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November, 1972

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Daily Schedule:

MUNDANIAC

Anticipating that you will enjoy mundane activities and 'life situations' about T-readers as much as I do, herewith another department. For the sake of brevity -- just interested in the facts, ma'am -- I will not always use direct quotes.

Jim Meadows works at a class D high school radio station, 10 watts, but the transmitter is so grungy it can barely operate up to 4 watts. Guess that means that Jim is also a H.S. student?

D. Gary Grady has a semester to go before getting BS in Math and Physics, each, and 'in the meantime' works as chief and only photographer for WWAY tv Ch3 (ABC). He also runs the camera at times and is in training for directing.

Lou Stathis & Norm Hochberg are both at SUNY but Lou is in Cardozo College and Norm is in Whitman College. Lou says the classes are a drag and 'this place could qualify as a mildly enjoyable country club. ((I won't give any ages away, just clues, like Lou said his dad is seventy and was I that old? No. Just 55))

Arthur Louis Joquel says his hair is still identifiable as having been blond but greying rapidly; and that the picture of him in Warner's AOY is a terrible one. He left New York in 1970 but was able to shoot 1200 feet of 16mm film of Lovecraft country which he hopes to show this coming spring. Where, Art?

Jeffrey May is a sociology major (B.A. in 1971 from Drury College) and is trying to land a job.

Kenneth Hicks is married, one daughter, and is an assistant manager in a large retail chain.

Mark Mumper was hopeful of getting a position in a high school, tutoring and running an English department library; but a few hurdles to clear first.

Frank Balazs is in a play where he's stabbed in the back, stuffed in a laundry bag, crammed into a safe, dragged across the floor, jammed into a trunk, dragged across the floor, pushed into a closet, falls out, dragged across the floor... ((I hate those 'talky-talk' plays.))

Larry Carmody travelled/studied in Europe over last summer, now back at Adelphi University where he's Features Editor of the newspaper and has a book review column - 'sf naturally'.

Rose Hogue has a family of husband and three kids, Joanne 10, Roy 8, and Lenore 2 1/2. There's a dog named Joe, too.

Seth McEvoy, housepainting last summer, now back in college to get a second bachelor's degree. The first one was in Classics, and now working in sciences. He had his own show on radio (college) - music. Right now he's fond of Frank Zappa and the Bonzo Dog Doo Dah Blues Band.

Ned Brooks got his BS in physics and Masters in Aerospace Engineering while working for NASA. He is involved in wind-tunnel research and some 'amateur' Fortran programming.

Don Ayres, at college, spends as much as 5 hours a day working with lizards in the field. He can be found at Dept. of Zoology Southern Illinois University.

Ed Cagle makes wild pickles (or is it pickles wild?) and then eats them with beer. I distrust him because he's already told me he spends most of his time drinking gin.

Tom Mullen is at the University of Wisconsin, Madison, and has gotten in touch with the Hank Luttrells there.

Michael T. Shoemaker is at a college 15 miles from home. He (and Steve Whealton) at a WSFA meeting discovered a mutual interest in 20th Century 'classical' music such as Ives, Webern, Partch, etc. He wonders if there is a correlation between being an SF fan and liking that kind of music?

From addresses given for Bruce D. Arthurs and Buzz Dixon 'tis obvious they are in the military service.

((What's needed here are FACTS !))

"QUICK



QUOTZ"

"I am reliably informed that base Canards (like the Queen Elizabeth and the Queen Mary) have been made about my exalted position as dictator of Faulconbridge. What's more my desk drawer has a cold and it is raining outside..." - Eric Lindsay

"I believe there are as many strange and unexplained events on this earth, including ESP, as there is in space." - Ken Hicks

"That piece of crap by Spinrad, Bug Jack Barron, is one deja vu scene after another. The obscene language and drug references didn't bother me, it was just that it read like somebody stoned. Apparently Spinrad, and many Spinrad fans, mix confusion with subtlety." - Walt Stumper

"...there is something wrong with being afraid of enjoyment being an end in itself; and too many folks fall in this category. Mason Williams once said that the best reason for not doing something is, 'I don't want to.' The same is true in reverse."
-- Dave Szurek

"People should not live crowded together. The family and tribal units moult and the international relationships mould. Maybe we'll evolve a city-dwelling mutation, but most of us are from aeons of tribesmanship, so that anything too different warps us."
-- Alma Hill

"...so delirious with joy upon hearing from you I instantly began a dry heaving retch that turned all heads in the post office my way and, being consumed wit shame at this outburst I kicked a small mongoloid child and crawled out of the doorway under a veritable monsoon of bumbershoot blows delivered by the bleeding child's flower bedecked mother....((and so on for no more than five pages!))" -- Mike Scott

"I sent my first white jelly bean, that's my award, to Bob Toomey c/o Arnie Katz for his very funny piece in FOCAL POINT once. I forgot to say hand-cancel and it arrived squashed and dead. Give one to Dave Locke for his dream. It wasn't the story that was so great but the dream itself. Weird..." -- Jim Meadows III

"..at a psychology lecture by Nathaniel Branden I heard him say, 'Man cannot exist in a room 500 degrees above or below zero.'" -- Seth McEvoy

"I don't understand Coulson's comment that the Salem witch trials weren't religious persecution. Surely he doesn't believe that the people executed were really dangerous witches and had to be done away with for the good of the community?" - Ned Brooks

"I'm lucky to be in the physics department (University of Texas) where there is a large relativity group. Thus from time to time we get to see the biggies in the field. John Wheeler, Princeton, is the biggest. One model of physical reality due to him and his students is known as Geometrodynamics, containing the first true model of a 'warp' familiar to us SFers. Also parallel universes are contained in the Everett-Wheeler-Graham formulation of Quantum Mechanics. Wheeler could be called a man who invented the art of mathematico-physico-science-fiction." -- Al Jackson

"...it is a more than little weird that Uncle Sam jumps into wars, makes nerve gas, ignores the poor, sick, young, etc. and solicitously ban hex-etc., which, if it does produce brain damage, does so at unrealistically high levels of concentration."
-- Jeffrey May

"Would you believe my daughter, Stefanie, has an English teacher who told her not to read any more science fiction because the class will study it at a later date!"

-- Railee Bothman

"The longer the locs that one writes, the greater the possibility that a greater amount of verbiage will be printed. This means that there is less verbiage by other writers for one to comment on in the future, which means that one's locs will become shorter." -- Michael T. Shoemaker

"To the most objective of scientists, intelligence has meaning only in relation to its effect on survival value. MY GHOD! I just realized that the most intelligent creatures HAVE to be the lowly protozoans. Theoretically at least, the ones that are swimming about today are, indeed, part of the original organism. Like Philip Wylie says, 'The price for sex is death.'" -- Don Ayres

"Ned Brooks can't blame Twonk's Disease for the inconsistencies in the temperatures of his ears. The exasperating thing about Twonk's Disease is that it is the only disease with absolutely no symptoms, no way to detect its existence. As a result, nobody can ever be sure if an awful epidemic of it is raging or if it is dormant for the nonce. It's a good thing that no fatalities have ever occurred." -- Harry Warner

"Cagle's comments contain certain conjectures of congruity." -- Rose Hogue

"Rose Hogue talks to roses. Sounds like a natural thing for her to do!"--Buck Coulson

"I agree with Don Ayres that the opening to 2001 is awesome. I've seen the film 15 times (I've stopped counting) and that 1:37 never fails to imbue with utter awe. I feel so good, so scared, and so at peace." -- Norm Hochberg

"I go along with Dave Locke about 'I know what I like'. Does Lou Stathis maybe prefer 'I don't know what I like'?" -- John Leavitt ((who also says on the back of his envelope)) "From maybe the Only Living Fan in New Hampshire."

"Much of what is written in the mainstream just takes the reader from his home into the street or a pseudo-neighbor's home down the road. SF really takes you out! Quite unlike any other genre extant." -- Jackie Franke

"I never metagalaxy I didn't like." -- D. Gary Grady

"Sign on a church on the Yale campus: 'Don't let your sense of morality interfere with doing what is right.'" -- Frank Balazs

"Noting Ed Connor's BUGS, I believe that the next dominant life form will be guinea pigs. They don't take any notice of us so they couldn't have picked up any bad habits. Someday, some fool geneticist will develop a guinea pig with horns and a fast gait, and it'll be the death of us all. Just wait and see." -- Jim Meadows III

"Certainly I knew that Hirohito does biological research. Remember, old thing, that I am an old Asia hand. The emperor is recognized as one of the great authorities on marine biology." -- Roy Tackett

"Since every child in the Western World must have encountered the rhyme about the mulberry bush, to note that mulberries grow on a bush is not 'attention to detail' as Cagle claims but absurd redundancy, wor-count boosting, or a bizarre attempt at humor." -- Ned Brooks

"Maybe super-intelligent animals don't give away their secret because they are self-disciplined by some religion that promises them a better afterlife if they let themselves be slaughtered??" -- Tom Digby

"HOLLO", EARTH!", a science fact article by DOUGLAS LEINGANG

(Note: Protected by the famous Leingang Guarantee which states this article has never been used before. Reading time: 3 minutes 34 seconds.)

"...one of the symptoms of intellectual deterioration in Nazi Germany was the widespread use of pseudo-scientific theories...the theory that the world was a hollow shell, with the human race living on the inside..." (Gerald P. Kuiper, "German Astronomy During the War", Popular Astronomy, June 1946, p.277)

Many of the German officials, including Goering, Himmler, and the Fuhrer himself, believed in the concavity of Earth. We live inside this hollow globe. Remember this was before any attempt at space flight, so this idea was not an impossibility. An interesting theory indeed. But what about the sun, the stars, the moon, and all the planets? There is a bluish gas which fills the globe and which hides the sun every so often to give light to some part of the shell and darkness to other parts. Those spots of light that foolish astronomers call stars are really just bright spots in the gas. We know, of course, no such thing exists.

A fascinating book to burst hundreds of pet balloons is Martin Gardner's In the Name of Science. Here he gives a brief summary of the history of the hollow earth theory. Captain John Cleves Symmes in 1818 believed in the earth being the center of five concentric circles, we living in the middle and lost tribes of Israel in other circles. Poor man, no one believed him. Gardner says: "Symmes' beliefs made no dent whatsoever on the science of his day, but they did leave a strong impress on science fiction." Not the nicest thing you could say about the man who brought the world a new revelation.

"In 1870 another American, Cyrus Read Teed, proclaimed that the Earth was hollow..." (Pawels and Bergier, The Morning of the Magicians, Feb.1971) Going a step further than Symmes, Teed started his own religion, Koreshism, which spread seeds of the hollow Earth theory. His newspaper, The Sword of Fire, fell into the hands of one Peter Bender, German airman of World War I. Bender's Koreshist views made the scene in Germany in the 1920's.

Why don't the Germans believe in a hollow Earth theory to this day? The answer lies in a dispute between the Hohl Welt Lehre (Hollow Earth Movement) and the Hoerbigerians, who stated that the moon is the fourth and last moon, the other three crashing into Earth. The Hoerbigerians were more influential with the Nazis. The blow that destroyed the Hohl Welt Lehre came when the Fuhrer dispatched a group of scientists to find the British fleet by radar from the island of Rugen in the Baltic. Since the forty-five degree angle did not detect the fleet, that did it. Bender later died in a Nazi prison camp, a broken man. The Hohl Welt Lehre went underground.

Are there any remains of the hollow World movement anywhere? Gardner in 1952 says some research is still going on in Germany, but Sputnik probably destroyed any lingering doubts. In the late 1940's, Carl Carner in his enjoyable book, Dark Trees to the Winds, visited Florida to meet the last survivors of the Koresh religion there. Thirty years later, most, if not all, of the members have passed away. Anyone reading this who is a believer in the hollow Earth theory should write in.

This theory suggests an interesting "if". If the Rugen expedition had not taken place and the Hohl Welt Lehre had overcome the Hoerbigerians, and if Germany had won the war, we in America might one day look out our telescopes to find Germany, home of our beloved Fuhrer, 83-year-old Adolf Hitler.

Journal 1

ASPARAGUS DROPPINGS



ASPARAGUS DROPPINGS
a column by
RANDALL D. LARSON

by

Randall D. Larson

Randall has used this column title before in different contexts: as a feature in his fanzine, NUTRIGIOUS ADVENTURE COMIX, in dialog format; as the title of his contribution to LOVE, an LA-based s.p.a. This fanzine was the one Randall chose to submit the first rambling column with the Asparagus Droppings title; and other fanzines may be so favored if Randall's plans are carried out. He is 18 year old SF-comix-film fan living 40 miles south of San Francisco. Besides the usual SF interests he is interested in females, physical geography, music, and writing. The latter is his subject area in first year of college.

It's kind of sadly interesting how, although we call ourselves "fandom", each separate fandom -- science fiction, comics, film -- seems to shun the other, science fiction especially. I don't see why we can't all live together as "fandom" and not in our own separate corners. At most conventions there is diversity of fandoms -- most comixcons hold SF panels and invite prominent SF pros as guests; most SF cons have comix for sale and both cons have plenty of films. Several current fanzines are dealing with topics from all the fandoms: CITADEL, the now-defunct COLLECTORS CHRONICLE, my own FANDOM UNLIMITED, & others. Still, the majority of fanzines seem to stick pretty well to their own fandom, not even mentioning -- and sometimes ridiculing -- another fandom.

I've been to a couple of local Littlezzen's science fiction meetings earlier this year. I didn't dare mention I also read -- even collected -- comic books for fear I'd get thrown out. Comic books and comic book fanzines were an object of ridicule and inferiority during the entire meeting. Maybe this has changed, I don't know. I have not returned to any of the meetings due to lack of time. Maybe this changed throughout all of fandom since I last looked; I don't read as many fanzines as I should. But I still get the impression that one fandom seems to snob another, and I find this very distinct between SF fandom and comics fandom. It reminds me of the snobbing between second graders and first graders; high school seniors vs high school freshmen. It's as if there were nothing of any value at all coming out of comic books and the words of Ghod coming out of science fiction.

Let me say right now that I am a hard core fan of both comics and science fiction, admittedly SF taking the lead. But I won't put down another fandom even if it does seem ridiculous. I personally find stamp and coin collecting uninteresting -- uninteresting, not wasteful or valueless. Therefore I'm not going to laugh at anybody who collects stamps or coins. They're interested in it, and all the more power to them. I respect the interests of someone else.

The same thing is involved in fandom. There are some SF fans who think of comics as nothing but talking animals in pictures for children. It'd all be really great if all fandom could get together and have a great time. We have enough trouble in the world; ghod knows we don't need bickering between two minute organisms like SF & comics fandom.

