is, Donn, SF wrapped up in a nutshell; isn't that nice.

"The time between prediction and fruition appears to be narrowing, however, and sci-fi takes on, for many, a harrowing relevance. It may turn out that our wildest dreams have not been wild enough." 34. Again, the bit about science & reality catching up.

I wonder, says Michael T. Shoemaker, if Tom Shales is really as mindless as he seems to be, or if he's just a hungry hack. Probably both.

A HAPPENING by James N. Hall

On a very damp afternoon over 20 years ago, in 1952 if my memory serves me correctly, I spent the entire afternoon in the bar of La Fenda Inn in Taos, N.M. When I say "damp" I am not referring to the weather; the day was sunny, hot; I refer to the climate inside the barroom. I spent the hours talking to a slightly inebriated gentleman (that made two of us) concerning sf, and particularly extolling the praises of an author whom I considered at the time to be the absolute ultimate in the field. And, upon commenting later to the bartender that my companion had seemed less than enthusiastic about my opinion, I learned that I had been extolling the praise of Fredric Brown to none other than Mack Reynolds. Or was it the other way around? Since both were living in Taos, and I had equal admiration for each, I have wondered ever since. I know that each of us stood his share of drinks; which is one difference from the tale I tell concerning the late John W. Campbell.

chinese caves

BY FRANK DENTON

Eldon Everett's short little article on Shaver's Caves evoked a whole reliving of my childhood. You wouldn't believe all of the happenings from the deep past which leapt into my mind, peopled with boyhood friends, some of whom I still have a nebulous contact with, others who are only names from the past. But all of those are other stories and not to the point of Mr. Everett's all too brief article.

I was born and raised in Tacoma and the real truth of the caves there is probably worthy of a doctoral dissertation. Certainly it would be as important a topic to explore as some of the dissertations being written these days.

I remember rather vividly the fine spring Saturday that I received permission from my parents to go visit my buddy, Herb Mueller. It turned out to be one of those days that all boys have once in a while, and for which they get in much trouble when they get home. They invariably start when you somehow don't stay where you said you were going to be. From Herb's we went to Johnny Sankovich's house, and from there it was off to the caves. I don't recall having heard of these caves before that day, but I was only 11 years old at the time, unsophisticated in such matters, and besides they were quite a ways from my home. Out of my territory, so to speak.

Johnny led us to the edge of a gully and we looked a couple of hundred feet down to the bottom where Wakefield Drive's two lanes curved up from Pacific Avenue. Down we went, scrambling, hanging on to Scotch broom and whatever else could slow our descent. We dashed across the two lane road and began the ascent up the other side. The entrance to the cave stood about 1/3 of the way up the southern side of the gulch. It couldn't be seen from the bottom, but once we arrived, it showed a pretty good sized mouth. We were able to walk perhaps 50 feet into the cave before the light became too dim for us to continue. Naturally, we did not have a flashlight with us and could explore no further. As I remember, the cavern mouth was probably about 25 or 30 feet wide and about 50 feet deep. It was at the point where the cave narrowed into a tunnel that we ran out of light.

Of course that evening I had to ask my folks about it. That's where the trouble began. First for not staying where I said I was going to be. Secondly for being in the caves. Didn't I know that it was dangerous? Didn't I know that it could cave in and bury me? And so on and so on.

Through the years I've asked various people who grew up in Tacoma if they knew anything about these caves. What emerges most often is a tale of the Chinese Caves. Yes, that's what we called them when we were kids, and there are still tales of Chinese Caves floating around. I've heard them called that more often than anything else.

Early in the 1900's a good many Orientals were brought to the Northwest to work. I've heard stories of Orientals working all up and down Puget Sound on a variety of projects. Most often they were used on the railroads. Most of them were illegal entrants. Not their fault, of course. They were conned into coming to the land of opportunity. They were promised jobs and a monthly wage that far surpassed anything they could make in their homeland. Truth to tell, it is the descendants of these people who make up some of our leading Chinese and Japanese families today. In Tacoma they were smuggled into Commencement Bay by boat. This particular cave which we called Chinese Caves was about a half-mile from the end of the bay. At night the Orientals were taken off the boats and brought along to the Chinese Caves until they could be dispersed to the construction jobs for which they were destined.

This squares with the portion of Mr. Everett's article which mentions the finding of Chinese money and Chinese books, although he mentions this as taking place in caves discovered in Fircrest. Fircrest is some twelve to fifteen miles from the entrance of the cave I've talked about. But another part of the story about Chinese Caves is that the tunnel ran under the city until it came out near Snake Lake. Snake Lake is about the same distance west as Fircrest, but perhaps three or four miles further north.

I just asked my wife, Anna Jo, who also grew up in Tacoma if she had any such tales in her childhood. The only thing that comes close is that she was told as a child that there was a secret panel in the Baker Mansion. From that panel ran a tunnel to what is known as Old Tacoma and that the other end came out in a Chinese laundry. The Baker Mansion is one of the old landmarks of Tacoma and was the home of the publisher of the Tacoma News Tribune, the evening newspaper.

Not too many years ago, while measuring stream flow for the U.S. Geological Survey, I came across a Jap Gulch near the town of Mukilteo. Since it is very unusual for people in this part of the country to use the term "Jap", I inquired of the natives about the naming of that particular gulch. Supposedly it was named many years ago for the crew of Japanese people who lived there and worked for one of the big logging operations.

Even more recently Anna Jo and I had dinner at a Chinese restaurent in Vancouver, Britich Columbia. We were taken there by Chinese friends who told us to observe the waiters, boys of 12-15 years of age. They all spoke Chinese and almost no English. Our friends told us that they were probably illegal entrants to Canada. They work at two, or even three, jobs in order to save up enough money to begin a small hole-in-the-wall business of their own. Don't know if they have any caves up that way, though.

