

T I T L E

Editor, Donn Brazier, 1455 Fawnvalley Dr., St. Louis, Mo. 63131 #5 Aug
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GENERATION GAP: The other night during a temporary power failure, we got out the candles in a merry holiday mood. My wife and I pointed out to our youngest (twin boys aged 15) that candlelight was the customary light used for studying not too many years ago a la Abe Lincoln; and that both my wife & I had memories of candles used by some of our farm relatives (a real scarce thing today with so few people manning the farms). To illustrate the acceptance of modern wonders, and the world of the young people - who would know better if they thought about it - one of the boys asked: "What did the people do for television?"

THE QUANTUM JUMP: To date Mr. Armstrong of THE PLAIN TRUTH has not personally answered my letter of a possible materialistic explanation via the quantum jump to explain man's presumed mental advantage over animals. The magazine did carry a catalog of answers to its readers' most common replies, and a reply to this idea of brain threshold and a quantum jump over it was "answered". The magazine, by the way, is a bargain since it's free and does carry provocative articles. Just request to P.O.Box 111, Pasadena, California, 91109.

SCIENCE OF SENTICS: Perhaps I'll review this subject in more detail later, but for now your attention is called to THE SATURDAY REVIEW of May 13. Briefly, sentic science claims that emotions can be measured (identified) through the finger tip placed on a pressure transducer and its component electronic tracing. Did ANA-LOG once tell this story?

NUMERICAL SERIES: Bruce D. Arthurs sent this. What is the next number in the series 77 49 36 18 ---- I used 4 dashes so as not to give even the slightest clue.

WHAT'S IN A NAME? In YANDRO 214 Bob Coulson asks: "Would you trust a company ((insurance)) where the legal counsel was named David Hogg and the senior vice president was Arlo Gump?" This raises the interesting question of the importance of fictional names, in obvious or subtle ways, to the enhancement (or detracting) of the author's theme. Examples from the SF literature, please; or make up a few that could be used....

BLASE NEWSCASTERS: From the same issue of YANDRO, Juanita Coulson observes that the news media were so blase about Apollo 16 coverage they permitted talking over live transmissions from the Moon, "infinitely more important listening than some astronauts describing unusual and sometimes unique rock formations." Fertile field for some satirist....

HUMAN BEINGS CAN BE GREAT: A little philosophy from an anonymous reader of TITLE, who says "not a poem, not a prayer, just a thought..."

*May your lands abound with game.
May grasses grow in the darkest
corner of your lodge,
and may joy live there.
Should this not come to pass,
my heart will be upon the
ground.*

POSSIBLE RARITY IN ROYAL CIRCLES: Did you know Emperor Hirohito of Japan does biological research and writes biological books? See SCIENCE, 30 June 72- Vol 176 No.4042

DELAY CIRCUIT

in which late respondees to
#1-3 get a hearing in brief

NORMAN HOCHBERG: "Mike Scott's piece is puzzling. Coming into fandom in the past two years or so, I have no experience with a fandom in a world where sf was not respected. True, it was a shock to find fanzines where nary a word about sf was spoken. Recipes, gossip, reports on trips to Europe - all of this I greeted with the shrug of the unimpressed. If TITLE is what fanzines were like in the "old days", then bring back the "old days" says I....I'd like to live through the Revolutionary War and the setting up of the new republic.."Here comes that creep Hancock," someone whispered, "he's such an egotist."...I might go along with your quantum theory of intelligence were it not for the demonstratable intelligence of many animals...I myself have been doing a survey based on the "Analytical Lab" in ANALOG. Almost inevitably serials place first...I've got a cliché: "He made a mental note". Damned if I knew anybody who did that and then remembered it later. ((Try the Nutt memory system with its mechanical association concept - works!)) From Yaffe's first sentence on he leaves a trail of broad generalizations and unwarranted assumptions. It is not SF which is escape literature, it is all literature. The only thing on which Jon and I agree is that good SF usually leaves us wanting more since it does not portray solutions."

BARRY SMOTROFF: "Re: The Quantum Camel. Nuts. How can you tell if, for example, dolphins don't have this awareness ((which I attributed only to humans))? Besides which, how valid a criterion is this awareness? There is no one criterion; there are criteria. What these are would fill a book.

JACKIE FRANKE: "Just as some astronomers feel that radio messages to the stars are justified, so the sfan-type-mind will somehow broadcast his 'peculiar-ness' to the world - and others will home in on that beam. Fans are different. A quantum-jump explains that difference as well or better than most explanations..... Thank goodness for your expressed preference for short SF! I was beginning to think I was the odd child. I seldom buy novels. Anthologies are the thing! Read 20 minutes -- ponder & digest for an hour. That's sheer bliss! The tendency toward more novels and novellas (most apparently just padded shorts) I find distressing... Growing up with B&W TV is no explanation for lack of enchantment with color TV. Sorry 'bout that Roy. I've got too many elder kin who simply drool over color sets - even poorly tuned ones."

