

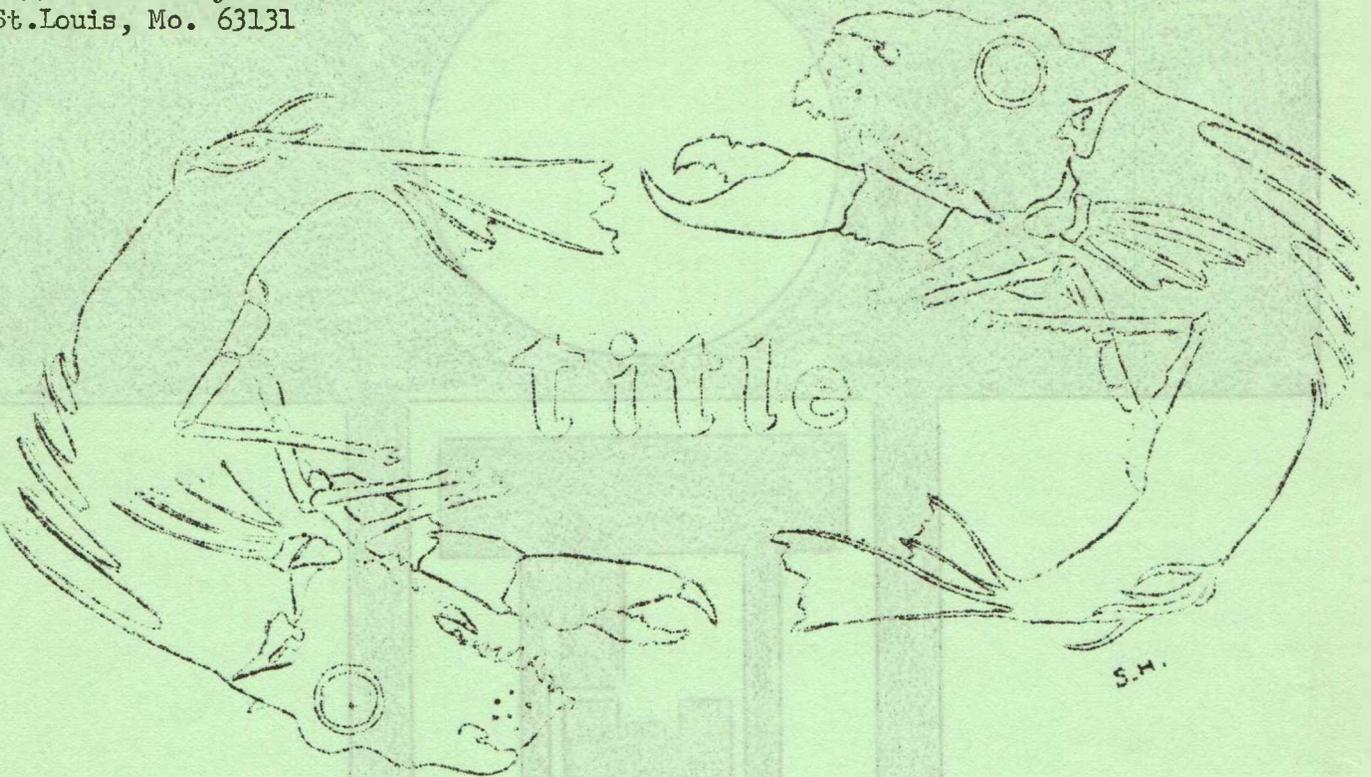


TITLE #19 October 1973

Donn Brazier

1455 Fawnvalley Dr.

St. Louis, Mo. 63131



The above

was drawn for me by Shari Hulse directly on stencil. As I type this I am worried that her lines were not cut deeply enough on a "hard" plate; let's hope it turns out even part way because I'm sure Don Ayres will try hard to identify the creatures. Did you know that Don was appointed Title Representative to Torcon? On August 29 he called me from the bus depot, and I dashed down to have lunch with him before he continued his leg to Toronto. It was there in the bus depot that he was knighted with his keen appointment; hope he said hello to all TorconTitlers....

Since this page is being done after the one that follows, I have additional news on the proposed fiction zine. Rick Wilber has offered to share costs with me. This is even better news... he has a printer friend who will do the offset -- yes, offset -- at no cost! This means we can keep the price down to reasonable and subscription inducing figures. It also means we'll have a nice zine, and one that neo-authors will be proud to be in, even if they don't get paid for it.

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DEDICATION OF THIS ISH

Frank Balazs & Matthew Schneck because  
it's long overdue  
Ned Brooks... just to counteract the  
first two named  
Chester Cuthbert for sending \$5 for no  
good reason  
And everyone else

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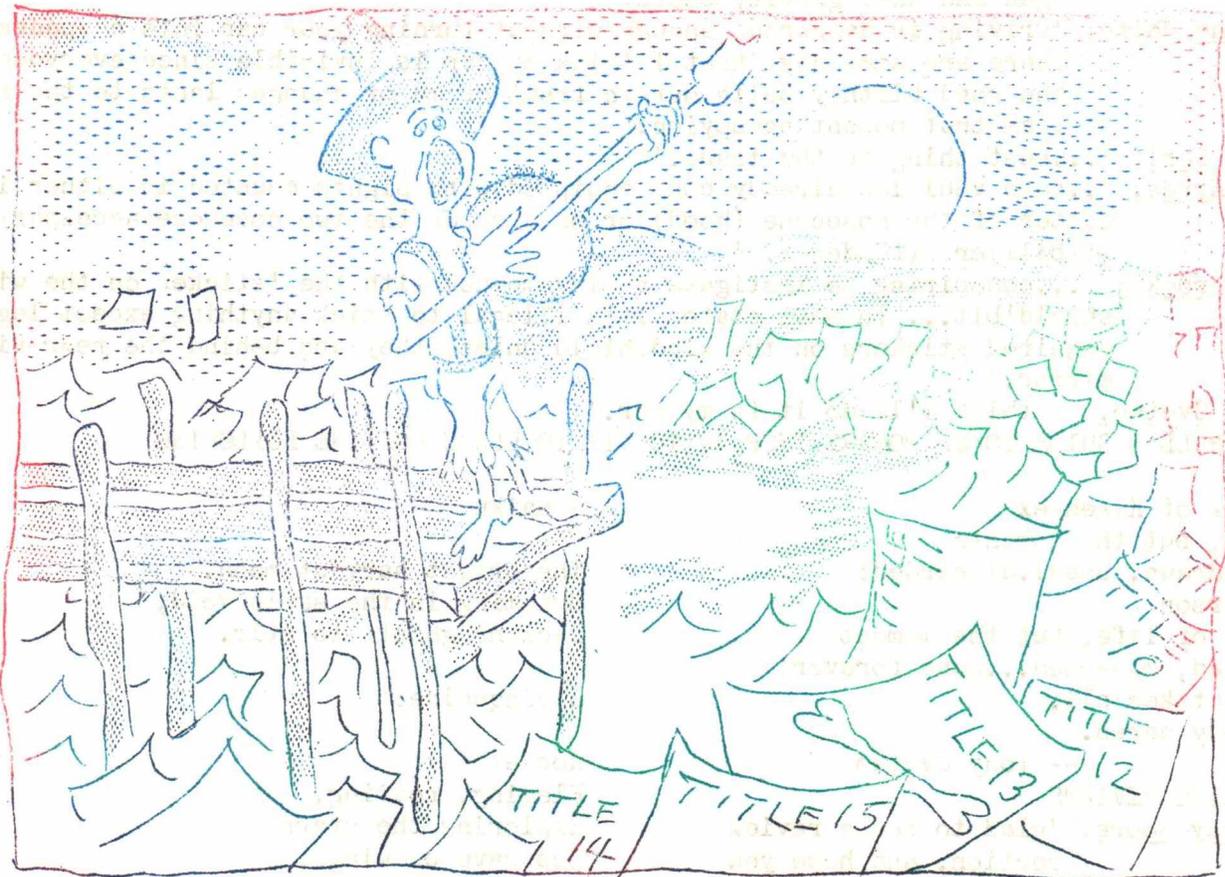
For this being just September 1, TITLE is pretty far along, and will probably be rather thick. Well, that will make up for the thin previous issue.

Have you ever heard of Don Dixon's Spacescapes? He's got a show at my museum for the next three months. I've asked him to send a flyer I can include in TITLE because he has color slide sets of his work for sale. In case he doesn't want to bother, his address is PO Box

723, Rialto, California 92376 and the slides cost 5 for \$3.15, and there are six different sets. His work is photographically "real" in the Bonestell tradition I would say.

Verne O'Brian (whose next STARWORLDS from 1320 Arthur Ave., Las Vegas, Nevada 89101 I am anxiously awaiting) sent the cartoon reproduced in glorious technicolor at the bottom of the page; he says: "This original appeared in a Las Vegas paper as a local situation political cartoon and the chance to doctor it up a 'leettle' was too good to pass up!!"

There may be more added to the flood, which, at the same time, will reduce the thickness of TITLE, I hope. I plan to publish irregularly an ALL-FICTION zine. It will carry just fiction and some sort of 'analytical lab' report on reader's votes, but no locs, long-winded editorials, or articles and such. I hope to illustrate the zine more profusely and with more care than has been evidenced in TITLE. Except for extremely long stories or any that are hopelessly written (in my judgement), I will use any of the sub-genre of the field: fantasy, S&S, hard-core sf, weird & horror, even...ugh...New Wave. For a long time now it has been my opinion that fandom is short of fiction markets as an incentive to graduation to the pros -- if such is a writer's intent. SO...send me stories and art, oh, I forgot, poetry, scenerios, anything else you can think of that's fictionally creative. No publication date has been set, but I will start working and gathering; I have some material from Rick Wilber and yhos, of course. The zine will sell at a reasonable price, like maybe 3/\$1, and won't be sent gratis to those who detest fan fiction anyway. I think I'll send two free copies to each contributor. As yet (August 26) I haven't started thinking about a name for it.



".... but Ole Bone Brazier he jus' keep rollin' along!"

# VECTORS

## SOME MIXED REACTIONS ON TRIO

Mike Glycer: "T 17 is an outstanding issue for the development of 'Trio'"

Jackie Franke: "The trio notion looks workable, though I would have appreciated a more 'serious' group of replies. Perhaps you could manage to select a more balanced group."

Michael T. Shoemaker: "...basic idea of Trio is good, even though the first installment didn't seem to be particularly successful."

Doug Leingang: "TRIO was interesting, but not a fantastic success (but what is?)."

Bill Breiding: "Trio was fantastic! Definitely do it again by all means."

Tony Cvetko: "TRIO wasn't bad. Really. It evoked a chuckle or two. The best was Bruce D. Arthurs little story. A modest piece, to be sure, but not without imagination, insight, depth, (and, anyway, I like pizzas)."

Marci Helms: "Run more trios - they're great!" ((I have responses from Claire Beck and Doug Leingang, but either she didn't send or I misplaced Pauline Palmer's contribution. So maybe no TRIO this issue, unless....))

## TITLE 17'S COVER

Dorothy Jones: "That's a fascinating cover. Who is it?" ((B.D.Arthurs will love you.))

Karen Burgett: "The cover was particularly intriguing. I sat looking at it for a long time, then finally concluded that the guy's helmet was on sideways. He has a nice eye. It reminded me of a daisy, and daisies remind me of super-novae which reminds me of vastness like the ocean, the desert & a grain of sand."

## SINGLE SEATER SPACESHIP

Karen Burgett: "Geat! I always wanted a space ship; now how about a portable spaceray gun and anti-gravity boots?"

Elaine White: "Driving is dangerous enough without turning your car into a spaceship! There are some days that I think my car is invisible since everyone on the road blithly pulls out in front of me or changes lanes to the space I am that moment occupying."

John Carl: "...best thing in the issue."

Don Ayres: "...some vehicles already come equipped with sights mounted in either in the center of the nosecone (hood) or on each of the two nosecone accessory stabilizers (fenders)."

Ned Brooks: "...conspiring to instigate a misdemeanor with the 'sticker on the windshield' bit... In most states it's illegal to stick anything except legally required stickers on the windshield unless they are behind the rear-view mirror."

Tony Cvetko: "I think I'll do it to my car."

## JIM HALL'S GUIDE TO SF POETRY INSPIRATION IS TO BLAME FOR THE FOLLOWING

A box of Kleen-ex  
Full, but the moments  
Withdrawn, used..discarded;  
A person  
Full of life, but the moments  
Wasted, mis-used...gone forever;  
Time takes all.  
Nobody cares.

-- Tony Cvetko

## FANZINE REVIEWS

Murray Moore: "glad to see a review section, and hope you keep it at least semi-regularly. It's the only other one besides Bower's I find at all useful."

A haiku:

The bright harvest moon,  
Swimming in the sable void,  
Beckons ghosts to stir.

A cinquaine:

Rocket  
Flaming, roaring,  
Exploring the stars  
God gave us wings,  
Moon-bound.

-- Malcolm Graham

'I see nothing wrong with unfriendly fanzines; in fact, I edit one.'-- Buck Coulson

|| Loc, Loc ||

|| Who's there? ||

|| Title ||

COMPOSITE COMPOST

Bruce D. Arthurs

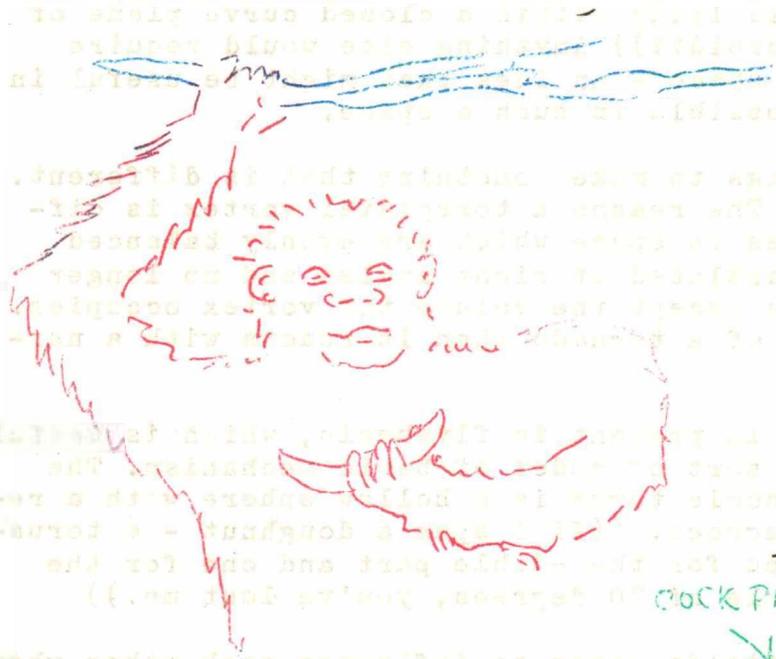
"LOC LOC being yet another in a growing series of plague outbreaks, is brought to you from the typewriter of SP4 Bruce D. Arthurs because he can't resist getting into the act."

