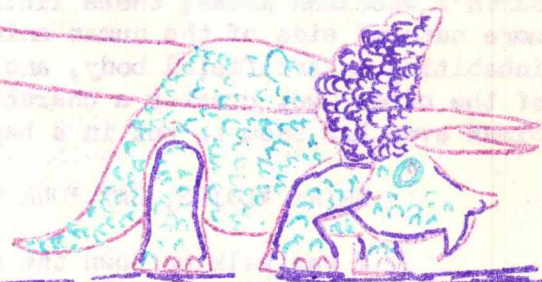


TATTL

#9 DECEMBER 1972 Available for the usual or 4/\$1.00 #9
 Donn Brazier 1155 Fawnvalley Drive St. Louis, Missouri 63131



Get a move on, you pokey plant-eater, Christmas is only one-hundred million years away!



Merry Christmas, Everyone!

Random Reports	-dept-	Readers
Boonie Parkings	-column-	Mike Glyer
Justified Prejudice	-article-	Dwain Kaiser
Blast	-dent-	Readers
How I Got Hooked on SF	-comments-	Readers
Sundry Science Speculations	-column-	Editor
Quick Quotz	-dept-	Readers
Science Is Irrelevant	-article-	Paul Walker
If God Be Dead	-poem-	Fred Moss
Plague of Idiots	-article-	Richard S. Shaver
Ralph, the Psychologist, and SF	-column-	Ed Cagle
Wintage Vine	-dept-	Readers
Astrology	-comments-	Readers
Choose Your Fork	-fiction-	de Barbecue
Final Analysis	-editorial-	Editor

Art Credits: Cover - de Barbecue Pp 3,6,9,19 Mike Kranefuss
 Pp 2,5 - Jeff Schalles Pp 10,11,13,16,22 Brett Brazier
 Logos pp 10,12,17 Sheryl Birkhead



Here it is,
folks:
TITLE,
for the
fan who has
everything...

Schallers

RANDOM REPORTS from field and stream

Robert Swoot: "I have of late finished The Werewolf Principle. Clifford Simak has something here. It parallels the Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in the theme of more than one personality (or life form) existing in the same protoplasmic mass. The title led me to imagine a story delving into the realms of lycanthropy and Lon Chaney characters. But no! Into the 25th Century we are hustled off and there meet talking buildings, self-moving houses, a world-wide government form, artificial humans, Questers, Thinkers, and Brownies (aliens that reside in the earth's woodland areas; these little creatures allow Simak to give a few words on the more natural side of the human animal). The prospect of more intelligence than one inhabiting an artificial body, and one of these intelligences forgetting the existence of the other two, creates a character (s) very interesting. And in the 212 pages Simak even has room to put in a happy ending and a search for the Universal Truth."

BRIAN ALDISS, EAT YOUR HEART OUT ! by David Shank

I was walking down the street one day and unbeknownst to me I bumped into a young girl. I smiled at her, excused myself, and she smiled also. We parted.

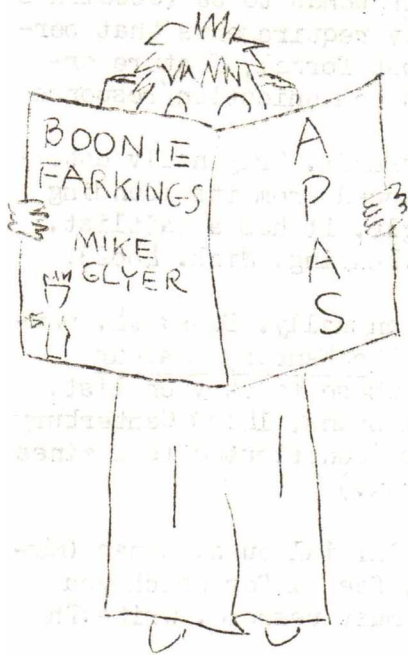
I looked back and she looked and me her face smile, lips parted she had fangs hers face I didn't notice began to show warts her eyes darted her laugh a cackle I screamed she leaped she sprouted wings and her claws rent my clothes ripping them the blood flowed and I cried out in horror and

I looked back and she was gone. I then hastily ran down the street to keep my appointment.

Ross Hogue: "Dave Hulan invited me to a Hayer tea at his apartment but I couldn't attend. I hope that I can get to the next Hayer tea though for I really do enjoy her novels...am reading my third this month --Those Old Shades-- and really am enjoying it...will probably read a chapter or two after I finish this letter."

Ed Finkelstein: "The December issue of OUI (Playboy's answer to Penthouse) has an interview with Robert Heinlein wherein he discusses his views of the moon-landings, his own books, and biology. I don't think it's the original PLAYBOY interview since I will Fear No Evil and other recent events are mentioned."

Mike Glycer: "...hear there is speculation of Linda Bushyager folding GRANFALLOON after forth-coming double-issue, and her going to a personalzine."



BOONIE FARKINGS....a column by..Mike Glyer
 ((Especially written for TITLE on the subject of APAS by the editor's request in the hopes that his confusion might have been shared by some of you.))

The father of apas appeared in July 1937 as the first mailing of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association. Even as of the first issuance its basic idea (to bind together all publishing fans, saving them postage and exchange hassles) was missing in action because many charter members had minimal publishing experience. In light of that 'founding tradition' it interested me that of the 95 members and waitlisters I was trading genzines with 16, and knew of ten more who were either publishing them for general circulation or contributing to them -- rather unlike the image FAPA has cultivated as the place where BNFs go to die.

Besides introducing the amateur press association to fandom, FAPA also invented the mailing comment, a published remark on the previous mailing's contents, directed at each contributor. In the years since, several apas have come about that publish mailing comments almost to the exclusion of anything else -- APA-L and MINNEAPAPA, among them.

Today there are about 35 living apas, and their operation falls into a few categories. In one, each member is responsible for publishing his own contribution and for delivering it to the apa officer who assembles members' publications into bundles and mails them out with copies of the official organ. FAPA runs this way, and its costs to members are publishing, mailing the zines in, and \$4 a year dues.

The 'local apas' modify that plan. Drawing most of its contributors from one area, it has no dues, no formal membership, no elected officers. The principal local apas (APA-L, MINNEAPAPA, APANESPA, D'APA) are club-associated, and use the club meetings as staging grounds for collation. Participants either publish and deliver their material in person to the meetings, or (as with out-of-towners) get agents to receive their masters or stencils, to run them off, and to mail back the collated result (with out-of-towners paying for publishing and mailing).

There are also various kinds of rotating apas. The basic situation in them is that all contributions are sent to a different member/publisher each time, who does the work and mails out the apa. In TAPS there are 12 'active members' who monthly alternate responsibility for receiving masters/stencils, publishing them and official business, then mailing it out. Publishing and mailing costs for members are in lieu of dues. If I understand correctly, in The Cult, a triweekly rotating apa, members send letters to the publisher who then types them up for reproduction, in addition to everything else.

Excepting local apas, most apas have limited membership and a waitlist for those desiring to join when a vacancy is opened. FAPA, with its average waitlist around 30, is difficult to get into and a waitlisters will probably wait 2 years or more. TAPS allows waitlisters to freeload, sending in letters without having to publish, and paying no fee. People especially eager to publish in FAPA or SAPS, for instance, can have their material franked through, or get a member to take on a column by them in his apazine.

What follows is a limited list of known apas, elderly information from Larry Nielson's defunct apa/newszine SOUTH OF THE MOON, which once upon a time was a 6-weekly information service about all known apas. I am only listing information I know, or expect to be accurate.

QUARTERLY APAS: The more frequent the apa, the less formal it tends to be (Goodman's First Law). The quarterlies, therefore, with minimum activity requirements that permit members to contribute as infrequently as annually, are most formal, feature organized amazines and elected officerships, and limited direct communication/response.

APA-45: permits as members only people born in 1945 or afterwards. Originally established as an educational device for neofans, as time has advanced from its founding (about 1964) its membership has widened and matured accordingly. It has a waitlist. Dues: \$1/yr. OE (official editor) is Seth McEvoy, Box 268, E.Lansing, Mich. 48823.

FAPA: appears in Feb, May, Aug, Nov. Minimum activity is 8pp annually. Dues: \$4, payable in installments. Waitlist, fee \$1 for which you receive The Fantasy Amateur (ToC & business), and you must respond to every other one of these to stay on list. 35 waitlisters in Nov. Members, 65. Write to Sec/Treas Bill Evans, 14100 Canterbury Lane, Rockville, Md. 20853. You must demonstrate credentials (contributed to 2 zines or published one in the last year. TITLE locs would qualify you.)

SAPS (Spectator Amateur Press Ass'n): Jan, Apr, July, Oct. \$2 initial dues. Minac (minimum activity): 6pp in each 2 mailings. 35 members. Waitlist, fee \$1 for which you receive every mailing's OO (official organ) and to which you must respond. Write: The Webberts, 1415 Barcelona St., Akron, Ohio, 44313.

SFPA: (Southern Fandom Press Alliance) 22 members, 27 copies. Non-Southerners may join but compose no more than 1/4 of membership. \$1/yr for both members and waitlisters. Write: Don Markstein, 7919 St. Charles Ave., New Orleans, La. 70118.

MONTHLY APAS: They try to form a nice compromise between the long gaps of quarterly mailings and a more rushed pace. They don't succeed in most cases; sometimes they do.

APA-H: An apa for hoaxes, inane ideas, put-ons -- but even non-hoaxes can participate. 'Official Emperor' Elliot Weinstein will agent for anyone willing to pay for publishing and mailing. Also to be considered are the dues, assessed as needed. Write to Elliot Weinstein, 7001 Park Manor Ave., North Hollywood, Calif. 91605

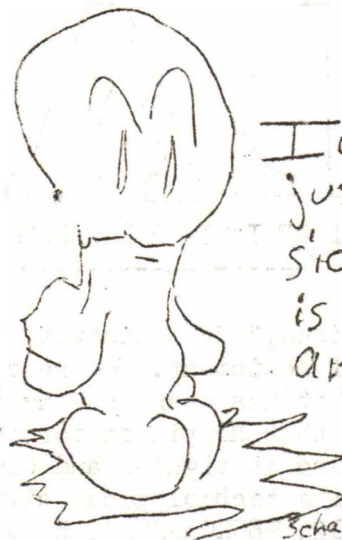
APA-NESFA: Runs like a local apa, but you have to belong to NESFA to participate (\$4 a year, and you also get all NESFA clubzines). 60 copies. Write APA-NESFA Box G, MITS Branch PO, Cambridge, Mass, 02139.

