



Relative to the book of lists and the poll of 'favorites' in TITLE, here's a January 1976 suggestion from Stu Gilson (see nothing is ever filed away for good): "Has anyone considered assembling a collection of fanish records, in the style of the Guinness Book? It would prove entertaining and even valuable in future research and insuring the accuracy of fan histories to come. As I see it, the entire spectrum of accomplishment can be divided into three broad categories: convention activities, fanzine publishing, and personal achievement. The last would include numbers of fanzine appearances, number of books read, collections, and goodly number of miscellaneous headings not included in the first two categories." ((The question is: how do we dig out the information? As a start, does any reader of TITLE care to nominate something or somebody who they think might hold a record? Bob Tucker and Mike Glicksohn might respond to the question: how many SF conventions have you attended? The answer may, I think, be a record to date. Longest continuous (and fairly regular) publication? Buck Coulson? Largest collection of fanzines? Harry Warner or Torry Ackerman? Most books read? Don D'Amassa? Most autographed books? Longest continuous monthly publication of a fanzine? Most artwork printed in fanzines? Well, what do you say?))

I guess it's no secret that my struggles with the NFFF Manuscript Bureau have come to a halt. Had more people (ghod, even some people) sent me articles instead of stories and poems no one wanted to print, perhaps I could have made it work. But there's another force against it: writers soon send direct to the fanzine editor, which is OK except it bypasses the Bureau. Therefore, I suggest that TITLE, since it appears on a monthly schedule, solicit the names and addresses of two kinds of people-- the editors of fanzines and the writers/artists. TITLE will publish the names and leave it up to the interested parties to make their own contacts, arrangements, etc. Any fan, any where, is invited to join the action. If the NFFF wants to put the umbrella over this activity, fine, they'll give the plan some publicity in their publications. If not, I'll do it anyway as a service to fanzine fandom. And it'll cost the NFFF nothing-- either way.

On the back of the envelope (hey! a possible new feature, that) C.D. Doyle outlines her own math discovery with the note "...and to think I worked it out myself." "By adding a consecutive ODD number (starting with 3 added to 1 squared) to a previous square, you come up with the next square!

Then she gives this list:

$1^2 + 3 = 2^2$	etc to infinity
$2^2 + 5 = 3^2$	This must fit some-
$3^2 + 7 = 4^2$	where into the calcu-
$4^2 + 9 = 5^2$	lus of finite differ-
	ences, eh Mike?

However, I am simply amazed-- C.D. is some kind of supermind. She also attempted a pronunciation of the Welsh word llanelli, making the double-l's sound like a "y" -- thus yaneyee or yanay-ye. Well, in French the double-l would have a "y" sound- does it in Welsh, Mike?

"Each word of FINEGAN'S WAKE is the result of careful Joyce." -- Ben Wood

The little bit of 'number play' is bringing the closet math wizards to the fore. Bill Bridget writes: "I have had the same thrill myself of discovering something really neat on a number of occasions. No

"The generation of random numbers is too important to be left to chance." -- Robert Coveyou, Oak Ridge

one can take away the delight felt in independent discovery. even if what's found is filed away in a dusty tome someplace." Bridget says consider the formula:

$$\left[\frac{x^2 - y^2}{2} \right]^2 + (xy)^2 = \left[\frac{x^2 + y^2}{2} \right]^2$$

in two homogenous unknowns (i.e. when x is an even intger, then y is also; and when x is odd integer, y is odd.) For any values of x and y that you select (homogenous) you will find yourself with three terms:

$$A = \frac{x^2 - y^2}{2} \quad B = xy \quad C = \frac{x^2 + y^2}{2}$$

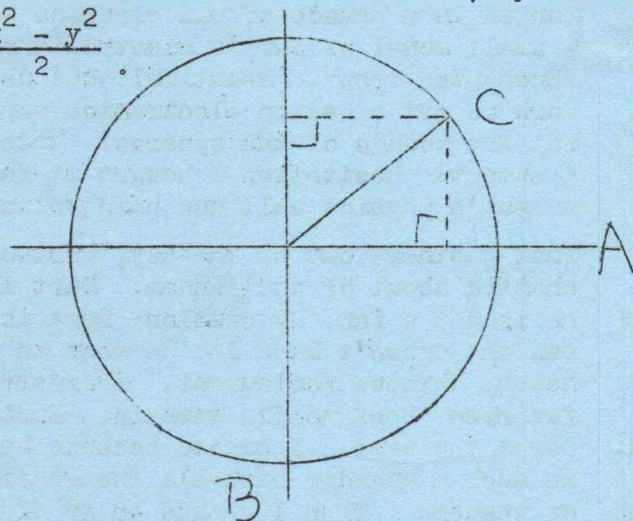
that happen to always be the sides of a right triangle and the hypotenuse, and also whole numbers. So, a generating formula for integer right triangles." Bridget discovered this!

"Some day," Bridget continues, "I'll tell you about Fermat's Last Theorem and my divisibility formulas circa 1969-70. That's all a part of my wasted years." ((Bill is now 32 & seems to have landed in good at Sat.Eve.Post with such things as JACK & JILL and CHILD LIFE in the Production Dept.)) Bill is having the latter magazine, subtitled 'Mystery and Science Fiction Magazine', sent to me monthly. He says, "Child Life is to me what TITLE is to you." The zine seems like the kind I'd like to write for, and Bill is going to send me 'editorial requirements' which lists amounts paid. The children's market is nothing to be sneezed at, for a couple of years ago I got a \$200 check for 700 words from RANGER RICK. Bridget also drew out the following for me and maybe he 'discovered' this too:

"The square of the radius of the circle
 $\frac{x^2 + y^2}{2}$ is always equal to the sum of

the squares of the A and B axes, xy and

$$\frac{x^2 - y^2}{2}$$



This is getting to be a Bill Bridget issue & so it goes. He says that he and John Thiel are now co-editors of APA-H. I don't always understand the writings or motives of either of these people, but I recognize in each some unique patterns of thought; and it is my job, if I can do it, to attempt an understanding. I've known from their first communications to TITLE that something of strange value had come my way. See this issue's 'The Other Night I Was Thinking.'

In John Thiel's last letter there were three 3x5 cards, each with a quotation & a Thielesque comment. John calls them 'quote-cards', and apparently he's been "receiving them for years, even when there were no fanzines showing up." You're supposed to sign them and send them on to another person. Why? As John says, "...to be neighborly." Okay, I'll send them on but because I like the idea, I'll only send one to a person and include a quote card of my own. Now this seems to be a sort of chain-letter which makes a little sense.

With the note, "There's hope for the younger generation yet!", Bob Tucker sends a clipping about the Experimental College at

"You are wonderful!! You know I love you and TITLE just as much as ever, if not more..." -- ((Ly secret...!))

Storrs, Conn. The college is run by students. Courses (as the college refers to them as 'learning collectives') include: how to grow marijuana, build an atomic bomb, massage, welding, belly dancing, hair cutting, solar casting, Chinese cooking, guitar playing, batik, star gazing, basketmaking. As Ed McMann says, "That includes everything any college student would want to know." And as JC says, "Wrong." How about stencil cutting, wine making, rope knotting, Easter egg painting, counterfeiting, brick laying and freezedry funerals?

Dave Rowe says: "Wouldn't the Archon section of T-66 have been better if the cuttings & reps had been printed in chronological order?" What! And destroy my editorial master plan? Dave, you're like the guys who feel a need for page numbers in a zine whose method of construction prohibits such carryovers from linear textbooks. Was it Mike Glicksohn who said that TITLE is a butterfly? Can you predict the flight of a butterfly? Are you ever sure what next month's TITLE will bring? Well, yes, 24 pages without numbers.

Robert Briggs says it all about #68:

"Good cover. Golden Age by Chilson turned out quite good. Denny Bowden piece was indeed funny. Cultural Exchange clever. The Lake was good enough, but don't do it again. The Peel & the Pulp is a good series. Deindorfer was fanish. The Other Night I Was Thinking was the most interesting piece in the zine. I've saved it out and put it in my big, cardboard box."

Now and then I'm in a perfect mood for a capsule comment like the one above, and I hope Burt Libe chuckles at Robert's comment on "The Lake" as I did!

"T 68 doesn't inspire me to say much..."
 -- Gail White

Last night was October 28. Ed Connor, a kind of SF hermit in Peoria, called me. He wanted to know when Chabanacon was being held. He and I both knew it was time for it, but neither of us could find a listing--even in KARASS. A letter from CD Doyle implies it's probably all over with. Anyway, my point is this: I am the wrong one to call for information on SF conventions.

October 28 was a day back to work at the museum. The two days before that I was in Troy, Ohio, for my slide-talk on "Ancient Mysteries" to the Hobart Brothers Company's Employee Recognition Banquet. This is the affair Gene Wolfe got me embroiled in. I spoke to 550, mostly immune from my sly jokes & ironies. However, the pres. and other officers of the company laughed (and smiled) at the right places, and they were paying the bills. My name was in big lights on Holiday Inn's signboard facing Interstate 75. The surge of ego I felt was lightning swift. My talk covered in 45 minutes the following: man's desire to know & the lengths to which he'll go to find out, his desire to communicate and the invention of language, pyramids & sphinx of Egypt, Pyramid of the Sun, Easter Island, Stonehenge, Atlantis, Michu Pichu, mythical & extinct animals, Shaver, von Daniken, Earth & the universe, and extra-terrestrial life.

Wayne Hooks writes: "You're the 1st editor I know who tries to decrease his circulation. Don't think you would make it as a pro-ed with this philosophy." ((TITLE is not a prozine, as any dimly sentient reader knows; and thus I'm not a pro. I am here for fun -- see TONIWT-- and stapling, folding, collating, stamping, addressing chores seem to grow geometrically as the circ goes up. TITLE wants active readers and 100 seems a good number, and not too backbreaking to take care of once a month.))

Wayne Hooks continues: "What has happened to TITLE? It doesn't seem to be controversial anymore. Guess you're getting old and comfortable. You're 60? You're sure you didn't know Gernsback or Wells?" ((I'd say TITLE changed through circumstances. One, readers couldn't resist writing genzine-type pieces. FARRAGO was an attempt to handle that problem; it's only partially successful at doing that. Two, the Xerox company raised their minimum quota from 5,900 to 6,985. I seized the gap, and until the museum load expands into the quota, I saw an opportunity to

to Xerox more art and genzine stuff. As I find the gap diminishing because of greater museum use, TITLE will revert to its more usual format. Meanwhile, there will no doubt be readers of more recent vintage who will then complain-- say, what's happened to the old TITLE? So I simply repeat: TITLE will try to offer a pleasing variety of the unexpected.))

