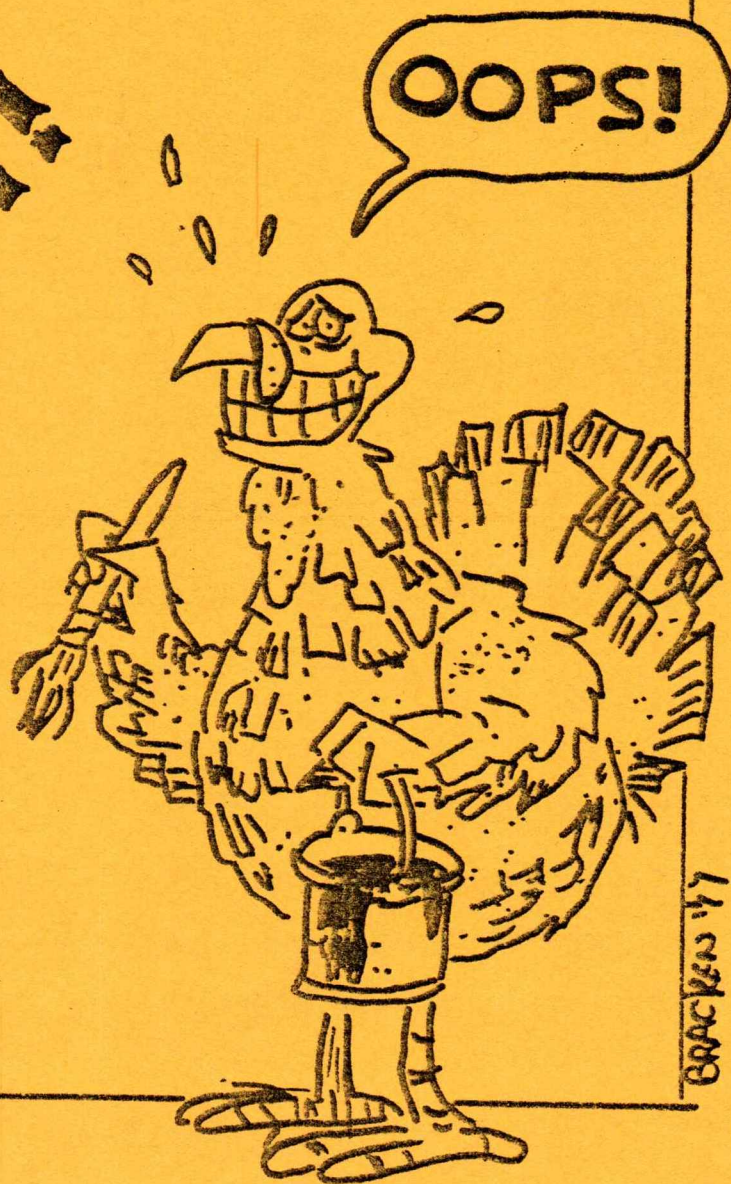
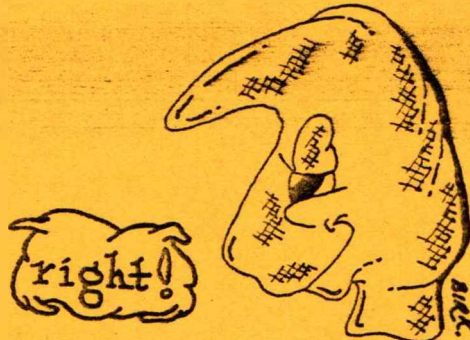


THIS FANZINE'S
A TURKEY!



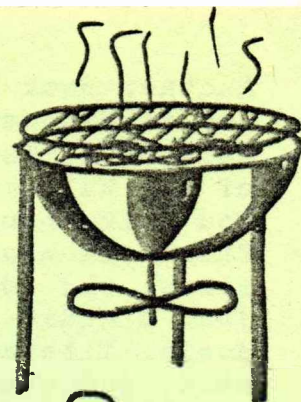
CRACKEN '77



AITOI or
AS I THINK OF IT

You'll be getting this issue in November; thus, the turkey cover and other thematic emphasis on feathered friends.

Title

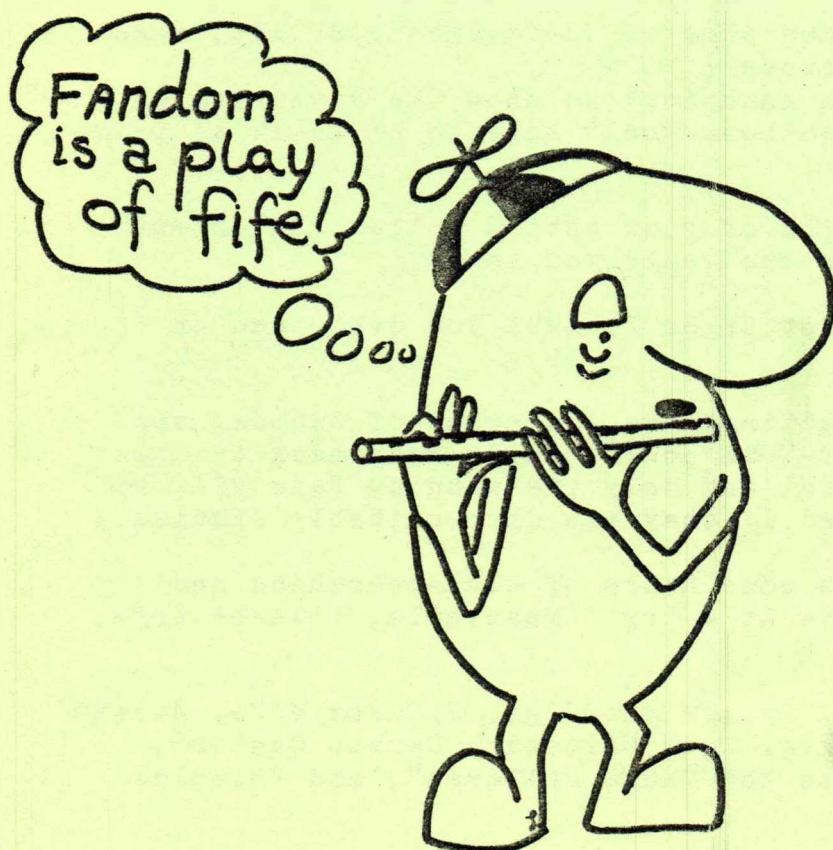


a fannish
brazier

Issue #68 isn't even completed as of this date -- October 12 -- and here I am already preparing pages for the xenophobic xerox. I have just had three books autographed for me, personally, by Alvin Toffler. Two copies of FUTURE SHOCK (one hard cover, the other paperback and considerably marked up at choice spots) and a copy of THE FUTURISTS which I just picked up in Minnesota last week and haven't had a chance to read. In each he wrote: "For Donn Brazier with thanks for your museum." Let me explain that inscription... The local CBS-TV affiliate is up in our simian/primate/man evolution section of the museum. We have also moved from its normal "chandelier" hanging spot a giant construction of a portion of a DNA molecule into the room. Beside this molecule stands Alvin Toffler with lights and camera/tape trained on him as he says something about genetic engineering. The crew is making a pilot videotape for a possible series on the future, with Alvin as the host; let us hope it meets with the approval of the executives, advertisers, and if put on the air can successfully compete with the good stuff such as SOAP, AS THE WORLD TURNS, and WHAT'S MY LINE. Unfortunately, I was not able to break Alvin away from the job for more than a minute when he kindly autographed my books. But I was able to talk to his charming blonde-haired wife who shook hands with her left because of pain in her right. She, in response to my question as to their residence, said

they had three: Connecticut, Manhattan, and London. Naturally I mentioned SF, meanwhile suggesting Alvin would be a natural speaker at a Worldcon. I had to explain that. She said they were close friends of John Brunner whose books, she said, were good introductions to SF for the mundane because of Brunner's character development and mainstream kinds of personal problems as well as the sciencefictional. As I made my farewell, I tried to get a luncheon date (with Alvin included, of course) but was told they had to catch a plane at noon.

Since I've been dropping names I may as well tell you that I have Willy Ley's autograph in ROCKETS AND SPACE TRAVEL (1947) and Arthur C. Clarke in INTERPLANETARY FLIGHT (c.1949), and THE EXPLORATION OF SPACE(1951).



Another book I picked up new in Minnesota was THE BOOK OF LISTS by members of the Wallace family. You talk about surveys! This book has "best-10" lists, etc. of all subject fields: sports, art, music, literature, science, and whatnot. Fascinating reading and valuable for trivia reference. It's urged me to do another TITLE survey, but this time, no form to fill out-- just send me your answers. Okay? This one will deal only with SF & fantasy.

1a: Which one living SF or fantasy author would you most like to chat with for one hour?

b: Same for one dead author. (Resurrected!)

2a: Name 5 of your all-time favorite novels.

b: Same for short stories. (Both SF or F)

3: Name one favorite SF film of all time.

4a: If you could arrange a one-man show of fantastic or SF art, name one artist whose works you'd feature.

b: If you were the editor of an anthology to show the diversity of the field (both SF & F), which authors would have to be in it as prime examples of a type?