In T 5 I published a condensation of a talk by Earl K. Dille, VP of Union Electric, St. Louis; it was called "Progress and Common Sense". In T 6 I let Norman Hochberg give opposing views under the heading, "Dille Pickle". After a rest from the environmental problems in T 7, we now return to the hassle that has more entries in my ledger than any other topic so far brought up in TITLE.....

S W E E T a n d S O U R
 or

WEIGH THE ALTERNATIVES

Earl K. Dille: "I was interested in Mr. Hochberg's comments. I'd like to know if he used an air conditioner this past summer. We have to burn 100 pounds of coal for every day that a central air conditioning unit is running. I would be interested in comments pro and con."

There once was a man named Dille
Of technology, got more than his fill.
He just didn't care
What he put in the air
And what he did was kill, kill, kill!

-- Douglas Leingang, LSU, Baton Rouge

And Douglas Leingang entered the poem as he tired of some arguments we had over the following concept (in personal exchanges). "This is a glass of milk," he says. "Pure, 100% milk. This is arsenic. Pour arsenic into the milk. You will now drink the milk. What -- you say no? Why do you say no? It's milk, isn't it? Nothing chemically has been changed. It's still 100% milk. What about the arsenic, you say? Extra. That's a counter-argument to the illogical '...there is today precisely the same amount of oxygen in the air there was in 1910 -- 20.95%...' You don't breathe pure oxygen -- you breathe carbon dioxide, nitrogen, argon, helium, carbon monoxide, hydrocarbons, smog, and nasty, dirty stuff that makes your lungs nice and brown."

John Leavitt, Newton, N.H.: "Dille's right about technology being able to cure what it has done, but the government refuses to use what power it has. Nuclear power is the only way to keep getting energy, and the dangers of thermal pollution have been greatly exaggerated, but there isn't enough food already for people, and the condition is worsening. The so-called Green Revolution is going to be a big bust because it won't take long for new blights and diseases to mutate from the old ones. The only way out is to get into space and start bringing in raw materials from out there, which means keeping the space program well-fed. Instead the blind fools are starving it because some morons started howling while ignoring the mind-boggling waste at the Pentagon."

Mark Mumper, Santa Cruz, CA: "Dille's 'common sense' is what may very well destroy us if we don't watch out. Here and in nearby urban Santa Clara Valley pollution is ever-increasing. His 'common sense' allows him to praise technology for clearing up disease carrying waterways while he ignores the shit (human and chemical) that replaces those diseases. He damns his own case conclusively when he relies on the logic that 'if ever a lake needed heating, Lake Michigan surely does!' His life may be all right, but it doesn't take more than eyes and ears to realize that the lives of many others are not all right. Why do the wealthy crave material goods if not to buy off the emptiness that results from a crowded, polluted, hate-crazy world that can destroy itself in an instant? Dille's mentality reeks of fatal negligence."

Jim Meadows III, Park Forest, Ill.: "Tell Dille that we need the militant eco-freaks to counter the Ayn Rand types. That way, we don't go too far in either direction, I hope."

agree with Mr. Dille, but Campbell said it first in at least two ANALOG editorials in the last two years."

Michael T. Shoemaker, Alexandria, Va.: "I

James Hall, Canada: "At first disagreeing then wondering then relenting; he was right."

Greg Burton, Ocean Park, Washington: "Some rivers are improving. The Willamette, running through Portland, is getting much cleaner. I agree with a lot of Norman's comments, though. ((anti-Dille)) An interesting book is MEETINGS WITH THE ARCHDRUID, which has the former head of the Sierra Club in discussion with a dam designer (Damn'd designer?), a developer, and a geologist. Really well written and food for thought on several levels. I'd rather have a properly designed N-power plant than a dam, anyway. The dams on the Columbia have turned what used to be a powerful river into a series of stagnant lakes. And they kill fish, too, through supersaturation of the water with nitrogen. We are all masters (and mistresses) of time and space."

Don Fitch, Covina, Ca.: "I've long been a Wilderness Bug, but tend to agree with Dille -- while keeping in mind that he does have a Vested Interest, and is probably engaging in Propaganda, to some extent. Once man discovered agriculture, and began expanding his population on the basis of it, the purely 'Natural' ecological balance went out the window, and with the onset of the Industrial Era, we started on a path which could easily become Disastrous. There is some slight chance it already has, though I kinda suspect that Nature is stronger than the doomsayers give her credit for being. Simply having alerted the industrials probably isn't enough, though -- the militant consumers and the 'disaster lobby' will have to keep on their tails. Certainly the only effective modes of dealing with pollution hinge on the proper application of Technology itself. I do have a sneaking fondness for these back-to-the-land communes which reject all technology more recent than the working of iron, but obviously this is no answer for a population as large as the world has today."

D.Gary Grady, Wilmington, NC: "...agree wholeheartedly with Dille. I regret that the environmental question is too often dominated by the antagonistic system of argument introduced by Rachel Carson. In this, as in a lot of other things, we need a decrease in emotionalism and an increase in a problem solving attitude. In short: a scientific approach. Norman Hochberg admonishes us to change our ways, but I don't quite see what he is suggesting as alternatives to the things he despises. If he buys a dozen mops, he says, and all twelve of them lose their heads, then he would not reorder. To read the rest of his article, I suspect he would also quit mopping."

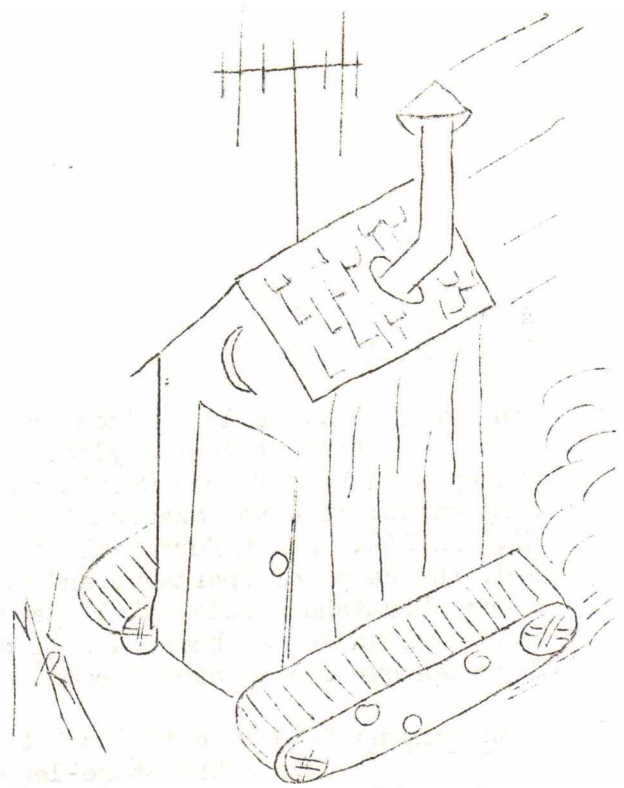
Buck Coulson, Hartford City, Ind.: "I'm all in favor of technology aiding ecology, but I quibble at specific points in Dille's lecture. Cooling towers to prevent heating of Lake Michigan are a good idea even if no injury to fish can be demonstrated. The insistence on demonstration is what prolonged childbirth fever; Semmelweis knew the means of prevention but couldn't demonstrate them to the satisfaction of his colleagues. While Dille may deny that our air is getting less fouled up, I just made a trip to Cleveland on the Ohio Turnpike and I say Dille doesn't have the vaguest

idea of what he's talking about. As an asthmatic, I have a built-in sensor of air pollution, and it's been increasing steadily. Scientific analyses in NATIONAL WILDLIFE agree with me. That conditions are getting better is either lunacy or industrial propaganda. It's like Nixon saying we're beating inflation because the rate of increase has dropped; that view obscures the fact that inflation continues to grow.

Rose Hogue, San Pedro, Ca.: "I agree with Dille. I'm all for nuclear power plants. My main concern is the problem of nuclear wastes, not heating the water. (I don't eat fish anyway - gag - how's that for smugness?)

Roy Tackett, Albuquerque, N.M.: "...expected of an official of an electric company. We get much the same from officials here. I'm a firm backer of the 'disaster lobby', but only technology can get us out of the mess we're in. If the corporations spent as much on cleaning up as they did on advertising about how much they are cleaning up we might start getting somewhere. The technology is there but the pressure must be kept on or nothing will be accomplished. Except, mayhap, our extinction."

Jackie Franke, Beecher, Ill.: "Turning our backs on what we've devised is no solution. Prior to the technological explosion things for the average person were much worse. The air might have been cleaner, but it certainly wasn't healthier. Man always has had a knack for getting himself into corners and finding a way out. I have faith he'll do the same thing again. But he's GOT to realize that he's as much a part of this world as the granite beneath the soil and act accordingly. It's one of those odd coincidences that the very technology the revisionists decry permits them so much exposure. The real enemy of 'progress without pollution' is the sort of Big Business that looks at making a buck as not only the first, but the only, criteria of success. I won't blame technologists for the woes we face; we found most of the problems because of technology. How did DDT come to be vil-lainized? Through deductive reasoning, or technological testing? I would like to ask Norman Hochberg -- if Dille is over-reacting to the Ecologists' over-reaction, do three over-reactions even it all out?"



TECHNOLOGY MARCHES ON !

Frank Balazs, Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y.: "About 5 years back, local fishermen and concerned citizens started making noise about Penn Central's "Godawful Pipe" which was dumping gallons of crude oil every day into the marshes at the Croton River delta, where it joins the Hudson. We managed to get a lot of publicity; even had a camera crew from NBC up to film the pipe, and we got on the 6:00 News that night. The old story was repeated: legal action at great cost, ultimate success in court, failure of the corporation involved to take action, except Penn Central had the easy out of going bankrupt. ((Easy?)) Nevertheless, the point overlooked in the whole case was that there was nothing wrong with the disposal system and pipe when it was originally built in 1929. The fault was not technology's unconcern, but merely the ancient story of a good idea outliving its usefulness, and the authorities being either powerless or too blind to replace it with something more suitable."

Seth McEvoy, E. Lansing, Mich.: "How does Norm know that heat is an 'undeniable by-product of nuclear plants'? Long before Lake Michigan is raised one degree, hot-shot engineers will figure out a way to turn some of that heat back into useful energy. Only a fool could think that reactors are unnecessary, with fossil fuels running out. It is only through technology that we can clean up the mess made through man's too-fast growth. The 'ecology movement' is commanded by shrill voices who don't know what they are talking about, and wouldn't know how to go about finding out."

Cy Chauvin, Roseville, Mich.: "Norm, you misinterpret me; I said technology, and meant technology only, not 'technologists'. If a technologist/scientist does research solely to discover more efficient ways of killing people, he is WRONG and using technology for an evil purpose. It's silly to assume that the machines themselves rise up and bomb, destroy, and murder. It's the people who control the machines that do this; the machines - technology itself - is neutral. OK?"

((Too many commented on Norm Hochberg's apparent exclusion of medicine, i.e. medical science & discovery, from technology. Of the whole thing: a hassle of diversity!))

WINTAGE VINCE

A MOMENT OF HISTORY
I'M SORRY I MISSED...

Don Ayres: "...the last dinosaur, but why not the first as well? Check out the Spartans at Thermopylae, Galileo when he first turned his telescope skyward, Huxley when he defended Darwin on June 30, 1860. Visit Nielsen as he finished his symphonies; observe Kazantzakis writing THE ODYSSEY, LAST TEMPTATION OF CHRIST, and ST. FRANCIS. Don't forget the first performance of Beethoven's Ninth or his death-bed. The camps of Spartacus and Gengis Kahn. The Cope-Marsh war: what a sight the major skirmishes would make! Neglect not the first whiteman to discover that one of the American snakes bears a bell on his tail. See, there's lots to do. Lastly, the day when our own species becomes extinct...should I laugh, or cry..or even bother?"

Ruth Berman: "I'd like to watch Shakespeare & company rehearsing a play, any play, unless the stage-legend that certain lines in 'Hamlet' are ad-libs to cover a situation when Shakespeare playing the Ghost got lost backstage is true. If true, I'd like to be where I had a view both of the 'fellow in the cellarage' and the actor covering up."

Bruce D. Arthurs: "...the assassination of Thomas Becket, Napoleon's escape from Elba, Grunewald painting the Resurrection to find out who he really was, and the parting of the Red Sea, if it happened."

Buzz Dixon reels off a bunch of land & sea battles, then ends with what might have been Einstein's last two words in German: "April Fool!"

Rose Hogue: "I'd like to see Cleopatra bitten by the asp since I understand that asps aren't native to that area." ((Yes, where she was bitten would be interesting to see.)) "Perhaps the first caveman to burn his thumb, or the last wild party of Baccus."

Jim Kennedy: "...the burning of the Hindenburg, Alberto Santos-Dumont as he flew around the Eiffel Tower in the world's first 'blimp' and myself in one of my more frenzied spells of screaming at my mimeograph machine for trying to drive me insane."

Aljo Svoboda: "Little Big Horn, the sinking of the Titanic, and the Stock Market Crash, not really moments. Building of Stonehenge, earthquake that cut down Cretan civilization..."

NOW HOW ABOUT SOME DINNER FOR 3 ?

Greg N. Burton: "Freud, Moses & Marx, the founders of the three major branches of Jewish thought (excluding Jesus & Mahomet)."

Ben Indick: "Tolkien, Walter de la Mare and S J Perelman. The first two exquisite thinkers & conversationalists of a bygone, pre-Carnaby England."

Seth McEvoy: "Tolstoy, the director who made the ruskie version of WAR AND PEACE, and the character of Pierre (you didn't say they had to be real people). Because we four are all alike."

Aljo Svoboda: "...a fun thing -Guess Who's Coming to Dinner. "Ernest Hemingway, John Steinbeck, and George Bernard Shaw. Or, Dustin Hoffman, Liza Minnelli, and Paula Prentiss. Or, Bertrand Russell, Stanley Kubrick, and Chesterton. Maybe I should say Walt Willis, Charles Burbee and Richard Bergeron and be done with it. Two retired fans and a hermit would be interesting."

SCIENTOLOGY

Buck Coulson: "I have always considered Dianetics/Scientology a nut cult, and I have never seen anything to change my opinion, particularly in the writings of people 'taking' Scientology. As someone in California asked Jack Harness, 'If your IQ has been raised 50 points by Dianetics, what in God's name was it like before?'"