AFTER A CHINESE DINNER

BURT LIBE IS NOT HUNGRY AN HOUR LATER ---

On October 17 Burt Libe drove into town. In his car -- a wondrous thing that belonged in a parade of old classics -- was a small model of Burt's electronic art: "Enchanted Tree". Beautiful! Unique! A work of art based on electronics capturing the sounds of the spheres! Without a moment's hesitation I bought it for the museum's physics hall now being planned.

That business out of the way, Burt and I chatted about SF and fandom. Burt insists he is not a fan. My opinion: Burt is a fan and doesn't know it. We went to a nearby Chinese restaurant. I ordered my favorite: beef noodle warmein. Burt ordered the same. I sighed because he was in such a quandry with all the goodies on the menu. Then I choked on my glass of water. Burt said, "Also bring me an order of sweet & sour pork." I ordered tea; Burt ordered two tall glasses of 7 UP. "I've been driving across the plains of Kansas," he said.

Manfully he struggled. He failed. He called for a doggiebag. The waiter came with two containers. Into one spilled the noodles from the warmein; into the other poured the juices and chunks of the remaining sweet & sour pork. "I'll eat these on the way to Bill Bliss' shop in Chillicothe." I wondered how this feat would be accomplished without a spoon. Momentarily I had forgotten that Burt Libe is a man of many talents.

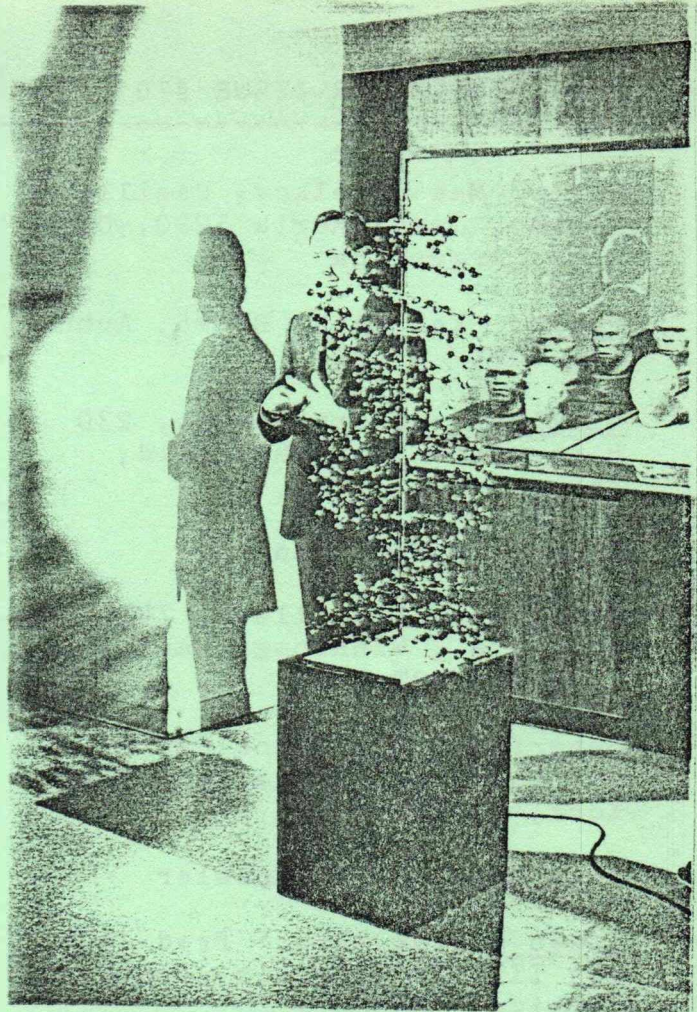
On November 9th my wife & I will be going to Mexico City, which will wipe out my vacation days for this year. (I get 20 days.) I have been there before, but it was a museum convention and when I skipped meetings to see something of Mexico I always felt guilty. This trip will be free of guilt. This time I shall climb the Pyramid of the Sun.

"When are you going to do a Best of Tit?"

-- Don Ayres

In the last issue I mentioned that Alvin Toffler, author of *FUTURE SHOCK*, had been to the museum to shoot a piece of a pilot TV series on genetics, etc.

At the right is Toffler whose face is almost hidden by the museum's DNA model which had been removed from the ceiling and used as a prop. You will, I trust, note the mysterious blaze of light and the rays emanating from it-- all coming from Toffler's shadow! This effect was not noticeable by the more-or-less amateur photographer who snapped the photo until the print was made. This photographer, Jim Houser, suggests that Toffler is actually from the future and knows whereof he writes.



What's this about Mike Bracken, the renowned knight of the paper spaceship, getting married?

In this issue I mentioned my speaking engagement in Ohio. Perhaps it doesn't thrill you all that much, but it thrilled me to see my name in lights. The sign was coaxing mundanes off Interstate 75 near Troy and Dayton, Ohio. Daytime or night-- makes no difference -- the crowds were about the same, milling and jostling elbows to get a room! Ha!



Due to the lateness of the hour, a dark and rainy night, 20 miles to travel, and some battery trouble with my car, I failed Tim Kyger. He had a layover at the bus depot, and though Dave Klaus awaited Tim at the depot, I stayed in bed. Tim was changing residence from Arizona to Ohio because his father had just died and Tim was needed. My sympathy and apologies, Tim, for not showing up. Tim is now at 5090 Bayside Dr, Dayton, OH 45431.

Well, what about my trip to Mexico? My wife and I saw many



Cover: Mae Strelkov, Casilla de
Correo, Jesus Maria 5220, Cor-
doba, Argentina

Pango: Ken Hahn, RD #5, Auburn,
New York 13021

Airplanes: Terry Jeeves, 230
Bannerdale Rd., Sheffield,
England S11 9FE

Skeetra: Ken Hahn

Ice Cube: Stu Gilson, 745 Town-
send Ave., Winnipeg, Manitoba,
Canada R3T 2V5

Superfan & CD: Hank Heath,
250 Dale Dr., Cassadaga, New
York, 14718

Snapshots: Bill Rotsler

Spawn & Star Wars: Fred Jack-
son III, 70 Illinois, Pontiac,
Michigan 48053

Bong!: Barry Kent MacKay, 197
Main St., Unionville, Ontario,
Canada L3R 2G8

of the same sights we had seen before rather hurriedly: the pyramids, the floating gardens, the folk ballet. (I had resolved to climb the Pyramid of the Sun this time, having failed before, and I must confess that I could not do it-- so short of wind I reached only the first level.)

Mainly, I enjoy the people-- the bustle on the streets, the ever-present vendors, the unexpected shops clustered inside haphazard buildings, the riotous colors. (At the pyramids a woman hawking in a stall wanted to buy my red shirt in the worst way-- offered me \$16 in American money, which is a heck of a lot of pesos, about 352 in fact.) ((I'd have sold it, but I'd have had to continue the excursion in my underwear shirt.))

My wife enjoyed most the eating out in fabulous restaurants at low prices: Del Lago, Hacienda, Delmonte's, etc. Most expensive entree was at about the \$5 level.

On this trip we were able to take a day to travel to Taxco-- a rather fast bus ride around sharp turns and up and down mountains. However, the village was quaint

with its narrow, cobbled streets and courtyards. I walked the so-called streets and went into a few genuine native shops, avoiding the tourist traps selling the famous Taxco silver. In the process I was lost for about an hour, but finally found my wife and the rest of the tour group in the square by the old church. On my own I was able to find some Mexican cigars at 3 for 10 pesos (about 50¢). (It was rare to see Mexicans smoking anything at all, possibly they dare not waste money on such frivolities.)

++++++

What am I to think of a flyer just received (11-19) from Garth Danielson and James A. Hall? It reports the death of Mike Glicksohn. No details, just the death and their intention to publish a Mike Glicksohn Memorial Fanzine. It caused me a sleepless night. I'm hoping that it is a joke, and Garth & James have shown recent trends toward jokes. And such a fanzine was published by someone in the memory of Cy Chauvin, very much still alive. Therefore, I'm praying it's all a joke. And if it is, I'd say it was in poor taste. I received this issue's SNAPSHOTS on 11-17. If it weren't for the T-70 being all done (except for this) and my plan to avoid the Xmas rush, I'd hold up the issue until I knew more. Meanwhile, all fandom is probably worrying itself silly.

BLOODSHOT EYES AND OTHER JOYS

+ *SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN* carries each month a department of mathematical entertainments which each year seem to be collected in hardcovers of various titles such as *MATHEMATICAL PUZZLES & DIVERSIONS*, or as with the latest one I own and just read, *MATHEMATICAL CARNIVAL* (1975). The books are really all of one piece, containing quite a variety of oddments: games, puzzles, tricks, explorations, essays. Martin Gardner--no stranger to SF -- is the collector and organizer of such material, which I truly find fascinating, provoking, and stimulating. Chapter 4, "Hypercubes", begins with a quote from Lewis Padgett ("Mimsy Were the Borogoves") and attempts to show how one can visualize a tesseract. I fail; my mind cannot do it. Fun trying, though!

+ I bought this large-size paperback in 1974 and finally read it--*THE BOOK OF WEIRD* by Barbara Ninde Byfield (Dolphin 1973). Originally bought for the clever line drawings throughout, I now find that I have a humorous book! The subjects are covered alphabetically from Alchemists to Wizards, from a page to a paragraph. Did you know "Alchemists cherish secret passions for enthralled maidens who spin straw into gold, but if they marry, it is with a thrifty, patient housewife who does not interfere and is content with a silver wedding ring." Or, "There is never seen more than one Basilisk at a time." And have you ever met a Berserker? Eaten a Mangel-Wurzel? Seems like a terrific sourcebook in case you want to write a S&S story or make up a board game with castles, dragons, trolls, etc.