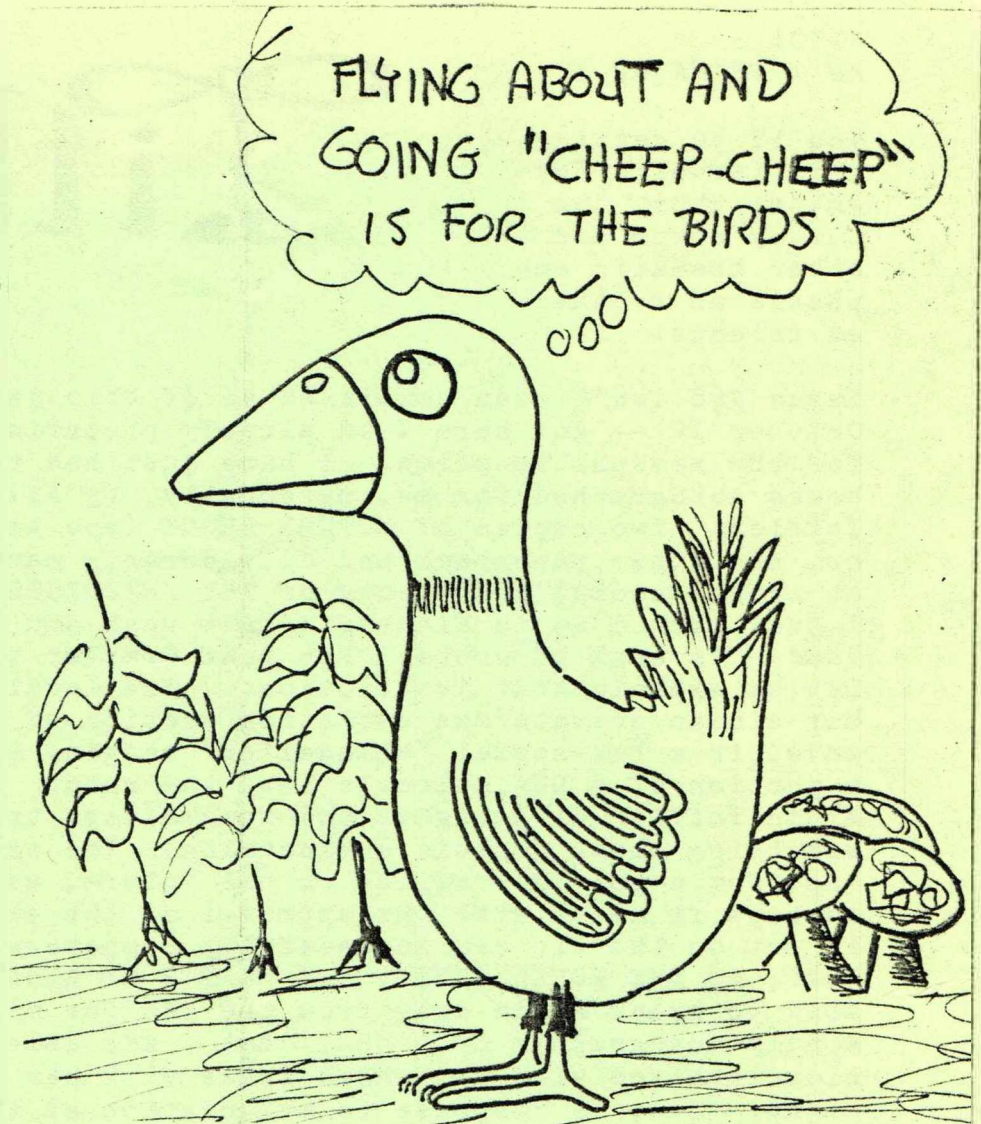
5: If you were required to get rid of your entire collection except for one book or paperback, which one would you keep?

6: What is without doubt the worst SF or F novel you ever read or attempted to read?

7: If you were in charge of selecting five fan guest-of-honors, who would they be? (This is a Super-Worldcon!) (Your responses to this question will be kept confidential and only the winning fans will be published.) (Pros may be selected if they are also suitably fannish.)

Well, the above ought to consume some hours of soul-searching and agonizing decisions. Please give it a try. Meanwhile, I'll be trying to answer my own questions.

Worth repeating: send 5¢ to Maj. Lester Antilles, P.O.Box 4773, Austin TX 78765 for The Salamander Weekly. Read "Literacy Causes Cancer", "Man with 50-lb Brain", "Sex Does Not Cause Children", and "Singles Rest Home Swept by Fire."



This is still AITOI. Following Michael Shoemaker's letter, you will find a paraphrased summary of what Michael considers "one of the most important scientific discoveries of this century"-- and whose neglect thereof by the media has steamed up Michael so much....

8-18

Aug. 16, 1977

Dear Donn,

Title #65 is another nearly total loss for me. God, what has happened to the title of old? You might consider reviving some of the old comment hooks & dept. for the benefit of the newcomers. The trouble is most of the new Titlers are just names, we don't know them as people. We need more off-trail ideas (more Bliss, more lists of interesting items such as compiled occasionally by Wertham & Grady), more provocative questions (like Probe, Awe, moments in history, etc.). Clipjoint is potentially fascinating in this way, but you've neglected that potential the ~~XXXX~~ last couple of years. More ~~XX~~ quotes, less articles. Much as I admire Glicksohn's fanzine reviews, I have no use for fanzine reviews anymore. Very disturbing is that you haven't followed through on potentially great material. What about that candle flame in outer space?! What about that column on scientific absurdities as the basis of SF stories (I thought my contrib. to that in my letter of Feb. 14 was particularly good), What about that geometric paradox I sent you?

Eric Mayer's column continues to be superbly written. He alone perpetuates the readability of Title. I was thinking of writing a rebuttal to T. W. McDonald's repulsive articles about fannish legends. It was going to be about Paul Walker, a man who, based on quality, should be a fannish legend and should own a Hugo or two, but who doesn't ingratiate himself with the faanish clique and is consequently neglected. But I just don't have time. Paul will understand, I ~~XXXXXX~~ have to write the first draft of a play we are going to collaborate on.

I just heard on the radio that zirconium (whatever that is) causes cancer. I don't know anything about "the state of the art" in cancer research, but here's ~~XXX~~ an idea I've been harboring for some time. It seems that an amazingly diverse variety of substances causes cancer. Could it be perhaps that cancer is not pathological in the usual sense? That it is more akin to a mechanical breakdown in the body. Maybe all these ~~xxxxxx~~ "causes" are catalysts rather than active participants. One wonders: are these diverse ~~XXX~~ causes the real causes? For example, the pain in my ~~XXXX~~ heel was "caused" by calcification of the heel, but that in turn was caused by the heel rubbing against the back of the shoe. Comments anyone?

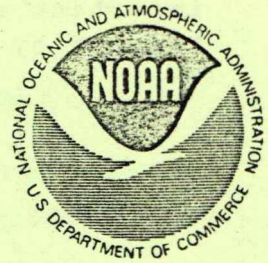
The real reason I'm writing this letter is to inform Titlers of what is undoubtedly one of the most important scientific discoveries of this century, and of the almost criminal neglect of this country's leading newspapers in not reporting this item. Because of these newspaper's (and TV & radio's) neglect many people will go on dying from drowning when they could be saved. I feel very strongly about this, and I'm writing letters to The Washington Post, The Washington Star, The New York Times, and Accuracy in Media, about this. You will find enclosed a xerox of the pertinent material. ~~XX~~ I think this is worth printing in title, and I urge titlers to write their own local newspapers.

You will also find enclosed four items for clipjoint.

Cordially,
Michael T. Shoemaker
Michael T. Shoemaker

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE NEWS

WASHINGTON, D.C. 20230



RELEASE: Sunday
August 7, 1977

Sea Grant Research Shows Drowning Victims Survive Better in Cold Water

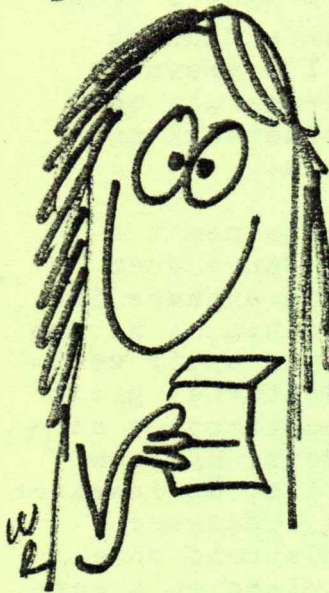
People who have drowned in cold water aren't necessarily dead -- even if they have been under water for as long as 30 minutes. A study at the University of Michigan reported that in 13 cases of "true cold water drownings" (i.e. water below 70°F) 9 were revived without brain damage or other ill effects. All 9 had gone beyond the traditional 4-minute oxygen deprivation limit after which irreversible brain damage was thought to occur. The most spectacular survival case was an 18-year old who had been trapped in his submerged car in a frozen pond for 38 minutes. When brought to the surface, he had no life signs and was pronounced "dead" at the scene. Upon being loaded in an ambulance, he gasped; resuscitation was started immediately and continued for two hours plus 13 more hours of respiratory support. Two weeks later he left the hospital to return to college where he is now an A student.

What saved this victim and the others in the study was the activation of an automatic "mammalian diving reflex", combined with the coldness of the water. The reflex allows sea-going mammals to exist under water for up to 30 minutes. It reduces the blood supply to the skin and other tissues resistant to oxygen-loss damage, reserving more oxygen for the brain. Cold water reduces the oxygen need, further lengthening survival time. Young children (especially under 3.5 years old) stand a better chance of recovery due to a more pronounced mammalian diving reflex, and 7 of the 9 persons were children under that age. In any event, rescue workers are advised not to give up too easily even if the victim looks dead-- cold, blue, not breathing, no pulse or heart beat, fixed and dilated pupils. Procedure: external heart massage, ventilation with 100% oxygen warmed to 110°F, and heart shocking after normal body temperatures are reached.

Did anyone see this reported in the papers, radio, or TV?

Dr. Fredric Wertham sends a xerox of a newspaper piece about the trial of Ronald Zamora, alleged 15-year old murderer who supposedly was driven to violence by TV shows (especially mentioned was Kojak). Doc's note reads: "Enclosed brief interview may interest you. It may help to clear up some widely held misunderstandings (even on the part of some Titlers)." The substance is this: TV alone does not cause this; "...there are always other factors involved," Doc says. And TV, along with everything else, "makes a person desensitive; it devalues human life. ... People don't get violent-- they get violence-prone. ... A whole generation of people has been affected by this brutality." Doc says censorship is not the answer; the public must be educated to the destructive effects of screen violence. "You can have a crime story without showing a person's eyes shot out."

HARRY WARNER
AND
MIKE GUCKSOHN,
BOTH WROTE US?



BY GEORGE,
I THINK WE'VE
MADE THE
BIG TIME

verting my mind from the big problems and minor nuisances that have beset me down through the years, and a way of obtaining the egoboo that almost everyone needs which is fitted to my mental and physical capacities.