I can't vouch for the truth of any of the foregoing. Just things that have passed to me in the oral tradition, as they say. But the story of Chinese Caves has certainly become a common one in the Puget Sound region. One interesting note is that the plural is always used when someone tells me their story of a cave or caves in Tacoma. It is always the Chinese Caves.

SENSE OF WONDER by Gary Grady

Rather than naming what gives one a sense of wonder, readres could write pieces specifically intended to inspire such. Fiction and non-fiction. Here's mine:

To say that the Amazon is the largest river on Earth is to understate the matter. The mouth of the Amazon is as wide as Belgium. There is an island located in that mouth that is itself the size of Switzerland. Enough water flows out of the river continuously to supply the needs - industrial and personal - for every man, woman, and child on Earth, twice over. There are over eleven-hundred tributaries to the Amazon -- ten of them larger than the Rhine.

At Manaos the torrential summer rains combined with the melting of the snows in the Andes cause the water level to rise sixty feet, flooding an area the size of Poland. The valley drained by this single river system is nearly as big as the 48 contiguous states in the US, which of course are drained by dozens of rivers.

So dense and lush is the great Amazon rain forest that it contains one out of every four trees on Earth. It is impossible to survey an area like that from the air, so a good deal of it is unexplored.

How's that for your sense of wonder?

MAR 20 1974

KING FANPUBBER!

by

John Robinson

You say you want to be King of the Fanpubbers? It's not all that difficult. All you need is \$7000 down and \$1000 a year thereafter, assuming maintenance and repairs are minimal.

What you need are the following:

- Selectric II/Brain Box Composer to set and justify type.
- Gestetner 466 Duplicator (mimeo-silkscreen).
- Gestetner 455 Electrostencil.
- Pitney-Bowes Collator (30 separate sheet capacity).
- Electric Staplers.
- Necessary Supplies: electrostencil sheets, paper, ink, staples, envelopes, etc.

It's cheap, except for postage, after you have these things. Run off no more than 500 copies of anything and you will still gun Andy Porter out of the water. Exclusiveness attracts a following. Big circulation detracts from the fanpubber's communication of personality.

Oh yes, you still need personality. You can't buy that. But the connections you establish should carry you along until you buoy up with all that egoboo, then you will be King Fanpubber.

Social Comment: Until wages are equalized by sex it will take a lot more hard work for there to be a Queen Fanpubber.

- John Robinson -

Sutton Breiding
2240 Bush St
SF CA 94115

LET A THOUSAND FANZINES BLOOM

VER 27 1973

Two thoughts which just went flying---or rising---through my brain: 1. that fanzines should be elevated to the stature the so-called 'little mags' enjoy, & 2. that poetry is so difficult to defend because it is virtually defenseless. . . I'm trying to decide if I want to expound on either of these ideas. The first would be easier; the second, well, I'd probably end up drowning myself (& you) in an absurd convolution of paranoid verbiage, attempting to be lucid & failing dismally.

I'll stick with the first, though not strictly.

Sometimes I feel that 'fan' is too segregating a word. I haven't come up with a suitable substitute, & probably won't; it is handy. I prefer to think in terms of a vast communal network of Artists. . . communicating.

The Small Presses, which are primarily concerned with poetry & Things Lit'ry, & which are quite Serious in their endeavours, have enjoyed much kudos from many, for some time now. Meanwhile, fanzines suffer in what some might consider the literary dregs, & are looked upon condescendingly. I recieved a brief note from the poetry editor of a phantasy-oriented magazine who also publishes his own poetry journal, & who spoke of the 'genre' in what to me were rather patronizing terms; yet HIS rag was SERIOUS. Perhaps I have misinterpreted him.

I see no real basic difference between any magazine: whether it be Harper's, Algol, Crudzine, or Literary Times. All are just creative expressions of divers folks. . . Well, there are differences; the most glaring being MONEY. Too, attitudes vary, but to me its all the same in the end: people expressing themselves, fulfilling a need(ego?), sharing their words, pictures, what-have-you.

If given the chance, would YOU go slick? If so, would You suffer a change in attitude? Still a humble little mimeographer at heart, or a mean old editor?

There are mediums to be struck: the 'semi-pro' category; yet still it seems that the ~~the~~ journals are given this label because of dealings with. . . money. I would love to be sufficiently funded to create a magnificent, lush magazine, which I could afford to send out For The Usual. Some do, or have done, this. Deluxe zines to be had for a loc; or at least a printed loc; or a substantial contribution. . . But to go one step more & give it gratis to anyone. . . anyone that shows sustained interest, that is; anyone who loves what you're doing because it is, to quote Mervyn Peake, like poetry, 'a ritual of the heart.' The old labour of love/love of the labour. Enjoy the sweat; revel in the fruits.

I would like to see longer, fannish-produced works circulating. Bibliographies & research projects(a la Sween); anthologies of essays, fiction, poetry; zine-length studies by one author; novels. . . . Mimeographed novels. The long defunct San Francisco Communications Company once printed a book titled INFORMED SOURCES, given freely to all. Later it was picked up by a major publishing house & printed in an oversized paperback format at four or five dollars.

Its been done; it can be done! Especially by those whose printing skills are polished; who have worked out the kinks in their technical problems; those whose blood is half mixed with ink. Is there a DESIRE anywhere? I should practice what I preach? Later; when I have overcome certain personal . . . difficulties-----but there are those who CAN do it.

Down with the New York Times; UP WITH FANZINES!

