

Wank Heath

TITLE #72 March 1978 Sixth Annish
Monthly Scrapbook of Indeterminate and
varied contents available from the ed-
itor and publisher, Donn Brazier, for
the usual LoCs and contribs within a 3-
month period... Or send 50¢ for a sample
to this address: 1455 Fawnvalley Dr.,
St. Louis, Missouri 63131. The mailing
list is restricted to 100 fans for time,
labor and money parameters. There's not
a single thing special about this sixth
year of continuous monthly publication.

AS I THINK OF IT

AITOI

I hope I can remember all the nice gifts
received recently... The LP DUNE, an
arrangement by David Matthews-- a gift
from David Klaus. A bunch of Christmas
cards from lots of people, but especial-
ly from Tody Kenyon who hadn't been heard
from for a whole year. A large wall pos-
ter on the Age of Dinosaurs mailed from
England with no return address or name--
Steve Sneyd? Dave Rowe? Two books: from
Bill Bridget, GLENCANNON, Great Stories
from The Saturday Evening Post; from
Claire Beck, OUT OF CHAOS by Louis J.
Halle, a book of philosophy based on cur-
rent science. An original "art" calend-
ar produced by Dave Rowe and Dave Lang-
ford (Rowe drew the illos which are going
to adorn Pamela Boal's so far unpublished
novel, THE NEPTUNE ADVENTURE).

Not really a "gift" but certainly some-
thing exciting was a conference phone
call setup by Burt Libe. It went from
California (Libe) to New Jersey (Ben In-
dick) to Missouri (Brazier). And then
some things we said about the new GALAXY
prompted a call to me from Paul Walker
after Ben "snitched" to him.

-6666666-

There are tachyons. Cute little
fuzzy particles. I met one to-
morrow. Unfortunately, after it
collided with a photon today, it
died yesterday.

- ***** -

Today is New Years Day; I have just count-
ed fanzines arriving during 1977. The
total here is considerably lower than the
year 1976: 272 to 444. The month of No-
vember this year was a pitiful 12; the
best months were Feb (36) and July (35).
Was it just low here, or does anyone else
have a similar count?

Reported in AVISO, Dec.77, a publication
of the American Assoc. of Museums was the
award from Boston's Museum of Science to
Arthur C. Clarke for his "2001" and other
SF. Specially mentioned were "Rendezvous
with Rama" and "Childhood's End". Also
cited was his origination of the communi-
cation satellite in 1945, twenty years
still in the future.

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Ned Brooks sent along NASA ACTIVITIES of
Nov.77, calling my attention to the piece
on image enhancement of the "Shroud of
Turin". This is a priceless religious
relic, a rectangle of linen over 5 yards
long that bears an image of a bearded,
long-haired man, presumably Jesus Christ.
Mathematical and contrast image enhance-
ment techniques (as used in satellite
photographs) revealed a noticeably clear-
er image of the figure. How the image
got on the cloth, and whose image it is,
are unanswered questions.

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After watching for some time at various
newsstands for the new GALAXY (J.J.'s) to
no avail, I found it at the Medical Clin-
ic where I spent some time with the den-
tist. I've read the editorials & short
features, and savored Paul Walker's first
review column. Perhaps the purists will
argue that Paul's technique is not legit-
imate reviewing, I don't know. However,
to me it's perfect. Paul uses the books
as pegs to give us an essay on his more
broad views; it's the sort of review I'd
run in TITLE if someone would oblige. He
also makes each of the three books re-
viewed sound very attractive. Paul's #1
essay begins with the theme/question:
"Why are disaster novels entertaining?"
Paul resolves this paradox in well-chosen
words. Second: Paul opens with a discus-
sion of any writer's first work -- what
happens if it's bad; what happens if it's
the best thing he'll ever write? Last,
and all too soon, Paul treats us to a
discussion of the ghost story genre and
how Robert Aickman, the author, creates
something "more mystery than explanation."
Perhaps later I'll read the stories - no
bets! - but as long as Walker keeps re-
viewing books that reveal Paul Walker, I
will be now buying GALAXY... More trips
to the Medical Clinic?

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Glenn Garrett writes: "Glad to hear that
you're not only a SF fan but also inter-

ested in jazz." Glenn is interested also and has been for 6 years - introduced to the subject through DOWN BEAT. (I used to subscribe through all the years from 1945 on until the zine began to branch into rock.) Glenn writes: "I've become much more opinionated about jazz than SF & fandom." His idea of the perfect jazz instrument is the alto sax; likes Charlie Parker, Ornette Coleman, Phil Woods and Art Pepper. (You ought to hear Gary Deindorfer- a kind of a wild Lee Konitz on the horn.) I like the alto, too, especially Johnny Hodges but for nice sound I like the sonority of the mellow, mournful tenor saxmen such as Herschel Evans and Ben Webster. And a choir of trombones pushing a good beat is a sound I like too. Glenn notes that jazz buffs in their writings (on LPs such as a recent Bill Evans) are as elitest as SF fans-- calling other-than-jazz-listeners "ordinary". Glenn does not like the tendency in jazz or SF-- "almost snobbish, and wouldn't it be better if others were ignored rather than labeled?" Glenn says this attitude extends to skateboarding, punk rock, stamp collecting, hotair ballooning, whatever. (I wonder if this isn't spurred on by non-interested people who snort, "You're a stamp collector!" or "You read that crazy stuff!". And so how many ways can one defend himself?)

I BELIEVE I MENTIONED CHILD LIFE, subtitled 'Mystery and Science-Fiction Magazine,' and that Bill Bridget is on the masthead in "Production". The zine carries serials, short stories, fact features, games & puzzles-- all mystery or SF. Payment is 3¢ a word; but poetry and color photos are \$5 each. Puzzles & games- "no fixed rate". Get in touch with Bill Bridget (see address page) if you want a submission brochure. Any material is also read for PLAYMATE, Jack & Jill, and YOUNG WORLD.

FROM Ira Thornhill: Robert Anton Wilson's book, COSMIC TRIGGER, Final Secret of the Illuminati. I've only had a chance to read to page 8 where I stopped up short when Neal Wilgus' book The Illuminoids was quoted from. Neal, in the past, has done some fine things for TITLE and Farrago. This book, I think, and I'm judging from its 'Table of Contents', contains the sort of stuff I find interesting, yet do not put any stock in. I've noted that my 21-year old twins have suddenly developed a high interest (and belief) in UFO's; they chide me for being old-fashioned in scoffing at it all. I think it's all a result of STAR WARS and CLOSE ENCOUNTERS. In fact, the boys say the movies were made to prepare the public for the coming revelations of extra-terrestrial visitations. Seemed to work, in their case. CIA plot?

TODAY IS JAN 14- snow on the ground; fire in the fireplace; Lester Young on the record player. And I've just hung up the telephone; Reed Andrus called from Salt Lake City. (The new HARBINGER is in the mail.) Speaking of phone calls, did I mention the recent conference call arranged by Burt Libe? Included Ben Indick, Burt, and me. It was a "first" for me.

David Taggart has a CoA.. He's a Pfc (008-46-2578) with Co.C, Box 1127, DLIFLC, Presidio of Monterey, CA 93940. He says there seems to be a SF group on the base which he intends to check out.

Jim Meadows sends a clip about Ray Palmer, his death a few months ago, and the writer of the feature (Al Bernstein) who gives lots of credit to Palmer for sympathetic treatment in his (Bernstein's) early attempts & some success in cracking the SF market. Bernstein sold "Three Wise Men of Space" in 1941.

A.B.Clingan (who did TITLE 71 cover) has been in poor health and is no longer on the DIVERSIFIER staff, according to Chet Clingan. Chet (C.C.) is doing fine with the zine- has Dave Teasdale, Ken Huff, Jon Inouye and others as contributing editors of various kinds. You old-timers might like to get the March issue which will be dedicated to "The Golden Age of SF" with special tribute to John W. Campbell. So far he has material by Poul Anderson, Harry Harrison, A.Bertram Chandler, de Camp, James E. Gunn, Ron Fortier, plus an exclusive interview with Cliff Simak on the Golden Age. It sounds like an issue to order. There's even fiction by Fredric Brown, FB Long, Munn, Rocklynne, Piper and others. And features with contribs by Asimov, Clarke, Leiber, and good art. Chet mentions that after that he wants to do an issue about Henry Kuttner and requests material... Chet is also putting together an anthology called THE FANTASY MASTERS, half original & half reprint. He is still in the market for "exceptional" material-- 3¢ for original and 1¢ for reprints. THE DIVERSIFIER sells for \$1.50 (6/\$6); pays 1/2 to 1¢ a word and 3.50 to 10.00 for art.

Monday, Jan 16, Monday, and snowing here at a good clip, 5" down & more expected. Thus, after some shoveling, telephoning employees to stay home, I'm at the typewriter.

In T-71 I asked Gene Wolfe about the line in his street rhyme re: Burking. It went "Up the stair, but and ben wi' Burke and Hare." Gene explains: "'But and ben' is a Scottish dialect expression meaning out and in, and more specifically out and in the house. (We would say 'in and out'.) 'Wi' is just with slurred by a Scottish burr. You didn't ask about close, but it is a narrow street or alley leading from a thoroughfare to a court (architectural sense)."

In a recent TITLE Mike Glicksohn challenged readers to pronounce the name of the town in Wales from which Double Dragon ale came. Spelling: LLANELLI. Mike gives a phonetic: CLAN-ETH-LI. Mike says, "Apparently the double-L is pronounced differently depending on where it comes in the word. Neat, eh?" Want a standard to compare your own fannish production? Mike writes: "Last year was the first year I actually made a note of each thing I wrote -- thirty five pieces, eleven of which were columns for TITLE." Does a 'piece' include a LoC? Anyway, Mike says 35 is not a 'massive output'.

Ben Indick says that he will continue with a few apazines, but that his Part IV of 'Sardonic Fantasistes' (written for FARRAGO where the other parts appeared) may well be his 'swan song in fannish writing, altho I cannot promise. I want to do more reading and writing ((professional)) and I have my children's play to revise for production this Spring by a local pro company.' Be it known by all: I shall continue to provoke the Red-Head with TITLE-titillations.

I ADORE NOVEL IDEAS...Listen to Harry Warner: "I used to like to conjecture that words and phrases which appeal to us with no apparent reason for creating such an effect do so because they happen to resemble famous quotations in some worldwide language which was spoken so many centuries ago that it remains buried in our subconscious...This was before the computer age. Maybe if someone fed into a modern computer all the hundreds of favored things like 'A rose-red city half as old as time' and 'Nothing but gingerbread left' and 'I had one grunch but the eggplant over there' it would be possible for philologists to reconstruct that first universal language and determine the real meaning of 'aspidistra' and 'antimacassar'..." ((And 'lavender soup spoon' and how about some of Lewis Carroll's nonsense words?))