I can't claim that fandom has changed my life in any essential way. Nevertheless, I can speculate about the possibility that fandom has saved me from an even worse fate than that of being a tired old lochack. If fandom hadn't been there to occupy my time and attention, it's conceivable that I might have fretted myself into a nervous breakdown or overworked myself on the job into a heart attack years ago. Occasionally I get so disgusted with the problems that crop up for a home owner that I'm briefly tempted to call a real estate firm and sell it for what it will bring. I never do, partly because I don't know what I'd do with all the fannish stuff that has accumulated over the decades. I always snap out of the mood of wanting to sell in a day or so; without this after-effect of fandom, I might have allowed one of those temporary moods to stampede me into action I would have regretted for a long time.

Fandom has also helped me in recent years to remember that young people aren't really the way you imagine them to be from newspaper and magazine articles and from isolated instances of crime in the neighborhood. Except for some superficial differences in their behavior patterns, teen-aged fans and fans in their 20's are today so similar to fans in those age groups forty years ago that I can't believe the nation is really going to collapse soon for lack of good replacements. The evidence provided by fans doesn't give me much hope that young people are superior today to how they used to be, but let's not go into that just now.

Unlike some fans, I've never used fandom for direct or indirect financ-

Editor's note: A year ago almost to the day I asked Harry Warner to tell me "what fandom means to him". I planned to do another BONFIRE with that subject as the theme. But what happened? I don't know... Did I ask others to tell me the same thing, or did I forget? Whatever, Harry's is the only response in my file, and I want to do this now as an article before his old bedroom slippers wear out.

WHAT FANDOM MEANS TO ME

HARRY WARNER, JR.

I don't know that I can say anything about what fandom has meant to me that won't repeat what I've written on the topic in various places and at different times through the years. My opinions on that score haven't changed. Basically, I've found it a unique means of expressing myself to a fairly large audience with the barest minimum of restrictions on what I say or how I say it, a means of di-

ial gain. So I can't say that it has meant anything to me in the vocational sense, as it has for those who found their fannish contacts useful when they decided to support themselves as writers or editors or dealers in the fantasy fiction field. It's conceivable that fanac has had some beneficial effects on my newspaper work. It helped me to become a rapid typist, and to be able to write a lot at one sitting.

I've been such a fannish recluse that it hasn't had the social benefit for me that so many other fans have experienced. My work has always thrown me into contact with so many people in the course of a typical day that I've welcomed the opportunity to maintain fannish contacts by typewriter in spare time. Conceivably, if I'd grown up in a large city where lots of other fans lived, my face-to-face contacts with them would have made me more gregarious outside working hours, as fandom seems to have done for some other people.

One special benefit of fandom that is rarely mentioned has meant a great deal to me. That's the ability to engage in most fanac when I feel like it. Most other activities that a normal person engages in must be done on some kind of schedule. He works regular hours; he has only a limited choice of times to visit friends because of their working and sleeping schedule. If he becomes active in a fraternal group or PTA, he must attend meetings and picnics at specified times on certain dates, and so on. Fandom has permitted me to exercise my free will because I can write locs, read fanzines, cut stencils, do research into fan history, and so on just as the spirit moves me, whenever I wish. Sometimes I think this is one reason why I don't attend more cons: a convention restricts me to being at a certain place on a certain weekend and this interferes with my fannish freedom.

Fandom has also meant to me the ability to participate in an activity which contains remarkably few uncongenial people from my standpoint. I've averaged maybe one fuss every third or fourth year since I've been in fandom, and I'd estimate that at any given time during those decades, there has been an average of perhaps three people in fandom whom I honestly dislike. I've never found any other group of people in any hobby or club or other field with such a high ratio of nice guys and gals.

Fandom has become increasingly important for me in the past dozen years, since my job went sour. It was a lifesaver for me a bit longer ago, when both my parents died within three years and I found myself very much alone in the world. Since fandom has been dividing into subfandoms, it has helped me to get interested in various fields of writing that I might have continued to overlook.

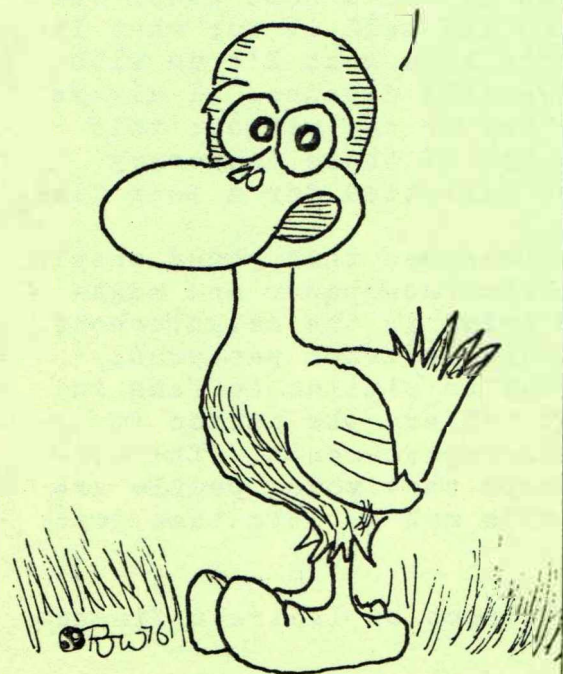
I could go on and on. But maybe this is enough for you to put into another bonfire stew.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry Warner, Jr.

Harry Warner, Jr.

ALL RIGHT, SO I'M A
DUCK. NOW WHAT?



SOME NEGATIVE AND POSITIVE SHOTS. . . MIKE GLICKSOHN

This is the third consecutive installment of this column to be written in a different country. America, England and now Canada; maybe I should take an hour out of Windycon next month and write another column in Chicago. That'd make it four in a row. . . . A wide variety of fanzines accumulated while I was tracking the perfect beer across several thousands of miles this summer. Here are a few of them...

Mike Glyer has been publishing excellent fanzines for several years and SCIENTIFRICTION 8 continues that tradition. If the hand-lettered headings were a little better, STFR would rival SIMULACRUM as fandom's best produced mimeo fanzine. The contents are superior-- a long editorial by Mike on a variety of personal and fannish matters, a Locke-Cagle collaboration about time-travelling reporters that somehow doesn't quite reach the heights of humour one expects from these two, and over 30 pages of reviews and letters. Clear highlight of the issue, though, is a Carl Bennett pastiche of "Little Nemo in Slumberland" complete with pseudo-McCay drawings which are simply brilliant. A good meaty zine well worth subscribing to.

A long time ago, in a fandom far far away a fanzine called PLACEBO existed. After four years and several thousand jokes, Moshe Feder has finally produced #5, a time-binding fannish genzine and a fine tribute to the memory of PLACEBO's former co-editor, Barry Smotroff who was murdered in New York over a year ago. #5 comes in a special envelope graced by Ross Chamberlain's "Feder's Believe It



Conceived and prepared for publication in this zine by Burt Libe.



Or Not" and includes a moving retrospective by Moshe about his friendship and association with Barry, a long editorial, David Emerson on Walt Disney's animated feature films, a fannish column by Hank Davis, noted New York tax collector and cat lover, a spoof by Stu Shiffman called "The Epic of Gilligan Mesh" (I blush to admit I couldn't identify many of the fannish characters) and a looong letter-column, surprisingly undated after four years. No-one knows if another PLACEBO will appear in 1981, but this one is worth trying to get hold of.

Not every fanzine is a classic, of course. SENSASUNDER #1 comes from the MSU SF Society under the guidance of Renee Sieber and it's a typical relatively new fanzine. (An earlier issue had a different name so it really isn't a first issue.) There's an interesting composite MAC report from ten different people, but now that SUNCON is history MAC reports lose relevance. Reviews, science, fiction and letters are included, along with an article on fandom in England that contained more errors than one would have thought

possible had the writer ever actually been in contact with the subjects of his article. Not really a bad fanzine, just nothing all that good or exceptional.

There's nothing all that exceptional about ALVEGA either but it still exerts a strong attraction for me. A friendly sort of place to be. Editrix Alyson Abramowitz uses reduced photo offset (but not all that well) to offer us her recent fannish history, Terry Jeeves writing and drawing about how his famous Soggies came about, Bill Wolfenbarger's pseudo-fan-fiction, a delightful mini-article by Terry "Nos-trils" Hughes about collecting wooden legs, John Alderson's wondrously individualistic views of women and history and loads and loads of letters which, more tightly edited, would do any fanzine justice. I am also present with an article Taral MacDonald describes as "distended" and "contrived". You have been warned.

Exceptional is the only word to describe a fanzine that hasn't even appeared yet but which may well be the publishing coup of the decade and hence deserves mention here in this column. At long last Dick Bergeron is nearing completion of the Walt Willis special issue of WARHOON. Anyone who has any familiarity with fanzines at all will recognize all three of those names and realize just how important this publication will be. WARHOON is considered by many to have been the best fanzine of all time. Willis is considered by even more fans to have been the greatest fannish writer ever. And Dick says his five hundred page compendium of the best of Willis should be ready by December first. What can I say except, GET IT. (Unfortunately Dick isn't accepting advance orders: this notice is just to prepare you for when the magazine is available.)

If you yearn to be a science fiction writer, there



are several publications aimed at helping you get that first step up the ladder, but EMPIRE is one of the most useful. In addition to publishing fledgling writers (and paying them!) editor Mark McGarry offers articles by established pros on the craft of writing and the mechanics of becoming a writer. #11 also includes an interview with Joanna Russ along with reviews and letters. A very specialized magazine but excellent for those whom it is meant for.

LOGO is Kevin Easthope's fannish personalzine/genzine. While knowledge of English fandom helps in understanding it, it isn't essential. #4 starts off with Kev's editorial about the difficulties a neofan sometimes finds in getting accepted by certain parts of the fannish establishment, then offers Tom Perry's excellent article on "editormanship" or how to gain fame and notoriety as a faned. A fascinating inclusion for me was four pages of photo montage from Torcon, the 1973 Worldcon. Playing "Spot the Famous Person" can occupy a knowledgeable fan for hours. A big lettercolumn and several smaller fannish articles (including a fascinating reprint from 15 years ago about a fannish Walter Mitty whose author seems to have been totally forgotten even by the original publisher) makes this an enjoyable fanzine. And with the Worldcon in Britain in two years time, who knows how important it might be to be friends with Kevin Easthope?