PANGO's writing TIPS

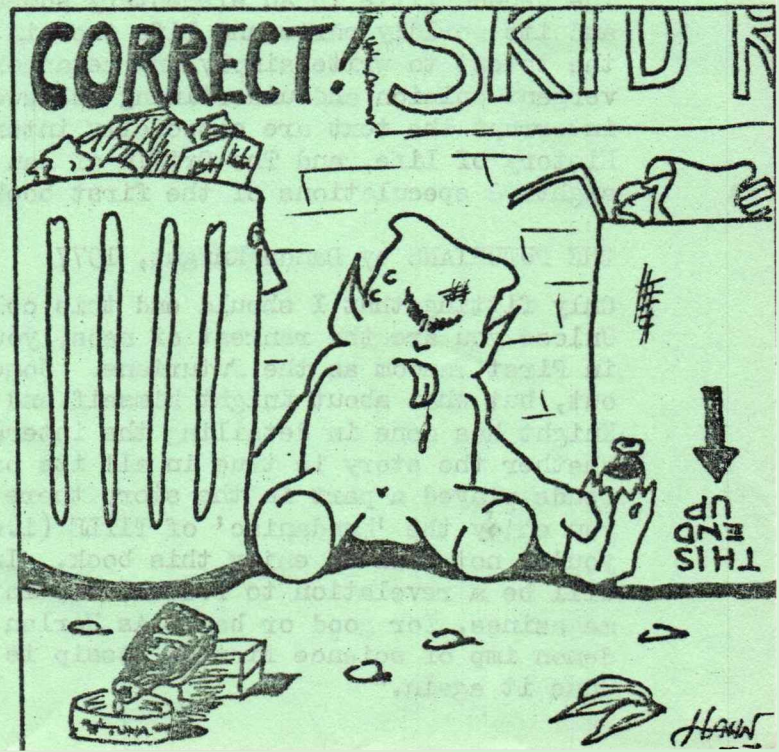
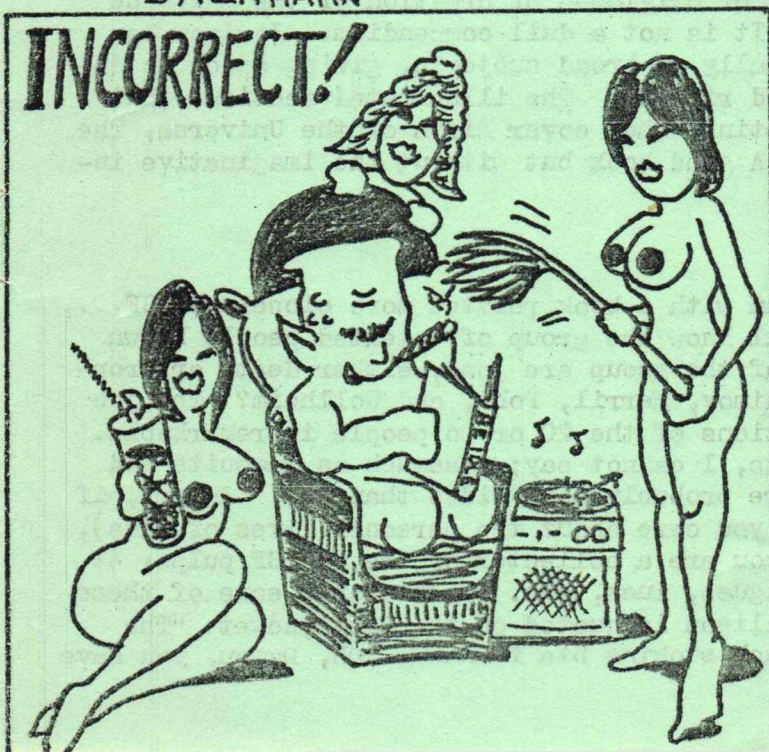
BYKEN HAHN



The novice writer often forgets that artists must struggle before they can be called 'true' artists.

Let's take a look at:

"HOW TO STRUGGLE"



THE BOOK OF LISTS by David Wallechinsky, Irving Wallace and Amy Wallace, 1977
SIMON'S LIST BOOK by Howard Simons, 1977

The first gives lists of 'Best Ten' etc. in many different fields. Examples: 'Major Mistakes by 12 Great Men of Science', 'Isaac Asimov's 10 Most Important Scientists in History', 'Willy Ley's 7 Future Wonders of the World', 'L. Sprague de Camp's 10 Greatest SF Writers', etc. It's a book to dip into; also a book to stimulate argument and the formation of one's own lists. You want to know who's on de Camp's list of greatest SF writers? Verne, Wells, Heinlein, Asimov, Anderson, Burroughs, van Vogt, Clarke, Leiber, and Kuttner/Moore (collaborators).

The second book is not exactly similar. It is a list of places, things, activities, etc. which the reader is to check off in his own accomplishments. Example, how many of the famous bridges listed have you crossed? How many of the varieties of apples have you eaten? How many of the museums listed have you visited? Etc. Okay, so it's a handy record of your own trips to see things or whatever you've done, but it's a handy reference to data such as Academy Award movies for each year or National Historic Parks, etc.

Some books recently read and noted on jazz (as everyone knows, the editor's co-hobby with SF and fandom):

BIG BAND JAZZ by Albert McCarthy, 1974

DUKE, A Portrait of Duke Ellington, by Derek Jewell, 1977

UNDERSTANDING JAZZ by Leroy Ostransky, 1977

The first is a detailed history of the well- and little-known big bands of jazz from pre-World War I to present day. Dates, personnel, places, success/failure-- all are more important in this book than musical analysis which the third book superficially includes along with a history based on 'styles' of jazz. DUKE is a biography as the title would indicate. Each book is excellent for what it sets out to do.

THE LIVES OF A CELL by Lewis Thomas, 1974

UNTIL THE SUN DIES by Robert Jastrow, 1977

The first book, a paperback, was sent to me by Ira Thornhill. The book is a collection of essays loosely tied together with a grand new theme -- that certain 'cell bodies' within our cells are independent living things with their own distinctive DNA. We are hosts. Hosts in a symbiotic relationship extending way back when human life was a sea-going glob of multicells. A fascinating book-- full of SF plot germs. My favorite kind of book.

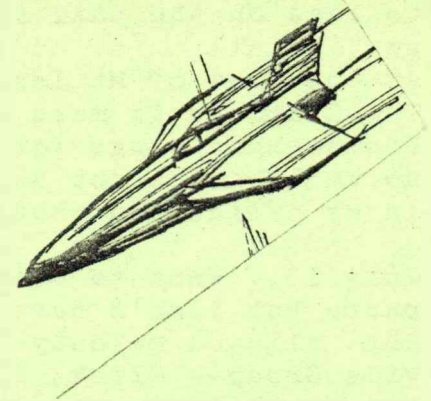
The second title is an elementary summary of origins-- of creation of the universe and its worldly parts and life therein. It is not a dull compendium. Jastrow has the talent to write simply and metaphorically of broad subjects, giving space to divergent opinion and underlining unanswered riddles. The illustrated sections that interrupt the text are especially interesting; they cover Birth of the Universe, The History of Life, and The Origin of Man. A good book but without the imaginative insights & speculations of the first book.

THE FUTURIANS by Damon Knight, 1977

Only fitting that I should end this column with a book related more closely to SF.... Unless you are the rankest of neos, you'll know the group of talented people known in First Fandom as the Futurians. Some of the group are gone, either death or drop-out, but what about Knight himself and Asimov, Merrill, Pohl, and Wollheim? The job Knight has done in detailing the interactions of the 20 or so people is remarkable. Whether the story is true in all its parts, I cannot say; inasmuch as lawsuits and feuds played a part in the story there are probably more sides than one. Anyway, if you enjoy the 'Mundaniac' of TITLE (i.e. you care about the personal lives of fans), you'll not fail to enjoy this book. If you are a collector of the old SF pulps, it will be a revelation to read of the intrigues, luck, etc. which shaped some of these magazines, for good or bad. As Harlan Ellison is quoted on the dust jacket: "The demon imp of science fiction gossip is back stoking his furnace... Oh, Damon, you have done it again."

Brazier's abridged WWII Diary

June 12, 1945.. Ie Shima, [a small island just off the coast of Okinawa] ... Have had several night air attacks since last entry. Eight Marines killed by direct hit; phosphorous bomb splattered one section of our tent camp with hot particles-- only minor holes in tents... P-61 [a P-38 painted black and equipped for night fighting] ground crews are now here.

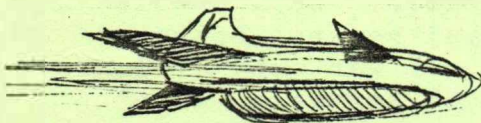


June 19.. Nothing exciting last week. P-61's, 16 of them, are now here.

June 20.. General Bruckner was killed yesterday on Okinawa... Tonight I've got to go out into the boondocks with 24 men to practise fighting off mythical paratroopers...

June 21.. The sky about 40-50 miles to the north [toward Japan] was full of bogies [unidentified blips on radar screens] all morning but so far none of the planes have got through to damage us. Only one came close enough to see... Our oxygen plant is ready to start operating today... To date we've had 136 air-raid alerts...

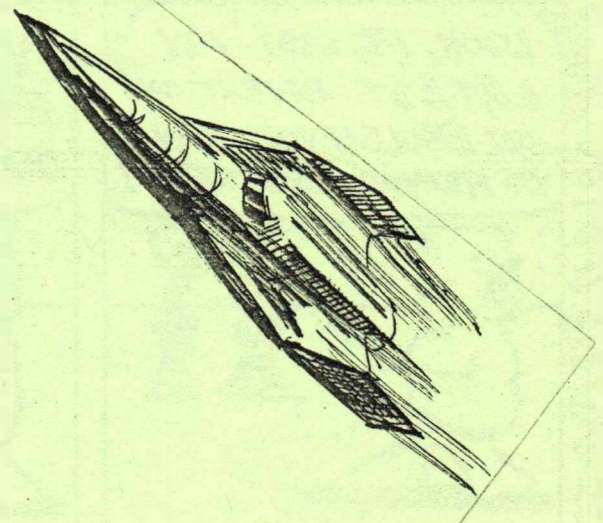
June 22... The battle for Okinawa is ended! Once in awhile during the radio celebration from there, Ie Shima was mentioned casually... Yesterday, 20 of those bogies were shot down. Last night some more were shot down by our own batteries...



June 25.. Night before last a Betty [Jap bomber] dropped 10 bombs on us, killing 13 men in a 90mm gun pit and 2 Corps of Engineer men across the road; 8 of the bombs did no damage. We were afraid our oxygen plant might have been hit, so we went down at "all clear" about 3 A.M. -- the boys were all right...

June 26.. Eclipse of moon last night--about 6/7 total. But I wasn't in a mood for astronomical observations, being too busy with aerodynamic ones.

June 27.. That June 25th raid, the jap radio said about Ie Shima, was one in force. Three of our planes were shot down, a great number burned on the ground, and considerable damage done to the runway-- they said!... I am trading some paint for table salt to Capt. Karsten who is making the Ernie Pyle statue [you'll recall that Pyle was killed on Ie Shima].



July 1.. Today was a bad day for our planes. One mushed out on takeoff & burned. Another flopped over in landing. Now this evening three planes are burning. How did they catch fire? ... They dedicated Pyle's statue today but I was busy writing a radiogram and forgot all about going...I'm so tired...

July 2.. Betty & I have been married three years today... A plane tried to land on the taxi strip last night and caroomed into two parked planes, setting all three on fire. No one killed... We have a mess set up now at the foot of Mt Iesogugu, or whatever it is. We call it Tillie's tit. The Chaplain is mess officer, which is what he ought to be full time... Replacement wings for some of our wrecked P-47's came in a few days ago, so we'll knock out some planes now... Fancy communications speakers in my office and shops on the line...peep peep peep...