MOVIE REVIEW: Barbecue Production's latest thriller, DR. BRAZIER & MR. CAGLE, premiered here last night to a packed audience. (Or perhaps loaded would be a better word.) The movie started out with a bang, as we were shown Cagle burning down the town of Leon, Kansas. From there the plot followed Cagle (despite his attempts to shoo it away and send it back home) to Des Peres, Missouri, where he downed a bottle of an evil-looking reddish liquid (barbecue sauce, I was later told), and, with wild gyrations and flopping about, turned before our very eyes into the mild-mannered pillar of society, Donn Brazier.

As the movie continues, we see that the sauce begins to affect both of the personalities present in one man. They begin to resemble each other more and more. Brazier changes his zine from mostly sercon to one filled with all manner of high-jinks and weird people. Cagle, on the other hand, becomes more ordinary; he gets a haircut. (This scene has a great supporting performance by Ben Indick as the bald-headed man who looks on enviously, then sweeps up the cuttings to make a wig which he proceeds to dye red in barbecue sauce.) I won't reveal the ending, except

to say that the director and producer, Don Ayres and Norm Hochberg, have made an excellent compromise between the old and new wave endings now in vogue. The casting is excellent: Elaine White as Brazier and Tody Kenyon as Cagle. Seth McEvoy & Jay Cornell also have meaty roles as the Brazier twins. I am eagerly awaiting the next Barbecue production, SHAVER MEETS WERTHAM.

Elaine White and Rose Hogue have collaborated on an auto-biography, I WAS A MUSHROOM LOVER



COCK PIT

EXHAUST TUBE



WILD PICKLE CONVERTED INTO A SPACESHIP

"I may be just an ordinary jungle ape, but damnit, I was resuscitating bananas for years before you humans ever thought of it!"

REALITY -- It does have an elusive quality sometimes. Ever dream you were waking up in a different, but similar world - but it is zap! back into this real world? But...the only way to verify this world's reality is that most of one's experiences seem to be in it. And, could such dreaming be a bit of telepathy between similar worlds? Did you ever find something or a few things different in this reality - perhaps only hard to pindown subtle differences? Is that travel between worlds -- have you swapped places with someone almost like you? Or has the reality changed a bit? All one has to go on is memory - there seems to be no way to tell if it is only fantasy. ((I have had this effect briefly and not too often; and it is startling and upsetting; I've placed on the brain, perhaps one tiny chunk, the blame for this sudden feeling, and that's what scares me; I'd rather believe in a parallel universe but I can't.))

The basic thing orthodox physics will need to learn to live with is that space itself is an object and not just a chunk of nothing or hyper vacuum. Space is tangible. It can be made into perceivable forms, electromagnetic waves and common matter. The basic resource to make anything is available everywhere in the cosmos. -- which brings up Contraptions.

They are a model of the basic mechanism for making things out of plain space, and the mechanism for the stable states of matter and its operation. Basically, the torroidial vortex is the only device that differs only from the medium it exists in only by its internal direction of motion and velocity. ((I have just had to refer to the dictionary-- a toroid -one 'r' - is a surface generated by the rotation of a plane closed curve about an axis lying in its plane. I imagine, then, that a tornado spinning about an axis lying within a closed curve plane of inconstant shape, would be a toroid?)) Anything else would require two kinds of space in the same space - an idea that might be useful in sf - and a lot more would be possible in such a space.

Basically, it requires two things to make something that is different. The object and something else. The reason a torroidial vortex is different is that the normal forces in space which are evenly balanced converging vs diverging are translated at right angles and no longer act for any other part of space except the volume the vortex occupies. ((Thus explaining the violence of a tornado when it reacts with a normal house??))

The same translation of forces is present in flywheels, which is useful in gyroscopes. Flywheels are a sort of model of basic mechanism. The topological equivalent of a dynamic torus is a hollow sphere with a re-entrant angle of close to 70 degrees. ((If I spun a doughnut - a torus- would I not see TWO spheres, one for the edible part and one for the hole? As for the re-entrant angle of 70 degrees, you've lost me.))

At close proximities magnetic fields cease to influence each other when they are in parallel -- once used to eliminate undesirable coupling between coils in antique radios. So atomic particles can be globular, as can ball lightning. I'm not sure, but I have an inkling that ball lightning is a macro atomic particle based on imbalance of space characteristic towards divergence. Convergent stable configurations are, of course, common matter. ((Could the whole expanding universe be an example of divergent matter composed of convergent matter?))

REALITY AND CONTRAPTIONS (continued)

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This is an awful idea to spring on an unsuspecting world, but space is immobile. ((I once had the idea & printed in 1940 that our once immobile universe was in the shape of a doughnut; a migrating galaxy in the form of a twisted cruller entered our galaxy's doughnuthole and thereby set up a spin - a model device seen in the little flying propellor that is spun by pushing it up a twisted column. So the suddenly spinning doughnut galaxy spun off icing to form the galaxy 'arms' in a spiral form.))

We are always in the same identical space. I have an optical device that proves that statement - it works on the principle of matrix images. It can identify any point in space and locate it again accurately from any other place in space. It is a difficult idea to make clear, but dual relativity works by the fact that all tangibles always can move 'side-ways' without affecting space itself by that motion. The sideways motion can be in any direction or angle in space. Or, tangibles have their own space that always maintains a fixed relation to all of the space in the universe. A complete model of a torroidial vortex (like a hula hoop) is locked up and inoperative. But any sector of it is operable. It needs an axle doe the physical model to maintain shape, otherwise a contrap-tion would be very tedious to twirl. The basic parameter of the basic mechanism ((the one Bill sent me)) is  $1/4$  of a torroidial vortex. It has an inherent mechanical ratio of 0-1. The crank shaped and S shaped contraptions are actually two contraptions in series, but since the second curve is reversed, the second half operates in reverse.

A complete wheel: is a roller between two planes (they do not have to be parallel, but that would require an uncommon wheel). Some hay bailers work on that principle. There are some uses for the double plane in common machinery - double rack & pinion gearing etc. but mostly wheels operate minus a real second flat plane. Fill in those around a contrap-tion and you have the 'phantom' parts, which with a contraption out-number the tangible parts. The 'phantom' parts are very essential, other-wise it would not be physically possible for them to added with real mechanism.

It is possible and practical to consolidate all possible (N in number) external planes of tangency to the cylinder of the vortex. That is not a replacement for them, but an added part since the function of the external tangent planes remains in a sector of a vortex with an axle. The axle of a vortex is more commonly known as 'the thread of a vortex', and as far as I have seen, there seems to be no explanation of it in ortho-dox physics writings. As with much of that literature, things are 'just there'. Of course, I'm not immune to that hangup - having figured out the characteristics of space and what's in it, I don't even have an ink-ling of what space itself really is, or how it came to be. Maybe I will have some viable ideas sometime, but with such a simple but difficult subject, probably not.

*GREENIES RIOT!!! (unsigned)*

*Today a riot erupted at Dumkopf & Sons alcoholic beveragerateria. Several oak trees, indignant at recent discrimination shown to fruit plants resorted to violence after attorney J.Q. Juniper was denied access to the district judge. Eyewitnesses claim lesser herbs were also present.*

*However, loyal employees refused to participate in the violence. One heroic herb became firmly entrenched at the doorway to the wine cellar- fending off would-be looters. Said herb thwarted all attempts to get past him by throw-ing stones & other well placed missiles - proving a pitchin' thyme saves wine!*

by Roger D. Sween

Secret or hidden identities, hoaxes and ghosts are no strangers to science fiction or to fandom. But few have carried on such a masquerade as has Everette Howard Hunt. What prompted him to hide his true authorship is not clear. Whether it was simply to provide avenues for different genres or publishers for a too prolific writer, or whether it was to shelter his government activities or because of a pervasive paranoia remains to be learned.

Hunt began his fiction career with East of Farewell (1942), a novel stemming from his World War II Navy experience. It was well received and caused one reviewer to claim, "You have a right to hope that the author, after victory is won, will give us the full benefit of his really exceptional story-telling talent."

Limit of Darkness (1944) about a group of U.S. aviators on a tropical island was praised for its close-in observation, but Stranger in Town (1947) about a returned veteran fared poorly, branded as "sordid" and "too glib".

Maelstrom (1948) and Bimini Run (1949) were panned as cheap melodrama. "Standard thriller romance," said the New York Herald; "lifeless and unexciting," replied the Times. Bimini Run was sold, however,



river gafia BRd

to Warner Brothers for \$35,000.

Although Hunt's novels had hit bottom in the critical world, he continued writing both as Hunt and under a variety of pseudonyms. In 1954 alone he published as Robert Dietrich, The Cheat; as Gordon Davis, I Came to Kill; and as John Baxter, A Foreign Affair. His public biography in Who's Who in America, 1962-63, hides these pseudonyms; it also hides that he had been since 1950 an agent for the CIA. Can you picture him jetting about the world on secret missions, scribbling away on a whole series of detective and spy novels for the paperback market?

So cagey was Hunt that two of his aliases appear in Contemporary Authors as separate identities. As Robert Salisbury Dietrich, ten years younger than his true self, he admitted to being the pseudonymous Gordon Davis. Several clues were dropped, rather tongue-in-cheek, I would say. His birthday is the same day, October 9, and the names of his parents are accurate to a point -- Everette Howard and Ethel Jean (Totterdale) Dietrich instead of Howard. He puts himself in the Korean War instead of the big one, awarding himself a Bronze Star; he is pictured as a former IRS agent, currently in private legal practice (formerly a CPA) and belonging to the best clubs in the District. Avocational interests: sailing, shooting, riding. Real he-man stuff.

By the Who's Who in America of 1968-69, Hunt had admitted his three aliases, totaling a canon of 42 novels. But his efforts had not been without some bibliographic muddling. Who Done It (1969), the major bibliography of crime and detective novels, lists

Howard Hunt as the pen name of Robert Dietrich and not the reverse. More troublesome was the attribution by the Library of Congress in 1969 and 1970 of the books of John Baxter (the Australian author, born 1939) to Howard Hunt since Hunt had earlier used the same name. Baxter's The Off Worlders, an Ace Double, 1966, was cataloged by LC as Hunt's. Science Fiction in the Cinema and Hollywood in the Thirties were credited to Hunt, errors that were corrected in the revised cards appearing in the 1971 National Union Catalog. But doubtless the damage has been done and LC's errors have been perpetrated in secondary bibliographies.

Still, it was not until Watergate that yet another identity was uncovered. Hunt was discovered to also be David St. John, the author of a series of CIA novels, starring agent Peter Ward. Both Contemporary Authors and Who Done It attest that St. John is a separate writer. The data in the former is brief: married, children, A.B. degree, residing in France, a former CIA agent, now retired to devote full time to writing professionally.

Hunt, however, was still a CIA agent until 1970, quitting, he claims, because his career had been at a standstill since the Bay of Pigs fiasco. Briefly out of the government, he was brought back as a special consultant to the President in 1971 in order to stop disastrous leaks from the White House -- an agent in Asia had been killed. What followed in 1972 has been called Watergate.

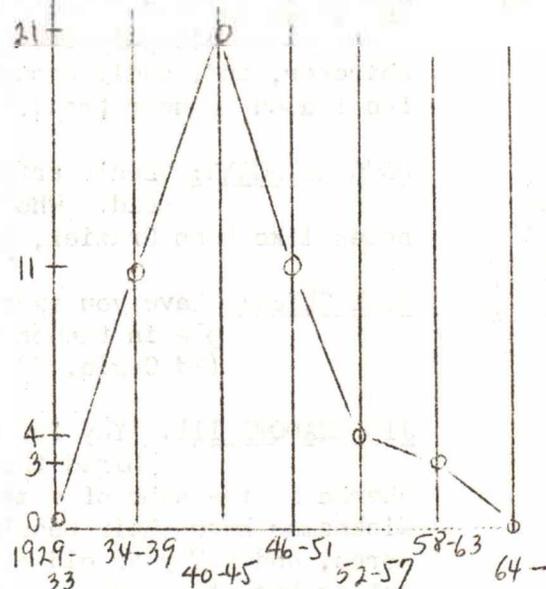
The chance to reassess Hunt's novels in the light of his own biography now presents itself. Half a dozen publishers are rushing through paperback reprints of his books. The St. John novels, especially -- the latest phase of Hunt's writing -- should provide an article or two as we compare Peter Ward against James Bond.

END

((Seeing a bunch of them on the newsstand today, I passed them by to grab Robert Bloch's Night World; I'm sure I won't be sorry. Just three pages into Bob's novel I find: "My horoscope tells me not to believe in astrology." Also: "Ornithology is for the birds" and "Pornography makes strange bedfellows." And 2 pages later describing LA, Bob says: "On a clear day you can see your eye doctor."))

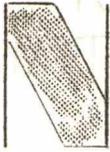
# MY FAVORITE 50 SF STORIES OF ALL TIME

from Michael T. Shoemaker



The graph shows why the Golden Age was Golden. Stories are not in order.....