Four well known fanzines recently mentioned in these pages are worth yet another recommendation. MOTA 22 has John Brosnan writing hilariously about urinating blood and defecating through an artificial anus in the neck and myself about the joys of getting divorced. TANGENT 7/8 is 130 pages of interviews, articles, reviews, fiction, columns, artwork, etc. and an amazing publication. ALGOL 29 is simply another superb issue of what has been called the best looking prozine being published. It should be in every fan's collection/library. SCINTILLATION 13 features a mixture of excellent fannish and serious material including Ted White on fannish sexism, Farmer with another fictitious biography, Bennett on STAR WARS (with pictures), and the start of a long piece on nuclear energy and SF. Recommended- all of them.

STFR 8, 14974 Osceola St, Sylmar CA 91342.

56pp, mimeo, \$1. usual. Irregular.

PLACEBO 5, 142-34 Booth Memorial Ave, Flushing NY 11355. \$1 usual, Coca-Cola artifacts.

Highly irregular. 58pp, mimeo.

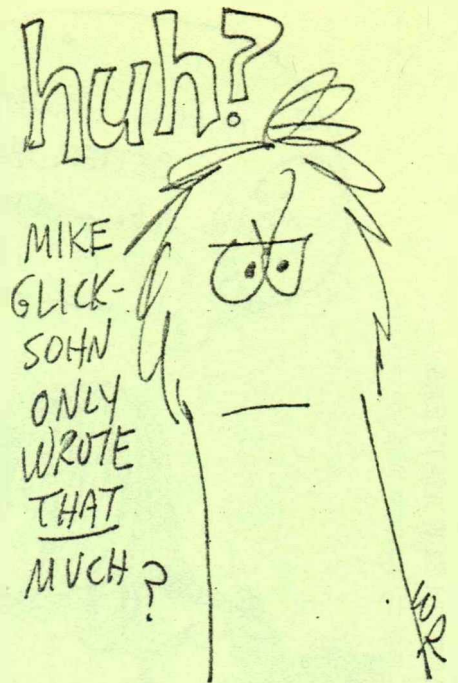
SENSAWUNDER 1, 267 W. Holmes Hall, MSU, E.Lansing MI 48824. Semi-annual. 44pp offset. Usual; no price listed.

ALVEGA, 638 Valmont Pl., Elmont NY 11003. 36p offset. \$1, usual. Irregular.

EMPIRE, Box 774, Christiansburg VA 24073. 36p offset. \$1 or \$3.50 a year. Quarterly.

Some of the usual.

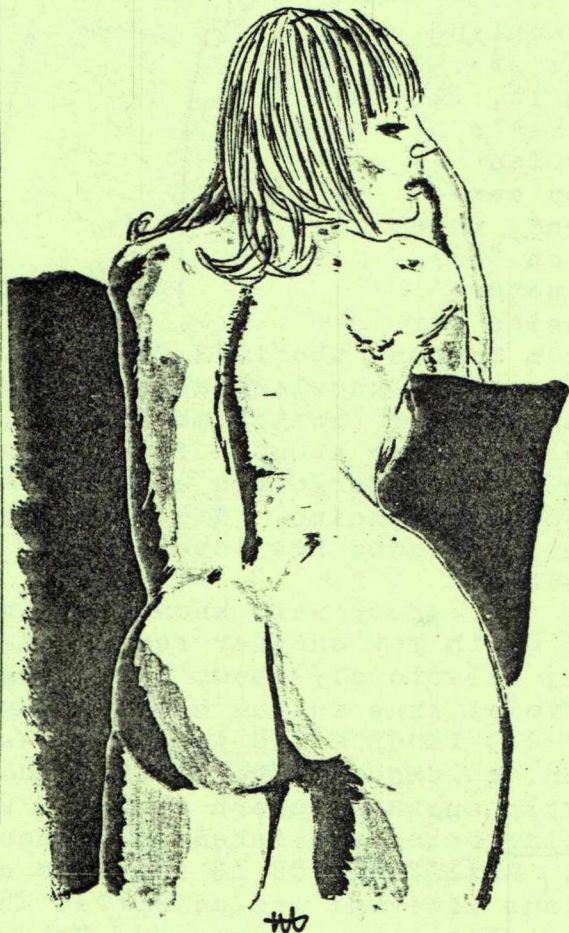
LOGO 4, 6 Ipsley Grove, Erdington, Birmingham B23 7SY, UK. 46 A4 mimeo pages. Trade, loc. Try sending money if you're interested. MOTA, ALGOL, etc. See previous columns.



"What's that!"



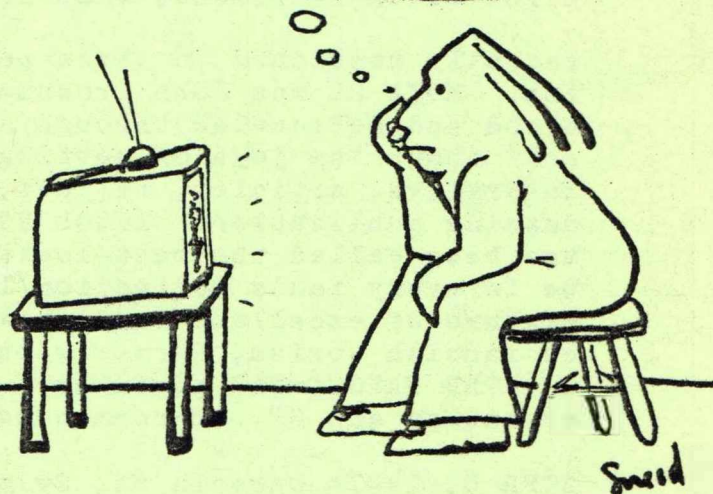
A FULL MAILBOX
IS BETTER THAN
A FULL STOMACH



MP
THE
BELT
BUCKLE



Well, we can all stop worrying
about the rising illiteracy... with
THIS quality of T.V. programing
kids will HAVE to learn to read.



Mr Henning, can
you make someone
disappear and NOT
reappear?



AT LEAST BEN INDICK
DOESN'T HAVE TO WORRY
ABOUT FINDING A BARBER
WHO UNDERSTANDS HIS
COW LICK



++++++
Impressions & Expressions Generated by Michael T. Shoemaker's Article of the Same
Name
++++++

Charneau Flic: "And people laugh at a runner in longjohns because of what psychologists call 'functional fixedness'. Most of us can only imagine longjohns as articles of underwear, so violating this use seems out of place, hence humorous. That's the difference between longjohns & sweatpants."

Hank Heath: "I'm not surprised that Mike survived running thru the Washington ghettos for four years. Minorities, even ghettoized minorities, are composed of people. People tend to let alone a character passing thru minding his own business. Even some exception to that is not likely to hassle a person who obviously can outdistance them without breathing hard. Thus, the odds are against a confrontation. Reassuring? I find it so in Buffalo. In fact, with sports ability being the most highly favored factor in the formation of respect hierarchies in pre-teen and teen-aged boys & girls, I'd expect more positive confrontations. Approaching these groups thru sports activities is better than thru intellectual ones. This is why a lot of successful teachers take on an air of a jock. I doubt they're even aware of why they do it." ((When I did practise teaching in 10th grade biology, I had a lot of insolence from one boy; this attitude magically disappeared 100% after a Saturday I met him accidentally skating on the river and beat him in a short sprint.))

Ira Thornhill: "It was good to see Michael Shoemaker again. By his definition I suppose that I'm quite cynical: I take great pleasure from the moment, regardless (well, nearly) of what is actually happening in that moment; past events fade quickly, and I tend to be unconcerned about the future details. His theory that persons who've lived harsh lives expressing emotion more readily is extremely interesting. I'm a very emotional person. Was my (early) life unusually harsh? Not that I can recall-- at least, not in a sense of physical hardship. Was it especially harsh in an emotional or psychological sense? Maybe so...but is that really what Michael had in mind?"

Harry Warner: "A night long ago I decided to walk from old Griffith Stadium to my hotel after a baseball game. I completed the trek without incident because I shocked the people I passed into inaction: this apparition of an unaccompanied white with an expensive camera around his neck, striding along after midnight, must have been almost unprecedented in their experience. ... On the scorn for real feelings that Mike discusses, I have a different theory. I suspect that people maintain this cynicism because they're afraid of getting hooked on love, real love, not lust or the desire to possess or the urge to show off sexual prowess. Real love takes away some freedoms. Today, many persons are terrified of the thought that they might not be able to do as the impulse of the moment directs. When they feel prodded toward love, they don their armor of brittleness, scorn, satire, etc. just to be sure they won't suddenly find themselves involved in a genuine case of love that would cause them to get a permanent job and hold it, get up in the middle of the night to comfort a sick child, and keep a clear head by avoiding drugs."

Chester Cuthbert: "Doesn't Mike's acceptance of 'utter cynicism' imply the 'deadening of sensibility' which he deplores? And that 'capitalism stimulates greed and dishonesty' reminds me of a book by Garrigues, YOU'RE PAYING FOR IT. His conclusion was that our political system would not work without graft. People would vote only for candidates who would do things for them personally, so politicians were 'bought' for these special interests by campaign funds, and were not free to act in the general interest after their election. Despite my giving Mike the support in his reasoning which Garrigues provides in his book, I cannot agree with his acceptance of capitalism as a 'guarantee' of freedom. Endorsement of such a position would simply mean an acceptance of dishonesty, so why imprison thieves? Absolute freedom would bring anarchy and utter disrespect for law. Restrictions on our freedom are essential if the rights of minorities are to be respected. The more complex the society, the more necessity for restrictions of freedom. I advocate a simplification of society, even if this might end capitalism. Capitalism is simply an economic system which was useful as long as scarcity existed; but should be replaced now that technology has

shown that our problems arise mainly because of abundance. How can it be otherwise when we are trying to make a profit (capitalism) when we have so much goods that we must sometimes give them away? Governments are supporting 'make work' programs in their efforts to reduce unemployment, instead of accepting the reality that employment is not necessary. Already too much work is being done, producing surpluses at a waste of energy and resources. This is criminal. Planned obsolescence must be discontinued in favor of production for use."