LOU STATHIS: "How about Intelligent Life in the Universe by Shklovskii and Sagan for a non-fiction book that suggests sf story ideas? Carl Sagan (an sfan I hear) has a sense of humor that's rare in his business (the 2nd chapter tells of his experience as an expert witness at a trial of some weirdo who sold stock in a bogus mine that he claimed was pointed out to him by a bunch of benevolent Saturnians). Also The Emergence of Man by John E. Pfeiffer, The View from a Distant Star by Harlow Shapely.... All time losers: anything by Fred Hoyle, 'Time Trap', Laumer, 'Men into Space', Leinster, 'Starlight', Hal Clement (typical of ANALOG - unreadable, boring, ineptly written)...I am fairly certain that our feeble brains possess some spiffy powers that we hardly expect to exist, but I think reincarnation is a load of turd since I refuse to believe that we have any souls or such. Most of the recent yammering about the supernatural I suspect, comes from a need for some vicarious excitement, or doing something that's immoral (witchcraft) or against the accepted standards (anti-science).... Sf is the only way to write half-way creative fiction these days; very close to being the only form of fiction still alive. The first time I've agreed with Tackett! The demands it makes on the writer are so much greater than any other genre. I do read a lot of modern fiction and the talent seems to be a bit skimpy, flat, and lifeless. Things are just marking time until the next literary messiah staggers in."

BEN P. INDICK: "Actually Mike Scott and I are arguing the same thing, which is to enjoy ALL GOOD WRITING, so long as it is good. Old-wavers can skip Spinrad's blowjobs, and new-wavers can skip Asimov's lack of them. Darn, I had wanted, deliberately, to pick a fight with Mike, but how can one? He's too much, not a Dre (a)d Scott, just a Great one."

AUSTRALIA

Is Extremely East of Suez

by LEIGH
COUCH

Before reading and reviewing Australian fanzines, I'm glad I read, I DIDN'T KNOW THE WAY TO KING'S CROSS WHEN I FIRST CAME HERE BUT LOOK AT ME NOW. This is a humor book (supplied by Ed Cagle, as were the fanzines) about Australia and Australians and the title is exactly as it appears. The author is William Rushton. If I proceed on the premise that it's going to be very hard to know people at 7000 miles distance and, fandom notwithstanding, I'm going to misinterpret some things, I think I have learned some generalities from this book. To wit:

"20 million Chinese are expected to arrive from hour to hour (according to the most recent Liberal Party forecasts)." and "Australia is in Vietnam to Defend Darwin from the Yellow Peril." and "Sydney is beautiful; Melbourne is ugly." but "Politicians are the same everywhere." and "Looney-bins Johnson (an obscure U.S. President) caused Sydney to go mad." though "Nothing happens in Canberra." because "Everything is censored in Australia." where "The Koala and Kangaroo are rapidly becoming extinct."

"Australians like advertizements." but "The Dunlop tyre advertisement is obscene." and "Australians go to the toilet more often perhaps than any nation on earth". where "Chundering (vomiting) is considered to be a necessary part of drinking." and "Immigrants must be white and are expected to breed!" but "Tourists are called 'Pommy Bastards'." which is too bad because "Australians have unlimited supplies of hot sun, huge sandy beaches, ice cold beer by the gallon, prawns and rich meat pies and a proper sense of the priorities of life." although "Society ladies wear flowered hats." and "In 1965 Shirley Temple and Errol Flynn were voted Top Australian TV Personalities of the Year." and yet "Fruit machines are legal." and "Cricket, Rugby, Wrestling and the Roller Game are the most popular sports." though "Most games are played by pooftahs making up Australian Rules as they go along."

Now this may all be a bunch of base canards; I have only the word of the author William Rushton, who is an Englishman, after all. I'm sure none of this applies to Australian SF fans, no more than the usual uglies about Americans applies to U.S. SF fans. So --- onward!

SCYTHROP 23 John Bangsund This is dated June 71 and I feel a bit uneasy about reviewing it, but it is the only bit of Bangsund I have. This man writes well. I slid very easily into The March of Mind (his life and times) and found myself becoming very concerned about his problems of unemployment. I had thought that jobs were going begging, all the AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU ads I've been reading. He has a quietly devastating sense of humor and is a punmaster equal to any fan I've ever read (and I don't like puns). The Keats and Chapman bits, though puns, are excellent. David Compton on not labeling SF as such and making the best-seller lists, good poetry by James Goodwin, humorous piece by Peter Mathers, unusual discussion of books by George Turner with some excellent thoughts on portraying aliens, book reviews by Henry D. Couchman which left me unimpressed, a tightly edited letter column from people who seem to know John well, and the closing comic strip tells me why foreigners are advised to read THE AUSTRALIAN and nothing else. John mentions that he is a Taurus on the cusp on Aries, a combination of stubbornness, well-hidden sentimentality, fire and talent. Do I understand aright that John is the leading Australian fan?

