

TITLE 20

TITLE 20 NOVEMBER 1973 DONN BRAZIER 1455 Fawnvalley Dr., St. Louis, Mo. 63131
Limited Circulation, sample copy 25¢, after that locs, contribs, trades: the usual.
NOTE: there is no standard length to this zine except anywhere from 10-50 pages and
almost any subject in relatively good taste may be printed at the whim of the editor
whether he personally believes in or agrees with whatever anyone wants to say.

Tomorrow is October 1, and I've got a good jump on this issue with a cover and 16
pages already mimeod and collated. I need a good jump because I'll be out of town
for a week. Also I've got a batch of contribs that must get in this issue before
every neofan reader becomes a BNF. My trip is partly business and partly pleasure,
and I hope the latter predominates -- I'll be going to Minneapolis and other parts
of Minnesota. By the time everyone reads this I will have sent to Ed Cagle, from
mysterious point of origin, a genuine soap pickle. Let him wonder for awhile what he
is supposed to do with it!

*****666666*****777777*****888888*****999999*****555555*****444444

The reaction, so far, to Wilber and Brazier putting out an all-fiction offzine
has been short of sensational. Readers range from outright disapproval to scepticism
that such a zine is either needed, necessary, or useful. Viewing the effort as a
'journalistic' hobby, as I do, so what if the demand is less than 50,000? This is
not a profit making scheme. However, we will either get adequate fiction to print
or we won't print. That's why we state flatly we'll be irregular because we're go-
ing to wait for good material.

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David Shank drew the car for me and appended a gag line which I have omitted. Actually this is Dave's car after it had been modified into a spaceship, following the suggestions in a previous TITLE. It is also the way the car looked after its first encounter with an alien spaceship driven by Sheryl Birkhead. ((This is news to both Dave and Sheryl.))

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In April 1972 when TITLE started I made a resolution to answer all locs etc.; kept to it until about the past June. It took two letter substitutes (2 ish of Reverb Howl) to do that much, but now the situation is hopelessly beyond all control. I cannot keep it up. Now my resolution is: I will do the best I can. Also, I'll have to resign from the reply-to-all-fanzines-received society since there are about 20-30 arriving each month. Sorry.

FANS - WHAT IRKS ME!

by
Paul
Walker

For some time now I have wanted to set forth my list of grievances against certain fans, especially certain fanzine editors, and while I shall name no names, transgressors may easily identify themselves by checking off their offenses. If you are guilty of only one such offense, you may regard yourself as forgiven, provided you have not repeated the offense. If your score is two or above, you have earned a place on my shitlist, and will be appropriately dealt with at the proper time.

TRANSGRESSOR I: Fans who do not put their return addresses at the top of their letters, forcing me to rummage through garbage pails to find their discarded envelopes. A lesser offense in this category is not putting their full names at the top of the letters, resulting in my sitting here trying to remember what "Dave" or "Donn" or "Ernie's" last name is.

TRANSGRESSOR II: Fan editors to whom I write long letters and who do not print said letters, then expect me to write more of them. In the same category, I include fanzine editors to whom I write long letters pertaining to specific events occurring at the time who do not print my letters for a year or more, rendering them unintelligible.

Over a year ago I had the notion to do a prozine review column for a friend who said his new zine would appear within a month. The zine did not appear until a few weeks ago. ((Example: Paul's article refers to a definite time, which, because the piece was received July 18 and is just now seeing print, makes no sense. Please refer to my scorecard and you will see that Brazier's TITLE is on someone's shitlist and will be dealt with appropriately at the proper time.)) In another instance, I wrote a book review column for a zine that did not appear until the books I had reviewed were all out of print.

TRANSGRESSOR III: Fanzine editors who edit me. Although I can accept being edited intelligently, having long-winded or crude passages cut from reviews and essays, there is one kind of editing that most irks me, and that is having one of my pieces cut for expediency sake alone. There are some fanzine editors who are so anxious to cram as many reviews as possible into their book sections that they are actually hostile to longer, quality reviews. Although they do not admit it, they want the reviewer to hack for them, and frequently clip out key interpretive passages to make room for yet another paragraph-long review. They are more interested in being a "service zine", in reviewing everything, than they are in printing good reviews.

<u>SUMMARY CHECK-OFF LIST</u>		ME	YOU
(ME is Brazier)			
T 1	No return address on top of letter	X	---
T 2	Fanzine delay in printing/ never	X	---
T 3a	Wholesale editing	X	---
	3b No editing of obvious typos, etc.		---
T 4	No printing of ego-boo letters	1/2	---
T 5	Lack of reply to contribs	X	---
T 6	Letters printed as articles without note/address	X	---
T 7	Non-existent zine		---
T 8	Requests after expression of dislike		---
Brazier's score		5 1/2 "villain"	
Your score		---	



"Lessee now..did he mean 'friend'
or 'fiend'....?"

A lesser offender is the editor who will print anything, hardly bothering to change misspellings. The writer is not perfect; he should be able to rely on the editor to spot obvious errors, to object to him at his worst. Granted, writers will get huffy with editors who ask them to rewrite, but they will have more respect for them if they know their standards are high.

TRANSGRESSOR IV: Fan editors who do not print egoboo letters.

There is nothing more discouraging than waiting months to see your piece appear, then months to see the fan reaction to it, then finding almost no fan reaction in the lettercol because the editor disdained to print it. Consequently, a piece that may have taken you days to write will receive a brief mention or two here and there, giving the writer no idea how his piece was received.

This might be forgiven if the editors would send some of the longer comments to the writer, explaining why he did not print them. But requests for further information to such editors rarely gets an informative reply.

TRANSGRESSOR V: Fan editors who do not respond to contributions. This offender will, or will not, accept your piece but will not let you know about it until either it appears in the fanzine, sometimes six months after you submitted it, or until it occurs to him to clean out his desk and he returns it with a bland note saying it is not what he needs. I once sent a piece to a prestige zine, a piece I had worked on for two months, and heard nothing until the zine appeared better than six months later. My piece was not in it. I wrote an angry letter to the editor who sent back the piece saying he had not been able to make up his mind about it; whether to ask me to rewrite it or to reject it. The piece was a review of a book that everyone had forgotten about by the time it finally appeared -- in another fanzine.

Apparently most fan writers find appearing in prestige zine its own reward. I do not. I write for readers, not for fanzines, and my experience with the prestige zines except for SFR has been unsatisfactory. I prefer the spontaneity and enthusiasm of such lettercols as Moebius Trip, Title, and Prehensile.

TRANSGRESSOR VI: Fan editors who print my letters as articles and do not include this information or my address which is why nobody sends me fanzines. ((Paul Walker, 128 Montgomery St., Bloomfield, NJ, 07003)) When I write a letter to a zine I feel free to bullshit at length and at will, assuming that in context it will appear as legitimate enthusiasm and not as a pretentious expounding. Printed as an article, the letter reads like a Statement, and frequently a badly written Statement at that. A while ago, I was asked to participate in a chain letter on Silverberg. I used the opportunity to get a lot of second-thoughts off my chest; second-thoughts that I was not prepared to defend in a full-blown article. The letter appeared as an article, seemingly the opening shot in a personal vendetta against him. ((I have been using this technique in TITLE, and I can now see the error of my ways. I shall make an attempt to label so-called 'articles' as excerpts from letters in the future.))

TRANSGRESSOR VII: Fan editors who ask for fanzine material without presenting any evidence of a fanzine.

If writing was easier for me, I would happily respond to everyone who asked me for long-long articles or letters, but writing is a pain in the ass for me, and I am unable to make up locs out of thin air. I have to be aroused by something in the zine which means I have to read it, usually more than once. This I find easy to resist. I

manage to live with myself by selecting certain zines and writing only for them. Occasionally, a friend will tell me he is planning a zine and needs material (I should add that anyone who asks me for material is a friend!). To date I have never been willing to oblige these friends since my first experiences with them have been negative ones. I wrote a slew of stuff for Dean Koontz's "SF Opinion". Remember that? And a batch of reviews and a column for Tom Soyer's " " -- even I've forgotten that one. I also did a column for Jay Zeremba's zine (another title forgotten!) which he kept threatening to print for two years and never did. So, friends, when I see the color of your zine, and am impressed that there will be another issue, I may be intimidated into writing for it, but not before.

Finally, because I cannot think of any more for the moment, we have ----

TRANSGRESSOR VIII: Fan editors who ask me for material but who warn me that they do not like my stuff. I've gotten requests from editors for articles and reviews -- warm, enthusiastic requests -- advising me that although they did not care for my reviews in SFR, or for any of my articles elsewhere, they would like to see "something", if it is up to their standards, but I must not get my hopes too high. They have confidence in my ability, even if I have not demonstrated it yet, and they are sure, if I would only study one of their own reviews, I might learn to mend my ways. However, they will continue to send me their zine whether I submit or not because they feel it will do me good.

A POX ON THEM !

Lesser offenders in this category have more regard for my work, but accept it or reject it so tactlessly that I have lost all respect for them. After SFR folded abruptly, I was left with several interviews of major writers that, for a time, I was literally unable to give away. ((I find this incredible!)) Two prominent fan editors were so blatantly indifferent that I have ignored their recent requests for material. In another case, involving a good friend who publishes a well-known zine, who I know is "hurt" because I do not write for him regularly, he has turned

down two of the best reviews I ever did: one, because it was slightly longer than his usual book reviews, and the other, because the writer was too "new wave". Now, I do not dispute his editorial prerogative to accept or reject anything, and I do not resent his rejections, but I am not going to tailor my essays and reviews for him, not when I have other fan editors anxious for my stuff.

Some editors are very dense. If they really want material from a certain writer, they should not reject the first thing he sends them, even if they do not care for it. Editors should have the good sense to cultivate their favorite writers; to demonstrate their enthusiasm for their work; and to impose their editorial demands with delicacy and tact.

Once a writer is hooked on an editor, he becomes pliable; once he has confidence in an editor's judgement, he will defer to him. An editor should never create the impression that he is doing the writer a "favor" by printing his work, even if, in certain cases, he is. If the writer's work conflicts with the editor's requirements, and if the writer is worth it, the editor ought to bend his requirements to accommodate him; the writer is, after all, working for nothing. A good editor ought to create possibilities for his writers, not impose limitations.

Anyway, now that you know who you are, you villains, you will know what to expect from me. However, I shall be compassionate in my mercilessness, patient in my ruthlessness, and just in my omnipotence, but I'll fix your asses anyway!

END OF ARTICLE

Explosive! Since Title goes to many eds, I await for printing (ahem!) some rebuttal remarks. Paul has telling points relating to matters of fugg-headedness and carelessness (of which I am guilty). However, though a writer works for nothing, most faneds do that and PAY FOR EVERYTHING BESIDES ! Therefore, the faned would seem to have the right to set length requirements, etc. while maintaining some tact. Also, there are a multitude of causes vs good intentions.

E D C A G L E

AWK - YOU - SYKO - THERO - PYOUT - O - TOOT - A - PEE , or
come, sweet, and lie on Uncle Eddie's couch

Occupations do much to shape the psychological makeup of the individual. Unfortunately, many persons find themselves tangled up in a job that affects their personality in an adverse manner, as personality and general mental condition are ordinarily formed long before it is time to go out and make a buck for bread and beans. Jobs merely affect each personality in a specific manner, creating of one person a pleasant sort, and of another a genuine bastard. Occupation accentuates good traits and bad, and the end result is rarely much better than the original material.

But what if it were otherwise? What if Man A, a manic-depressive, could take a job as an accountant with an old established firm and become as steady and unchanging as the figures and accounts he kept in order? Barring some unforeseen financial disaster, he would be cool and calm the rest of his life.

A suicidal type might find life less futile as an obstetrician. The task of assuring new life a stable entry might turn the trick. (I absolutely refuse to hold forth in my usual manner on the specific hazards of being an obstetrician! This is a learned article! Damn..)

Consider a personality suffering from severe inferiority feelings. Where to put such a person, where the environment and routine will be conducive to the establishment of normal confidence and poise? Certainly not behind a 'Complaint' counter at the local general merchandise store! General merchandise at this time is so shoddy the poor sod would whimper away within a week. Angry persons do nothing to make the inferior feel superior. Not at all. But a person of such affliction might improve if put in charge of a very unlawful District Court jurisdiction. People tend to make a judge feel large and powerful. It would be said, 'Here come de judge. He ain't worth a damn, but he's got confidence, man has he ever!' Uh-huh..

What would we do with the supreme egotist whose grandiose feelings were forever causing him momentary anguish? (I hate that word, anguish. It reminds me of a 5 day old raw squid entree..) (Care for some anguish, my dear?) (No thanks, I just ate a bar of soap.)

More soberly, what would we do with the egotist, what job would we give him that would tread the line between total destruction and normal pigheadedness? How do we determine which occupation would bring him down a measured amount? What would cut him a bit, yet maintain him at a normal level of bastardhood? The answer is quite simple, yet multifold in possibility. (There's another word I find wrinkling my mind away from the intended meaning. Multifold: sounds like yard-wide toilet paper...) (Did you put toilet paper on the shopping list, m'dear?) (No, we can fold what we have three more times, you spendthrift squanderer!) Ah....

But, the egotist: what we gonna have him do that will mute his overbearing, superior, over-confident, assumptive and downright wretched love of himself? Again, the answer is quite simple. There exists an occupation - though some will debate my definition of the act - which is ideally suited



Be a fanzine editor and have readers like this!

to bringing the most pumped-up personality to heel, all without total destruction of the self-confidence necessary to an existence in this rotten world. But what is it?

Become a fanzine editor.

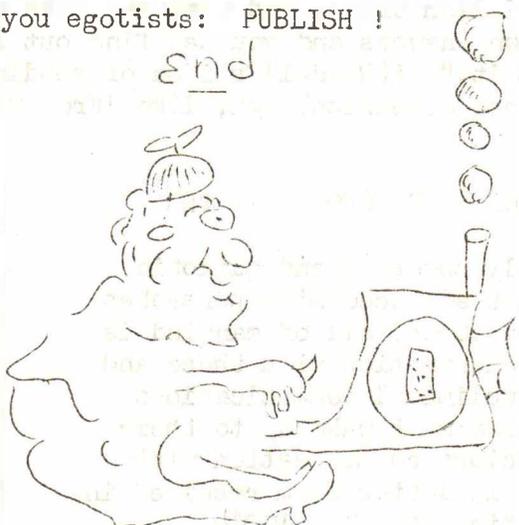
That'll bring anybody down to a workable level. I care not what you may think from casual observation, the feedback from publishing a fanzine will make it impossible to get cockproud and strutting. Why?

Because no one ever likes anything without qualification. No one ever approves wholeheartedly, no matter what they say; the dig is there in the letter for the observant to see. Your most strenuous efforts to compose a feature that is entertaining inevitably draws the 'Jesus christ!', the 'You miserable bastard!', the 'Forget it!'.

I guarantee you that becoming a fanzine editor will bring anyone down.

But all is not lost, and to illustrate I quote from Bill Danner's STEFANTASY: 'You can fool some of the people some of the time, and you can fool some of the people some of the time, but you can't fool some of the people some of the time.' Right!

All you egotists: PUBLISH !



'Lessee now..

Your last ish is crud; it stinks. Asimov, Blish, Heinlein, Bloch, Walker -- why'n't ya get some good writers. And there was a typo on page 47..When ya send this rag free, make it good, GOOD. Ok?'

It seems a wonder to me that no one has yet set up a SF Hot Line.

What I am talking about is a telephone line with a recording device to relay news, notices, etc. to whomever calls the service (as already found with Dial-A-Poet, etc.). A one to five minute message could be put on the tape for the benefit of the caller, and maybe room for the caller to talk back for a minute or so. In five minutes the organizer, club, or whatever, could give the latest news in SFdom, review books, announce cons, and even read short-short stories or poetry.

All of this would cost a club or person about \$1 per day the first year and about 50¢, not counting repairs, thereafter. The big cost for the first year is for the answering device and installation of the telephone. After that there would be the monthly phone bill and electricity for the recorder, and cassette tapes.

It seems as if NESFA, NOSFA, the Lunarians or LASFS should be interested. DAW or Ballantine Books might use this to plug their present and forthcoming books. It would be most practical in population centers where a lot of callers could be expected.

Because of the short tape time available, the organizers might want to put out a monthly newsletter just for SF Hot Line callers. It would only cost \$30 per 1000 copies, or less, and the callers would pay the postage for anything they wanted through the mail. This, perhaps, could add to the club treasuries or publisher's sales. So the idea might well pay off in cash as well as interest.

In the Albany area there's a Dial-A-Poet service. The tape only runs a minute, but just try to make the connection to hear it. I succeed about once in four tries unless the call is made at an ungodly hour. It is estimated that about 25,000 connections are made on this one Dial-A-Poet line per year. Think what that number of contacts could do for SF fandom or publishing each year. And it could be going on just about everywhere in any population over, say 250,000.

QUICK QUOTZ

Bill Bliss' letterhead reads 'Bliss Radio Press' but he appends a note: 'No, we don't flatten radios.' He has some other quotables: "I still wonder, Elaine White, if the title ANDROMEDA STRAIN didn't misguide a few folks who bought the book thinking it might be a wrestler's occupational hazard. My faith in miracles is restored, Murray Moore, because VERTEX #3 just appeared in the local drug store which is called The Pill Palace. Crabs also have stalk eyes, Jim Meadows III. Wonder why four-legged animals don't have an eye close to their belly button to keep track of 'wots goin' on down there.' What ever happened to Major Hoople?"

Milton F. Stevens takes a dim view of two things: "Bill Breiding and Dave Szurek seem to be interested in what poetry is. I used to read a lot of stuff like that when I was an English major. When I got my BA I realized that I didn't care what poetry was." and "I am prejudiced against science fiction of the hard core, soft core, new wave, old wave, and sine wave. All that crud gets in the way of your fanac, you know."

Eric Lindsay left here on a hazardous journey to tether the wilde Ed Cagle -- if he could be found; so by boomerang comes this message of Sept.24: "Cagle is alive & well in the salt mines. ((The card showed Kansas salt mines.)) Took one hour to get to Leon and 2 hours to find Ed's house. He draws terrible maps and hides in the country."

Don Ayres writes from a new address (Stevenson Arms 221, 600 W. Mill St., Carbondale, Ill 62901) and get this from a 40-page loccertype: "There were a bunch of things I wanted to tell you, but now I can't think of any. There really is a Matt Schneck, but Norm Hochberg is a hoax."