Speaking of universal language... a letter to the editor of the local paper advocated that our leaders, such as Pres. Carter, learn and speak in Esperanto so as to eliminate goofups which occurred in the recent translations of Carter's thoughts in Poland. However, I thought, what is to ensure that Carter's own translation of English into Esperanto doesn't include some goofs of its own?

Michael T. Shoemaker asks: "Did you hear about the magazine titled SUCCESS? It went bankrupt. Really!" Okay, another 'game'-- Can you think of similar situations, ironic or not, which have that same comic flavor? Perhaps such things can be cartooned by Robert J. Whitaker, Ken Huff, or Hank Heath?

WHAT'S THE TITLE? by Don Franson

I can imagine an Abbott and Costello routine:

Abbott: I'm reading an interesting zine.

Costello: What's the title?

A: Title

C: Yes, the title. I asked you the title.

A: That's it.

C: What's it?

A: No, not What. That's another fanzine.

C: What is?

A: Yes.

C: Yes, what?

A: What's another fanzine.

C: Oh, I see. Well, what are you reading then?

A: Title.

C: You mean that's the title?

A: No, not That. I don't get That.

C: You don't get what?

A: Yes, I do get What.

C: I understand now. You have a fanzine named What and don't have a fanzine named That.

A: Right!

C: But what's the fanzine you're holding?

A: No, I'm not holding What.

C: I don't get it.

A: That's another one I don't get.

C: What?

A: No, It's the one.

etc. ***** etc.

John Thiel writes: "Strange thing you've got in issue 71 about C.D.Doyle. from Buzz Dixon. I think, by the way, that the name of that particular god is Yog-Sothoth instead of Yog-Soggoth. Those fellows should be kept tidy."

ON FANNISH RECORDS, Ned Brooks writes: "Gilson's idea is nice except for the problem of authentication. Harry Warner is a nice guy, but I doubt that anyone could get him to count his fanzines. I wouldn't count mine, even. Maybe we could do it by linear feet; that's easier to measure. I have about 30 feet." Ned also recommends Hubert Cole's THINGS FOR THE SURGEON on the 'Burke & Hare' business. He quotes a long poem by Robert Southey, part of The Surgeon's Warning. One stanza of the ten that Ned quotes will give you the idea:

I have made candles of dead men's fat,
The Sextons have been my slaves,
I have bottled babies unborn, and dried
Hearts and livers from rifled graves.

Still on fannish records... Roy Tackett writes: "I'd nominate Bruce Pelz as a candidate for the fan with the largest collection of fanzines. He has so many that he indexes them in a computer and wanders around with printouts to let him know just what he has. Nobody has a complete collection of all the fanzines. An impossible task. Longest running monthly? I think the likely candidate is FIVE BY FIVE. The November 1977 issue was the 196th consecutive monthly issue. It's a carbonzine published on a rotating basis by Ed Cox, Len Moffatt, Art Rapp, Rick Sneary and myself. FIVE was Rick's idea over 16 years ago. Most artwork printed in fanzines? Probably Rotsler if one considers his cartoons as artwork. Maybe Robert E. Gilbert."

QUITE A FEW MENTIONED SEEING THE SHOEMAKER DROWNING BIT IN NATIONAL PRINT... G.White, Warner, Glycer, J.Offutt, Dixon, Chilson, Helgesen, Balazs, Franson, BEBrown, and Vayne. Many said that the two factors of youth and very cold water made the item less important than Shoemaker held it.

In THE OLD DAYS almost any writer's goal was to be printed in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. I wonder how it is today? What is the magazine? Gail White just made a brief appearance in the SEP, page 60, a bit of light verse printed under the by-line "G.B. White". I'm curious, too, as to why the by-line is that and not "Gail White"? Incidentally, Gail thinks that but means "in the kitchen" and ben means "in the parlor" in Scotland. Well, I'll let Gail and Gene clear that up.

New reader, J.Owen Hanner, tried to get in the mood to write a LoG: "So, I went and put on my fannish shirt..and like a flash, it came-- Hey, Donn, far out!" On the chance that remark meant something good, I sent him the next issue.

DICTIONARY....A Game...by Jim Meadows

Your back page thing on favorite words gives me a chance to tell about my newly re-found parlour game. Half of the TITLE people may already be familiar with it, but just in case....

Get a group of people, say five or six. Give them all a pile of index cards, or small slips of paper. On their first 2 cards, each person, with the help of a hefty dictionary, will write down three really obscure words. On the first card he writes the three words and their true definitions; on the second, he writes down the same three words and a credible sounding fake definition.

Then you go around. One after another, each person reads off his three words to the rest of the group. Each writes down what he thinks is the definition of the words. The entries are handed to the originator. Then, for each of the three words, he'll read off all the definitions he has, the submitted ones, plus the real and fake one of his own, not telling which is true or false. The group then does a roll call on which definition they think is the real McCoy.

Points are given for anyone guessing the right definition during the voting, for having the right definition written down, for the originator if his word was never correctly guessed. But that's not really the important part. The important part is this game can be funny to the point of agonizing. I spent a New Year's party playing the game, dealing with words like spittle-of-the-stars ("small nebulae in the form of droplets"), snurp ("small dog with no nose"), and twi ("they gwow in the fowest"). None of the above definitions are real, but the words, surprisingly enough, are.

It's amazing what you can find in an unabridged dictionary. And with the right set of people, it's amazing what fictional definitions the group comes up with.

Ever get a 'Poets-card'? Number 11 as published by Scarecrow Books, California, 1977 is very red and carries the following poem by Steve Sneyd. I'm not sure I understand the message as a whole, but then I generally have that trouble with poetry. I may be using the left hemisphere of my brain when I should fly caution to the wind and let the right half take over and react to the 'feeling'....

NOTHING PERSONAL by Steve Sneyd

inaccurately bouncing off

bushes evening paper
crashes through

letterbox at last drunk
her husband

wells up inside her
alien

saviour lands a
white die like

sun at
high noon

BUT MET A BERSERKER? by Roy Tackett

Yes, in the accepted sense of one who goes berserk.

Timmerman, his name was. A giant red-head. Went berserk one night during a fire fight we were mixed up in during the battle for Cape Gloucester, New Britain, in December 1943.

We were disputing the possession of some useless bit of swamp with the Japanese and they hit us about 2300. Things were getting a bit warm when Timmerman decided to take on the whole Japanese army by himself. He went completely berserk, oblivious of everything except the desire to charge and kill. It took several of us to drag him down and hold him until a corpsman could get a needle into him.

Claire Beck, without comment, sends a full-page clip from the PRESS. Seems a Dr. Ervil Clark and his father, Dr. Henry Clark, before him as head of the biology department of Pacific Union College, are supporting the 'Divine Creation' of the universe. In this theory, man and dinosaurs existed

simultaneously less than 6000 years ago. Various BNFs in the science field are quoted to support this theory, simply because the BNFs contemplate a 'designer' of the universe. I ask, in turn, could not the 'designer' have designed the method of evolution? Evolution, to Drs Clark, is a matter of faith for those who believe in it! Faith? When in our own generation or so we have seen some animal extinctions, some mutants prosper and reproduce? Oh, well... And we will not embarrass the 'designer' by pointing out certain goofups in the human design which help support the affluent medicos... A recent rebuttal to our museum curator's article on a detail of the evolutionary theory (ROCKLORE, Nov. '77) not only quotes Dr. Clark but brings out the stale idea that Genesis says it all... These Bible-quoting people simply have no conception of the argument, the data, the specifics through which scientists fight their way as a theory gradually becomes, in principle, almost a certainty as oddments fit together and no incongruities with other knowledge appear. Nor do they realize if new tools bring forth incongruities that a theory is modified or completely discarded.

THE SMALL WORLD SYNDROME... I've been in contact with a certain museum trustee for several years, but just last week he mentioned living in Minnesota years ago. It turned out that he played with my cousins in Minnesota- living just a few blocks from my relatives' street in Mankato. So I dug out Hank Heath's letter in which he said, "I once was fooling around with mouth-to-mouth communication theory. It worked closely with the small world syndrome and the circle of friends effect. This latter effect is such that if you list all those whom you consider friends and ask that each of them list all their friends (excluding you) and pass this on to all the friends of the friends (excluding the first generation), that eventually there will be a good number of loops coming back to you. In fact, I estimate about 95% of the loops circling back to you (in often intriguing ways). ((Right at this point is a drawing of loops to the 4th generation, including a sector of idealized stochastic relationships. I toyed with the idea of duplicating it; that's all, just toyed with the impossible idea.)) If I assume just 10 non-acquainted acquaintances, note that 10⁰ (me) would in 9 generations (10⁹) reach 1,000,000,000 people. But, if I assume that there is an expansion of 100 acquaintances per acquaintance and that 95% of each generation loop back to me, look at the weird result: 100¹ x .05 = 5, but 100⁵ x .05 = 500,000,000 (5th generation). In other words a person can be traced by only 5 steps to anyone else in the USA, despite the looping circle of friends. "

POLL RESULTS DELAYED UNTIL NEXT ISSUE....

I had planned to summarize the results, but it's been so much fun... Besides the replies from foreign lands ~~are~~ not in at this time; nor, perhaps, some laggards. There are 42 replies, counting my own-- not a bad return from about 115 readers. Enough, I think, that some rather interesting and curious results are in the making.

One thing that took hours to do (maybe 32 hours so far) was a matrix of two-by-two pairing of every reader against every other in order to quantitatively develop a "kindred spirit" index. I used answers to all questions except 4b (authors you would have in an anthology of representative SF)-- just too much tabulation required. Thus, there are 21 bits of info -- a perfect "kindred pair" would jibe on 21 bits. No such score has been reached. The highest match is, at this time, a 6; and only 2 pairs are involved. Nine pairs match on 5 bits. I'll tell you who these pairs are next issue; at this time I'll just give the fan I most nearly match at 5 bits: Randall D. Larson. Everyone, of course, does not have a "kindred"-- in fact, rather interesting to see who it is that matches nobody (if such be the case).

There have been about 86 fans named as GoHs at that BIG CON, but since only 5 can be so designated it stands right now at: Tucker, Warner, Glicksohn, and tied Gaier and Willis.