- del Rey Nerves & Day is Done
- Campbell Forgetfulness, Who Goes There, & Atomic Power & Twilight
- Kuttner Gallagher series, The Twonkey, A Wild Surmise, & Dreams End
- Kuttner & Moore Vintage Season & The Children's Hour
- VanVogt Space Beagle series, Asylum, The Search, & The Monster
- Russell Jay Score series, The Witness, & Now Inhale
- Russell & Hugi Mechanical Mice
- Bates Farewell to the Master, Alas All Thinking & Death of a Sensitive
- Heinlein By His Boosteps, The Roads Must Roll & Universe
- Sturgeon Maturity, Killdozer, & Microcosmic God
- Tenn Child's Play & Brooklyn Project
- Simak The Big Front Yard, City series, The Creator
- Weinbaum A Martian Odyssey & The Adaptive Ultimate
- Leinster First Contact, The Leader,
- Asimov Nightfall
- Rocklynne Quietus ((Oh yes yes!))
- Williams Robot's Return
- Sheckley Watchbird
- Pohl Tunnel under the World
- Clarke Rescue Party
- Williamson With Folded Hands
- Wyndham Exiles on Asperus
- Harness The New Reality
- Guin Beyond Bedlam
- Bester 5,271,009
- Blish Surface Tension



ROBERT SMOOT: "Ben Indick notes names of interest, I see. I and some friends tried our names spelled backwards, seeing how they sounded. I'm Tooms Trebor, which isn't too bad. My favorite is Yebor Ydnar (ye' bor yid' nar)."

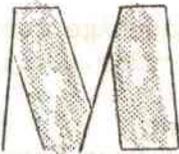
NED BROOKS: "Good article by Indick! I rather like Nictzin Dyalhis (an old pulp writer), Beroaldus Cosmopolita (an Arthur Machen character, and, oddly enough, a local fan), and Christopher Ng (a Bode fan I used to hear from)."

DOUG LEINGANG: "Ben's article on names is interesting, what else can be said? Who'd think there would be people with strange names like Donn Brazier, Ben Indick, and Ed Cagle?"



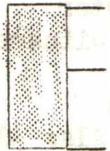
MIKE GLYER: "Have you ever stopped to wonder why the most putrid people in fandom all seem to have "Ed" for their given name? (Ed Cagle, Ed Buchman, Editor Ted White, etc...)"

JIM MEADOWS III: "Yay for Ben Indick. Names are cool. I've always admired the name Leo myself. Rabindranath Eugene Ramcheran is the name of a man from the village now in the Air Force. Nicknames have their beauty. There is a boy around here called Moose Zorno, and a 7 year old girl named Jennifer Trosen, who for some reason dating back to infancy is always called Foo (fannish spelling Fhoo)."

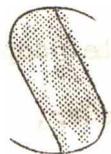


BILL "SWAMPY" MARSH: "Names. There is a lot in names. It would be inspirational to me to have a more poetic and romantic sounding name than my unimaginative and drab cognomen. I'd fancy something like Raphael Boldini or Maurice Valiant or Marmaduke Forsythe. Dom De Barbecue is rather swingy. In general, I find English names sort of blah, far less appealing than Latin names which seem so much more vital and personality-laden."

DAVE SZUREK: "Indick want more weird names? EVEN, a boy, BEAUTY, a burly super-tough black man, CARNAL, NONNIE, BARBARA (for a male?), CRESCENT, STAR, MARS, BRANDY, and CHRISTMAS. I knew a family that named its boys John and Johnathon and its girl Johnny. A rather odd aunt of mine named her daughter KIMBERLY and used CLARK as her middle name. ((Off a box of Kleenex?)) A friend told me a woman filled out an application blank with the name FANNY WHOLE." ((Dave has a lot more and I suggest that Ben write to him.))



ROY TACKETT: "The Albq phone book lists a physician named, appropriately, Dr. Moneymaker. Yes. According to Guinness' the longest personal name is hung on a chap in Philadelphia. He is more commonly known as Hubert Blaine Wolfe #590, Sr." ((I refer Ben and anyone else to either Guinness' record book or Roy for the name that occupies two inches, single spaced, in Roy's letter.))



ED LESKO, Jr.: "Ben's article reminded me of my dear friends Pete Moss, Manuel Labor, and Chuck Wagon, brave friends and true. I can remember that a friend and I made a huge list of such word-play names, but it has since been lost. Sob."

((When I was in high school I used to make up romantic-sounding names which I envisioned on the drum which would be part of my band - a dream I never really had come true. Names like DON CARLOS -- the only one I can remember. My actual name, DONN, was stolen by my mother from a story she was reading in COSMOPOLITAN by one Donn Byrne. BRAZIER gave me all sorts of trouble when the teacher would call me Brahz-ear. How, ever since the popularity of the barbecue I'm getting along fine!))

# NAMES

MATTER by Richard S. Shaver

Ben Indick's "Names" interested me because I have had such a lot of long nights spent meditating on WHY names influence occurrences and HOW they cause events and characters. One could prophesy rather closely the course of a person's life just by using the NAME to figure it from. About the most dramatic instance of this is the fate of the Church called "The Pillar of Fire" which became a pillar of fire literally when a passenger plane with some 200 souls aboard plunged into it nose first and exploded...

Now.. to understand WHY names influence a person.. one has to KNOW about the caverns and the ancience ro-mech which was built-in permanently all around our planet...and which operate on brain waves somewhat like a telephone central operates on electric impulses. These ro-mech ONCE operated all the life on earth in a pre-determined behaviour pattern most beneficially figured to be the best possible for all concerned.. and they worked. BUT, after moon falls destroyed the surface edifices and most of the people..and buried entrances and exits under sea-bottom mud.. the ro-mech haven't been serviced and the mud hardened into rock and nobody even knows where most of them are, buried in solid rock.

Anyway... NAMES influence behaviour, through the ro-mechs' somewhat tenuous control still exercised on people and events... and a Richard will be a quite different and bolder individual than a Thomas.. The "Name" thing is most interesting to observe once you catch on that the ro-mech has no particular romantic interest in life other than to order it "properly" according to some long dead concept in the builder's mind ...what we would call the "programmer" of the computer. Knowing about them, one can forsee a girl named Juliet committing suicide inevitably ... and the one named Romeo butterflying from girl to girl...without Shakespeare to set the pattern. (Oh, so Romeo died in the play...but in life he doesn't.. he butterflys from romance to romance.) The ro-mech have been responsible for the ever recurrent crusades beginning in Germany and sweeping over Europe. The Germanic onslaught is as inevitable and predictable as the monsoon... I note in the sequel to MORNING OF THE MAGICIANS the authors state something about "mankind is in contact with mechanized intelligences".. as something new after I've been saying so for 30 years. NOT KNOWING about things like real ro-mech on our own ancient planet is WHY I hate fen..they don't know, even after you tell them.

To NAME a child was a grave responsibility when people KNEW about the ro-mech guiding their lives..and had to be figured out with endless computations based on the planet positions at time of birth..the original science of astrology was no fool's play.. coupled with the set-up of the computer ro-mech programming for the NAME...

One can deduce that a man named Edison will be interested in science.. because it happened that way. But what one wants to know is why did his name help and how much did it open the way to his success... Some of this can be figured out, knowing the meaning of the syllables.. if one uses the Elder Alphabet. What we do when we name kids is key them into the ro-mech UN-KNOWING the consequences. The Indians had the right of it..never name the kid..let him find his own name in his own dreams.. then at least his fate will be on his own head!



((NOTE: This piece had no name attached, but since the page was illustrated in what could only be called characteristic, .....

PUBLISHED IRREGULARLY (i.e. VERY ERRATICALLY or WITH THE HELP OF MILK OF MAGNESIA) by The Order of the Beanie. NOT AVAILABLE.

It has come to our attention that Fandumb may be in serious jeopardy. To what else has our attention been turned, than the epistle delivery service (translation - post office).

In the near future, agents of said service are going armed and loaded for b'ar. The Order of the Beanie felt impelled to warn Fandumb at large (small and in-between) that

while these licenses to shoot down innocent (???) fans at will (if they're over at his place again, they deserve to be shot down) are legal, the whole giant plann for subverting this action has been set in motion (that means watch it buster!).

One last word of note for fans who may be availing themselves of the posting service in order to speed their golden works of prose into other homes of Fandumb (you are implicating the addressee - remember that when you mail the next issue of your zine). Contrary to poular belief -- the post office CAN read. (Disclaimer - the publisher of this small paper would like to go on record as having NO feud whatsoever with the described service. On the contrary (and to be contrary) all service to said publisher has been courteous and prompt)

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NEWS -- Today a record in viciousness in animal behavior was set on Stirop #2. There, biologists are working and studying the native Fling-beast. It has been determined that these animals, while completely adapted to the wilds of Stirop, are completely unable to cope with artificial edifices. The research herd of 22 individuals, one grown/groan bull, two beige cows and 19 vari-colored calves of undetermined ages. It was soon discovered that when in contact with slippery piled-high asterated liquified tufts (ASPHALT), the horny growths on the bull's legs and feet began a rapid process of deterioration. The immediate decision was to apply some sort of protective covering to the affected areas until a study of the process could be made.

A Fling, under absolutely NO circumstances, enjoys or willingly undergoes contact with human beings. Thus, after hospitalization of most of the team, and as a last resort, Special Officer Bob was called in. He requested several used pairs of combat boots, two plasti-wood 2'x4's, a sturdy glun, and a pair of leather gloves.

Twenty minutes later SoBob left the enclosure -- obviously successful. When asked for a statement, he replied -----

"He's a far far battered Fling I shoe than I have ever gluned before."

LETTER FROM RANGOON, BURMA

----- from  
July 31 ----- Sean Summers

Rangoon hasn't changed much in the time I was gone. Of course that's understandable; it is probably the most isolationist, xenophobic country in the world, barring only Yeman and Bhutan. If Burma had the money, they'd thumb their noses at the world and pull themselves back into the 16th Century.

The place has maintained its British air despite the 25 years of independence. There is still very little to do here; travelers can only get a seven day visa, but that is about all they need to see the country (the parts they are allowed to see). I will be going upcountry in a short while myself. You can no longer go by car, as you could when I was last here. It seems the rebels are getting a little more rambunctious and tend to snipe at the cars and even the trains, which used to provide a wonderfully fantastic trip through the countryside. They have even blown up some of the Electricity Pylons and put much of Rangoon in darkness.

This trip I got to visit Nepal, the Little Kingdom in the Sky. With the exception of Ceylon, I have been able to visit all the places I wanted to. On the way home (and to Torcon) I will be stopping in India, but I didn't really want that. Nepal is picturesque and not ruined by tourists so far. All hills and mountains, with the exception of the Southern Swamplands. The capitol, Kathmandu, sits in the middle of a huge valley, almost like a crater, surrounded by mountain peaks from 5 to 9 thousand ft. I arrived in the wrong time of year, the monsoon and the rainy season.

The country is one of the few that seems really foreign. All the big cities of India, Burma, Thailand, Malaysia have adopted Western models. Kathmandu has only a few Western-type buildings. Their most prominent feature is the grass, shrubbery and even small trees that grow from the roof of almost every building. Most homes have a better lawn on the roof than on the ground. They use unfired brick and the growing things do not bother them.

For over 400 years Nepal has had absolute rulers of two sorts: the Kings and the

Ranas (prime ministers who took over and held the royal family in house arrest for some 200 years). Both of them took tax money from the people and used it as they saw fit. Some houses exist that run four or five blocks. One palace has a room with solid gold walls valued at over \$400,000.

A favorite pasttime of foreigners in Nepal is Trekking. This is walking over the countryside, up and down the mountains. In the south there is a hotel called Tiger Tops, situated in the tops of trees where one can stay and watch tigers, rhinoceroses, buffalo and other wild animals pass directly beneath the room.

The people are really friendly. English is not so widely spoken. Nepal is no longer the 'Mecca of Dopers' because the govt. made marijuana goods illegal. Upon talking to an Embassy official I found out why. The USA gave them 79 million dollars with the string attached that they stop the Hashish trade. Whatever your views this is sad. The travelling Holy Men, called Sadhus, do nothing but smoke hashish as an act of worshipping Shiva.

Most foreign residents are French, English, or German, but I met two Poles, a Hungarian, a Dakota Sioux Indian, one Italian, a girl from New York, and someone from Austin, Texas and we knew some of the same people!

Nepal is a Hindu country so cows roam at will, though the people try to keep them off the streets. It is still one of the filthiest places I ever visited. Cow dung all over, and no clean water. The thought of the many interesting diseases I could catch there made me paranoid.

The sun sends a rainbow of colours out that hits the many layers of clouds and paints a lovely surreal painting in the atmosphere. All the while the sun sinks lower and the shades change, as does the shape of the clouds. It differs from Rangoon where the nearly ever-present cloud cover brings gloomy diffuse light.

Well, this has turned into more of a Nepal travelogue than a LoC. ((Amazing the alien sights yet to be seen on Terra!))