Tony Cvetko has some paperback tests to add to 'the Robinson Method', like smoking it, etc. but I was most interested in Ton's real method, to wit: "I buy because

- 1) it's short and by a well-known name
- 2) it's long and by a well-known name
- 3) it's short and looks interesting and it's by an Unknown
- 4) it's long and looks interesting and it's by an Unknown
- 5) it's under \$2.00 "

Randall D. Larson, whose name was thought to be a W.C. Fields pseudonym by Barbara Banta (May, 72) according to RDL sends this thrilling response from Isaac Asimov (Feb 13, 71): "I will answer your first question only. Yes, I have been interviewed before, about a million times, and everyone asks the same questions, and I am tired of hearing my own answers and you can find out lots about me by reading OPUS 100, and that's about it." ((Randall's idea of sending quotables from other letters opens up a whole new dimension, ugh, like 'From Odd Letters I Have Received'...))

QUOTE OF THE MONTH QUOTE OF THE MONTH QUOTE OF THE

"The existence of the immensely powerful and quixotic pulsars and quasars proves that advanced mind permeates the universe. In some way or another, all of mankind is in subconscious telepathic communication with these and other advanced minds. These subliminal communications shape our spiritual destiny...we must wake up to their promptings and establish conscious communication with them." -- a duplicated tract in letter form received in June from Stanley Fisher, 38 King St., NY, 10014

Don Ayres: "Ben Indick looks like that venerable old rascal, the Wizard of Oz - now I know why Toucan Indick likes Oz. ((This was prompted by the Mike Scott illo of Indick in TITLE 12)) Before I start astory I read everything: art credits, copyright date, blurbs, dedications, forwards, intros, afterwords, 'cover printed in USA'-- anyone else have that problem?" ((YES)).

QUICK QUOTZ (continued)

Martin Williams: "Although I don't buy any of the prozines, I do read the editorials, book reviews, letter columns, etc." ((I buy scattered copies, and mostly I read just those same parts, saving the stories for later, and later never comes.))

Michael T.

Shoemaker: "Cy Chauvin's question about the cause of an aesthetic sense is very thought provoking, but after much thought proves to be a fruitless mental exercise. It seems to me that it will remain one of the deepest of unknowables."

Jodie Offutt: "Don't go to a con with the express purpose of talking with or meeting somebody. If it doesn't work out, it is very disappointing and clouds your mind while talking with and meeting others. If a person's not there, it is a big letdown and if you think about it much it can ruin a whole con. If they're there and you don't make contact, you begin to feel guilty and that gets in the way of this marvy conversation with somebody you didn't know at all or expect to see. Go to cons with an open mind. No specifics, just all those people, all those possibilities." ((That was directed at me, folks, but possibly Jodie's advice has applications elsewhere.)) "I never thought about what a ENF is. Do you know?" ((This probably refers to Ken Ozanne's questionnaire where he wants the participant to name at least 10 BNF's. I think that Ken stuck that in there to get a sampling of what fandom thought, but like beauty & a lot of things, a BNF is probably only a BNF in the eyes of the beholder.))

Ed Cagle: "Happy BD to you, too. Candles on 56 year old's cake would forge steel. Poof. Look like Dresden fire bomb raid. Urge you light candles outdoors. Poof.Poof. Cook a water buffalo over cake. Poof. Use lighted cake to light Busch stadium during power failure. Poof." ((That, too, was directed at me, but just goes to show how sweet and lovable ole boot Cagle is!))

Jackie Franke: "Being only 23 years old, wasn't Loren's parenthetical statement that he wasn't an encyclopedia salesman 'for long' a bit redundant? He hasn't been any-thing 'for long'!"

Dan Goodman: "I believe that a monthly fiction APA is better for writing development than in irregular fiction zine. Particularly if the latter doesn't carry locs. What sub-professional writers need is feedback. An analytical lab doesn't tell them 'your purple people were interesting, up to the point where you started to describe the banking system. That turned me off because....' When I got to your parenthetical addition to my Galactic League plug, I screamed. Then I noticed that you'd put my address at the bottom of the page. I appreciate jokes like that -- but it takes a bit longer for me to enjoy them when they're played on me."

Dave Hall: "I don't give a single damn if you don't print a word out of my letters; I don't know why I'm doing this except that it seems polite; however, I am now too tired to attempt to arrange letters so they don't make sense if excerpted." ((One of the secrets in keeping down circulation is to print a lot of stuff that makes no sense -- and only the wombats and aardvarks hang on to see if it all clears up!)) ((P.S. I adore wombats and aardvarks!))

Robert Moore Williams: "I note with interest that you live near St.Louis. I am a Missourian, born in Farmington, graduated from the School of Journalism of the University of Missouri, and for many years I lived in St.Louis, where I had a writing office at 946 Goodfellow and lived just around the corner at 5888 Cabanne, leaving there in 1953." ((Since I recall reading many of Mr. Williams' stories way back when, I think I'll drive to those two addresses and see if the buildings are still standing. This reminds me of a 'game' I used to play during my lunch hour...I'd go driving around different streets and then redline on a map where I'd been.))

Gary Grady:

"Notice these three 'facts' as proclaimed by Jehovah's Witnesses: 1) All J.W. will be saved. 2) Only 144,000 are destined for salvation 3) There are at present well over a quarter of a million Jehovah's Witnesses."

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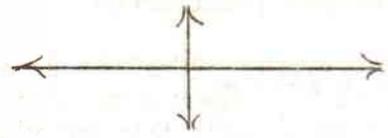
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VECTORS



Randall D. Larson: "How dare Paul Anderson badmouth SILENT RUNNING. It's one of the best sf films ever made. Just because it isn't as scientifically accurate or visually tremendous as the vastly over-rated 2001, what makes it so bad? How can he compare it to NAVY VS NIGHT MONSTERS! grrrrr."

Dave Hall: "The thing that most astounds me about TITLE is that most, if not all, of these people seem to be interested in sf. This always surprises me, because I'm not sure I've ever been interested in sf. I like it all right but -- the thrill is gone. I cannot remember reading any sf lately; maybe no one else does either, in spite of their attitude. Specific sf comments are sparse."

James N. Hall: "Just finished reading the TITLE which you sent Dave ((see above quote)), and felt that I must break my resolution 'never again to have anything to do with fandom.' Frankly, yours is the first good zine I've seen in years; it is not only interesting, it's highly literate -- and that's a quality I haven't seen lately, either in fandom, or in the S-F available since the 'New Wave' took over." ((Hmmm..thank you, but...highly debatable with, really, so many good fanzines around.))

Eric Lindsay: "Get more of Al Jackson please, and more of the shaggy grass Rick Wilber stories. Irvin Koch managed a very handy guide to running cons : now I know all that I will never, never try to run one myself."

Frank Balazs: "Matt ((Schneck)) said to me today ((June 5)) he thought that TITLE was actually a serconzine in disguise and there's more than a degree of truth in there. But, don't worry, it's a very fannish form of serconism. And enjoyable." ((Well, that's one secret down the drain!))

Harry Warner, Jr.: "The Oz material held my interest even though I've never read the books. It's more sensible to wait a few years longer before tackling them, so the experience will coincide with my second childhood. There must be something special about the books, if only the fact that there are so many of them and therefore ample opportunity for thinking about a complete and well-rounded imaginary world."

Karen Burgett: "Machine Psychology? What on Earth (or anywhere else) was Ed Cagle trying to pull? I don't care what he says, bulldozers have nothing to do with SF! Well, it was funny. ((Cagle is a lot like Bob Tucker -- anything either produces about anything is SF!)) "Is Shaver serious? All in all, TITLE seems to me to be a potpourri of insanity mixed with wisdom." ((Thank you!))

TO LAUGH OR NOT TO LAUGH.... Dave Locke

Sorry, old shoe Donn, but you're a bit off-base when you claim 'everything that calls out a laugh, comes from tension-release.' A laugh can be caused by tension-release, yes, but it can be caused by a lot of other things, too.

A laugh can be caused by dredging up the old-and-familiar incidents which are universally a part of everyone's past, and exaggerating them. George Carlin calls this the oh-yeah type of humor. Oh yeah, I remember that, oh yeah oh yeah. Like in school cafeteria, where you used to try to make people laugh so that the milk would come out of their nose. Carlin says he remembers one kid who passed an entire cheese sandwich through his nose.

A laugh can be caused by telegraphing a conclusion which you never arrive at. Hickory Dickory Dock - the mouse ran up the clock - the clock struck one - lunch.

A laugh can be caused by interrupting the pace of your narrative to throw in something unexpected. This type of thing is also known as an 'aside', but there are also other sides.

I could go on, but I imagine you've only allotted one square inch for the synopsis of what I've been telling you and, being considerate, I don't want to place too much strain upon the stub of your blue pencil.

VECTORS (continued)

Ned Brooks: "Cagle's comment about the OZ books is unusually cynical, his pickle juice must have been sour that day...I don't think anything worth reading could have been written 'only for money'. I don't agree with Larson about BABBARELLA. I saw it when it first came out and would like to see it again. It is exactly like the French comic it is based on. After finding that 'A. Jackson' liked GLORY ROAD and thought SIDEWISE IN TIME was by DeRey (it's by Leinster), I didn't expect too much from the rest of the article. I think you and Cagle made up the 'Tody Kenyon' stuff after a particularly wild pickle bash..."

ON LAUGHTER by James P. Killus

I saw John Robinson's copy of Title #17 where he uses the statement: 'Humor is the ability to see something from two points of view simultaneously and connotes a high tolerance to cognitive dissonance' which is my statement and is a part of a much larger theory of consciousness.

(You see, John sits around at our various bull sessions with a pad, pen, and a hairy smile and writes down every little thing of interest and a great deal of uninteresting garbage. Then he prints it, uses it in letters, etc. in an effort to become known as bright and witty when he is really quite dull. Sorry, John, they would have found out sometime. We indulge him, because what's the harm?)

I'll tell you what's the harm. He sometimes screws the things up. Like, he then follows this perfectly valid statement above with some drivel about male and female humor, which is both sexist and incorrect, and gives you ((meaning me, Brazh)) an excuse to restate the old idea that laughter is a release of tension.

This is absurd. Consider the line 'This morning I shot an elephant in my pajamas; how he got into my pajamas, I'll never know.' There is notension here, but there is a verbal changeup halfway through the joke.

What you probably had in mind was 'nervous laughter' which is not humor but rather an attempt, not wholly successful, to use humor as a shield. Humor is the natural vision of two things at once. As for the statement that a laughterprone person is badly adjusted, this borders on the criminal. Genuine laughter is the best sign of mental health. ((Then why the big belly laughs about sex - a subject quite renowned for its repression? Do we laugh at, say, mashed potatoes in quite the same way?)) It is the sign of cognitive dissonance toleration, which, in answering your question, is very good. Laughter is the basic recognition of: 'Hey look, things don't match up!' At least you did not repeat the awful theory that humor comes from pain.

Elaine White: "I enjoyed A. Jackson's article on parallel worlds even though most of the science content was lost on me. It reminds me of Edmund Cooper's SEAHORSE IN THE SKY which gives a slightly different version of doppelgangers."

Michael T. Shoemaker: "I resent McEvoy's statement about Wilber's article: 'so what? Everybody knew that.' I didn't and I found Wilber's article to be first-rate. I am really surprised anyone took two seconds to knock Gary Grady's statement about the purpose of art and science ((egoboo)). In the context of the article I took it that he was being facetious."

Sharon White: "Enjoyed the review of THE ELEPHANT MAN by Balazs."

Eric Mayer: "You seem to squeeze 100 pages into 20. Deros, pickles, new fanzines, old horror movies, biological phenomena -- I don't know where to start."

Terry Lee Dale: "I found Balazs' review of THE ELEPHANT MAN fascinating since I had earlier read a short piece about him. PILLOW FIGHT by Karen Burgett was an extremely good piece...she began so common and everyday, and then it turned into a nice vignette of sf. She promises to be something else."

Kevin Williams: "I enjoyed the cover lettering by Arthurs on #19 very much. Very clever. It would make a good brand if you should ever buy a cattle ranch. His cleverness was further demonstrated by his review of DR. BRAZIER & MR. CAGLE."

VECTORS (continued)

Norman Hochberg: "More 1st Class Titles!" ((Norm is the champion -- among other nice things -- of thin zines mailed first class)) ((Or did he mean.....??))

Gary Grady: "Randall Larson accuses Weismuller of faking the Tarzan yell. I'm no authority, but everything I've heard or read on the subject says that while previous Tarzans used multiple-voice recordings, JW did his own. In fact, I heard that all later Tarzans who used the yell used a recording of Weismuller's. Enjoyed Al Jackson on parallel universes and quantum splitting. Another 'parallel universe' concept in physics is the Dirac interpretation of anti-matter. It seems that all around us is a sea of 'negative energy'. A photon can knock a negative-energy electron into a positive energy state and leave a hole in the negative energy sea, which behaves like a positron.... James Hall says, 'It is ludicrous that knowledge could magnify the perception of beauty.' I couldn't disagree more. I have personally shown someone the Great Nebula in Orion only to have him say, 'So?'. But when I told him of its distance, its size, and what little we know of its composition he peered through the eyepiece in awe until I could force him to let go. There are some things -- pure math, for example -- where knowledge not only enhances the appreciation of beauty but is a prerequisite to its perception. Finally let me point out that 'seeing' and 'measuring' are but two different ways of gathering knowledge -- seeing being the shallower.... I enjoyed Karen Burgett's 'Pillow Fight', even if it is New Wave."

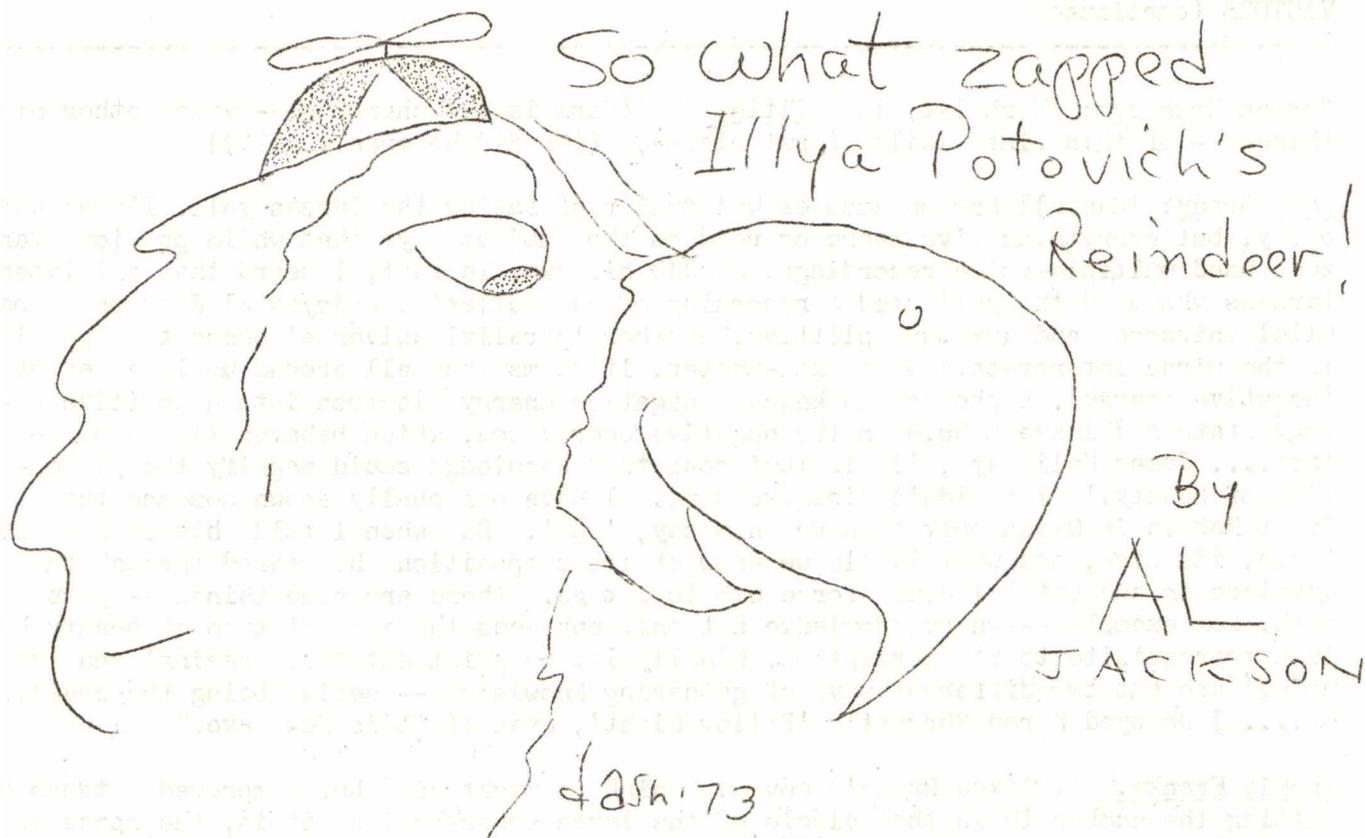
Jackie Franke: "I liked Bruce's cover! Think it might have been improved a touch by putting the number 19 in that circle of the large cross-bar. As it is, the space is meaningless, as every other area is the form of a letter -- jars the eye somewhat." ((Right or wrong, I perceived the circle as the dot of the letter 'I' and thus, echoing Grady above, this knowledge led me to perceive a beauty I did not want to mar with the number 19.)) "So you're gonna leap into the abyss and handle fan-fiction, eh? Good luck m'dear, and I'll pray to all and sundry ghods that your sanity shall remain as it is (note, I don't say 'intact', merely remain in its current state -- delightfully whacky!). Some dreadful stories are related about faneds who have chosen that course. May you be the first to break the curse...I'm certain that someone will be thrilled about the E.H.Hunt piece, but it's not me....So 'Richards' are bolder than 'Thomases', says Shaver? What about Tom Paine, Thomas Aquinas, or...? When I think of Richard, the image of the President who Knows All (in some mystical fashion) or Doesn't Know a Thing (in actual fashion) keeps popping into my head. Nixon the Bold? Aw, c'mon now...! The travelogue thingee by Sean Summers was great!"

Bruce D. Arthurs: "The best place for amateur fiction to be presented is in a writer's workshop where they can get constructive criticism. Numerous times, when a fanzine prints a fiction piece, I see a comment later like: 'Joe Blow's story was almost good enough for the prozines.' Maybe if Joe had taken the time and trouble to polish the story, and actually submit it to pro markets, he might have sold! Actually I don't think you print that much fiction in TITLE, and the fiction you do print is just another category in all the incredibly varied contents you print."

Dave Hall: "Well, the people are right: TITLE doesn't make it as a name. Everytime I see a copy of your zine, I feel like I've been granted a temporary visa. I would suggest KARASS -- from Vonnegut's CAT'S CRADLE, you know... I am happy that those cards and letters keep right on a-rolling in; but I do somehow feel rather put upon with this contest crap for the 1000th letter." ((Next contest begins as we approach the 2500 mark, so relax for awhile...))

Larry Carmody: "Rick Wilber is going to break through into the pro ranks sooner or later. 'Plastic George' has some fine ideas, but is a bit weak on execution. That will come in time, no question about it."