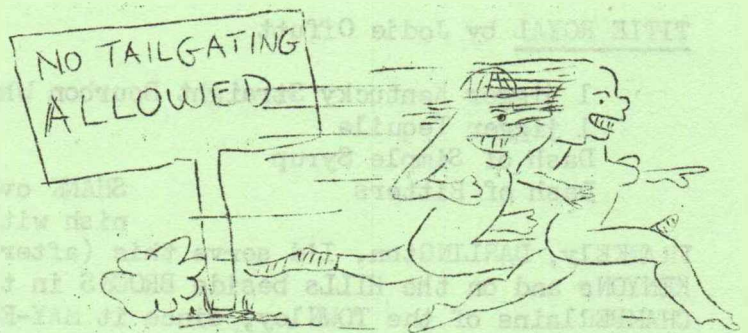
KRATOPHANY (Eli Cohen, 417 W. 118 St, Apt 63, New York, NY 10027; usual or 50¢; mimeo and 32 pp) has a strange editor. It seems that right after publishing an issue he becomes pregnant and nine months later gives birth to another issue. KRATOPHANY is a product of the New York Avocado Pit group and it's a fine fanzine. Nice blue paper with impeccable repro on both text and art. The cover is by Donald Davis and it's excellent. The interior art is by many of the top fanartists and is highlighted by Freff's excellent, intricate work.

The written material is a bit lightweight. Eli has a really nice, long editorial which rambles from cats to pizzas to his courses in statistics. Ginjer Buchanan has a really amusing article about her dog getting sprayed by a skunk. I find it hard to believe that she didn't know how to get rid of the smell, but then I guess there aren't too many skunks in NYC. ((How do you?)) There's a punfilled "Food for Thought" menu that's very amusing, and a comic strip that I found totally incomprehensible, though it's nicely drawn and reproduced. The interesting lettercol is largely concerned with FTL and the zine's visual aspects. A feghoot completes the issue.

While everything here is enjoyable, well written and amusing, there's nothing that really sticks in one's mind, except for, perhaps, the Food for Thought menu. The humor is not funny enough to make it truly memorable. Nevertheless, KRATOPHANNY is an excellent zine, worth getting, amusing, visually superior, and friendly. Eli should manage to publish more frequently.

GODLESS (SP4 Bruce D. Arthurs, 57 Trans Co, Fort Lee, VA 23801; the usual or 35¢; mimeo, 26 pp) is a more or less serious fanzine whose material is far less memorable, worthwhile, or well done as in KRATOPHANY. It's nicely reproduced on ugly twilltone with passable artwork, but barely. Still, it's better than the written matter.

Bruce's editorial is short and concerned with his repro problems. It would have been good if he had rambled for a few more pages. ((In defense of Bruce, in this regard, I point out that there's more of him in his perszine, POWERMAD.)) Donn Brazier explains why a story becomes memorable to him. Doug Leingang has a pointless little tale about paranoia. Sheryl Birkhead contributes a short piece trying to explain why Marion Zimmer Bradley's DARKOVER books appeal to her, but while it presents some insights into Sheryl's personality, the piece fails as an article. She concludes by admitting she can't write an article anyway. This bothers me because she could be an entertain-fanwriter if she put her mind to it. Michael Shoemaker has the most worthwhile piece in the zine: the lack of intelligent sf criticism in book form. This may be your cup of tea -- it isn't mine. There's a long Roger Elwood loc about a review Bruce did last time of TEN TOMORROWS, and a dull lettercol with the primary topic a debate about Rotsler supposedly recycling his cartoons. (I don't give a damn if they're recycled or not, which shows you how badly I want some. ((For Mike's BANSHEE now in 7 issues with a memorable fan history piece on fanpolls by Bob Tucker.))



GODIESS is not a bad fanzine, but it's not a good one either. The material here is very lightweight, and what's more, it's not trying to be. I think Bruce should get more contributors from outside the TITLE circle. He's limiting the zine's scope too much, though not intentionally. Bruce is an interesting person and GODIESS should rise from its current level of mediocrity once Bruce get's some good writers working for him. ((Ouch!))

With the demise of TANDSTIKKERZEITUNG (and maybe even without its demise, too) TALKING STOCK (Loren MacGregor, Box 636, Seattle, WA 98111; available for a brief autobiography; 10 pp mimeo) now appears to be about fandom's top personalzine. Loren is an extremely engaging writer and he verges close to brilliant in the latest issue, which is either #16 or #17, depending on how you look at it.

One such brilliant portion describes why he left his job at the hospital. It's an extremely moving account of trying to save somebody's life, and failing. For this alone, the zine is recommended twice over. He has a brief piece of faan fiction that falls short of the other material in the zine, and Lynn Naron introduces herself to fandom. Loren writes amusingly about how to obtain the zine, and then there's a brief loc section. An account of the goodbye party that his co-workers gave him, and a reprinting of a newspaper article about a man who took his car to be painted five years ago and still hasn't gotten it back, conclude the issue.

This is an extremely enjoyable, well written personalzine. Loren is a friendly and amusing person, and you should make every effort to get his zine.

SELDON'S PLAN NEWSLETTER (Wayne Third Foundation, Box 102, University Center Bldg., WSU, Detroit; the usual or 35¢; 37 pp, xeroxed) is the clubzine of this Wayne University group, and it's not too bad.

The editor, for this issue at least, is Gene Mierzejewski and he writes a fairly amusing editorial, going in for a bit of sniping at himself and David Gerrold, whom I gather is not too well liked in Detroit. The writing here is abominable, though, consisting of strung out sentences and an absurd use of the editorial "we".

There are poems by one Lea Roffey scattered throughout the issue; I'm not much into poetry, but they look like decent poems. Her article on astrology was another thing I couldn't get into. Gene has an unoriginal humorous article on how he is responsible for Watergate; it's supposed to be funny, but it's not, really. There's a brief interview with Kelly Freas all about his career; I enjoyed it quite a bit. Cy Chauvin puts in a nice critical article on Gerrold, which, despite the fact that I like the man's work, I'm more or less forced to agree with. It's called "I Have No Talent and I Must Write."

The highlight of the issue, though, is a bawdy obituary spoof of one Doc Simms, author of the Hugo-winning novels THE DEMOLISHED DYKE and STARSHIP DILDOES. It's by somebody named Rancid J. McCleever and it's a riot. There are some average book reviews, and no lettercol. The zine is nicely xeroxed, with quite a bit of mediocre artwork, partly saved by Randy Bathurst. All in all, it's an enjoyable zine with quite a bit of humor in it.