BY AZATHOTH! Now you're printing New Wave, Donn? What's this 'Madona Vampira'? Hell, if yer gonna print it, I may as well write it. To whit:

GREEN WILDPYCKLES OF BLUE MOONLIGHT

by ye Lord Jim Khennedy

Aardvarks. Zeppelins. Slowly the amorphous green mass rose from the muddy Kansas soil. A wildpickle! Running in terror, Barbek the Inflamed. Dr. Splrfsk puts the pickle on yesterday's newspaper and slowly rolls a joint. The aardvark's deadly snout shoots out, grabbing John Coltrane by the ankle. He hits it wyth his sax, and the zeppelin bursts into flame. In the flickering light it casts as it drops to the ground, a boy and his dog. Barbek stops, the ruins of a still smoldering zeppelin blocking his path. Then comes that-who-he-flees, the short man in black cape and fedora! His cruelly curved scimitar glitters in moonlight blue. "I hate ELEZABETH RUBENSTEIN!" he cries. Startled from his sleep, Splrfsk looks up. Hovering over him, Big Grass Brother, protector of lawns and wildpickles! In gleeful insanity, the wizard Kay-gull cries, "You eat them, idiot!" And then the aardvark gets him. Barbek calmly puffs a cigar. "Asparagus droppings," he explains. And then the scimitar licks out, catching the

END

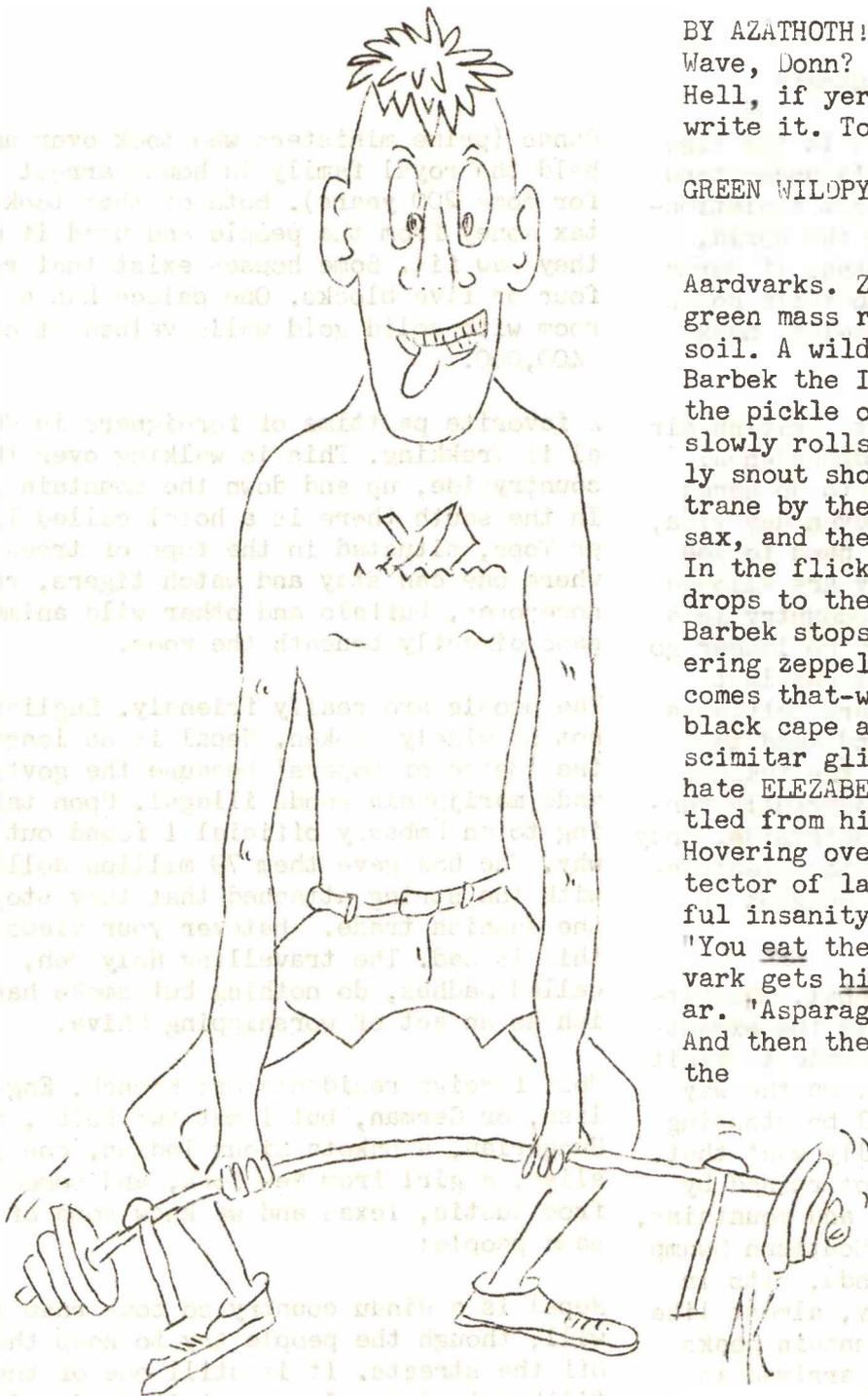
"Didn't you like it better when I wrote old wave putridity?' So asks Lord Jim and I reply: "NO". For I am, if nothing else, a new-wave freak!

Ole Swampy Bill Marsh says: "Adrian Clair's 'Madona Vampira' left me pounding my head. This short-short would have been a perfect filler for some future DANGEROUS VISIONS." ((Remember, you read it here first!))

Karen Burgett says: "Adrian Clair was at first bewildering, but when I ceased trying to make sense out of it, it kind of struck me. It left me with mixed feelings of mystery, beauty, and STRANGE. It had no logic, true, but it made for nice reading of the relaxed contemplative sort."

Bruce D. Arthurs causes me to cash in my war bonds, with: "Adrian Clair is weird! It reminds me of the half-awake random thoughts and images in the mornings that combine to form things similar to 'Madona Vampira'. Unfortunately, I'm usually unable to remember them when I come fully awake. Anyway, I liked it."

"I know a lady who claims all the moon-landings were staged in a barn in Missouri. She thinks the moon is too small to land on. Oh, well...." -- Malcolm Graham



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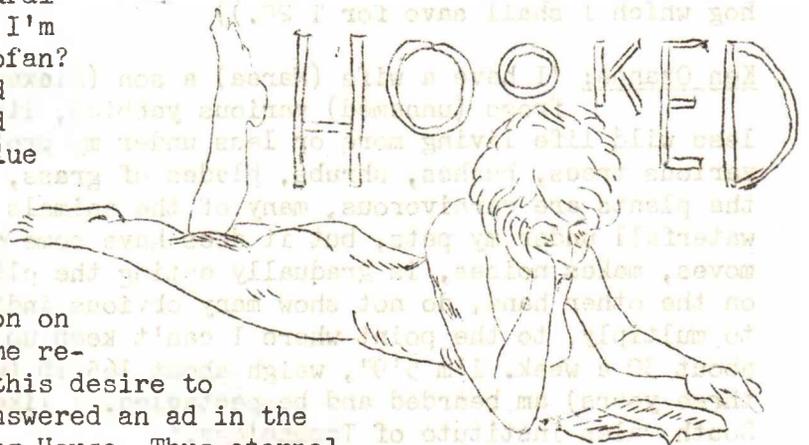
Jackie Franke: "How can so many fans associate reading about paleontology and/or comic book reading with SF? Cripes, I was hooked on dinosaurs, ancient Egypt/Babylonia/Syria books in fourth grade..but still had not encountered SF. I never read Juveniles either... ((Reinforcing my theory gradually taking shape that sf fans were predisposed toward romantic imaginings before SF.)) I didn't run across any until my late teens or early twenties, and then they never grabbed me at all. ((Note to my theory: early predisposition must be quickly nurtured before late teen & early twenties wipe out romance of wild ideas.)) F&SF was the only prozine I saw (bought a sub for my dad in 1952) though I was then reading Heinlein, Leinster, and the Conklin anthologies. As good as F&SF has been, it ignores fandom. Recall a brief mention about the Worldcon in Chgo in 62, but as I had no idea how one went about attending a con (thought it was for members of clubs, etc. didn't realize anyone could go!) I made no attempt to go. When I think of all the opportunities to contact fandom that passed by I get very frustrated..but better late than never. I made contact with a kid in a nearby town who put up notices protesting the cancellation of Star Trek in supermarkets in 1969 and got involved with ST-fandom until I stencilled an article by Liz Fishman for a clubzine and heard about general SF fandom from her...she put me onto LOCUS and YANDRO and I began writing Buck Coulson in Feb.'70. He and Juanita stopped by the house on one of their trips, and I liked them both and found them so blasted interesting as persons that I decided to attend PeCon II the next month (April '71)..and that was that. I'm still in a state of bewildered fascination..."

Marci Helms: 'Dad used to use friendly aliens from Mars and Venus in our (my sister and I) bedtime stories as a sort of 'deus ex machina'. As soon as I learned to read I began to search out 'space' stories, as I called them then, but I didn't really get hooked 'til I was in 5th grade and discovered the Public Library and Heinlein. In high school I discovered fandom through some members of the Tolkien Society who were also sf fans. Immediately I was hooked on fandom, but in a rather passive way. I read a lot of fanzines, etc., but wrote little. Most of the time I spent writing for the various club organs of the Neo-Numenoreans and the Eldila - two fantasy oriented groups. Through N-N I met Phil." ((Her husband.))

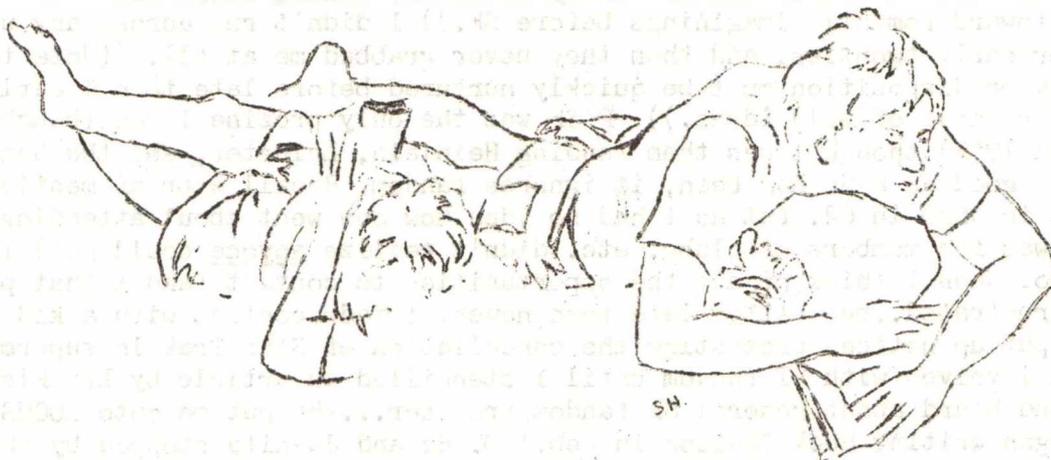
Roy Tackett: "Hooked? I think I was born into it. My dad was a stf reader and the old pulpzines and ERB books were there as far back as I can drive my recollection. But there has to be, I think, something else also because the situation also applies to my two daughters. The older has no interest whatsoever in the field and the younger is only marginally interested."

Karen Burgett: "My experience is similar to Tony Cvetko's; around 4th grade mythology was also my favorite, but instead of going right into SF, I was introduced to and became interested in archeology, astronomy, space travel, anthropology, and finally SF in 5th or 6th grade. When I told my 6th gd. teacher I wanted to write the stuff 'when I grew up', he laughed at me. I didn't have too much choice in the SF I read. Our school library in rural Michigan had about 10 SF books. If I'm a neofan does that make you a paleofan? Or mesofan? Obviously the name 'Old Bone' so reverently ((??)) bestowed upon you is a highly significant clue to this inquiry."

Bill Marsh: 'I was in my late thirties before I achieved that state of concentration on and interest in sf that is the prime requisite of fanhood. Finally I had this desire to discuss sf with others. In '67 I answered an ad in the late Seth Johnson's Fanzine Clearing House. Thus eternal damnation descended.'



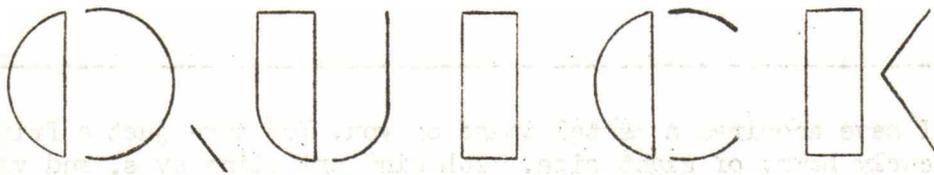
CHRIS HULSE explains the drawing below: "...the person reading is of me -- two images superimposed you might say; not two people reading." The drawing was directly on stencil by his wife, Shari.



Loren MacGregor: "I'm 23, just, have worked as a carpenter, apprentice electrician, printer's devil, movie projectionist, blueprinter, cookware salesman, encyclopedia salesman (but not for long!), bookseller, orderly, electrocardiogram technician, stock clerk, and my current job of respiratory therapist. Somewhere in the middle I enlisted in the Air Force; they accepted me, but discharged me 39 hours later, for reasons too varied and complex to explain." ((Then follows a long and perceptively comic description of Loren's very short experience as an encyclopedia salesman. I shall run it as a page in T 20.)) "I sympathize with Ed Cagle's hairy troubles. I recently shed ten pounds and six or seven inches of hair, also. With much trepidation. Anyway, all my hats now fit, so I guess it was worth it. It also prompted me to lose sixteen pounds of flesh, so now I'm a thin fan rather than a fat fan. Isn't science wonderful. You didn't think I was drinking grapefruit juice out of love, did you? ((I love grapefruit juice as a welcome sweet from pickle juice.))

Pvt. Joseph M. Woodard: "I am now permanent party at Fort Carson, Colorado. I was trained for Textile Repair, so what do you think they are going to have me doing? They have me assigned to a 2 $\frac{1}{4}$  ton truck as a driver. I have never driven a motor vehicle in my life! I am one very worried fellow." ((If I hadn't cashed in my war bonds already, I would now.)) "I turned 20 on the 28th day of June. Pikes Peak is visible from the post; they tell me it's about 30 miles away. On the 25th of August my company is going to 'climb' it. Since we are going up by road, it can't be properly called 'climbing', but it is some walk. The guards here are armed with shotguns. I fired a shotgun for the first time in my life out on the firing range." ((There follows a 'Cagle-ish' account of his dad's problems with a very sick hog which I shall save for T 20.))

Ken Ozanne: "I have a wife (Marea) a son (Alexander) a cat (Clotilde) several million frogs (unnamed) various yabbies, lizards, snakes, birds and other more or less wild life living more or less under my protection. ((What's 'yabbies'??)) Also various trees, bushes, shrubs, blades of grass, lichens and what have you. Some of the plants are carnivorous, many of the animals are. I probably shouldn't include my waterfall under my pets, but it does have some of the characteristics of life -- it moves, makes noises, is gradually eating the cliff face down which it falls. My books, on the other hand, do not show many obvious indications of life. But they do appear to multiply, to the point where I can't keep up with reading the increase. And I read about 30 a week. I'm 5'9", weigh about 165 lb (which has been reached from 210 over three years) am bearded and bespectacled. I like many things. I teach math at the New South Wales Institute of Technology."