Martin Williams: "On the 'Oz-Man series', as Loay Hall says: Zzzzz...all the way through it." Tony Cvetko: "Plastic George wasn't bad at all."



Early on the morning of the 30th of June, 1908, and 300 kilometers north of Irkusk in central Siberia, S.B. Semenov was blown off the porch of his trading post at Vanavara. A worker for Semenov, P.P. Kosolapov, grabbed his aching ears and rolled on the ground.

Eighteen km away a Tungusk native by the name of Illya Potovich was turned head for heels by a tremendous explosion. When he regained his senses he found the surrounding Siberian forest devastated. Many of the reindeer in his herd were dead.

To this day nobody knows what blasted this area in Siberia. It has been attributed to a meteorite, an exploding comet nucleus, an antimatter meteor, and an exploding interstellar spaceship. The site has been examined by a dozen large scientific expeditions but no one has ever been able to give any iron clad explanation of the incident.

What makes it so strange is that there is definite physical evidence of a powerful explosion. At the site, shortly after the event, it was noted that the forest had been destroyed for a radius of 20 km. Trees were knocked down and there was definite evidence of a thermal flash. Even better, barometers as far away as England recorded a spike. At Irkusk, 300 km away, even seismic activity was register-

ed. It is definitely known that people in the area saw something fall from the sky. That much seems true, but...what?

The problem is that at the site of the explosion there never has been found a crater. For that matter there are only microscopic meteoric particles, such as one might find in any part of the world.

This is very weird. People saw something come down, but nothing has ever been found there.

Consider the intensity of the explosion. From barograms it is estimated that the blast had the strength of at least a 10 megaton nuclear explosion! Since there were no materials of meteoric origin found on the ground, it was supposed that a meteor exploded at some height above Tungus. But what made it explode? Nobody can offer a real explanation. Suppose it was a comet nucleus. Such things are not made of rocks and the like, just frozen gases. Could this have been the cause and the volatile gases dissipated in the atmosphere? From the strength of the incident it would have had to have been a very large comet. Why, then, did not any one see its approach at a great distance from Earth? No, a comet does not seem very likely.

As for it having been an antimatter met-

WHAT ZAPPED ILLYA POTOVICH'S REINDEER (cont)

orite, well, it should have left a particular kind of radioactive residue. This has been checked for and never been found.

Of course, the idea that it was an interstellar spaceship is appealing - like a ship in trouble tries to make a landing on Earth, but because of trouble with the engines the captain overstrains his ship...and bang!

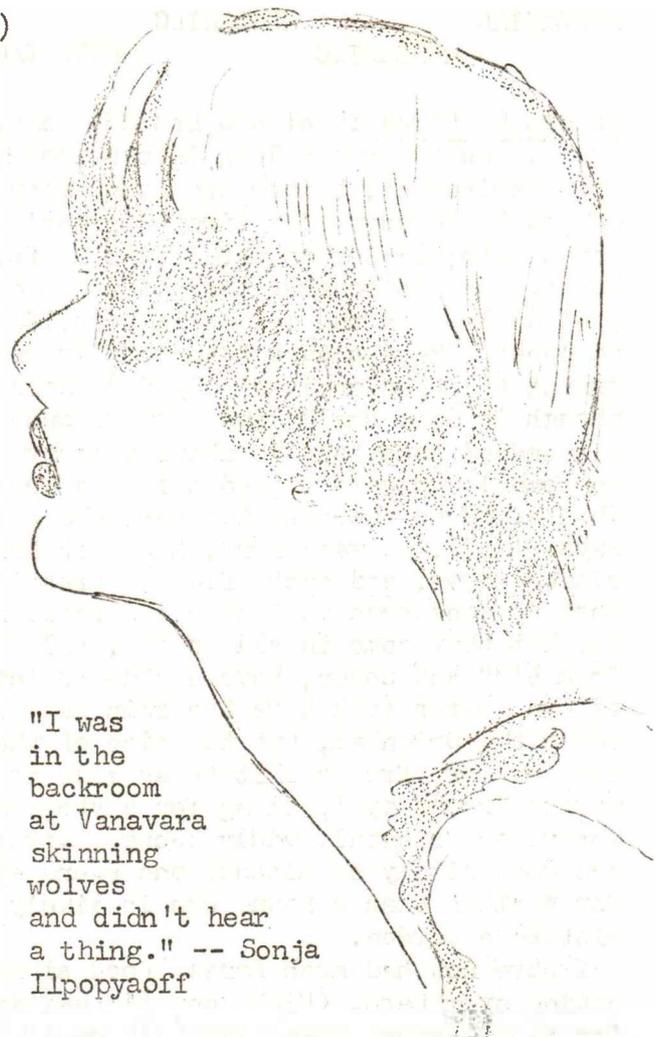
A lot of things wrong with this. First, fission powered nuclear reactors cannot explode like bombs, and it is totally impossible for this to happen to a fusion powered one. Second, it is very very unlikely that a civilization with the capability of interstellar flight would still be using creaking old (for them) nuclear fission rockets. It makes for impossibly slow interstellar flight. One does not expect advanced civilizations to be such small farmers. Third, once again there would have been a particular kind of radioactive residue. This was looked for and not found.

So what was it?

I and a colleague here at the University of Texas have submitted a paper to the British journal, NATURE, claiming that the Tungus incident was due to a small black hole.

A what? You may very well ask. After all, don't those gravitationally collapsed hunks of matter only come in sizes 2 solar masses and up? Maybe so. But it is just possible that in 'big bang' cosmology baby black holes get made at the earliest state of formation of the universe. Of course the Earth would be wumped up on by a stellar mass black hole, but what if it was only as heavy as the asteroid Eros? Weighed only about 10^{22} grams? Well, it would have all that mass packed into a region only 10^{-6} cm in diameter, that is, it could be measured in wave lengths of light.

Now remember...even though this itsy bitsy black hole is microscopic it still has a gravitational field with the strength of an asteroid. It falls to earth with the same velocity of a particle that escapes earth. It is going mach 100 in the lower atmosphere. What happens when



"I was in the backroom at Vanavara skinning wolves and didn't hear a thing." -- Sonja Ilpopyaoff

you shove a gravitating particle through a gas at hypersonic velocities? You create a shock wave....a ballistic shock wave that smacks against the ground and gives the impression of a strong explosion. This shock wave would be so strong that it would ionize the air around it to temperatures on the order of the surface of the sun.

So this little black hole falls through the atmosphere causing a shock wave to account for the explosion-effect. But the hole punches a microscopic hole in the Siberian tundra. Since black holes don't interact very strongly with rocks, it just keeps on going right through the whole earth. Six minutes later it emerges in the North Atlantic, maybe causing a water spout.

This, of course, neatly explains the lack of any material evidence at the Tungus site. What I and Mike Ryan (my co-author) would like to know is: did anybody see anything unusual in the North Atlantic on 30th June, 1908?

Maybe it killed a whale?

Hubert C. Dixon is at HHC 4th MSL Comp, APO 96208, which is corrected from a previous issue. Buzz wrote a long letter from Korea (Camp Page) which indicates he's having some excitement, things are going very well, and he's had a "spiritual rebirth in Christ." He says: "My first impression of Korea was 'How drab!'. After flying in from Japan with all its colorful tile roofs, Korea looked like a series of grey and brown boxes. This is because Koreans don't care what the outside of their homes look like, just as long as the inside is beautiful. I arrived in the middle of winter, when Korea looks like a shaved head that is just beginning to grow its hair back. Now in the spring ((letter arrived July 9)) Korea is quite beautiful with all its greenery.... though it does smell like shit because that is what they use for fertilizer over here. A standard joke here is about a newby (a newcomer) who gets ripped off by a Korean. When asked to describe the man, the newby says, 'Well, he was short, had dark hair, slanted eyes, and spoke fluent Korean.' Most Koreans have dark hair and small noses, but they come in all colors, all sizes from 5'8" and under, have a wide variety of eye shapes (all have the skin fold that marks the Oriental, but the size of the eye can vary from a slit to as wide as the widest 'round eye', slang for anybody not Korean or Oriental. Oddly enough, Koreans are more likely to mistake one round eye for another than a round eye is likely to mistake a Korean.

I have not had much Korean food since coming over here. (Right now I'm waiting for a lab report that will tell me if I have liver flukes or not.) Kimchi, fermented cabbage, is quite popular with Koreans, even though it smells terrible. Octopus and dried fish, as well as raw clams and squid, are eaten with obvious gusto. A Korean steak dinner is called bul-go-ri (pronounced pa-go-gi). It is very good, especially the broth which is sweet. It is eaten with rice and a variety of side dishes guaranteed to produce drastic changes on your toilet habits. The pastry and tea are excellent. Tea House over here comes in two styles, Korean and GI. The former are well lit and have soft music and ask reasonable prices. GI teahouse rob you blind (because of the dim lights) and knock you deaf because of the loud music.

The medium of exchange is won (pronounced like Juan, not one, and spelled w-o-n, not h-w-a-n as the dictionary says.) One won is worth 25% of 1¢; a hundred won being a quarter. Short time prostitutes charge 500 won; teahouses charge 50 won per cup; a pastry averages 30 won; egg sandwiches for 40; a mile long taxi trip costs 110 won; a record sells for 275-300.

GI's are looked at with amusement in most quarters, though the average Korean likes the average GI, even though we com-

mit social hari-kari every time we step out the gate. GI's spend a lot of money (at my present rank, E-4, I make more money than a Korean general makes, legally). GI's are stationed in places that are always the worst possible choices, such as in the bottom of a valley surrounded by rivers and mountains, like Camp Page. We are trip-wires. We are to get killed or captured if the North Koreans invade so the USA can declare war on them with a clear conscience.

My current job is editor of the Camp Page newspaper, The Missile Command News. This is our favorite song at camp, to the tune of 'Oh, My Darling Clementine':

Yoboseyo, yoboseyo
Yoboseyo, ee-di-wa
Money oop so, cut-a-chogi
Money ee-so, ka-gi-wa

Yoboseyo... Hello (used mainly by street girls and on the phone)
Oop-so..... Gone, have no more
Cut-a-chogi... Go away
Ka-gi-wa ... Come here
EE-so..... I have some more
Ee-di-wa.. ((Buzz didn't give that one))



"Lessee now...did he mean 'beast' or 'breast'....?"

MUNDANIAC (continued)

Bruce D. Arthurs, back from two weeks leave in Arizona where he laid around, swam, did some reading, and shot the bull with Jim Kennedy in Arizona, says of Kennedy: "Jim's a nice guy, and looks as weird as he writes."

Gary Grady: (20 Sept.) "I HAVE RETURNED! Boot camp was an experience I would not like to repeat, but is behind me now and I am a full-fledged Petty Officer Third Class, rated a Journalist (the Navy calls me a Third Class Journalist, something I do not appreciate). At any rate, Iceland is my next duty station." ((Mail continues to go to the old address listed until he finds out his new one.))

Warren Johnson: "I'm 15, have short hair ('course, that's subject to other interpretations), and am a member of the SFFCC (see? I can't stick to a mundane subject).

Larry Carmody: "At the newspaper, I work from 7-12 at night (Saturdays from 3 to midnight) and on nights when I'm assigned to go out on a story, my energies are directed towards that and little else. When I get home from working in the office I seldom have the stamina to undertake any writing. I think this is because I do rewrites and read copy on stories by other writers. Then there's the creative energy expended in thinking up headlines that fit the space assigned by the editor. See why I'm such a bad person to send fanzines to for comment? When I do get some time it's for reading sf (which, despite my like for fandom, still comes first) and preparing for my weekly sf show on WBAU-FM. On my nights off I usually go out." ((How dare you, sir!))

Ed Cagle had a birthday on September 18; no use being coy about it -- he was 36. This is considerably younger than his new house; and the house is still standing. It stands about 8 miles due NE of Leon, or 10½ by road. "Lovely place," Ed says. "Built originally of native stone, and frame construction added later. The stone part is 18" thick and in better repair than some of the frame part. Very well built, barring a few minor flaws here and there. The past week I've been piddle-assing around re-grouting a few places between the stones, and considering the thing has never been re-grouted since it was built in 1878...it is almost incredible. I am ensconced in my room attached to the garage (away from the house), and wondering what to do with all the peace and quiet. Sue even granted me the use of the garage for my shop. There are days when I'm not repairing something on or in the house when I never leave this place. It's a bit rough, but it's going to be easily made 'slick', and it's mine, all mine. The house sits on 5 or 6 hundred acres," ((Ed explains the land is not really his but he can use it since it's deserted -- except for some alfalfa -- most of the time.)) "All I plan is a rather large vegetable garden by the river next year, and I can use all the timber (around 150 acres) for my own purposes; firewood and wood for my lathe and such. Of course I use the river and lake..fishing is almost my first love." ((That 'almost' scares me; wonder what comes ahead of fishing?))

Tony Cvetko started college and sent his Freshman schedule, like, chemistry 103, math 121, physics 113, chemistry 113, and some usual English and history. "And that's about the only thing that's happened lately." ((The college is Case Western Reserve's Case Institute.)) "I'll be majoring in astronomy."

Michael T. Shoemaker had a construction job in the summer which chopped down his fanatic, but not his cello and running. "I went into HS hoping to be a hurdler-jumper, but I went out for cross country in my frosh year and after that one is tagged a distance-man by the coaches. My speed isn't bad, but I never could be a sprinter because of my slow start. As a soph I tied the school record in the 600 with a 1:18.2, a record that still stands. At this moment in time I'm positive I could break 50 if I trained seriously for the event."

Martin Williams: "I'm 19, single, about 5'9", 145 lbs and inching up. I work one day a week stuffing the comics section of the Sunday paper in with the news sections and bundling them. And all you people thought you had mundane jobs! Top that. I like hard rock, power guitar groups such as the Rolling Stones and The Faces."

Loren MacGregor: ((This continues with the promised episode in the jobs held and lost -- or given up -- in the long career of 23-year old Loren.)) "My encyclopedia career was probably my shortest job stint. I was 'trained' for three days. This consisted of memorizing a short spiel, with alternative responses in case the people involved turned out to be a wee bit perceptive. This spiel was -- barely -- truthful, but... ahem...misleading. On the fourth day I was sent out to bless the world with knowledge of the xxxxxxxx Encyclopedia, put out by xxxxxxxx, Ink. ((Names removed by the editor to avoid legal action.)) Through diligence and effort, I managed to sell two sets by ignoring my training instructions. On my second day in the field, I sold a third set to a group of Jehovah's Witnesses who didn't want to buy because they knew the world was going to end the next week.

My third day in the field was the one that clued me in to my lack of fitness in sales. I walked in, found my group leader bleeding on the floor of the office. His face had been shredded in a bar fight, but the alcohol had topically anesthetized him so that he still wasn't feeling a thing. 'I don' think,' he said blurrily, his lip swollen and dripping on one side, 'that I should go out today. I don' feel so good...' His replacement stood up, volunteered to turn us out to our respective sales areas. We walked the four blocks to his car, where he was met by a plainclothed police officer. My leader had owned his car for 28 days. He'd parked the car illegally 26 days out of the 28. He had \$475 worth of tickets, all of them piled in a neat little stack on the back seat.

At the police station, we were given two options: staying on and bailing him out, or continuing on to work in our areas. Our leader called his superior, told him the story. I was called to the phone. It seemed that no one had enough money for the bail -- but no one had a car to spare, either. And three people were flying in from Chicago for an important meeting, and were supposed to be picked up.

The police made a snap decision and released the car into my custody; I drove out to the airport with the others in my group and met the 4 p.m. flight. One person got off. The other two had decided to stay in Chicago to see the sights. I finally made it out to my territory at 5:30.

The first house I came to belonged to a man in his forties who insisted he did not want an encyclopedia because he'd rather have his kids reading books and visiting the library. I argued halfheartedly with him for awhile, then called the sales office from his phone and turned in my resignation. After that, I had a good time visiting with the man, discussing books and things."

Marci Helms: "My house is going through one of its periodic chaotic episodes. Phil's been promoted, has switched shifts and is on call different hours, natch. I'm back at the typer knocking out news stories for a local weekly. Good to be back at the grind but.... Chaos the child of change, the father of order, the grandfather of ORDER..."

Dan Goodman: "Looks like I'll be working quite soon; temporary-indefinite clerical job with the L.A. County Probation Dept. It's been a while since I had a job. Now that I'll have money coming in, I'm planning trips to Baja California. I've become interested in Baja because there's so little info available on it. I want to go by bus and go camping. ... Don Fitch gave me two tomato plants in large pots which I've been growing on my windowsill. They produced some decent cherry tomatoes, but I chopped them down, since they were no longer bearing, and planted radishes. If they don't survive I'll plant other seeds. For someone born on a farm, I don't have much of a green thumb. One of these days I may either rent a place with space for a small garden or rent a bit of land."

Joe Woodard: "I am 6 feet, one inch tall, have green eyes and short brown hair. I weigh 190 pounds, twenty of which I put on in the past six weeks here at Fort Lee, Va. ((He is now re-located)) Other interests I have in addition to science fiction are leathercraft, folk music, and early Americana."

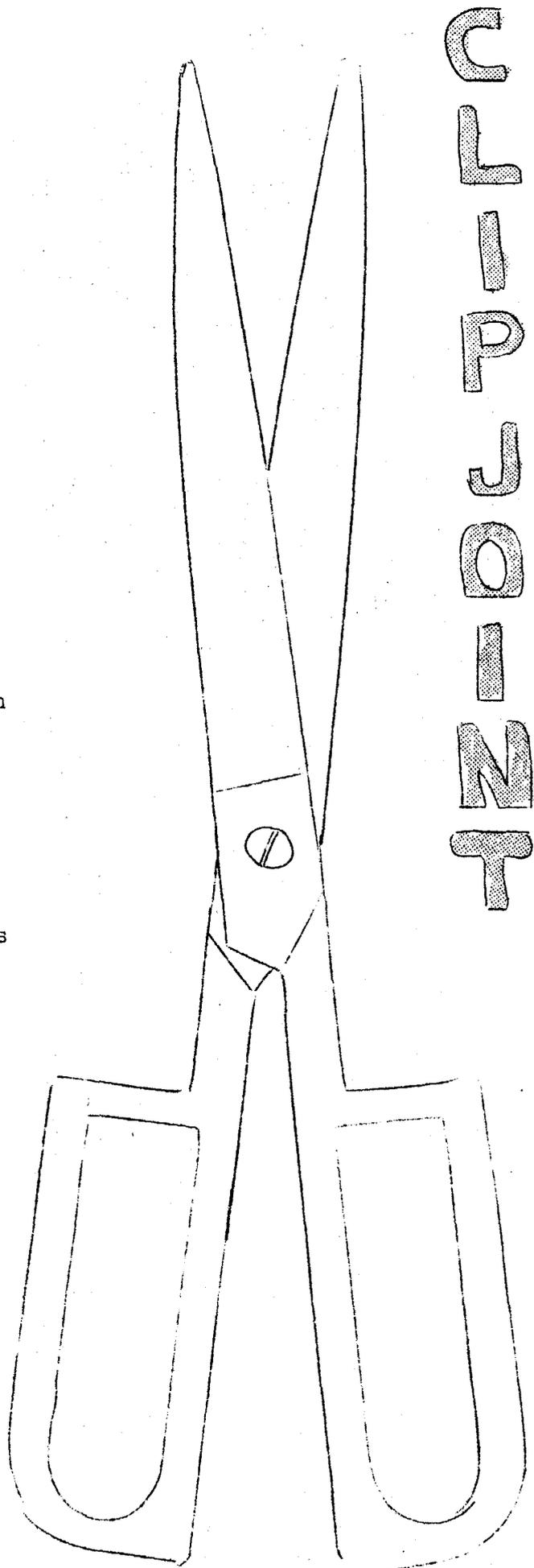
The CLIPJOINT, as most every department in TITLE is deluged with mail: 18 readers sent something totaling 53 clips. Even the editor spotted something of interest in a magazine all by himself! Anyway, it's obvious I can't give details on all the clips so I might confine this, as I start out anyway, to sf clips and work down the borderline if there's space available.