George Barr is leading the artists; STAR WARS is ahead of 2001; best novel is up for grabs, but best shortstory is, so far, "Nightfall"; Harlan Ellison leads in the living author 'conversational' set, with Robert Bloch very close; Blish & HG Wells are fighting for the dead author place; ADV IN TIME & SPACE is pretty far ahead on the one book you'd not part with.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE CARL SANDBURG 13¢ STAMP? One was affixed to an envelope from Ben Indick who footnoted on the bottom of the envelope: "Poor Carl looks like a Neanderthal Man!" Well, was he not a great poet? Did he not have a well-developed right brain hemisphere? Can you not tell that Carl Sagan's DRAGONS OF EDEN is fresh in my mind? And speaking of artists and left hemisphere 'rationalists', what will Janet Indick say to Roy Tackett's comment that her "sculpture looks like a particularly inhumane type of animal trap." I admire Roy (and other clear-thinkers) but at the same time I admire the emotional 'feeling'

people. But why must art always have to "look like something"? Similarly, must a piece of music be "about something"? Can both not be pretty? Or esthetic patterns of form, period! I must confess my attitude (especially toward art) has been a long time in coming to me, but come it has.

Watch for Robert Chilson's FUTURE MURDER. He writes that "Donn Frazier", publisher of FARRAGO out of the Wilde Pickle Press, has been stuck in the story. The year is 2287, and FARRAGO is an amazing holograph production with short movie sections and audio tracks. Gee whiz! I wonder who else is in that story (novel?)-- C.D. Foyle?

"Looters destroyed my business," said Ben unconcernedly. -- Don Franson.

And, Brazier, old First Fandomite, you can't spell 'Gersback'. -- Don Franson.

Today's mail brought separate letters from Sam & Mary Long-- they both agree pretty much about but and ben with Gene Wolfe. Mary and several other people pointed out (as did CD Doyle herself in a later letter) that the hand-colored "mistletoe" was really holly. Sam, in connection with the last installment of The Peel & the Pulp, asks: "How does one pounce?" ((A "pounce" is a frantic pounce, and is done on all fours. Sigh!))

A-back-of-the-envelope feature.....

FIRST ENCOUNTER by Charneau Flic

Clawless I grasp with prehensile thought
That clutches firmer than grip.

Wingless I fly through gaseous oceans to
gorge myself on the sun

And find the stars slow comrades.

Mightless I claim the earth my own to
cast my form in rock

And mark my pilgrimage.

Thoughtless I find the heavens flase
((sic...flame? flare?))

And seek to make another firmer in my
image.

I fling myself at life to end it

Await my death and waiting

Ask a purpose to the end,

For I am Man.

((I ask-- what doth the mailman ponder
as he passes my flase?))

One of my most exotic, interesting, non-conformist readers ever was (and still is) Tody or Tudy Kenyon (take your pick on the first name, whichever suits you.) Let me tell you how close we came to being separated. Christmas 1976 I got a card from her and didn't hear a thing until this Christmas, when another card came, asking, in effect, was I mad? that I had stopped sending TITLES. I wrote back that outside of the two Xmas cards I hadn't heard from her since issue #57 Dec 1976. Well, I did not get a letter (a classic according to Tudy) in August 1976, or one in October 1976. At that point, Tudy gave up on me, as I had on her. Why do I tell you this? Because, if it happened with her, how many other times has it occurred? I don't get a LoC; I stop sending TITLE; and the reader sees no need to LoC further. We no longer exist for each other-- thanks to the post office. If any of you ever, ever feels a TITLE is due and you care, please keep this Tudy lesson in mind. I don't blame the post office 100%. After all, I could have written a letter to Tudy. Perhaps I should write Ed Cagle a letter-- I sure would like him to come back.

MARKET TIP... Paul Walker writes in today's letter (1-18) that the 2nd GALAXY under Pierce's editorship is on the stands, with Paul's 2nd bkrev column. Paul says that Gordon R. Dickson's THE FAR CALL is the best SF novel he's ever read; "it's a gem," he says, "especially for hard sfers like us." Here's the market tip: "PIERCE NEEDS ARTWORK. SF art work. He needs all he can get."

Eric Mayer's letter grieves me-- lots of personal troubles with him which I hardly think he wants me to go into. However, his CRAB NEBULA (perhaps in this issue, but for sure the next) is enclosed and brilliant. He is a professional without a hand marketplace. He liked the Libe/Indick bit saying it was like "laying colored acetates one on top another; you don't see the full color picture 'till all the acetates are laid down. All three pieces were very well done and would've stood by themselves but presented all together they're a knockout. I read them several times, going back and rereading Burt's story in light of Ben's."

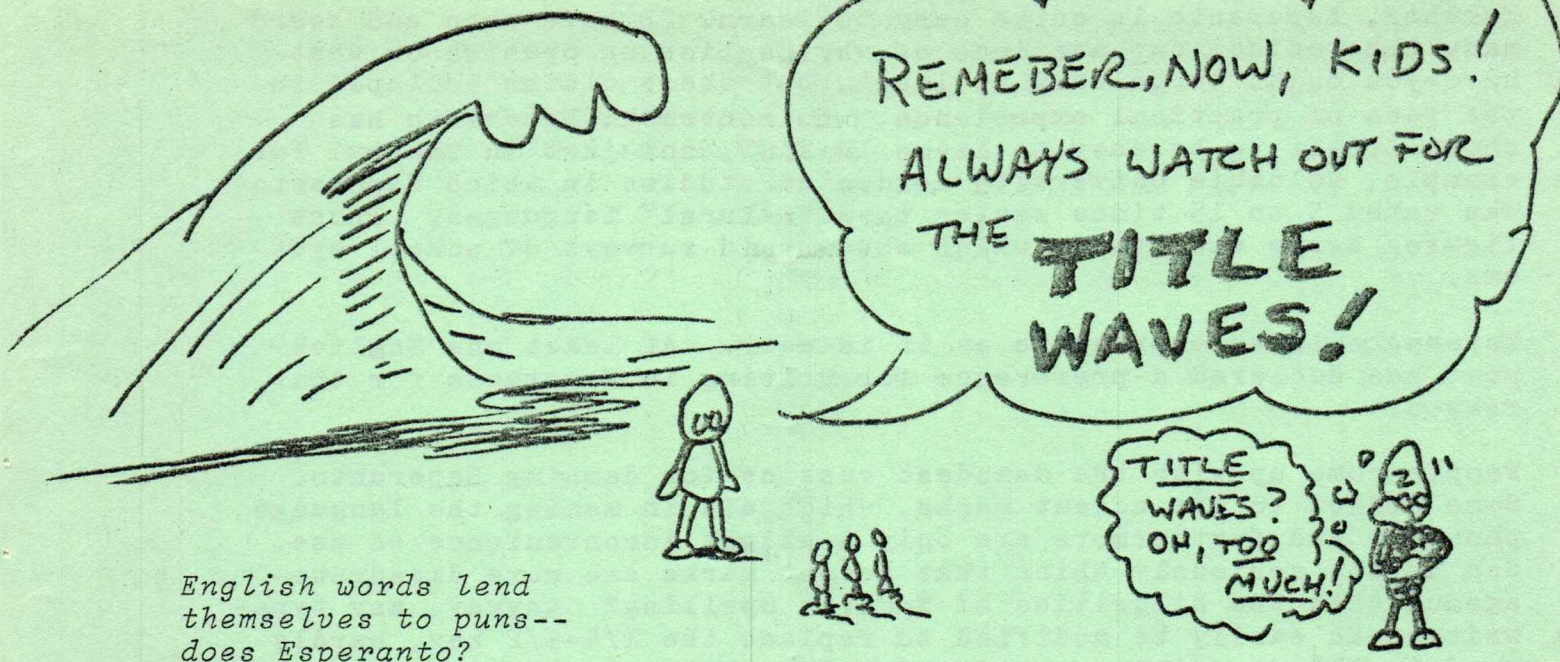
A CARELESS TYPO AS DISTINGUISHED FROM INTENTIONAL... and my apologies to Steve Sneyd whose poem, "Nothing Personal", has a bad, bad one. The lines in question should read: "saviour lands a / white disc like / sun at / high noon".

Carolyn Doyle has the whole back of her envelope filled with words, stickers and drawings. On the front of the envelope is this picket sign drawing in the lower lefthand corner: Blank Envelope flaps are sinful! Write on the back of your envelope today! In the envelope, besides a long letter, is a matchbox-- the kind that holds wooden matches. The brand? ROSEBUD. Inside is one match and a rather surprising mother-of-pearl button. The button is not surprising; it's its presense that's surprising. Coupled with ROSEBUD, the button may be very significant; well, maybe not.

John Robinson, intrigued for quite some time with the idea of a Science Fiction Line modeled something like "Dial-a-Poet", etc. but short on cash to get the equipment, says he hopes now to get the thing going by March. He wants you people to send him SF reviews of up to 250 words, typed, double-spaced, one review per page. Later he may give details on how you can call him by phone or send a cassette. He says, "I will need not just reviews but a multitude of voices for the success of the SF Line."

You know, this AITOI is beginning to take on the character of the late IT COMES IN THE MAIL from Ned Brooks. Hey, maybe that's not such a bad idea. I always enjoyed tremendously the day-by-day recording of Ned's inventoried mailbox.

I'VE GOT TO WRITE THIS DOWN TO GET IT OUT OF MY MIND... For some time I have been adjusting my car's rearview mirrors each morning and each evening. I puzzled over this for awhile, since I'm the only one driving the car. My first idea was that the vibration of the car jiggled the mirrors; but that explanation would account only for a movement of the mirrors around the swivel point in the direction favored by gravitational forces. Each morning I had to adjust the mirrors as if I were taller, and each evening coming home from work as if I were shorter. I've concluded that this height difference is actually the case. In the morning, fresh, I sit up straighter; in the evening, tired, I slump down further in the seat. Big deal-- but every time I adjust the mirrors I think, "I've got to mention this in TITLE. It's another one of those mysterious little "effects" probably never explained in the whole glorious history of scientific research - or even in THE NATIONAL ENQUIRER.....



English words lend themselves to puns-- does Esperanto?

WHY I AM AN ESPERANTIST BY D. GARY GRADY

Since Donn has shown an understandable reluctance to turn TITLE into an Esperanto fanzine, I have asked him to permit me a last long blast on the subject, after which I will be happy to continue the discussion in personal correspondence. My address is 612 East Maynard Ave., Durham, NC 27704.

I believe the advantages of an international language -- a standard first language (foreign) for all of us -- are so obvious in a world of rapidly expanding international business, travel, and communications that I hardly need to defend the idea. I am, of course, aware of the fears that such a language would erode our cultural diversity. It seems to me that an easy interlanguage, one not learned until early in school, would enable us to have it both ways-- a world community with strong cultural and linguistic diversity, but with mutual comprehension.