COR SERPENTIS 2 August, 1971 (winter there) Monash University clubzine, affiliated with Melbourne SF Club. I'm trying to indicate some of the ins and outs of Aussie fandom as I detect them in these zines. John Foyster is V.P.; that name I know! This contains Probe on Probability A by John Bangsund and I have never seen anything quite like this in a fanzine: a strange parody. R.Symons defends Velikovsky. Three Talks from the 1968 Melbourne SF Con (tape recorded) are the best things here. Buck Coulson holds for science and adventure being the important ingredients in SF, with better characterization being a fringe benefit. Brian Richards says that most SF written today from a basis of physical and/or biological sciences is garbage, and Ballard, av-

ant garde, human centered SF is the future trend. Brian Aldiss believes that SF is too conservative and stuck in its "randomly predictive" function. He looks for future SF to operate on a triad of audacious ideas, life, and style. Lots to think about here. An excellent LoC by Robin Johnson. A good balance of serious and light material.

WOMBAT 3 Editors: Shayne McCormack and Ron L. Clarke. Genzine; a wealth of material. Noreason Briefs by Alexandre D. de Bettencourt, Jr. Good editorials by both editors, poetry ranging from very good to mediocre. A very funny story, "Regan's Irish Stew Express" by Jack Wodhams, three amusing full page cartoons (haven't seen that in a fanzine in a long time), an interesting letter column that could use some editing.

THE FANARCHIST David R. Grigg's, and he's from Victoria. Issue 5 and, from internal evidence, I would guess June or July 1971. The editor has "Some Thoughts on the Hugos" which I think would have been better left undone since he admits that he is unfamiliar with much of what had been nominated. Interesting article on two Heinlein books by John J. Alderson. A long diary-type letter from Allan St. Baker of the SS Iron Wyndham proved fascinating reading. There seems to be at least one hoax (?) letter and I collected a new word, consolence. A beautiful cover, but it's a swipe. Light reading.

THE MENTOR 21 Summer 1972. Edited and published by Ron L. Clarke. Thick, 98 pages. This contains some good fiction, really readable stuff; and article on Beamed Power by Victor Markwart, reviews of films by various people and contains the first favorable review of Zacharia I've seen; most fans thought it was a bummer. An autobiography of Dennis Stocks and he seems a slightly incredible person. Paragraph-long fanzine reviews, a good fat letter column. I would like to get my hands on Hector R. Pessina - "primitive man asserting his right" indeed! Mucho macho! I may well be wrong, but do I detect some of the Australian Victorianism re sex I've heard about? A large variety of topics are discussed in the letter column and it was really interesting reading.

GEGENSCHWEIN 3 Eric Lindsay, New South Wales. No date but looks like 1971 sometime. A relaxed type of genzine. The article on South African Fandom by Nick Shears was most interesting; I hadn't realized... Eight pages of book reviews competently done, a FUN-NY thing by Cy Chauvin, capsule reviews of what the editor has read and he does it well, fanzine reviews. You Jane! Me? by Eric Lindsay was a good start on the Superman (generic, not specific) figure but I wish he had gone into it further. Moderately interesting LoC pages, but then, the fanzine is new.

Reviewing these fanzines took a lot of concentrated reading time. I decided to read them alone and not intersperse any other fanzines, hoping to get unadulterated Down Under flavor. I've had the lesson driven home again: there is no such thing as a typical fan or fanzine! I really enjoyed them all. It's been a pleasure to make your acquaintance, mates!

Leigh in accompanying note to your editor says, "I didn't include any of the sub information because I don't know if any of these are still being published. You know how fan publishing goes!" In this regard, Ed Cagle sent me another batch of later fmz too late for Leigh's digestion and cogitation. There is a FANARCHIST #7 about March 72; a MENTOR 22 about March 72, the Aussie Autumn; and a SCYTHROP #24, August 71. Since all these might still be published, sub-rates respectively: 30¢ reluctantly, prefer the usual contribs & LoCs with USAgent Bill Bowers, PO Box 87, Barberton, Ohio, 44203 and David R. Grigg is at PO Box 100, Carlton South, 3053; from Bill Bowers again and Ron himself is at 78 Redgrave Rd., Normanhurst 2076 - the usual or 2/\$1; John Bangsund is at GPO Box 4946 Melbourne 3001 - 40¢ - important note that his international edition contains the regular Aussie issue plus current Aussie fmz selections.

*** Two other fmz in the new batch need mentioning: CHAO VIII, Feb. 72 by John J. Alderson, Havelock, Victoria 3465, Australia, 50¢ or usual; and RATAPLAN 8 about Easter 72 by Leigh Edmonds, PO Box 74, Balacalava, Victoria 3183 Australia. The latter is a life & times commentary more than SF. CHAO is a true sercon SFzine whose editor John J. Alderson is as opinionated as I am; and sounds like my alter ego on at least six points, three of which I haven't gotten around to in TITLE yet. But I will, John!