APA-pi: no dues, no minac, publish your own stuff and mail it plus postage for your copy of the apa to Jay Freeman, 1610 Milvia, Apt 3, Berkeley, CA 94709. Bay Area local.

CAPA-alpha: (K-a), the comics apa, for those who draw them and for those who write about them, as well as the usual apa bit. 60 copies; membership 50. Waitlist. Dues assessed for postage as needed. Write, Dan Alderson, 6720 Day St., Tujunga, CA, 91042.

TAPS (Terrean Amateur Press Assoc.) is the monthly rotating apa whose members alternate publishing the ready-to-run masters or stencils of contributors. No dues. Waitlisters may write and receive the TT (its mailing) as if members. Other details obtainable by writing to me, since I'm a member, but elections are in progress and I can't refer you to anyone. (14974 Osceola St., Sylmar, Calif., 91342)

LOCAL APAS: APA-F, the Fistfa/Fanoclasts apa was founded in 1964 as the first of this type. Featuring zines of mailing comments nearly exclusively, local apas are for 'conversations in print' and are the least formal of all. APA-F is dead, but the second local apa, APA-L, is still going, as is MINNEAPA, the recently founded bi-weekly. APA-L, weekly, 60 copies, can be joined if you can find an LA person to agent for you. Write to me if you're interested, and I'll see who I can hunt up. Fred Patten is Official Collator, though actually everyone just pitches in and he staples 'The weekly LA madness'. MINNEAPA, 45 copies, Official Editor Mike Wood (1878 Roblyn Apt. 3, St. Paul, Minn 55104) will agent for people using ditto masters. Again, you pay costs. Unlike APA-L you can contr. to MINNEAPA every other issue & get all issues.



I wonder
just who's
side time
is on,
anyway?

I doubt that there is anything like a 'justified prejudice' in literature. I've never come across it, or been convinced of its existence (though a hell of a lot of college teachers tried at one time or another to teach me that such an animal existed). If a real 'justified prejudice' existed I doubt if anything in the science-fiction field would be read (outside of maybe, just maybe, a dozen or so books). Compared to the greats of literature science-fiction has no value (except enjoyment, but then we've escaped from the bounds of 'justified prejudice' and entered the area of taste, and fondness for something over another object).

Now because stf has no value as literature doesn't stop me from reading it, only because I don't believe in 'justified prejudice' but enjoy, each in their own way, the mundane, the literate, the comic, & many other types of written words. Maybe Cy Chauvin ((Cy's article on criticism of SF in TITLE #6)) is talking about being able to tell the reasons why a person likes something or doesn't -- a reasoning. But then basically when this is worked down to its fine points it ends up being nothing other than prejudice with some rationalization added to it.

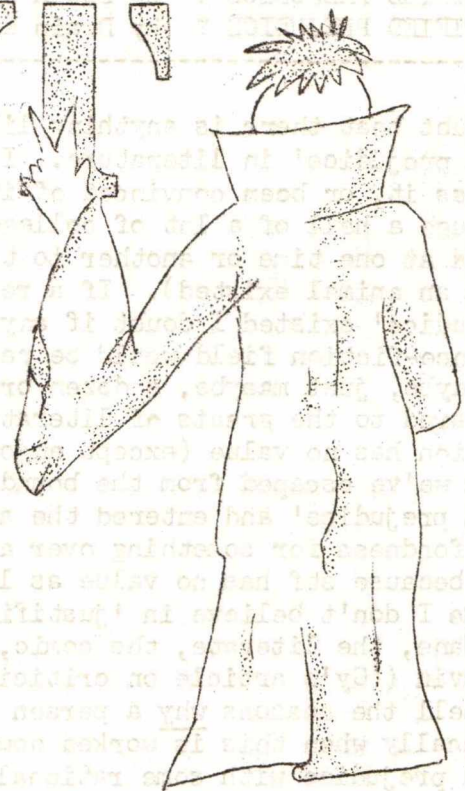
I'm not sure how many fans would be any less prejudiced towards certain writers than a lot of the mundane teachers teaching sf are. A lot of fans show some pretty strong prejudices in favor of certain writers over others (new wave vs. old wave, etc.). Mundane teachers are only expressing their prejudices. I think there are a number of older fans who might agree with leaving out the 'newer' writers from any sf course. Mike Glycer tells how his USC instructor ((Mike's article on teaching sf in TITLE #6)) refused to include works by Heinlein, Zelazny, and Brunner. Funny three to be prejudiced against. And Glycer lists 'writers in the vanguard': Heinlein, Brunner, Ellison and Anderson. Who? I don't really believe that. Maybe Heinlein because of what he wrote thirty years ago, but today? Ellison is a good editor, but as a writer? Anderson is more into adventures than ideas really, and his stories are usually only enjoyable cardboard games and nothing else than that. I enjoy him but wouldn't consider him an 'important' writer. Who would I consider in the vanguard? Hmmm, Phil Dick, J.G. Ballard, Zelazny, Van Vogt (though not so much now), Burgess, and a few others but not many.

I don't know if I fully agree with Cy Chauvin that 'most fans are attracted to fantasy as well as SF.' ((TITLE #6)) A lot of fans are, but then some of that could be because of the lack of a really solid borderline between the two fields. A number of books are 'science-fantasy' rather than pure s-f or fantasy. I've known many fans who weren't really into hardcore fantasy, fringe material maybe, or one or two different fantasy writers, but other than that they didn't enjoy, or often read fantasy books. I've even known a number of fans who disliked LORD OF THE RINGS. (But, I suppose, there are some s-f fans who really tend towards fantasy more than s-f. A lot of fans aren't into hard s-f either if it has more than a pinch of science to it.) I wonder how many fans are into mystery writers? I've come across quite a few on the West Coast. There's even a mystery convention out here each year (put on by Bruce Pelz) which mainly seems to be filled with the same fans you see at WesterCons and WorldCons.

((Note: Dwain's article, so-called, was simply the contents of his LoC to which I appended the title, even though he brings up other matters, particularly in the last paragraph. I am impressed with his use of four abbreviations for science-fiction: stf, sf, SF, and s-f. He neglected sci-fi. I wonder which is best?))

BLAST

OR, HARK, THE HOWL OF INSTANT FEEDBACK



"My dear young friend," said Minault, "we are not opposing a pile of equipment. We're opposing an idea -- an idea that has been growing for some hundreds of years -- that happiness for the human race consists of wrapping it tighter and tighter in the swaddling bands of a technological civilization."

from Chapter 12, NECROMANCER, by Gordon R.

Dickson, 1962, Doubleday & Co.

Terry Lee Dale: "I dig the size of #8 for it permits more room for articles and made the zine more readable. The humorous pieces such as 'The Last Page' by Randall Larson gave the issue a light touch lacking in previous ones. I hope to see more by Larson in the future... Normally I hate 'modern' poetry but I enjoyed 'Plans for Development'..it made its point well and is highly reminiscent of Poul Anderson's 'The Helping Hand' in an odd sort of way....Setting a story on the moon in the future ((after man's first permanent colony)) is s.f. depending on the circumstances, not the setting. For example, Stanley Weinbaum's brilliant The New Adam is set in Chicago and is nothing if not s.f. and if location was the rule every story set in Chicago from that point on would be considered s.f., which isn't the case. Now if the story had to do with events that could happen but have not, then the story would be s.f. I do have one question tho; if there are so many hard-core s.f. fans and writers that praise the same thing why can't they decide on a uniform definition?"

David Shank: "The strange 'The Last Page' is a mind tippler and reminds me of what my buddy Bob Whitaker sent to various fen. How would Randall Larson like 'It is on or it is in. If it is in then it is not on. If it's on then it's not in. If it is not in or on, it is not on or in. If it is not on or in, it is not in or on. It is what it is; on is what on is: in or on -- on or in. It is on in or it is in on. And vice versa.'" ((Have you guys devised these things to drive copyists nuts?))

Claire Beck: "For Don Ayres & protozoan intelligence see "Organelles as Organisms" by Lewis Thomas M.D., in The New England Journal of Medicine, August 10, 1972. Right down TITLE's alley." ((How about a short resume of this, Mr. Beck, since the source seems rather obscure, and wouldn't it be really surprising if the one-celled creatures had more intelligence than man if survival is the true measure?))

Bruce D. Arthurs: "Yes, James Hall, I'm an sf addict! Just before I published the first issue of GODLESS, I decided to go gafia. I wrote a splendid and tear-jerking farewell editorial for my fanzine, packed away my sf books and fanzines. Three days later, screaming with maniacal glee, I tore up the editorial, tore the books and fanzines out of the closet, and sighed with relief. Safe! Back in fandom again with no one the wiser that I'd ever been gone."

Jeff May: "Regarding sensitive plants, does anyone remember an sf story with the last line, 'Daisies do tell.'?" ((The complete last line is 'Contrary to popular belief, daisies do tell.'))

BLAST (continued)

"You're all crazy, you know. It's obvious!" --Sean Summers

"You're all crazy, you know. It's obvious." --Sean Summers

Mike Glicksohn: "I perhaps should refrain from responding personally to a review of ENERGUMEN in your pages but Glycer is unusually lacking in perception, even for him, and I feel an urge to point out a couple of things that should be obvious to any critic. ((This follows Glycer's announcement/explanation of the demise of ENERGUMEN from Glycer's "Boonie Farkings" in TITLE #8)) First, nothing changes quite so regularly in fandom as the firm convictions of David Hulvey so it's a bit silly for Mike to talk of them as if they were in any way constant. Second, and far more important, it ought to be obvious even to Mike that there's something of a difference between David Hulvey, or anybody else for that matter, thinking that ENERGUMEN had achieved its potential and me thinking the same thing. To bring it closer home for Mike, perhaps he'll remember the early issues of his fanzine: they were printed with near-complete ineptitude, and the lettercol generally had its fill of comments concerning the abysmal repro. And yet one faceless, nameless fan wrote in to say that this was the best work he'd ever seen from a mimeo. Even Mike had to laugh. You see, Mike, there's a difference between someone else thinking you've done your best and thinking that way yourself. As for NERG, well, I explained my thoughts about it in the last editorial so I won't repeat them here. If Mike failed to understand what I was saying then, he's not likely to dig it now." ((I'm sure your editor here can not comment on this, for, though Mike Glicksohn has LoCed TITLE, he has never sent an ENERGUMEN in trade; therefore, I haven't seen this top-ranked zine.))