TITLE ROYAL by Jodie Offutt

1 jigger Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
1 jigger Tequila
Dash of Simple Syrup
Dash of Bitters

SHANK over ice SHAVERS, strain into STEINS, garnish with ROSES and JEWELS.

FRANKely, DARLINGTON, I'd serve this (after DONning your SOBRERO) in the MEADOWS, KENYONs and on the HILLs beside BROOKS in the WOODard, rather than in the HALLs and CHAMBERlains of the TOWNley, since it MAY-ER, tend to cause TITLERS to BEAHM and SINGEr, GRADYually SWEENing, SMOOTing and CLINGAN at each other with thoughts of WARREN, ROBINson, BREIDING and other unWERTHAM pursuits, before BUCKing their HELMS, falling OFFutt their SHOEmakers, onto their LARS-ON PALMers while trying to WALKer to the JOHNson, after WOLFEing down a TITLE ROYAL, be'GORRA! AYERs, ANDerson, that's EVERett bit the BECK I KEN do. I CONNOR go on; it's too TACKett; I'm about to toss my COX and CAGLEs; it WARNERs no more of my time. Now it's your turn, all you other ARTHURS! DONN BURGETT -- or you'll be BRAZIERed, for SHERman! See what you can do with other TITLERS... LES-KO, leinGANG! ((C'est GAMMAGE!))

ZINE SCENE

Warren Johnson 131 Harrison St., Geneva, Illinois 60134 Warren Johnson
Again, reviews are short and subjective. I generally refer serious, sf-oriented
fanzines, although particularly well done 'fannish' zines might be enjoyable for
me.

THE ALIEN CRITIC has returned to the full-size format that it supported several issues ago and has returned to the standards of quality that it lost temporarily last time. This eighth number contains a slight Delap article on sex in sf, presenting nothing of great interest except perhaps to Geis (whose interest in the field is obvious), and Ted White's column which is a history of his feud with Harry Harrison over the years, in answer to an angry Harrison letter earlier in the issue. Geis, in editorial reply, questions White's facts and points out the abrasive writing style that has made White a party to so many feuds. Also included is Bloch's fabulously funny Torcon banquet speech: "The only convention hotel we could find was an igloo. It was so far up north, the desk clerk was a walrus. At least he looked like a walrus. It was either a walrus or Harry Harrison."

Overall, the zine still is growing on Geis, and is very readable. The letter 'column' features several actfans and the zine (moving back to the mimeo format) seems more like a 'fanzine' than it has for quite a while. Highly recommended. (Richard E. Geis, P.O.Box 11408, Portland, OR 97211, 4/84)

I'm afraid I can't give the same sort of enthusiastic praise to the second 'biggie' of the month, the 19th OUTWORIDS. Graphically, it's several times superior to TAC, but that's deliberate planning on Geis' part. The artwork is nice, but the contents -- well, I suppose it's a matter of taste. It might tell you something that the lead article is on teddy bears.

Now that, apparently, the pros are giving up feuding, I doubt that I'll find much of interest in the zine, and I probably won't be getting it any longer. I'm sorry that Bowers couldn't have other material, more sf related (and to me, more interesting) but that's why I publish a fanzine too, I suppose... (Bill and Joan Bowers, P.O.Box 148, Wadsworth, OH 44281; \$1, 4/84)

Somebody else who's been playing around with graphics is Chris Sherman (700 Parkview Terrace, Minneapolis, MN 55416; 50¢, usual) whose ANTITHESIS 3 has shown its face. I can't say that I like all of it... much of the material doesn't interest me that much, and I could do without fan fiction and poetry. Still, I did enjoy Cy Chauvin's article on the rational behind criticism; also enjoyed the lettercolumn. The graphics I mentioned include a portfolio of fantasy art by Joe West, who is quite good. An enjoyable fanzine, altogether.

I'm finding it very difficult to find anything to say about DIEHARD 4 from Tony Cvetko (29415 Parkwood Dr., Wickliffe, OH 44092; 40¢ or usual). The articles are nothing outstanding, although certainly worth reading, and the layout isn't incredibly fancy either. As in many fanzines, the lettercolumn is the most interesting feature, with many reactions to Dominick Casadonte's article on UFOs from the previous issue (mostly unfavorable). About an 'average' a fanzine as you're likely to find, and whether you'd like it goes from there.

Jeff Appelbaum (5836 25 $\frac{1}{2}$ St., St. Louis Park, MN 55416; usual), well known MINNEAPAN, has put all the sf related material out of his apazine and into a separate zine called JIBARA. The format is somewhat similar to early issues of TAC; book/magazine review after book/magazine review, with diary-type interruptions occasionally. It's interesting to read, although a bit hard to read because of the repro.

(continued)

I don't get LOCUS anymore, after they stopped trading, but I think that KARASS makes up for it quite well. Neatly mimeographed, it gives all the fan news (as well as some pro notes) that you're likely to be interested in. It doesn't have lists of forthcoming books; it doesn't have lists of the contents of magazines and anthologies. Since I never read them, I don't miss them here. An excellent third issue, and I hope Linda can keep it up. (Linda Bushyager, 1614 Evans Ave., Prospect Park, PA 19076; 5/\$1, the usual.)

NOTES FROM THE CHEMISTRY DEPT., with its excellent fourth issue, seems to be moving up on the list of the best fanzines around. This issue contains an extended discussion of Jerry Pournell's Sword and Sceptre, featuring Mike Glycer, Pournell, and the editor. There are also the regular features: the 'Assigned Reading' diary, and the lettercolumn. Very much worth the effort to get it. (Denis Cuane, Box CC, East Texas Sta., Commerce, TX 75428; 30¢ or the usual.)