Tom Digby: "Interesting typo in the article about 'The re-entrance of the person into the clam.'" ((No typo -- there is a Hubbard symbolism to the concept of humans returning to a giant clam which is described in the book reviewed.))

Don Fitch: "There are a couple of Scientologists in LArea fandom who are generally neat & enjoyable people, but on the whole I think it's: A) too much of a Con Game, and B) good therapy for minor hangups, but too likely to be Disastrous for people with Major Problems. I don't consider it worth the bother of serious investigation."

Al Jackson: "I remember when Ol' L.Ron Hubbard was on tv during the flap in England not too long ago. He flashed his crocodile smile and gave evasive answers from the poop deck of his freighter. He oozed dollar mark\$ from every pore. I don't know what is better -- honest P T Barnum bunkoism from Hubbard or the sometimes half-brilliant but mostly deluded blatherings of Velikovsky."

Michael T. Shoemaker: "One of the best things about that book THE SCANDAL OF SCIENTOLOGY is that it is thoroughly footnoted with sources, and meets the highest standard of scholarship. Of course Scientology is bunk; everyone in his right mind knows that." ((I have a sneaking feeling about your comment, Mike, that you mean we are not in our right minds. Hmmm?))

Douglas Leingang: "I fill out a card and ask for information. A year later I get a big envelope. I throw it away. Later: I get personal letters. I receive one that asks why I haven't answered. I write back a nice (ultra-nice!) saying please go to Hades. They still send me stuff and I write 'Refused, D.L.' on the envelope."

"Don't make those comments you intersperse all over the place too vacuous.." Aljo Svoboda

THINKING PLANTS

Tom Mullen: ((Sends copied UPI newsstory from Berkely, Calif. which is an apparent confirmation of Backster's discoveries of plants responding to emotional situations. No names are cited except the vague reference 'agricultural researchers of the California Farm Bureau'.)) Tom says, "I think that should help clarify the question you raised about other people being able to reproduce Backster's work." ((Not yet!)) In a previous letter Tom says, "Backster would find it a bit difficult getting his results published. You might recall the reactions there have been and still are to the Rhine experiments." ((I believe this is a point that JWCampbell used to bring up in his editorials.))

Matthew Schneck: "Even if plants do feel, I'm sure they couldn't all be equally sensitive. Call one man a liar, he'll laugh; do the same to another, he'll slug you in the mouth. Perhaps the original study was made with neurotic plants ...psycho peonies." ((No use of my doing that story now after you've spilled the beans!))

Rose Hogue: "I'll bet Theodore Sturgeon would have a nice effect on plants...will have to try reading some of his short stories to Mirandy and Little One..."

Lou Stathis: "Don't let anyone from Hollywood read that stuff about the sentient plants. The next thing you know we'll be flooded with movies like 'Island of the Carnivorous Asparagus' and 'The Attack of the Fifty-Foot Cauliflower.' It's bad enough we've got all those stomach-squeezing ecology flicks to contend with-- 'Frogs', 'Night of the Lepus' (whatever the hell a Lepus is) with all of the animal kingdom finally fighting back at us." ((Damn if that doesn't blow another one of my sf tales!))

Arthur Louis Joquel: "No one has noted the seminal source for such plant research -- that of the Indian scientist Jagadis Chundra Bose (1858-1937). He should have gotten the Nobel Prize, but he didn't -- he was only an Indian and a colonial. RESPONSE IN THE LIVING AND NON-LIVING describes devices to magnify plant responses billions of times. He also tested metals, and was the first to suggest the existence of what we now recognize as 'metal fatigue' - which he compared to fatigue in human muscles."

ATLANTIS, CAHOKIA, & OTHER MYSTERIES

John Leavitt: "THE FLYING SAUCER VISION, a book by John Michell relates many things like ancient mounds to the appearance of ufo's. It's better in many ways than von Daniken's CHARIOTS OF THE GODS which has a similar approach. I like things like the supposed polar openings, and you'd be surprised at how many people actually believe ufos are from inside the earth."

Frank Balazs: "...wish scientists would stop messing around with all them great mysteries. Nobody likes a mystery that isn't a mystery anymore. The lost continent to a mere island. I think it's disgusting. May Stonehenge stay obscure forever. I hope the ark isn't found on Mount Arrafat or Aggarat or whatever the crummy name is. It doesn't matter where the Cahokia Indians went, it just matters that they went, leaving us a big chewy, triple A mystery. My personal theory is that, wanting bigger things out of life, they moved to the Rockies."

Lou Stathis: "I ran across Hans (I believe) Schleimann while doing a paper on the truthful foundations of the ODYSSEY and the ILIAD. Taking all of Homer's words at face value, he stumbled across some ruins on Turkey's Mediterranean coast that he claimed were those of Troy. His claims are pretty much regarded as lunatic bullturd by 'established' authorities (whatever that's worth). Atlantis has interested me for quite some time, but I found the article you reprinted too sketchy to satisfy me. The definitive texts on the subject were written early in this century by Ignatius Donnelly who, in spite of his blind monomaniacal stupidity, makes for good reading."

Arthur Louis Joquel: "Heinrich Schliemann was the famous digger at Troy and Mycenae. Much as I hate to mention it, deCamp describes this in his LOST CONTINENTS, pp 45 and 78. (I consider deCamp to be biased and unfair -- shooting down hoaxes and fakes is OK and should be done, but to condemn everything connected with an as yet unproven theory is, I think unfair.) The interesting element is the mention of an 'owl-headed vase' which when broken yielded relics of Atlantis. Owl-headed vases are spread from Troy to Peru to mounds in Missouri. Donnelly illustrated several in ATLANTIS, THE ANTEDILUVIAN WORLD; he

probably picked up this item to add verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Bruce D. Arthurs: "I once planned a novel (I'm always planning novels) where the good guy was named (are you ready?) Justus Freeman, and represented the great democratic ideal."

Ned Brooks: "19th Century authors were much given to bizarre names for their characters, such as Ralph Rackstraw, Martin Chuzzlewit, Mr. Figworthy, etc. Sometimes the name had to do with the character's character, but often not. Fantasy is full of poetic names, but sf has names that are common or meant merely to sound alien, as it wouldn't seem right to have a BEM named John Smith.. Some authors have a knack for making up names that 'sound right' -- I always liked the ones in Tolkien. The names in Mervyn Peake's trilogy are unabashedly descriptive -- Lord Sepulchrave, Sourdust, Rottcodd, Fuschia, Steerpike...I'm sure I do not believe in a memory system by a Nutt!"

D.Gary Grady: "Although Dickens frequently used names to indicate character (eg Heap and Murdstone), I doubt even he would use a name like "McGovern" for a Presidential candidate or "Nixon" for a chap who has been criticized for overuse of the veto power. I have used the name "Armand Hammer" for gag purposes for years and I recently discovered that the president of Occidental Petroleum is named just that. Would you buy a memory system from a Nutt?" ((I happened to mention the 'Nutt memory system' in a past TITLE.))

Jim Kennedy: "I don't believe that names play that important a part in the quality of fiction. Most writers have sense enough to avoid names like "Arlo Gump" except when trying to be funny, in which case the names enhance an amusing atmosphere. Some names are "in-jokes"; the effect varies from reader to reader. The heroes of some tales are made less realistic by unrealistic, heroic names like "Captain Future". If you're writing a spy spoof, why not name your hero "Duke Lightning" and your Oriental villain "Manchu Eval"?"

Ben Indick: "I recently came across a doctor named "Dr. Proffitt". My own oculist is "Dr. Glassman". I should be named "Pill", for more reasons than one." ((One reason is that Ben is a pharmacist and, as far as I know, that's the only reason.))

In TITLE 6 Cy Chauvin accused me of skating about some of the basic issues when he said: "Why talk about SF or criticize it at all if no reviewer can be objective and if writers never listen?" I was speaking of "objectivity" as defined by certain fans, not as defined in any dictionary. Those who most often criticize reviewers for not being "objective" simply mean that the reviewer ought to agree with them. However, in the accepted definition of the word, I do think a reviewer can be more objective, or as objective as he is capable of being. That is, he or she should be sufficiently intelligent and informed to consider an idea or any fictional element independently of his or her own private opinions or prejudices. They may hate themselves afterwards, but it can be done and should be done. The initial segment of any review should be the presentation of the book in the writer's terms, and any interpretations should scrupulously abide by the writer's intentions as manifested in the book. Ethics dictate that the reviewer argue the writer's case clearly and honestly before prosecuting it.

Ethics also decree that the reviewer label his "likes" and "dislikes": it is all right if the reviewer "dislikes" gloomy stories, but it is no critical criterion, and it is stupid to berate the author for not writing "your kind of book", unless you suspect the author's pessimism is a pretension, and then you better have a damn good reason. The one and only intelligent approach to reviewing a book is first to try to crawl inside the author's head and look out through his eyes at the world. The closer you come to achieving this identification, the better able you are to judge if he actually succeeded in writing a book in which such an identification is possible.

If you succeed, then the trick is getting out from under it and back to your own perspective. A lot of rave -- and railing -- reviews are written by people who succeeded to some degree in identifying with the author's intentions, then wrote their reviews under the spell or disillusionment of the immediate aftermath. Let a day or two go by without trying to think about it. I have made it a policy to wait at least three days before writing a word. (One problem with people is not that they don't think or feel, but that they fail to think about why they feel as they do, and do not heed their feelings about what they think.)

I generally try to abide by what I've said above and I think I am more objective than most. I have been criticized for being contradictory when I was actually being objective. It is quite reasonable to admire a novel, or an author, on one level and despise him (or her) on every other level -- in fact, it is rare to find a familiar name who is wholly despicable, or wholly admirable either. It is my intention here, as it was in the first letter in TITLE 4, to suggest the difficulties inherent in objectivity, and while it may seem as if I am arguing for it as the only criterion, I'm not. Objectivity should be present in every review, but objectivity is not why Cy Chauvin reads my reviews.

If a reviewer does not have his or her personal bias, his or her reviews will be uninteresting. One can be objective without being impersonal; in fact, it is essential to feel what the writer wants you to feel in order to understand, and to judge, whether the writer succeeded. Technical faults such as occasional stylistic clumsiness or whatnot do not determine the real quality of the book -- and neither does technical expertise. If the worst you can say about a writer is that his plotting is sloppy or that he overwrites, you have really said nothing against him. Technically, Silverberg is more expert than Tolkien, but he will never write LotR. The quality of a book, or story, is hard to distinguish from its fictional elements, but it is unmistakable, and it is there regardless of the book's technical faults (see Dos Passos, Faulkner, Dreiser).

The problem of reconciling one's biases with one's objectivity is really no problem at all if one knows and respects (or at least suspects) one's own biases, and I have learned, only recently, how important it is to appreciate and cultivate my own biases

so as not to be influenced by current fashions or large reputations. When I began reviewing I desperately wanted to be "fair" and wrote a lot of things that bother me today. Now I realize how wrong it is to be "fair" which means giving a writer more benefit of the doubt than he or she is entitled to. Reviewers have no business being sorry for them or apologizing for them or feeling intimidated by them. The idea that "well, someone will like it" or "this is for a rainy day" is, and should be, suspect; it usually means the book is either juvenile or mediocre.

The purpose of reviewing is the purpose of literature itself. Reviews may be as stimulating and informative and incisive as any novel or poem, which is not to say they are (great writers rarely trouble themselves to write reviews as ambitious as their fiction, and why should they?). Reviews deal with ideas and perspectives on life, and some are brilliantly conceived and written (see Sheed and Wilson, for instances). So why can't we accept reviews, at their best, as literature?

Now, I've always thought of myself as a fiction writer, and I've wondered just how creative a thing it is to write reviews, but I've found that I put as much of myself into reviewing as I do into my fiction. In fact, I feel more exposed writing of my personal feelings in such a public way than I do in fiction where I am concerned with the feelings of characters.

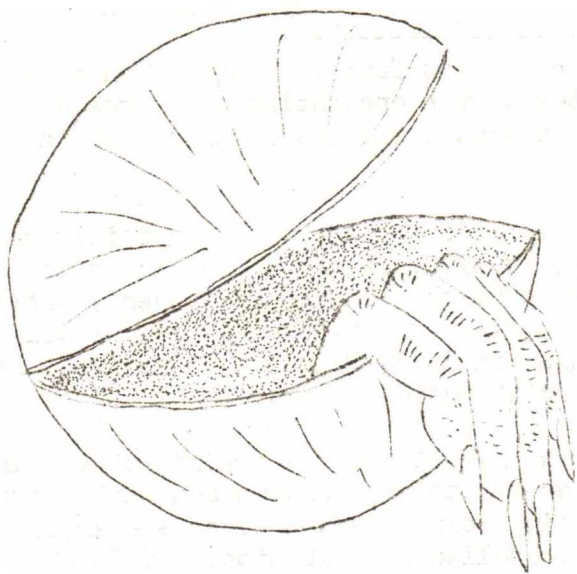
As in reviewing, the art of fiction is not to be fair, but to be honest. It is a struggle with form, with language, with realities (per se and as I see it). It is a struggle to win the readers' imagination, first to get their attention, second to hold it, third to arouse them to think. It is not to sell them or to persuade them to agree with me. That is secondary. Of course, I want people to enjoy the books I enjoy and to agree with me, but primarily the success of a review, like the success of a piece of fiction, is to the extent it moves the reader to think or feel something strongly. And it may be something negative, as negative as rage at an attack on his or her favorite writer, but moving them is the hardest of all.

This, then, Cy Chauvin, old friend, is the use of, and good of, reviews. And if they do not teach writers anything -- who cares? If they have anything to teach, and this is very rare, they can imbue a certain level of sanity into the public who is always jumping to conclusions, few of which are right. A good reviewer can measure the relative merits of the Great Names and the health of the field and instruct the reader to reconsider his or her standards. But this is rare. Damon Knight was the only SF critic who came close to this, and his prejudices and rather narrow definition of SF could not sustain him forever. Reviews are best when read in chunks, or whole books, which is why I have tried to keep my reviewing in one zine at a time so as to create some continuity.

So your professor was right, Cy, literature is an end in itself, and as reviewing is literature, it, too, is an end in itself.

I think I was being unfair to myself when I spoke of my "prejudices". I have them, true, but I rarely unleash them in my reviews or letters or even in conversation; rather I let them skulk and sulk in the shadows of my mind. A "prejudice" is an opinion formed without thought or knowledge; there are areas of experience in which I am rather ignorant and do not trust my opinions. In the case of Poul Anderson and Isaac Asimov I have not taken the time to examine either one closely enough to say honestly why I prefer Asimov or why I think Anderson may be the better writer. It is simply my strong impression. However, experience has taught me that my impressions are formed from more sound responses than unsound ones. I believe if I did look into both writers more closely I would end up with the same opinion, only then supported by stronger arguments.