Tim C. Marion: "Donn, you have to be a trufan! You receive my fanzine via Ned Brooks you read it, you send me a copy of your zine, and you write a loc on my fanzine, all (seemingly) in the same day! Wow!" ((Perhaps you were lucky (?) but I do try to keep up with all requirements. And if my ledger system has failed in any instance, let me know. To give you an idea of the task of answering communications to TITLE -- after 8 issues, and with LoCs still coming in from the last issue, TITLE has received 349 letters or cards plus uncounted trade-zines.))

Tom Digby: "I didn't see too many comment hooks this time ((#8)) although maybe it's more the mood I'm in tonight." ((Hope the latter is the reason; otherwise I am pretty depressed in doing my thing.))

*** NOTE: In CELESTIAL SHADOWS #10, I read that Loretta Vitek (wife of Alex) is doing a study of SF fandom and has a questionnaire fans interested ought to write for. She can be reached at 4672 Lakeview, Detroit, Mich. 48215. In the meantime Bruce D. Arthurs wrote me a letter about it and enclosed a copy of the questionnaire, which I don't have room to reproduce even if Loretta would want me to. It is a combination of personal data and sf activity and opinion. Whatdyasay we help her out? ***

Ed Finkelstein: "I disagree with Ben Indick's condemnation of EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX. Not only is it a good comedy, it's also a hilarious caricature of different film types. There is a sequence which includes a NASA Mission Control type control center coupled with primitive machinery (a la Flash Gordon) to send sperm Woody Allen through a space ship type airlock. Another segment parodies horror films, complete to the malformed assistant and a mad scientist (John Carradine) who plays Bach's Tocatta and Fugue on an organ."

Chester D. Cuthbert: "Thanks very much for sending me a sample of TITLE. ((It was a random stapling together of over-runs making little sense, not a complete, well-integrated, organized and coherent TITLE)) Some of your contributors are correspondents of mine, and it is nice to see their words of wisdom, wit and humor preserved in your publication. The keynote of your fanzine is 'Thoughtful', and I shall be pleased to see #9." ((Anyone, Chester, who would respond to that set of mixed-up over-run pages you received with the word, 'Thoughtful', can't be all bad. In fact, I shall be looking forward to your LoCs with interest.))

HOW I GOT STARTED IN SCIENCE FICTION
HOW I GOT STARTED IN SCIENCE FICTION -----
HOW I GOT HOOKED ON THAT SF STUFF

Sheryl Birkhead: "I started in on TARZAN and happened to see that the same author had his name on some other books, so....I read them. Then it was on to THE LOST WORLD. With those who started as children you'll probably find there are several sources which pop up rather frequently. Burroughs, the OZ books, and the C.S.Lewis NARNIA books."

Frank Balazs: "My earliest recollections of books I read (other than CAT IN THE HAT) are various juvenile mysteries. Like THE MYSTERY OF THE SECRET POOL. A side point: a recent issue of THE WRITER pointed out that girls will read stories about boys or girls, while boys are unwilling to read anything that doesn't have a boy as the main character. An interesting point that brings up questions concerning intolerance and prejudice. It's disturbing to realize that I didn't mind reading Nancy Drew mysteries. *sigh* ((Your editor read them, too.)) The first sf I recall reading were various Heinlein juveniles. Around six to eight years ago I read the first sf novels, THE SLEEPING PLANET by Harry Harrison, ROCKET TO LIMBO by Alan Nourse, and STORM OVER WARLOCK by Andre Norton. Unfortunately, I do not recall - and I wish I did - when I became truly hooked. Maybe a bolt of lightning didn't hit me: WOW! sf is it! But it's sort of nice to think so."

((Your Ole Bone editor asked the question because he remembers that, without previous preparation except for an early interest in science, sf hit him like a revelation. A friend had given him a 1934 ASTOUNDING, and the first story he read in fairy tales)) it was Donald Wandrei's "Colossus". Wham! I remember lying awake most of the night, too excited to sleep. At the time I was already a Junior in highschool. I've been at sf ever since.))

Ned Brooks: "I must have been about 8 when I read a story of a boy whose cat ate a dictionary and acquired the power of speech. I didn't 'believe' that such a thing was possible, but I liked the idea anyway - so is born the double mind, the ability to speculate unhampered by any worry about a relation to reality. Hmmm, now that I come to think of it, an aunt read us WATER BABIES and THROUGH THE ALIMENTARY CANAL WITH GUN AND CAMERA even before that. Other stories that impressed me at an early age were VanVogt's 'Vault of the Beast' with its argument about the theory of number and the ultimate prime, and Wellman's VANDY VANDY. I used to look for THE LONG LOST FRIEND at the same time I was looking for the NECRONOMICON in every library I got into! ((Your ed spent many hours looking for that blasted NECRONOMICON, too!)) It was only a few years ago that I found the BOOK OF POW WOWS or THE LONG LOST FRIEND - which does not contain the spell that Wellman quotes in VANDY VANDY."

Jim Meadows III: "My father reads sf and has old Galaxies and Astoundings back to '39. Then my sister picked it up, and the stuff started piling in her room, and with all this sf around me, I had to read some of it. The earliest sense-of-wonder-- I remember this children's book on the solar system and how I would gaze in fascination at the artist's conceptions of planet surfaces. The same thing went on with covers of Astounding & Galaxy from the '50. I don't know any particular story that first grabbed me."

Jeff May: "At age 6 or 7 I read Burroughs, but I didn't really get into sf until I was 12. I read Clarke then, Heinlein, & lots of Anthologies. When I was 17 I found CONAN THE ADVEN-

TURER w/Amra's address, and htne made other contacts in fandom."

Tom Mullen: "By the time of the Ranger lunar shots, I was hooked on astronomy and space. ((Sense of wonder developed by Tom's father pointing out stars and the moving Echo satellite in the night sky.)) Then in April, 1966, I saw a copy of F&SF with a Bonestell cover of Beta Lyrae, with the hydrogen gas spiral. I bought it. That was my inauguration into the worlds of Clarke, Asimov, Clement, and all those others. In sf all the facts I'd learned about astronomy took on a reality all their own, and giving me memories of other lives completely removed from my own. Not so much escapism as enrichment."

Norm Hochberg: "I suppose the first sf I ever read sat on the library shelf, in the children's section. It concerned the doings of some dumb cat who went to Mars on a spaceship. ((Cat, cat?)) Subsequent novels in the series saw this feline have kittens and visit nearly every planet in the Solar System. ((Yes, catcat, and probably had a great time on catnip-tune!)) I didn't think of the things as sf; I just dug what that damned cat was doing. It was, well, out of the ordinary and had nice pictures. I still am, I admit, attracted to books with pictures. It was years before most of my friends gave up on Mrs. Pickerell, Tom Swift and Danny The Boy Wonder. We all were captivated by people doing the impossible. So - what happened? Why are they now reading the latest Irving Wallace stinker while I have my nose shoved between the leaves of THE GODS THEMSELVES? Are they more realistic than I? Or is it that I have remained in awe of the impossible and unknown, while they have become fearful of it? ((The almost universal response to TITLE's question of when and where did you experience awe indicates a sfan sensitivity to that emotion.)) When all is said and done I think that the core of the sf I like is a weird idea."

A SOMEWHAT SIMILAR QUESTION:

"How I Got Hooked on SF Fandom."

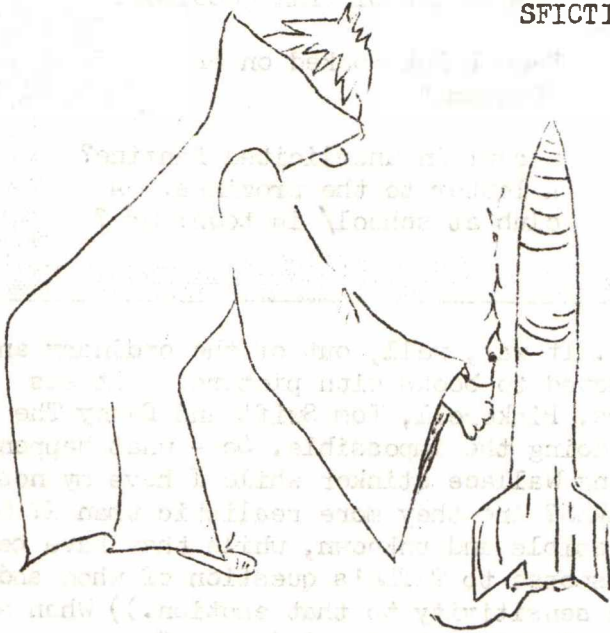
A con? An unsolicited fanzine?
A letter to the prozines? A
club at school/ in town? Or ?

Michael T. Shoemaker: "My father was an SF fan from the late '40s and had quite a large collection. When I was 11, I came upon Conklin's THE BEST OF SCIENCE FICTION and read "The Monster from Nowhere." The author was listed as Donald Wandrei, but I have since found out that this was a misprint, and the author was actually Nelson S. Bond. ((I have just corrected my copy for that information.)) I went on to read the rest of the book and then in rapid succession read the Healy-McComas volume, most of Wells, and Wwinbaum. I suppose what attracts me most are the thought provoking ideas, especially when piled one upon another. I am also fond of great horror stories and have a mild liking for fantasy. How many fans like all three?"