But let me credit all the readers in case I don't get to someone's clip: Sheryl Birkhead (10), Marci Helms (10), John Carl (5), John Robinson (4), Terry Lee Dale (4), Tody Kenyon (3), Sandra Miesel (3), Nesha Kovalich (3), Tony Cvetko (2) and all of the following one clip each, Claire Beck, Joe Woodard, Don Ayres, Ray Bolduc, James Hall, Gene Wolfe, Chris Hulse, Ben Indick, and Ann Chamberlain.

Marci Helms sent a Detroit Free Press (7-8-73) account of the high price (\$1,500) paid for a Superman comic. Marci notes: "Not only Mitchell was taken for a ride, these quacks are laying in wait for all such unwary enthusiasts. Saw a June '38 Superman on sale at local antique show for \$35. Gee, if only I'd gotten to Mitchell Mehdy first." Another clip from Marci is headlined 'Some Secrets of Wizard of Oz' and relates that certain people wanted Shirley Temple to be Dorothy, according to Mervyn Leroy, the producer of the film, and Ed Wynn was asked to play the Wizard but turned the part down because 'it wasn't big enough'! The studio's top execs also demanded 'Over the Rainbow' be dropped as they said, 'Who's going to believe a girl singing that song in a barnyard?' Leroy replied, 'The same people who will believe there are Munchkins in Munchkin land.'

Marci's final sf clip headlines, 'Sci Fi Writers Shun Old Labels, See Man as God.' Did you know that? Three authors are described and quoted in the Detroit Free Press (9-15-73): Bradbury, Ellison, and Roddenberry. Bradbury sees Christ as a symbol and man as the ultimate reality. Ellison worships man and that Earth belongs to those who can take it. Roddenberry says man is a part of God and may ultimately become God.

James Hall sends an account of the Science Fiction Festival held at the Manitoba Museum/Planetarium with the planetarium show augmented by sf films. (Winnipeg Free Press, Saturday Magazine New Leisure, 6-30-73)



CLIPJOINT (continued)

Some book reviews by Theodore Sturgeon, William Sternman, and Sol W. Gross, Jr. from, respectively, John Robinson, Alma Hill, and Brazier. Ted describes Clarke in 'Rendezvous with Rama' as clinically clean in plotting, logic, and prose. I'm reading this book, and quite agree that its lack of hysteria adds to the suspense (which is killing me!). Sturgeon recommends Aldis' 'Billion Year Spree' and demands a sequel to stretch out recent developments in the history of 'speculative fiction'.

Sternman also reviews '..Rama'; he likes it but predicts the 'obscurists' will not. Of course, I agree that being obscure is a heck of a lot easier than being lucidly clear, and Clarke is a master at lucid sf. Sternman describes a work of Ellison (in Harrison's AUTHOR'S CHOICE) as 'still one more clumsily inept one-finger exercise.'

Gross reviews 'Casey Agonistes' by Richard McKenna -- favorably, with McKenna 'tackling the basic problems of philosophy'.

John Robinson sends a NY TIMES piece by Eric Pace (9-18-73) telling about the convention of the SF Research Assoc., an off-shoot of the Modern Language Assoc. 200 writers agreed that sf is pretty respectable nowadays; weel, guess so, if the professors are getting into the act.

Tony Cvetko sends a TV-radio column by Bill Barrett that quotes from a letter from Ruth Berman, who had objected to being called a 'trekkie' just because she's a Star Trek fan. Tony also sends a small clip telling that Frankenstein is coming back as a rock musical in a London theater.

The April 73 issue of TODAY'S HEALTH was devoted to future medicine and is notable in that it includes a Frank M. Robinson piece on sf that's become fact...in the medical field, and is illustrated with some old AMAZING covers. Discovered by Brazier in a sack of old zines...

Imagine all of you got the release about WHISPERS? As the title implies, the fiction will be on the Arkham style with articles to match. Will be 64 pages at \$1.50 per copy; quarterly, from Dr. Stuart

David Schiff, 5508 Dodge Dr., Fayetteville, N. Car. 28303.

Also here, a notice from Carcosa, PO Box 1064, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514 about the \$9.50 Manly Wade Wellman WORSE THINGS WAITING (illos by Lee Brown Coye).

Here, now, are some things sent to me as inspired by TITLE pieces. Ben Indick with a page from the (Comic) Buyers Guide by Don Thompson who says: 'Dr. Wertham Strikes Again'. This is in reference to the outdated comic controversy, not Wertham's new book on fanzines.

ANYONE WANTING ANY CLIPPING MAY OBTAIN SAME (first come basis) BY REQUESTING.

Chris Hulse sends a clip that combines flying saucers with the pyramid/energy concentrator.

After the Single Seater Space Ship guide for car drivers appeared, Gene Wolfe sent a manual on the Borg-Warner Vintage Car of the Future which, oddly, has a retractable barbeque, fig.8. Funny!

Marci Helms: 'The Environmental Protection Agency says burping cows are the No. 1 source of air pollution, burping 50 million tons of hydrocarbons into the air every year. Ten cows burp enough to heat a small house for a year.' Could this be true? Jackson, Grady, Cagle...??

Don Ayres sends comic strips that deal with these familiar T-topics: thinking plants, stapling, and astrology.

Space is getting short, now, for listing marginal items:

John Carl -- supermagnet

John Carl - eating horsemeat

John Carl -- laws to make X-rated films dirty enough to get the 'X'.

Tody Kenyon -- a PLAYBOY cover of a V-zipper in which she questions the high placement of the navel. Also, artificial intelligence; and beer can collecting.

Joe Woodard - fetus experiments

Claire Beck - creativity at old age.

Terry Lee Dale -- applehead dolls and other oddities

Sandra Miesel & Sheryl Birkhead - odd clips from Newscripts CEN

John Robinson- a naked woman being chased by lunar astronaut on moon (PHOTO).

LIGHTING A MATCH by Richard S. Shaver

Reason is like striking a match in the dark. For a little space one can see...but all the rest is darkness. Then the match goes out.

The going out of the match leaves one in the dark and the cold. Like "The Little Match Girl" one knows one is freezing and alone in the dark, and one lights another match, until they are gone and there is no more reason and one freezes to death, alone in the dark.

So each of us on earth is a little match girl, lighting matches from a slender store to stave off the dark and the cold. But one knows it is a losing battle, and one will die alone in the dark from the cold.

Reason is a little circle of light one makes in the dark age all around us. But the light keeps going out.

So died Hans Anderson, thinking of his little match girl.. Alone in the dark, his reason went out forever. So will each of us die, when our matches run out. One wishes that reason was not like a little store of matches in the pocket of a little match girl freezing in the darkness. But how does one liken reason to some other thing, just to feel not so alone?

Let us liken reason to a radio. We turn on the switch, and the programmed music comes out the speaker, saying reasonable things from the ancient record of life.

Then, in this likeness of reason, one does not feel so alone. Somewhere there is a vast supply of reasonable records playing thought, to be heard by the one alone in the dark. However, when one thinks of reason as a radio receiving thought records from some great supply of records somewhere, and the Disc Jockey as a God somewhere sending out thought waves to be heard...one feels somehow cheated, that all one's thoughts are second hand recordings played over and over everywhere...and nothing alone about it except the puppet, puppet dancing his limbs and his images in his mind to an ancient tune somewhere sent out by a sneering disc jockey.

One is a puppet, then, dancing to the strings of reason sent out repetitively by some dark derisive super-silly God. Then one is not alone in the dark, one just wishes one were.

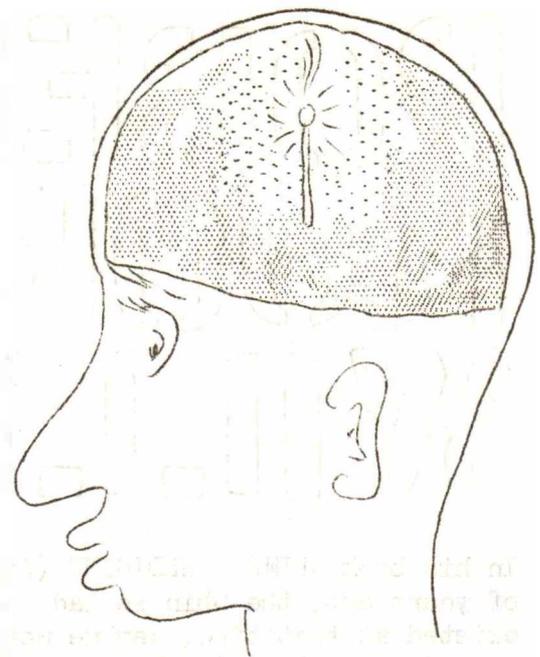
To be alone in the dark age of unreason is better than to be a puppet dancing to the repetitive tunes of a demi-god sending out his records of thought warmed over from some other age.

How does one find a match in that darkness, to light for one's self and so drive away the dark of un-reason for a bit? When one knows one's thought is exterior to the mind, and that thinking is opening a window to let it in? How is that? How does one live with that?

Yet without that, there is nothing but the little citadel of reason in the mind, lighting little matches to make circles of light.

What is life... just a swaying in the wind of watery everywhere?

ah me



ROBERT MOORE WILLIAMS

NOTES
ON

ACUPUNCTURE

In his book CHINESE MEDICINE (Avon Books, \$1.25) Georges Beau says, "Since thousands of years ago, the Chinese had knowledge that seems beyond the reach of science as it existed at that time, may we not suppose that it was part of a heritage left without a word of explanation by a civilization that disappeared after having attained a high degree of development? On this hypothesis, Chinese medicine is a message in a bottle cast into the ocean of the centuries."

Love that Frenchman! He said it well and beautifully. Since I believe in the existence of civilizations prior to this one, I found his book on acupuncture intriguing, but I do not think that this civilization (or these civilizations) disappeared without leaving a trace. I think the traces exist. However, the eyes to see them are in short supply.

Now, after almost a year of experience with the needles, I love that Frenchman even more. Acupuncture is a valid and valuable therapeutic process and I enjoy telling medical doctors that compared to acupuncture their techniques are neolithic barbarisms. If I am feeling really mean, I say eolithic - old stone age. This is no way to win friends among the medicos but I am not trying to do this. You can buy their friendship for a buck any day. I am attempting the much more difficult job of reporting experience, let the bits of bone and brain fall where they may, and I am trying to project that experience on a cosmic stage.

In my opinion, as helpful as acupuncture is in healing the sick, therapy is not really its major function and it serves a bigger purpose than healing. What is this bigger purpose? Spiritual growth! If these words bug you, don't misunderstand and think I am trying to hook you on belief, creed, ritual, or dogma. I'm talking about something bigger than all religions put together, the meaning of the words Solar Citizen. I am a citizen of Imperial County, of California, and of the United States. What would be the next step? Global citizen? And the next step beyond the earth? Solar Citizen! And beyond this comes the galaxy.

If a great race once existed on this planet and if they left us acupuncture as a method of treating the sick that works beyond the level of chemistry (which is as far as your MD can go) and at the level of the flow of the life energy in its channels within the human body, if they had the know-how to do this, perhaps the message they left us in the bottle cast into the ocean of the centuries has hidden in it, going beyond therapy, the secret of the road to the stars! Perhaps their secret hidden within acupuncture was a message of spiritual growth telling us how to become solar citizens!

I do not propose in these very brief comments to say how I expect us to reach the stars. There is one way I think we are not going to do it: in rocket ships! Perhaps not in ships of any kind, perhaps not even in physical bodies. Nor do I propose here to try to fit the UFOs into this picture.

How is acupuncture to help us in reaching these goals? After I have had perhaps fifteen needles stuck through my hide, I feel a surge of energy that lasts four or five days. During this period my spirits are as high as they were in youth, my strength is up, and I feel as if the stars are lights not impossibly out of reach. However, the body I occupy is old and the surge of energy falters and falls away. After this energy falls away the emotional correlates of the psychosomatic conditions the Chinese acupuncturist is trying to correct begin to surface in dreams. My past history comes up and looks me right in the face.

Beside my water bed the dream book in which I record my nocturnal adventures grows fat. True, most of this data deals with past sexual adventures (Freud thought it all dealt with this subject) but to me all this indicates is that I - and you, too, I suspect - living down here on this ferking planet (ferking literally) got hooked on girls. Of all the hang-ups girls are the hardest to break. Though fine in their season, they hang in there forever, appearing in dreams as the last block to progress, block in the sense that they now occupy once-useful time and energy that now could be put to other uses.

In this way, acupuncture works on me somewhat as I imagine Freud-based psychoanalysis works. I have never been through analysis, I have no intention of ever going through it, and I greatly regret that acupuncture treatments are working to bring me face to face with my past history in a thousand ways. I'm an expert dodger; I would have preferred to dodge this, but I suspect that dodging it now only means that I will have to meet it later on. In dodging it, I also suspect I am dodging the growth processes needed to take me toward the stars. I doubt very much if a global citizen - if such a person ever existed on this planet - can dodge giving attention to all the facets of his personality as they crowd in upon him and demand attention, just as I doubt a global citizen can truly dodge giving consideration to the needs of all the inhabitants of this planet. I doubt if any man can become a global citizen as long as he is on an ego trip.

Why a dream book? Freud taught me that dreams are the royal road to the unconscious. Of course, what he meant was that dreams reveal how we have been sniffing around the pee-hole. This they do. But this is not all they are. Dunne taught me that the future is sometimes revealed in dreams. Others have found in dreams the key to enigmas in their personal lives. My own experience has taught me that dreams are a possible source for more stories than I will ever write. But, again, this is not all. When I check my dream book in the morning, I find pecker tracks in plenty; I find enough material for many, many stories, and I also find symbols that I cannot as yet interpret. I produced these symbols as I wrote down my dreams in the night. At that time to my fogged, dazed, sleep-sodden mind they seemed to be important sign-posts on the road to spiritual growth. Now, come the morning, I do not know what they mean. There is still a gap between my conscious and my unconscious minds.

Acupuncture treatments are casting up these symbols as flotsam and foam on the shores of an infinite sea. Someday it will cast up their meaning. Dreams, and the understanding of them, are part of the road to the future.

I don't know that acupuncture works this way on other people. I doubt very much if the Chinese have been much more than transmitters of a process they did not fully understand. How can anyone do more than this through the Kali Yuga, the age of darkness, which is now starting to end?

My health is much better as a result of acupuncture treatments and I intend to continue taking them as long as this old body holds together, doing precisely what I said I was doing in LOVE IS FOREVER - WE ARE FOR TONIGHT - following a dream.

Somewhere in my dreams it may be that I will be able to read the message in that bottle cast into the ocean of the centuries. Perhaps the message will be, "You're lost, buddy!" But on the other hand it may be --- "This way home!" Love that Frenchman, Georges Beau.

T R I O

CLAIRE BECK DOUGLAS LEINGANG PAULINE PALMER CLAIRE BECK DOUGLAS LEINGANG PAULINE PAL

These five quotes were sent to the TRIO:

1. "...those who work on robots (artificial intelligences) may be fulfilling 'pseudomaternal' urges." -- Sir James Lighthill, SCIENCE
2. "Our government doesn't stop lying to us because if it stopped, everything would fly apart. We go on letting our government refuse to stop lying to us because, if we stopped, the everything that would fly apart would include us." -- Frank Trippett, INTELLECTUAL DIGEST
3. "If water cut the channels on Mars, where is it now?" - Everly Driscoll, SCIENCE NEWS
4. "Overlooked and misunderstood is the simple, factual, logical record of the Bible, which squares with the known facts of science." -- William F. Dankenbring, THE PLAIN TRUTH
5. "It seems a most curious possibility that Congress might today find more public support for the funding of an investigation of astrology than for a new manned space venture." -- Mort Weisinger, SIGNATURE

Ready? Start top of next column. Go!

And so, as Pauline Palmer headed her comments -- THE GREAT QUOTATHON..... We meet the soprano of the TRIO, Pauline herself...

Persons who are working on robots may indeed be suffering from maternal urges, but these are most likely to be MISPLACED or MISDIRECTED rather than 'pseudo'. What IS going to be 'pseudo', however, is when those ROBOTS develop said urges.

Meanwhile, all that frivolity aside, I wonder why Sir James said specifically pseudoMATERNAL, rather than pseudoPATER-NAL. Isn't that a capitulation to the sexist concept of the mother as the primary creator, teacher and gudie? Or should it be said that with equal rights being spread around so -- well, so EQUITABLY, I guess -- now every man has the right to feel maternal, and every woman to feel paternal.

Well, no wonder everything is flying apart these days. And it IS already, in all possible economic and political directions (and that's not even considering all possible social, philosophical and moral directions). Now, I wonder --does this mean that our government has finally stopped lying to us?

Or, more likely, does it mean that all the water that used to be on Mars may now be found lying heavy on the brains of numerous high political personages?

Fortunate for those who espouse the moral-flying-apart-at-the-seams principle, the Bible is big on miracles. And other things as well. So we've had our seven (at least) plagues. Now perhaps we're in for a draught.

I know, anyway, that von Daniken says if we follow biblical instructions for building the ark of the covenant, we'll have one almighty conductor that will shock the be-jesus out of (into?) anyone who touches it. Will this solve the energy crisis? Will it provide the fuel to launch a new manned space venture? Or would it be used in the plain old-fashioned and unimaginative way, to communicate with higher powers? Perhaps with Other Worlds...with Spirits Who Have Passed Beyond... with God.

With Richard Nixon even.

Speaking of whom, by the way, makes me wonder if a thorough investigation of astrology might not be such a bad idea, after all. For instance, a congressional hearing into such matters might yield a method of preparing foolproof astrological profiles

of political candidates and their hopeful appointees. Then we'd all know what latent potentials/horrors each possessed, and the voters' choice could be based thereon. Still, I must admit to the hesitation that the one-man/one-vote system might not function any better than in the past, even with all that extra insight.