Stuart Gilson: "Mike laments what he perceives to be the gradual disappearance of any genuine sentiment or affection. Yet, by referring to the romantic notions expressed in Goethe, he is in effect defining his concept of affection in a context which is surely no longer encountered in today's world; times change, and with them, the niceties and applications of language. Sentiment must be a natural and appropriate response to contemporary influences. As these influences change, so does the manner of expressing sentiment, yet that makes it no less refined or genuine.... That capitalism strongly depends upon unscrupulous business practices is something of which governments have long been aware. In a recent amendment to Canadian laws governing fair competition, monopolies were given greater freedom to pursue 'dishonest' practices in order to give them greater punch in import-export markets, thus restricting the net outflow of money into foreign coffers. Capitalism will remain with us, and governments will give it every opportunity to thrive. For only capitalism offers the incentive to industry to seek alternatives in search of higher profits."

Brett Cox: "After considerable thought I only came up with the following statements:
1) Everyone should be totally free to do whatever he/she wants, as long as he/she doesn't hurt other people (and leaves me alone).
2) There are no absolutes -- including both these statements."

Steve McDonald: "I'm a cynic, most of the time; on the other hand, I could be called a pessimist. I have little faith in the human race, excepting an expectation that if the race can possibly screw up or achieve, it'll screw up."

Ian Covell: "Shoemaker makes some amazingly sensible points. A cynic is really a failed idealist- maybe not even failed. Everyday existence is scarcely understandable by a modern person. He cannot assimilate the totality, so withdraws deep enough so that he can be said to 'control his environment', his slice of it. This withdrawal brings about a barrier between him and others who are also trying to find themselves in a slice of this largest of worlds. Mike seems to think that love can be strictly defined as a protective state. Maybe, I would not argue since I don't believe that 'love' exists-- or it exists in so many forms and for so many reasons that one definition, even the broadest, would not encompass it all. The keyword today is not love; it is-- distrust! Government and the police are corrupt, religion swings with the wind, imposing meaningless edicts until they are blasted apart, and everyone is out to survive in a disintegrating society with the stab in the back a matter of course. ... Laughing at longjohns-- same reason that a female surprised in her underwear will shriek in shock but wear less for the beach and not care who sees her. We are judged by our clothes. Trunks are de rigueur for running, long underwear implies the runner has something to hide or to advertise, hence the jokes. ... We've had Concorde flying over our country ((England)) for some time. Houses are for sale all over the approaches, but nobody will buy."

Dave Szurek: "The paperboy incident is particularly touching, regardless of how trivial it may look on the surface. And, ay, there's the rub. It seems that most of us share this tendency to sink into bouts of pessimism and morbidity only to be awakened by some totally unexpected proof of existential human beauty. That's where the most genuine beauty seems to be - in the 'little things'. The sound and the fury can give us a good show if that's all we're interested in. This leads to Mike's perceptive comments on cynicism. There is a place for cynicism, but when spontaneity is evicted and cynicism becomes an enslaving end in itself, something is wrong. Cynicism is good but only when it's spontaneous. Other times it's a self-destructive game."

Wally Stoelting: "Michael doesn't have anything to worry about as far as people being greedy & dishonest, thus preserving what Michael calls the way to keep freedom."

Don D'Amassa: "Mike correctly points out that the federal government is the largest single debtor in the country. So what? That's true, I suspect, in every country in the world. The country manipulates the national debt as a result of its monetary policy. A certain amount of inflation is probably inevitable, barring complete price and wage controls. The alternative to government spending is often a rise in unemployment and a slowdown of the economy. Saying that we could solve our inflation problems by cutting down government spending is a gross over-simplification. I'm also curious... Why does Mike assume that freedom and capitalism are inseparable?"

Eric Mayer: "People seem to take pride in not feeling or caring for anything, but I suspect they really feel more than they think it's socially acceptable to let on. I thin it's true that the modern world seems to be deadening people's sensibilities. Seems to be. Surely all but a handful of people of Goethe's own day would've found his writing useless, if someone were to read it to them! The bulk of the population had no use for literature then, and the bulk of population today has no use for it. It's just that today, with so much literacy, we notice the insensitivity to art more. Anyway, the ability to appreciate art has very little to do with the ability to love or care in real life. ... Mike's theory that the brutal life gives people greater appreciation doesn't seem to be born out by facts. The looters who destroyed the lives of so many small shopkeepers here in NY recently all lead brutal lives. They don't strike me as being very sensitive sorts. Perhaps one has to strike a balance between utter comfort and utter desolation. ... 'That most artificial of all professions - the lawyer.' What kind of lawyer? Wall Street or a general practitioner drawing up wills in the woods of Maine? For Mobil Oil or Civil Liberties Union? Public Defender or District Attorney? Do you think a society can function without laws? If you want to build a bridge you need an engineer. If you want to build and maintain a complicated society, it takes laws, and laws require lawyers. ...Egalitarianism is almost here, and I don't like it. College degrees are almost worthless-- competent students lumped with incompetent. The educational system was meant to insure that society could produce and identify those people with the talents required to keep the society functioning. ... I too favor capitalism, though I despise the profiteers. I don't much like the president of General Motors, and I'd chuckle if he were run over by a Volkswagen. But I wouldn't want him replaced by a socialist committee."

Marty Levine: "Cynicism is downright DEPRESSING. ... Anything that is 'different' is not tolerated and is 'wrong'. Doesn't Mike remember high school? Most people can't mature enough to dismiss long-underwear vs. sweat pants as nothing more than stupid little differences. But we succumb to idiotic peer pressure. It's the old 'It wouldn't matter to me if it didn't matter to them, but since it does matter to them, it does matter to me.' ... Mike's job hiring approach - ridiculous!"

Jackie Causegrove: "Mike Shoemaker really lays it all out. I agree/adopt/accept so much of what he says about cynicism that words fail me to express how completely he captures what I feel. Or at least lately. My basic streak of inferiority prevents that mood of conceit from lasting very long, however. ... At certain times it's perfectly proper to see bare legs ((ah, yes, Jackie!)) but there just aren't any 'proper' times to see a stranger in underwear. We flaunt 'rules' of propriety at our own risk. In Mike's case he obviously considers the snickers worth paying. People are more comfortable living in masses when the bulk of them do things in a similar manner."

Mary Long: "What about the reaction in a British magazine that an airport's refusal to allow it to land was due to American sour grapes?"

Robert Briggs: "Socialism stimulates greed and dishonesty too. After 50 years the Soviet press campaigns against it. Revelations from socialist India show worse moral conditions there without any growth in production."

Sam Long: "Of course Goethe was sentimental- it was the fashion then. He was a good poet but not of our time. .. Mike, get hold of Mandeville's THE FABLE OF THE BEES-- his thesis is that greed, etc. cause, support and keep alive society."

John Thiel: "Shoemaker's column didn't seem to have any merit."

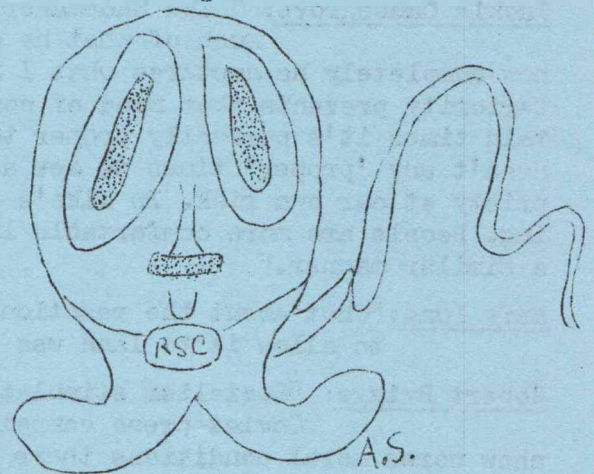
LOWEY

Robert J. Whitaker: "Tandom's major point is communication; the major factor of living for everyone is communication. People go mad and kill and commit various atrocities because they cannot communicate in another fashion. I'm quite serious about that. Recently a news article described a mass murderer as being 'shy, with no close friends, no social contacts, no girlfriends...' which sounds like a profile that is becoming increasingly prevalent. After having spent some time overcoming a crippling shyness which limited myself, I know how it feels just to want to go off and scream loudly or want to do something - anything - in order to have some notice or to justify my existence. Brad Parks should contemplate living, not suicide. From my own experience, the more I considered enjoyment and love, the less I thought about death. It isn't an easy thing, since I felt love to be very much beyond me. It's a capacity which is there and has to be developed, otherwise it rots and befouls the soul. Anyway, the best way to avoid knocking oneself off is to stop considering it." ((This was written in August, 1976, and perhaps Brad Parks is back on the beam by now, I hope; anyway, I thought Robert's advice too well put to stay buried in Title's files forever.))

Buck Coulson: "An amzing number of fans seem to be guilty about the fact that they are speaking the current international language - English. It may, some day, be displaced by Russian or whatever dialect of Chinese the Communist government has made official, but there is no chance that English will ever be displaced by an artificial language or one selected for its non-controversialness. International languages get that way because of their usefulness, not because liberals think they'd be nice to have." ((English has wide international use, but not universally. Would not a second, artificial language have a chance for universality in contrast to any current language? In time, with enlightenment? And eventually become the first language?))

Gary Grady: "The worst crime of boondoggle projects and wasted research is not the money lost, it is the bad publicity for serious science. The thing is that we can't just limit our research to things that sound obviously useful. Studying antidiuretic mechanisms in frogs or surface bloodflow control in an antarctic bird may sound dumb. But so does studying the response of molds to infections (remember penicillin?) or the way nuclei behave in an alternating magnetic field (instant cancer diagnosis via NMR spectrometry?). As someone, I forget who, said: 'In science, if we know where we're going, the trip may very well not be worth it.'" ((Just today I read a research result of an experimental research on a tom cat: it creates a nervous reaction if a testicle is struck a light glancing blow and considerable reaction if the impact is more direct--or something to that effect. Now, this one seems to suffer both faults-- the trip seemed well known and the object was trivial -- and yet, presumably there was money spent on this, unless...well, just for fun? There are sadists in the labs-- a safe refuge for some mean types who don't dare monkey with humans.))