Ben Indick: "My sf biography begins when I read 20,000 LEAGUES. It came at about age 11, after a long diet of Legend and Saga books, then westerns, then mysteries. Once on Verne, I was hooked. Came Wells next, still my candidate for the best of all sf writers -- whatever his motivations. Then the pulps, G-8, SHADOW, etc. and then I found sf/fantasy pulps. One of the first ever - a back issue - was the 2nd issue of FFM and 'The Conquest of the Moon Pool'. I was staggered when I came to the end of PART ONE. Well, I stayed with fantasy (always my favorite over straight sf) for too many years, finally gave up on fantasy and FFM as well, went 'straight'. It was Tolkein who brought me forcibly back. I read him reluctantly, as a friend sent me the 3 books about 15 years ago, and it was my duty to read them; it soon became an obsession. So, getting older, I completed the cycle by returning to the old love, fantasy. It is like the ending of the great WORM OUROBOROS, who holds his tail in his mouth, and also like the last sentence of Fitzgerald's THE GREAT GATSBY, wherein he describes in beautiful prose our lives, like boats beating against the current, drawn back to their sources."

John Leavitt: "After years of reading fairy tales and bowdlerized versions of the Arabian Nights and Arthurian legends I encountered HAVE SPACESUIT - WILL TRAVEL at age 9, and that did it. That same week I blew my whole allowance on a copy of FANTASTIC. What hooked me was the wonder of it. I was stuck there in my living room in complete boredom at age 4, and the real world looks even more boring than society seems determined to make it. Out There lie planets and civilizations and lifeforms and miracles enough to keep you stunned for eternity, while back here -- my mother is ironing one of my father's shirts. Introduced to real sf through one of Heinlein's best books, from the bookmobile the library sent to my school, there was no turning back. That's how I got hooked on sf."

SUNDRY SCIENCE SPECULATIONS and other
SFCTIONAL SLANTS -



Title readers send me clippings and thermofax copies, on purpose and by accident. Rose Hogue sent six beer cans for my son's beer can collection, and in the packing newspaper around the cans was a long piece on astrology - an accident? Yes, because any paper or magazine picked up nowadays is full of it - and other throwbacks to the time of the Black Plague and other 'ancient knowledge'. Even THE PLAIN TRUTH has had several articles on the meaning of the current rise of interest in the occult; I think they blame it on disillusionment in science & technology and the organized religions to provide the 'American' dream.

Sheryl Birkhead sent a thermofax of a recent SCIENCE article (27 Oct 72) which takes mankind a step closer to suspended

animation (my application of the sf gimmick not, of course, mentioned in the technical article). The piece reports the survival of mouse embryos that had been frozen as 'low-down' as minus 269 degrees C. After 1 minute to 8 days at this temperature the embryos were slowly warmed and implanted in foster mothers. 40% survived to become new-born mice.

In that same issue of SCIENCE there are two other articles with sf auras. A model of cycling and re-cycling living cells, based on laboratory and clinical evidence, is erected. It seems a cell (whose immature habit includes replication of itself) goes through four segments of a cycle: DNA synthesis, resting, mitosis, resting - and repeat. But at some age that varies for different kinds of cells, the resting stage, with only normal physiological functions, may continue until death of the cell. The step to DNA synthesis or mitosis is blocked. The experimenters were able to 'unblock' and cause the cell to revert to its more immature behavior where it kept on recycling for a time. Obvious, I think, that science is another step closer to regeneration of a new arm or leg in a human being (as in starfish and many less-specialized animals) and from there to one of sf's favorite themes: immortality!

A
mind-set to apply sfish thinking results in my fascination with the third article in that same issue of SCIENCE. Frequently, life-forms right here on Earth are either outright discovered, or found doing some funny things. How alien, I think. Consider a bacteria found living in 163 degree F water spilling out of geysers and hot springs in Yellowstone. Living in hot stuff - fairly common knowledge - but the fact that the bacteria utilized the silica minerals to build stratified stone towers from 1 to 6 cm high, with little channels of protoplasm extending through the stone - that was new, and how alien! (By the way, the whole subject of bacteria, slime molds, and fungus plants in general, is full of such 'alien' connotations.)

Jackie Franke sent me a copy of Asimov's "The Ultimate Speed Limit" from SATURDAY REVIEW, Jul. 8, 72. Asimov says there is little hope, as things stand now, that even 'leaping' into hyperspace will not enable FTL speeds, because across the barrier what seems like FTL to us on this side would become non-FTL if we got there, and what we had left behind would now seem like the FTL universe. Some readers commented on this and on the apparent observation of astronomical bodies travelling at FTL velocities. Tom Digby suggests these readings are some sort of 'optical illusion' that fool instruments instead of eyes. John Leavitt suggests that immaterial things like telepathy have no barrier in space or time. Art Joquel says simply: "the Einstein equations will come crashing down." Mike Shoemaker quotes Fort: "beware of 'final pronouncements'", and that Arthur C. Clarke and Asimov argued FTL a few years ago. Norm Hochberg says denying FTL makes him angry and "we have to go FTL". With such spirit, how can mankind lose?

QUICK



"Splrfsk?" - Lord Jim Kennedy

"...you dunno from nothin."
Richard S. Shaver

QUOTZ

"In the movie THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS at one point George C. Scott says something to the effect that to think windmills are giants is lunacy, but to think they might be is the source of all human creativity." - John Leavitt

"If God wanted me to say anything great, he would have given me another mouth." - Doug Leingang

"TITLE gets interesting and interesting. What you are gradually arriving at is a composite fan, an amalgam of all letter-of-commentators to form a single entity: much, I must remind you, as Dr. Frankenstein utilized various and sundry bits and pieces to form his creation. Think about it..." - Bob Bloch

"..it is possible that your car has been subjected to the TORKOREOLIFORS EFFECT (named after the village in Finland where the basic work was done.) -- Claire Beck

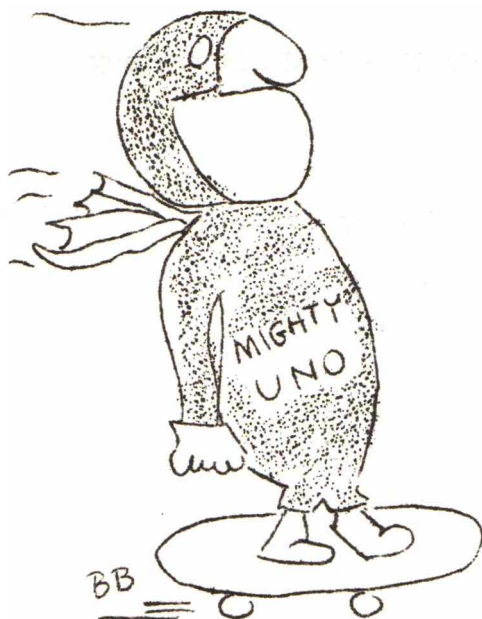
"Larson's THE LAST PAGE is enough to drive a sane fella like me up the walls! Ghod, where did that nit-wit come up with such an idea!? He oughta be tied down and forced to read it a hundred times real fast! Besides, I wished to hell I had written it! The guy's nuttier than a fruit cake! I collect the writings of Randall Larson." -- Loay H. Hall

"This ((environmentalism)) is really my subject and I love to argue about it. Yes, I do have a vested interest. We all do." -- Earl K. Dille.

"In a way the current de-emphasis of the Space Program is good because it allows serious research to be carried on into something other than chemical rockets. The push to the moon brought billions into chemical rockets and as long as all that money was available for that purpose the corporations were not about to look for anything different." -- Roy Tackett

"Quantitative change of a great enough magnitude makes a qualitative change. Hitler didn't do anything to Jews that hadn't been done to them before. He just did it to larger numbers in a shorter period of time, changing persecution to genocide. Or Genghis Kahn didn't do anything to Europe that Europeans hadn't been doing to themselves. Want to bet history wouldn't have been different if he's lived 5 years longer?" -- Greg Burton

"Most of what you believe - if you are an average person, and most people are - is not true, and what truth there is in it is mostly irrelevant. Most of what you learn in various educational levels has little basis in fact or reason." -- Ned Brooks



QUICK QUOTZ (continued)

Ben Indick: "Latest TITLE (8) is a dille-y." and "My favorite name (so help me it's true): 'Wyrre and Tapping, Private Investigators' on E. 12 St. in NYC."

T.V. LoCicero: "...your magazine TITLE included a reference to my book MURDER IN THE SYNAGOGUE. I'm not familiar with TITLE and can't seem to find it on the stands here."

Michael Lewis: "SF is the branch of literature in which one's imagination plays the key role in the reader/literature interface. You may argue: what of intellect? Intellect without imagination is a dry wasting powder. Speaking of ridiculous NSF grants, I read somewhere about some guy conducting an experiment involving the relation between the big toe and the common cold."

Sheryl Birkhead: "I can't say that I'm pleased with the way I voted. Then again,

if I'd voted the other way, I'd be saying the same thing."

Ed Lesko, Jr.: "Little Pictures my ass!"

Jackie Franke: "Hollo Earth - were generally informed people that naive such a short time ago?"

Dave Szurek: "I always dream in color." and "The Earth is hollow? I thought everyone knew we were really just figments of our imaginations."

Randall Larson: "Of all the countless TITLE quote-collections, 'The Moment I'm Sorry I Missed' remains most firmly in my mind."

Ned Brooks: "So that's what happened to Mike Scott - he went bonkers!"

Harry Morris, Jr.: "Sure, I'm addicted to fandom/fantasy, altho the fact doesn't bother me. At least, so far, it has been a constructive addiction.

This is more than I can say about my other two addictions; one wastes my time and the other takes up a good percentage of my meager income. Namely, sleeping and eating."

Robert Smoot: "In the September to November reign of terror produced by your friend and mine Jack the Ripper in 1888, October was the only month in that period in which he has no victims listed." ((Robert Smoot is trying to tell me something about my October birthdate..huzzm..))

Pauline Palmer: "I once knew a car whose radio misbehaved whenever a Ford was in close proximity... My daughter said recently, 'When you're in the water and you're not doing anything, not even standing up, that's called drowning.' And on October 4, 1972, Mandrak, a very Incompetent Magician, figuratively laid an egg in Bellingham. If it had been literally, it would have improved the act greatly."