But for the Real Power That Be, to make the ultimate decisions and pronounce the final directives, how about one All-Mighty All-Knowing Master Cuija Board?

-- Pauline Palmer

Now, in this column begins Claire Beck who replied to numbers 2 and 4 with just six dots each, like this: He is less succinct with the others: to wit:

M is for the maxwells that I gave you

O is for your oersteds tres jolies

T is for the base line of your wave form

H is for your henrys, don't you see?

tra la, la la la la la

E is for your EMF (a nice one)

R is for your rms - from me!

Put them all together,
They spell REMOTH

The water on Mars was sucked up by accident when Gacle was trying to resuscitate his marspler.

Public support for an investigation of astrology is what happens when people read stuff like THRILLING WONDER STORIES.

-- Claire Beck

And now, following Claire's basso profundo, we present tenor, Douglas Leingang:

Robots and mothers: Nonsense! Cyberneticians do not have the purpose in mind for their robots to grow up, go to college, and support them when they grow old. If any urges are involved, it is the urge to become God, to create from scrap metal and wire machines to serve man. Personally, I'd like to see a 360/40 being breastfed.

Governments and lies: Trippett gives no proof. He must be a political scientist. They talk like that, hoping some professor will nod his head and say, 'How true!' The purpose of government, however, is to keep people at arm's length, making them think they are being provided for. What has government accomplished? I am for

anarchy, since you asked. Government is a lie and if everything flies apart, it's because government has set it up to self-destruct if anything happens to it, like HAL 9000.

Mars and channels: The water must have cut too deep, and it just went straight to the center. Or it traveled up to the polar cap in the north or south and became ice. Simple.

Bible and science: if the plain truth is that the Bible is a science textbook, then it was written for authors who engage in purple passages. Dankenbring is a religious man, and to me that's a point against him. They say the bible and Science (notice how the capitalization has shifted) are agreeable, but people treat the bible as a sacred cow, while Science sure isn't. I guess Dankenbring means that the bible is the 'science of God', while science is only the discovery of the 'science of God.' Nonsense! If I stood on the corner with my boxes of science books, instead of Gideon bibles, no one would take me seriously. Fie on religion! Three cheers for science! Even though it is irrelevant, science is not a bit as irrelevant as religion. Hallelulia!

Astrology and outer space: I would be for the strolgy investigation. It's time we stopped looking at it as a mysterious topic and got down to what it really is-- whether it works or not. I just cast my horoscope and found that it was right; but I knew what I was like already. After the investigation, though, let's get back to outerspace!

-- Douglas Leingang

** FINAL BAR **

"On the subject of 'my favorite things', may I submit one entry?

My wife." -- JO3 D. Gary Grady USN
Box 25 AFRTS
FPO New York, NY 09571

1. First, there is the sense of separation of fandom, not only from mundane society, but from the mass of science fiction readers.

O.K. - any subculture, to stay alive, must foster among its members a feeling of being different, even a contempt for outsiders. But it can be carried too far. I've been reading science fiction for thirty-three years (as of August), have liked discussing it with those friends who have similar tastes. Had anyone asked me whether I was a science fiction fan, I probably would have said yes.

But now I discover I was wrong.

To be a fan one must engage in specific forms of activity, publish (or at least read) fanzines, attend conventions, etc. Now that I am involved myself, I can see that such activities involve such a greater degree of commitment, that is logical to reserve the term "fan" to the more limited circle. But this does not explain, nor does it excuse, the scorn that many fans display toward ordinary science fiction readers. Or even to other fans whose degree of involvement may be a little less, or somewhat different from their own. When those fans who are active enough to join a worldcon, and vote for the Hugos, are referred to as "the great unwashed", it is a little much. Earlier, I had decided that perhaps I was just a science fiction reader after all, and my attitude toward fandom should be that of an outsider. Since then, I have realized that such an attitude of separation from fandom on my part would be inconsistent with the degree to which I wanted to become involved, and equally artificial.

2. Fan jargon is another factor. To some extent, many of the terms are useful, since no other word exists to express the idea. Or the term may be a useful abbreviation for something so commonplace that a longer term would be inappropriate.

But, to a large extent it seems merely intended to foster the sense of separation, and rather than making communication easier, raises barriers.

Perhaps personal factors have made my reaction to this stronger than need be. In becoming a chemist, I had to learn the professional jargon. Some of this is obviously necessary. Some, the approved style of writing professional papers, is artificial. But to succeed professionally (or even exist) it is necessary to learn the language.

As a teacher at an ex-teachers college, dominated by the School of Education, I am exposed to still another jargon, that of the educationalists, for which there is no excuse at all. To be a fan, it is necessary to learn still another esoteric language? Too much!

3. On top of the separation of fandom from the mass of science fiction readers, there is the separation of some fans from science fiction altogether. Fandom is an interesting subculture, sure, but its roots are in science fiction. The new recruits come mainly from that same mass of readers. Considering the varied interests of fans, science fiction is the only thing that holds the mass together. Yet some are proud of their lack of interest in science fiction, and heap scorn on those fans and fanzines whose fan activity consists mainly of expressing that interest.

It is a sad reflection that, in some circles, a fanzine is considered disqualified for the Hugo, because it is only interested in professional science fiction, and not the doings of fans.

4. In itself, fannishness is not a bad thing. A good deal of fannish writing is interesting, some of it damn good. But in many fanzines all it amounts to is silliness.

Perhaps, here again, my unfavorable reaction may be due to personal factors. We have a girl here, who in many ways is an excellent secretary. Above all, she cares about doing things right, which is a rare quality these days. But -- she affects baby talk, gives cute names to the office machines, carries around and talks to stuffed animals. The whole place is awash with whimsey. So it isn't strange that I react negatively to a fanzine that is co-edited by a toad. Well, I suppose I ought not complain about that so much, it's easy to avoid such fanzines.

5. What is a little more difficult to avoid, is the tone of vulgarity that is found

in so many fanzines. Perhaps it's a sign of my age, or my conservative up-bringing, or something, but it does put me off. And it's found in fanzines that otherwise contain much that is valuable. Other fanzines, particularly by the younger fans, give the impression that fandom is just a subdivision of the counter-culture. And the general tolerance of fandom for a fan editor who uses his fanzine for blatant sexual exhibitionism is rather surprising, particularly when approving reviews give the new reader no warning of what he is getting into.

This exhibits the wide tolerance for individual expression that fandom is noted for you say? Well --

6. Tell it to the LASFS. Charlie Brown put it quite well in his letter to INWORLDS 7: "Most fans don't seem to know the difference between arguing about a subject and arguing personalities." The way some fans are ready to question the motives of other fans, and cast doubt on their integrity, would do credit to a pack of politicians. If there's money involved, someone must be making a killing. If you don't know the figures, make up your own, it doesn't make any difference. Bad temper is the order of the day, with the pros setting a leading example. Oh well, I've always enjoyed watching a good fight anyway, but writing locs is hardly a good way to stay out of the crossfire.

7. Finally, one minor point. One sees a review of a fanzine, or perhaps an ad, that looks interesting, and sends off money for a sample issue, or even a sub. Most of the time you get what you wanted. It may take ((Ghod, how I try to avoid this with T.)) a while, third class mail being what it is. But too often, the wait stretches out into months, and there is no response. It's often easy to understand what might have happened. The issue asked for is sold out, and the editor decides to send you the next one instead. And fanzines, being the sort of things they are, the next issue may be infinitely delayed. A postcard saying something like: "issue #XX is sold out, will send you the next issue instead" would not be out of order. Some fan editors do this. Some publish so frequently that it is not necessary. Two have even sent back money. But I'm still waiting for eight fanzines I subbed to early this summer.

I'll admit that some of these cases may be my own fault. My absentmindedness is proverbial around here, even when compared with all the other professors. I've been known to forget to put money in envelopes, or to sign checks. But even so, why don't the fanzine editors let me know what I've done?

O.K. some of you may have concluded by now that I'm not really a fan. If so, it's all right with me. I'm perfectly happy being a mere science fiction reader. Just so long as my sticky quarters and letters of comment can still get me fanzines, I'll be happy. And if that makes me a fan after all, well, that's all right too.

((Underling of sentences in the above was done at the T-office.))

END

A ROUND ROBIN GAME OF BOTICELLI by Sheryl Birkhead

One person is "it" and the first "it" chooses someone who's name begins with an "A" -- (I go A,B,C... but some people like to let "it" choose his letter.) You have a few rules, like what areas to choose from and if you have to stick to real people. Our current game is open as to subject as long as it is something everyone should know. The first person to guess may ask as many indirect questions as he wants, like are you living, are you male, etc. If stumped he may then ask three direct questions.

gentleman and a scholar and won't switch names in mid-game. If a player thinks a name isn't in general knowledge, he can challenge, and the questioner will generally drop it and pick another. However, too much challenging is definitely frowned upon!

One good point about playing the game by mail is that you have access to books to make it appear as if you aren't as stupid as everyone already knows you are.

You rely on the assumption that "it" is a

By the way, Rose Hogue is in the same round robin game with "me". ((Still on?))

Compiled by Victor Boruta

"Man is not body. The heart, the spirit, is man. And this spirit is an entire star, out of which he is built. If therefore a man is perfect in his heart, nothing in the whole light of Nature is hidden from him." -- Paracelsus, pg. 243

"One day I believe man will have a sixth sense - a sense of the purpose of life, quite distinct and un-inferred. This is Faculty X. And the paradox is that we already possess it to a large degree, but are unconscious of possessing it. It lies at the heart of all so-called 'occult' experience." -- cover.

"To be free is nothing; to become free is heavenly." -- Fichte, pg. 323

"God once tried to wake up Lisbon - with an earthquake; he gave it up as a bad job." -- Crowley, pg. 373

"Gurdjieff laid great stress on the importance of learning to work, and told Ouspensky that a man who could make a good pair of shoes was potentially a better student of 'the work' than an intellectual who had written a dozen books." -- Crowley, pg.393

"Perhaps the most amusing story concerns a special occasion when Miss Merston served tea to everyone. Every time she bent over to hand someone a teacup, she farted gently, and said, 'Pardon me'. Everyone was slightly embarrassed, but Gurdjieff was delighted! He proceeded to draw attention to the explosions of wind, comparing them to the report of a toy gun, and remarking on her politeness in excusing herself after each fart. Again, the result was to make everyone like her." pg.395

"If we live calm, monotonous days and peaceful nights, we stultify. We had better torture our own spirit than suffer the inanities of calm." -- Gurdjieff, pg 397

"Joanna Southcott's reputation as an inspired prophetess ended in 1814, when she announced to the world that she was about to bear Shiloh, the Prince of Peace, in a virgin birth, and actually showed every sign of pregnancy - except a baby." pg.420

"Nymphomaniacs are rare among women; but almost every healthy male is - in imagination at least - a satyr." pg. 440

"Forbidden Planet by W.J.Stewart should be read by every student of phenomenological psychology: it may have been intended as fiction but it probably comes closer to the truth about the human psyche than Freud or Jung." pg. 447

"The only thing that emerges with an certainty from the study of spiritualism and occultism is that our normal, sane, balanced standpoint is built upon quicksand, since it is based upon a commonsense view of human consciousness that does not correspond to the facts." pg. 504

"Perhaps the only valid criticism of spiritualism is that it would be better to learn how to grasp the facts of human consciousness before we concern ourselves with the facts about the 'other' world." pg 504

"Crowley states that he and Jones (the alchemist) had succeeded in materializing the helmeted head and left leg of a healing spirit called Buer in London, and that on another occasion an army of semi-materialized demons spent the night marching around his room." pg 356

"Man is an organ in the body of the universe." pg. 232

"If Tody Kenyon is still conducting her survey, my big toe is longer than my second toe and my belly button is concave." -- Elaine White

He inconspicuously bobbed down the dark alley past the other shop he wanted to visit, but he was getting tired, and the sun was sinking, and at night, this part of town wasn't too friendly. He somehow knew he was being followed, but he tried not to think about that too much. The brown paper bag in his hand contained old newspapers; that was, if someone passed him going down the street, he'd see old newspapers. But little would the casual stranger know what he really had in that bag.

He emerged on the lamplit street now, and walked to the nearest busstop only two blocks away. He grabbed his bag close to his chest and breathed heavily. He saw someone walking across the street, and the stranger stopped only yards from him. Pete gulped.

Then, the stranger walked even closer and said, "I've got some stuff. California stuff. Southern California. Interested?"

Pete gulped again and held his bag tighter than ever. Then he shook his head nervously.

'Foreign stuff?' the stranger smiled. "I've got all kinds -- Argentina, Australian. British."

British, Pete pondered. I haven't had any British in a long, long time. Maybe just a few. "How h-how m-much?" Pete mumbled.

The chubby salesman said, "Only one unit apiece. Fair?"

That's the cheapest I'll ever get it, Pete thought. "Okay. I'll take two. When can you have them for me?"

"Tomorrow night. Same time. Same place. Fair?"

Pete nodded. The bus suddenly arrived and Pete got in. The pusher didn't, and Pete was glad of that. He shivered all the way home. The next night, he appeared at the same busstop and waited for over an hour for the stranger. Maybe he's not going to show up after all, Pete thought, clutching the two unit in his coat pocket.

Five minutes later, the man came. In his hand was a brown paper bag. They made the deal, and when Pete started to walk away, the pusher said, "How about showing me your stuff. Maybe we could make some kind of trade, eh?"

Pete thought about it for a few seconds and agreed. He went in the stranger's car, and directed the man to his apartment. When they arrived, Pete opened the closet and showed the man his stuff -- his fanzine collection. "It's the largest in the world, my friends tell me."

"Very good," the man said, then flipped out a revolver. The door burst open and a dozen zine-squad agents went through. "Good work, Bugs," an agent said to the 'pusher' who was busy putting handcuffs on Pete.

"All right, come on downtown, Pete," he said. To the plainclothesman he added. "I've been waiting four years for this bust."

"So have I," said the plainclothesman, looking at the hundreds of fanzines. He took one down from a stack and fingered through it. It'll take a while to book him, he thought. I guess I'll take something to read with me.

"Yeah, Bugs," the plainclothesman said as he stuffed a dozen fanzines in his large flap-pocket, "we've worked a long time to catch this guy."

REPORT FROM THE JALOLLAON

PRESENTED FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD BY J. C. ASSHOLONIAN'S ASGARD RACEWAY

As you all doubtless already know, the Jalollacon was held on the 3 day weekend of November 13-15 at Professor Spooner's Mummiesouse Inn and it was a great success. Mimi Selphany, as GoH, set the mood for the entire con, when she told the assembled multitudes "There ain't no such thing as a Lee Frunch," thus exposing the now-famous hoax attributed to Ked "Piled-Wickle" Agle, the British shoe magnate, who thereby attracted much attention, before fading back to his unfortunate state of oblivion, or Keon lansas in the indian tongues.

Convention registration took a great deal of time, thanks to the regrettable forgetfulness of the Registrar General, who forgot to bring a pencil, thus having to remember all the names of the attendees in his head. (Where else?) The suggestion that he use a pen was ignored by the RG, who thought that it was a cheap shot at his friendship with lafan Milton Stevens. (Figure that one out, corset-head!)

The remaining hours of the first day were spent spying on Bruce D. Arthurs, who stood staring at the ocean for 127 minutes. Many remarks were made concerning his sanity, (or lack of same,) until he explained himself later that evening. "I've seen plenty of Wacs," he said, "But I've never seen a Wave before." Newly married, honeymooning fan Wed Tight snorted in disgust.

Day Two was spent in earnest preparation for the Banquet that evening. The majority of attendees planned to attend, and the innovative idea of the combined banquet and Costume Ball kept them all jumping. (Snobbish, spoilsport fans, planning NOT to attend, spent time wandering aimlessly about, until they discovered a similarly stuck-up Art Gallery in the neighborhood, and they spend a happy afternoon being ignored by the staff of the Bronze Daisy.)

The banquet that night was spectacular, with Honored Guest Fred Wertham excruciatingly striking in his outfit, as Superman with a Kryptonite Arrow through his chest. Unknown North Carolinian neofan stole the show though, dressed as a Venusian Tterbxoc. When asked his name, to enscribe on the trophy, he merely said "Screw athletes!" and vanished through an inter-dimensional time vortex. The prize reverted back to Frank "Mad Ball" Shneck, in his perenial chuckle-getter as the North End of a South-bound Pink Elephant.

The next morning, the snobbish non attenders woke at six thirty, and ran through the corridors of the hotel, screaming "LETS BOOGIE!!!" at high volume, until they were permanently silenced by mobs of groggy vigilanties. Even the police officers, when they arrived, said it was so obviously self-defence that they forgot to report it. Later in the day, Dick Geis was abducted by a group of indignant gay-libbers after he took Andy Porter's dare to vocally spoonerize "Doug is Sick" in a park near the contel. Porter then talked the next of kin into burning all three thousand copies of TAC 7 for a fee of fifty dollars. Everyone left at 4:30.

Anyone interested in attending next years con may send in his \$10 reservation to KEN GAMMAGE JR. 7865 EAST ROSELAND DR. JALOLLA CALIFORNIA

92037

SF PATCH

Michael T. Shoemaker: "SF has done powerful treatments of both sides of the static culture theme. 'Forgetfulness' by Campbell shows one side of the coin and 'Fury' by Kuttner shows the other, and to me they are two of SF's greatest classics. If you start a column of great opening lines you should also have one for great closing lines. In the latter, Van Vogt is surely the master:

'Here is the race that shall rule the Sevagram.'

-- The Weapon Makers

'The face was his own.' -- The World of Null-A

'The baby that has not yet been born does not cry.'

-- The Pawns of Null-A

'Poor unsuspecting superman.' -- Recruiting Station

As for great opening / 'Oneness.' -- Asylum

lines: The GREATEST: 'The doorknob opened a blue eye and looked at him.'

-- The Fairy Chessmen, Kuttner

Others: 'The place stank.' -- Who Goes There? by Campbell

'Originally the robot was intended to be a can opener.' -- The Proud Robot by Kuttner

'Swift death awaits the first cow that leads a revolt against milking,' mused Professor Peder Bjornson.' -- Sinister Barrier, Eric Frank Russell

For a work to be good SF its story should arise from the SF elements it contains.

Gary Grady: "In SCIENCE FICTION HANDBOOK, de Camp writes on the technique of opening lines and says that one of his favorites was the one he came up with to get him out of a difficult situation. He had to introduce some important data about the geography of California and there was no way around making it the first item. So he finally wrote: 'Donn Brazier became involved with the Naked Princess in the following manner:' ((Huh?)) I don't like Tolkien. I read THE HOBBIT and was bored silly and I just couldn't bring myself to wade through the LORD OF THE RINGS mess after the first couple of acres. ((After HOBBIT I wouldn't even pick up another Tolkien book.)) BORED OF THE RINGS was a wonderful book, though. I once attended a symposium with a novelist of some note whose name has escaped me. He had had the misfortune of teaching a creative writing course at a University. He told of one girl who brought him a story he couldn't fathom. 'What's this all about?' 'Well,' she said, 'the butterfly is a symbol for a girl and...' 'Wait a second,' he interrupted. 'A girl is a pretty good symbol for a girl.' That Don Ayres might like that."