But which language? A perfectly impartial one is an impossibility. Any language, no matter how carefully put together, is bound to resemble some existing language more than others. We could maintain some impartiality by selecting a language used by very few people or by devising a new one based upon some small language group (say, Basic Basque). But such a language would lack a broad foundation to build upon. It might be inadequate to fulfill the needs of a modern world. It would stand a minimum chance of acceptance. And no likely candidate exists anyway.

We do, however, have Esperanto, which is based upon the largest single language group-- the Indo-European. More than half the human race speaks Indo-European languages, and probably more than 75% of literate people read such a one. It is hard to imagine a language more broadly based but still practical. (Hogben's Interglossa, for example, was a dismal failure.)

Further, Esperanto is quite easy to learn. I have seen and heard many theoretical explanations of why English or Spanish or what-have-you ought to be easy to learn, but these claims collapse in the face of practical experience. In contrast, Esperanto has shown itself to be easy to learn IN FACT, not just in theory. For example, Columbia University conducted studies in which Esperanto was rated 5 to 15 times easier than "natural" languages. Those figures agree with those which show up in surveys of school systems.

Esperanto is as expressive as it is easy. At least one English poet has declared a preference for writing in Esperanto for that reason.

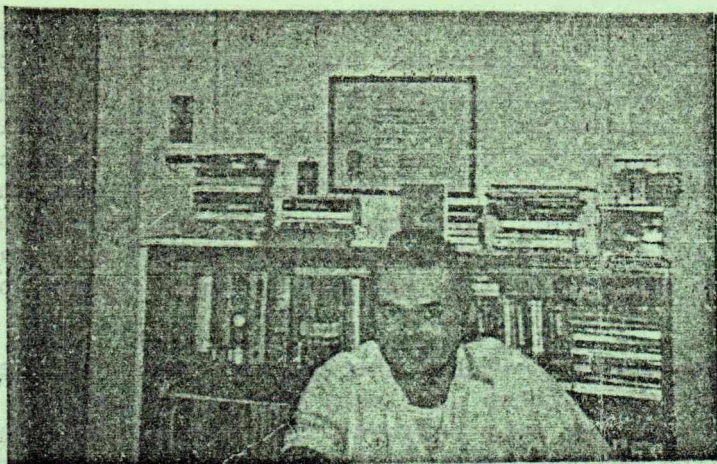
People come up with the damndest reasons for damning Esperanto. Some object to the accent marks, which aid in making the language phonetic and furthermore are only a slight inconvenience to use. Can anyone seriously think that accent marks are more disadvantageous than the hilarities of English Spelling? Anyway, any typewriter can easily be modified to replace the 1/4-1/2 key, hardly used by anyone, with a key which does not cause the carriage to advance. Typing c is a simple matter of hitting then c. This is no more difficult than typing the same thing in English, ch, and it takes up less space on the page. This is, by the way, the way most European typewriters deal with accent marks.

Others claim the "Orientals" will not stand for a "European" interlanguage. The fact is that Esperanto is quite popular in the Orient. Peking broadcasts and publishes extensively in Esperanto, and Japan has one of the world's most vigorous Esperanto movements. Those who would reject Esperanto on grounds of "Europeanness" are hardly likely to support English, either.

Those who call Esperanto a "lost cause" ought to inform the Vatican of the fact. They have recently greatly expanded their Esperanto broadcasting and now transmit on more frequencies in Esperanto than any other living language. Numerous international firms deal in Esperanto, including Phillips, Agfa, and Fiat. The Modern Language Association has begun sponsoring seminars on Esperanto literature.

But what about English? Isn't it the most widely taught language on Earth? It is, and the spread of English is phenomenal. English expressions are recognized worldwide and it is without doubt the international language of science and business. But we need to look beneath the surface-- there we will discover that the ocean of English is but a few centimeters deep, and is evaporating.

The popularity of English has nothing to do with its merits as a language, but depends instead on the relative economic and military strength of the U.S. Some futurists are predicting a rapid decline for English. Already fewer than 10% of us know English, and the percentage is shrinking. The League of Nations made English one of its two official working languages. When the United Nations was formed, English was but one of five. Today in the UN it is one of seven. Even in Western Europe, where English is studied by virtually everyone, it is frequently hard to find someone who speaks it outside a tourist trap or a hotel. For example, I have found it impossible to communicate with several Frenchmen in English, despite my four years of French and their up-to-seven in English. In reality, Esperanto has been demonstrated to be a practical international language. And that's why I like it.



The "Mystery Fan" -- as so described when this photo was run in a long-ago TITLE -- is now revealed as Paul Walker!

beyond surface values lie seeds of fantastic imagination, stories, and ideas. Paul Walker "brings home the bacon" in his own peculiar way. No matter how I tried to dislike this man, I couldn't.

I rang the bell at 128 Montgomery Street, already harboring my own preconceptions and others I had heard of this caustic cynic, insociable hermit, and additional poignancies. But I wanted to see for myself. If worse came to worst, I had Ben Indick at my side; we could both flee in opposite directions.

Paul and Ben live a scant 15 miles from each other, had conversed regularly over the phone for more than two years, and, get this, had never met! I just couldn't believe it! It could only happen in fandom!

The telephone call had come the night before while I was at Ben's; but Ben wasn't home. I answered, expecting a call from the West Coast, my home. "Is Ben there?" "No, he stepped out for awhile. I'll have him call you when he gets back. Who should I say called?" "Who's this?" the voice parried. "Just a guest. I'm from out-of-town." "Okay, tell him Paul Walker called." I didn't know whether to hang up or talk further. In a split second I decided; I talked: "Paul, this is Burt Libe!" A few seconds of silence followed. "Hey, Burt!" shouted back the surprised voice; "What the hell are you doing over THERE?" I explained I drove in, etcetera. In the course of conversation, I learned both "fans" remained "unacquainted". I suggested driving over so we all could get acquainted for the first time, which we did the next morning; and I brought along my Enchanted Tree.

The door buzzed and I started to push it open. Bloomfield didn't seem like much from the corner of Montgomery and Berkeley-- both narrow 2-lane streets uncrowded with buildings. The 2-story apartment, built about 1910 to 1920, might have become a standard tenement of the classic Depression had it not been cared for so well. Paul lives upstairs with his mother. What was behind that door? A hairy monster with green slime oozing from its teeth?

No. The door swung open to a very sociable and engaging individual, somewhat heavy-set, about 5' 7", mid-30's, with moderately short hair of strange grayish-silver, and thin but distinguished moustache. He

invited us upstairs into his room and plopped down onto the bed. Ben and I occupied the two guest chairs. The room was plain with dresser and a few bookcases fitted around. I set up the Enchanted Tree so Paul could watch it. Intermittently his voice broke into interesting snorts and laughs as it flashed and streaked while we all talked. Or, I should say, as Paul and Ben did most of the talking about common interests in fandom. I listened as best I could, but found most of the fannish subjects distant and unfamiliar. I did, however, have the honor of reading his manuscript draft of a book review and laughed when Tolkien got the "shaft" a-la-Walker. I admitted to Paul later that Bilbo Baggins must be related to Jimmy Carter: both talk an awful lot, but do NOTHING.

Paul and Ben talked, the tree flashed, and in walked the biggest tomcat in the whole United States, with soft fur shaded in splotches of black, white and gray. I had the answer to the heavy clawing on the left rear bedpost. The tomcat also became enthralled with the tree, staring and sniffing at it. I had to shoo him away when he started slurping the display case and gave indications he was about to claw the base.

I enjoyed watching Paul's expressions while the tree flashed back his words. After a while, it took the combined efforts of Ben and me both to keep up with him. Then he shot me with the comment: "Why would somebody with so many talents want to waste time on such an unrewarding field as science fiction?" To which I assured him that writing is something I must do. I must create. I could see the same drive in Paul. His talents are natural, not learned (though he won't admit it). His only "learning" serves to HARNESS those natural talents. I remember, about two years ago, how he aspired to do professional book reviews. He persited toward his goal and has finally achieved success with a professional column in the publication GALAXY.

Paul has concentrated his total knowledge, drive, and love completely into science fiction, which diverges from my own philosophy that man needs several areas of accomplishment so that he does not stagnate in one. Paul's knowledge of science fiction is very thorough despite lack of a sizeable reference library in his home. I'd never challenge him in that area; I'd probably lose.

I talked with him about improving this field of literature. Outside science fiction, Paul seems, at first, somewhat dull -- probably as a side effect of such heavy involvement in one area. But he's only gun-shy in areas he FEELS he doesn't thoroughly understand. So leave it to Burt Libe to keep probing him to find out his overall knowledge rates far higher than he thinks or will admit.

Really, I was sorry to leave; a life force seemed to pervade his room and beyond the building. I thought about the past -- how I tried to hate Paul Walker, but couldn't. How I tried to stay mad at Paul Walker, but couldn't. And after meeting Paul Walker, it's impossible even to get mad at him anymore.

Ben and I left Bloomfield and, in a way, much of Paul's vibrancy followed us like a shadow -- like a spectre -- to make its mark in the course of our lives. Within the wake of that force are buried many SF tales and book reviews as yet untold and unwritten. But someday Bloomfield will remember that force, that shadow, that friendly spectre: Paul Walker.

-- Burt Libe December 12, 1977

EXCUSE ME by Neal Wilgus

"Step aside,"
 said the man
who had never
 made a mistake
 when he saw me
 stealing pennies
from a
 dead man's eyes.

His high moral
 stature
 kept his
 chin high
and he tripped
 over a tombstone
into the grave.