QUOTES

HARRY WARNER Jr.: "...nowadays almost every potential writer of science fiction gets acquainted with his favorite pros at conventions or by hearing them talk at high school or college programs, gets expert instruction on how to write the kind of fiction editors are currently buying, and how many will have the courage to write what they want to write, thereby putting their real selves into their fiction?"

DAVE LOCKE: "I don't know why Bill Marsh is concerned about coming up with an alternative name for your fanzine. Just on your own you've already come up with 18 Titles."

ERIC LINDSAY: "Actually I'm not against hunting, but I do think that it is unfair. If you can get at the animal, then logically it should be able to get at you, and have a 50/50 chance of killing the hunter. But I guess I don't understand the sportsmanlike way of doing things."

ROBERT J. WHITAKER: 'i had a strange dream in which someone told me a joke, and i started to laugh. i laughed so loud it woke me up, and my sides hurt. and damnitall! i forgot the joke!"

MURRAY MOORE: "Here's a clipping which should be instantly understood by all faneds. 'Deadly Drink. Antwerp (AP) - One Soviet merchant sailor died and two were in hospital after they ran out of booze and began drinking fluid used in duplicating machines, police said.' They might have been better off drinking corflu; at the worst they would have been only constipated." ((Corflu is that colored correction fluid that stops up holes in stencils so the editor can retype over his former typos))

BUCK COULSON: "Cagle says he looks revoltingly normal. I have no quarrel with the revolting part; I've never met him, so he's obviously a better judge of his appearance than I am. But what constitutes 'normal', particularly in hair styling, which is what he particularly mentioned? In my very conservative office, about half the men have what used to be called 'normal' cuts; ray flannel suit type. The other half ranges from the Glenn Campbell-Country-and-Western-Medium-Long to shoulder length. About the only way to be abnormal these days is to get a burr cut (which I would do, just for the hell of it, except that I never liked them)."

MILTON STEVENS: "War does bring forth certain human qualities which are admirable. At the same time, bullshit is forever."

DENIS QUANE: "I just wrote a loc to Ed Cagle, half-serious, which might be subtitled 'Why I am not, and never will be, a fan.' I do appreciate, and am amazed at the amount of work you & other fanzine editors do - it's other aspects of fandom which put me off a little." ((How is a 'fan' defined? By your replies to TITLE, I classify you as a fan. Wonder what other aspects you refer to? I smell an article there, and would like to see you write something for me, if you can be specific without naming names, if that's part of it.))

LOAY HALL: "Poetry without emotion is dry; poetry without thought is meaningless."

ED CAGLE: "Glad to receive T, you old rascal. ((Aug.31)) It injected a note of order in what has become a very disorderly life these last few weeks. If Tody Kenyon meant to inquire if I am a kookie, rather than a 'cookie', she's correct. If she meant cookie, as a pastry, I am more of a raw beefsteak. Bolduc's line about 'Gies' coupled with 'antisemantic' was a gem, as I read it. Take it as a typical John Bangsund line and it becomes quite clear."

QUIK QUOTZ (continued)

---

MICHAEL GORRA: "Somehow I have acquired a mental image of you. You have just a fringe of white curly hair, of giant size, with kind crinkling eyes, and you smile benevolently upon the world as you float serenely above it showering blessings upon its people. Say it isn't so." ((The crinkling is partly right.))

JOHN CARL: "We just had our car repaired, and for a few days afterward we had a little trouble starting it. So we took it back to see what was wrong. We had been given the wrong key!" ((Just a little trouble?))

WILLIAM WILSON GOODSON, Jr.: "Title works hard at not being about anything specific." ((Wrong. Duke Ellington says, in part: 'Everyone is so alone - the basic, essential state of humankind. The built-in answer to that feeling of aloneness is communication.' That's what TITLE is specific about.))

TOM MULLEN: "Doesn't evolution run contrary to the second law of thermodynamics? Energy systems degenerate, constantly losing energy and becoming simpler, the final state of the universe being one of more or less chaos. Yet the whole idea of the evolution of life is that we started out with chaos and wound up with very sophisticated lifeforms. Something strange is going on here. I don't see how the two can coexist." ((Life is wonderful! How this all came about is, indeed, a mystery and one, I am sure, has been debated on many levels.))

JODIE OFFUTT: "I love cons and the contacts. They're like ripples in a pond -- new ones coming all the time and old ones getting bigger. The secret to the success of cons -- never enough time. I always come home wishing I'd had more time to be with somebody. There is always someone new to discover -- sometimes it is someone you've met, but just barely, and you have a good solid get-to-know-you conversation. Or you talk to somebody you've never met for a while and you come home thinking, 'I hope I run into him/her at another con so we can talk some more.' Or, there's somebody you're fairly good friends with and you unearth another facet of that person. Jackie Franke and I have discovered all sorts of things about each other over a period of several cons, and become better friends each time." ((Again, this is what TITLE is 'specific' about.))

ELST WEINSTEIN: "Would you like to become a Herbangelist and High Priest of Missouri? The cost to you is nothing and you get the Holy Babble FREE! There are no obligations, beyond the fact that you would be head of the Missouri branch." ((The price is right; but what must I believe in?))

BRIAN ALDISS: "You have a nice friendly magazine. I liked the tone of it very much; although I didn't know the names of most of your correspondents, they make a very simpatico company."

FRANK BALAZS: "I saw my very first, real live, genuine, certified rainbow today. 'Twas stretching across the entire sky with a much fainter one just above it. Truly fa-a-a-a-antastic! Yes, that's awe. I never was sure if rainbows like that really existed. Now I know. Wow..!" ((Curious thing: the rainbow is not mentioned in the Bible until after the Great Flood. Perhaps the subject just never came up, but if Noah really did ride out a flood, all that water may have been circling the Earth like a liquid moon but stretched out into a canopy-- no rainbow under those conditions!))

SHERYL BIRKHEAD: "The Garbage Can Lid theory of Earth's shape seems reasonable except I wonder what's on the flip side?"

ROSE HOGUE: "I thought Sue M. Awl married Noel Contesta..."

ED CAGIE: "I don't disapprove of being drunk." ((I find that very comforting.))

# TITLE LOZZINE



An A/B Production, Dick.  
Courtesy of Gestetner.

Vol. I, No. 5  
Sept. 3, 1973

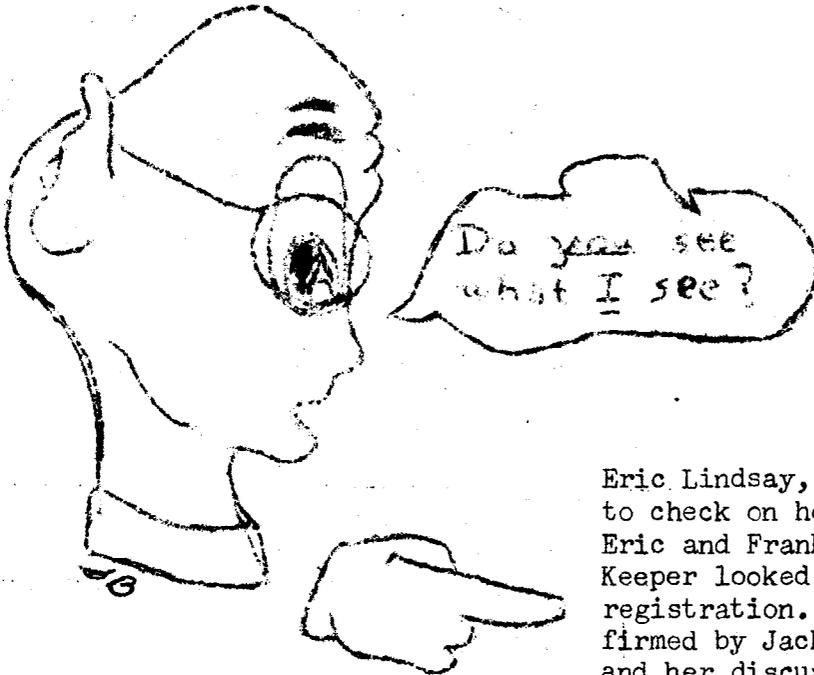
Affiliate of TITLE ENTERPRISES

SPECIAL TORCON II issue

Bugle-sounding Barbek,

having burdened Don Ayres with the title of Official TITLE Representative to Torcon II, beware. This begins the official report of 31 pages:

Frank Balazs and Matt Schneck arrived at the contel late Friday night and posted the "Editorial Offices of Title Loczine" sign on the door. Adhesive fans (any relationship with aardvark fans is purely coincidental) will be overjoyed to learn that the adhesive employed was Colgate toothpaste. Shortly thereafter, the words "Pickle-at-Large" appeared on the office sign. The culprit was ultimately identified as Mike Glycer, who confessed to the crime when barraged with filksongs.



Sometime later, Frank noticed a different set of scrawls on the much maligned "Loczine" sign. These read: "Kwal He just went down that elevator" And, of course, there weren't any nearby elevators. Having heard rumours to the effect that the Wild Pickle himself was coming (as well as info to the contrary), Frank decided that it wouldn't hurt to check if a "Cagle" was registered. Recruiting

Eric Lindsay, they trooped to the main floor to check on hotel room registration. Nope. Eric and Frank split up--Eric knew what Sy's Keeper looked like and Frank checked the Con registration. Nope. His non-arrival was confirmed by Jackie Franke and Sheryl Birkhead and her discussed the possibilities of his non-existence. Who knows?

The Bill Rostler Award at the costume show was given to David Stever, Karen Blank, and Spike for their presentation of a couple attacked by a giant breast. Stever later brought the ravaged mound of firm soft whiteness to the ADA-45 party, where various remarks, smirks, and desires were expressed. Fans will be fans.

As this is written (not typed, but written), the hour of the official Ranquet approaches. Efforts have been made to secure world famous author, andrew j. (who?), for toastmaster. Despite rumours to the contrary, the food at the Ranquet is singularly excellent and it is the toastmaster's speech which gives it its foul reputation. By contrast, it is the Speaker's words which ameliorate the vile taste of the Banquet food. The matter of Who goes is also taken up at the time.

thirty-one

News item: Frank Balazs has attained ~~the~~ celebrity by bidding in the art auction. He didn't get anything, but he bid.

  
KRUMPLEHANEY  
HAS BEEN  
ABOUT

Certified comments of TIT#18

((Instant new bulletin: Someone just entered the Torcon Office s--where this is being typed, saying that a Scifetologist wished permission to set up a display.. A Torcon Committee member's response was immediate: "Ohh...No."))

Dena Brown says that the address is wrong. Print a retraction, Barbek, or face a law-suit! The same happens when one 'pops' in on enough people. Hmmm!

Frank's main ambition is to see an entire issue of TIT composed of quotes from him--"18 had one from Buck Coulson so he was very close (Coulson being one of the few non-hoaxes in fandom), but he's (Frank) getting closer every day. As Matt Schneck said when referring to himself being a member of Frank's 'army' of hoaxes: "The fact that my head creaks may give it away." Elaine White's reference to hoaxes actually is a bit premature; after all, reality is a hoax. Only the Midgard Serpant really exists. Really!

Next year's Hugo winner will be Zand on Sanybar, a novel of lustful women, ravishing men, bawdy adventure, and the drought that gets them all. Balazs' "The Elephant Man" suffers from poor word choice. The statement, "John Merrick lived by exhibiting himself for money," is typical of this form of error. Had Karen Burgett looked inside her pillow, she might have found her puppy dog (deceased). The work, of course, is marginally sf, but it's hardly the first such.

All this talk of flying saucers is saying to obscure a far more important phenomenon, that of the saucered fly. It is actually this strange creature which is detected by horses and dogs, who alert their masters with their commotions. The appearance of a human on the scene stimulates the flies to sexual activity (presumably inspiration by example), which manifests itself to the human eye as the strange lights assumed to be the vehicles of interstellar travelers. Certain puritanical individuals are blind to this and never become aware of either phenomenon.

Certain prozine are easier to parody than others which is why "typical ANALOG story" is a common term that everyone understands. AMZ & FAN are almost as easy except that their short stories are so short that even one eye track per page obscures so much text that the tale become incomprehensible.

-----  
Guest-column from your favorite (uh huh) hoax---Matthew Schneck:  
"Hey Barbecue-head! Do I get a copy of TITLES #17 & 18?"

-----  
by Donald E. Ayres *the poem:* - the TITLE -  
- of TITLE -  
- is TITLE. -  
-----

The editors had excellent coverage of both Banquet and Ranquet. Balazs' report of the Banquet is that it was and Ayres' report of the Ranquet follows: Late Bulletin of the Alternate Ranquet (there were three), held at Harvey Wall-banger's Steak House indicates that the following list (courtesy of Norman Hochberg) is the official Alternate Ranquet Hogus:

#####  
GoH (Pro): H.G. Wells (in absentia)  
GoH (Fan): Andy Porter  
Toastmaster: andy offutt (in absentia)  
Titlemaster: Don Ayres  
Awards: Mike Glycer look-alike Award: Mike Glycer (in absentia)  
Andy Porter made the speech. Both lines of it.

Typed: Frank Balazs support  
Written: Ayres/Balazs the  
Illios: Birkhead & Ayres Who goes  
Typewriter courtesy of in '74!  
Torcon II

Gary Grady: 'Night of the Living Dead is worth seeing. The high point of the film is the scene where the newsman interviews the sheriff on the subject of the revived corpses. His final question is: 'Are these things slow moving, sheriff?' To which the sheriff replies: 'Well, yeah. Well, they're dead...They're all messed up.' That brought down the house."