Ned Brooks: "It is rare to find a place that will do a steak well...."



THE KING IS DEAD, LONG LIVE THE KING.....

Oh, how the mighty do fall. Thud! ENERGUMEN's ghost wafted heavily into my mailbox the other day, but had trouble fitting because the corpse of Jay Zaremba's notorious THE ESSENCE had beaten it there. Jay Zaremba's much-discussed production had a rather slight closing remark -- a cover on the back of which was printed Zaremba's 'folding' benediction, and a Kirk folio LORDS OF THE STARSHIP. THE ESSENCE had a profound effect on a few fanziners, like Alpajpuri, who in turn converted Jerry Lapidus, and through their prolific letter-philosophizing echoed into the very pages of ENERGUMEN and GRANFALLOON. Graphics experimentation was its main claim to fame, and this was urged on all faneds capable of doing any. Linda Bushyager was praised when she started fooling around with her layout. Bill Bowers was soundly denounced as a conservative editor, accused of relying only on tried and successful layout techniques. Though short on circulation THE ESSENCE had a long arm, and probably had already achieved its greatest impact idea-wise. But had Zaremba stayed around for another year his zine probably would have had an educational effect on even more faneds, despite a promising backlash developing under the wing of marse Arnie Katz hizzelf: "Once the reader stops reveling in the zine and starts analyzing the layout I think the layout is a failure no matter how 'avant garde' or 'experimental' or 'far out' the design is." (He's right, too.)

ENERGUMEN THIRTEEN (Mike & Susan Glicksohn 32 Maynard Ave. 205 Toronto, Ontario) was carried in by stretcher for examination

BOONIE PARKINGS by Mike Glycer

A COLUMN ABOUT FANZINES

by the physician and was pronounced to have but two more issues left to live. ("Yes, but will I be able to crank the mimeo again, doc?") Editor-half Mike Glicksohn, who never fails to produce rationalizations for various things that stun me, has this time explained the planned folding of 1972's best genzine as the result of not being able to do any better. Briefly, when you've hit the top and stayed there long enough to prove it's not a fluke, there's really nothing more you can do except repeat past accomplishments. So, obviously, to Glicksohn his fanzine is not an organic thing, but a monolithically conceived entity, each issue philosophically the same if also gradually improving. I'm using the big confusing words because if I boil down what he's saying it equals "Every issue is about the same and just because every issue is also the best of its kind in fandom that's no excuse for stagnation." And that would be what Dave Hulvey has been telling him for years...

In sum the two artistic archetypes in fandom are giving way. There will be a brief scramble to replace them between ALGOL, GRANFALLOON, OUTWORLDS and IS -- however, fights between second-bests always lack excitement for me. (Take that, Hochberg!)

NYCTALOPS SEVEN (\$1.25, 98 pp: Harry O. Morris, 500 Wellesley SE, Albuquerque, NM 87106)

It's finally here -- the third in a succession of triumphs among publishers concerned with weird fiction. Following the astonishing successes of HPL and IS:4 (The Derleth Memorial), Harry Morris' skills have collected between covers a veritable warehouse of art, academia, and comment on the prolific Clark Ashton Smith. Covered by a Tim Kirk CAS portrait (just to make sure the reader does not miss the title), its opulent offset art and title designs start on page one and go straight through.

*** end ***

"...get some art for TITLE; it would add some PIZZAZZ to the zine."

-- Randall Larson

There was a cheerful little girl living on a cheerless farm in Kansas when a cyclone swept her to a magical land where she encountered such enchanting creatures as a living scarecrow, a tin man, a cowardly lion, a wizard who was a humbug, and a host of others.

The Wizard of Oz, L. Frank Baum's immortal children's fantasy would certainly seem to be, of all stories, free of politics. Yet, in 1972, it has a peculiar relevance, if one is to accept the theories of an article published in 1964. If Henry Littlefield, in his "American Quarterly", Spring 1964, is correct, then it is, of all things, a Populist parable. And, of all things, in 1972, Populism is revived, somewhat sluggishly, in George McGovern, Democratic standard-bearer.

Seem impossible? Consider the Populist movement first, born in prairie states in the '90s, among farmers who were growing poorer as Eastern bankers and capitalists grew richer. Silver dollars were no longer being coined, and useless stocks of silver were accumulating. Powerful individuals controlled distribution, and Populists were demanding free coinage of silver and governmental ownership of railways. In 1892 the Democrats nominated William Jennings Bryan and the silver plank, stealing Populist thunder but not their impact. At this time, Baum was editing a newspaper in South Dakota, part of the Populist stronghold. Indeed, while not an activist, Baum did march in torchlight parades.

When, in the late '90s, Baum decided to write a fairy tale indigenous to America, like any writer, he had to draw on his own experiences. Littlefield makes a good case for a strongly allegorical use of these experiences; indeed, when Dorothy finds herself transported from dry, drab Kansas to Oz, it is a symbolic America in actuality. We learn that the Wicked Witch of the East (Eastern Bankers) holds the Munchkin people (simple farmers) in bondage. More pointedly, the Scarecrow, desperately seeking brains (although endowed with native intelligence) is typical of the "ignorant, irrational and generally muddle-headed" farmer class, in Kansan William Allen White's words. Soon Dorothy encounters the Tin Woodman, all metal, and frozen in a static position. When he recovers and details to her his woeful catalog of amputations which resulted in his gaining one metal limb after another and, finally, a wholly metal body, he is living out the situation of the Eastern industrial worker, harried and "dehumanized into a kind of machine". Even the rusting is paralleled by the unemployment of many Eastern workers after the 1893 depression.

The Witch even wears silver slippers (not the ruby ones of the 1939 film.) Silver has power. Dorothy, Miss Everyman, inherits them, but is unaware of the power of silver, which could have taken her home any time she wished. The Cowardly Lion is Bryan himself, fumbling, bumbling, eloquent but politically a failure. Dorothy and the three others march for their hopes to the Emerald City, the group resembling "Coxey's Army" of 1894 that marched on President Cleveland, seeking work. The Emerald City, then, is Washington itself, and the Wizard, revealed finally as a humbug, is the President!

After many adventures, some possibly part of the parable, it is the Scarecrow, now endowed with brains, the intelligent farmer, who assumes office in Oz.

Seven decades after the book's publication, and five decades after the last fading gasp of Populism, out of the Dakotas comes another Populist, in name at least. The reader can decide for himself whether he too is a humbug. Likely, all politicians are. The one sure thing is that long after today's politicians are sent into retirement, The Wizard of Oz will still be enchanting young readers -- and challenging scholars.

Buck Coulson: "...lots of bad writing I enjoy tremendously - simply because it is bad, as John Coleman Burroughs or Frank Belknap Long, and PLANET STORIES..."

The other day I was reading a column in the local newspaper which I found to be so thought provoking that I just had to sit down and write about it.

The column began, "If someone was to tell you that one of your best friends was an addict, you would likely conjure up a vision of the poor guy strung out on heroin.... etc." No, drugs was not the subject of the column; addiction was. Just think of all those poor unfortunates who are addicted, often hopelessly, to other destructive elements. There are the TV freaks, who, when deprived of a television set, begin to develop withdrawal symptoms. There are many more....those who would go out and spend their last dime on food, clothes, records, books, or just having a good time. There are the car enthusiasts. Have you ever met one? ...whew! The list goes on and on...

Can you see where an sfan would fit in? How many people do you know that are addicted to sf reading, writing, collecting, or just fandom in general? Don't forget yourself! Do you fit into any of these categories? If someone suddenly deprived you of your activity in the sf field, would you develop withdrawal symptoms? Think about it!

If you are now bristling with anger or have developed the "who cares attitude" after reading the last paragraph, you may be in worse shape than the drug addict. The drug user is usually aware of his habit.

Do you spend most of your personal time and money supporting your so-called "hobby"? And then, a most important question -- Do you ever get enough?

If somehow you have managed to read this piece without having any reaction at all, you are safe. To those of you I would humbly direct this plea: "Send me \$\$\$ to help support my habit."

Hold it! Did someone say "cure"?

Kill 'im!

ADDICTION AND THE SF FAN

----- ADDICTION AND THE SF FAN

James A. Hall

WAREHOUSE #3
10 mimeo pages
TITLE's comment:
"Mature genzine."

Some times the filler, the "throwaway line" is more interesting than the feature material. Without implying that D. Gary Grady's WAREHOUSE #3 had uninteresting 'big' material, I was struck by the excellance of his science fillers coupled with the Grady 'gravity'. For instance --

"The first of Verne's novels was FIVE WEEKS IN A BALLOON, in which Verne has the heroes generate heat by burning electrolysed hydrogen. In the time period since then the idea has been studied over and over and finally, according to CHEMICAL AND ENGINEERING NEWS, is on the verge of actual use... The hydrogen economy could very well be the wave of the future, considering the only waste product of its combustion is water...." and "Yet another interesting note related to the dissolution of water: NASA Apollo 16 experiments indicate that the primary source of terrestrial oxygen is probably NOT PHOTOSYNTHESIS but dissolution of water molecules ((through ultra-violet energy)). This leads me to wonder if 1) This could form the basis for a solar energy conversion system or an oxygen production system on the moon or space station, or 2) if an ultra-high altitude ramjet could fly at the height this business is going on and not have to carry any fuel?"

I like Grady's policy. "...journal of opinion and commentary on SF, the future, and anything related even remotely thereto." John Godwin is "Editor emeritus cum arunnin" WH is available for usual or 25¢ at 520 Orange St., Wilmington, NC, 28401.

It has often been put forth, by both recognized and incredible sources of authority, that man has yet to develop more than an infinitesimal portion of the allegedly vast potential of his brain. If this theory is meant to inspire or condemn (it is rarely made clear in articles); the reader is left dangling in that familiar limbo where all lost trains of thought eventually come to rest. Gentle Reader is left up in the air, uncertain if he should hope for a sudden surge of insight, or feel bad for not developing his cranial contents to a point of fine, gleaming good health. He is torn between assuming a posture of great concentration on the edge of the chair, hoping and straining for a new effect to develop, and just flopping his flaccid head on the sofa and letting the television set continue the atrophy he can do nothing to alleviate. It is difficult to know what is the best action to take.

The editor of TITLE, Old Bone, once offered a theory about the human brain's capacity to develop into something grand. His vision suggested that the human brain will develop in quantum leaps, rather than gradually, and that examples of this 'new' brain could most likely be found among the ranks of SF readers, or in fandom. He did not go into detail concerning how this might occur, or what evidence had convinced him this was an entirely valid theory.

Old Bone's theory is an interesting one, but I question the order of development it implies. It seems logical to assume that man's brain will first become more efficient on a physical, rather than an intellectual level. But the brain is still admittedly incredible...Rushing right by that....man is already hooked into an organism over which he exerts minimal control, and what better place to begin using this 'new' mind? He could learn his new skills practising on an organism whose destruction would affect no one but himself. He would proceed cautiously. Man's proven ability to handle a headfull of new intellectual concepts is poor; he's dangerous; let him play around with himself first. He might like it. Ahem.

And now to really strain the fabric... There is evidence that man is already beginning to learn control of the more complex functions of his body. No, I am not suggesting that there are signs to indicate that man will soon be growing a third arm, or sprouting wings to fly over the pollution, but that there is some small evidence that a change is underway now. At this very moment...

My neighbor is a raving hypochondriac. Highly skilled. Does amazing things to his own body solely through conscious effort. Brain doing strange things to the body. Symptoms appear in moments. Bumps. Knobs. Hives. Bruises. Violent nausea. Fingers made immovable for hours by a spasm of such severity that it causes pain and swelling for days afterward. Digestive disorders you would not believe beset him. I wish he was a nut, and that there was proof that his psychological makeup is grossly abnormal, and obviously so. But various local quacks, and a list of worthy medical practitioners agree that he is weird, but not mentally bombed out. Without credentials, having known him all his life, I can offer you assurance that the old kid is pretty stable all the time.

Well, is this a possible example of a primitive mental control of the body? Is this how it might begin? I have no idea. I'm glad I don't understand it. If I could grasp the implications, it might scare me.

ANIMO NON ASTUTIA
ANIMO NON ASTUTIA

Ed Cagle

QUICK QUOTE from Frank Balazs: "...the present educational system has stifled my curiosity. I remember being a much, much more curious person - which is one of the reasons I loved reading. I still do...but my school teaches you what to learn, not how to learn."