ONE LINERS - A HAPHAZARD GROUP

A novel should have more than one viewpoint to give dimension to it, though I like to root for somebody, for or against; the reader must be involved in the thing or - good question, some writers never think about - why should the reader bother?" -- PAUL WALKER

I hope that ye editor, even though newly back and not half-drowned in the new wave/old wave controversy as yet, does get a nosefull in a hurry." -- ED CAGLE

The Bible does have a lot of meaty stuff, but before the Old Testament was written, the Assyrians (and others) were putting down much of the same, and the Bible has been tampered with by uninspired humans with many passages and several books thrown away because the critics did not like them." -- Doug Leingang

I can't say I think much of either the totally introspective stories or the drug dreams that occasionally emerge; I want some action in my fiction, and I don't particularly care how a sick mind works."--Bob Coulson

I sat in on a class on sf taught by Charles Platt and guested by Norman Spinrad who agreed that there is no experimental or humanizing sf being published in America." -- Jerry Kaufman

Your layout is much like some school district or church newsletter (Ed Cagle was right); no art, much hand lettering of a crude sort, all that white paper." -- Jim Meadows III

The purpose of fandom is to give sf fans a place where they can communicate with each other; why can't we accept sf authors as other sf fans, people who are at cons because they share a common interest?" -- Norman Hochberg

As for girls, their proper usage tends to make a 'traditional' sf story better, everything else being equal, while their presence in a 'New Wave' sf yarn (no matter how often they are balled) does not guarantee the worth of such an opus." -- Ed Connor

R. Coulson is mean but honest." -- Ben P. Indick

If you seriously believe that an author's job is merely to clothe the skeleton, then I really can't say much because our definitions of good writing are so divergent that making my usual asshole remarks would be pointless." -- Lou Stathis

I was delighted to discover in science fiction that there could be real suspense because the hero didn't always survive and sometimes the whole world got wiped out." -- Bob Coulson

I have a terrible time trying to remember which title belongs to which story." -- Barry Smotroff

I don't really care for North African rock drawings, but some of the Spanish and French cave paintings of bison and other animals I find beautiful; maybe Chris Couch would have a few things to say on the subject of art." -- Jerry Kaufman

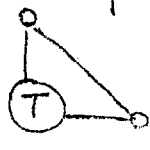
I'd have bet you a sub to AMAZING that you couldn't go 3 issues of TITLE without bringing up the nw/ow feud; dead or not I feel it's going to be around for some time." -- Jim Meadows III

OPERATION : $p(p-1) - p + 1$

$$k_m = 3(2) - 3 + 1 = 4$$

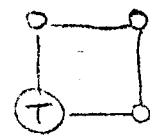
$$K_a = 2$$

$$4 - 3 + 1 = 2$$



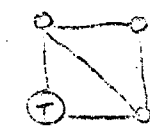
$$K_a = 4$$

$$K_m = K_a$$

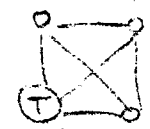


$$K_m = 9$$

$$K_a = 5$$



$$K_a = 7$$



$$K_a = 9$$

$$K_m = K_a$$

$K_a = \text{actual loops}$

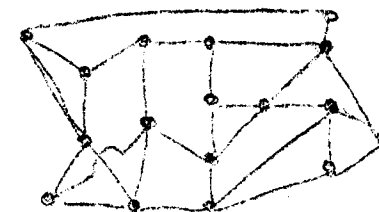
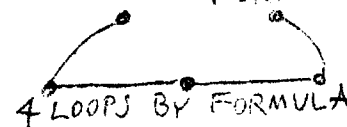
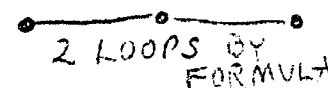
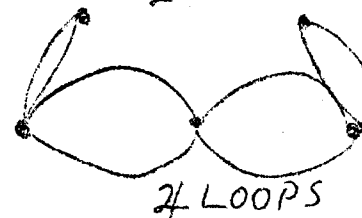
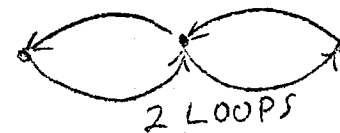
OR THE ANKLE
BONE IS CONNECTED TO THE
SHIN BONE.....

The idea of measuring connectivity is not new; it has uses in electrical networks, flow diagrams, etc.- anything that can be represented by points with connecting communication lines.

Such as the undergarment or eye glasses at right. And the simplified two-way assumed diagrams below the more looped pictorials. In simple networks loops are OK, but get difficult to count in complex figures. So I count the number of lines attached to each point and subtract the number of points and add 1

$$L - P + 1 = K_a$$

With only one point (obviously zero connectivity, K) the constant 1 is added to give zero. So the 1 is added to the formula.