There isn't an awful lot of difference between this, the ninth, and the last issue of OXYTOCIC. Again, there is a Don D'Amassa article for a lead about a minor ANALOG writer, and another Leingang article. Again, the lettercolumn takes up a good part of the issue, and is fairly interesting. I can't say I'm overwhelmed by OXY, but it's a good fanzine and worth reading. (Mike T. Shoemaker, 2123 North Early St., Alexandria, VA 22302; 25¢)

SON OF THE WSFA JOURNAL has reached #135 with its double issue, this time featuring Richard Delap's prozine review column for Dec. 1973 (somewhat belated!) and other things like a special review/analysis of 'The Ones Who Walk Away from Omelas' (LeGuin, New Dimensions 3) by myself, whose piece the editor edited heavily, cutting it in half without consulting me. I can't help noticing that Don is supposedly a TITLE reader, and presumably has read Walker's article.... (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Wheaton, MD 10906; 9/\$2)

TITLE's EDITOR SEZ TRY THESE.....

ASHWING, Frank Denton 14654 8th Ave. SW
Seattle, Wash 98166 Superior writing
talent makes a perszine come alive!

IT COMES IN THE MAIL, Ned Brooks, 713
Paul St., Newport News, VA 23605. An
intelligent diary based on the daily
mail deliveries.

DON-o-SAUR, Don Thompson, 7498 Canosa Ct,
Westminster, Col 80030. Another 'mat-
ure' faned with comment & lettercol.

YANDRO, Buck & Juanita Coulson, Rt 3,
Hartford City, IN 47348. Always a
thick genzine now in its 225 issue!

MAYBE, Irvin Koch, 835 Chatt Bk. Bldg.,
Chattanooga, TN 37402. Always lots
of news & NEFF notes, fan oriented.

BANSHEE, Mike Gorra, 199 Great Neck Rd.,
Waterford, Conn. 06385. A good gen-
zine in 7th issue; Tucker article.

KYBEN, Jeff Smith, 4102-301 Potter St.,
Baltimore, MD 21229. A kind of per-
genzine with lettercol & bookrevs.

PHOTRON, Steve Beatty, 1662 College Ter.,
Murray, KY 42071. Up & coming gen-
zine in 9th issue.

BREAKTHROUGH, Henry Bitman, P.O.Box 968,
Azusa, CA 91702. Genzine with some
fiction & bignames in lettercol.

THRUST, Maryland SF Soc., 202 Cumberland
E, College Park, MD 20742. A thinner
ALGOL; offset; interviews, fiction,

POWERMAD, Bruce D. Arthurs, 57 Trans Co,
Fort Lee, VA 23801. Perszine about
sf and non-sf.

PREHENSILE, Mike Glycer, 14974 Osceola St,
Sylmar, CA 91345. Hugo-quality
genzine; offset reduced.

ZYMURGY, Dick Patten, 2908 ElCorto SW,
Albuquerque, NM 87105. Genzine of
note; sharp fmz revs by Mike Kring.

TONG, TINK, Mae Strelkov, Casilla de Cor-
reo 55, Jesus Maria, Cordoba, Argent-
ina. Hektographing mind-blower!

HPL SUPPLEMENT #3, Meade Frierson III,
P.O.Box 9032, Birmingham, AL, 35213.
Final HPL material for Lovecraft fans.

QWERTYUIOP, Samuel Long, Box 4946, Pat-
rick AFB, Florida 32925. Genzine with
writers not seen in TITLE.

QUICK QUIPS

- Eric Mayer
RD 1
Falls, Pa 18615
- "Porn may be, as Ben Indick says, the last refuge of male sexism but so far as I can see there are an awful lot of women around who are perfectly happy with male sexism."
- Denis Quane
Box CC, E.Texas Sta.
Commerce, Tex 75428
- "To Tody Kenyon - did you know that Franklin proposed the turkey, rather than the eagle, as the national emblem? It was obvious that he considered the eagle no better than the vulture...The big toe may be 'shorter' in some people than the second, but I doubt very much whether it is 'smaller'.... Why should Bruce Arthurs imply that andy offutt is a thing?... C.S.Lewis fathered the New Wave? Perhaps, but then some children don't resemble their fathers much."
- Jackie Franke
Box 51-A RR2
Beecher, Ill 60401
- "...ignore Ben Indick's advice! The T-readership seems to turn over quite sufficiently on its own - why boot out those that stick with you? Cruel! (I've never trusted those heartless druggists - a fiendish sort they be.) ((And druggists are notoriously tongue-in-cheekers, especially those red-headed ones!))... Who says most neofans are comix fans!? Pshaw! Nonsense! - But then who am I to say? I don't know most neofans, and maybe (though I doubt it) Randall does."
- Jeff Smith
4102-301 Potter St
Baltimore, MD 21229
- "...for Chris Sherman, Brian Aldiss's 'The Saliva Tree' is much closer to Wells than Lovecraft -- it is a beautiful pastiche of early Wells."
- James A. Hall
236 Lansdowne Ave
Winnipeg, Manitoba
- Q: What happens when you fail to pay off your Exorcist?
A: You get re-possessed.
- Brett Cox
Box 542
Tabor City, NC 28463
- "My main problem in writing locs is that I have a tendency to be choppy and ill-organized. But when I write to you, I don't have to worry about that....Everybody says that neos are always treated badly by more experienced fen, but I'm still sort of a neo, and so far I haven't been treated badly by anybody. Am I overdone? Or is it just because I've never been to a con?"
- Bruce D. Arthurs
57 Trans Co.
Fort Lee, Va 23801
- "..it is important whether a person is a boy or girl, depending on what you have in mind....Cagle? Gafiated? Where's my cup of hemlock?...Suppose Rhoda Penbrook, the murderous little girl in the movie, THE BAD SEED, had not been zapped by lightning and instead grew up to become...a femmefan! The mind boggles..."
- Claire Beck
P.O. Box 27
Lakeport, CA 95453
- "..Geo Beahm's remarks on inexplicable phenomena, my own view is that the impossible is improbable. The 'evidence' for such things as synchronicity, waldteufels, poltergeists etc. is convincing enough, but too readily incorporable into systems of dogma. Therefor whenever I see something that isn't there I usually don't say anything about it."
- Dorothy Jones
6101 Euclid Ave.
Bakersfield, CA 93308
- "..a friend asked me once when I told her about how many letters I had been writing to SF friends, 'Why are you writing to all those strangers?' Strangers? NEVER! Boring? NEVER! It isn't so much the content of the letter that impresses me the most..but common ground, friendliness, etc. I'm going to write a small article on writing letters one of these days." ((Ah! Now you said it, and it's in print! I'll be expecting this 'small article' one of these days..))