July 13.. Went to Okie [Okinawa] about 4 days ago after some airplane parts but didn't have enuf time to get them. Our C-47 was on a schedule that allowed me only 2 hours. But I did see some of the old 57th Service Group-- Glick, Floyd... Night before last we had a bombing raid, the first in a very long time. It was only one plane; bombs hit the west end of the island, miles from us at the foot of the mountain.

July 15.. Two wrecks right in our shopline taxiway. A P-51 hit one of our 47's we were just about done with on repairs. Both planes wiped out. Then a 47 taxied into our mobile unit [a 2 1/2 ton truck fitted out as a mobile repair unit] and tossed the pilot out on his head which hit the wheel of our 40' trailer.

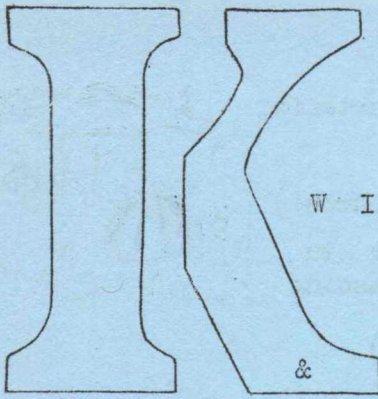
July 21.. We've had 156 air raids so far... Tonight I can see this Lauren Bacall who is supposed to be so good. [Now I can't remember if that was a movie or Lauren in person, there to entertain the troops.]

July 28.. Three months here on Ie Shima, and the war has greatly advanced. Allies handed Japan an ultimatum which they refused. Hope Russia gets into the thing... Had four alerts last night, and several bombs were dropped. A full moon, but no apparent damage. I was duty officer and had to get up each time and run to the cave which serves as a command post... Our landing strip gets about 25 C-46's per day bringing freight of some kind from the Phillipines. Some p-51's and their own service group have moved here from the P.I. [Phillipine Islands] The whole place is getting ready for tomorrow's 150 fighter plane Napalm strike...

August 8.. Returned from a 5 day trip to Guam. Stopped at Iwo, which is just a big coal pile. [Volcanic ashes] Picked up supplies [airplane parts] at Guam to fly back in our C-47. Last night a Baka bomb or something destroyed 15 P-51's on the taxiway... Radio full of atomic bomb... Today the 318th escort mission got jumped by 90 jap fighters. Evidently the japs have been hiding planes in reserve...

(To be continued)





W I X

K w o t z

&

John Robinson: "Yesterday I was on a radio talk show about SF. It ran from 8-10 Saturday morning; I rambled a bit searching out comment hooks to prompt listeners to call in. The freakiest call was after I said writers who wrote sea stories for the pulps added things to SF pulps tongue-in-cheek, and that I really didn't know what a barnacle was, let alone a space barnacle. An elderly woman called, wondering at my ignorance considering my expertise at other things. I moved the program along by saying that someday I would like to intro-

duce one of the biggies of science fiction the following way: 'And now here.. to answer the musical question... how do you remove space barnacles from the hull of the starship Enterprise -- I gassemoff!' And a wrapup. What constitutes a good comment hook? What do Titlers think?" ((I'd say these words should apply: outrageous, controversial, pertinent, impertinent, paradoxical, sublime (& ridiculous), and personally associated with the reader.))

THE GIRL WAS A POEM #2 (MOTHER'S PRIDE)

by

Steven E. McDonald, copyright 1975

The girl, she was a poem
She told of the beauty she held
In star-songs and flower-scent
In honeydew and rhymes
In sonnets, and soliliquies
In summer sky; and grey
In winter air so crisp and sweet
In tales of clothes new-pressed
And clean and tidy and neat
She told of all the love she had
In symbols, cyphers and runes
In sunshine bright and soft subtle light
Of all these things she'd told
But she should have been a song instead
Then I could have sung her as I grew old..

The invisible man has to be seen to be
believed. -- graffiti from Steve Sneyd

Steve Sneyd: "Only query I have re Libe is why does 'God' need to communicate so mundanely as via paper/ink. Surely he shd just cut in on all the world microwave links with the simple announcement, 'Give Up, Lads, I've done it all already'.. LIBERation. Still, Paracelsus died in a tavern argument with a butcher over the circulation of the blood, so perhaps Libe is just keeping in touch briefly so when he returns, we know what we've missed while he was driven to use his talents elsewhere in the galaxy..." ((Burt is really a good guy, though he does seem to rub some people the wrong way. Perhaps he doth try too hard.))

UNTITLED POEM by C.D. Doyle

TITLE

TITLE

TITLE

TITLE

TITLE

Eric Mayer: "Fannish minority groups?

Fandom is simply a middle

class hobby. It costs a lot of money to print a fanzine. It costs a lot to attend cons. Since minority groups tend to be less affluent your chances of finding them in Fandom is small."

Mike Glicksohn: "Let us not forget the pluckiest little dinosaur of all, the thesaurus, who survived by filling the heads of his predators with so many words for 'hungry' they burst their brains."

Some More Dinosaurs by Paul Walker

D'Ammassasaurus -- extinction due to extreme eye strain.

Hariwarnosaurus -- most beloved, left its eggs in everybody else's nests.

Donbrazosaurus -- only dinosaur still in existence.

Indickosaurus -- skull fragments found in petrified bagel suggest this beast was covered with a thick coat of red fur.

Caglosaurus-- only known remains found in a pickle barrel somewhere in the Midwest.

LIQUID ASSETS by Steve Sneyd

Atlantis
drowned
his sorrows
- added savour, really:
after all it was the
time for regrets..there is
for everything a seasoning
sometimes it
just takes some swallowing

"Did you know that over 40% of all deaths
due to flying occur in airplanes?" --

Stuart Gilson

Ian Covell: "Honesty or diplomacy, Burt Libe: the answer, of course, is compromise! I admire Libe's reasoning and sympathise in his lack of response from Asimov. I suspect that Asimov replied in short terms simply because he was being questioned on his weakest point. He can plot, his science is researched to the hilt(if his photomind needs any research). Two things he cannot do: he cannot formulate character and emotional interest, and he cannot write stylistically. His words are often flat and empty, the ideas predominate over artistic considerations. When Libe got on him, perhaps it triggered a backlash: 'If I shut him up now, he won't get at me..' Maybe Asimov has always worried about that, and his joking around with it in one or two autobiog paragraphs is only a way of laughing at pain. I have relooked at Libe's notes, and I find that Asimov attacked without excessive provocation. I was once censured by Aldiss because I was not very polite; I was only being honest, perhaps gauche and shallow, but still honest."

Steve McDonald: "I've wished for a long time that I could say something really profound. Something high up on the scale that everyone would remember for a long time and quote to everyone they meet." ((Are you ready for this...? Want to say something profound? Say, "Deep".))

Bill Bliss: "Oh the ancient fan to ask about ROSEBUD is definitely Ed Connor, oh but definitely, chuckle chuckle." ((If the neofan finds the reference to the fannish legend tabbed as ROSEBUD still shrouded in mystery it might not clear the air if you read CD Doyle's "The Neofan Who Could" in FARRAGO #6.))

Fred Jackson III: "Bless your bones for putting out such a fine fanzine." ((Old bones need more than blessing!)) "Burt Libe does so many things well it seems. I can only do a couple of things well. For instance, I can relieve myself and write my name in the snow with the flow." ((That is something only us 'northerners' have ever had a chance to practise, but it's been a long time since the snows of Minnesota & Wisconsin have ever endured my early 'handwritings'.)) "In a couple of years neos will be nudging themselves at cons and saying, 'Goshwow, isn't that C.D. Doyle over there? Do you think she'll speak to us mere neos?'"

Ian Covell: "...there is a crisis situation developing here in the UK, only it's not unemployment or frustration or race...it's all of them combined in a massive build up of restrictions."

Allan Beatty: ((Note change of first name.)) "My statistics for FANZINE DIRECTORY list 874 different fanzine titles for 1976. These include comix, films, games, etc. as well as hard-core fandom-- do not include apazines. So that's a ten-fold increase in 16 years, assuming that Holland & Franson were as thoro in 1961 as I was in 1976. There are about 50 apas now, according to Andrew Sigel in SOUTH OF THE MOON. Jodie Offutt gave me a copy of TIME #1 at B'hamacon. Gil Gaier stole it two or three times, but I love him anyway."

An example of
subliminal advertising
in an ice cube
(floating in
Jim Beam, of course!)

((Discovered by Stu
Gilson while passing
through
Indianapolis.))



Hank Heath: "How many Titlers would be willing to quit the earth and migrate into that great vacuous unknown we weakly refer to as 'space'?" ((Not I. One, I'd be claustrophobic in a suit or capsule; also I get 'seasick' even sitting in a kid's playground swing. And besides I love the sun, trees, birds and all those little earthly things.))

Rich Mann: "TITLE is the fun kind of personal fanzine that I enjoy the most; I'm delighted to have found it so quickly this time in fandom. I was a publishing fan from about 1963 to 1966, very active in the apas. I put out some 140 crud-zines during my short stay. I was 19 in 1966; I joined the Air Force and was fariat-ed with a vengeance. Then one fine day in my local paperback outlet, I chanced upon LOCUS. I bought it. Well, the memories were too much for me; I had to check out fandom again to see what was going on. I sent for fanzines. The ball was rolling, and I must admit that this is really fun. I enjoy that wonderful feeling of Waiting For The Mail, hoping for a fanzine or two. It was fun to see a letter from Don Franson in #67. Don was President of the N3F (I think) the last time I was in fandom. I thought how nice it was that he'd stuck it out all those years. Reading the letter, I find he's just come back, too." ((Rich then contrasts today's fanzine fandom with what it was in his first fanac period. It's good; but I have asked him to do a short article for TITLE, expanding on his ideas.))

Chester Cuthbert: "Today ((October 16)) is my 65th birthday." ((Neos/or those who don't read the old pulps maybe don't know that Chester had stories printed in the old WONDER STORIES. Hope you have a lot more birthdays, Chester.))

Eric Lindsay: "I know some people who play Diplomacy, but I've never heard of the game of Honesty. Is Burt Libe playing it?" ((Eric gives the info that STAR WARS had not yet arrived in Australia as of Sept 30, but all the fans were making excited preparations for its coming.))

Kevin Easthope: "I think we've got a case of parallel evolution in Carolyn's 'Superfan' strip. Dave Bridges, editor of ONE OFF, also has a cartoon character called Superfan. And he writes in exactly the same way as Carolyn, especially the letter 'e'. Weird! ... The last TITLE had a transit time of 7 weeks and two days. I consider that ridiculous in a supposed technological society." ((For the record-- Kevin lives in Birmingham, England.))