The Gospel
according to Coulson...



... is a frightening thing

Jodie Offutt: "I can't eat popcorn...odd. You know, I just recently discovered that some people are prone to choking and have to be very careful as they eat." ((I choke on popcorn unless it's swimming in grease; even then those little scales get caught in my throat. My wife gulps it like mad and makes fun of me, saying that my mother conditioned me as a child by warning, 'Don't choke on that!'))

Jeff Hecht: "There's nothing I enjoy more in my professional-editor role ((of LASER FOCUS, a technical/trade zine)) than publishing a letter-to-the-editor by someone who disagrees with me but manages to sound like a complete idiot in doing so. I work in a scientific field and my concern is not graceless prose but ambiguous or meaningless material; nobody says you have to be a graceful writer to prepare a scientific paper, but you do have to know how to write clearly enough so people can understand exactly what you're saying." ((Most scientific papers I've read need wholesale translating; but we'll need a revolution to get rid of the passive voice/technalese/circumlocution and asinine profundity of most research.))

Hank Heath: "I believe it is in the Eastern philosophies that time is a thing we each carry with us individually. There is no set clock ticking away our lives. Newton and his peers damned the Western world quite thoroughly by making us all refer to a standard unit of time to determine motion and the lengths of our lives. Fortunately, Einstein and modern physics plus Future Shock & the Now Generations are freeing us once again to step away from that. Should be an interesting interface lying somewhere where the clockwatchers meet the timeless ones." ((Gee, I wish someone I know is reading this would seize that idea and write the story-- or has it been done already? How long does a dog's master have to be gone from the house before the dog boisterously welcomes the master home? What is time to a dog? Or to a butterfly that lives just a day or two?)) "All our science came from magic & superstition. Once there was an old superstition that if you threw a rock straight up, it was bad luck to stand from where you threw it. Newton just revised the way it was phrased a bit."

John DiPrete: "If, according to Dave Szurek, man is part of a Universal Mind-- then Politics must likewise be holistic. The Universal Mind is worshipped by Republicans, scorned by Democrats. The former favor the Whole, the latter favor the Parts. Big Guy (corporations, businesses, etc.) as against Little Guy. Neither party is entirely right or wrong-- 'tis a matter of perspective. Most of us (me included line up at either end of the dichotomy. Both are necessary. The Little Guy (the 'Part') cannot be permitted to foul up an entire system (our government) nor can the government (the Universal Mind?) be permitted to run roughshod over individual lives. Simple, isn't it?" ((The two-Party attitude toward States ('Part') as against a strong central government seems just the opposite of your analogy and tagging of the political parties.))

Dr. Fredric Wertham: "The Viking mini-lab left on Mars has 40,000 components, including 43 heaters and 13 thermostats, and is based on the work of nearly 1,000 scientists. It cost 50 million dollars. It weighs only 35 pounds. It is some 212 million miles away in outer space, yet communications from it are received much more rapidly than letters from nearby cities." ((That's because the mailman weighs closer to 350 pounds.))

William Goodson: "In different countries people seem to go amok (originally a Malaysian word) in different ways. In Malaysia ((where William is with the Peace Corps)) the classic modern amok is a stall-dealer & a housewife arguing over the price of something. One hits the other with a knife and then begins slashing at everyone in reach, particularly policemen. In Japan your usual amok hurls himself in front of a moving train, hoping for a clean decapitation so the family can identify him and know he did his duty. In America your standard amok kills his wife, then barricades himself, preferably high up, and begins sniping at anyone that moves. In Malaysia, going amok has a long tradition. Special instruments like the one in the drawing were used to pin the amok at arms length to the wall or to a tree. The British had particular laws about the treatment of amoks, though generally one who actually committed murder was hung."



CLIP JOINT

"One of the funniest things I've ever seen", says Michael T. Shoemaker as he sends in a pic of a sign found on a door at the National Assoc. of Retired Federal Employees in Washington DC. Sign reads: REAR ENTRANCE - DO NOT ENTER. Three other clips sent by Mike relate to an android developed by Quaser Industries, supposedly, which can be programmed to fry an egg or mop the floor; a huge dog, Irish Wolfhound, that stands more than 6 feet on its hind legs; and experimental tapping of geothermal energy along the East Coast tidewaters, \$400,000 already of federal money being spent. ((This seems like an example of good research as compared to why kids fall off tri-cycles or what note (pitch) housewives will hum over the telephone when asked to.))

I think it was Hank Heath who sent a xerox of some 'Best of Bloopers', one of which was marked for my attention. A newsman on a Canadian radio station, announcing the Pope lighting the new fire for Easter, said: 'The fire was lit in a brassiere..I beg your pardon, I mean brazier!'

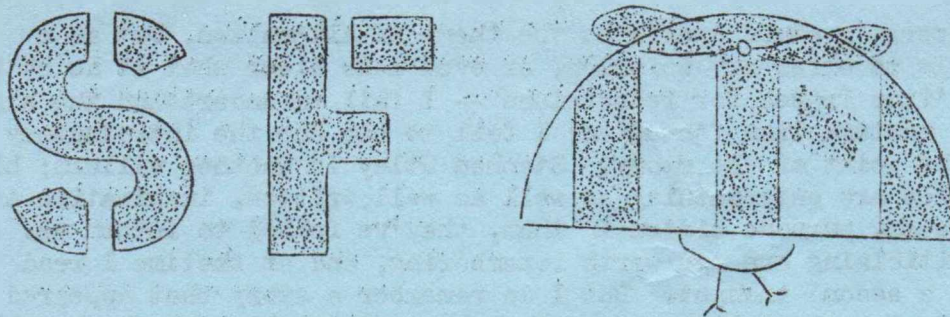
Pauline Palmer sends a number of clips. One tells of a 2-headed snake in New Jersey. Then about a Barney Tomlinson who sees the story of creation in two halves of an agate rock (shades of Shaver!). He says over 150 people have traveled to WallaWalla to see the rock; perhaps this is why-- he says there are symbolic representations of male and female reproductive organs in opposing faces of the stone. She sends just a headline that reads: TITLE WHISPERS HAVE GROWN INTO ROARS. A piece on postcard collection by John Palmer who has 2000 kinds. ((Any relation, Pauline?)) Another clip tells of the scientology/FBI struggle, and the last concerns some similarities between STAR WARS and DUNE. Frank Herbert's photo is printed and he's quoted as being not concerned- 'I will try hard not to sue.'

Ian Covell sends some clips from England, from the DAILY MIRROR. One is so neat that I barely read the others which were about a 'ducted propulsor', Jimmy Carter's palm print 'reading', and 'lumpy' English words & expressions such as 'hopefully' for 'let's hope'. The neat one is a full length double-column photo of lovely Lindsey Oliver. She's wearing a transparent blouse and a flap lower down. She is described as a science fiction fan; I'll say this much for her, she's got a curvacious trajectory around double orbs. Uh, how about more photos of such English fen, Ian?

Lester Boutillier sends a piece about Stan Lee who says, " SF? Too heavy. Too self-indulgent. Too pompous. People like these things a little bigger than life. They don't want to be challenged. They don't want to put down a book or walk out of a movie thinking 'what did that mean?' ". Another piece on clones cites a basketball match between two teams, one blond and one brunet, but otherwise all identical 6'10" look-alikes. The last clip from Lester tells of Bhamacon, SF jargon, and an interview with Michael Bishop who says he did not set out to be Robert Heinlein but William Faulkner and 'got sidetracked somewhere'.

Claire Beck makes a habit of sending tearsheets from various magazines. One tells of the African 'killer' bees; the other is a hilarious spoof on these self-revealing stories cast in the fictional/confession mode. It tells the story of a brief career in scientific research under the title: "I Was a Hooker for the CIA".

Bill Bliss sends a xerox of "A Weird, Sick, Dirty Thing To Do" which tells, in mock golfing lesson style, how to catch flies and keep them as pets in a cage. I have a hunch this was in a Mensa-zine, you know, that high IQ group. Well, in quoting the title of the piece I have taken the liberty to correct their spelling of 'wierd'. If it was not from a Mensa-zine, I apologize. I shouldn't be so smug; after all, I grew up with WEIRD TALES magazine, a different fish than WIERD TALES.



In which readers
comment on SF and
related
irrelevancies....

Gail White: "I notice that much of SF (especially by fans) seems to be more concerned with improbabilities than with the (truly frightening) probabilities. I am as interested in werewolves and aliens from space as the next person, but why (for example) is not more work done on genetic subjects. Cloning, for example, seems rife with SF possibility, and so does parthenogenesis, or embryo transplants...if I had any real gift for fiction I'd certainly work among these. (Wish I knew somebody who bought 'ideas' for \$10 apiece - then I could make a living!)" ((Most fans differ from pros in (among various other things) no lack of ideas but in developing a logical, plausible story-line in using the idea.))

Chester Cuthbert: "Bob Madle told me, 'It is amazing how Donn Brazier came back after 25 years absence.' He was commenting about how little material was ever lost from the field: in other words, old fanzines which were published in miniscule quantities are still in the hands of fans somewhere even after being traded from one to another over the years." ((I have not yet made a will, but I shall very soon. I intend to leave whatever fanzines (the best) which I am now keeping to the Ackerman Archives. Maybe the Archives would like the accumulation of locs, all of which I've saved since 1972 when TITLE started.)) "...the static versus the evolving universe. On page 267 of his book A MODERN THEORY OF ETHICS, Stapledon admits the possibility of things existing eternally. Clark Ashton Smith's 'The Plutonian Drug' is a fictional effort to describe the appearance of the static universe to a drug-conditioned consciousness. And in Vonnegut's SLAUGHTERHOUSE-FIVE he portrays very well the view his Tralfamadoreans had of a static universe. I consider the universe to be static, and believe that anything which exists, exists eternally. I wrote at length to Roy Tackett expressing this view, but I believe he questioned the validity of many of my assumptions."

Dave Taggart: "Somebody claimed that comic books would make great movies because they use film techniques in their story-telling. Sorry, but it is not so. Comics use film techniques only in the most elementary sense. In order to make a comic book into a movie, you're going to have to have fantastic special effects, and good ones. Otherwise, you can never show Spiderman crawling on the ceiling." ((Ah, have you seen STAR WARS? In my estimation, there's a comic book on the screen.))