(what's its K_m ?
its K_a ?)

The formula given up at the title deals only with the number of points and gives the maximum K or connectivity for that number of points. The actual K (K_a as compared with K_m) is computed by counting lines and points as I've described. The illustrations on the left above show TITLE HQ as a point with two and three readers as other points in the network. The third point does not become a reader until the final network; previously he or she is in communication only with a TITLE reader.

This project is simply doodling fun, but it will not succeed unless each reader provides a list of names with which he is in communication; having that list from each reader I can then make a network. The connectivity figure may serve as a sample of Fandom's connectivity, and, given the number of fans in Fandom, the actual K may be then be compared with the maximum K. This sample may be compared with the K of any other groups you belong to, i.e. chess, rock, stamps, etc.

Communication has to be defined arbitrarily, and then held to in any further studies of K. If you have written any number of letters to anyone without answer, there is no loop of communication. Interchange of fanzines will not constitute communication in this project, though this might be challenged with personalzines, etc.; but let's not count any type of fanzine transmittal. Communication must be a first-class card or letter, and not a simple order or receipt or other business transaction. A LoC which is answered by personal mail may be counted. The loop must be dated, so let's say that any communication loop that took place in 1972 (only) will count, thus eliminating the interchange with Bob Tucker in 1952. Do not include personal contact.

OK, every reader, please send names. Personal contact, what with all the conventions, would end in a quagmire, even though it ought to belong in the network. So, we shall call our K a simplified, first-approximation. And this is not a put-on; I'd really like some cooperation. Don't give addresses; just names. SF loops only, of course.

SCIENTOLOGY

Being partly my "look-see" and information from THE SCANDAL OF SCIENTOLOGY, Paulette Cooper, Belmont/Tower, 1971, 95¢

Having bought and read (and become pretty excited, then) DIANETICS some years ago on the strength of Campbell's pushing, I was some few years ago suprised to see Hubbard's name on a leaflet proclaiming scientology. My science curator and I paid a visit to the address given. My first question, of course, was: "Is this an outgrowth of L. Ron Hubbard's dianetics. The answer was yes - no hesitation. The address was located in a spiffy new office building on Brentwood Blvd. (a upper middle-class suburb area and a nice address). There was no "church" atmosphere; and very few people or noises in evidence in what seemed like an ordinary suite of business offices. There were pictures of Hubbard on the wall. We got a general, and easy reply to all our questions, some of which, by my curator, rather pointed and sceptical. We even were given the rate schedule, which began small and escalated rapidly, and I remember thinking at the time - "this rate schedule sounds rather hoaxy like a dance studio". You know, hook the sucker and don't let go after he's een the fun (or become brain-washed, if such be the case). Then we saw a film narrated by the master, Hubbard - it was scratchy, telling of much use. We were not pressured to join up, but maybe this was because we had stated our purpose of "investigation" for the Academy of Science. The young man who talked to us - maybe 23-26 - was sincere, but spoke with a slight speech impediment. Knowing as I did from dianetics that such things were simply impossible after "treatment", I asked pointblank: "Are you a clear?" At this question there was no hesitation, yet there was a slight embarassed reluctance that conceivably I read into his simple one-word response of yes. I returned to the museum and wrote a carefully couched warning that was included in my bulletin to the members of the Academy. No one objected; but no one ever brought it up either. And there was no lawsuit lodged by Scientology, or any further communication with them. Today I checked the Yellow Pages under churches; they are not listed. They are in the White Pages, but with a new address that is within St. Louis City near a lower middle-class neighborhood.

The book by Cooper is apparently soberly done, with ample refutations by scientology officials, either directly to her, or quoted from other sources. It sets out to prove its various points by 1) quoting from scientology publications 2) from quotes of scientologists or former members 3) finds of various government inquiries, notably in Australia and England 4) personal investigations by the author or people she knows and trusts.

The coverage is excellent, and well-written; I couldn't put the book down and read it in one sitting. Of course, there is a brief summary of dianetics and Hubbard's several life-histories (they vary from source to source, and even Hubbard changes his tale). By example of selected horrible events (some still shrouded in mystery) the author paints one side of the picture. This is the weak argument, I think, because horrible examples and misdeeds can be selected from the Catholic Church, Boy Scouts, and Rotary. But the high cost of going onward with scientology, and its slim rewards, is plainly evident. The isolation of scientologists from family and friends is frightening because of the - I felt - the re-entrance of the person into the clam that has symbolic (or actual, unbelievably?) meaning for Hubbard and his followers.

I am not going to warn any prospective scientologists from joining up and submitting their juicy "confessions" via the tomato-can E-meter for Hubbard's later enjoyment. Neither am I advising any scientologists reading this to quit. (Hopefully, I shall avoid a lawsuit by this disclaimer, for scientologists have many suits pending.) But I urge you to read the book mentioned here. For the rest of you, it is simply a "fun" book, and you ought to find it more interesting than any science-fiction.