TOWARD A THEORY OF INNATE PITCH

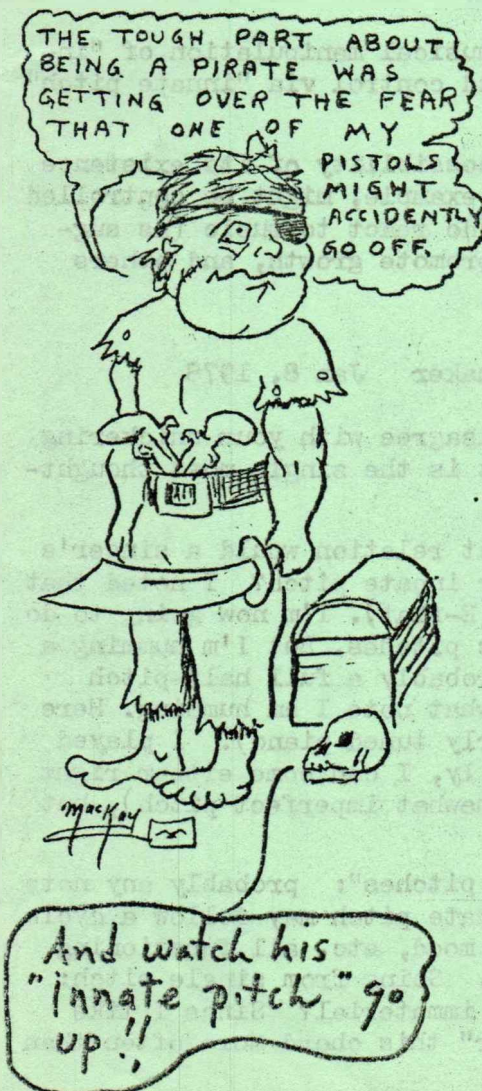
BY

MICHAEL T. SHOEMAKER

In TITLE #69, Donn Brazier casts aspersions on a research project about what pitch housewives will hum over the phone when asked to. I have never heard of this project before, but I think the idea is fascinating and potentially of great importance.

Now, the methodology of that project is obviously quite flawed. What we want to survey are the pitches hummed by people without any possible outside influence. Calling people on the phone will not do. For instance, a police car siren might have passed the person's house only moments before the survey, and this may influence the selection of pitch. On the other hand, a spontaneous response is also necessary. Getting volunteers and putting them in a sound-proof room is not satisfactory because the volunteers will have too long to contemplate their response. There is the danger of an intellectually calculated response in that.

To summarize the goal and methodology: We want to determine if the human mind has an innate proclivity to certain pitches. Our methodology must include these factors: 1) no outside influences on pitch, 2) random selection of participants, and 3) spontaneous response. It must be noted that octave transposition of the pitches is of no importance.



What is the point of all this? What might the results be? Well, there are some indications that the mind reacts to different tonal centers in different ways.

Combination tones (the tones which are produced when two or more tones sound simultaneously) are a physiological, rather than an accoustical, phenomenon. The existence of one such physiological-musical phenomenon suggests the possibility of others.

The hexachord system of medieval scale construction avoids tonal preferences, as does the whole-tone scale (popularised by Debussy). Music constructed from these systems is noted for its ambiguity, elusiveness, and neutral color. In writing melodies in these systems one must imply a tonal center mainly through repetition and melodic direction, and one is continually confronting the problem of accidentally implying another tonal center. The major-minor scale system, on the other hand, is unambiguous. The tonal center is inherent in the scale. This is because of the melodic force of the two half-steps. The major-minor system is also harmonically richer.

Whether one views "atonal" music as implying no tonality, or, in the sense of "pantonal" (Schöenberg's term), a rapid succession of all tonalities, there is in both cases a lack of a stable tonality to which our hypothetical "innate pitch" can re-

late. This may account for the difficulty some people experience in trying to understand this kind of music.

The otherwise unaccountable phenomenon of "perfect pitch" is neatly explained by this theory of "innate pitch". It would be merely a heightened awareness of the "innate pitch" possessed by everyone.

For some composers (most notably Scriabin), different keys have specific meanings. Moreover, something similar must be true of all composers; how else explain why a composer wrote a certain piece in C major rather than D major? (Of course, factors of range and sonority account for keys intervallically farther apart, but this does not apply to keys merely a whole-step apart.)

If innate pitches do exist, their discovery will probably be extremely difficult. Different people may have different pitches. It may be a genetic trait like hair color. The "innate pitch" in an individual might correlate with any one of an infinity of factors. For example, nervous people might be tuned to A, calm people to D, ambitious people to F, etc. It might correlate physiologically with height, age, weight, etc. Or more complicated still, there may be, within every individual, a hierarchy of pitches which correlate in any number of unknown ways with yet other physiological-emotional factors.

The implications of these possibilities are only limited by one's imagination. Discovery of "innate pitch" would, of course, require a re-evaluation of all musical theory. There may be in great music an instinctive manipulation of "innate pitch" relationships, which goes beyond, and underlies, all traditional understanding of melody and harmony. Clear knowledge of such "innate pitch" relationships would allow an easier, more felicitous, means of composition. Further, different "innate pitches" for different people may explain why everybody does not agree as to what music is great.

There might be developed a new psycho-therapy based on musical manipulation of "innate pitch". This in turn offers the possibility of mind control via "innate pitch" a la 1984.

The existence of "innate pitch" in humans suggests the possibility of its existence in other biological systems. Mosquitoes or sharks, for example, might be controlled by certain pitches. Going even further, perhaps plants do react to music (as suggested a few years ago); perhaps certain pitches would promote growth, and others would kill weeds!

Have fun with this idea; I am.

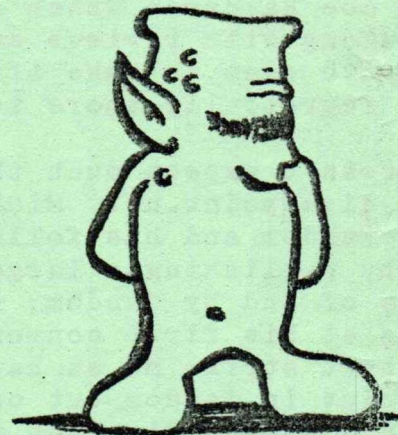
-- Michael T. Shoemaker Jan 8, 1978

ADDENDA: From MTS's accompanying letter: "I strongly disagree with your snickering ... This is the first I've heard about that item, but it is the single most thought-provoking item I've ever read in TITLE."

Several points, and I'm glad MTS took me up on this: What relation would a singer's natural or favored key (due to range?) have with his/her innate pitch? I noted that judging from records, Frank Sinatra favors my same key (E-flat). I'm now going to do a test. I've been typing; TV on; people talking, various pitches. But I'm humming a note. Assuming my piano is properly tuned (and it is probably a full half-pitch lower actually), I'm now going to walk in there to see what note I am humming. Here goes! Answer: it is an A (possibly a B-flat on a properly tuned piano). I played B-flat first & had to move a half-step down to A. Usually, I can come either right on or a half to full step away from any note I sing (somewhat imperfect pitch), but not too bad for walking up to the keyboard cold.

Another point, briefly suggested by MTS's "hierarchy of pitches": probably any note sung or hummed by a person will vary during the day; innate pitch may follow a cycle up and down with body temperature, energy level, mental mood, etc. all functioning directly or inversely as each person's circadian rhythm. Going from single pitch: what chord might a person "hear" in his head with pitch immaterial? Since I like major-7ths and ninths on the piano, would I tend to "hear" this chord more often than any other? Do we have other experimenters in the house?

TROLLS NEED LOVE, TOO!



SNAPSHOTS -- OR -- VIEW WITHOUT MUCH ROOM BY MIKE GLICKSOHN

A recent one week wildcat strike at Toronto's main post office has cut the slower-than-usual influx of fanzines here to nothing. Add in the post office's traditional policy of not bothering with third class mail during the Christmas rush and I find myself faced with an unusual problem. Often I have to try and pick out from a large number of fanzines a group for review that share some common characteristic upon which I can hang the "theme" of that particular column. Not so this time! Eliminating the one page CoA notices and the boring newszines, there are precisely eight fanzines that have arrived here since last I wrote for Donn. Here are a few of them, and if there's no connecting thread to this column, or I repeat myself, blame a lethargic fandom and an incompetent postal system!

Possibly one of the most improved fanzines I've been getting lately is JANUS, the feminist oriented fanzine from Janice Bogstad and Jeanne Gomoll. From the two-coloured cover, through the special folio by Robert Kellough complete with foldout, JANUS has become a graphically superior fanzine, with excellent artwork and a very impressive grasp of layout and design. The material is still somewhat sercon and deals with subjects I have little personal interest in, but JANUS is definitely an excellent representative of its type. Number 9 features lots of reviews (books, movies, and fanzines), thoughts about SUNCON, an article on parthenogenesis, and the start of a column by Ctein on technology, science and the future which bodes to be fascinating. The reduced type might blind you but JANUS has a lot going for it if you like their type of approach.

A fanzine that appeals to me more with just its second issue is GENRE PLAT, now emigrated to San Francisco, along with co-editor Allyn Cadogan. Attractively designed and very neatly produced, the second GP is highlighted by a reprint of a John Bangsund article about John Campbell, complete with a very fine introduction by Susan Wood. A hearty lettercolumn, interesting editorial about the difference between reputation and reality and some reviews round out a fine fan-

zine. It'll be interesting to see if two editors separated by 850 miles can continue to publish a superior fanzine, but I'm definitely hoping they can.

Somehow I'm just not as impressed with LAN'S LANTERN #6 from George Laskowski as I'd like to be. Lan puts out a competent genzine but the material seems oddly bland. Number 6 features interviews with Jackie Causgrove and Joe Haldeman which are okay but don't reveal anything all that new, along with reviews and George's long diary/ conreports which never quite seem to take off anywhere. There's nothing that's bad here, but regretfully there isn't anything that's especially good either.

One doesn't expect much that's good in a first issue and SCHMAGG #1 doesn't disappoint us. Michael Hall is a newish member of Decadent Winnipeg Fandom and has followed in the footsteps of several of his mentors by publishing a largely uninspired fanzine. Mike recounts his discovery of and by fandom, then describes at length his trip to and experiences at his first convention, the 1977 Autoclave. Somehow Winnipeg doesn't strike me as having the spark necessary for it to become a Focal Point in fandom but one cannot deny that the fans there have enthusiasm and much dedication to fandom.

Fantasy fans ought to enjoy NIGHTSHADE #4 from Ken Amos. This issue concentrates on Ambrose Bierce and his protege George Sterling, along with an article about George MacDonald and reviews of books and "Kwaidan", possibly one of the most beautiful -- and seemingly least known -- fantasy films I've ever seen. A short lettercolumn rounds out a specialized but well-handled publication.

Specialized is hardly the word for VERT #4 from the peripatetic publisher Gil Gaier. Dedicated to and featuring a full-page cover photograph of yours truly, this fanzine is likely to appeal to approximately three people in fandom. And I'm two of them! *[Guess I must be the third, Mike.]* Luckily the Glicksohn material is only 27 1/2 % of the issue and the rest of the fanzine is a typical Gaier publication filled with empathic reactions to other fans, photographs of fans, letters about innumerable topics and atrocious artwork. If you enjoy personalzines, VERT is well worth having. Even if you don't, the cover on #4 makes an excellent dartboard.