Paul Walker
128 Montgomery St.
Bloomfield, NJ 07003

"Say, somebody ought to nominate Connor for a Hugo this year. And Don Ayres, too. He's maybe my favorite fan writer right now."

Dave Szurek
4417 Second Apt B-2
Detroit, Mich 48201

"Indick's making too big an issue out of porn. It's written to appease frustrated sexual appetites. Everyone possesses a sex drive, but that doesn't mean they are sexist in their outlook on people. A-sexist and A-sexual are two different things. Porn is an outright necessity for some of us - the more frustrated, most particularly, which explains why most porn concentrates on 'deviant' behavior. I personally am not a porn-freak but I can see the need for it, and don't believe that it's all just a sexist device....Shaver's getting carried away again. Aren't we human beings entitled to goof things up without help?"

Ann Chamberlain
3464 Wilson Ave "C"
Oakland, CA 94602

"Time is passing with increasing swiftness...else I have been slowing down more and more...."

Robert Smoot
Three Churches
West Va, 26765

"Been an outbreak of lice in the county of late. One grade school, where I went, went so far as to be fumigated. By the way, I combed my hair over this letter." ((Just in time I got a letter from James A. Hall describing his built-in rear-end scratcher, which, rather than describe, I ordered C.O.D.))

John Carl
3750 Green Lane
Butte, Mont 59701

"Cagle's Gafiated! My god, I didn't think it possible. I truly miss him..one of my favorite people in fandom. KWAL was one of my 3 favorite zines. Ed, if you're reading this, I may as well say that I really regret seeing you go. I'll miss you, and so will fandom. Goodbye." ((Right! But something peculiar happened today...An employee of the Telephone Company called and asked who might have called me from Leon, Kansas, sometime ago. My wife, who took the operator's call, remembered the name of Ed Cagle, only to have the operator say: 'There's no listing for that name at Leon, Kansas'!!!))

Nesha Kovalick
1900 Goss #302
Boulder, Col. 80302

"..Andrew Darlington has produced the first fan written sfish poem I've ever liked. It's really good, very strong within its pattern context. I'm pleased to find a poem in a fanzine that I don't abhor and don't feel overwhelmed by the need to criticize it. Thank you, Andrew!"

Michael T. Shoemaker
2123 N. Early St.
Alexandria, Va 22302

"About John Robinson's remark concerning telepathy being treated only as a gift in SF: I once wrote a story (rejected 5 times) about developing telepathy as a physical skill."

Frank Denton
14654 - 8th Ave.S.W.
Seattle, WA 98166

"I should report that the first mailing of CHAPS was a lot more successful than we dreamed it might be when we thought it up. 9 contributors and 44 pages: how's that for a COWBOYS AND HORSES APA?"

Jodie Offutt
Funny Farm
Haldeman, Ky 40329

"Illogical uses ((of words)) following custom: glove compartments...plastic "glasses"... suitcase....dashboard. I remember my grandmother calling the garage the buggy house, but I guess that wouldn't count." ((No, but my dad calls the garage, the garidj, always a cause for merriment!))

Chet Clingan
1254 Leah Court
Oroville, CA 95965

"I like the way you have short quotes, rather than long drawn out letters. The more room you give some people to write, the less they have to say."

Eldon Everett
1106½ Pike St.
Seattle, WA 98101

"Sorry to hear about Ed Cagle. Now Heinz will have to change their plans for making it '58'."

John Robinson "How would you like to be High Priest of Herbangelism for Missouri?
1- 101 Street There probably would have been a volunteer from Columbia, Mo. but
Troy, NY 12180 the Minions of Anti-Fan Gafia bombed the place back in '68. Write:
ELST, 7001 Park Manor Ave., N. Hollywood, CA 91605. There are al-
ready 80 Herbangelists and the number is growing rapidly. Join now and get HERBAPA."
((Wonder if you or ELST, or somebody, would explain all this via TITLE??))

Hank Jewel "Remember Tody Kenyon's study of toes? Well, I'm enclosing a
P.O.Box 244 page from a recent Avon catalog which shows a pair of feet
Warrensburg, Mo. 64093 with the second toes much longer than the big toes."

Eric Lindsay "Ken Ozanne's survey has been placed in order, various oc-
6 Hillcrest Ave. cult statistical practices have been performed over it,
Faulconbridge NSW 2776 but Ken hasn't yet started typing the stencils (he has the
Australia key to my house so he can come over and use my typewriter
when I'm at work, but he hasn't been over yet." ((3-13))

David Singer "Have you any idea where the style of breaking paragraphs by mere-
Quad Box 264 RPI ly moving the page one line and not moving the carriage either to
Troy, NY 12181 left or right came from?" ((Back when, it was called nonstop-
paragrafing, and I think I saw Forry Ackerman doing it first.))

Alma Hill "Did you know that the NFFF msbureau was started and run for
78 Summer St. awhile by none other than SaMoskowitz..?" ((Here's my chance
Natick, Mass 01760 to plug the NFFF Mss Bureau; faneds, get in touch with me!))