As always, pal, what do you think? ((I can spell suprised.....))

INTERESTING = BUT —

*** The idea that a plant can respond to music, kind words, and scream silently in pain when a leaf is cut off is the sort of wild idea that intrigues me - but... NATIONAL WILDLIFE for Feb/Mar 1969 is where I first read about Cleve Backster and his polygraph; next, the amazing reports of Mr. Backster appeared in the WALL STREET JOURNAL, Feb 2, 1972. By watching the needle on his polygraph's dial, Backster says he can tell when a plant feels pleasure or pain. When a burning match was held to a leaf, tremors of pain were recorded. But the topper is that the tremors start before the match is applied - when it's just a sadistic idea in Backster's head. There's more. The plant registers pain when any other living thing is badly treated. Our astounding experimenter allowed a plant to witness a person uprooting and tearing to shreds another plant. Then, parading the guilty party mixed with other innocents past the plant "witness" in random order, the plant was the perfect stool pigeon, identifying the culprit.

Not having a polygraph I used a sensitive ohm meter that measures any change of resistance in a conducting body (the basis of the so-called lie detector and the Scientologist's E-meter). I swore at the plant, kicked it in the shins, and made slurring references to its ancestry; then I even gave it a hearty pinch. The needle didn't budge. The only thing wrong with my experiment is that I had the plant in water, and though it's been growing there for months (and doing well) perhaps it is in some sort of spirit trance or after-life and doesn't feel pain.

Mr. Backster wrote neither of the articles; nor to my knowledge has the discovery appeared in a reputable scientific journal so that other people could attempt to duplicate his results. Therefore, for the nonce I say "Poppycock, though interesting", and keep an open mind until later. In the meanwhile, what do you think?

*** Not long ago a local expert in ESP and other psychic phenomena was asked to speak before the St. Louis Academy of Science. I attended because the speaker promised a demonstration of ESP, and because, again, this is ininteresting, but.... After recounting the examples in the literature (such as Sinclair's MENTAL RADIO and Rhine's studies, all of which I had used in my own lectures back in 1939-40) the wizard proceeded to do his ESP act. I call it an act because it was the old, old magician's trick of getting slips of questions from the audience and answering them. (The trick is to open up each one after it is done and use it for the next answer. The first answer can be from sleight of hand, or a statement like, "guess this person left the room." But you get the idea.) NOW THIS IS NO WAY TO HELP THE CAUSE OF ESP, if there is such a thing. What do you think?

*** The Museum of Science (my salt-mine) is reputed to be haunted with mysterious lights going on and off in the two old mansions comprising the museum; and sounds, footsteps, toilet flushing, etc. Since for promotion I figured such news ought to be spread, a TV reporter and I slept the whole night in the lobby. We were equipped with flashlights and cameras. Sorry to report, but not a damn thing happened that night but the next day the TV station repeated the story with some eerie pictures of light and shadow three times on the news. Visitors came flocking. I must add, for truth's sake, that one day I did feel the firm press of a hand on top my left shoulder - so plainly that I suspected a trick and whirled around to peek behind a nearby file cabinet. At the sight of empty space, the hairs at the back of my neck arose; it was a scary feeling. Not having felt this before or since, and knowing that it did not feel like a muscle cramp, I am unable to explain the touch. Interesting, but.....

PROGRESS AND COMMON SENSE

A condensation of a lecture by Earl K. Dille, Union Electric, St. Louis

There are voices in today's society which tell us to shut down, and return to Walden Pond. You have heard them say, "Stop the world, I want to get off." Continued real progress depends not on setting impossibly high standards and then dropping out if they are not immediately met, but by the steady, responsible, drudging toward practical goals. There was a time when progress was characterized by humming factories and smoking chimneys; growth for growth's sake. Malthusian warnings that the world's population would outgrow its food supply went largely unheeded. It's probably just as well, since Malthus made two very large errors in his "gloom and doom" forecast. First, he assumed that as the standard of living went up, the birthrate would increase, whereas the reverse has actually occurred; and secondly, he extrapolated the world population without allowing for corresponding increases in the levels of technology. This is a common error. By this standard the transportation planners of 1880 looking to the future requirements for urban transit horsecar systems could have proved that the cities of the 1970's would be unable to handle the huge quantities of horse manure which would certainly be generated.

In any event, our idea of progress is changing. Malthus may have been wrong, but perhaps only in the timing of zero hour. Unplanned growth, without regard to priorities, can no longer be considered real progress. It really is a matter of survival.

The ecological revolution has arrived. The threats to the air we breathe and the water we drink have become apparent, and effective action is being taken to allay these threats. Such action is being implemented through technology, however, and not in spite of it, as some would have us believe. Sewage treatment, rubbish disposal, and other pollution controlling and recycling systems are themselves highly dependent upon advanced engineering design and reliable supplies of low cost energy. A few ecologists say that we must cut back on energy conversion, itself a source of pollution. Actually, the good which is accomplished by available energy far exceeds the undesirable side effects of generating it. The worst environmental disaster we could suffer is to run out of energy required for these necessary tasks.