Bruce D. Arthurs: "I liked Ed Lesko's poem! It had a story to tell, which most sf poems, for some reason, don't. The only other one I can think of offhand is Stephen Vincent Benet's 'Metropolitan Nightmare'."

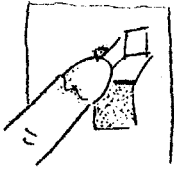
Norman Hochberg: "Say, Brazier, if you don't watch it you'll get as incoherent as Cagle." ((Heavens to Betsy!))

Claire Beck: Sends a marked clipping from San Francisco Chronicle, 'The talk in this haven of scientific sanity, instead, was of whales and sea lions, seals, and dolphins and whwshyhey do.' Claire adds, "Whwshyhey do, anyone?" ((Title will give a small prize to the best definition of 'whwshyhey'.))

Dave Locke: "Being cursory is not a sin, but being nebulous is never enlightening..."

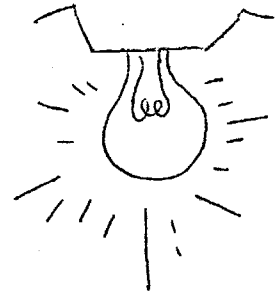
Tom Mullen: "What makes you feel creative? What makes you decide that now is the time to paint, or write a loc, or write a story? I find that when I'm depressed I'm much more creatively inclined than when the world seems like a fairly good place. For some reason, the ideas and thoughts seem to come across to the conscious mind much more readily than otherwise. When do you feel creative?"

Michael T. Shoemaker: "I wish they'd keep SF out of the classroom. And why, oh why, is it always THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES? They could spend a whole year on H.G.Wells, a writer far ahead of Bradbury in imagination and content."



Science is irrelevant

by
Paul Walker



Reading Asimov's *THE UNIVERSE*, a chapter a night, and it is very, very interesting; another in my attempts to drill some science into my ignorance. But the same old problem arises; that is, to me, science is, literally, irrelevant, as it is to many of those I know. But how can it be so? you ask. I will tell you. Many moons ago, I was not the ignoramus I am now. I knew the difference between an atom and a molecule. But since then, I have got Art, and read many books, none of which had anything to do with the difference between an atom and a molecule, until, in time, I forgot the difference. Since then, whenever I have re-learned the difference, I have not known what to do with my re-new-found knowledge and almost immediately forgotten the difference again. I mean, just between me and you, what does a guy who's got Art need with the knowledge of the difference between an atom and a molecule?

Oh, yes, granted, there may come a time when I am seated to the right of a King of Moxie and in the midst of the conversation, with all eyes focused upon me, he leans to me and asks: "I say, what is the difference between an atom and a molecule?" And I must respectfully reply, pale-faced, that I do not know, and face the smirks of the crown heads of Europe! But in the meantime, in my everyday, humdrum life in Art, I have absolutely no occasion to provide the difference between an atom and a molecule. In fact, I know only one person who would be at all impressed with that slice of knowledge, and he would undoubtedly demand to know: "What sort of molecule?" And I'd feel as angry and small as I did before the King of Moxie!

There is an enormous amount of complex information in Asimov's book, most all of which is fascinating in itself, but almost none of which applies to my main interests in life, fiction, politics, human behavior, etc. I am not dismissing that information as irrelevant to the world, or to anyone who is interested in it, and I am not really dismissing it as irrelevant to myself--I would really like to remember what an "interferometer" is, but just last night I read, and re-read, a description of the gadget and now this morning comes *TITLE* with a reference to it and damn if I can remember what it is! I have spent hours in conscientiously reading the Asimov book, and it is literally going in one ear and out the other. Because, as I said, I have no use for the information.

(I should add, however, that I've just been reading a book that I have a use for, a fascinating analysis of contemporary nihilism in fiction by William Barrett, *TIME OF NEED*, which I heartily recommend. In the book, he takes science to task for providing no practical solutions for the

IF GOD BE DEAD.....by.....Fred Moss

If God be dead, then,
What is this thing called Love?
A wisp of moonbeam?
The stuff of dream?
But, if God be dead,
What, then, is moonbeam?
What is dream?

If God be dead,
Let us, then, be clods,
And let us not remember
Our claws are fingers,
Our canines, small.
Let us be less than human,
Let us boast our flaws
And neglect our struggles.
Let us eat, sleep,
And void our sperm
On grasping ova
Mired in the mud.

Well, then, happy everyone?

problems it creates: technology, etc., for creating a materialistic environment which attacks meaning in human life without providing any meaning in itself. It is interesting that the writers he is talking about, Camus, Hemingway, Kafka, Joyce, etc. produced their work, or their work came to the public, in the 1920's, and Asimov explains that our major discoveries of the exact extent of the universe, consequently the actual "irrelevancy" of Man and the Earth, and the whole solar system in relation to it, also only came to be understood in the 1920's. Barrett makes no mention of this, or any suggestion that he is, or the writers he speaks about, were aware of this development, but there it is. Since the Greeks, man had conceived of himself as somewhere near the center of the universe, and by the 1930's, it was proven we were circling a small star in a spiral arm of the galaxy, and could not even view the center of the galaxy!) What does that mean?

It is all Miss Gabberilli's fault, of course. She was my Jr. High science teacher. The first real science course I ever had. Right then it all began. How? I will tell you. Knowledge is considered by educators as consisting of a body of facts that are to be transplanted from a book to a student's head. Old-time educators believed the ideal method was to drill those facts into said head, by way of the behind if necessary, while new-time educators believe one should "inspire" the head to learn them for itself. One should encourage the student to take a personal interest, to seek out the relevancy of the various bodies of facts. Now, while I find the former educator a drag and a destroyer, I find the latter type a menace of a different order, and that is kids change. What fascinated my head at 15 no longer does, and some of what fascinates me today has only fascinated me in the last five or ten years, so if the only way I know to learn is to be "inspired", how am I to learn anything new? Not necessarily all that fascinated me to wish to "learn", "inspires" me, either. The prospect of actually memorizing all the facts in Asimov depresses me. And it is true that even if the inspired student does pursue study on his own he will probably stick to those areas of the subject that fascinate him the most, neglecting those which bore him, and giving him a narrow view of the subject.



In my opinion, emphasis on the "content" of knowledge and the "inspirational" quality is a mistake. These facts have a relation to one another and to facts outside themselves. We learn things by associating new facts with old ones we already know, and we learn most readily by knowing rather than by learning; that is, the more we know, the more facts we can relate to more quickly and the more easily we can acquire new facts. We desire to learn because the more we know, the more we perceive the relations between facts and the possible relationships between them; that is, we all have a body of "useless" or disconnected facts in our heads, whence arises the question, "What is it all about?" This question nags at us, because we secretly know it relates in some way to other bodies of facts which would clarify the mystery, but we have no facts that would bridge them. The more we know, the more "mysteries" in our heads, and the more we are constantly discovering bridges between them! This is not "inspirational", but a very practical, exciting activity. It does not make learning mechanical, but reflexive. Our minds are open wide for those facts that would bridge the

SCIENCE IS IRRELEVANT (concluded)

gap between one body of knowledge and another, and the moment we see a fact, we know it for its value.

This suggests to me that "content" is only one-half of learning, and not necessarily the most vital part. The other half is the structure of the subject itself. There must be a "skeleton" to science, to art, to whatever. An underlying structure consisting of a body of facts or concepts, etc. to which all other facts relate in one way or another; some to the "head", others to the "toe" but if we have this "skeleton" in our heads, and it must have its neurological counterpart, in other words, it is analogous to the manner in which our brain cells are wired together and function as circuits. If we have this "skeleton" then we are never in danger of losing the subject entirely; that is, of losing our perspective on individual aspects of it, so facts cease to be relevant to it and become things in themselves which we readily forget. Also, it becomes a matter of "acquiring the habit" of a subject rather than learning it (that is, memorizing facts). Our efforts are expended on elaborating, or "speculating" or "imagining" the whole rather than the aspects of it, and as it grows clearer, so grows our hunger to see it clearly.

In the same manner, there must be an underlying structure of all knowledge which relates one body of it to another, art to science, etc. If this concept can be created -- and it is "created" rather than "learned" -- then science will not seem as irrelevant or as hostile to art, and vice versa. More importantly, in human terms, learning will not seem, and will not be, a mechanical process, but a constantly creative one, the attempt to realize form and to reconcile it with content, which underlies all art.

One day, I must go back to the Junior High and explain this to Miss Gibberelli. I wrote it all out in a letter once and sent it to her. It was returned with the spelling corrected and a note to review a chapter on punctuation in my english book.

I have done nonesuch for any other zine; it's because I really enjoy TITLE. May it flourish for many more moons!

plague of idiots

Richard S. Shaver

plague of idiots

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plague of idiots

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Your peculiar missive examined and much mystified thereby. For instance..what is a Loc? Free for a LoC...I will send one immediately, as soon as I learn what it is.

I have always thought all editors HAD to be cretins, but very few of them are honest about it. That is, if a cretin is one of those humans whose heads swell up with water like a watermelon and nothing else in it. Did you ever see one? When I was a kid the neighbors had one, they kept him in a little room off the kitchen and fed him with a spoon. It is a very horrible thing to do to a mother...it is done to kids by nature ostensibly, like all our ills...actually it is done to us by underworld idiots for a hobby..something to do to amuse themselves.

A typical example of this underworld amusement is the drug Thalydomide...perpetrated upon the unsuspecting European public. We think of our thalydomide babies as 'accidental!' only because we are ignorant of the plague of idiots throughout the underworld.

Idiots below and ignorants above...a multiple sandwich of peculiar horror visible only to those who had visited both sides of the sandwich.

So you want a LoC. I can only send a Loki.

Did you ever think of making some effort toward simple straightforward english that does in fact say what you mean simply?

One thing I always wish fanzines would do...make some effort toward emphasis on actual science of the simpler and more available kinds. For instance, today we make a great noise about ecology... yet not a damn one of those making all the noise ever put together a terrarium. A series of terrariums on your shelves can demonstrate completely exactly what different chemicals do to earth..the big terrarium... yet this demonstration has not occurred in all the widespread hullabaloo about ecology. DO IT, and talk about it in the zine as if you had a

brain instead of just a big mouth. To my mind this is the age of the mouth..as the ancient world was the age of stone... today all we can do is talk about things. Look up terrarium and write about them... show that a terrarium is a model of the whole earth in miniature in a globe of glass...that it CAN show precisely what all the elements of life DO when they are so enclosed and sealed off from air and water and exterior interference.