Kevin Williams "I wasn't asked to give my impressions on the past two years
2331 S. 6th St. of TITLE. I consider this a malicious act." ((I'm saving
Springfield, Ill 62703 you....))

George Beahm "Joe Woodard reminds me of Bruce Arthurs in one way: he seems
13 Gainsborough Pl to talk very infrequently in public, yet in print he pours
Newport News, Va 23602 out a stream of lucid prose."

HAVE TO BREAK IN HERE. JUST RECEIVED AN ENVELOPE FROM BOB TUCKER. INSIDE WAS
JUST ONE ITEM: A SOCK. IT IS A PURPLE SOCK . WITH A PATTERN STRIPE DOWN EACH
SIDE. IT IS A CLEAN SOCK. HEAVILY LAUNDERED WITH JUST THE VESTIGE OF ELASTIC
IN THE TOP. WHAT AM I BID? WHO WILL PAY \$\$\$ FOR AN OLD TUCKER SOCK? WHO DO
YOU KNOW THAT CAN SAY: "Listen, I've got one of Bob Tucker's socks?" MONEY,
OF COURSE, GOES TO THE "DEPORT TUCKER FUND".

Bill Breiding "...I get along quite well and a lot more truthfully with
2240 Bush St myself if I follow my feelings and first impulse emot-
San Francisco, CA 94115 ions; intellectualizing has never really appealed to me,
though I follow Mike's train of thot, clearly."

Dick Patten "...I hate it when the real world interferes with fandom."
2908 El Corto SW ((I have those moments of irritation, too, and though I feel
Albuquerque, NM 87105 it to be a little unhealthy, I still have those moments.))

Raymond J. Bowie, Jr. "...are there any people out there who feel, like me, that
31 Everett Ave. Boris Karloff should be considered up there with people
Somerville, Mass 02145 like Cagney, Bogart, Robinson, Tracy, Gable and the like?"

Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Rd NW, Albuquerque, NM 87107...."1984 -- ten more
years and counting...."

Just for the record: David Singer & Bob Stein (NY & Milwaukee) with postcards 3/25. David noted only that T25 had arrived, and the rest took up plans to get out Defenestration #2 by Eatsre, perhaps. Bob comments on Shoemaker's article and says that Philip Wylie saw it coming too -- this 'mass illiteracy'; and comments on Wertham's book: '...pity he didn't explore such basics as the Fancyclopedia, Warner's and Moskowitz's books for a broader perspective.'

Ken Gammage's postcard came the next day, and he, too, is too busy to comment, working on Locomotive #4. Kevin Williams' 3-pager came the same day & is practically all on Shoemaker's article (which has drawn some long responses). Quotable from Kevins at this juncture: "Hats off to Tody, the Grand Kenyon. No particular reason; I just wanted to deliver myself of that awful pun before it festered within me and ate my pancreas." ((You may have been a day late, Kevin.))

Claire Beck (3/27) asks: "How can the good writings of Ernest Bramah appeal to such a banal mind as that of James N. Hall? Very glad to see a longer article by Michael T. Shoemaker - good; consistent with his shorter stuff in T." On this same date George Beahm echoes most of the previous and subsequent writers who see no good coming from the Title-apa idea; and since the recovery of the mimeo machine the idea is probably non-operative now anyway. George comments on everything but his last paragraph I have to print right now: "Old Bruce Arthurs never talks about women, and then he comes along and (orf!) draws some busomy broad holding by a leash a flying seal -- rich with Freudian interpretations there. Just goes to show, Bruce's passions show in his art, or something."

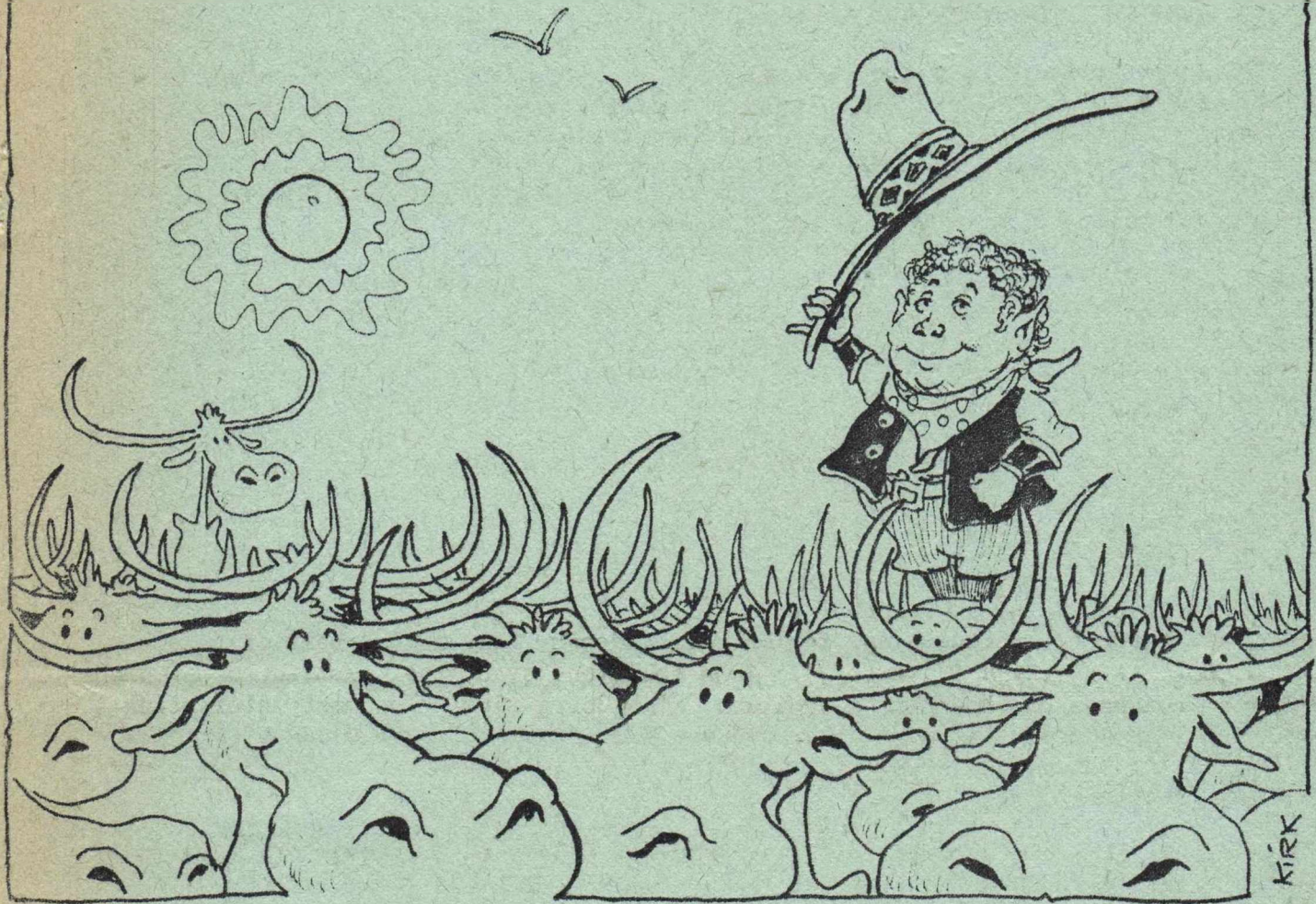
Bill Breiding (3/27) says, "I found both of the zine review columns very interesting; mainly for Warren's shortness and for Mike's in-depth. They are a great offset to each other." ((uh..even in mimeo?)). John Robinson, same date, restricted his whole letter to comments on Shoemaker's article. Mike Gorra says, "The most interesting parts were, of course, the lettercols and the zine reviews (blush blush)." ((People keep referring to TITLE's lettercols. There really aren't any, as such; what there is might be called letterculls.))