Our environment has been and continues to be abused. At the same time we can ill afford the luxury of false solutions or costly non-solutions. And there have been a number of these.

Palisades nuclear plant on Lake Michigan has had a great deal of opposition. The environmentalists insisted that mechanical draft cooling towers and other equipment be installed at a cost of about \$25 million to prevent heating that area of the lake even a fraction of a degree. This, in spite of the fact that no injury could be demonstrated to any fish. Over the past 50 years the average temperature of the lake is down by 2°. I feel sure that if you've done any swimming in Lake Michigan you'll agree that if ever a lake needed heating, that one surely does! Nevertheless, towers are being installed. Unfortunatly, in the wintertime the vapor from these monstrosities will cause a severe icing problem on an adjacent highway.

The militant "Disaster Lobby" claims the burning of fuels by industry is using up earth's oxygen and eventually there won't be any left and we'll suffocate. False. The National Science Foundation collected air samples at 78 sites around the world and compared them with samples taken 61 years ago. Result? There is today precisely the same amount of oxygen in the air there was in 1910 - 20.95%.

"But what about air pollution? You can't deny that our air is getting more fouled up all the time?" says the Disaster Lobby. Wrong. I can deny it. Our air is getting less fouled up all the time, in city after city.

The Disaster Lobby recalls that back in the days before America was industrialized, our rivers and lakes were crystal clear. True. And those crystal clear rivers and lakes were the source of the worst cholera, yellow fever and typhoid epidemics the world has ever known. Just one of those epidemics - in 1793 - killed one of every five residents of Philadelphia. Our waterways may not be as pretty as they used to be, but they aren't as deadly either. In fact, the water we drink is the safest in the world. What's more, many of our streams will soon look as wholesome as they are.

Some look back with fond nostalgia to the "good old days" when there weren't any nasty factories to pollute the air. But what was life really like in America 150 years ago? For one thing, it was very brief. Life expectancy was 38 years for males. And it was a gruelling 38 years. The work week was 72 hours. The average pay was \$300 - per year. The women had it worse. Housewives worked 98 hours a week, and not a dishwasher or vacuum cleaner to be had. The food was monotonous and scarce. The clothes were rags. In the winter you froze and in the summer you sweltered. When an epidemic came - and they came almost every year - it would probably carry off someone in your family. Chances are that in your entire lifetime you would never hear the sound of an orchestra or own a book or travel more than 20 miles from the place you were born.

Conditions really are getting better, not worse, but to argue that we are being forced to move too fast and too uneconomically, to argue against legislative overkill, bureaucratic bungling, and militant consumerism in the ecological area is to oppose Santa Claus and Motherhood.

Your editor agrees with the attitudes in the speech reprinted (in highly condensed form). His only additional concept would be this: perhaps, if it had not been for the hysteria of the "DisasterLobby" and the militant consumers, perhaps no remedial action would have been taken to "allay these threats" of impending disaster. But now that the industrials are alerted, it's up to more technology to do the job! And as always, what do you think?

SUB FACETS SUB FACETS SUB FACETS

TO A SATELLITE SPY by Fred Moss

NORMAN HOCHBERG: "My biggest interest is film. I've shot films, edited films and (in a regular column) review films. All of which should make sf films my biggest interest and, surprisingly, they are. Vague but strong interest in writing and music. In general, I like 'taking things apart to see why they work' which is why I am greatly interested in film editing, fanzine layout, and literary criticism."

JOHN LEAVITT: "History, old movies, listening to music of any type but especially big bands of the '30s, San Franciscostyle rock and Wagnerian opera. Electronics, reading mysteries, occult & arcane. I am a poor chess player and even worse at Go. On occasion open books on science & philosophy, smoke non-carcinogenic materials, & inflict burns with a soldering gun."

Last night among the stars
I saw a bright intruder
Passing slowly overhead
On tennis shoes,
Its lenses gleaming, blinking.

A spyship
Observing my behavior?

So under the sheltering eaves
Of my garage
I stood silently tall
And thumbed my nose.

NOTICE: please send me a list of all periodicals (SF or not) that you either read or look/skip in for what interests you. If 75% of you read SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, say, it is silly to do any extended review or article about anything in it such as last ish's MAYHEM AT THE BLACK HOLE. PLEASE SEND !

YOU WILL SMILE

and that's an
ORDER !

The July 15 issue of SATURDAY REVIEW carries an article by Bruce Franklin, "CHIC BLEAK IN FANTASY FICTION". Bruce was a professor of literature at Stanford until January, when he was dismissed for inciting students to disrupt university functions; he won his PhD in 1961. In the editorial blurb he is described as a "leftist critic" who says the current spate of doom and gloom visions are mere capitalist despair; that sf & fantasy ought to see a bright future in which workers, etc. are heroes.