And the other two weren't really appropriate for review! Have a merry Christmas (sometime in February) and may 1978 bring us all a fascinating selection of stimulating fanzines: I'd hate to spend the next two months half asleep in front of the television for lack of something good to read.

JANUS #9, c/o SF³, Box 1624,
Madison WI 53701. Quarterly,
\$1 or usual. 50pp, reduced
offset.

GENRE PLAT #2, 28 Atalaya Ter.
San Francisco CA 94118. 42 pp
mimeo. Irregular, \$1 or usual.

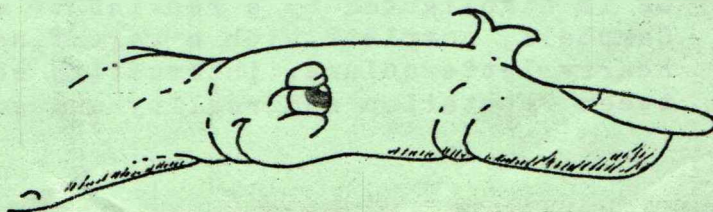
LAN'S LANTERN #6, 47 Valley
Way, Bloomfield Hills MI, 48013
42pp reduced offset. Quarterly
75¢ or usual.

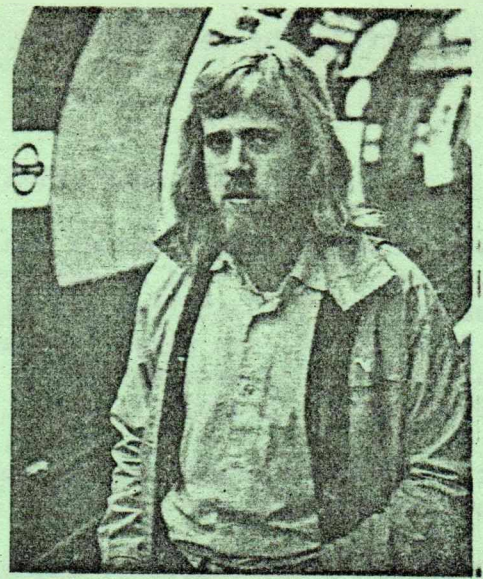
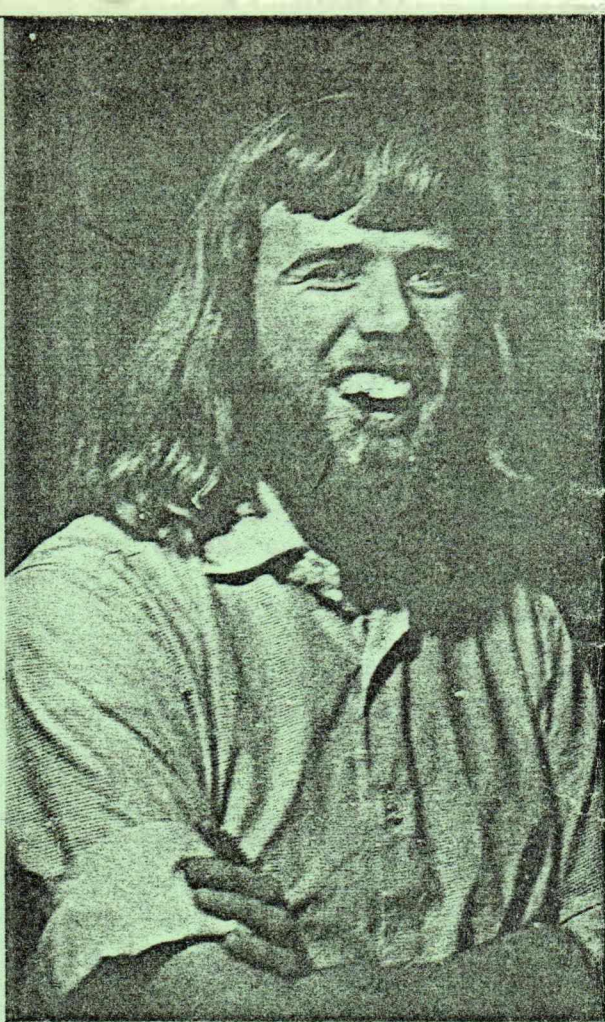
SCHMAGG #1, 24-477 Wardlaw Ave

Winnipeg Man. Canada R31 019. 20pp
mimeo. Usual or request.

NIGHTSHADE #4, 7005 Bedford Ln, Lois-
ville KY 40222. Irregular. \$1.75,
trade, published LoC. 36pp reduced
offset.

VERT #4, 1016 Beech Ave, Torrance CA
90501. 40pp offset. Quarterly/ir-
regular. Response only.





TWO VIEWS OF DAVE ROWE - BEFORE
AND AFTER BHEER.

BELOW: ANOTHER ENGLISH FANED--
GRAHAM POOLE, AFTER BHEER ONLY.

THE OWNER OF THESE PHOTOS,
STEVE MCDONALD OF JAMAICA.
ALL PHOTOGRAPHS COPYRIGHTED
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Perpetrated by Gene Wolfe....

THE WOLFE AWARD FIRST LINE CONTEST

Below are the opening lines of six books of (or about) science fiction or fantasy. I will send an autographed copy of my book PEACE to the Titler who first identifies all six correctly. (All lines, including Nos. 2, 4, and 6, are given just as they appear in their respective books; nothing has been omitted.) Send entries to Gene Wolfe; P.O. Box 69; Barrington, IL 60010.

1. It is in the Thebaid, at the summit of a mountain, upon a platform, rounded off into the form of a demilune, and enclosed by huge stones.
2. FOULKES, Fowler (Harvey), author; b. San Francisco, Calif., Jan. 15, 1871; s. Roger Clinton and Catharine (Livingstone) F.; A.B., Stanford, 1890; A.M. King's College, Cambridge, 1892; m. Mary Margaret O'Donnell, of San Francisco, June 3, 1893; 1 son, Roger O'Donnell (deceased); m. 2d., the Hon. Patricia St. John of London, England, May 10, 1903; 1 son, Hilary St. John.
3. It was a bright cold day in April, and the clocks were striking thirteen.
4. A squat grey building of only thirty-four stories.
5. At the sunset hour of one warm spring day two men were to be seen at Patriarch's Ponds.
6. --and then all the people cheered again, and one man, who was more excited than the rest, flung his hat high into the air, and shouted (as well as I could make out) "Who roar for the Sub-Warden?"

Here are some hints that may save you a good deal of effort: All the books are fairly well known, though not all are famous. All the books are, in the broad sense, novels. Two of them were written in foreign languages--I am quoting from translations. The authors of all six were men, and the authors of all six are dead. None of the books are recent releases, and two of them were first published in the 19th century. The following quotations are taken from the texts of the six books, but they do not follow the lines quoted above, AND ARE NOT GIVEN IN ORDER.

"Why? Remember the deal with Galactic about the reprints?"

"And this is, of course, the opening scene of Vol. I."

The sun had already set over Mount Golgotha, and the hill was ringed by a double cordon.

In the end she persuaded him, much against his will, to fly over to Amsterdam to see the Semi-Demi-Finals of the Women's Heavyweight Wrestling Championship.

"Steamer!" he yelled.

All about them, leopards tread on grassy turf.

CIRCULATION LIST FOR 6th ANNISH (Numbers following name indicate issues when each reader came aboard)

Andrus, Reed 16,24,26- 1651 E. Paulista Way, Sandy, Utah 84070
 Ayres, Don 1,2,4- 5707 Harold Way #3, Hollywood, Ca 90028
 Balazs, Frank 4- 19 High St., Croton-on-Hudson, NY 10520
 Ballantyne, Neil 44- 3214 Spruce Ave., Burlington, Ontario, Can L7N 1J2
 Beatty, Allan (formerly Steve) 21- Box 1040, Ames, Iowa 50010
 Beck, Claire 1- PO Box 27, Lakeport, CA 95453
 Birkhead, Sheryl 4,6- 23629 Woodfield Rd, Gaithersburg, Md 20760
 Bliss, Bill 1,7,8,10- 422 Wilmot, Chillicothe, Ill 61523
 Boutillier, Lester 44- 2726 Castigleone St, New Orleans, La 70119
 Bowden, Denny 47- 917 Tracy St., Daytona Beach, Fla 32017
 Bracken, Mike 31- 1810 Ramada Blvd., Collinsville, Ill 62234 (new CoA)
 Brandt, Richard 22- 4013 Sierra Dr., Mobile, Ala 36609
 Bridget, Bill 57- 3800 W. Michigan St, Apt 807, Indianapolis, IN 46222
 Briggs, Robert 46- P.O.Box 1508, Punta Gorda, Fla 33950
 Brooks, Ned 1- 713 Paul St., Newport News, Va 23605
 Bushyager, Linda 1-9,16-19,22- 1614 Evans Ave., Prospect Park, PA 19076
 Causegrove, Jackie 1- 3650 Newton St, #15, Torrance CA 90505 (c/o Dave Locke)
 Chilson, Robert 56- Rt 3 Box 181, Osceola, Mo. 64776
 Connor, Ed 1- 1805 N. Gale, Peoria, Ill 61604
 Coulson, Buck 1- Rt 3, Hartford City, IN 47348
 Cox, Brett 11,19- Box 542, Tabor City, NC 28463 Uk, TS3 7HP
 Covell, Ian 51- 2 Copgrove Close, Berwick Hills, Middlesbrough, Cleveland /
 Cuthbert, Chester 19- 1104 Mulvey Ave, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Can. R3M 1J5
 D'Amassa, Don 32- 19 Angell Dr., East Providence, RI 02914
 Danielson, Garth 49- 616-415 Edison Ave., Winnipeg, Manitoba, Can R2G OM3
 Deindorfer, Gary 56- 447 Bellvue Ave, #9B, Trenton, NJ 08618
 Dixon, Buzz 60- 111B Meyer Ave., NBU-51-0, Ft. Huachuca, AZ 85613
 Doyle, Carolyn 43- 1949 N. Spencer, Indianapolis, IN 46218
 Flynn, George 70- 27 Sowamsett Ave, Warren, RI 02885
 Flic, Charneau 65- 17 High St., Natick, MA 01760
 Franson, Donald 65- 6543 Babcock Ave., No. Hollywood, CA 91606
 Gaier, Gil 15-17,24,26- 1016 Beech Ave., Torrance, CA 90501
 Gilson, Stuart 23,31- 745 Townsend Ave, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Can R3T 2V5
 Garrett, Glenn 67- Harvest Hill Village Apt., #1189, 4117 Harvest Hill, Dallas
 Glycer, Mike 1-33, (spotty) 61- 14974 Osceola St., Sylmar CA 91342 / TX, 75234
 Glicksohn, Mile 1-13,16,25- 141 High Park Ave, Toronto, Ontario, Can M6P 2S3
 Goodson, Wilson 15-32, (spotty), 57- #11 Jalan 2112, Shah Alam, Selangor, Malaysia
 Grady, Gary 4- 612 E. Maryland Ave., Durham, NC 27704
 Hahn, Ken 64- RD #5, Auburn, NY 13021
 Heath, Hank 43- 250 Dale Dr., Cassadaga, NY 14718
 Hecht, Jeff 34- 54 Newell Rd., Auburndale, MA 02166
 Helgesen, Marty 33- 11 Lawrence Ave., Malverne, NY 11565
 Hill, Craig 40-44,55, spotty, 69- 3528 Agate Dr. #8, Santa Clara, CA 95051
 Hooks, Wayne 33- 2200 Chalfont Dr. Apt 28, Richmond, VA 23224
 Indick, Ben 1- 428 Sagamore Ave., Teaneck, NJ 07666
 Inouye, Jon 33- 4611 La Mirada, Los Angeles, CA 90029 (Apt 15)
 Jackson, Fred 62- 70 Illinois, Pontiac, MI 48053
 Jakobcic, Fred 54- 113 W. Ohio St., Apt 4, Marquette, MI 49855
 Jeeves, Terry 21, spotty, 69- 230 Bannerdale Rd, Sheffield, UK S11 9FE
 Klaus, Dave 52,56- 4363 Laclede Ave, Apt B, St.Louis, Mo. 63108
 Kyger, Tim 60- PO Box 1072, Phoenix, AZ 85001
 Larson, Randall 2,4- 774 Vista Grande Ave., Los Altos, CA 94022
 Levine, Marty 59- Room 6817 S.Quad, Univ. of Mich, Ann Arbor, MI 48109
 Libe, Burt 54- P.O.Box 1196, Los Altos, CA 94022
 Lindsay, Eric 7- 6 Hillcrest Ave., Faulconbridge, NSW 2776, Australia
 Long, Sam & Mary 24- 425 W. Lawrence #7, Springfield, Ill 62704
 MacKay, Barry Kent 45,47,58- 197 Main St., Unionville, Ontario L3R 2G8 Canada
 Macdonald, Taral 38- 415 Willowdale Ave., #1812, Willowdale, Ont. M2N 5B4 Can.
 Mann, Richard 65- 4185 S. Whipoorwhil St., Salt Lake City, Utah 84120