Mary Long: "Have you noticed that whilst several things in a mag or story will actually make you grin, laughing out loud is rather rare? The only story that I ever knew which rarely failed to make folk laugh out loud was Spike Milligan's PUCKOON, which even now has me guffawing when I read it." ((Hope the library has it because I like to laugh out loud.)) "All the best quotes are out of context. For example, what would be the explanation of my saying 'You can't do yourself justice with only two inches to work with'? Perfectly innocent, too, I assure you!" ((Some time - if time allows - I'll search out some out-of-context goodies.))

"I've seen it only four times." -- Mary Long

Dave Rowe: One mecca for all peanut butter fans to visit in London is Neal's Yard Wholefood Warehouse. It gives free tastes of its homemade Peanut Butter! Both salt & unsalted plus nine types of honey & mollasses, tamair, tahini, & miso! I had a lovely time there." ((What are those last three again?))

Ned Brooks: ((His IT COMES IN THE MAIL #28 will be the last issue.)) "Even more amazing in regard to the Great Bear constellation is that it is called the same by the Australian aborigines - even though they could never have seen a bear until the white man set up zoos in Australia and, even more remarkable, could never have seen the constellation itself!" ((Delicious proof of my theory!)) "Any more belly-button-lint or spider-in-the-toilet jokes and you will get the HOOK! ... Certainly Ostransky's glib twaddle is just as meaningful about SF as it is about jazz - it means nothing either way." ((That's about what I meant. I do find it frightening that sentences can be strung together with 'seeming' sense.))

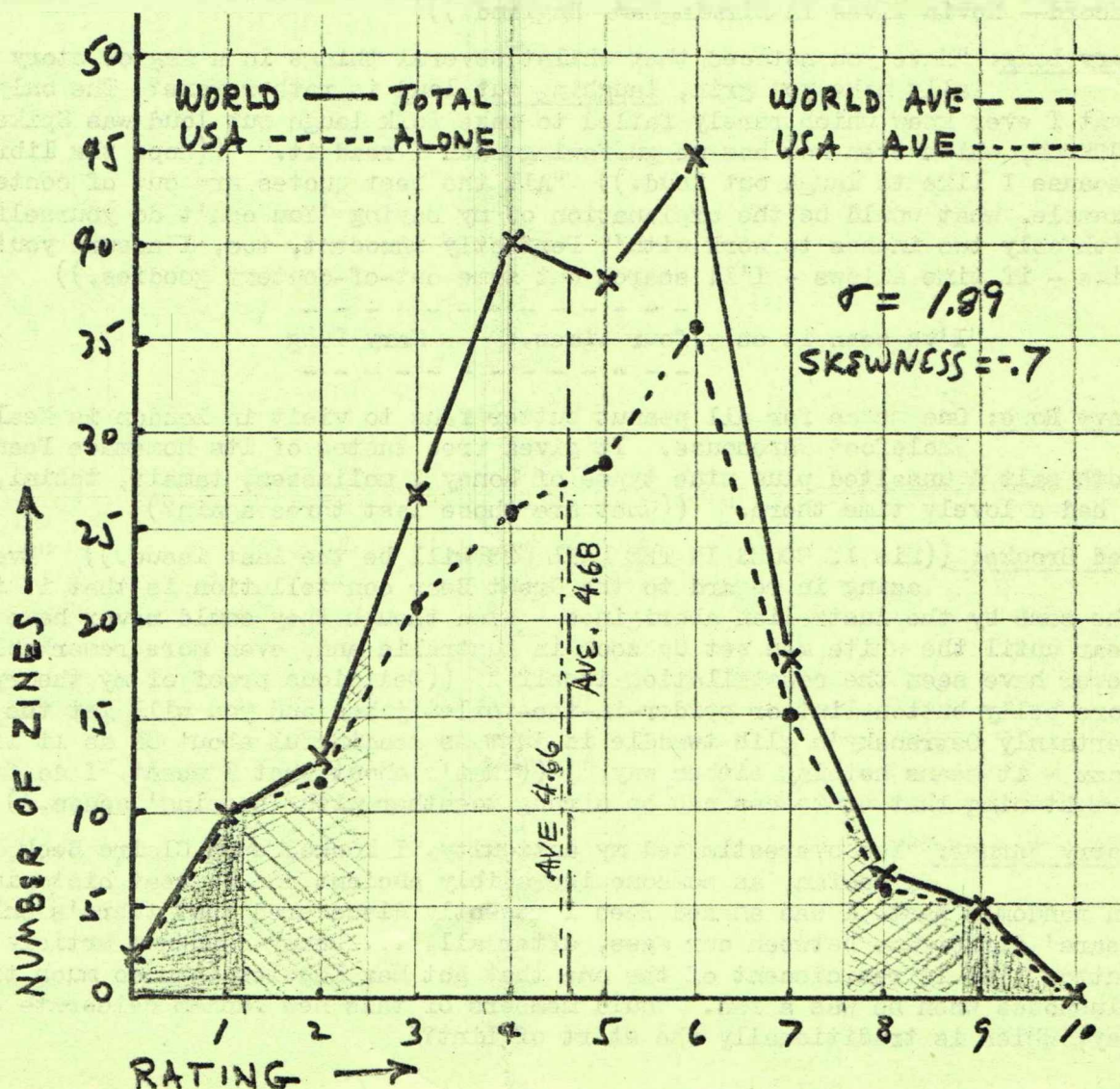
Harry Warner: "You overestimated my antiquity. I looked upon Claire Beck, when I was a neofan, as someone incredibly ancient and a great historical figure in fandom's past. I was amazed when I recently discovered that there's only a few years' difference between our ages, after all. ... Denny Bowden's article on belly-button lint is reminiscent of the one that got Max Keasler into so much trouble with bluenoses when he was a fan. Would members of this new fandom celebrate Ash Wednesday, which is traditionally the start of Lint?"

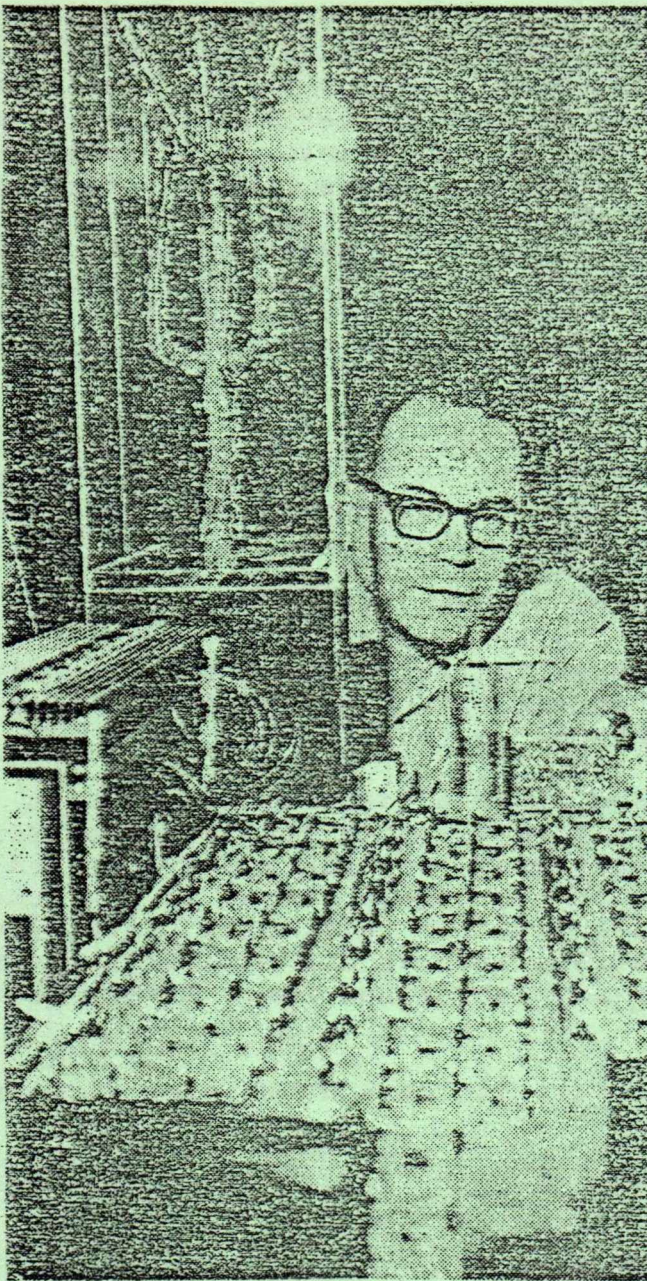
Available from Robert Coulson, Route 3,
Hartford City, IN 47348; 75¢ by mail or
50¢ if you meet Buck face-to-face.

If my tally is anywhere near correct, Buck has said things about 312 different fanzine titles. Of this number, 106 or 34% were not given a rating for one reason or another. The mammoth compendium is 40 pps mimeo, and if you're a fanzine subber you can't be without it.

In rating 206 fanzines, Buck has gone from 0 to 10, except that no zine received a perfect 10. Six zines did receive a score of 9; six also reached an 8; and 18 hit a 7. (Since Buck's rating period covers several years' accumulation, some zines are no longer in print.) You'll have to get the publication to see where the zines are at, but I'll reveal that TITLE is in the "7" group. Which isn't too bad... Just how bad is it?

Well, look at the graph. The whole world average (mean) is 4.68 which is not far from 5 in the middle or the mode of 6. The curve is not badly skewed, though you'll note (the shaded areas) that there are a few more zines rated 0-2 than 8-10. The skewness, as quickly calculated from mean minus mode divided by the standard deviation, is negative but only .7 toward that lower end of a normal probability curve. I.E., Buck seems to have done a fair job of spreading his ratings.





BURT LIBE'S ENCHANTED TREE

To Burt's right is a small "Enchanted Tree" which my museum could afford. Many colored, tiny lights go on randomly and ascend the tree in response to any sound made in the tree's vicinity. In the black bottom is contained the myriad circuits to make it function.

Imagine, if you will, the size and complexity of the tree just purchased by Kirkpatrick Center in Oklahoma City-- its base circuits are laid out in the large grid. If ever you see a "tree" (or other shape) in this style, be warned: Burt Libe was there!

THE HOUSE ON WILMOT STREET

by Burt Libe

(Reactions from my visit of 10/18/77)

The door opened to a myriad of old TV sets and radios, indicative of the sign out front which advertised "BLISS RADIO AND TV". An easy-going gentleman greeted me at the door.

The suburb of Chillicothe (pronounced *chill-lih-cah-thee*) lies 30 miles north from the oily smells of urban Peoria, tucked away amid virgin hills ablaze with the fires of autumn. The small house stands plain, guarded by two distinguished hackberry trees, giving little hint of the mysteries hidden within.