They can SHOW exactly what the very slight variation in their chemical make up (the introduction of too much boron, too much calcium, too much thorium, too much this or that) CAUSES in the interaction of the life in the terrarium as it BUILDS its own ecological balance...

You can show in terrariums what a few beetle eggs can do, too, and what happens to the beetles when you introduce a new ecological factor...insecticide...which has reduced our bird population to about one third what it should be (I lost a hundred red birds last year... there isn't one come back yet).

Anyway...I always wanted to set up a series of terrariums for my own education as to just what ecology is all about... but I never got time...YOU DO IT... and tell me about it... with your modern big mouth that is good for nothing but words and more words and no actual work toward any sensible end at all at all at all...my needle sticks. I am for you not against you... I like to needle people... I talk this way ...don't get on your horse about it...I can't help it. Take some time off and read some Shaver if you can find any.

Nuts...what's the use... mental life is all curtailed into rock and roll and hophead wool .. smoke your pot...don't annoy me.. I didn't say that...the deros did. I like to be annoyed, it's better than nothing. Do you know who shaver is? Do you know what a dero is? Do you know what a terrarium is? Answer yes or no.

That's the way fanzines read, to me, when I read them... too much flibbertigibbet light headed nonsense and not really enough serious didication to actual understanding the world and its secrets.

Now...I glanced at your page of letters (are those LoC) and noticed some idiot calling Velikovsky an idiot. Velikovsky happens to be the ONLY scientific writer who gave any of you ANY actual truth about the past of earth. You'd better really THINK about him before you lambaste him...he happens to be an honest and capable observer of the relics such as tidal wave debris and his explanations of our repeated world wide deluges are in fact closer to the truth than anyone's excepting of course my own 'Seven Moon Falls'.

Noted your paragraphs on Scientology... I didn't know that so many realized that Ron Hubbard was wholly flim flam for money... I had thought everybody swallowed his wool without looking at it. I dismissed Hubbard years ago when he started scientology wool so I don't know much about its progress in recent years...it's too bad that we have our own plague of idiots and those who prey on them...the Hubbards.

The 'IQ' tests have always been suspect long before Hubbard ever raised anyone's score. Any IQ test is affected by the experience of the one who takes them...to be really effective an IQ test has to be presented to a virgin mind on a moonless night before birth. Ron Hubbard has an axe to grind 'raising' IQ scores...means all he has to do is give similar tests over and over...to raise the score to perfect score it is only necessary to give the test often enough.

Ah nuts...dear Donn...I will sign off...don't think badly of me I am an old grouch to begin with... I love you with the accent negative and in reverse... I love me is what I mean



RALPH, THE PSYCHOLOGIST AND SCIENCE FICTION

by ED CAGLE

The seven or eight couples my wife calls our dear friends, with whom we visit and talk and party on occasion, includes a psychologist and his wife. The group is a good one in spite of this. SF has even been known to be the topic of some interesting discussions. The number of SF discussions is far outnumbered by mundane conversations, but something interesting has been revealed by the general trend during the SF talks.

Ralph, the psychologist, and Madge his sweet wife, are at odds about the value of SF, and at war over the intelligence of SF readers. He finds SF immature and totally without content or purpose, and Madge, being a devout SF reader, feels (to put it mildly) differently about the matter. They have aired their opposing views several times over the years, and as yet have never come to blows. But it's been close.

It should be mentioned first that Ralph does not claim that his opinions of SF & SF readers is the majority view of the members of his profession. Neither does he deny it. He would very much like to say that his opinion is held by all psychologists, but he knows that Madge would amputate an ear for him if he made the attempt.

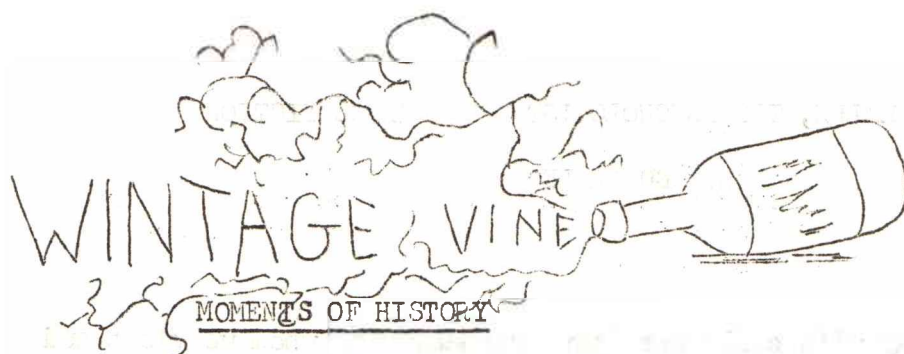
Madge's devotion to SF is not a carefully defined theory, but a sincere and long-held impression gained from extensive reading in the field. The insubstantial nature of her knowledge does not detract from the enthusiasm she puts into her defense of SF & SF readers. By sheer force of will she has managed to dominate all the arguments.

Briefly, for economy's sake (and because most of Ralph's specific theories are rarified baloney that only he can understand), Ralph thinks that SF is structured to appeal to the unimaginative mind, because it does not demand that the reader take a stand on the points expressed. He sees a total lack of a sense of responsibility in all SF. As for SF readers (a vague group he pictures as typified by fans..taken from reading my fanzines...which he steals and does not return..) he has a general, stock reply; a definition he changes constantly, but which usually amounts to: "SF readers (fans) are typified by a character type which moves ever downward on the ladder of security, at his own choosing, to seek niches from which to peer out at the real world at the angle he finds most tolerable. SF nuts (says Ralph) cannot function in three dimensions, and use a self-generated uniqueness to present themselves in one dimension, as individuals, because they can't cope on a "normal" level of complexity.

Madge usually tells him: "You've just described yourself, Ralph." To which I always add: "No, not just himself, but psychologists in general." (I only say that for effect. I don't know if it's true or not. I only know that psychologists all seem to be that way.) What should be said to Ralph is simply: "Ralph, baby, have you taken a close look at society in general lately?" I would ask him this, but Ralph keeps my favorite liquid elixir in his shoe-box bar, something no one else drinks, and there is a limit to the flack I will throw at him. I like the mush-mouthed rascal, in spite of his myopic views. Also, I agree with him in part.

Madge is too sweet for me to contest, but I don't ally myself with her unwavering dedication to SF, either. SF, like all fiction, is mostly trash in result, but happens to have enough worth within itself to make it a pleasant way to spend an hour on a quiet evening.

I can't often say as much for mainstream fiction.



OLDIES
BUT
GOODIES

Lou Stathis: "The personality of Adolf Hitler holds a perverse fascination for me. I really would've been greatly interested to observe him closely for the years he flourished. The spectacle of insanity attracts me, and intellectually inspires me. Unconventional personalities such as Einstein, de Sade, Poe and Rasputin would make a tremendous circle of friends. The period of Czarist Russia between the time of Ivan the Terrible through Peter the Great, Catherine (who had an intriguing relationship with her horse), Alexander and Nicholas is packed with all sorts of intrigues, revolutions, double-dealing. I think it qualifies as the spiffiest era in all history (next to, maybe the 20th Century). I also have an interest in personal visits to Golden Age Greece, Minoan Crete, Egypt at its height, the flourishing kingdoms of West Africa (middle Ages)..."

AWE

Aljo Svoboda: "...after finishing THE LORD OF THE RINGS, the FOUNDATION Trilogy, A CANTICLE FOR LIEBOWITZ, GRAPES OF WRATH, and BRING THE JUBILEE, it seemed as though the whole panorama of the world in which each was set was behind you, and you could see it in its entirety for the first and only time. Later on, it begins to fade, and dust collects on those grand visions you loved so much. In many things, joy seems to fit me better than awe, and wonderful no longer implies awe, but I definitely feel awe, full scale genuine AWE, whenever I see stars. Preferably a lot of stars, which means I don't see them very often at all. But even in smoggy Orange County ((California)), my Sense of Wonder comes out in the full moon and a few stars." ((A puzzling thought: a theory of Earth's geologic history, following the Bible, makes much of the oddity that there was no mention of a rainbow until after the Great Flood; the atmosphere was so rich with water vapor in the 'greenhouse effect' that the sun could not, physically, make a rainbow. What if all these references to stars were some time in the future a puzzle to man who, once again, lived in a shrouded Earth and saw neither stars, a rainbow, or the sun's bright face?))

Michael T. Shoemaker: "Viewing the total eclipse of the sun in 1970 from Norfolk. Weird! Now I know how the natives felt in KING SOLOMON'S MINES."

Lou Stathis: "The only time that I can recall when I was genuinely bedazzled was back about 3 years ago when I took a special summer course in Astronomy up in Massachusetts. We dragged fancy reflectors, etc. out to this clearing at the peak of a small rise. I then looked up to check out the sky and nearly fell off my feet. Never in my wretched life had I seen such a crystal clear sky with millions of stars. Now you hicks may not be too touched by this, but when one grows up in New York City with a sky that is always sort of grimy and if you can see fifty stars you're lucky, well man, this superlative sharpness can be

quite a shock."

Dave Szurek: "What inspires awe in yours truly? Maybe I'm too simply satisfied, but life itself does the trick pretty well. I find more wonder in ordinary existence than in all the psychedelic "heavy" bull certain types dream up. What else? The writings of Bradbury and Hermann Hesse, the music of Bob Dylan, Procol Harum and The Bond. Give me something like WHITER SHADE OF PALE or THE WEIGHT and I become almost entranced - what some would call a religious experience. When I used to do a lot of cross-country hitchhiking, the expansiveness and natural beauty of the open road gave me a sense of wonder, if that doesn't sound too corny."

Seth McEvoy: "...nearest remembrance of sheer awe was standing under Niagara Falls, with the nearness of such

raw force just a few feet away."