The nearly three page article is interesting from a historical view of the literature in the context of happy ending versus calamity, and the way the literature responded (sometimes many years later) to the political systems and the state of industrial progress. "Visions of doom," he says, "have been particularly widespread in societies in crisis." And, from his standpoint, it is capitalism that is in crisis and it's not the world that will end, just certain nations (and systems). Or, as he states it, "empires".

His examples range through some of the classics, films, and pulp. (He carefully defines pulp as referring to the paper, not "necessarily of the fiction".)

His desire for happy endings is based on ethical or moral or whatever and not the sop to the public's taste, in certain eras at least. He honestly feels, I believe, that the public should have an example before it of a shining hero from the producing strata of the common man. That otherwise we might all go berserk? Or what? His climax: "...we have a consciousness deriving from reality and giving us the potential to change that reality to meet human needs and desires; that is, we are capable of freedom."

Perhaps it is wholesome to advocate faith in the human ability to make a good future and avert many sorts of world dooms, but the writer with freedom ought to be able to envision any kind of future he wants. And the readers of sf and fantasy are not exactly boobs in the woods. Bob Coulson in a letter to TITLE had this interesting observation:

"Personally, I began reading science fiction because I wanted a field where I could not read the first page - or paragraph - of a story and deduce the entire remainder before reading it. Unlike the western writer, for example, the stf writer always had two options available; the hero could come up with something to defeat the Menace in the last page, or he could fail and the Menace might actually win."

And so, like a general's directive posted at OCS in Miami Beach during World War II: "Morale will be high." Big Brother will say to sf and fantasy writers: "You will provide a happy ending; the hero, from the ranks of the working class, will defeat the menace. Or will the capitalistic empires be allowed to crumble? I sort of got the feeling that Dr. Bruce Franklin wouldn't object to that kind of doomsday ending.

Listen, I've never been too bright in interpreting material written by scholars and critics in the field of literature, art, and music. I'd like someone to get the SATURDAY REVIEW and do a better job than I have done here. How about it?

THE LAST PAGE

which, in the final analysis, is the last page.

+++ Here is number 5 fast on the heels of number 4. The logic of that numerical sequence is incontrovertible; the speed needs explanation. I am leaving for a three week camping sojourn to my favorite sandy beach in Florida: Fort Pickens. What I do is lie on the sand all day and dream up as much craziness as I can. Do I fish? No. Boat? No. Swim? Like get my knees wet every hour. Loaf? Now you've got it!

+++ Recently returned from Mexico where my fannish activity was limited to picking up one Mexican sf novel (which I can't read) and one French sf magazine (which I can read with a dictionary handy). That trip interrupted my progress with T 4. Possibly you suffered enough indigestion from what you were sent in T4 - don't know yet because this is being written before any comments are in.

+++ SMITHSONIAN magazine has a short squib about combatting the vampire bat of Mexico. Some of the bats were captured and given a back rub with an anticoagulant jelly; then they were released. Their friends licked off the stuff in their mutual grooming; some 2 or 3 dozen such amicable neighbors kicked the bucket. "Now then, Mr. Lugosi, before your supper how about a nice back rub?"

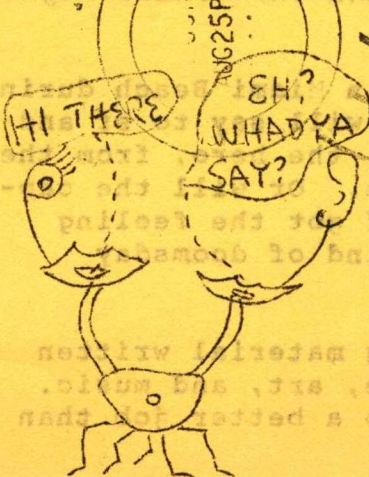
+++ The Museum of Industry in Chicago has just received a \$45,000 grant from the government to make some art. (?) An expandable sculpture, a magnetic parallel line, and an ultrasonic sculpture, among other things. Well, everyone has to eat, even the gimcracky welder and electronics man who fancies that his novelties are works of art. Sears has an air-conditioner that looks pretty good.

+++ Shades of Ed Cagle's Olympiad for Fandom (with his stapling and one-hand sticking stamp event)! Latest SCIENCE magazine proposes to have an Olympiad for science. Like what? The running carcinoma transplant? Catch a neutrino by the toe? The endurance swim in a cryogenic fluid?

+++ The telephone calls I get? Today a 78 year old lady wanted to know which came first, the one-humped camel or the two-humped. And some shrill voiced kid saying, "Send me everything you've got on the atom!" Well, it's all grist for the mill; keeps me alert. Do you know I fell asleep while watching the Democrats convene? Can you imagine the intelligent extra-terrestrial being escorted there when he says, "Take me to your leader."?

+++ Remember that kids believe in love.

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