The man had a congenial air about him, puffing away at the brown pipe whose powerful smoke penetrates everything -- giving "Blissian" letters that distinctive reek. As I ventured into the recesses of that

simple three-room house, several gateways to other realms began to cast aside their doors. Hundreds of "Rock Pix" made their appearance accompanied by detailed explanations from a mellow voice. Next came correspondence from the now-deceased Richard Shaver -- letters crying out with the incredible agony of his last years. A Blissian novel about automatons, about 200 manuscript pages long, is merging into its final draft. Antique radios and typewriters opened a doorway to the past, reminding one that the 1930's will never cease to exist for this man. The recesses further opened into mouldering stacks and files-upon-files of science fiction and fandom activities of a bygone era. The old "Standard" typewriter still clacks out printed matter to other fans.

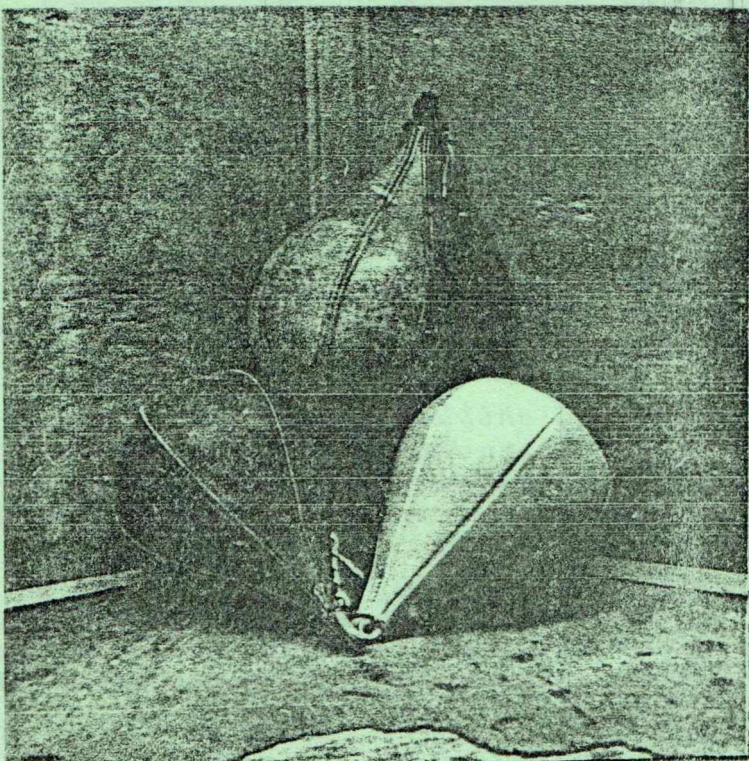
A woman entered with an emergency radio repair -- job promised out late same afternoon. Here stood an expert in his field -- an expert on tube technology who frowns on modern semiconductors as "too complicated and unreliable".

With minimal equipment he conjured up several inventions. To name a few: braided wire twisted under a slanted magnifying glass to produce weird hybrids of real and virtual images; a metal file box with light bulbs, clips, and a lens to effect opaque projection; a high-fidelity citizen-band receiver conjured up from "junk".

Beneath the pleasant exterior lies a sense of determination which denies apparent solutions and seeks more reliable truths and answers, looking and looking. Truly this gentleman of plain appearance and ordinary stature has a different mind -- someone unique in his juncture with science fiction. A man about 5' 10" tall, with light brown hair, in dark blue work clothes puffing away at his pipe with an easy smile -- a pleasant experience for any fan or non-fan. A very interesting visit for me.

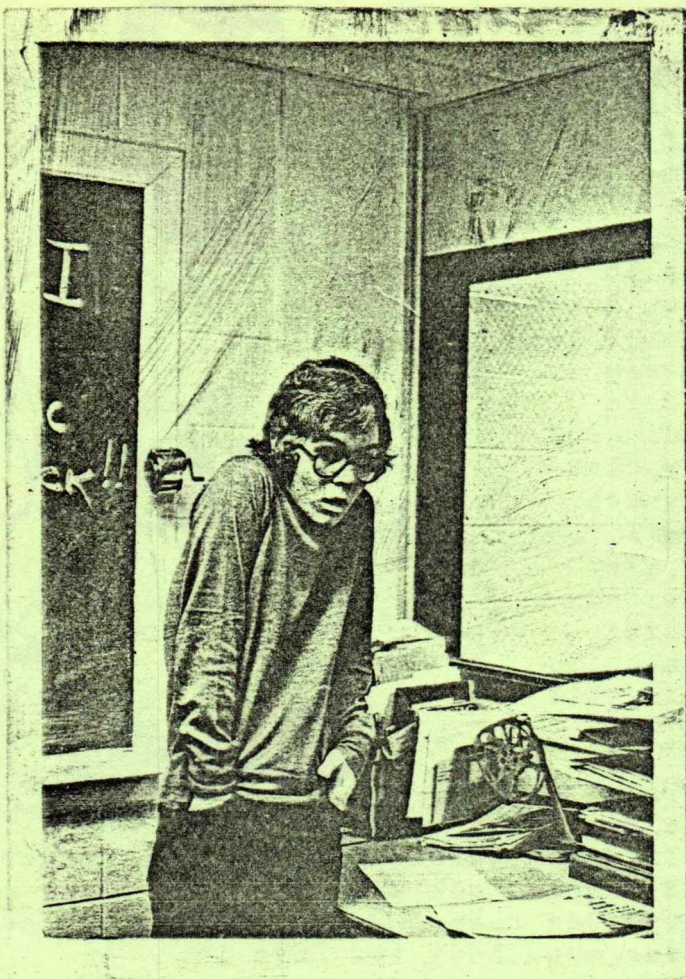
A determined man, Bill Bliss will leave his mark on science fiction, given due time.

(Note: The above describes only the "house". Bill says "home" is a block away.)



BILL BLISS SENT ME THIS PHOTOGRAPH YEARS AGO; AND THIS IS THE SPOT I'VE BEEN SAVING FOR IT.

BILL'S MIND, I AGREE WITH BURT LIBE, IS DIFFERENT. WOULD YOU HAVE THOUGHT OF PILING UP THREE PUNCHING BAGS LIKE ONIONS IN THE CORNER OF A BIN?

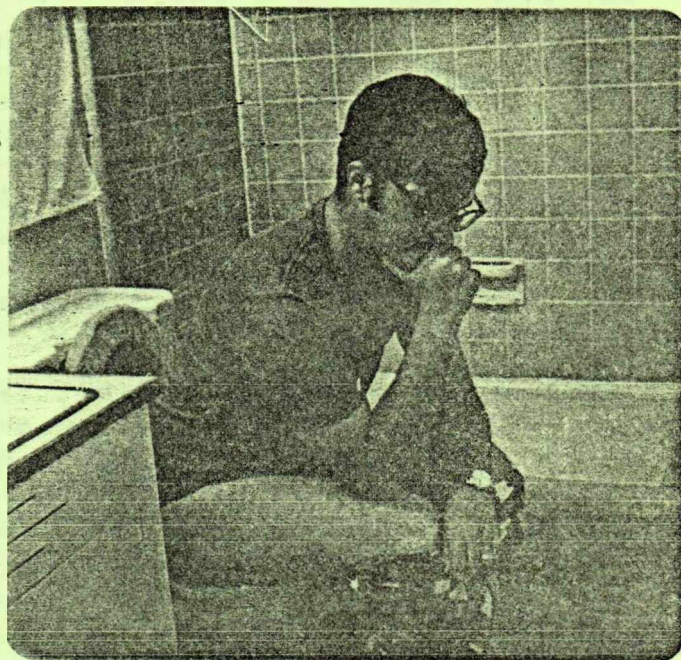


"I MAY LOOK STRANGE BUT I'M STILL AN INTERESTING SPECIES TO PARTICIPATE IN..."

-- BRAD PARKS



LINDA EMERY



"BUZZ DIXON CONTEMPLATING AN APPROPRIATE RESPONSE TO BURT LIBE'S LATEST RAMBLING."

-- BUZZ DIXON

GOING CLOCKWISE WE HAVE LADY THEONA AND LORD COWREN OF AMBER; AN IMMORTAL IN THE PERSON OF THE MISTRESS OF CANTERBURY; AND EDWARD PATRICK LYNCH, "NED" TO FRIENDS. (ANNA M. SCHOPPENHORST, MICHAEL LANDIS, C.D., LARRY SCHOONOVER.)



WHAT IS A HANK HEATH?

It must seem a bit strange for you to receive a loc to T#66 after you've mailed out #67. But so it goes. There are many whom I have not written to since March. Lucky them.

Mundania galore: where to begin. This month has been hell on wheels. I've returned to work in a math lab (I get to set one up again - oog) and I've returned to school. Hopefully the classes I'm taking will help. Between trying to orgainize a car-pool to Buffalo [Hank lives in Cassadaga NY and works in Buffalo.] and trying to keep ahead on my classes, things are bad enough. [Classes which Hank teaches.] Things are not going well for this fan's fanac. I'll be running a pilot program of my own involving individualized instruction with film-strip teaching aids. I'm sitting in for a nonexistent teacher (so far) and teaching his/her math classes until an appointment is made.

Crab Nebula is even getting better. Eric must be letting all this praise get to his head. So much the better. I find myself going through the Crab and underlining sentences and phrases just so I can go back and savor the taste of them by themselves. Things like "Everyone seemed to be wearing smiles like ties" are lines that stand on their own. Love it. Love it.



WELL, YOU'RE NOT
CD DOYLE, BUT...

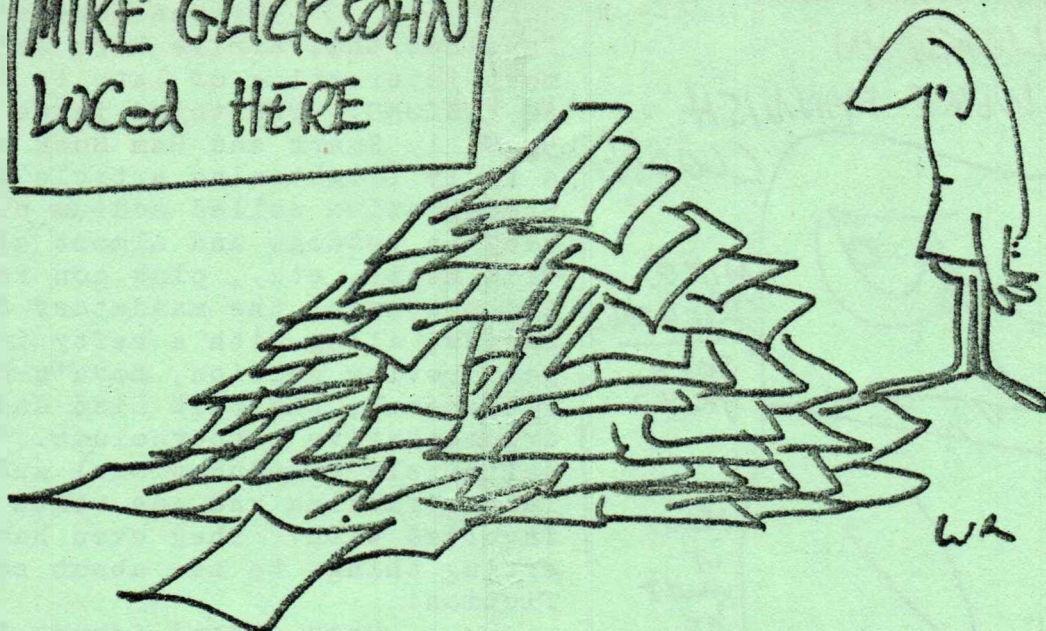


Is Charneau Flic a real fan's name? Sounds like it might be one of Barbek's pseudonyms. [No; Charneau lives at 17 High St., Natick, MA 01760]

I've decided to give up letterhacking for a while, except to TITLE and a very few others. Instead, I'll concentrate on sending out artwork to most faneds for copies of their lovely zines. It seems I'm drawing all the time anyway. And I don't have any time to catch up on unlocced zines which date back to March! So, I'll be a bit silent. Besides, it's no longer so important to me for a loc to appear in print. I love my artwork being reproed, but I'm not such a wordsmith that my wit impresses me anymore. Does that mean I've lost my neohood? Good grief!