Today we had visitors
they rode on metal beasts
and brought strange gifts
called "fire" and "medicine" and "clothing"

The "fire" can cook meat and supply heat, they say
but I eat fruit and I've never been cold

The "medicine" cures sickness
but I have never been sick

The "clothing" covers our nakedness
I did not know I was naked

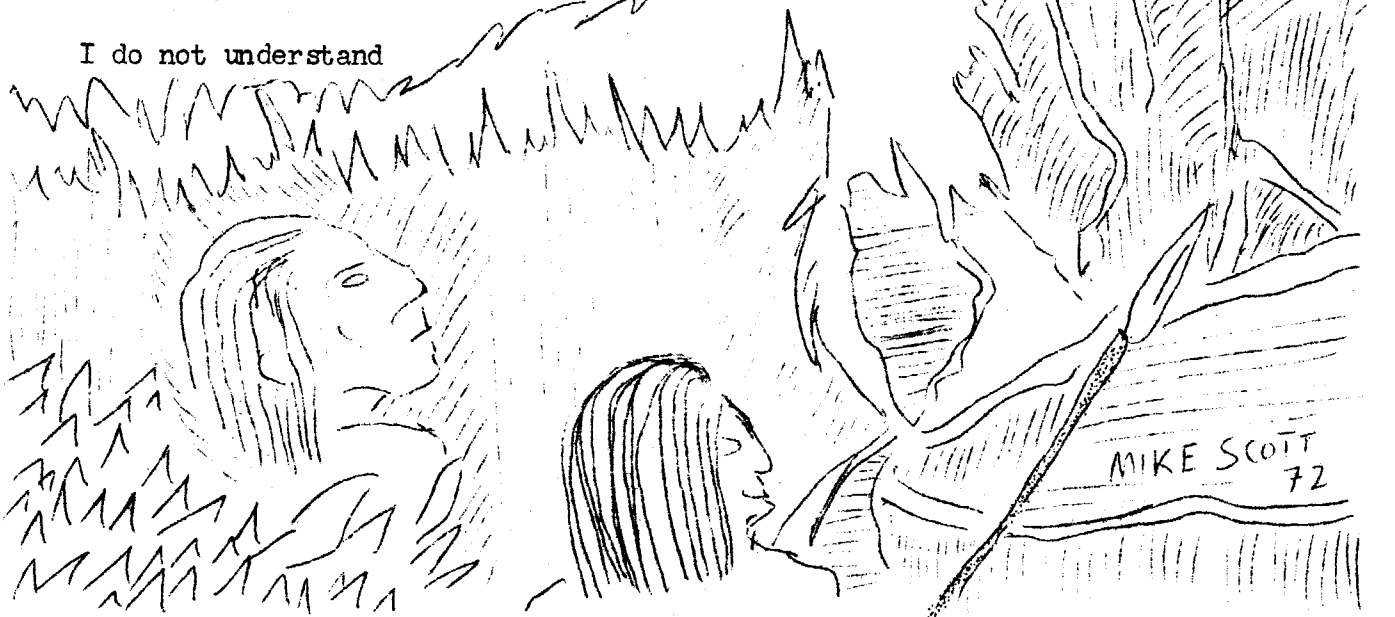
Our council says they are gods
I do not know, I have never seen a god

It has been a year now since the visitors came
we have been taught to build homes and make things
the gods say we have learned "civilization"
and can soon become "useful members of the Federation"
I do not know what this means, but they say it is good
I have been "working" and I am tired
I do not feel good

It has been two years since the visitors came
I sit in the jungle with others of my kind
we talk
we say that we are no longer happy since the visitors came
we do not like "work" or "learning" or "progress"
we want the visitors to go home
we go back to the rest of our kind to tell them our thoughts

I hunger and I pain
the visitors hunt me for my thoughts
they call me "subversive" and "militant"
I do not understand these things
they want to kill me because
I am them

I do not understand



Many people find most SF films to be very bad. Let's be honest, 95% of all SF movies aren't worth mentioning, much less seeing. So why watch them?

Good question. Being an SF film buff, I have an excuse (what's yours?) I have sat through countless variations of METEOR MONSTER, THE SPIDER, THE BRAIN FROM PLANET AUROS, etc. And I've discovered something.

If you're willing to sift through enough garbage you will find pearls. Little gems, a scene, a sequence, a part of the film, and, yes, occasionally a whole film itself, comes to the surface. It was hard to find, but when viewed apart from its surroundings it becomes quite beautiful.

In WORLD WITHOUT END the astronaut heroes discovered they had entered the future when they found an overgrown graveyard, with tombstones dating well into the 21st century.

In TEENAGE CAVEMAN, Robert Vaughn asked three wise men about the "Gifts of Man". One toys with a small wheel, another tends a fire, the third models clay. When Vaughn asks the third what his gift is, he replies, "The power of creation and destruction."

In BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES, the scene in which an ape discovers a dead mutant girl and strokes her silky blonde hair in wonder and envy....

In JOURNEY TO THE SEVENTH PLANET, the almost magical appearance of girls that the men knew on Earth. When this failed to divert the astronauts, they were attacked by what they feared most (i.e., rats, spiders, etc.). Later in the same film the men try to destroy the alien brain. One astronaut is engulfed to his knees in a strange cloud. When they examine his corpse they find that skin and spacesuit below his knees has been dissolved.

In WAR OF THE PLANETS, Claude Rains lingers behind while his companions flee to a doomed asteroid. As they leave just prior to the explosion, Rains discovers the secret of the asteroid. "They'll never know," he murmurs to himself.

In THE POWER, George Hamilton is fleeing an unseen superman. While waiting at a crosswalk, he notices that the sign has stopped flashing DON'T WALK and has started flashing DON'T RUN.

In CONQUEST OF SPACE a dead astronaut is set adrift in space. He is last seen floating into the sun.

In Z.P.P., the play that was supposed to represent life in the 1970's, we discover these effective bits. "Who do you want to sleep with tonight, dear?" The computerized dolls for childless adults. The abortion machines in every bathroom.

In ROBINSON CRUSOE ON MARS, the effects of being stranded 40 million miles from Earth were excellently portrayed. Then the producers decided the film was running too slowly and enlivened it with invaders, flying saucers, and interstellar slaves. Still, the struggles of the astronaut to survive on a hostile planet are the best part of the film and surpass the mediocre big-budget MAROONED.

I could go on, if I had enough space. But even in many of the bad films a glimpse of glory, a ghost of genius shines through. If you ever have a chance to see any of the above films, watch them and see the genius.

Then turn off the schlock before you get sick.

THE STRANGE CASE OF THE RECYCLED NEWS STORY

-or-

by NORMAN HOCHBERG

SAY, CAN I HEAR THAT ONE AGIN, FELLAS?

I had just finished explaining to Maury, who likes to put up a show of interest in my hobbies every so often, what sercon meant when he began to glow a little.

"You thinking of something Maury?" I asked, since I knew damn well that the glow meant that he did.

"Yeah...about the time I was working for a radio station in a small town in West Virginia."

Maury has never told me that he had ever been even remotely involved with radio. Since I had known him long enough to know almost all of his stories (he was fond of repeating many of them), I was a little dubious about this confession. Still, a Maury tale is a Maury tale, and whether it is true or false doesn't make much of a difference in the long run for he always tells his stories for a reason.

"At that time," he continued, "I was performing slave labor as a DJ, an engineer, and a news reporter. Andy and Beecham, my two fellow prisoners, each shared ten or eleven hour shifts with me.

He leaned back, putting his feet up on the table in front of him, and right on top of the fanzine that had prompted the discussion in the first place. "Norm, this town was so hard up for news that one of us had to monitor another station's newscasts every hour to get enough material to fill up five minutes of news every couple of hours. Oh, every once in awhile there'd be a fire or a death in town. Then Mr. Brugman, our owner, would send two of us to cover the story so the third guy could do a special report on it for the newscasts."

"One day," Maury said, "Beecham came roaring into the cubbyhole that Mr. Brugman laughingly called a control room, screaming like a banshee in heat. 'Hey Maury,' he yelled, 'you know Morton the grocer?' This was a pretty stupid question since everybody knew Morton. You couldn't even buy a turnip without going to him."

"'Well,' Beecham screeched, 'Mr. Morton's just been arrested by the FBI for smuggling guns.'"

"Big news, I guess...huh?" I said, wondering how our earlier conversation had gotten from the N3F to the FBI.

"'You bet. Biggest news ever to hit this town in years.' So Beecham and I raced down to the store to cover it."

"A little while later Andy showed up with a pad and pen. 'Brugman's taking the board now,' he panted. We gasped, of course, since we naturally assumed that such menial tasks were either below or beyond Mr. Brugman's talents."

"'That's right,' Andy said. 'And, get this. He wants me to write a story on how you're covering the Morton case.'"

Maurv stopped, obviously for dramatic effect. He prided himself on being an amateur thespian, having once played the part of the stage manager in 'Kiss Me Kate' for the local PTA show.

"You see Norm," Maurv continued, "the Morton story was just too big for Mr. Brugman to let slip by. He was going to fill up hours of air time with it."

"Was Andy's report interesting at least?"

"Better than ours, in fact. As it turned out, the FBI had the wrong Morton: there was another in a neighboring town. But, you see, the important point is that Brugman had found a rich source of news, mainly - reporting on the reporters. From that day on, whenever one of us went out to cover a story another went out to cover the reporter. Brugman got twice as much news without any more news events, and the townspeople got to hear their names mentioned twice as often."

"Twice as often?"

"Yeah, like: 'Sheriff Boondoggle arrested Sam Stare.' Then, later: 'Reporter Beecham talked to Sheriff Boondoggle for ten minutes seeking information.' You see?"

"Sort of," I mumbled, beginning to play with the fanzine that I had pulled out from under Maurv's feet. Maurv looked down at it.

"You know, for guys who read so much, you science fiction guys are sure dumb."

I looked up at him.

"Look," he said, pointing to the fanzine. "Look how this guy spelled fan. He's got way too many a's in it."

-end-

((Editor's note: when I read this, and another Maurv story submitted by Norman Hochberg, I thought: not very SFish, fannish, or anything except nice writing. I admit to a certain stupidity toward subtle levels, and I completely missed the point.))

++++++

TOM SWIFTY

Harry Warner: "I want to share with you a genuine, native Tom Swifty that I've run across. I think it's a unique discovery because I don't remember seeing any previous example of nature improving on art in this respect. It's from a short story by A. Conan Doyle, The King of the Foxes: 'Well, really, I don't know,' said the doctor, gravely. I cannot undertake to say that you are out of danger. Honest, I'm not making it up."

Ned Brooks: 'TITLE has too many staples', said Tom tactfully....'

HEADS YOU WIN

TAILS I LOSE

ON THE SUBJECT
OF BITS vs
LETTERCOL

HARRY WARNER

"I'll say one thing for you: you don't leave a fellow short of comment hooks when you put out a fanzine. I'm sure I'll run out of space before I cover one-fourth of the things I could say..."

VIC BORUTA

"...dividing all letters into special categories...something different and interesting."

JIM MEADOWS III

"..the idea of putting comments into departments is an interesting one, although I wouldn't want anyone else doing it. It does seem to get more out of you in the next loc...maybe because you get to see your name more than once."

JERRY KAUFMAN

"The format of TITLE is interesting..."

MIKE GLYER

"...elicits such excellent reader response."

MARK MUMPER

"..disagree that comments get boring and lettercol is a great invention...if all the information in TITLE were gathered in a letter column (GAD!) I'd suffer terminal burnout..variety is non-tiring."

DARRELL SCHWEITZER

"I find little I can actually LoC on. Unlike Harry Warner, I do not possess the ability to conjure a letter of comment out of nothing."

((To be fair to Darrell I must add that he ends a long letter by saying, "Pretty good LoC considering I started out saying I couldn't find anything to comment on.."))

"I don't like this idea of your breaking up letters into little bits and spreading them around. It tends to make the writers write in fragments. As a result things get rather superficial."

RANDALL LARSON

"I really don't know what to comment on in TITLE, so much of it is enjoyable but uncommentable."

DOUGLAS LEINGANG

"About half of TITLE 4 are comments and you could cut your zine in two if you'd only use the lettercol."

BUZZ DIXON

"...a little too potpurri in places. Could use a few more articles instead of a bunch of people kicking in their ideas."

JAMES HALL

((July LoC)) "...your features are shorter than I would like..."
((Aug.LoC)) "...now I see what you are doing..The variety makes a lot to comment on. ..Is there a ceiling? I hope not."

THE COVER OF TITLE #4

ROSE HOGUE: "The cover is intriguing. Who did it?" ((Anything uncredited is by the editor's hand...))

NORMAN HOCHBERG: "Nice cover. Looks better the farther away from it I move. It's growing on me." ((May I suggest amputation?))

DOUG LEINGANG: "...amazing..How did you do it? However you did it, don't do it again. Ever. It looks vaguely reptilian, but has no place in your publication. ((Even as a SF cliché?)) The hand-lettering looks as if it were done in two seconds. One second, you say?"

BARRY SMOTROFF: "The cover is weird. If you look at it for any length of time, it really doesn't look so good. But at a quick glance, it is not so bad. What kills it even then is the show through print."

DON AYRES: "I liked the cover. Gekonidae, isn't it? ((??)) My research project will be on anatomy of snakes, so, if somebody's pet boa dies, why not put it in the freezer and donate the body to science? I want any species I can get." ((So, readers, in memory of #4's cover, send your frozen snakes to 2020 W. Manor Parkway, Peoria, Ill. 61604 and make Don happy.))

"DIFFUSION"

BUZZ DIXON: "I liked it. Should be made into a NIGHT GALLERY episode with the TV set blacking out at the end. Only too many people wouldn't understand it."

JIM MEADOWS III: "Diffusion is strange enough; ..should have been longer with more gags; perhaps a swing at Fred Hoyle's writing."

BARRY SMOTROFF: "Seller's piece was transparent." ((But I see you did identify with a character, for the story was written by Leingang.))

ART WORK IN TITLE

MARK MUMPER: "DON'T GIT ANY ART-WORK (maybe). Your raison d'etre is content, and while artwork can provide excellent content, the spirit of the zine is in the verbal out-

pourings and wells of information. I love fan art, but the format of TITLE is so good the way it is I don't see why you should hassle with art repro and layout. I hope you understand I am not anti-art, but TITLE is unique in its format and I like it that way."

MIKE GLYER: "You don't need art work. It would just take up valuable letter space. But quit with the handwritten logos; they repro badly, thus crudding up the page."

ROSE HOGUE: "Why not ask a few fan artists to devise headings for your columns?? Sheryl Birkhead might be interested..."

HOW BIG SHOULD A BIGGEE BE?

PAUL WALKER: "Nice issue #6. My kind of zine, the kind you can zip through and still be interested."

ROSE HOGUE: "I am definitely smiling -- to think I'm almost to the end of this loc to #4."

BEN INDICK: "TIT 4 was of San Fran siliconaceous proportions. BEWARE. You'll fall prey to fanzinitis and where'll good old TITLE be? ..not really criticism; I liked it and puffed my smelly pipe as though we were chatting across a table."

CY CHAUVIN: "...prefer smaller issues..more severely edited; not as tangy and pithy as ones previous. First 3, green olives; #4, a large overripe cantelope."

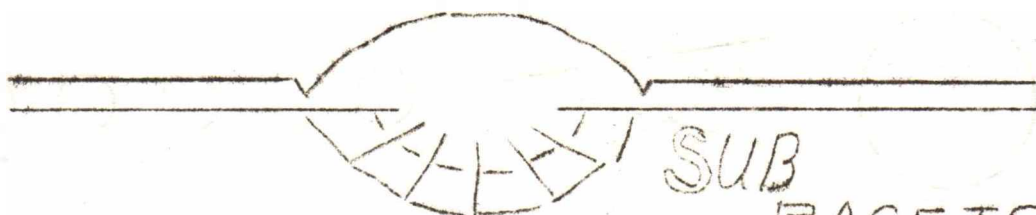
BARRY SMOTROFF: "I like the shorter TITLES..too much to comment on in the thick ones."

JIM MEADOWS: "Why such a big issue? That means long locs... fat magazines. Mercy, I cry mercy!"

TOM MULLEN: "Everything I liked in earlier TITLES is present in #4, except there's more of it. That's good. ...like a stew, each piece with its own set of varying and different bits...really like it."