John Leavitt: "There have been few times I've ever felt awe. Most notable was in NY last summer, in the Museum of Natural History. I was just wandering around, when I walked through a door and all of a sudden there was this life-size model of a blue whale arching way up over my head. I just stood there and stared at it, I couldn't move, it was so damn BIG. I felt completely insignificant, but at the same time exhilarated because this thing actually existed, even though outside the experience of the common man. When I get around to re-reading MOBY DICK (in my opinion the best by an writer in any country), it'll be a lot more powerful now that I've actually gotten some idea of the scale of a whale."

QUANTUM CAMEL (the human brain)

Mark Mumper: "I have no answers about the human brain, but I've listened to a lot of fascinating theories. Right now I suppose I believe that the physical and chemical activity in the brain cannot be separated from the soul, that the one implies the other, and that possibly some sort of 'soul' in any organism must be the inevitable companion of a developed brain. As Cy Chauvin put it, brains are flesh & blood computers, but that fact shouldn't spoil the 'nobility' of the soul that co-exists with the computer. Actually the purely mental or spiritual transcendence of the soul resulting from the mundane vessel of the brain is a pretty nice, 'noble' concept. ((But apply the razor of simplicity: cannot the brain, itself, be the 'noble end and all?')) This isn't to say that the soul can't exist without the brain, but it probably must do so in the first few years of a new life just to get situated in the physical plane once again. Men are not like gods as of yet, and they still need those three pounds of nerve cells to get around."

Lou Stathis: "Dogs or weasels can't enjoy sunsets because their eyes are not sensitive enough to perceive them. Just the other day, in fact, I heard two Dobermans remarking that humans couldn't be all that great; after all, they can't appreciate the odor of a good French poodle. So I think Cy Chauvin is confusing sensory abilities with intelligence. Don't make the mistake of judging intelligence on your own private ground, like the I.Q. tests did."

STIMULATING BOOKS and otherwise

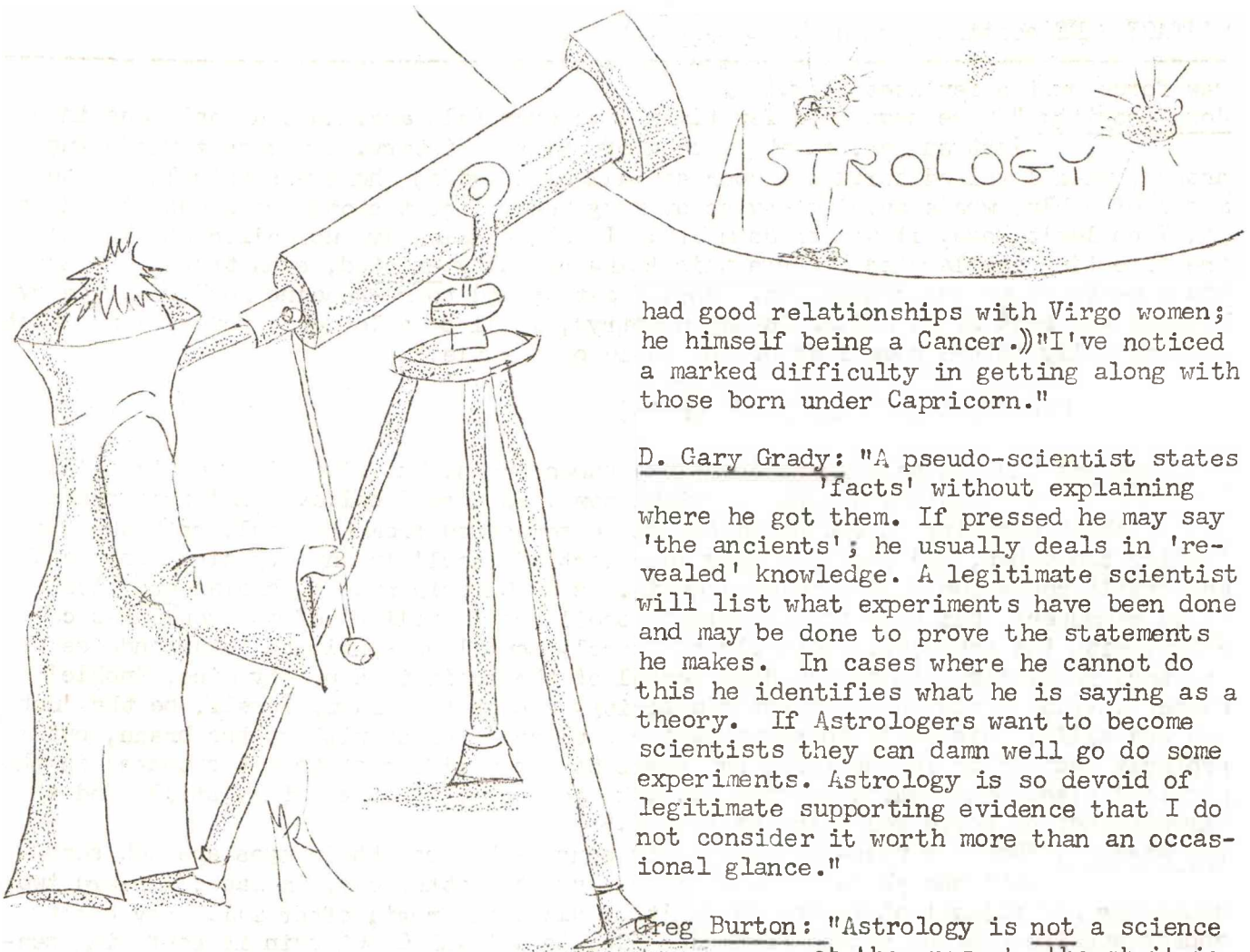
Greg Burton: "THE ALEXANDRIA QUARTET, and NUNQUAM and TUNC, all by Lawrence Durrell. His Heraldic Universe is a really trippy place. Also HENRY MILLER - LAWRENCE DURRELL - a private correspondence - which has all sorts of interesting things in it, and the writing - those people can write. Anything by Nabakov, and Northrup Frye's ANATOMY OF CRITICISM. Jung's autobiography, MEMORIES, DREAMS, REFLECTIONS (I think that's the title).

John Leavitt: "...there have been only two books in some 12 years of reading sf that I couldn't finish, and they were POLLINATORS OF EDEN and THE NULL-FREQUENCY IMPULSER. They go on my worst list along with one I just barely made it through: SURVIVAL WORLD by Frank Belknap Long."

THREE FOR DINNER

Rose Hogue: "Can I have three people for dinner too? If so, I'd like to have Orson Wells, Judy Garland and Otto Preminger (sitting in for GOD).

Donn Brazier: "I think I have the right to name my own three guests to dinner? I am picking three that reflect my interests, and the three that would best cover all the ground. First, music: Duke Ellington with fade-out into Steve Allen. Second, humor: Steve Allen who does a bridge in philosophy (LETTER TO A CONSERVATIVE) with a fade-out into John Taine (because Allen has written sf). Third, sf and science, with John Taine assuming his real name of Eric Temple Bell and bringing in mathematics and material from his THE SEARCH FOR TRUTH. At this point I understand why so many of you gave me the whammy for limiting the selection to three...but you did, and I will. Perhaps, Ben Franklin, you have a proverb to cover your uninvasion."



had good relationships with Virgo women; he himself being a Cancer.)) "I've noticed a marked difficulty in getting along with those born under Capricorn."

D. Gary Grady: "A pseudo-scientist states 'facts' without explaining where he got them. If pressed he may say 'the ancients'; he usually deals in 'revealed' knowledge. A legitimate scientist will list what experiments have been done and may be done to prove the statements he makes. In cases where he cannot do this he identifies what he is saying as a theory. If Astrologers want to become scientists they can damn well go do some experiments. Astrology is so devoid of legitimate supporting evidence that I do not consider it worth more than an occasional glance."

Greg Burton: "Astrology is not a science at the present, though it is an organized body of knowledge. It would be possible to verify/disprove both the theory and the findings with about \$5 million, I think. If anybody is interested, I'll send them the scheme and they can criticize it. I think it could be turned into a science, if anybody like National Institute of Mental Health wanted to. I'm not at all sure of it at the moment, so I don't do readings for anyone anymore, but I still have my textbooks."

Robert Smoot: "A recent ish of Science World presents a theory that astrology is actually, and unknowingly, utilizing 1) Sol, 2) Earth's orbit, and 3) Earth's position relative to Sol at the time of birth of a person at such-and-such a latitude. Lemme explain. Light color and brightness do affect human behavior. The suggestion is that a person at latitude A would receive different quantities of light at different times of the year. In the years that astrology was born and flourished, most people did not move far from their birthplace; a person's character would be affected in a more or less predictable manner." ((Just how does light affect Latitude A person as compared to Latitude B person? I believe we must also distinguish between newspaper astrology and some sort of astrogenetics in as yet undetermined ways.))

Dave Szurek: "I believe partially, but am so fascinated by it that one could easily imagine me a hardcore disciple. Once I even went so far as listing the sun signs of each character in a true story I had written for a fanzine." ((Dave goes on to say that he has

Railee Bothman: "Of course astrological predictions in magazines are written for the masses. You just have to translate them personally. Example: you will experience a resurgence of activity this month. Meaning: you are going to clean up your room. Example: there are many social events coming your way. Meaning: you can go out when your room is clean."

Micahel T. Shoemaker: "Astrology is an anachronism and a bunch of hogwash. It may have some factual roots however. Gravitational stresses from other bodies in the solar system have an

ASTROLOGY (continued)

effect on our magnetic field and radio waves. Something like that in an article in ANALOG a couple of years ago. At any rate, it's a fact that short frequency radio waves have a disrupting effect on people's nervous systems and emotions. By the way, this was completely predicted by Clifford Simak in a story in 1938, Madness on Mars, I think. I don't know where he got the idea, because it was only discovered a few years ago. I think the same idea was also used by Robert Bloch in 'The Fear Planet'."