Steve McDonald: "I don't think anyone puts more than a month into any of the Laser novels, and it's likely that some write 'em off in a week or so.... Fanfic allows an easy out. It is easy enough to get pubbed in the fannish world. I do believe that fanfic writers should have a go at the pro markets, rather than dumping on the fan field. It isn't easy, but if you have talent, determination and the will to say 'screw you man, I'm gonna beat you yet' to an editor, with each story, then you're gonna be up there. All those editors are gonna try to help you if they're any good. That's part of their job - to develop new talent. Ben Bova has been encouraging and kicking me in the ass since I started trying to sell to ANALOG. I'm just around the corner." ((He's turned the corner- watch for his ANALOG story.))

John Robinson: "In GUYING GYRE I noticed an interesting phenomenon-- people who had been reading SF for a few years rated novels throughout the range given by Gil Gaier (15-100) but his students tended to avoid ratings 70-85. With them everything was terrific or not-so-hot. This, I suspect, is a sense of wonder in action. Remember when you first read SF? Ideas which you may now consider old and hackneyed were enough to excite you and make a half-decently-written novel appear as the year's best. Later you may have learned that someone else did it much better, and you wish you'd been excited by that book instead of the one you accidentally came upon first."

Stu Gilson: "Most of Malzberg's stuff dwells on the theme of alienation, but as a rule he fails to offer any solution, or even make clear what it is he is examining. Ray Nelson's 'Time Travel for Pedestrians'-- I fail to understand the significance of the opening masturbation fantasies; I fail to see how the introductory passages contribute to the point of the story. Stephen Utley is another villain; his pseudo-scientific fantasies are entertaining as well as well written, imaginative exercises, but if they have any purpose hidden in them, they've failed to inform me. Tales of the type I'm criticizing are not worth remembering, and at the time I read them, I didn't give them a second thought. But I do remember a story that appeared years ago in IF that told of someone living beneath a huge waterfall over which fell at regular intervals boats laden with passengers. A well written story, but utterly impossible to divine." ((Why did you remember that story? I dimly remember it, too; perhaps it held a subliminal message?))

Jeff Hecht: "Part of the old/new wave conflict is the preference for some people for SCIENCE rather than FICTION. The purest distillation of the idea story is Olaf Stapledon. No plot, no characters, just ideas. What seems more difficult is to combine this sort of idea-fiction with real FICTION. Perhaps there are too few people concerned about both technology and people who have adequate knowledge of both as well as the art of writing." ((I'd go along with that, Jeff.))

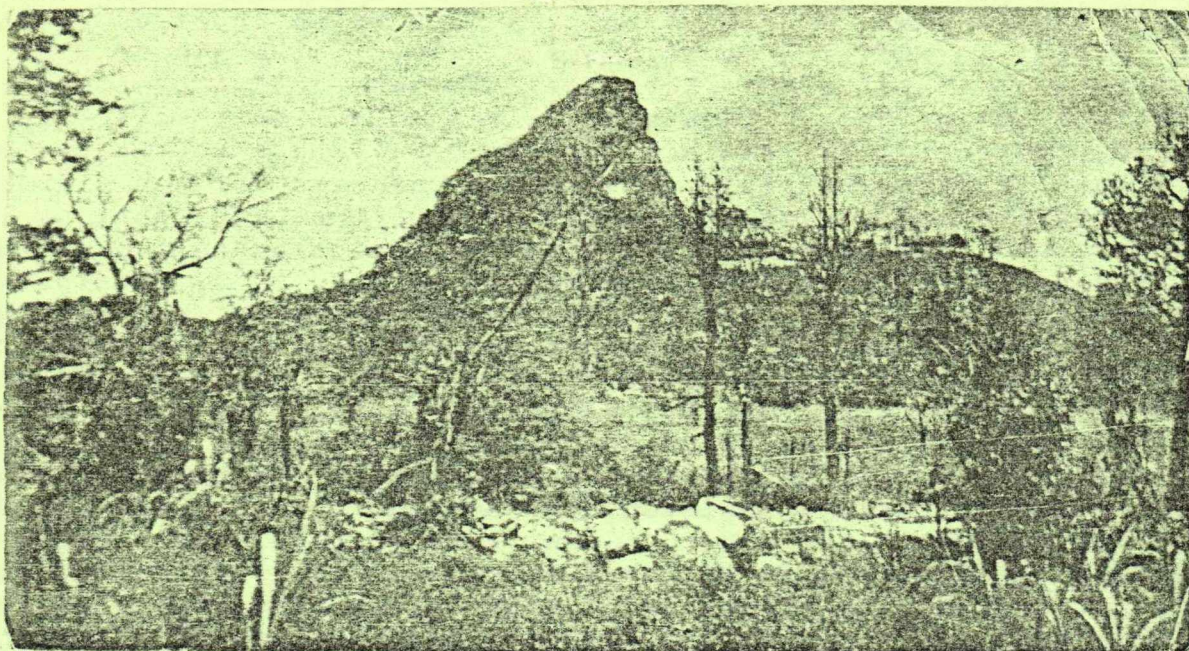
Brett Cox: "I re-read both THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS and STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND, and while MOON was every bit as good as I remembered it, STRANGER was even better, which surprised me, as I expected it to be considerably less powerful than it was during my early adolescence when I first read it. True, there are flaws there which I didn't see before-- I may have put a label on 'nauseating little-girlisms' but I think Heinlein invented them. If he'd never written anything else, these two books would insure Heinlein's rank as one of the best (if not the best) SF writers ever."

Jodie Offutt: "Ira Levin's THE BOYS FROM BRAZIL has a sort of SF premise, although it is mostly detective/suspense. It's a good story and very well written. MALEVIL, by a Frenchman, Robert Merle is a long book. The only reason it is SF is because it's an after-the-bomb story set in rural France. Very leisurely written, the writer spent a lot of time developing the characters and the result is getting to know lots of people. I wouldn't recommend it to anyone who doesn't enjoy living with a book for a time."

Ian Covell: "Something became quite clear recently. The oldest (Golden Age) SF was essentially childish and exploratory, power fantasies and wishfulfillment dreams. The modern SF is essentially the investigation of the adolescent world, frightened, unsure, coming to terms (or mostly not) against a background of misunderstanding and pain. Nobody understands what the protagonist is really like (which is why he so often fails) because - like all adolescents - he is unique; nobody relates because all emotions are painful and to be avoided. Thus: unhappy endings, failure stories, empty fiction. As to the adult forms of SF - who does write them? At a guess I'd say LeGuin, Schmitz and Vance. They spring most easily to mind, and are followed by Stasheff (whoever he may be, and Chris be you there?) and Bester. Is my analysis correct? It seems so and yet..."

Richard Brandt: "John Brunner is probably the worst SF critic I ever read. He wrote two pages on ZARDOZ for Dick Geis remarking he made a snide remark about the film in a bar and was asked by a loud-mouthed drunk to setp outside. In these two pages, HE - DID - NOT - SAY - ONE - WORD - ABOUT - THE - MOVIE. He just left one with the impression that anyone who likes the movie is a loud-mouthed drunk. Brunner has written a good story or two from time to time, but he is far from Ghod (what Lloyd Biggle called critics). He is a lousy reviewer. There are some perceptive critics in the mainstream of sercon fandom, though, who actually talk about the book under review. We even have scholarly analysts such as Doug Barbour and Sheryl Smith."

Laurine White: "Synesthesia in SF... The Burning Man had sensory problems while space jaunting in THE STARS MY DESTINATION. There was also a short story about a man who smelled purple, that's all I can remember."



Above: Tillie's Tit, the "mountain" on the island of Ie Shima, a rather desolate place 2 miles wide and 8 miles long with the mountain in the center, a surrounding plateau with the airstrip and our quarters, and steep bluffs then going down to the wide, white beaches of sand and coral. Ie is just off Okinawa, in a string of islands southward from Japan called the Ryukyus.

May 16, 1945...Ie Shima... Two jap planes sneaked in before the siren went off and the sky above the harbor was black with ack-ack dots. But still the torpedo plane came on, and suddenly the tin fish dropped out of the plane, ugly-like, into the water. Another second and the plane burst into flames; it flew straight onto the bow of the ship its torpedo missed. The other plane turned tail and got away. So our anti-aircraft protection is still putrid... Two squadrons of P-47n's arrived on the 13th. In the second bunch landing we had to drag one off the runway. Our line ((name given to the maintenance shops, actually tents with wooden floors)) is now fairly well set up; parachute shop is open for business... Steak last night and butter this morning --all chiselled from the Marines. The Marines are still killing japs hiding in the caves in the bluffs behind the beaches-- ten yesterday afternoon...

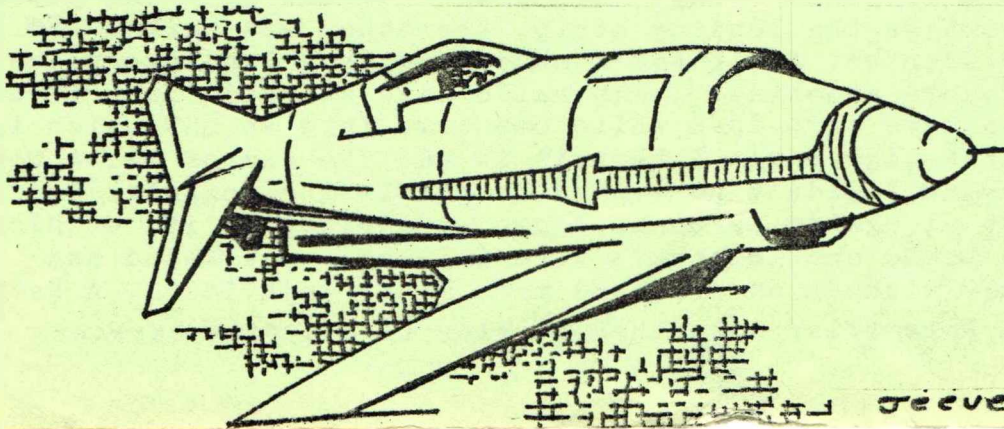
May 20...same place... What a day! Two planes burned up - one pilot dead. One mushed out on the landing strip, the other was parked and I don't know how it started. And 2 F6F's made emergency landings which called for our trouble shooting... Jap raids have started. Four fighters came over; two were shot down while one dove into an LST which is now burning... Three nights ago I thought it was the end of me. A bomb hit 75 yards away and I didn't have time to get in the foxhole. Now I've dug one right alongside my bunk. I can even sleep in it. Lt.Dicks was killed by the bomb, and 12 others were injured - one blind and mindless, the other without an arm, and more minor injuries... A Navy pilot told me the Enterprise & another carrier in his five carrier

group were sunk last week...