MARK MUMPER: "The thought of having to comment on all #4's content is mindfrying...chore.. no, but one helluva job. I don't think I've read so much fan material in one sitting in my life!"

((**sigh*))



SUB FACETS

SHERYL BIRKHEAD.. "I have my B.S. in chemistry (math minor) and just got my M.S. in solid state science. I am currently working for a small private lab doing cancer research. I spend most of time goofing off.. I write and of course read. Throw in such other hobbies as leather tooling and rockhounding (plus a semidark room in the basement) and those are the staples. Others are continually coming and going."

((Herself or the hobbies?))

TOM MULLEN: "All my interests mix freely with each other. As Spock once said, 'Infinite diversity through infinite combination.' Anyway I like astronomy, have photographed two solar eclipses. Have scrapbooks filled with clippings on the space program. Psychology of loneliness and depression fascinates me. Reading, mostly sf; some poetry (mostly Brautigan and Plath) Some music, mostly Carly Simon and Judy Collins. I like turtles a lot, have set up a sanctuary for ones rescued from roads, etc. Hate cats and dogs. Writing anything from sf to poetry to diaries."

DAVE LOCKE: "Born May 5, 1944. At an early age. I consider this pertinent, because if I hadn't been born I probably wouldn't have too many interests. I play poker, table tennis. My wife will confirm I enjoy sex. I like various kinds of music, but I usually buy albums by artist rather than type: Ventures, Don Lee, Statler Brothers, Eddy Arnold, Crazy Otto. Swimming, reading mysteries, especially Tucker, Ross MacDonald, John D. MacDonald, Raymond Chandler. Watching TV, like to play with my kid, going out to have a few. I like to talk to witty people, of which there are quite a few in local fandom. Correspond with interesting fannish people about non-fannish things."

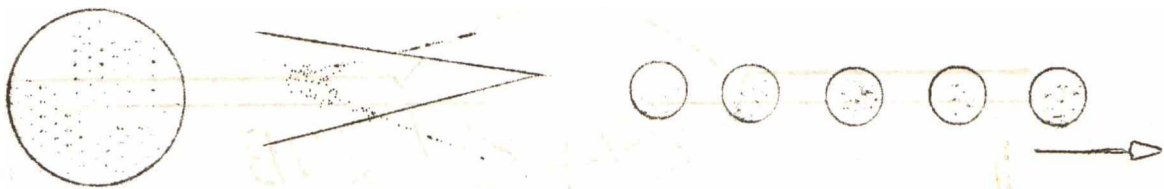
GREG N. BURTON: "Interests - pottery, thinking, China, ecosystems, music, paradoxes, history, social sciences, sculpture, mushrooms, mythologies, writing, education. I'm a normal fan."

ALJO SVOBODA: "I love children, the people nearest to fans in sense of wonder and willingness to listen. Young children, of course. Movies, television, and books. I'm an introvert, wanting desperately to be more outgoing and easygoing with mundanes as well as fans. I'm a compulsive procrastinator. I talk to myself."

RANDALL LARSON: "I'm extremely interested in motion pictures, but not necessarily sf or fantasy. I am getting really interested in soundtracks. Rock music in any shape or form. Being against drugs and not liking beer very much I can get turned on by music. I have about 250 l.p.'s, current and old, even Mantovani. My tastes vary. I dig maps and physical geography of the world. Oh yes, the fairer sex."

BEN INDICK: "I have had a few plays for kids published and performed, and win contests. I have not done much in many years tho. Too tired. I don't know that I wish to put on more fancy clothing -- it'll only be the fatuous Emperor in the end."

CY CHAUVIN: "Gardening is one interest; while I don't have a slick manicured lawn with every foreign plant picked out, I do like to garden. To plant stuff and watch it grow. Also enjoy geography a lot; like to pour over maps, the contours of the bays, the funny little countries. That's why I took up stamp collecting once. I hang maps on the wall as much as paintings."



*This is a complete (just a wee bit of editing)
lettercol not to please the conservatives but
to reveal the character of the writer on the
principle that the whole is greater than the
sum of its parts.*

Verne F. O'Brian c/o 1320 Arthur Ave. Las Vegas, Nevada 89101

Hola, El Don de la Parabeque!

My apologies, amigo, for not keeping in touch as I should have -- I've done little in a number of months fanwise. I've been explaining to about everybody who's been on my neck that I've been without electrical power here on the ranch since about mid-March, but it didn't get too bad until June when I had no juice for the swamp (evaporative) coolers and the heat became pretty enervating. These things generally don't bother me too much but we had a particularly humid summer here in southern Nev. and I finally wilted & waned -- i.e., waned to the nearest bar in Indian Springs or Cactus Springs whenever I got the chance. Also, I had the chance to get a little work 2 or 3 times a week (off & on) at a little pre-fab carpentry shop in Las Vegas (we cut and package portable toilets for construction sites, etc.) so on the evenings when I get back to the ranch late about all I can do is light up the Coleman or an old Aladdin, read a little, grab a bite, feed & doctor my horse, then hit the sack as my leg has been bothering me a lot this summer plus my right hand has been a bit stiff (arthritis?). Oh, waesucks, waesucks (Fah, Brazier, look that up in your Frank & Vandal's....) The owner of the ranch has promised the power will be restored either this month or next. The lines and poles are very old and privately owned by absentee owners so you can see where that leaves me.

Sorry, I at least could have sent you a card acknowledging the nice issues of T you've so kindly sent....red'd #6 just recently, but with a mag like TITLF you've constantly got to go back (in certain comments) to recall what said letter is referring to.

Yes, I'm anxious to print your stories ASAP ((Two I had sent for Verne's STARWORLDS)) but beg your indulgence till I can make life bearable around here again. Preparing stencils without light is rough on the eyes (mine none too good anyway), and I can always hand-crank the mineo. Sure get tired hauling water now that the well-pump is out, and have to go get a block or few bags of ice every few days for the fridge. Well, enuf griping for the nonce....I've faced times one hell of a lot more tough than this, that's for sure!

Your son's hobby of collecting empty beer cans reminds me of an old metal sign I used to have around here somewhere advertising steam beer as brewed by some firm in San Francisco. Think I peeled the sign off an old bar in Belmont or Pioche, Nev.

Ed Cagle's nage darn good -- his remarks about Foot Gibson reminds me that Las Vegas is where all the old movie cowboys go to die. Foot, Rex Bell, Wild Bill Elliott and several others all expired there as I recollect.

I like your spots of scientific info here and there, as I don't get to read much on the subject anymore except what I see in the papers or get out of PS, PM or WI now and then. As a kid my dad had a sub to SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN (he was a mining and mechanical engineer) -- the mag carried a column on astronomy and telescope making and up until not too many years ago I used to build a small scope now and then. I didn't grind lenses or mirrors so it was more assembling components than anything else, but they were (and still are) a lot of fun to make and performed quite well. I can't afford subscribing to many mags anymore, but I still see a copy of SKY AND TELESCOPE now and then.

Gee, I didn't get the gag behind goodpal Ned Brooks' "Tom Swifty" Ned, pass a few more by me -- just keep 'em simple like me and maybe I'll get the subtle humor!

Donn, all the comments on astrology were wasted on me as I know nothing on the subject. I always felt it was a lot of bunk. I would rather spend my time reading some good s-f or fanzines -- tho I'm getting worried about my absorption ability to appreciate what is supposed to be prize-winning s-f. About 2/3rds of the Hugo winners I don't find interesting enuf to finish. Maybe I'd better take a trip up to Pyramid Lake and see old Billy Eugee, the Paiute shaman -- maybe he can fix me up with some big medicine that will open my mind so it will catch the pollen of the silver honeybee as it passes thru on its workaday rounds. Besides, old Billy has his degree from Pon Hubbard. But, of course, I still don't believe that astrology umpah!

Enjoy T even if it is a bit too intellectual for a back-sage dunedweller like me (what canya expect from a guy with a 9th grade education?). G'luck and best regards.

((Verne enclosed a clipping about a championship wild burro race on which he penned: "Worldcon? Phooey! Donn, here's where I spent Labor Day!"))

Verne
O'Brian

Ben Indick 428 Sagamore Ave. Teaneck, N.J. 07666
((I have taken the liberty of combining portions of two long letters and one sentence from a card....))

Dear Donn,

I have just lit my smelly pipe with a tobacconist's concoction called BOURBON something or other. My wife says it doesn't smell like real bourbon, and I must agree I like the real thing better. I should give up smoking, and it surprises me to see tobacconists thriving, with all the adverse publicity. Cigaret sales are higher than ever, and kids still seem to think a dangling cigaret confers maturity, altho, with nearly a half century of that behind me, I would as soon swap ages.

I've decided, that if I'm ever in TITLE again, to drop my middle initial. What should one call oneself? Years ago, in FFM, my plain name was good enough. Not PENJAMIN, tho, just BEN. Sometime or another I felt the P was more professional-sounding, altho I had no need or opportunity to be professional. Just LOOKED good, I thought. Now it seems pretentious. Imagine MICHAEL Scott...If Mike ever did that, he'd have to stop cursing, boozing, womanizing out loud: HE WOULD NOT BE HIMSELF, just any old Michael Scott, of whom the world already has too many. But a Ben Indick, with or without the P, is the same old dandelion. And a Don Brazier isn't bad, but a Donn is even zappier, except it takes up too much space. Jackie Frank is yccch compared to Jackie FrankE. And wowie! Catch a James Meadows, a drab creature indeed com-

pared to a Jim Meadows III ! Will that succession go eternally, like Jim Meadows CXVIX? No need to milk this further. Farewell P !

In my house, OZ is big. Both kids (17 and 14) collect the books and anything associated with OZ/Baum. It's gotten to the point where my son discovered (and I missed them!) two pieces of sheet music in an antique store, from the 1905 Broadway version! Only Oz feature on each was a small line at the top stating they were from the show. He doesn't buy the theory I discuss in my article. Baum was a good satirist anyway - in THE LAND OF OZ he does a fine job on early-type woman liberation (suffragettes). Note he didn't stop them in 1904, and we won't stop them now either.

On our brief New England vacation, I drove thru Providence, RI. I looked up HPL's beloved SHUNNED HOUSE, the actual house, and took several undistinguished snapshots. It is on the nicest street in town, Benefit St. This street is lined with very charming 18th century houses, very neat, small colonials, and most have been restored. The SHUNNED HOUSE is somewhat shabby, altho not, at first glance, a place of unspeakable horrors. To HPL, its chief horror today would be the air conditioner jutting from a bay window. Finlay's drawing from the d.w. of MARGINALIA reproduced it in pretty good truth. It is one of the few houses on the street with a large garden next to it. With a non-Lovecraftian wife and two teens along, I did not look up his cemetery and his own last domicile. Another time. I visited a bookshop near the nearby Brown University. They had a book with HPL's signature - at 100 clamolas; I did not buy it.

I get to read little new sf because I have so much old stuff around. Years and years ago I used to hear about a controversial book called OUT OF THE SILENCE by an Aussie, Erle Cox. I couldn't recall why the fuss. I found it recently, and read it, expecting some Jewish caricatures. Instead it had a rather ungenerous view of the coloured peoples of the planet. Its fantasy was extravagant and silly, and the writing was heavy and soggy. While reading mucho Bradbury, I enjoyed a fine short called PICASSO SUMMER. To my surprise I learned a film had been made of it, and was on TV. It had the nerve to utilize Picasso figures in cartoons. A chancy thing, which was amusing and respectful to a Picasso-lover. Still on films. I'm down on using TIT as an abbreviation for TITLE. If anyone has the utter misfortune to see Woody Allen's execrable EVERYTHING YOU WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX, with its crudity pretending to be liberal wit, they'll see why. Allen has replaced "belly laughs" by "groin laughs" (my quotes). SLAUGHTERHOUSE FIVE is a fine film, and a fine adaptation, which I preferred to the book. Naturally, it suffers from Vonnegut's self-indulgences (which are its merits also). However, its ending was disconcerting, preaching that, in such a world, it is better to remember only the good things and forget the bad. This relegates his important memories of the tragedy of Dresden to a minor episode. Alas, we must remember the bad as well as the good, or there would be no point in writing such a book.

I especially liked that adv. for empty beer cans! Golly...people save empty cigaret wrappers too. Saving of barbed wire seems grisly. I thought beer-can saving the most far-out; however, when I told a friend, darned if HE didn't know someone who saved them too! I'm not a beer drinker, and more often than not take national brands, such as Bud.

I was robbed at gunpoint, in my Bronx pharmacy last week. Aw shit already.....

Ben ((and also)) Benn ((And)) Ben....Indick

Fredric Wertham, M.D. Bluehills, Kempton R#1 Pa. 19529

Dear Mr. Brazier:

I sent you reprints of some of my articles as a personal greeting and a part of my thanks for your kindness in sending me Title. I don't think that Title is what you call "a rude crude publication". It is the type of fan magazine that I have become interested in as a special form of communication against the background of communication in general. I have been doing a study of them, which is unrelated to my previous studies of comic books, violence and mass media -- Seduction of the Innocent, etc.

I agree with your distinction between violence and what you say might be called violent action. A lot of harm has been done by equating what animals do or are supposed to do (for I believe many "observations" are false) and human violence, which in my definition means one human being injuring or killing another. What can the territorial imperative explain about Attica, Kent, the Olympic games, massacres, Vietnam, child abuse or crime in the streets. It is a pure evasion and in my opinion part of the psychological preparation for the Third World War -- which is being better prepared for, psychologically and technologically, than any war in history. The ambiguous term aggression has been and is being especially abused. My experience has been that we do not have any unitary theory for what causes human violence; but experts who know what does not cause it grow on bushes. Whenever I mention any contributing factors -- poverty, race prejudice, hypernationalism, rotten conditions in jails, brutality and violence in the mass media, and so on -- I am told that of course has nothing to do with it because so many people exposed to those factors do not commit violence. This unscientific reasoning dominates.

I have no special interest in science fiction, although years ago I read Kurd Lasswitz and Wells and Scheerbart, except insofar as it is a subject of many fan magazines.

I would like to draw your attention to a book which is one of the very best studies of an actual murder case. The author is T.V.LoCicero. He interviewed every person who knew either the victim or the murderer, thus providing the psychological and social background. The book is MURDER IN THE SYNAGOGUE, published by Prentice-Hall at \$9.95. A financial political person had enough power to stop all distribution and advertising. The author had to buy back the books and now has them in his garage. His address is 13730 Hart Street, Oak Park, Mich. 48237. The very suppression of this book fits with my experience that being anti-violence and writing about it is a hazardous undertaking in our society.