[250 Dale Dr, Cassadaga NY 14718
-- fanzine editors attention!]

MIKE GLICKSOHN
LOCed HERE

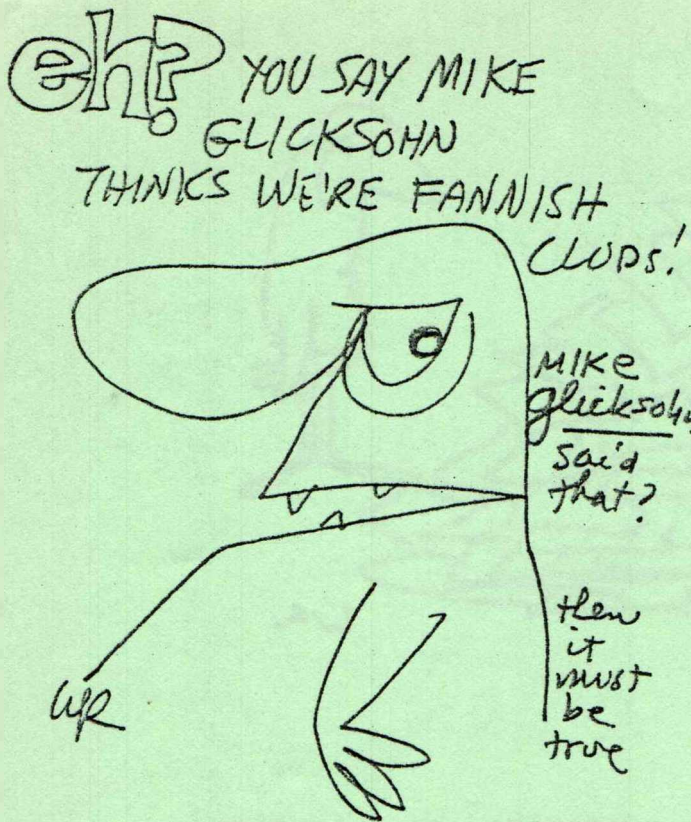


SNAFUS...ER...SNIPPETS...UM... OH YES: SNAPSHOTS BY GLICKSOHN

The months immediately following the worldcon often seem to constitute a fanzine doldrum and this year is no exception. There hasn't been all that much to get really excited about lately. Oh, enough regular issues of ordinary fanzines to keep one out of the poolhalls at night but little of which fannish legends are made. So let me begin this installment with the one thing to show up recently that is cut from extraordinary cloth.

FANTHOLOGY 76 is simply a magnificent piece of work, presenting over 90 pages of the best fan writing of 1976 and published with the standards of mimeographic excellence we've come to associate with Victoria Vayne. The layout is simple but most attractive and the artwork consists only of the illustrations that accompanied the original appearance of each piece. As for the writing, well naturally it is a subjective sifting of the many millions of fannish words produced in 1976, but there isn't a piece here that I don't recognize as superior writing. Since my own two personal selections as the best pieces of the year are included, I'm quite happy with Victoria's tastes. With the exception of the introduction written especially for the volume by Harry Warner, I've got all of these articles in their original incarnations but I can still recommend this fanzine unreservedly to anyone who enjoys good writing or good fanzines. I'm in awe of the amount of effort and time Victoria has taken to create what must surely become a collectors' item among modern fanzines.

Someone else who obviously cares a great deal about producing beautiful work is whoever lies behind Fantome Press. I received an envelope of proof sheets and press proofs from this small press and they are beautiful indeed. Hand-crafted and hand-printed on top quality paper in limited, often signed, editions, these 3"x5" volumes of fantasy poetry will have a limited audience but to anyone who is interested in either their subject matter, which includes modern fantasy poets as well as such names as Lovecraft, Poe, and Coleridge, or the production of fine quality pamphlets, the two to four dollar price tags should be appealing. Send for a list of avail-



able titles if this is an area of your interest.

Of the non-fannish fanzines that arrive here about the most interesting of late is PERIPHERAL VISIONS. The third issue produced by Wally Smart and Pam Sook contains a truly frightening article about a preservative called sodium nitrite used in hotdogs and almost all sandwich meats, etc., plus con reports and pictures, the mandatory STAR WARS review, along with a hefty intelligent review section, Bova's Minicon GoH speech, the Shit List and a good argumentative lettercolumn. It's definitely an educational and stimulating fanzine and one worth getting involved with. They even have interesting things to say about science fiction!

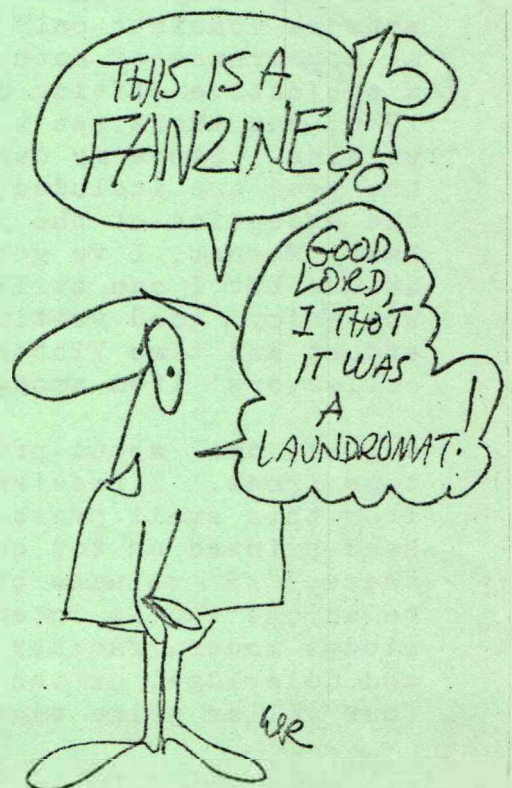
Good second issues to arrive of late include THE EPSILON ERIDANI EXPRESS from Neville Angove. A couple of reports on Australian conventions give a little insight into fandom

down under and at least the obligatory STAR WARS article has an anti-podean slant to it. There are book and fanzine reviews, competently handled, and an excellent lettercolumn mostly dealing with the very negative view of fandom expressed in the first issue's feature articles. TITLE's own C.D. does an excellent job of presenting the positive aspects that fandom can provide for those receptive enough to accept them. E³ seems to be one of the few Australian fanzines being published nowadays, but it's a good one by any standard.

Of far more personal nature is SKUG 2, Gary Mattingly's personalzine. Gary rambles about his fannish and personal life, about living in Detroit, about running conventions, about sex, neighbors and various other stuff. Letters on the first issue discuss the Detroit worldcon bid and con bidding in general among a variety of other typically fannish topics. If you know Gary and his circle of friends and aren't receiving SKUG, it's worth having.

To finish up, two first issues, unpretentious though they may be. LAUGHING OSIRIS isn't really a new fanzine, though. It's a resurrection of a title Art Metzger used to be involved with before he worked on and eventually left QUANTUM. Mostly reprints of material from earlier fanzine Art has worked on, this first attempt at soloing is a little hard to judge. A brief bit of background from Art, a slight but amusing "interview" with E.A.Poe by "Barrell Switzer", a piece of fan fiction and some reviews. Nice Streff artwork. Nothing to get excited about, but hopefully future issues will be a little more interesting.

A much more potentially interesting first issue is TIN WOODMAN, from sixteen year old Neil Ballantyne.



Neil's editorial is extremely well-written and inventive, outlining his fannish indoctrination. David Emerson (how did he show up in a Canadian high school student's maiden publishing effort?) writes about food and fandom's fascination therewith, and Don Hutton has a piece of fan fiction- uh, faan fiction. All in all an impressive first issue under the circumstances. Neil, if he lives up to the potential of this first issue, may well turn out to be Canada's new Angus Taylor, or Bob Wilson, or...dare one even contemplate it?...Mike Glicksohn! (I hope so: then he can take over this column!)

FANTHOLOGY 76, Box 156- Stn D, Toronto, Ont. m6p 3j8. 98 pp impeccable mimeo. \$3 each and well worth it.

FANTOME PRESS, 720 North Park Ave., Warren, Ohio 44483

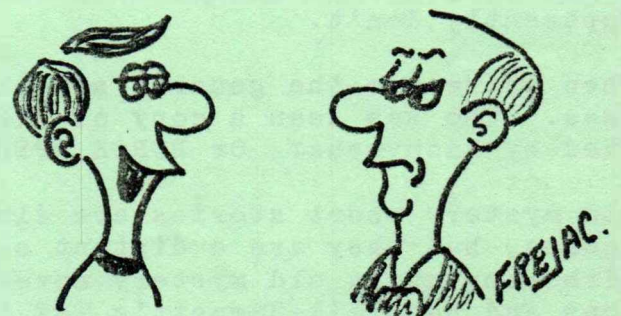
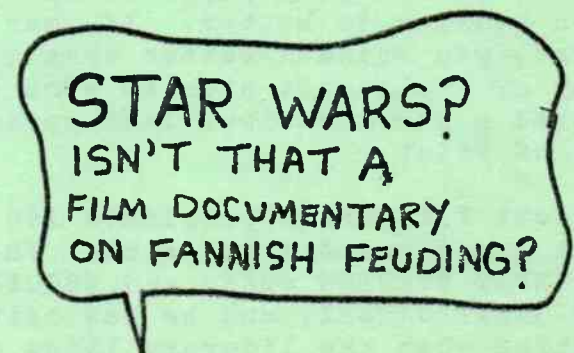
PERIPHERAL VISIONS 3, 6022 Grace Ave., Hamlin Lake, Ludington, MI 49431. 60 pp mimeo. 3 or 4 times a year. Usual or \$1

E³, 13/5 Maxim St., West Ryde NSW 2114, Australia. 32 pp offset. Irregular. \$1.50 or 4/\$5. Usual.