Terry Lee Dale: "The most interesting opening line I found was in John Myer's SILVERLOCK: 'If I had wished to live I would have died.' An intriguing line if I ever heard one.' ((Sorry to admit I never heard of SILVERLOCK...sf?))

Sean Summers: "I am interested in corresponding with people who are really interested in Roger Zelazny's and RALafferty's works. THE SHEEP LOOK UP was rather outdated. It should have appeared in 1969 or 1970. I don't think things could get that bad, even gradually. After a certain point, drastic measures will be taken to combat ecological problems. Britain managed it already. Ever since I read OF MEN AND MONSTERS by William Tenn I have been unable to squash a roach with a clean conscience"

Elaine White: "Give me a huge, enormous, gigantically stupendous, fantastically far-reaching, never-ending, BIG book. I mean, if it's a good idea, why should it end? And when you've made friends with the characters, it's devastating to have them drop out of sight at the end of the book."

Sheryl Birkhead: "The U. of Texas is teaching a course on SF as science --i.e. from the science disciplines point of view, not from the literature view. The prof is Dr.Sudarshan, co-director of the school's Center of Particle Theory."

Bruce D. Arthurs: "I did finally get to read AGAIN, DANGEROUS VISIONS when the post library got a copy (despite what Ellison and everybody else has said about libraries prudish orientation). I think that there are a few good stories, a number of fair ones, and others that would be rejected by the editor of a crudzine! There's less quality than in the first volume. Some of the good stories: Offut's, Sherred's, Hoffman's, and Bernott's. This last story by Bernott I don't think you would like, but it affected me a great deal. Anthony's story is supposed to be 'raunchy', from everything I've heard. Yet the sex in it is so clinically described that it's downright boring - as is the plot. I'm willing to bet that a year or two after THE LAST DANGEROUS VISIONS comes out, there'll be a fourth DV: THE BEST OF DANGEROUS VISIONS."

Jim Kennedy: "...a jazzy sf score watch Freddy Francis' MOON ZERO TWO. The film itself has been called about as exciting as a Marcel Marceau record, but its theme, I understand, is jazz inspired. If Elaine White really thinks life would be nicer with background music, she ought to read STAND ON ZANZIBAR. While taking an evening stroll, the character 'Donald' notices that 'the night was loud. Music came from everywhere...' and, only a few minutes later, a riot has broken out. There are some interesting ideas suggested by this: how about a special belt that, in accordance to certain vibrations in his brain-waves, provides proper musical accompaniment. Mention this to Bill Bliss..?"

Hank Jewell: "My two-word review of Brian Aldiss' brand new book, BILLION YEAR SPREE: THE TRUE HISTORY OF SCIENCE FICTION is as follows: It is not. In fact, it seems less 'true' than, say, Moskowitz' EXPLORERS OF THE INFINITE and SEEKERS OF TOMORROW or Lundwall's SCIENCE FICTION: WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT. Actually, Aldiss has mostly derogatory remarks about many of the authors and writings he mentions; however the book is fairly entertaining as a whole; more 'readable' than, say, the articles (most of them anyway) in RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY."

Warren J. Johnson: "John Robinson's great idea on how to tell if an original paperback novel is worthwhile is not always applicable. The length of a novel usually has no relation to its quality. BLUE FACE was one of the skinniest books published, but it was good. BUG JACK BARRON was a lot of ---- ((Warren's exact number of dashes.)), yet I believe it took up around 300 pages or more. I buy lots of paperbacks giving the excuse that I'm going to review them in my fanzine, so I wouldn't use the rule anyway."

Ed Lesko: "Cohen is an excellent writer, fair and humorous. He's done a sort of continuing series on science and superstition, beginning with Myths of the Space Age (I'm not sure of that title), Mysterious Places about lost civilizations and the like, A Modern Look at Monsters which I've just read, and most recently a work on mystics and psychics (Edgar Cayce, etc.) whose title I've forgotten. All can probably be found in the local library."

Frank Balazs: "Well, Mike Shoemaker and I have definite disagreements on the matter of short stories (like 'Robot's Return'), but I was glad to see that someone else appreciates Campbell's 'Forgetfulness' -- usually 'Twilight' and 'Who Goes There?' are mentioned most often -- 'Forgetfulness' is by far one of the best. I lament his not liking 'All You Zombies' by Heinlein. Not only is it the ultimate time travel/paradox tale, it is one of Heinlein's finest that I've read (there still being much Heinlein I haven't read yet)."

Bruce D. Arthurs: "To John Robinson - I read 'Klysterman's Silent Violin', and the reason I didn't nominate it for Best Short Story was because it wasn't very good. Satisfied?" and 'Phil Farmer's 'Sketches Among the Ruins of my Mind' far outranks To Your Scattered Bodies Go. For the Discon presentations I also nominated Trullion: Alaster 2263 by Jack Vance and 'The Jungle' by Karl Hudgins for Novel and Short. Both will be dark horses, I think."

RAMBLING IN THE OLE SCIENCE FICTION PATCH (continued)

Loay Hall: "It's rather amazing, I think, at the number of New Wave stories published yearly as compared to those of the Hard-Core genre. And I think it's a shame, really. I much rather read hard-core sf than New Wave; most of the latter are pointless and downright boring. I guess I show my age. I prefer sf of the Campbell school to that of the Moorcock. Not long ago I read a brilliant book -- IMAGINARY WORLDS by Lin Carter (Ballantine) -- which I highly recommend to all. Delightful is the only way I can adequately describe it. The three chapters on imaginary world-making (9,10 and 11) alone makes the book worthwhile, especially if you're interested in creating a realistic world."

James Hall: "I read Henry Hasse's HE WHO SHRANK, mainly because of its mention in T and the fact that I happen to have that issue of AMAZING. I thought the story was great; it was so good, it really shook me."

Loay Hall: "I'd choose L.Sprague de Camp's ROGUE QUEEN as the best in sf (but then I'm a little biased, since I'm a de Camp fanatic... 'cause there IS no greater writer, as far as I'm concerned. Is it possible to write symbolism into a story and the author not know it? I intend to detect symbolism in 'The Mirrors of Tuzun Thune', one of Robert E. Howard's King Kull tales. But to my knowledge Howard never wrote symbolism intentionally; did he unwittingly write it in, or am I mistaken that it is even present? Tom Mullen asked about Henry Hasse. I wonder if he read Hasse's 'The Guardian of the Book'? It is a borderline Cthulhu Mythos tale which appeared in March, 1937 ish of WEIRD TALES."

Michael T. Shoemaker: "I read Ed Connor's recommendation of INVISIBLE HORIZONS by Vincent Gaddis after having just finished the book myself. I can back up his endorsement 100%. The book is superb."

Jodie Offutt: "About the \$1800 Superman comic sale. The man who sold it -- who has dubbed himself the Prince of Comics -- showed up at Dallascon ((in July)) and extolled his virtues to a pair of sweet young fans attending their first con, leaving them wide-eyed and shaking in their boots. He demanded a suite and a guest ribbon attached to his badge at the registration desk; and was falling all over people getting on camera when a TV crew came to get some footage. Yukky!"

Roger D. Sween: "In #17 Robinson put me off by his 'Paperback SF'. It seems to be an error of modern thinking that if we can measure up the physical exterior -- the observable phenomena -- then we understand the object. Imagine objecting to the price of paperbacks purely on their weight, number of words, pages. If I were desperate for some literature, I would pay five dollars for 100 pages if there were no other literature to be had. He was closer to evaluation when he talked about the author's track record. But of course the problem is new books, by new authors, and no recourse to reviews. Either he should have come up with more critical evaluative standards or a proposal for a better reviewing system." ((Or might he have had his tongue in cheek?))

Harry Warner: "The writers who have developed fandoms of their own have something else in common, besides the fact that some critics don't consider them 'great writers' as Frank Balazs points out. Lovecraft, Burroughs and Howard were all isolated, spiritually or physically; they didn't learn how to write by attending creative writing courses in college or participating in Clarion. They wrote stories conditioned by their fears or daydreams, not by imitating the writer who is currently making the most money. It wouldn't be hard to add some more writers to this list, always remembering that you can cheat by deciding who should be trusted among the critics who decide about 'great writers'. Tolkien, London and Cabell might also qualify."

Matthew Schneck: "I like Harlan Ellison, and I like New Wave stuff. I also like Old Wave stuff. What does that prove?"

Denis Quane: "Chester Cuthbert sounds like a kindred soul. Right now I'm slowly going through Heinlein's works in chronological order. Just finished 'The Year of the Jackpot' and intend to read next THE ROLLING STONES. A similar re-reading of Asimov's stories, following the list in THE EARLY ASIMOV is going slowly. Once I finish those two I plan to start in on Poul Anderson."

Robert Whitaker: "I found a book which is some sort of classic, the first line of it anyway. Lunarchia, 'that strange world beneath the moon's crust' by someone named Emerson B. Hartman. The first line goes 'Had Bob Martin - for no one ever called him anything but Bob - ...' I don't wanna go any further. I wonder if anyone could write a novel about fandom and have it published as a case history or as a fantasy...." and also: "I mentioned to L. Sprague de Camp that he was a psychedelic writer. He asked me why, and I pointed out his initials, LSDecamp. He said I was the first to point that out to him. He hoped I would be the last."

Loren MacGregor: "I am a Pangborn fan myself, and I recommend him to anyone, without reservation. I recommend DAVY, which is one of my top ten. Anyone who doesn't like it -- I'd be glad to straighten out his warped thinking." ((Start with T's editor -- I fell asleep over DAVY and never finished it.))

Ned Brooks: "What I would like to see ((contrasting to my planned DORIC)) is a zine devoted to fan fiction, stuff like THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR, 'The Marching Barnacles', fiction by..about..and for fans. Such fiction is often very good but can't be printed in the prozines." ((TITLE is available to such fiction.))

Chris Hulse: "The Starlost, Harlan Ellison's creation, was on TV. I can see why he disowned the series (he made the credits read 'created and written by Cordwainer Bird'). One old man character who egged the star on to unknown worlds where 'death' was had an Irish-type accent. After countless generations in space!"

Brett Cox: "I cannot for the life of me figure out what all the fuss is about concerning the 'New Wave'. What difference does it make, as long as it's good? If it hadn't been for the new writing (a term I prefer to 'New Wave') even such relatively mild works as Haldeman's 'Hero' and Gerrold's WHEN HARLIE WAS ONE wouldn't have been possible. And why all the moaning about Ellison? Every story of his that was published as sf was sf, from 'One Life Furnished in Early Poverty' to 'At the Mouse Circus.' So there."

Tony Cvetko: "I'm finding out that there are actually people in fandom besides Quane and I who enjoy ANALOG! You and Bruce Arthurs, to name a couple. ((Uh, we're not a couple, though the rest is very true!)) The Cleveland Press reports: 'Producer Arthur P. Jacobs, who was responsible for the Planet of the Apes series, will make a film about interplanetary strife 20,000 years from now -- long after the planet earth has been forgotten. Its title of 'Dune' will be taken from the Frank Herbert novel of the same name.'"

Dave Hall: "You might be interested in INFO (if you get excited about sea serpent sanctuaries): P.O.Box 367, Arlington, VA 22210. Stands for International Fortean Organization. ((I was a charter DOUBT subscriber way back when, and, really, have lost vital interest in such things -- with so very little really shown after all these years-- a case of doubt about DOUBT, and probably INFO.))

Buck Coulson: "Note to Denis Quane; I used to prefer ANALOG, but for the last few years it's been no better than the competition. I echo Bill Bliss' nostalgia for the Good Old Days when one could read everything in print. (And 90% of what was worth reading was in ASTOUNDING, anyway.) I still try. Better check that. There are some writers whose work I don't like and don't read. They range from Old Wave Gardner Fox to New Wave J.G.Ballard; I've read enough crap from both to last me a lifetime."

RAMELING IN THE OLE SCIENCE FICTION PATCH (continued)

Tody Kenyon: 'Just bought a SF paperback as per instructions from John Robinson, "pig in a Poke' (T 17). It was big and long, felt good and the paper smelled delicious! ...the story smelled too...next case...'

Elaine White: 'GOR series by John Norman..the first book wasn't all that great, but by the fourth book, Norman has developed a fine sense of understatement of humor. On Gor, women are mostly slaves, with their sole desire to please men; Norman discusses the idea of women learning to walk properly. If any Women's Libbers ever read this book, they'll choke to death in outrage. Come to think of it, most women in sf are treated as sex objects. Probably because sf is basically a man's field. Not that this is going to put me off sf. Being thought of as a sex object wouldn't bother me in the least...as long as I was recognized as a living, breathing, feeling, thinking sex object and not just a curvaceous doll. I have been reading some more A,DV; some of the stories are actually good. Probably I was prejudiced against the book because of Harlan Ellison whom I don't like. Considering that fact, it's strange that I've read so much of his work. Yet the only thing of his I've even vaguely liked was "Repent, Harlequin". The same thing goes for Ray Bradbury. I don't like his work, yet I've read a lot of his short stories. The only one I liked wasn't really sf ('A Miracle of Rare Devices'). Someone is always running around screaming 'Harlan Ellison this..' and 'Ray Bradbury that...' and in order to keep from appearing ignorant, you have to know what they're talking about." ((I wonder...could it be that Ellison & Bradbury strike some subconscious chords that are generally suppressed because one doesn't like what's inside one. I use 'one' because I do not imply, Elaine, that this applies to you -- just an idea.))

Bruce Townley: 'Why not give David Bowie a Hugo for his record album Alladin Sane? He's always talked about spaceships and stuff; he even has done a song about a Captain Jack who goes to Outer Space and plays a coupla riffs on a saxophone. And this album's no exception -- songs with words like laser and module in it."

Roy Tackett: "THE HUBSCHMANN EFFECT by Thomas Patrick McMahon, Simon & Schuster, 1973, is called a novel of suspense but the book is stf although not very good stf. A number of young wives take part in testing a new birth control drug. Various children are born after the parents drop out of the program. About the time the children reach age 6 they become the victims of violence because they are 'different' - the kids are born completely without prejudice and society will not tolerate them.

In Romain Gary's THE GASP, a French scientist discovers a way to capture and harness man's life energy as it leaves the body at the moment of death. Ned Brooks mentioned this in T 17. Here, then, a source of unlimited power for automobiles, cigarette lighters, etc. and of course making bombs. The book is a predictable mish-mash of allegory, social comment, satire, and religious, ummm, propaganda(?). Anti-science

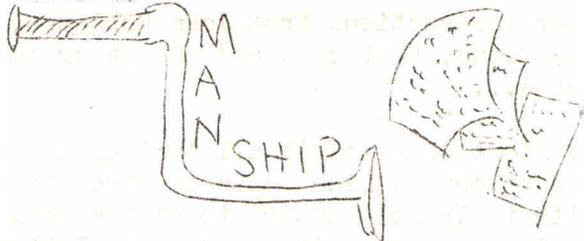
propaganda, too, as Gary hits constantly at the theme of how science is dehumanizing man. But science doesn't dehumanize man. Only man does that."

Lord Jim Kennedy: "Of course there's an affinity betwixt SF and Fantasy...most SF is fantasy. I'll go even further: there is no such thing as SF -- not as a legitimate literary genre. SF is just a phase a story goes through prior to becoming either fantasy or mainstream." ((Jim's thesis is based on time lapse either showing the SF that didn't come true --WAR OF THE WORLDS -- or SF that did -- 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA. And thus, respectively, fantasy & mainstream.))

Denis Quane: "I have seen fan writers use the terms sercon/fannish to distinguish between fan writing or fanzines seriously concerned with SF or related topics, and those more interested in fans and their doings. Others use the pair of terms fannish/faanish to express what appears to be exactly the same distinction. So that depending on whether it is being contrasted with sercon or with faanish, the word fannish appears to have two opposing meanings. Is this confusion real? Or does it exist only in my mind, based on misunderstanding or overlooking some subtle distinction in contexts?"

CRANK

LISTINGS & SHORT COMMENTS ON FANZINES RECEIVED SEPT 1-OCT 15, 1973



ENTIGTA #2 Loay H. Hall 3pp mimeo for
APA-5 mailing comments only
YANDRO #222 Robert & Juanita Coulson
36pp&cover mimeo 50¢ Columns, revs,
locs, editorial opinion. RECOMMENDED
ALPHA & OMEGA William C. Wagner 29pp &
cover, mimeo, 30¢ genzine incl some
fiction.
KWALHIOQUA #8 Ed Cagle 46pp mimeo 50¢
genzine with sf & non-sf material
highly reflective of the editor. May
appeal only to certain types. RECOMM-
ENDED for those types.
InBENDICK #3 Ben Indick 5pp thermocopy
for E.O.D. apa personal reminisces
of HPL & August Derleth
THE MOSHASSUCK REVIEW Ken Faig, Jr. 4pp
thermo for E.O.D apa comments & notes
that fit 'Esoteric Order of Dagon'.
ADRENALIN #2 John Carl 25¢ 4Opp ditto
genzine humor & oddities like the
barbecue sauce parts of TITLE & the
pickle parts of KWALA. RECOMMENDED
APA-H #29 Elst Weinstein mailing bund-
le - all dupl.methods, free speculat-
ion sample- humor, hoaxes, comments
TABEBUIAN #7 staff reduced offset
24pp \$1/6 issues short whacky &
fannish & off-beat non-sf RECOMMEND
JANICULUM D.N.Hall 4pp thermocopy
perzine about anything
DYNATRON #4 Roy Tackett 6pp mimeo perzine
40¢
MAYBE #32 Irvin Koch 18pp&cover offset
50¢ fan news, NFFF data. This ish
mostly fanzine revs
PARENTHESIS #5 Frank Balazs 10pp mimeo
perzine with many quotes
MADCAP #3 Pete Presford & Pete Colley
60pp 25p (U.K.) mimeo color genzine
with fic & poetry RECOMMEND
SON OF THE WSFA JOURNAL #103, #104
Don Miller 10pp mimeo 25¢ news &
revs bi-weekly
THE POKE SALAD DAYS CHRONICLE Frierson
28pp mimeo Summary of Frierson's
pubbing & other fannish material
INWORLDS #9 Bowers legalsize mimeo 7pp
& Strelkov report, No subs. Fmz revs
& other news RECOMMENDED
OUTWORLDS #17 Bowers, Bill & Joan 4Opp
mimeo 75¢ genzine RECOMMENDED

SPECULATION #32 Peter Weston 68pp&cover
mimeo 20p (50¢) genzine RECOMMENDED
TOMORROW AND..#9 Jerry Lapidus 2-parts;
34pp offset & 2ndpart 22 pp mimeo, 50¢
Genzine; good writers - lots of layout
tricks, RECOMMENDED

LOCOMOTIVE #2 Gammage & Cox 12pp mimeo &
ditto 25¢ editorials & locs Greatly
improved over 1st ish.