# SF PATCH

RAMBLING IN THE  
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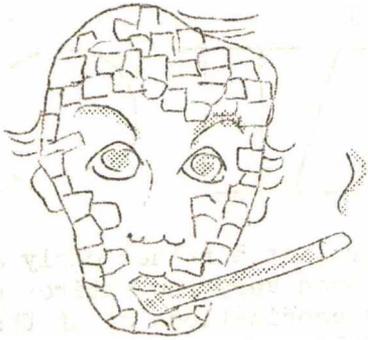
Matthew Schneck: 'I never read Starship Troopers but I did read Bill, the Galactic Hero, at a rather early age. My memories of it are as a rather overdone farce. I have seen very few satires good for the entire length of a novel. I keep hearing about categorizations of sf through history, all of which peak at a Golden Age just before WW II. What made this age so Golden? I have read practically no pre-1950 sf which I've enjoyed, though I've read very little pre-1950 sf. I'm not talking here about story quality, but about style and theme and characters. The stories now seem more sophisticated; the range of themes is broader, and the treatment seems more interesting. I enjoy 'New Wave' stuff, though not if it's bad, and not to the exclusion of more conventional writing.' ((I refer everyone to the editorial in VERTEX #4 which says much better than I could what my own opinion is.))

Ben Indick: 'HPL is definitely no surrealist; indeed, his ultra-realism at times has been condemned as ruinous to his imaginative potential. Actually, he is a die-hard romantic, which is only the other side of the realistic coin. As for science-fiction, forgive a moment of scorn, as I agree with Harry Morris that it is small shucks in the realm of imagination. However, rather than praise or criticize, let us be grateful for the multiplicity of styles and modes of expression that do exist, and enjoy each of them. Imagine a literature consisting ONLY of HPL, or Wordsworth or Shakespeare...we need all of them and everyone else too, and, I suppose even Andy Offutt; someone else will understand him, even if I do not, so that is all that counts.' ((I believe that Ben, in naming Andy Offutt, was referring to the TITLE piece that Andy did called 'ABC's of Nonsense' which was really a word-game.))

John Robinson:

'Although I must admit that I do like Harlan Ellison's writing, I like his introductions even more. However, I have heard it asked if anyone could remember a scene from an Ellison story aside from the dropping of \$100,000 worth of jellybeans on the moving walkways that made all those dayladies 7 minutes late for work?! I hadn't thought of it that way. No, I cannot remember much in the way of scenes from any other Ellison stories. I do recall the gambling scenes from 'I see a man sitting in a chair and the chair is biting his leg.' But that was a collaboration with that madman Robert Sheckley. Some of the imagery in 'The Beast that Shouted Love...' I can recall, but it's mostly a jumble. Judy Merrill's old series should have been called YEAR'S MOST NOVEL SF. ANALOG stories seldom qualified during those years, but now under Ben Bova some changes are being made. Question: Did any of you bother to read 'Klysterman's Silent Violin'? And if you did, why didn't you nominate it for Best Short Story? Down with mad scientists; up with wacky scientists!'

Chester Cuthbert: "I like to consider books in chronological order and years ago established my files so that the first issue is on top and the latest on the bottom. In studying the work of a writer, I like to follow his development from his earliest work to his latest. So far as I can infer from your readers, few, if any, of them share my passion for starting at the beginning. Everyone seems eager to read the latest books and to comment on them, often in ignorance (or disregarding) the background material. So, am I mistaken in trying to read things in chronological order? Recently I read Dudley and Gilderoy by Algernon Blackwood, a favorite writer of mine. It is the story of a gray parrot and a ginger cat, basically a nature book though it is a fantasy; and it did not appeal to me nearly so strongly as the two Arkham House stories: The Doll and One Other. But now I am eager to read more of Blackwood. Will I confirm my original opinion of him as the great writer of the psychic and the supernormal." ((His one story, The Willows, is all he needs to be listed in the 'greats' of that genre.))



"Brazier, you've got to cut out those cheap cigars -- you're getting tobacco mosaic."  
-- Fred Moss

ODE TO DONN BRAZIER AT THE TIME OF WATERGATE

When our thinking gets hazier  
We'd better read Brazier.  
Forget Ziegler, Ron,  
And go and read Donn.

-- Fredric Wertham, M.D.

all of this boils down to is that our mask is on the same level with our regular self. What we think of ourselves then becomes the mask. We are, at the same time, ourselves and our mask. Sounds pretty schizoid, eh? Maybe it is but Artaud was not influenced by Freud to any great degree. He used these concepts to explain the purpose(s) of theatre. I think it sounds science fictional."

Roy Tackett: "Memorable first lines? It's sort of hard to beat the one that starts: 'In the beginning, God..' Unless, of course, 'The doorknob opened a blue eye and looked at him.'"

Michael T. Shoemaker: "I just read John Ciardi's translation of The Inferno from Dante's Divine Comedy. I think it's one of the greatest books ever written. Of course, over the years, I've said the same thing about a lot of the other 'classics': Lord Jim, The Grapes of Wrath, etc. I suppose it all boils down to this: whichever classic one's reading at the moment is the greatest."

Ed Lesko, Jr.: "Do you think Wertham's book on fanzines will be any good? ((yes)) It would be kinda nice to have a book about the field on the market, but with Wertham's past reputation, I'm still a little wary of the whole thing. Did he say if he mentioned TITLE or not?" (( Because Wertham sees in fanzines a neglected form of communication -- which is GOOD -- I believe anything, deserved or undeserved, he said about comics is irrelevant to the worth of his new book. He did not know about TITLE at the time the ms went to press; however, he did request one of the little drawings (by Mike Kranefuss) from a TITLE, and this might possibly see print.))

Warren Johnson: "Ellison's story in VERTEX was crudy, and as for the anti-religion tone, it seems that a lot more sf than is generally realized has societies and events that reflect the author's personal opinions and prejudices. A perfect example of this is When Harlie Was One, which was a good book, but it has legalized pot in it, when the author has admitted that he smokes pot himself. I am a Pangborn fan, but the reason that he is ignored so much is that he is akmost unavailable. The only stories I have been able to find of his anywhere are those in the Terry Carr anthos. DAVY, though, is supposed to be reprinted soon."

Robert Smoot: "Daniel Cohen's A Modern Look at Monsters has some interesting comments on the supposed monsters and demons and beasties that lurk the dark places of the earth, as well as commentary on the fanatics that maintain that the scientific community is wrong in even the slightest inference that these mysterious creatures don't exist in reality."

Joe Woodard: "Rick Wilber did not note in his article that Bill, the Galactic Hero also satirizes the Foundation trilogy."

Terry Lee Dale: "I believe in making use of the past experiences of those that have shown that they can truly create beauty in art rather than trying to make a go of it merely on my own by trail and error that could lead nowhere. It's about like trying to build an automobile engine while forgetting all the science known. While I admit a lot of Ellison may be unjustly classified as sf, when it truly isn't, I find him superb and one of the best practitioners in the field today."

Norman Hochberg: "Artaud ((or is it Artand?)) believed in a mystical being called the 'double'. Everyone has one and wears it as a sort of mask. I say 'sort of' because normal masks are worn outside of the body with a space between the body and mask. But Artaud believed our 'double' is worn as a mask without a space. What

Some of the zines on this page arrived later than those on the next page because this page is being stenciled after the next page. In case of a newer edition of a zine already briefly described on the following page, look there for data.

# CRANKMANSHIP

- GODLESS #4 from Bruce Arthurs (see Powermad, next page); mimeo genzine. Usual or 35¢.
- LOCOMOTIVE #1 from Brett Cox and Ken Gammage, Jr. ; Ditto, zine's aim is to be 100% LoCs, so the thin 1st ish is editorial statement & bookrev. 7865 E. Roseland Dr. LaJolla, CA 92037 (Gammage).
- PREHENSILE #9 from Mike Glycer (see Organlegger). Mimeozone of wide general interest and 70 pages plus cover; bargain at 50¢. One of the best.
- THE ANYTHING THING #6 from Frank Balazs & Matthew Schneck (See Parenthesis). Usual or 40¢. Mimeo genzine now going irregular instead of quarterly.
- AWRY #5, Dave Locke, 915 Mt. Olive Dr. #9, Duarte, CA 91010. Offset fannish genzine with LoCs in reduced type. Sample copy for six 8¢ stamps, and other normalities. As the title indicates, if you like a little whacky stuff, this is excellent.
- TALKING STOCK #12, Loren MacGregor, Box 636, Seattle, WA 98111. Mimeo perzine, and letter substitute.
- SHAI-BU #4 (with section called FAZZ BAZZ #1) from Murray Moore, Box 400, Norwich Ontario, Canada NOJ 1P0. The usual or 25¢. Mimeo, mostly LoC's & editorial comments.
- THIS IS A FANZINE? Question asked by its editor Tony Cvetko, 29415 Parkwood Dr. Wickliffe, Ohio 44092. Usual or 25¢. Perzine first issue, with \$35 mimeo with which, judging from the results, Tony is not yet acquainted with - or maybe needs a new ink pad.
- LES SPINGE #28, Darroll and Rosemary Pardoe, 24 Othello Close, Hartford, Huntingdon, PE18 7SU England. Usual or OMPA 69th mailing. Mimeo perzine.
- FIRST FANDOM NEWS LETTER #7, #8 From Dave Kyle, WPDM, Potsdam, NY. Mimeo newsletter probably available only to First Fandomites.
- ORGANLEGGER with WOODEN PICKLE #7 attached. "news that LOCUS won't print" From Glycer (see next page). Couldn't find a number on this ish, but dated somewhere around the middle of August. Free sample but thereafter 7/¢1; mimeo.
- THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN Vol33 #4 August, pubbed by Joanne Burger, 55 Blue Bonnet Ct, Lake Jackson, Texas 77566. Thick mimeo NFFF news & reports with attached OUR YESTERDAYS. Sent to NFFF members
- APA-H #28 mailing from OE Elst Weinstein, 7001 Park Manor Ave., North Hollywood, CA 91605. Crazy collection of material, mostly Ditto. Contains satire of TITLE by The Mad Dash (Shank) called TITLE 16 1/2/ JOCUS. Sponsors the HOGU AWARDS.
- ROGER'S REVENGE, ROGER'S REWARD, and other SAPS (apa) samples from Roger Bryant, 647 Thoreau Ave., Akron, Ohio 44306.
- SLINK #3 for RAPS (apa) from John Carl, 3750 Green Lane, Butte, MT 59701.
- HELLO AGAIN for SAPS from Lynn Hickman, 413 Ottokee St, Wauseon, Ohio 43567.
- THE GLASS OF THE FIVE JARS #8 for Apanage from Arthur Metzger, 1171 Neeb Rd., Cincinnati, Ohio 45238.
- STARSHIP TRIPE #4 from Michael Gorra (address next page) Price up to 35¢, but so is the quality.
- DIEHARD #2 from Tony Cvetko (address above) This is "?" with its new title but continuing the serialnumber. Much better job of mimeo; thicker; pergenzine.
- THE LAST BWECK #20 from Seth McEvoy. Seth disappeared into ClarionWorkshop and I haven't heard from him since, which is just exactly what he promised.
- BLUNT #1 Summer 73 from Melica, Mary, & Bob Smith and Dave Rowe -- all of 131 Coxtie Green Road, Brentwood, Essex CM 14 5PT U.K. for editorial purposes. 62 pages, mimeo or some other process perhaps; usual or 20p howmuch that is in US coin. "BLUNT, the literally pointless fanzine" -- they have achieved their purpose admirably, for the zine is full of faanish dialogue about cons, fans, etc. Has a number of excellent illustrations and one article by Pamela Boal which was not pointless-- a neofan taking oldtimers to task for various things. Those folks in UK will get a lot of laughs out of it.

CRANKMANSHIP (continued) (Short listings of everything received during my month away from the desk)

- TABEBUIAN #5,6 Staff Box 374, Miami, Fla 33133 offset, unique oddities of sf & ? 6/\$1
- JELLYBEAN JOURNAL #6 Nick Grassel, BJU Box 34882 Greenville SC 29614 Mimeo 25¢ fmezrev
- WORLDS OF FANDOM 29, MAYBE #30,31, and BABY OF MAYBE #9 -- all from Irvin Koch, c/o 835 Chatt Bk Bldg, Chattanooga, Tenn 37402. Mimeo, all 50¢ or usual The first is vital for neofans; 20 pages of definitions of words like "faunch" etc. MAYBE is news & genzine; BABY is loczine.
- ORGANIEGGER #6,7 Mike Glycer, 14974 Osceola St., Sylmar, Calif 91342 Mimeo news & perzine, 7/\$1 a "fannish newszine of fact, opinion, non-fact, news, comment."
- SON OF THE WSFA JOURNAL #95 through # 102 Don Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Wheaton, Maryland, 20906 Mimeo, SF, Fantasy, Review newszine - biweekly 25¢- 10pages.
- TANDSTIKKERZEITUNG #4 Mimeo perzine from Don Markstein, 2425 Nashville Ave, New Orleans, La 70115 He also sent a historical account of his fannish (or fanac) called HALF A DECADE OF DEMENTED TURKISH DWARF PRESS PUBLICATIONS.
- DYNATRON #52 dated February 1973. Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Rd NW, Albuquerque, N.M. 87107. Mimeo, locs/personal/genzine - sample 25¢
- POWERMAD #3, Spl4 Bruce D. Arthurs, 57th Trans Co., Ft. Lee, Va. 23801. Mimeo -locs & perzine - usual or 8¢ stamp
- PERCEPTIONS #2 Warren J. Johnson, 131 Harrison St., Geneva, Ill. 60134. Mimeo genzine, usual or 35¢ ((Neos: the "usual" is a loc, a contrib))
- SOG #25 (Son of Grafan) Walter Stumper, 8764 New Hampshire, St. Louis, Mo. 63123 Mimeo reviewzine of film/sf/comics and the local graphic club scene. 25¢ or usual.
- YANDRO #221 the Coulsons, Route 3, Hartford City, Ind. 47348 Mimeo genzine and heavy on critical reviews of books & fanzines a 50¢ bargain of 42 pages. There's a terrific Cagle piece among all the other good stuff.
- FANZINE REVIEW #7 (formerly INWORLDS) Bill Bowers, Box 148, Wadsworth, Ohio 44281. Mimeo legalzize. 25¢ or usual. Has locs & edcomment too. Were it not for the fact I want to record these zines for my own historical perspective, I'd give it up entirely because of the job Bill does in this zine.
- PARENTHESIS #3, 4(?) Frank Balazs, 19 High Street, Croton-on-Hudson, NY 10520 Mimeo perzine with some short comments from readers. The usual or maybe 3- 8¢ stamps.
- OXYTOCIC #7 Annish Michael T. Shoemaker, 2123 N. Early St., Alexandria, Va 22302, 25¢ or usual, Ditto, genzine of excellent variety.
- IT COMES IN THE MAIL #5. Perzine from Ned Brooks, 713 Paul Street, Newport News, VA 23605, mimeo and in the chronological comment style.
- DECAL #3 Don Cochran, 708 S. Arlington Mill Dr. #9, Arlington, Va 22204, multilith? 35¢ or 3/\$1, fiction mostly with one of my tales I had forgotten about after a two-year delay (I think). To serve the purpose of budding authors there ought to be more zines like this one. Cute 'spacegirl' on the cover.
- OUR YESTERDAYS from NFFF though Sheryl Birkhead & Joanne Burger had much to do with its appearance in the NFFF room at Torcon & perhaps to me early because I've got a little philosophy about fandom in it. Mimeo & nicely decorated by Jackie Franke Designed as a helpful guide to the neofan.
- THE WILD FENNEL FANZINE SCENE 'a basic primer', Ditto, Another helpful guide to the neos plus fmezrevs from Pauline Palmer, 2510 48th St., Bellingham, WA 98225 In the rev of TITLE, Pauline inks in a funny Freudian slip for my attention - "Donn tires to keep things in categories!" "Tires" is the correct word all right.
- DYNATRON #53 July - from Tackett (address above)
- THE PASSING PARADE #4 Milton F. Stevens, 9849 Tabor St, #3 Los Angeles 90034 Fmezrevs, locs, and 58 photos of APA-L fans (valuable!) Mimeo. Usual or 25¢.
- UMBRA #6 from John Robinson but address is given as c/o ASSFS, Box 530 DD SUNYA, 1400 Washington Ave., Albany NY 12222 with a COA notice attached. Mimeo news and other stuff; informative fmezrevs. The usual.
- BY OWL LIGHT #3 Frank Denton, 14654 - 8th Ave.S.W., Seattle, WA 98166. Mimeo perzine for 8¢ stamp or because Frank thinks you're neat. Frank has a nice writing style.
- STARSHIP TRIPE #3 Michael Gorra, 199 Great Neck Rd., Waterford, Ct. 06385. Mimeo pergenzine; the usual or 20¢.
- GEGENSCHHEIN #10 Eric Lindsay, 6 Hillcrest Ave., Faulconbridge NSW 2776 Australia. All Locs. Mimeo; 50¢ Eric also sent two other zines, one coming from his USA publisher Ed Cagle. Both are mimeo perzines.