With my best wishes, sincerely,
Fredric Wertham, M.D.

((Again I take the liberty to use parts of three letters for the following....))

Ann Chamberlain, 4411 Van Horne, Los Angeles, Calif. 90032

Dear Donn,

How many fans are pet lovers? I don't doubt that some of them have pets like...serpents, lizards, crocs... Frank Buckner has a St. Bernard dog...Jeanie Bogert has a dove named Rocky. If I were wealthy and could take proper care of it I'd try to have a cheetah, for the long graceful legs of the animal entrance me. But I have a most ele-

gant Queen cat, Lady Gray, who has been spayed, and a black Siamese called Tini-Tyna, and a motley crew of accidents that have to have homes before they have litters!

Fans say 'do not QUOTE' and mean, you can use what is said but-- please do not credit it to the writer. NOR EVER reveal who said it. People have personal reasons for not being quoted. The source of your material deserves protection when requested. Sometimes I write soulful stuff that...I may or may not want my name on it. I think it is a discourtesy to foist an opinion on someone who resents that particular subject to begin with - life is short and the world is too full of contentiousness already. Nor should a person have to deal with anything he doesn't feel ready to be involved in. I don't want anyone to have any bad moments because of me. But in the past, I HAVE made others unhappy, or disappointed, or upset..much to me regret later when I fully realised what was caused. Maturity helps. I think that the truly intelligent person inclines to kindness in their teaching, or in their philosophy, for 'a man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still.' There are some things, however serious, that take on a comic look when brevity is the attempt, and not quite succeeds.

Some people say they KNOW they've lived other lives on earth and on other planets. Why let it bother you if you don't believe it? There is much you can see that you can't prove to a blind man. When you cannot prove a thing ISN'T so, any more than it IS...it's a useless argument. I consider people who cannot see clairvoyantly as blind..and I am not a clairvoyant. It's no secret that some can see further than others...on all levels. Ever read CHALLENGE OF THE UNKNOWN? Thoughty. Blessings, Ann Chamberlain

Greg N. Burton P.O.Box 69 Ocean Park, Washington 98640

Dear Don,

Ok, expect all sorts of cans in the mail soon.

Big band jazz....yeah. One of my main gripes in the current "jazz-rock" trend is that it just isn't inventive enough. I like Kenton riffs played by Kenton, and I don't need some studio musicians like Blood Sweat and Tears to pablumize the stuff for me. Have you heard Woody's Herd doing Chicago (the band) riffs on the Johnny Carson show? Sad, sad... Ellington, Basie, I'd put Goodman next I think...for the Live at Carnegie Hall album, with the only Jess Stacy piano riff (SING SING SING) I've ever liked. But Ellington, oh my. The man is a musical genius, and he had the best sax players in the world for a long, long time. I cried when Johnny Hodges died.

I'm reasonably young - 22 next month - married and, I suppose, a longhaired hippy. (Long hair si, Hippy no). I was raised on bigband jazz, and heard Coltrane when I was about 16, and thought my father would appreciate it. Wrong. What a lot of people don't seem to find in the music that John or Alice Coltrane or Pharoah Sanders play is the love that goes into it. It was in TITLE that that was proposed as a starting criteria, isn't it? Anyway, that's what makes the music for me - the incredible feeling of peace and love (Was that a Freudian typo?) that they obviously feel towards music, the world, and their instruments. Which is why I tend to dislike Monk and Miles Davis, though both are excellent musicians. Sanders especially gets through well - KARMA is incredible. Lyrics to side one - "The creator has a master plan/ peace and happiness for every man" and so on. And it is real while they're playing.

I DO like Ed Cagle's comments, even when I don't agree with them, but they don't seem to invite my comments. So..on to the art question. I approve of the originality and the impulse towards dada that Warhol showed. I despise the imitation of it that too much followed. Warhol's paintings were didactic, and nothing palls faster than warmed over didacticism. (Did you know that there is a rather large 'realism' movement going on in New York painting circles these days?) Of course, the 'I may not know art, but I know what I like' question is interesting because the statement has been taken out of context. 'Some of my best friends are Jewish' (or black or white or Polish or barbecues or whatever) is not per se an anti-semitic or racist remark. When it is followed by 'but all Jews are greedy' (again, or whatever), and it usually is, it serves as a hypocritical mask for the anti-semitism or racism. Contextually, '...but I know what I like' tends to be anti-intellectual, since the follow up is usually 'and I don't like that', meaning, generally 'That's lousy'. Since intellectualism in this day and age is based largely on the understanding of relative difference in tastes and the attempt to establish criteria OTHER than taste for the aesthetic judgement of works, the remark more betrays an anti-intellectual stance than being an outright attack. I'm not sure I stated that clearly, but it will have to do.

Which is really and truly enough. peace,

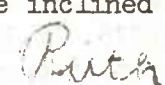


RUTH BERMAN 5620 Edgewater Blvd. Minneapolis, Minnesota 55417 (from 2 letters)

I don't think fans have any particular animosity towards authors who don't go to cons or pay attention to fandom. Such authors tend to get ignored, because there is nothing but regular trade advertisements to remind readers of their books -- but "fans do say nastier things" about them? I doubt it. The particular example Harry Warner gives doesn't seem a valid one to me. ANDROMEDA STRAIN got condemned so bitterly because it is a best-seller and therefore gives the reading-public-at-large a confirmation of their belief that sf is dull, with lousy characterization and deus-ex-machina endings. "Potboilers by Blish or Farmer" may have similar faults, but their potboilers aren't so pretentious, and it is their best works that are best known, not their worst.

I don't think "Herman Schleimann" could be the archeologist -- that one was Heinrich.

A lazy way to teach sf - but possibly a valid one - and of selecting texts would be to assign them one Groff Conklin anthology and one DANGEROUS VISIONS. Be a kind of instant sampling of the best of both past and current sf. Second thought-- except it wouldn't be fair to teach sf without a couple novels. Trouble is, it's hard to do justice both to a few novels and to an overall sampling in a short course. I think I read about equal wordage in novels & short stories, but I'd be inclined to turn to the shorts for teaching sf, with a list of "optional" novels.

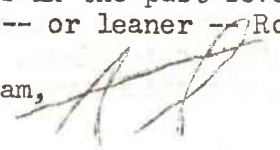


ARTHUR LOUIS JOQUEL II 447 West Twain Ave. Clovis, California 93612

Oi! So thirty years have passed. And here's Donn Brazier still editing fanzines, and Joquel getting back into fandom and planning a fanzine, and isn't it remarkable that thirty years fade into nothingness, and I think: for-gosh-sakes, if anyone ever found the Fountain of Youth, stfans have. I still have a complete file of FRONTIER. It's one of the few fanzines that I saved when I gafiated -- along with SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES (which I edited sporadically) through 1946.

My career has been mixed -- plugging for rocket and space research from 1948 to 1956, teaching -- editing encyclopedias 1961-65 and 67-70 -- now teaching anthropology at Fresno City College. Have attended half-a-dozen cons in the past several years. Aside from either getting broader -- Niessen Himmel -- or leaner -- Roy Squires -- fans don't change much.

So, with all best wishes, I am,



~~1st~~
~~2nd~~
~~3rd~~
"Is TITLE a staple crop?"

--- Aljo Svoboda

editorial ravings

FINAL ANALYSIS

When something good comes my way, and I feel that goosepimpily thrill, I want to let you know. This is it: THE ROBERT BLOCH FANZINE. If you know and like Bob you'll get it - no question. If you simply like well-produced zines, you'll get it and hang onto it. I predict that a skyrocketing value will accrue in years to come. It's mimeo, with off-set covers and some great photos; it is 70 pages and has Bloch written material as well as interviews, etc.; has w you-won't-believe it bibliography covering years 1935-72. Costs 75¢ from Randall Larson at 774 Vista Grande Ave., Lost Altos, Calif, 94022. Forgive me for waxing so enthusiastic but Bob Bloch is one of my favorite people. A great writer and a great guy!

I want to mention two off-trail periodicals you might want to get. If you know science and like satire, subscribe to THE JOURNAL OF IRREPRODUCIBLE RESULTS at P.O.Box 234 Chicago Heights, Ill. 60411 for \$2.00 (one year- 4 issues). I subbed quite awhile ago and just got the June issue - worth the wait. Photo-offset & 18 pages of satirical nonsense. Don't expect MAD magazine; this is tongue in cheek science reporting.....The other is TRW SPACE LOG that can be gotten free on a letterhead from TRW Systems Group, One Space Park, Redondo Beach, Calif. 90278. It is 132 page annual review of space program with a box-score from 1957 to date. Foreign craft are included.

The Saturday Review has a life and blood editor at their office. I sent a letter after getting the premier Science issue, taking them to task for failing to review science or SF films, books, etc. in what was supposed to be the science ish. Came back a letter signed by the managing editor, Alfred Meyer. "Thank you for your upbeat comments. You are quite right to point out our shortcomings. Hopefully, by January the directions you point out

will become a reality vis-a-vis reviews, music, films and even Ray Bradbury and Isaac Asimov again."

John Leavitt says: "You don't think jazz is sf-ish enough for TITLE? Good lord (have you been reading too many comics), have you heard any of the new jazz? Pharoah Sanders and Leon Thomas and Alice Coltrane and Rasan Roland Kirk are sf-ish enough for anyone -- look some of their album titles: "Sceinec Fiction" by Ornette Coleman, "World Galaxy" by Alice Coltrane. That ought to be enough to convince anyone." Maybe, unless there's little else you could call that kind of thing. Makes as much sense musically as new wave sf - yes; or modern art.

Ann Chamberlain, this issue in her letter briefly brings up a point about quoting from readers' letters, a subject she had more to say about in other letters. Unless pointedly warned not to quote, I have assumed that anything LoCed to TITLE was OK. I hope I've been right on that.

My request for out-of-the-way beer cans prompted Frank Balazs and Matthew Schneck to transfer unheard of breweries to unheard of beer slogans, like:

"Your troubles shrink as your stomach grows."

"The beer that took Des Peres off the map"

"The beer that's a head over all the others." (Say that one's not bad!)

Michael T. Shoemaker asks: "I wonder if Rose Hogue knows that cockroaches have survived atom bomb blasts and the Arctic cold. Also, they run the equivalent of 500 M.P.H."

So much for planning ahead, for here's another editorial page. However, I am comforted by this fact: most of the time in the fmz I get the editorial is the best thing in the issue. Sometimes it's the only thing! And maybe you like the bit of personalzine amidst the more formalzine stuff.....

Ben Indick says: "Could you do OZ fans a favor? If you run my piece, could you put a plug for the club in? ((Sure --if Mr. Nelson could name his son Ozzie, why.. don't see why I can't.)) This article by the way is but a small part of one they have requested from me on Baum as allegorist. For all OZ and potential OZfans, the Club is a delight, puts out 3 splendid offset mags a year (color covers), bibliographia on Baum, reprints of impossible to get Baum comics, sheet music, etc. Membership is \$2.50 per year. Write Fred Mayer, 220 N. 11 St., Escanaba, Mich. 49829. There are over 1000 members."

Ed Lesko, Jr.: "I think it would be far out if some TITLE readers got together and did a round-robin SF story, each person doing a page or two and passing it on. I'd be willing to start if anyone is interested." ((Well...? It's been done before, but not by T-readers. Shall we tell Ed to start; if so, who is "we"?)) Ed ends his letter with this rather ambiguous remark: "I get enough laughs from TITLE." ((Hmm?))

Poetry is not one of fandom's favorite things for fanzines. But I sent Lesko's current item to Mike Scott to illustrate and Mike said it was one of the few SF poems to make any sense. I bring this up because there is a little "to do" about the subject in the next SIRRUIISH which some of the St. Louis gang (we have no group name as yet, though Railee did finally serve me with a hot bagle - my first and delicious, though I may have insulted her by saying it tasted like an English muffin - to uphold my nomenclature of the Bothman Baglehouse!) is working on. Did you find your way through that last sentence? It is obvious that everything in TITLE is composed directly on stencil ...

FINAL ANALYSIS (continued)

Listen, the connectivity thing was evidently too much of a task; I have 14 lists in. Even limiting the study to only T-readers was fun (for me). So, let's make it easier. If you still have the old TITLES around (and see this issue's list of readers) tell me only which of T-readers you have personal or in-person correspondence. In-person is new; I have been convinced it should be included, and will not be too big a job thus limited. As of the meagre data so far in, it appears that the T-circle of fans is only about 19% saturated; and the 14 fans break into 3 groups of mutual feedback.

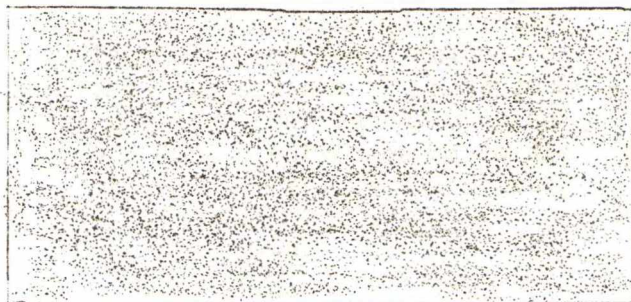
I will also give you ONE MORE TIME to list the non-sf periodicals you either read or look through to find something to read, sometimes without success. About 15 fans have complied with this request. Really, I'd like to know WHAT ELSE YOU READ.....

11 readers offered solutions to the car turning observation, some with pretty diagrams; some even with formulae. Nearly all misinterpreted the problem. The turns are not made at street intersections; the turns are made at high speed on the highway on left or right curves of EQUAL radius of curvature. Now, why do I find it easier to make the sweeping left turn?

As for the mysteriously blasting car radio immediately after coming out from an underpass, I award the degree of EE to Tom Digby, Gary Grady, Ned Brooks, and Roy Tackett, all of whom let me know about the AVC or automatic volume control that has a slight feedback delay. There's no need to go any further with that! Grady suggests certain esoteric experiments ending with "then put a brick in a paper bag, wave it over your head, and scream like a chicken." If you want to know more about it write Roy Tackett; he was almost lucid.

Frank Balazs reminds me that every fourth issue is not a quarterly; it's a thirdly. How did I go wrong?

The very first gafia ever described in the literature was found rummaging through discarded beer cans in a New Jersey weed patch by the eminent Dr. Splrfsk. As it later turned out, this particular gafia was the yellow-striped species, so named because of its yellow stripe.* Other species (perhaps varieties, for the study is continuing) have been found in neighboring New York and as far away as California.



A GAFIA, AT NIGHT, IN ITS NATURAL HABITAT. A RETIRING CREATURE INDEED.