Mayer, Eric 15,16,19- 175 Congress St, Apt 5F, Brooklyn, NY 11201
 McGarry, Mark 60, 68- 2 Leonard Pl, Apt 4, Albany, NY 12202 Jamaica
 McDonald, Steve 38,40- c/o Alcan Jamaica Ltd, Kirkvine Works PO, Manchester/
 Meadows, Jim 3- 31 Apple Ct., Park Forest, Ill. 60466
 Offutt, Jodie 1-6, 12- Funny Farm, Haldeman, Ky 40329
 Palmer, Pauline 4,8- 2510 48 St., Bellingham, WA 98225
 Parks, Brad 17,25- 562 Kennedy Rd., Windsor, Conn 06095
 Reichardt, Randy 47- 838 Henday Hall Iister Hall, Edmonton, Alberta, Can. T6G 2H6
 Renner, Tony 57,61- Box 851, Panama, Ill 62077
 Robinson, John 3,10- Box 33, Schenectady, NY 12301
 Rogers, Sarah 59- College Station, Williamsburg, VA 23186
 Romm, Dave 33- Box 22670, Albany, NY 12222
 Rowe, Dave 14- 8 Park Dr., Wickford, Essex, UK SS12 9DH
 Rotsler, Bill 64- P.O.Box 3126, Los Angeles, CA 90028
 Roper, Bill 66- 1028 Five Forks, Belleville, Ill 62221
 Salomon, Ronald 47- 1014 Concord St, Framingham, MA 01701
 Schoppenhorst, Anna 48- 4621 E. 16 St, Indianapolis, IN 46201
 Schumann, Phil 71- 3178 N 50 St., Milwaukee, Wis 53216
 Shoemaker, Michael 3- 2123 N. Early St., Alexandria, VA 22302
 Sneyd, Steve 23- 4 Nowell Pl, Almondbury, Huddersfield, Works HD5 8PB UK
 Sneed, Pam 51- 420 Market St., Galveston, TX 77550
 Strelkov, Mae 15- Casilla de Correo, Jesus Maria, Cordoba, Argentina 5229
 Stoelting, Wally 60- 852 Old Brook Rd., Charlottesville, VA 22901
 Stooker, Rick 66- 403 Henry St., Alton, Ill 62002
 Szurek, Dave 6- 4417 Second, Apt B-2, Detroit, MI 48201
 Tackett, Roy 1- 915 Green Valley NW, Albuquerque, NM 87107
 Taggart, Dave 49- Chandler Rd, White River Jct., Vt 05001 (Due for CoA soon)
 Thiel, John 54- 30 N. 19 St, Lafayette, IN 47904
 Thornhill, Ira 57- 1900 Perdido St, Apt B97, New Orleans, La 70112
 Tucker, Bob 21-37, 49-51, 56- 34 Greenbriar Dr., Jacksonville, Ill 62650
 Vayne, Victoria 47- PO Box 156 Sta D, Toronto, Ontario, Can. M6P 3J8
 Walker, Paul 2- 128 Montgomery St., Bloomfield, NJ 07003
 Warner, Harry 1- 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Md 21740
 Werner, Peter 66- 907 Williamson #2, Madison, Wis 53703
 Wertham, Fredric 6,8,10- Rt 1, Kempton, Pa 19529
 White, Gail 48- 7724 Cohn St., New Orleans, La 70118
 White, Laurine 42- 5408 Leader Ave, Sacramento, CA 95841
 Whitaker, Robert 15- PO Box 7649, Newark, Del 19711
 Whittier, Terry 42- 3809 Meramonte Way, No. Highlands, CA 95660
 Wolfe, Gene 1, 14- Box 69, Barrington, Ill 60010 CoA)
 Wooster, Martin Morse 62- 2108 Seminary Rd, Silver Spring, Md 20910 (Recent/

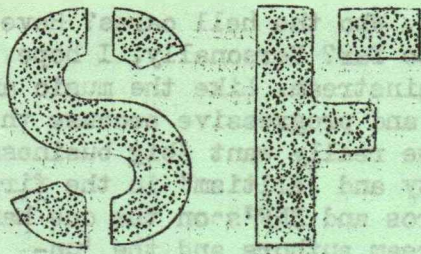
Some 'Doubtfuls' who may respond in time to receive this issue:

Abramowitz, Alyson	Agree, Simon	Arthurs, Bruce	Bennett, Carl
Bohman, Terry	Breiding, Bill	Breiding, Sutton	Brown, Greg
Brummer, Bill	Clingan, A.B.	Cvetko, Tony	DiPrete, John
DuBoid, Brendan	Emery, Linda	Easthope, Kevin	Gold, Paula
Marion, Tim	Moyer, Dave	Norris, Will	Sharpe, Mark
Smith, Paula	Wilber, Rick	Wilgus, Neal	Zeldes, Leah

Some careless omissions:

Anderson, Paul 3,7,12- 21 Mulga Rd., Hawthorndene SA 5051 Australia
 DeVette, Wayne 70- 1629 Forest Park Rd, Muskegon, MI 49441
 Donaldson, Jane 32- 903 Grandview Ave., Morgantown, W.Va 26505
 Harner, J.Owen 70- 211 W. Lake St, Libertyville, Ill 60048

Note: roughly $\frac{1}{4}$ of the readers on the circulation list in TITLE's first year are still with it, including about 8 or 9 Charter First-Issue People. All this means, of course, that some good people have left TITLE....what will the list look like at this time in 1979?



RAMBLIN' AROUND IN THAT OL' SF PATCH

BELIEVE IT... OR NOT!

Dr. Fredric Wertham: "For the comics-devoted Titlers: When my first article on comic books appeared in the SATURDAY REVIEW May 29, 1948, Roy L. McCardell wrote me offering any aid he could give in my research. He was concerned about violence and called the comic books 'the textbooks for the Academy of Crime'. Although he is not given credit for it in any of the many articles and books about the history of comics, he was, according to the biographical dictionaries, 'the originator of newspaper colored comic sections on the N.Y.WORLD in 1896'. This was the beginning of the comics era. McCardell was an influential editor and writer, and deserves not to be forgotten. He was born in Hagerstown, Maryland, the town later made famous by Harry Warner, Jr. (Don't forget: you read it first in TITLE!)"

Chester D. Cuthbert: "I read the three books by Stanley J. Weyman which are in Bleiler's Checklist. These are: The Long Night, A Little Wizard, and The Man in Black. In my opinion, these are historical novels, not fantasy. Each does contain references to witchcraft, alchemy, black magic and other beliefs of the periods in which the stories are set. There are many other titles in the Checklist that are not fantastic fiction, but convey the mood, which is subsequently rationalized. Another problem which has often perplexed me is how to draw a line between the religious novel and fantasy. In this category: The Healing of Pierpont Whitney by William W. Walter. This purports to deal with the finding of an ancient papyrus which anticipates the teaching of Mary Baker Eddy on the subject of Christian Science faith healing."

Ed Connor: "DHALGREN is crap, the kind of fertilizer that stimulates the empty-headed ones to mindless praise. Early in the book, the inept author has his protagonist climb an 'unknown' cliff, in moonlight as I recall, with a facility which leads us to believe that he must be near weightless & can see in the dark. This is bungling, amateurish scrivenering at its worst."

Chester D. Cuthbert: "DHALGREN, in my opinion, conveys less than sufficient value for the time it takes to read it. But perhaps I am no better attuned to Delany than deCamp is to Lovecraft."

Dave Romm: "I read ALL of DHALGREN, and enjoyed most of it. There are parts that are brilliant. I don't mind a few hundred pages of boring material if it enhances the other parts of the book." ((Sort of liking tight shoes because it feels so good when you take them off?)) "My opinion of Heinlein as a writer keeps going up. One of the main criticisms of SF is that it is very weak in characterization and background. I WILL FEAR NO EVIL is all characterization and background. It isn't a very good book, but it does project the character and the situation. Then SF writers were trying to write time travel stories, so he went ahead and wrote one that could never be topped: ALL YOU ZOMBIES. And the prime immortality story is TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE. Heinlein's style has improved tremendously, incorporating 'New Wave' ideas without resorting to the ambiguities inherent in actual 'New Wave' writing."