***** This space for a zine that doesn't
want a review- goes to friends of whom
the editor has quite a number..uh...

ZINE-YA #1 Sharon White 12pp mimeo, gen-
zine with fiction & conreports. Legibil-
ity not good

BY OWL LIGHT #4 Frank Denton 6pp mimeo
perzine RECOMMENDED

THE GLASS OF THE FIVE JARS #9 Arthur Met-
zger 4pp & cover, for Apanage #20

TALKING STOCK #13 Loren MacGregor 28pp &
cover, mimeo genzine this ish

MUNDAC #3 Rick Stoker 18pp mimeo 25¢
perzine & locs

ANTITHESIS #1 Chris Sherman 15pp & cover
ditto (excellent legibility) 16¢ gen-
zine with fic & poetry

ESDACYOS #22 Ed Cox 28pp&cover mimeo
for FAPA fannish gen/perzine 40¢

STAR FIRE 1/2 Bill Breiding 2pp mimeo
perzine

KWALHIOQUA #9 Ed Cagle 21pp mimeo 50¢
Same oddities as before. RECOMMENDED

ETERNITY #2 Stephen Gregg 5Opp&covers
offset, \$1. This is semi-prozine with
all variety of material. RECOMMENDED

BETE NOIRE #25 Redd Boggs 18pp mimeo for
FAPA perzine

KARELIA #2 D.N.Hall 5pp&cover thermo
perzine mostly music & comments about
locs received after 1st ish.

SF COMMENTARY #34 Bruce Gillespie 42pp &
cover, mimeo Everything is about the
nature of sf; sercon RECOMMENDED

POWERMAD #3.5 Bruce Arthurs 6pp mimeo
8¢ This all locs

PREHENSILE #10 Mike Glycer 63pp&covers,
reduced offset, 50¢ genzine of art-
icles & revs. No fic/poetry RECOMMENDED
This is a new format for the zine.

NOCTURNE #2 Harry Morris 7pp&cover in
color, for E.O.D apa. Not available.

NO #14 Ruth Berman 34pp&cover, mimeo,
25¢ genzine with literary flavor

THE HAROSFA JOURNAL for Slanapa 46 Ned
Brooks 6 pp ditto comments & perzine

THE NEW PORT NEWS #30 for SPPA 55 Ned
Brooks 4pp ditto comments

TYMPANY #1 Bob Stein 3pp legal mimeo News
zine - an antique dated 17 March 1947.

ALL-KINDS

OF MAIL

Tody Kenyon has done it again -- only more so! This box measures 14x14x8 inches and contains, well, Terran and non-Terran artifacts. Catalog: a spring device that may have come from a mop-head; a zippered bag containing either a wildpickle juice strainer or an unused rocket orifice; either a recording tape splicer or a mechanical bug; a green bug with flowers in its head or a stuffed e.t.; a shelf bracket; a recipe holder; several goldplated and/or plastic coated bugs; a glass bird; a gearshift knob flecked with gold; a plastic egg with grandma inside; a small tin of 'Nigroids' that look like solid propellant; five aluminum cups shaped like icecream cones, some with covers; a plastic e.t.; a glass fork; two unidentifiable, handled tools; two steel triangles that have a nice ring to them; two knobbed red things; a plastic something or other; a plastic beetle; some plastic device about a foot long that has a gold eagle, unfastened, though there are screws and no holes in the plastic thing; a magnetic fluid toy; and optical puzzle; and finally a small slip of paper that must have come from a fortune cookie, reading, 'Put all your eggs in one basket, then watch it.' Sorry, I can't be more specific about this mysterious assortment; I have spent some time with the magnetic fluid and its interesting patterns, and the optical puzzle has driven me batty. Tody, please explain that strainer thing in the zippered bag. Did it come from RAMA?

Ann Chamberlain: (10-1-73) "I have not been writing much - seem to have hit a dry spell. When that happens I think most of us decide to read something, in hopes we can do a take off from someone else's ideas. In that mood I picked up my Aquarian Gospel and opened to these lines:

'WHEN ALL THE ESSENCES OF CARNAL THINGS HAVE BEEN TRANSMUTED INTO SOUL, AND ALL THE ESSENCES OF SOUL HAVE BEEN RETURNED TO HOLY BREATH, AND MAN IS MADE A PERFECT GOD, THE DRAMA OF CREATION WILL CONCLUDE. AND THIS IS ALL.'

Can you imagine what a few lines like that would stir up, if there is imagination and comprehension enough to embrace it? There could be deep anger at the preposterousness of it. If you have ever looked upon the face of one you wished you could bring back to life, knowing well you could not - at that moment you experienced a sense of fatality...a finality that can only be accepted or ignored, but cannot otherwise be dealt with. Like the mountain, it is THERE.

What ARE you going to do with it? It makes tough chewing. It can be proven neither true nor false..until men ARE Gods and can behold it. How can one understand what he cannot see? How can he call something false, and then just drop it without analyzing it? This statement was made by one very close to full realization of Godship, one who is always a brother to the race of men. The modus operandi may still be mystifying to us, but in my opinion, transmutation is sure. You can print this and then SEE whether any but the mad, mad, mad...will answer. Yet, what pleasure if it so be that some find it quite acceptable.

Blessings to your house... Ann Chamberlain

Ken Ozanne (from the Australian Cottonwoods) (5-9-73 whoops, in Aussieland they mislead us - the date is really, September 5, 1973..!)

According to John Robinson's thinking, my 'Golden Age' of SF reading should have occupied roughly the years 1948-53. Sorry, John, it was not so. As far as I'm concerned the Golden Age continues. (Never did lose that sensawunda.)

Would have to go along with Micahel Shoemaker on the relative difficulty of LoCcing SFC and TITLE. Not denigrating SFC (it had my Hugo vote), but I always feel that I should sit down and write seriously and at length. TITLE doesn't bring out that urge.

John Robinson should try a spell in Godzone. It can take months and months for me to

ALL KINDS OF MAIL (continue with Ken Ozanne's letter)

get a copy of a paperback I have seen reviewed. And that is buying same in the US. In the normal course of events it may take two years for a paperback to reach these shores.

How about Faulconbridge landowners Ronl & Sue Clarke to go in that list of Faulconbridge fen? How about my wife, Marea? (She, too, is a TITLE reader.)

I must complain bitterly about one point in your report of Dr. Green's speech. I have those theta waves all the time. (Ask anyone who knows me.) I don't want more theta waves, I want a way of doing something other than dozing off all day. The thing I do most at work is solving mathematical problems, but the semi-dozing state does not appear to be an advantage.

Don Ayres. Is a tettigoniid something like Linus' blanket? If not, what is it like? Are tettigoniids good to eat? Do they bite? Etc. Did you louse up that title, Donn? ((Just looked and looks all right to me...so?))

Love that Coulson touch. Seems debunkers have not only to be mean and nasty but also right. Wanna hear my debunking of Columbus or of Copernicus, Buck?

Joe Woodard. Dunno offhand how much air human lungs hold, but doubt it would be more than a litre. One litre of air masses a little over 1 gram. 20 to explain. ((Refers to the supposed loss of weight of a human body at the moment of death.))

Frank Balazs is a real neat guy. Who else would send me a letter telling me about his change of address on August 26th, dated August 26th, and leaving out the new address? Where do I write you, Frank? ((First class mail to Box 1007 SUNYA, Albany, NY, USA 12222; ticking packages to his old Croton on Hudson address.))

I was going to go one up on Warren Johnson by writing you something in Egyptian hieroglyphs, but that reminded me that I promised to transliterate someone's name and I got up and did that. The urge then passed off. ((More theta waves? How would 'TITLE' look in hieroglyphs?))

Doug Leingang. Doesn't everyone read on the john? What else is there to do?

End of LoC. YNGVI IS STILL A LOUSE! Peace.

** Ken Ozanne **

((I can't resist describing a photograph received from Tody Kenyon today... A colored snap of two raccoons. What's so unusual about that? Well, one is swimming (?) in the toilet bowl, and the other one is trying to get in!))

Ken Gammage, Jr. 9-27-73

You 'love' chili?! Hah! I spit on your contemptible midwestern idea of chili ptui! I'll bet your idea of chili is Dog Meat&Beans&Katchup&halfafreakin' teaspoon of salt. You inferior midwesterners get all orgasmic at the mention of Mexican Food, but can't take anything more exciting than 'Pat--ee--oh' frozen dinners. You guys are the kinds of tourists that go down to tj and say 'Look, Hahvey -- Mexican Ta Males'. Faugh! Next time you come on out to earthquake country, stop in at lil ol' La Jolly and I'll show ya what real chili is like.

Yours authentically,
KG-- fanpubbedder extraordinaire!

P.S. Jes foolin' ya old TITLER!
How about a short pc on Wild Pickle Fandom!
Grinchnorkpadlegak!

Dr. Fredric Wertham 10-4-73

ANOTHER RHYME FOR TITLE
by Fredric Wertham

I like your expression that we have to be watchdogs so that our 'basic good nature' is not corrupted. I also share your 'faith in the scientific method'. What is the scientific evidence for an eternal instinct of/for violence? None. What is the evidence against it? Considerable. What

The Kaiser's son, Prince Eitel,
Never deigned to read Title.
If he had he'd have been wiser
Than his father, the Kaiser,

7-1-73

does the instinct theory mean for the image of man? It distorts it. What are its practical implications? Control and coercion instead of liberties and rational search for causes. An instinct can of course be sublimated, compensated or displaced; but as Horace says:

Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret

which I translate as

You can drive nature away with a hayfork, but it will return anyhow.

You say that your name Donn comes from 'one Donn Byrne'. Donn Byrne (who died in 1928) was quite a writer in his time. He wrote many short stories not all of which were collected later in books. He lived first in the U.S. and later in Ireland. He came from an old Irish family whose family name was Donn-Byrne and used the first part as the first part of his pen name. ((What was his real name?)) A story of his that I liked especially was 'Two Who Were Thieves'. It's about a Chinese who owned a restaurant in New York City. He was a learned man familiar with Chinese literature and wrote polished poetry. When gangsters tried to take over his place he fought them off successfully, writing poetry between bouts.

Bruce D. Arthurs' idea of a movie production 'Shaver Meets Wertham' sounds intriguing. Shaver looks for heads in rocks; I have to look for rocks in heads.

Ed Lesko, Jr. is not alone in what he says about TWoF. In fact he's milder than many. Many communications say my book will be no good. The writers know 'via the grapevine' ((hast thou been resuscitating any grapes lately, doctor?)), 'on good authority', 'from reliable sources' etc. that my book is 'entirely negative' about fanzines, that it is a 'twisted expose', that fanzines will be 'coming under the gun'. Some go so far as to threaten legal steps -- meaning libel, etc! (Dear Donn: When I am in jail please send me Title and a few oranges?) ((I will send pickles!))

The famous theosophist Madame Blavatsky claimed that she knew the contents of any book after just sitting on it. Her German followers called that 'das zweite Gesicht' (the second face). ((You've given me an idea for a new fanzine rating system!)) Those advance critics of TWoF already know what is in this book without having even to sit on it. ((This is known as the scientific method, a mode of thought long-confined to textbooks and mysterious laboratories uninhabited by senators and such.))

((In case you have forgotten, dear readers, I enclose editorial crud with double brackets like this (...)) and now to continue with Fredric's letter...))

I might as well make a clean breast of it: the Titlers are entitled to that. How can there be any doubt that fanzines are indeed responsible for what Milton in Paradise Lost calls 'all our woe'? What else would cause crime in the streets, juvenile delinquency, prison riots, traffic fatalities, pornography and athlete's foot? ((Not to mention Twonk's Disease which you won't find in your medical journals as, having no symptoms, it is mankind's most dreaded affliction and has so far defied all attempts at diagnosis.)) Why should anyone want to break into the national Democratic headquarters? Obviously because somebody wanted old copies of fanzines to complete a collection. A hotel collapses in NYC -- somebody turning out fanzines in the basement. The gasoline shortage? Too many fans going to conventions. The farmers in Kansas

ALL KINDS OF MAIL (continue with Dr. Wertham's letter)

complain of the shortage of bailing wire. No wonder, what with all the stapling of fanzines. But of course the worst thing is that laboratory experiments show that fanzines cause tumors in mice.

Again, splrfsk, F.W.

((Some kind of letter or article was received authentically unsigned -- the name DICK Shaver being typed at the end. Whoever you are, you type better than Leingang whom I suspected, even though there was a VA on the Postal Service mark and Leingang lives in LA (for Louisiana). Sam Clemens is quoted, thusly: 'What the thing was that happened to his and his grandfather's old ram is a dark mystery to this day, for nobody has ever yet foound out.' The letter/article is headed 'THE COMIC CONSPIRACY' pokes fun at everything in TITLE, and so I had a good laugh, thankyou. Since John Coltrane was mentioned I suspect it is someone to whom I have written about jazz, but since I don't clog the files with carbons of Brazier's nonsense, I can't check on that. It was pointed out by this comic lover that by sticking an "s" in the word we get cosmic. Also it was pointed out that Dick Tracy's mustache (sic) a new telaugmentative device. There's a lot more but I hate to print an unsigned piece. It ended with a quote from Robert Benchley, which I think is a veiled reference to TITLE's effect on the writer -- Newport News bunch??-- 'I can't take a nap in the middle of the day.'))

Part of a 3-page letter from Kevin Williams, 9-11-73 ((Actually two separate letters
Where am I? in the same envelope, but
Where are you? dated the same!))

Why are we here?

So much for philosophy.

This is as good a place as any to quote the one and only apothegm I ever made up:

School and education are two mutually repelling forces; it is only
an accident of history that brought them together in an unhappy marriage.

That's bad phrasing, but I did that on purpose so you'd know I made it up and didn't steal it from some long-dead book of quotations.

I frequently send two letters to someone in the same envelope. I don't mean that someone is in the same envelope; I mean the two letters are. This is obvious since you are not in the envelope while you read this. Of course, if you are in the envelope while you read this, I won't criticize you for it; you get your jollies where you can. The purpose of this letter is to apologize for the other letter in this envelope. If you haven't read the other letter yet, don't. I strongly forbid you from reading it. ((I didn't read it, I didn't read it!))

I'm thinking of writing a novel called THE TEACHER CREATURES, about the plot to control the minds of American youths.

What's this?! 'A simple thing like TITLE,' indeed! I laugh in your beard. T must require an awfully large amount of work. I shudder at the thought. Did Bruce D. Arthurs send any explanation along with his cover drawing for T 17? And if I guess it correctly, do I win anything? ((As a matter of fact, I hereby declare the contest now open because I did recently get a full explanation from Bruce; the one who comes most close wins a hitch-hike pass to Des Peres.)) Here's my entry. This guy has an ameba crawling around on his head, searching for an opening. But then why should he have a faint smile on his lips. I mean the man, of course. Amebas don't have lips that I can tell. This could be a mind controlling ameba as indicated by the slightly stoned look in the man's eye. But that's a little far fetched. ((Not at all -- it wins the prize))

Poseidon Adventure - a ship turns over. So what? Is this to compare with the majestic beauty of the revolving space station in 2001? I wouldn't trade one single frame of 2001 for any other entire film you care to mention. I have seen other sinking-ship movies and many sinking movies.

-- Kevin Williams

Aljo Svoboda (7-8-73)

Title's purpose, basically, seems to be Survival in a Hostile Environment -- fandom may be 'an underground communications network' as TV GUIDE dubbed us once. You might just as well be a Big Huge Money-Hungry Corporation in disguise, harnessing the fan-nish gestalt to do your creative work for you for almost nothing. The various articles you carry resemble the raw materials needed for any type of production. The loc type material represents partially processed material, sent out again for further work, although occasionally you include some thoroughly useless items, to keep the machines happy, you know. And the locs you don't print are the finished products, fully processed. This sort of thing can't be published, obviously. So fans, even out on the fringes of reality, have become victims of materialistic manipulation! Shame, for shame, whoever you are, hiding behind the 'Donn Brazier' pseudonym.

But if we ignore the business side of this operation, we still find things generally interesting. For instance, I labelled all items in TITLE under one of four categories: Survival; Community; Mental Joys (or Mental Blocks, depending on where you are At); and Creative Insanity. With a bit of shoving and pushing, everything fits perfectly. Under Survival, your editorials, book quotes, Ed Cagle, and items contributed by offutt, Shaver, Balazs, Jackson, and definitely MUNDANIAC. These introduce fandom's great unwashed masses, whoever we are, to new and different ways of approaching 'life'. This is the most important part of the fanzine, as far as I'm concerned.

Community actually encompasses the whole idea of TITLE, but I narrowed it down so that it related specifically to fans interrelating with fans, and to the nebulous topic that brought us all together - you-know-what. Your editorials, Indick, Larson, Hall, MUNDANIAC (at least slightly), Leingang, RAMBLING IN THE SF PATCH, and FANZINE NOTES. This is Ninth Fandom, right here!

Mental Joys - Your editorials ((what, again?)), Balazs, Wilber, Kennedy, CLIPJOINT, most of the comments plucked from the minds of your readers, and most definitely Ed Cagle.

You, Leingang, and Cagle deserve the Creative Insanity heading all to yourselves, but unfortunately, the entire issue ((this is all about T 16)) forced itself into this category. TITLE is a gestalt personalzine. The whole thing is just toooo much!

Beautiful! -- Aljo Svoboda

JUST TO SHOW YOU THAT I AM A LIBRA AND HAVE THE SCALES IN BALANCE.....

Mike T. Shoemaker: "I don't feel up to writing a loc to SF COMMENTARY so I thought I'd comment on TITLE."

G.H.Scithers: "Thanks awfully and all that, but I think someone else might more appreciate getting TITLE than I."

This is an advertisement for DORIC, the Fanzine of Speculative Fiction.

The price -- 50¢ each. Offset.