# ALL KINDS OF MAIL

August 27, 1973 Kevin Williams, 2331 S. 6th, Springfield, Ill., 62703

Thanks, operator. Hello, Donn? Donn Brazier? Hi. This is Kevin, Kevin Williams. No, you don't know me, but...WAIT! Don't hang up! I just want to talk to you for a few minutes. Gee, thanks, I really appreciate it. Well, it seems that Frank Balazs -- yeah, that's him, the Mad Hungarian -- well, Frank said he was going to write you about sending me a copy of TITLE, The Zine Known And Loved By Fans Around The World, and -- what's that? You haven't heard from him in three months? And he never mentioned me to you? But he said -- Oh, really? You mean he does that to all the neofans who annoy him? A guy like that oughta be locked up! Imagine that, tromping on the tender egos of 'nnocent neofen! Well, anyway, he SAID that you might just possibly perhaps maybe perchance mayhaps let me have a copy for, um, uh, well, for...free. No! NO! WAIT! I didn't mean really for free, I mean, I'd loc it and everything, it's just that I'm a little short of funds right now -- yeah, broke -- and I wouldn't be able to send you any money. But I swear with my hand on THE NEOFAN'S GUIDE that I'd write locs chnc full of clever sayings, biting witticisms, humorous anecdotes, partridges, pear trees, a cast of several -- Sorry. I get carried away sometimes. Well, uh, how 'bout it? Yeah, I know you got a waiting list nine parsecs long. Yeah, I know you want to keep your mailing list down to a hundred. Yeah. Yeah. Uh huh. Really? Oh? Yeah. Hm. Yeah. I was afraid of that. Well, thanks for your time anyway, and all that. Yeaah, I'll do that. Say, before you go, you wouldn't happen to have Ed Cagle's number, would you? Donn? Donn? Hey, operator, I just got disconnected....

August 31, 1973/11:17 pm C. Kennedy W. Gammage Jr. 7865 E. Roseland Dr. La Jolla,  
California 92037

Dear Mr. Brazier:

Today, while listening to PICTURES AT AN EXHIBITION, during the 'Blues Variation' section to be exact, a pot, which had formerly resided on the speaker, fell to the floor with great fury, and burst asunder! You suppose that I will say that 'ghosts' hurled the pot down from its resting place atop the speaker. Nothing could be further from the truth, sir!

It was not ghosts, or any other supernatural beings! And though your readers may continue to believe that it was, as they are all slightly non compos mentis, I have the facts, sir! The fact is that VIBRATION caused that pot to fall. Yes, vibration, that little understood principle of science. I believe it was one of those 'science-fiction' writers that you seem to worship, Isaac Heinlein, or one of the others, who said: "If you cannot tell the difference between science and magic, then you are an aborigine." Or words to that effect.

I don't expect that my words have had any effect upon you or your ideas concerning this superstitious hogwash (pardon my french) that you seem to wallow in, but perhaps I have helped one of your poor, deluded readers to 'see the light'. If this has happened, I have succeeded.

As a final word to you, sir, a plea to your sanity, so to speak, give up this mad dreaming of yours! Use the time you waste reading space stories, and talking with similarly afflicted, to go out in the world and make money! Face reality, son! It is never too late, you know!

Yours in hope,

Dear Kevin & C.:

Anyone, K., who LoCs a zine before getting it deserves something, so perhaps I'll give you Cagle's phone number as soon as the Indians allow the phone poles to go up just outside Leon. Now, C., your letter reminds me of a true happening much like the one you describe. It happened to me, and brought the hackles up. I looked for strings and vibration, even, and found nothing but supernatural magic to explain why the new Chinese statue I had carefully placed on the mantle flew half-way across the room and nearly hit me in the back. Other things have happened to me, too, like the time that

((I mailed Dr. Wertham 13 questions, which I don't think need printing because the essay that follows answers them in an obvious way.))

Human violence is the injuring or killing of one human being by another. "Aggression" is an ambiguous and evasive term. Some use it as something constructive, almost synonymous with activity; others as something destructive and hostile.

The question of whether human violence is due to a biological instinct or not is not only relevant but crucial. A capacity is necessary for anything we do. But that is totally different from a biologically fixed instinct, if the term instinct is used in any strict scientific sense. A natural, inborn instinct is something positive. Sex is an example of this. Without it the human race would die out. But violence is negative and has negative results. Without violence one of the greatest threats to civilization would be removed.

We have been told so often (by experts who have never examined a murderer) that violence is an integral part of human nature and an ineradicable instinct that people believe it. This creates an entirely false image of man. There is no scientific evidence for it. On the contrary, painstaking psychological analyses have demonstrated that there exists in the human personality a primary natural tendency to care for and preserve the existence and integrity of others.

The instinct theory of human violence is as wrong and primitive as was the conception of "animal heat" generated in the body of living animals before Lavoisier found that it was the result of combustion -- a discovery leading to the modern concept of metabolism.

In different times and societies different factors have played an operative role. How can we understand the full picture of human cruelty and brutality, individual and collective, if we start from the all-embracing premise that it is just the emergence of an "instinct of aggression"? All concrete contributing factors, major and minor, have to be taken up. That involves different scientific disciplines -- from biology and neurophysiology to sociology and history.

A nonviolent society cannot be brought about "in a flash". Violence-prone individuals can be helped by sensible psychotherapy and social measures (e.g. Gino in DARK LEGEND). But the prevention of violence in the long run is not an individual but a social task.

The only justification for violence may be the prevention of future violence. If people are oppressed and hopeless, violence may be their only recourse. Nonviolent education in schools would not be helpful. What is necessary would be the ending of the cult of brutality that surrounds us and of the exploitation of the temptation-prone emotional life of the immature. The current excess of brutalizing images in all the mass media is both a reflection of our society and an influence upon it. The catharsis-"safety-valve" theory has been disproved, but it survives, mainly as a sales gimmick.

Organized religion was at one time an anti-violence force. Why it has ceased to be so would be up to theologians to explain. The future is a dimension of human existence. To paint it all black and "doom" may be entertaining; but if we want or need warnings the headlines are full of them.

My new book THE WORLD OF FANZINES touches on violence in two places: in the section on science fiction it points out that while some stories take the menace of violence in outer space for granted, it has been overlooked that science fiction has a long and important anti-violence tradition of its own to uphold. In another place the book emphasizes that in contrast to practically all the commercial mass media which feature brutality, sadism and militarism, there is very little of that in fanzines.

In this, as in other respects, they are a 'special form of communication'.

Intellectual awareness of the whole problem of violence is a prerequisite to any start on a nonviolent world. Mylai and Watergate are not as unrelated as it might seem. We live under sociopolitical circumstances where the privileged people -- including the intellectuals -- need corrupters and corruptibles. Resistance to the false ideas with which violence and war are justified, and recognition that all the babykilling from the air, mugging in the street and killing for profit and politics is not necessary and certainly not genetically fated, is a vital step towards real violence prevention.

It is my thesis that preceding the overt act human violence is always due to negative factors in the personality and in society. They are potentially preventable or remediable. Human violence is an evil. My scientific conclusions are in line with what Gandalf says in Tolkien's THE LORD OF THE RINGS: 'Nothing was evil in the beginning; even Sauron was not so.'

END

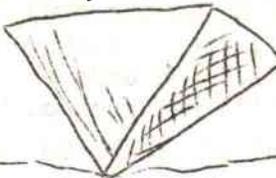
Dr. Wertham said to me in the note accompanying the above: "Enclosed my answers to your questions. I don't want to abuse the hospitality of Title; but I couldn't make it any briefer. I have taken great pains to say what I think -- that's what makes me an endangered species." (7/4/73)

In such a brief reply (one which I requested to be brief, incidentally) there are aspects of my questions that have not been answered in any detail. When you consider that my questions took up a full page by themselves, you can better appreciate the brevity of Dr. Wertham's reply, and just how much he packed into it.

I asked a question about the relevancy of even discussing an 'instinct of or for violence.' Wertham says it is not only relevant but crucial. My question was prompted by the idea that either way, mankind could win. (1) If there is an instinct, then educators on a behavior level could eradicate the expression of such an instinct, or at the very least, shift its expression into some compensating activity. (2) If there is no instinct for violence, as Wertham suggests, then mankind must really go after the major and minor causes of its development -- learning in the individual and some evil need in society. In the first case we would need to take positive "weeding out" steps; in the second, we would have to be watchdogs that our basic good nature did not become corrupted. Thus, it seems to me, regardless of the truth or falsity of an instinct toward violence, that there is hope for humankind. My next step is to read DARK LEGEND and see what Dr. Wertham did for Gino

\*\*\*\*\*  
MY FAVORITE THINGS by John Carl  
\*\*\*\*\*

Shooting a basketball, eating French toast, lobster, green apples, climbing mountains, picnics, libraries, fudge cream, hot chocolate, coffee, mailtime, French Dip sandwiches, adventure movies, doodling, some rock music, Three Musketeers Candy Bars, chewing gum, mowing the lawn (honest!), long bike hikes on my 10-speed, chocolate pudding, tapioca, sf, chili, 7-Up, Coke, barbecues, home-fried chicken, "Peanuts", 'Beetle Bailey', "B.C.", old magazines in the library basement, elevators, longish hair, curio shops, museums (Brazier, stop crying!), dime stores, browsing in paperback book sections of stores and never buying anything, airports, looking out the window, getting Spanish stations on my radio at night, and a million more things."

HA! And they told me I couldn't do it!  Where is everybody? je

THIS PAGE FOR VERNE F. O'BRIAN, Grand Old Fan

Rose Hogue wrote me today (September 18, 1973): "Have some very sad news to impart to you... Verne O'Brian is no longer with us. I read in LOCUS that his mail was being returned and marked 'Deceased'... (my last letter) came back two weeks later marked 'D' and I cried.... Verne was one heck of a nice guy!"

I sent Verne some material for his zine STARWORLDS, after receiving the first issue - a fictionzine. My first postcard from him thanks me: "Tks for your encouraging comments on my first issue of my first fmz, and especially for the excellent little tale of alien absorption of earth culture. I'll use it ASAP." That card mentioned he'd been reading fmz since the early 40's when he was about 12 or 13. But he was seriously wounded in Korean action and didn't get interested in fandom until 1971, though he had continued to read sf. (card of 2-13-72)

Thirteen days later (2-26) another card came. He was born in 1930. He says further: "I am interested in the fiction aspects of fmz -- 'faanish' stuff is fun but literary progression is what s-f is built on. Thanks for your interest and help." (I had sent him another story.)

A third card (3-22-72) showed his intention of getting STARWORLDS #2 out in April, and he had plans for another zine called SWORD AND SAGA to come out right after SW #2. "Mostly S&S o'course, yeh, I'm a little weak-minded that way!"

Letter of 5-15-72. "...never finished high school -- what little I know comes from being self-taught and the College of Hard Knox!" He told me he liked Dixieland music and had met Jonah Jones in the post office. I had an album with his picture on the cover and recognized him from that -- especially since I had been playing it just a few days before. I like blues, Dixieland, country and western, opera & classical concert music -- now ain't that a spread for ya? Like good western stories also. I like West Indian music too -- my Dad came from Barbados in the 1920's." He explains the delay in STARWORLDS thusly: "...delayed due to commuting daily to LV ((Las Vegas)) for a part-time job that will accomodate my disabilities -- I get a VA pension but need some extra for fanac -- plus a hell of a power outage at the ranch from the substation in Indian Springs. Some lines down from a severe windstorm and seems they can't get around to getting them fixed. Right now I've gotta arrange for some ice to keep in the freezer -- have to do this every few days as it's getting hot and I can't let all my beef and venison spoil. I don't drive due to my right leg and have to depend on others. Damn that power company. I've got an old Kohler one-lung generator but it is out of whack too. So, till later when things get better.... Best from Verne."