Eric Mayer: "You can have a lot of fun enjoying classics for the wrong reasons. For instance, instead of reading Kafka's Metamorphosis for all its supposed symbolic value, you read it as a 'what if?' story. What if a man were to wake up as a bug? ((That's all I thought it was; I didn't know until later I had mistakenly read a 'classic'.)) Does H.P. Lovecraft depict his neurosis any less compellingly than Kafka?"

J. Owen Hanner: "...the continuing STAR WARS/ CLOSE ENCOUNTERS hoopla. The merchandising of SW/CE has really reached epidemic proportions, and I'm becoming quite tired of it. But I've seen SW seven or eight times; CE, twice, and I think it's every bit as good as SW, if not better. But I find many fen worrying over

how they'll make fandom and SF look to the general public. Who the hell cares? Have not we gotten along just fine without their benediction so far? Personally, I hope SF never becomes fully 'respectable', a la the general mainstream. Like the music and film big business, they'll be afraid to try anything new and progressive because they can stand to lose huge amounts of money if it fails. Do we really want 'big business' like that? SF and fandom attracted me by its informality and 'elitism' in the first place. Could you stand a fandom where the gulf between pros and BNF's on the one hand and neos on the other is as great as that between mainstream authors and the 'un-chosen' reading public? I'm not against progress, I'm just against progress that'll destroy something I love and want to be a part of. So many things have fallen by the wayside in the name of progress, things we're just a little worse off without. I do not want to have anything to read except 'Harold Robbins-type SF.'

Stu Gilson: "Not too long ago I finished reading DYING INSIDE and BRAVE NEW WORLD about the same time; because of the similarity between the sexual themes they examine, it started me thinking about that area of speculation. With the fairly recent thing about 'sexual freedom', SF writers are naturally concerned with the role uninhibited sexual activity shall play in the future (besides which it sells books). ((Ever noticed that writers portraying the future see sex as going more 'uninhibited' than the other way? In general, male SF writers would scarcely be so imaginative as to see it going toward more 'inhibited' sexual activity.)) It's interesting that books which treat the subject seriously all seem to fall into a general pattern: sexual promiscuity is considered to be necessary and an intrinsic part of the human condition. It's not immoral; instead, and perhaps we should be appalled by this, unlimited sexual behavior is treated as an amoral function, neither good nor evil, normal. Mankind is incapable of making concrete associations with good and kind acts, not just in the sexual area. Perhaps the educators are at fault; today's permissive society sets no limitations. We are gradually losing a sense of traditional values and morals. Whatever the cause, the results are frightening. The fact that we come to accept war, violence and unrest as natural is the most terrible confirmation of what has already begun to set in. The most horrible future imaginable must certainly be a world where man cannot discern good from evil."

Buzz Dixon: "Re Rob Chilson: In one of the numerous Time Machine stories in BOYS LIFE one of the characters thought of stopping the dials of the machine and making time outside stop, thus making all people motionless. I always thought that if he did stop objective time, he'd never be able to leave the time machine since the air molecules would be harder to move through than molybdenum steel. ** The Buck Rogers teleseries may/maynot be in production at this time. The producers are allegedly going to get excellent special effects, but I think that's a mistake-- if any SF series doesn't need special effects it's Buck Rogers. I mean, the whole appeal of Buck Rogers is his tackiness. He's being updated, too. Now he'll come from the 1970's instead of the 1920's. Bad decision; Buck's a 1920's hero, not a 1970's one. ** I suggest you see CLOSE ENCOUNTERS to get an idea on how aliens might use music."

Frank Balazs: "I wonder if, in a way, the Makenzie clan in Clarke's answer in IMPERIAL EARTH to Lazarus Long? Makenzie has achieved a remarkable longevity by cloning himself every generation or two. The eldest even has that certain something similar to Long. Sex is even freer than in Heinlein's book so that it is only a minor sidepoint rather than the focus. Whatever the case, it is an extension of some concepts that Heinlein used in TIME ENOUGH, just as those were extensions on earlier concepts. Sort of the evolving of sfnal idioms."

Jodie Offutt: "We went to Convulsion, a one-day con at Richmond, last Fall. Lin Carter was the scheduled GoH, but had been mugged and was in the hospital with a damaged kneecap. Andy was asked to fill in. This was on Saturday and on Sunday there was a one-day Star Trek Con. The latter was run by Ted & Karen Pauls. I discovered that Karen and Bruce Townley are brother & sister. ** I learned from the manager of the Richmond Dalton's Book Store (who had a table in the huckster room) that book sales seem to be on the upswing due to the fact that TV isn't offering much of interest to people. Several people told him that was why they were in the book store. Yay!"

Ian Covell: "THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS is boring, elitest, illogical. It's language isn't too good, and its characters are so thin they leak print..on the other hand, so is STRANGER. ** Science fiction or science Fiction? I find myself sitting on the fence- something I cannot remember ever doing before; I know what I like and it varies between the two. Over-Science bores me and fiction without internal justification does the same. Wilhelm's stories typify scienceFiction, and I do not care for Wilhelm. I like characterization, but to the ludicrous extreme of TRITON, I do not. ** Take note Hank Heath-- Vance long ago proved that mathematics is brilliant and beautiful. Look at the first story in DYING EARTH for the bit I mean. And to Eric Mayer: Monteleone actually rose above the cliché in SEEDS OF CHANGE and did some excellent work in terms of character and language. Time after time I came across words that were right in their place, amazingly right."

Robert J. Whitaker: "As for Bradbury's quote: 'Go with your enthusiasm and never believe you're wrong', Hitler had that same idea. As well as Thomas Edison. Sometimes quotes separated from the text of the topic are easily misleading. I can see someone quoting from a novel where the character is a bigot, and then attributing the quote to the author of the book. That would be, of course, unfair. ((For this reason I take with a grain of salt all these critical essays that pretend to reveal the author through his fictional works. After all, do we not grant the author the imagination to create any kind of bastard he wants to? And have that character mouth any sort of balderdash?))

Stu Gilson: "Donn, have you ever read Damon Knight's (I think it was he) short story 'Cabin Boy'? In it, aliens transmitted messages through various smells which would convey both ideas and emotions. I wonder what swiss steak would translate into? ** Lovecraft has not been the only writer to have been misinterpreted as far as his ethnic prejudice is concerned. Jack London, in some of his fantasies, expressed a distaste for orientals. But he was only expressing what was common feeling at the time, and was in fact guilty of nothing more than being subject to popular opinion (a failing which we are all prone to). ** Finished reading LAST AND FIRST-MEN, and am at a loss to explain how Stapledon has managed to evoke my sense of wonder when he expresses himself in such a difficult, awkward manner. The man's work is mind-boggling, more powerful than anything else I've ever read; it's something that remains with you."

Steve McDonald: "The only other writer besides Heinlein I've read over and over is Super Ike, the Asimov man, the bionic typewriter himself. The only one of his works I haven't read over and over is THE GODS THEMSELVES, which I didn't enjoy. It was a let-down, this new Asimov style, and let down I was."

- - -

Phil Paine in WINDING NUMBERS 2: "I think most of us read fanzines because they aren't magazines; they are people with third class postage on them."

- - -

Richard Brandt: "How about the Brontesaurus which opened up the Mesozoic market for Gothics?

Mary Long: "Thought you'd like this." ((This is a clip (cutting) from NATIONAL ENQUIRER with the headline 'Believing in Monsters Is Good for You.' These monsters are the fringe-type such as Nessie, Sasquatch, and The Abominable Snowman in which some people actually believe. Such belief is supposed to divert our anxieties, take our minds off real troubles. The monsters I believe in aren't mentioned -- vampires, werewolves, and fox women.))

Fred Jackson: "I've just turned onto Clark Ashton Smith lately, and last week I completed my collection of his works thanks to the inexpensive British reprints (from the Arkham hardcovers). The man is an utter joy to read. OUT OF SPACE AND TIME and LOST WORLDS - my mind is totally blown. What a literary legacy he left behind!"

Brian Earl Brown: "James Schmitz writes adult SF in the same league with LeGuin and Vance? That's news to me. His characters are adolescent. Bradley, I think is an adult writer; so's Russ and Gene Wolfe. And probably Lem."

TITLE #72 6th Annish March '78

Editor: Donn Brazier

1455 Fawnvalley Dr.

St. Louis, Mo. 63131

TITLE is available for response;
50¢ for a sample; a monthly limit-
ed to about 100 readers.

ART CREDITS:

Cover.....Hank Heath

"Title Waves".....Ken Hahn

Pirate.....Barry MacKay

Trolls.....Ken Hahn

"FingerBeast".....Sheryl Birkhead

FINAL ANALYSIS:

+ I've been asked to say a few words about Paul Walker's photo-graph- specifically, his moustache which comes and goes. On this particular photo "it has went"!

+ Off & on Titler and long-time SF pal from the '40s, Phil Schumann called me from Milwaukee to advise me to check on THE HYNEK UFO REPORT, pp 49-50. The paperback on those pages discusses Phil's UFO report made in Alaska, 1951.

+ Catching up..All but 3 TITLE LoCs from the year 1976 have been milked of content. The 1977 LoCs in the #1 ActiveFile make a stack of 4 inches. I went through the #2 Activefile (where used LoCs are filed in 2 office file drawers) and weeded out LoCs from people who no longer respond to TITLE. These were added to StorageFile in a huge box in the garage. By the way, there's been no answer from the Ackerman Foundation as to whether they want these letters, or anything else of SF or fandom value I might have at my time of death. Or earlier.

+ In November Mike Bracken wrote that he had recently bought a Multilith #750, a used, obsolete model for which he would like some expert information. Anyone help?

+ John Thiel writes: "On the back cover, will you please point out that, although your fanzine is sent third class, its contents are first class?" (Thank you.)

+ Jeff Hecht asks if anyone picked up on the "robot/android" fraud of Quasar Co. in Rutherford, N.J. The company, with fanfare, announced a household android for \$4000 and gave demonstrations. One company man standing around talking into his hand caused some suspicion; as did the company man with a briefcase, and his hand inside it. The announcement was treated seriously in NEWSWEEK and TIME. Jeff thinks the media should have carefully checked out the story: "All in all, a rather sorry reflection on the press."

+ Victoria Vayne sent a clip from THE GLOBE AND MAIL, Dec.2,1977, on a mother who dragged her 2-year old from an icy pond after 20 minutes. He was brought back to life by a "little-known method of treatment." Michael T. Shoemaker will be happy to note this application of the "cold-water" drowning resuscitation which he told us about in a recent TITLE.

HAPPY VALENTINE'S DAY!



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