May 25...same place.. I'm not going to write of operational crackups, nosing overs, landing gear collapse, etc. because it has happened so much it's monotonous. We already have 9 47's being repaired or waiting for parts, in addition to Corsairs & C-46's we've had to pick up off the runway... Last night- horrible! We were raided by bombers from 7:30 pm to 4 am; no one slept a wink. I was so scared I felt like jumping up and running wildly and all I could think about was Betty, my parents, and my dying horribly. I shook in one case for ten minutes when an airplane made a searing screaming dive that kept getting louder and louder, and finally ended in a terrific explosion just over the cliff from us in a gas dump. *((I remember this so well, mainly that I tried to force my whole body into my helmet while my imagination pictured my body as the diving plane's propeller twisted and tore through my body-- with parts still sticking out of my helmet.))* While the gas dump was burning, our Air Corps supply was hit. I had to get out of the trench and help fight the fires. Mellinger's radio repair truck received a direct hit by a phosphorous bomb and there's nothing left but a gaunt, charred skeleton. My Echophone radio, the one I had sold to Kelly, was in the truck and was blasted to pieces. Belly tank crates were burning, and we put this fire out-- all this while the jap raid was still going on. There was a fire in the ammo stores of the twin-50 machine gun position and the ammo was popping off. The hospital took a direct hit... This morning it's all started again. And it's raining. Our vaunted airplanes do not rise to tackle them. Even when our 47's & Corsairs are in the air, as right now, they're landing hurriedly or flying away from the action. I haven't seen a dogfight yet.

May 30.. same place... Yesterday at dusk a jap plane came out of the clouds and everything but the kitchen sink was thrown up at him, yet it scampered around. Suddenly, I heard a zing! bop! and 20 feet from me a boy fell into a foxhole. They lifted him out, cut his trousers, revealing a huge red gash with no meat left in it right on the flesh of the buttock. The unexploded 40mm shell lay on the ground, its nose very red. Garcia buried it in the water of the ditch by our tent. I was afraid it might explode any minute... We've had many raids that I haven't written about-- several more ships hit by suicide pilots... First music played every morning, after an air raid, are Sinatra's "Come Out, Come Out, Wherever You Are" and "I Didn't Sleep a Wink Last Night."... Caught fleas in a jap tomb which I entered to get a colorful jap book. Some boobytrap, huh? Fleas!...

June 2.. same place.. I made a bogie plotting board. Now I can sit in my foxhole and plot bogies on the board *((as the reports came in over a radio))*. "Eldon Nichols" has at last finished writing "Death Rides the Flying Trapeze". My new song "Our Love Was Undying" was finished today. So far I've compose words & music: "Ma Cherie", "She Said Yes", "When Will I Come Back".



To be
continued...

+++++

THE OTHER NIGHT I WAS THINKING Editor

+++++

Ian Covell writes from England: "...it's like saying: which is your favourite book? I'd look at you for a few seconds, sit down for a few hours and write out a list of my favourite 500 books and then say, 'That's as close as I can get' because it really is as close. When you say 'favourite' do you mean in character, plot, denouement, style, setting, colour, background? ... So how do you mean 'favourite'? What do you mean 'best'?"

It got me to thinking, especially since in this very issue I've posed some questions Ian Covell has espishly anticipated and will blow his top at.

First point... I think there's a wide difference between the meaning of 'favorite' and 'best'. The latter, to me, implies that you're sitting outside yourself. You are cold and calculating. You've got the work under a microscope. You're attempting to judge the book on terms or standards more or less agreed upon by the majority of traditional thought by similarly cold and calculating critics. The work measures up to all yardsticks; it's the 'best' or one of the 'best'.

Now, your 'favorite' may possibly be selected - but need not be - on terms unacceptable to critics-at-large. They'll say, 'So you like it. Why?' You shrug, I don't know- it was just terrific.' The critics will walk away, and they won't invite you to their next tea. The book may be your 'favorite' because of some vague and unexplained psychological reaction by your inner readiness state. Perhaps some event concurrent with your reading of that book has colored your perception. At another time you would not have rated the book so high; but you didn't read the book at 'another' time. 'Favorite' is a looser term, and applies only to you. And, if you did use standards, they were probably run through your heart as well as your head.

As for character, plot, style and all the rest... To me it seems perfectly feasible to cite a book for its style as your 'favorite' for its style, but not include the very same book in your 'favorite' book list. Like use for any of the other bones of the corpus such as character, plot, locale, etc. What surrounds anyone's 'favorite' work is a sort of aura made up of all these details, not consciously picked apart in testtube analysis. A reaction of you, the individual, to the gestalt. Your reaction is unique, possibly; no other reader brings the same experience to that samebook. You finish the book and say, "Wow! What a book! It's one of my favorites. I love it." No one, absolutely no one, is calling on you to explain why it's your favorite, no more than the fans who like peanut butter (a majority) can really explain why they like it.

Asking you to pick between favorites ... ah, that seems to me to be the hard part. After all, there are different kinds of science-fiction, and was that weird fantasy more or less of a favorite than that hard-science tale? One book appeals in quite a different way from another. And do you try to recall how you felt when you read it or do you re-read it for an up-to-date comparison with later works which are also favorites? Are you unduly influenced by other people's lists, knowing that your own selections might be printed and up for ridicule? Do you tend to pick books by prominent authors, or perversely do you single out obscure works? In other words, are you being completely honest with your own subjective opinions; do you put faith in your heart?

Yes, it's not easy to make a list of favorites. A list of 500 is a copout. Drawing the line at 5 or 10 books may be quite a burden, but we have to treat it as a game. Meaningless in the end, really. No use getting serious about it-- if it's anything I can't fathom is a game player who gets really upset when he loses. The whole idea is to have fun, do the best you can, and realize that no earth-shaking calamity will result if you have to leave out something which, damn it!, belongs in the best -- whoops, favorite -- list of 5 or 10, and you just can't squeeze it in.

So, give it a try. Let's have some fun comparing answers. Show and tell, you know. And be honest to yourself alone!

TITLE #69

December 1977

Editor & Pubber: Donn Brazier standing in for Dom de Barbek owner of the rather wilde pickle press and other stuff. Obtainable from 1455 Fawnvalley Dr, St. Louis, Mo. 63131 for LoC, contrib or a rare beer can (empty). No subs; trade by the inordinate and capricious whim of an editor with several loose copies cluttering up his neat desk. Circulation of this zine guaranteed not to go over 100, and reviews are frowned on. Will not be under-sold and may often be picked up free at conventions. If you think this zine is the cat's meow (remember I am now over 60 years old) don't tell your friends. The same goes for FARRAGO...what, you never heard of it? So it goes...

Credits: puzzle, find the page numbers...

Cover: Michael Bracken, Turkey Farmer
Turkey Shoot: Bill Bridget, Turkey
"Right": Sheryl Birkhead, Farmer
Fannish Brazier & Fife: Sam Long, Artist
Cheep: Robert J. Whitaker, Works Cheap
Big Time: Bill Rotsler, Struggling
Duck: Who else? (2 for the price of 1)
Montage: Burt Libe, Stylistic Bete Noir
No, Barf & Huh: Rotsler, Getting There
What's That: Ira Thornhill, Nola Beard
Pic Page: (Left) Hank Heath, Pam Sneed
(Right) Ken Hahn, Pam Sneed, H. Heath
Kotz: Anna M. Schoppenhorst, Girlfan
Airplane: Terry Jeeves, I Say There

+++++
TITLE IS NOT A SEMI-PROZINE
+++++
TAINJS

Guess what? Burt Libe paid me a short visit. And I'm still here. Watch for the Chinese Restaurant Syndrome Synecdoche Report in TITLE 70 and photograph of the sooty-eyed father of the Enchanted Tree. I wished I'd asked him how old that beautiful car was that he drives & which has over 300,000 miles on it! ...

Paul Walker has sold two stories to GALAXY and will do a book review column starting with the November issue. ...

Local Dave Klaus has landed a job at Peaches Record Store and part-time at Dalton's Bookstore. What a peachy job. ...

Fred Jackson (& wife) have just had a first child; I've got a few funny cartoons from him you'll be seeing soon. He, like Burt Libe, wants to know the routine of getting TITLE togeth-



Donn Brazier
1455 Fawnvalley Dr.
St. Louis, Mo. 63131
USA

Eric Lindsay
6 Hillcrest Ave
Faulcentbridge
NSW 2776
Australia

Third Class Mail
Printed Matter
Return Postage Guaranteed

+++++
er. Maybe I've got enuf space here to do that. ...

Read daily mail, log it in, and if time allows, index letters for subject matter. Eat supper. Sit down at typewriter and try to do at least one stencil. Read & watch TV until bedtime. Next morning at least once per week get to work early and type copy for Xeroxing, or run off a few pages. Noon, skip lunch to do more of same except when it's collating, mailing time when at least one week of noon hours are consumed. At least once a week stay at work late to run off pages; once a month stay from 5 to 7 to do same. Always run off pages and save for inclusion in whatever TITLE is ahead. (#68 just mailed & this page makes enuf for #69 but by Nov. 15 I'll have pulled some pages & put in others in the dummy, thus already having a jump on issue 70.) Weekends: do at least four stencils. All in all, try to put 30 hours per week on fanac. The main thing: keep doing some of it every day. ...

I plan to go to Mexico in the middle of November and will have, in the middle of October not yet here, completed my speaking engagement in Ohio. ... See you...