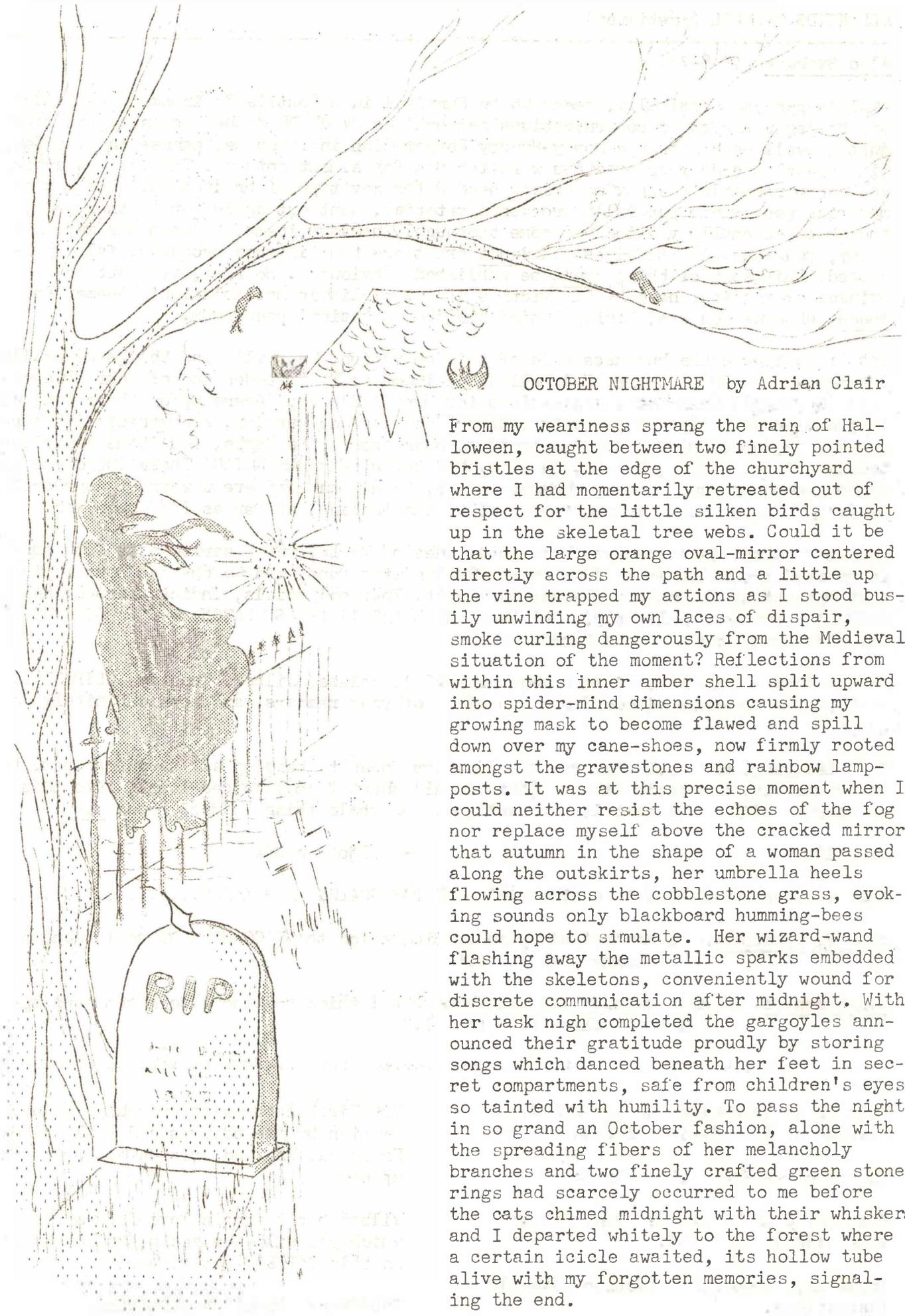
Editors: Rick Wilber and Donn Brazier
Same address as TITLE.

About 24,000 words of fiction plus illustrations.

The First Issue will probably include fiction by the editors and Paul Walker, Frank Balazs, and Eric Mayer as it firms up now.

Wilber has a tragic love-fantasy in which you will see again the lovely one on this TITLE's back cover.

Pub-date: about Thanksgiving.



OCTOBER NIGHTMARE by Adrian Clair

From my weariness sprang the rain of Halloween, caught between two finely pointed bristles at the edge of the churchyard where I had momentarily retreated out of respect for the little silken birds caught up in the skeletal tree webs. Could it be that the large orange oval-mirror centered directly across the path and a little up the vine trapped my actions as I stood busily unwinding my own laces of despair, smoke curling dangerously from the Medieval situation of the moment? Reflections from within this inner amber shell split upward into spider-mind dimensions causing my growing mask to become flawed and spill down over my cane-shoes, now firmly rooted amongst the gravestones and rainbow lamp-posts. It was at this precise moment when I could neither resist the echoes of the fog nor replace myself above the cracked mirror that autumn in the shape of a woman passed along the outskirts, her umbrella heels flowing across the cobblestone grass, evoking sounds only blackboard humming-bees could hope to simulate. Her wizard-wand flashing away the metallic sparks embedded with the skeletons, conveniently wound for discrete communication after midnight. With her task nigh completed the gargoyles announced their gratitude proudly by storing songs which danced beneath her feet in secret compartments, safe from children's eyes so tainted with humility. To pass the night in so grand an October fashion, alone with the spreading fibers of her melancholy branches and two finely crafted green stone rings had scarcely occurred to me before the cats chimed midnight with their whiskers and I departed whitely to the forest where a certain icicle awaited, its hollow tube alive with my forgotten memories, signaling the end.

ED CAGLE: A PORTRAIT

..... by TERRY LEE DALE

ED CAGLE: A PORTRAIT

One name that is certain to rank near the top of fandom's greats is Ed Cagle. He has proven himself a master of all areas of this world in miniature -- whether it be editing or writing. In either field, Cagle is recognized for what he is -- a genius.

Being eager to establish myself and earn a name in fandom it seemed natural that I try to crack Cagle's barrier of solitude and aloofness. So, with the brashness that comes only with youth, I wrote to request an interview for possible publication in TITLE -- and he agreed!

So it was on a warm summer day that I set out; the drive from my home in Oklahoma to his in Leon, Kansas, wasn't long but it seemed an eternity to me. As I drew nearer my destination, I grew uneasy, thinking about the rumors of Cagle's eccentricities, the tale of how an earlier interviewer had gone mad shortly after visiting the Cagle home (possibly an in-joke?) and the near legendary aura that surrounded the man. And here was I, a young upstart in fandom's ranks, on my way to interview him.

Having to stop twice to inquire for directions to the Cagle residence, I found his neighbors the usual type of taciturn, mid-west farmers, unwilling -- perhaps unable-- to talk except to give the barest minimum of information. I couldn't help but dread that Cagle might be like them, and yet felt amazed that his genius wasn't dimmed by those surrounding him.

Finally I arrived at a remote stretch of backroad in the Flint Hills where two creeks met and there, at the juncture, stood the home of Ed Cagle. As I climbed from my car and approached the fieldstone house I was stricken by the strange lack of sound, for though the area abounded with trees, no birds sang. Shaking my head in half-felt humor at my nervousness, I knocked at the heavy door.

A voice, deep yet intense, bid me enter and after a momentary hesitation I did. I found myself in a pleasantly furnished living room face to face with the one I sought. Face to face with Ed Cagle!

Although he stood possibly six feet or so in height, he seemed somehow so much larger. His square jaw and high cheekbones blended with his dark complexion, and his long, dark hair framed a slightly menacing countenance in the gloom of our surroundings. He was dressed casually and seemed entirely at ease, but this was not what first drew my attention and held me in rapt silence when we met. It was his eyes, those peaceful yet damning eyes. They were twin pools of pure jade that blazed with a greenish fire all their own. They held hints of laughter and welcome, yet cut to the very soul. How long I looked into them as he stared at me, unspeaking, it is impossible to say; it may have been only seconds or maybe an hour or more. It seemed an eternity. Then he smiled suddenly and light seemed to swarm into the room through the narrow, stone-framed windows as he extended a hand and said, "Mr. Dale, I presume."

I shook his hand firmly, conquering my unease, and followed him into the kitchen where he had evidently been enjoying a late lunch before my arrival. After he had offered me a gin and lime, which I accepted graciously -- feeling disappointed that it wasn't beer and pickles which I had expected -- we were seated. When I noted a jar of pickles on the sideboard I could not suppress a smile. After he had made apologies for the late meal, his wife Sue having taken the children to visit a neighbor, we settled down to the business at hand. For the next forty-five minutes, my anxiety now forgotten, I fired questions. But it was evident from the start whose interview it -- Cagle kept control with his keen wit.

As I reached the end of my questions I made a final check of the pad upon which I had taken down our conversation verbatim. It took only a moment to notice a rather startling fact: I had not one answer except those available to anyone who had read pieces

on Cagle by those friends who corresponded with him. There wasn't a single important fact about Cagle, the writer, in the whole interview. He had talked his way past that facet of his life by completely dominating the interview. But never one to give up, I went back to one of the questions he had evaded and asked it again. He replied tactfully, "I believe you asked that before."

"Yes," I replied, "but this time I'd appreciate an answer."

At this he grew silent and his eyes smoldered with deep fire. Gone was the joking Cagle and in his place sat a solemn man resenting an intrusion on his privacy. Then he answered threateningly, "You tread on water, Mr. Dale. Beware, beware."

Somewhat startled by this warning, my anger rose as I said quietly, "I came to get an interview, Cagle. Do I leave now and forget the whole thing or stay have you actually answer my questions?"

He sat silent for several seconds and then his dark countenance was split by a toothy grin as he said, "I admire your persistence, Terry", the first time he had called me by my first name, "so I'm going to show you something only one other 'persistent' interviewer has ever seen or known." He rose, signaling for me to do likewise, and went to the far corner of the kitchen. There, concealed behind a small stack of boxes, was a small trap door that he opened and stepped into. I hesitated, my anxiety returning, but when he motioned me to follow him, I did. I followed him down a long staircase of crude stone into deep darkness. My hand felt the coldness of the stone, and I jerked it away. He began to talk as went ever deeper.

"It all started when I received the book in the mail. It was sent as a curiosity by a friend in Wichita; he never dreamed I'd translate it. I labored, God how I labored, over the oldest Latin-English dictionaries until at last I understood -- I understood. Power -- all mine, the world within my grasp, and all for so little price. A soul and a sacrifice. I won't disturb you with the details. Suffice to say I am satisfied with a little fame, that's all, just a little fame." Then, as we reached the foot of the stairs he turned suddenly on me, and even in the dark his eyes seemed to glow. He said angrily, "You think me slightly mad but you simply don't understand. How could you? How could one to whom the name von Juntz means nothing and De Vermis Mysteriis is just an old Latin text from the Middle Ages? I was profoundly puzzled and being no Latin student the names meant nothing to me. I merely retained my silence, praying that I might soon escape from this madman."

Reaching a level floor, we rounded a corner and encountered a murky break in the darkness. In the dim light I saw it. God knows from what nethermost depths he had summoned this thing, but it was there, somehow imprisoned in that strange basement. It was a blasphemous corruption of all evil and, though I looked at it only for an instant, the impression is seared upon my brain forever. Perhaps if that niche had been less lighted the true horror might have escaped me. Perhaps I would have failed to have noticed the terror, despite its corruption, was in the shape of....man. Or not have seen that it hunched over a typewriter in which was a paper headed Ed Cagle. For this..this thing...was indeed the real Ed Cagle of fandom.

Turning, shaking uncontrollably, I struck out in terror at the grinning one who had led me down those cold, stone stairs. He sank to the floor, his head cracked sickeningly upon the stone. Thinking him dead, I fled back through the darkness and up the stairs, only my desperate need to escape saving my sanity. Of the ride from that blasphemous house to the safety of my home I remember little. It is a blur of fear-strung memories.

That was two weeks ago. In this time I have lived in constant fear that in slaying Cagle I might have freed the horror in the basement, the thing, the man-thing, that was the genius of fandom's Cagle. But today I found something in the mailbox that caused me, for the first time in my life, to faint. For there, clearly marked with return address, was a new copy of KWALHIOQUA!

FINAL.

Almost a great scoop! Regardless, real excitement for the editor of a simple thing like TITLE.

On September 13 I received Al Jackson's article '...Zapped...'. I typed it and mimeoed it, and it's in this ish. However, TIME ran a 12 inch summary of Jackson & Ryan's black-hole theory in its October 8 ish.

My compliments to Al for getting all that space in TIME plus, of course, the acceptance of the article by NATURE. Frankly, above all, I feel quite proud for little ole TITLE.

Upon the receipt of a subscription renewal notice to VERTEX considerably ahead of my expiration and for \$9 instead of the charter sub of \$6 I had expected, I wrote a letter. What with computers taking over such mundane matters, I didn't expect an answer; but I got one.

My expiration was figured correctly; they just didn't want me to take a chance on lapsing -- thus the early notice. However, the \$6 rate is only for first-time subscribers. I doubt that I'll renew at \$9 for even \$6 is steep for six issues; and so VERTEX will have to spend money on promotion to get another \$6 sub when they already had one in the bag.

WHERE ARE THE ADDRESSES ??? Assuming names and addresses to be of limited interest, usually only to fanpubbers, and taking up a lot of space, I am dropping the idea.

Aljo Svoboda suggested, even, a comprehensive index to take its place. Well, that has limited appeal, too, since fans write how they've misplaced, lost, etc. previous TITLES.

Therefore, in lieu of cluttering the zine with data, I am publishing a separate comprehensive index and variously coded names & addresses. This will be available only on receipt of 25¢ in coin or stamps.

Good news. It was reported that David Shank was scheduled for open heart surgery. According to THIS I REFUTE #1 of October 11, David (Dash) will have a less serious operation November 18 and be out of things for about 6 weeks. The operation will change his blood flow pattern and improve his health 50%. Go get 'em Dash! And thanks for the phone call on October 13.

Hasn't Kingsley Amis edited or written something in the sf field?

Well, Betty Stochl of House Springs, Mo, has a garage full of books - all subjects - which she gathers and sells. I got a card from her shortly after she had been to my houseparty for Eric Lindsay and Paul Anderson; she said she had noticed my jazz books, and did I have A HANDBOOK OF JAZZ by Barry Ulanov, 1958.

No, I said, when I called her. I'll send it to you, she said. How much? I asked. It's a gift, she said. Betty's generosity is exceeded only by her good looks. She sent me the book. Hardcover!

The foreward is by Kingsley Amis.

James N. Hall is President of the James Branch Cabell Society. Interested? Get in touch at 202 Taylor Ave., Crystal City, Mo. 63019. He specifically asked about you, Alma Hill, because you had mentioned Cabell in TITLE. Are you a member, Alma?

ANALYSIS

Gary Grady is in Iceland. He writes: "Iceland is an interesting place. The amount of alcohol in one beer is legally enough to make you unfit to drive anything, even a horse. ((How quickly he gets to the meat of the matter!)) Since I don't drink this doesn't bother me, but think of the rest of the Navy. ((Puts you at a slight disadvantage, I would say.)) If you would like to walk on the moon, come to Iceland. I travel about on volcanic ash and in a few weeks I think I'll go look into a crater. The weather is cool, wet, and very windy. Last weekend ((October 6)) 110 mph gusts. But my eskimo suit keeps me warm. Usually.

In connection with Denis Quane's article in this ish, he wants me to qualify his attitude with paragraphs 4-6 of the letter accompanying the article. OK.

Par 4: he hesitates to complain because everyone else is working harder in fandom than he is, and he's reaping benefits.

Par 5: After reading ALL OUR YESTERDAYS he realizes that many of his complaints refer to fan traditions to which a newcomer, like himself, seems ridiculous in any attempts to change things.

Par 6: He refers to Ted White's editorial from AMAZING to the effect that neofans often propose schemes for reform of fandom that embarrass the fan after they've had more experience.

"But, fools rush in, and all that.." he (Denis) says. This old fan is happy to hear the advice of a newcomer, and feels guilty when his errors are laid out on the line. Tradition is no guarantee of what's right and what should be..So, say more, anytime, Denis. OK?

Same goes for that crusty ole Paul Walker and anyone else who wants to let off some steam against practices, etc. in contrast to specific personalities.

Interested in completing a story from its opening lines? And winning a copy of Cap Kennedy #1? ((What's that?)) Deadline is 2/1/74. Write: ASSFS, Box 530 DD, SUNYA, 1400 Washington Ave., Albany, NY, 12222.

This seems to be the opening: "Nurse Chapel is seated on a bench, waiting for a bus or whatever. This Dirty Old Vulcan walks up and sits down beside her, then... .." Frankly, I've seen better lines on the window of the local liquor store.

May I get serious? To save gas, cut down on pollution, alleviate traffic snarls, ease parking problems, cut down accidents, save time & frustration, and to have more fun why don't we form communicative nets between home and place of work? Let the home become the primary work place for a good percentage of such people as administrators, financial managers, supervisors, designers and planners, clerks, and whatnot.

The time is NOW! Certainly we have the technology for it. Let's use it.

Studying my own place of work (a museum) I could be gone maybe all but one day a week IF I were connected to the place with instant TV-radio-etc. communicators. Decisions could be made electronically from a distance just as easily as sitting in an office. One day a week I could inspect and chat (drink coffee) with the staff still on duty.

This wouldn't work for exhibit builders, but it would for the designers. It would not work for teachers or janitors, but it would for my accountant, my administrative assistant. It wouldn't work for the gift shop salesladies, but it would for the manager of the shop.

See how this staying home would save on all the problems stemming from the automobile? (See, too, how you could get in a little more fanac, gardening, pickle packing, or whatever? Even give the wife a kiss now and then?)

Although this idea came to me as what I considered might be original, I have my doubts. I'm sure Arthur W. Clarke, and others, have written about it. It's not really very far fetched.

Let's hear it for the electronic home!



THIS ISSUE, NUMBER 20, DEDICATED
TO
CHRIS AND SHARI HULSE
A CREATIVE TEAM OF
HUSBAND AND WIFE



ART CREDITS

Cover- Shari Hulse
'Spaceship' - David Dash Shank
Guy at typer - Dash
Nude reader - Jackie Franke
Toucan fan - Mike Scott
Sonja Ilpopyaoff - Dom de Barbeque
Scissors - Dom
Ol' matchhead - Dom
October Nightmare - Jackie Franke
TITLE -this page - Sheryl Birkhead
Back cover advertisement- Shari Hulse

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(For Claire Beck and others who are
backward...uh..backwards readers)

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Paul Walker
Awk-You-Syko-Thero-Pyout-o-Toot-a-Pee
Ed Cagle
Quick Quotz -- readers
Dixon Spacescapes - advertisement
Vectors - readers
So What Zapped Illya Potovich's Reindeer!
Al Jackson
Mundaniac - readers
Clipjoint - clippings from readers
Lighting a Match
Richard S. Shaver
Notes on Acupuncture
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Crankmanship - fmz revs - editor
All Kinds of Mail - Letters cut but
slightly
Tody Kenyon
Ann Chamberlain
Ken Ozanne
Ken Gammage, Jr.
Dr. Fredric Wertham
Kevin Williams
Aljo Svoboda
October Nightmare
Adrian Clair
Ed Cagle: A Portrait
Terry Lee Dale
Final Analysis - editor

D O R I C

THE MAGAZINE OF SPECULATIVE FICTION
Rick Wilber
Donn Brazier