NOW, a letter from Ken Gammage (3/27). He enjoyed Wilber's story "verrrrry much" and gave a "bravo and huzzah" to James N. Hall. He also mentions DORIC as though it still lived. Repeat: DORIC folded and will remain folded. If I can find a way to print the stories, they will be printed.

Surprise, Karen Burgett! You were not the first one in (3-27). Why not? Because I mailed T25 in four groups: 1) overseas 2) west & east coastal regions 3) mid-west 4) St.Louis local; and the 4 groups spread over 4 days. ((I have discovered that T24 and T25 arrived from within a week to same day of each other. Denis Quane & I talked that over and decided the only variable was that T24 was in envelope and T25 was bare and streaked through the post-office! See if that doesn't work out that way, you other faneds.)) Karen says: "Frankly, I'm tired of 'Walker's Wake'. Who cares?" ((It did stretch out, but to faneds and older fanwriters it was important and caused some soul searching, and hopefully rubbed off on the neofans.))

The ol' redhead, Ben Indick, writes, "Brett Cox fails to mention that I was at Gritcon and complained bitterly that there was too much orange marmalade on the gefülte fish; as a result, no one talked to me. I was the one who put the bermuda onions in the milkshakes. Rick writes good sf; has he sold stuff? I think he can." ((Ben tells me that 'Indick' in Polish means 'turkey'...uh, readers, what can you do with that?)) On that same day (3-29) arrived a note from Dick Patten before he had even read past the part where my mimeo was in jeopardy; a great offer to run off stencils if I'd send them his way! Bruce Arthurs complained, same date, there weren't enuf cut-up locs. "It was almost like a regular, plain old fanzine! Booooo, hiss!" Several subsequent locs noted this fact; I wonder what will be said about this issue, which is even more so?

COME TO MIDDLE-EARTH!



* KANSAS CITY IN '76 *

Despite its stereotyped cowtown image, Kansas City, Missouri is a modern, dynamic metropolis located on the Missouri-Kansas state line. It is easily the most accessible location ever offered as a site for a World Science Fiction Convention, being only 200 miles from the exact geographic center of the U.S. As an independently organized group, the K.C. in '76 Committee is composed of members of the Kansas City Science Fiction and Fantasy Society (KaCSFFS), which actively supports the K.C. bid for the 34th Worldcon. Our proposed hotel facility, the nationally known Muehlebach Hotel, has already made available its massive 51,000 sq. ft. convention center, and has also blocked 700 sleeping rooms for the '76 convention. Because the preceding only begins to outline the many details of the Kansas City bid, we invite you to write and request a FREE copy of our bidding information brochure. Find out for yourself why Lazarus Long traveled 200 years in time, and countless light-years in space, to come to Kansas City. Could he know something that you don't know? Please address all correspondence to:

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TITLE

DONN BRAZIER
1455 Fawnvalley Dr
St. Louis, Mo. 63131

REVIEW OF QUEST, the Occasional Journal
of the Challenger Research Institute

Editor of this offset zine of 32 pages
is Arthur Louis Joquel II of 447 West
Twain Ave., Clovis, CA 93612; he is also
a TITLE reader. The Institute is a non-
profit organization formed in 1944 for
interdisciplinary studies. QUEST may be
traded for or 24¢. The zine is profusely
illustrated and attractive.

The lead article is a fascinating ac-
count of a Chinese "mummy" and her tomb
of 2100 years ago; well-illustrated.
This is followed by a full page poem in
which scores of sf novel & story titles
are used in a sense-giving sequence.
Art has a reprint of his from the 1968
Grolier Ency. of Science Suppl. about a
proposal for research on the signifi-
cance of life; he has another article on
antimatter. The rest of the zine has
reprints from 1800's publications deal-
ing with art, history, archeology, and
occult/religion.

Recommended for both the casual and ser-
con reader.



Eric Lindsay
6 Hillcrest Ave
Faulconbridge NSW 2776
Australia

THIRD CLASS MAIL