SKUG 2, 11761 Flanders, Detroit, MI 48205. 16 pp offset, irregular. Primarily whim; maybe an interesting request would get one.

LAUGHING OSIRIS #1, 1171 Neeb Rd. Cincinnati OH 45238. 18 pp offset. Bi-monthly; usual or 50¢

TIN WOODMAN #1, 3214 Spruce Ave Burlington, Ont L7N 1J2. 10 pp mimeo. The usual.



Note from Mike G.: "In answer to Stu Gilson, no adoring femmefan has ever so requested but I've got hidden collections of ex-locks (I'm a regular sort of guy) scattered all over the country from my recent haircuts (1969 and 1977) just in case. But where is C.D. Doyle when I really need her?"

This is a comment to a letter Harry Warner Jr. wrote to another fanzine. I forget which one. In whatever fanzine, Harry worried about the impermanence of short SF stories, published in old SF magazines. I can't understand why.

No short stories from the 20's through the 50's from any other genre or general fiction are as likely to be read and reprinted as a short SF story, whether from WILD SPACE FICTION or ASTOUNDING. Old SF pulps are widely available through specialized dealers. Through this source alone I'd estimate that every SF short story ever written, no matter how bad or how obscure, is read at least once a year by someone. Markets exist for other old magazines, but the demand does not seem so great for other pulps or slicks, except for rare issues that are collectors' items. The owner of the ABC Used Book Store in St. Louis wanted four to five dollars for early 50's AMAZINGS and FANTASTIC ADVENTURES, when they were being edited by Palmer and Browne at the lowest point of the magazines' quality and the editors' reputations. At the same time, he sold me two AMERICAN MERCURYs from the early 30's, and an early 20's SMART SET, in good condition, for a buck apiece. H.L. Mencken had more prestige than Ray Palmer, but his magazines don't draw the same money.

I think it is obvious that no other type of story is as likely to be reprinted off pulp paper as an SF story. Only a very few general fiction stories do better. If your name is Faulkner, Hemingway or James Joyce, you stand a better chance. Yet even so, you have no guarantee. Many of Faulkner's stories were out of print until Random House published a story omnibus last spring. And several of his books are still out of print.

F. Scott Fitzgerald published 160 short stories. Yet only about 80 of them are currently in print. The rest languish in the pages of old SATURDAY EVENING POSTs and ESQUIRES. They're probably not as good as THE GREAT GATSBY, and he was criticized during his lifetime for publishing what the literary lions called hackwork. Yet wouldn't even 2nd rate Fitzgerald be as well worth reprinting as H.P. Lovecraft's laundry lists or 5th rate Robert E. Howard? I think so. But the publishers apparently don't.

Then there are the general anthologies. At least, there are the SF ones. Who has seen a copy of BEFORE THE GOLDEN AGE OF CONFESSIONS edited by Anonymous? Or HORSE OPERA, edited by Louis L'Amour?

Old mystery short stories are closer in popularity to SF than other genres, but they are a distant second. Paperback publishers stick with reprinting old mystery novels. Raymond Chandler's story collections and Dashiell Hammett's THE BIG KNOCKOVER are two of the few exceptions. (Yet even most of Hammett's stories remain out of print. He published ten collections in his lifetime.)

There have been three anthologies from the best known mystery pulp, BLACK MASK. Yet two of these are now out of print.

The SF short story field is not only the healthiest of all short fiction published at present, it is also the most active in remembering its past.

Wouldn't it be nice to have one's own personal data-bank or information computer? And without costing oodles of dollars? And with requests for information answered in many-faceted, many-mooded fashion? With embroidery, sometimes; with offshoots into byways unasked-- a bonus, so to speak?

Well, that's what I've got right here in what is commonly called TITLE.

Yup, I've got about 100 point sources of information with scarcely a trace of reticence to spill into Tawnvalley.

It's an interesting arrangement if you happen to think of it this way. Each month I send out a TITLE. Each month, if the mail is working, you get one. Output monthly from monthly input.

But here's the beautiful part. Though each individual point source reacts once a month (usually), no points are connected; each acts independently of the other. Result? I get an input on a day-by-day cycle-- little doses of bits, or little bits of doses. Digestible. Random.

It is a joy.
It is educational.

In sharing this monthly assortment I do my best which is not enough. Besides wholesale lapses of memory, misfiling by the truckload, and misinterpretations, I tend to select and print-out those items of most interest to me.

I confess. I had never heard of Burking. But then, history is not my long suit - never had any of it after grade school. And happenings longer ago than 100 years or so are generally BIG surprises. Well, if you go back 50,000 to 50,000,000 years I'm on more familiar ground. Anyway, how many shared my fascination with the bits about Burking?

TITLE has overlapping cycles. Some bits come in three months past due; they might not get into the print-out, but they are no less interesting to me. And that's what really counts.

I'm waiting for the LoC that comments on a print-out still in the future. Would be interesting, a novelty, an exercise in ESP or clairvoyance. But--- it would exert an influence, it would act as an input to mold the course of a future TITLE. Perhaps that's what John Thiel does and I haven't guessed.

If you keep in mind the AITOI of this issue you will recognize the symptoms of the computer's reaction to a little math input. And now feedback. And the circle grows and where it stops only the editor knows. Here's to the 100th power! Adiaü.

EXAMPLE: BURKING ?

I inputted a query: what is burking? Five people responded, spread from 8/22 through 10/19. Replies came from the following (and note the parts of the world represented):

Mary Long	Springfield, Ill.
Bob Tucker	Jacksonville, Ill.
Wilson Goodson	Selangor, Malaysia
Ian Covell	England
Chester Cuthbert	Canada

Burking is from Burke and Hare, known as 'Resurrection Men' in Scotland in the late 19th century. Stealing corpses from churchyards for the use of medical students, a thriving trade. Eventually they took to murdering for a minimum of bother. At last, they were caught and hanged. And Mary Long finishes, "I wonder what happened to their corpses?"

Bob Tucker tells the same story but adds that he stumbled over the story in some research he was doing at the time and he "updated the practice for a mystery novel in 1956. It was my only book to be reviewed (with a footnote) in TIME. The footnote explained Burking to the readers."

Goodson adds that the bodies were stolen for a Dr. Knox of Edinburgh College, and they got 11 freshly killed bodies before being caught. He says Burke was dissected (after being hung) before a paying audience, his skin tanned and sold in strips.

Covell adds nothing new, but Cuthbert explains it, ending with, "Anyway, Bob Tucker handled this theme interestingly."

Burke's the butcher
Hare's the thief
And Knox's the boy
Who buys the beef.

-- Wilson Goodson

((It's not clear whether that's a quote of a poem of the time or something concocted by Goodson.))

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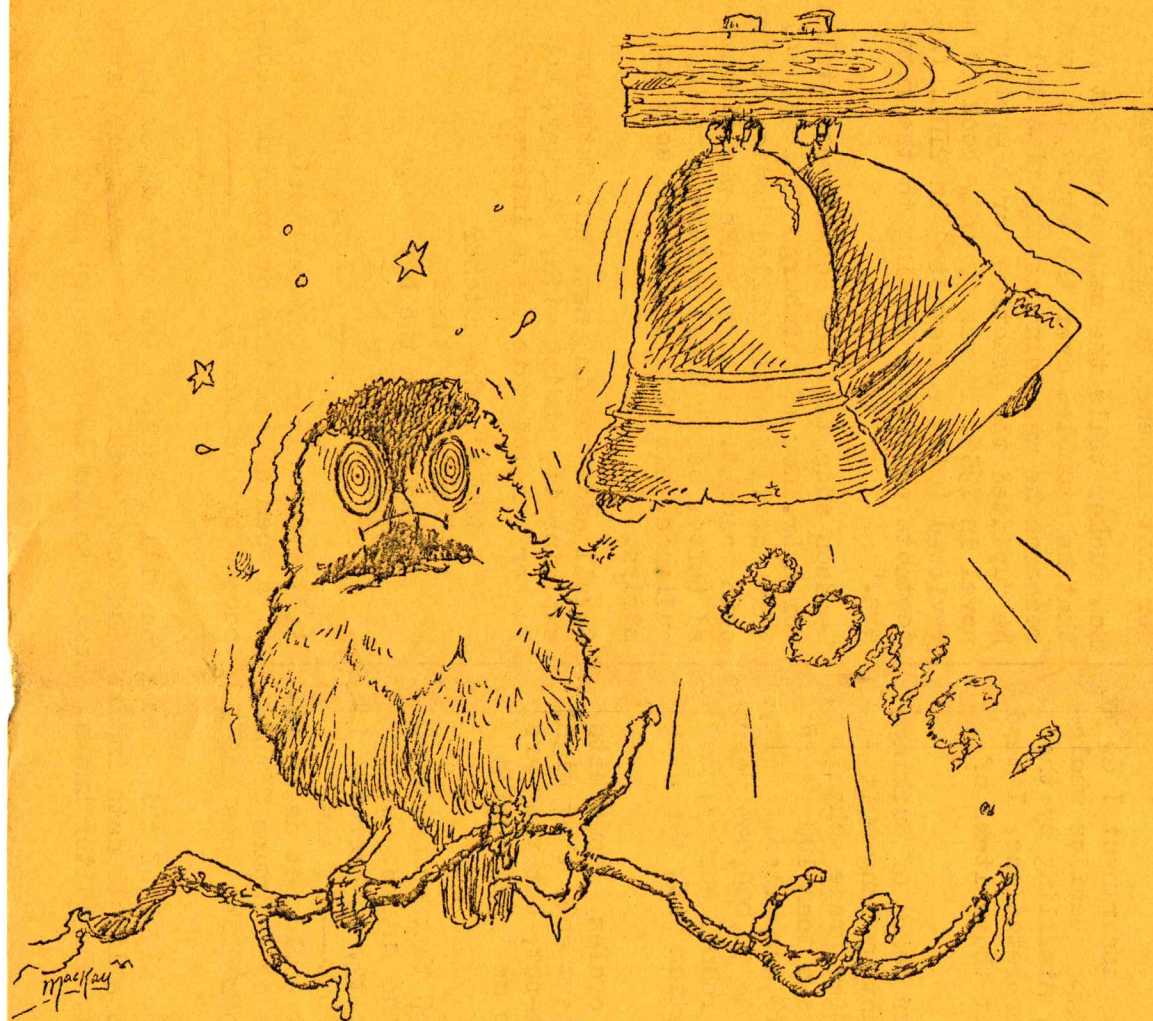
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