Ed Finkelstein: "Astrology in the right hands is able to predict behavior, etc. more accurately than any system based on what is known of human psychological development. This worried my coldly scientific mind until a close friend explained. Assuming that environment is a major factor in development, the time of year a child reaches a critical stage of growth (learning to walk, toilet-training, etc.) will have a marked effect on his/her later behavior. For example, if you learned to walk in winter, you would probably learn indoors; this might result in a person who in later years liked indoor sports and activities more than outdoor ones. Perhaps the originators of astrology realized the correlation between times of birth and behavior characteristics and attributed it to stellar influences because of their religious beliefs. Naturally they would study it further and develop a science based on the planetary motions. It sounds plausible to me."

Don Ayres: "I'll accept the possibility of astrology, but don't call it a science. There is no way that the thing can be experimented with and tested. In that sense, it can be called superstition. If anyone cares to predict what I'm like personality-wise, 11/05/50, 10:45 am. Still, I find it interesting enough to speculate."

Jeffrey May: ((Jeff suggests areas where astrology is on shaky to firm ground, and in which the accuracy of a prediction depends on the skill of the astrologer.)) "There is a method of predicting called horary astrology, in which a horoscope is prepared for the day & time you are confronted with a question. The only time I ever tried this, it did work." ((Jeff then tells how, after receiving his order to report for a pre-induction physical, he put the question, would he be drafted, to members of an astrology class he was sitting in on. His health was apparently OK and he had a low number -61 - and no reason for continued deferment. The class said, by comparing Jeff's horoscope to 11:00 when the notice arrived, that he would not be drafted. He wasn't due to high blood pressure.))

Frank Balazs & Matthew Schneck: "Now, with talk of a possible tenth planet OUT THERE, the astrologers can re-compute the fate of all those famous people and make their past conform to what really happened. Sort of like handwriting analysis: it's easy to do a famous person. 'The way he dots his 'i's' shows leadership.' You already know what he's like. There is an analysis of H.P. Lovecraft in HPL by E. Hoffman Price - a professional astrologer - that anyone can punch holes in. Wonder: does astrology have a certain sign that's supposed to contain unbelievers?"

Seth McEvoy: "I don't think human personality can be reduced to 12 signs, any more than it can be reduced to 3 parts and 4 positions, as in the 'I'm OK - you're OK' movement in psychology."

((There are excellent comments by Mark Mumfer, who started it all, and John Leavitt who also is pro-astrology, but they'll have to wait until next time - sorry.))

"The matter of 'TITLE People.' How quaint. Mayhap, one day towards the end of century the next, the fen of the day will look back on us & think of us in the same terms as we think of, say, 'The Lovecraft Circle'. No offense, but methinks 'TITLE People' sounds just the slightest wee bit better than 'The Brazier Circle.' 'The Kennedy Circle' has a nice ring to it, but I'm much too modest to permit anything like that. TITLE People. Quaint.." Jim Kennedy

The silver sphere, blue shadows marking clusters of weapon ports or observation posts around its equator, hung like an axe over the city. Until an Air Force plane zoomed up to reconnoiter at close range, people in the streets were cautiously curious and craned their necks skyward. But when a blue shadow turned to a red flame and the plane littered the air in dirty shreds that twirled and smoked like spent fireworks, the people screamed and darted under cover. With bulging eyes and flopping ears the people still watched and listened.

The voice boomed, shaking the skyscrapers and running into the chasms of the streets like a loose bull. "We warned you not to come close. We apologize for the needless destruction. But we gave you due warning." The voice came from the sphere.

At Defense HQ, Dr. Splrfsk frowned and spoke softly from under 15-power binoculars. "We must establish relevant communication with the aliens." Following his words there was a flurry of activity. Since the sphere had chosen to communicate by a crude public address system, the technicians hurriedly rigged up a speaker, powerful amplifier, and microphone. The latter was put in Dr. Splrfsk's hand. He handed the binoculars to Colonel Gafia. "Keep an eye on the bastards, Gaff," he said.

(Proceed to gloom)

Dr. Splrfsk spoke into the microphone, and the speaker rumbled, "What do you want?"

"We are gathering life-sustaining oxygen," came the reply.

"How long will it take?"

"Until we have it all."

Dr. Splrfsk's voice faltered. "All? The whole Earth?"

"All."

Some of the people peeking out their windows fainted; the old and weak already gasping for breath.

Firmly now, Dr. Splrfsk spat, "We will blast you with an H-bomb!"

"Go ahead. We need thermal refueling, too. We need only a little to continue our journey."

"To where?"

"To your sun. That'll fill our tanks to get us all the way home."

(Proceed to doubt)

Dr. Splrfsk spoke into the microphone, "Who are you?"

The voice boomed in reply, "We are alien."

"We know, but can't we see you?"

"You are seeing us."

Dr. Splrfsk's voice faltered. "We are? I see only a metallic sphere."

"Naturally."

People in the streets strained to catch the rumbles of both sides of the conversation.

Firmly now, Dr. Splrfsk said, "We will attack with a virus needlezap."

"Go ahead. It will have little effect against metal. We are a computer probe."

"What are you going to do?"

"We're scanning. Maybe tomorrow or a hundred years...let you know."

(Proceed to hope)

Dr. Splrfsk spoke into the microphone, "What do you want?"

"Crispy, crunchy Wheaties."

"What?"

"Delicious crispy, crunchy crackle and pop..."

Dr. Splrfsk shook his head. "I don't understand."

"We came to gather meat, but we want Fritos and a treat at McDonald's. We want everyone to use Dial soap. We picked this up on our Espers on our way in."

Dr. Splrfsk whispered to Col. Gafia, "They are highly suggestible. Get on the phone, cancel all commercials. Have all media do this one which will be deadly to all known life forms." He scribbled out instructions for Col. Gafia.

Some hours later the sphere spoke: "Send us wild pickles and beer."

Col. Gafia shook Dr. Splrfsk's hand. "Sheer genius, old bone!"



** Alpajpuri writes: "I've been watching with a mixture of awe and quiet fear as Greg ((Burton)) has been getting TITLES, loocking them, getting more issue...It's frightening, like a cancer, you know? The whole fandom thing." I know; and that's why the monthly TITLES are going to be larger, and to keep the same postage cost, will be mailed third class. That means less than 2 ounces, or twice the size of the previous 'monthlies'. Paj says further: "Have you ever asked yourself, now what is a Grown Man doing in this fanzine biz anyhow???" My answer is not clear. The business of raising a family and the mundane things that go with that kept me occupied and gafiated from fandom for better than 20 years. Until the St.Louiscon in 1969 I resisted temptation well (and even shortly after) but March of this year I cut off one activity and replaced it with TITLE. The answer, I guess, is really that in spite of being a Grown Man, I find fandom (editing a zine anyway) a complex and challenging hobby with a chance for some degree of creative expression and an audience to applaud or boo. I do not look upon my activity as childish as, say, collecting coins or antiques, or doing quite a few things which, were I to name them, would offend my readers perhaps. I'll admit only that it's a hobby and not a 'mission' to improve or change the world for the better, and helps no one but myself...

** TITLE has a wee bit of graphics this issue. I think the experiment of combining ditto color with mimeo text on the same page turned out auspiciously well, and may be tried later. The cowled or robed figure is by Mike Kranefuss, the odd little figures here & there signed BB are by my son Brett, and logos of any importance by Sheryl Birkhead. If anyone cares to do small illos or whatever directly on ditto masters, great!

** Joe Rizzo, 21-68 41 Street, Astoria, NY, 1105 sent a notice of the '73 INFINITY CON to be held in NYC at the Commodore Hotel, January 19-21. The Con promises all sorts of sf and associated things like ESP, Lost Civilizations, etc. A regular TITLE in three-dimensions! Joe would like a sample of your zine to display with a small card listing subscription details, etc.

** It seems Gordon Dickson will be in St.Louis (or this area) near the beginning of December, but at this time I have no details, and it may or may not happen. How's that for news! So tonight I went to the library and checked out some of his books, just in case.... At least, I hope to read "Call Him Lord."

** Perhaps you have already read the piece by Richard S. Shaver in this issue. What you have here is about 3/4 of a letter he sent me after I sent him a sample TITLE. The other 1/4 about masks and the evolution of the horse I will print later. You have to be familiar with the Shaver stories in Palmer's AMAZING some years ago. From pamphlet and pictures sent me, Mr. Shaver is still at it with 'rock pictures', an art/communication form in 3 dimensions and from several angles whose complexity can not really be viewed as the pre-human race intended because we do not have the proper projector. I hope I have this correct, Mr. Shaver. I don't believe in 'rock pictures' any more than I do in 'cloud pictures' or inkblots. However, I hope TITLE can explore this idea if you are willing to subject your idea to criticism.

FINAL ANALYSIS (concluded) -----

** The use of 'neofan', meaning a new fan bothers me. It is a minor matter, but the use of 'neo' means, usually at least, a new period of an older form - a sort of a re-birth. Example: neoclassic, neo-Gothic, neo-Lamarckism. Thus, a brand new fan is a new fan, not a neofan. Had all of fandom died out for a period of years, then perhaps the resumption of the activity could be carried out by neofans. Perhaps a real neofan is an old fan who gaffiated and then later resumed activity. In the absence of any word to describe that condition, neofan would be perfect, except that common usage has given it a different meaning. I shall refer to new fans as neoterics, familiarly called nufans. Now, how long must a neoteric remain a nufan? Seriously, folks, the whole jargon of fandom, with its neologisms, abbreviations, and coinages is worthy of serious study. Perhaps it has been done?

** California is at it again. Did you read about the science books that are required to discuss 'special creation' along with the theory of evolution? I'll never forget the school teacher (a man) who brought his class to the museum and before I could open my mouth about the fossil-head reconstructions told his class, "Now this is all poppycock for God created man and the first woman from his rib - is it not true" he directed the question at me, "that man has one less rib than a woman?" I must hasten to add that this encounter occurred about 23 years ago - nearly at the dawn of knowledge!

** Check the November issue of HARPERS magazine. There's a rather long article called "Love Among the Cabbages" which tells of Backster's work with plant emotions and related discoveries about plants with ESP, receptivity to love, etc. In the event such an article doesn't interest you, there is a piece by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. in the same issue which, I think, dissects the GOP and the future. I didn't read that one since four more years of tricks ought to fix that wagon; ought to, and yet, such is the power, and the glory, amen, that.....

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