All gafias are repulsive creatures with one great fault. They are overly friendly and slobbery, especially during the mating season. In fact, Dr. Splrfsk happened upon the gafia at this unfortunate time.** The gafia's hind legs are overly developed, which wouldn't be too noticeable if it weren't for the highly under-developed fore legs, called 'arms' by the Science Service popularizers. The creature is almost hairless, and its variety of colors originate in the epidermal layer of the skin. Most varieties have big ears and long noses. It has a hoarse call, ranging from a crooning moan to a shrill scream. Its calls are never answered; in fact, other woodland and prairie creatures leap through brambles to avoid it.

The gafia does not long remain in one habitat, moving from one burrow to another. It sleeps most of the day, and prowls most of the night. It never drinks water, preferring a clever, but modest, beverage it brews out of wild grapes laced with marijuana. The specimen that attacked Dr. Splrfsk was a male*** who was mincing through the weed patch of Queen Anne's Lace.****

Dr. Splrfsk took the creature to his home, where it stayed just long enough to learn how to crank a mimeograph machine, which shows where it stands in the animal kingdom. It even turned out a crudzine.***** Fearing for his ink supply, Dr. Splrfsk took it back to the weed patch, forsaking it to the ravages of the hawk-like bunfers.*****

A bunfer (the literature previously described the bunfer as bnfer, an obvious misprint) has many of the characteristics of the gafia, except for a nose with an up-tilted end and no vocal cords. None has ever been observed in communication with more lowly creatures. But this essay concerns the gafia, possessing no teeth or claws like the dreaded bunfer.

The gafia usually hides from sight in its mysterious and solitary pursuits, but it sometimes wanders out in view at conventions and other Disney-like gatherings behind motels and in elevators. It generally slaps at any animal who approaches too close, or tries to entice the unwary into a chess game.*****

END*****

* Down its back.

** This is an interesting, though filthy anecdote better left untold.

*** Did I mention gafias are almost blind from constant eyestrain and drinking? Any male attacking Dr. Splrfsk (who is not too good looking himself) has to have some excuse.

**** It's not what you're thinking. There was liquor on its breath.

***** The zine, GOO, came in second in Hugo balloting; FARK came in first.

***** As good a solution as any to the gafia problem.

***** Remember the weak forelimbs? No one pays much attention. Fred Moss was sucked into a chess match and fell prey to a Cagle-Hochberg gambit declined.

***** And none too soon.



Yes, friends, I have discovered a Thing that I am able to do which to some people I have talked to smacks of the supernatural, and this is what it is: By closing my eyes and looking at the insides of my eyelids, and without turning on with any drugs, I can see little pictures of things that aren't there. My sister is awestruck by this and says I am phenomenal but I expect many people can do it but don't ever think about it. The little pictures are always brief in duration and come in absolutely random order and have nothing to do with anything I'm thinking about consciously -- in other words, I never know what to expect on the "screen" next. Sometimes they are very vivid and in bright phosphorescent colors, sometimes fuzzy, sometimes they are just patterns like paisley prints or persian rugs.

This type of vision is different from that inner vision known commonly as the "mind's eye". If I tell you to imagine in your mind's eye what your best friend's face looks like, you will probably be able to form vaguely (more or less) in your mind the outline of the person's face. And more significantly, you will not be able to localize the image really well. You will not be able to say that the image is in front of you or inside you or where -- you just see it in your mind's eye. But my little pictures are always right in front of me where I can see them, just like they were painted on the inside of my eyelids. My center of attention is usually fixed on one point of the image -- in a psychologist's terminology I am not able to "scan" the image as is the case with some hallucinations or dream-images or images of real things for that matter. If I saw a face, I would be doomed to stare at one point on it as long as the image lasted -- like at the right eyebrow only or something. By the way, I very seldom see faces among my little pictures.

My theory on the subject is this: somewhere inside my head is a servomechanism (I use the term fairly precisely I think) which has the job of forming images of a particular sort. When I draw, my hand is hooked up to this servo to produce a drawing. When I watch my little pictures the same servo produces them. The two methods of producing images have the following features in common:

1. I never know what image will come up next.
2. I have a hard time producing faces and other images "from life".
3. I cannot force a specific image to come up. The servo just produces whatever it feels like.
4. When the images are in color, the colors are bright and vivid.
5. I tend to produce certain types of images often -- such as patterns (like persian rugs) and angular designs, especially perspective drawings or images of angular objects.

Well, this theory is not much of a theory because it doesn't explain anything, like how does the servomechanism work or why does it only produce images of a particular sort without being able to produce others.

((Randall then provides a lengthy list of "little pictures" he has seen, like bird's nest, rowboat, cratered moon, Alka Seltzers fizzing, lily, alligator, windmill, and a corncob with a propellor on one end. I reprinted this article because I, too, see these pictures, though they seem to be about 3-6 inches in front of my eyelids.))

RANDY REPORTS

from the sfield and
stream.....

CY CHAUVIN: "Buzz Dixon's idea about SF being the branch of literature in which the author expresses his views on science is unfortunately false -- as many writers of realistic fiction have done the same thing. The classic example of such a book is ARROWSMITH. It's about the discovery of a cure for a disease, a cure unknown to present medicine, and thus gives that author's opinion on science. Some of C.P. Snow's books do the same. People don't read sf - don't find it unique - for its views on science, since they can obviously find that in other types of fiction. ((In support of Cy's view I mention IN VIVO as another example.)) John Leavitt says that he likes "the field to be wide open, with each story to be judged in terms of itself, not with any established yardstick." But how do you judge a story "in terms of itself", John? Whenever I read something, I automatically compare it -subconsciously - with all the other stories I've read and come up with the "like-dislike" reaction Dave Locke talks about. And then you have to find out why you react that way, and you ask yourself, "What did I find in story X that I don't find here?" How, John, can you judge whether anything is good or bad unless you have something else of a similar nature to compare it with? Good and bad are completely relative..... Perhaps it is a difference ((between sf and other fiction)) of extremes -- sf is very unreal, very imaginary, while realistic/historical/ etc.fiction is only a little unreal. That could explain why I think Silverberg's DYING INSIDE is inferior to THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS, or even his Nightwings.... Something that might be fun to discuss..Let's say there's an sf writer working in the 2100's, and at this time the moon is heavily populated. If he set a story on the moon, would it automatically be sf?"

JOHN LEAVITT: "Am I the only one who liked Sladek's Heinlein parody? I thought it was really good. But then I've never been able to discover the humor in Goulart's stuff, which has always seemed labored at best, so Cagle and I obviously have different standards of humor.... Periods in sf are in the eye of the beholder."

KENNETH HICKS: "I disagree with Mr. Stathis on Fred Hoyle; I found his collection of short stories, ELEMENT 79, to be excellent, including his delightful masterpiece (my opinion), THE MARTIANS. Perhaps Stathis doesn't like Hoyle's theory on the formation of the universe."

MATTHEW SCHNECK: "Anybody can make up his own definition of SF, and it will be just as good as the next guy's. If you have space to fill in a zine, arguing the thing out is a good way to waste it."

JAMES HALL: "Are these stories 'Skinburn' by Farmer and 'Strangers' by Harrison, from the Oct. F&SF, considered NEW WAVE? If they are, I have just joined the ranks of those who condemn it. I have never read such total garbage."

GREG BURTON: "...critics & criticism are for those people who like categories - i.e., the critics. Writing anything, sf or criticism, involves the creation of something, and is essentially a matter between the writer and his intended audience. Samuel R. Delany has talked about this. He's also the "thingness of things" and suggested that sf has taken over the place ((of poetry)) in the popular culture. What is sf is a biggy - probably will be for quite a while."

SETH McEVOY: "I've found stories that had neat ideas but were bad stories, and good stories with few ideas: or have I? I take that back. If there isn't something neat connected with ideas, if it doesn't give me any ideas, then I wouldn't like it."

NORMAN HOCHBERG: "Though it is too late to plug John Sladek's The Muller-Fokker Effect for a Hugo, it's not too late to plug it for enjoyment."

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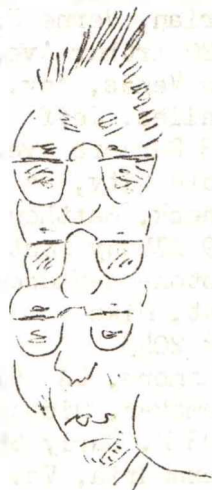
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St. Louis, Mo. 63130

* Address change since
listing in TITLE #4

The only names given are
those who responded with
letters since TITLE #4 .
Mail to George Senda has
been returned; anyone
have a current address?



Editor Brazier photo-
graphed by Mike Scott

while doing THE LAST PAGE. (Stolen from a detail of Scott's illo in Moebius Trip #15)

LAST NUMBERS OF FANZINES RECEIVED FOR TITLE TRADE OR ?

The Anything Thing #3 rec. Sept. 8 Balazs & Schneck
Tamlacht #15 rec. Sept 18 Boruta
Beardmutterings #2 Rich Brown 410 61 St Apt D4 Brooklyn
NY 11220 rec. July 1
Kratophany #2 rec. Aug. 1 Cohen
Moebius Trip #15 rec Oct 24 Connor
The Pointed Stake #6 rec Sept 7 Connor
Yandro #216 rec. Aug 26 Coulson
Huitloxopetl 8.2 rec. Aug. 1 Meade Frierson, Box 9032
Crestline Hgts, Birmingham. Ala. 35213
Warehouse #3 rec. Sept 16 Grady
Regurgitation Six #4 rec. Oct 24 Hochberg
Fantasy Revolution #1 rec. Oct 2 Kennedy
Maybe #21 rec Oct 14 Koch
Masiform D #2 rec. Sept 23 Langsam
Robert Bloch Fanzine rec Oct 16 Larson
Awry #3 rec Oct 17 Locke
The Last Shot 67-72 rec Sept 23 Doug Carroll, 1109
Paquin, Columbia, Mo. 65201
Axolotl Exward #2 rec July 25 Gary Mattingly 7529
Grandview Lane, Overland Park, Kan. 66204
Zot #4 rec Aug. 1 May
Star Trek Today #5 rec Oct 10 Meadows
Nyctalops #6 rec July 1 Morris
Citadel #6 rec July 11 Geo. & Lana Proctor, 406 NE 19 St
Grand Prairie, Texas 75050
Glop #1 and Son of Glop #1 rec July & Aug. Schalles
Unterhelios #2 rec Aug 1 Joe Siclari, 1607 McCaskill
Ave. #4, Tallahassee, Fla. 32304
Placebo #4 rec June 19 Smotroff
Son of Grafan #19 rec. Oct 4 Stumper
Grafan #9 rec Sept 1 Mike McFadden, 14 Joyce Ellen,
Ferguson, Mo. 63135
Dynatron #50 rec Oct. 19 Tackett
The Passing Parade #1 rec. Aug. 24 Milton F. Stevens,
9849 Tabor St #3, Los Angeles, CA 90034
Libel #? for SAPS rec Oct 16 McEvoy
Amoeboid Scunge #1 rec Oct 16 McEvoy & Jay Cornell, Jr.
105 E. Wilson MSU, E. Lansing, Mich 48823
Syndrome #1 rec. July 11 Frank Lunney, 212 Juniper St.
Quakerstown, Pa. 18951
(No name) #x rec Sept 16 Lindsay
Outworlds #3.4 rec. Sept 26 Bill Bowers, P.O. Box 354
Wadsworth, Ohio 44281
Prehensile #5 rec Sept 23 Glycer
Diversity #3 rec Oct 26 Greg Bridges, 3711 Poplar Ave.
Memphis, Tenn. 38111
Richard E. Geis #3 rec Oct 27 Richard E. Geis, P.O. Box
11408, Portland, OR, 97211

(Addresses are given for those fanzine editors who have
not LoCed to TITLE. Please refer to the alphabetical list
of TITLE replicants for the remaining fmz editors.)

The Last Page

RANDALL
LARSON

The Last Page is not always the last page. If you read it first it becomes your first page although still remaining the last page. Of course, even if you read it inbetween page 5 and 6 it still is the last page although it becomes your somewhat before the middle page. In the final analysis it is the last page no matter what -- but it still may be your first page, if you read it first, but if you read the last page last then it would be your last page unless you didn't read it at all. It would remain the last page, but it wouldn't be your anything page because you didn't read it.

And you should discontinue your sub if you didn't read it because that means you're not really interested in TITLE and Donn is wasting his time sending it to you. Unless you're too lazy to cancel your sub in which case you're really misunderstandable.

However, if you did read the last page you must remember when you read it or else you won't know whether it's your first page, or your middle page, or your last page. Unless you're lying and it turns out you really didn't read it and it isn't your anything page. Of course, you may have forgotten if you've read it or not. In which case you'll have to re-read it and if you then remember you had read it before, then you'll have two pages.

Granted, it would still remain the last page -- it'll remain so no matter what, unless you cut up the issue and the last page is switched around somewhere else and it becomes the first page, or the middle page, or maybe the nothing page if you threw it out which leads to even more complications -- anyway, you'd have to re-read it and if you remember that you had read it before, then you'd be confused, because if, when you first read it, it was your first page (even though it was the last page, unless you cut up the issue -- see above) or your middle page or even your last page, and then when you read it again, it became your last page, because if you re-read it, it would probably be your last page because you no doubt read everything else first, unless you forgot right after you'd read it that you'd read it (see page 254 for information regarding this category) it'd be your first and last page, or your middle and last page, or maybe your last and last page, all the time staying the last page.

Understand?

Now, about the first page. If you read it first, then it would be your first page, and ((Larson, you've driven me nuts! Is this what revenge is all about? To read your Loc's last page is bad enough, but what hunt-and-peck typer can remain sane after putting the above on stencil? Now this is TITLE's last page, but it is not the last page I've typed, unless it is because I won't be able to continue to other pages, in which case it is the last page I've typed and also TITLE's last page. But if I am able to continue, as planned, then this obviously is not my last page, unless you consider TITLE as mine, then it is both my last page and not my last page, and may be a first page, or a middle page, or two page sevens, which it can't be because there are already two page sevens, an event for which I can only blame a Dero deathray or too stiff a bourbon. However, without the latter, I wouldn't have reached the bottom of this last page, TITLE-wise, and a something else page un-TITLE-wise. Now, the first page I know was the first page TITLE-wise and also my first page unless I've forgotten because some pages have had to be done over, and between the first page and the last one done, may have come the last before the first.

Ed Cagle drinks beer with wild pickles. Ah, I'm sane again!))