Four months later..the power still had not been restored to Verne's ranch! Without fanac in the previous summer "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 a little work 2 or 3 times a week 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 a bit stiff." He ends the letter with "...it's been a bad summer, believe me thou. I'll get back on the track soon..."

He sent a newspaper clip of a Wild Burro Race and appended this comment:

"Worldcon? Phooey! Donn, here's where I spent Labor Day!"

Verne never lost his sense of humor in what must have been a horribly frustrating situation. I was addressed as "Hola, El Don de la Barbeque!". In a sly joke he said in the next letter (1-16-73): "...if I can double my present monthly income I can afford to renew my subscription to LOCUS for another 12 whole issues....\*blissss...\*" He says the electricity came back on in September, but then had to undergo surgery on his right leg and didn't get out of the hospital until November; and in January when he wrote this letter, he was still on crutches. That was the 10th operation, both major and minor, in the past 20 years, and "not much improvement has resulted." He is patient, for he adds: "Will just have to wait & see."

He was still fretting about getting #2 STARWORLDS out, "but the crutches slow me up some." He thought he's get it stenciled, but would have to wait until the crutches were shed to actually get it printed.

From January to July there was silence, though I kept sending TITLE to him. Then on July 7 I received a packet of pamphlets: KNOW THE NAVAJO, METEOR CRATER, INDIANS OF LAKE MEAD COUNTRY, and NEVADA WILDLIFE & LAWS, all of which he thought I might like, and which, of course, I did.

With that last communication he sent the cartoon which I used on p.3 of this issue. However he felt in July, and whatever was going on, Verne was still in there. As I wrote on p.3 about 'anxiously awaiting STARWORLDS' -- seems such a small thing now when the MAN, Verne O'Brian, is the one who won't appear..ever again.

What more can be said? I'm faced with the remainder of this stencil, and I haven't the heart to continue...not tonight. I'd leave it blank forever, but that doesn't seem like anything Verne would approve.

FANCULTURE SHOCK IS MOVING OR HAS IT MOVED?

\*\*\*\*\* from a letter written by Dan Goodman, LA

Fanculture shock is moving from NYC to LA: some of the differences are structural. LA fandom is centered around LASFS, which is weekly, open, meets in the same place for years at a time. Other regular gatherings are often considered 'LASFS parties', 'LASFS cardgames', etc. In NYC, these would probably count as clubs in their own right. There are other clubs in LA fandom; but some of their members show up at LASFS, and LASFS is definitely the club. NYC has no one major club, tho I think Lunarians currently holds such a position by default -- but it probably won't within six months.

Fans known nationally often have different reputations in the two areas. There seem to be a lot more New Yorkers than LASFSians who think they know Bill Rotsler, for example. This shouldn't need to be said, but I'm afraid I'll have to: it is ver seldom that anyone outside a local fancenter has any real idea of what goes on there. And only firsthand, prolonged experience -- direct experience -- is likely to be of any help. If I were to write out a careful description of everything I know about LASFS this month, it would do you as much good as a cookbook would in telling you what Phillipine food tastes like.

There are, I would say, only a few fans outside LA with a reasonable idea of what's happening in LASFS these days. Two in the Boston area; one in the Philadelphia area; perhaps a half dozen in the Bay area; one in the Netherlands; maybe one in England. This is a rather lower number than the out-of-town fans who think they know what goes on in and at and around LASFS.

\*\*\*\*\*

LOTS OF GOOD THINGS COMING IN TITLE 20... a scorcher of an article by Paul Walker, and an Ed Cagle piece called Awk-you-syko-thero-pyout-o-toot-a-pee -- both of vital interest to fanpubbers or potential fan publishers.

This is being written on Sept.19 (almost the last page).

This morning there was an envelope in my mailbox, either overlooked yesterday or put there by some neighbor to whom it had been delivered by mistake. Actually, though my name & address were on the envelope, and it was from Sharon White, the letter inside was addressed to Irvin Koch. So, now I'm even getting other people's mail; perhaps Irv received a letter meant for me? Anyway I read the letter before sending it on to Irv, discovering that Sharon's new VW had been demolished by a Cadillac. Though unhurt in the accident, Sharon was shaken up.

Claire Beck says: "I thought by now someone would have mentioned that Leinster, not del Rey, wrote the sidewise in time story, anticipating Weinbaum and Daniels - but Hawthorne was way ahead of them all with David Swann (for a variant, there was O. Henry's Roads of Destiny.) ((Someone did call my attention to that error, but I am unable to report who it was -- since I'm still digging my way through all the mail of July-August.))

Dr. Fredric Wertham writes: "I got the page proof of my book TWoF to make the index (which had to be done at once). In the page proof you are not allowed to make any changes which would alter the lines. I was determined to get Donn Brazier into the index because otherwise a book on fanzines would be deficient. The trouble was that it was not in the text since I learned about it ((TITLE)) so late. So I found a place where I could add half a line and put you in it in a very brief sentence. I had to count every letter! And it worked." ((He did not tell me what the brief sentence said, but I think he's a fine fellow to go to all that trouble for TITLE....))

Bob Stein adds a P.S. to his letter: 'I just sold my past -- all the fanzines I had -- including my own publications -- for \$100 plus postage -- to a bookstore in Berkeley, California. Kind of sad seeing them go, but I hadn't even looked at them for months -- years -- so I thot -- sell the whole batch -- as a batch --' ((Collectors in that area, attention!))

Dan Goodman wants a plug for THE GALACTIC LEAGUE. Okay. "Roughly, it's a monthly fiction APA with stories supposedly set against a common background. Anyone tired of waiting six months to see the issue of a bimonthly fiction fanzine with his story -- only to learn that it's been rescheduled for the next issue -- or has other reasons for being interested in a monthly sf-writing APA can get two sample mailings/issues from me. You're probably stubborn enough to print this without my address, and refer people who've just gotten on your mailing list to a previous issue." ((See a previous TITLE whose number I've forgotten for Dan's address.))

Norman Hochberg sent me a postcard from Torcon which consisted of the salutation, "Donn", the signature, "Norm", and in the lower left-hand corner the initials, "P.S." Nothing in between -- blank. Assuming that the blank was filled with secret ink (perhaps whiskey sour juice) I heated it over a hotplate. Of course, it was a logical deduction and the message came out sharply brown in color. It read: 'Brazier sucks pickles!'. Friends, listen to me, this is untrue. I skewer pickles on an old pop-sickle stick and then gently bite and masticate. In the confusion of drinking part of his secret ink, Norm probably had Ed Cagle in mind.

Mail was returned from Nesha Kovalick marked moved, address unknown. Too bad. I hope she contacts me because she was understudying Tody Kenyon in composing whacky letters. This is a compliment, Tody.

The fourth issue of VERTEX had 29½ pages of fact, 29 pages of fixtion, 24 pages of artwork, 9½ pages of photos, 4 pages of advs, 1 page of book review, and 1 page of cartoon. Attention John Robinson & his wordcount/¢ system! The editor stated my own position in regard to non-story stories.

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FRONT AND BACK THE EDITER WANDERS  
THIS IS THE ANAL SIDE  
WHICH APPROPRIATELY IS PART OF FINAL ANALYSIS

The Leingang Award: Several have queried about the secret award given to Douglas Leingang for being the lucky 1000th letter writer. I didn't mention it because it was no big shakes. However, since I took away his dollar for a short story contest he ran in TENT, I thought it fitting that the prize be a dollar. So Robinson, Chamberlain, Franke, Smoot and anyone else who asked. Jackie Franke noted that 'the secret award, indeed' was a result "as much to your wife's stacking as to the actual effort on his part, and it sounds like he received a case of underarm deodorant." ((My wife is pretty good at 'stacking', right-ho! And, gee, deodorant would have been perfect for Dug Leenchang.))

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Dorothy Jones: 'Being a newcomer to TITLE, I was really glad to hear you have a wife. I had this mental picture of you as a widower terribly devoted to one son in Los Angeles. Isn't it strange how mental pictures develop? So, was glad to read about Betty glancing at TITLE. The only thing is it is necessary to develop a new image for you and what with your picture in SIRRUIISH and no image of you, you have now become a misty, mysterious stranger. How does one go about establishing new images?"

(( Try this: I'm 5'9" & 170 lbs; will be 56 in October but still remain fairly active and learn every day that I know very little about anything; have 3 other sons & one daughter, two boys (twins) still living at home; take pride in my home & yard even when it looks terrible; can't get along without music & books; worship the sun and have unbounded faith in the scientific method and what it has wrought, minor irritants notwithstanding; am so easy to get along with that I am 2" high with a furry nap.))

A

LONG THING CAME IN THE MAIL: Up to her old tricks, Tody Kenyon sent a flat (maybe once rolled until the PO got ahold of it) package in the shape of a yardstick. Then I noticed it was addressed: SON OF BRAZIER. Turned out to be a Budman poster for Brett who saves beer cans. Thanks.

N

THE OLD OZ MAN: Ben Indick recommends for the tyro in Baum reading: THE WIZARD OF OZ, THE LAND OF OZ, and QUEEN ZIXI OF IX, all of which he says are in paperback. "These will show the writer in his top form."

A

ARTHURS' COVER: I apologize for the bad shadowing (Bruce's was beautiful solid black) and the show-through. OTHER ART CREDITS: Shari Hulse p.2,16, coloring of various things,yhos; Arthurs illoed his own composite page; Bill Breiding did the watergate pun; the barbecued beanies - ???; Mike Kranefuss, the stupid strongman, erstwhile founder of the Stellar Strongmen; Jackie Franke had her original ditto drawing traced by yhos just because he had fun doing it.

L

FANZINE NEWS & CAGLE CAGED: Loay Hall seems to be full-steaming ahead on his de Campzine called PUSAD REVISITED, with a portrait done by Jim Garrison and topnotch pro & fan writers contributing. The silent Cagle is now running again and KWALA #8 might possibly be in your hands right now, but K 9 is supposed to follow in two weeks and K 10 in early October and K 11 in late October, with K 12 in Novemeber. It is said that Ed is now

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moved into another house 1/2 mile from the telephone line. It would be a dirty trick to say that Ed needs material...but he doesn't -- he's loaded -- and may change the policy of KWALA somewhat, perhaps by direct solicitation of material. Have you ever been solicited by Ed Cagle!?!

FINAL ANALYSIS (continued)

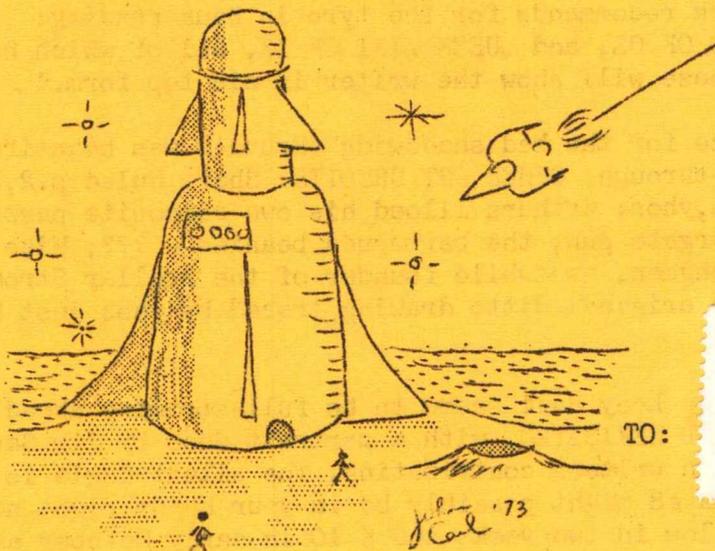
\*CoA for Frank Balazs is Box 1007, SUNYA, Albany, NY 12222.

\*Rick Wilber & I got together Saturday and decided that the name of the offset fiction magazine would be DORIC. This way we'd have something to write our editorial blurb on and for other reasons. So send fiction, word limit will be 5000; artwork can be any size within reason because we can reduce to printing size if the work remains proportional to a 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ x11 typing sheet. We figure to have about 22,000 words of fiction, stressing variety in the various sub-genre of sf & fantasy. TITLE will continue to publish \*faanfic or comic/satirical efforts with an "in" slant.

The extra sheet (which may not be included in some free sample copies or 25¢ samples --if any) sent direct from Torcon was accompanied by a note from Don Ayres. When I knighted him as official T-Rep to Torcon I advised him that his duties would consist, in part, of sending me a 31 page report. Thus, the scrawled "thirty-one" on the bottom of the sheet. However Ayres thinks he fulfilled his obligation because he says: "Here is your 31 page report (actually 103 pages). Of course, they're all identical." I admit that I failed to stipulate that each page should be different. Further, he writes that he roomed with Frank Balazs and Matt Schenk which they set up as T-office. Matt Schenk is a neofan cousin of Matt Schneck who, unfortunately, was off to Europe again. I prefer to think that rather than truly believe that THERE ARE TWO PEOPLE FROM THE SAME IMPROBSBLE TOWN WITH THE IMPROBSBLE NAMES OF BALAZS AND SCHNECK! (Improbsble is half-way to impossible.)

\*Warning (again). Tim Marion says he was misquoted by one word in T-16 which made him look pretty idiotic. It was on p.28, but he doesn't tell me which word and I am not going to look back through the 269 letters I got in July & August (all still in a big pile) to find the word. Mainly: Tim is not idiotic. Okay? And, yes, it is likely that the sense of your words, everyone listen, may be changed, BUT IT'S NOT DONE PURPOSELY. Someone remarked that TITLE was rather free of typos. I am not a touch typer, and I have to read three things at once: the letter, the keyboard, and the stencil. I catch many goofs with corflu, but there are many that slip through. Forgiven?

FROM: Donn Brazier  
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TO:

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Australia

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